

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A delightful letter very recently to hand all the way from an Australian bush ranch, tells among other things how Christmas was spent.

FASHIONS.

There are redingotes and redingotes but don't imagine the long, close fitting coat is a real redingote, for it isn't, despite the belief of many fashionable women.

Buckles and similar ornaments are more favored than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season, but they are only really prized when of a very handsome sort.

Some feminine genius has seen the possibilities of present day sleeves. She has produced an innovation which will appeal to every woman with ideas.

Simplicity and good taste mark most of the styles for children this season. Both are shown in charming effect in a little dress of rose colored cashmere.

Nothing so proclaims the gentlewoman as daintiness and freshness in the details of her toilet, and prominent among these must come her footwear.

Hundreds who think there is no other shoe than the flat-heeled wonder why their feet ache, and they

are tired after walking, never dreaming that slowly but surely they are breaking down the arch of the foot by wearing unsuitable shoes.

Among the daintiest finishes for the neck this season is a small standing lace collar, to be put on the outside of the standing dress collar.

A pretty way to freshen up a dress waist that has become soiled is to have a white or cream cloth embroidered yoke set in, and add cuffs of the same.

While the silk petticoat is included in nearly every wardrobe, there are those who prefer one more substantial for ordinary wear, and nothing is quite so well suited to this purpose as the heavy English mohairs.

Drapery veils are made of pompadour gauze, bordered by triple bands of narrow black velvet ribbon.

TIMELY HINTS.

If a few drops of vinegar be added to the water in which eggs are poached, they will set more quickly and perfectly.

Black lace can be cleaned and freshened by washing it in cold coffee, dry away from the fire, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool iron, on the wrong side, on two thicknesses of flannel.

After using a silver fork for fish—especially anything strong smelling, like herring—the odor clings to the silver even after washing.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny bit of carbonate of soda with the bathbrick on the knife board, and they will polish more easily.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolors them. Instead they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxygenized water, which can be obtained at all chemists, and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin, or diluted whisky.

Do not fail to oil the wringer every time you wash. If oiled often there is less wearing on the machinery, and less strength is expended by the operator.

If when cleaning silver you moisten the powder with methylated spirits, instead of water, it will clean easier, and not tarnish so quickly.

People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when field and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter will find a sweet potato, planted in moist, loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed end projecting upward, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time.

Give the plants a bath of tobacco water once a month. Take a 5-cent package of tobacco, put in a pail and pour about half a gallon of boiling water over it.

When those that are growing vigorously, as the parasites seldom attack a healthy vigorous plant.

"There never was a more favorable time to wear anything one happens to have on hand," a fashion writer has truly remarked apropos of this season.

Recipes. Cream Cookies—Two cupsful of su-

gar, one cupful of butter, one cupful sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon, mix soft as you can roll.

Orange Custard—Take the juice of six large sweet oranges; strain and sweeten to taste, stirring over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully; remove from the fire and when nearly cold add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and a pint of cold boiled milk.

White Mountain Cake—Take two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, three cups flour, one cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Chocolate Cookies—Take a cup of light brown sugar, one-half cup melted butter, one whole egg and the yolk of another, one-half cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls melted chocolate, one cup raisins finely chopped, and one and a half cup flour, with two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted through it.

Fruit Layer Cake—Sift together two cups of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

There is no sight on earth more genuinely satisfying than a woman possessed of perfect poise. Whether her face be plain or comely, her garb rich or simple, she is a thing of beauty, and merely to look upon her is a joy.

From her quiet centre of control she radiates power and healing for the nerve weary. They who come in daily contact with her call her blessed.

The woman of poise does not "strain every nerve," nor hold her muscles tense as steel while she works.

She does not scatter her force nor waste her precious mental substance in wondering and worrying about other people's business.

She knows that impatience, in all its various manifestations of rigid muscles, restless feet, drumming fingers, straining neck or frowning brow can not by any trick of magic check the flight of time nor hasten the completion of her tasks and her aims.

She has command of the reins and she drives these aims to their goal. She does not let them run away with her, jerking her this way and that, over rough places and strange roads to ultimate wreck.

A phlegmatic temperament, you say? Not at all. She may have an ardent fire of purpose, she may be urged on by a dozen compelling ambitions, but she knows how to control and direct her wishes.—Angela Morgan.

Like other musicians, Theodore Thomas could not tolerate any sort of interruptions during his performances, and on one occasion in New York he administered a rebuke to some of the society folk which was never forgotten.

Of course it is true in nearly every case, that the digestive organs of a sick person are in an exceptionally sensitive condition; and it is often only through careful experiment and patient nursing that we are enabled to select foods which will do the work required; but there are a few rules which can be laid down as universally binding.

First, it is of prime importance that the object of our efforts should remain in absolute ignorance of what is being prepared until it is set be-

fore him. Hardly anything is more likely to rob him of the ability to enjoy a meal than the knowledge beforehand of what it is to consist; while, on the other hand, the surprise of an unexpected dish temptingly arrayed frequently proves of great service in quickening a sluggish appetite.

Great care should also be taken to have whatever we present to the patient just what it pretends to be. For instance, if he has to have an "iced" drink, it must be chilled sufficiently to remain so for some little time. If hot things are reasonable, let them be heated to just such a degree as can be comfortably borne.

Finally, what is brought to the patient should be in dainty bits rather than in bulky form, and should be immediately removed when he is satisfied.

It is not necessary to recount here the innumerable dishes which can be brought forward to relieve the monotony of the sick-room, since any good cook-book will give aid if our inventive faculties are at fault.

THE WOMAN OF POISE.

There is no sight on earth more genuinely satisfying than a woman possessed of perfect poise. Whether her face be plain or comely, her garb rich or simple, she is a thing of beauty, and merely to look upon her is a joy.

From her quiet centre of control she radiates power and healing for the nerve weary. They who come in daily contact with her call her blessed.

The woman of poise does not "strain every nerve," nor hold her muscles tense as steel while she works.

She does not scatter her force nor waste her precious mental substance in wondering and worrying about other people's business.

She knows that impatience, in all its various manifestations of rigid muscles, restless feet, drumming fingers, straining neck or frowning brow can not by any trick of magic check the flight of time nor hasten the completion of her tasks and her aims.

She has command of the reins and she drives these aims to their goal. She does not let them run away with her, jerking her this way and that, over rough places and strange roads to ultimate wreck.

A phlegmatic temperament, you say? Not at all. She may have an ardent fire of purpose, she may be urged on by a dozen compelling ambitions, but she knows how to control and direct her wishes.—Angela Morgan.

THOMAS AND HIS INTERRUPTERS.

Like other musicians, Theodore Thomas could not tolerate any sort of interruptions during his performances, and on one occasion in New York he administered a rebuke to some of the society folk which was never forgotten.

Of course it is true in nearly every case, that the digestive organs of a sick person are in an exceptionally sensitive condition; and it is often only through careful experiment and patient nursing that we are enabled to select foods which will do the work required; but there are a few rules which can be laid down as universally binding.

First, it is of prime importance that the object of our efforts should remain in absolute ignorance of what is being prepared until it is set be-

EPILEPTIC FITS GUARANTEED CURE Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

Catholic Womanhood.

Oh, what an uplifting influence does not the Catholic wife exert upon him whose partner and helpmate she is, and whose home she is!

Listen to the poet giving expression to King Arthur's mind upon this subject:

"I know Of no more subtle master under Heaven Than is the maiden passion for a maid, Not only to keep down the base in man, But teach high thoughts and amiable words, And courtliness and the desire of fame, And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

And to come to a later date, what, indeed, was Beatrice but an influence to purify and sanctify the soul of Dante? The mere smile of the maiden as she passed sufficed to flood the poet's soul with joy and peace, to blot out his pride, and dispose his soul to virtue; and when she appeared to him in the topmost point of purgatory, it was not to receive mere flattery and empty praise, but, on the contrary, blame for not having vowed to her a love that was pure and sweet enough for one whose ideal was Mary, who will have no one

"Following false images of good that make No promise perfect."

Listen again to the Catholic type of woman as presented to us in St. Bathilda, Queen of the Franks, "Being of Saxon race," says the chronicler, "she was of a gracious and subtle form, and of a beautiful and cheerful countenance. To the king, her husband, she showed herself as an obedient wife, to the priests as a mother, to young men and boys as the best of nurses, to all as an amiable and gracious friend. To the poor she was always distributing alms, and to Christ, the Heavenly King, always commending herself with tears."

"Happy the men," exclaims the ancient chronicler, "to whom God has given wives and mothers such as are to be seen throughout Christendom."

Did time permit I might here enumerate a very litany of sainted names under the title of wife or mother, cited from any Christian nation under the sun, each one of them conspicuous for a delicacy, a dignity and a purity borrowed from the ever-blessed Virgin Mother. With reason, then, did pagans who were witnesses of the words and works of this new creation, called into being by Mary's example, exclaim, "Quales feminas habent Christiani."

If to Mary, under God, we owe the Christian home, it was she, as St. Ambrose reminds us, who in it raised the standard of virginity, an ensign never before unfurled, as the rallying point for those wishing to signalize themselves in His service; who, born of a Virgin, was Himself a Virgin, and who, as St. Augustine tells us, is followed by a bodyguard of virgins singing a song which others may hear but can not utter.

And what a brave and glorious troop it is, including such names as Agnes, Cecilia, Ursula, Hilda, Mildred, Bridget of Kildare, Ethelrida, and Winefrida, and ten thousand times ten thousand others, called from the uttermost parts of the earth to the Virgin Standard, and armed each one of them in defense of it with the strength of ten, because her heart is pure.

Observe, then, that the prototype set up before the Catholic woman is not the Spartan mother, or the Roman matron, or the Vestal virgin, but the ever-blessed Woman who is the Virgin Mother. Nor is her image, her example, her life and character, confined merely to the domestic and social life of Christendom, but broods no less over its philosophy, its literature, its poetry and its painting, as though the arts would unite in saying of her:

"All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded; wisdom, in discourse with her, Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows."

Nay; I do not hesitate to say that the Church is in no small measure indebted to woman for many of the more brilliant names adorning the list of sainted heroes which she holds up before her children for their admiration and imitation. Take, for example, such saints as Francis of Sales, Louis of France, or Francis the Seraphic, or Benedict and Augustin, or Gregory and Jerome, not to mention a score and more of others equally familiar to you, and let me ask you: Where did these giants among men learn those special lessons in the art of Divine Love which have made them so deservedly attractive and so popular with the faithful, irrespective of nationality? You will tell me they were taught the finer touches of delicate sympathy with the suffering and the sorrowful children of humanity by the spiritually-gifted women with whom it was their privilege to have been brought into contact. Truth to tell, there are phases in the all-embracing character of Christ rarely found in men who have not felt the influence of woman. It is her mission, as Mary's representative on earth, to soften, sweeten and chasten man, and so in her hands he becomes more truly Christlike in his character and Christlike in his words and work.—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW. By Rev. C. P. Ryan.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set, And of all the lands I have travelled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met; Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow, In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing?—'tis an exile breathes the strain, And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again: And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe; For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old churchyard where our fathers' bones are laid— Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made; And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will show For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave— Of his early doom in his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave: But ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low, In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, Lord Edward the true and blest— They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest; In heavenly mould their names are enrolled—they died in manhood's glow, For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen; Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen was the patriot's blow For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

Mirandy—"Pew, that chap from the city has been sittin' on the fence all the morning saying nashin' except that he was gettin' some local color."

Pop—"Well, I guess he's got it. That fence has just been painted.

OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: How do you like all the city there is not much must have had some hard to the spring, with the snow long till the summer, when mountain and enjoy a whole little readers are not very

Dear Aunt Becky: I am writing you again the holidays are past. I going to school because I h going, and my father is going me to Toronto to see a soon. We had a Christmas Santa Claus was good to u a bugle and a train, a Jac Box and an alligator, a sto and a pair of moccasins. I brothers and sisters got things, too. I cannot tell you all. We had plenty of fu the holidays. My brother a wood every evening after se bring it in the house all o and my father says he is go pay us for doing it. That's this time. I wish you New Year, I remain,

Your loving nephew, SADBURY, ONT.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am writing you again to get the True Witness to-day there is just one letter in it the boys and girls are not forget the corner, because reading it so well. We had sent vacation at Christmas. Claus brought me a nice doll nice little pan to bathe her handkerchief, a tuque, and a robbers and lots of sweets, a spelling match at school and sister could not get m That is a happy New Year. From your little friend, SADBURY, ONT.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I saw my letter in print going to write another. I school every day, and I am eighth grade. Our teacher's Miss Barry, and I like h There was a snowstorm Mon made the roads very bad, but are getting cleared out again eldest sister attends the con St. Louis. She has been the two years now. She is going tomorrow, I think. There are twelve on the register in our term. It is a country and some of the children have distance to walk. We have fsm every night after scho year. Our parish priest was l Sunday and is here yet. I three missions to attend and not here very often. Now de Aunt Becky, as news is sca will close, saying good-bye, fr WASHINGTON, KOUCHIBOUQUA, KENT CO., N

Dear Aunt Becky: I just got the True Witness, very sorry to see only one Lett in when there are so many c little girls and boys that write you each week. I mean have written you every week, one thing and another has pre me. I am very fond of readi you have such nice little stor us. Then we have nice readi the Catholic News, and we ge Irish Rosary once a month. are some very nice stories in I know my catechism pretty w I have it every day so as no forget it. We have a slide ou of our house where we take a recreation by sliding down it sleds. The weather has been cold I have not been out muc get any news. I hope all your will write you this week. Tr this will find you enjoying health. Lovingly, GRANBY, QUE.

A BRAVE BOY. From Derby, Conn., comes following thrilling incident. C ing a red flag, and picking hi as best he could amid stidin and flame, Bernard Brady, years old, ran over the ties o burning railroad bridge, and, giving the passenger train from Haven, prevented what might been a terrible disaster. A spark from a locomotive h covered portion of a wooden