

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Christmas in Wurttemberg.

[By Cornelia Cross, in December Donahoe's.]

Christmas is one of the proudest, and, of course, one of the most familiar of German festivals. As every one knows, the making of cake is the pressing business of the holiday. Good housekeepers pride themselves on the number and variety of their cakes. Just before Christmas the streets are filled with bare-headed maids (a servant never wears a hat when she is on duty, perhaps because all heavy burdens are carried on the head), taking tins of different kinds of dough to the baker as for some reason the average German range does not do well for cakes, and they have to be entrusted to the baker, or confectioner. Anisbrodchen (anisseed cake), Leibkuchen (glazed ginger bread), Zimmsternchen (cinnamon stars), Springerli, and many others are made by the hundreds, and a plateful of different varieties given to every one who is in the habit of going to the house—to the teachers, to the postman, to the woman who brings milk and vegetables, to the child who delivers the newspapers, and all others. In a big family the celebration often lasts a week, as one night a tree is dressed in the grandmother's house, then in an uncle's, and so on. Every year the children get certain elaborate toys, with which they are only allowed to play during the holidays; after that the railway train, kitchen range, or riding school is put up till next Christmas, and then added to the other presents on their table. Every one is remembered at Christmas, every one, living or dead, many a little tree that night burns out its candles in a cemetery; and here and there a mother may be found putting toys as well as holly on the grave of her child.

HOW TO PREPARE CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

A jolly and altogether delightful way of making Christmas candies is with a chaffing dish or two and a table of guests. All join in and make of the candy making a frolic and entertainment. In making candies granulated sugar is preferable. Candy should not be stirred while boiling. Cream of tartar should not be added until the syrup begins to boil. Butter should be put in when the candy is almost done. Flavors are more delicate when not boiled in candy, but added afterward. Butter the hands to prevent sticking when pulling candy.

HOW TO TRIM A DOMINO TREE.

A Christmas "domino" tree may be easily trimmed as follows: Make a layer cake, baking it in a shallow tin. When the cake is cold it should be cut into oblong pieces the shape and size of dominoes. A tin cutter can be purchased, or the timer can make one. Dip the tiny cakes in a molten icing, using toothpick "spears" to accomplish this result. When the icing is cold make the domino lines and dots with melted chocolate, using a toothpick for the purpose. Each domino may be tied separately to a tiny twig with red baby ribbon or the cakes may be strung in loops. Several hundred of these goodies scattered about the tree will give a dazzling effect and please the little folks immensely.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Until now most people who took an interest in the matter would have credited either the late Sir Henry Cole or J. C. Horsley, R.A., with the production of the first Christmas card, and they would have put the date down as 1846. But a new claimant is now put forward, the late W. A. Dobson, R.A., and his claim is supported with circumstantial detail. The birth of the Christmas card is put back two years, to 1844. Mr. Dobson was a lonely young man, who one day conceived the idea of acknowledging the kindness of a friend by sending him a picture illustrative of the festive season—a cheerful family group surrounded by the familiar Christmas accessories.

The distant friend was delighted, showed it to other friends, and Mr. Dobson was encouraged the following year to secure the aid of the local lithographer. Then came invitations one after another until ten years later the business man stepped in to make money out of what was orig-

nally a work of love. But the ambitious Christmas cards of to-day are a long remove from the primitive Father Christmases and Robin Red-breasts of sixty years ago—London Chronicle.

GIFTS FOR THE INVALID.

A dainty calendar, photos of friends, flower booklets, orris potpourri or violet sachets, filmy handkerchiefs marked with the initials of the recipient, soft little silk bags, silk or wash ribbon scarfs, or ties with ends embroidered in lightest shades of opaline tints—all would make particularly attractive gifts for an invalid. Another gift, dear to the heart of an invalid, is the calendar made and decorated by her friends. Each friend is given ten or twenty pages of the calendar to decorate, and decorate it she does with photos, etchings, or water color or pen and ink sketches, interspersed with quotations, selected poems, original verse, scribbles, toasts, and so on. The invalid who is blessed with such a unique gift, will have something to look forward to every day in the year. Yet another gift that would be a boon to an invalid is a case, somewhat similar to a steamer bag, with two rows of pockets. It may be white linen, and should be elaborately embroidered along the bottom with a slightly conventionalized row of flowers, such as gaffodils, tulips or water lilies. Over the upper pockets, embroider the blossoms of some climbing plants, morning glory, sweet pea or honeysuckle. This case should be hung within easy reach of the invalid, and the pockets kept filled with trifles that may help to while away lonely hours.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean hair brushes never use either hot water or soap, as both discolor the bristles and loosen them from the backs. Dissolve soda or borax in hot water and let it get almost cold, when it will be just right to use. Dip the bristles in and out of the water till clean, taking care not to wet the backs of the brushes or their polish will be spoiled. Then rinse in clear cold water, shake as dry as possible and stand in the air until perfectly dry, when the bristles will be as firm and stiff as when new. Never put a brush near the fire or in the sunshine to dry, for this will soon spoil the color of the bristles. When the painted woods of the interior of the house are soiled or spotted, get a plate of very good whiting. It will cost only a few cents. Dip a piece of flannel into warm water, squeeze nearly dry and dip it into the whiting. Then rub the paint with the whiting and all the dirt and grease will disappear, and the paint will look like new, no matter how delicate.

If your hands perspire too freely, add a few drops of tincture of myrrh to the water in which you rinse them after washing. Then dry thoroughly and dust with boracic powder or oatmeal. It is an excellent plan to keep a box of oatmeal on one's washstand and make it a regular habit to dust a little over the hands every time after washing. Then rub well with a dry towel. While napkin rings are now generally banished from the home table, some persons do not want such handsome articles to lie forgotten in a dark closet, and they have conceived the idea of converting them into receptacles for salt. By covering one end with a piece of silver and putting on three tiny feet, the discarded ring is transformed into a pretty little dish.

RECIPES.

Rich Black Cake.—Three pounds of currants, washed and dried, and two pounds of raisins, seeded and chopped fine with a pound of citron and a pound each of candied orange and lemon peel. Add half a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and cut fine. Moisten with half a pint of good brandy, a wineglass of sherry wine and one of port wine, and season with a quarter of a pound of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered cloves and one grated nutmeg. Let this mixture stand in a covered stone crock one week. When baking day comes, cream a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and add to it a pound of brown sugar, beating well all the while. When the butter and sugar are thoroughly creamed, add slowly a pound of pastry flour then

has been sifted three times. Beat up in a separate bowl fourteen eggs and add to the flour, butter and sugar. Finally add the fruit. Stir the cake well and bake in a moderate oven until done. Ice with a heavy white icing flavored with almonds, and decorate with holly.

How to Make Icing.—Almond and sugar icing for the Christmas cake may be prepared as follows: Mix together four ounces of sifted sugar and the white of an egg, having beaten the egg very stiffly. Spread this evenly on the top of a cake, using a broad knife. When quite set by a very gentle heat cover with this icing. Take half a pound of icing sugar, sift it very finely, add gradually a small teaspoonful of water and work the mixture to a very smooth, thick paste; add a few drops of vanilla essence. Spread the icing evenly on the cake, if necessary dipping the spreading knife into hot water. Let this stand in a cool oven, with the door open, till quite hard. Then decorate as desired.

Old Virginia Chicken Pie.—Make paste with one quart of flour, a teaspoon of butter, mix with buttermilk and soda. Line a deep tin pan with the dough and fill with stewed chicken, slices of bacon, a teaspoon of breadcrumbs, cup of cream, and some of the chicken liquor, add salt, pepper and the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs. Cover with top crust, over which lay bits of butter. Bake slowly two hours.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A MORAL VICTORY.

A lady reclined on a couch in her library one night, with the light low, trying in vain to go to sleep.

Beside her, on a table, was a dish of fine fruit.

As she lay there she saw her little daughter tiptoe into the room in her long, white nightgown. The child, fowl had just laid an egg in the wood box outside the kitchen door. While the gentleman was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from, the shock head of a thin and tall boy of twelve years rose from the yard of the house next door.

"Hullo!" said the youngster.

"Good morning," answered the gentleman.

"We got plenty o' eggs," remarked the boy. "Ma says you can have that one our hen jes' laid in that woodbox o' yours."

"Thank you, very much."

The boy still hung on the fence.

"We ain't goin' to charge you for it," he went on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the boy.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The boy still clung to his side of the fence. "I say," he said finally, "we says now you're acquainted with us she'd like to know if you would lead her your sofa, as we've got a party to-night!"

They had just met, and conversation was somewhat stilted. Finally, he decided to guide it into literary channels, where he was more at home, and turning to his companion, asked:

"Are you fond of literature?" "Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly." "Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—?" "It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times." And Scott's "Marmion," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description—one can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages." "It is perfectly grand," she murmured. "And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak,' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic than his grand and Scottish characters and his graphic, forceful pictures of feudal times and customs. You like them, I am sure." "I just dote upon them," she replied. "And Scott's 'Emulsion,'" he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him. "I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

SOME SO-CALLED RHEUMATISMS.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

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

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and efficient remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Palms in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quins, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Berwick, N.B., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. These Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

SOME SO-CALLED RHEUMATISMS.

(By Jas. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.)

In dispensary service and for office practice probably nothing comes more frequently for treatment to the physician than obscure pains of many kinds, usually worse on rainy days, and as a result of this, commonly called by the patients at least, and very frequently by their physicians also, rheumatic.

Chronic rheumatism is supposed to be one of the most frequent diseases. The usually accepted explanation of it for about the last half century has been that the blood was too acid, and that as a consequence nerves were irritable and the circulation not so nutritious as it should be. Uric acid has been a slogan in medicine for a long time. We now have even a uric acid monthly. As for remedies that will cure the uric acid diathesis, their name is legion, and some of us suspect that they mean no more good for mankind than that other group of scripture fame whose name was said to be legion.

Fortunately a very decided reaction has taken place in the last five years, a reaction that had been foreshadowed ten years before by the work of physiological chemists and at the present time there are very few serious scientific workers in medicine who consider that uric acid is of any etiological importance in the production of pathological conditions in the human economy. The cases that used to be called chronic rheumatism however, still continue to come and must be treated. The question is, what are they? We have tried therapy for half a century and it has failed us. It might seem well to go back and study the patients once more and see whether we would not find that there are grouped under this all embracing name "rheumatic" a number of conditions for which we can do much by recognizing their real cause in the habits and constitution of the individual. The present paper is meant only as a contribution to the clinical side of this important subject, diagnosis being considered rather than treatment, though once causation becomes clear, treatment is usually not a difficult matter and the indications stand out for themselves.

So-called rheumatic conditions in the upper arm and shoulder are not infrequent. I remember once having three of them present themselves at my dispensary service at the Poly-clinic, all of them presumably suffering from rheumatism, all having been treated for this condition. One of them proved to be a motorman suffering from occupation pains that often come to those who use their arms overmuch, the pain felt so frequently, for instance, in baseball pitchers. These pains are always worse on rainy days. Why can one man pitch nearly every day all season and not suffer with his arm, while another man cannot? We can no more tell the reason for this difference than we can tell why one man is right-handed and another left-handed. One individual has a store of nervous energy that serves him very well. Another has a store of nervous energy that serves him well enough for his left hand but not for his right hand. The mystery would seem to lie in the original endowment of nerve force according to the individual's constitution. Your motorman who suffers severely from putting on the brake of a heavy car, will probably never be able to continue his occupation with comfort to himself unless his sore arm is due to some temporary condition, easily remediable.

THE CRADLE CHILD.

Forgotten, in a chamber lone, The hooded Cradle, brown and old, Began to rock, began to moan, "Where are the babes I used to hold?"

"To men and women they are grown, And through the world their way must make." The Cradle rocked and made its moan "My babes no single step could take."

"A helmsman one, on wide seas blown, His sinewy hands the wheel employe." The Cradle rocked and made its moan, "My babes could scarcely grasp their boys."

"And one, with words of winning tone, God's shepherd, goes the lost to seek." The Cradle rocked and still made moan, "The babes I held no word could speak."

"And one, with children of her own, Her life is toil and love and prayer." The Cradle rocked and still made moan, "My babes of babes could take no care."

"Now all that were mine are flown But one, that still with me shall bide." The Cradle ceased to rock, to moan, "The sweetest one—the babe who died."

In order to practice to the utmost of one's capacity this sweet virtue of human charity, three things chiefly are required: readiness, thoroughness, and unselfishness of the tongue.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

(Psychic to pronounced Physician) For sale by all druggists at 25c per bottle. For further advice and information write or call at Dr. Stevens' Dispensary, 178 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

The Poet's Corner.

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER.

In the bleak midwinter, Frosty winds made moan, Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone, Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the bleak midwinter Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, Nor earth sustain; Whom He comes to reign; In the bleak midwinter A stable-place sufficed The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim Worship night and day, A breastful of milk, And a mangerful of hay; Enough for Him whom angels Fall down before, The ox and ass and camel Which adore.

Angels and archangels May have gathered there, Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air; But only His mother, In her maiden bliss, Worshipped the Beloved With a kiss.

What can I give Him, Poor as I am? If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb, If I were a wise man I would do my part, Yet what can I give Him: O give my heart. —Christina Rossetti.

THE CALL OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Deep night is on the hills, With jeweled flag unfurled,— His baying dogs the wakeful shepherd herd. Close to the sleeping fold, And gazing upward to those sparks of gold, Piercing the dark, he marvels at the world.

A flash across the sky As by some Titan hurled— And now a strange new orb bursts forth on high, The Shepherd wonder what has come to them!

What message to a hushed and waiting world! They leave the silent hills By paths with radiance pearled, "Peace on Earth," each echoing valley fills. Led by the Christmas Star, They meet upon the way from near and far. Seeking the Child—the Saviour of the World. —Mary E. Mannix, in December Donahoe's.

Bless 'em—little fellows—rosy cheeks of Mr. "How long is it away— How long is it away— Till Christmas?"

THE CHRISTMAS GETTIN' close to Christmas near 'em, every day "How long is it away— How long is it away— 'Tgy're thinkin' of the reindeer 'with the 'How long is it away— Till Christmas?"

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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys As each day brings Christmas I can see bright with expectation over in your minds all you want Santa Claus course, as his visit to good little boys sure that there will this month anyway trying to be as good knows how. He is all forget any little short his dear old heart is a cannot bear to disappoint folks. One thing I am girls, and that is to be some one happy at the We know that there is going up, specially cities, from the little of the very necessities know no Christmas friends, I hope, will suggestion. Your loving,

My Dear Aunt Becky Amy McC. told me to here from little girl I thought I would write a dear little kitten and Amy and I are glad coming, because I go to a party. I go to St. and I am ten years old

Dear Aunt Becky I was so glad to see the True Witness I write again. Our sleigh yesterday. Our two inches deep. It is so glad to think the only one that could pose all the little crowd of old Santa Claus. will bring them lots of this will be enough for main, Your loving

Ottawa, Dec. 4, 1905

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