

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

In this strenuous age we hear much of womanly independence—the warmest advocates in many cases being those who do not exercise it to any great extent. Certainly, a woman without pluck enough to strike out along a line suited to her capacity, and who is satisfied to accept a small pittance from a parent, not overburdened with riches, rather than join the wage earners is not worthy of the name of woman. If one must perform outside employment, the honor lies in doing it as well as one knows how; and if any feel that the woman "who works" is not to be included in their circle—set as they put it—they are not worth consideration. Possibly if things were reversed the woman of "the set" might envy the possession of the business woman's brains the lack of which unfits her for the struggle. It has been said that the business woman has her finer senses blunted by close contact with the busy world. Why so? Has she not the same honor to uphold as her more favored sister; and does she not in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred succeed better? Not possessing the money that "covers the multitude," she has a high ideal always in view and seldom fails of attaining it.

FASHIONS.

The quaintest of medallions have been made of all-over Valenciennes, trimmed with a ruffle of Valenciennes edging, with a bit of embroidery laid on; or made of batiste embroidery—the lightest and finest imaginable—with a heavy edge of embroidery, resting just inside the Valenciennes frill. Lace—Valenciennes—with dots flung all over it, has those dots heavily embroidered, and, at first, before you see it, the idea seems like "painting the lily." When you do see it, though, it's more like setting a gem, for the embroidery sets off the delicate mesh, and the mesh the embroidery, exquisitely. With all the mingling of the two, whole costumes are made of either one, without even a hint of the other. Parasol, hat, gown, everything is sometimes made of embroidery—usually the stunning new combination kinds of English eyelet and blind embroidery that are the most wonderful (well, one of the most wonderful) creations of the year. Or the whole thing is made of lace.

And the hats and parasols that come to make parts of such costumes! They drive you green with envy, if your purse doesn't happen to be the "stretchable" kind.

As to jackets—long or short—they may be as simple or as elaborate as you please, but some stunning things are made by putting a couple of widths of some of those wide edgings together in a mysterious way that is easy to do, and hard to discover after it is done.

Lace and embroidery certainly have their fingers very deep in Fashion's pie this spring! Ribbons enter into the trimming of most of the spring models, as they have done this winter, only they are treated in a somewhat different way. The heavy quillings and shirred ruffles have gone out of fashion with the high crowns, and instead are ribbons twisted carefully round and tied in a simple bow on one side or else made up into little tied knots. Therefore medium and rather narrow widths are most in demand.

No hooks and eyes on wash waists, should be the motto of the amateur dressmaker. Buttons wherever possible, for, under any circumstances, they are far preferable to hooks. In the dressy waists, buttons and buttonholes can be hid under a fold. In the wash waists, handsome buttons may be fastened on with a tiny split ring and readily removed when the waist has to go to the tub. In waists which fasten at the back, buttons are more reliable than hooks and eyes, or hooks and loops. So few people make good buttonholes, that the temptation to use hooks and eyes, as being less trouble, is very great. But it is a mistake, just as is the using of strings, in lieu of buttons on undergarments. The best fitting garments, whether those that are visible or those that are hidden, but none the less require smoothness in order to make the garment set

properly above them, are those securely fastened with plenty of buttons which will not break in the wash. The need of plenty of buttons should be emphasized, because the tendency seems to be toward fastening a shirt-waist in the back with about five buttons, and this means unsightly and untidy gaps.

The skirts of the latest model fit snugly over the hips, the devices for attaining this end being innumerable, and the skirt, full and free from the waistband, with which we were threatened last year, is seldom seen, though the extravagant fullness of the lower skirt shows no signs of waning.

TIMELY HINTS.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted and the best of foods will not be digested.—Dietetic Gazette.

Keep all pieces of clean tissue paper, no matter how crinkled, to polish mirrors and windows.

To preserve celery for flavoring, spread the bleached celery leaves on a plate and let them dry in a warm oven. Keep them in a glass jar and use for flavoring soups and sauces when the fresh celery is not available.

A black felt hat may be cleaned by first brushing off all the dust and then rubbing with a flannel dipped in a teaspoonful of ammonia added to five table-spoonfuls of cold tea.

Should a lace curtain become torn, wash and starch the damaged curtain and stretch it on an ironing board. Take a piece of old curtain of suitable size, dip it into the starch and lay it neatly over the torn part. If the repair is then ironed firmly with the iron as hot as it can be used without scorching the material, the curtain will look much better than if mended in any other way.

Always leave the teapot or coffee pot lid open a crack to admit the air and prevent mustiness when not in use. A piece of paper slipped in is sufficient to keep it open.

Even when the eyes are in good condition they are benefited by occasionally bathing them in cold salt water, and when they have been overtaxed this will be found to afford great relief.

RECIPES.

Royal Scallop—This is a very nice dish to serve at an evening party where a hot dish is desired. Two cupful of finely minced ham, three cupful of cream sauce, six hard boiled eggs chopped. Make the cream sauce of three heaping table-spoonfuls of butter, three level table-spoonfuls of flour, and three cups of milk. If not free from lumps, turn through a wire sieve. Put into a scallop dish first a layer of ham, then a layer of the chopped eggs, then cream sauce. Finish with cream sauce and make a covering of sifted bread crumbs dotted here and there with butter. Bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

At the Hotel Islesworth, in Atlantic City, they serve a delicious relish which may be used as a filling for sandwiches. This is the way it is made: Put half a pound of rich, creamy American cheese through a patent grinder or chop it fine in a chopping bowl; then add a table-spoonful of paprika, a generous table-spoonful of salt, a level table-spoonful of English mustard which has been mixed with a little vinegar, three table-spoonfuls of Worcester-shire sauce. With a wooden spoon mix the whole to a smooth paste and stand in a cool place till ready for use. Do not stand it in the refrigerator, as it robs it of its flavor to allow it to get cold.

Turkey Patties—Mince the remains of cold turkey, light and dark meat together. Add a little chopped ham and some very finely chopped salt pork. Season rather highly with safe, pepper and mace. Moisten with the juice of a lemon, make some good puff paste, or a good short crust will do. Roll out moderately thin and cut in squares. Lay a table-spoonful of the mixture on each square, fold over in turnover style, brush with beaten egg and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot or cold.

Sweet Breads and Peas—Soak the sweet breads for several hours in

salt water, then lard with fat, salt pork, and put on the fire with enough soup stock to boil them in. When they are done, put in the stove to brown. Place on a dish, surround with boiled peas and garnish with lemons.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

One of these days it will be all over, Sorrow and laughter, loss and gain, Meetings and partings of friends and lover, Joy that was ever so edged with pain.

One of these days will our hands be folded, One of these days will the work be done, Finished the pattern our lives have moulded, Ended our labor beneath the sun.

One of these days will the heartache leave us, One of these days will the burden drop; Never again shall a hope deceive us, Never again will our progress stop. Freed from the blight of vain endeavor, Winged with the health of immortal life, One of these days we shall quit forever

All that is vexing in earthly strife, One of these days we shall know the reason, Happily, of much that perplexes us now,

One of these days in the Lord's good season, Light of His peace shall adorn the brow, Blessed, though out of tribulation, Lifted to dwell in his sun-bright smile,

Happy to share in the great salvation, Well may we tarry a little while.

A "NEW WOMAN" ON RACE SUICIDE.

Catholics, of course, have always held the same view as to "race suicide" as President Roosevelt holds, or, rather, have always believed what he believes on the subject, since what he believes is amongst the teachings of the authoritative Church. It is, however, of interest to hear what one of the "new women" has to say upon the subject. Mrs. Neff, of the Christian Temperance Union of Cass County, Indiana, voices the views of a "new woman" for us. And there is much in what she says that could form the subject of serious reflection on the part of laymen.

The "new woman" does not really object either to matrimony or to motherhood, which is the crown of matrimony. What she objects to is the quality of the manliness of the average present-day man. "So long," she says, "as the duties of fatherhood rest so lightly upon American men; so long as they refuse to clean up this country morally—for it is within their power to do so—just so long will the thoughtful woman righteously fear to assume the grave responsibility of maternity. When man ceases to dwarf himself on tobacco and other malignant vices; when he becomes chivalric enough to admit the justice and necessity of a 'white life for two' for the rearing of healthy and happy children; when he learns the economy of spending more money for bread than for abortion—then will women adoringly arise and call him her blessed protector." She proceeds to express the opinion that what is wanted in this country is rather better men than more men. All the elements which go to make up healthy and moral and happy homes exist in abundance: "only man is vile," as the sectarian hymn has it. The average man, this Indiana reformer declares, in summing up her argument, is unworthy to be mated with the average woman.

But the average man has, assuredly, something to say on his side. Women of the world, in all spheres of life, are to no small extent responsible for the moral and other blemishes which disgrace our modern life. It is their duty, as well as it is man's duty, to lead "white" and wholesome lives; to give up the frivolities and pastimes that enervate and demoralize; to allow sanity and common sense, instead of what is called "fashion," to regulate their style of attire, and, above all, to make the principles of Christianity the supreme influences in the conduct of their daily lives.—Pittsburg Observer.

MOTHER AND BUSINESS WOMAN.

Mrs. William G. Mulligan, member of the firm of Mulligan and Mulligan, lawyers, New York City, has solved the problem of reconciling motherhood, and a business career. All that is necessary to try cases and indulge

in legal battles and at the same time bring up a family, is to bring the home to the office. Mrs. Mulligan has provided a nursery, luncheon and gymnasium just off the law office, and, with one eye on the client and the other on the nursery, combines the functions of motherhood and legal adviser.

And this Mrs. Mulligan has done for the last five years. Formerly the youngsters occupied one room; they now have four, besides the big rear yard, which is fitted up as a gymnasium. The children accompany the parents to business in the morning from their fine home, facing Croton Park, and return with them at night. During the day they are under the special supervision of Uncle "Ed," Mr. Mulligan's brother, who is their schoolmaster. And that he is successful in his efforts at imparting knowledge to the four bright children, ranging from Alleine, aged 3, up to "Baby" Aggie, aged 12, is evident. Both Uncle "Ed" and Mr. Mulligan are Hamilton College graduates, class of '85.

Mrs. Mulligan declares that any woman of family who wishes to continue her business career, may do so and not be handicapped in the race by her children.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS. "Now, children," said the teacher, as she distributed the flower seeds among the little ones, "I want you to plant these in pots, and when they begin to grow don't fail to tell me. I will give a prize to the one who reports first." The Chicago Tribune tells of the boy who won the prize.

At five o'clock one morning a few weeks later the family with whom the teacher boarded was aroused by a loud ringing at the doorbell. The man of the house went to the door. "Who's there?" he asked. "Tommy Tucker."

"What do you want?" "I want to see Miss Adair." "What's the matter? What do you want of her?"

"I want to tell her something." "Won't it keep till daylight? Can't I tell her myself?"

"No. It's something she wanted to know just as soon as it happened, and nobody else can do it." Tommy was admitted and shown into the parlor. Miss Adair was awakened, and informed that a boy wanted to see her on business that allowed of no delay.

She dressed herself hurriedly and came down. "Why, Tommy!" she said. "What brings you here so early? What has happened?"

"Teacher, mine's growed." AN ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTER. Mrs. B.—"I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?"

Mrs. Proudmother—"La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently improvises music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unanimous to everybody, and she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in non de plume, and you know that makes one feel so comfortable."—Lippincott's Magazine.

It was nature lesson in a West Side public school, and the subject was birds and their ways. The teacher asked the pupils to name such fowls as they knew that lay eggs. Chickens, ducks, turkeys and others were quickly named. Then a little girl, who for several minutes had been eagerly waving her hand, was called on. She proudly announced: "My father, he lays bricks."—New York Sun.

Bessie was three, the youngest of the clergyman's children, and a great pet. She had listened most intently in Sunday school when the lesson from the catechism, "What is thy duty towards God?" was explained. That night, as she knelt beside her little white bed, her father overheard her prayer:

"Dear Lord, love 'Sweet Bess' wis all you' heart, wis all you' mind, wis all you' soul, wis all you' strength. Amen.—Globe and Commercial Advertiser, New York.

EARLY TRAINING. "We think baby will make a great politician."

"Why?" "Well, he crawls out of everything so easily."

"Please, God, make Mamie Ross a good girl. Please make her a awful good little girl. An' if it ain't too much trouble please make her so good that I can take her new doll, an' she'll think it's noble an' self-sac'ficin' never to ask for her back again. Amen!"—Cleveland Leader.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, May 6.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening. Current events were summed up with special reference to the significance of those formidable fleets in far Eastern waters. Mention was made also of a question of interest nearer home, viz., the increase of Canada's population by means of the introduction of desirable immigrants.

The review notes were devoted to two recent and very clever works by Lady Gregory, "God and Fighting Men," and "Cuchulain." These valuable additions to the wealth of new-old Irish literature are a gift to the library from the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, of Ottawa University. Some very beautiful and touching passages were read from these volumes of ancient lore. One especially, supposed to be a conversation between Ossian, the son of Fin, and St. Patrick, who had just introduced Christianity into the Green Isle, and was endeavoring to change the pagan customs there, illustrated how much it meant to the ancient Celt to change the old faith for the new. To Ossian it seemed much more delightful to hunt in the wonderful forests for the stags "with the silver horns" than to draw stones to build churches, and "it was a broken hearted man he was" at the changed state of affairs. A comparison was made between the Gaelic and the Gothic form of genius and their different conceptions of mystery. While Gothic lore, as instanced in the Niebelun gund Lied, on which the great Wagnerian operas are founded, is terrible and heavy, suggestive of blood and awful deeds done "under gathering darkness," the Gaelic is of a brighter, freer, more tender sort, breathing of the love of the open country and the "windy light." The introduction to Lady Gregory's work was written quite appropriately by Mr. W. B. Yeates, a Celtic poet of the mystic order. To enjoy the books thoroughly the reader would need to go back in spirit to the far-off times of which they tell and forget the 20th century for a while.

Some very interesting notes sent by the Rev. Lucien Johnstone, of Baltimore, on the late Joseph Jefferson, the last of the old school of actors, were read and greatly appreciated. All who have never had the good fortune to see the fine old comedian in his matchless personation of Rip Van Winkle have missed something in life; those who have seen him can never forget the experience. Father Johnstone saw him first when a boy of ten, and to him "it seems like last night." Many anecdotes illustrative of the actor's kindness and generosity, his simplicity and mental power were read from the notes. Jefferson was often asked why he did not take a dog on the stage with him to play Snider to his hip. One reason he would give in answer was that the tendency of the new school of acting was to make things too realistic. He believed that it should be more like it was in Shakespeare's time; something should be left to the imagination of the audience. "Besides," he said, "the boys in the gallery might whistle the dog off the stage just at the most important moment, or Snider himself might wag his tail when he ought to let it droop." And so poor Snider was left off the programme. Although of the old school Jefferson was not at all pessimistic about the new, but hoped and thought many good things of it, as was shown in his valedictory to his profession. There were changes of which he did not approve, but he was not the kind of old man who loved to wag his head dolefully over the changes "since our day." "The palmy days will always be just about forty years back, till the end of time," he would say, "so don't let us look back always with the same old regret." A story is told to show how wonderfully he had become identified with his favorite character. A conscientious porter in a hotel once woke him from a much needed sleep with orders, and when asked his reason for so doing, exclaimed, "Why, isn't this the man who goes to sleep for twenty years? He was snoring so terribly that I thought he was going off again and we don't want him to take such a long sleep in the hotel." Of course Jefferson appreciated the joke and forgave the porter.

A few notes of appreciation were made on the clever lecture given by Mr. John Thompson the day before on Dr. Samuel Johnson. The character of this eminent old writer and philosopher of the 18th century is one worthy of admiration, esteem and love, even though his works may not be of great interest to the read-

ers of to-day. His patient and courageous struggle with adverse fate has earned him a place among the world's heroes, though his heroism was not of the ostentatious kind and could form no subject for an epic poem.

The Oxford sketches were devoted to Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Thomas Arnold, father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Father Lockhart, who was very directly connected with Sir Walter Scott, and J. W. Bowden. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was noted for the wonderful influence he exercised over all those who came under his authority. William George Ward is said to have thanked God that in his youth he had come under that influence, so great and so good. It was on the death of J. W. Bowden that Newman wrote: "My dearest friend is gone." Father Lockhart was personally a very charming man, and was much influenced by Newman, though not quite in the way that Newman wished. He "went over to Rome" two years before his great teacher, to whom his going was a terrible shock. So affected was he by it that he wrote to Keble, regretting the effect his teaching was having on so many, and saying that he thought he should give up preaching in St. Mary's altogether.

The second part of the evening was given to the reading of the sixth book of the Light of Asia. Miss J. McCormac read, and notes from Dr. Aiken's work on Gotama were made in reference to Buddha's alleged miracles and his search for truth.

MARGUERITE.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH

Is Rich, Red Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood.

Good blood—rich, red blood—is the only cure for such complaints as anaemia, decline, heart palpitation, skin eruptions, rheumatism, kidney troubles, and a host of other everyday ailments. Good blood makes you less liable to disease of every kind, because it strengthens and stimulates every organ in the body to throw off any ailment that may attack it. Good blood is the secret of life, and the secret of good, rich, red blood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These little blood-building pills have saved lives that doctors and nurses have despaired of. They have cured thousands of others—they will cure you, too. Mrs. Wm. Boothe, Montrose, Ont., says: "For a couple of years my daughter Meta was in failing health. She complained of headaches and distressing weakness, and seemed to be rapidly going into decline. We consulted several doctors, but they did not help her. She was apparently bloodless, and we were afraid she would not recover. She had no appetite and was greatly reduced in flesh. At this stage a friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a few weeks we noticed some improvement in her condition, and that her appetite was improving. We continued the treatment for a couple of months longer, and by that time she was again in the best of health. She had gained thirty-two pounds in weight, had a good color, and was in the best of spirits. I do not think I am putting it too strongly when I say I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing, but they do that well. They do not act upon the bowels; they do not bother with mere symptoms. They actually make the new, rich, red blood that goes right to the root of the disease and drives it from the system. But you must get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around every box. All medicine dealers keep these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A ROYAL BOOKLET.

The Grand Trunk Railway System are distributing a very handsome booklet descriptive of "The Royal Muskoka" Hotel, a beautiful resort on Lake Rosseau, in the Muskoka Lakes, "Highlands of Ontario." The publication is one giving a full description of the attractions that may be found at this popular resort, handsomely illustrated with colored prints of lake and island scenery, the hotel itself and many of the special features that may be found there. A glance through this booklet makes one long for the pleasures of summer or outdoor life, and copies may be secured gratuitously by applying to G. T. Bell, G.P.A., G.T.Ry. System, Montreal.

OUR

Dear Boys and Girls: What a nice birthday must have had. I am glad to hear the story. That I want to know, what pluck friends. I am pleased to garet's acquaintance, will be a regular contributor. F is a welcome visitor glad to hear from the Jean thought she would sort of encouragement to ones. A very good idea, the Victoria is also a new very happy to have her little. More letters, little if you love me. Your loving niece, AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I suppose you will be surprised from one of your old intended to write before, I got around to it. I am at school now; we are preparing a concert and I am going to solo. The snow is all gone here and the birds are on their back again. We had a lot of this winter. In some places was up to the telephone wire was very good coasting at this winter, but it did not long. Well, I guess I will see this time. Hoping to see in print, I remain, Your loving niece, KA

Dear Aunt Becky: I thought as I have not you for some time and have many letters in the True Witness would write one. I hope you and girls are not forgetting me so soon. My birthday was on the 8th. My sister Katie party two years ago; we had time. We played ball, we had swings up, and we had our garden. She got quite a few seats. Her birthday is on the 10th. Well, Aunt Becky, I have much news to tell you, so will close. Your loving niece, JEAN

Dear Aunt Becky: As my sister was writing I thought I would write to have not written before. I go to school while the school is on, as I have a mile and a to go, but I am going to be and try and not miss a day. A little sister six years old, going to begin school this year. She took the prize three for being the prettiest girl wash. The prize was a very parlor lamp. We have the 18th My birthday is on the 24th, and my name is MYRTLE VICTOR PUGWASH, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written to you, and have read so many in the True Witness, I thought I would write one myself. I live on the sea shore, and it is a very fine place in summer. There is fishing on the river in winter, and in summer we have great sport sailing and bathing. I suppose the boys and girls are glad spring has come again, with flowers and other enjoyments, to pick May flowers, and go to them every spring. This is a small place, but it is quite a summer. There is a flour mill, tannery, brick yard, eight stores, and a few others. I am also ship building here. I am a carpenter and help to build it. It is great sport to watch launch them. Great crowds of people come to watch it. The last ship that was launched in the sand and they had a awful hard time to get it out. I think they worked at it for two before they got it started. The railroad track runs through here, and the bridge has to be ed before the ship goes through. I don't go to school this spring, but I stay home to help my mother who keeps house. My mother has been dead for three years, and she was very homesome without her. Aunt Becky, I am afraid I have written too much, so I will close