

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PERIGOROUS SAUCE.
Chop up fine two truffles. Place them in a pan with a glass of Madeira wine; boil for about five minutes. Add a dash of Espagnole sauce. Allow this to just come to a boil; remove from the stove and serve while very hot.

STUFFED POTATOES.
Take six good-sized potatoes, one grill of hot milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. Bake potatoes till done, cut in halves and with a spoon scrape out the potatoes into a hot bowl. Leave sufficient potato in the skins to keep them in shape. Mash the potato fine, add the butter, hot milk, salt and pepper. Beat until very light, then stir in carefully the beaten whites of the eggs. Fill the skins with the mixture, heating it up. Brush over with yolk of egg and put in the oven until golden brown.

NINETEENTH CENTURY TARTLETS.
Make some puff paste tartlet cases in rather large patty pans. While they are baking make about a pint of corn flour, flavored with lemon peel and sweetened, and stiff enough to set in a mold (i.e., two heaped tablespoonfuls of corned flour to a pint of milk). Spread a layer of jam at the bottom of the tartlet cases, filling up to the top with the corn flour, which should be quite smooth; grate over this a sweet rusk or macaroon, and when the corn flour is quite cold place in the center of each tartlet a piece of red currant jelly or a preserved cherry.

VIENNA CHOCOLATE.
Mix three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with enough water to beat it to a smooth paste, taking care that no lumps remain. Put it into a chocolate pot and set into a kettle of boiling water. Pour in one pint of new milk and one pint of cream or a quart of new milk, with the whites of one or two eggs well beaten. Stir the chocolate paste into the scalding milk and let it boil two or three minutes, then stir in the beaten whites and serve it hot.

TO MAKE FIG PUDDING.
Chop half a pound of figs and mix with a teacup of grated bread crumbs, a teacupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, and five ounces of candied orange and lemon peel; turn into a greased mold; steam two hours and a half. Serve with pudding sauce.—December Ladies' Home Journal.

HOME MATTERS.

A dinner is not complete without a dessert, and as the weather becomes cold hot puddings are in greater demand. The first thing to be considered is the pudding for holiday dinners. There are many kinds of plum puddings; they may be very rich or made to suit a small income, but all are good and find a welcome.

An exceedingly nice dessert is a Canadian suet pudding. Stir one cup of finely-chopped suet and the same quantity of bread crumbs into one cup of molasses, and add one cup of brown sugar and a half cup of sweet milk. Pare and chop tart apples enough to make one cupful, and take one cup of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one-half of a nutmeg grated, and a dozen of any kind of nuts chopped fine. Mix thoroughly with these ingredients one large or two small eggs. Sift with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two large cups of flour and add to the other ingredients. Steam or boil three hours and then serve with a liquid wine sauce.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The observing woman who persists in being in fashion in spite of a limited income never fails to discover her chances for some degree of style among the best fashions of the day. She utilizes every scrap of ribbon and silk, every bit of lace on her gowns and hats, and the result is a surprising success. If she is an adept in the art of transformation; she is wise, too, if she can recognize the point where dress renovation becomes an extravagance, for sometimes the garment is not worth the outlay of time and money required to make it up to date. Every woman can dress elegantly if she has unlimited means, but every woman with money does not dress in good taste, and the latter quality will often serve more effectually than the money, if it is accomplished by the grace and style of figure, so there is something to compensate for the lack of the wherewithal to buy regardless of cost. It is the happy medium in dress which is so difficult to strike, because it is hard to make one gown do the service for three or four; but the woman who studies herself and the possibilities of fashion with some care will make a pretty good success of this sort of thing.

Fancy vests, wide revers and added besques, yokes and wide collars, which are such a feature of fashion this season, all very materially in fixing over the old gowns. The vest can be of one material and the revers and basque of another, so the whole front of the bodice is practically new. Very pretty vests are made of old-fashioned silk handkerchiefs, with variegated palm leaves scattered over a red ground. They are first accordion plaited and arranged with a slight pouch effect, and are very effective in a dark blue gown. Yokes of satin covered with lace or embroidered with beads and yokes of velvet are just as fashionable as ever, and they help out wonderfully in making a small bit of material do for a waist. Slashing the waist and sleeves and inserting a contrasting material is another way of eking out a small quantity. Four or five slashes can be made in the sleeves, and as many in the bodice both back and front, and when they are arranged V shape, tapering to nothing at the waist line, the effect is very flattering to the figure. A black crepon with insertions of white satin, trimmed on all the edges with a tiny line of jet, is in very good

style. The same effect is given to the skirt, which shows a line of white up each seam.

NEW YORK STYLES.

Pink satin is even more generally liked than white or ivory, and some pale green, or light blue or gray satin, appear, and pink satin belts on white satin are yet another proof of the ascendancy of this color. Very low square necks are in the majority for ball-gowns, and ornamentation often takes the form of a huge bunch of violets at the left corner of the neck and a very large satin ribbon bow of another color, on the top of the right sleeve. Lace is used in great profusion around the neck and on the sleeves of evening dresses, and black velvet relieved by fine white or eoru lace is a change from the monotonous pink and white. Chiffon often forms the entire corsage, either plain or encrusted with crystal beads, and sleeves of another color are worn to some extent, as with a brocaded silk, green velvet sleeves, (a puff to the elbow) and flaring velvet collar.

The "Pompador Roll" takes precedence of all other styles in hairdressing, and while a front or side part is still seen, it is because the "Pompador" is so trying. The roll at front is carried round to the back and two large combs, called "bank" combs, divide the side puffs from those at the back. Mercury wings in tortoise shell are very new, but the old carved combs are still held in high esteem.

Furs are now an all-absorbing topic, and new shapes or trimmings invest the standard furs with renewed charm. The old favorites, Alaska seal, colored and natural Hudson Bay otter, eastern mink, Russian and Hudson Bay sable, Alaska sable and Persian lamb, all reappear in elegant novelties, well calculated to captivate the most fastidious. A mink pelorine, (really a reproduction of a very old style) covers the shoulders and the upper part of the sleeve, extending almost to the edge of the dress at the front, and finished off with five mink tails at either side. It has a decided ripple on the shoulders, a high collar, and is certainly an elegant and jaunty covering. The same design is repeated in all genuine furs, in order to meet the tastes of all parties. There is an immense demand for chinchilla, and capes, full collarettes or trimmings of this lovely fur, are often preferred to any other, its genuine beauty being its strongest recommendation and it is also quite as stylish for evening as for day wear.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the Winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school is out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Just the carriage wheels on the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The greatest lad of all the group!
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet alone,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;

Then back to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away,
And somebody's mother bowed low her head
In the street that night, and the prayer she said
Was, 'God, be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!'"

THE PRIZE OF ROME.

The French nation has for many years owned a handsome palace in the Eternal City, as Rome is frequently called, says a writer in the St. Nicholas. This is known as the Villa de Medici. It is a beautiful building, standing in the middle of a garden filled with stately and fine old trees, commanding a view of the famous old city, and fitted up with superb furniture, tapestries and pictures, the remains of the former greatness of the once powerful Medici family, who for so many years were high in the political affairs of Italy. Here each year are sent four young Frenchmen—a painter, a sculptor, an architect and a carver of precious stones. These lads are chosen by a competition held at the School of Fine Arts in Paris every spring. The examinations are very searching, and the successful candidates are greatly envied, as well they may be, for having won their honors, they are housed, fed and provided with a studio and an ample sum of money to pay their expenses for four years—all by the French government.

So it will be seen that it is no small honor to have passed successfully through the ordeal; for not only is the opportunity for the delightful life under such splendid conditions to be desired, but the youth who gains the distinction of being the prize winner is for evermore a marked man. His work is watched for, his future progress is noted, and his career may be said to be definitely made. The conditions under which the examinations are made are very strict. Preliminary trials take place early in the season. All who desire to enter inscribe their names at the government school. Of course, only French lads may try. For the painters, a subject is given out—perhaps some incident from the Bible, or an episode from a mythological story—and sketches are made by the students.

Twenty or thirty of the most promising sketches are selected, and the young men thus chosen are notified. These lads then make drawings in charcoal of

the subject. Another selection is made, and those chosen then make paintings. This time ten canvases are selected, and their authors go, as they say in French, *en logs*, which means that each man of the ten enters a small studio, where are an easel and materials for work, and he is allowed such models as are necessary to complete his picture. His first sketch of the subject given out is handed to him, and from this he must make a painting about three feet by four in size. He is not allowed to make any material changes in his composition, but must keep very closely to his original design. Outside his door sits an employe of the school known as a "guardian," whose business it is to see that the student receives no help; nor may he leave the building, save under charge of this sentinel, who is watchful and keen, and not to be trifled with. Three weeks are allowed in which to complete the work. Then the ten canvases are placed in frames. The works are the same size every year, and the old frames do duty over and over again.

Now is an anxious period while a jury composed of distinguished artists deliberate on the merits of the works to determine the order of their excellence. Finally, a day comes when, all is arranged. Ten pictures are placed in a gallery of the school, and each are numbered; the doors are opened, and the anxious crowd of students rushes in to hear the decision.

You may be sure that the happy Number One is a hero and that he is carried around the Latin quarters on the shoulders of his companions. The strain of the past few months is over, and we may forgive him if he gives way to a lot of boisterous nonsense for a few hours. To Number Two there is some consolation for so narrowly missing the great end he has aimed for—a sort of "consolation prize" being awarded to him, in the shape of a sum of money that enables him to travel for a year. Besides, he will compete the next year, and it frequently happens that the second man one season is the successful competitor of the year following.

The winning picture is hung permanently in the school, and the happy man goes to Rome. Each year he must send home evidences of his application and progress, that the state may know he is improving his time.

A ROMANCE OF THREE ANIMALS.

Last summer Orrin Whiting, who lives near Woodsville, N.J., caught a rabbit in a box trap, took it home, and made a pet of it. Whiting had a cat and a dog, and after a few preliminaries the three animals became warmly attached to one another.

As the weeks went by it was noticed that the rabbit had taken a great fancy to the cat. The two were together nearly all the time. Before the rabbit appeared at the Whiting home the cat and dog had been close companions, and the dog, evidently didn't enjoy having the affections of the cat alienated, for he took occasion frequently to pick the rabbit up by the back and give it a lively shaking up. Eventually it came to the point where the cat refused to have anything to do with the dog. She devoted her whole time to the rabbit. The dog grew moody and kept away from his former companions as much as possible, until one day he came across the cat and rabbit enjoying a gambol out in the lot back of the house. His temper got the best of him, and he sailed into the rabbit as if he intended to wind up its existence then and there. He had not gone far with the job when the cat leaped in. She jumped on the back of her old friend and began to claw out hair at a rate that at once engaged the dog's attention. There was a short battle between the two, which resulted in a badly torn skin for the dog, and, with his tail between his legs, he finally left the field.

That night the cat and the rabbit disappeared. A thorough search of the yard was made for them, but they could not be found and Whiting came to the conclusion that was a case of elopement, pure and simple. The dog became very despondent, and for several days refused to eat, but eventually his spirits improved and he was himself again, but he never could be induced to sleep in the bed out in the woodshed where he and the cat had rested together for many months.

One morning last week when Whiting went to the woodshed to get kindling, he was amazed to find the place swarming with rabbits. The rabbit law was off, and each one of the animals had a market value of 15 cents. He quickly closed the woodshed door, and, picking up a stick of wood, started in to slaughter the rabbits which had huddled together in a corner of the room. He raised the club and was about to crack a rabbit on the head, when, to his astonishment, the cat that had disappeared weeks before sprang at him from the shadow and made a show of fight.

Whiting looked the animals over and discovered among them the old rabbit that had run away with the cat. The cat did her best to make up her quarrel with the dog, but he wouldn't have it. He spurned all advances and kept as far as possible from her. Two days after the return of the cat, Whiting killed all the rabbits and sold them. There were seventeen of them, including the original pet. With the old rabbit out of the way there was nothing to prevent the cat and dog from renewing their friendship. This they did, and they are now as warm friends as ever.

MAGAZINES.

CATHOLIC WORLD CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A good Catholic Christmas number is of all reasonable things the most desirable; and the palm is easily borne off by The Catholic World. The contents of the number include a poem by the Rev. John B. Tabb. "The Angel's Christmas Quest;" a notable article on Armenia by a priest who is well acquainted with the country—Rev. Henry Hyvernat, D. D., of the Catholic University at Washington; an article on the recently celebrated Maynooth centenary by Rev. Dr. McCready, and an illustrated Christmas story by Helen M. McSwenney—"Paquita's Christmas Tree." The story of Paquita touches a deep chord in one's heart. She is a little Italian child rescued from the vicious surroundings of Mulberry Bend, New York, by the "Children's Aid Society." But the luxury of

the child's home she is adopted into, and the kindness of the childless people who lavish affection upon her, are no recompense to Paquita for the loss of the love of her Italian mother. The tale is not without its moral for enthusiastic child savers. However, as Paquita and her mother are not separated, this story ends happily. The publishers of The Catholic World are to be congratulated upon the success of this number in every way.

THE AVE MARIA.

It is thus the new Philadelphia paper—the Catholic Standard and Times—speaks of the Ave Maria.—The Ave Maria for 1896 offers a number of special features that are most attractive. The Marian articles promised bear well-known signatures, and there is to be a new serial by Christian Reid, of which the very title is refreshing, "The Man of the Family." The lamented Mother Theodosia Drane and our own John Gilmory Spea will both be represented, and the delightful "Tim's Tales" and "Chronicles of the Little Sisters" will also continue to appear. Charles Warren Stoddard, Thomas May Dalton, Percy Fitzgerald and Rev. Dr. Parsons are announced, each in their own particular line, and the "Short Stories" are in the excellent hands of Maurice Francis Egan, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Flora Haines Loughead, Harold Dixon, Dawn Graye, R. O. K., Anna T. Sadlier, the author of Tybome, and other favorites of the many loving readers of the Ave Maria. There is no better periodical than the familiar "blue covered magazine," for it lacks neither strength nor beauty, and is "wise in its generation." The Young Folks' Department is in good hands, many of the promised writers having left their impress on its pages to the delight of its readers. Mary Catharine Crowley, Sylvia Hunting, L.W. Reilly, Marion J. Brunow, Flora L. Stanfield, Uncle Austin, Father Cheerheart—all the old names and one new one, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, will appear in the pages of the coming year. The Ave Maria is the cheapest Catholic publication in the language, and it is a weekly.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIAN.

Canada is the home of the Canadian. No other name in the catalogue of nations is half so dear to him. If he be French, he may sympathize with France; if English, he may sympathize with England; but the treasure of his heart is with Canada. He may wander in foreign lands, and, from force of circumstances, be long absent from home; he may even stand upon the soil endeared to him as the country of his ancestors, but all the while his thoughts revert to the land of his nativity—his heart is in Canada. He may seek wealth and a name, may form ties of the most lasting, in the well-favored neighboring Republic, but his home is in Canada. In this one absolute and unchangeable fact the French-Canadian, who can speak no English, and the English-Canadian who can speak no French, though they have never met to clasp hands in friendship till, perchance, they meet on foreign soil, are united—they are brothers, though their homes be separated by thousands of miles in their native land. The same cannot be said of any other nation. There are but the two native races, distinct in language, customs and habits, who have nothing in common but their birthright and their common love of country; whom the sword united, and whom nothing but a dissolution of their national existence can ever separate again. The monuments erected to their heroes, who either fell in battle or devoted their life to the general good of their country, attest that a Wolfe is loved by the French and a Montcalm revered by the English without reservation on account of race prejudices.

As foemen they fought, but together
Their ashes are mingled, their fame cannot die.

When ages after ages shall have passed into oblivion, the uninterrupted union of these two great peoples under one flag, their constant intercourse, mutual esteem and undying friendship, will be some of the most blessed results of Christ's universal charity, and almost the only evidence of time's mellowing influence upon the human race as to its political character. And yet there are those who would seek to draw this beautiful union of peaceful and contented Canadians into the American charivari of contending nationalities; there are those who would sacrifice their attachment to laws that have been sanctified to them by the approving voice of ages, to adopt a new and experimental code that everywhere and at all times is subject to the dictates of avarice and the caprice of wealthy combines; there are those who, not content with moderate prosperity under the present condition of affairs, and to add more rapidly to their worldly possessions, would submit to grievous discomfort, renounce all national ties, and forego many inestimable privileges both of home and religion; as if the accumulation of wealth was the only or chief object of their existence.

"Wealth" and "Liberty" have been the predominant cries throughout the world for the last century—wealth that is an indefinite because an unsatisfying quantity; and liberty, not that which makes us free, but which subserves to pride, defeats the ends of justice, creates anarchy and rebellion, and destroys happiness, prosperity and contentment. Nearly every human institution has become debauched thereby; and even many of our religious periodicals, that possess such an astounding influence upon the masses, pay tribute thereto. How will it all end? In intestine contentions, the perversion of youth, the overthrow of society, the destruction of commerce, disaster to the nations, and the final visitation of God's wrath and judgment upon a haughty and grasping people, unless some mighty influence, some great controlling power, that has not yet exerted itself, will arise to put a check to this otherwise inevitable ruin.

But what part will Canada take in the general struggle? Will the glory of her present national existence have become dimmed or entirely lost amid the discord of other contending powers? or will she still be able to point with commendable pride to her united and contented French and English-speaking population, whose gradual but healthful increase

will be both vigorous and loyal? A great pity indeed will it be if our people become possessed of false notions with regard to the inevitable destiny of their country. (Nor should they employ haste in the fulfilment of that destiny by unwise legislation or improperly considered motives. Canada is at present in a position to become, in time, one of the most prosperous countries, as she is now the most peaceful of any in the civilized world; but one misguided step in the direction of an encumbering alliance, may effect an irretrievable loss. The events of nations, as of individuals, develop, if not unduly tampered with, in their natural order; and the perfect work of nature is much to be preferred in either case. One healthful consideration

as to our present position is contained in the fact that England and the United States are both discussing the problem with mere evasive persistency than we ourselves; and since it is unlikely that they will agree, it is not necessary that we should strictly conform to the opinion of either. Even France might have a reasonable word of advice to offer in the event of complications, as nearly one-half of us can claim to be duly descended from inhabitants of that noble land. We can, therefore, well afford to wait and prosper under the protection of England, with Uncle Sam as a peaceable neighbor and France as a potent well-wisher.

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