

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Eggs will cook much more evenly if the frying pan is covered.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick by dipping it into very hot water.

A pan of lime set on the shelves near jellies, fruits and jams will prevent their moulding.

Soap mixed with whitening will stop a gas or water leakage in a pipe until a plumber can be sent for.

If salad dressing curdles when being mixed, add a little cold water, stir quickly and it will become quite smooth.

Black silk may be renovated by sponging with stale beer, placing between newspapers and pressing with a hot iron.

New stockings should always be washed before being worn, for the washing causes slight shrinkage and makes them wear better.

If brooms are wet in boiling water once a week they will become tough, will not hurt the carpet, and will seem like new until worn out.

If sheets or tablecloths are wrung by putting the selvaige through the wringer, the edges will curl up and they will iron much more easily.

Celery may be kept fresh for several days if, after it has been cleaned and washed, it is put in an ordinary glass jar, covered tight and placed in a cool place.

A damp cloth held over the mouth and nose, or better, made to envelop the whole head, will enable one to pass through the most dense smoke without suffocation.

Ink spilled on tablecloths or any white goods can be removed by the acid juices of a ripe tomato. It promptly removes such stains from cloth, as well as from the hands.

Kid boots and shoes may be beautifully cleaned by dipping a little bit of sponge in white of egg, to which has been added a little ink and a few drops of oil, and rubbing well.

Material in warm suds in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse in very deep-blue water and iron while damp. If carefully done, the material should look like new.

To set delicate colors in fancy work, place a flannel bag full of bra in a basin of boiling water-allowing it to remain there until the water is cold, then wash the article gently in it with curd soap, and rinse quickly.

For making coffee a drip coffee pot is best, as with this the water can be poured through the coffee as often as necessary to acquire the desired strength without allowing the grounds to soak in the liquid. Keep the coffee hot, but do not let it boil.

To have the roast beef brown on the outside and juicy and rare within, it should be put in a very hot oven at first, then reducing the heat. The great heat at first hardens and also browns the surface, keeping in the juice. The meat should be basted frequently.

If you have handsome vases on the mantel-piece or on the top of the bookcase, etc., fill them with clean, dry sand, which will weight them so that they will not be overturned easily. In buying any ornament be careful to examine the bottom and see that it is perfectly flat and so will stand steady.

Gingham prints will keep their color better if washed in water thickened with flour starch. Flour is very cleansing and will do the work of soap in one or two washings in the starch water. This, with the rinsing, will be sufficient, and the goods will look fresher than if washed and starched in the old-fashioned way.

New boots should be rubbed with a slice of raw potato; they will polish them as easily as will old ones. New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

Admit plenty of air to your store-room on a clear, dry day, for air is necessary to all sweet preserves. Those kept in an air-tight room or cupboard are apt to ferment.

To wash a glass which has held milk, plunge it first into cold water before putting it into warm. The same rule holds good for egg cups or spoons from which eggs have been eaten.

Fingers stained with fresh fruit, walnuts, etc., should be dipped in strong tea, rubbed with a nail brush, and then washed in warm water. Under this treatment the stains will soon disappear. Whenever vegetables put up in tins are opened and only partly used, do not allow the remainder to stand in the tins, but turn them out into an earthen bowl and put in a cool place.

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in a few minutes.

The French have a way of making even an inferior quality of table linen look well, without the aid of starch. When the napkins are washed and dried and ready to be ironed they are dipped into boiling water

and partially wrung out between two cloths. They are then rapidly ironed with as hot a flatiron as possible without burning them. Treated in this manner, they become beautifully glossy and stiff.

Sayings of Writers and Orators

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.—There is an artistic harmony in a great life; but it is not a conscious beauty deliberately evoked by a free hand bent only on the illustration of its skill; it is a beauty born of pain, self-sacrifice, and arduous surrender to the stern conditions of success.

BE GENEROUS.—Even for our own sakes, we shall do well to cultivate a generous attitude towards the poor.

OBDIENCENCE.—All men, without exception, ought to be the children of obedience, since all have masters and duties. But in an age when our ears are dinned with the words "rights of man, liberties of man," there are but few who do not aspire to command rather than to obey.

THE TRIMMER.—The individual who is ever trimming his sails to catch the breath of ephemeral approbation may put forth from the shore amid the salvos of artillery and the huzzas of thousands, but he is most assuredly gliding along the smooth waves of mediocrity to the port of oblivion.

Belfast Municipal Technical Institute.

PROGRESS OF WORK.—The technical education movement in Belfast is gathering in strength and extending its sphere of influence rapidly. Notwithstanding the depressing prospects held out by pessimists of the opinion that its success would be an ephemeral one only, the fact remains that since last year the number of students at the various classes has increased by over five thousand. The subject does not indicate a falling-off in public interest. A year ago the Institute had a pupil roll of about one thousand in the entire city. To-day the total number of students it can boast is about six thousand four hundred. The accommodation placed at the disposal of the teaching staff has been adequate for so far, but at the present rate of progress it will be found necessary to provide additional branches. The operations of the Institute are now confined to ten schools—four central and six district. The headquarters are situated in College Square North, where a splendid establishment is entirely at the disposal of the authorities. The other central branches are the School of Art, North street; the Working Men's Institute, Queen street; and the Textile School, Hastings street. The district branches are distributed over the city at various chosen points. They are situated at Raglan street, N.S., Tennent street, N.S., the Royal Academy, Antrim S.S., Donegall Pass. The attendances Christmas and since then they have Road; Mt. Pottinger, N.S., Templemore Baths, and Montgomery N. at all the schools are on an average large and regular. Prior to Christmas and since then they have reached their highest point, as it is extremely satisfactory to note that everything points to a still further increase in the populace of the institute. This is as it should be.

MANY ABSENT.—But Belfast is a large city, and there is a great field for improvement. Of a population of nearly four hundred thousand, it is a moderate estimate to say that sixty thousand are at the proper age for advancing their interests by acquisition of valuable knowledge at schools of this sort. Making an allowance of fifty per cent. for females, our calculation brings us to a good thirty thousand to whom the benefits of technical education can be imparted. Out of this six thousand is a small number. So it can be seen that some considerable time must elapse before the system can come into anything like general operation in the city. But with the keen interest which the students are exhibiting it is not at all improbable that in a few years a very important step will have been taken towards the accomplishment to its fullest extent of the mission of the institute.

AT WORK.—A visit to some of the principal schools last evening whilst the classes were sitting gave us (says our representative) an idea of the scale on which operations are at present being conducted. On the invitation of Mr. Forth we proceeded to the headquarters in College Square North, where big classes were actively at work at the following subjects—Commercial English and arithmetic, stonemasonry, land surveying, trigonometry for surveyors, wood carving, and cookery. The several subjects of the school's curriculum, it will be understood, are allotted to different days of the week, on Tuesday evening and on Thursday afternoon. So with dress-making, which is allotted to Monday and Wednesday, and so with the other subjects, which are so numerous as to preclude enumeration. The prospectus will supply all information. But it may be said that the list infused everything to which the defective technical may be applied. The classes were all extremely businesslike. The students, from the ad-

vanced disciple of surveying to the smallest boy engaged at the mysteries of elementary science, evinced their aspect the keenest interest in their work. The cookery class was perhaps the largest, several score being assembled to master the art of culinary preparation. The pupils included girls of seventeen and maistons of advanced years. The rooms are well lighted and cosily warmed by fires, &c. At the Working Men's Institute, to which we next drove, lessons in applied mechanics (elementary) and steam (elementary), mathematics, practical chemistry, botany, and naval architecture (elementary) were in progress, and the same businesslike air pervaded the classrooms. The mechanical laboratory contains an elaborate and expensive set of appliances, in practical and model form. The attendance here was good also. The Hastings Street School is neither so imposing nor comfortable an establishment as the other centres, but much valuable work is being done there. The class of education imparted in Hastings street is that bearing on plumbing, plastering, sanitary engineering, and the textile industries. The most up-to-date tools have been procured, and excellent machines and hand and card looms are at the disposal of the pupils in spinning and weaving are more or less the subjects of tuition in this last-named branch. A visit to Raglan Street National School disclosed a couple of dozen industrious and intelligent-looking boys engaged at a preparatory course of arithmetic and English, under the instruction of Mr. John Savage, Tennent street. Central National School was "the scene of operations of a large class of students ranging in age from lads of tender years to keen-looking men. These, under Mr. T. J. Cowan, were engaged at a preparatory course, as were also classes at the other district branches, which we had not time to visit. These district schools are doing good work, and it is to be hoped that their influence will extend.

THE NATIONAL BOARD.—National Education Board, have also, we observe, introduced evening classes at some of their schools for preparatory work. This co-operation will be productive of good results. The School of Art in North street, a magnificent building, on the same scale as the institute in College Square North, is a busy centre for the studies of elementary art pupils. The classes in progress last evening were those dealing with principles of ornament, design, geometry, perspective, free-hand and brushwork, elementary antique, and modelling ornament from cast and photo. The number of pupils engaged was large, and included young and old students. The establishment is furnished with an excellent collection of statues and models, and all the necessaries for an up-to-date school of art. All the departments are splendidly equipped. The lighting is very good, and the heating all that could be desired. In the school students will find every facility for the study of art in its various branches. Spacious and well-lighted rooms have been allotted to the study of the living models and the antique. Special accommodation has been provided for modelling in clay, for design in relation to manufactures and handicrafts, and for still life and flower painting. In addition, a large room is available for the more elementary work. Cloak rooms and lavatories are provided, a sitting room has been set apart for the use of women students during luncheon hour, and every effort is being made to adapt the building to the special requirements of art education. A look-in at this excellent establishment brought our inspection to a close. We desire to thank Mr. Forth for the very courteous manner in which he facilitated us in our tour.—Irish Weekly.

THE TONGUE! "The boneless tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill, declares the Greek. "The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword." The Persian proverb wisely saith: "A lengthy tongue—an early death." Or sometimes takes this form instead: "Don't let your tongue cut off your head." "The tongue can speak a word whose speed, Chinese affirm, "outstrips the steed." While Arab sages thus impart: "The tongue's great store-house is the heart." From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung: "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole: "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul." —Rev. Philip Burroughs Strong.

Corporal Punishment!

The question of corporal punishment in schools has an interest for the young and old. In a work published in Germany, some account is given as to how discipline was once maintained in a German schoolroom. One Johann Jakob Haberle—who died some years ago—kept a diary, and he jotted down in the course of his fifty-one years' schoolmaster's career the number of times he administered punishment to his recalcitrant pupils. Schoolmaster Johann records that he distributed 911,517 strokes with a stick; 240,100 "smites" with a birch rod; 10,986 hits with a ruler; 136,715 hand smacks; 10,135 slaps on the face; 7,905 boxes on the ears; 115,800 blows on the head; 12,763 tasks from the Bible, catechism, the poets and grammar—every two years he had to buy a Bible to replace the one so roughly handled by his scholars; 777 times he made his pupils kneel on peas, and 5,001 scholars had to do penance with a ruler held over their heads. As to his abusive words, not a third of them were to be found in any dictionary. American sentimentalists would call the old teacher a brute, while many of his scholars bless the old man's memory.—Sunday Democrat.

An Hour's Study and What it Did For One Man

Ralph Holmes, express messenger on a fast night train running from Chicago to Peoria, had discharged his duties in the methodical way that comes with experience and familiarity with one's daily routine of work, and sank into an easy chair with a ride of fifty miles yet before him, and nothing to occupy his attention but his own thoughts, the rumbling of the wheels and an occasional note of warning from the engine. Thoughts come thick and fast at such times, and so it was with Ralph Holmes. The events of the four years since he was thrown upon his own resources passed him in review as a panorama.

On the long, tedious "runs" he had often been absorbed in a reverie of this sort, but in this instance there were new and perplexing problems confronting him. He had always found much that was gratifying in one of these quiet invoices of his few successes in life, and while he felt none the less pleasure on this occasion than on others, he found little in reminiscence to encourage him in certain of his desires.

In all of these communions with his own thoughts there was one central figure, and that a dear little woman patient and loving, her hair made silvery and her form bent by the seventy years of worldly struggle.

It was Ralph Holmes' mother, and well he remembered the night of his graduation from high school when she came tottering to the stage when the exercises were over, threw her arms about his neck and wept tears of joy. It was a glad event for Ralph, for he had closed his school career with honors, but it was of vastly more moment to the little old woman who proudly embraced him, for the joy which the diploma brought both of them represented years of toil and sacrifice on her part. Ralph was a sensible young man, not unmindful of the aid his mother had given him, often at the expense of her own health and comfort. He, too, recalled on this night, as often before, the assuring words he gave his mother before leaving home some months after his graduation.

"You have given me a start, mommer," he had said, "that many a boy in better circumstances might be glad to have, and I hope you'll live to see me prove that I deserved a fair start." Then, as the train sped on, Ralph recalled his entrance to one of the great medical schools of the city and the difficulties he encountered during the first year because of his limited means. Though he had been forced to study from the books of classmates and wait on the table at a restaurant for his own board, his letters to the little mother at home were always cheerful and full of hope, containing as little as possible of the darker side of his college life. Then, during the summer vacation, he had by a rare stroke of good fortune secured the position of express messenger. Ralph confidently expected never to experience a happier day than when he made his first "run," for, if he could but hold the place, it would relieve him of the anxiety that the expense of his medical education caused him home. To be sure, he had held the position and it had more than paid his own expense. It pleased him to note in addition that he had been able to send a little money home to his mother. The two trips a week the year round had interfered to no small extent with his attendance at school, but he had been as faithful as his circumstances would permit, and it seemed to Ralph, as he sat there musing, that the faculty must have known something of his struggle and helped him along. Then, too, he had been deprived of the regular hours for study which the other students had, but he had improved all his spare time. Night after night he had sat in that same old chair in the express car when his work was over and "crammed" until the whistle blew for Peoria. More than this, his dingy room in the Railroad Hotel there had been a favorite place for study when he turned in after the long "run" for a few hours' sleep. The precious sleep had oftentimes been sacrificed that he might make good recitations at college the following day.

But all this was in the past. This particular night found him a senior, and within a few weeks of his graduation—the culmination of his own great effort. In these closing days of his college career, however, a new desire had taken possession of him. He had felt a call to arms in the fierce warfare which involves all the medical schools at the close of the year—the relentless, uncompromising struggle for hospital internships.

True, he was not counted among the seniors of his own school as a candidate for hospital honors. This, he knew, was not because of a poor case record, for in this respect he stood well in the front ranks, but his duties outside of school had made it impossible for him to take the "quizz class"—the review of the work of the whole school course, which occupies during the last year the major portion of the attention of those who expect to take the competitive examinations for the internships. This formality, Ralph argued with himself, need not prevent him from entering the competition when the time came. He, too, had done a great deal of reviewing in a quiet way, and felt fairly well prepared for any ordinary questions which might arise in the course of the examinations. But of "catch" questions he stood in awe. But who could tell? Some would get the places and others would fail. He had made all the preparation possible, considering his condition, and why not take chances with the rest? It might happen that he would be among the lucky ones.

So, when Ralph Holmes locked the express car door early the next morning and went to his gloomy quarters in the Railroad Hotel, it was with the determination to take the first hospital examination that came along, which would be on the following Saturday and one of the days that he would be in the city. Tired though he was, Ralph did not go to bed at once. The new excitement kept him awake. Sitting down at the table he picked up the first book that met his gaze. Why did it do him no good, but in doing so he followed a definite impulse—a "hunch," as he was accustomed to say. Running over its pages in an aimless sort of way, and having no thought of studying any particular subject, he stumbled, as it were, upon a chapter hitherto unknown to him. "Tumors of the Adrenal Capsule," it read. "Well, that's a new one on me," he murmured as he glanced casually over the pages. Inasmuch as the subject had never been assigned for study, nor, to his knowledge, had any reference been made to it in class, he thought it might prove interesting reading. "It must be a useless lot of stuff," he murmured again, as he started to read, "or we would have heard something about it. Nothing else in particular to do, though, so I'll just glance over it. Might come handy some time." An hour later Ralph laid the book aside and went to bed. When Saturday came and students

from various schools gathered for the hospital examination Ralph Holmes was among the number. He dropped into one of the rear seats in a careless sort of way, but his presence caused no little comment among the members of his own class who expected to see him in the competition least of all others. "What are you doing here?" inquired one. "Oh, just happened in to see what's going on," was Ralph's indifferent reply. But when he provided himself with paper and made ready to write, the others were convinced that he was more than a mere looker-on.

Then came a breathless silence as the questions were being written upon the board. There was one on anatomy, then a query on chemistry, then histology, materia medica, and half a dozen other branches of medical science. Fourteen questions had been given and had been met with suppressed groans, smiles or whispers of "easy" or "pudding," as they found the various contestants prepared or wanting in knowledge. Through it all Ralph had maintained a countenance as cold and expressionless as steel. He felt satisfied that so far he was equal to the test, but resolved not to betray his feelings to the others around him. It was the fifteenth and last question that he wanted to see, and his impatience got the better of him. He felt something tugging. A peculiar unexplainable something took possession of him, and as the professor's hand was raised to write the question he followed it, not alone with his eyes but with his body. He stood up, but when he resumed his seat it was with a sigh of relief that was heard distinctly in every part of the crowded room. The professor had written: "15. Etiology, pathology, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment of tumors of the adrenal capsule."

The explosion of a bombshell would not have caused more consternation among the students than did that one question, for in none of the schools had the subject been introduced, and it had been utterly ignored in the "quizz class" work.

As for Ralph Holmes, well—he is now serving an internship in one of the leading hospitals of Chicago, and the little mother is enjoying some of the happiest days of her life.—Charles B. Younger, in the Catholic Columbian.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Do you know of the house Where ginger-snaps grow? Where tarts for our children March out in a row? Where wishing is having, Where isn't it grand! Just up in the garret Is real fairyland? Where youngsters can caper And romp and halloo, For they always do right, Whatever they do? You don't know the house? Then, oh deary me, I'm sorry for you! Why, it's Grandma's, see.

THE STENOGRAPHER.—The names of a score of bright pupils of the schools of the Christian Brothers of Montreal, were recalled a few days ago in clipping the following item which we clipped from one of our exchanges. It runs as follows: A conspicuous example of success, due to his own energy and resolute industry is afforded by Mr. William Loeb, the president's assistant secretary. As his name indicates he is of German parentage, although American born. At the age of twelve he was obliged to leave school to take his place in the ranks of the bread-winners, which he did as messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company, at Albany, N.Y. He subsequently took up as a side issue the study of stenography, which he pursued with characteristic enthusiasm, mastering it so effectually that in his twenty-first year he secured the position of official stenographer of the lower house of the New York Legislature. He afterwards became widely known and employed in his profession, finally being appointed on the executive stenographic force, while Mr. Roosevelt was Governor, becoming his confidential secretary, and in that capacity he has remained, accompanying his chief eventually to the White House. The secret of his successful career is really no secret at all. He simply mastered his chosen profession and, as the president of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust said of his highly paid assistant, "he never looked at the clock during business hours."

THE SPIDER.—Every one who owns a little strip of garden knows what it is to clear away spider webs a matter of small difficulty and lightly performed, but a popular naturalist who lately returned from the great woods of Central America came across spiders' webs of such strength and huge dimensions that they were positive obstacles in his path. Needless to say, the tenants of these webs were of a monstrous size. "I measured one of these fabrics," he says, "it had a diameter of more than six feet, without including the long brace threads that run out like forays to the extremity of the surrounding branches, then took a number of wild lemons and slung them against the centre with all my might. The web stood every one. It is no wonder that when a bird comes entangled in the meshes the huge spider is able to make a break-

played in making the road from Limerick to his long life. Sheel the best of health, and a son of all his faculties walk about the fields and lovers of the weed which he has since boyhood." This is certainly a suggestion, and one that I would like to see put into effect in the first place it gives us a glimpse of pointing very long lives of the of the Old Land, especially women of the generation have recently passed a to the moral habits of the morality of the Irish long since become poor the evidences of this strength and mental—displ vast majority of the people can safely say that full vitality and its retention are directly influenced of the Catholic. The horror of aught in which she has inspired people; the universal fidelity to the marriage she so strongly inculcates; and lastly, the regularity, temperate libstinence and such like engendered habits best preserve the system. We Ireland reaching a very at once reflect upon the causes that produce strength and impart such vigor; and we have to thank God that they are Irishmen to the teaching lations of the Church.

SOMETHING WRONG, or, speaking of the count Lord Dufferin's poverty wealth that has come to less deserving, or at meritorious, passes the "There is something wrong this." It is thus that it is summarized editorially temporary: "Mr. Schwab's salary will pay the whole Budget. Lord Roberts, for a \$500,000 in cash, with a pension to himself heirs. Lord Dufferin years to the highest service as Viceroys of India, and Ambassador a difficult posts, again and venting costly wars. end of it all he is left with \$8,000, quite unable him to maintain which the country had to occupy. As a result, prey to the company monstrous disastrous results to him his Countess is left at the \$5,000 gifts from sympath holders."

IRISH CENTENARIAN regular correspondents in one of our poraries, there appeared day, an item of news an exceptional case. The correspondent the people of Ireland had accustomed to centenarians or less would not inference. However, made in the case of T. near Glin, in the County who is still alive and age of one hundred and was born close to what in 1793. The correspondents to say that: "When quite young played in making the road from Limerick to his long life. Sheel the best of health, and a son of all his faculties walk about the fields and lovers of the weed which he has since boyhood." This is certainly a suggestion, and one that I would like to see put into effect in the first place it gives us a glimpse of pointing very long lives of the of the Old Land, especially women of the generation have recently passed a to the moral habits of the morality of the Irish long since become poor the evidences of this strength and mental—displ vast majority of the people can safely say that full vitality and its retention are directly influenced of the Catholic. The horror of aught in which she has inspired people; the universal fidelity to the marriage she so strongly inculcates; and lastly, the regularity, temperate libstinence and such like engendered habits best preserve the system. We Ireland reaching a very at once reflect upon the causes that produce strength and impart such vigor; and we have to thank God that they are Irishmen to the teaching lations of the Church.

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