

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ENGLISH TOAST.

A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast, take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven, pour a little melted butter over the toast.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

Mix three heaping tablespoonsful 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 it into a kettle of boiling water. Pour in one 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.

HAN RELISH.

Cut small pieces of cold ham, fry in their own fat; lift out and place in a warm dish made thus: Two tablespoonfuls of made mustard (German or French), one teaspoonful of white sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar; one-half teaspoonful of cornstarch; season with cayenne pepper. Mix well and add to the gravy in the pan; let it boil twice; pour over ham; cover and send to table.

TO PRESERVE BREAD.

The secret for preserving the freshness of bread seems to be known only to the Swiss and German housewives. These thrifty cooks bake but once in three weeks, always placing the fresh loaves in an empty sack well sprinkled with flour. The sack is then swung up in a dry, airy place, and the day before a loaf is wanted it is taken out, brushed free from the flour and left standing in the cellar over night. The success of this odd method fully justifies it.

A DELICATE CUSTARD.

Pour one-fourth of a cup of sugar over the fire with a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and melt to a golden brown. Divide this, while hot, into eight parts by pouring a little into the bottom of each of eight small custard cups, sprinkling in each a teaspoonful of minced almonds, and fill two-thirds of custard made by beating three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and adding three gills of milk. Stand in a pan of water and cook in a quick oven until the custard sets. Turn out at once on the little dishes on which they are to be served, and let them get icy cold.

HOME MATTERS.

An icing for cake, that will be found inexpensive and good, may be made by taking three tablespoonfuls of milk and letting it come to a boil. Then set it aside, and when it is cool add one teaspoonful of vanilla or other extract and stir in confectioner's sugar until thick enough to spread without running.

Common sea-bore sand will greatly improve the appearance of old velvet and remove all the dust. Sprinkle the velvet with the fine sand, and then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile the wrong way.

Handsomest lunch cloths are made of fine linen, and have a deep border of renaissance lace. Doilies and buffet covers are also edged with the same beautiful lace. It washes well, and is as handsome as long as it lasts.

Sofa pillows are covered with plain silk in delicate colors and have a three-inch double frill around the edge. A square of renaissance lace is then laid over the pillow and is large enough to partly cover the frill. In place of the plain silk two shades of pale satin ribbons may be used, weaving them in and out basket fashion, and allowing the ribbons to extend three inches over the pillow and fringe the ends for a finish.

Mothers cannot too soon begin to teach their small daughters to be carelessly and neatly for their belongings, no matter how simple they are, is one of the virtues. Gloves pulled out and carefully put away; ties folded and put in a box with a sachet bag; handkerchiefs similarly looked after and shoes mated and slipped in the proper pockets or stood on a shelf—all these little niceties begun at a tender age become second nature. Costly things soiled and crumpled are vulgar. Exquisite neatness with the simplest belongings betrays refinement.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The new cotton dress goods brought out in such profusion in the stores conjure up all manner of attractive visions of summer and its pleasures, and colored ducks and piques are already being made up in the cut and skirt style of dress to be worn with shirt waists. They are plain or patterned with hair line stripes, dots or flowers of contrasting color, and white grounds are similarly treated. The coats are quite short, fitting the figure in the back with a fluted basque below, and loose in front with the usual revers, while the seams are all strapped with the material, like the coats now worn.

The new gingham have a frise effect of black loops over the pretty soft plaid, which makes them look like anything but cotton. And cotton crepons plaided and crinkled very showily have a place in the new summer dress goods. Linen batistes, with every possible variation of pattern in lace or silk stripes, and additional threads of gold woven in, rank first in price in this class of fabrics, but there are innumerable designs in less expensive ones with stripes and variable sized dots in different colors on the green ground and colored batistes, blue, lavender and gray with white stripes.

The new creu embroideries shown for trimming batiste gowns are very elaborate in design and much more beautiful than any we have had before. They come in various widths of insertion and edging to match, and in very open patterns, which can be applied like lace.

The new lawns and dimities are exceedingly pretty, with flowered stripes

in soft, faded colors, and plain stripes of color on a white ground. Swiss muslins, too, are quite new in design, with lines of color and Dresden bouquets scattered all over them in addition to the usual white dots.

Yellow in all the shades from a delicate tint to the bright screaming flame-yellow similar to the old-fashioned flame color, is first in the list of fashionable colors for the coming season. But as no special shade ever rules the day in fashion, so there are no end of new greens mixed with blue, lovely rose tints, marine and Neapolitan blues and metallic gray, which makes a pretty background for flowered and Persian designs. All the violet shades and pretty dark blue, with peacock or plum tints, will be worn. In fact, the scheme of color is the same as ever, with endless variations in shading.

A new style of applique trimming is made of several thicknesses of French crepe arranged in handsome patterns on light-colored silk. Small diamonds are introduced into some of the new embroideries with fine effect. Picelle lace studded with turquoise and diamonds is used for the yoke of white and colored chiffon waists.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

SECOND THOUGHTS' BEST.

"Good-by, dear, I hope you'll have a good time this afternoon."

It was mother who said it. Nobody never went away from mother's side boys declared, without having a good wish as they started.

"But I hope you won't stay late. I mean very late. The days are so long, and it's good to have you come home."

"It was Hetty who said this."

"Poor little Het," said Frank, as he turned for a farewell smile at the two faces at the window. "It's too bad this race on the ice came just to-day."

"Yes, it is," assented Rob.

"When she's been shut up in the house so long. And this the first day she could get out."

"Yes," said Rob again.

"Look here," said Frank, stopping short after they were out of reach of the eyes inside the window. "Spose we give this up and give Hetty her rifle."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Rob, half angrily. "All the boys are going to be out, and it'll be a regular tip-top time. Give it up just to take out a little girl!"

Hetty had a long illness and was just able to go out. For several days it had been arranged that on Saturday afternoon she was to be wrapped up and the boys were to take her in a sled over to the house of Uncle Harry, half a mile away.

The little girl had looked forward to it with such delight as those know who have spent many weary weeks in the house.

Then had come the regatta. Of course, all the boys in the country around would expect to be there. And equally, of course, Hetty, being an unselfish little girl, said at once that she would remain at home, so that her brothers might go.

"I wouldn't care a bit," went on Frank to his brother, as they walked on. "If Hetty wasn't so nice about it. I should have cried and made a fuss, as most girls would, I'd have just told her to shut up. But she didn't."

Rob remembered, though the tremble of the lip with which his little sister had insisted that the boys should not give up their sport for her sake, so he didn't make any reply except to quicken his steps, which had slowed as Frank had hesitated.

"You don't mean," said Rob, presently, "that you'd really go back now?"

"I will, if you will," said Frank, stopping short. "I don't mean but what I want to see the regatta—awfully—but—"

"Well that's just my fix," said Rob, stepping on with a resolute face. "I want to see it awfully—and I'm going to see it. Hurry up now."

With one or two swift runs to vary the fast walking, the mile was soon covered. They were early. It was scarcely past noon, yet there were already numbers of people gathering on the lakeside.

What a gay scene it was. The ice-boats stood decked with bright ribbons, which whirled and danced in the breeze. The ice was alive with skaters, flying this way and that, while on the bank sleighs and cutters, with merry parties and jingling bells, drove up and down.

But, notwithstanding all, there was a weight at the hearts of our two boys. Rob was by no means inclined to be unkind to his sister. Take them as a family, they were most united in loving care and thought for each other. A large sleigh full of little girls drove by. They were Hetty's friends, and how Rob would have rejoiced in seeing her face among them. But it was inside the room in which she had been a prisoner for so long, probably still looking from the window from which she had waved them a farewell.

Then before him arose the day on which the dear face had lain on a pillow, and no one knew whether it would ever be lifted, to gladden those who loved it.

Rob skated up to his brother.

"Say," he said, "do you believe mother'd let us bring Hetty down here? We'd scoot her down in no time at all."

"No," said Frank, "I don't believe she would."

Rob hadn't believed it either. It was simply his way of getting at what he now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the skating course. It was pleasant to be there—hard to think of turning one's back upon it. He was soon at Frank's side.

"We've," he began, "seen how things are here now. They say the boys won't go for an hour yet, and who wants to wait so long? It's early. What did you say?"

"I say, yes," said Frank.

Skates were taken off and the distance home soon left behind.

"What's that at the gate?" asked Rob, as they drew near.

A sleigh stood beside it, inside of which was a delightful mixture of furry wraps and bright faces. Strings of bells pealed out jerky chimes with every movement of the restless horses.

"Hello!" cried voices, mingled with the bells. "We've come for you. Hurry up. We must get there before the regatta begins."

It was Uncle Harry's family, and within the house was an equally exciting condition of things. Hetty was being wrapped for the ride. She was to see it all.

"Why boys; why are you back so soon?"

"We came to take Hetty out."

"Now, boys." How her face beamed and shone as she heard it. "You really gave it up to come for me? Why, you dear, dear brothers—that'll be the very best part of all!"

It may be easily guessed that it was the best part of it for each one of them. Surely no one on that bright day could be more light-hearted than the boys who had been willing to give up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

"We should have been glad to do it even if it hadn't turned out so," said Rob, as they talked of it in the evening.

"Yes, dear," said mother, your self-denial was as perfect as if it had not met with such quick reward."

"Pshaw," said Frank, with a little swagger, walking around the room, hands in pockets. "It wasn't such a big thing to do."

"Perhaps not," said mother, "but you know that in our everyday routine we are not often called on to do big things. It is the small kindnesses, given out of loving self-denial, which make up the sweetness of home life."

FOR BOYS' GUIDANCE.

SOW A CROP OF WHEAT AND REAP A HARVEST WORTH HAVING.

"Don't be deluded into the belief that it is smart to know things that you wouldn't like to tell your mother," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "That Boy of Mine," in March Ladies' Home Journal. "Don't think it is smart to listen to stories that are not nice and which are about women. Gentlemen never write in deriding women—that is a peculiarity of eads. Never read a book that you could not share with your sister, and never look at a picture that might not be framed and hung in her room. What? You think somebody will call you 'girly'? Oh, no, my dear boy. If any thing is said about your conduct there will be approbation given you, and the chances are that the older man will say of that younger one who is properly modest, 'Brown is a nice fellow; I should like him to come and see my daughters.' It is not necessary for you to see the folly of anything. That is an exploded theory. Why should you sow a crop of wild oats? Why not sow a crop of wheat and get a harvest worth having? From day to day, my boy, you make up the story of your life, and it is the little things, the little honest things, that will make you a man, mentally as well as physically."

A BOY'S APPEARANCE.

HE OWES IT TO HIMSELF TO BE CLEANLY AND NEATLY DRESSED.

Ruth Ashmore, addressing herself to "That Boy of Mine," in March Ladies' Home Journal, writes that his personal appearance "should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man. Cleanliness does much to ward off disease, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf and never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarings of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by the stuff itself and not bought ready-made."

AVOID DANGER AND TROUBLE.

Beware of Substitutes when Buying Package Dyes.

When danger and deception threaten to disturb the peace and happiness of wives and mothers, it is but right that they should be warned and advised.

Crude and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes are put up by some manufacturers for the sake of profit only. It matters little to them if women have their materials spoiled in the dyeing operation, their tempers ruffled, or soul worried, as long as their common profits are sold.

For easy and profitable home dyeing, the Diamond Dyes to-day command the admiration of the civilized world. In fact, therefore, that your dealer provide you with the "Diamond" that are always a success. The Diamond Dyes are the favorites with all wise women.

"Your age," said the interviewer, who had more energy than diplomacy, "is twenty-seven, is it not?" "Yes," replied the actress; "how did you know?" "I looked over the files of a newspaper in which you were interviewed twenty-five years ago. That's what I found it said there."

"Oh, Jo—John," she sobbed, I'm so grieved to hear that—that Rover bit a piece out of your leg when you called the other day." "I don't fret about it, darling," he said soothingly; "I'm used to leaving a sample wherever I call—I'm a commercial traveller you know."

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

It was a stormy night in February when Charles Maynard arrived at his aunt's farm. The wind blew a hurricane, piling up the feathery flakes in great heaps, and drifting it high in places along the road, leaving brown, bare spots at intervals.

Charles was twelve years old when his mother died. He had always lived in the city, but his father was obliged to go to Europe to attend to some important business, and the boy was sent into the country to live with his aunt, a Mrs. Browning.

At first everything was new and strange to the lad, accustomed as he had been to the life of a great city; and the farm, by comparison, seemed very desolate and dreary. And yet, even in the country, winter, rude and blustering though it be, has its own particular enjoyments, cold and rough as the weather is, turning all the hills to snow and streams to ice. Then come many amusements, such as skating and sleighing and indoor games.

One morning, a few days after his arrival, Charles put on his long ulster and cap, and went out into the yard. The ground was covered with snow, and Charles thought he had never seen such a beautiful sight. Turn his eyes where he might, everything he saw was white; the trees, the fences, the roofs, the hills, and even the pond in the valley had a thin covering of snow.

The lad wandered down the road until he came to a place where three cross roads met; on each corner there was a house. A stout boy with a bright scarf around his neck and a pair of skates in his hand came out from the yard of the nearest house.

"Hullo! Who be you?" he said.

Charles thought that this was decidedly an original way to address a stranger.

"My name is Charlie Maynard," he answered.

"Where do you live?"

"Up at my aunt's."

"Your aunt's? Who in thunder is your aunt?"

"Why, my aunt of course," said Charles, pointing up the road.

"Oh! Wilder Browning, eh? So you're the dude from the city, are you?"

"I'm no dude," replied Charles, getting angry.

"You ain't, eh?" and the boy came close to Charles, and looked him in the face. "Guess you're all right. Come down to the pond. I'm going skating."

"Yes, but I haven't got any skates," said Charles.

"Well, I've got a pair in the house," said the boy; "hold these, and I'll be out directly."

In a few minutes he returned with a pair of skates which he gave to Charles, and took his own.

"Come along chappie," he said.

As they passed the corner, they met two boys, who were also evidently on their way to the pond. The taller one wore a sailor's cap and a reefer, and Charles thought he looked very "cute."

"Holloa, Bert! Who have you got with you?"

"He's the du—I mean the city chap—Mrs. Browning's nephew."

The lads looked at each other curiously, and then proceeded on their way to the pond. Before they were half-way across the fields they were all chatting together and laughing, and Charles felt quite at his ease with his new friends.

The four lads approached the ice cautiously, and Albert, the boldest of the quartette, stepped forward to see if the ice was frozen hard enough for skating and stamped with his foot.

"Will it bear?" asked Charles.

"Of course it will," said Albert.

The lads sat down on the snow and put on their skates, but Charles had some difficulty in adjusting his, because there were no holes bored in the heels of his shoes. Then he remembered the combination knife his father had brought him from the World's Fair, and which he had in his pocket.

"I, gracious ain't that knife a stunner!" said one of the smaller boys; "look, Bert!"

They watched Charles as he bored the heels of his shoes with the little gimlet attached to the knife.

"I say," said Albert, let's look at the knife!"

Charles passed it to him, and in a few minutes he was racing over the pond with his companions, and enjoying himself very much. Once, as Albert passed him, he stopped for a minute and returned the knife to Charles.

"Isn't this jolly!" cried James; "my uncle says that two bones tied to the feet with strings were first used as skates by the ancients."

The boys did not feel the time passing, and were startled when they heard the sound of a horn over the hill.

"Dinner time!" exclaimed Albert; "why, how short the morning was!"

The lads escorted Charles to the door of his aunt's house and he promised to meet the following day after school.

Early the next morning Charles was in the barn, watching the hired man, who was mending the shaft of the hay-wagon. He wanted to cut a piece of rope, and asked Charles if he had a knife.

Charles felt in his pocket, but could not find his knife; he searched all through his clothes, but it was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," he exclaimed, "I lent it to Albert yesterday, down at the pond, and he forgot to return it."

That afternoon, when he met Albert, Charles asked him for the knife.

"I gave it back to you," said Albert.

"No, I don't think you did, for I have searched all my pockets."

"But I am sure I gave it back to you," repeated Albert.

"Oh, no you didn't," insisted Charles; "if you did, it would be in my pocket. You must have lost it. Let us go down to the pond, perhaps we may find it there."

"I gave you back the knife," said Albert, "you lost it yourself, more likely."

Charles felt very indignant. Just then, they reached Albert's house, and without speaking to Charles, he turned into the yard.

The next few weeks made matters worse between the boys. Charles obtained admission to the school; and became



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a great favorite with the teacher and the scholars; it was soon whispered among the little circle that "Albert had Charles' knife, and wouldn't give it back to him."

"He borrowed it and then said he gave it back," said the little fellow of the sailor suit, who had been their companion on the morning, when the lads met for the first time.

"Why don't you go and tell his father?" said one of the boys to Charles.

"No; if Albert is so mean as to keep the knife, let him have it," said Charles.

All this made for Albert Sydney, the largest boy in the school, a most uncomfortable position. Looked upon with suspicion, the other boys generally talked low among themselves about it. He noticed it all and felt unhappy.

One day Charles and his aunt passed Albert on the road, and the latter turned his head away. Mrs. Browning stopped. "Ain't you and Albert good friends, Charles?" she asked with some surprise.

"No," answered Charles, "we do not speak."

"Why not? What is the trouble?"

"He stole my knife—he's a thief!"

"Hush! you must not say that. Tell me what he has done?"

As they walked along, Charles told her the whole story, and Mrs. Browning thought the matter over, but said nothing more until they nearly reached home, when she said:

"It certainly looks bad for Albert, but are you quite sure that he did not return the knife. It is a very serious matter to accuse another of being a thief."

Another week passed away, and Albert was still shunned by most of the boys. Washington's Birthday came, and a large party of the scholars were going into town to attend a concert, Charles was asked with the rest.

"May I go, aunt?" asked Charles.

"Yes, but you must change your clothes. Put on your best suit."

Charles went up stairs, and changed his clothes. As he did so he felt something hard in one of the pockets of his trousers and putting in his hand, he found the long lost knife.

Now the whole truth flashed upon his mind. He had worn his best clothes that unlucky morning, when he went skating on the pond. He had put the knife in that pocket, and there it had been all this time!

What ought he to do? Poor Albert! how he had wronged him! How could he ever atone for his conduct! With flushed face and tears in his eyes he hurried down stairs to the kitchen, and told his aunt.

"Let it be a lesson to you, Charles," she said. "I have known Albert all his life, and I felt all along that there must be some dreadful mistake. What do you intend to do, to repair the wrong you have done him?"

"I think that I will run down to his house, aunt, and ask him to pardon me."

Makes Them Well!

Paine's Celery Compound Woman's Tower of Safety in the Spring Season.

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Paine's Celery Compound is known as "Woman's Tower of Safety." As the seasons come with trying and varied weather, women of all conditions find in Paine's Celery Compound a life-giver and health-preserver. It establishes that perfect condition of health that keeps the user far above any depressing influence of variable weather. It feeds the great nervous system and keeps the blood pure and fresh. For weakness, prostration, nervousness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache and neuritis, this marvelous discovery of Prof. Phelps has no equal. It always cures when other medicines prove useless, and today Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine in half a million of Canadian homes. Miss Bridges, of Montreal, says:

"I consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I suffered for years from indigestion, headache, pains in the back and side, and from a nervous, tired feeling. I used many patent medicines without any good results. I was also attended by one of the best doctors and used his medicines, but could not get cured."

"I saw Paine's Celery Compound advertised, and decided to try a bottle. It gave me such good results that I used six bottles, and found myself altogether a new person. I have now used it for some time, and can say with pleasure that all my troubles are banished; my nerves are strong, my sleep is good, and appetite splendid."

"I would therefore strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who suffer as I did; they are sure and certain of good results."

When the boys are all in the sleigh, I will show them the knife and explain the whole story."

"This is right. Tell Albert that I feel very sorry that such a thing should have happened, and that I hope he will come over this evening."

An hour later, a barge on runners was drawn up before the school-house, and it was well filled with the boys. There was great surprise among them when Charles was seen coming down the road, accompanied by Albert.

As soon as the two lads reached the barge, Charles held up the knife which he took from his pocket, and said:

"Boys, I found my knife this morning in the trousers of these clothes, which I have not worn for several weeks. I accused Albert wrongfully, and I am very sorry. He has been good enough to forgive me, and I am sure you are all sorry for having thought him guilty."

"Let's give three cheers for Albert," cried one of the scholars.