

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

APPLE TART.

Line a deep pie-tin with a short crust, leaving enough margin to double for a rim. In this lay quartered apples, the rounding side up. Arrange the quarters closely and neatly. Put little dots of butter over the top, sift on sugar to taste and also powdered cinnamon. Bake, and serve hot.

CHICKEN ON TOAST.

If you have cold chicken, but not enough for a meal, chop it fine, heat a cup of cream boiling hot, stir in a teaspoonful of corn-starch, then salt and stir in the chicken; arrange slices of hot, crisp, buttered toast on a hot platter, and put a heaping teaspoonful of the minced chicken on each slice and serve.

SHORTCAKE.

To one orange allow two bananas. Peel and slice the bananas very thin; grate the rind of the orange, and then peel and take out the pulp. Mix with the fruit a cup of sugar and the grated rind. Make a rich biscuit dough, bake in a thin sheet; when done split and butter it, spread over it the fruit mixture, and serve with whipped cream.

CODFISH CROQUETTES.

Take equal parts of codfish (squeezed from cold water in which it has soaked for five minutes after being picked into bits) and freshly mashed potatoes; season with pepper and roll into shares between slightly floured hands. Dip into egg and roll in fine cracker crumbs. Set aside for a few hours to become dry, then fry in clear, hot fat. Serve with a liberal garnish of parsley for a supper dish. Make at noon for supper, or night before, if wanted for breakfast.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

A pint of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, one of butter, a head of celery, a large slice of onion and a small piece of mace. Roll the celery in a pint of water, from thirty to thirty-five minutes; boil the mace, onion and milk together. Mix flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to the milk: Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it has been cooked and stir into the boiling milk. Add butter, and season with salt and pepper to taste. The flavor is improved by adding a cupful of cream when the soup is in the tureen.

FASHION AND FANCY.

A curious novelty is a hat which resembles a butterfly in shape. The crown is Panama chip, and a peaked band in front, made of black moire, with a paste buckle in the middle, representing the body of the butterfly. The wings are black moire bows edged with real lace the color of the crown, and white strings come from under two bunches of violets which adorn the back.

The newest sleeves for evening wear are either formed of two puffs, one overlapping and the other caught up on the outside of the arm to form a bow, or are made of a series of frills, one over the other.

The "complexion veil" is a novelty of pale pink Russian net sprinkled with black spots and delicately perfumed. It is very becoming to pale blondes, yet there is nothing so pretty as the regulation black dotted net.

Some of the latest bonnets have immensely wide strings edged with lace, which form a scarf under the chin.

One of the whims of fashion is to wear a black moire ribbon, an inch wide and a yard and a quarter long, around the neck, and fastened with a gold slide. To this is attached a tiny watch or a fancy little gold bottle filled with a favorite perfume.

One of Worth's fancies is the use of foulard silk with a white ground and colored figures in combination with black crepon.

Among the new laces are those that are worked over the pattern with gold thread; others studded with jet and embroidered with colored silks and heavy laces, such as English guipure patterns of point de ligne and Russian arabesque. These are used as flat borderings, and on waists for collars, berthes and vests. Lemon is the latest color in laces.

With the revival of checks comes the

old-fashioned Louisiane silks so durable and soft for summer dresses.

Wide ribbed pique is one of the fabrics for cotton gowns. They come in pale colors, as well as white, and are made up by Paris dressmakers in very fanciful styles, trimmed very elaborately with lace and ribbon.

Miroir moir antique is perhaps the most beautiful silk for evening wear. It is delicate in coloring, and has a rich sheen which shows to advantage in the gaslight. Shot silks are much prettier than they were last year, and quite as popular.

A new and beautiful material for trimming dresses is satin muslin. The surface is glossy like satin, and the texture is light and almost as transparent as India muslin.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT

ALLIGATOR CHICKENS.

Sammy Brent lived "way down South," and was just as full of mischief as a boy of thirteen could be. One evening he came home after a ramble through the woods and by the river, and said to his brother Harry, who was eight years younger than himself:

"Harry, you take these three eggs and put them in a box of sand, and set it in the sun, and after a while you'll have three of the funniest chickens you ever saw."

Harry followed his brother's directions, and morning, noon and night he might be seen watching for his brood to poke their bills out of the sand. At last, one hot day, just before noon, the sand began to move, and the queerest kind of a chicken came out. It had a long, horny bill, a long flat body without feathers or wings, four feet, and a tail nearly as long as its body. As soon as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly, he exclaimed: "O! O! it's an alligator come out of an egg!"

If Harry had been a little older he would have known that the alligators bury their eggs in the sand and wait for the sun to hatch them, and as soon as the young alligators appear the mother conducts them to the water.

RHODA GRAY'S DREAM.

"Ten yards at seventy five cents! I do wish that father would allow me a little more money. It is perfect torture to try to dress like other girls on the amount he gives me. If Charley comes to him for money to take a trip or buy a boat, he is sure to get it, but when I ask him for money he talks about hard times and economy, and tells me that I have three times as many dresses as mother has, and then gives me a pitiful ten dollars. Well, mother will have to make my dresses, for I certainly can't hire a dressmaker out of this little bit of money, and lately mother seems unwilling to make my things. I know she has a large family to look after, and I expect I am a little particular about the fit, but still I think she might do it a little more graciously," and Rhoda Gray tossed aside the pencil and paper with which she had been calculating the cost of muslins, and laces, and ribbons, and began to rock to and fro in the big wicker piazza chair.

It was a warm June afternoon, so warm and still that even the birds seemed to lack energy to sing, but the Greys' porch, with its vines and overhanging trees, looked cool and inviting, and a passer by, unless he had seen her discontented expression, would have envied the girl seated in the big chair, lazily waving an enormous fan.

Gradually Rhoda's face lost its injured look, and the motion of chair and fan ceased. The cool porch, the big trees, and the mignonette bed disappeared from sight, and, instead, she seemed to be in the city streets. It was night, and the gaslight flared as the hot breeze struck them; shop-girls, ragamuffins and factory-men thronged the streets or lounged in the doorways, for the rich are out of the city in such hot weather.

Rhoda seemed hurried on by some power till she reached the business block where her father has his office. Upstairs she went, flight after flight. She had no idea that her father had to climb so many steps every day. At length she reached the door and went in. Her father did not turn at her approach; he

was seated at a desk bending over a large ledger. Rhoda paused a moment, and then walked around to the front of the desk. Why, was that her father? So worn and tired he looked, perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead; he seemed ten years older than when she had told him good-by that morning. His fingers twitched nervously, and around his mouth were heavy lines of care.

As Rhoda was about to speak, the door opened and a gentleman entered.

"Come Grey, stop work and go down to supper with me. You will lose your mind if you work this way? Why you have been at it since seven this morning, and I don't believe you have stopped for lunch!"

"O, I can't stop—I mustn't," said her father, barely glancing up from his ledger. "I have an expensive family, the children are always coming to me for money, and God knows I hate to deny them; but something is wrong with the money affairs of the firm, and I must work night and day to meet the daily demands for money."

"But, man, you are killing yourself," rejoined the other.

Mr. Grey shook his head sadly, and the tired hand and brain went on travelling up and down the long columns, and Rhoda shut her eyes from the sight. When she looked again she was no longer in the stifling, choking city, but in the sewing room of her own home.

The little clock on the mantle pointed to eleven, but still she could hear the steady clicking of the sewing machine. Heaps of rose colored stuff lay about the floor, and at the sewing machine sat her mother, stitching away at a piece of the same fabric. The air which came through the open window was as hot and stifling as a breath from an oven, and the mother's tired hands trembled as they pushed the damp hair from her forehead.

The door opened and Rhoda's father came in. "Come, Mary, it is time for you to be in bed," he said gently.

"O Ralph, I must finish this piece of work," and the face lifted to his was pale and almost haggard.

"But surely we are not so poor that you must work like this," said Mr. Grey, wearily.

"No, of course not, but Rhoda is very anxious for this dress to be finished for her to wear to-morrow, and she is so particular about having it look just right that I had to rip it up and make the whole skirt over. So that is the reason I am sewing so late," and the weary mother turned again to her sewing machine.

Slowly the room and scene faded from view, and Rhoda found herself sitting on the cool piazza. She had had a dream, or, rather, let us say an awakening, and her eyes were filled with tears.

He only can enrich me who can recommend to me the space between sun and sun. It is the measure of a man—his apprehension of a day. And him I reckon the most learned scholar, not he who can unearth for me the buried dynasties of Sesostris and Ptolemy, but he who can unfold the theory of this particular day.

THE HEAVY END OF A MATCH.

"Mary," said Farmer Flint at the breakfast table as he asked for a second cup of coffee, "I've made a discovery."

"Well, Cyrus, you're about the last one I'd suspect of such a thing, but what is it?"

"I have found that the heavy end of a match is its light end," responded Cyrus, with a grin that would have adorned a skull.

Mary looked disgusted, but with an air of triumph quickly retorted, "I've got a discovery too, Cyrus. It was made by Dr. R. V. Pierce, and is called a 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It drives away blotches and pimples, purifies the blood, tones up the system and makes one feel brand-new. Why, it cured Cousin Ben, who had Consumption and was almost reduced to a skeleton. Before his wife began to use it she was a pale, sickly thing, but look at her: she's rosy-cheeked and healthy, and weighs 165 pounds. That, Cyrus, is a discovery that's worth mentioning."

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