

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD

FASHION AND FANCY.

One of the stylish parasols for early summer is of black and white striped silk finished with a deep frill of Bourdon lace. The long handle is formed entirely of black beads. Dainty parasols of Dresden silk have Dresden handles showered with blossoms which follow the design of the silk. A pale green silk parasol has alternating stripes of white satin and tiny pink rosebuds. The handle is of Dresden china, over which pink rosebuds are growing. One of the latest ideas is to have a white parasol striped with alternating lines of white lace insertion and violets. The hand is of white satin covered with lace, and a bunch of violets is tied to it by long white ribbons. The outing parasols are as gay as ever. The favorite is brilliant scarlet bolting cloth with stripes of white silk encircling it.

Among the "picture" gowns those of Louis XIII. design are surpassing in popularity the Louis XIV. and XV. costumes. Lace is shown in abundance, and the skirts are full and frequently made to show a petticoat. White and gold is the favorite combination. A white faille evening gown is effectively made with flounces of lace heavily spangled with gilt. The bertha of this spangled lace, outlining the low cut bodice, looks like a shower of gold.

The movement skirt is the latest. It is raised just a trifle at the side, and when composed of filmy material the effect is most charming.

A silk which is rivaling the favorite India is the Oriental Damas. It is light and cool, much opposed to wrinkles, and, best of all, sells for 69 cents a yard. The designs are exceptionally pretty and show both stripes and flowers. One of the most fetching patterns of the illuminated glaze silks is a check. The colors are heliotrope, sage green and white. They blend exquisitely, and the whole silk fairly glistens.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never under any circumstances should a plug of paper be used for the stopper of a bottle containing food or medicine for sick people or young children. Use a roll of new muslin or a firm clean piece of potato until the proper cork can be obtained.

The footsore wanderer will find solace in a footbath of hot-alum water every night before going to bed. With the best of care the feet are apt to be tender and troublesome in the warm months, and this simple treatment will be then found most efficacious.

Do not wear the paint and varnish from woodwork and furniture with soapy water and scrubbing-brush, in order to remove the fly-specks; use instead a cloth saturated with kerosene; the specks and dirt will quickly disappear, and the furniture will not be injured.

Long hair should never be shampooed more than once a month. Some people think that by brushing and caring well for the hair a shampoo once a year is sufficient; but few people, especially those whose hair is naturally oily, believe in this advice. Brushing stimulates the growth of the hair and makes it glossy and soft. It also stops the hair from falling out and is the best tonic for the scalp.

A paint for the kitchen floor that dries quickly can be made as follows: Dissolve three ounces of gold glue in three quarts of soft water; heat over the fire till the glue is perfectly dissolved, then remove and stir in three pounds of yellow ochre; with a whitewash-brush apply a thick coat to the floor. It will soon dry, then with a paint-brush give a coat of linseed oil. For a lighter shade use half white lead.

For a mosquito bite, or for any sting of insect or small eruption, there is nothing better than the old-fashioned remedy of our mothers, soda mixed with vinegar until it foams well. This panacea has the further merit of being almost always at hand for instant application.

This grease eradicant made the fortune of more than one man before the secret of its composition was discovered: Two ounces of ammonia, one ounce of caustic soap shavings, one quart of soft water, one teaspoonful of saltpetre. It

must be used with some care on colored goods lest it take hue with stain, but on white or black it is invaluable.

Fish net drapery, or Watteau netting, is excellent for summer homes, and is much in use by women who understand the art of making the home attractive during the long warm days. It can be found in all good colors, and is low in price, so there is no reason for its failing to find general recognition. It hides ugly doorways and uncompromising window casements under soft fold and graceful lines without cutting off one whit of the summer breeze, and is heartily to be commended, even were its claim to beauty less by far than it really is.

LIGHT FROM THE PAST.

Thought goes back thro' a tangled maze—
To brighter scenes of other days—
The little cot upon the hill,
Each smiling vale, and rippling rill,
That haunted room—once more I see
So fragrant with the thought of thee.

My thoughts go back, and heart goes too—
To Land of Mountain, and of dew,
Where sunshine bright bedecks the hours
With countless joys, and blushing flow'rs;
Yet all the things around I see
Are but the handmaids love of thee.

Could I forget my Fatherland,
The friends who parting press'd my hand,
The birds I hear upon the trees,
Or whisp'ring of the chiding breeze—
Accusing of inconstancy
Would win me back thro' love of thee.

My treasured one, thy face I greet,
I may not know when we will meet.
Yet thro' the conq'ring cords of Love
I all affection's secrets prove,
And near me still—one face I see,
The very picture, love, of thee.

Montreal.

—S. J. HUGGARD.

IS THE YOUNG GIRL SAFE.

There is a class of silly girls who call themselves Catholics—and who are no doubt trying to live up to the rules of the Church after their own fashion—who somehow or other get it into their head that there is much in the Catholic Church they would like to see improved. There are so many things, you know, that annoy them; some of the people are so vulgar; then the seats are not cushioned; then again, the ushers are not polite, and the general tone is not just what they fancy it ought to be. Some time in their lives they sneaked into one of the Protestant churches, or went there with some Protestant friend, and they were agreeably surprised to find everything so pleasant, and everybody so agreeable, and nothing of the rudeness that comes from the crowded congregations they have to meet at Mass on Sunday. Simpletons that they are, they allow these fancied grievances to fill their brains (not a difficult job when one considers the size of that article), and so they consider it the correct thing to cultivate the society of Protestants.

Then, moreover, Catholic young men are so different from Protestants; they are so ignorant, so unchivalrous, so indifferent to the many little trifles that annoy a young lady. When not positively rude, they are, to say the least, not gallant; they haven't that refinement—that something or other about them which gives so much finish to Protestant young fellows; and which makes them so much more attractive. This is the way these silly girls talk, and this is the way they think, and this is the reason they seek after Protestant dudes. They remind us of the butterflies hovering around a burning gas-jet. Around and around, nearer and nearer, the butterflies come to the danger—an edge of a wing is scorched, but no matter, they must "keep company" with that bright spark, and finally the catastrophe comes, and the butterflies are no more. Foolish butterflies, everybody with any good sense who sees these simpletons running after those refined, polite, gallant young men without faith, and often to their sorrow, they find out, without morals.

One would be inclined to laugh at these girls if the consequences of their ways of acting were not so serious, and often ruinous to themselves. Let all such girls who read this take a friend's advice. Don't make fools of yourselves. Polished manners and gallant ways don't make good, practical husbands—a word to the wise is sufficient. But, unfortunately, these simpletons I am writing for are not wise, and therefore they need many words and many warnings—and, very often, the good, strong arm of a determined father or mother to bring them to their senses.—*Paulist Calendar.*



Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down;

Who have lost appetite;

Who have difficulty after eating;

Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;

And to Nursing Mothers,

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT

THE WHITE MICE.

"Oh dear!" sighed Alice, as she threw aside the story book she was reading, "I wish I were a boy for grown up or rich—or somethin'!"

"Why not try 'something'?" inquired her mother, smilingly. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," said Alice, "except the Wakefield Chapter of the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table is going to raise some money for 'the Babies' Fresh Air Fund, and I can't do a single thing."

"I thought you could do a great many things," said her mother, smiling.

"Yes, but they're so pokey," replied Alice.

Just then in rushed Ted, Alice's twin brother, with a lively Scotch terrier bounding after him. "Down, Prink," shouted Ted, "down, sir! Here, mother, hold this, won't you, please, till I make Prink behave. Now, sir, you come out here and be quiet." Ted disappeared, and soon came back without Prink. "You can't guess what I've got in the box," he said.

"Is it alive?" asked Alice.

"Oh, you heard 'em move."

"No, I didn't."

"Them?" inquired Mrs. Bruce. "Are there several live creatures in here?"

"Mice," replied Ted.

"O—o—u—ch!" screamed Alice, and Mrs. Bruce nearly dropped the box. "Theodore," she said, in her earnest tone, "what have you been doing now?"

"Why, they're white mice, of course," said Ted, opening the box and showing the timid little animals. "Jack Waters has had 'em most two months and he got tired of 'em. So I offered him my old knife for 'em and he took me up. I didn't think he would, but he did. I got 'em for Alice," he explained. "We're going to have a fair, you know, mother; didn't Alice tell you? And I thought she might have a sideshow to our Wild West like they have at the circus."

"Oh, mother," said Alice, "may I?"

"I shall have to think about it," replied Mrs. Bruce. "I am afraid that people would not pay to see white mice."

"But we would train 'em," said Ted.

"Train them? How?"

"I trained Prink," said Ted, and Mrs. Bruce knew Prink's clever tricks too well to hesitate any longer. "If your father has no objection," she said, "you may try it, Ted."

"Oh, goody!" cried Alice. "But I'm going to help, if I've got to exhibit them in a side show at the Wild West."

When Mr. Bruce came home from the office he gave his consent to the plan, and the training began.

It was not so hard, after all, to teach the mice after the little creatures had become quite at home with their trainers. At first Alice used to coax them to climb up a branch by holding a biscuit in advance of their noses. The next step was to teach the mice to climb up after bits of pasteboard. These were of all colors and after a mouse had run up and picked one from Alice's fingers, she would give it a few crumbs of cake or a few grains of sugar. In this way the mice were taught that the proper way to get their dinner was to run swiftly up a stick and pick a piece of cardboard out of a box. It took another week and a hard struggle to teach the little fellows to run up the branch when Alice chirped at them; but this part of their education was at last over and Alice was ready to tell fortunes. With the aid of an old book that she found in the village library she

wrote on a half hundred slips of paper as many fortunes. There were twenty-five for boys and twenty-five for girls, and Alice made several copies of each slip in order that there should be enough to go around.

The "First Grand Annual Fair of the Wakefield Chapter, Knights and Ladies of the Round Table," opened on June 11. By working four evenings after school the boys of the Chapter managed to get their Wild West Show enclosed with old pieces of carpet loaned for the occasion. The fair grounds were just outside the village and an old barn served as a dressing-room. Planks laid across boxes and barrels made three tiers of seats about the ring, and outside this enclosure were stands for selling pink lemonade, like a real circus, three small tents for the side shows, and booths for selling salted almonds, cakes, penwipers, and other wonderful pieces of needle work, all made by Ladies of the Round Table. One of the three tents was to hold a doll show; the second contained a photograph gallery, in which Ted was to take snap-shoots of everybody who was willing to pay for it; and in the third was to sit the "renowned Gypsy Queen Geraldine, with her wonderful trained white mice"—at least that was what the show-bills said, and as they were printed on the hand-press of Knight Arthur Warren, it is probable that they were correct.

One of the very best things in the fair, not even excepting the May pole dance that followed the Wild West performance, was the Gypsy Queen and her trained mice. The Queen was not attired so closely like an Egyptian as to be mistaken for a mummy—all the Egyptian queens and princesses at the present time being in that melancholy condition—but she looked very unlike Alice Bruce, at all events. She wore a head-dress of flowers and feathers made from a half dozen last winter's hats obligingly sacrificed by Ladies of the Round Table, and her feet were encased in slippers on which beads of various sizes and colors had been painfully sewed by Alice herself. Wrapped in a Navajo blanket which her uncle Harry had sent her from Colorado, and with her face colored with drawing crayons, Alice was enough like a Gypsy Queen to answer every purpose. The important part was that the white mice ran up and down the forked branches as often as they were required, and everybody seemed to be pleased with the "fortune" that he or she received. As none of them were bad to begin with, but all promised gold mines, or fame, or some equally desirable thing, Alice was declared to be the most satisfactory fortune-teller that had ever been heard of in Wakefield. She knew that she had been kept busy when the larger shows inside the old carpet amphitheatre had not been going on, but she was surprised, on counting her money on Saturday night, to find that she had nearly three dollars. The amount was increased to four dollars and fifteen cents on Monday evening, and the Wild West Show itself made only a little less than seventeen dollars. All this was very pleasant, but the hard part came when a gentleman from Boston, who happened to be present on Monday evening, offered Alice ten dollars for the mice.

Alice hesitated a long time, for she had become very much attached to them. "Let's see. Ten dollars is two babies two weeks apiece in the country," she said, "and may be that would mean two sick babies getting well. You may have the mice," she finally consented.

After all, when the ten dollars was added to the rest of the money earned at the fair, and it made the whole amount nearly forty dollars, Alice decided that she was glad the mice had been sold.

"But then," she confessed to Ted, "I never want to train any more. It hurts too much when you have to lose them." —*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*