

House and Household.

INTERESTING READING FOR THE LADIES.

THE VAGARIES OF FASHION—USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER—TICKLETS FOR THE PALATE OF THE EPICURE: CHICKEN A LA CREOLE, A NEW SALAD, LADY FINGERS, A DELICIOUS FRUIT DIET, GRAPE JUICE AS A BEVERAGE.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The shirt waist of the season has developed wonderfully in variety since the first instalment of this necessary garment appeared in the shops early in January, and lawn, batiste, and dainty waists are quite as plentiful as those made of cambric.

The shirt-waist proper is made with a narrow-pointed yoke in the back, and with or without a yoke in front, and the collar and cuffs may be of the same material or of white linen. Dainties, lawns and batistes, plain, striped and patterned all over in Persian designs, make the daintiest shirt-waists, and these usually have a soft turn-back cuff of the same, and either a white linen collar or a colored satin stock with a white piping set in the edges and a narrow satin tie to match is tied around the neck over this.

Flowers, both real and artificial, are to be worn this season in greater profusion than ever. Many of the new toques are made almost entirely of flowers, violets being the favorite. Large hats blossom out in pink-tinted and purple roses, with shaded green velvet leaves. Modest white gardenias also are very much used.

Deep corseted belts of all descriptions are much in vogue, and are of folded satin or lace, studded with jet and steel, or, again, plain silk draped with jeweled or jeweled children or net. There are a few bodies more elegant than this corset bodice, with a felled sash at the top. It looks its best when completed with sleeves gathered down to the wrist, with short puffs at the top.

A well-known English artist says that, "though women have no longer the tiny feet so much admired in the thirties, yet we are but reverting to the old artistic model in women with large and shapely feet."

The human foot, as represented by the old sculptors, was considerably larger than the modern one. The primitive foot of all peoples whom we have any record of either in painting or statuary, was decidedly bigger than the foot of modern times.

"By these same rules, on which all the canons of good art with regard to the form are laid, a woman five feet eight inches in height would have a foot 10 inches long, and we guess that she would have whispered her demand to the shoemaker for a number six shoe, or possibly her vanity would have induced her to purchase a five and a half size, in which case she would have been limping before the week was out."

USEFUL RECIPES.

PAN ROAST IN CHAFING DISH. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and, as it creams, add a dozen large oysters, a half pint oyster liquor, salt and pepper. Cover and cook about ten minutes. Put six of the oysters on a thin slice of toast on a hot plate, with sufficient liquid to moisten the toast, and serve.

CHICKEN A LA CREOLE. Take a can of tomatoes, strain, adding salt, pepper, small pieces of butter, curry powder and onion juice if desired. Put into the chafing dish and boil with a cupful of rice about five minutes. Add about a pint of cold chicken cut into square inch pieces. Heat thoroughly and serve at once.

FRUIT DIET. The latest and most popular remedy for skin difficulties is a thorough course in fruit diet. A large variety of fruit at every meal seems to be the rule. Two oranges, ice cold and juicy, are eaten every morning before breakfast, and often the breakfast consists only of a bowl of some delicate cereal, a banana and a dish of berries.

Half a lemon is served as the first course of the luncheon, and is followed by a chop or egg, another banana, a sliced pineapple or small fruits. Dinner is begun with half a grape fruit and ended with grapes, peaches or melons, according to the season, and oranges, ice cold, again, are eaten before retiring. A fruit diet is especially wholesome and appetizing during the early spring months, when lemon sherbet should be used as a substitute for water as often as agreeable to quench the thirst.

A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.

When grapes are plentiful, a most delicate and delightful beverage may be obtained by pressing the juice from the grapes. Little presses are to be had for the purpose. But many grapes are necessary to make this delicious drink. Thus treated, the useless seeds, skins and pulp are prevented from burdening and taxing the digestive apparatus, and nothing can be nicer than this fresh, rich grape juice.—Womankind.

LADY FINGERS.

Separate the whites and yolks of six eggs and beat them thoroughly. Add to the yolks four ounces each of sifted flour and two gills of rosewater. Beat the mixture five minutes. Butter the baking tin, put the mixture in a funnel-shaped bag and squeeze it out on the tin in the form of fingers. Dust a little sugar over them. Let them stand a few minutes to absorb the sugar and bake twenty minutes.

HOW TO MAKE A NEW SALAD.

A salad of celery and English walnuts is delicious to serve with a little dinner. Cut the celery into small pieces and mix with one-third of the quantity of English walnut meats broken in two and enough mayonnaise to moisten it well. Garnish with young, tender lettuce leaves, and serve.

HOME MATTERS.

To discover the presence of moths, and also to destroy them, place a lighted candle in a basin of water. The moths will be attracted by the flame, and will drop into the water. The burning of camphor, rum or sulphur will destroy insects. The basin of water is always necessary as a safeguard against fire. In that place a little iron pot, half filled with ashes, and the camphor or sulphur. Saturate this with alcohol and set it alight. Have the room closed tightly while the smoking is going on.

Cutwork piano scarfs, or valance of frize, is handsomely ornamented by a bold arabesque border. One recently admired is of fawn color. The design consists of arabesque on a ground of bars, having a quarter-foil at every intersection. The bars are to be worked in plait (cross-bar) stitch. The plait stitch is executed with dark red floss silk and bordered with rows of gold thread, overlaid with yellow silk. The quarter-foils are outlined with gold thread and filled up with loose stitches in two shades of red. The arabesque is outlined also with heavy gold cord. When this is finished the frize is cut away between the plait-stitch bars, and the valance or scarf lined with fawn silk.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE BOY BOARDER.

Once upon a time—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact—a little boy stood one morning at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him. Why he was standing there I do not know. Perhaps he was waiting for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder which made him turn around, and he said with great astonishment: "What! Is that you Peter? What has brought you to Florence? And how are all the people in Cortona?" "They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas. "Not a penny." "Then you can't be a painter. You had much better taken service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas. "Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough." "I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter I'll settle the bill." "Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully white-washed, the floor was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down to the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a mutton pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out.

Peter enjoyed the mutton pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon. "So far, so good," said he, "but Thomas I can't be a painter without paper and pencil and brushes and color. Haven't you any money?" "No," said Thomas despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years." "Then I can't be a painter after all," said Peter mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas, "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall." So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women,

birds and trees, of beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney pots, for now Peter could have pencil, paper and India rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little; he went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and everything he could find he drew, whether of pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened.

Then when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it they good naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day the cardinal took it in his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places he had never in all his life thought of before. At last he reached the garret, and as luck would have it stumbled right into Thomas' boarding house.

"Why, how is this," cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. "Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?" "The kitchen boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then at the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen boy," said the cardinal kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away," he cried imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal. "He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal. "He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But strange to say, that night Peter did not come to his boarding house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school of painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learnings of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him: "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was: "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!" and he was the boy who took a boarder.—Catholic Citizen.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

PROGRESS SHOWN BY THE REPORT OF THE PRESERVATION SOCIETY.

The eighteenth annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has just been issued, and the facts and statistics contained in it show conclusively that despite all obstacles "continuous and uniform success has up to the present attended the society's efforts."

The number of pupils who presented themselves for examination in Irish in the schools of the national board amounted to 1231, as compared with 1051 in 1894, and 831 in 1893. The number that passed amounted to 706, as compared with 676 in 1894, and the number of schools in which Irish was taught amounted to 59, as compared with 56 in 1895. The report says:

"Again, the number of pupils who passed the intermediate examination in Irish amounted to 528, as compared with 489 in 1894, 389 in 1893 and 176 in 1892. The vast majority of the students, 449, who passed the intermediate were pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools. The zeal and patriotism of the Irish Brothers in the promotion of the Irish language deserves the gratitude of the nation. Disinterested labor and untiring devotion to the interests of the Irish people, their language, literature and history, have been among the principal characteristics of the Christian Brothers."

Are You Nervous? Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

Their highest aim and object, like that of the "four masters," have always and everywhere been the glory of God and the honor of Ireland.

Another pleasing feature of this year's report, and one that gives practical and incontrovertible evidence of the firm hold the movement is gaining throughout the country, is the sale of the society's books, which amounted to 7018, as compared with 6152 in 1894. This brings the total of elementary books printed and sold by the society to the present date of 128,521, without including the society's books printed and circulated in America."

The report terms with correspondence between the energetic secretary of the society and Mr. J. J. MacSweeney, and persons from all parts of the world, but more particularly with Irish teachers, which points conclusively to the fact that the efforts of the society have been everywhere appreciated.—The Republic.

THE TIME FOR BUILDING.

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

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A RED MAN'S INFLUENCE.

It won't seem that the white man, on account of his superior advantages, should be the teacher of his red brother, but in the following incident the Indian sets the good example and teaches a much needed temperance lesson.

In the dense forests along the banks of the Black River in northern Michigan, foxes and wolves are numerous, and occasionally a bear or a deer may be seen.

One day a sportsman, after a long chase, succeeded in shooting a deer, and as he was a long way up the river, he decided to call at the nearest Indian hut and borrow a boat to take his game to Sheboygan. He found an Indian working in the woods peeling birch bark, and, thinking to ingratiate himself, he drew from his pocket a flask of whisky.

"Me no drink whisky," said the Indian. "Don't drink whisky?" asked the sportsman, in astonishment, "I thought my red brothers all liked red whisky."

"Yes, me like it," said the Indian. "Like it, and don't drink it?" exclaimed the sportsman. "If you like it, why not drink it?"

"Me like it and drink little; brother drink little, want more; bimely heap drunk injun. Ught me no drink any," said the Indian.

The sportsman looked at the Indian, then at the whisky, and finally dashed the flask against a stone, breaking it and emptying the contents upon the ground. He stood gazing at the broken flask awhile, and then told his friend. The Indian rolled up his bark, went to the river with the sportsman, helped to get the deer into the boat, and took them to Sheboygan. At parting the sportsman grasped the red man's hand and said, "Thank you for your temperance lecture; I shall drink no more." The Indian smiled, seated himself in the boat, and rowed back to his hut.—Sacred Heart Review.

At Death's Door.

Friends Thought the End Was Near.

A Condition that Was Almost Helpless.

Failure Followed Failure

UNTIL PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND WAS USED.

Mrs. Irvine Cured by the Great Medicine.

An Important Letter.

At death's door owing to kidney trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness and run-down system. Mrs. Irvine's friends realized the fact that she was nearing the grave, and did not hesitate to express their fears. Doctors and their prescriptions could not break the power of the disease, and the ordinary advertised medicines of the day proved useless.

A resolve was at last made to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial. Note the glorious results, ye doubters and skeptics! Four bottles of Paine's Celery Compound effected a cure, and saved from death a wife and mother who was thought incurable. A forcible reason why every sick man and woman should use Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs. Wm. Irvine, who resides in St. John, N.B., writes thus: "I have been troubled for the past ten years with kidney complaint, and have tried a great many preparations and doctors' prescriptions with little or no benefit. For the last six months I have had a great strain upon my system from night watching and overwork. I was breaking down, and my friends said 'I was going fast to death.' I resolved to try Paine's Celery Compound, and used four bottles. My kidney trouble disappeared; nervousness and sleeplessness are troubles of the past, and my general health is greatly improved. In a word, I am cured, and I wish you to publish this for the benefit of others."

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