

Household.

Laundry Bag.

This is an indispensable article. One is needed in every sleeping room. Sometimes of these hamper are used instead, but the laundry bag is still largely called for. Most housewives endeavor to have one match the room in which it is to be kept. If the bed is dressed in cretonne a bag is made of the same material. If in blue and white, a blue denim with vine tracings worked in white cotton is serviceable. Should a daintier one be desired, white butcher's linen embroidered in blue silk will fill the bill. If a red room, red denim worked with black silk, or white linen with red silk would be desirable. The ties of these bags are of strong cotton, many using ordinary curtain ties for the purpose.

How to Clean Lace Curtains.

Many housekeepers object to putting away their lace curtains in a soiled condition, as they say that the dirt left in them all summer is harder to wash out and requires a much severer rubbing of the delicate fabric. If one has a curtain frame, it is a very simple matter to do them up at home, but it is by no means impossible to manage without one. The curtains should be left to soak in warm soapy water, so that they will require as little rubbing as possible to get them clean, and this should be done with the hands, as a board is simply ruinous. Make a thin boiled starch, slightly blue, and dip the curtains in, wringing them out gently. Then take clean bed sheets and pin the curtains on the sheets to dry, being careful to pin them exactly in shape, so that they will be perfectly square and even when dry. Some people damp and iron the curtains, but it is very bad for the fabric and they will never hang properly afterward.

Easy When You Know How.

Some women never acquire the knack of tying a bow knot. In fact, many women do not, judging from the strange, upside-down, wrong-side-out affairs one sees in ribbons and sashes and bonnet strings. The process is simplicity itself after it is once learned. Always to put the upper string over the under, and never the reverse is the whole thing in a nutshell. If this same upper string is again brought through the middle loop before pulling it smartly into place it will make the untieable knot which is necessary in shoe laces, for instance.

Pretty Portiere for a Bedroom.

An inexpensive and pretty bedroom portiere can be made of blue denim, which differs in shade from the right and wrong side. Two widths are required and the middle breadth may be of one shade, and the other breadth having been cut in two may be sewed with the other side out on each side of the middle breadth. The seams and edges should be feather stitched in heavy white embroidery linen or silk. Intersecting circup of any other simple conventional design worked irregularly with the white silk over the surface of the portiere adds to its beauty.

Nice, Tender Doughnuts.

A lady correspondent writes:—One cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, heaping cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, $\frac{1}{2}$ of cream of tartar, and if a little spice is liked either cinnamon or nutmeg. Flour to roll. Last summer a visitor asked for this rule, as her husband thought ours the best doughnuts he had ever eaten. When given to her it met with the response: "I guess that's about the same as mine, only I don't put in any butter; frying them in fat makes them greasy enough for me." I have eaten her doughnuts and while mine are no greasier, they are certainly not as tough. So don't leave out the shortening, but don't put in too much or they will soak fat.

Favorite Dishes in Spring.

Strawberry Pie.—Bake a plain crust as for custard. Mash a basket of strawberries, sweeten to taste, fill the pie, cover with a meringue made from three egg whites, three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon; brown in a moderate oven. Serve when cold.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One cup cranberries, cut in two, 1 cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of seedless raisins, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoon, vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water. Mix sugar, flour, berries and raisins, add water and vanilla. Fill a lined pie plate. Cover with pastry, cut in thin strips and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a quick oven. Serve cold. Very good the second day.

Baked Omelet.—Beat the yolks of six eggs thoroughly; scald one half pint of milk; to the milk add one heaping teaspoonful of butter; one scant half-teaspoonful of salt; stir this into the yolks, and add last the whites of six eggs, beaten very stiff, stir these in quickly but lightly; pour into a deep, hot buttered dish; bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes, and serve at once in the same dish.

Orange Shortcake.—Cream together a half-cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar, into them stir a well beaten egg, half a cupful of milk, and a pint of flour into which two tablespoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Roll and bake in two sheets. For the filling, peel six oranges, remove the seeds, slice sprinkle with sugar, and place between the layers. For a sauce, take the grated rind of two oranges, the juice of one, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and two cupfuls of water; thicken with corn starch. Serve hot.

Mayonnaise.—Beat the yolks of four eggs to this add two ounces of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of cream, either sweet or sour, a gill of vinegar, two oven teaspoonfuls of sugar, the yolk of dry

mustard. Put the mixture in a granite iron oatmeal boiler, stir with a silver spoon and cook till it is like a smooth, thick custard; add pepper and salt if desired; when cold stir in the juice of half a lemon. This will be still better if the amount of cream is doubled and the butter left out; also if one uses less vinegar and more lemon juice. Never make a mayonnaise in iron or tin. Serve salads as cold as possible.

THE HISTORY OF HORSESHOES.

The English Used Them More Than a Thousand Years Ago.

A horse was ridden long before he was shod, and until it was learned how to put shoes upon him his greatest usefulness was not achieved. It is cause for comment that the ancient did not really learn to shoe him long before they did. They did put coverings upon the feet of animals used for draught or burden. These coverings were made of leather, and even plated shoes of hemp were put upon mules, which, by the way, were oftener ridden in olden times than horses were. By and by these were made of metal, not as the animal's foot is faced with iron to-day, but a metal shoe was made into which the horse's foot was placed. The mules that drew Nero's chariot were shod with silver shoes, while those for his wife's "turnout" were of gold. The shape thereof "deponent saith not." An old historian tells us that a people living in Asia used to draw socks over the feet of the horses when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and way off in Kamchatka they cover the feet of the dogs in the same way. It seems as if all ancient shoes were put upon the horse and held there by some sort of lacing or strapping. War horses were not shod in any way, for Alexander once is said to have marched until the feet of his horses were broken, while in another expedition of ancient days the "cavalry" was left behind because the hoofs of the horses were in bad condition.

The nearest thing we find to the horseshoe of to-day was found in the grave of an old King of France who died in 481. There were four nail holes in the shoe, and this is the first mention of nailing on a shoe. It might be well to notice just here the fact that the horseshoe "kept evil spirits away" even as long ago as in the days of this old King, 1,400 years ago, and was doubtless placed on his grave for this purpose. A writer in the Philadelphia Times says: "The superstition that associates the horseshoe with luck is very old, and prevails all through Europe and in Southern Asia. Nobody can seem to settle whether it is the iron of which it is made or its shape that brings good luck. The ancients believed that iron had wonderful powers, and when Arabs are overtaken by great storms they cry, 'Iron! Iron!' which they do to propitiate the evil spirits in charge of the storm. * * * As to its shape a crescent was a form much favored by all nations. The Chinese build tombs in this shape, and so do the Moors. It was lucky to have a horse around in olden times, and so the writer sums up the luck of a horseshoe as found in three qualities which it possesses: 'It is made of iron, it is the shape of a crescent, and has been worn by a horse.' So we find them gilded and beribboned in 'my lady's parlor' and rusty and red above the stable door, and all for the sake of the phantom 'luck,' or to drive away the 'spirits' of our invention. A shoe for 'luck' should never be hung up with the open end down, because then the 'luck will run out.'

In the ninth century they began to shoe horses, but, strange to say, only in time of frost. King William I. introduced horseshoeing into England, and six horseshoes are on the coat of arms of the descendants of the man to whom he gave vast estates for caring for his horses in this way. No improvement has been made in horseshoes for years. Better iron has been used and better nails, but no change has come in shape or manner of putting them on. The "smithy" is a dingy-looking place with its rows of shoes along the rafters, its big bellows, and its fire and anvil; but the "smith"—he's a fine, sturdy fellow, full of anecdote and news.

A China-Japan War Incident.

The Yorodzu Choro, of Tokio, Japan, in a recent issue contains the following:—"In their barracks as well as camps the Chinese troops are fond of having, if possible, their families with them. On January 13 the Japanese were about to attack a fort, and had made preparations to take it by storm, when they discovered, crowded behind a heap of corpses, a young woman of exceptional beauty. A gallant captain at once stepped forward and offered her his handkerchief wherewith to dry her pretty eyes, at the same time ordering two non-commissioned officers to see the Celestial Niobe in safety to the nearest village. Hardly had the woman quitted the vicinity of the fort when the same officer heard, proceeding as it were, out of the ground, the muffled cry of a very young child. Approaching the spot whence the sound appeared to come, he found a poor little baby, hardly two years old, left in a basket. His fatherheart touched by the sight, the captain instinctively lifted the little one up in his arms. At the same instant the report of a gun rang out and a bullet pierced his cap. Without letting go his tender burden the officer continued to give his orders and direct the movements of his command until the Japanese were well inside of, and masters of the fort. Advancing toward the sullen crowd of Chinese just taken prisoners, the captain selected the least ill-favored captive and addressed him as follows:—'You are free, and 'tis to this baby that you owe your liberty. Take the child carefully in your arms and carry it as quickly as you can to a place of safety.' The improvised nurse did not have to be told twice what he was to do. With the baby clasped to his breast he at once set off at the top of his speed."

Woman's Way.

He—She's the picture of health, isn't she?
She—Yes; a painted picture.



A Travelling Costume.

Our illustration shows an excellent steamer-dress, refined, modest and convenient in form. Such a dress affords perfect protection for every part of the body, and is, besides, thoroughly appropriate for all kinds of weather. To dress like the figure shown one should wear, first, the ankle length ribbed woolen Union suit; over this the white washable waist, then the equestrienne trousers, and the short dress-skirt, made without a band about the waist, by hanging the skirt upon a sleeveless, low necked, fitted waist, made from the skirt lining, whether it be sateen, silk or linen.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

After Mr. Bowser had made a pretense of reading for half an hour after dinner the other evening, and after Mrs. Bowser had become certain that he had something on his mind, he looked up and remarked:—

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know that we have a thief in this house?"
"Mercy on me, but where is he?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as she sprang up and looked around as if expecting to catch sight of a strange man behind some piece of furniture.

"Yes, Mrs. Bowser, a thief in the house," he continued. "It doesn't happen to be a he, however. At 9 o'clock I shall have a very painful duty to perform, but I shall not hesitate to do it. I have been robbed by Laura, the second girl. I shall confront her with the proofs of her crime and then call an officer to conduct her to the station."

"Why, Mr. Bowser, what can you mean? You hadn't said anything to me about being robbed. When was it? What have you missed?"
"You remember that diamond pin with six stones in it?"

"Yes, the one you lost a stone out of. I was going to ask you why you didn't take it to the jeweler's."

"I took it to the jeweler's two weeks ago. Last week I brought it home."

"Well?"
"Well, that pin was placed in my bureau drawer. I laid it in its case. The case is still there, but the pin has disappeared; been taken away, fished, stolen!"

"And by Laura?"
"Couldn't be anybody else, as the cook is never upstairs. In fact, I have found Laura poking over my bureau on several occasions."

"But it can't be!" protested Mrs. Bowser. "You must have mislaid it."
"Mrs. Bowser," he continued as he arose and crossed his hands under his coat-tails and balanced himself on heels and toes, "once in a great while—once in twenty or thirty years—I may be mistaken about something, but this is not one of the occasions. I would stake my life against a turpin that I placed the pin in the case. Moreover, it does not depend on my declaration. I have corroborative testimony."

"Have you seen it in Laura's possession?" anxiously queried Mrs. Bowser.
"Not exactly, but it amounts to the same thing. It may surprise you to learn that I have consulted a fortune teller in the matter."

"My stars, but is it possible that you would be so silly!" she gasped.

"Circumstances alter cases, Mrs. Bowser. The average fortune teller is a swindler, and the average woman who goes to her and believes a word she says is a basswood idiot. My friend, Jones, recommended me to a woman who is a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and has the gift of second sight. She took one of my hands with her right, placed her left hand on my forehead, and in about three minutes she informed me that Laura had the pin. She is carrying it in her pocket. At 9 o'clock I shall charge her with the theft, force her to confess, and, though I feel sorry for a motherless girl, I shall do my duty in the premises."

"This—this female placed her hand on your forehead, did she?" queried Mrs. Bowser in a voice tinged with acid.
"She had to in order to make the test."
"And didn't she have to rub your bald pate as well?"

"No, ma'am she didn't, and you will please remember who you are talking to! In her vision she saw Laura take the pin."

YOUNG FOLKS.

Mollie's Problems.

There's lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.
I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums,
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums.
I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.
I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings like little flies,
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why grandma wears all things in her eyes.

Evening Games.

ALPHABETICAL LUNCH.

This is instructive and even the brightest are sometimes sorely puzzled. Each person is given a letter of the alphabet and told that he can eat nothing but that which begins with it. Take E.

"What did you have for lunch?" asks the questioner.

"Eggs, eels," briskly begins E, but stops suddenly.

A fine is imposed if you give less than five.

"P, what did you have?"

"Potatoes, prunes, peaches, pickles—pampas grass!"

"A fine. Pampas grass is not a food."

"Next, K."

"King-birds," K begins, "king," and comes to an abrupt pause.

Then comes an animated discussion whether king-birds are articles of food or not. If a very learned person happens to be present give him Y or T and see if he gets further than yam, or anything in T.

GRASSHOPPER AND ANTS.

One of the players is chosen grasshopper by drawing lots; the others are ants. The grasshopper writes the name of some edible grain on a bit of paper, holds it in the hand and says to one ant: "My good friend, I am hungry. What will you give me to eat?" The ant names a grain. If it is not the same as that on the paper the grasshopper asks the next ant, then the next. If any ant gives the name on the paper the grasshopper shows the paper, hands it to the one thus caught, and joins the ants, while the ant becomes grasshopper.

When all have been asked this question, the one that should then be grasshopper writes down a dance, and says: "I have had something to eat, and now wish to dance. What shall I dance?" The ants guess various dances, the one guessing that on the paper becoming grasshopper.

The next question is: "To what musical instrument shall I dance?" Then, "I am tired and want to go to sleep. What leaf shall I sleep under?" These questions can be continued as long as the fun keeps up.

THE TRAVELLED ALPHABET.

The game called "The Travelled Alphabet" is played as follows:

Deciding on the person with whom the alphabet should begin each one must take a letter in turn and apply it to the country to which he or she is going, and the object of the journey, thus:

No. 1. I am going to Africa to get ants and anacondas.

No. 2. I journey to Britain to get bread and beets.

No. 3. I travel to Canada to get a church and choir.

No. 4. I am going to Dundas to obtain dandelions and dainties.

No. 5. I journey to Egypt to eat eggs at ease.

This should be continued until the alphabet is exhausted. Any player failing to comply must pay the forfeit of introducing a new game, singing a song or telling a laughable story.

Say These Right Quick.

The popularity of Peter's Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will probably never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would fain be agile; but the test has formidable rivals.

The following short sentences, as their authors maintain, do wonders in baffling the ordinary powers of speech, says the London Weekly Telegraph.

"Gaze on the gay gray brigade."

"The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us."

"Say, should such a shapely sash shabby atitches show?"

"Strange strategic statistics."

"Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip."

"Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly."

"A cup of coffee in a copper coffee cup."

A Boom in Asbestos Mining.

The biggest boom in asbestos mining that has struck Canada for some years has just made its appearance in Quebec, and the mines at Coleraine and Stratford in the Eastern Townships, which have many of them been closed up during the last two years, are now resuming old-time activity, while thousands of people are flocking to the place for employment. The Ball Company is putting in three new machines for crushing the ore and separating the fibre from the rock, and the Jeffrey mine has been purchased for \$150,000 by a company which is erecting a factory for making asbestos tissue and weaving it into cloth for the manufacture of stage curtains and scenery, the skirts of variety actresses, and so on.

After the Diploma.

Hiram, said Father Cornstossel to his eldest son, you've had right smart o' schoolin'.

Y, sir.

What's the latest thing ye've larn't?

To extract the square root.

Well, that's very good fur some things. But ez yer goin' ter succeed ter the ownership of this here farm one o' these days, I reckon we'd go a leetle further in the practical branch o' the subject. You remind me of it when vacation comes, an' I'll give ye a few lessons in pullin' stumps.

She gave me a lock of hair cut from the head of a dwarf to bury in the back yard after nightfall, and she was to work on Laura's conscience until, just as the clock strikes 9, she will be in a mental condition to give up the pin and make a full confession. It is now a quarter to 9.



"ONCE IN TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS."

"You put the pin in one of the bureau drawers, did you?"
"As I told you before. Yes, I will stake my life on it."

"Which drawer?"
"The—the bottom one."

"But the case is in the top one."
"There is, Mrs. Bowser—there is just one chance in a million billions that I am mistaken about the drawer, but that is of no account. Laura has it and will confess."

"But before she confesses I want you to come up stairs and help me to look for the pin."
"It is useless, but I will go," he replied as he followed her.

Mrs. Bowser walked straight to his dresser and pulled out the middle drawer. She knew that he used it as a catch-all. She took out a screwdriver, a can opener, a fish line, a stray sock, a crumpled white vest, two pairs of dilapidated suspenders, a buckle or two, three old shoes and a pair of slippers. From one of the slippers she took a small postcard box, removed the cover and dropped the missing pin into his hand. Then, as he stood there with mouth open and bulging eyes, she asked:—

"How much did you pay that—that wonderful female for telling you that Laura had stolen this pin?"
"Fifteen dollars!" gasped Mr. Bowser, upset by the sudden question.

"And I know of twenty people who have had her advice for \$1! It is now 9 o'clock, and Laura is in the condition of mind to confess! The next time a female swindler takes your right hand in hers and places her left on your throbbing forehead you had better—"

"Mrs. Bowser!" said Mr. Bowser in his awfulest tones as he towered above her, "it is evident that we cannot live happily together another day."

"It is evident that you have been dreadfully bamboozled and just escaped getting into a serious business," she answered as she restored the drawer.

"And, therefore," he continued, paying no heed to her interruption, "I will spend the night in the library arranging the papers, and to-morrow your lawyer can call upon mine and settle the details regarding alimony and the custody of the child. Good night, Mrs. Bowser—you have driven me to the dead line at last!"

Mrs. Bowser was not yet asleep when he came sneaking up stairs in his stocking feet and fell into bed, and had she felt any desire to harrow up his feelings it would have vanished as she heard him mutter in his sleep:—

"I'll mash—I'll mash—I'll mash that old star gazing swindler to a pulp and set up that lock of hair for a monument!"

Elder Chidley, of Stanfordsville, New York, has accepted the pastorate of the Christian church at Newmarket.