

A Short Talk to the June Brides.

By CATHARINE MORTON.

There come the June brides, and bless us, what a pretty procession it is! The air is literally full of the floating ends of bridal veils, the scent of roses and orange blossoms, and also, less poetically, of rice and old shoes. The bridal shower and the wedding gift are abroad in the land, and are working widespread devastation.

For a "shower," a girl invites the prospective bride and as many of her friends as the house will hold. For a china shower, each one brings a piece of china, for a linen shower, each one buys table linen, towels, or something of the kind, and a long list of "showers" leave the bride's friends so impoverished in purse that they cannot buy the new gowns necessary for the wedding.

The wise ones see upon the horizon the waning of the wedding gift, and all of us, brides included, will say with one voice: "Heaven speed the day!" When the country was new, the wedding gift was prosaic and necessary, but nowadays people do not marry until they have the wherewithal to set up their own establishment, and it is always a pleasure to do one's own buying.

In these piping times of prosperity, a wedding gift implies intimacy. One may properly send the blushing recipient a list of things and ask her to choose her gift, in this way avoiding duplicates. Fancy the misery of the young housewife who gets eighteen salad forks and no salad bowl!

A young woman who was married last June was going west immediately after the ceremony, to make her home in a new part of the country. Her lifelong chum, after long thought, spent the money she had set aside for a wedding gift upon kitchen utensils which could not be had in the new place. She bought a salamander, a set of scales, the kind with an indicator and a dial, a frying basket, a whip churn, a waffle iron, an ice cream freezer, a soup kettle, a fish broiler, a chafing-dish, a patent chopper, and some shining copper saucepans. The bride wept salt tears of disappointment at first—she had expected something so different from her friend—but letters from the plains of Nebraska now indicate that the selection was fortunate. "You could have given me nothing," wrote the young wife, "which I could have appreciated more." This is a true story, and contains a hint which is worth passing on.

The Sentimental Chest.

One girl, who is to walk down the church aisle on her father's arm during June, with a white veil floating behind her, has planned a very appropriate gift for her lover. With her own fair hands she has burned and painted a design of hearts and true lover's knots upon a hollyhock box, which measures about a foot each way. It fastens with a copper hasp and padlock, and there are two keys to it. Within are their love letters, some faded roses, a book or two with underlined passages, a theatre programme, a photograph of the spot where the engagement was made, and various other interesting mementos. A scrap book containing a picture of the church, a sample of the bride's gown, newspaper notices of the wedding, and letters and telegrams of congratulations will go in later. Cupid strews these material things along the well-trodden path of courtship, and it is a good idea to preserve them for the remainder of the sentimental journey, and so keep the original charm at work. There may be magic in a sentimental chest—who can tell!

Wedding Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries are only less important than the great day itself. The first year one celebrates the cotton wedding, the second year paper, the third year leather, the fifth year wooden, the seventh year

woolen, the tenth year tin, the twelfth year silk or linen, the fifteenth year crystal, the twentieth year china, the twenty-fifth year silver, the thirtieth year pearl, the fortieth year ruby, the fiftieth year golden, the seventy-fifth year diamond.

A Cotton Wedding.

A cotton wedding, which was celebrated last autumn, was an extremely pretty function. The women wore cotton gowns and the men appeared in their summer apparel of white ducks. The rooms were decorated with cotton balls and draperies of cheese-cloth, and the table was unusually effective. In the center was a vase of American beauties, which, upon close inspection, were seen to be cloth. Around it was a pile of fleecy cotton, sprinkled with frost

can be made very pretty, but, of course, there is always the chance that the whole thing will be spoiled by rain. One wedding was celebrated in an apple orchard when the fruit trees were in bloom, and was so pretty that every girl there wanted one like it.

Two little nieces of the bride stretched the white ribbons through the long aisles of trees, and then came the bridal procession, the bridesmaids and groomsmen ahead, singing the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin." The bride was very simply gowned in white organdie, with a wreath of wild crabapple blossoms in her hair, and the service was read under a wide-spreading canopy of blossoms. Afterward, the company adjourned to the house for refreshments.

Rustic arbors are easily improvised at any desired place for such an occasion, and common fish net, with twigs thrust through the meshes and fastened on the other side, makes a



"THE HONEYMOON"
"AND WHAT A MORNING THOSE TWO HAD HAD"

powder, and the guest cards were of calico starched, ironed, and cut in the shape of hearts. The names were written in red ink. Streamers of cotton ran from the chandelier to the corners of the table, and a fleecy ball of cotton hung under the chandelier. The streamers were made of twine, with bits of cotton strung loosely upon them. The supper was as usual, and, of course, there was a fire before the evening was over, but the excitement did not interfere with the success of the party. Sousa's "King Cotton" March was played on the piano as the guests said good night. The gifts were all inexpensive and somewhat ridiculous in character, but as the country newspaper reporter would put it, "a most enjoyable time was had."

Outdoor Weddings.

If one is so fortunate as to live in the country, an outdoor wedding

very effective drapery where a curtain or a screen is needed. Any appropriate flowers may be used for decoration, and supper served afterwards at small tables on the lawn.

Bright Boys for Adoption.

This society has, at the present time, a number of fine, bright boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years. They are anxious to place these children in good homes in the province, and will be glad to hear from people who would like to adopt them. These boys are all of British parentage. Further information may be obtained by writing to E. J. Billiarde, Superintendent Children's Aid Society, 101 Mayfair Ave., Winnipeg.

"You say he has grown whiskers since last you saw him?" "Yes." "How did you recognize him?" "By my um-

A Handsome Catalogue.

The Western Home Monthly this month received a copy of a handsome new catalogue issued recently for H. Cater, Brandon Pump and Windmill Works. The catalogue is printed on fine coated paper, and is illustrated throughout with excellent half-tone engravings of the goods, machinery, and all other accessories that go to make up a full and complete stock of Pump and Windmill fittings. Any person desiring information concerning pumps, windmills, gasoline engines, should write for one of these catalogues.

Address H. Cater, Brandon, Manitoba, and mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.

A Very Simple Remedy for Women.

When in need of a stimulant to aid nature's work, women will find Melcher's Red Cross Canadian Gin a most beneficial and effective tonic. It is well known that the effects derived from the medicinal properties of the juniper berry, from which Gin is made, is invaluable to a woman's constitution, and especially when the Geneva is of such a refined quality as the "Red Cross." It is not only an absolutely pure Gin, but it is the only Gin which, before being offered to the trade, is matured for years in bonded warehouses, where it has acquired that delicacy of flavor and mellowness of taste perfectly unknown to any other Gin.

Reports Business Brisk.

Mr. F. J. Castle, one of the inspectors for the Great West Life Assurance Company, of Winnipeg, has just returned from an extended Western trip.

He reports prospects bright in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, with a continually increasing acreage under cultivation. The light snowfalls in the latter part of April and early May did a great deal of good. Land values are rapidly advancing, and prosperity is apparent everywhere.

Considerable time was spent visiting the numerous Great West agencies along the Pheasant Hills branch of the C. P. R., where the increasing business of the company has necessitated the appointment of a Special Agent. The company have secured the services of Mr. M. McCallum, of Abernethy, who has had a long experience in the business, and will take charge of the district.

The Wrong Trip.

The ferry-dock was crowded with weary home-goers when through the crowd rushed a man—hot, excited, laden to the chin with bundles of every shape and size. He sprinted down the pier, his eyes fixed on a ferryboat only two or three feet out from the pier. He paused but an instant on the string-piece, and then, cheered on by the amused crowd, he made a flying leap across the intervening stretch of water and landed safely on the deck. A fat man happened to be standing on the exact spot on which he struck, and they both went down with a resounding crash. When the arriving man had somewhat recovered his breath he apologized to the fat man. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he said. "I am sorry. But, anyway, I caught the boat!"

"But, you blanked fool," said the fat man, "the boat was coming in!"

The old negress was relating her troubles with a worthless husband to her sympathetic minister.

"Nothin' don't seem to do him good," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, sister," said the minister, "hab you eber tried heapin' coals of fire on his head?"

The negress replied: "No, my dear pastor, but I've tried pouring hot water ovah him, and it did no good!"