

Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

SELF-SATISFACTION

HE more one's knowledge of human nature expands, the more convinced does one become of the value of self-satisfaction. Indeed, in making a mental survey of one's friends and acquaintances, one is forced to the conclusion that to be thoroughly pleased with one's self is one of the greatest of all factors in success in life. For a woman, certainly nothing is quite so invaluable as a thorough conviction of her own charm and beauty, especially in the every-day surroundings. Provided her imagination is sufficiently great she has only to endow herself with all the attributes of the "charmeuse" to be acclaimed as such by a world which usually takes every lady at their own valuation.

Unfortunately, however, it is not every woman who realizes this, the whole object of feminine education being, as a rule, to snuff out any budding feeling of satisfaction one may ever have felt in one's youth over one's own achievements or capabilities. Yet nothing is more fatal to success than this policy of depression in the young. If parents would only realize it, what most children want is encouragement, whereas the more they are the more snubs they are morally certain to receive, the prevailing tendency being to stamp out conceit, even at the expense of producing an agonizing self-consciousness. Of course, no more fatal mistake could be made. Self-conscious, self-distrusting people are not only a burden to themselves, but a bore to their acquaintances. Whereas a woman with a thoroughly good opinion of herself is a social benefactor. The very fact of her being pleased with herself makes her pleased with the world, which, in return, is pleased with her. If what the poet says is true:

"We receive but what we give,
And in ourselves do nature live"

surely, in order to win the admiration and esteem of the world, we cannot do better than begin by admiring and esteeming ourselves.

The very fact of a woman demanding admiration pre-supposes some sort of claim to it, at any rate in a generation too busy to worry over the whys and wherefores of accepted standards, and once a woman has succeeded in placing herself on a pedestal, this sort, she will always find people prepared to do her homage. While she will be absolutely impervious to the unsympathetic remonstrances of those who refrain from doing so. Of course, the desire to be successful through, one requires to be something of an artist. For ten women who try to play the role of leading ladies in the comedy of illusion, nine are miserable failures. But, the tenth, who has a sense of self-satisfaction, really deserves all the applause she obtains. The more successful she is, the more, as a rule, does she have her proud position to her own credit. Individual efforts. Here, in the very nature of things, you may meet one whose reputation has been made for her in advance, so to speak, such as a certain debutante of two or three years back, who was talked into fame before she ever came to the stage, and whom the onerous duties of chaperoning her were to fall for quite a year before anybody had seen to society. For the lady who has a sense of self-satisfaction, and when she finally appears on the scene, everybody proceeded to rave about her, she is a different person, and because they understood she was the real thing, they were not so ready to distinguish her from any way from hundreds of other "debutantes" looking girls, who had not, however, had the advantage of being "boomed" in advance by an enterprising chaperon.

Such cases are, however, rare, the generality of social successes having risen from obscurity to the dazzling heights they occupy by the sheer force of their self-satisfaction. It is not matter how little a woman of this description has to go upon her claim to admiration may lie in nothing more than the possession of a good complexion, a beautiful neck, or a pair of eyes that are so admirably placed, or necessary adulation is for her to be daily made for in her own mind that in one or other of these points she is absolutely unrivalled, while the more she is admired, the more she draws attention to them, the more admiration will she certainly receive.

In all other matters of life precisely the same rule holds good. You have only to be supremely satisfied with your position to be universally envied; to be convinced of your intellectual superiority, to be deferred to.

Once wrapped in the mantle of self-satisfaction, the world is one's foe, and nothing can put one out of joint with one's self, and even enemies are only rivals, jealous of another's greatness. Under these circumstances it will be seen that no advantages can possibly be gained from superior talents, or from a superior intellect, or from a more or less inherent in us all. Rather should they be cultivated, not only in our own interests, but in the interest of humanity in general, since nothing is more likely to bring us into the world than the feeling of being at peace with one's self. Self-satisfaction of this sort does not necessarily imply conceit, as many people seem to think. Women of this type are rarely conceited, for soon get used to being told of it, that compliments mainly bore them, and no amount of admiration will ever put some more becoming can be found than puff up a man. Far from being obnoxious, the satisfied person is usually the most interesting of companions, while the fact of being able to appreciate one's self, more than like to assist one not only in appreciating others, but in appreciating the world, and nature in general.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Details of Dress

There never was a time when it was more important to recognize the trifle as an element of successful dressing. Just now the sleeve may be said to be the keynote of the modernity of a gown; in all respects the fashions are trying to assist one, but to wear a sleeve which is cut too large is to be completely out of the fashion, just as in the same way the wearing of the sash is a clear indication that the wearer is out of date. The sash is a necessary accessory and are paying due regard to its presence.

The neck finish is another point which demands our keenest attention, and everybody will admit that nothing prettier can more becoming can be found than the soft strand-up cravat of lawn, affected by so many of the smartest women just now. These cravats are generally made with a foundation of thin lawn, boned at the side and to this outer fold are arranged, and if desired the lawn can be left sufficiently long to twist about the neck, but many people prefer the straight folded band with the Jabot attached below. Tucked lawn can be bought by the yard and this material makes a beautiful cravat collar, requiring a little tucker of pleated lawn at the top to bring it quite a la mode, and a couple of bones will support the same.

Blouses are often finished off with a very narrow collar band such as is found on a man's shirt, and to this can be buttoned the particular collar, stock, or cravat which may be preferred. Another charming addition to the blouse is one of the new ties, these little ties should always echo the tone of hat or belt, or they should take up the tint of whatever frock they are to accompany. The turn-down or Shelley collar has also been exploited with great success by some charming, recently made gowns—made in really good lace, and worn with a picture gown, the quaint demure effect is most preferable. Of course the set of such a collar demands that the collar proper is turned over a cross-cut upstanding band of lawn which prevents the undressed look which is apt to connect itself with the badly made low collar.

Now to turn to coats and gown for autumn wear—when it first came in many people were prolific in prognostications that the kimono style would prove short-lived, but these prognostications have been far from

realized. The sloping shoulder line is so very graceful and becoming that we are loth to part with it, and although in coats and skirts, whether of a dressy or a utilitarian order, the plain coat sleeve set in with a few pleats at the top is much used. Anything in the way of a kimono wrap will probably have the greatest of all factors in success in life.

As I have before intimated, cloth will be worn as much as ever, though each season in the expensive market it seems to get more satin like and smooth. I have just had the possibility of an autumn wedding in my mind, so I will suggest a design for a gown which would indeed grace such an occasion. It is not a fashionable moment for wearing a dished-up summer frock, which if it is at all chilly looks entirely out of place, while a gown in one of the new and lovely shades of cloth will be extremely smart. A beautiful Bulgarian red is the shade chosen for the gown in question. It has a full skirt arranged in pleats and a folded bodice showing a line of dull platinum embroidery on Bulgarian red lace. The guimpe should be red silk, finished at the top of the collar with a white tulle ruffle. The deep washed belt should be made of soft eorled silk. A large hat of black satin wreathed with roses of all sorts of curious shades would make a charming and original toilette.

It is quite an excellent plan to have done during the summer, dyed some good, and rich shade, and return in a new style gown on a guest for the winter. For receiving one's guests for the "home" day, during the colder months, for instance a cloth gown in a really bright and effective shade, looks ever so much better than the silk frocks that so many people wear.

A WORD REGARDING BAZAARS

I must own to a feeling of intense amusement whenever I read the perennial and "parsonic" diatribes against bazaars as a means of helping "flame dogs over stiles."

For the authors of these effusions are always out of date, and seem to think that the prehistoric methods of the "fancy fairs" of twenty years ago still prevail!

Now anyone who has anything to do with a well run modern bazaar knows that "charity" is expected and given just the same as in a shop, and that "peering A-bu" is another favorite accusation!—is also long since out of date, and has some practical experience) the committee should consist of six sensible women, three rather higher in the social scale than the others (though this is really unnecessary), and a pleasant chairman, who will act as secretary and treasurer.

For a decent little bazaar eight or ten stalls (including the inevitable "tea stall" or room, and the ever-profitable "cherry" stall) are quite sufficient, for it must be remembered that extra stalls means extra cost in putting up and decorating. Of the latter more anon.

The committee should meet once a week at first, and, of course, when stall-holders are secured, they should be also asked to the meetings.

It makes for success if, at any rate, some stall-holders work on a "cash" basis, such as a "basket stall," or "glass and china," "useful clothing," as many a philanthropist who will not "waste" money on cushions, flower vases, etc., will gladly spend ten dollars or more on a pair of shoes, a pair of kerchiefs, and I have known a pocket handkerchief stall to make a lot of money.

The handicrafts ranged from the gay spotted kind, which look so well on a garden hat, and the cheap imitation bandanna, beloved of the "man," up to dainty little mouchoirs, scalloped, hemstitched, or lace edged.

For the kind of work which might have just as well been added, just a few dozen or the usual sizes, for a man would not grudge the money for half a dozen of such ever-recurring necessities.

It is certain that the "basket stall," with its dainty baskets for work or flowers, and its should be fitted with a convenient-sized jam pot painted a pale fresh green—to the delightful green edged willow baskets, cutting flowers, or the workmanlike "garden baskets," so useful for weeding, etc.

A small stall for "book stall" is often a very great success, so many people have modern books which they have read and do not wish to keep, and so a nucleus might be formed in this way.

We have now considered eight stalls—"glass and china," "useful clothing," "handkerchiefs," "socks," and "book stall," "basket stall," "profitable home produce stall," and "tea stall" or room—so I only leave the organizers of such a bazaar to evolve their own ideas.

Now before entering into details as to certain stalls, or giving a hint or two as to economic decoration thereof, experience has proved to me that very few bazaars are considered and taken really in hand long enough before the event.

It is obvious that one needs time to interest the people in the place and neighborhood, and obtain promises of flowers, dairy butter and vegetables for the "home produce stall," and the "cherry" stall, and ends that go such a long way to making the thing "go."

Personally I do not consider six months too long from the inception of a bazaar to the opening, though, of course, it would not be necessary to hold committee meetings every week during the whole time. Of course if it is too long people will lose interest, which is another point to the question of time, as this is most undesirable.

The best and more profitable "home produce stall" I ever saw anywhere, was run by some citizen neighbors of ours—a mother and three daughters.

They began long before to collect all available jam pots, pickle jars, etc., and these "home produce" stalls were arranged in a neat and tidy manner, and the quantities of jam, etc., were so arranged that they were not only profitable, but they were also a great help to the neighborhood.

The stall was beautifully arranged, bundles of well-washed carrots and turnips, lettuce, etc., were arranged here and there, while a festoon of bunches of grapes hung across the front.

The butter was made into quarter-pound pats and arranged in a neat and tidy manner in little flat "bunnets," with a most tempting result, and it was obvious that many a person unable to spend five dollars or so on useless trifles, would gladly do so at such a stall as this.

For the successful running of a "flower stall," I would urge the saleability of prettily tied up groups of flowers and foliage. The popularity of these groups is the fact that so few people have an aptitude for arranging flowers really well.

Unless in a large town with a certainty of big "gate money" (we took over \$100-\$150—gate money the first day alone at a big bazaar in Dublin, and was thronged the whole week!), it is obviously absurd to spend much on decoration.

For the kind of bazaar I have described, is more an affair of local interest, and—let us hope—of universal good will, than a trap for "sight-seeing" folk.

Of course the "business" instinct (largely developed in some of us) is most fully satisfied when the decorations are the most useful of which can be sold when the bazaar is over!

For instance, at once bazaar, I can remember that the stalls were draped with creamy sheeting and the decorations were of a very light shade of blue. The bazaar price of 35 cents a yard, and a few drops of lemon vanilla essence, and was thronged the whole week!), it is obviously absurd to spend much on decoration.

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the centre of the flower), had a really charming effect, and showed a board covered with Turkey red cotton, with the name of the stall-holder in letters cut out of stiff green paper.

We sold the whole of the sheeting afterwards to a "Lady Bountiful," who said she would have it washed and made into sheets to give away at Christmas.

A "rose bazaar" is always pretty. I can recall one for which (by the aid of a pleasant weekly "working party" round a very long dining room table) we made 2,600 roses during the last few weeks preceding the bazaar.

"We kept each stall to one rose, i.e., a Marechal Niel, Karl Druschki, Duke of Edinburgh, La France, and so on.

All the stalls were draped with lettuce green muslin, which were sold afterwards for covering fruit bushes.

It must be owned that I love "boosing" a bazaar (or anything else, for that matter), but during the last two or three years I have had much to do in the "realms of life," and as I have dropped out, as it were, I trust that this article will be of use to those who are thick in the "sturm und drang" of such affairs.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED DELICACIES

There are some delicious old-fashioned delicacies which are peculiar to certain country districts of England. Devonshire and Derbyshire are particularly rich in these. When travelling in these counties I have often thought how enjoyable these delicacies would be to those who have never tasted them, and I hope that the few recipes I am going to give this week in place of a menu, will be acceptable to my readers.

Many of these are well-known to you all, but I wouldn't be surprised if there were one or two that have not yet come to your attention. This part of the world, I will start with Devonshire Delicacies.

Devonshire Junket

I am fain to say here that any attempt at a junket and cream, however good, is but a poor imitation of the real thing of the "West Country," still one may achieve a dish that will be a pleasant change. Take a pint of milk, and add two of cream, heat to only "blood heat," stir in one tablespoonful of sugar, dissolve one junket tablet (Cross and Blackwell's, for choice) and flavor with a little rum. Pour into china bowl and dust over with cinnamon, and serve when set which should be in about an hour.

Clotted Cream

This recipe may be useful for our country readers, who have a dairy at command. Take a pan of milk, just what you can spare, let it stand untouched for twelve hours, then place on a cool corner of the stove, where it will heat very slowly indeed; let it stand till the top appears to whittle, then remove and stand in a cool cellar for twelve hours, when quite a thick cream should have risen and can be skimmed off. It is most delicious to eat with fruit, and very good instead of butter.

Saffron Cake

This is a real Devonshire delicacy. Weigh two pounds of flour, rub in quarter of a pound of butter, make into dough with one pint of milk, mix in the centre half an ounce of yeast (previously stirred into a cream with the stiff castor sugar), and stir to a cream with the stiff castor sugar, and leave to rise then add half a pound of sugar, one egg, and half a pound of currants, and a good pinch of salt. Bake in a tin for one hour in a moderate oven. This makes very good currant bread and butter, or a delicious novelty can be made by moulding the dough into flat tea cakes, when baked, and quite cold, split, spread each side with clotted cream, and the lower one with black currant jam, put the layers together again and cut into wedge shaped pieces.

Before proceeding to Derbyshire delicacies, I must give two Cornish recipes, for excellence take a lot of beating. The first is—

Cornish Pastry

This is a splendid luncheon dish, especially if out all day motoring, or cycling, and also this makes a splendid dish for the ladies' luncheon. The confectioner's shop at the top of Market Jew street, in Penzance, is a "patent secret," but very good ones can be made, by rolling out good pastry, and cutting it into a inch thick, cut it in rounds, one half of the round place some finely minced mutton with a little parboiled and sliced tomato, and chopped onion, dust with pepper and salt, and moisten with a little thick gravy, and a little oil, so as to make a half moon shape, pinch up the edges, and bake it nice and crisp in a good oven.

Cornish Omelette

This is also worth trying. Make an omelette in the ordinary way, using three eggs with a dessert-spoonful of powdered sugar and two ounces of butter. Let it set in a pan like a pancake, spread with a mixture of sugar, and a few drops of lemon juice, and a little raspberry jam. Roll up quickly.

Derbyshire Delicacies

Derbyshire is a county famed throughout England for its excellent cookery. Its home-made bread, and home-cured hams are beyond compare, and its puddings and cakes are a real treat for all who really appreciate a good, delicious, wholesome pudding or cake. Below are a few of its specialties, all well worth a trial.

Bakewell Pudding

Line a tart plate with pastry, spread with a layer of raspberry jam, and then with the following mixture: Cream together quarter of a pound of butter and six ounces of sugar, add the yolks of five eggs, and the whites of two eggs, previously whisked, and one tablespoonful of ground sweet almonds. Bake in a slow oven till set and dust with powdered sugar.

Alport Pudding

Line a tart tin with pastry, spread with strawberry jam, then a thin layer of sponge cake crumbs, and finally with lemon curd. Bake in a moderate oven till the pastry is done.

Afternoon Tea Scenes

Half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder rubbed together, and mixed to a stiff paste with three quarters of a teacupful of milk. Roll out quickly and bake in a good oven for ten minutes. Spread with a thick layer of jam, and a little chopped cream.

Normanton Cakes

Two ounces of butter, two ounces of lard, quarter of a pound of white sugar, two eggs, half a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, quarter of a pound of sultanas or a few seeds, half a teacupful of milk, and a few drops of lemon vanilla essence. Beat the butter, lard and sugar to a cream, beat the eggs and add to it, stir in the essence and the milk, and lastly the flour and the baking powder. It will take three quarters of an hour to bake.

Spice Cakes

With the hand work together in a basin three quarters of a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar and one pound of flour. A very few currants and a few drops of lemon vanilla essence. Use no liquid but work it to a firm paste, roll out on a floured board, stamp out into shape, and bake in a slow oven. They are most delicious.

Current Tart

Line a pie dish with pastry and into it pour the following mixture: Two eggs well beaten with half a

plint of milk, sweetened and flavored to taste, add two tablespoonfuls of picked currants, and bake in a slow oven till set.

Lemon Pudding

Four one pint of boiling milk over three ounces of fine breadcrumbs, when cool stir in two ounces of sugar, one ounce of butter, the grated rind of a lemon, and the yolks of two eggs. Put in a pie dish and bake till set, then cover with lemon curd, and heap on the whites of eggs stiffly whisked with the juice of the lemon, and place in the oven till a pale fawn color.

Tea Cakes

Take one pound of flour, rub in quarter of a pound of dripping, then make into a dough with half a pint of milk, mix in the centre of half an ounce of yeast and leave to rise. When light mix in quarter of a pound of sugar, and quarter of a pound of sultanas and one well beaten egg, leave to rise again, and then mould into buns, let rise once more and then light bake in a moderate oven. When cold split and buttered, and serve very hot.

Emergency Tarts

These are most delicious and I have never met with them outside Derbyshire. Take small jelly glasses and half fill them with strawberry jam and then pour on each about two spoonfuls of good cream, and cover the top with a little round of pastry of the same size. These rounds can be stamped out and baked, and will keep for a week in a tin.

There is nothing very elaborate about any of these good old dishes, but they are all most delicious, and I speak as "one having authority," as I have tasted all of them myself many a time, and can vouch for it. The cakes are also admirably suited for a children's party, or if the children have a little friend in to tea, as they are so wholesome.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Although the housewife's love of, and pride in, the linen cupboard is perhaps the strongest developed in the modern woman as it was in her grandmother, still most housewives appreciate the amount of time and care must be spent on this department of the house. The ideal linen cupboard, of course, that fitted round the hot-water boiler (as is found in even the smallest English house), but if such a one is not possible, a fitted cupboard made on the system of a "gentleman's wardrobe," with sliding trays above and drawers below, is the most desirable thing. The trays should take sheets, tablecloths, and other large cloths, and dinner napkins, toilet covers, and other small articles, and all the other small articles would be stored in the drawers. In this kind of cupboard there is not much difficulty in laying one's hand on any special article required, but in a fitted cupboard without divisions this question has to be dealt with. The best solution is to make large wrappers on the envelope principle, for each separate kind of article, and to put them scrupulously in their right place when sorting the clean linen. Old dust sheets may very well be employed to make these wrappers, and if they are a different color, so much the better, as the eye soon grows used to them. The wrappers should be wrapped in afternoon tea-cloths, with the blue, and so on. The linen which remains from the wash should be slipped in at the bottom of each wrapper, and the clean linen taken from the top of the cupboard, that everything gets its fair share of wear and tear. The care of the linen cupboard should undoubtedly be kept in the hands of the house-mistress, and she should make up her mind to supplement the weekly spots by spending a small sum thereon yearly, whether there seem any definite wants or not.

A little really good Irish linen is a better investment than a larger quantity with unknown wearing properties, and the most advantageous time to buy is when some well known Irish firm is holding a sale. Hemstitched sheets and pillow-cases are more popular than ever, and this form of elaboration is certainly more practical than frills for the latter-day linen table, which are growing more universal every year, and with the revival of fine damask and artizans, the table centre is sinking into oblivion.

The fallacy that everything dainty and pretty in the home must necessarily be extravagant, is one which is gradually becoming recognized as such; but there are still people who look askance at the lights as white paint, cretonne curtains, or dimity hangings. A thing to be serviceable must, in the eyes of many good housewives, be dark, gloomy and ugly; yet there can be no more fatal mistake than to choose hygienic and artistic standpoints than choosing wallpaper and materials on account of their "fading to show the dirt." It is surely better to see the dirt and deal with it rather than to admit its presence but leave it because it does not show.

As to white paint, if the doors are fitted with finger plates, it lasts clean a wonderfully long time. Instead of isolation, the best way to keep the white, which is simply a little bran soaked in a pall of boiling water. There is certainly nothing which gives a room such an air of cheerfulness and refinement. Then why cretonne curtains, and other things considered a luxury it is hard to imagine. They fade far less than many materials, and can be freshened up with an iron many times before they pay their ultimate visit to the dry-cleaner. A white ground floral paper, again, is often accused of being impractical choice; yet, in a sunny room, fading is far less fatal to such a paper than it is to a self-colored blue or pink one, as the white ground merely goes cream.

HEALTH NOTES

The Latest "Cure"

It has been known for a long time—perhaps ever since the world began—that gardening is good for the health.

"To smell a tuft of fresh earth," said Thomas Fuller, two hundred years ago, "is wholesome for the body."

Digging, weeding and flower tending form a part of the routine treatment in many modern sanatoria. "Scent cures" are seriously discussed. To inhale the scent of roses will cure a headache; the perfumes of rosemary, lavender, and eucalyptus are reviving, invigorating and antiseptic; and other sweet floral odors have the power of destroying noxious germs. But now we are invited to go a step further. Several physicians have found out that nervous and slightly mentally afflicted persons derive great benefit from summer sun sitting for three to four hours every day under certain trees.

God times are coming for such of us as have to undergo "nervous cures."

Instead of isolation, the tediousness of lying in bed, the torment of forced feeding, and the trouble of message, we may be prescribed a very pleasant remedy.

It consists of going out into the open, calling for a basket or basket chair, and spending the sunny hours beneath the shade of trees. A truly pleasant-sounding prospect!

The trees must not be chosen anyhow, however. Certain kinds only are recommended. So far, those that possess the most curative properties are found to be as follows: The apple, the cherry, the acacia, and the ash.

What a fascinating idea is this of the "tree cure"! At once we begin to test it by the light of experience. We find that the shade of the apple tree branches we and our friends have felt the most agreeable sensations?

That alone would be something to go by. None of the trees mentioned is very common to the ordinary lawn. For the shade of the apple tree we must betake ourselves to the orchard. That is easily

managed, and there are few of us who have not felt the fascination of the orchard close.

We are very ready to believe its atmosphere is health-restoring and beneficent. The acacia and the ash are often mixed with other trees in shrubberies, but as to the cherry tree, that is often found upon the spot to rally round.

We are more than ready to vote for the apple and cherry trees cures (especially such time as the fruit is at its best).

Many of us are well aware of the danger that lurks in poison trees, whose deadly influence makes us all the more ready to believe in the therapeutic properties of others.

Travelling in India, how careful we are about the trees under which we pitch our tent!

Harmful trees are much commoner in tropical countries, but even the ordinary English box tree, innocuous to many, has a baleful influence on some constitutions, so much so as to cause illness.

Perhaps if we studied the subject closely, we should find that the trees of a neighborhood are more responsible for its healthfulness than we imagine.

Already the presence of pine trees and eucalyptus are counted as assets of health.

It certainly seems a commonplace idea that the atmosphere of the inside of a house at a time should have an influence on health, and for this reason we should keep an open mind for any fresh developments in the direction of cure by trees.

After all, there is nothing new under the sun. "The leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations."

How many centuries have rolled by since these words were said!

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Miss Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life" has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Although it is a long book, with eighty illustrations, it will appear at six shillings net. There is to be a special edition of a thousand copies, and of these two hundred and fifty will have Miss Terry's autograph. This edition is even more fully illustrated than the other, especially with photographs.

Literary men were frank in their admiration of Lord Dunsany's book, "Time and the Gods." They will wait with interest another volume by him, "The Sword of Welleran," which Messrs. Allen have nearly ready. Much has been spoken about the late years about the Celtic movement in literature. This volume of stories may prove a new branch of that literature. Certainly it has great originality.

A volume of stories by Mr. G. E. Sims, who now must have many volumes of one kind and another to his name. "Joyce Pleasant," it is called, and it is announced by Messrs. Chilton & Windus. Most of the stories are Christmas stories, although Mr. Sims has varied these with others belonging to more clement seasons of the year. All deal with the life of the middle classes, in a direct and forcible style with which the name of Mr. Sims is associated.

Mr. Rider Haggard returns to South Africa for the setting of his new story, "The Ghost Kings," which Messrs. Cassell are about to publish. Another novel on their September list, "Mad Barbara," by Mr. Warwick Deering is concerned with the Stuart period. "Rose White Tooth," by a lady who writes as "Dolf Wyllarde," is a study of girlhood when it is verging into womanhood. "The Amethyst Cross" by Mr. Fergus Hume, and "The Cairn of the Badger," by Miss Madge Barrow, are further stories forthcoming with Messrs. Cassell.

Many hitherto unpublished letters by Queen Victoria are contained in the "Fanny Papers," by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The new edition of Fox Maule, second Baron Panmure, and afterwards Earl of Dalhousie, who was war minister of the Palmerston administration of 1855-1858. Lord Panmure succeeded the Duke of Newcastle in February, 1855, at the most critical moment of the Crimean War. It is believed that this is the first time that the correspondence between a British sovereign and her war minister has been given to the public.

A new novel is about to appear by Mrs. Baillie Saunders, who wrote "Saints in Society." The title of the new book is "The Mayores's Weaving."

CLIPPINGS FROM THE POETS

Next year I live in. Not of the city, but of the supply of clean carry off the dirt being laid down the city and the yards next spring, and the look well, though they are with grass. C

It is a pity allowed time is no prairies, the mainland are I know how to the art of making land. However will know the orchard of a goodly and a voracious or victor's province.

A great number visited Victoria, tlemen who kn Canada, Great E here for a few British Columbi they saw. Brit says, is the best gentlemen spend return they will try what they country great they tell the tr

The Fair w editor will say that the school have been large due to you have been to Some noticed and girls will the, and the front ters. But if they describe what tell about the and the subject of the will have seen have watched a picture-draw

Have any picture papers they have, Miss like very much will mail them who live up in during the lonely place of there is no school secretary of them find out them boys, and province there lightness. You children cannot copy of the Ch

Faith and Hope

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more sighing to-day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one,
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion,
Our heads are growing grey;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find us gay.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And 'tho' time of 'th' year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day;
And we feel and we know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling!
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

—Rembrandt Peale.

World that I loved! And taking good-bye to you,
Looking my last over the harvest fields white,
Speak to the soul who at parting doth cry to you,
"Slipping away from your borders tonight."

World that I loved! I have lived with you cheerfully,
Hoped through your shadows and basked in your light,
Danced through you merrily, crept through you tenderly,
Dim like a dream seem those memories tonight.

Take of my thanks, where those thanks have been due to you,
As for the wrongs, we will hide them from sight.
Once, World, I thought to discover the clue to you,
Task for another I leave it tonight.

Joy is done, pain is done, hope that proved vain is done,
Now for the Rest: toll of hand, heart, and brain is done,
Rest for the weary Good-night, World; good-night!
—O.S.H.

Wishing

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Bid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were happier?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
In your mind of selfish motives,
For the pleasure of the many,
May be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.