

The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

The Little Wife At Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your house with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt:
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight;
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—For Truth.

The Sitting-Room Window.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

"And so the shutters fall apart,
And so the wind winds play,
And all the winnows of my heart
I open to the day."

So I hum to myself this fair morning by the sitting-room windows, while the children go about their duties, and the sunshine gives life to everything where it can penetrate. Through the cool white curtains I see the garden where the roses bloom and the robins sing, but we are busy making up summer dresses, fair muslins and lawns that can be done so easily by amateur dressmakers now that dresses are simplified and patterns easily obtained. When the machine stops humming and they are busy basting I sometimes lean back in my easy chair and moralize on events of the day—of men and women, and of the mercies we enjoy and only half appreciate.

Patience sometimes takes a little time to paint, Ruth stitches bright fancies into her work, and bright haired Mercy attends to the domestic needs, comforts the children, and does the thousand and one things that fall to a willing woman's share of life's over burdens, now and then bringing her work with her to a chair by the pleasant window where we all congregate.

So this morning there is a little breathing spell, and we are talking of the best each can make of life. We talked, too, of the various avenues open to our six in the world of work, and I said that our many duties kept us from concentration, from doing one thing well. A wood engraver, for instance, being asked why he did not take girls as apprentices, said it was simply because they did not make it a life work as boys did. There was always the thought of marriage, and they had not the ambition that inspired a woman to make it a life work, and who endeavored to excel.

said Mercy, indignantly, "do not say that. I cannot do work well because I am thinking of marriage, and I have not the ambition that inspired a woman to make it a life work, and who endeavored to excel."

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easy to see them, and to be 'remembered for what I have done.' And then the sewing machine began to hum again, and each one went her separate way. So June comes to us, and woe to the promise of the glorious Summer, as the morning gives the promise of a fair day.

CHATEAUVAU, Que.

Choice Receipts.

BETHLEHEM APPLE PIE.—Line a deep pie dish with good light paste; cover the bottom with apples, pared, cored, and cut into halves; put the round side down, and crowd in as many as possible; sprinkle over four heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and place here and there a bit of butter; bake in a moderately quick oven until the apples are tender; serve warm with plain cream; the apples should be tart and of such kind as will cook quickly.

BERNAISE SAUCE.—Put four tablespoonfuls of water and four of olive oil into a small saucepan with the beaten yolks of four eggs; stir over boiling water until quite thick; beat until smooth; take from the fire and when cold add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and one of finely chopped parsley; season with salt and cayenne.

CREAM OF CARROTS.—Scrape four good-sized carrots and grate them; cook a half hour in one and a half quarts of good veal or chicken stock; rub together two teaspoonfuls of butter and two of flour; stir in the boiling soup constantly until it boils, add one pint of new milk or, better, half cream and half milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper.

DOUGHNUTS.—Beat two eggs without separating until very light; one and a half cups of sugar; beat again; add a half pint of milk and two cups (one pint) of flour, and beat until smooth; melt two ounces of butter until soft, not liquid; stir it into the mixture; add half teaspoonful of salt, half of a nutmeg, grated, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; work lightly; roll out; cut into doughnuts and fry in hot fat; to have them very delicate handle as lightly as possible.

BREAD STICKS.—Scald one pint of milk and add while hot two ounces of butter; when lukewarm add a teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, and about one quart of sifted flour; beat vigorously for five minutes add a half compressed yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, or half a cup of good yeast; mix, cover, and stand in a warm place over night; in the morning add the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; knead for five minutes, then pound until soft and velvety; put back in the bowl until very light; then take a very small piece of the dough, roll it out into a long strip about the size of a thick lead-pencil, and six inches long; place them in greased pans; when light brush them with a little white of egg and water mixed, and bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes—the little, pear shaped are the best—prick with a small needle, add an equal weight of sugar and let stand over night. Pour off the juice and boil thick; add the tomatoes and cook until transparent. Flavor with lemon or ginger as may be desired.

BLACKBERRY OR RASPBERRY JAM.—Pick ripe, sweet berries, put in a little, mash with a large spoon; allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring to prevent sticking, until very thick.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick ripe currants from the stems, and put them in a stone jar, wash them, and set the jar in a large iron pot and boil. Pour the fruit in a flannel jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. To every six pints of juice add four pounds of sugar. Boil twenty minutes, skim. When thick put in glasses, let cool, and cover close.

GRAPE JELLY.—Stem ripe grapes and put in a preserve kettle, let come to a boil, mash and strain. Put the juice on to boil for twenty minutes, when add three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, skim while boiling, let cook fifteen minutes. Green grape jelly may be made the same way, but with a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

WASH AND WIPE SUGAR.—Wash and wipe the sugar, but do not core, and wash it with cold water; then wash it through a jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. To every six pints of juice add four pounds of sugar. Boil twenty minutes, skim. When thick put in glasses, let cool, and cover close.

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quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil until it jellies.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Peel ripe peaches, remove the seeds, put the fruit in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare and quarter ripe quinces. Put them in a kettle, cook until soft, add half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and boil until thick.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Wash and wipe the oranges, peel and put the peeling in a kettle with a little water, boil several hours; cut the oranges and squeeze the juice and pulp in a kettle; drain the water from the peel, and pound it fine, put with the juice, to which add a pound of sugar for every pint of juice; boil one hour, when it should be thick and solid. Put in little cups and cover with paper.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Peel lemons, and extract the seeds. Boil the peel until soft, add the juice and pulp with a pound of lemon. Boil until thick.

SUMMER SMILES.

Copper-faced types—Indians and Mongolians.

A man's face is against him when he has a gin phiz.

One is company and two is a crowd in a Summer hammock.

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one's shoe—you can always find it in the dark.

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.

The college graduate is now looking about him for a job. It is the saddest period of his life.

"Strange colt, this of yours, Jack?" "How's that?" "Well, he's young and fresh, and yet he's a chestnut."

"I hear you have fired your bookkeeper. Why did you do so?" "Because he came to the store loaded."

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by taking her out in a buggy with a seat just large enough for two.

Elsie—"Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?" Mother (sadly)—"No, dear, I didn't."

"How do you pay for snake bites, sir?" he asked, as he entered the sanctum. "By the lyin'," replied the editor.

"But, Mrs. Brown, there are flies baked in this cake?" "Oh, if you please, ma'am, the most of what you see are raisins."

Billings—"Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" Benedict—"Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satiated with it."

Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."

Here's a conundrum for this hot weather. "When a young man steals a kiss, does he take the same from the girl or give it to her?"

When a father is seen purchasing a pair of stout boots it is not always an evidence that he is on bad terms with his daughter's suitor.

"Johnson married well?" "He did. His wife foots the bills, I hear." "She's able to, is she?" "Oh, Yes; she's a Hamilton girl."

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman reading a Chinese book backward, as is their custom, exclaimed "Johnny, are ye left handed or only cross-eyed?"

People go to the mountains and the sea side to do nothing, and yet where young couples are congregated business is usually passing in the evenings.

She—"It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we are married!"

"I am sober and steady. I was ten years in my last place and two in the one before that." "But where was the last place you worked?" In the central prison.

She (reading the paper) "Another cyclone out West! It has swept dozens of farms clear of everything." He—"I'll bet the mortgages didn't bud, o an inch."

A Hopeless Effort—"What is that on the bald man's crown?" "That is a fly."

"Is the bald man going to kill it?" "He is going to try to kill it, but he won't."

Mr. Blazey—"That's Miss Rosebud, She's eighteen—an age I don't care for in women, neither hay nor grass, you know." Mr. Boy Blue (enthusiastically)—"No, it's clover."

Doctor—"What is your husband's com-

plaint, ma'am? It is chronic!" Wife—"Yes, sir. I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."

If brevity's the soul of wit,
'Tis easy, quite, to see
How men whose fancies liveliest are
So often "short" should be.

Sunday School Teacher—"What can you say about the moral condition of Sodom?" Pupil—"He was a thundering bad man, but not quite so bad as his wife, Gomorrah."

Fakir—"Neckties, suspenders—"Hamilton Man (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a twenty-cent necktie?" Fakir—"Vell, I haf some for ten cents, mister."

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He—"That's what I am here for."

Benovolent—"Well, Fritz, you got whipped in school to-day?" "Yes, but it did not hurt." "But you certainly have been crying?" "Oh, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it."

Retaliation:
The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys,
Her labor being done,
And she who tanned the little boys
Is now tanned by the sun.

McMackin—"Didn't yez phromise me th' p'sition av dog-drowner if I supported yez?" Alderman O'Fenelly—"Oi did not." McMackin—"Hivin' bless th' phunograph! Listen t' th' wurruds yez said."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Valentine. I suppose—ha! ha!—you were borne on St. Valentine's Day." "That doesn't follow—any more than that you were born the first day of April, sir."

Irate Youth—"See here, Drzenberry did you tell Sparrowgrass that I couldn't be counted on to pay my debts?" Duzanberry—"I did not. On the contrary, I told him you could be counted on not to."

Young Wife—"Do you love me as much as ever?" Young Husband—"I reckon so." Y. W.—"Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?" Y. H.—"I reckon so unless the landlord raises the rent."

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between 'impelled' and 'compelled'?" Mr. Figg—"Why—er—it—I was impelled to marry your mother, and now I am compelled to live with her. Quite a difference!"

"Marriage is indeed a lottery," sighed Tomnoddy, after a tiff with his wife. "And we both drew prizes," returned the lady. "Ah!" said T., somewhat mollified. "Yes: you got a capital prize and I took the booby."

A.—"Did you hear that the thief and desperado, Buckshot Jack, had been killed?" B.—"No. Died with his boots on, I suppose." A.—"No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store."

Hayseed (taking his seat in a photographer's chair)—"Wait a minute. Don't you give nothing?" Photographer—"What do you mean, sir?" Hayseed—"I'd like to take gas or chloroform. I'm a blamed poor hand to stand sufferin'."

Do you consider marriage a failure?" asked the Summer boarder of a farmer who had taken him in. "Young feller," he replied impressively. "I've been married four times, an' every time to a woman who owned a farm j'inin' mine."

He—"Darling." She—"Yes, dearest." He—"Do you know, darling, I believe I have forgotten your real name through calling you darling so continually." She—"Well, never mind, dearest, just keep on calling me darling."

At the seaside:
The maid in natty bathing dress
Exhibits female loveliness—
That is to say when so arrayed
She shows she wasn't tailor-made.

Wiggins—"Wb. are those ladies in that left handed box?" Muggins—"Oh, that is a constellation of society stars." Wiggins—"Any particular constellation?" Muggins—"Well, judging from their décolleté costumes, I should say the Great Bear."

Some industrious statistician has discovered that twenty per cent. of the men put the left leg into the trousers first. About seven per cent. start with the right leg, and the remaining three per cent. sit on a chair or the edge of the bed and ram both legs in at once.

Mrs. Watts—"Did you enjoy your summer trip very much?" Mrs. Potts—"Oh, just moderately. I might have enjoyed it better if the city papers had not come very day and made me realize that I was no hundred and fifty miles from a bargain counter."