

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Irish Letter.

DEAR CANADIAN SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—

The Horse Show is a thing of the past. The horses exhibited were beautiful, and some fabulous sums of money changed hands; there were many buyers from "Cannie Scotland" as well as England, the former paying up well when they recognized a good animal.

One particular lad—Widger by name (does not Widger sa' our of "Dickens"—he used to name his characters so oddly?) acquitted himself famously; he not only brought home first prize in the jumping competition, but gained the second for a lady whose horse he jockeyed as well as his own. He was quite a boy, and looked so childishly delighted at his double success. One other poor fellow got a desperate fall—he tried the high jump once too often and was thrown; he was carried off the ground insensible, with some broken bones I have since heard. It was quite a sickening sight. Dublin tried to look its level best during the week, and succeeded. We had Queen's weather all the time. Every hotel was crowded. We had an enjoyable concert one of the afternoons and military bands performed each day in the enclosure, and we enjoyed looking at the sale of lovely work and old silver, which is annually undertaken by an English lady (Miss Marchant) and exhibited in a gallery of the building at Ball's Bridge for the benefit of the Irish ladies who use up their time and energies all the year round preparing their work for sale. Sympathy is a good thing to give, as well as receive, but in cases of this kind the contents of one's purse is better, and in general more appreciated.

On Sunday last a well-to-do, respected farmer shot his only son dead—with malice aforethought, as they say when summing up evidence. He had repeatedly forbidden this lad to "keep company" with a family whose farm adjoined his; he was as repeatedly disobeyed. On Sunday he met his son walking through one of his fields with his friend—a son of the man whose entire family had been tabooed. He drew a revolver out of his pocket, fired, and shot his son dead, left the body where it fell and walked right off to the neighboring farm where he gave himself up to the policemen in charge of barrack; the affair was so sudden and so shocking that no one dreamed of arresting him. His bringing the revolver with him to meet the young men was too cold-blooded an act to give the jury a chance of finding temporary insanity a plea, so willful murder has been returned against him, wretched man that he is.

The neighborhood of Dublin is on the *qui vive* at present as to the identity of four persons—two men and two women—who go about from place to place giving most delightful concerts; they sing in the open air in the mornings, and in concert halls or large rooms in the evenings. They call themselves "the mysterious musicians," and with reason. They wear dominoes, and literally have kept the secret of their identity (peculiar is it not, when two of them are ladies?) They take private rooms in each place they go to, and only unmask when in their rooms with locked doors. They must be coining—they draw immense houses, and their charges are high. They wheel their own piahette and harp themselves when holding an afternoon concert out of doors, and their singing is simply lovely.

Yours, S. M. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

Fashion Notes.

A lovely bonnet is of cherry velvet, the crown is a soft one, and around the brim is a flight of small black birds; cherry velvet strings complete this stylish chapeau. Yellow and black is a favorite combination on head gear, and well becomes the pretty maiden with olive-tinted skin. Soft yellow roses make the contrast more lovely. Black velvet hats are again favorites, and with jet aigrettes, wings of lace and feathers, look well with any costume. A hat that found many admirers was of golden-brown shot with pink; the novel combination is carried out in the great spreading bow of the golden-brown and a pink aigrette. Black and white form a striking combination in a bonnet, the crown is velvet, and surmounting the front are lace wings heavily ornamented with white beads; black and white striped ties complete this pretty hat. There is not the slightest indication that the popularity of the blouse waist is on the wane.

The Newmarket, with its snug fit and trim air, is once more fashionable for general wear. The latest cape is fitted smooth over the shoulders by a yoke, and has a matteau plait at the back. The circular empire and the four-gored skirts are rivals; both are shapely, and of reasonable proportions.

With the Girls.

IDEALISM.

"Too old a subject for girls!" does some reader exclaim?

Not a bit of it—not a bit of it! For I hold that a girl who is going to be good for anything in this world begins by being an idealist in her mind and acting like a fool to outward appearance. And the lesson I would draw for these girls and for those having charge of them is this: "Take courage! Those who never blunder never learn!"

So this girl blunders. There are many like her, and I know her well. This girl idealist dreams lofty and noble dreams, and in her dreams she plans her life and decides what wonderful things she is going to do in the future for her own life and for humanity. She is going to help the weak and of oppose the tyrant. She is going to right the wrongs of the oppressed.

She may be a philanthropist, a writer, or an artist. She has not yet, perhaps, decided what particular line her talents may take. These details she has not begun to think out. But of one thing she is sure: the fame of her good deeds shall spread far and wide, and her name shall go down to future generations.

She has heard that foolish people have made mistakes in their lives. That is only because they are foolish. They did not look at life from a right standpoint, or they did not act from correct principles.



AN EASTERN SCENE.

Such people, of course, make mistakes. For herself she has studied the matter deeply and understands it thoroughly. She proposes to act always from the highest and purest motives; consequently she will have nothing to repent and nothing to regret. She will never commit any action of which she can be ashamed. She will never be obliged to exclaim: "Alas! I should have acted differently!"

Alas, poor idealist! Sometimes when I think of a girl of this stamp, when I take to them and read their dreams in their eyes, when I see by their blundering actions the high standard at which they are aiming, I sorrow for them, while I rejoice. For it is girls like this to whose womanhood great possibilities are given, and it is through the blood and tears of realism that their dreams are to be wrought into daily life and their ideals transformed into living realities.

For our idealist goes stumbling on through the mist of her dreams, her eyes dazzled by the glory of the light beyond. At last some rash step wakes her up to perceive that it is in everyday life that she has got to begin, not in the clouds, and that it behooves her to turn quickly and redeem the false step she has taken.

Sorrowing over her lost dreams, she turns to her daily life and begins there. The work is hard, the way rough and long. And though she may not know it, those very things should give her the most courage. The labor is hard, for a great thing is to be wrought out. The way is rough, for it is up hill, and the road is not a beaten one; and it is

long, because grand deeds take long in their accomplishment.

But one thing is sure. What? The end. One thing she never forgets. What? The dreams of what her life was to be, while she mourns over what it is. And so she shapes her life as best she can, not knowing—oh, the pity of it! oh, the gloriousness of it!—not knowing that she is shaping out the very dream her heart conceived long ago.

For this girl's ideals are her patterns, given to her—yes, by God Himself—to be copied and worked out in the years to come and by the circumstances of her life, which are the materials given her to use.

Ah! all dreams are possible to the dreamer who has faith and courage.—Eva Lovett Carson in *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*.

A Poor Policy.

Underrating is not a very successful process. Those people who are all the time underrating themselves and their own achievements and opportunities are very soon taken at their own valuation, and instead of exciting pity or any opposition of disbelief, the operation reacts injuriously, and it is reasoned that they never did have any opportunities, and so really are all they say—uncultivated, unskilled, unable, what not, and not worth consideration. But when, instead of themselves, they underrate others, it just as frequently happens that quite the contrary feeling is evoked, for the hearer's sense of justice acts for the absent party, and defeats the intention of the speaker. To be perpetually finding fault is not only to make one's self odious, but is justifying others in finding excuse for the fault, and claiming for it a side that leans to virtue. Nowhere is this underrating and fault-finding so pernicious as when it is uttered concerning another's religious belief—an affair that is between the individual and the mysterious powers that make for righteousness, an affair where positive knowledge of the right or wrong is so difficult for outsiders to have as to be unlikely to be in the possession of the person capable of uttering the underrating judgment, which judgment, if sneeringly expressed, is only the mark of inherent vulgarity and acquired brutality. In such matters silence better becomes us all than vociferation, unless it is an affair requiring the condemnation due to the plague-spot which is on a larger line than any concern about sect or denomination, fashionable church or common chapel.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Recipes.

CELERY VINEGAR.

Soak one ounce of celery seed in one-half pint of vinegar; bottle it, and use to flavor soups and gravies.

OUDE SAUCE.

One peck green tomatoes, six small peppers, four onions; chop all fine. Add one cup salt, and let stand over night; in the morning drain off the water; add one cup sugar, one cup horse-radish, one tablespoon ground cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon. Cover with vinegar, and stew gently all day.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.

Cut off all green leaves; put the cauliflower into boiling water, with a good supply of salt, boil from three to five minutes; take out of the salt and water, and dip them in clear cold water one minute. Cut into pieces convenient to put in jars, then make a mixture as follows: One tablespoon mace, one of cloves, one of allspice, one of ginger, two of white mustard seed, and one red pepper pod, with each gallon of vinegar. Let the mixture boil, and pour it upon the cauliflower. Cover it closely and let it stand one week; then pour off the vinegar, scald it, and return it hot again to the cauliflower. Then put it in jars ready for use. The best cider vinegar should be used, and if it is not perfectly clear it will dissolve the cauliflower.

PICKLED APPLES.

For one peck of crab apples take three pounds sugar, two quarts vinegar, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; leave the apples whole, but remove the blossom. Boil the apples in part of the vinegar and sugar, until you can put a fork through them; take them out and place in jars. Heat to boiling point the remainder of the vinegar and pour over them. Be careful not to boil them too long, or they will break.

CRANBERRY SAUCE FOR WINTER.

Pick over the berries and mash; add a little water, and stew gently until soft. For every pound of fruit add half a pound of sugar, and stew until thick and clear. Put into small jars and paste over with white paper.

MINT VINEGAR FOR WINTER.

Fill a bottle with fresh mint leaves; add a teaspoon of salt and one of sugar; fill with vinegar, and cork tight.