

Fashion Notes.

The fashions for women and girls were never more comfortable nor sensible than they are now. So many styles of hats and bonnets, so many shades of color; in fact, something to suit any face, complexion or purse.

Fur is much worn, from the luxuriant seal to the humbler cooney; and so many furs are dyed brown or black, and are to be had at such reasonable prices, that all may have enough of fur about them to give a warmth and dressiness to their winter costume.

There is no particular fashion for wearing the hair; bangs are worn just as much ever, and every woman has the good taste to wear her hair in the most becoming way. There are not so many fancy pins worn as before, and usually the hair is coiled or braided close to the head. Let us hope it may be years again before that untidy style of locks down the back, or flying curls or ringlets, will be worn. All is tant, smooth and neat. The half length cloaks worn this season do not look so comfortable on a stormy day as an old-time ulster, buttoned to the hem of the dress, but all predict that the half-length coat will have a very short reign. It is unbecoming and cuts the figure, be it made ever so well. Muffs are to be seen with every lady, a little larger than formerly, but looking so snug and so admirably adapted to the severe winters of Canada. Black flannel is made into full suits of underclothing—drawers and shirts, and with black stockings look very neat and suitable. Veils are little worn now; they have been pronounced injurious to eyesight.

Some Thoughts on Cooking.

BY A. M. CARSON.

Poverty and ill health are often the result of mismanagement. As an illustration, allow me to point to one of my neighbors. She has a dyspeptic husband, and what does she do for him? Simply coax him to try this doctrine and that, while she feeds him on white bread, fat pork, greasy, water-soaked vegetables, and rich pastry, year in and year out. All the doctors in Canada could not cure a man who lived on such a diet as that. I said something similar to a woman, the mother of a large family of small, sickly children, when she was complaining about doctor's bills. "Why don't you use Graham flour, fruit, porridge and other plain, wholesome food?" "Couldn't afford to lay out cash for them things," she replied. "We've got to live on what we can raise at home."

"No; but you can afford to pay the doctor. Oatmeal is cheaper than pork and far more wholesome. It contains as much nourishment as the best fresh meat, the doctors say. It makes a delicious dish for breakfast, or for any meal when made with milk instead of water—sweet skim milk, I mean."

"The doctor told us to get Graham flour, but it's dear. Jim says he isn't goin' to pay a big price for a mixture of bran and shorts."

"Mix it yourself, then," said I. "A friend takes his wheat to a mill where stones are used, and he gets 52 lbs. Graham flour for every bushel of wheat."

"My! If we could only do that!" said she. We use such a lot of flour and other stuff that we've had scratchin' to make a bare livin'.

Two other neighbors have been forced to mortgage, then sell their property and move away into a new country, snowed under by an avalanche of doctor's and grocer's bills. One of the men inherited a fine farm from his father, but he didn't care for work, and, like his wife, was very fond of fine clothes and a luxurious table. Had he earned his farm himself, probably he would have taken better care of it and had a comfortable home to-day, instead of being a hired man. The other man was the unfortunate possessor of a wife, whose delicate health was chiefly the result of unwholesome food and ignorance of nature's laws. Good health depends largely on wholesome food and proper ventilation.

Porridge, fruit, well cooked vegetables and Graham flour should be on every table. For the benefit of those who have never tried the latter commodity, I append a few recipes:—
Graham Pancakes.—One egg, two cups sour milk, teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a batter slightly thicker than for white griddle cake. Sweet milk and cream of tartar will do.

Graham Puffs.—One and a-half cups sour milk (I use ½ cup of cream with 1 cup milk), large spoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful soda, salt, flour to thicken. Bake quickly.

Graham Biscuit.—The recipe calls for an equal quantity of white and Graham flour, but I use the latter only. Put some Graham flour into your mixing bowl, pour in 1 cup cream, 1 cup sour milk, or 2 cups milk with a little lard or butter, teaspoonful of soda and sugar, and a pinch of salt. Roll out and bake quickly.

Graham Batter Cake.—One egg, 1 spoonful sugar, a little salt, 1 teaspoonful soda, ½ cup cream, 1½ cups of buttermilk, flour enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Pour into a baking pan, bake quickly, and cut in squares.

Graham Bread.—Two quarts warm water or milk, 4 large mashed potatoes, 1 cup yeast, handful salt, with enough white flour to make a thin batter. In the morning mix with Graham flour, and add 3 spoonfuls molasses, or sugar. Don't mix it stiff, let rise, knead well, put in pans, let rise again, then bake. It requires a little longer to bake than white bread. Here is another recipe for Graham Bread.—For one loaf, take 1 cup of white and 2 of Graham flour, 1 cup warm water, ½ cup yeast, molasses ½ cup, 1 teaspoonful salt. Stir with a spoon, let rise once, and bake very slowly.

Graham Pudding.—One egg, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup cream—sweet, if you have cream of tartar, or sour if you use soda. ½ cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, or other spice. Graham flour to make a batter not stiff. Drop in buttered cups and steam thirty minutes. This makes a light, wholesome pudding.

Great Men and Their Wives.

BY J. TORREY CONNER.

It has been said that there is confirmation of the divine wisdom that appointed the marriage relation in the well-ordered lives of those happily mated.

Woman, given to man as a helpmate, possesses a boundless influence for good or ill; and no greater truth was ever written than that embodied in the sentiment: "The wife makes the home, the home makes the nation." Take for example, the records of men who have achieved greatness in the world's history, and how often one can trace the gentle influence and hearty co-operation of the loving mentor at the fireside.

Who that has followed the brilliant career of England's prime minister questions that to the care and devotion of his wife, who plays an important though unobtrusive part in his life work, Mr. Gladstone's unimpaired mental and bodily vigor are largely due? It has ever been her self-imposed task to relieve him of all business and household worries, that his time and talents might be devoted to the nation's affairs; and while she, no doubt, occupies an enviable position as the wife of a noted man, it is at the cost of much self-sacrifice.

The wife of Thomas Carlyle also lived a life of abnegation. Wedded to a man who, by reason of an exceeding nervous temperament and shattered health, was, perhaps, irresponsible for his erratic moods, she bore with very whim, patiently and uncomplainingly; nor was he insensible of her worth, and at her death no woman was ever more sincerely mourned. In one of his letters to Emerson, after his wife's death, he says:

"By the calamity of last April I lost my little all in this world, and have no soul left who can make any corner of this world into home for me more. Bright, heroic, tender, true and noble was that lost treasure of my heart, who faithfully accompanied me in all my rocky ways and climbings; I am forever poor without her."

A familiar visitor at the home of William Cullen Bryant describes the home life as rarely beautiful. After forty-five years of sunshine together, the wife, a gentle minister, living wholly for her husband, the husband at seventy a lover still, the darkness fell, and he was left alone. Of this he wrote: "Bitter as the separation is, I give thanks that she has been spared to me so long, and that for nearly a half century I have had the benefit of her counsel and her example."

Tennyson experienced naught but happiness in his married life, and in lines addressed to his wife, he says:

"Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he makes you ever more
Dearer and nearer."

Is there anything this side of heaven that can be compared to such companionship?

Benjamin Franklin, after forty years in matrimonial bonds, was able to testify: "We are grown old together, and if my wife has any faults, I am so used to them that I do not perceive them." In the midst of toil and poverty his home was a refuge, where all the petty cares and perplexities of the day were laid aside.

An amusing story is related of Edison, the inventor. A friend passing by his laboratory late at night was surprised to see it brilliantly illuminated, and, entering, found the inventor so deeply absorbed in experiments as to be unconscious of intrusion.

"Well, Tom," he remarked, "it is after twelve o'clock; are you going home to-night?"

"Twelve o'clock? By George! I must go home, sure enough; I was married this morning."

Notwithstanding this little episode, Mr. Edison is said to have been a model husband, and they are a most devoted couple.

In reviewing the lives of our illustrious statesmen, we find the faithful wife ever at her husband's side, his comforter in times of adversity, the promoter of his successes, a guardian angel always.

A helpmate indeed, the woman who stands side by side with her husband, ever ready with words of cheer, though often her own courage well nigh fail her. And yet, alas! there are many blanks in the lottery of matrimony, and who shall say wherein lies the fault?

It is said that matrimony is the metempsychosis of people—turning them into different creatures from what they were; but may it not be the proverbial blindness of love that is responsible for ill-assorted unions? Attracted by a lively manner, a beautiful face, as soulless as it is charming, or dazzled by the eclat of high position, marriage is rushed into headlong, only to be repented at leisure when it is found that vivacity is not always good temper, nor a beautiful exterior indicative of moral worth; while honors, title or wealth, without union of soul, can no more suffice the heart's needs than hunger can feast on dry husks.

Among the men known to fame who "married discord in a noble wife," was Addison, tutor to the young Earl of Warwick. The Countess Dowager, with whom he became associated, was attracted by his gifts of mind and person, and noting this, he was led by ambition to aspire to her hand. She accepted his addresses, and became his wife, afterwards treating him as a lackey, never allowing him one moment to forget the difference in their social position, and ignoring those heaven-bestowed talents which placed him, in reality, far above the accidental advantages of birth.

Dryden also married above his sphere, and his wife wedded him solely for the honor the position would confer upon her; their fate was not a happy one. His thoughts were in the clouds, while hers were of the earth earthly, making it impossible for them to meet on the same plane. On one occasion she told him that she wished to be a book, that she might be favored with more of his company. His reply was: "Be an almanac then, my dear, that I may change you once a year."

Lord Byron wantonly bartered his own and his wife's happiness for his own advancement, and she, not content to be superseded by those interests which set her life apart from his, returned to her parents, while he, a self-exile, left England forever.

Concerning the domestic happiness or unhappiness of Shakespeare, but little is known. His wife, eight years his senior, was of lowly birth, and as he was married when but a mere lad, it is to be presumed that he tired of the bonds of wedlock, for he deserted her, leaving her to care for the little family as best she might; nor was her name again associated with his, although she survived him seven years. Many other instances may be cited where men of note have proved marriage to be, in their case at least, a failure, but we would fain turn from the task. Would that all men's creed was that of the Talmud: "Woman was not made from man's head, that she should rule over him, nor from his feet, that she should be his slave; but from his side, that she might be near his heart." Would that all women were worthy of the creed!—*Housekeeper.*

Why the Boys and Girls Leave the Farm.

BY A. M. CARSON.

As the old question of "Why the boys and girls leave the farm" is being revived by a Canadian journal, I venture a few thoughts on the subject. This query introduces the more practical inquiry, "How shall we keep them at home?" In my mind, the solution is easy. Give them, in as great a measure as possible, the coveted pleasures that lure them to town. What are they? Wealth is not one, in three cases out of five. The young folks like money, of course, and it is necessary that they have some of their own. But they regard it as a means, not as an end. They prefer to scatter it along life's pathway and reap a harvest of enjoyment by the road rather than leave it in one golden pile to be divided and quarreled over by the heirs.

I said it was necessary that they should have some spending money of their own, because I have known boys and girls leaving the farm for lack of this very thing. Mary doesn't want to go to her father every time she wants some postage stamps, a new book, or sheet of music, or some needed clothing, and hear him growling about hard times. And Tom would rather stay home from the lecture, the picnic or tea meeting than ask the old man for fifty cents or a dollar to take his girl there. Put the young folks in the way of earning some money—earning it, I say, for then it will be more wisely spent. Let the boys have some stock; the girls a garden, some poultry, or whatever they can manage. It will yield them something better than money—a harvest of knowledge.

The other day a young girl, the only unmarried daughter of a well-to-do farmer, left home to work as a servant in Uncle Sam's domains. Why? "Because," as her sister said, "father was always a little close fisted, and he growled every time Jennie tackled him for money. So she made up her mind to earn her own living." Her two brothers left home years ago from causes somewhat similar, I think.

Of course, many boys and girls leave the farm, not because they are uncomfortable at home, but because they have the inclination or the talent to fill some one of the many professions, or perhaps some particular trade. And it is right that they should go. We would not keep them, knowing that it is both wrong and unprofitable to force them into distasteful employment. But the tastes of those who are willing to stay under certain conditions should be studied and, if possible, gratified. Are they fond of music? Then let them have a musical instrument. The refining, uplifting and cheering influence of music is not half understood. Have they a taste for reading? Then provide them with the very best literature you can afford. Books are as necessary to the mind as food to the body. Starvation in either case is fatal. "A small library of well-selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the prodigal son," says Greeley. The same writer remarks, "The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rational delights of a beautiful, attractive home." Many farmers—I see them all around me—have large farms, good barns and ugly, inconvenient houses. One may safely wager that the wife and daughters have not much "say" in that place, for women are all fond of pretty homes. They hate to be compelled to spend all their time and to entertain their friends among pots, pans and kettles, because the back kitchen cannot be used in winter time. Every family needs a kitchen, dining and sitting-room, however scantily furnished. A pretty, convenient house does much toward keeping the young folks at home. "Hardly any labor," says Greeley, "is so well spent as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home." Yet, no matter how beautiful the house is, if unreasonable fault-finding, severity and selfishness lodge there, the children will soon flee from that earthly pandemonium. Home happiness is the most precious thing on earth. There is only one way to get it, in palace or cottage. "Do unto others as ye would have them do to you."

A HANDY APRON—A WINTER CONVENIENCE.

Use one yard of strong material. Cut a strip off the side for the band. Then fold in two, having the fold at the bottom. Open the material, curve out the two top corners, the pieces taken out measure eight inches on the straight side. Fold again. This makes two pockets for your clothes pins when you are lining clothes. Face the edge of the pockets, put on the band, and it's done.

Another convenience is a collar-and-cuff band. Use a piece of cotton about a foot square. Fold through the centre; stitch the edges. Then put another row of stitches about an inch from the edge and sew on a row of small buttons between the edge and the stitching. Button the collars and cuffs on this, and there will be no danger of dropping and soiling them when you're in a hurry, as one is very apt to do when the fingers are numb with cold.