

Fashion Notes.

No dress is so becoming to women as the light, airy attire suited to the summer weather, and she who is wise will avail herself of the privilege of looking, these hot summer days, just as charming as she can. Never, perhaps, was a wider margin given in the line of dress materials; it's enough to make one cool just to go into the stores and look at them, organdies, mulls, Swiss muslins, French chambrays, foulards, summer silks, prints, gingham, linens, ducks, crepe-de-chines, voiles and chalcies, piled up in billowy masses—enough to make one green with envy, and ready to buy a dozen on the spot, unless, unless—but let that pass. All the materials mentioned above are very fashionable this year, and are worn by old and young alike. Most of them are in the most delightfully soft colors, this being decidedly a season of half tones. Striking or decided shades are seldom seen, but dove grays, light champagnes, the palest of blues, greens and pinks, are in evidence everywhere, with black and heliotrope for the older folk. Even in the flowered goods, the soft coloring prevails, the pattern running as a suggestion rather than a bold announcement of design or tint. White materials are very much liked, and are always dainty and appropriate. Lace and insertion are the universal trimmings provided for these charming fabrics, with soft silk for the wide girdles, now so much worn with the flimsiest gowns. As a rule, these girdles are made quite deep, pointed at the back, and boned into place with featherbone. The silk then passes in soft folds to the front, where it is caught down by one of the pretty enamelled or dull silver buckles, which may be bought for thirty cents and upward. . . . Just a word before leaving the "coolth," as Kipling says, of these materials: If you are buying a summer dress and the clerk tries to press upon you some thick-looking material in a bright color or decided pattern, don't let yourself be persuaded into taking it. The chances are that he is trying to work off on you some old stock. Insist on having the daintiest, coolest-looking thing that you can find, and you will not be sorry for it.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

The other day it was scorching hot down town—everywhere else, probably, but we are concerned with "down town"—the sun beat upon the pavement and was reflected back from the brick walls with a white shimmer. Into the midst of the shimmer, presently, meandered a girl who wore a bright red silk waist, and a hat covered with red poppies. She looked like a bit of the Torrid Zone, and one had an irresistible desire to look anywhere else but at her. Then there appeared another girl, whose dress had cost, probably, not more than half as much as that worn by the first damsel. It was the coolest of blue chambray, made in a simple shirt-waist suit, the waist laid in wide vertical tucks, the skirt in similar ones at the seams, ending at about eight inches above the hem. With this suit, she wore a white "corset-lace" belt with a silver buckle, a white collar with tabs, and a white ready-to-wear hat, trimmed with a few bands and bows of rather narrow black velvet ribbon. . . . After the scarlet lassie, this girl came like a refreshing breeze. One thought of a trillium in a shady wood, of a violet beside a cool, deep spring, of songs of vesper sparrows, and—but isn't the moral easy to read?

MAKING UP THIN MATERIALS.

In making up these thin fabrics, the style must be guided by the material. Ducks, chambrays, gingham, linens, crashes, and prints are almost invariably made with tuckings or plaits. Sometimes these run vertically as described above, sometimes horizontally around the dress. A cool green linen recently seen had a pointed yoke and cuffs of white, all-over embroidery. Below the yoke, the linen was gathered to form a slight blouse, with two tucks about an inch wide running around it. The skirt was made with a panel down the front, and from the panel, groups of similar tucks ran quite around the skirt, one pair

about the hips, another half way down, with three about the bottom of the skirt, which was cut with a pretty flare.

The organdies, mulls, Swisses, etc., look better frilled. Most of the skirts in these gauzy materials are made with a plain front gore, and slightly full the rest of the way around. The lower part may be trimmed with narrow, lace-edged ruffles, or with a deep frill "cut on the straight," from eleven to fifteen inches deep, according to the height of the wearer, which may be trimmed at the bottom with several rows of narrow tucks, and may have a beading of the goods or a band of insertion. In consideration of the laundering, the waist should not be too fussy, yet an airy effect should be aimed at. This may be attained by a yoke of lace or insertion, about which depends a berth edged with lace. Sleeves are still made close at the shoulder and full at the wrist, although a perceptible lengthening in the cuffs seems to point to the raising of the fullness to a higher position on the arm. When the yoke is of lace, the cuff should be made of the same material.

MADAME MODE.

Domestic Economy.

OUR HOME COOK.

She boasts of no great learning, she has no extensive yearning
For the knowledge gained at college or the higher sort of schools;
She does not show a passion ('tis the twentieth century fashion)
For the mystic, cabalistic fads and isms pushed by fools.

But ah, just keep a-looking at the maiden sweet a-cooking,
How she bakes the bread and cakes—the sight will fill you with surprise;
And, oh, the joy emphatic, oh, the pleasure most ecstatic,
In you resting when you're testing her fine puddings and her pies!

When bread is taken from the oven it should be exposed to pure air until perfectly cool before being wrapped in a bread blanket or put into a bread box. A bread box should always be perforated, so the air can have access to the bread. When bread is shut in an air-tight box it becomes moist and grows moldy. A good plan for keeping bread fresh is to put it in a large delft crock, with a loose-fitting lid. It retains its own moisture, is kept at a proper temperature, and is very easily cleaned.

Sometimes pieces of stale bread are used up in griddle cake making, even when sweet milk is the foundation. For one pint of milk, one cupful of bread crumbs may be used. Stir these together until quite smooth, then add one teaspoonful of melted butter and two well-beaten eggs. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little flour. These are good when not too thick. A very little more milk must sometimes be added. The eggs are sufficient to make the cakes light, although usually baking powder should be sifted in with the flour in the sweet-milk cake. As when sour milk is used, the plain cake that uses no eggs is fully as good as the extravagant sort, and, of course, baking powder must be used with the sweet milk to take the place of the eggs.

A novel dish is a savory bread-and-butter pudding, and here is an opportunity of using up stale bread. This can be baked, steamed or boiled, the two latter methods being far preferable. Butter a pudding basin, or use clarified fat instead, put a layer of thin slices of bread and butter, then some slices of meat, or it may be cut up, if preferred, a sprinkling of chopped onion and parsley, some pepper and salt, and another layer of bread and butter until the basin is full, making the bread the last layer. Have a good teacupful of gravy ready; and if very thin thicken it with a little flour, beat up an egg and add to the gravy, pour the whole into the basin, and let it stand for ten minutes or so. Steam for two hours, or boil one and one-half hours.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

GOSSIP.

The Sunnyside herd of imported and home-bred Hereford cattle, one of the largest and best in Ontario, the property of O'Neil Bros., Southgate, Ont., some 15 miles from the city of London, and 4 miles from Lucan, on the main line of the G. T. R., were recently seen by a representative of the "Farmer's Advocate" peacefully grazing on the fertile fields of the beautiful farms of their owners, or comfortably housed in the spacious and well-appointed barns, as were the bulls and the younger calves. The splendid condition of the cows and heifers in the pastures fully sustains the reputation of the breed as ranking in the forefront of all the bovines as par excellence beef producers on grass alone. A prettier picture in rural life is seldom seen than that of a group of these white-faced beauties silhouetted on the rich green background of a sloping hillside pasture on a June day. And here at Sunnyside are to be seen scions galore of the aristocracy of the breed, modestly carrying the blood of a long list of prize-winners and champions of the Royal and International show-yards of two continents; the blood lines of which, as portrayed in their extended pedigrees the enterprising owners have an intelligent understanding and a fertile gift of expressing. At the head of the herd stands the peerless and prepotent sire, Imp. Onward, in his three-year-old form, a worthy son of the great March On, abundantly proving in his individuality as in his lineage, the well-worn aphorism, "blood will tell;" his sons and daughters being uniformly true to type and strong in the indications of breed character, and the inherent power to produce and perpetuate the class of cattle yielding the largest percentage of high-priced cuts of beef at the minimum of cost and the maximum of profit to the breeder and feeder and of satisfaction to the buyer and consumer. Space limits forbid individual mention of the sixty or seventy females in the herd, of varying ages; suffice it to say that one type runs through the herd, the type that characterizes the breed, and has made it popular with feeders, grazers and dealers the world over, while the capacious udders of many of the cows and the fine condition of the calves belie the impression entertained by some that they are indifferent milkers, and the young things bred in the herd are equal to if not better than their imported ancestors, showing that the owners have the genius and intuition at once of breeders and judges, as well as handlers of their favorite breed of cattle. It is pleasing to note the increasing demand for these excellent cattle, not only for the ranching country of the West, but also throughout Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, where the Messrs. O'Neil have made many sales during the last year. Two or three young bulls fit for service are yet for sale, and should be quickly taken, while the crop of bull calves and heifer calves is superb, and will meet the requirements of the most critical of buyers.

HACKNEYS FOR CANADA.

Mr. Robert Beith, M. P., of Bowmanville, Ont., has purchased in England the following Hackney stallions and mares: From Mr. Burkett, Pocklington, chestnut mare, Blamire Princess, sire Prince Henry III. From Mr. Petch, Smylett Hall, bay yearling colt Smylett Swell, sire Royal Denmark; chestnut mare, Smylett Duchess, sire His Majesty (this mare won several prizes last year, including first at Pocklington and Escrick). From Mr. Ford, Garton, the two-year-old stallion, St. David, sire President Roosevelt (this colt took second prize at the late Otley Show). From Mr. Holldridge, Cliffe, his two-year-old stallion, Cliffe Rosador, sire Rosador (he was commended at the Otley Show). From Mr. Toder, Meltonby, his bay yearling colt, Lord Meltonby, sire Royal Denmark (as a foal he had an unbroken record, and took second prize at the late London Hackney Show and second at Otley, in May). Mr. Beith purchased from Mr. Jebson, Pocklington, a three-year-old stallion, Wadworth Squire, sire Garton Duke, and a four-year-old riding cob, Smylett Model, sire Chocolate Junior (this cob is to carry one of the Canadian Senators).

GOSSIP.

A thing that is for you to do nobody else can do.
Undone by you, it lacks just that which you only can put into it.

Conceal all thou can'st of things unsightly;
Compare thine own lot with those who have less;
Think of thyself seldom and lightly;
Live that thy life some others may bless.

Messrs. Hamilton & Hawthorne, of Simcoe, Norfolk Co., Ont., importers and breeders of Percheron horses, sail to-day for France, for a number of Percheron stallions, and expect to be back about the last of August, with a carefully selected consignment.

Mr. George D. Fletcher, Binkham, Ont., in ordering a change of advertisement, writes as follows: "I have had ready sale this spring for my young bulls, which I had advertised in your paper, and may say I have never had a better trade than during the past season. My young stock are coming along nicely, and are a promising lot. My present calves are sired by Spicy Robin =28259=, Crimson Ribbon, by Imp. Blue Ribbon, dam Crimson Fuchsia 12th, and Imp. Joy of Morning. My cows are now almost all either bred to or have calves at foot by Joy of Morning."

At this season of the year there is apt to be a craving for variety. The warm weather suggests garden vegetables which are not yet attainable, except at exorbitant prices, and the prudent housekeeper is likely to fall back on that popular substitute—canned goods. Now the canned goods are all right—sometimes. They would be all right, I might almost say all the time, if proper care were taken about opening the cans. With tomatoes, especially, it is necessary to empty the can immediately it is opened. The air attacks the acid in the tomatoes, that in its turn attacks the tin, and you have a poisonous, disagreeable salt. People are often stricken with a serious and sometimes fatal illness on this account. More frequently the attack is not so severe, and is never credited to the innocent-looking tomato can.

SUFFOLK STALLION, ONTARIO.

Mr. J. R. Johnson, Springford, Oxford County, Ontario, writes the "Farmer's Advocate" as follows: "In your issue of June 9th I see an enquiry about the Suffolk stallion, Ontario, asking his age and former owner. I owned him three years previous to last April. He was foaled in 1891, and was bred by Joseph Beck, of Thorndale, Ont., who imported his sire and dam from England. Ontario is recorded in England, in the Suffolk Punch Studbook. I will gladly answer any enquiries about this horse, having had him three years in succession on same route, and I have reason to believe if he were here again he would have more than he could do, having proven himself a very successful sire."

QUEER EPITAPHS.

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Round,
Who was lost at sea and never found."
"Here lie the bodies of two sisters dear,
One is buried in Ireland, and the other is buried here."

Near by, in the same cemetery, is the joint tomb of three wives of a farmer who formerly resided at that place. His first wife was originally buried in the neighboring village of Palmer, and during the removal of her remains a portion was lost. The bereaved husband, being a very exact and accurate man, would permit no deception, even in an epitaph, so after the stone was erected, he had carved upon it the following:

"Here lies the dust
Of the second and third wives of
William Blount
And part of his first."

Another:
"Here lies the body of Susan Jones,
Who lost her life on a heap of stones;
Her name was Smith, it was not Jones,
But Jones is put to rhyme with stones."