

minine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

WHAT IS "GOOD FORM?"

HEN we hear anything described as "good form," we sum it up in mind as synonymous the "correct thing." Alas that this social hall-mark should often mean so little, and exclude so much that is of vital importance! The eye of Mrs. Grundy is apt to view from a different stand-point the behavior of the millionaire's wife and that of the pretty, but poor, governess; and what may be looked upon as charming originality in the for-mer may be considered bad taste in the latter. We are nearly all what we call professed Christians, but if we wish to be really sincere, "good form" must have a higher meaning for us than merely correctness of manner, and must go further even than tact. It must mean good feeling and consideration for all with whom we come in contact. Better by far to make the mistake that may stamp one as vulgar or make the mistake that may stamp one as vulgar or bourgeois than the slight shown to one poor in this world's good (though probably rich in real worth), or the word that wounds intentionally. So often at an assembly we see someone sitting alone, who appears to be quite "out of it." The hostess may have been asked by friends to be kind, and she has tried to be by sending an invitation, but there she thinks her obligation ends, and she takes no further pains to introduce thinks to introduce this guest to those whom she thinks will interest her, and make her feel at home. Again, it may be the case of a new-comer in a small com-munity where all the guests know each other intimately, and the talk is only of petty local interests in which the stranger cannot possibly take part. Yet it requires no great effort to direct the conversation to subjects of general interest. In every circle there are some among us who need our special con-sideration; the aged, the affilted, and those who have had "hard knocks" in life, and lost riches, health and beauty, and often, too, alas, lost those who have been their best beloved. Often it is want of thought which is more to blame than want of heart. Especially is this seen by the reckless way in which people talk. We often hear a religious community condemned in a room full of strangers, where members of it may be present, and their susceptibilities greatly wounded! People are discussed by name and perhaps ridiculed, and it is afterwards discovered that their friends or relations were in the room. The ridicule of foreigners, too, is another grave mistake. "Good form" in the highest sense, then, is to make consideration for others your guide and to learn to put yourself in their place, and to study their point of view. cially is this seen by the reckless way in which peo-

FASHION'S FANCIES

Any novelty in the realm of pin-tucking is bound to achieve a large measure of success just now, when this particular form of adornment appears punctual-ly and regularly on so many of the new gowns. The In sparticular form of adornment appears punctually and regularly on so many of the new gowns. The newest idea is to arrange the corsage in one seamless piece, apparently folded rather than cut into the requisite shape, and this is pin-tucked in unbroken horizontal lines all round from the guimpe to the ceinture, the effect being almost that of a striped material. One important point about the corsage of today which is worthy of note, is that in many cases it is once again becoming full and blouse, a pouched effect over the belt being no longer considered out of date. This affords a valuable means of escape from the skin-tight sheath gown, which the woman whose figure is by no means above reproach is forced to abjure, in spite of the determined dictates of Dame Fashion. Numbers of the new evening cloaks are nothing more or less than long surplices, fashioned of the very softest satin, which falls in folds as limp as crepe de chine, and which apparently affords no means for their wearer getting into them, except by the primitive method of slipping them over the head. Excluding the matter of material, the chorister's garment is copied in every respect, the narrow band into which the surplice is gathered being, however, richly embroidered in floss silk, while the wide, loose sleeves are not infrequentthered being, however, richly embroidered in floss k, while the wide, loose sleeves are not infrequent-finished with a band of the same embroidery the whole being lined through with some material of fine consistency. The expedient of wearing a single immense white Annunciation lily in the hair, which has been adopted by a number of French brides this season, has been selzed upon by the brides this season, has been seized upon by the debutante as well, and seems in a fair way to become her special prerogative. The flower is usually carried out in white panne or velvet, the pistils being powdered with gold or diamond dust, in place of pollen, and tipped with crystal beads; while the flower is attached to a very narrow pearl fillet, which fits snugly on the head, nestling among the seft waves of the hair. In accordance with the dictates of fashion, the flower must be perfumed with a modified finitation of the heavy scent of the garden flower, and a small sheaf of the same flowers being repeated in the front of the gown. In hopeful anticipation of real summer weather, some charming frocks are being carried out in an alliance of foulard and linen, two materials which hitherto have been seen very little in double harness, a case in point being represented by an example of nattier blue foul. seen very little in double harness, a case in point being represented by an example of nattler blue foulard, strewn with rather large white pastilles, which was cut into castellations over a very deep hem of self-colored linen; while the blouse corsage was treated in the same way, with a foulard strapping and hem; a guimpe of fine white net closely plisse providing the finishing touch. In a few cases the experiment has been tried of providing a contrast by means of a two-color scheme, a mauve foulard spotted with white being built up in conjunction with a sailcloth brown linen. The result is, however, by no means so successful as the self-colored alliance, and the best dressmakers have abandoned the idea in favor of the plainer method. These gowns will be immensely popular for morning wear in summer, and are almost invariably made with short skirts and guimpes of lawn or lace.

HOW TO ENJOY MIDDLE AGE

It is a period unfortunately which comes to all, unless we die young. And the gods do not love so large a proportion of us to render an average probability. True, it comes later in life than it did, but alas! still it comes. We are trained to face youth struggle, temptation, to work, to fight, and finally to look for a restful and kindly old age; but little is said to us—perhaps wisely—of that grey and dreary stretch between, when the first glamor is dimmed. Emotions are still raw, but fulfillment remote, and age not near enough to cast its friendly softening upon the past. Middle age is like an autumn evening, too early yet to light the fire, and still chilly without one. Rather a sad time—there is no blinking that—because it is a time of transition, and change is always a creaky, badly joined business. Henceforth life is to be a process of selection, not as in youth, a taking with both hands: everything the fates send, experience, pleasure, excitement, pain, but a cognizance of what we really want out of it and letting the rest be, husbanding strength for what really matters what is worth waile to us mersonelly let the world cheese. perience, pleasure, excitement, pain, but a cognizance of what we really want out of it and letting the rest be, husbanding strength for what really matters what is worth while to us personally, let the world choose as it pleases. When we are young we are apt to run after things, not because we really want them, but because other people think we ought to want them. "To know what we like," wrote Stevenson, "is the beginning of wisdom and of old age," and as usual, he knew. Perhaps middle age bears hardest upon the woman. Certainly in the matter of looks, generally a man of fifty has rather a charm, a romance, a web of memories about him, grizzled hair and a lined fage lend interest to his appearance, where they are the fellest of circumstances. Yet each of us know a few—a very few women—whose youth is frankly past, who make no pretensions to beauty, and yet who possess a manifest attraction denied to all the bloom and sparkle of mere juvenility. They seem to be happy—they are happy. How then, is so desirable consummation to be reached? Perhaps the saddest part of middle age to women, the real cause of the universal reluctance to accept it lies in the apparent narrowing of the outlook. Only apparently, for actually it may become a widening. To the younger generation, our elders, those who have reached a safer haven, a wider outlook seem to us at times most strangely callous—we protest, how passionately! against their passionless peace. The freed pain, the agony of renunciation we can make shift somehow to

bear—but never their dead quiet of forgetfulness. But—is it callousness, forgetfulness, that fills the quiet faces of the more experienced? Is it not instead, the wider, saner outlook of those who having travelquiet faces of the more experienced? Is it not instead, the wider, saner outlook of those who having travelled further knew that nothing is ever entirely lost. "No work begun shall ever pause for death?" And that if we, the younger, the impatient, saw truly, we should know, and understand that what has been, is—the past being our unallenable treasure that neither years nor loss can steal from the secret treasures of our hearts. Or do those older than ourselves smile with a gentle irony—tears and laughter being so closely allied—that we, the younger generation, knocking with anguished impatience at the door of life should break our hearts. "Like a stream that breaks its heart over wild rocks towards the shore," for the brief and fleeting years that pass, when we have the countless ages to mend them in. There must be a great advantage one fancies in age, otherwise the old would be of all the most unhappy, and they are not so. Their calm repose of mind is the great, the all-sufficing advantage the years can give. We are too prone to make of youth the eternal emblem of joy; in reality youth stands not infrequently for the blackest pessimism. To be happy then, and more content. Well, a full life then, and the fuller the better. And if I were asked for advice by man or woman, as to the best treatment of this most trying

ter. And if I were asked for advice by man or woman, as to the best treatment of this most trying
period, I would first and most emphatically bid the
enquirer throw out roots in as many directions as
possible, and for this, he—or she—cannot begin too
early. Many of them perhaps will come to nothing,
changed circumstances, or inclinations will wither or
clock them off, but comething will remain and some changed circumstances, or inclinations will wither or choke them off, but something will remain, and some we hope will come to flower and even to fruit. If at the end of a long life, one should look back upon one quarter of her early aspirations fulfilled the gods might with justice, greatly demand thanks, and variety of interest is essential; the most adored of occupations sickens the staunchest soul at rare moments, and it is almost impossible to have too many irons in the fire. One trade and many hobbies would sum the ideal plan, but this unfortunately cannot be achieved; yet the most seemingly circumscribed life holds scope for kingdoms of mental adventure, spiritual soaring and solid useful work of its kind. Romance! There you have the keynote of it all, and middle age can choose its own, for if the nature has not developed itself by then it never will. Religion and love, though the greatest, are not the only channels through which romance may flow, life teems with it on every side and you have only to select, strike out your roots, then in fresh soil, set all your irons in a row upon the hob, place each egg in a different basket, never mind about mixing your metaphors, for some of them at least are bound to succeed. Above all, married or single, never grow dull.

Every starved soul is an enquiry to the next generation, and there are the children to think of always. You will be so busy you will forget you have shut the door on youth, and will remember only, choke them off, but something will remain, and

"The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, be not afraid!"

COMMENTS OF AN ONLOOKER

From time to time some one who proudly signs himself "Common Sense" writes to the papers to protest against the folly of the world. He fain would abolish all old customs, such as Christmas and Good Friday; in short, common sense ought to take the place of all other senses! Why do anything, say anything, or feel anything that is not useful and smiled upon by common sense? Why, indeed, except that the world would then become a parlous dull place, a house of business from which all ideas, except the idea of making money, would take flight.

Lady de Bathe, who is still known in the theatrical world as Mrs. Langtry, recently received a cablegram when rehearsing her new play in London, informing her that silver had been found on a property which she had acquired in California for a mere song. As soon as her short season at the Haymarket theatre, London, is over, Lady de Bathe means to visit her newly-discovered silver mine, and to personally superintend its development.

Personal admiration never turns a woman's head as it does a man's. She is not naturally vain like a man, and compliments after a time become too much a matter of course to disturb her equanimity. If she is already aware of the feet without being told so; and if she is not pretty, she will still have sufficient imagination to believe that she is.

There is a storm in the telephone teacup in Paris, owing to a circular which has been sent out to the girl telephone clerks. The circular states that telephone employees in future will have to get the authorization of the postmaster general before they may marry. Until this permission is granted, no date for the ceremony may be fixed. The employees are not allowed to marry foreigners, members of the police force, detectives, or cashiers. The reason given for this peculiar rule is "the safeguarding of the secrets of the public."

A PLEA FOR PLAIN NEEDLEWORK

A PLEA FOR PLAIN NEEDLEWORK

It seems more than passing strange that while English women are esteemed as the most practical and capable of their sex, so few of them at the present time are skilful in plain needlework. Many are under the delusion that the sewing machine can do everything that is necessary, but the machine must have a mind and a pair of hands to guide it, and no one can manipulate it to the best advantage who has not a thorough knowledge of the various kinds of sewing it supersedes. This ignorance runs through all classes, for the poor seem quite incapable of altering or mending any old clothes bestowed on them by their richer neighbors, domestic servants handle a needle as if it were an instrument of tortune, and the families of professional people continually say, and often deplore that none of them can do a stitch of needlework. French and Irish women do miles of plain stitchery—in fact, wherever there is a preponderance of convent education it is most sedulously taught; and Dutch and German grifs of all stations regard it as a moral duty, almost a part of their religion. The reason is that our little girls do not begin early enough to use their thimbles and needles. We are so anxious that their mental powers should not, be prematurely forced, that they should not begin "lessons" till they are six or seven, that we do not realise-sewing to be a sadative occupation requiring very little mental application, or perhaps it would be truer to say that it involves the exercise of faculities of quite a different order from those that are brough forward in the efforts to learn to read and write, and commit sundry things to memory. A little girl of four years old is not too young to be taught to hem, and sew, holding her needle in the right way and using her thimble properly, and the discipline of doing a little fixed task every day is in itself of very great value. It may be dull at first, but the prospect of being able by and by, to make doll's clothes, as soon as site knows how, is generally a powerf

may not cripple his feet! There are many young wives who have never thought of plain needlework till some such situation forces itself upon them, and who then have to seek for a qualified instructor. That individual teaches them principally to hem, taking just so many stitches to the inch, with a needle nursery days.

MEALS WITHOUT MEAT

We are often told that we eat too much meat, and I often think that it would be a wise plan to have at least one dinner during the week, whereat it was conspicuous by its absence.

Of course there are many households where meat is never eaten on Fridays, and I have thought that it might be useful to some of my readers to suggest menus for breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, consisting solely of fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit, in some form or another. When I have had questions asked me about such fare, I have often been told that the one objection is that it is so expensive!

I have found—and I hope to prove it—that it is exactly the opposite.

If course if the "maigre" dinner consists of oysters as the hors-d'oeuvre, to be followed by lobster soup, some expensive kind of fish, asparagus, peches la Melba, omelette, and a recherche dessert, one can well imagine that it is not a very cheap repast; but vegetable soup ordinary despensions. but vegetable soup, ordinary fish, a sweet of stewed fruit, and a savory of eggs or vegetables is very in-

expensive and economical.

Some folk have an extraordinary method of arranging these meatless meals. I remember on one occasion dining with a friend on a Friday; she had a large family, and when the cover was taken off the dish, it disclosed about eight or nine good-sized flounders all piled up, one on top of the other like enormous pancakes.

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She told me that she had given a standing order to her fishmonger to send her a similar quantity every week. "It is so nice and fresh," she said, smiling benignly, "and we never know if it is going to be flounders or cod; but it is sure to be one or the other." And a whole fish was served out to each person!

This was followed by baked apples and rice pudding, and again came the remark, "We have baked apples every Friday during the winter, but in the summer we have stewed googseheries, and in the summer we have stewed gooseberries, and in the

autumn stewed plums."

autumn stewed plums."

This seems a very simple way to keep house, but the menus were hardly such as would appeal to a man who likes a nice little dinner daintily served.

Here are six dinner menus, in which meat is not served in any form. I have not suggested any sweets, as they come into the luncheon menus, but for those who prefer them to the substantial savories I have given, or would like them as a last course, I may offer the choice of stewed fruit of any kind, such as applies, bananas, prunes, or figs, and, in season may offer the choice of stewed fruit of any kind, such as applies, bananas, prunes, or figs, and, in season, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants raspberries or plums, fruit salads, blanemanges, fellies, or fritters. My idea, with regard to these dinners, is that they should end up with a simple dessert, and a cup of coffee:

MENU—1.

Artichoke Soup.

Grilled Herrings, with Mustard Sauce.

Vegetable Chery, with Rice.

MENU—2.

Pea Soup. Flounder, Tartare Sauce. Fried Fillet of Spagnettl, with Cheese and Tomato Sauce.

Staffed and Baked ed Shring Sauce, Cauliflower au Gratin, MENU-4. Tomato So Crimped Skate, Caper Sauce. Spinach and Poached Eggs. MENU-5 Potato Soup. Rock Cod, Anchovy Sauce, Curried Lentils and Rice,

MENU-6. Haricot Bean Soup, Broiled Sprate, Brown Bread and Butter, Lemon Buck Rarebit. Should an unexpected guest arrive, and it was found necessary to supplement the menu, one of the sweets I have suggested could be served (banana or orange fritters, for instance, can be quickly made), and this might be followed by a salad, which could either be a green one, with slices of hard boiled egg in it, or a cold vegetable salad, such as beetroot, potato, tomato, or celery.

tato, tomato, or celery.

The six luncheons, of which I am giving the menus, will begin according to present-day fashion, with an egg dish, to be followed by some kind of fish dish, and then a sweet.

> Scrambled Eggs in Potato Cases Fish Pie Baked Plum Pudding Omelette aux fines herbes Kedgeree Apple Charlotte

Eggs Poached in tiny china cesseroles, (These should have grated cheese or chopped parsley sprinkled over the top).

Fish Cakes

Lemon Cheese Cakes (**4**) Sardine Omelette Fish Salad Prunes and Rice

(5) Esgs and Tomato au Gratin Pickled Herrings Rhubarb Fool

(6) Scrambled Eggs with Curry Sauce Haddock Toast Orange Fritters

Orange Fritters

With luncheons of this description, little racks of hot dry toast should be placed before each person, and one or two little pats of butter. With most of these fish dishes toast and butter are usually eaten. The menus can be added to without difficulty if nice biscuits, cheese and butter, and some simple salad, such as mustard and cress, water cress, or celery are served at the end.

The breakfasts are by no means difficult, if we remember that bacon, ham, tongue, brawn, kidneys, and sausages are not allowable. After all this leaves a very ample choice amongst fish and egg dishes. Out of the six menus I have suggested, porridge, or something of that description is provided on three occasions, scones, rolls or toast on the other three.

Jam, marmalade, watercress, or fresh fruit should always appear on the breakfast table.

(1) Porridge, Bloaters, and Boiled Eggs (2) Hot Rolls, Dried Haddock Cooked in Oatmeal, Scrambled Eggs

(3) Shredded Wheat, Kippers and Poached Eggs

Scones, Fried Cod's Roe, and Omelette (5) Flounders, Fried Eggs (6)

Buttered Toast, Split Fresh Herring, Buttered Eggs
The dishes I have mentioned for this triple set of
menus have been principally spen as one can easily
procure in the early spring, but in the summer it is
still more easy to find menus without meat, and in the
het weather these meals without meat are more
wholesome and appetising than the others.
Bread and butter, eggs, fresh fruit, and such salad
as lettuce, watercress or mustard and cress make an
ideal breakfast.
Salads of all binds are in the salad are in the

of all kinds are inviting for luncheon, or

dinner, the substantial parts being supplied by cold fish or rings of hard boiled eggs. To carry out the principle of obstaining from meat now and again, I may say that not only is it very pleasant to have a change, but also it is an excellent thing for keeping one in the best of health.

I give below two or three rather nice cakes for

Tea Cakes

Required: Two pounds of flour, four ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, three quarters of an ounce of yeast, quarter of a pint of milk. Method: Rub the butter into the flour, and some salt and the castor sugar, and when all is thoroughly mixed make a hole in the middle for the yeast. Dissolve the yeast in warm milk, then pour into the flour, etc., and make up into a light dough, adding more milk if necessary. Stand this dough in a warm place for an hour, and then divide into small portions of an equal size, Mould the buns round, flatten the tops, set on a greased baking sheet, and again prove for half an hour. Bake in a steady oven and set on a sieve. Serve warm split open and buttered. If spices are popular in the household add sufficient cinnamon to flavor delicately. lavor delicately.

Crange Cakes

Required: Three eggs, five ounces of castor sugar, six ounces of sifted flour, rind of two oranges, teaspoonful of baking powder, half a pound of icing sugar, juice of one orange. Method: Mix the eggs with the castor sugar till thick and smooth, shake in the flour, the grated rind of the oranges and the baking powder. Beat all thoroughly and bake in a good oven for twenty minutes in small fancy moulds. Then mix half a pound of the best icing sugar with the juice of an orange and when quite smooth pour over the cakes while still warm.

Bakewell Cakes

Required: One egg, its weight in flour, butter, castor sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder, short pastry and a little jam. Melt the butter, add the beaten egg, sugar and flour, beat all together with the baking powder last. Line small baking tins with the pastry, put a teaspoonful of jam into each, and a dessertspoonful of the batter on the top. Bake in a good sharp even for ten minutes, for a change you can substitute chocolate cream for the jam, and ice each cake with chocolate leing.

TOYLAND

There is a period of childhood which mothers dread, the terribly destructive age when boys ruth-lessly dissect toys to see what is inside, and even the more tender hearted girls display a curiosity that ill agrees with the preservation of their treasures. more tender hearted girls display a curiosity that ill agrees with the preservation of their treasures.

We call it naughtiness, but in reality it is only a phase showing that fingers and brains are alike too busy, for our slow going methods, and need something to occupy them. Destructiveness hardly ever occurs where children are helped to cultivate the power they have of making instead of breaking. I once saw a stall at a little sale of work furnished entirely at small cost by a family of industrious and ingenious children. There were fretwork frames and brackets (mothers who love peace will always provide fretwork toois in wet weather for their boys); there were baskets, an industry easily learnt by skilful little fingers; there were sweets, toffee, peppermint creams, caramels, and a variety of boiled sweets, the simplest thing in the world to make at home over a nursery fire, and there were also toys. These toys were somewhat elaborate, but those I am going to enumerate are quite simple and easy of accomplishment, even by children without any great ingenuity, and some of them can be produced by quite tiny little mites. All sorts of boxes can be turned into doll's cradles. When I was a small girl I recollect that I used to collect nightlight boxes for that purpose. Soap boxes do very well, and also shoe boxes if a good sized bed is wanted. Stand one end of the lid under the end of the box, so that it represents the sort of high back one associates with the old-fashioned beds. Cover this lid with a piece of silk, hang muslin curtains at each side, sloping from the top of the lid at the back, line the inside of the lid with he same silk, and make a full muslin valance all round the sides and end of the box. The effect that may be produced by careful work is simply charming, and skilful little fingers will find no difficulty in fashioning the bed clothes.

Kites are easy to make. Small ones can be fash ioned simply on cross sticks, but the larger kinds wil ioned simply on cross sticks, but the larger kinds will need rather more support at the back. Procure a piece of glazy untearable calico stuff, cut it to the right size. stretch and fasten it to the sticks, it is really more satisfactory to glue it to them, paint some design in the middle and corners, to give a bright color effect, fix a very long string, some yards, to the top of the kite, and have a roller piece of wood on to which wind and unwind the string. Affix another, and of course shorter string to the other end and here and there tie on some scraps of brightly colored rag or paper for the tail.

Rag dolls are perfectly simple to fastion and one

Rag dolls are perfectly simple to fashion and once made are much beloved. A bag should be made for the body rather long than square, and stuffed with sawdust or rag, long narrow bags likewise stuffed form the arms and legs, and it will be easy to fashion dolly's head in the same manner. Sew in blue or black beads for the eyes, and ink in the eyebrows, nose, mouth and fringe.

Gollywogs are made on the same principle, with black calico for face, arms, and legs, red lips and nostrils. Golly's clothes are a joy to the small needle-woman of the family, but his hair should be bought and glued on, as he is nothing without that.

Simple doll's malicarts, once the wheels are bought, are easily made by the carpentering boy of the family, the easiest of all being fashioned merely by straight pièces of wood of varying lengths, as required, which will answer even for the shafts. The seat, too, may be made of these if placed close enough together, but perhaps a plain square of wood is more together, but perhaps a plain square of wood is more solid for that. Once the wood is cut to the right-lengths nothing but a hammer and nails. (those joys of boy's hearts) are required.

Some boy's hearts) are required.

Some boys can make beautiful dell's furniture, but they need to be skilled with their penknives, and not too much addicted to cutting themselves, else they will cause their mothers endless anxiety.

Good strong wooden tables, considerably larger than those of a doll's house suite can easily be made, and are a delightful addition to the toy cupboard, as they can be made big enough for the dolls to give a tea party! Dolls' furniture can be made, but only by the really skillful, by watching designs in the papers, drawing or copying them on to wood, and cutting them out in this fashion. When the boys have done the carpentry work, the girls can greatly aid, by painting, enamelling and varnishing.

Of course an ingenious boy can build a doll's house

Of course an ingenious boy can build a doll's house and such an object made, painted and papered by the family, is a joy for ever. But it is an elaborate piece of work, only suited to clever and persevering children, this latter being a quality in which many young people fail

of work, only suited to clever and persevering children, this latter being a quality in which many young people fail.

However, what I might call little amateur houses, on quite an elementary scale can be fashioned by cardboard boxes playing a great part in the scheme and being painted to look realistic.

As for baby's toys, woolly balls are still prime favorites, and these may be manufactured with all sorts of oddments of wool, the more colors the bigger and the brighter the ball. Cut two pieces of cardboard into rounds, cut a big round somewhat larger than a dollar piece in the middle of each of these wheels. Then cover the cardboard with wool wound round the edges, and through the hole till the hole is quite filled up, the pieces of carboard are then placed together and the wool wound round both. Next cut the wool round the edges, when the cardboard will spring apart. Slip a piece of string down the opening and tie it securely all round the wool at the bottom. Tear away the cardboard, and snip the wool to do away with the shaggy ends, or if the ball is not a perfect round.

Rabbits, cats, in fact all kinds of animals for little children can be made by tracing the design from toybooks, outting it in calico or cloth and stuffing it with rag or sawdust, but this is difficult and requires grown-up aid.

Thry paper men and women, or pictures made to balance themselves on cardboard stands are the joy of some children, and little girls have often quite a talent for cutting them out, their creations in that line quite surpassing anything their elders could do.

Among the paper treasures wherein deft folding

Among the paper treasures wherein deft folding

is all that is required, little boats, dunces' caps, and fans, still reign supreme.

But the various "home-made" toys are legion, and the introduction of this art to the nursery does great things towards passing a rainy day pleasantly and profitably developing the imagination and natural cleverness of children, and lessening the destructive

ODDS AND ENDS

Lace collarettes and muslins can be stiffened with-out starch, instead, put a lump or two of sugar into the water they are rinsed in. If kitchen floors are painted with boiled linseed oil.

they are cleaned very easily. Hang woollens out on the line dripping wet with-out wringing them at all, if dried in this manner they will not shrink.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke, when water is of no avail.

If linoleums and oilcloth are rubbed after being washed with a little linseed oil, they will be found to wear much longer, and have a polish without being

To clean picture frame glasses, take a small piece of wash leather, wet it with methylated spirits, and rub on the glasses, this will clean them beautifully. Polish afterwards with a soft leather.

For dull and speckled mirrors, take a small portion of whiting and take sufficient tea to make a paste, rub the glass with warm tea, dry with a soft cloth, rub a little of the paste well on the mirror, and polish dry with tissue paper, the tea used for the paste should be cold.

If you have a porcelain sink, don't stand dirty saucepans on it, as the black marks they make are very difficult to get off, nail three or four little flat sticks together and keep this little makeshift stand in the corner of the sink for standing saucepans on. It saves such a lot of trouble.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE POETS

Emblem Flowers Roses, flashing red and white, For delight; For delight;
Honeysuckie wreaths above,
For love;
Dim, sweet-scented heliotrope,
For hope;
Shining illies, tall and straight,
For royal state;
Dusky pansies, let them be
For memory.

-Christina G. Rossetti.

Sleepy Song

Over the road to Sleepy Town.

All in the summer weather.

Every day at the noontide high,
Go brother and I together.

Past where the glowing swallows sweep,
Past where the sunbeams gently creep,
Neath clouds that float in the azure sky,
All the way to Sleepy Town.

So hush-a-by, My baby fair;
Just close your eyesni aw nom
And we'll soon be there...
Hush-a-by-a-byl

Over the road to Sleepy Town,
In the land of Slumberville,
Through the mystical valley green,
Over the wonderful hill.
Past the magical palace of dreams,
Into the realm of sleep serene,
We softly, gently, drowsily glide,
Till we get down to Sleepy Town.
—Eleanor Cobb.

An Old Song

What is the meaning of the song That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amid the copseThou lark above the cloud?
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
Up in the walnut-tree?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,
O maiden fair and young?
There is such pleasure in thine eyes.
Such music on thy tongue;
There is such glory on thy face—
What can the meaning be?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me."

O happy words! at Beauty's feet We sing them ere our prime; And when the early summers pass, And Care comes in with Time, And Care comes in with Time, Still be it ours, in Care's despite, To join the chorus free— "I love my Love, because I know My Love loves me."

-Charles Mackay. Lass and Lad Hame is where the heart is,
Hear, lass, hear!
Anywhere apart is
Drear, lass, drear.
Gird the globe and sail the sea—
What's the whole wide world to me?
Here my heart is, here with thee,
Dear, lass, dear.

Hearts at hame we'll be then, Lad, dear lad.

And cease to bide a wee, then,
Sad, dear, sad.
I'll haste me now to cut and sew,
And when the first June roses blow,
Away to holy kirk we'll go,
Glad, dear, glad.

-Rose Mills Powers.

I crave, dear Lord, No boundless hoard Of gold and gear, jewels fine. r lands, nor kine, Nor lands, nor kine, Nor treasure heaps of anything. Let but a little hut be mine, Where at the hearthstone I may hear where at the hearthstone I may hear The cricket sing And have the shine Of one glad woman's eyes to make, For my poor sake, Our simple home a place divine; Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—Love, and the smiling face of her. -James Whitcomb Riley.

The Heart's Answer Heart, tell me when I ask thee, What is this love, I pray? "Two souls to one thought subject, Two hearts one law obey."

And, say, whence comes this love, then?
"It comes we know not how."
But say, how goes that same love?
"No love, if false the vow."

What leve is purest, sweetest? "No thought of self it knows." And when is love the deepest? "The stream that silent flows."

And when is love the richest?
"Tis richest when it gives."
Oh, tell me sweet love's language?
"In deeds, not words, it lives."

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