Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

THE VALUE OF ADAPTABILITY

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N these days when so many women and girls of gentle birth are either entirely dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood or—possessing an income insufficient to their needs—are compelled to seek remunerative occupation in order to make ends meet it behoves each would-be worker to lay to heart one fundamental principle without a due realization of which success can never be attained—namely the time-worn axiom "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." To some this may appear a platitude; it is, in reality a precept worthy to be written in letters of gold. We should not so frequently hear of gentle-women left stranded in middle age, helpless and destitute, by stress of unforseen circumstances, if those same women had acquired early in youth, when surrounded by affluence and ease, the power of concentrating as much time, enrgy, and thought on the accomplishment of uncongenial tasks and duties as they probably gave, without grudging to the pursuit of pleasure. One would not for a moment depreciate the immense advantage of a specialized training for the woman who aims at success in any profession or occupation; but she no less than her untrained sister, will be sorely handicapped in the race for fortune; or it may be, in the struggle for bare existence, if she he unequipped with strength of purpose and with the faculty for seizing on, and turning to her own advantage every opportunity for onward progression as it occurs—and here we have the point of this article—the need and value of adaptability; that is, for the capacity, the happy knack (to use a homely expression) of being able to conform one self to the "wayward freaks of fate." A priceless gift truly when it is a matter of natural temperament, but one that it is most essential every woman worker should strive to cultivate. Let us suppose for instance, that you are seeking a definite sphere in life. So far success has not crowned your efforts; you have failed to achieve what you hoped for, and anticipated in the particular branch of work for represent money or time wasted, to have cultivated even one talent, to have learned to do even one thing thoroughly, and to perfection must always be a positive gain. But now cherish that gift of adaptability, which is after all a peculiarly feminine attribute (though alas! *too often latent) strike out bravely, accept the inevitable, and it is more than likely that "fickle jade fortune" will smile upon you at the very moment you imagine that you are trembling beneath her frown. There are many ways of making people work for you, but there is only one way of making them enjoy it, of getting their best service, and that is the possession of the quality of leadership, the power to inspire. No pre-eminently successful leader of men, teacher of children, or mistress of a household has even been without it; it is founded on enthusiasm, entails great vigilance, and is akin to genius. A certain teacher treasures a letter from one of her old pupils, her own superior in both capacity and attainment who says "others taught me much; you made me love work." It is this faculty of making those about us love work, of inspiring them with the joy of conquest, that makes leaders. We find it in the life of great commanders and in the case of us women it is the secret of the well ordered household whether large or small. The personality of the mother, and the mistress should impress every member of her household; her example qounts for much, her spirit far more. To let those about her know that she really cares about the exact performance of small duties, by herself performing her own small duties exactly, is worth a thousand reproofs. It is not always possible to make an impression on a careless nature at once. Sometimes it is well nigh impossible to make one at all, but if it is to be made the enthulast has the best chance. The day to beget indifference in others, is to be yourself indifferent. No amount of verbal correction will counteract a bad example, and though at ordinary times we may feel we can dispense with anything beyo ence and outward respect, yet there are few indeed who have not at one time or another been forced to test the genuineness of these qualities, and to depend on that higher loyalty which like wisdom and under-standing is beyond price.

FASHION'S FANCIES

It has often occurred to me that fashion writers do not give sufficient consideration to the requirements of the matron—not the young ultra-fashionable married woman, but the really delightfully comfortable matron, who admits her age, makes a charming grandmother and wishes to grow old with elegance and grace. Nowadays advancing years may be defied, and the art of doing so apart from enthusiasm, many-sided interests and imagination, lies chiefly in coiffure and dress. The matron today need never despair, because many of the most up-to-date costumes are suited to women even of portly presence, who naturally and wisely leave clinging draperies severely alone. At the same time, nothing is so charming as the draped polonaise, only the older women must clearly understand that the fabrics used must be handsome and weighty, and not attempt the chiffons and muslins that are so becoming to young, slight figures. In other words, the matron requires fewer dresses, but of better quality and really good workmanship.

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workmanship.

It is a great mistake to suppose that elderly women look their best in black, with the exception, of course, of black velvet and old lace. She will look delightful in vieux rose, Louis blue and, above all, in sumptuous white materials. Purple, too, looks charming for day and evening wear. Soft greens also hold their own, and, indeed, any of the old picturesque shades which we associate with the grande dame of the past.

The Louis coat in its various guises forms an excellent garment for the matron. Of course nearly every one, young or old, requires one good black frock in her wardrobe, but I think it has to be skilfully treated with a good deal of trimming and lace to be really becoming, when our skins are beginning to show the gradual and inevitable wear and tear of time.

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Now let me describe to you a few gowns which will meet the requirements of the elderly woman. An entire costume of purple, heavy crepe meteore, trimmed with black fillet lace, and raised black flowers, with a tiny touch of gold in them. A band of purple satin finishes the corselet skirt, and over this is worn a loose coat of the crepe meteore with beautiful trimming. The under blouse should be of mousseline de sole, while the parasol should be of mousseline de sole, while the parasol should be of purple brocade, and a delightful toque of purple pansies relieved by a white upstanding osprey. Such a costume would be admirable for small receptions and visiting.

Another charming toilette is in black chenille spotted silk over soft grey satin, with a beautiful guipure lace worked in silver. The hem should be of black panne, which fabric would also trim the bodice, making altogether a handsome and, at the same time, useful black gown.

A simpler gown for town or country wear is in soft green cashmere, with an applique silk trimming. This is cut in polonaise fashion over an underskirt of satin charmeuse of the same shade. Very pretty and becoming are the soft fichu-like folds of the bedice, which are composed of satin charmeuse, finished with a silk fringe of the same color. This is worn over a vest of soft cream spotted net, and the undersleeves are of cashmere and green trimming.

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net, and the undersieeves are of cashmere and green trimming.

Now about blouses. There are nowadays no collarless blouses. Most of the new blouses and skirts show collars, which are quite three or four inches high. The collars are made especially high at the back and sides, and harrower in the front. The sides are kept in position by supports, the latest of which are quickly and easily detached. Lace yokes

are still very popular and adorn many smart blouses of the delaine and Japanese silk order. The wear of blouses naturally suggests belts. These are of a varied description and color. Leather belts, ornamental belts in elastic with dainty buckles, and embroidered belts are all the vogue. During the earlier days of spring so many different fashions, each with its air of novelty, make their appearance, but all of these do not survive until the summer. As yet it is by no means certain that the sloping shoulder will reign supreme, as at present it certainly demands a good and graceful figure. A more generally becoming style is the shoulder widened by bretelles and tucks, and gradually merging into the overslever or epaulette. This style is exploited in smart little coatees of the "visite" order, and in the longer wraps now so much in request for daytime as well as evening wear. The limp skirt will certainly endure, and it even accompanies the tailor coat. In fact, the short skirt is solely for morning and country wear. Flat trimmings adorn our skirts. Balloon sleeves no longer exist, and even the sleeves of lace or net are only of moderate width. Net and tulle, much gauged or tucked and lined with chiffon

loon sleeves no longer exist, and even the sleeves of lace or net are only of moderate width. Net and tulle, much gauged or tucked and lined with chiffon or the finest marquisette, are the correct fabrics for yokes, chemisettes and plastrons.

The elbow is no longer "en evidence," and three-quarter sleeves appear even on the dressiest gowns. For this reason twelve button gloves are most desirable, those of sixteen or twenty button length being no longer required, except with evening gowns. Although the walst is still shortened at the back, it is no means conspicuously so, and actual Directoire styles are for the most part confined to the evening tollette. Very thin textures are pleated, ganged or tucked into the walst, and bordered fabrics call for some ingenuity as the borders must form draperies of some description, without entailing a superfluity of material about the hips.

Broad, elastic belts are predicted, with bordered robes of thin texture, but draped silk or soft satin arranged in many folds is much prettier.

THE USES OF INFLUENZA

"Every one seems to be getting over influenza," said an old lady in the car, and her companion smiled, as she answered, "It is a good thing to get over isn't

Yes, it is a good thing to feel better, and in order

Yes, it is a good thing to feel better, and in order to feel better you must have felt worse.

With our truly reckless regard of the good things of common life, how many of us enjoy breathing until we have experienced that fearful tightness and oppression that tells of congested tubes?

Who knows what it is to feel comfortably, normally cool but the recovered fever patient. And by whom is energy prized if not by those whose languor was but even now a burden?

We take health for granted, until it is temporally snatched from us, and then, what would we not give in exchange for it?

But sickness is not unwholly unprofitable, for, besides making us appreciate normal health by way of a contrast, it provides us with a wholesome lesson in our own insignificance; we can be spared better than we thought, better than we altogether like perhaps!

haps!

If we have wisdom to perceive, and sense to reflect, we may rise from our beds the gainers in humility.

Dear John is quite able to eat his dinner, and mirabile dictul he actually gets a dinner to eat; the tradesmen's books are not quite in the muddle we should have prophesied; very little has been wasted, broken, or lost during our enforced absence from the household helm, the children are disconcertingly flor and the house, when we come downstairs, appears to have missed us very much less than we have missed it!

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And if our belongings manage to thrive without us, what of the outer world?

We would have braved the most driving snow and sleet to help Clorinda on her "At Home" day: Clorinda has had two while we were in bed, and no one seems to have found them dull!

Diana always declared that without us a dinner would be tasteless and dreary, yet some objectionable man at the club, all unconscious of the heart-burnings he was causing, has been telling John that Diana never gave a better dinner than last week!

So it is with our favorite charities, our pet committees.

The Dorcas Society of Saint Boniface still survives, the Girl's Club has not yet, closed its doors, those poor Tosers, whom we spent days fussing about, seem to have found work and got on to their feet without our intervention.

It is very humiliating-no; we mean gratifying, of

It is very humiliating—no; we mean gratifying, of course; yes, gratifying.

As a wholesome corrective for excessive self-esteem, try influenza! Not a very agreeable prescription perhaps, but the disease is really and truly worse than the remedy.

And Illness has yet other uses.

It shows us, as nothing else can, how full this much abused old World is of the "milk of human kindness." It gives opportunities of showing their good feeling towards us to persons who, in the ordinary way, would never venture to taste the "blessedness of giving," of whose esteem and generosity we might have remained in ignorance.

Perhaps it is only your already over-tired maid who stays up in order to see that you have your medicine at the given hour, and to fill your hot-water bottle at midnight; perhaps it is one of your Club girls or the old Flower Woman who trudges a couple of miles into the country to get a really fresh egg for you from her sister-in-law's aunt; perhaps it is one of the younger children, who not being allowed to do anything else for mother, takes the utmost pains to go about on tiptoe, and speak in a very low whisper; perhaps it is John himself, who ransacks shops and even markets, for a certain flower you used to like when you were engaged, and who abuses the tradespeople because it is out of season. And then in illness, or rather in convalescence, we get time to think. Is not that worth counting?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

"Waich like the toad, ugly and venemous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And even when for adversity, we read weakness and suffering, who is there with open eyes that dare gainsay him?

COMMENTS OF AN ONLOOKER

Those who read the social barometer assure us that a great change in social customs is approaching. The restaurant proprietor may consider that the glass is going down—the admirer of the domestic virtues that it is going up; but anyhow the social weather experts say we are in for a spell of dining at home. Yes, the restaurant and hotel fever is abating. Home is no longer to be the place where we keep servants, but the place where we lunch and dine, and show hospitality to our friends. The intimate, and exclusive hospitality of the private house is to have a chance! The question is being asked, 'Is it from choice or necessity?" Are the smart ones of the earth "crying off" or are they illustrating the old proverbs? "Needs must when the devil drives."

In London a new sensation is certainly to be found just now at the Palace theatre, where Miss Mand Allen has danced herself into favon. I hear there was a very full house at the special matinee given for her recently, and London society was well represented. The Queen and the Empress Marie of Russia, witnessed the artistic performance of the charming young Canadian dancer, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales. And among others to be seen were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Dudley, Lord Iveagh, and others too numerous to mention.

I hear one cannot be twenty-four hours in Biarritz without thoroughly grasping the fact that King Edward has conquered the town. From the mayor and corporation down to the smallest donkey-boy, every-

body is devoted to him, and thinks, and talks of nothing else. His every movement is chronicled, his slightest action is noted, and commented upon with sympathetic interest, in fact he is as completely King of Biarritz as though it fermed part of his own dominions. Occasionally the king comes across the children of one or other of his personal friends, and it is pretty to see the small courtiers racing up to be first to kiss His Majesty's hand. He is so kind and good-natured with children that all the youngsters of his acquaintance are devoted to him.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have left London on a visit to Germany. Their first stopping place was Cologne, where a great reception awaited their Royal Highnesses.

Two Famous Orders for Women

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The most ancient European Order bestowed on ladies, is the Austrian decoration of "The Star of the Crucifix" founded in the year 1685, to commemorate the preservation of the sacred relic of a piece of the true Cross in a terrible fire at the Hofburg, Vienna.

This relic was held in great veneration, and the Emperor Maxmillian invariably wore it as an amulet.

The fire broke out in the rooms occupied by the Dowager Empress, and although everything was destroyed, the finy Crucifix which contained the relic was discovered unhurb.

So great was the gratitude of the Imperial Family, that they determined to found an order in thankfulness for the miracle of the preservation of the relic.

The senior Archduchess of the Imperial Household is always the head of this order and the members must be ladies of high rank and unsullied character.

They must promise to visit the sick and the poor, to recite certain prayers daily, and also to attend mass.

mass.

The order is made of blue enamel, oval in shape, with a gold border, and the device, "Salus et Gloria," in black letters on it.

In the centre is the double headed eagle, a red greek cross, and bands of blue and gold.

The wearer pins it on the left breast with a black

how.

Another order with a romantic history is the Luisen Order, formed in memory of the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia.

It is a simple decoration of a small black enamel cross with the letter L as a centre, surrounded by golden stars. On the back are the dates 1818-1814.

It is an order bestowed on all classes of women and was originally intended; to reward those self-sacrificing women, who, when things seemed at their worst during the Napoleonic Wars, gave up all their jewelry for a fund to save their country.

The Romance of a Ring

In June 1820, a workman, named Robert Wyatt, was employed in filling in the moat surrounding the ruins of Fotheringay Castle.

Students of History are doubtless aware, that, when James I ascended the English Throne one of the first acts was to dismantle the gloomy castle of Fotheringay, where his beautiful and ill-fated mother, Mary Queen of Scots, was executed, and for years it was allowed to sink into utter decay until in the course of centuries it became the ruins it now is.

Wyatt was employed as a guide by those who wished to inspect the ruins and one day, when he was investigating some of the debris which marked the sife of the banqueting hall where the Queen was beheaded, he came upon a gold ring, which from its inscription proved that it had without a doubt belonged to Mary.

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The fing bore the inscription, "Henri L. Daynies, 1565;" there was a monogram of H. and M. entwined in a true lover's knot, and the lion of Scotland, on a crowned shield was engraved in the hoop.

It is most probable that the ring was used at Mary's marriage with Darniey, and had previously to that been her engagement ring, the date 1565 coinciding with that of her betrothal.

How the ring was lost is easy to conjecture.

The executioner on that dreadful morning in February, bungled his work, and it required two strokes of the axe to decapitate the head of the lovely Mary Stuart.

Stuart.

During the agonies she suffered, it is surmised that she unconsciously drew off the ring from her finger, and that it dropped in the sawdust and was swept away after the execution.

Another of Mary's rings was found in the grounds of Sywell Hall. It bears the inscription "In loyale, ment ma souvreyn," and one of her "thumb rings" with "M.R." on it, was also accidentally found at Borthwick Castle, where she stayed in 1567.

---OLD CLOTHES

"I love everything that's old," said Goldsmith, "old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine"; but who has a good word to say for old clothes? It seems strange that the little adjective, which so much increases the value of books, wine, wood, prints, and furniture, should have such a different significance when it comes to a question of apparel. "Old clo" is not a romantic cry, and we do not feel any interest in the shabby-looking individual with the capacious sack, who wanders down the street and wakes the echoes with his unmeiodious voice. One cannot wax sentimental over the broken-brimmed hats, the out-of-edow coats, the down-atheel boots which are his stock-in-trade, for age throws no beauty, no halo round such things as these. But there are degrees of old clothes, Some fastidous, fashionable women look upon a gown as "passe" when it has bene worn half a dozen times. Everyone knows my blue muslin, "saya my ledy the extravagant, and gives it to her maid without a moment's thought. The greater number of women cannot afford to be so extravagant and so reckless with their wardrobes. They, may order a new yown at the change of each aeason, but they do not throw away those of last year. They know the comfort of having something which can be worn on a day of doubtful weather, something which they can even bear to see stained or spotted without too much strain on their good manniers. There are times when the comfort of a second-best is great indeed. Then, if we are sensible, we will keep some sort of "get up" which is older still, a short skirt to wear under a waterproof, a cloth cap which is none the worse for rain and snow. We only realize how precious these are when we have gone away from home on a short visit, and have taken nothing but our very best and smartest clothes with us. Again, there are numbers of people to whom our 'third or fourth best are heartly welcome. The poor woman with an invalid husband and a large family, how grateful she would be for our out-of-date clothes; not shaby finery—t

tered condition. A brilliant idea struck him. He backed into a field near at hand, threw up his arms, and assumed the attitude of a scarecrow. The impersonation was a complete success, and the visitors passed by all unconscious of his proximity.

Of all the hoards that people accumulate, old clothes are the most unsatisfactory. Yet even the wisest occasionally find it hard to make the periodical clean sweep which is necessary.

"This dress might come in useful some day," says some wavering spirit. "That coat is not so shabby after all," echoes another, and back to their cupboards the poor wornout things go—and are not thought of again until the next bout of spring cleaning. What became of the hundreds of dresses which Queen Bess left behind her we wonder. Shelves and drawers full, there must have been, with every variety of ruff and farthingale, and gorgeous robe. Sometimes a twentieth century belle will go to a fancy dress ball in the costume of her great-grandmother—not a copy, but the very thing itself—which has been handed down through successive generations. It is fascinating to see the likeness grow, as it often does, between the modern wearer and her pictured ancestress, when she copies the quaint old-fashioned confure and dons her satin gown with its shortened waist and big puffed sleeves. In those bygone years brocades and velvets were richer and more costly than they are today, and were often bequeathed by mother to daughter, just as furs and laces are now. We cannot call such oldtime treasures "hoards"; every sliken fold is full of sentiment, as we lift out the faded fragrant raiment from its layender-scented chest, and in imagination see it worn again by some beauty of long ago. Old clothes they may be, but not in the sense of today, and we should indeed be matter-of-fact if we were unable to feel the romance of precious possessions such as these

SOME VERY TASTY VEGETARIAN DISHES

Potato and Onion Soup.

Potato Curry. Eatter Eggs and Spinach.

Lemon and Rice.

Bread Souffle. Inexpensive Pancakes.

Fried Hominy Cakes and Sauce Pinquante.

Required: One pound of potatoes, one large onion, one ounce of dripping, one quart of boiling water, hair a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of crushed tapicca, pepper and salt to taste.

Method: Peel and silce the potatoes and the onion, then put them on in a stewpan with the dripping and let them cook lightly for five minutes. Pour over one quart of boiling water and let all simmer till soft enough to press through a wire sleve.

When this is done, return to the saucepan with half a pint of milk, let it come to the boil and then gently stir the tapicca in.

Add pepper and salt to taste, and let the soup simmer till the tapicca is quite clear.

Serve with dice, or sippets of fried bread. Potate and Onion Soup.

Required: One pound of cold boiled potatoes, two onions, one ounce of dripping, one teaspoonful of curry powder, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a teacupful of rice.

Method: Cut the onions into thin slices and fry in dripping, add one breakfastcupful of water, with which has been mixed one teaspoonful of curry powder, a dessertspoonful of flour, and a squeeze of lemon fulce. Stir till all thickens and then put in the potato cut in cubes.

Let all warm through, but not boil.

Serve in a border of nicely boiled rice.

Batter Eggs and Spinach,
Required: Seven eggs, one pound of spinach,
half a pint of milk, flour, pepper and salt.
Method: Peach six eggs, and then allow them
to get cold.
Make a batter with one beaten egg, half a pint of
milk, and sufficient flour to make it of the right con-

Pepper and sait the eggs well, and then dip them in the batter and fry to a golden brown.

Cook the spinach and arrange it in a long mound on the dish.

Place the eggs on it and serve

Lemon Rice. Required: Three ounces of rice, one pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, one egg, juice of one lemon, essence of lemon.

Method: Cook the rice in the milk till tender, and then sweeten with an ounce of sugar and flavor with the lemon essence.

Pour into a pie dish, and serve with this sauce:

Beat one egg till stift, with two ounces of sugar, then gradually add half a teacupful of boiling water, and flavor with the lemon juice.

Required: Three ounces of breadcrumbs, one pint of milk, two eggs, sugar and apricot fam.

Method: Pour the boiling milk over the breadcrumbs, and cover in closely for an hour.

Beat in lightly the yolks of two beaten eggs, and sugar to taste.

Line a pie dish with jam, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs to this mixture, and pour over.

Bake for half an hour in a steady oven.

Inexpensive Pancakes,

Required: Six ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, three-quarters of a pint of milk, lard for frying.

Method: Make the batter when it is required, and do not let it stand.

Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of sait with six ounces of flour. Beat thoroughly one egg, add three-quarters of a pint of milk, and then mix in gradually the flour, etc.

Fry in very thin pancakes in the usual way, and serve with quarters of lemon, and soft sugar.

Fried Hominy Cakes and Sauce Piquante. Required: A quarter of a pound of hominy, a quart of water, egg, and breadcrumbs, and frying fat.

Method: Boil the hominy in the water for three or four hours, until the water is absorbed, but the hominy not dry.

Add salt and then spread the mixture out on flat dishes.

Add sait and then spread the mixture out on flat dishes.

When cold, cut into fancy shapes, dip in.egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry, taking care that both sides are colored equally.

Drain on paper and keep very hot.

For the Sauce Piguante:

Required: Four shallots, three pickled gherkins, one dessertsponful of capers, one tablespoonful of picalilli.

Method: Chop the pickles, etc. and put on in a

Method: Chop the pickles, etc., and put on in a saucepan with a gill of vinegar, a sprig of thyme, and a bay leaf.

Cover and cook till reduced to half the quantity, then add a pint of boiling water, thicken with butter rolled in flour, boil up, and serve with the hominy cakes.

SOME HUMOROUS STORIES AND PRETTY VERSE

The country laborer, in England, has his little ways, and one of them is an ingenious habit of turning new and euridite words into others which convey some sort of meaning to his unsophisticated mind. This was the remark actually made by an elderly stone-breaker in answer to enquiries about his health, which, by the way, according to him, was never good: "Well, I was real poorly last week," he complained. "Doctor said I'd a touch of collops. And ever since I've been taking settlers powders and Queen Anne to keep me up."

Although her flat in the Rue de Buci, Paris, was be demolished. Mme. Bertin refused to leave it, he remained for a fortnight while the neighboring alls were being knocked down, and even the reoval of her athircase left her unparturbed. It was

not until her ceiling fell in that she lowered herself from the fourth storey in a clothes basket.

Restaurants are a recognized feature of the modern bazaar in the Old Country. At one held lately in the country the inscription ran, "Luncheons, one to three p.m., Is 6d.

A rustic and his wife were admiring the stalls, when the husband's eye caught the notice.

"Come on, Jennie," he said, "two hours steady eating's not bad, for one and six."

Did you ever hear the little tale about the indiscreet woman at the dinner party?

She was making remarks about all the people round her, and she asked her neighbor, "Who is that dreadfully precise-looking woman sitting opposite to

"That," he gravely replied, "is my wife!"
"Oh!" she cried in a flutter of embarrassment, "I
den't mean that one! I mean the one in blue."
"That," he responded as stonly as before, "is my
daughter!" daughter!"
What the lady said now is not recorded!

A very pretty story is told of the famous Madame Tyette Guilbert.

After one of her many charitable performances, the priest of the village where it had been held entertained all the company to lunch.

Mme. Yvette, it is stated, found an egg on her plate, broke it, and ten gold pieces fell out.

"You don't know my tastes quite well yet, Monsieur le Cure," she said; "I adore boiled eggs, but I eat only the white. I never touch the yolk, and I must leave it to you, for your poor people."

Because his wife persists in keeping eight cats in his house, a New York man named White is filing petitions for a separation.

Marriage Weather Lore. Married in shower, love for your dower.
Married in snow, wed to your wee.
Married in snow, wed to your wee.
Married in frost, you've staked all and lost,
Married in sun, happiness won.
Married in shade, you'd best stayed a maid
Married in seet, the world's at your feet,
Married in fee, life, cat and dog.
Married in hall, across seas to sail.
Married in thunder, hearts drift asunder,

"It is work that keeps a woman young, and fresh, happy."—Elizabeth Chesser.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven. That man has found, or God has given, None draws the soul so sweet away. As music's melting, mystic sway. Slight emblem of the bliss above, It soothes the spirit all to love.

What is Good? What is the real good?" I asked in a musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maidin;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the said;
Fame, said the soldier ad
Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart, full sadiy: "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word." -James Boyle O'Reilly.

There is youth in the step of Morning, As she comes up across the downs, And she sings of the Sun's gold rising, Through the villages and the towns.

There is age in the step of the Evening As she wearly longs for rest; Till at last with her task accomplished, She sinks in the glowing West.

A FEW HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Hot milk is even better than boiling water for re-moving most stains.

Books keep better when exposed to the air than when shut up in a bookcase.

Pearl knife handles should be cleaned with a rag dipped in fine salt, and then polished with a leather. To clean a spice mill, grind two tablespoonfuls of rice through the mill and all traces of spice will be removed.

Paint stains on floors may be removed by soaking them for a little time in turpentine or benzine, and then rubbing them with pummice stone or glass

Never place a good piece of furniture very near a fire place. The heat dries the wood and the glue, often causing rot where the parts are joined together.

To clean glass put a little powdered pummice stone between the layers of a folded piece of soft muslin and stitch round the edges to prevent the powder from falling out.

Rub lamp glasses or window panes with this dry cloth and they will be clean and sparkling almost immediately.

Enough powder will remain in the cloth for use many times. If parafin be spilled on a carpet, a good handful oatmeal should at once be laid on the spot.

Leave it untouched for at least a day, then re-ove it and brush the carpet with a stiff hard broom.

To waterproof boots melt together equal parts of mutton suet and beeswax and mix it well. Warm this when needed and rub a little over the soles of the boots and over the edges where the stitching is.

Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots and while still wet rubbing in powdered chalk. Then put the article in the sunshine and damp again as soon as dry. Wash finally with soap and water.

Generally a day in the open air will be long enough bleach out all mildew spots, but sometimes a se-and day is necessary, and in this case it is of course accessary to apply a second time the soap and chalk.

To clean chamois leather wash in warm soapsuds, renew the suds when dirty and finally hang out leather to dry.

er to dry.

Pull it with the hands during the process to make it soft. This method is equally good for cleaning chamols gloves, polishing leathers, etc., but remember that the suds must only be warm not hot, and that riusing in clear water would only make the leather hard and unfit for use.

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time, and their recognition was cordial. 'So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered.' 'So glad; and how little changed you are! Why, how long is it since we met?' 'About ten years.' 'And why have you never been to see me?' 'My dear, just look at the weather we have had!'—Dundee Advantleer.

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