FORMALITY AND GUSH



T is said that once the "hall mark" of re-spectability has been set upon one by an introduction the English woman is a most agreeable person to meet. One cannot help remarking her habitual at-titude in public (before the introductory ceremony has been performed) is one of distinct aloofness. In the streets or car distinct aloonness. In the streets or car she stares at one with a petrifying sternness, and a blood freezing disdain, apparently totally unjustified by the in-nocent person against whom these looks are directed.

It is said that at, or about thirty, the average Englishwoman begins to appreciate formality and without going so far as to fix any exact age limit. I think the truth contained in the saying that formality appeals to the mature mind comes within the experience of most of us.

ence of most of us.

Naturally normal youth is in a state of revolt ready to detect abuses and to expose shams, intolerant of superficiality, eager for combat and no student of "sociology" would desire it otherwise. But one must not forget that in this everyday world of ours, and perhaps especially amongst the English nation there is such a thing as safeguard in formality. A colonial woman who has lately been visiting London for the first time wonders why the straight featured, well complexioned English woman spoils her face with a "medusa-like" expression. Is it the stamp of extreme virtue and extreme respectability, or is it to be understood that it is to be regarded as the "outward and visible sign of the inward, and spiritual grace?" This is a plain proof of how little the colonial woman visiting the "old country" understands her English cousin. For example see this severe English woman meet a chance acquaintance the terrible mask of formality is in an instant thrown off, and she stands revealed in her natural form as being kind, benevolent and agreeable, where she may have before appeared and agreeable, where she may have before appeared stern, unamiable and forbidding, which should convince the onlooker that her expression is not neces sarily an index to her character, but is merely assumed for reasons unexplained. Therefore although the "Britisher" does not stand at street corners with the "Britisher" does not stand at street corners with a fixed smile, or parade the pavements with an inane grin, it is not because she feels any the less kindly disposed towards her fellow-men; nor does it follow that she is quoting to herself Shakespeare's well known passage—"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither," or is in any way looking down on them, for when they are known after the formal introduction so dear to their English hearts, and you prove yourself a person worth knowing no one in the world can show truer friendship, or hospitality, or prove can show truer friendship, or hospitality, or prove better friends in the hour of need than the English woman, much as the Colonials may misunderstand them, and often alas!—misunderstanding—dislike

But taking it altogether, surely after all formality is better than gush? There is nothing more objectionable, silher, or calculated to get so on the nerves of people than the company of a woman (or man either) who is forever sounding the praises of herself or her particular acquaintances. She is unfortunately to be met with in every phase of life from the highest to the lowliest in station.

The gushing woman is a nuisance to everyone, a bore and unceasing source of annoyance to her friends, yet she calmly plods on her way utterly obfriends, yet she calmly plods on her way utterly ob-livious of the fact; but supremely conscious and con-tent that she is the life and soul of each and every assembly she finds herself in. Everything she pos-sesses down to the merest trifle is spoken of and described in the most glowing and eulogistic terms— she is all excitement, all rhapsody. Her friends are described, whether of the gentler sex or not, as the sweetest, dearest, scrumptious, the most beautifully divine and lovable characters in existence, such heaven sent angels of loveliness, gentleness, and all other virtues, have never been known to inhabit heother virtues, have never been known to inhabit be-fore this mortal coil of ours. The gushing girl falls quickly in love and as quickly falls out again. All her quickly in love and as quickly falls out again. All her geese are swans at first, until the awakening comes, and that is generally a rude shock. She is a veritable walking vocabulary of her own, and her friends belongings; they are the dearest, loveliest things on earth; no one ever before or since possessed such perfect treasures. Hear her dilate about a dress! It is the daintiest, smartest dress possible in the world of weel in fact "a dream of beauty and a joy for ever." Her home is the one and only home, under her flowery tongue it at once assumes the proportions of flowery tongue it at once assumes the proportions of a palace. Her pictures! Really such a collection of masterpieces could hardly be excelled by the salon in Paris or the Royal Academy; in fact such a display of art could not have been bettered by the great mas-ters themselves. It is the same with everything, no book was ever so entertaining, no music so wonderful as that she has read and heard. And so alas! the gushing woman goes on to the end, until even her husband grows weary and heart sore over this very unnatural and forced excitement and gush.

It may have been all very well at first—her viva-city, her childish ways, her raptures over himself, pleased and fattered his vanity—but if only such wo-men saw themselves as others see them, they would realise to the full how false and unreal all this froth was. Well might Burns say:

"Oh wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursels as ithers see us."

People tire of being gushed over, just as they tire of everything artificial, and at the finish the person responsible who is so full of her own merits, so wrap-ped up in her overwhelming verbosity and conceit that she fails to recognize that she palls, becomes a nuisance to all with whom she comes in contact.

The gushing woman talks simply for talk's sake conversation nine times out of ten is vapid pty. She fancies herself entertaining, prides and empty. She fancies herself entertaining, prides herself on keeping things going when they are falling a bit flat, yet lacks the necessary sense of seeing when silence is golden. She is nothing more or less in fact than a wound up machine, and before her departure, has become instead of a pleasure and acquisition to her host or hostess—as the case may be a nuisance to the rest of the party and made the second control of the party and made the second control of the party and made to the rest of the party and made to the second control of the party and made to the second control of the party and made to the second control of the party and the second control of the seco a nuisance to the rest of the party, and made h ridiculous by her exaggerated ways, manners and speech generally. No one really likes a gushing woman; even her close acquaintances to whom at first she appeared so nice grow weary of her forced and artificial manner, gradually cool off and drop away

This is why the over-effusive woman who is loud wolced and fussily mannered has few real friends. She is reaping the harvest of her own rash and foolish conduct by being disliked by both friends and acquaintances. Decidedly then it is more likely that the formal woman will have truer friends and many more acquaintances than the sushing woman.

FASHION'S FANCIES

I have often thought that the most worried indi-I have often thought that the most worried indi-vidual on the face of the earth is the lady who, on an inadequate supply of money pursues the phantom of fashion recklessly. You might as well pursue a will-o'-the-wisp, but no doubt it is quite an amusing pastime if money is no object and time count.

Everybody whe knows anything about the fashion is busy sheering the superfluous inches off any high crowned hats they may possess, for these high crowns were by no means acceptable, and they made their bow only to disappear again at once. Here again from a business point of view, this was eminently desirable! The hat of the moment has a wide brim, with a mass of flowers, tulle, or wings spread over the crown, and it is worn straight on the head, neither tipped backwards nor forwards. The hair is arranged in loose, fluffy curls, and is pinned up into the hat if necessary, the fashion being decidedly in favor of width over the ears. Crowns of medium height are, however, used for travelling hats, and these look very attractive when they are made with the brim slightly rolled off the face at the left side and front, while the trimming in many cases consists. erybody who knows anything about the fashion

of a wide scarf of soft satin and a couple of wings spreading out towards the back of the hat. spreading out towards the back of the hat.

Huge buttons are the fashion again. A lovely gown I heard of the other day for a wedding was of rose-colored tussore set in fine pleats in the immediate front of the skirt and with groups of buttons set in twos all the way down either side of the front panel. The sleeves were also joined together with buttons in the same way. Another much buttoned frock which I also heard of was a canvas in a deep cream color. This was made with a panel covered with soutache braiding, and was cut in a sort of modified Princess shape. The fronts of the gown proper appeared to be buttoned down to the panel by large flat silver buttons, and the effect really was extremely good.

The bootmakers have certainly been having a good time this season for colored shoes have been more worn than ever. Suede is dyed to match every gown and crocodile skin and a host of other fancy leathers have been exploited. Colored shoes are extremely pretty when they are worn with discretion and good tasts but here each it is absured to try and effect an extravagant fashion of this description unless one is prepared to carry it out thoroughly well. For dirty shoes are quite unpardonable, and the soiled grey and pale cream colored shoe was too much apparent this

For motorists, the coats just now are exceedingly pretty, made of dust colored and white homespun, and the all-pervading button has captured the imag-ination of the tailors. One sees such clever combina-tions as white serge coats trimmed with orange colored buttons and satin facings to the collar, and pockets. Check coats are also worn, made with plain collar and cuffs of velvet or cloth, while the long tussore coats are so simple as to be almost ungainly. It is rather amusing when one is moving about a good deal to notice how differently some people manage their clothes, and it is quite marvellous that there should be some who have not the vaguest notion how to make the best of their appearance. I often wonder why mouse-colored people wear mouse-colored clothes instead of having some definite ance. I often wonder why mouse-colored people wear mouse-colored clothes instead of having some definite tint in their garments. Females of that unfortunate mauve complexion wear a mauve gown to match, whereas, if they would make a few experiments in the way of color, they would find that it is not a bit difficult to improve the complexion by the color of the gown with which it is contrasted. The woman with the clumsy waist draws attention to it by a light waist band, and the lady who is painfully thin wears a very low gown, and even when she might do so, falls to take advantage of the high-necked evening gown. We certainly can never expect to look well unless we are suitably and becomingly attired.

The blouse is still with us but varied in form to suit the present fashions, and not invariably recognized under its newest designation. The Empire bodice worn with Directoire skirts is more often than not a short blouse, and its attachment to the skirt of a purely fleeting nature. The exigencies of the ordinary corset demand that the high-waisted skirt and the short bodice are firmly connected, or cut in parts in the conclumity.

the short bodice are firmly connected, or cut in parts in the one length; but the ingenious conturiere sur-mounts this difficulty by having a series of buttons or hooks and eyes, whereby the separate items be come practically one garment, viz., the Directoire gown. The entirely distinct blouse is permitted with a coat and skirt, or in lace and crepe with a skirt of cloth or velvet worn with a fur coat. It may, hower, be an entirely distinct garment if the coloring accords, and in this guise is delightful for evening

OUR FELLOW TRAVELERS

Nowadays we all, or most of us, travel. Especialis this true of the folk of this continent of Canada
here people go three hundred miles or so "just to do
little shopping!" Like the manuals of our childhood, which present-

ed themselves, more or less truly, as Reading with-out tears." Mr. Cook and others, who have followed in the footsteps of this universal benefactor, have in-

In the footsteps of this universal benefactor, have introduced us, with very much greater success to 'Travelling without Trouble.'

And so we all travel, and, as we express it, enlarge our minds, and return home again with a greater conviction than ever that there is no place like Canada, and no people on earth like Canadians, or, if we be English, that there is no place like our own Island, and no people in the world but Englishmen. And if we have failed to establish these ideas quite so firmly in the minds of our continental and foreign neighbors as in our own it is, of course, they foreign neighbors as in our own, it is, of course, they, not we who are to blame.

But though we all travel, we wear our rue with

Many persons have two sets of various articles. I once knew a lady who had two sets of toupees, one for day, the other for evening wear! So with some people, it is with manners. They have two sets of manners, one for home use, of 'the best quality only,' the other for exhibition abroad and on the railway. And this last can only be described, in the language of the shops as 'a slightly inferior article.'

We are British, and glory in the fact, and "an Englishman's house is his castle."

Delightful sentiments both.

But why does the average Briton (and in a lesser degree Briton-ess) expect to find that castle in every railway carriage, 'bus or train in which he has paid only one share?

Every Briton loathes and detests the man who

dares to venture to disturb the privacy of his smok-ing compartment, yet, presumably, the second man as bought a ticket too! "Surely there's the whole of the rest of the train to travel in" is the mental comment of each.

Cain might have killed Abel with less murderous thoughts. If you have any sense of humor, watch the trouble one man will take to secure the remainder, or a great deal of the remainder of a compartment to there's the whole of the rest of the train

himself.

You will especially see this in England, where the coaches of the trains are divided up into small compartments. Bags, rugs, and papers are distributed on the seats as freely as tracts, while he himself sleeps ostentatiously in one corner. But he is roused to assure you, in an impressive and somewhat feroclous tone that this seat is engaged by somewhat. tone, that this seat is engaged, by someone who never keeps his appointment; that one already taken, ap-parently by a phantom who sits on thin air; some one is coming here in a few minutes, who never

Timid travellers flee from a place such as this, only to return when reinforced by a stalwart guard, who, forgetful of the "backsheesh" slipped in his palm ten minutes ago, is making statements to the effect that there isn't another spare inch of room in

the train.

Why is it we crave on the railway, for icy isolation, and regard our fellow travellers with a disgust deepening to horror?

I have thought that one could condense all the varieties of fellow-travellers—as one could so many sermons—into four heads: The tiresome, the timid, the loquacious, and the ideal. Three of these have I met. And the fourth these eyes of mine have yet to behold. The tiresome fellow-traveller is one of the banes of the railway. He is so busy, either putting up behold. The tiresome fellow-traveller is one of the banes of the railway. He is so busy, either putting up the window because of draughts, or letting it down for opposite reasons of heat. Here it is open at a station in an endeavor to procure tea (to the accompaniment of much Hi-ing and shouting and general excitement) when procured, most of which finds its way, with its attendant horror of crumbs, on to your rug; there it is closed for a tunnel (after half the sulphur and dust and blacks have entered thereat, to the detriment of the atmosphere.) More noise can be made by the newspaper of the tiresome fellow-traveller than would be believed unless personally experienced. He places small parcels insecurely on the rack, apparently for the joy of seeing them fall on someone else's head, replaces them under the seat where, at every jerk of the train, they fly madly out on to every one's toes but his own; and finally rouses you from a sound and peaceful sleep and drags you forth rudely from sweet and blissful dreams, to curse him roundly in your heart and lend him, with what grace you may, the "time-table" he requires. You can only hope that it may persuade him to pursue his route on a different line from yours. But this person at home in his own or your house would not

behave in this way. It is the "inferior article" for

railway use.

The timid lady traveller should be avoided. Though most of us ask for solitude on our journey, and not only ask but see that we get it, the timid lady traveller only begs for company and plenty of it. I have personally known dear ladies (at home in England) who, after purchasing a first-class ticket will travel eventually third, because they do not "like the look of the person" in the only available first. The thirds are practically everything alleady will travel eventually third, because they do not "like the look of the person" in the only available first. The thirds are practically overcrowded already—they hold ten at a squeeze but it is a squeeze—yet she insists on being the tenth, and making you—and, luckily, hersif also—a little more uncomfortable than you were before. It is the misfortune of this class of lady always to read before starting, on even the smallest journey, the latest "train horror," or at least to catch sight at every station of placards advertising the wrestling bout of a six-foot woman in a tunnel with a lunatic which is so consoling for the timid lady traveller, who, like David, is small and of no reputation. In every man sound asleep in the corner of the carriage, she sees a "drunken horror." A clerk's bag can contain "bottles of chloroform" for murderous use, or, if lerge enough a "body!" And every irrepressibly cheerful person who will talk to the rest of the company, is not merely a bog, but a "dangerous escaped lunatic!"

But the tiresome and timid are but crumpled rose-leaves, as compared to the real agony that can be inflicted by the loquacious fellow-traveller. Two of this genus, as yet unrecognized by you as such, have perhaps seated themselves opposite to you in the train—you who are to be so rudely awakened presently. They six facing each other, a rug over

slumber—you who are anticipating such blissful slumber—you who are to be so rudely awakened presently. They sit facing each other, a rug over their knees, two nice, cheery-looking girls, each with her own magazine. You feel quite Christianly disposed towards them as you doze off. One's duty towards one's neighbors becomes a positive pleasure in a quiet railway carriage.

a quiet railway carriage.

"You're quite sure you've got enough rug dear?"

"Quite. It isn't really cold, is it?"

They are settling down. You settle too.
Nice, cheery, quiet girls, each with her own magazine—was that the yell of a wild Indian! —the shriek of a siren hooter?—the agonized anguish of a fellow-sufferer in a railway accident?

No!—one of the "nice girls" has just read aloud to the other an exquisite joke from her magazine, and the other has laughed hearfily—and shrilly.

You close your eyes with a frown that, in a stage tragedy would make your fortune! Another brief doze, a restless, incomplete affair, passed to the running accompaniment of two voices—now hushed—

running accompaniment of two voices-now hushed now shrill—and your brain gradually awakes to the full horror of your situation—you are doomed to long hours, shut up alone with the loquacious one!

It is of no use pretending to sleep. It is a mere pretence, for you cannot help hearing—try as you may—snatches of the conversation. What Harry said to

Elsie—at Vancouver—the extraordinary behavior of the Smiths at the Brown's dance—the color of her dress and his coat—it was his fault, you know—oh you mean her's—and did Annie really mean that? you mean her's—and did Annie really mean that, and the worst of it is that, try as you may not to listen, you have to hear part, and only part of their conversation, and as you disembark from the train, "weary and worn and sad," you feel absolutely aggrieved that it should be so. The least they could have done would have been to have told you what it was that Harry said to Elsie—and the manner in. was that Harry said to Elsie—and the manner in which the Smiths did behave—and pink was it, or mauve?—and what, oh! what did Annie mean?

Many days spent on a railway, with the loquacious ones would either lead to madness and a lunatic asylum or develop a modern "Sherlock Holmes!"

But the Ideal I have yet to meet Persons may move some—I do not ask all but some—of their twenty-five parcels out of the remaining seats; they may look at me as a fellow-traveller, and not as one attacked only by the plague, or escaped over the water from a "dime-show." they may even be so good as to refrain from all speech on the journey. But it is not these whom I am seeking. One day I shall enter a railway carriage to be greeted by this beauteuos being—or beings, if more than one yet exist—who will rise from his eat as I enter (he is occupying the best in the compartment, be it noted), gather together in his arms his own impediments, and, as stage directions say exit R, saying in a monologue, or well-drilled chorus (according to numbers), "Thy need, Sir, is greater than mine."

Sir, is greater than mine." These are the Ideal fellow-travellers; or are they only persons who labor under the delusion that I am plague-stricken, or part of a freak side-show?

I do not know—when I have met them I will tell

A MENU FOR SEPTEMBER

Spinnach Soup

Salmon with Caper Sauce Egg and Ham Pies, Loin of Lamb With Beans Fruit Salad, Lemon Cornflour Shape Cheese Sandwiches
This makes a very dainty little dinner for from six

to eight people, using the various ingredients in a quantity proportionate to the number of guests. The following are the recipes for the above dishes:

Spinnach Soup

Required: One pound of Spinnach, one pint of stock, one ounce of bread, milk, pepper and salt. Method—Pick and wash the spinnach leaves and throw them wet into a saucepan with salt, stir them occasionally till they boil tender. Keep the cover off.

Drain as dry as possible and pass through a sieve: sionally till they boil tender. Keep the cover off.
Drain as dry as possible and pass through a sleye;
heat some stock and add enough of it to make the
some the right consistency (it should be the thickness
liked) heat, and then add the butter rubbed into a
little flour and lastly some milk. Season with pepper
and salt and serve. This soup will not be found too
"stodgy" for a hot day, but is, on the contrary, most
acceptible in hot weather. acceptable in hot weather.

Salmon With Caper Sauce

One gets so tired of salmon, after a while, and yet this is the very time of year when it is quite a "mainstay" in the "fishy" portion of the menu.

The following is a new and agreeable method for its preparation, the caper sauce giving it a delightfully fresh and piquant flavor:

Required: Tinned salmon, and one teacupful of caper sauce. The canned salmon is the best to use for this dish. Method—Have one (or more) tins of salmon, one of the flat tins that just holds a steak. Open the tin, and stand it in a pan of boiling water so that the water comes half way up the tin. When the fish is thoroughly hot pour away the liquor and then turn the salmon carefully on to a hot dish. Pour the caper sauce (which must be thick) over it. Garnish daintily with slices of cut lemon spread with nish daintily with slices of cut lemon spread with cayenne pepper and sprigs of parsley, and serve very hot. Hand sliced cucumber with this dish.

Egg and Ham Pies

These are very good, being delicious hot, and excellent to finish up cold, should there be any left over Required: One breakfastcupful of white sauce, one heaped tablespoonful of chopped ham, two hard boiled heaped tablespoonful of chopped ham, two hard boiled eggs cut into dice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a little French mustard, some thick slices of bread. Method—Make the cases from slices of bread. Scoop out the centre and then fry in deep fat and drain on paper before the fire. For the filling mix all the ingredients with the white sauce, nicely warming all before the fire. Fill the cases, dust some chopped capers over and serve as a little entree. If, however, you desire to serve them cold, fill the cases when they and the mixture are cold, and then garnish with a few shreds of lettuce.

Loin of Lamb With Beans

Required: Loin of lamb, mint sauce, and a nice dishful of beans. Method—Wrap the loin of lamb in greased paper and roast it, basting frequently. Twenty minutes before serving remove the paper, baste well and flour the joint and at the last sprinkle with salt. Place on the dish and pour a little gravy free from fat round. Serve with mint sauce. Boil the beans in plenty of boiling salted water for twenty minutes. Drain them thoroughly, put them in a clean saucepan

with a little butter, pepper and salt, toss them over the fire for a few minutes and serve.

Fruit Salad-

Required: A tin of pineapple, some preserved raspberries, currants, strawberries (not jam but preserved fruit), a few grapes, and a little syup, and two tablespoonsfuls of liquer. Method—Strain the syrup from the pineapple, put it in a clean pan with enough water to make rather more than half a pint in all water to make rather more than half a pint in all, adding enough lump sugar to make a good syrup boil till dissolved, skim and then stand aside to cool. Into a deep glass dish or china bowl put your fruit, cutting the pineapple into cubes and removing the grapes from their stalks. Do not put any of the syrup beonging to the raspberries, currents and strawberries in with the fruit. Pour over the syrup when cold and lastly stir in two good tablespoonsfuls of liquer. Maraschino, or Cherry Brandy (for which I gave a recipe last week) being the best.

Lemon Cornflour Shape

Required: Two heaped tablespoonsfuls of cornflour, four lemons, one quart of water and four table-spoonsfuls of sugar. Method—Put two full table-spoonsful of cornflour into a basin and make it into a paste with the strained juice of four lemons, adding a little water if necessary. Boil a quart of water with the rinds of the lemons and the sugar and then strain it corner to the corner of the sugar and then strain it carefully on to the cornflour, stirring well all the time so that it is not lumpy. Return to the saucepan and stir till it boils, becomes clear, and the cornflour is quite cooked. Put into a wet mould, and when cold turn out and serve garnished with whipped cream (flavored with lemon.)

Cheese Sandwiches

Required: Slices of brown bread and butter, some rich cheese (grated), cayenne and sait. Method— Prepare the slices of brown bread and butter, cover half with grated cheese and lay the other half over. Press carefully and cut into fancy shapes and serve on a pretty folded serviette. Garnish with an olive

It will be readily seen that this attractive and appetizing menu is very economical and simple in the

At this time of year dishes which were acceptable in the winter meet with no favor. This menu is light and at the same time furnishes a dainty and nourishing meal.

SMALL TALK.

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One of the most important engagements of the year has just been given out, and every one is congratulating Mr. Winston Churchill and his bride to be, Miss Clementine Hozier. "Happy is the woolng that is not long a-doing," and I hear that Mr. Churchill is so anxious to be married during the parliamentary recess, and get away on his honeymoon that the wedding is to take place quietly this month. It is extraordinary how "one marriage (in a family)

that the wedding is to take place quietly this month. It is extraordinary how "one marriage (in a family) makes many," and here is Mr. Winston Churchill following closely in the footsteps of his younger brother Mr. Jack Churchill, who was married last week to Lady Gwendeline Bertie. Truly it is "catching."

I need hardly expatiate upon the bridegroom elect. He is far too well known as a young cabinet minister full of promise, the elder of the late Lord Randoiph Churchill's sons. Miss Clementine Hozier is a really lovely girl, and elever and witty to boot. She has a charming slight figure and a graceful bearing and inherits a good deal of her intellectual qualities from her mother Lady Blanche Hozier and her grandmother the Dowager Lady Airlie.

Lady Airlie is one of the most remarkable old ladies of her day for she is petrie d'esprit and as keen and well'informed on all the burning questions of the day as ever and so full of vitality that she jaurneys to Florence every spring for a sojourn of a couple of months.

couple of months.

What is the correct costume for a gentleman to wear when he visits the House of Lords? The question has sprung up out of an amusing incident of the

other day.

Mr. Hazleton, one of the younger Irish members of Parliament, took a friend who also hailed from the Emerald Isle over the house of Lords. The friend was dressed in the ancient Irish costume—in many respects it is very like the Highland dress—the kilt, the leather sporran and the shawl, which is practically the same thing as a Highlander's plaid.

Well! Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, who at present holds the office of Black Rod, and as that dignified official is responsible for the maintenance of or-

fied official is responsible for the maintenance of order in the House of Lords, objected to the visitor's geup. He sent one of the officials to draw Mr. Hazleton's attention to the fact that it was "not proper" for him to bring friends into the sacred chamber in such attire. So they left in high dudgeon!

It is not to be expected that the head master of an ancient public school should face changes with delight. But the headmaster of Harrow complains of but two developments—the telephone and the motorcar. At Harrow, he says they are always being "rung up" by maternal solicitude. The mother in a motorcar is, it appears, a frequent visitor to the school on the Hill, and a punctured tyre has frequently detained for tea in the next county the boy who should have been back for four o'clock bell. But the headmaster hears these things philosophically. His sympathies are with his successors, over whom mothers in balloons will hover.

Messrs. Constable have just issued a new list of Bernard Shaw's books. Few living writers are so stimulating. It is possible to quarrel with his philosophy of life, and disapprove of many of his opinions, but one thing cannot be denied, and that is the vastly entertaining character of all he produces.

For brilliancy of dialectic, unexpectedness of humor, trenchancy of wit, he has few compers. His dramas occupy a unique place in English literature. We have to go back to the eighteenth century to find anything to equal their wit in prose comedy, and not one of the writers of that period surpasses him in intelligence, and the mental grasp of certain phases of character. His is one of those alert, observant minds that borrow little from the past, and whose works have that vitality and vividness, that quick pulse of life, which first hand experience and knowledge alone can bestow. We must take him as we find him, and no small purpose is served in watching what a vigorous, independent mind can deduce for itself from the phenomena of life, and nature. He has been a worker in many fields. Novelist, dramatic and musical critic, political orator, journalist, and dramatist, and in all of them he has served with distinction. It is as a dramatist, however, that he claims a place in literature, and his work no student of contemporary thought can ignore.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

The Nursery

Since small children cannot help being more or less destructive, the ideal nursery is one where there is little, or nothing which can be hurt by legitimate rough usage, considering the fatal effect of dirty fingers on a wall paper. I advocate color wash for the walls, and an excellent one is Aspinal's Wapicti, which dries with a perfectly hard surface, and is capable of being washed. A chair rail, that is to say, a three-inch stained board, fixed flat along the floor round the walls, is a protection from the bangs which they will inevitably otherwise get from chairs and other furniture. Cork carpet is the ideal floor covering, with a few strong rugs. Blinds are best avoided, as their cords and tassels form a rather unfair temptation to restless little fingers, and they are not necessary if lined curtains of some dark cretonne are provided. I mention cretonne on account of its being washable, as no material should be allowed in the nursery which is not capable of visiting the washtub. The nursery table, during play hours, should be covered with a square of American cloth (in the case of an ordinary deal-table it is a good plan to nail this

on), and the cloth properly kept for nurse's use in the evening. Few people without experience on the subject would believe the difference which a judicious choice of furniture and a wise arrangement thereof makes in the apparent size of a room. What under makes in the apparent size of a room. What under one course of treatment appears a wretched little room, cleverly treated seems quite a convenient size. Too large furniture is an obvious fault in many small rooms, bedrooms particularly. A double bed blocks the floor space far more than two single ones and it is better to have a small wardrobe supplemented by a hanging cupboard than a large one which occupies almost an entire wall of the little room. A straight hanging cupboard, that is, one made of a sideboard and a tob, the wall forming the other side takes up less space than one arranged to fill the corner, and takes a larger number of hooks. Instead of the usual dressing table and chest of drawers can be made to hold the Instead of the usual dressing table and chest of drawers a low chest of drawers can be made to hold the mirror and other dressing table accessories. Quite the best washstand, where space is limited, is the little old-fashioned corner one with a hole for the basin, and these are still to be picked up quite cheaply. A little painted wood cupbeard and shelf hung above makes up for the limited space the washstand affords for bottles, etc. If the window is recessed an ottoman seat to fit it is a space economy, and can quite well be evolved from a narrow packing case. The top would, of course, be padded before the whole seat was covered in chintz or cretonne, and would open for the accommodation of hats. If the room possesses two windows, the second one can be fitted with a long, low cupboard for boots and shoes. The great secret of comfort in a small room is to have a place for everything and not to leave things lying about.

What surround to provide for carpets is often a vexed question. Felt is, happily, seldom seen now in that capacity, for it was a dusty, moth-harboring material, and usually crude in color. Personally, I like no surround so well as the boards themselves, merely

terial and usually crude in color. Personally, I like no surround so well as the boards themselves, merely treated with two coats of varnish stain; this, of course, wants occasional renewing, but I have heard of a new kind which stands wear better than any yet invented. A floor to look well stained must be well bearded, that is to say, the boards must be evenly and closely laid, or should there be gaps these must be filled in with putty before the staining is done. If the boards are really bad, the space round the carpet must be covered somehow, and the next best thing is parquet linoleum. It is rather expensive in the first place, but wears almost indefinitely, and a good one really looks almost like parquet.

BEAUTY HINTS

The leading practitioners of beauty culture have always asserted that a fresh, pure, and really clean complexion and no spot, wrinkle or blemish of any sort on its surface, a skin that can fearlessly face the light of day and the close scrutiny of friend or foe, is the greatest attraction that any woman can possess, and for this reason those who lived in Early Victorian days, and who professed to use soap and water freely and nothing else for their ablutions (though one has frequently heard that they washed in buttermilk to whiten their skin) were most particular that the whiten their skin) were most particular that the water they did use, was clear rain water, soft spring water or distilled water, for in those days every lady water or distilled water, for in those days every lady had her own stille-roome and leisure to use her own distillations, not only of plain water but from herbs and flowers that were also beneficial to the complexion. We are told too, that dainty handkerchiefs were laid out on the grass to catch the dew and that these were rung out into bowls for their face washings. We have neither time nor opportunities to follow all their methods, but the moral they teach is one that we should lay to heart, and that is, that hard water is injurious to the sensitive skin, and moreover, that it will not cleanse it, while it certainly will sting it and line it with wrinkles. In many towns and some country places the only water available for any purpose is very hard by reason of the chalk or lime.

Needless to say such water takes the smoothness.

Needless to say such water takes the smoothness and fresh velvety look out of the complexion very quickly, and that hair washed in it becomes sticky, dull, and unhealthy, while the body is not refreshed, nor cleansed by baths in it, unless it has been artificially softened.

For the morning bath, the softening can be effected by means of the addition of a dessertspoonful of a paste made in the following way: Slowly dry 3 ounces of bi-carbonate of soda and 2½ ounces of tartaric acid and then blend the soda thoroughly with 4½ ounces of powdered white starch, then add the acid and mix this in evenly, next mix together 2 ounces of oil of sweet almonds, 4 minims of oil of lavender and 4 drops of otto of violets and when intimately blended add to the above powder and then work the whole into a stiff paste which is to be put away in a tightly covered far for use.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

Sweetes' Little Feller Sweetes' little feller— Everybody knows; Dunno what ter call him But he's mighty like a rose!

When he's dar a-sleepin' In his little place, Think I see the angels

When de dark is fallin'—
When de shadders creep.
Den dey comes on tip-tee
Ter kiss him in his sleep.

Sweetes' little feller— Everybody knows; Dunno what ter call him, But he's mighty like a rose!

Little feet that patter Fast across the floor. Little hands that batter

Little curls that, sunny, Light the place, Curling round the bonny Little face.

God above, who speakest
From the great white throne,
Watching o'er the weakest,
Guard mine own.

Just Take What Comes Just take what comes. No better way
Has ever yet been found;
And if a body square must fit
Within a circle round—
Be sure of some great purpose fixed
And patient, plane it down,
God never fails or gets things mixed,
However fact may frown However fate may frown.

Now!

One looks behind him to some vanished time,
And says, "Ah I was happy then, alack,
I did not know it was my life's best prime—
Oh, if I could go back!"

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow,
To some glad day of joy that yet will dawn,
And sighs, "I shall be happy then, I know;
Oh, let me hurry on!"

But I—I look out on my fair To-day;
I clasp it close, and kiss its radiant brow.
Here with the perfect present let me stay,
For I am happy now!

-ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,

-KATHERINE B. HUSTON.

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