

IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

AN excellent little volume which should find a place in every home is one entitled "A Guide for Girls." It is from the pen of the Rev. Father Wetzel, and is published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40.

We take the following extracts from it:—Unfortunately, says the writer, many girls are compelled, on leaving school, to go into a factory in order to be able to contribute by their earnings to the support of their parents, and of their little brothers and sisters. But a goodly number, who are not constrained by necessity, prefer a factory, and still more a shop, to service. They earn more money, they can buy nice dresses and stylish hats, they are more independent, and as a set-off to the long hours, they have Saturday afternoon and all Sunday to themselves, not to mention public holidays. They go out with their friends on trips and excursions, when they eat and drink a good deal, and in that way soon run through all the money which remains out of their earnings after having paid a certain sum to their parents.

As a rule these girls never dream of helping their mother in her cooking, or of setting about any needlework, and consequently remain ignorant of all household occupations, cooking, sewing and mending. When they marry themselves, which they generally do early in life, they cannot so much as cook a bit of meat properly for their husbands. This state of things does not contribute to the happiness of married life; the husband, who had expected the atmosphere of his domestic life to be always cloudless, grows irritable and contradictory; he goes to the public house, where you can always get what you want as long as you pay for it, leaving his young wife alone with her sullen potatoes and burnt meat to pity herself. Good bye then to peace and happiness, love gradually dies, and it is more than likely that the husband and wife will part company.

That is a true picture of the daily life of some married people. Would to Heaven that it were less common!

The same writer presents another picture which is not at all an unfamiliar one even in Montreal. In his opening chapter, on methods of thrift, he says:—

Two inhabitants of a village, which had been burnt to the ground, were going from place to place in order to collect gifts from the charitable. They came to a large farm, at the door of which stood the mistress of the house, gravely reproving a servant for having left the ropes for harnessing the oxen out in the rain all night.

"You should take better care of things," she said. When the two men heard this their hearts sank, and they remarked to each other: "We shall fare badly here; the woman is evidently a screw." But to their surprise the farmer's wife received them kindly, and when she heard of the great misfortune which had fallen upon their village, set an abundant meal before them, gave them money and promised moreover to send two bushels of seed-corn to the distressed village. The men were amazed at her benevolence, and during the meal honestly confessed to having set her down as miserly, because she had scolded the servant for a trifle. "My good friends," the woman answered, "it is just because I am economical in small things that I am able to spare something to help the needy."

Everyone does not possess the art of saving. And yet it is easy. The whole secret consists in spending less than you earn. But if you want rules to help you, first, save what you possess to the best of your power.

The present fad of talking of the decadence of the world, of literature, of man, says a writer in the New York Post, in dealing with the question of the value of good cheer in a household, is very detrimental to public and private cheerfulness. These are not degenerate days in which we live! Evil is more known and talked about, great fecundity of thought has brought forth strange creatures who startle us, but there is no good thing in the past of the world that we may not keep if we will, and never has there been so much that was ennobling and uplifting in the lives of men and women as now, in this our day and generation.

This is a time to find every day some new source of enjoyment in life; you cannot walk a public street without having seen something to enrich your mind and gladden existence. Let us take issue with despondency and break a lance against fear and rejoice in our day. Let a cheerful confidence in our countrymen, in our institutions, in our means of civilization and progress take root in our hearts and live in our families. Where wrong exists, let us do our share to quell it in our own homes and private lives.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

THE health and food fads of the day, says a contributor of an American journal, are producing their legitimate result. Overzeal in their pursuit was to be expected, and it exists to the extent that medical men have actually found a scientific name for a condition which arises from fear of food. It is not exactly a disease, but its effect speedily becomes harmful if the condition continues. It seems desirable to avoid too much thought over what one eats. If certain general principles of hygienic food are observed, a healthy appetite and a relish for the dishes set before one may be trusted. It does not need any conversion to mental science to discover that if we make up our minds something will disagree with us, it will. Undoubtedly the reason that children can eat things that older people cannot, is that they eat them without a thought of trouble, and, barring some unusual indiscretion, there is none. This, of course, is not a plea for the pendulum to slip too far the other way, but merely one more caution that in the food fads, as in every other development of this investigating age, there is need for sanity and poise.

Macaroni is a dish that should be frequently on the table. It is within the reach of all. A well known authority in matters of diet suggests that its service between seasons when other foods are somewhat scarce is especially useful. The wheat flour used in its compounding is more digestible in this form than when served in bread. Much of the macaroni offered at the average family table is dry and tough. In its preparation a little care only is needed to prevent these undesirable qualities. It should be boiled rapidly and not allowed to stand in hot water on the range, as is too often done. When it is tender after its quick boiling in salted water (and it should be put in when the water has reached the boiling point), it is turned into a colander and cold water run quickly through to rinse and blanch it. It is then put into a baking dish, and if cheese is to be used, this is the moment to grate it over in a fairly thick layer. Afterwards cover with a white sauce with a tablespoon each of flour and butter stirred smooth into a cup of hot milk. Pour this over the macaroni and cover with a crust of fine cracker crumbs, which have been slightly moistened with hot butter. The cracker crumbs will be found to be better than bread crumbs, and the compound beneath should be creamy, light, and altogether toothsome.

A French maid cleans ribbons and delicate silks by rubbing them in hot flour, then shaking thoroughly. The flour must not be browned, but may be very hot. The same "treasure" presses fine lace and embroidery between paper rather than cloths, and restores rusty black lace by dipping it into a weak brew of green tea, which is warm.

Toast meringue is what a trained nurse called a sort of idealized toast with which she tempted the appetite of her charge the other day. She made first a slice of thin, evenly browned toast, and dipped it for an instant into fresh boiling water that had a good pinch of salt in it. Over the range meanwhile in a tiny saucepan she had three tablespoons of milk and a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut, and as these got hot she added the still beaten white of one egg just long enough to heat it thoroughly. On the toast went the cream and egg, and on a hot plate covered as it was carried through the hall, the dish went quickly to the invalid. Like most other foods prepared for the sick, the success of this dainty is in its careful making, attention to the details of hot and quick service being necessities.

Figs, dates and prunes are among the dried fruits which are often served unwashed. In point of fact, only the most expensive varieties of them are safe to eat without a thorough cleansing. Figs, in particular, should be carefully looked over, the very black parts discarded, and the others treated to a strong flow of water from the faucet. After being left in the colander a few minutes, they can be laid on a clean linen towel or old napkin and dried. One careful housewife known to the writer keeps a fruit brush and actually scours each fig before she permits its appearance at the family board.

The retail storekeepers of New York continue to advance the price of groceries and the other necessities of life. The New York Tribune, in referring to the matter, says:—While they are justified in doing so in some instances, in others they are not. Many of the retail merchants have raised the price of about every article they sell far above the increase in wholesale prices, and declare that they are compelled to do so on account of the loss from waste in handling the goods. Some idea of the increase in price may be obtained when it is considered that the wholesale price of beef, for instance, has risen about 75 cents a hundred pounds, and the retail butchers have raised their prices from one and a half to two cents a pound. Pork has also gone up in about the same proportion.

The bakers say that there is undoubtedly on foot a scheme to corner the flour market, and that it is backed up by the speculators. The wholesale flour merchants say, however, that there is plenty of flour in sight, although the mills and other large holders demand top prices for it.

Lettuce sells for from 5c to 10c a head; watermelons, 75c each; mushrooms, 75c a pound; Bermuda onions, 10c to 15c a quart; green onions, 5c a bunch; radishes, 3 bunches for 5c; spinach, 20c a half-peck; rhubarb, 5c a bunch; table apples, 35c a dozen; old potatoes, \$3.25 three-bushel bag; new potatoes, 15c a quart; new sweet potatoes, \$1.50 a bushel; strawberries, 10c a box.

WHIMS OF FASHION.

SOME of the new summer costumes for afternoon wear are made of dark or black material in silk, wool, crell and wool weaves, and brightened by tiny ruffles, millinery folds, or pipings of bright plaid. Sometimes the ruffles are made merely of very narrow Tartan ribbon gathered exactly through the centre and arranged upon both skirt and bodice. A Paquin costume of dark moss-green bengaline is trimmed with these ribbon ruffles with very pretty effect. They decorate the skirt in points and finish the collar, sleeve-puffs, and wrist frills. The blouse is slashed on each side, and cut down in the neck, and beneath this is a second blouse, which forms the guimpe and shows between the slashes. This under blouse is made of plaid tulle which exactly matches the clan pattern of the ribbon ruffles.

Every hour now seems to bring forward some new development of fashion. Not a few of the reigning modes have been retained—after due consideration—



THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHION.

others have been rejected unconditionally. But among those which have not been repudiated is the lengthened walking skirt. Alas, says an American fashion writer, its vogue is confirmed, as one has only to note on promenades where the best dressed women congregate. The great majority of handsome new costumes worn by leaders of fashion are now daily doing the work of brooms. When such endorser lead the way, the great mass of people follow blindly. Any feeble protest against this senseless, unidyllic fashion is just as ineffectual as was the old woman's historic attempt to stay with her mop the encroachments of the Atlantic Ocean.

Parasols ruffled from hem to stick are pretty, fluffy, and effective. Pretty little inexpensive parasols come in plain colors, green, lavender, rose pink, to match different gowns. They have an effective striped edge. A more expensive parasol is a heavy corn-colored silk, with a border of blue.

Corn color is being worn to some extent, and it is a delightful Summer color. It is always pretty and cool, and becoming to many people. It is to be seen in some of the wide scarfs for the neck.

Scarfs of fine net finish with an embroidered lace work edge are pretty and easily cared for. A linen collar makes a good foundation over which to tie any kind of a scarf. It is very well to talk of the injurious effects of the stiff collar and the discomfort to the wearer, but it has many enduring moral qualities. A scarf in a state of pristine freshness, where it stays "put" up around the neck may be a delight if the day is not too warm, but on a warm day and with the scarf losing the small amount of starch which it needs to give it just the proper body, and beginning to slip it can take away all a woman's mental and moral stamina and give her that half dressed feeling which is death to all comfort.

A dead white scarf is unbecoming to a great many people. The dead white effect can be removed by washing the scarf in coffee and making it any shade, from a soft cream to a delicate coffee

brown. Or another becoming effect can be obtained by wringing the scarf after it has been washed in water which has been made quite a deep red with a little square of carmine paint such as can be found in any cheap box of paints. This will give a delicate pink tint to the white, very becoming when it matches a pink tint of the skin. The square of paint will do service for a number of washings.

Stylish belt ribbons are five or six inches wide, plain colors, the ends plaited to ordinary belt ribbon width and fastened to a narrow buckle or clasp, which is fastened in front.

Most mothers are greatly concerned regarding the appearance of their children. Neatness in dress counts for much in this regard. An American writer, dealing with the question of fashions for children, says:—

While the problem of selecting the children's summer outfits is still puzzling enough, it has been simplified very much by the well-made garments of all sorts and kinds that can be purchased in the shops. Simplicity was once the leading element of style in children's dress, but now it is expressed in material and design only, without being especially noticeable as one of the ruling tendencies.

Dame Fashion interests herself very much in the little costumes, and they display very striking evidences of extravagance and modern inspiration.

A LASTING LESSON.

IT was by no means their first quarrel. Indeed, Edna and Guy Ross had been married almost a year, when quarrels are supposed to be a thing of the past. The trouble was that Edna unfortunately possessed a jealous disposition, while Guy was unable to comprehend the tortures of the green-eyed monster.

One night he came home a little earlier than usual. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing a gale, but Guy was in the best of spirits as he came stamping into the house, for the next day was the anniversary of their wedding, as well as Edna's birthday, and he had planned a delightful surprise for her.

But when, instead of with the customary kiss, his wife greeted him with cold, averted looks, his spirits sank. "What have I done now?" he thought.

"I didn't expect you home to supper," said Edna. "I thought you would stay and dine with your cousin Ella. You have spent a good part of the day with her as it is."

"Why, Edna, what gave you that idea?" said Guy, looking at her in surprise. "You ought to know better than to say such a thing."

"But it's true," exclaimed Edna. "After you left this morning, I found a note from Ella Ray, addressed to you, stating that she would meet you this afternoon at 1 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock I was down town and I saw you both together on Maine street."

"I have not forgotten," she continued, with a scornful toss of the head, "how she chased after you before we were married, but I did not think you would keep up your flirtation after you married me. But then you probably wish you had never seen me."

Without a word Guy turned on his heel and walked out of the room, leaving Edna sobbing wildly on the sofa.

He has left me without a word of explanation. All that I said is true. He is tired of me, and there is only one thing left to do. I will go to Auntie Alice. She will take me back."

She dried her eyes, and, changing her dress for a heavy one, started out, closing the door softly behind her.

It was still snowing hard, but Edna didn't seem to notice it. She had a mile to walk after leaving the cars, and it seemed the biggest mile she had ever travelled. Suddenly she slipped on a piece of ice which was concealed by the falling snow. She tried to regain her footing but fell back fainting with a sprained ankle. She grew colder and colder, and finally a drowsy feeling stole over her. "Guy, dear," she murmured, and that was the last she knew.

At home in the reading room sat Guy trying to read, but without any success, for he could not help thinking of Edna's tear-stained face. His eye fell on a large box which lay under the library table.

"Just the thing," he exclaimed. "I will give her the jacket to night instead of waiting until to-morrow. And without entering into any explanations I will mention that Ella assisted me in selecting it, as women are a better judge of such matters than men."

He hunted all over the house, but he failed to find Ella. He began to grow anxious, and then it flashed across him that she had left him and gone to her aunt. It was almost a blizzard out of doors, and with a great fear in his heart he prepared to go after Edna.

Guy rode as far as the car would take him and then started on foot in the same direction that his wife had taken. He stumbled through the snow barely able to keep his footing, but pressing bravely on until he fell sprawling over some object which lay in his way. He felt a human body and with a cry of dismay saw that it was his wife Edna.

Guy picked her up in his arms and almost ran to her aunt's house, which was not much farther.

Edna was not dead, however, and with the aid of warm restoratives and a good night's rest she was able to sit up the next day and beg her husband's forgiveness. When she saw her lovely birthday gift, a superb seal skin jacket, and knew why Guy had spent so much time with Ella, she was doubly ashamed.

But love forgives much, and Guy overlooked everything, for he felt that Edna had learned a lasting lesson. And she had.—Boston Post.

IMPURE BLOOD IN SPRING.

This is the almost universal experience. Diminished perspiration during winter, rich foods and close confinement indoors are some of the causes. A good Spring Medicine, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, is absolutely necessary to purify the blood and put the system in a healthy condition at this season.

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Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association

Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meetings held in its hall, 18 Duane street, first Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management: President, JAS. J. McLENNAN; Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Treasurer, J. J. McLENNAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. McLENNAN, D. J. O'Neill, D. Gallen, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8:30 p.m. President, JOHN WILLY; Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. McLENNAN, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION No. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel's Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the first and third Sunday of each month, at 8:30 p.m. President, ANDREW McLENNAN; Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Treasurer, J. J. McLENNAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, A. Dunn, M. Lynch, J. E. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at St. Ann's Hall, No. 242 Notre Dame street, at 8:30 p.m. President, J. J. McLENNAN; Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Treasurer, J. J. McLENNAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. McLENNAN, D. J. O'Neill, D. Gallen, Jas. McMahon.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Deloraine street; Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Treasurer, J. J. McLENNAN; Sergeant-at-arms, D. Matheson; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. McLENNAN, D. J. O'Neill, D. Gallen, Jas. McMahon.

C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.

Organized March 11, 1888. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's Church, on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. President, J. J. McLENNAN; Secretary, J. J. McLENNAN; Treasurer, J. J. McLENNAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. McLENNAN, D. J. O'Neill, D. Gallen, Jas. McMahon.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26.

Organized, 13th November, 1887. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 2 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

Applicants for membership or anyone looking for information on joining the branch may communicate with the following officers: J. J. McLENNAN, P. P. Spiritual Director, Centre street.

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Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, corner Centre and Laurier streets. M. P. McGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger. M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laurier St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, every 1st and 3rd Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSHER, Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 109 Ottawa Street.

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Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; President, JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 200 Main Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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