

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Window-dressing has certainly become an art with our shopkeepers. It is almost impossible to discriminate as one vies with another to such an extent that we go slowly when we begin to compare. During horse show week there was a particularly elegant display, the well-known purple and white being very prominent. Just now the dry goods stores seem to lead, decked out in all their summer finery, from the gossamer-like voile and filmy laces to the serviceable and exceedingly pretty gingham. All this is in keeping with the bright days with us, and those to come, and increases our anticipations of happiness in country, in mountain and at seaside; and one so easily forgets the dusty city and the binding task amidst the joys of a summer vacation.

FASHIONS.

A novel and charming coat for evening is fashioned of a network of very narrow silk braid put together in a lattice design. This open-work affair is mounted over a white silk foundation, in its turn is lined with satin and chiffon.

Long, narrow panels of open embroidery are inset into the newest parasols, radiating like spokes from the centre. A taking blouse of white linen has pale green linen shamrocks applied to the front and the long tight cuffs. Many hats of butter-colored straw are shown, and one of the smartest has the turned-up brim faced with black lace, and the top heaped with pink roses.

Sharply-pointed bodices and deep-pointed waistbands are the chief novelties of the hour, the latter in many cases reaching as high as an ordinary evening bodice. They are a little difficult to manage; these important-looking centres, and in all cases the material proper must be mounted on a carefully fitted and boned lining. The new centre may be fastened in the front, at the back, or at one side with equal propriety; but always great care must be taken to make the fastening invisible, or else to have a double set of extremely pretty little buttons looped across with silver cords, or something of that kind. The whole appearance of a costume might very easily be spoiled by a carelessly arranged waistband.

No woman with too large hips should wear an Eton jacket. She wants a long coat, at least to the knees, with almost straight lines at the side. Shallow round gimpes with only a narrow band trimmed in lace or embroidery running down the front to the waist line are for use with blouse or coat which show only a line of lingerie or lace; and, in place of the fluffy sheer chemisettes and cuffs, one occasionally finds sets in coarse design and finished by a little heavy applique lace.

Leather effects will figure in the belts to be worn by women this summer. The newest thing for children is patent leather belts with a bob. The silk belt with leather trimmings will be the most gorgeous one the women have worn in several summers. It is something entirely new and will be one of the popular effects. Another fad for the summer is the leather belt, plain and patent, with a seam running through the centre. This will be worn with shirt waists. The visiting bag will be carried this summer instead of the handbag which has been so popular.

Nothing is in better taste for morning wear than the simple lingerie waist, which may in truth be quite an intricate affair of lace insertion and motifs, but the effect of which remains simple however the embellishment is used.

A silk lining is almost a necessity for most of the gowns this year, and yet there never were so many satisfactory linings to choose from, and with a silk flounce only quite a few pennies can be saved. For summer wear thin India silk or lawn makes a far more comfortable waist lining than taffeta silk, and will wear better in most cases, but cannot be used if the gown be of too transparent a material. There are also many new linings that are cool and that yet have enough "body" not to stretch, a most serious fault that will ruin the best cut waist after it has been worn two or three times.

A model in chiffon messaline of a delicious peach blossom pink was one of the most pliable gowns shown by an importer, yet was particularly simple in its design and is within the scope of any seamstress. Lace insertion of a guipure variety, through which black velvet baby ribbon was drawn, was the essential trimming, but the lines of the little gown were charming.

Both greens and browns are well represented in the check effects so numerous among the new materials. In everything from cotton to silk the check is ubiquitous, often in combination with other designs, but appearing in every imaginable form. Probably we shall be tired of checked materials before the summer is over, but it is an unquestionable fact that a majority of the prettiest novelties in all materials save evening gown fabrics have some suggestion of the check.

TIMELY HINTS.

Carpet Washing—After having thoroughly swept the carpets that were lifted and cleaned in the spring, go over every inch with a clean mop wrung out of half a pail of tepid water to which has been added half a cup of camphor and three or four tablespoonfuls of ammonia. This applies to dark carpets, of course, for these are the sort that generally need brightening.

To clean bronzes wash the surface with pulverized whiting or powdered saffron until the surface is smoothed, then rub the surface with paste of plumbago and saffron, which will impart the desired color; then heat the articles before a slow wood fire. Large statues which cannot be removed are washed with a weak solution of alkali and soap water.

In dampening clothes for ironing, hot water is much better than cold; the moisture is more even, and the clothes are sooner ready for the iron.

Ivory-backed brushes are so liable to get soiled and spotted, even with the greatest care, that many people will be glad to know how to clean them properly. Spots may be removed by the application of a paste made of sawdust slightly dampened with water and a few drops of lemon-juice. The paste should be laid on the ivory and allowed to dry thoroughly. It can then be brushed off.

Another plan is to dip a small bit of damp flannel into table-salt and rub with this. If the backs of the brushes are carved, the former method will be found the better.

A little white sugar in the water in which green vegetables are boiled will preserve their color and is better than the use of soda.

Kerosene is excellent for cleansing zinc-lined articles, such as bath tubs and sinks, or if the sink is made of iron it will clean it as well. Wipe off thoroughly with a cloth dipped in the oil, then scrub with hot suds, and the lining is brightened as well as cleansed.

In the present demand for trimmings and vari-colored laces anyone who has had even a small experience in handling a brush can paint her cheap lace into an excellent imitation of an expensive variety, providing that she uses a little judgment in her effect, but with the flowers painted in a delicate pink and the tiny leaves green a very charming trimming is the result. Lace is the salvation of many a "made-over" frock, and an old family lace fichu, or a collarette of point lace, or even a lace flounce, can be utilized to better advantage this year than ever before.

Remember that the yolk of an egg, if placed in a cup and covered with a little cold water, will keep for a couple of days. The water can easily be poured off when the yolk is to be used.

A sick person will sometimes eat water toast when other food is repugnant. Toast bread crisply and dip just for a second in boiling salted water. Remove instantly to a hot dish, butter lightly and serve.

TIME TABLE FOR VEGETABLES.

- String beans—One and a half to two hours. Cauliflower—Thirty to forty minutes. Corn, young—Five to ten minutes. Cabbage, new—Thirty to forty-five minutes. Carrots—Fifty to sixty minutes. Onions—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes. Peas—Fifteen to twenty minutes. Potatoes, boiled—Twenty to thirty minutes.

Potatoes, steamed—Thirty to forty minutes. Turnips—Thirty-five to forty minutes. Parsnips—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

RECIPES.

Sweetbreads, Italian Style—Soak a pair of heart sweetbreads in cold water for two hours, then parboil in water acidulated with a little lemon juice or tarragon vinegar. When done drain and cool, placing them under a weight. Cut each one into four pieces and brown nicely in butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley. Let them cool, then dip into white glaze or Bechamel sauce, then into bread crumbs, then into beaten egg, and again into crumbs and fry in deep fat until nicely browned. Serve with brown sauce and mushrooms and individual patties of spaghetti with a slice of tomato and little grated cheese on top.

Graham Gems with Dates.—These are especially nice for breakfast, delicious and wholesome. Beat the yolk of one egg with a saltspoonful of salt. Next add one cupful of milk, one-half cup of boiled rice, a cup and a half of whole wheat or graham meal, and a scant tablespoon of melted butter and beat vigorously, add a quarter cupful of sliced dates, a teaspoonful of baking powder and then fold in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a hot oven.

Sardine Salad—Soak a dozen sardines for an hour in vinegar, then remove their skin and arrange in a circle on your salad dish. In the centre heap pitted and quartered olives. Make a dressing of the strained juice of a lemon mixed with one tablespoon olive oil, a bit of salt and of paprika; and over all a sprinkling of capers.

Savory Tomato Soup—Finely chop two medium sized onions and put them in a saucepan with two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of minced parsley; add a little salt and pepper, and three new boiled potatoes, chopped fine; also half a cup of cooked or canned green peas. Simmer about ten minutes; then add a can of very ripe tomatoes. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of ground cloves, more salt if required and a little cayenne. Cook gently for half an hour, then rub through a fine sieve. Return to the oven and thicken with a teaspoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Serve very hot with tiny sippets of fried or toasted bread.

THAT BOY OF YOURS.

We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements.

Girls are naturally winsome, gentle companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischievous, is invited into few homes and feels none too much at home in his own. About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of cordial greeting, is where he ought not to go.

It is one of the hardest things in this world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. He is hungry for companionship and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its place.

If the rime of selfishness has so incased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied; but so are you.—Milwaukee Journal.

HOME COURTESIES.

In the close relationship of members of the same household and the constant contact through long association, there is apt to be a lack of the friendly greetings and delicate attentions which are given to visitors and strangers in the household. Children are commonly not trained to sweet courtesies in their treatment of parents and one another. Husband and wife do not preserve their first gracious care of each other. But thoughtful and loving little services sweeten home life and pour the oil of joy over daily experiences.

When a husband or son is prompt and helpful in placing her chair for her at table, what woman does not feel happier? An act of courtesy cultivates in its performer more appreciation and attachment. The spirit which prompts little attentions and the habit which preserves them will banish hard feelings, sharp words and alienations that naturally and easily come in times of difference or conflict of interest.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A MOTHER.

In thinking over what is expected of the average woman who becomes a housekeeper, wife and mother, it occurs to a recent writer that she must be master of all the arts and sciences in order to properly fill her position. Her education, to be complete, must be perfect along many lines. She must be entertaining and accomplished, to charm her husband and her husband's friends; she must be a well-rounded housekeeper, understand cooking thoroughly, else how can she direct the energies of her domestic in that line? She must be well acquainted with the sanitary code, to see that her house is well ventilated, properly heated, and the plumbing in good condition; must know how to attend to the marketing and general buying, so that sufficient economy may be practiced; must make all her own calls, and her husband's as well, to keep in touch with her social duties; her knowledge of sewing must be such as to keep the family mending done, if not to fashion the clothes; then, when the children come, she must be a trained kindergartner, and then, later on, she must remember all she ever learned at school or college, so as not to be put to shame by the girl or boy of the twentieth century, while at the same time she must be young again to enter into their joys and sentiments, and see that their companions are what they should be, and when sickness comes mother is expected to be a trained nurse, ready to be up day and night, taking the temperature and giving medicine.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NEEDED SOMETHING.

Mrs. Hi Flyre—They say that Mrs. Al De Mustard's beautiful new house is simply crowded with Murillos and Velasquezes.

Mrs. Justin De Bunch—Why! Has she tried pouring gasoline in the cracks and fumigating with formaldehyde?—Cleveland Leader.

Tommy—I think mamma is an awful gossip.

Ethel—O Tommy, how can you say such a thing?

Tommy—Well, she is; everything I do she goes right off and tells papa.

"Are you going to the circus, Willie?" asked the visitor.

"I s'pose I'll have to," replied the little fellow. "Papa wants to go, and I'm the only excuse he's got."

The six-year-old daughter of a certain naval officer was sewing, when her older sister asked, "Why don't you use a pattern?" The little miss replied with impressive dignity: "I don't need a pattern. I sew by ear."

AT CAMP MEETING.

Judy—Glory! glory in my soul! I got 'ligion all over me!

Juba—Judy, ain't you shams ter be shoutin' glory, and des las' week you stole dat goose from Miss?

Judy—Go 'way from heah, nigger! You think I gwine let des a goose stan' twixt me 'n my Maker?

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitchings, and vice versa."

I see the tan stitchings, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for four buttons, so she bought three pairs.

"Have you any brothers and sisters, little boy?"

"Yes; two."

"And you have a father and mother?"

"Yes; and we have a grandfather."

"How old is your grandfather?"

"Oh, I don't know. But we have had him for a long time."—Selected.

THE GENTLEMAN.

A little girl, who had been overheard calling her sister a "little devil," was severely reproved by her mother, who explained that no little lady ought to use such a shocking expression.

"I hope," said mamma, "that I shall never hear that word from your lips again."

Next Sunday the small offender went to church with the nurse, and on her return was asked by her mother if she knew what the sermon was about.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it was all about the world, the flesh and—the gentleman who looks after hell!"

A TALK ON WOMEN'S CLUBS

According to the secular press the Woman's Club topic is a delicate one to touch upon. It seems to be one of the live wires of society, charged as it is, with awe for womankind and popular indulgence in dealing with feminine whims. Now and then a hard knock is given to women's organizations in general, and immediately the culprit is invited to step out on the carpet and defend his honor.

We are liable to make sharp accusations when we view a thing in its extremes, and there is nothing in the wide world that has not tasted of bitter absurdity and ridicule. And although it would be unjust to condemn every woman's club without exception as silly and dangerous to the home—for any little band of women might be called a "club" so long as there is some object in view—certainly some of the wildest, wickedest, cruellest and most heartless theories are put forth in more than one of the many clubs of women in this our day of brain strenuousity. Holy Writ tells us that charity is kind and that it is patient and that it "endureth all things." Whom woman club together in a charitable cause and keep within the bounds of rationality their cause is noble. While they keep patience and kindness firmly hinged on their undertakings the good within them will have freer egress to an atmosphere of truth, the doors of their hearts will not squeak with the rust of pomp and self-esteem, and their efforts will be worthy.

There are many societies organized in the name of charity and in the name of other "uplifting" and "elevating" things which are but thorns in virtue's side. Their origin is sometimes sincerely puffed up to extremes; sometimes heightened vulgarity, and often it is an unnatural ambition for queerness by queer individuals.

What a counterfeit of womanliness is presented in a gathering which has for its purpose the crushing into shapelessness every consistency of nature! Picture a woman frequently leaving her home and children and preaching to her sisters on the "Uplift of Society" or "How to Have a Model Home!" It would be more in accordance with a home-loving woman to suggest to her sisters that she and they stay at home as much as possible unless it be convenient to have both husband and children accompany them on their pastime tours. I don't mean to claim that it is improper to seek advice from women in women's gatherings. There are many women who are intellectual and penetrating, observant in home-improving ideas; but once a woman has chosen the vocation of wife and mother her place is not the lecture platform. The old rhyme tells us that

"Man works from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done."

Of course the woman's work referred to in the couplet means her work in the home, and I believe the woman is rare who does not love that quotation. I quite agree with them, too, and sympathize with them, and that is good reason for me to argue that there is a contradiction in the attempt to be a public lecturer, or a frequenter of clubs, and be a model home-manager, with or without servants.

I will repeat that there are many women who, possessing more knowledge of things in general than the average housekeeper, are fitted by their superior ability to teach household hints and hold discourse for the benefit of women wishing to improve conditions in their homes. Women writers on home topics are also in a position to aid in this instruction. But women are in many instances made discouraged by their state of life by becoming habitually drawn away from the simple pleasures of their own hearth to the less responsible pastimes of clubdom.

The statements of some of our public men regarding the menace to society in the popularizing of women's clubs should not be looked upon as an offense by women of serious mind, but rather as a timely warning that women should not look for ease and amusement while home ties and affections are neglected.

Woman is the cornerstone of the home. She is the principal support in love's imposing structure. She is the prop above and around which is built all things beautiful and cheerful and good. The family dealings with the world will always cast a reflection of the character of the mother and wife. So let woman hold her place and be not shaken by idle unreasonings of discontent. Let her aim be to make husband and sons better men and her daughters still more loving by every effort at home-like and natural encouragement. Com-

merce will take care of the material world. Let woman keep guard over that finer and sweeter, and holier world in which the soul has a part.—Michael Barrykay, in New World.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, May 20.

On Tuesday evening last the D'Youville Reading Circle held its final regular meeting of the season. Current events were summed up, and reference made to the very delightful lecture given last week by Mgr. Vay da Vaye, and his impressions of the Far East. His words were recalled in which he said that it was the duty of every one to hope and pray for peace. A resume of the year's work was made and conclusions drawn from the studies followed since last October.

Three very charming books were reviewed. In "Adventures Among Books," by Andrew Lang, that clever writer and critic has his say about contemporaries, and says it very well. All who have read "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and "A Solitary Summer," will eagerly welcome another book from the pen of that gifted woman, who possesses the knack of telling things in such a simple and clever way and makes everything so interesting. "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen" will prove delightful summer reading and vastly superior to the great mass of stuff usually in demand on the verandah of summer hotels. A book which every woman ought to have and read is Miss Tooley's "Life of Florence Nightingale," the organizer of the Red Cross during the dreadful Crimean days. It is pleasant to think that Miss Nightingale, who did such brave work half a century ago, is still alive at 84 years of age, and was most likely able to revise her "Life," thus making it something of an autobiography. In connection with this subject, the little poem by Longfellow entitled "The Lady With the Lamp," was recalled, in which he refers to the noble work of the little band of army nurses in the Crimea. There were no electric lights in those days, and it must have been a beautiful picture to see Florence Nightingale or one of her thirty-eight companions walking, lamp in hand, through the crowded wards, tending quietly and swiftly to the great needs of the sufferers.

The May Messenger was mentioned as containing an article in which the Canadian Autonomy Bill was summed up very concisely. The Dolphin for the same month has some very interesting reminiscences from the late Father William Neville, on Cardinal Newman at home, with his violin and his Thackeray and Dickens.

Two sets of books consisting of the stories of Christine Faber and John Morley's "Men of Letters" have lately been added to the library. These books are the generous gift of Mr. M. J. Heney, of Seattle.

The Oxford notes were confined to the reading of a selection from Matthew Arnold's essay on the Oxford Movement, entitled "Culture and Anarchy," and a chapter from Newman's "Idea of a University," referring to the subject of the ancient University of Dublin. In his essay Arnold speaks of the "traditional beauty" of Oxford, which no intellectual or religious change can affect. Note was made of Newman's striking definition of beauty, as "truth seen from another side."

The second part of the evening was devoted to the reading of the last book of the Light of Asia, which tells of Buddha's home coming and his preaching. The last chapter of Dr. Aiken's "Gotama" was also read. Referring to the alleged similarities between the teachings of Buddha and the teachings of Christ, the author says that "so long as the human mind retains its discriminating powers of judgment, Christianity has nothing to fear from Buddhism. He alone who is the Light of the World, has the words of Eternal Life."

On Tuesday evening, May 30th, there will be a general meeting which will be something in the way of a spring festival, with music and poetry appropriate for the season. At this meeting the plan for next year's work will be drawn up.

MARGUERITE.

Who could withstand the witchery of star-eyed, smiling May? Even the cemetery, that silent city of the somnolent, that silent city of the somnolent sleepers upon the distant hill—acknowledged her magic, and small life stirred between the closed rows of cots, whose tenants must abide the coming of a grand, eternal May—Edwin Sandys.

OUR

Dear Boys and Girls:

I can hardly believe there is not one letter from all the little folks planted, or are they planted? I am sure I would be able to see the result, but be impossible without achine. Send along some. Your loving,

MABEL'S DASI.

Mabel had never been in her life as she was. It was only 6 o'clock when Fanny and Maude, work picking flowers in field. How beautiful the with the soft light of everywhere. The air seemed so sweet, nor the birds so joyous.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," said Fanny, as she was an inviting clump of began adding them to those she already held. "I'm so glad!" Mabel "I never wanted a day to be so much before. I hope the prettiest wedding the ever had."

"Wasn't it sweet of Mabel to ask us to help to deck church?" remarked Maude. "I think it's almost nice to let us pick the flowers, too. 'Did you know she to choose a few flowers to her hair from those her bring her?'"

Mabel made no response heard the remark plainly, a sudden purpose into her was a plump, round thoughtful brown eyes, a manner which indicated tion rather than shyness.

If Miss Green was going any of the girl's flowers, she made up her mind that she hers. None of the girls Miss Green as she did, ever all did pronounce her the ed her they had ever had. ed Miss Green better the ever loved any one except and mother. And she just stand it to have the bride other girl's flowers.

So while Fanny and Maude rapidly, and added bunch to the pile in the big basket picked slowly, walking here over the field, with closely eyes, gathering only the most perfect blossoms. very content with the cluster she held, when the dust picking. Nowhere, she could more beautiful daisies than these she had sought carefully.

"I'll bring mine up to myself," Mabel said, as from the girls at the roadway I come up to help trim."

"That all you picked, asked her mother in surprise Mabel had reached home. Mabel only nodded in smiling happily. She rearr blossoms carefully, and put away until time to take the church.

The girls were to be at 10 o'clock. Mabel thought started early, but when she the little white building she that she was the last girl and that the trimming was quite advanced. Miss Green was superintending it all. was, in the farther corner Mabel hurried forward and circle in time to see Miss Green a box she held in her hand.

"Aren't they lovely, girls?" Green said, holding the box show its contents. Mabel leaned forward. Ting carefully in the folds of tating white tissue paper beautiful cluster of orchids.

"I'm going to wear them hair," Miss Green went on, dear friend, who was my clo chum, sent them to me. She them herself. She heard I w to carry orchids, and she w to know if I were willing she send the ones I wore in my Mabel's heart fell so sudden she scarcely noticed that it w ny who was standing next to heard her friend as she whisp "How funny! I thought Miss said she'd wear the flowers her girl friends sent, and that, of meant us. She must have somebody who was a friend