

HOUSEHOLD.

The Sensible Sort. She can peel and boil potatoes. Make a salad of tomatoes. But she doesn't know a Latin noun from an antique.

She knows how to set a table. And make order out of Babel. But she doesn't know Euripides from Kant. Once at a party she caught her.

She has quite a firm conviction. She ought only to read fiction. And she doesn't care for science, not a bit. She likes a pot that thickens.

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden. That whatever she's arrayed in. Makes her look just like the heroine of a play.

I told the Stars in Heaven. [From the French.] I told the stars in heaven: She is kin to you. And your eyes unveiled at even, less of splendour.

I told the garden roses: To her suppliant go! Her lips, red, unending, and her tresses deep. Far outrun with fleetness.

I told the rippling breezes, dying in the wood. And to rippling wavelets which sing and rejoice.

I told to Aurora: E'en thine eastern glow Would yet glow in radiance and in winsome grace.

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One satisfaction nowadays in making up cotton frocks is the almost absolute certainty that the colors will not fade if reasonable care is taken in the washing.

White cotton frocks are supposed to be suitable for all ages, hence their continued popularity in all parts of our country in spite of the fact that they are not so durable.

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A vest or V of tucked white lawn is always effective and can be made removable, so as to be easily laundered. Surplus waist, full from the shoulders and lapped at the waist line, is always in vogue, as is a sailor waist with large collar.

Oh! What a Surprise. Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wider areas.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened at the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket.

"What!" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with a vulgar fellow!"

"Existence" spelled with an 'a' too, added the mother. "Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me!" Then why does he attempt it, you ask! But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined.

"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you—" "And that picture, anyhow." "And in bitterly deriding the obstinate, stupid old fellow who will not consent to our union."

"Whelp! Is thy servant a toad that he should thus be spoken of? Oh, let me get at him!" "But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen words would not hesitate to scrawl the most cherished relative."

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf." "Oh! Let me see. Hum—" "You, with all the love of my heart, Theodorus, 10th May, 1835."

"Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters"—(sensation). "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear. Hem! We've made a nice mess of it." Waste of Time. A gentleman recently paying a visit to Ireland met with a peculiar incident.

Whist one day out in the open country, far from any town or village, he was caught in a severe thunderstorm; the rain came down in torrents; to shelter under trees he knew was dangerous. So he made his way to a labourer's shanty, which, fortunately for him, was near.

"Knocked at the door, and to the 'Come in' he entered, but to his dismay it rained almost as fast inside as out, the rain coming through a great hole in the roof."

"Why, Pat, how is it you don't mend your roof?" he asked. "Shure an' ye wouldna want me to be minding me rhyself in a storm like this?"

"No! no! man, certainly not; mend it when it's fine." "Mend it when it's fine?" asked the Irishman with a jeer; "I niver e'er'd sich a tale in my life. Why, when it's fine it niver rains in a dhrap—niver a drop!"

The gentleman said no more. That finished him. Horrible Suspense. Ardent Lover (wildly)—"What does this mean? I've called a dozen times a day for a week, and each time you tell me Miss Jones is engaged. What does it mean? Tell me. Has she fallen in love with some one else and—"

Kind-Hearted Maid—No, indeed, Mr. Goodheart; it's little ye need fear. But why is she always engaged when I call? "Sure it would cost me my place to tell. Don't be worried, me a'out it. Sure it'll be all right."

"But I must know. If you lose your place I will continue your wages until you get another. Tell me. For mercy's sake tell me." "O'll tell ye. She do engaged thryin' t' cure a pimple on her swate nose."

Mr. Jones Saw a Great Light Too Late. "Good mornin', Miss Jackson," said Mr. Limbo Jones gallantly to the belle of the quarter. "I bain't no Miss Jackson," was her discourteous reply.

Mr. Jones looked at her critically. Didn't he know her well? Had he not been courtin' her off and on for years? "Hain't no Miss Jackson?" he said questioningly; "who is you, den?"

"I'm Mrs. Lightfoot, sah; da's who I is," and she tossed her head loftily. "Mrs. Lightfoot? Mrs. Lightfoot?" he repeated slowly. "When dat happen?"

"Las' night at seven o'clock, Mr. Jones." "What Lightfoot is dat you marry, Miss Jackson?"

"Henry, Mr. Jones." "Henry Lightfoot?" he exclaimed angrily. "Whaffur you gwine marry dat lazy, good-for-nothin' nigger wen you kno I been co'tin' you fer mo'n a yea? Whaffur you do dat, Miss Jackson?"

Her Sole Condition. The Mistress—"We leave on Monday, Bridget. You will surely stay during our month's absence? You will have scarcely anything to do."

The Maid—"O'll shayt on wan condition. The Mistress—"Well!" The Maid—"An' that is that ye'll have the pianer chunied. It's in that bad a shape that me young man don't know whether O'm playin' 'Annie Rooney' or 'The Wearin' of the Green.'"

Woman's Delightful Ways. "Jack: Is it true, Harry, that you have given up all thoughts of making Maud your wife?" Harry: "Well, I should say so."

Jack: "That's strange; I thought you were so anxious to get her." Harry: "So I was; but I've changed my mind in that quarter. I tried to get her to give me a kiss, and she refused, but in less than ten seconds after refusing to kiss me she kissed that pug dog of hers at least a dozen times. I tell you what it is. When a woman prefers the wet nose of a dirty pug to the tidy mouth of a live man there is a screw loose somewhere, and I congratulate myself on my narrow escape."

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A PRINCE AND AN EXPLORER.

Henry Orleans Doing Good Work in His Native Country. When the well-known Asiatic traveller, Bouvalot, made his great journey across Tibet two years ago he had for a white companion a young man of unusually high position in life. He was Prince Henry of Orleans.

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Some Summer Dishes.

CHERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make a dough with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, two tablespoonsful of butter rubbed into a quart of flour and cold water. Work the dough as thick as possible. Roll about half an inch thick and bake in two layers one on top of the other. When done put fresh strawberries between the layers and on top. Sprinkle powdered sugar over and serve with whipped cream.

PRESERVED CHERRIES.—It is accepted that sun-preserved strawberries are better than those prepared in any other way and now a writer in *Demorest's* tells how to preserve cherries in a similar way. Stone the cherries and put them on platters or in flat dishes. To each pint of cherries put a scant pint of granulated sugar. Mix them well by putting in first the pint of cherries and then sprinkling the sugar over. Let them stand overnight and, by morning the sugar will have extracted much of the juice. If they seem not to be very juicy in the morning, set each platter in the oven for a few minutes only, or in a warm place about the stove until the juice has come out freely. Then set the platters in the sun—in the hottest place you can find—and put either glass or some sort of very thin paper over them. In a day and a half to two days the syrup will thicken and the fruit will be transparent. Put cold into jars and close them and the cherries are ready for winter use. No heating is necessary; but it is a little better to put into self-sealing jars than into open ones, merely to keep the fruit from drying.

STRAWBERRY OR CHERRY ROLL.—Make a crust for pies but use only two-thirds the usual quantity of butter. Roll it out and bake in a quick oven until nearly done but not until crisp. Take it out, spread over the strawberries which have been washed and sweetened or stewed cherries, then roll it up carefully. Replace in the oven until it is a delicate brown, then serve with milk or cream.

LEMON CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of fine granulated sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a cup of lemon and one tablespoonful of the juice. After beating the butter to a cream add the sugar, lemon juice and rind. Add the eggs well beaten to the mixture then beat five minutes. Now add milk and then the flour in which the baking powder has been mixed. Bake in one loaf.

A POTATO OMELET.—Miss Parson tells how to make this dish in the following manner: Put into a stew pan, with enough boiling water to cover them, four pared potatoes of good size, and cook for half an hour. Drain off all the water and mash the potatoes until smooth and light. Now add a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a few drops of onion juice, and half a gill of hot milk. Beat the mixture with a fork until quite light.

Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and on the fire. When the pan is hot and the butter melted, press the prepared potato through a vegetable press or sifter into the pan, and smooth the surface over lightly without pressing the potato down. Cover the pan and cook until the omelet is brown, which will be in about 20 minutes. Fold over turn out on a hot dish and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, whites of four eggs, well beaten, two tea-spoons baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, then the flour and eggs, beat all thoroughly and add powder.

ICING.—One pound of pulverized sugar two-thirds of a teaspoon of water. Put these in a dish within a pan of boiling water. When melted add one-half a stick of chocolate grated, and the whites of four eggs well beaten and the yolk of one. Beat about 10 minutes and then cool before using.

Election Incidents in Australia. At the recent election for the Eastern boroughs in Melbourne a strange thing happened. The deputy returning officer, who seems to have had charge of the polling booth at Camberwell on the occasion, allowed various irregularities to take place, and insisted upon closing the booth before the proper hour. He has since been sent to the lunatic asylum at Kew. The *Solonians and India* gives another election incident. Mr. Frank Madden, one of the candidates for the Eastern Suburbs at the recent general election in Melbourne, "rubbed it into" one of his opponents in true colonial fashion. A labour candidate was put up against Mr. Madden, and the latter on one occasion spoke of his opponent as "an illuminated turnip-headed ghost wrapped in the dirty counterpane of the labour party."

The True Man. Go on and struggle; only remember that your struggle will be worthless, however you may get the things you seek, unless you can get not merely the bodies of those things but their souls. We know that any man who truly feels that reverence for his own poverty is thereby liberated from the worst part of the slavery to wealth. He may still struggle to be rich, but he is no longer the slave to other men's riches nor to his own ungodly wealth for which he struggles. Calm, dignified, self-respectful, with a bitterness and no pride—who but he is the man who knows how to be abased?

Louis Cyr, Canada's strong man, gave a remarkable exhibition of strength in Hull, Que., on Monday afternoon. The affair was in connection with the St. Jean Baptiste celebration. Cyr had two horses harnessed, each of which weighed over 1,200 pounds, brought and attached by straps to either arm. Cyr folded his arms and stood with one horse on either side of him pulling in opposite directions as to get his arms extended from his body. The animals were then whipped up each in his different direction. Though they strained themselves under the lashings of the whips, Cyr kept his arms folded. The horses could not extend them. The horses were owned by John Dupuis, mail driver between Hull and Ottawa, and are big, strong animals. On one occasion one of the horses, a large gray, the stronger one of the two, drew both Cyr and the other horse after it, but did not make the strong man lose his grip. Four trials were made. Cyr said the animals were the best he had yet met for hauling. Louis did another big act. He had seventeen men sitting on a table, and getting under it lifted table, men and all on his back five or six times. None of them weighed under 150 and several weighed over 200 pounds. The strong man also went through a number of other lifting performances. Cyr's brother Peter was also present and went through a series of feats, but none so herculean as those of Louis. Peter Cyr is a six-footer and stout in proportion, but is not as heavy as his elder brother, who tips the scale at almost 350 pounds.

Would Rather Have a Goat. Jamie's father had taken him to see the baby. "There, my son," he said, "is a little sister for you. Won't she be a nice present?" "Yes," replied Jamie, "she's nice enough, I reckon, but I'd rather have a goat."

Our Boys.

For bubbling laugh and curdless glee, For frolic and mild derision, And drum and trumpet noise, In that old-fashioned iron game, Ent'ho' it be a mother's best, Boys will be boys.

For sport, or fight, for grit of rim— Endurance, like the Anakin, Or tiger's whinny noise: For tights to go and gaiters, And signs of swabness and of lies Boys will be boys.

Is there a call for volunteers, To break a call or yoke of steers At risk of concussions? To fight, at testy honor's death, Or for a woman—to the breach! Boys will be boys.

Must the Antilles be annexed, Or our Dominion's coast be freed With Fenian fias and noise? Or tigers curdled in a pen, Or lion howled in his den? Boys will be boys.

When ruthless war stalks thro' the land, With bayonet and broadsword: And welkin-splitting noise: In front of all the nations then— The Nation's boys are the Nation's—men! God bless the boys!

Outmeal in Summer. With the advent of the hot summer days the old discussion as to the best drink for sustaining the energies of laborers under prolonged effort in the open air has been revived. Farmers and other employers have for a long time pinned their faith to beer as a beverage for their workmen, but outmeal has for the last few years been rapidly growing in favor, and apparently with just cause. A strong support to the advocates of outmeal has been given by a recent experience on the occasion of the conversion of the broad gauge which has been retained so dogmatically by the Great Eastern Railway Company in England to the narrow gauge, now adopted universally in that country. The conversion had to be effected with the utmost dispatch, and the length of line to be transformed was over 200 miles. Five thousand men worked two successive days of 17 hours each, with only short intervals for meals. Throughout this period outmeal was the only beverage that was imbibed by the laborers, and its refreshing, thirst-quenching and sustaining power was unreservedly admitted. Another valuable piece of testimony to the merit of this modern rival of beer is the fact that many cricket clubs have adopted outmeal as the regulation tipple of their active members while a match is being played. It is found that men play better cricket and an infinitely better game than where beer was thought to be the only thing that a cricketer ought to drink, with the advantage of no undesirable reaction. The method of manufacture is simple. A liberal lump of ice into a pail with a few handfuls of oatmeal; fill up with water, add the juice of a lemon and a little sugar, only just enough to give interest to the decoction, and the result is a drink that any man will be grateful for on a sweltering dog day.

A Brave Little Daughter. There is a very pretty story told by Miss Strickland, in her *Queens of England*, of a little girl who saved her father's life. It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was during the trial her father in the Queen's apartment in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the Queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole length picture of James II., which still remains there. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was during the trial her father in the Queen's apartment in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the Queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole length picture of James II., which still remains there. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was during the trial her father in the Queen's apartment in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the Queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole length picture of James II., which still remains there.

What is a Promise of Marriage. A judge at Leeds has decided that "a promise of marriage may be made by other means than by words necessary to effect the bond, for example, or a link of the eye, or a thousand other modes." A young woman had a drawing master who gave her every reason to believe that he loved her—short of saying so. He wrote letters decanting on the "celestial joys" of those who can "point out their souls to each other," spoke of woman as "a beautiful creature, a toy for an hour," and frequently wrote "O, Jane!" After two years he broke off acquaintance, and later wrote to the lady's solicitor "If you have a letter of mine wherein direct marriage is stated, irrespective of my position or her position, I am willing to see further, but you have not." However, following the judge's decision, the jury gave the lady £100 damages.

A combined crank and pedal pia made from one piece of metal, thereby saving nuts, etc., necessary to connect the two in the ordinary way is coming into vogue in connection with bicycles. This combination is intended chiefly for use on racing machines, where the saving of weight that it renders possible is a matter of great importance. An interesting novelty is a steam bicycle, to be run by a boiler 18 inches in diameter, suspended from the upper frame rod of an Arnold model B, with gasoline for fuel. The boiler has a regular steam gauge, and is supposed to stand a pressure of 50 pounds to the square inch. The cylinders are 2 inches and the piston rod is to act on gearing in the crank shaft. The gearing is arranged 5 to 1 for crank axle and 14 for rear wheel, giving gear about a 60-inch gearing. In a recent list of patent theatrical appliances is a device to aid in producing the illusory effect of a bicycle race on the stage. It consists in a bicycle mounted to have its wheels free from contact with the surface on which it appears to run, its front and rear wheels geared together, and its pedals free to be operated by the rider. The supports of the machine are secured to and projected up from a carriage adapted to be moved over the stage. The carriage carries suitably arranged duct-making devices, operated by the motion of the bicycle wheels, whereby the illusory effect of the race is rendered more convincing. Collectors of customs in Canada have been instructed to warn parties bringing sporting outfits into Canada, or making inquiries on the subject, that they will be held strictly to the observance of the fish and game laws in force in the provinces where they propose to shoot and fish. In the case of foreign sportsmen entering at any port of Ontario and proposing to hunt in Ontario, collectors are to call their special attention to the recent enactment of the Provincial Legislature requiring sportsmen to take out a license to kill certain classes of game.

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