

Reformed Dress.

There is a great deal of discussion of the dress question nowadays, and many queries as to where dress reform will be likely to lead,—and what the outcome will be. Will it, is asked, land us just where men are? Shall we finally be restricted to an absolutely useful and uniform dress of the coat and trousers pattern? These queries usually receive an emphatic "No" for reply, and though this doubtless represents the individual opinion of the person addressed, it may also be considered as voicing the feeling of the average woman, who, whatever her troubles and difficulties with her clothes, would rather wear them than rid herself of them.

There are reasons, however, in the nature of things why the woman's dress should always differ, and be more varied, more-sided, than that of the man. The woman herself is more complex, her relations to the social world more exacting, her duties more diversified. These create a nature which demands variety for its expression, and the development of many forms of beauty for its fulfilment.

The skirt, the train, and the shaped bodice, will probably never disappear from the dress of women. On the other hand, it is not likely that the exaggerated hooped skirt will reappear in our day, or the trained dress be allowed to sweep the streets. Sense and fitness have so far prevailed that the question is not now so frequently asked: "What is the fashion?" as "What is best for such or such a purpose?"

Successful new departures are always on the line of the best that has preceded them, and no revolutionary movement, or effort to change the character of the dress of women has ever succeeded. The one garment we owe to the dress reform movement is the combination underwear, which was found on trial simple, healthful and practical. The ingeniously divided skirt which originated with Lady Harberton in England, and has since been propagated in this country by Mrs. Jenness Miller can never be a universal dress. It is, however, well adapted to some purposes, and has undoubtedly found a place which it will retain in the general economy of women's clothing.

The great difficulty in regard to it is the special method and artistic adjustment of its outer covering or drapery. A well-made divided gown cannot be distinguished from a well-shaped princess dress. But if it is badly made, it is very bad indeed.

It has been said that the tailor-made dress was disappearing—that it has been superseded by the Empire style. Nothing could be further from the truth. The tailor-made dress came to stay. Its distinctive features were improved cut, solid material and good workmanship. These characteristics have raised the standard of general dress among women, and established it upon a firm foundation. No wardrobe is now complete without a couple of neat cloth dresses, a tailor-made jacket and useful walking hat, and with the majority of young women this sort of costume has become a uniform for the street. The constantly increasing opportunities for out-door life among women makes a useful out-door dress a necessity.

The growth of these activities among women has been accompanied by a demand for adequate clothing, which, not until recently, was properly supplied. We have now an abundance of cloths suited to such clothing, and in colors that can

be worn upon the streets. We have water-proof cheviots, "resisting" serges, rain-proof tweeds, and finished cloths equal to the finest made for men. We have complete underwear and we are growing into a complete outside dress. We have it now, but it is not yet understood or universally accepted.

Recipes.**STEAMED HOMINY.**

One pint of hominy soaked over night in one quart of water; next morning turn into a mould or deep tin dish and steam for two hours. If sweet milk is plentiful it may be used instead of water.

OMELETTE.

Five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and half a cup of milk; a pinch of salt, and one of pepper. Heat a frying-pan; drop in a piece of butter the size of a nut; shake until all the pan is covered with the butter; pour in the yolks, then the whites, and lastly the milk, salt and pepper. Let it cook slowly on the back of the stove. When it looks firm on top turn one half on top of the other; set in the oven for a few minutes, and when ready to serve, slip on a hot dish; send to table with a few sprigs of green parsley or parsnip tops around.

WHEAT FLOUR GEMS.

Two cups flour; one cup milk; one tablespoonful melted butter; two eggs; a saltspoon of salt. Beat the eggs light, stir in the milk, butter and salt; sift in the flour, and stir briskly. Bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

PANCAKES.

One pint sweet milk; flour enough to make a thin batter; half a cup of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of baking powder; bake in a hot pan, after rubbing well with butter or lard. Keep covered close until ready to serve.

RICE PANCAKES.

One teacup of boiled rice mixed with one pint of milk; four eggs, well beaten; a tablespoonful of brown sugar, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Serve with brown sugar and powdered cinnamon.

RHUBARB STEAMED.

Peel and cut in two inch lengths; place in an agate saucepan with enough sugar to sweeten. Put the saucepan in the steamer, cover close, and steam until all the juice is extracted. Lift the rhubarb out with a skimmer; place the syrup over the fire and boil until thick; return the pieces of rhubarb, boil for a minute and set away to cool. This is a more appetizing way of serving it than putting over the fire and stewing until all is reduced to a pulp.

Labor, though it was at first inflicted as a curse, seems to be the gentlest of all punishments, and is fruitful of a thousand blessings.

Time and its measurers, clocks and watches, tick off the seconds, minutes and hours, and the days go by ere we realize it. Can we not make this summer more than a passing memory, by trying to secure to ourselves more leisure, by systemizing our labors so we will not be always at work. We know the food has to be prepared for the family, but our gardens now furnish such an abundant supply of fruits and vegetables, that no extra labor need be expended on baking pies and cakes, and a wholesome dinner can be furnished with little labor, and healthy appetites such as fresh air and exercise produces are to be found to relish it.

Uncle Tom's Department.**MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—**

July is here again with its haying and its ripening harvest, calling to mind that promise made away down the ages, that "while the earth remaineth seedtime and harvest and cold and heat and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Every boy and girl has an interest in this month, for isn't it ushered in by the "first"—that day in which picnics and fun and general rejoicing hold sway, when flags wave and cannon boom and drums are beaten and bands play? Confederation day! Of all the holidays we as Canadians keep, this one should be indeed *ours*. Was it not on that day in 1867 we became one united Dominion, stretching from ocean to ocean—washed on the one side by the Atlantic and on the other by the far-reaching Pacific? There is, too, the Arctic on the north, holding that "secret of the sea," the North Pole, within its grasp.

One poet has beautifully described a part of our scenery, but only a part, in the following lines:—

"O'er the Western World looks forth
Quebec, gray fortress of the north;
Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,
Round blue Ontario's 'Thousand Isles';
Where the young queen of inland seas,
Toronto, woos the forest breeze;
Where the everlasting spray cloud floats
High o'er Niagara's thunder notes;
Where Erie spreads his water fair,
And white sails gleam on soft St. Clair.
Where the Great Spirit's islands rest
Far off on Huron's sunlit breast
Where tempests wake Superior's sleep" &c.

He might have gone farther, as my nieces and nephews can well understand; their farm homes by mountain, stream and sea have each their share of grace and beauty, scattered as they are over this Dominion. Over the distant Western prairies, which Bryant calls the "gardens of the desert," over the rocky barriers at the West, beside which European scenery grows tame. But a Canadian poetess has almost put the words in our mouth for us, so we shall quote again:—

"We love, we love our Canada
From fair Ontario's vines,
From fogs and mists of Acadie,
Columbia's giant pines.
We love, we love our Canada
From Abraham's glorious height,
To far-off Northwest's fertile belt,
What fairer sweeter sight!"

In another letter Uncle Tom may say more on this subject. Canada has carried him away, and his reasons for you all liking July are not yet given. Well, vacation is here, that is one good reason. Tired of a warm school-room, with lessons and examinations all done, school books laid aside and the prospect of a long rest from them in view. Then, is July not called after your hero Julius Caesar, whom you know so well, and in whom each of you is interested. When you grow older I hope you will each read what Shakespeare has to say regarding him. What does it matter, I hear some of you say, who it was called after? It has hot days and long hours for farmer boys and girls, with only short nights of rest. Yes, short, but they are sweet and very restful, and the harvest time has its pleasures. What can please my nephews better than with a good team, a good mower and a good field of clover, they start out on their day's work, with straw hat, and in their shirt sleeves, singing