Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat



SPRING

WONDER why spring is always considered so joyous? Why do poets sing its praises and men and women go about looking brighter and happier, with lighter tread and lighter hearts, when "spring comes slowly up the way." It is because the spring is the season of the earth's renewal. There is a charm, a brightness, and a freshness about the spring days, surpassing those of every other season. One forgets to feel tired or old, in the glamour of spring, one's blood flows more quickly and one's heart beats more strongly responsive to the greater power and brilliance of the gorgeous spring sunshine. From out of the shadows of earth's winter the world once more rolls into sunlight it seems daybreak everywhere. In the country the lovely wild nowers are pushing through the dead leaves of the old year, an destiling amid the tender green shoots of the new. All life's in the bud, for its spring—the spring with its fresh chances and its dreams! So runs the earth's renewing In the country, and in the towns, even amid the shops and houses, there is an echo of the same joymore than an echo—for the joy is universal. There is no escaping from the influence of spring. On every side the same glad song of newness, brightness and cleanness. Everywhere there is a frenewal. Light fabrics for all wearers, fine laces, fluttering feathers, gay chintzes for our furnishing, the daintiest linen for our tables, and oh! what flowers everywhere, in purest tints of delicate mauve and rose, and yellow. What can rival the spring flowers? Our grandmothers, are oftentimes given a vast amount of praise for having worn their clothes so long, handing down garments of rich silk and stiff brocade that was meant to last a lifetime, and was passed on from generation to generation. But perhaps after all it is better to buy ourselves new clothes every year. Let us wear them well and then having cleaned and mended them, give them to our passed on from generation to generation. But perhaps after all it is better to buy ourselves new clothes every year. Let us wear

MONTE CARLO

Never shall I forget my first visit to Monte Carlo. We had left England (en route for Monte Carlo), buried in a virgin mantle of snow about a foot deep, with a biting east wind victously attacking any portion of the person unprotected by the adventitious aid of furs and wraps. I hate snow! It is ever associated in my mind with disaster and depression. And my first experience of the Riviera! To awake to find the train standing in a small station, an electric bell was tinkling and a struggling sunbeam was trying to gain entrance to a sleeping apartment of the wason-lit. Up goes the blind and a feod of golden sunsnine fills the carriage. Outside the trees were laden with golden oranges and paley lemons, while over the trellis work that flanked the platform was a profusion of roses, who nodded a welcome. Above, the sky was of clearest azure, and a sapphire sea sparkled beneath rugged mailve tinted focks. And this was my first experience of the Riviers! The clear air and sunshine, the flowers and the sea breezes promised health and a renewed feeling of thankful exhilitation thrilled every nerve. Though the first breath of disagreeable weather brings people to Monte Carlo and its neighborhood from all parts of Europe, the season proper does not begin till early in February. On the first day of the month, or thereabouts the little theatre-de-luxe resounds to the strains of opers, and a certain number of notable people are present on the opening night. But the bulk of the habitues, including Grand Dukes who find the South of France better for their peace of mind than Russia, and well known English people, put in an appearance towards the middle of the month, rooms at the exceedingly comfortable house being engaged South of France better for their peace of mind the South of France better for their peace of mind than Russia, and well known English people, put in an appearance towards the middle of the month, rooms at the exceedingly comortable hotels being engaged some weeks in advance, and at the most fabulous prices. Amongst the motley crowd are to be seen such eminent composers as Massenet, Saint Saens, and a sprinkling of minor musicians who greet with much effusion the great ones with whom they are brought into contact. A stray Rajah followed at a respectable distance by his dusky retinue, and staring at the cosmopolitan gathering is also to be seen. The well dressed young English-woman escorted by her adoring spouse sees no harm in wearing her smartest fallals, and in entering with a zest into the varied amusements of the place, is much "en evidence." Besides the opera, other distractions of the season include the daily morning and afternoon walk on the Terrace. "At homes" at the club, dinners galore at the ruinously expensive restaurants, pigeon-shooting, innumerable card parties, and of course—the tables. There are also delightful walks and drives to places in the neighborhood, the scenery of which by the way is lovely, and it is refreshing to get away from the card-loving and gambling set. Fortunately these people view with extreme horror an expedition to the heights above Monaco, while the delightful landscape which lies between Monte Carlo and Nice, has no charms for them. Play alone brings them. They haunt the rooms about midday, and after carefully watching the vagaries of fortune, venture five franc pieces or louis d'or, according to their means. Returning after dinner the habitual gambler plays on till the place is closed for the night. For this type of people Monte Carlo means roulette or trente et quarante only, and the exquisite country and scenery is entirely wasted on the gambler, but so much has been written of this phase of Monte Carlo life that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. enlarge upon it.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Though we are supposed to be well into the spring, yet the weather at the moment of writing, is cold enough to be wearing one's thickest winter apparel. A charming possession is a nice little fichu cape made of black taffetas. A smart one I have seen was made laid told upon fold and at the back it is gathered together by a very large square buckle of the silk edged by a tiny ruching. There are two ends that hang down the back, and these like the front ends are finished off with black silk fringe. I really think this idea might be exploited in a pretty shade of grey silk, which would look charming to wear with a dress of gray volle. The voluminous fantastic fichu peierine is a thing to beware of, and wants treating with a little circumspection, as in their endeavor to be original the designers are not always as artistic as they might be, and the more marvellous of the fresh arrivals in the way of fashion need a good deal of pruning and adapting before they are available for the ordinary mortal. Black hats are to be exceedingly fashionable, and trimmed with the most enormous feathers it has ever been my lot to see. They are every bit as exaggerated as any hat Gainsborough ever painted and the higher the plumes wave aloft, the smarter you may account yourself to be. It is not so easy to make a hat up to date this season as usual, from a last year's model, because the shape of the brim is entirely different from that which was modish last summer, nearly all the picture hats have a brim which is narrow in the front and the back, and wide at the sides. I have been troubling my mind quite a lot lately, about feminine untidiness. I sat behind a girl the other day at a social entertainment who was very smartly dressed, but I regret to say that her collar supports were so badly put in that they were poking their way through the top. Of course we all know what an annoying thing it is to have a tail high collar, but at the same time, since the collar support has arrived upon the scene, it ought to be attended to, and made

eye for cut, and can whisk a blouse together quicker than anyone I know, yet it seems a pity not to employ some needy female to come in and sew on all the fastenings for her. It is so difficult to tell what type of woman one admires; sometimes I think I like the neat tailored woman who looks as if she had come out of a band box, and at others I fall deeply in love with the rather floppy artistic lady; but the worst of being too artistic is that one is apt to look untidy upon the smallest provocation, and it is not becoming to be dressed in a large veil, an uncertainly poised hat, and a trailing gown on a windy day, and when the elements are unking and the stormy wind blows, the tailor lady assuredly gets the best of it. At the same time I dislike the uncompromising tailor suit, and the hard mannish collar and tie. Nine women out of ten look better in an embroidered linen collar or a neatly arranged cravat, showing some touch of or a neatly arranged cravat, showing some touch of femininity which shall keep her attire distinct from mere man.

ON GOING TO COURT

To go or not to go to court? Such is the question which every woman in the British Isles may now-adays put to herself, and apparently answer as she shall think best. For within the last year the dancing masters who undertake to teach the inexperienced of our sex to make the necessary courtseys at their Majesties' courts have been coaching the wives of politicians and others, who at the outset of their career little contemplated shining in royal circles, but who none the less alighted at the great courtyard at Buckingham Palace on the night of the first court of this season in London. To do so in these latter days presents, unfortunately, few diffithese latter days presents, unfortunately, few diffi-culties. Applications must be made to the Lord Chamberlain at his office in St. James' Palace, with Chamberlain at his office in St. James' Palace, with the name of the lady who guarantees the applicant's desirability. Nothing further is needed beyond the ordering of an ordinary evening dress, a court train, three feathers for the hair, a bouquet (for the Queen disapproves of doing without flowers), a hired carriage, and footman, if the debutante at court possesses one. The expense, however, is considerable, and whether the realization of the ambition of figurance in the next day's newspaper as one of the "presesses one. The expense, however, is considerable, and whether the realization of the ambition of figuring in the next day's newspaper as one of the "presented" repays the successful new-comer is a moot point, which every woman—and her flusband, who probably pays the bills—must decide for herself. Supper at the Palace, however, may be much consolation, and to have drunk King Edward's famous hock cup may be thought to be an achievement. Two obvious drawbacks to the pleasure of "going to London to see the King" are the long and dreary wait in the stream of carriages in the darkness of the Mall, and then the extremely limited time given in which to see him. The moment of passing the royal circle is so short, the anxiety se absorbing of the two curtseys to the sovereigns, and that caused by the unfolding for two moments of the court train, that nothing reaches one's consciousness but a glare of light and color from which for one second the Queen's lovely and charming presence, and the king's grave bow, are detached and imprinted on one's mind. An especial smile and greeting for each is the impression the Queen makes on her subjects without exception. A pardonably tired air is what one notes in the King, and no wonder, for to the masculine, even though royal, mind an unceasing kaleidoscope of gowns, trains, more or less uninteresting personages passing in rotation, must produce something approaching glddiness.

Before supper at the Palace, and while the routine

ing in rotation, must produce something approaching glddiness.

Before supper at the Palace, and while the routine of presentation continues, the guests who have already passed the throne room may, in centradistinction to the time preceding this ceremony, when they were confined in serried ranks in drawing roms, wander at pleasure through the fine suites of reception-rooms on the first floor, examining pictures and works of art, at their leisure. Buckingham Palace is much like any other very splendid private residence. There is nothing of the gorgeousness of some foreign palaces, such as the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, about it, and Windsor Castle, one may say, is far finer. It is, of course, never shown to the public, the royal stables in Buckingham Palace road being the only portion of the King's London from for which an order to view (from the Master of the Horse) can be obtained.

After a court, it is the fashion to repair to one of

After a court, it is the fashion to repair to one of the photographers a la mode to be taken then and there in full court dress, before one's feathers droop, or one's bouquet falls to pieces. The fashionable studios keep open with their attendants in evening attire until about 4 o'clock in the morning, when the last exhausted debutantss or presentees have been tabes.

Presentation at court does not entitle outsiders or new-comers to any further recognition by the sover-eigns, such as an invitation to a state ball or con-cert. None but personal friends of their Majesties, or those whose official position or status in society qualifies them for the distinction, receive the muchcoveted "command" subsequent to an appearance at

a court.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, while refusing to receive no one in these democratic days who can by any means be considered eligible, do not at can by any means be considered eligible, do not at all encourage promiscuous presentation. Whether there can be to a stranger much use or pleasure in the tiring function in standing about in solitary disnity, as one observes unfortunate new-comers doing—and it is fatally easy, unless one has arrived with them, to miss one's friends—and eating a lonely supper in gloomy state—whether, I say, this is worth while to those not called on by position to attend a court, is a point to be decided by everyone for themselves.

---0---A TASTY MENU

Carrot. Soup
Fish Au Parmesan, Baked Steak
Boiled Fewl and White Sauce
Chocolate Rice, Preserved Ginger Pudding
Devilled Eggs. Carrot Soup

Carret Soup

This soup is very popular, and as it can be made without stock it is a very useful dish. Required: Three carrotts, one quart of milk and water, one ounce of four, and one ounce of butter. Wash three or four large carrots, scraping them to remove the roots. Cut them in thick slices crosswise and stew them in one quart of milk and water till tender, and then pass through a sieve. Return to the saucepan and thicken with an ounce of butter rolled in half an ounce of flour, stir well as the soup thickens. Season with pepper and salt, add half a teaspoonful of caster sugar, and serve. Hand fried dice of bread with this soup.

Fish Au Parmesan

Required: Half a pound of cold fish, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, and one ounce of grated cheese. Remove all skin and bone from the fish and flake it, and then make the sauce. Dissolve the butter in a saucepan, stip in the flour quite smoothly, adding gradually to the milk. Continue stirring till the sauce is well boiled. Flavor with white pepper and salt, and add the grated cheese. Lay the fish in the sauce. Butter a fireproof dish, put the fish in, scatter breadcrumbs over, put a few bits of batter on the top and bake brown. Serve very hot.

Baked Steak

Required: Two pounds of steak, half a pound of harloot beens, one pint and a half of water, one sliced onion, four tomatoes and seasoning. Soak the beans over night and before cooking wash them well. Put them into a deep baking pan, with the water, sliced onion, and one tablespoonful of salt. Put the cover on and place the pan in the oven. When it boils put in the steak. Cover again, and let it cook slowly for two hours. Half an hour before serving add a layer of sliced tomatoes. Serve on a hot dish with sippets of fried bread round. Serve very hot.

Boiled Fowl With White Sauce

Required: For the dish, one fowl, one onion, one carrot, one blade of mace, six peppercorns and salt. For the Sauce: Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flower, one pint of milk, salt and cayenne, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Method: Choose a saucepan,

which will hold the fowl comfortably. Put in sufficient water the onion, carrot, mace, peppercorns, and salt. When it boils up put in the bowl which should have been first carefully wrapped up in buttered paper. Let it boil up again, and then keep it gently simmering for an hour, or longer, according to the age of the bird. Serve with the white sauce poured over, and for a garnish, press the red part of the carrot through a sieve over the breast of the fowl. The white sauce is prepared as follows: Dissolve the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour and let it cook for two minutes without browning. Add the milk and stir well till it boils, flavor with salt, lemon juice, and a few grains of cayenne. which will hold the fowl comfortably. Put in suffi-

Chocolate Rice Required: One pint and a half of milk, one table-sponful of powdered chocolate, one tablespoonful of sugar, and sufficient rice to cover the bottom of the pie dish. Take a pie dish that will hold a pint and a half. Cover the bottom with rice, add the milk and sugar and bake slowly as for an ordinary rice pudding. Half an hour before serving remove the skin, stir in the chocolate and return to the oven till needed. As a variety this may, be served cold in a glass dish, with whipped cream on the top. This is always a popular dish, and being so very easily made it deserves to be more used than it is.

Preserved Ginger Pudding

Required: Two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, and flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, three ounces of preserved ginger. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and the flour, with which the baking powder should have been mixed, and then the preserved ginger cut into small pieces. Beat the yolks and add to the mixture, lastly the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Butter a mold, pour in the mixture and steam for an hour and a half. If a sauce is liked, the following is a very nice one to serve with this pudding. Mix half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, with an ounce of caster sugar, add a teacupful of water, and a strip of lemon peel. Simmer all together for ten minutes, then add a dessertspoonful of cooking brandy, the juice of a lemon, and serve. Preserved Ginger Pudding

Devilled Eggs

Required: Four eggs, one teaspoonful essence of anchovy, French mustard, one ounce of butter, cayenne, and small cress. Hard boil the eggs, cut them in half, remove the yolks, and cut a slice off the end of each to make it stand. Put the yolks in a basin, mash them with a spoon, with the butter, anchovy, mustard, and a few grains of cayenne, sufficient to make the mixture hot. Refill the half egg, with this, shaping it like a core. Serve cold, on a small bed of cress.

It will be noted, that this menu is not at all an elaborate one in any way, and that all the dishes are simply made of ingredients that are in themselves inexpensive and usually to be found in the simplest larder.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

It is a pity that many more housekeepers do not realize more fully the necessity of devoting a certain amount of care on the arrangement of the table for the family. They are so apt to say, or to think: "Oh! it doesn't matter; there is no one here but ourselves." And this does much to mar the domestic happiness of the home, did they but know it fiven if the family enly consist of husband and wife end the former comes home tired and weary from he office, a well-arranged table and a carefully-thought-out mest, will do much to refresh him and improve his temper after his day's toil. Therefore the napery glass and china should always be kept as fresh and bright as possible. Soiled and crumpled tablecloth should never be in evidence, for house linen which has become stained had better be immediately washed and got up at home, than wait the whole week with the stains and marks still visible before it undertakes the weekly journey to the laundry. Better to wash them at home, even granted they are not so well got up, but, above everything else, have clean linen. As with napery, so with glass and china. These two latter should always be brightly polished, and prettily arranged; while cutlery and plate should receive daily attention before it is laid upon the tra-These two latter should always be brightly polished, and prettily arranged; while cutlery and plate should receive daily attention before it is laid upon the table. A table centre of the immediate present is an all-white affair of hand embroidery, drawn thread work or lace, but when it is necessary to introduce color, there is not the smallest objection should the hostess wish to do so. After paying attention to the centre of the table, next comes the floral decoration. If cut blossoms be utilized, the glass receptacles should be brightly polished, and the water fresh and clear. If pot plants are used, the leaves must be quite free from dust, and the pot well hidden from view in some ornamental cover; but the housewife who prides herself upon her domestic management will always see that flowers of some kind decorate her table. Some people decorate their table centres with dessert dishes pilled with fruit; and this is a pretty fashion, if the table be large enough to accommodate it without duly detracting from the centrepiece.

Many hostesses when giving little dinner parties, strive to obtain some unique style of table decorations; and this is to be warmly advocated. If a centre hanging lamp over the dining table is not used, then the lighting should be from candisations.

tions; and this is to be warmly advocated. If a centre hanging lamp over the dining table is not used, then the lighting should be from candlesticks or candelabra veiled with shades in the color of the general scheme of decoration. For state occasions bonbonniere filled with sweets, likewise repeating the color, are a decided improvement to the dinner table. While some pin their faith to cut flowers as a means of adoriment, others prefer an arrangement of fruit and foliage, and very excellent is the effect produced. Of course, Ingenious minds can always suit their table decorations to the special event they are celebrating. A wedding anniversary would necestheir table decorations to the special event they are celebrating. A wedding anniversary would necessitate white flowers, silver horseshees and a judicious introduction of little white slippers filled with flowers. If the guests be American, stars and stripes would naturally play an important part, while the Union Jack should be in evidence if the occasion be a patriotic one. At harvest time grapes and miniature sheaves of corn, combined with boughs of nuts, suggest another possible scheme; while birthday parties can, of course, take their ideas from a special individualities of the host or hostess, when perhaps a name flower or some personal characteristic would pame flower or some personal characteristic wou

HOW DO YOU DO? AND HOW YOU SHOULD

I have many ambitions, that cheer my way I have many ambitions, that cheer my way in life, and amongst these there is none that I cherish so much as the hope that I may one day meet one of the excellent "ladles" who write books on Etiquette.

So far, I believe, this ambition is unrealized. Otherwise they are less perfect than I fancy. I like to think of them as constant in saying the right thing, assidious in the due action, minute in beautiful refinements that would never strike the ordinary person. Perhaps the future holds for me among its bounty, acquaintance with the "Lady in Society," who writes a very solid "New Book of Etiquette," that is being sold in England by the well known firm of Messrs. Cassell, for the very moderate sum of half a crown, which is about equal to sixty cents.

But for the title page, I might have thought this

crown, which is about equal to sixty cents.

But for the title page, I might have thought this volume to be a man's work; for are not women popularly thought to know nothing of the male costume? Yet here this social "lady" writes, prescribing for Sabbath wear "black frock coat, colored trousers, and dark tie, or scarf," adding this sage counsel: "No attempt should ever be made to combine morning and evening dress they should be kept quite distinct, the one from the other." In other words, it is comforting to know that no man who combines coat and white low-cut waistcoat with his colored trousers (even though their color be the most delicate shade of shell pink!) may ever hope to gain his entree to the palace of this "Lady in Society."

So that is one thing to remember!

Probably I might have molded all my ways upon her formula, which range through life from birth (Chapter H.) to death (Chapter XX.), telling one the decent thing to do on each occasion.

But, alas! I glanced at "Etiquette Up to Date," that Werner Laurie published at the same price, and

all my touching faith was gone! The "Lady in So-and I agreed; yet now Lucie Heaton Armstrong revels in the word. "When doctors disagree. ..." I turn greedily to see how L. H. A. can help. She is more sketchy—no history here, no Papys, or Johnson, no long lists of precedence. She, I half suspect, is mod-ern. But nowhere in her book can I discover what a "lady" is—nor yet a "gentleman." One hint only: "A gentleman," ends the first chapter, "never turns down the corner of his card.".

I mean to impress this upon all my male relatives

I mean to impress this upon all my male relatives and old friends! Utility is the catchword, clearly, of this volume.

Some of the hints are sternly practical: "Fish, boiled or fried" (note that this makes no difference, and that if it were baked the fish would fall under the same rule) "is eaten with the convenient fish knife and fork"—never with the soup spoon?

Others are more subtle, like this, of "at homes" and their music: "The little daughter gives the visitors a programme. Rival hostesses study the performance with a good deal of attention. . . seats are placed all round the room, or across it, according to taste" (or, of course, if preferred, in a triangle).

triangle).

The first hint seems to narrow "at homes" down to those who possess, or can hire, a little daughter. But everyone can act on this: "The guests then . . . greet their friends, and admire the decorations"—unless, that is, one has myopia, or conscientious scruples! Here again is something universal—big: "Members of large families should make a distinct effort to speak slowly, for their natural tendancy is to speak loud at first like a kettle bolling dancy is to speak loud at first, like a kettle bolling over" (which is, of course, the most loquacious thing

Finally, the male cake-walker "should look as though he were trying to produce a most agreeable impression upon his partner," or, in some cases, I dare say, may actually try to do so! If readers complain that this is outside Etiquette, If readers complain that this is outside Etiquette, the answer is that our author ranges over Golliwog Parties, Copper Teas, Advertisement Suppers, Florin Teas, Mad Croquet, Hay-Making Parties, finally to end with interviewing.

And here a ghastly doubt flashes across my unsupicious mind: Is she a journalist? Aghast I fly back to my "Lady in Society." But then—she should not be a "Lady," she herself has said it!

What is a poor ordinary mortal to do? I think after all I shall go on eating fish as I have always done, and even at the risk of speaking like a boiling kettle, leave books of Etiquette to "Gentlemen" and "Ladles,"

SOME INTERESTING "TIT-BITS"

The ancients believed in the good or bad luck attending certain days in the year, and this idea has been more or less prevalent in all countries and in all been more or less prevalent in all countries and in an ages.

In 1616 a work was published in London, which dealt with lucky and unlucky days.

I Those noted as being "dangerous" to begin, or take anything in hand, were:

January—1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17 and 19,

February—7, 10, 17, 27 and 28.

April—7, 10, 16, 20 and 21.

May—7, 15 and 20.

June—4, 10 and 22.

July—15 and 20.

August—1, 19, 20, 29 and 30,

September—5, 4, 6, 7, 21 and 22.

October—4, 16 and 24.

November—5, 6, 28 and 29.

December—6, 7, 9, 15, 17 and 22.

The railway authorities in Norway have decreed that when husband and we are travelling together, the latter need only pay half price.

A most amusing tale is told against Lord Kitch-ener, it goes as follows: General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, who has now settled down in his new com-mand at Aftershot, tells this funny story of how an order was misinterpreted during the South African war.

One morning the orderly brought him important dispatches from Lord Kitchener. The man reined up in front of him, and delivered his papers and a verbal

message is rather too free and easy language.

"Tell the general I will be ready to move in two hours," said Smith-Dorrien, "and say please next time you speak to me."

The man saluted and rode off. When he reached Lord Kitchener the latter asked him what

Lord Kitchener the latter asked him what Smith-Dorrien had said.

"That he would be ready to move in two hours, and would you kindly say "please" next time you speak to him," was the reply.

Another amusing tale is told, of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous singer, who celebrated his sixty-third birthday a little time ago. He was invited to an informal little gathering at a friend's house, and his host asked him as a great favor if he would sing them a song, which he very kindly did. While he was singing the rector of the parish came in, and stood listening in evident appreciation. As soon as the song was finished he walked across to the singer, quite unaware of who he was, and said: "Really sir, you should not waste your voice like this. We need another tenor in our choir, and I shall be happy to give you £30 a year. Will you think it over? Mr. Lloyd said he would, and he is probably still thinking.

The American quick lunch is going out of fashion even in America. Business men in the States are gradually waking up to the fact that bolting the midday meal in the shortest possible time does not agree with them.

A little time ago the American man of business was seldom absent from his desk more than half an hour at noon, and in the busiest part of the season, scarcely more than ten or fifteen minutes. Many indeed had their luncheons sent to their office, or paid a flying visit to a "quick lunch counter," for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. But things are altering now, the business man's lunch-time, has grown from thirty minutes to an hour and sometimes more. The midday meal instead of being gobbled at express speed is eaten at a leisurely rate.

Fortune telling at bazaars or fetes, is always an attractive amusement. A very good way of doing this is to have a "Fairy" or "Wizard" who is "got up" for the occasion in the usual "mystic" costume, who can disperse written fortunes, to all who come and demand them. They will have been prepared before hand, and should be picked out of a heap by the person whose "fortune" is to be told, so that they cannot blame anyone but themselves if their fortune is not to their taste. Each should be written on a paper folded in three. At the top of the sheet will be the flattering augury of the future, but at the bottom the little "sting," which discounts the fair promise. Here are some amusing examples:

"You will marry and be blindly in love all your life (with yourself.)"

"You will be looked up to by both young and old (whenever you chance to be the tallest person in the room.)"

(whenever you chance to be the tallest person in the room.)"

"Mankind must acknowledge that the hand that made you beautiful made you good also (for nothing)."

"You will write an extraordinary book, that will be read when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten, (but not till then)."

"You will occupy some brilliant position in society, on some night of general illumination.

"You will soon see the face you love best in the whole world (in the looking glass)."

"Posterity will erect a beautiful monument to your memory (if you leave sufficient money for the purpose)."

"Your merits will never be forgotten so long as you continue to blow your own trumpet."

"You will never lose any money (because you will never have any to lose)."

"Your fireside will be a scene of perpetual peace (so long as you continue to be alone)."

These few samples will suffice to show, the sort of "fortunes" that could be used.

They are very easy to compose, and will cause no end of fun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To clean a copper kettle rub it with powdered bath brick and parrain and then polish it with dry brick dust or whiting.

When pouring out tea one is often annoyed to find that the tea is running down the side of the spout. To prevent this rub a little butter round the outside of the spout.

Finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when sweet oil is rubbed on the spot.

Ivory curios should be kept in a cabinet with a wet sponge, to prevent their cracking with excessive

Use old stockings as house fiannels, cutting off the feet and then sewing the two leg parts together to use as rubbers. Oak trays which are badly marked with dirt or any other substance, should be washed and rubbed with warm beer till the stains have disappeared.

Clean bright tins with soap and whiting rubbed on with clean fiannel, wipe them with a clean soft dry cloth. Then polish with a leather and a little whiting.

From the Poets "To thine own self be true; And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.

-Shakespeare. O Mistress Mine O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! Your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter: Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

-Shakespeare Success Before God's footstool to confess
A poor soul knelt and bowed his head,
"I failed," he wailed. The Master said,
"Thou didst thy best; that is success."

-Henry Coyle. Good Morning! "Good-morning, world!" On the window seat She balanced her two little timid feet; She clung with her dimpled hands and stood Framed in like a picture of babyhood. The clambering vines hung low and green Round the sunniest surls that e'er were seen, As she stood with beauty and light impearled, And bade "Good-morning" to all the world. "Good-morning, world!" And the great world heard; Each rustling tree and each singing bird. The dancing flowers and the fields of grass Nodded and waved at the little lass;

And the far-off hills and the sky overhead Listened and beamed as the word was said And the old sun lifted his head and smiled: "Good-morning, world!" "Good-morning, chi

Good Wives Good, wives should resemble three things, which three things they should not resemble: Good wives to snails should be aking

Good wives to snails should be akin, Always their houses keep within; But not to carry (fashion's hacks) All they are worth upon their backs, Good wives, like city clocks, should be Exact, with regularity; But not, like city clocks, so loud, Be heard by all the vulgar crowd. Good wives, like echo, should be true, And speak but when they're spoken to; Yet not, like echo, so absurd, To have for ever the last word!

A Love Note Do not forget me, dearest. All day long
I think of you, and wish the time more fleet,
My heart is always singing some sweet song:
And thinking of you makes my labor sweet.
And if the day seems anywise less bright—
More vexed with cares than I had thought t'would

I think with joy of the approaching night.
When love shall lead me gently home to thee.
One tender thought I whisper evermore,
"Thou shalt behold her when the day is o'er." And so I shall; for you will watch and wait
When on the flowers the night shades softly fall.
Sweet are the roses 'round your garden gate;
But you are still the sweetest rose of all.
My own sweet rose—yea, all that is mine own,
And to my life your beauty you impart
Bloom, sweetly still, but bloom for me alone,
And twine your tendrils closer round my heart.
Dear, I shall soon within your presence be,
And you are waiting with a kiss for me.

The Sower

A brown, sad-colored hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fixe,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil,
Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and tho' small joy
Dwell in his heavy face; as spreads the blind
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;—
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

-Charles G. D. Roberts

Spring plays upon a thousand lyres
And from the magic strings
Arise the whole of Earth's desires.
But ah, the melody expires
Whenever Summer sings.

The woodwinds and the blazing brass,
The drums and bells prolong
The summer's symphony—alas!
That all this glowing sound should pass
When autumn starts his song.

For autumn's voice is almost mute; For autumn's voice is annual.

He only plays upon
A 'cello and a wailing flute,
And sobbings of a mournful lute
Are heard ere he is gone.

Then winter enters with a glee,
And all the world is stirred
With mirth and choral revelry,
The while the bass is loud and free
Until the spring is heard,

But whether wild or grave or gay, God renders them sublime— And thus in His mysterious way The ever-changing seasons play The mighty fugue of Time.

-Louis-Untermeyer.

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