

PANY MANNERS

way of finishing the plain, tight sleeve,
is the invention of this

Electric light.
O, my dear dolly,
Lives out her days,
Through the darkness
The magical X-rays!
—St. Nicholas.

except the long Princess coats, beautifully fitted and severely plain, with the exception of the self-colored soutache braiding which forms the waistband and trimmings. Rather a novel

discovered near Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, and a portion of the skeleton has already been forwarded to Vancouver. An examination of the skull shows that the animal measured

An easily-cooked dinner is a positive boon to the worried housekeeper. This is how one may be prepared with the minimum of trouble and expense. It should be noted that a soup, i. e., an ordinary soup, is not the same as what an ordinary one does, does just as well as its more expensive brethren for this purpose. It may be made of mutton, veal, rabbit, pigeon or mutton or any other meat, but it is not so delicious when cooked in the same way. With regard to the sweet, if a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, a ordinary large saucepan, a boiled pudding, i. e., for example, suetana roll, or a pound of raisins, or a pound of currant dumplings, or boiled fruit pudding, can all be cooked in the water surrounding the jar containing the meat, the question of the pudding being out of the question, then boiled apples, served with an accompaniment of cream and cinnamon, sugar may

fruits eaten. Some people refuse, like dogs, to eat anything when they feel unwell and often they get better all the time. The Russians, however, wear warm clothing and don't put on fires to long. It is the shivery evenings, however, that do harm to them.

To my mind so many women, do not take sufficient care of their hands to make them soft and their pretty. A French woman when she has her hands getting old, puts on long lace gloves that fall to her knuckles; she leaves them on for hours and hours, rather long and manifies them exclusively.

The Russian woman, when the finds her hands getting old, and old looks rather, puts them through the cold water. She dips them in cold water and rubs them with a brush, and then back the circulation. With a little from the Mediterranean, she goes over them occasionally dipping it in salt.

ourselves and are conscious that in their lives and surroundings there is a great contrast between the people to whom a call is a real kindness, and give more pleasure than any one could imagine. Supposing that once in a while a man is called to appear in person to making calls on people who, although perhaps we are not particularly anxious to see ourselves, yet we are not averse to see them. He is called to see them. The woman who does not sometimes pay duty calls, and the woman who keeps her door shut against such a summons, will find at a time when she is called to her door that her visiting behavior will make her enemies and will drive all her friends drop off, one by one. This behavior is alas! too late, often deeply regretted by those who permit themselves to indulge in such conduct and acquaintances are more easily lost than made as we grow older and the years roll on. It will indeed be the

out of all reason, a condition which is not so easily found in the civilizations, declares an American woman writer in the Atlantic Monthly. In a brief comparison of the same class of other peoples, she will be found that our women as a whole do not deserve it. In France the wage-earning woman is 34 per cent. of the wage-earning population; in America, it is only 12 per cent. In Germany, the working women form eighteen per cent. of the population, compared with six per cent. in this country. Further, the German woman is more careful person, a more domestic service of the household, more intelligent than the American woman; nor the financially independent and intelligent helpfulness in commercial and social as well as domestic affairs. How many American husbands could seriously be expected to do the same on the business and expect even comprehension, let alone sound business advice?

a many a phantom ship, which bears
 the spicy driftwood of the years,
 blow down, blow down along the
 forest of memory's path and let me catch
 the breath of flowers whose sweet per-
 fume wafted from some long lost June.
 To me to be listening ear the lit-
 tle birds on the bird song—*ti-ti-
 ti!* shake down the bird song and the
 and blending them in one sweet ruc,
 of sound and color—let it flow
 be performed sweet and long, oh,
 time. O winds of other years
 blow balm! blow balm! through the tears
 that gather on my trembling lids
 to the stern resolve which bids
 life shut the gates of grief
 to "viate fair—of bloom-strewn meads,
 and the merry—of the free—
 When you and laughter dried out tears,
 When life was but a rhyme of joy
 and a merry—of the free—
 —Henry Gray Glover,

How to Cook a Husband

