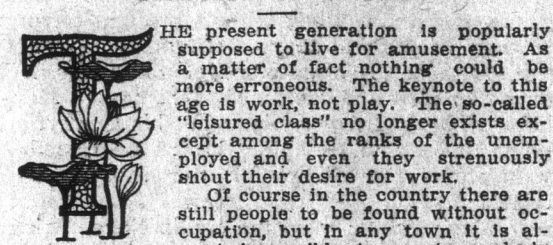


Feminine Fancies and Home Comfort

THE AGE OF ENERGY



His present generation is popularly supposed to live for amusement. As a matter of fact nothing could be more erroneous. The keynote to this age is work. The so-called "leisure class" no longer exists except among the ranks of the unemployed and even they strenuously show their disapproval.

Of course in the country there are still people to be found without occupation, but in any town it is almost impossible to meet anybody prepared to do nothing. Work is indeed such a passion with people today that anyone who even mildly suggests idling away a few hours is looked upon with suspicion. At a party the other evening for example, the man I went in with told me Sicily was a most disappointing place. "You see," he explained, "there is absolutely nothing to do there." In reply to my murmured suggestion that there might be something to look at he replied, "Yes, but you can't look at a view all day, one must do things." Personally I could not see the necessity and I told him that to my mind the only thing to do was to do nothing. "Oh, of course, if you feel like that," he replied in crushing tones, "Sicily is just the place for you." Obviously he looked upon me as a wastrel and my life as a constant orgy of idleness. It is true, however, in no way alters my contention that to be able to do nothing on occasions is absolutely essential to the true enjoyment of life.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Fashion is at present very kind to the middle aged and matronly; and those adjectives attach themselves to most women ten years later in life than they were wont to do. No longer do we behold pious resignation and the ugly, unbefitting clothes. As soon as a woman sees her daughter emerge from the nursery stage of existence; rather does the woman of forty and upwards realize that if she could afford to dress thoughtfully, now she must take more care, rather than less, in the choice of her clothes, their color and their cut. Many a woman is far more charming when she is no longer "quite as young as she was," as far as the number of years go, if she has kept the elasticity of thought which makes life so interesting. It is a joyous fact that the emblem of matronly respectability has ceased to be a black bonnet with bugles worn with a black silk dress trimmed with beads and perched upon a head which is arranged in a flat parting down the middle. No! Your modern lady of middle age arranges her hair lightly and becomingly, over a frame if necessary, and also if necessary she wisely secures the aid of the posticheur, whose work is far removed from the atrocities which made our mothers shrink with virtuous and artistic horror from wearing "false hair." It is no shame now to have a head which is arranged in a flat parting down the middle. No! Your modern lady of middle age arranges her hair lightly and becomingly, over a frame if necessary, and also if necessary she wisely secures the aid of the posticheur, whose work is far removed from the atrocities which made our mothers shrink with virtuous and artistic horror from wearing "false hair." It is no shame now to have a head which is arranged in a flat parting down the middle. No! Your modern lady of middle age arranges her hair lightly and becomingly, over a frame if necessary, and also if necessary she wisely secures the aid of the posticheur, whose work is far removed from the atrocities which made our mothers shrink with virtuous and artistic horror from wearing "false hair." It is no shame now to have a head which is arranged in a flat parting down the middle.

time upon her clothes. These, moreover must be fairly substantial. The really well made tweed coat and skirt for outdoor wear is a necessity in the country. Long skirts can be worn indoors to the great saving of the tweeds. All stout people should wear a well-cut boned lining under their blouses. If this plan were adopted we should no longer hear the plaint that the blouse is so unbefitting to all but the very young. There is all the difference in the world between a blouse worn over a lining and a lined blouse. The lining should be made in washing material and have the bones taken out when it is sent to the wash. A collar band of linen, or lawn, with a jabot is the best neckwear for every day. The country house must be one which will stand wind and weather, and often the most becoming hat for this sort of wear are those originally designed for motoring.

WOMAN AND THE DOMESTIC ARTS

The ordinary man and woman are somewhat inclined to utter sentiments without considering the sentiments upon which they are based. Of this nature is the exhortation to women to cease striving in the market place, and to cultivate the domestic arts in her home. This presupposes that the generality of women have a home of their own, and that when they are they can exercise their abilities in domestic arts.

But these assertions are almost without foundation, for two reasons. First, the majority of women who work for their living, and for the living of those dependent upon them, either have no home of their own or are forced to spend their day away from it.

Charwomen and factory hands, elementary and high school teachers, clerks, doctors, and professional women of every degree, and the rest of the army who strive in the market place, cannot possibly remain at home without relinquishing their work, and therefore are forced to mean for the greater number privation amounting to semi-starvation.

The second assertion is still more alien to the real facts. What are the domestic arts that our grandmothers practiced so successfully? They were found in the still room where herb medicines and essences were compounded; in the home brewery, where October ale and winter beers were brewed and bottled; in the scullery, where the laundry, where the housewife's linen was washed; in the kitchen, where the curries and wonderful preserves, jams, pickles and bread, as well as the cookery of daily food, were made in orderly routine; they were found in the weaving of cloth and woollens, and of the linen for the bride; and in the dairy, in cheese-making, butter-making, and the like. These by no means exhaust the category.

Gardening, nursing, teaching young servants, filled up our ancestors' time, and might be instanced, but the above will suffice.

Where it may be asked, are these arts now? And again what is left to the mother and head of the household today? Very little, for the arts have gone to the factory, or to the specially trained worker.

The advent of machinery has swept the houses of all but the smallest portion, and even the spring-cleaning is being done by machines that suck up carpets of dirt, as a child sucks an orange.

When it was economically satisfactory for each household to be practically self-sufficient, supplying its own wants, there was plenty of interesting work for the woman to do. The great changes have come. Today jam is compounded by the ton in factories, by machinery instead of being preserved by each housewife according to recipes inherited by many cases from the past.

Bread is supplied daily from bakeries; weaving has vanished forever from the households; instead of fifty families making their home smell of soap-suds, the clothes they are to wear are made in the laundry, and the smell is confined to one building; instead of fifty servants and perhaps fifty mistresses being employed separately in washing the families, the work is done by a few families in one building; instead of the whole tribe of servants (and as often as not the whole tribe of servants by degrees, whereas it lasted in the old days from generation to generation; this, however, is merely "in passing.")

The change, whether in laundering or jam-making, is economically for the better, but it undoubtedly removes the work, and the arts from the women of the household. But the economy of time, money and energy is undeniable.

One trade reacts upon another, and it is partly due to the disappearance of the arts from the home that the smaller houses have been built in such large numbers, and that the old-fashioned "family mansion," with its dairy, bakery, laundry, large stables and rambling galleries is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

Why build a dairy when the milk is supplied more economically and with greater regularity from the milkman?

Why build rooms for twenty servants when five are enough?

There is nothing for so many servants to do nowadays, when domestic jam-making, pickling, house-cleaning, and the like are more cheaply and better by scientific methods by specially trained people. All these considerations have influenced builders, and hence the suburban villa and flat have superseded the old mansion.

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valids, there need be no fear that twice-served meat is not sufficiently nourishing, as in these dishes the meat should not be re-cooked, but merely re-warmed. For all dishes of mince the first preparation is the same.

To Make Mince

Cut any meat, fowl, or game, available for the purpose, away from the bone, and carefully remove every scrap of skin and gristle, and most of the fat. If the meat is to be served as a plain mince, cut it into neat very small dice, using a sharp knife, or, if preferred use a mincer. As a rule, however, a plain mince is merely cut into dice, while for rissoles, etc., it is of the finer pulper order produced by a mincer.

The Sauce

For this mince a small onion, a mushroom, if you have it, and fry both in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of clarified dripping until brown, sprinkle in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour and continue to fry until the mixture is a deep brown. Add a pint of stock and stir well. Bring to the boil, and stir thoroughly. Rub through a wire sieve, flavor with salt and pepper, and heat the meat in it. Note the sauce has been added to cool before the meat has been put in it, and that it should not be allowed to boil after, or then the meat will be twice cooked and hard. The proportions given are for half a pound of minced meat. It is worth the trouble of putting the sauce through the sieve, as then the flavor of the onion is all preserved without any fear of coming across a piece of it which so many people greatly dislike. If a white mince of chicken or veal is required, proceed in the same way but use a good white sauce (melted butter made with milk and enriched with an egg, for example). Serve in a silver, or pretty china fire-proof, with the wall of potato or rice, and sippets of crisp fried bread.

Rissoles (Hot)

Take the prepared mince and season with pepper, salt, and minced parsley. Prepare the following mixture. Stir over the fire one ounce each of flour and butter, and when thoroughly mixed and free from lumps stir in one half of milk or stock, or half of each, with minced parsley, pepper, salt, and a little finely grated lemon peel. Turn the mixture into a hot frying pan, and when it is quite hot, turn it into a dish, and leave it to get cold. Then roll it into balls or any shape desired, with well-floured hands, egg and bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat, or in the butter round two or three times; drain well, and serve garnished with fried parsley. Potato or rice may be used adding this after the mince is minced and proceeding in exactly the same manner as before.

Croustades

Cut a slice of bread about 2 or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry cutter, and stamp these rounds with a small cutter to within $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of the base. Turn the mince round two or three times, so that the crumb in the middle can easily be removed. Then fry in plenty of hot fat, till a golden brown, turn the cases upside down on paper, and dry them before the fire or in the oven before using. Fill with mince and make very hot.

Timbale of Macaroni

Boil some macaroni till soft enough to handle but not broken. Drain, and put in a plain tin mould, and line it with the macaroni, starting from the centre of the bottom, and going round and round in layers, then fill up with mince, to which has been added a little egg (one egg for one pound of mince), to bind it well. Cover with buttered paper, and steam for one hour for each pint. If liked a lining of sage or forcemeat may be placed next to the macaroni before adding the mince, but care must be taken not to move the macaroni.

Stuffed Pancakes (Hot)

Make some rather thin savory pancakes, fry them out like bread, and lay them on a cloth to drain. Roll up the pancakes, press the edges together, and into even lengths, lay them in a frying basket with the folded edge downwards, and fry, then drain well, and serve with a sauce of minced parsley. The pancakes can be prepared beforehand, and put into even lengths when cold, the mince being first rolled into a thin slice of fat parboiled bacon and then placed in the middle, and bread-crumbs, placed in a buttered fire-proof baking dish, and fried a delicate brown.

Kromekies (Hot)

Prepare some mince, for rissoles, have ready some very thin slices of fat bacon, and put a little of the mixture on each of these, roll up the bacon, taking care to close up the ends well, dip each in frying batter, and fry in deep fat, or in the butter round two or three times. Drain well and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Croquettes (Hot)

For these have ready some soft paste, rolled out very thin, cut into small squares, and on to each put a spoonful of mince, as for rissoles wet the edges of the paste, fold over, and press together, then fry plain, or egged, and dipped in vermicelli, and drained well. Serve garnished with fried parsley.

Scallops (Hot)

Butter some china, or silver shells, and put into these some mince, moistened with any good sauce; sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, grated cheese, minced parsley, and if liked, minced chives. Bake till the crumbs are nicely browned.

Cannelon (Hot)

Mince 1 lb. of underdone roast beef, and mix with it a raw egg, and a few ounces of minced ham, a little salt, and a little pepper, and a little parsley, a little thyme well mixed, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, and work in one small egg. Shape it in the form of a small sausage, and put in a buttered tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. When ready take off the paper, and serve very hot, with a good sauce over it. Any meat can be used in this way, only, of course, choose a suitable sauce.

Paprika (Hot)

Peel and chop three large onions, and fry them very slowly in three ounces of butter until a delicate brown and quite soft, pass them through a sieve, put them back into the saucepan, add a small teaspoonful of milk, or better still cream, and add a white meat cut up small and simmer very slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Serve very hot on a border of rice, and daintily garnish with parsley. I think you will own that these above recipes are slightly different from my first gloomy picture of "mince," in fact many of them are really delicious dishes for entrées, and the Kromekies and Cannelons are so good as breakfast dishes.

THE LAGGARD MIND

It is curious that in an age which prides itself upon everything done in the most rapid and convenient ways, and from whose lips one never hears that excuse of the laggard mind: "I meant to have told you, but somehow I put it off," and then it didn't come." A peach is only worth while in its hour of ripening—a rose is only worth while in the hour of its most precious bloom. But before one has and the other withers, it is very well worth while to have had them! The worthy qualities in human nature resemble meat and bread. The charming qualities such as appreciation, are akin to flowers and fruit. A word

of appreciation spoken at the right time gives the same pleasure as a rose. Unfortunately, while some people are too apparently stupid, or too serious to appreciate anything, others are too lazy to express their enthusiasm and the roses of human intercourse wither on their stalks and waste their fragrance. Against the "fire madness" of the post-Roseland: "De seul vert, c'est l'enthousiasme!" we have the ordinary English objection, "I hate gush!"

Now the majority stand in no need of a warning against over-expression. At least so it seems to be in this part of the world, as in England also. The sweetness and fragrance of life would be increased tenfold if we did not postpone the expression of our appreciation, but put it into words straight out, and "right away," as the Americans say.

If you think a woman looks charming in a certain dress, why not say so? If you think that the action of a friend is generous, or that a disappointment is nobly borne, put your appreciation into words, while your appreciation is of value. If you admire the creation of a friend's brain, tell him so. If the expression of your admiration is simple and sincere, it is sure to give pleasure.

Then we are to encourage the people who live for love and admiration? Certainly, for it is for love and admiration that one side of life should be lived.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

It is a melancholy fact, and one which argues thoughtlessness if not selfishness on the part of our sex, that however careful women may be of their own homes, they too often show a total disregard for the spare room which stays away from home. If fact has not experienced the guest who leaves behind her a collection of "fairy rings" on the polished shelf on the washstand, because she is too careless to see that her medicine bottles are dry and undrawn? Or a nasty little burn on the dressing table where her spirit lamp has stood? Or a grimy mark on a newly covered chair to testify where she has rested her foot when buttoning her boots? The dropping of candle grease is another common crime; and less heinous but irritating offences are sticking up photos on the wall paper with pins, and lying down at daytime without first folding away the bedspread.

Since we can scarcely enjoin carefulness on our arriving guests, the moral seems to be that the decoration of the spare room should not be elaborate and ephemeral in nature. Some strong plain floor covering, such as a square of Abingdon cord, makes a nice background for a few rugs; and should an accident befall it, there is the spare room heart-burning as there would be over an expensive carpet. A slip of American cloth should be inserted for safety between the toilet cover and the polished wood, and a tile with the purpose plainly stated should be provided for the curling iron. Still, it does not exist, small safety lamps give a better light than candles and are far cleaner, but nowadays electric light is in almost every house. Chairs are best fitted with loose cushions in washing covers, and the bedspread should be undoubtedly also of a washable nature. The cover of the writing table must not be light enough to be ruined by an inadvertent spot of ink, nor must the placemat be so flimsy enough to object to being stabbed by hatpins. Sensibly equipped, the spare room will stand the deprivations of even careless visitors without losing its apparent freshness.

The time is almost here when summer curtains must be taken down and thick ones substituted for sheer. It always seems to me that the most economical for economy as well as coziness. The spoked and smuts from winter's fires pollute the delicate hangings appropriate to summer, and the bright sun fades curtains of sages or other delicate materials, which make for comfort in winter. For use during the winter months only, serge is hard to beat, for curtaining dining rooms, smoking and "study" rooms. The plain art serge trimmed with fringe always looks well. Plushette is always a popular material for winter curtains, and it hangs in nice folds, wears excellently, and is not expensive. This material in moss-green or Indian red is particularly pleasing.

There was a time when it was considered correct to have everything in pairs—a pair of vases on the mantelpiece, a pair of figures, a pair of "gentlemen's chairs," a pair of "ladies' chairs" (though why there should be any difference between these is hard to imagine). But the disappearance of the "drawing room suite" fortunately brought in a less formal style of arrangement. And most people have realized that a thing has only half its decorative value when it is accompanied by a costly, but useless, perhaps more fatal than the above, and certainly more commonly made, is "matching" curtains to wall paper, wall paper to carpet, and so on. People who fall into this error fail to perceive that the sunning and monotonous there is a wall of gilt fixed. Thus one sees a charming room papered with a white paper on which are strewn roses and blue ribbons, ruined by the hanging of chintz curtains, as nearly as possible the same design. The owner of the room congratulates herself on having secured "such a good match," but the visitor with a discriminating eye looks at the hangings with the walls. Again, the possessor of a "pattern" carpet, perhaps pink sprigs on a green ground, searches till she finds a wall paper in the same two colors, and so achieves a wearying monotony and a lack of harmony she might have worked out of such materials as a rose-pink striped paper and plain green damask curtains.

It is quite possible to have all the materials in a room of an artistic and desirable nature, and yet for the room to be an utter failure, because the things all war one against another. In the same way for the comfort of the impetuous dust-taker, the light room can be planned out of the cheapest possible ingredients if only they are all harmonious.

SMALL TALK.

I hear that the King and Queen of Spain left England after a very pleasant visit which they enjoyed. It is astonishing what a number of Spaniards visit England now. Of course there is a Spanish polo team, for they play that game as well, if not better than most Englishmen. The Ritz hotel in London has been almost filled with distinguished Spanish people, and the King of Spain one night went up from the Isle of Wight and entertained a party of his friends to dinner. Their Majesties spent the night at the Ritz hotel before starting for home, and their Majesties' visit created such an interest that the hotel was surrounded in the morning by a crowd of spectators who were longing to see the young Queen before she left. I heard it said that in the hotel arrivals of the royal couple, and that the Queen was coming and going all the morning for the young Queen!

Prince Edward of Wales and his brothers are greatly enjoying their holiday in the Highlands, notwithstanding the weather they have been out during the greater part of the day. Prince Edward takes keen interest in the shooting in which he now takes a certain part, and has naturally an intense admiration for his father's ability as a marksman. Princess Mary is much in the company of her cousins, the Princesses Alexandra and Maud of Fife, and they make a charming group when out riding or walking together. The three young Princesses have grown much taller since they last met together in the Highlands, and now Princess Mary is the only one who looks a child among them.

The proudest girl in Paris at the present moment is Mlle. Elizabeth Lagrange, who has just been awarded a prize of £400 by a special municipal committee, who (under the will of an eccentric lady who left a large sum of money to the City of Paris to be awarded to the "best behaved young milliner there") had to adjudicate upon no fewer than 177 claims.

Mrs. William Y. Tibbitts, of Chicago, works in her own house on a salary. When she was first married,

her husband told her that he would pay all the family expenses and give her \$1 a week, raising it as she became more valuable. Now she gets \$23 10s. a week, and out of her earnings she has bought a tenement house in the heart of the city that brings her in a good income. She has been married eighteen years, and her husband says neither of them have ever regretted the arrangement, and he thinks a man who would ask his wife to give her services to her house and family for nothing is decidedly mean.

Mr. Winston Churchill's wedding was a great event in London society. The announcement of his engagement to Miss Clementine Hoizer came as a great surprise to everyone, as Mr. Churchill had been regarded as an uncompromising bachelor by most people. The wedding was exceedingly smart and pretty. There were five bridesmaids dressed in pale blue tulle, and the bride wore a gown of pale blue large black lace trimmed with pink and white camellias.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

It is refreshing among the feeble fiction that has been so lavishly issued this season to find such a novel as "The Little Brown Brother" by Stanley Porter Hyatt. The story of the Philippine Islands, thoroughly well constructed, and with interest and excitement sustained at high pressure from beginning to end, a vivid impression is given of the guerilla warfare and of the military intrigues that rendered the campaign so exasperatingly difficult, while the romantic element is provided by the English hero and heroine, who like all the other characters, white or brown, are drawn with a convincing touch.

"An Empty Heritage," by Violet Tweedale, is a story of modern Bohemia, with a complicated and far-fetched plot, concerning the accession of a disreputable individual to an impoverished peerage. Sylvester Cowell, fifteenth earl of Harborough, was really an abominable scoundrel, or would have been, if he had ever existed, but neither he nor any one of the people have any semblance to life. They are all mere puppets whose actions are somewhat jerkily controlled by the author. The book is a disappointing one, considering the excellence of much of the author's earlier work.

"Mrs. Fitz Maurice on Leave," by Gabrielle Fitz Maurice, is a brightly written record of the adventures of a grass widow home from India. Gabrielle must have been something of a mix, or she would never have experienced so many insults from the succession of "boudoirs" with whom she was to flirt-up to. Still she is a natural and rather attractive little person, and the book is certainly well worth reading.

It is curious to note how a certain idea will occur simultaneously to two authors, who in all probability, have never met, or exchanged a word either verbally or by correspondence; and one of the latest coincidences of the kind is supplied by "The Burden," by Mrs. Davidson. The plot of this novel is almost identical with that in "Keepers of the House," though the detail and treatment are entirely different, and "The Burden" is the better book of the two, since the situations are more nature contrived. Elizabeth Lady Raven, the young, impulsive, complex creature, who sinned almost unwittingly, and suffered sorely—as all essentially free and sensitive souls must—under the domination of a man, is admirably drawn, with equal sympathy and perception, as indeed are all the others whose lives are linked with hers. One wonders if any woman could have had the courage to tell the truth to her trustees, as Elizabeth did; the incident appears superfluous, in fact, though it is undeniably effective.

A charming book, and one that will be most valuable to garden-lovers, who wish to make the best of a modest piece of ground, is "The Perfect Garden." It is not merely written in a singularly graceful and sympathetic style, but is a storehouse of practical instructions for the culture of all the principal English flowers, fruits and vegetables, together with sound hints on economical management, imparted so lucidly and so thoughtfully, that the least amateur in horticulture should be able to understand and profit by them. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated with water color sketches and black and white drawings by the author, and is supplemented by a number of plans for flower, kitchen and rose gardens, shrubberies, rockeries, lawns, etc.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

Andante of Schubert
As you played on, my burning heart stood still.
Years passed away; it seemed I stood again.
Numb with the sudden bitterness of pain.
And watched my dream fade o'er the twilight rain.
And now outside the window, and its fear, true
Brings back your haunting cry thro' all the years.

So deep, so black, the stormy eve peers in
Through my unconscious, and howls and howls,
As it with human grief and real remorse,
Screams the loud wind's harsh and incessant din.
But here within, my old-world, gentle tune
Has brought again the tenderness of June.

Dear, as you play, my half-closed eyes seem wet.
Out from the eerie corner's gloom there seem
To steal those loved ones of a misty dream—
Loved ones, long gone, whom I can never forget.
O grey and white, their questioning faces smile
In my dim eyes to speak to me awhile.

As you played on, my broken heart was healed.
Love could not die; I still could softly go.
Back thro' old memories' long valleys of snow,
To where the paths meet by the clover field.
I only have to close mine eyes to see
Their smiling faces from Eternity.

One Summer's Day
The day is gone. With sweet regret we watch
The dusky veil of night enfold it round.
The crescent moon ascends the silent dome,
While white flowers gleam like stars upon the ground.

Dear heart! Do I behold the angels lean,
To muse with wonder in their mystic eyes
How life upon this golden day
Was e'en as fair as theirs in Paradise? —N.M.C.

Cared for Nobody
This is the song the miller sang.
The selfish miller of Dea:
"I care for nobody, no one, not I,
And nobody cares for me."
He ate and drank, and worked and slept,
Money and land had he.
But never a penny more he kept
Than the selfish miller of Dea.

So he lived alone, he had no kin;
And all the while he rode
There wasn't a mortal care a pin
Whether he lived or he died.
The women gave him never a smile,
The men had nothing to say.
No, never a word he heard or stole,
No stranger wished him good-day.

To share our life is to double our life;
And what if it is to double our strife,
Loving can lighten the hardest strife,
Loving can make it fair.
Better to love, though love should die,
Than never to love at all.
I care for nobody, no one, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

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