THE AGE OF ENERGY



HE 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, not play. The so-called "leisured class" no longer exists except among the ranks of the unemplayed and are ranks of the unemplayed and age. ployed and even they strenuously shout their desire for work.

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 dinner party the other evening with suspicion. At a dinner 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 ideal holiday consisted in doing nothing."

ing. "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 mis-spent orgy of idleness—an opinion which, 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.

To the majority of people of life. To the majority of people today it is impossible, work being like a disease which once it fastens to you becomes practically incurable. From the business man, unable to refrain from fresh efforts in spite

of his accummulated millions, to the suffragette who boasts of holding seventeen meetings a week, everybody is toiling and slaving, as if life meant nothing more than the expenditure of so much vital energy per hour. Of course to be able to thoroughly enjoy doing nothing, one must have a great deal to do. To wake up in the morning feeling one has absolutely nothing to do all day would be horribly boring, whereas to know that there are at least a dozen things waiting to be done and not to do any of them is the only way to enjoy doing nothing. Far however is the only way to enjoy doing nothing. Far, however from realizing this the generality of people today seem to devote all their energies to making more work for themselves. Even when they have not to earn their own living, in which case their efforts are more or less justifiable—people seem incapable of sitting still for any length of time, and if they do not actually want to make money for themselves, they sitting still for any length of time, and if they do not actually want to make money for themselves, they invent all sorts of harassing devices in the shape of charity entertainments in general, in order to make it for somebody else, while others with nothing to say, and still less knowledge how to say it, are so imbued with the necessity of work for work's sake that they flood the press with many unnecessary novels. The very fact of feeling busy—and business being the fetish of the day—they are willing to sacrifice to it, not only half of the pleasure of life, but their health, and their youth. Certainly to a woman there are few things more ageing than work, and still there are few things more ageing than work, and still fewer more detrimental to her charms than an in-cessant devotion to all the occupations which leave

her no time for the cultivation of repose.

Nobody sits today over the fire in the twilight watching the flames curling round the logs or seeing pictures in the red hot coals. It would be considered a shocking waste of time when one should be at a committee meeting of the "Society for the Elevation of the Masses," or something else equally vague and uninteresting. Yet, if they only knew it, the world would be really none the worse off if half these people did less and did it more intelligently, and also perhaps a little more sympathetically. As it is, people are too busy to be of much use to their friends. In trouble, it is true, they rush to each other, but they rush away equally quickly, and in ordinary cir-cumstances they have no time to come at all. Every-body is so overworked, that social amenities are limit-ed to asking each other "What shall we do next?" and having done it, to repeat the formula ad infini-

____ FASHION'S FANCIES

Fashion is at present very kind to the middle

aged and matronly; and those adjectives attach them-selves to most women ten years later in life than they were wont to do. No longer do we behold pious resignation to inactivity and unbecoming clothes. As soon as a woman sees her daughter emerge from the nursery stage of existence; rather does the woman of forty and upwards realise that if she could afford to dress thoughtlessly before, 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 slik dress trimmed with beads and perched upon a head with hair arranged in a flat parting down the 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 nowadays, nor is it considered a hideous secret, meet for unseemly jest, that a woman should improve her appearance with a bunch of curls or a tress of hair. Certainly it makes all the difference when the choice of headgear has to be made. The average matron has probably lost something of the slenderness which was here in youthdifference when the choice of headgear has to be made. The average matron has probably lost something of the slenderness which was hers in youth—but that need be no bar to her being becomingly dressed. The long dress of cloth or some beautiful hanging material suits our friend best, but there is no reason why she should not look extremely nice in a coat and skirt, even with the latter, made walking length. The cut-away coats which we are all wearing are most becoming to a stout figure. The bonnet has been discarded by the middle aged and few, but elderly people wear a bonnet now. There are many women however, who experience the greatest difficulty in selecting a hat once the meridian is passed. But it is my private opinion that this difficulty is only present because in the depths of their hearts they feel that it would be more seemly in them to be asking for a decent bonnet, and if they do want a hat let it at least be a respectably frumpish one. Now, any hat that is made up on purpose to catch the eye of the elderly person and to recommend itself to her as being "so suitable", should be carefully eschewed. It often takes the boat shaped form with a little black lace and two bunches of cowslips or pansies—a style of headgear which would try the charms of the youngest and lovellest, much more the matron of fifty. Any fashionable but artistic well balanced hat is suited to the age we are considering—very gay colors or exaggerated shapes being of course quite out of place. Velvet is always bedoming in any shade, stitched satin, or Ottoman silk softened with feathers and tulle are very gracious in effect and much may be done with artful little caps and quillings of lace, picturesquely disposed if the hair be worn softly and prettily puffed. The draped or folded toque suits very many women, especially those who wear a fringe; while an older woman will find that a bonnet with many women, especially those who wear a fringe; while an older woman will find that a bonnet with lace or tulle strings will seem to take years off her age. The question of colors is an interesting one. The chief reason why black is becoming to some women is that it seems to reduce the size of their persons, but there are many other colors which would do this equally well, hesides proving infinitely may be sons, but there are many other colors which would do
this equally well, besides proving infinitely more becoming. The rose leaf complexion, whether pale or
pink of a child, or a young girl can emerge triumphant from the shade of a black hat and coat; but in
later life a woman books better in soft grey, more
color, lavender, purple or green. Fawn and drab are
colors she should avoid, but a little delicate bright color is most attractive.

The town lady can always find it a comparatively easy matter to dress becomingly, but when the country mouse becomes stricken in years, the question seems more difficult. An active person wishes to look next and nice if possible, but not to spend over much

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 unbecoming 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 hat must be one which will stand wind and weather, and often the most becoming hat for this sort of wear are those 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 there they can exercise their

But these assertions are almost without founda-tion, for two reasons. First, the majority of women who work for their living, or for the living of those dependant 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 this would mean for the greater number privation amounting to semi-starvation amounting to semi-starvation. The second assertion is still more alien to the

real facts. What are the domestic arts that our grandmothers 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 wines, such as cowslip and elderberry, were skilfully made; in the laundry, where the household linen was washed; in the kitchen, where curious 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

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 our carpets of dirt, as a child sucks an orange of julee. When it was economically satisfactory for each household to be practically self-sufficient, supplying its own wants, there was plenty of interesting work for women to do, but gradually the arts slipped away.
Today jam is compounded by the ton in factories, by
machinery instead of heing preserved by each housewife according to recipes inherited in many cases

wife according to recipes inherited in many cases from many generations.

Bread is supplied daily from bakeries; weaving has vanished forever from the households; instead of fifty families making their home smell of scapsuds, the clothes of these fifty families are washed at the laundry, and the smell is confined to one building; instead of fifty servants and perhaps fifty mistresses being employed separately in washing the family linen, a few laundry hands wash the whole (and as often as not tear the whole to ribbons by degrees, whereas it lasted in the old days frem genergraes, whereas it lasted in the old days from generation to generation; this, however, is merely "ir

The change, whether in laundering or jam-makeconomically for the better, but it undoubted-noves the work, and "the arts" from the women But the economy of time, money and energy is

One trade reacts upon another, and it is partly due to the disappearance of the arts from the home that smaller houses have been built in such large numbers, and that the old-fashloned "family man-sion," 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 ically and with greater regularity from the Why build rooms for twenty servants when five

There is nothing for so many servants to do nowadays, when domestic jam-making, pickling, house-cleaning and the like, is done more cheaply and better by scientific methods by specially trained peo-ple. All these considerations have influenced build-ers, and hence the surburban villa and flat have superseded the family mansion. But to the majority of working women "home" means one or perhaps two It does not mean even the tiniest flat.

woman is forced into the labor market in order poort herself, or perhaps an invalid parent, or Whether she is a maid, wife, or widow, it is

possible that beings more helpless than herself may depend on her for bread, and she is lucky if she can get work at a reasonable rate of pay, which keeps the small household in food, warmth and lodging. To talk to such a woman, who supports a great economic burden of staying at home and cultivating the domestic arts, is sheer nonsense, and to my mind very unkind into the bargain!

The domestic arts, though she may not know it, have been removed from the home by the greatest of all forces, the force of economic pressure and invention. In order to obtain the necessaries of life, she must go out into the market place and strive for her share. And whether the rank is high or low, whether the worker is highly trained or not, the arguments holds good. The day of the home arts has almost passed, and centralization has almost swept the home bare. It is useless to complain, and it exhibits historical ignorance to blame women, for the cause is far deeper, and lies beyond any in-dividual control. It is a phase of evolution.

"MINCE"

I remember to this day, with disgust, a dish which, under the name of "mince," made its appearance regularly every Thursday at a school to which I went as a day boarder for a short time, in the days of my youth. On a large flat dish lay a mass of some sticky grey compound, fenced in by a row of spikes, formed of sodden toasted bread. This is the style of "mince," that has very justly brought discredit upon an invaluable preparation of meat. Compare the compound which I have just described, with a properly made mince; neatly and finely cut dice of meat, in a rich brown sauce, enclosed within a wall of mashed potatoes, decorated with sippets of crisp fried bread.

bread.

Only the most inveterate hater of "made-up-dishes," can object to the occasional appearance of such a "plat;" and if he does object (for it is certain to be a "he" man) he should be prepared to provide an extra housekeeping allowance, for it is impossible to cater economically if mince in all its forms is forbidden, and a succession of freshly cooked joints and blude required.

birds required.

Mince, composed either of dice of meat, cut by hand, or a far more finely cut meat prepared in the mincing machine, may be served in a number of attractive gulses, such as rissoles, kromeskies, croustades, coquilles, sheperds pie, souffies, and quenelles, timbales, and so forth, and, except in the case of in-

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

To Make Mince

Cut any meat, fowl, or game, available for the pur-cose, 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 very sharp knife, or if preferred use a mincer. As a rule, however, a plain mince is merely cut into dice, while for ris-soles, etc., it is of the finer pulpier order produced by

The Sauce.

For this mince a small onion, a mushroom, if you have it, and fry both in ½ oz. of clarified dripping until brown, sprinkle in ½ oz. of flour and continue to fry until the mixture is a deeper brown. Add ½ 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 that the sauce has been allowed 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 dish, with wall of potato or rice, and sippets of crisp fried bread. For this mince a small onion, a mushroom, if you

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 gill of milk or stock, or half of each, a little minced parsley appears at least a little minced parsley appears at least a little minced parsley appears. lumps stir in one gill of milk or stock, or nair or each, a little minced parsley, pepper, salt, and a little finely grated lemon peel; when thoroughly blended, mix in the mince off the fire, turn it on to a dish, and leave it to get cold. Then roll it into balls or any shape you please, with well-floured hands, egg and bread-crumb them and fry in enough boiling fat to cover them; drain well, and serve garnished with fried parsley. Potato or rice may be used adding this after the Potato or rice may be used adding this after the meat is minced and proceeding in exactly the same manner as before.

Croustades

Cut a slice of bread about 2 or 21/2 in. thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry cutter, and again stamp these rounds with a small cutter to within 1/2 in. of the base. Turn the cutter 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 and dry them before the fire or in the over using. Fill with mince and make very hot.

Timbale of Maccaroni

Timbale of Maccaroni

Bell some maccaroni till soft enough to handle but not to break, drain well, Butter a plain tin mould, and line it with the maccaroni, starting from the centre of the bottom, and going round and round in layers, then fill up with some mince, to which has been added some egg yolk (one egg yolk to each half pound), to bind it well. Cover with a buttered pager and steam for one hour for each pint. If liked a lining of sausage or forcemeat may be placed next to the maccaroni before adding the mince, but care must be taken not to move the maccaroni.

Stuffed Pancakes (Hot)

Make some rather thin savory pancakes, fay them out flat and place on each, one or two spoonfuls of any mince. Roll up the pancakes, press the edges together, cut into even lengths, lay them in a frying basket with the folded edge downwards, and fry, then drain them well, and serve garnished with parsley. The pancakes can be prepared beforehold and cut The pancakes can be prepared beforehand, and cut into even lengths when cold, the mince being first rolled into a thin slice of fat parbolled bacon and then placed in the pancake egged and breadcrumbed, placed in a buttered fire-proof baking dish, and fried a delicate brown.

Kromeskies (Hot)

Prepare some mince, as for rissoles, have ready the mixture on each of these, roll up the care to close up the ends well, dip each in frying batter, and fry each a golden brown in plenty of boiling fat. Drain well and serve garnished with fried pars-

Croquettes (Hot)

For these have ready some short 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 exped and direct in respectively. 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, grat-ed 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 rather over six and a half ounces of minced ham, a sprinkling of the grated find of lemon, some parsley, a little thyme well minced, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, and work in one small egg. Shape it in the form of a roll, wrap it in buttered paper, 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.

Papprica (Hot)

Papprica (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 again, add a small teacupful of milk, or better still cream, and add any 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 garnished 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 entrees, or savories, and the Kromeskies dishes for entrees, or savories, and the Kromeskies are so good as breakfast dishes.

THE LAGGARD MIND

It is curious that in an age which prides itself above everything on its rapidity—an age which concentrates its energy on discovering quicker methods by electricity and steam—there should be so much mental laziness, so much desire to shirk the labor of expression. This mental apathy shows itself in a hundred ways, and in all it contributes to the dulness of life.

How delightful and how rare it is to come acress How delightful and how rare it is to come acress the being who has no sluggish and procrastinating 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 seem worth while."

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 rots 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 selfish 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 poet Rostand: "De seul vertu, 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

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 drass why not say so? If you think the the

tain 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 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 sex, that nowever careful women may be of their own homes, they too often show a total disregard for the spare room when staying away from home. Who 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 underneath? 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 photos on the wall paper with pins, and lying down in the daytime without first folding away the bed-

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 of too laborate and ephemeral a 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 not the same heartburning 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. safety between the tollet cover and the polished wood, and a tile with its purpose plainly stated on it should be provided for the curling lamp. If gas 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 washing trans. The cover of the writing table must able nature. The cover of the writing table must not be light enough to be ruined by an inadvertent syot of ink, nor must the pincushion be gorgeous enough to object to being stabbed by hatpins. Sensioly equipmed, the pare room will stand the depre-dations 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 them. I always equinsel this annual change as making for economy as well as cosiness. The smoke and smuts from winter's fires spoil the delicate hangings appropriate to summer, and the bright sunshine soon fades curtains of serge or other warm 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 "use-full" rooms. The plain art serge trimmed with ball full rooms. The plain art serge trimmed with ball fringe always looks well. Plushette is always a popular material for winter curtains, and it hangs in plee folds, wears excellently, and is not expensive. This material in moss-green or Indian red is particularly statements. icularly pleasing.

There was a time when it was considered correct There was a time when it was considered correct to have everything in pairs—a pair of vases on the mantlepiece, a pair of figures, a pair of "gentlemen's chairs," a pair of "ladies' chairs" (though why there should be any difference between these it 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 exactly duplicated. A misative value waen it is exactly duplicated. A mistake, 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 fall to perceive that between harmony and monotony there is a wide gulf 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 in 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 longs to hang the windows with plain green cassia cloth as a foll to the flowery walls. Again, the possessor of a "patterny" carative value when it is exactly duplicated. A walls. Again, the possessor of a "patterny" car-pet, 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 instead of the harmony she might have worked out of such mater-ials as a rose-pink stripped paper and plain green demask curtains. damask curtains.

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 fallure, because the things all war one against another. In the same way for the comfort of the impecunious but tasteful, a delightful 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 both enjoyed. It is astonishing what a number of Spaniards visit England now. Of course there is a Spaniards visit England now. Of course there is a Spaniarh 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 armies of dressmakers, furriers and modistes had been 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, where 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 make a charming group when out riding or walking together. The three young Princesees 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 Mdlle. Elizabeth Lagrande, 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 £3 10s. a week, and out of her earnings she has bought a tenement and out or 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 event in London society. The announcement of engagement to Miss Clementine Hozier came as great surprise to everyone, as Mr. Churchili had been regarded as an uncompromising bachelor by most people. The wedding was exceedingly smart and pretty. There were five bridesmaids dressed in pale biscuit colored satin, richly embroidered, and wearing great surprise to everyone, as Mr. Churchill had be large black hats 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 readable novel as "The Little Brown Brother," by Stanley Portal Hyatt, a story of the Filipino revolt, thoroughly well constructed, and with interest and excitement sustained at high pressure from beginning to end. A vivid impression is given of the givening to end. A vivid impression is given of the given ning to end. A vivid impression is given of the guer-illa warfare and of the civil and military intrigues that rendered the campaign so exasperatingly dif-ficult, 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 tory of modern Bohemia, with a complicated and far-fetched plot, concerning the accession of a dis-reputable 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 other 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 disapple of the people of t pointing one, considering the excellence of the author's earlier work.

"Mrs. Fitz Maurice on Leave," by Gabrielle Fitz Mrs. Fitz Matrice on Leave, by Gabrielle Fitz Matrice, is a brightly written record of the adventures of a grass widow invalided home from India. Gabrielle must have been something of a minx, or she would never have experienced so many insults from the succession of "bounders" with whom she chose to firt—up to a certain point. Still she is a natural and rather attractive little person, and the book is certainly well worth reading

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 A. C. Dawson-Scott, for the pivot of the plot 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 ly different, and "The Burden" is the better book of the two, since the situations are more naturally contrived. Elizabeth Lady Raven, the young, impulsive, complex creature, who sinned almost unwittingly, and suffered sorely—as all essentially free and sensitive souls must suffer under such circumstances—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 and honesty to tell the truth to her trustees, as Elizabeth did; the incident appears superfluous, in fact, though it is undeniably ears superfluous, in fact, though it is undeniably

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 stored with 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 straightforwardly that the veriest 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 Lilian Stannard, and supplemented by a number of plans for flower, kitchen and rose gardens, shrubberies, rockeries, lawns, etc. rockeries, lawns, etc.

. POETICAL CLIPPINGS

Andante of Schubert

As you played on, my bursting heart stood still. Years passed away; it seemed I stood again Numbed with the sudden bitterness of pain. And watched my dream fade o'er the twilit hill. And now outside the wild night and its fears Brings back your haunting cry thro' all the years.

So deep, so black, the stormy eve peers in

or deep, so black, the stormy eve peers in Through my uncurtained window, Rough and hoard As if with human grief and real remorse, creams the loud wind's harsh and incessant din. But here within, your 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— oved ones, long gone, whom I can ne'er 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 vales 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 enclose it round.
The crescent moon escends the silent dome,
While white flowers gleam like stars upon the

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?

Cared for Nobody Tis is the song the miller sang,
The selfish miller of Dee;
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."
He ate and drank, and worked and slept,
Money and land had he,
But never a poorer mortal stept
Than the selfish miller of Dee.

So he lived alone, he had no kin;
And in all the countryside
There wasn't a mortal cared a pin
Whether he lived or he died.
The women gave him never a smile,
The men had nothing to say,
No friend era crossed his garden stile,
No stranger wished him good-day.

To share our life is to double our life;
And what if it double its care?
Loving can lighten the hardest strife,
Loving can make it fair.
Better to love, though love should die,
Than say, like the miller of Dee,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

Bishop Car land in Montr ber. He was a

Canada, Au will form wha Britain. Sure Mother of Nat Britain.

Three pros genika Creek, hat there is Mr. Joseph in the Domini dates, Hon. M

nard, Conserv Another va on Deep Bay seam is eight The property

> The death ribly sudden. his seat on th a just and a died at his po

> > This has b

While there h America, in d dry. This ha Champlain dis dom delayed s The Temp the province bia to make

cide whether sold within The city v to attend the and speeches together each best way of fi the citizens t

The Synod Ottawa last v parts of Cana ing the Synod back from Enabas and hi Gerald remain

Last week ery of the riv Fraser was c of the explor present had a teresting way covered and a Australia

instead of par is to build si marines and the 1,200 mer ginning must a year before tish admiralty

precious stone Eastern mone customs chan of China and costly presen Tang Shao Y visit to the U

There are tries named them. It see willing to joi she will not part of the what is calle cannot be b powers.

It is believe the friendship may remain Russians and said that Ch cated Chinan Chinese minis ple would ha Chinamen wo

Earl Grey Canada. The and has been his way. He lumbia. He, owner in the Coast nothing tinguished m Lord Milher, of governing Lord Milner

There was at New West useless to try When men while a game It is a pity to not be playe in tests of st ten that in onorably. is the worst for fun or n

Another I been using that the fish able and that to the cities States. Another I been able to the cities of the ci States. And ticed is that bia will pas This will m prairies.
This tray
Grand Truni Prince

Many a little that would been able to ers will be prophesies a try and ever

The strik tinues. Ver ers and only what it mes than seven thousand not the strikers to end now railroad mes good wages