

Ladies' Department.

Certainty.

BY EVELINE.

I wonder how I'll know when the "right one," the dream of my dreams appears," she muses. How can I tell that it is surely he? There must not be a doubt when my heart chooses."

If I were a partner for a dance, or walk, or one to play my merriest hours, I choose with ease; but this must be for life, and life is not all sunshine and bright flowers.

A partner for one's life, for weal or woe, whose faults must be overlooked with patient care,

How can I tell a passing love from that which kindred soul to kindred soul should bear."

Emerson, and sober grows her face, But I tell, busy one, is filled with pleasure, half glad, half there a one dart which soon will pierce her heart too deep for any measure.

Smiles with joy, the roughish little lad, He feels his power, but wisely bides his time, For soon he'll bear the thoughtful maid into the dream-world of love's sunniest clime.

Knows that then her wanderings will cease, Her doubts will vanish, for around, above, float sweet whisperings to tell her heart that this glad happy peace is love, true love.

—Demerest's Monthly.

Her Story.

Years she longed, as other women long, To love a man about her, strong to shield her weakness, even as other's sought the strong; But still she found him far too far to reach, And loving, did not yield.

Other women weep alone, she wept, That she had naught to give that he might take; If she awakened when the great world slept, The hours of darkness still her secret kept, Who suffered for love's sake.

He dreamed that she had given all, That still forbade both eyes and lips to speak, He learned how she had dreamed her gift too small, From her whose hidden pride could hold in thrall, The color in her cheek.

—Demerest's Monthly.

—For Truth.

Thoughts about Diaries.

BY VERA.

Letter writing has become well nigh one of the lost arts in these days of rapid and frequent communication. In the last century,

even Lady Austen wrote those tender and charming letters, many pages long, to the chosen poet, her gentle kinsman Cowper, and a despatch a letter was an event in life.

The accomplished ladies of that day would have thought shame of inditing a half-page all about nothing.

Letters in the eighteenth century were species of essay, often a delightful treat to read. But a resource has been left

those desirous of cultivating that style of composition, confidential, full of self-revelation, and faithful record of the impressions, made by each day's observation of the passing panorama of life. It is to keep a diary.

Not a skimming thirty-cent pocket diary, as many suit business men, but one with ample and ample excuse of page and sufficient room accorded to each day so as to fit of something more than a mere summary of events.

For we all are apt to forget the minute details and impressions of even a year ago. Keeping a diary enables us to preserve a record of our former selves; of the slow sad changes that brought us all things ill; of the joys, often as slow, and sometimes as sad, brought us all things good; of the seasons in the fresh, vivid colors of recent experience of the joyous and sad, that soon become faded in our memories, with the monotonous monotony of the Grey Past!

What of the future? What a great loss of life's experience is lost to us for each of such a record as a diary diary.

For young ladies, who may read Vera's diary, if you are moved thereby to keep a diary, for the year of Grace, 1885, a few hints of guidance in so doing, let your diary be a mere record of coming and going of visitors, the dinner and commonplace occupations. Give here

and there a word of comment. 2. Be not too diffuse. Do not write for the sake of writing. Write nothing that you do not feel. 3. You cannot, like Thomas Carlyle, write a vivid, life-like description of everything you meet, therefore do not attempt it. But you can record in truthful, unexaggerated words, the kind of impression each person makes on you as he or she crosses the stage of your life. In writing of other people it is best to describe them by initials only. In beginning each day's record, it is well to note the kind of weather—this may have an interest of a meteorological nature in other years. 5. Your diary should be sacred to your own privacy; to let any new acquaintance peruse it is to "wear your heart upon your sleeve for laws to peek at." A mother, a sister, or the one who is to be the fate of your life, alone should be allowed to enter the precincts of that confessional.

Swift's diary to Schiller; Pepys's Diary (written in the court of the merry monarch, Charles II.) Boswell's Diary of his personal intercourse with Dr. Johnson, are among many instances, which show the peculiarly vivid portraiture of passing events, which is only attainable by this form of literary composition. 5. It is noteworthy that these diaries are the work of minds of very different calibre, some of the most amusing being the every day record of men of simple character and ordinary education, such as Pepys and Boswell.

The moral effect of keeping a diary can hardly fail to keep up the habit of self-examination, so valuable in the formation of character. To make a faithful record of each day's employment, rightly used, must be a preservation against mere idleness and selfishness, and may lead us to wish that a Higher Power may "scotch us tomorrow our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ORANGE SOUFFLE.—Take one-quarter pound of sifted loaf sugar, half a pound of flour, half a pound of fresh butter, the yolks of six eggs, and one tablespoonful of orange juice. Beat up all these ingredients well together until they are very smooth, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the rest. Pour all into a dish, but take care not to fill it, and bake in a moderate oven.

ISLE OF WIGHT PUDDING.—Chop four ounces of apple, the same quantity of bread-crumbs, suet, and currents, well washed and picked, two ounces of candied lemon, orange and citron, chopped fine, five ounces pounded loaf sugar, half a nutmeg grated. Mix all together with four eggs. Butter well and flour a tin, put in the mixture, and place a buttered paper on the top, and a cloth over the paper. If you steam it, the paper is sufficient. It will take two hours boiling. Serve with hot fruit sauce, made of steamed currant jelly.

RICE CROQUETTES.—One-half pound rice, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar and a very small piece of butter, the yolks of two eggs beaten light, and a pinch of salt. Soak the rice for four hours in water, drain it and put it into a basin with the milk and salt. Set the basin in a steamer and cook until thoroughly done. Then stir in carefully the sugar, the yolks of the eggs and the butter. Flavor with the juice of a fresh lemon. A very little of the grated rind may be added, if desired, but too much will give a bitter taste to the rice. When cool enough to handle form into croquettes. Roll them in beaten eggs and bread-crumbs and fry in boiling lard. When brown take them out, put them in a strainer to dry off the lard and sprinkle with fine sugar.

WHITEHOUSE FRITTERS.—Boil in one pint of water a dessert spoonful of fresh butter, pour scalding hot over a light pint of flour, and beat until cold; add the well beaten yolks of six eggs, and, just before cooking, the perfectly light whites. Fill a skillet with lard, and when sizzling hot, drop in the batter, a tablespoonful at a time. It only takes a few minutes to cook them. Put them in a warm oven on a dry towel, for a short time to dry superfluous grease. Serve hot, and eat with wine and sugar.

DAISY BISCUITS.—Beat very light one egg; pour it over a pint of flour, add a wine glass of milk, and chop in one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed. Work thoroughly together; break up pieces the size of marble, which must be rolled as thin as your nail. Sprinkle with dry flour as you

roll them out to make them crisp; stick with a fork and bake quickly.

POSSIES AU BEURRE.—Peel and remove the cores from some highly flavored apples, avoid breaking them or cutting through. Cut slices of bread of the size of the diameter of the apple, and lay them on the bottom of a well buttered dish, on each slice place an apple, filling the core space with brown sugar, and butter the size of a walnut. Set in a moderate oven and bake half an hour, renewing the butter and sugar once or twice.

It is important, says a recent writer, to look well to the adulteration of spices. Mustard is adulterated with sulphate of lime, naphthalene yellow, and dark flour. Black pepper is reduced with charcoal, buckwheat chaff, mustard bean, ground cocconut, and dried potatoes; Cayenne pepper with corn-meal colored with Venetian red; allspice or pimento with cocoa shells, cloves with clove stems and cocoa shells; mace with corn-meal; cinnamon and cassia with ground crackers, stale bread, and biscuits baked and ground; ginger with corn-meal, Cayenne pepper, and turmeric. Cream tartar is adulterated with terra alba and corn flour. To know that cream tartar is pure take a half teaspoonful of it and put it in a tumbler with hot water. If pure, it will all dissolve without sediment.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS (Mrs. Lincoln).—Soak one quart of pea beans in cold water over night. In the morning put them into fresh cold water, and simmer till soft enough to pierce with a pin, being careful not to let them boil enough to break. If you like, boil one onion with them. When soft, turn them into a colander and pour cold water through them. Place them with the onion in a bean-pot. Pour boiling water over one quarter of a pound of salt pork, part fat and part lean; scrape the rind till white. Cut the rind in half-inch stripes; bury the pork in the beans, leaving only the rind exposed. Mix one teaspoonful of salt—more, if the pork is not very salt—and one teaspoonful of mustard with one quarter of a cup of molasses. Fill the cup with hot water, and when well mixed pour it over the beans; add enough more water to cover them. Keep them covered with water until the last hour; then lift the pork to the surface and let it crisp. Bake eight hours in a moderate oven. Use more salt and one-third of a cup of butter if you dislike pork, or use half a pound of fat and lean corned beef. The mustard gives the beans a delicious flavor, and also renders them more wholesome. Many add a tea-spoonful of soda to the water in which the beans are boiled to destroy the acid in the skin of the beans. Yellow-eyed beans and lima beans are also good when baked. Much of the excellence of baked beans depends upon the bean pot. It should be earthen, with a narrow mouth and bulging sides. This shape is seldom found outside of New England, and it is said to have been modeled after the Assyrian pots. In spite of the slurs against "Boston Baked Beans," it is often remarked that strangers enjoy them as much as natives; and many a New England bean-pot has been carried to the extreme South and West, that people there might have "baked beans" in perfection. They afford a nutritious and cheap food for people who labor in the open air.

LEMON AND CREAM PIE.—To one glass of cup of milk add one tablespoonful of corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, or after grating the lemon peel, chop the rest of the lemon quite fine; the whites of the eggs should be beaten stiff and added to the rest just before putting it in the oven. Bake in one crust.

Some Wedding Superstitions.

In Sweden a bride must carry bread in her pocket, and as many pieces of it as she can throw away, just so much trouble does she cast from her. But it is no luck to gather the pieces. Should the bride lose her slipper, then she will lose all troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Manxmen put salt in their pockets, and the Italians "blessed" charms. The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February. They avoided all celebration on days and the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month. The day of the week on which the 14th of May fell, was considered very unlucky in "merry old England," and in the Orkney

Island a bride selects her wedding day so that its evening may have a full moon and a flowing tide. In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full. In Perthshire the couple who have had their banns published at the end of one, and are married at the beginning of another, quarter of a year, can expect nothing but ends.

Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. The exquisite and touching drama, "Her Last Hope," ran all last week at the Grand. The play is one of decided merit, both as a literary production and in point of originality and beauty of conception. Will C. Cowper, the author of the piece, appeared as Leon Dureau, and in his interpretation of the falsely accused convict, who had degenerated from a once loving brother and affectionate son to the slave and dupe of the adventurer, Chival Van'el, created a very favorable impression. Mr. Cowper possesses histrionic talent of a high order, and is "every inch" an actor. Miss Edna Courtney, who played the role of Leon's sister, was a universal favorite. She has a fine figure, is exceedingly natural, and possesses all the characteristics of a brilliant and accomplished actress. The support throughout was emphatically beyond criticism, and the one who failed to see "Her Last Hope," missed one of the best entertainments which has appeared in Toronto this season.

MONTROSE'S MATINEE. The Tiverton Dramatic Co. closed a successful engagement at this theatre on Saturday. The repertoire embraced a number of favorite pieces, such as "The Divorcee," "East Lynne," "Mighty Dollar," and the like, which were well mounted and presented by artists of decided ability. Miss Ida Van Courtland displayed great cleverness and versatility in the several roles which she filled. If Mr. Montrose continues to provide such attractions as that of last week, he will make the museum more and more popular, and will no doubt receive every encouragement from Toronto play-goers.

IRVING-TERRY ENGAGEMENTS in the Western States, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of tickets, are remarkably successful.

VICTORIA HALL. The Matinee, the coachman's pretty wife, is singing in Chicago to packed houses. People do not go to hear her sing, they go to see the runaway girl.

BROOKS & DICKSON, who produced the "Romany Rye" here last season, are financially embarrassed. It is likely, however, that they will soon recover themselves, and come to the front again.

The German chorale singers at the New York Metropolitan Opera House have struck for an increase of salaries. Dr. Damrosch refused to treat with the strikers, and says they will not be taken on again under any circumstances.

MISS LOOSE. Pyk, a Swedish vocalist of some note, is singing in New York.

Mrs. Langtry opened on the 17th at the Princess, London, with Mr. Alby as director, in an adaptation of Dumas' "Princess of Georcia." Before the curtain rose almost the entire house had been sold to an agent for the whole season to the first of July. The greater part has already been paid into the box office in advance a fact without precedent in the theatrical history of London.

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