

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Oddities in Feminine Apparel Just Brought Out.

The white cotton dresses are gayly decorated with white ribbons.

The latest of the new Oriental laces are mixed in coral and white.

Charming house dresses are finished with wateaus of black and white lace.

The flower bonnets are the prettiest of the novelties in dainty French millinery.

Bathing gowns are in great variety and may be had all the way from \$2 to \$50 each.

Sashes of surah can now be obtained complete, even to the knotted, silk-fringed ends.

Some of the new leg-o'-mutton sleeves are buttoned closely at the wrist. Six buttons are used.

A late fancy in neck lingerie is the deep, falling plisse and the narrow, upright ruche of sulphur-yellow gauze.

The new mohairs come in all shades of color in "shot" effects and in bars, plaids and checks of great beauty and effectiveness.

Hats and bonnets of straw are now dyed in every tint known to nature.

Among other wraps recently revived in London is the long, straight scarf mantle.

The Jane Hading sleeve is of coat-sleeve shape and has at the top an extra quantity of material that is formed into four downward-turning plaits, the wrist being finished by a reversed portion in the shape of a cuff.

The principal trimmings of tulle, net, gauze and lace dresses are ribbons. Some dresses are fairly covered with them.

The main difference between the bathing gowns of this and those of last season is in the cut of the waist, many of the new gowns being cut with several seams so as to fit the form quite closely.

An art dress recently seen in Paris is described as a "triumph of dressmaking."

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It is poor cows that out the profits of the dairy down. It takes 150 pounds of butter to keep a cow a year; the cow that makes less than that is an expense, the cow that makes more is profitable.

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A ROMANCE OF A CLERGYMAN.

Labors of Self-Sacrifice of Father Hope, Belonging to the Scotch Nobility.

A young priest has just died in the north-west of London whose name may well be saved from oblivion.

Under circumstances less sensational than those which have made Father Damien's name ring through Christendom, Father Douglas Hope has practiced, in the unromantic monotony of the Harrow road, a self-sacrifice as complete as that of the hero of the leper island.

"The Prince of Wales," stands a home for boys, and in connection with it a bakery and printing works.

The place was founded by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, a brother of the Marquis of Queensberry and of Lady Florence Dixie.

He brought his fortune and the fervor of his new-found faith to his task. Even the Harrow road is not without its romance.

Lord Archibald's sister, Lady Gertrude Douglas, joined her brother and identified herself with his renunciation of society, perhaps too completely, for during his absence in Canada, whether he had taken some of his wife, she married the head baker and became Lady Gertrude Stock.

Some five years ago Lord Archibald found his increasing cares too heavy for him. He retired to quiet mission life in Scotland and his place in the Harrow road was taken by his cousin, Father Douglas Hope.

A great-grandson on his father's side of Lord Hopetown and on his mother's of the Duke of Buccleuch he "called cousins" with all the blue blood of Scotland.

His father, Mr. Hope, of Luffness, was at one time member for Windsor, and his mother, a daughter of Lord Montagu, was an early bed-chamber woman to the Queen.

But Father Hope had obliterated the traditions of his family and the memories of Etton and Christ Church when he went to St. Vincent's Home to be priest, teacher, father and nurse to seventy boys mostly rescued from the London streets.

He shared their rough food and lived their life in school-room and play-ground. If he had ever thought of himself he might have known that in spite of his six feet of stature and his brilliant physique he was not seasoned for the rough life of the world; but those who got glimpses of him were not astonished to hear that rheumatic fever had carried him away last Thursday afternoon.

He was laid to rest yesterday in the cemetery at Kensal Green—just far from the scene of his five years' labor of love.

To Get Clover on Light Soil. The drioughts of a few years past have generally destroyed the clover and grass seed sown.

The all-absorbing question, on light and sandy lands in particular, is how to secure a good catch of clover. When this can be done, such lands produce well and are classed among our surest and most valuable farming lands.

Barnyard manure will be indispensable in putting such wasted soils in condition to grow the clover. Every farmer has doubtless observed in the fields where he has sown clover seed that spots more fertile than the main portions of the field have been covered with a good growth of clover, showing that if the land was thoroughly fertilized the clover would grow whether the season was wet or dry.

I should advise keeping all the stock possible on the farm and buying more or less wheat, bran and oil meal to feed the stock, and so increase the value of the manure pile.

I should prefer buying commercial foods such as I have named for this work of renovating rather than commercial fertilizers. It might be well to try plowing under green crops, as rye or buckwheat. Sowing the clover seed without any other crop, after the land has been put in good till, either in the spring or the last of August, sometimes proves effective.

Such lands are not adapted to permanent meadows. We are experimenting with alfalfa or lucerne on lands of this character, but have not had experience enough as yet to know its value.

We have an acre sown last April that has gone into the winter in very good shape. I may add that I think salt and plaster will prove beneficial on such lands.

A Terrible Experience. During the "wrecking" of the U. S. S. Trenton, after the storm at Apia, Lieut. Scott's waiting-boy managed to get for him a uniform and enough under clothes to fill two small pillow-cases.

Everything else of his belongings were lost—even his watch and his books, which he regrets the most, as they were a valuable collection containing all the best works in his profession.

During the storm the water and the atmosphere were bitterly cold, and the men worked hours in the pouring rain and furious wind, with feet and legs bare, cut, bruised and blistered by the debris driven about the decks, and no food but hard tack or something out of a can.

Lieut. Scott fell on a plank with a nail in it, cutting his leg, and for over a week after the storm could not wear shoes. He caught cold and narrowly escaped pneumonia.

An Australian lady and gentleman living at Apia, fixed up their parlor with a bed and insisted on taking him in and treated him with the greatest kindness.

Lieut. Scott is brother to Mrs. Roberts, wife of the American consul here.

A Far-off Dream Recalled. The Evening Post says that strawberries should be eaten with coffee and that "no body has known the strawberry flavor excepting immediately after the clearing of the taste which comes from drinking coffee."

This is nonsense. Nobody has known the strawberry flavor except he has, as a boy, hung himself on a cool grassy slope at the edge of a summer woods, after hours of barefooted rambling, and there sought out one by one the wild strawberries under the leaves and devoured them, bearing a tattoo with his calloused heels on the seat of his patched trousers.

Strawberries gathered and eaten under such circumstances have a flavor that no product of the garden served with sugar and cream, or swallowed between sips of coffee, may ever have. The boy who has so eaten of them "on honey dew both fed and drank the mill of paradise."—Rochester Post-Express.

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RAISE THE KITCHEN STOVE.

A Simple Expedient that Would Save Many a Backache.

We have made a discovery lately which, it seems now, we ought to have made sooner, that the top of the average kitchen stove is too little elevated above the floor, and that there is in consequence a good deal of backache and other discomfort inflicted upon the cook because so much of her work has to be done in a stooping posture.

Rather we should say, perhaps, that we have discovered a remedy for the trouble which we hasten to make known to others in the hope of lessening their troubles.

Our remedy is simply lifting the stove upon a platform which will raise it to such a height that it will bring the cooking utensils, when on the stove, within easy reach to one standing in an erect or nearly erect posture.

In our case this required a platform about nine inches in depth, and to save the trouble and expenses of procuring a carpenter to build it we secured an empty packing-box of the requisite size from the grocer at a cost of only 10 cents.

Brushed over with some staining material corresponding with the color of the floor, our platform looked neat and as though an established part of the room.

The only additional expense involved was that of adjusting the stove-pipe to the new conditions. The top of the stove is now as high as the kitchen table, or a little higher, and the cook and every one who has occasion to use the stove are delighted with the change and the greatly lightened labor.—Exchange.

PAINT ON FAIR CREEKS. Many London Women Do It, But Very Badly.

If I was, the other afternoon, in the Park, and was looking at the ladies driving in their carriages. I take the liberty to give them a little advice. A considerable number of them had endeavored to "improve" their complexions, and, what is more curious, the young ones seemed to have done so even more than the elderly ones.

But I never saw faces worse painted. An American girl paints from her childhood upward! So, again, with French women. They know how to paint. But English girls know as little about it as savages.

The white that they dab on their faces looks blue in daylight; their rouge becomes a pale magenta; the black line that they draw round their eyes gives their orbs a bead-like, expressionless air; the red that they put on their lips assumes a brownish tint, and darkens their teeth, and their attempts to better their eyebrows generally end in making one differ from the other.—London Truth.

A Few Farm Notes. Nothing injures stock more than cold rains. It was the experience of the writer during a winter in the far north that his cattle did not suffer as much from 30 degrees below zero as they did from a cold rain in the spring.

Keep the stock growing. When young give it food that will make it grow and develop bone and muscle, and when size is attained, rush it for the market by laying on the fat. The quickest growth is always the cheapest.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Crossley and Hunter are conducting a great revival at Exeter.

Walsfield G. Frye, of Maine, has been appointed to succeed United States Consul-General Phelan at Halifax.

Archbishop Fabre yesterday laid the corner-stone of the new St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church in Montreal.

A Toronto man named Joseph Pittman was arrested in Buffalo on Saturday for giving for his board bill a sight draft that was dishonored.

The annual Convention of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union closed Saturday with a conversation at the Normal School.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator Pugh, of Alabama, both members of the United States Senate Committee, were in Montreal on Saturday.

A deputation from the Toronto Board of Trade asked assistance on Saturday from the Ontario Government for the extension of the Victoria Railway from Haliburton to Mattawa.

Recently George McGowan, of Glenvale, was sued by Miss Pugh for breach of promise, and the jury awarded her \$750. Now the couple have agreed to get married and thus settle the case.

Yesterday the new St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal, one of the finest ecclesiastical structures on the continent, was opened for divine service. It has a seating capacity of 2,700.

Cardinal Manning yesterday received into the Roman Catholic Church Rev. Mr. Townsend, recently Principal of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta, also six former clergymen of the Anglican Church.

A printer named Phil Varney, belonging to Ottawa, was drowned in the river at Buckingham yesterday. He leaves a wife and several children. He was pretty well known to the craft throughout Ontario.

Prof. Selwyn, of the Geological department, Ottawa, has been in South Essex inspecting the gas wells. His opinion is that the County of Essex lies over a gas region, but this region lies very deep below the surface.

Cabbage and cauliflowers in Frontenac have been attacked by maggots, and in many instances thousands of heads have been devoured. At Cataragui the destruction is wholesale. The cause of the invasion is unknown.

Mr. J. K. Archambault, advocate of Montreal, has instituted an action for \$200 damages for having been prevented from crossing the track at Vaudeuil for twenty-two minutes by a train, which by law can only block the road for five minutes.

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also taking away one side of the face. When found the remains were beyond recognition. Lake, who was 26 years of age, leaves a wife and child. He belonged to Brookville.

At Armagh on Saturday four employees of the excursion train which was wrecked on Wednesday with such fatal results were arraigned in Court and charged with felonious killing. The prisoners are McGrath, the engineer; Parkinson, the fireman; Moorehead, the gardener, and Elliott, the Traffic Manager's clerk.

The Magistrate discharged Parkinson. A passenger of the train testified that when the train was stopped on the grade Moorehead placed a stone under a wheel of the last carriage and unoccupied a number of carriages. The detached portion immediately descended the grade at a rapid rate. The doors of all the cars were locked. The Court adjourned. McGrath and Moorehead were released on bail.

A MARY ANNE MILK PUNCH. The Experience of the Ex-Manager of Oaklands With a New York Dude.

An energetic looking dude walked into the American Institute Building on Third avenue yesterday and asked Foreman Powers for the man in charge of the Jersey cattle to be sold as auction next week.

Mr. Norton, in charge of Mr. Valancey E. Fuller's herd, was pointed out to him. "Have you the wonderful cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert here?" asked the stranger. Mr. Anne was pointed out to him.

"I am very anxious to secure a half pint of her milk," said the stranger. "It is not milking time, and we have none left over," replied Mr. Norton. "Both milking time. It won't hurt her to give a half pint just now."

"Couldn't think of it," replied Mr. Norton. "Now, really," persisted the dude, "I wouldn't mind \$10 for a half pint of her milk, don't you know, if I can have it now."

"Come around at 5 o'clock and you can have it for nothing," said Mr. Norton. "A tanner if I get it now," said the dude. "I wouldn't milk her now for a hundred," said Norton.

The dude looked vexed and a little discouraged, but after a moment's reflection returned to the charge. "I say, my man, of course I don't want to intrude upon time so valuable as yours, but if you have an assistant here who would be content with \$10 for a little of his time as would suffice to milk a half pint for me I would be under lasting obligations for it."

"My time ain't so valuable as all that," replied Norton, "and if there were any sense in your asking for it I'd give it to you. What do you want it for?"

"Got my heart set on a Mary Anne punch," replied the stranger, partly closing one eye in a dreamy sort of way. "Oh! ah! Yes—just so. I think I understand the feeling, but why not use other milk—you can get a milk punch anywhere."

"Sentiment goes a great way with me," replied the dude. "Famous cow, you know—rare thing. Something to tell to future generations, don't you know?"

"Of course I see," said Norton, "but the fact is I've had charge of that cow several years and never thought of it before. No, thank you, I don't want your money, but the sentiment takes hold of me. I hope you wouldn't mind my joining you?"

The dude consented with excellent grace. Foreman Powers also got tangled up in the sentiment, and all three disappeared through a green baize door across the street, carefully guarding a tin pail containing the precious juice of the famous cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert.—New York Herald.

A Boy's Terrible Experience. The Kingston News of Wednesday gives the following account: A short time ago a Kingston grocer found a tarantula in a barrel of bananas from Jamaica. He thought he had killed it, but it appears he was mistaken, as shown by his startling experience last night.

On going into the bed chamber where his 10 year old son was in bed, he saw a horrified expression on the face of the lad. On following the direction of the son's eyes, he saw the tarantula on his bosom, crawling slowly towards his head. The boy was pale and although the perspiration stood in large drops upon his blanched face, he never strained a muscle. The father stood transfixed and dared not stir for fear of disturbing the deadly animal. At last the spider slowly moved, and jumped on the poor boy's face. The brave little fellow still remained calm in this awful danger. For fully five minutes the tarantula remained on his cheek, and then skipped on to the counterpane. As it did so the father rushed forward and rolled the fabric round it, and then dashed it on the floor, crushing the life out of the fearful creature, and afterwards threw it in a fire to make sure this time that such a deadly "viper" had ceased to live.

The little hero in the bed had fainted from the great stress upon his nerves, but upon coming to he was as lively as a cricket, and laughed at his late peril. When asked what his sensations were while the animal was crawling over him, he said: "I kept wishing papa wouldn't try to touch it, for fear it might kill him." It is a pity that the name of this plucky little fellow should not be known, but the father for many reasons wishes it to be so.

A Powerful Ally Shows Up. He is here at last—the enemy of the potato-bug! Long has the patient husband-man waited his arrival, while some he trusted with his hard-shelled persecutor. The parasite that slays the potato-bug has been a great while on the road, or he started late. He has had time to destroy the chinch bug, the locust and the apple-tree worm; but here he is at length. Success to him! May his teeth be sharp and his appetite superb!—Syracuse Standard.

The Porte has sent six Syrian battalions to Crete to suppress the existing discontent.

It takes only two to make a bargain, but the small brother under the sofa sometimes turns out to be a useful witness.

A GRASSHOPPER plague threatens certain sections in British Columbia, but whether the locusts are of the seven-year species or some less harmful variety the despatches do not state.