



When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

What is called "lime water" is easily made. Drop some common quick-lime into an uncovered vessel of water, and let it stand for a day or two, shaking up occasionally. When settled pour off the clear liquid, which is lime water. Keep in a corked bottle to avoid decomposition from the action of the air.

LEMON JELLY.—Make a rich lemonade, using about four lemons to a pint of water, also enough sugar to make it sweet. Strain carefully through a cloth, and then add half-box of gelatine; after having dissolved it in a little water, strain again several times; then put in moulds and place on ice to become solid.

Bread and milk made fresh twice a day, should form the principal food for parrots. Soak the bread in hot water, drain, and pour boiling milk over it, but do not make it too moist. Place in a glass kept very clean. Vary the food occasionally with biscuits, nuts, fruits, and mixed hemp, canary and millet seeds.

ORANGE PIE.—Pulp and juice of two oranges, a little of the grated peel, the yolks of three eggs, one cupful sugar, one cupful milk; stir the yolks with the sugar, then a tablespoonful of butter, then the juice, lastly the milk; bake with under crust only; after the pie has cooled, spread on it the whites of the three eggs, stiffly frothed and sweetened; then set in again in the oven to brown slightly.

When the eyes have been used for a long time by artificial light and become fatigued, it is a useful plan to have at hand a lotion composed of rose or elder-flower water, two ounces; wine of opium, half a drachm, French brandy, one drachm. Mix, and occasionally bathe the eyes with a fine piece of sponge. The grateful sensation of relief will be at once evident. It will allay inflammation, and preserve the sight.

TO WHIP CREAM.—Cream should be of the proper consistency to whip properly. If too rich, and whipped very long, it will turn to butter; if thin and pour it will not whip solid. Cream for whipping should be rich, but thin enough to pour off a spoon. It should be left on ice until thoroughly cold. If cream is to be flavoured and sweetened see that it is done before whipping. Then put in the churn and whip. Skim off as it froths, and keep cold until ready to serve.

#### WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Though spring is as yet anything but suggestive of blooming flowers and gay colours, the milliners are as usual ahead of time, and are already showing some wonderful bonnets that are either completely crownless, or have mere bands of lace covering the crown of the head and fastened at the back with a pin or long ribbon. In fact so small are some of the bonnets that they seem to be made up of almost nothing but wreaths of flowers, just enough to partially conceal the hair. If bonnets are to be small, hats go to the other extreme, some of the rims extending fully six inches from the crown—which, by the way, is much lower this year—to the front rim. Some beautiful new shades are introduced, of which those of a bluish tinge will be very popular. Black, however, with jet ornaments and lace will be considered one of the correct things under all circumstances. Feathers are also to be greatly worn, and come in all the new shades. Apropos of spring bonnets, the story is told of Rowland Hill that he once began a sermon with the words, "Look at my wife there, with a chest of drawers on her head." The congregation stared at the poor lady thus pointed out, but only perceived that she wore a new bonnet. "She has sold a chest of drawers, and bought a new bonnet with the proceeds." Then he went on to inveigh against female love of dress.

The general tendency of the spring goods is to greater elegance of material and more simplicity in the cut of the gown. So marked is this tendency to simplicity of cut that it is safe to predict a reaction in a few seasons; but no such change has yet come, in spite of the rumours of a return to hoops. Clinging classic styles will remain in ascendant for the coming spring and summer.

The new cloths are of soft texture, and in design the tartan leads. Shepherds' checks, in black and white, are freely imported, and some of the prettiest, of sheer fine woollens, warm enough for early spring, are shown with six or seven half-inch stripes of raised white wool as a border. It is as soft as mate in weave as white velvet, which it closely simulates, though woven in a plain surface without a pile. Twilled woollens, with fancy borderings and rough surface cloth that have the appearance of unusual weight, are in vogue for street wear. The dart, which has been at once the pride and vexation of modistes, that has cunningly defined the slenderness of woman's waist for so

long, has already been discarded by two Parisian dress-makers. They cut the waist in a more generous way, and hide the fulness in folds and tucks. The effect is most artistic, perhaps, or will seem so when we become accustomed to it. In some of the bodices even the shoulder seams are considered objectionable, and hidden under drapery by having the sleeves shirred over them and apparently come from the neck band.

The leading colour of the coming season, will be violet. We shall not be pinned down to one particular shade of this trying colour, however, as heliotropes, lavenders and other light hues will be worn. The orient violet that is just now to be seen about looks well against nothing, but there are certain shades that harmonize exquisitely with other colours, and in which fair and delicately complexioned women look charming. But at best it is a dangerous colour to affect, for, if it does not make the wearer look leaden-hued, it generally clashes with the apparel of all one comes in contact with as well as with the decorations of one's own and everybody else's rooms.

Among the notable costumes at the Queen's last drawing-room was a symphony in black and white. On a black velvet bodice reposed an immense silver butterfly, with a smaller one on the shoulder and white plumes on the other. The skirt was of white silk, with more silver butterflies and the train of black velvet bordered with swan's down. Another gown was of white silk, profusely ornamented with Indian gold, having a diamond bird on the bodice.

At a recent great ball at the Russian court all the ladies appeared in white, without any other ornaments than diamonds, pearls and their own beauty. The Empress herself was present, and danced in nearly every dance. The scene is said to have been marvellously beautiful. The White Room in the Winter Palace, where the ball was held, is so large that 3,000 persons danced there with ease.

The latest thing in women's clubs is the Ladies' Rifle Club in Bermuda, which is vigorously supported and well attended. The Governor's wife is the President, and is herself no mean performer with the rifle, while the club numbers nearly seventy members. The range is limited to 100 yards, and astonishingly good practice is accomplished, considering the short time the new pastime has been in vogue. So much enthusiasm has been aroused by the monthly prize contests that people have established private ranges, and it is quite as customary to see young ladies start out with their rifles to a garden party as with tennis rackets. Their code has been drawn up on the Wimbledon rules, and is most rigidly enforced by the committee.

#### GRIMSBY.

Grimsby is a romantic town on the south side of Lake Ontario—seventeen miles from Hamilton, fifteen from St. Catharines and twenty-six from Niagara Falls, on the line of the Great Western Railway. It is four miles from the shore of the lake. The natural beauty of the overhanging mountain has made it famous, and the extensive planting of peach orchards and vineyards in these latter years have added further attractions to it. Lastly, in a social and religious sense, it has come into notice within the last three or four years as a mid-summer resort. A large tabernacle has been erected there, which reverberates incessantly at certain seasons of the year to the declamations of the religious and other orators, not only, or not even, chiefly of Canada, but also, or mainly, of the Great Republic across the lines.

All round the western end of Lake Ontario, from Hamilton to Niagara, forty-three miles, on the south side; and to Toronto on the north side, a like distance, there stand at intervals of some miles from each other precipitous scarped promontorial rocks, coming forward from the tablelands at the back, and ranging themselves like giants round the shore of the lake's immense expanse of water. These lofty, bold projections, above the lake level are a charm to us, who are the children of the country.

From the top of Grimsby rock one sees the morning dawn over a vast landscape, and over an interminable waste of waters, towards the east. On our side of the lake, the south, we see the famous "Queenston Heights, and coming westward a few miles, near St. Catharines, we note a conspicuous and beautiful summit, called, by way of distinction, "Mountain Point." On our left hand tower the Hamilton precipices, at the foot of which the city nestles in the midst of beautiful scenery. Across the lake to the northward, ten or twelve miles from the shore, rises another group of the giant brotherhood, the Halton Heights. In kingly and majestic form and bulk they overgaze the interposed country. Next, further east, the

gray "Highlands of York" lift themselves high over the lands to the south, and over the Queen City of Ontario, Toronto, the Pride of the West. Lastly, the great bluffs of Scarborough—white, sea-worn and beetling—fill our view to the east.

To the dwellers by these "mountains" (as we call them), an exhilarative and mind-kindling view may always be had round this wide horizon to those precipitous headlands on all sides, showing themselves, blue, gray or misty, as the atmosphere puts its colours upon them:

"Yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air;"

and the beautiful sea of waters, beautiful at all times, "in calm or storm."

CROWQUILL.

#### GRIMSBY IN WINTER.

Something still of hope is springing,  
In the bitter winter time:  
Nature still some joy is bringing,  
Stirring deep the sense sublime.

January now is ending,  
And the morn is calm and bright:  
From the east the Sun is sending  
Level bars of glowing light.

All is softly—deeply resting  
Where the homes of Grimsby lie:  
Peaceful calm the place investing,  
Charms a nature-loving eye.

And I start upon a ramble,  
Spite of winter ice and snow:  
Loving still a mountain scramble,  
And the views the mountains show.

Here by Grimsby's town is standing  
High in air a craggy steep;  
From its lonely top commanding  
Distant views of land and deep.

On this crag I now am pacing,  
On its shoulder high and bare;  
And each distant scene I'm tracing  
Through the purpling tints of air.

Far below the Lake is sleeping,  
Bright and pearly in its hue;  
Life and beauty ever keeping  
E'en in winter's bleakest view.

There the Scarborough Bluffs are glowing  
In the early morning light:  
Here Niagara's rocks are showing  
Far to eastward on the right.

Hamilton, her walls are closing;  
Mountain walls with rocky steeps:  
She in winter rest reposing  
Like a cradled infant sleeps.

"Halton's Heights" to north are ranging,  
Guardians of the other side:  
They with ours are interchanging  
Mountain signals far and wide.

East of these to morn awaking  
Highland hills of York stand forth:  
Titan wall, they, too, are making  
Round Ontario's blue to north.

Near me here a crag is flinging  
Down a gorge a shade of gray,  
Where a mountain stream is singing  
Over rocks its sounding way.

From the deep sunk vale ascending  
Come the voices of the tide;  
And their mingling sounds are blending  
Like a wind-struck forest wide.

Where the scarpéd Cliff is soaring,  
Right against the Orb of day  
There the flashing rays are pouring,  
Loosening crumbling rocks and clay.

Steadily the heat is battling  
With the frosty grasp of "Thor":  
Round the steep with frequent rattling  
Fall the victims of their war.

Now in pleasant sunlight basking  
Down beneath the Cliff I stray:  
And no more my strength I'm tasking  
Walking slow a level way.

Thus my mountain tour I'm ending,  
Listing Nature's cheering voice:  
Forth the lines of hope I'm sending,  
And in Winter's cold rejoice.

Grimsby.

CROWQUILL.