

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

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Bad Temper.

It is not an uncommon thing in this, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, as in more serious matters, for the world to make mistakes, and ascribe to some men better tempers, to others worse ones than they actually possess. A man may not only be thoroughly selfish and exacting, but ready to fly into a passion at a small provocation, and yet pass for being good-tempered, simply because those around him are afraid to cross him, and give him no opportunity for breaking out. His likes and dislikes are always taken into account and considered beforehand: this is known to him, and the sacrifice is pleasing. The members of his family—for temper is chiefly a feature of family life—think that peace is cheaply bought at the price of their own inclinations; and congratulate themselves on the fact that papa or Uncle Richard is in such a good temper. The fact is that he is in an abominably bad one; he is probably quite unconscious of the fact, and unconscious, too, that in their hearts the other members of the family think him a nuisance, and breathe more freely when he is out of the house, more freely still when he is a hundred miles away.

On the other hand a man may be so confirmed a grumbler that he may be universally voted a bore and a person of execrably bad temper, while in reality he is no worse off in that respect than many of his neighbors. He grumbles more as a matter of habit than anything else, and plays, as it were with his temper. As a rule, he does not lose his self-control; he has nothing of that cruel love of wounding other people's feelings which is the essence of a really bad temper; he simply fumes and fusses about because he likes it. Occasionally, under a load of unusual aggravations, self-control gives way and the grumble changes to a veritable storm; but, as a rule, the croaker remains satisfied with making himself passively disagreeable. How disagreeable he is he probably has little idea. It is his nature to find fault and look at the seamy side of things; and he has never set himself to counteract the natural bent of his mind. Yet he may be a very loveable kind of man; his peevishness may be tiresome; but those who live with him know that it is mere habit, a habit which, from long indulgence, has come to be second nature; and they bear with him patiently, more patiently, perhaps, than he deserves. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the fact that not only habitually discontented people, but irritable, angry, bullying fellows, may, and often do, retain the love of their fellow creatures.

Some ill-tempered men are loved, not only beyond their deserts, but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill-tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage, a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulking; but an exacting man is continually irritating. There are people who quietly, and, perhaps, good-humoredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence, and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries, but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.

Take a Nap.

A physician, writing of rest as a medicine, recommends a short nap in the middle of the day, for those who can take it, as a beneficial addition to the night's sleep. It divides the working time, gives the nervous system a fresh hold on life and enables one to do more than make up for the time so occupied. A caution is given against indulgence in too long a sleep at such a time, under a penalty of disagreeable relaxation. There has been much discussion regarding the after-dinner nap, many believing it to be injurious, but it is, nevertheless, natural and wholesome.



FIG. 35, No. 4911.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 13½ yards; 32, 34, 36 inches, 14 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 15½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 6½ yards; 32, 34, 36 inches, 7 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 7½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 11½ yards of 21-inch silk and 3 yards of 21-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 35.—This figure shows a charmingly novel model of a stylish costume, and is

made from Pattern 4911. It has a yoke, and Medici collar, a petticoat-panel on the left, and tight sleeves under high-shouldered ones, which part on the under-arm in a very new and graceful style. The yoke, tight sleeves, and panel, as well as the collar, may be made in velvet, as seen in the picture, while the divided sleeves and the rest of the dress are in a richly figured material, with a design of pansies upon it. Figured silk or satin or the beautiful new figured cloths are all handsome, as associated with velvet, for the novel costume here given. Price 35 cents.

Her Crushing Reply.

The Prince of Wales is not the only one of his mother's children who knows how to assert himself. The Empress Frederick is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royals, yet nobody understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some ten years ago when, as Crown Princess, she was spending the winter at Pelgi, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions almost daily, travelling by train and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant or affecting ignorance of the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a

cigar in accordance with the universal custom on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Princess and politely inquired: "Does madam object to the smell of smoke?"

"I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

A Family Failing.

Mr. Roaster—"I'd have you to know, Mr. Curly, that I come of genuine Bourbon stock; my family runs back to the time of Henry IV."

Mr. Curtly—"Well, I guess you'd be willing to run back that far yourself if you couldn't get your bourbon any other way."

The impromptu answer is exactly the touchstone of the man of wit.

Burden of Housekeeping.

The keeping of our houses usually devolves upon one member of the family. And it is safe to say that no problem among the many that are now being considered by thoughtful women is so difficult of solution as that of how to make the burden of housekeeping lighter; and this article is written in the hope that some suggestion therein contained may help in the solution some overworked housekeeper.

Doubtless the burden of housekeeping is heavier than it need be for many women, because, from their mistaken conception of the real purpose of housekeeping, they rigidly adhere to certain customs and notions, and set up a false standard of excellence, writes Mrs. D. A. Lincoln in *Good Housekeeping*. But what, then, shall we take as our standard of good housekeeping? Not something which fosters the ambition to have as large and well furnished a house as Mrs. A—, and keep as many servants as Mrs. B—; or the desire to outshine Mrs. C—, in the brilliancy of her silver, the polish on her linen and the lustre of her cook-stove; or the attempt to excel Mrs. D— in the texture of her bread, the variety of her cakes, and the clearness of her jellies; or the strife as to who shall have her washing on the line at the earliest hour, and her carpets up, cleansed, and down again, and house cleaning all done by the 1st of April; or the set purpose to do just as much in a given time and the same way as our mothers did; and to give as elaborate entertainments and to do as much church and charitable and society work as others do. No; however laudable this ambition or emulation may be, we as housekeepers should not cherish it as of first importance.

No matter how unequal our houses may be in exterior appearance or interior arrangement, let every housekeeper strive to forget differences in social position and style of furnishings, and remember that, as housekeepers, in one respect we are all equal. For there is one house entrusted to our keeping, which in the sight of its builder and owner is of more beauty and value than any made of wood or stone, and this is the house where our real lives are lived.

What They Say About "Truth."

Toronto TRUTH has many thousands of testimonials in its possession speaking in the very highest terms of the prizes won. We wish we could give them all, but we have only space for a couple of recent ones.

WON THE PIANO.—Miss Bella Archer, daughter of our Reeve, Mr. J. W. Archer, has been successful in winning the \$600 prize piano offered by S. Frank Wilson, Toronto, in Bible competition. Miss Bella has been successful in former competitions of this kind, and is entitled to the hearty congratulations of her friends.—[Collingwood Enterprise, Jan. 15th, 1891.]

ST. THOMAS, Feb. 16, 1891.

I take much pleasure and delight in acknowledging receipt of the handsome square piano offered as first prize in "TRUTH'S Bible Competition, No. 21." I also thank you exceedingly for the promptitude with which you answered my letter by forwarding it to me on the following day. I had really not expected it for some weeks. Several persons of musical talent have already examined it and all pronounce it a first-class, genuine piano, both in tone and finish, and say it is in every respect what you claim it to be. I will be pleased at any time to exhibit it to anyone who may wish to know the fairness and honesty of the competition. I have no doubt that you will receive many of my friends' names as subscribers to your valuable paper which is well worth the money as a household friend. Again thanking you for your valuable reward—Mrs. Geo. Shaw.

A few little figures about paper may be interesting. The compiler is a German. He says there are 3,986 paper mills in the world, and of the 1,904,000,000 lbs. of paper turned out annually half is used for printing, 600,000,000 lbs. being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has arisen by 200,000,000 lbs. in the last decade. He alleges that on an average an Englishman uses annually 11½ lbs. of paper, an American 10½ lbs., a German 8 lbs., a Frenchman 7½ lbs., an Italian or an Austrian 3½ lbs., a Spaniard 1½ lbs., a Russian 1¼ lbs., and a Mexican 2 lbs.