



Oil cloths will last longer if one or two layers of wadded carpet lining are laid under them.

Don't permit a child under five to remain out of bed after 8 p.m., even if you have to forego your most sacred social duties.

The elasticity of cane chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new if none of the canes are broken.

GOLDEN POTATO.—Two cupfuls of mashed potato piled in a pyramid and covered with yolk of egg and sifted cracker crumbs, then baked to a golden brown. Potato balls or dumplings are made by pressing cold, mashed potato into a teacup and glazing and baking as above.

The latest in fashionable tea-making is to use a hollow silver ball, freely perforated. This is filled with dry tea leaves, and let down into a cup of boiling water by a tiny chain, remaining there until a sufficient amount of the aroma and colour of the leaves has been imparted to the water.

Immediately after the eye has been struck with force enough to make it black, apply a wet cloth with water as hot as you can bear it. Keep applying the water fifteen or twenty minutes, and the coagulated blood will become thin and pass off into its natural channels, and leaves the eye perhaps swollen, but clear of blackness. For the same reason hot water is always best for bruises.

In cooking a tongue first choose one with a smooth skin, as then it is young, and should be tender; soak for two or three hours in clean water if the tongue is just out of the pickle, or let it lie in the water all night if it is hard or dry; next put into a stewpan with as much water as covers it, put also in a bunch of savoury herbs, let it gradually come to a boiling point, then skim, and simmer gently until tender; peel off the skin, and send to the table garnished with tufts of cauliflowers or Brussels sprouts. It can also be served cold, garnished with a paper ruching round the end of it.

It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by consumers, to prevent its souring. To scald milk properly, the following method is advised: Take a thin glass bottle provided with a rubber cork, fill it with milk nearly up to the neck, and place it uncorked in a kettle of water, which should then be gradually brought to a boil. When steam has commenced to escape from the bottle, cork it lightly, and continue the boiling from thirty-five to forty minutes, and the process will be complete. A bottle of milk thus prepared, it is said, will remain sweet a month if kept in a cool place and tightly corked.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

France has always had great women. Under the old regime they were famous as dilettanti; nor are the women of the Third Republic inferior, as a whole, to their sisters of the past. It is true that one cannot point to-day to a Marchioness de Rambouillet, to a Mme. Roland, to a Mme. de Staël, to a Mme. de Remusat, to a Mme. de Girardin or to a George Sand, but there are several widely known literary and political women of the France of to-day, among whom is Mme. Juliette Adam. During the stormy days of MacMahon's presidency, it was in Mme. Adam's salon that Gambetta and the chief Republican leaders used to meet, argue, plan and gird for battle. Then it was that Mme. Adam founded the *Nouvelle Revue*, which was to be the republican rival of the conservative *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and ever since she has remained at its head. She resides in a house at the end of the boulevard Maiesherbes, literally within a stone's throw of the fortifications and on a street that bears her own name, the rue Juliette Lamber, Lamber being one of Mme. Adam's noms de plume and also her maiden name. The house is handsomely furnished, cozy and artistic. Mme. Adam herself, though now over 50, is still a handsome woman, dressing with great taste. She converses glibly on art, letters, politics, sociology, philosophy and business, and is the soul of her drawing room. To the hostess, more than to any of her distinguished guests, is due the wide reputation which this salon enjoys in Paris and throughout liberal Europe. In direct contrast with Mme. Adam, in many ways, is Mme. Henry Gréville. Mme. Gréville is perhaps the ablest and most prolific of living French female novelists. Although each new book created more of a sensation at her start on her literary career, some ten or fifteen years ago, Mme. Gréville's stories are still very popular with refined readers, and especially with the girls and young women of France who are not allowed to open nine-tenths of the new French novels.

One of the most curious women of letters in the city is Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though English by birth, she is French by marriage and residence, and can write brilliantly in both languages. Her husband, who died a year or two ago, was a well known author, and married the sister of Buloz, the founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, so that Mme. Blaze de Bury is the aunt of M. Charles Buloz, the

present editor of that famous periodical. This gives her a certain prominence in literary circles. But her eccentricity in dress and speech and her real mental ability would make Mme. Blaze de Bury a prominent character in any centre. She has written stories, review articles and newspaper letters, and once represented in Paris *The New York Nation* and *The New York Tribune*.

Mme. Charles Bigot, whose nom de plume is Jeanne Mariet, is the daughter of Healy, the well known American portrait painter. She lives in the same house with her father and many of her clever little theatrical pieces are acted by amateurs at the delightful soirées given by the Healys during the winter. Mme. Bigot's husband is, or was, until he lost his health, an active journalist, professor and art critic, and husband and wife still work hand in hand, each producing stories and magazine articles and volumes of more than common merit.

A very amusing game is the bean auction. Prepare as many little pink and blue cheese-cloth bags with a drawing string of bright cord in each as the number of your invited guests. Add to each invitation the request that he or she "will please bring a little bundle of something." *Anything* will do, but something funny is preferred. Then prepare as many bundles of all sorts and sizes as may be wished, and put them all, each securely tied up, into a large basket in the hall, where the guests will also deposit their bundles as they come in. Put into each bag seventy-five or one hundred white beans, which represent so many dollars, and when ready for the game, distribute the little bags or purses among the guests, one to each person. Then from the hall bring in the basket, and selecting from among the gentlemen present, one who can make funny speeches, let him auction off the bundles, the guests bidding so many dollars from the bean-bags. It is very nice to have some pretty and valuable little articles, but more amusement is created by the funny packages. One large package which was eagerly bid upon by half a dozen guests was the cause of much merriment, when it was opened and found to contain a cabbage. Another bundle held a small toy donkey which nodded its head solemnly as it was moved. Candy, little boxes of flowers, wide eyed owls made of peanuts, radishes, tiny painted easels and pictures and little bottles of cologne were among the articles used at the party named, but the field is wide and each hostess can get up new ideas which will render her Bean Auction a great success.

A GENEVA XMAS.

It was market day and the streets were so lively and bright—Xmas trees everywhere and flowers and sunshine. When we got home we found the parlours all decorated with holly and mistletoe for the evening, when guests were expected.

When everybody had arrived, we songsters disappeared and placed ourselves near the Xmas tree, which was all ablaze with lots of candles, tinsel, etc. We sang a lovely song of Mendelssohn's while the people came into the room. Mr. Faure, who is a minister, read us the story of the Shepherds and offered a prayer. After that we inspected the tree, which was really lovely—the bon-bons of all shapes and forms, little slippers and muffs, sausages, beans, wheat, mushrooms, horseshoes and rings, and flags, and they had put the English one on top with the Swiss in *my* honour. Ever so much silver and gold thread was thrown over it and the effect was lovely. It was more a real Xmas tree than ours, though ours had more brilliant things on it. But the candles have such a pretty effect. All the time it was lit, Mr. LeDouble stood by with a bellows in hand ready to blow out any candle that had dangerous tendencies.

After the inspection was over the gas was lit, and we uncovered several little tables with presents for everybody, all done up in pretty packages. After the excitement was over we had tea, meringues, cakes, sung our second song, gay and pretty, played games, and then went to bed. I forgot to say that, on coming down to breakfast Xmas morning, we found our boots in the fireplace filled with curious packages, with pretty quotations in each. They do this instead of hanging the stockings as we do. I found in mine a pencil, a rubber in the shape of a five centime stamp, a tin watch, with a placque of chocolate behind, and a snowball. These snowballs are a grand invention—a snowball made of tissue paper, and filled with thousands of scraps of white paper. You make a hole in the ball, then throw it with force against the ceiling, then you are covered with the snow that burst on you. We threw half a dozen at once, and the effect was very pretty. As the floors are of hardwood, it only needed a little sweeping to clear it all away. Helen I—! and I went to a children's service in the morning, while the two other girls who are in the house with us went to communion. The service was lovely. Such a number of children, and they spoke up bravely and sang so prettily. Our dinner would have been something extra, but so many of the household were ill from "La Grippe" that the good things were postponed until we all could enjoy them together. Among the number of good things sent in our Xmas boxes were—shortcake from Scotland, a stolle (sweetbreads, with currants, and frosted) from Leipsic, marypan from Detmold, and a nut-plate from grandma in Montreal. So we are looking forward to the time when the household are well enough to enjoy all our Xmas gifts.

OUTRE-MER.

A DREAM.

Reading and pond'ring till the mystic hour
That marks a new day's birth, upon the power
Of great philosophers and thinking men,
I closed the heavy tomes, and straightway, then,
Fell into slumber deep, and therein dreamed.
A way-worn, famished traveller I seemed
Toiling along, uncomforted, alone,
Upon a trodden way, as hard as stone,
L longing to rest my weary limbs and feet,
Craving for cooling draught and strength'ning meat.
I paused and looked for some true, guiding friend
To give me these and point my journey's end.
Anon, I heard a voice—"The while you wait,
Pray let me shew you man's primordial state,"
And he who spoke, before my tear dimmed eyes
Spread out a pictured Ape, then in this wise
Resumed—"Tis well that now we know
How, in the dimness of the long-ago,
From such as *this* man sprang—may slowly grew,
Evolved and perfected the ages through.
My theories are all complete,"—but here
I turned away; another standing near
Chimed in—"My friend, if you are wise at all,
At once you'll let your old ideas fall
About the wrong and right, and conscience' sway.
Conscience—an outcome of heredity.
No voice Divine, nay, nothing is Divine,
And as for right and wrong—these Ethics (mine)
Tell all there is of that. By reasoning, slow
And *scientific*, all these things I know."
"What do you know?" cried one, upon whose face
Dulness and apathy had equal place.
"I nothing know, either of what has been
In time gone by, or what will be, or e'en
Of what now is; I know not what you are,
Nor what I am—indeed, by yonder star,
(If 'tis the evening star) I do not know
Whether I am at all or not, and so
I say again I nothing know." 'Twere vain
Help to expect from such as he; 'tis plain
That he who nothing knows can nothing tell,
And so I turned from him. "Pilgrims, 'twere well
To list to me," an even voice I heard,
"Ascend this cliff of Thought, your sight is blurred
By lower levels and by grosser air;
Up here 'tis purer far than anywhere.
A man can live on thought. The glorious Mind!
In it the highest, greatest good I find."
"But," I returned, "I seek to know my way,
And now I look for rest, not climbing—pray,
Canst give me that?—and then some means devise
By which this way, so tortuous to my eyes,
Can be made plain." He stood in silence, when
One of a band of gay, loud-laughing men,
Lightly his hand upon my shoulder laid
And cried, "My solemn friend, art not afraid
Of Thought's bare heights? You'd surely starve up there!
But come with me and I shall lead you where
In goodly company and reckless ease,
You may be glad, and live yourself to please."
"But then," I questioned, holding back, "my way—
Canst make it plain?" His mocking laugh was gay
As he replied, "Of that you need not think,
Do as we do—be merry, eat and drink."
From Thought's high cliff a quiet voice came down,
"The fairest flowers, the sternest heights may crown."
Then, turning from the jovial crowd away,
I cried to him upon the height, "Oh, say
Why then, oh friend, the sadness of your voice,
If, as it seems, you've made the wisest choice?"
He answered not, but, as I looked, his face
Was weary, and his hungry eyes did trace
The stony way, and then I knew that he,
No more than I, the onward path could see.
As still I paused, the voices seemed to take
A louder tone—they of the jovial make,
And he who nothing knew, the loudest spoke.
Freeing myself from all with sudden stroke,
I forward pressed, but soon each weary limb
Refused a further strain—my eyes did swim,
And sinking, bruised, upon the stony way
I lifted up my voice to Heaven to pray,
Fearing what new distresses might betide.
Straightway, a voice I heard so near my side:—
"Come unto Me, thou weary one, and gain
Rest, blessed rest, and from my hand obtain
The Bread of Life, the Living Water pure,
And follow Me, my ways are all secure.
Place but thy hand in mine, and safely, then,
Over the rocky steep, or noisome fen,
Thou shalt be borne, secure from all that harms,
For, 'neath thee, reach the everlasting Arms."

Starting, I wakened; all the morning air
Was full of Sabbath chimes, and everywhere
Rested God's sunlight, full and free and fair.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

A suspected joint in a sewer may be tested by wrapping it with a single layer of white muslin, moistened with a solution of acetate of lead. As the gas escapes through the meshes of the cloth, it will be blackened by the sulphur compounds.