



It is best not to cover the floor of closets with woollen carpeting, for, as they are dark and quiet, moths and other vermin are more likely to collect there. Straw matting or oilcloth is more easily kept in order. Even heavy brown wrapping paper is not a bad substitute in closets little used.

**REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER.**—We give you the latest alleged remedy for hay fever. Try it and kindly report: Vapour of camphor and steam is recommended. The vapour is made to come in contact with the outer surface of the face, surrounding the nose by means of a paper cone placed with the narrow end downward in a vessel containing hot water and a drachm of coarsely powdered or shredded camphor. If this is continued ten or twenty minutes at a time, and repeated three or four times in as many hours, a cure is usually effective.—*Boston Cor. Herald of Health.*

**HOW DIPHTHERIA IS CONTRACTED.**—Diphtheria is contracted by inhalation of air containing the disease germs coming directly from the sick or from articles infected by them. It is also communicated by articles passing from mouth to mouth, such as cups, spoons and toys. The articles by which it is communicated may have become infected weeks before, and possibly at some locality quite remote. It is contracted by inhaling the air of sewers, cesspools, or any damp, foul, or ill-ventilated place in which the disease germs chance to have become planted. Children contract diphtheria much more readily than adults.

**TO STRENGTHEN THE BACK.**—Walking is the best exercise for strengthening a weak back. When a man says walking makes his back ache, as a remedy, let him walk. If he says it makes him tired, again we say, "Walk." If the simple act of walking gives a backache, it is evident that the back has not been strengthened by walking as it should be; consequently, walking is just what is needed. Certain gymnastic exercises are excellent, and so is deep, abdominal breathing. The majority of people do not use their backs enough. The first exercise of cadets—leaning forward until the finger tips touch the floor, while the knees are kept stiff—is excellent practice. Backs sometimes become muscle-bound, because they are not used enough.

**THE WAY THAT PICTURES SHOULD BE HUNG.**—Marring the walls of rooms with nail holes where pictures are to be hung is prevented by putting up a gilt or plain wooden moulding all around the room at a distance of several inches from the ceiling, according to the height of the walls. The moulding comes just below the frieze or top border of the wall. If it is not gilt it may be painted to match the woodwork of the room. If the walls are painted instead of papered the moulding may be painted of darker or contrasting colour. The pictures on the wall are suspended from this moulding by means of small brass fixtures that come for this use. Fine picture wire should be employed in place of the old fashioned cord, which catches dust, and is liable to become rotten or moth eaten and to give way under the weight of heavy pictures.

**THE STAINING OF FLOORS EXPLAINED.**—Stained and varnished floors are favoured by many people, and any one who feels a reluctance to put down again for the summer a hot and dust-giving carpet, will do well to try the following plan, which a good housekeeper says she has used successfully: "First I had all rough places planed off. Then I took some cherry stain bought ready mixed in a tin can, and put it on the floor with a wide paint brush, taking care to follow the grain of the wood. I put on two coats of the stain. When the last coat of stain was dry I varnished the floor with spar varnish, which is harder than most varnishes and does not scratch so easily. I put on two coats of this, letting the first dry hard before applying the second. The floor stands wear very nicely and looks well if revarnished once a year. I keep it clean by washing off with tepid water."

## THE ARMADA OFF DEVON.

A SKETCH FOR A POEM AFTER TENNYSON'S "REVENGE,"  
BY DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

### I.

"To Sea! the Spaniards follow me!"  
So shouted Master Fleming, as he sprang on Plymouth Hoe,  
Where Howard and Drake and Frobisher were waiting for the foe,  
And playing the old English game in the grand old English way,  
As though with foes upon them they had nought to do but play,  
Till the foe was on their quarter with his fangs agape for slaughter,  
Then like Hell's Incarnate devils bred to blood and fire for revels,  
To turn and roar and rend in twain whoever dared the fray.

### II.

"To Sea! and fight the Spaniards free!"  
Rang half a score of voices; but our sturdy Francis Drake  
Cried "We will not leave our game in doubt for any Spaniard's sake.  
My Lord and Sirs, play on:  
We have time enough, I trow, to play who wins this now  
And afterwards to settle with the Don."

### III.

So they finished in full their game, and to-day we treasure  
its fame  
'Mid the feats of light-hearted valour that have won our  
England her name;  
And we pray when it comes once more  
For England to hold her breath, in the struggle of life and  
death,  
That men may be ready to die with the smile on the lip  
and eye,  
Which has made these Armada heroes a proverb the wide  
world o'er.

### IV.

They played till the game was done, and the Man of  
Victories won—  
Our terrible Sir Francis, who had scourged the King of  
Spain.  
A Devon man was he, but bred in knightly Kent,  
Where back through stormy centuries the tale of triumph  
went,  
To the days when men of Dover fell upon the Norman's  
train,  
And drove them heltering over to their native France again,  
In the Saint-Confessor's reign.

### V.

A wind rose in the night and roused the storm wave's might,  
The Spaniard stretched full seven miles in span from left to  
right,  
And he cried in his pride, "Will these English dare to  
fight?"

### VI.

The wind blew up from the West, and on the breaker's  
crest  
His galleons rolled unsteady,  
And his guns upon the lee damped their iron lips in the sea,  
Till the captains were more ready  
To run for port and anchor than a grim sea-fight to wage;  
But on their weather gage  
The little ships of England came scudding at their ease,  
For they loved the narrow seas,  
And they dreaded not the storm, which round the Rame's  
dark form  
Flung a shroud of misty white,  
Till it loomed like a ghost at dead of night.

### VII.

Would the English dare to fight? does the leopard fear to  
leap  
On the monstrous buffalo, as he crashes huge and slow,  
Through jungle grasses deep to some wide river sweep,  
When thirsty noon-hours glow?  
Does the bull-dog shun the bull, as strong and angerful  
As an elephant a-wrath?  
Does the eagle flee the path  
Of the swan  
As it sails superbly on?  
Nay. The buffalo shall reel 'neath the leopard's deadly  
paws:  
And the tall swan's back shall feel the eagle's cruel claws:  
And the stately bulls of Seville shall make revel never-  
more,  
For the bold torreador.

### VIII.

Would the English dare to fight? aye, to fight and to  
attack;  
And five ships heave into sight full upon the Spaniard's  
track.  
The admiral of England, and with him ships but four,  
Upon the Spaniard's rear-guard their raking broadsides  
pour,  
Scudding all along the line, "Mother Mary, be it thine  
To help thy faithful servants to lay hands upon these few  
Who sting their sides so sorely, but whom, once within  
their grasp,  
They could, like a nettle, clasp and hew them through."

### IX.

But the Virgin they besought to their prayers she heeded  
nought:  
And their cannon on the lee still were choking in the sea;  
While their cannon on the weather turned their angry  
mouths to heaven  
And tore the air with fruitless pray'r  
That the heretic might sink beneath their murder-laden  
levin.  
But the shot from their up-turned lips flew over the English  
ships,  
And the broad backs of the Spaniards, hulls of thirteen  
hundred tons,  
As they reeled beneath the gale, caught, like hillsides, all  
the hail  
Which rained from the nimble English guns.

### X.

And they fled.  
For the Spanish Admiral signalled from his towering main-  
mast head,  
"Close up the rear," and forthwith all up channel crowded  
sail  
And it chanced that our powder and our shot began to fail:  
So they fled.

### XI.

But a noble Capitana, as the galleons clasped together  
In the cruel Channel weather,  
Lost her topmast and her bowsprit, and lay crippled, like a  
knight  
Unhorsed in fight,  
Entangled in his surcoat and o'erburdened with his plate,  
And it fell to her to meet  
The great Sir Francis Drake returning late  
From chasing Flemish merchantmen in convoy of their  
fleet.

### XII.

"Now yield you," cried Sir Francis; but the Spaniard  
answered, "Nay,  
You shall grant us terms to-day.  
For I am Pedro Valdez, and my men be twenty score,  
All good fighters used to war, and of shot have goodly  
store;  
And the snapping of a bowsprit and the falling of a mast  
Have not made our cannon dumb. We can welcome all  
who come;  
And our welcomes shall be lusty while they last.  
Ye shall grant us terms to-day, or right dearly shall ye  
pay."

### XIII.

And Sir Francis answered plainly, "I am Drake,"  
And the Spaniards yielded them for his name's sake,  
Who had swept the Spanish main like an island hurricane  
Since his fighting days began,  
And who fought more like a devil than a man.

### XIV.

That night the Capitana into Dartmouth safe was brought,  
The first-fruits of the battle for our faith and freedom  
fought,  
And whoso of you wanders to the Abbey barn at Torre  
May see the gloomy prison where, in brave old days of  
yore,  
The soldiers and the sailors of the great Armada lay  
Till men marched them down to Plymouth—as a proof of  
what I say.

## THE CANUCK.

Mr. Ford Jones' canoe the Canuck, which is now  
destined to gain even more than a continental  
reputation, was put into the water about three weeks  
ago. She was designed by M. Sauvé, the senior  
member of the firm of Sauvé Bros., and is the third  
craft of this class which has ever been out from their  
shops. She is 15 feet 11½ inches over all, 29½  
inches wide, 11 inches deep amidships, 15 inches  
at the stern and 16 inches at the bow. Her cockpit is  
4 feet 6 inches in length, the rest of her surface being  
decked with mahogany. She is built of the best  
Canadian cedar, in planks ¾ of an inch thick and  
3 inches wide, copper fastened throughout, and with  
sharp lines forward and full aft. She has two suits  
of canvas, one for cruising, and the other for racing.  
For the latter she carries a main mast 15 feet in  
length, with dandy mast of 11 feet. On these she  
spreads 110 square feet of canvas, and the fact that  
she can stand up and make time under such a cloud is  
proof sufficient that she has strength as well as  
speed. Her cruising spars are 13 and 9 feet respec-  
tively, and these are required to carry 84 square  
feet of canvas. The sails are known as the bat-  
wing, standing rig, and were designed and made by  
M. Sauvé. The general impression prevails that she  
is especially adapted for rough weather, but her per-  
formance of Tuesday shows conclusively that she  
is good for any wind that blows.—*Kingston Daily  
News.*