



Do not heap on great loads of comfortables during the winter, the weight weakens the sleeper. Use blankets, two light wool blankets though apparently thin will contain more warmth than three or four heavy "comforters" wadded with cotton batting.

The practice of having the beds made early in the morning, almost as soon as their occupants are up, is very bad indeed. The bed clothes should be removed and exposed to the air for several hours, or the exhalations from the skin during the night are shut in beneath the sheets and are breathed in again when the little ones are put to bed.

The method of fixing the cheeks with the thumb and finger is advised, firstly, and chiefly, because it is a means of securing the first essential in deglutition; and secondly, because it leaves the natural respiratory channel unaffected, and thus prevents that terror arising from the confusion in the child's mind between the process of respiration and deglutition, so commonly induced by nipping the nose.

While the day nursery is being cleaned the children may be brought back to the night nursery, after the latter has been aired, as the dust caused by sweeping is very injurious, and they should on no account be allowed to stray into a room with a newly-washed floor. Carpets are not desirable in either day or night nurseries, as they harbour dust and form a happy hunting-ground for disease germs. If any carpets are used they should be in squares or lengths, so that they may be taken up and shaken every other day. Everything about a nursery should be easy to clean. The walls should either be covered with tiles or with varnished paper so that they may be washed every week or two. Ordinary wall papers not only harbour dust, but also frequently contain poisonous colouring ingredients. The tiles or the paper in the day nursery should be light coloured, and ornamented with bright pictures to amuse the small occupants of the room. In the night nursery, however, there should be no pictures or attractive colours, as, when here, the child's business is to sleep, and there should be no disturbing influence. The room should be quiet and have dark green blinds, so that it may be darkened during daylight, when the little ones take their noonday nap. Let the clothing be warm and light, so that every limb may have fair play and free play.

**POSITION OF BEDS.**—Possibly the attention of very few mothers has been directed to the importance of the position of their children's beds. With certain orderly, careful mothers a small alcove adjoining their sleeping room is generally considered suitable, leaving the main room so much freer for other uses. But to what fate are we consigning our child when we exile him to the alcove? Here lurks all the stale, vitiated, or, as we might say, dead air, undisturbed by the freer current of the main room. The child, breathing this air night after night, experiences a loss of vitality, a tendency to colds, and a languid, depressed condition in the morning—quite different from the refreshed awakening in pure air. It has been demonstrated that the beds nearest the walls in hospitals have the highest rate of mortality, they being subject to influences of polluted air similar to the alcove of the bedroom. The existence of bad ventilation around the corners and sides of rooms has been so well demonstrated that it has already given rise to the building of rotunda hospitals, where the current of air along the floors rises as it reaches the wall, effectually ventilating the whole. The first suggestion of this idea came from the dropping of a piece of paper near the centre of a rotunda, where it skimmed along the floor and rose as it reached the wall. In an ordinary room a similar experiment with a piece of thistle-down will indicate the usual direction of the air-currents.

A clever contrivance for the nursery is a "crawling rug," to be spread upon the floor, which protects the baby's clothes and affords at the same time endless entertainment to the infant mind. Take a square of heavy gray flannel and outline on it various animals in red and blue working cotton; the edges are pinked, and underneath is fastened a pinked out band of red flannel to give a pretty contrasting finish. The above is a serviceable rug, but perhaps even a greater success and more sure to "catch the baby's eye," are rugs made of coarse brown or gray linen, with the forms of animals cut out in sateens of different colours and fastened to the linen in buttonhole stitch. The rugs are bound with red braid. More striking still is a specimen in Turkey red, two yards square and simply hemmed around the edges. On this vivid foundation is fixed, in the centre, a large white muslin elephant; scattered around at intervals are dogs, cats, horses, camels, rabbits and other representatives of animal kind. The whole thing washes well. Pasting on the pictures is sometimes tried as a saving of labour, but baby's fingers soon fray out the edges and buttonholing pays better, especially as it need not be closely done. Mothers and nurses at their wits' end to quiet a restless youngster find it a great help to put him down on the floor on one of these "menagerie blankets," as they are sometimes called, and let him amuse himself by tracing out the various animals, a pastime to which he will return at intervals with an unflinching zest and pleasure delightful to behold. Children under five should never be permitted to remain out of bed after 8 p.m.

### ALBEMARLE'S SECRET.

Albemarle's eyes were dreamy and his cheek was pale; dark were the locks which waved above his noble brow; tall was his form and slender as a willow and small and shapely were his hands and feet. A fascinating melancholy pervaded his countenance, and his utterances were tinged with the gentle sadness of one who has experienced some strange mysterious sorrow, the memory of which darkens his life and keeps aloof all happiness. When he sang (he was addicted to music) the sweetness of his tones were only rivalled by their sadness. He was a poet—a genius. The world did not acknowledge him as such, but

"Deep in his own heart that tender secret dwelt."

Being all this, who can blame him if he happened to be rather conscious of the fact that many a fair one viewed him with admiring eyes. Yes, he was well aware of the fact, but he turned from them all, for, thought he, I will not bow down before the shrine of any but a rare and intelligent being, one in whom I shall recognize her who was formed to be my counterpart, one who will comprehend all the undefined longings of my soul, one to whom I can pour out all my ardent love in verse, one who will be able to accompany my spirit in all its ethereal flights. Such a one will I seek out, and when I find her, she, and she only, shall be my bride.

So he wandered around in search of this rare intelligent being, and it happened that strolling through a lonely wood one day, he came across a lady reclining in a sylvan bower. She was in the first bloom of youth and beautiful as a dream. An acquaintance was formed, and our poet discovered that this was she whom his soul had longed for. Ah, thought he, that evening before retiring for slumber, at last I have found the one whose mind is elevated enough to hold converse with mine. In the romantic solitude of the woods did our eyes first behold one another. Fit place for our souls to meet. Kindred sympathies stirred our hearts, and then Albemarle fell to wondering, the while gazing dreamily at the starry, mystic heavens, if those sweet sympathies would ever rivet their hearts together.

So mused he. And she—alas! that I should have to tell this tale!

Three golden weeks have sunk into the ocean of time, golden weeks to our poet, for he has visited the lady of his love every day, haunted her walks and accompanied her when driving. To her he has read volumes of verse; to her he has sung song after song: to her he has dropped many a dark hint of the mysterious sorrow which is eating his heart away.

Well, one halcyon day in the month of June, Albemarle proceeded to the abode of his divine, carrying with him a roll of verses, the emanations of his genius which he intended to pour into her ear before leaving.

He found her alone. (Other friends always retreated when Albemarle put in an appearance.) She greeted him as sweetly as usual, but in her eyes gleamed a strange light as they fell upon the roll of verses, and her voice trembled a little (for what reason, we don't know), as she said, "Oh, sir, I have a favour to ask of you."

Albemarle's romantic soul thrilled with ecstasy at these words. "What is it?" he said, "only speak the word. I am your true knight, and I will move heaven and earth to accomplish anything you may desire." "It is this," she replied, "and as you are fond of poetry, I will put my request in verse. Listen:

My other friends have left me,  
The false ones and the true;  
Won't you follow their example,  
Won't you please to say adieu?"

Albemarle stood transfixed for a moment. The hair rose upon his head in horror. His eyes rolled wildly and he clutched at a table for support. At last issued from his lips in hollow tones, the words, "'Tis what I should have expected. Alas, my sad fate." Then recovering himself, he added in a cool, calm tone, "I do your bidding, madam, I go, never to return. This is but an additional burden to the secret sorrow which is gnawing my heart

away. However, none shall know my grief. Like Byron, I can say:

Here's a sigh for those that love me,  
Here's a smile for those that hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate."

Then came this cruel reply: "Ah, no sir, say rather:

Here's a whine for those that love me,  
Here's a scowl for those that hate,  
For whatever food I swallow,  
Indigestion is my fate."

There was a terrible stillness in the room. A door was heard to open, then close. Our poet was gone. He was never heard of more.

She had discovered what the strange mysterious sorrow, the outward signs of which had possessed such a potent charm for many of her sex, was, and the discovery had broken the charm.

This was the secret. Albemarle suffered from Dyspepsia.

EDITH EATON.

### THE FASHIONABLE CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

They sit for the greater part of each day at the receipt of custom, tossing the sovereigns and shillings into the drawer, where they are decorously put out of sight; pronouncing peremptorily on the destinies of their miserable fellow-creatures, scattering broadcast sentences of death or slow torture, consolation under mitigating conditions, reprieves, or plenary absolution. Custom may lighten the weighty load of their responsibilities, but surely all the same it must sometimes sit heavily on them. For, after all, they are human like the patients, and occasionally they must themselves be out of condition and far from feeling up to the mark. Case after case, and often for the first time, is brought panoramically beneath their observation, and each minute is precious when there are so many to be advised. They are invited at a moment's notice to diagnose the origin and the course of complicated and obscure diseases; they are asked in the way of ultimatum all manner of embarrassing questions as to methods of treatment and probable results. They must answer the main questions to the best of their ability, and if they do not actually put forward claims to infallibility, they are bound professionally to speak with the assurance attaching to their position. As a rule they are sympathetic and strive to soften down unfavourable opinions, but there are desperate cases, and not a few of them, in which it would be cruel kindness to conceal the truth. The mother who brought a daughter she fancied was merely delicate lifts herself in speechless anguish into the dismal four-wheeler in the conviction that her child is in a hopeless decline. How the sun has been darkened to her during the last long hour or two and like Scott standing over the grave of John Ballantyne, she feels it will never again shine on her so brightly as before. The husband who thought there was nothing serious in the matter with his young wife reads solemn warnings in the ambiguous prognostications of the oracle, and, striving manfully to master his vague apprehensions, knows well that his wedded happiness is at an end.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

**FOUR GOOD HABITS.**—There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his councils and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns—they are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and, without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Mr. Talmage utters a sensible warning: "The world and the Church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them try to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did, five hundred million years before the small star on which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son and discourses showing who the Melchisedek wasn't; and I give a fair warning that, if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence, I will put my head down on the pew in front, and go into the deepest slumber I can reach."