

gave the matter serious consideration. A change in her table resulted in marked improvement in the health and beauty of her children.

A recent comic paper illustrates a young housekeeper ordering five pounds of sugar, and offering, in case it were not too heavy, to carry it herself.

"I will make it as light for you as possible!" said the obliging grocer.

Happily the day of such gibes is passing. Women's clubs everywhere, as at the Kentucky Federation, are endorsing scientific principles in house-keeping, and women are more and more realizing that in no inconsiderable degree happiness, as well as health and ability, hangs upon digestion.

\* \*

"WILLIE, my boy, what name shall we give to baby?" said Mrs. Archer to her first-born, a quick-witted boy in his fifth year.

After a moment's reflection, Willie laid his hand on the infant's head, and said: "Oh! I know, call him Archie bald!"

\* \*

IT is not the most enviable fate in the world for a woman to be born to wear a crown; but if one had to choose among such positions, one would surely elect to step into the shoes of the young Queen of Holland rather than into the more stately position of the Empress of Russia. A correspondent of the *Waltham* says of the Russian Empress that the beauty of her face is so overshadowed by an expression of patient, pathetic melancholy, that she arouses sympathy and curiosity in all who see her.

Russian empresses have little enough to inspire content, and this pale, pretty woman, with the sad eyes and mouth, endures daily such trials of physical and moral strength as few Canadian women would consent to undergo.

Her husband is kind and affectionate, but he cannot relieve her from the severe and even cruel Russian court etiquette. Again and again she has fainted at the receptions, balls and reviews, through which, in spite of illness, she is obliged to stand.

Notwithstanding her beauty and her virtues, the Empress is not loved by the Russian people, nor consulted and confided in by her husband, as was her

mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress. She has neither the robust physique nor the ambitious character of the clever Dowager, and court intrigues, squabbles and etiquette distress and fatigue her. The only true comfort she finds in her dreary splendor is the personal service and attention she is allowed to lavish on her tiny girls. There the mother heart finds solace.

In sharp contrast with the fate of this sad-faced Empress of the largest domain in Europe is the life of the young Queen of the clean, free little kingdom of Holland. She lives far more like a popular petted belle of society than like a sovereign. While the tsarina never sets her foot out of the doors of her palace without the heaviest guard, Queen Wilhelmina goes shopping, walking, skating and riding, whenever the whim seizes her, with a single attendant, and that one often only a favorite lady-in-waiting.

\* \*

MAMMA: "Rodney, dear, to-morrow is your birthday. What would you like best?"

RODNEY (after a brief season of cogitation): "I think I'd like to see the school burnt down."

\* \*

MANY people, even those accustomed to being out of doors all day, think it necessary when night comes to shut every window. This is a very erroneous idea. During the long hours of the night, when all doors are necessarily obliged to be shut, surely fresh air is needed through the window. Some people say that they sleep more soundly if the window is shut. There is no doubt that their sleep is heavier, but, at the same time, it is not so refreshing as if they slept in purer air. So much carbonic acid gas being evolved from the lungs acts like a narcotic in a close room. We all know how sleepily and heavy we feel in a crowded church, theatre, or concert-room. Some people would be afraid to make a change in the winter, but, as spring advances, the change may be made with impunity. Open the window at the top. Once the habit is acquired, it will certainly be continued. Accustomed to sleeping in a fresh room, one feels suffocated if the window is closed.