



Pieces of cheese cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

There is nothing better for nervousness than celery tea, the tops of roots, or even the seeds, and in draining the water from cooked celery you lose the best part.

White silk, a wedding dress, for instance, may be kept for years, without acquiring the faintest tint of yellow, if wrapped in a linen sheet that has been deeply blueed, and over this two or three thicknesses of heavy brown wrapping paper.

HOT MILK FOR THE OVERWORKED.—People who cannot drink cold milk often find it palatable and very beneficial when taken as hot as possible. Upon some tired and overworked persons it has an exhilarating effect. The milk should be fresh and heated as hot as possible without boiling.

To preserve lemons put a layer of dry, fine sand, an inch in depth, at the bottom of an earthenware jar. Place a row of lemons upon this, stalks downwards, and be careful that they do not touch one another. Cover them with another layer of sand, fully three inches in depth, lay on it more lemons, and repeat until the jar is full. Store in a cool, dry place. Lemons thus preserved will keep for months.

TO CURE DAMP CELLAR WALLS.—The following, it is said, will accomplish an admirable result:—Boil two ounces of grease with two quarts of tar for nearly twenty minutes in an iron vessel, and having ready pounded glass, one pound, slaked lime, two pounds, well dried in an iron pot, and sifted through a flour sieve. Add some of the lime to the tar and glass to form a thin paste only sufficient to cover a square foot at a time, about an eighth of an inch thick.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

A PICTURESQUE ART.—It requires something more than a long purse and a fashionable milliner to enable one always to be dressed just as one ought to be. The best-dressed woman is by no means always the one who is arrayed with the most splendour and costliness; and to know how to dress according to the occasion is as much an art as to know how to dress at all. In one's own home to outdress one's guests is a rudeness and an unkindness; the house, the equipage, the retinue, the *entourage*—the whole establishment, is there to speak for one; the personal attire can be of the most modest. One certainly would never revive the singular French custom of receiving in one's night dress and in bed, an affectation of simplicity which was really an extravagance of luxury, since it served the purpose of exhibiting a profusion of rich laces in curtains, coverlet, cap, and dress, and general equipment, rivalling the spider's work, and worth a king's ransom; for, apart from the delicacy and impropriety of that fashion, it is not wise to assume any simplicity whose subterfuge can be seen through. The dress that is not conspicuous with dazzling, nor an object of envy, and yet fine enough to show respect for one's guests, is easily arranged by the woman who knows how to dress at all. But, on the other hand, an attire that is too modest is equally out of place on the guest, for it seems to assume that the entertainment is inferior, and the *convives* of no consequence. It is better for the guest to be overdressed than for the hostess—better for the guest than to be underdressed; she need not feel uncomfortable if she has come in a dress outshining that of every one else present, since the worst that can be said of it is that she thought the occasion worthy of it. But, in fact, the artist in dress will avoid either of these extremes, wearing nothing too rich or too poor, too fanciful and aesthetic, or too plain and coarse. Conspicuous dressing has been one of the disorders of the age; and if the tailor-made dress had not run into the region of costliness, it would have wrought wonders for women of all grades. The perfectly dressed woman causes no one to turn the head and glance at her, unless for her charming *ensemble*; but if by any accident the glance is arrested and fixed on her toilette, then it is seen to be faultless. Only in the private depths of one's boudoir, where none but intimates have access, can any eccentricities of dress be indulged, and there one can cultivate the picturesque at one's sweet will, if it is really worth while to give the subject so much attention. The chief thing to remember is that a style of dress becomes a part of one's own personality, of one's individualism, and one would always prefer that that should be pleasing.

“Don't wash your hair.” This is advice given by a woman who has been at the head of a leading hairdressing establishment for the last twelve years. She says further: “I believe the average young woman drowns the life of her hair by frequent washing in hot and cold water. We send out about twenty young women who dress hair by the season, contracting for the entire family. They plan to give each head a combing twice a week, and, by special arrangement, make house to house visits daily. Not a drop of water is put on the hair, and every head is kept in a clean and healthy condition. We pin our faith to a good brush, and prefer a short bristled, narrow brush, backed with olive or palm wood. We use the brush not only on the hair, but on the scalp as well. A maid has to be taught how to dress and care for the hair by object lessons. The instruction is

part of my duty. In teaching one novice I operate on the other. The first thing to do when the hair is unpinned is to loosen it by lightly tossing it about. The operation need not tangle it, and as the tresses are being aired they fall into natural lengths. Instead of beginning at the scalp, the first combing should start at the end of the hair. In other words, comb upward to avoid tangling, breaking and tearing the hair out. This racking of the hair will remove the dust. After this the scalp should be brushed thoroughly. By this I mean that a full hour should be spent, first brushing the hair and then the head.

Queen Margaret of Italy has a fashion of determining to her satisfaction the workings of the various charitable institutions in which she is interested, which lady patrons of beneficences might do well to consider. Her Majesty, in spite of court ceremonials and social functions, finds time to visit these institutions, especially those devoted to children, very often, but her visits are always unannounced and made at most unexpected times, which procedure keeps the superintendents constantly on the alert. Recently on her return from her evening drive the royal carriage drew up before the entrance of a hospital for crippled boys, and learning that the inmates had been put to bed she went up into the dormitories and examined them all, praising the gentle Sisters for the exquisite order and neatness of the wards. The delight of the children, their wonder and surprise was pretty to see as the beautiful lady in her rich apparel bent over each cot to smile a benediction at the little sufferers like some angel visitant, to smooth the pillows with her white jewelled hands, and to speak gentle words of comfort in her soft low voice. It is little wonder that the Italians worship this sovereign lady who rules over them with such graciousness and tact and sympathy.

JANE AUSTEN'S BIRTHPLACE.—Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of “Northanger Abbey” will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call “a hedge,” which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the country. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in “Persuasion,” overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

Among the Moose.

As some friends were chatting a few nights ago in a suburban house in this city *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, one of the party spoke of the considerable number of Canadian books which, though of acknowledged merit, remain almost unknown through lack of enterprise. One of the works mentioned as of especial interest, dealing with a subject peculiarly Canadian and written by one to the manner born, was a small volume entitled “Three Months among the Moose—A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada.” From the title-page we learn that it was written by a military chaplain, and not long after the publication of the book it transpired that the author, as well as the hero of it, was the late Rev. Joshua Fraser, for some time chaplain to the 78th Highlanders during the stay of that regiment in Montreal. We can well recall a ceremony which took place on the Champ de Mars in which the author of this “Winter's tale” was the chief officiant. The circumstance under which he obtained the *data* for his narrative we learned, not only from himself, but from his physician, who took no little pride in the book as indirectly of his own creation. The author, whose health had suffered from severe physical and mental strain, was about to take a trip across the Atlantic, when a friend, a lumber merchant of the Upper Ottawa, advised him to try instead a holiday in the woods. The invitation was accepted, and after a four days' drive the invalid found himself at Black River Farm, his friend's lumbering depot. The Black River, which takes its rise in the Grand Lake region, enters the Ottawa opposite the northwest corner of Allumette or Black River Island. On the way to headquarters the travellers passed through some magnificent forest scenery, including an almost continuous cluster of lakee, of which (though many were small) one, St. Patrick, was five miles broad where they crossed it. Some of our readers will probably recognize the locality, as well from this feature as when they learn (for the dedication indicates that it is no secret) that our Nimrod's host was Mr. W. C. Caldwell, for years M.P.P. for North Lanark.

After a few days' rest at the hospitable and well-stocked farm, the seeker of health and adventure set out for an Indian encampment to which he had been recommended, and, having introduced himself to “Seymo” and his family, was ready next morning for his “campaign against the moose.” His companions were three—Seymo, a full-blooded Indian, sixty years old, tall, powerful and active; his son, a boy of twelve, and Nick, a cousin, of by no

means prepossessing appearance. It is at this point that the wild camping and hunting life begins in real earnest, and the author's account of it is exceedingly interesting. Though he did not manage to have the first crack at the splendid animal that soon rewarded their eager pursuit, he had the privilege of giving him the *coup de grace*. It was an immense fellow, larger than the largest horse. A pang of regret was the first feeling, on gazing at the grand proportions of the noble brute, as he turned weary and despairing eyes on his persecutors. In a moment, a ball crashed through his brains and all was over. Before that thought of turning homewards, the party had three giant carcasses, besides having enjoyed abundance of sport, including partridge shooting, the trapping of martens, and other fur-bearing denizens of the woods.

A week spent at the farm, in company with “Jim,” his host's brother, a capital shot, sufficiently recruited our hero for another experience of the distant forest. A trapper, “Steve,” was his new guide and comrade, who had for “chum” a *fidus achates* named “Xavier, a little, wiry fellow, with a perpetual roguish twinkle in his eye.” With these Arcadians, he was initiated into the mysteries of otter and beaver trapping, learned how to build a winter camp, how to ward off the rigour of the coldest weather, had many a long and adventurous tramp, experienced the sublime terrors of a winter hurricane, and, with thankful heart and high spirits, returned to the borders of civilization. Having tasted the delight of reading a newspaper after two months' exile from the busy world, he determined to have one more moose hunt, and set out with a new guard of Indians, no longer a novice. This time, also, his luck was good, but on one occasion he encountered no slight danger, having had to flee for dear life from an infuriated moose. An unloaded team, with the owner of which he happened to be acquainted, being about to return to the settlements, he seized the opportunity of starting “for home and duty,” on the way being as lionized as if he were “a second Cummings, fresh from South Africa.”

Besides the entertaining insight which it gives into the life of the hunter and trapper, the book contains many instructive passages on natural history, on Indian character, on the scenery of our Canadian wilderness and the reflections to which it gives rise. It is to the sportsman, however, that it will prove most interesting. It is just possible, indeed, that its Nimrodian features may be, in a few cases, too marked to give pleasure to the ordinary reader. For instance, we may ask why should a man of education and (otherwise) of refinement over-drive his “beautiful mare” until she dropped down exhausted and almost lifeless? Why should another man, because he felt a return of health and spirits, fire his rifle “at everything he saw from mere wantonness of mirth?” And why should a third man, for the mere sake of showing off his skill, deprive of life a “little black-cap tit-mouse,” “the smallest bird that flies in the woods,” a “beautiful little creature of greyish blue colour,” which “never migrates south,” but faithfully stays in its chosen haunts during the live-long winter? Surely man's servant and companion that spends his life in his service is worthy of different treatment. Surely the bright little birds and “timorous beasties” that share the earth with him, as long, at least, as they do not invade his domain or damage his property, have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their own way. If the dwellers in the woods have any historical faculty, how they must regret the exchange from the fawns and nymphs of antiquity to that strangely constituted being of modern time, who goes like an animated fire-cracker in an explosive zigzag through the fairest scenes of nature. This is rather a matter of opinion, however, and its expression is not intended to detract from the value of the book before us, in which, in our eyes, it is the only blemish worth noticing. The publishers are Messrs. John Lovell & Sons. J. R.

Toronto Theatricals.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—All who have seen this house since the changes in it have been completed, have been loud in their praises, but none knew till last Monday evening, at the grand opening, what a handsome and thoroughly comfortable place the Academy has been made. The effect of the electric light, thrown in a soft way upon the handsome decorations, the sumptuous furnishings, the pretty draperies and hangings, was beautiful in effect, and the favourable verdict of the *tout ensemble* was unanimous. Toronto's *élite* turned out *en masse* to welcome André Messager's comic opera “Famette,” presented by the Boston Ideal Opera Co., and all who saw the piece were well pleased with the finished performance they were given. The characters were well taken on the whole, and the choruses, though fair, improved during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Hallen & Hart's “Later On” held the boards at this theatre for the past week. The entertainment was fairly good—songs and dances being its principal order. The piece is rather drawn out; but at times is so inexpressibly funny that one is inclined to overlook that fact. Next week “Faust up to Date” is to be the attraction.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—A strong drama, “Master and Man,” by Sims & Pettit, was at this house the past week. The plot is original and racy, never losing interest, and the caste is good—the only fault being that one or two of its members were decidedly stagey. The authors of the play have put a strength and skill to it that pleases and interests all who witness the production. Next week “Held by the Enemy” will occupy the boards.