

experience, it would seem that we ought to regard with suspicion a line of policy or procedure which strikes us as the most pleasant to adopt and altogether most consonant with our feelings. Here and there doubtless may be found individual instances in which the right path is easy and obvious, but the number of such cases is small. Most of us have to grope in the dark for the way out of perplexity, and generally it happens that those who escape do so at the cost of some humiliation. The disappointments would have been less had they been well advised at the outset; but even then, and in any conceivable circumstances, there would have been some measure of discomfort. Success in life consists in overcoming difficulties, rather than avoiding them. A sensible view almost invariably involves self-sacrifice.

BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

GLIMPS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I was talking the other day to a friend of fate, and turning down the calendar with the day's verse it read,

"Learn to disdain the impious creed of fate,
And own the Providence that governs all,
If you are baffled in thy earnest will,
Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy faith and consolation still,
The darkest hour is on the verge of day."

And the golden text was, "and this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

No one who has used the very pretty calendars that come out every New Year will ever consent to do without them. In some families they have the very pleasant custom of reading at breakfast time the verse for the day, and it is strange how often in the midst of duties a line or verse will come to one's mind, as a comfort and help.

The June days are passed and the heats of July are upon us. Housekeepers are more than ever required to be on the alert in the care of food, and trying to supply the table with whatever is best for the season. Let the chemistry of our foods be studied and let such be prepared as will best nourish the system, without adding to the carbon. Fruit and salads are cooling, and exactly fitted for the heated term, and plenty of fresh vegetables are an every day necessity. For a drink nothing is better than buttermilk, and when it cannot be had, a little ginger and vinegar with a trifle of sugar mixed with the water is cooling and agreeable. While raspberries are ripe and plentiful it is as well to make a little of the "shrub" as a drink. Place the berries into a covered earthen dish (never a tin one,) crush them and cover with pure cider vinegar, let them stand over night, strain, throw away the pulp, and set the juice away till next day, then strain again, add a pint of water to a pint of juice and to each pint a pound of lump sugar. Heat and skim, when just to a boil, bottle and cork tightly. It only takes a little to make a very pleasant, refreshing drink. The wild black cap raspberries should be well-known—they are an astringent, and are good for toothless children who are old enough to eat, and crave fruit. I have often seen it tried with good effect. To be healthful all fruit must be ripe and fresh, it is the opposite of this that condemns it. Judicious diet bathing, and attention to clothing in times of extreme changes in the weather will amply repay each individual, and there is more danger from these causes in the summer than in the winter, and more exposure in many and unforeseen ways to guard against.

THE OBSERVATORY.

STRUCTURES ON YOUNG MEN WHO ARE "TIRED" OF GOING OUT—SEVERAL YOUNG ENGLISH SNOBS—OF NO IMPORTANCE IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY—THEIR PHONES FOR THE ISLAND—DR. GRANT AND HIS LEANING TO EPISCOPALIANISM—GOLDWIN SMITH, & Co.

By Observer.

I notice since my last contribution, wherein I discuss the propriety of making up parties to go to the Island during summer evenings that the question has not been raised. By a sort of tacit consent, I have been set down as an authority upon the matter, and nothing further has been said about it, one way or another. I may also say that since my last contribution business at the merry go-round has fallen off; for no young lady will like to come under the classification of "vulgar."

Since last week I have received a number of letters, some only of which I can give in this issue. One is as follows:

Dear Sir.—I know a number of young Englishmen now residents in Toronto. Of course I mean those who according to our society parlance are "gentlemen." Well sir, some of these are awfully nice, and some give themselves a very great many airs. I know certain young gentlemen who reached here a couple of years ago; and they have now become "tired." They declare that they are not going out any more; that they are sick of tennis, garden parties, &c. Last New Year's they did not "call;" because they said it was not the English custom; and they contented themselves with harmless sarcasms about those who did call. Please, Mr. Observer, give me some of your views on this matter and oblige.

A YOUNG LADY OF TORONTO.

I do not care to discuss a matter like this, for it is rather personal; but, as my correspondent is a most amiable young lady, there is nothing for me to do but to comply. Well, then, my experience of the sort of human nature to which "a young lady of Toronto" refers is this: The young man, with nothing but down upon his upper lip, who talks about being tired of going out is simply putting on airs. More than this, he has seen very little of going out. The gentility of this sort of young man I do not call in question; but it is quite certain that he gets an attention in Toronto that he never would have received had he remained in his native country. I knew all these young gentlemen alluded to very well. Some of them are the sons of half-pay officers or country squires, who never had been to a ball or a large party in their lives till they came to Canada. It is the young man who is not asked out in England, who is not known there at all, who has the greatest pretensions, and makes the most talk about what is "good form" when he reaches this country. In England, in order to be anybody in a social way, you must have your establishment for the "season" in town, and your house in the country. When a man who has moved in this sort of life reaches one of our Canadian cities, he puts on no airs, makes no pretensions; for he sees very little difference in the customs of our social life and those which he has left behind him. The least pretentious English people that we have in this regard are the folks of Redoubt Hill. Imagine some little swell here with a salary of \$400 a year turning his nose up at customs which the Marquis of Lansdowns would never think of calling

in question. I am aware of the circumstance of the refusal to make calls on New Year's Day to which "A Young Lady of Toronto" calls attention. Certain young Englishmen last New Year's Day who did not call, said, "O, it is an American custom, you know. We don't do that sort of thing in England." These young chavours probably never heard that when Charles II. was entertained by a lady in the country, he poured his tea into his sauce because his hostess had done so. It is a mark of good breeding to be able to accommodate one's self to one's society; and to set yourself against a usage prevailing amongst polite people is a sure sign that you are an upstart, and that you know nothing at all of the usages of social life.

Now it is a fact that some of these young gentlemen with whom I am dealing in this issue, are very green, and of no earthly consequence in their own country. They desire to be regarded as great society men, but I have hardly ever known one of them who could dance upon reaching here. Now if they had "gone out" in England, as they pretend, they surely would have been able to dance. They learn here in their bedrooms, by getting somebody who does go out to teach them "the step." I know one such society man, who has attended just about ten parties and he has become blasé. He really will not go out any more. He is tired of it! As to the "blue bloodedness" of these young men, they are, in that respect, well enough, as a rule. I am sorry for having been obliged to use the letter of "A Young Lady of Toronto," and to reply to the same; for I know all these young fellows, and some of them are agreeable enough as companions. But their airs are intolerable; and they are specific evidence that in England they were unknown and insignificant. I saw one of these lads the other afternoon at a tennis party, and he had upon his head a shooting cap. The pretty hostess should most certainly have snubbed him.

I received a communication respecting campers upon the Island, but as TRUTH dealt so fully with that matter in its last issue, I do not think it necessary to add anything here. But I have a suggestion to offer. I think that a cable should at once be laid between the city and the Island in order to give residents and frequenters of the Island telephonic connection. This could be done, I believe, without very great expense; and look what a convenience it would be to all concerned. There is hardly a house upon the Island that would not have a telephone, and a regular office, charging say ten cents, would be extensively patronized. In time, too, a horse car service will be needed upon the Island. Indeed I can see no reason why such service should not be at once established.

I was at a certain bank the other day and a gentleman whom I well know came in there to get a cheque cashed. He is one of our wealthy Torontonians; and he was in a hurry to get the cheque marked and he off to overtake his train. A little upstart inside who had the marking of cheques did not know the gentleman; so upon being asked if he would be good enough to mark the cheque at once, he simply stared in a languid way and went on telling some story to his friend. The gentleman with the cheque mixed his train. Now I would suggest to the cashiers or managers of banks to keep their eyes open for impertinence of this sort.

I have often heard that Dr. Grant, of Kingston, would like above all other things to be an Episcopalian, because that church

is more fashionable than his own. But conversion to the church of England is for him an obvious impossibility. He would lose his position as Principal of Queen's. He has therefore to make the best of his position as a Presbyterian. At every meeting of Trinity College he is to the front making a fraternal speech. While upon the subject of this Doctor, I may say that the golden bowl of friendship which subsisted between himself and Goldwin Smith has been broken. Goldwin it was, however, who threw the vessel upon the ground; and he did it for the very justifiable reason that the Doctor was being quoted as a literary authority, and had his portrait published in the "Portrait Gallery" in the "Biographical Dictionary" and other such literary and historical quarters. While a man is insignificant Goldwin Smith is generous enough to be kindly to him; the very moment people talk about him and quote his words, down goes the golden vessel upon the floor. Between Dr. Grant's weakness for Episcopalianism, and Goldwin Smith's for the Distastefulship, they form a pretty, pretty pair.

Refreshing Ignorance

It is sometimes very trying to be found lacking in knowledge on certain points with which the rest of the world is evidently conversant. Fortunately, however, we do not always appreciate our mistakes.

"How do you like Tennyson?" said a young man to a society belle, as they chatted between dances.

"Oh," said she, innocently, "I never was there. Is it a pretty place?"

Her partner's reply is not recorded.

A lady who had travelled in Europe was expatiating to an acquaintance upon the wonders which she had seen there. She had just finished a fluent description of the famous Strasburg clock, when her friend inquired,—

"And did you see the celebrated 'Watch on the Rhine'?"

But these are the people who are ignorant of what they should have known, and who succeed in being simply amusing. There do come times, however, when a certain kind of ignorance is refreshing.

When Longfellow translated the "Divina Commedia" every one was obliged, by the example of the learned, to admire it, and a knowledge of Dante at once became imperative. The name of the great Italian was in the mouth of the fashionable and the would be "cultured" classes of society from morning till night. When the rage was at its height, a stranger arrived in Boston to whom a friend, a native of the city, at once put the pertinent inquiry,—

"Do you like Dante?"

"No," was the answer. "I don't know him. Who is he?"

"Come along!" cried his delighted friend. "Keep me in countenance. It isn't respectable not to like Dante. I'm the only man in Massachusetts who doesn't, and I detest his very name. Come to dinner with me!"

Bargains.

A great many disputes arise from bargains being imperfectly understood or not plainly and fully expressed when entered into. This can be and is guarded against. When you have bargained freely, write it down in plain terms. Read it over to make certain that the other party understands it all. Get the full points, discuss it, and then the risk of breaking if there is any dispute is far better to it. It is harmless; no one can arise.

Epitaph.

"Do your best."

od to me.

nothing."

see me again."

button down."

rean."