

agree that it is in the nature of a cat to fall on her feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raining cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

The Spaniard says, Has the cat kittened? when he sees a place full of lights; and he asks, Who has to take the cat out of the water? when something unpleasant has to be done. That anyone watches as a cat a mouse, is French as much as English. The French also say, She is as dainty as a cat; It is nothing to whip a cat for; their singers have a cat in the throat when the throat is not clear; and phrase "cat music" is not unknown. If one has a scratched face, he has been playing with cats; and an impossibility is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear. That people should sometimes go like a cat over hot coals is intelligible enough. But, as our space is so limited that we have scarcely room to swing a cat, we must draw to a conclusion. We have collected a quantity of trifles from many sources, and the result reminds us of the German who says that he who hunts with cats will readily catch mice. If it should be asked what you can have of a cat but her skin, we scarcely know how we could reply. But as we wish to say something about this domestic pet, we append two short extracts from the Noble Life of Laurence Andrews: "The mouse-hunter or cat is an unclean beast, and a poison enemy to all mice; and when she hath gotten one she playeth there with, but she eateth it. And the cat hath long hair on her mouth, and when her hairs be gone then hath she no boldness; and she is gladly in a warm place. She licketh her fore feet and washeth therewith her face." And again: "The cat is a beast that seeth sharp, and she biteth sore, and scratcheth right perilously, and is principal enemy to rats and mice; and her colour is of nature grey; and the cause that they be otherwise coloured, that cometh through change of meat, as it is well marked by the house cat, for they be seldom coloured like the wild cat, and their flesh is both nesh (tender) and soft." This quaint but honest old writer would never incur the guilt of selling or advising anyone to buy a cat for a hare, as the French and Italians say when they refer to "being cheated or to cheat."—*Queen*.

HOW WE WENT TO THE COUNTRY.

(Concluded.)

Every one may not know where Vaudreuil is, but all must know where to find Ste. Anne; and yet there are several Ste. Annes in this good Province of Quebec and all possessed of the wonderful power of working miracles, but I mean the Ste. Anne immortalized by Moore—"Row, brothers, row," etc. All the saints and shrines and miracles could never render the little village half so famous as that simple little song. Now having reached Ste. Anne we must get to Vaudreuil, Ste. Anne being at the western end of the island of Montreal we cross a bridge before we can get to anywhere else, and then we find ourselves on Isle Perrot of picnic fame, then we cross another bridge and here we are at last, at Vaudreuil station; the village is a couple of miles away, on the banks of the Ottawa; but the hotel to which we are going is at the station. I have not attempted to tell of all the exploits and escapades of "the buster" on our way up—how he climbed on the backs of the seats, essayed to stand upright thereon, and was rescued by kindly-disposed passengers, and how finally he was reduced to a state of semi-insubordination by our clever young friend who is now the esteemed member for Glengarry; and who seemed to exercise a benign influence on "the buster" by simply keeping his eye upon him. At the station we are met by Mr. Rivard who takes charge of any amount of luggage and any number of small boys. He points out the hotel which is charmingly near, and I exclaim—"Ah! I am so glad that the hotel is near, for my husband can come every night." To which Mr. Rivard who speaks English very well but very plural, replies—"Oh, yes; all the gentlemen comes every nights by the seven o'clock trains." We are met at the door of the hotel by Madame Rivard, a pretty, pleasant looking hostess, who escorts us to our rooms which we find to be delightfully fresh and clean, and Madame rejoices my heart by replying to my anxious enquiries that we can have any amount of sewing and washing done well and cheaply. So after all my worries and anxieties, here we are as comfortably situated as though we had been looking out for a month, and I can have my sewing done more cheaply than at home, besides having more time to see to it myself. Then I begin to think that after all Leo is right. He takes things easy and they turn out well, he cuts the Gordian knot that cannot be untied and the result is equally satisfactory. But when the evening train arrives with the "gentlemen" and we sit down to what is called dinner, I am not so well satisfied. The cooking is very different from poor Bridget's, and Louise the sallow-faced cross-eyed tablemaid is not so smart or tidy as she might be. Then there are two charming French ladies, the wives of Montreal lawyers, and a pretty bride from Kingston who are all dressed in stylish silks with ribbons and laces and all the accessories of perfect toilets, while I am arrayed in a simple suit of blue ticking which greatly impairs my appetite, and completely destroys my late feelings of complacency. As usual at country quarters, there is a would-be witty young man who tries to make weak puns on everything, and when the fair Louise, who

prides herself upon her (very bad) English asks, will we have—"Rosbif or boi-shicken;" he replies that he will take boy-chicken, but hopes it won't turn out to be an old hen." Leo takes *rosbif*, but finds that it has been cooked in salt-pork fat, which does not improve the flavour. After dinner Leo interviews the landlord as to terms, which are far from being so reasonable as one might expect from the style of the cooking; however, we are here and here we must remain, and Leo points out all the advantages, skilfully glossing over the defects, till as usual I agree with him that it is delightful, and we go forth for an evening stroll, as Leo poetically remarks, "Just like a couple of *turkey doves*." And with all its defects we really manage to spend a month very pleasantly at Vaudreuil. We found pleasant green fields for the children to play in, and lovely spots on the river bank where we could sit and watch the waters rushing wildly over their rocky bed, casting the white spray around with the low, rumbling roar of the rapids. The children grew stout and sturdy spite of the Canadian cooking, and we even managed to improve it by bribing the fair Louise to cook our "bif-stiks" with "*pas de graisse*." At first she was wildly indignant at the idea of cooking a beef-steak on the bare pan, but having fully convinced her that "that was the idea that we intended to convey," and further enlightened her by the aid of sundry "*trente-sous*;" she forthwith took quite kindly to our suggestions; and would smile benignly upon us with that "far away look" in her lovely cross-eyes, (which look is so often ascribed to sentimental heroines, but which I think can only be possessed to perfection by cross-eyed people), while she echoed, "*pas de graisse*," casting back at us a look of piquant archness, which owing to the obliqueness of her vision always fell upon the facetious young man at the other side of the table, who would exclaim—"good gracious, what is she grinning at me me now for!" But even with "*pas de graisse*" and sundry other little wrinkles the cooking palled upon us ere the end of the month and betook ourselves to the Hotel O'Brien at fair Ste. Anne. Here we found an improvement in every thing, but the green fields were farther away and the river was temptingly near. Many a morning "the buster" went forth in spotless white and returned in an hour or two bespattered up to his eyes; with his mud-colored skirts clinging to his dirty little legs—"well my boy, you are ready for the wash-tub," was the general salutation as he mounted the hotel steps, but the "buster" unabashed would stand forth among the ladies and tell them how he had "frowed tones on a yiver an'd a mual dumped at him, an'd he frowed more tones." But the poor "buster" had not cut all his teeth and presently he fell ill and we were obliged to summon Bridget to take care of him and then we found our hotel bill becoming too big, and Leo brought the glad tidings that the house was finished, and we hied us home again. But ever since that year I think that people are very foolish when they spend so much time *preparing* for the country. Better go quickly and stand not upon the order of your going. Buy some material, if you want clothes, and depend upon it you will find good enough dress-makers to make it up, unless you are going to fashionable places, but I am only thinking of mothers like myself, who have more babies than bawbees. Finally, don't break your hearts if you find a few ladies better dressed than you are. Just think how little difference it will make in a hundred years from now. *Georgie Graham*.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

GRUYERE CHEESE.

Perhaps the most justly celebrated cheese made on the Continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyère. This is made mostly in huts called *châlets*, high up among the Alps, at the time during which the pastures on the mountain-sides are accessible, and the huts habitable, say, from the melting of the snow in May to the end of September, when men and animals descend for the winter into the sheltered valleys thousands of feet below. The *châlets* are located in the midst of the mountain pastures on a spot safe from avalanches, and generally near to a small pond or spring of water, when such are available. Provisions from the valleys are carried up weekly to the *châlets*, and it is under such difficult and romantic circumstances that a cheese is made which for hundreds of years has been considered almost, if not quite the best on the Continent. The milk, partly skimmed, or not, according to the quality of cheese desired to be made is put into a great kettle and swung on a crane over a gentle fire, where it is allowed to attain a temperature of 77 deg. Fahr., when the kettle is swung off the fire and rennet is added to the milk. When coagulation has advanced far enough, the curd is cut into as fine pieces as is practicable with the large wooden knife which is used for the purpose. The kettle is then swung over the fire again, and the curd is taken up in small quantities in a porringer and poured back through the fingers, whereby it is still more finely divided. Great importance is attached to this division of the curd, in order that each particle may be fully exposed to the action of the heat in the "cooking" process, which ensues up to a point when a temperature of 90 deg. has been attained. The kettle is then immediately swung off the fire, and the waste of curd and whey stirred for some fifteen minutes longer; and if the cooking has been properly performed, the particles of curd have the appearance of bursted grains of rice swimming in the whey. The curd is then collected in a cloth, and great care is taken to