



CRANBERRIES KEPT FRESH.—To keep cranberries fresh, an experienced housewife says to put them into cold water. No matter if they freeze; there is no way that they keep so nice and fresh. One needs to be careful not to break the skins so that the juice will run out; but they will be just as fresh and round in May as in November. There is, no other method that keeps them uncooked as nice as this, and cranberries are always better when fresh than when preserved, and take less sugar too, either for pies or sauce.

OF DOING GOOD.—If it be in our power to communicate happiness in any form, to wipe away the tear of distress, to allay the corroding fear, to comfort, to help, to guide, to encourage, to inspire any one, the more speedily we set about it the more good we shall do. The emotions of love, compassion, and sympathy soon die out in the breast of one who withholds or delays their natural expression, or they turn into a useless and sickly sentimentality; while in the heart of him who hastens to embody them in his life and actions they will become living fountains of joy to himself and of good to others.

AN ANXIOUS PARENT.—"I confess I am sometimes sorely perplexed," said the father, with a heavy sigh, "when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them." Through the open window came the voices of two of the lads at play. "Look here!" loudly exclaimed Johnny, "that isn't fair! You've divided these marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag." "Didn't I have the trouble of dividing 'em?" reiterated Willie hotly. "Think I'm going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing?" So far as Willie is concerned," resumed the father, after a pause, "the task of choosing a vocation is not so difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him."

EATING WITH THE FINGERS.—The list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase. It includes all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when served whole, as it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumpled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters; strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar; cheese in all forms except Brie or Roquefort or Cumbefort, and fruit of all kinds, except preserves and melons. The latter should be eaten with a spoon or fork. In the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if you are well-bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger-bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.—The most of the things of this life may be set to music, but people get the wrong tune and sing "Naomi" or "Windham" when they ought to set things to the music of "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation." We may not all of us have the means to graduate at Harvard, Yale or Oxford, but there is a college at which all of us graduate—the College of Hard Knocks. Misfortune, Fatigue, Exposure and Disaster are the professors; kicks, cuffs and blows are the curriculum; the day we leave the world is our graduation; some sit down and cry; some turn their faces to the wall and pout; others stand up and conquer. Happy the bee that even under leaden skies looks for blossoming bouquet! Wise the fowl that, instead of standing in the snow with one foot drawn up under the wing, ceases not all day to peck! Different ways of looking at things:

Raindrop the first—"Always chill and wet, tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea."

Raindrop the second—"Aha! The sun kissed me, the flower caught me, the fields blessed me."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Two hundred girls are now being educated in the medical schools of India, and Madras has already supplied six fully qualified female doctors for the northern part of the country.

The Indian princess Sarah Winnemucca, who attended Wellesley College, and has written stories under the *nom de plume* of "Bright Eyes," is now teaching an Indian mission school.

Mrs. Gould, the wife of Jay Gould, was a very gentle woman, whose chief liking was for children and flowers. In late years she spent much time in her conservatories. Mr. Gould built them for her at a cost of \$500,000.

Mrs. Josephine E. Poe, widow of Judge Neilson Poe, of Baltimore, died in that city on a recent Sunday. The *Baltimore Sun* says: Her maiden name was Josephine Clemm, and she was a daughter of William Clemm, of Virginia. Her sister was the lovely Virginia Clemm, the wife of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe, and the Lenore of "The Raven."

Natalie, the former queen of Servia, was received with royal honours during her recent tour. At the Russian frontier she was welcomed by Russian officers, in behalf of the Czar and Czarina. At the various towns at which she stopped, the local officials presented bread and salt, expressing, at the same time, the hope that she might recend the throne.

Dr. Morton Bryan Wharton, late United States Consul to Germany, has written a book on the "Famous Women of the Old Testament." Its chapters treat of Eve, The Mother of the Human Family; Sarah, The Mother of the Faithful in every age; Rebekah, The beautiful but Deceptive Wife; Rachel, the Lovely Wife of Jacob; Miriam, The Grand, Patriotic Old Maid; Ruth, The Lovely, Young and Honoured Widow; Deborah, The Strong-Minded Woman; Jephthah's Daughter, The Consecrated Maiden; Delilah, The Fair but Deceitful Wife; The Witch of Endor, Enchantress of Samuel's Ghost; Hannah, The Praying and Devoted Mother; Abigail, The Wife of the Shepherd; The Queen of Sheba, Solomon's Royal Guest; Jezebel; The Woman of Shunem, Elisha's Friend; Esther, The Deliverer of her People. The varied qualities, work and offices of women are described in this book, which abounds in startling incidents and rich illustrations.

A few days ago we were able to announce what should have been tidings of great joy to all elderly and delicate ladies who are obliged to attend Court functions in the bitter days of an English spring. A Drawing-room need no longer be as fatal as a battlefield; nor will it be necessary for ladies to shiver for hours with bare shoulders in wind-swept carriages and drafty corridors. The Queen has approved "high" dresses. The following is the official announcement, which will be circulated immediately from the Lord Chamberlain's office:—Description of high Court dress approved by the Queen. No. 1. Bodice of silk, satin or velvet, high and turned back in front with revers. High collar at back of neck, and small ruffle of lace inside, falling in a narrow V-shape down the front. It has also a flat folded fichu on either side, which passes under a stomacher, such as was worn in the eighteenth century. Sleeves to the elbow, turned up with small cuff, below which fall long drooping ruffles of lace. No. 2. Demi-toilette bodice of silk, velvet or satin, cut round at back three-quarter height. The front heart-shaped. Sleeves to elbow, with full, deep ruffles of lace. Transparent sleeves may also be worn with this bodice. Trains, gloves and feathers, as usual. Patterns may be seen at Miss Metcalf's, 111 New Bond street.—Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, February, 1889.—*St. James's Gazette*.

MILITIA NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Dominion Artillery Association Lieut.-Col. A. H. Macdonald, Guelph, was re-elected president of association. Lieut.-Col. Turnbull was elected president of the council, and Captain J. B. Donaldson re-elected secretary-treasurer.

Lt.-Col. the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has been re-elected chairman of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association. Lieut.-Col. John Macpherson, treasurer, and Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Bacon, secretary, have also been re-elected.

The coast defences of British Columbia are occupying the attention of the Senate just now. Replying to a question of Senator McInnes, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott said the subject of the Pacific coast defences had received due consideration, and negotiations with the Imperial Government were progressing satisfactorily.

Captain Wm. M. Cooper, of the 12th Battalion, has just invented and patented, with Mr. Cashmore, a new repeating rifle, which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will replace many of the existing models. In addition to other new features it has an automatic bayonet, so constructed as to slide up and down the magazine.

The reports of the musketry instructors at the different camps last summer show the shooting of the volunteers to have been very poor. How can it be otherwise when only twenty rounds of ammunition are allowed each man, as Captain Jas. Adam suggests in his report as musketry instructor of No. 2 District camp. Let each man have a competent musketry instructor and sergeant instructor, allow each man eighty rounds of ammunition, and you will get better shooting.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF ENGLISH ART.

In the course of a remarkable address delivered some time ago by Sir Frederick Leighton, at the Liverpool Art Congress, the great academician spoke as follows of the shortcomings of English art: Our charge is that with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic; that our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness; that they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride; that they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity; that, while what is excellent receives from them honour and recognition, what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them, is, indeed, accepted and borne with a dull, indifferent acquiescence; that the æsthetic consciousness is not with them a living force, impelling them towards the beautiful, and rebelling against the unsightly. We charge that while a desire to possess works of art, but especially pictures, is very widespread, it is in a large number, perhaps in a majority of cases, not the essential quality of art that has attracted the purchaser to his acquisition; not the emanation of beauty in any one of its innumerable forms, but something outside and wholly independent of art. In a word, there is, we charge, among the many in our country, little consciousness that every product of men's hands claiming to rank as a work of art, be it lofty in its uses and monumental, or lowly and dedicated to humble ends, be it a temple or a palace, the sacred home of prayer or a sovereign's boasted seat, be it a statue or a picture, or any implement or utensil bearing the traces of an artist's thought and the imprint of an artist's finger—there is, I say, little adequate consciousness that each of these works is a work of art only on condition that it contains within itself the precious spark from the Promethean rod, the divine fire-germ of living beauty; and that the presence of this divine germ ennobles and lifts into one and the same family every creation which reveals it; for even as the life-sustaining fire which streams out in splendour from the sun's molten heart is one with the fire which lurks for our uses in the grey and homely flint, so the vital flame of beauty is one and the same, though kindled now to higher and now to humbler purpose, whether it be manifest in the creations of a Phidias, or of a Michael Angelo, of an Ictinus, or of some nameless builder of a sublime cathedral; in a jewel designed by Holbein or a lamp from Pompeii, a sword-hilt from Toledo, a caprice in ivory from Japan, or the enamelled frontlet of an Egyptian Queen. We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the development of art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our lives. And with the absence of this true æsthetic instinct, we find not unnaturally the absence of any national consciousness that the sense of what is beautiful, and the manifestation of that sense through the language of art, adorn and exalt a people in the face of the world and before the tribunal of history; a national consciousness which should become a national conscience—a sense, that is, of public duty and of a collective responsibility in regard to this loveliest flower of civilization.

THE SWELL GIRL.—The New York girl's ideal—that is to say, the ideal of the swell girl—is to look like a well-groomed horse. Hair sleek and shining as satin, skin polished and fresh, raiment built on a fixed model, trim, taut, and subdued in colour. Altogether well-groomed, thoroughbred, and a high-stepper, and a good one to look at, she is, too, only the artists don't care about her. She's all too stiff and set for him; he wants individuality, soft, flowing lines, rich, full drapery, deep colour.