

blems and striking the balance between the immediate and final uses of their accustomed ways. Under any circumstances a small and plainly furnished home cannot, in the care of it, offer so much employment to several women as to give a useful apprenticeship to the business of housewifery; nor can several daughters be maintained at home without remunerative occupation in order to give them opportunities of practicing house-work.

Domestic service offers the best imaginable training school for young women, who are some day to have the work of their own homes to perform, and all the while they are getting their apprenticeship in it they are earning a comfortable maintenance and wages sufficient, not only for dress according to their needs—allowing the indulgence of a little pardonable feminine vanity to be also a need—but for, when they are wise enough, the putting something in a savings bank against rainy days or towards furnishing the house when they marry.

AN OLD VIOLIN SHOP.

Among those who have made Montreal their home, bringing with them a skill which seems impossible of acquirement on this side of the Atlantic, is the maker and repairer of violins whose humble shop has been at 120 St. Antoine street, (west of Windsor street) for the last few months. The name on the door, J. Tubbs, is one familiar to all wielders of the bow, and our unpretending fellow-citizen is one of the family. Mr. Tubbs received his experience in the employment of such houses as Hill & Sons, Geo. Withers, Hart, and others in London. He was at one time employed by one of the large London dealers to visit the principal towns and villages of southern Europe in a search for neglected instruments, and many a rich find rewarded his labors. The work of repairing these violins and restoring their lost tone was committed to Mr. Tubbs and a fellow-expert, and in this way several of the finest instruments now in Great Britain and Ireland went through their hands. His skill in restoring, improving and metamorphosing violins of any pretension

to good workmanship, in time reached New York whither he emigrated, and where he was for years the confidential expert of Fletcher, who sold many a violin of uncertain origin for sums all the way from \$500 to \$2800, after the points and improvements which Tubbs knows so well how to apply and make had been inspected by well-to-do professionals and amateurs. The history of the "Elijah Strad" may be written some day. Mr. Tubbs inherits the family skill in bow-making. Bows of his make sold usually for \$20 each in New York. The reputation of Montreal as a city of culture and music, especially in violins, led him to seek a home here. Those who visit his little shop may probably be reminded of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," in the prototype of which, by the way, the subject of our notice once lived as a lad. The carcasses of old violins strewed about and hung upon the walls attest the avocation of the occupant, and one can almost fancy their cracked old voices appealing to the visitor to employ their owner in giving them new life, and enabling them to go forth on their mission of inspiration and gladness.

Receipts.

Grilled Quail.—Split down the back as for broiling. To two tablespoonfuls of olive oil add one teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one desertspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tea-

spoonful of lemon juice, and one shake of cayenne. Rub the birds thoroughly with this mixture. Let the quail remain in this several hours; then broil on a buttered gridiron, turning frequently till crisp and brown. Garnish with water cresses, stoned olives, and disks of lemon.

French Fritters.—Two cups bread crumbs, two cups milk, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, half cup sugar, one scant cupful of currants, mace and cinnamon to taste. Heat the milk to scalding and pour it over the bread. Stir in the butter and when the mixture is cool, add to it the sugar, the beaten yolks, the spices and the whites of the eggs. Last of all, beat in the currants, which should have been washed, dried and well dredged with flour. Drop the mixture by the spoonful into boiling fat, and, after draining, sprinkle well with powdered sugar before sending to table.

Miss Pruyn—I wonder when this idea of marrying a man to get rid of him originated? Miss Vernon (wearily)—About the time clubs were instituted, I'm sure.

Charley (reading paper)—There is said to be a farmer living in Russia with three perfectly formed stomachs.

Harry—He ought to be the happiest man in the world.

Charley—What makes you think so?

Harry—He is the only man who is never short of crop.

Montauk—Did she smile upon your suit? Hamilton—Smile? She fairly roared at it, and when she saw the bagging of my trousers as I rose from my kneeling position after the rejection, she just screamed.

