



These are still the days of afternoon teas. Any one, therefore, will rejoice in such presents as tea cloths, whether worked by the giver or made of a simple square of hem stitched momie cloth. And last but not least, except in point of size, there are the dolies. These need no description. We know them and can make them.

"What shall I give for a wedding present?" is a question often asked. Well why not more often give some of the many things which can be made of linen for the table? Linen is always useful; with a little manipulation it can be made most beautiful; and yet how seldom we see it. Here are one or two little things that can be made. A set of tea napkins made out of the ordinary fringed damask napkins, with a short sentence embroidered in wash silk. Another useful article, and one which can be highly decorated is a carvers' napkin. This should be of fine linen, though not too fine to hem-stitch easily, and should be one yard square. The latest idea in carvers' cloths is to have the decoration across the back only. There are many ways of decorating these cloths. A border of apple blossoms and flying birds, done in indelible ink is effective and unusual.

**THE BEST TIME TO BATHE.**—The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—*London Lancet.*

**WASH YOUR HANDS.**—Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door-knobs, banisters, car-straps, and hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.—*Sanitary Era.*

**WHEN TO GIVE MEDICINES.**—Iodine or the iodides should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion, the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given directly after meals. Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals, the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes it and renders it inert. The active principle of the gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or directly after food.—*Medical World.*

## THALATTA.

In my ear is the moan of the pines,  
In my heart is the song of the sea.

—John Reade.

Do you know Cacouna?

Not Cacouna the fashionable, the queen of Canadian watering places, the resort of the pleasure seekers who come thither, year after year, to desecrate the pure temple of Nature with the worship of their god Mammon, who dress and dance and dream of social conquest and society success here by the great lone, solemn sea, much as they do in their city homes, but Cacouna the pure, the primitive, the poetic.

Achille, our host, who is the proud possessor of a cab, has met us at the station and has driven us over the intervening three and a half miles of roughest rural road. Through open country and farm clearings, with here and there a view of a distant town or hamlet, through long stretches of blueberry marsh and of tea-berry and stunted balsam and raspberry bushes, with their ripe red fruit hanging in clusters so close we can almost pick it as we pass.

We have climbed the brow of the hill and are in a narrow street of white-walled cottages, each with its potato garden in full blossom, and the breath of the salt sea is fresh and strong in our nostrils.

"But can it be possible?" we mentally ejaculate, as Achille, with an abrupt turn and a sudden sharp jerk, draws up before the door of one of the tiniest of the tiny cottages. Can this liliputian dwelling, by any possible contrivance, be made to accommodate our party, in addition to Achille himself, his wife, the dark-eyed, smiling woman who is standing beneath the sloping eaves of the veranda to welcome us, and all these children, shy and playful, who scatter at our approach? The question is soon answered, for madame immediately accosts us in profuse and voluble *patois*. She bids us *entrez*, and with smiles and bows and coquettish shrugs of her shoulders she leads the way to the *chambres* allotted to our use.

Let me describe the principal one of these—the one that serves us for *salon*, *salle à manger* and *étude*. You enter it from the kitchen. The walls and ceiling are of wood, the former painted a vivid orange, the latter white. On the floor are strips of the *cataloquene*, or rag carpet, peculiar to the *habitant* domicile. Through an opening in the wall appears the kitchen stove, closed in with sheet iron, black and carefully polished. Opposite us hangs a three-quarter portrait of Sa Sainteté Léon XIII. in scarlet cope; to the left is a glazed and highly coloured representation of the Chapel and Shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, recalling in its situation our own little village of Pointe Lévis, opposite Quebec; behind are St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. Are not we heretics in good company for once?

In a corner is a tall bureau, the drawers of which, all but one, reserved for madame's own use, are, in addition to a cupboard in another corner, to serve as sideboard and receptacle for our crockery, cutlery, table linen and groceries. There are, besides, a sofa of dwarfish dimensions, upholstered in the thinnest and scaliest of black oilcloth; a rocking-chair, conspicuous for its dorsal infirmities; four other chairs, a table, with palsied limbs and a red cotton cover, and on the table a coal oil lamp.

It does not sound esthetic; nevertheless, when our photos and books and work and writing materials are scattered about, and Felicia's easel, with its familiar broken palette, daubed with paints, and the long-handled brushes, are brought out, a stamp of individuality begins to appear upon the alien surroundings; and when Dorothy, our maid, has covered the red cotton tablecloth with a white linen one of our own, and has set thereon our daily meals, and we have read and worked and written and discussed our plans on mornings around the decrepit table, or, on chilly evenings, by the sombre, friendly stove, the ugliness of the little room has almost ceased to worry us.

It is morning now. Dorothy is in the kitchen preparing our breakfast. A moment ago she had hurriedly entered and inquired the French for bacon, some of which she desires madame to fetch her from her storeroom.

Felicia has told her that *jambon* will produce the article, and has practised her on the pronunciation of the word, until she seems proficient. But, alas! not so, for madame fails to comprehend, and now Ludovic, our high school boy, goes to her assistance.

"Mort cochon! Mort cochon!" he vociferates, and, to make his meaning plain beyond the possibility of mistake, proceeds to execute a pantomime of *sus in extremis* by drawing his finger back and forth across his throat and uttering squeaks of agony.

This has the desired effect. "Ah! oui, oui!" madame exclaims, amid peals of laughter, and produces the bacon.

Ludovic is an enthusiastic angler, and he interrogates madame as to his prospects of sport. "Sont il des pêches dans la rivière, madame?" he demands, with confidence, for is not *pêcher* to fish?

Alas! again the stupid madame is bewildered. "Péchés dans la mer," she repeats. "Non, non!" And it is only when rod and line are brought forth in illustration that she grasps the idea. Life among *les habitants* is purely primitive and idyllic.

"Happy the man whose wants and cares  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native airs  
In his own ground."

Achille, our host, owns this little snow-white cot and the ground on which it stands. The potato garden, the pigs, the poultry, the brood of turkeys, so tame that they eat fearlessly from the hands of Ludovic and Felicia; the cow, the horse, the little playful grey and white kitten, the dark-eyed wife, who reminds me of a picture of Madame de Pompadour, and the velvet-skinned children, with their arch or wondering looks. If these children are rude or boisterous, or if they quarrel among themselves, I never hear it, except, occasionally, *le petit, petit*, the youngest, a sturdy *garçon* of two years, who noisily resists madame's attempts to put him to sleep in the middle of the day. Madame, however, invariably triumphs and carries him *en haut* after a struggle, slumbering tranquilly. This woman seems never to worry. She gets through her work with incredible ease to herself and to everyone else.

In the morning she prepares the breakfast for her husband and children. Their living is of the simplest. Curdled milk, *lait caillé*, sweetened with maple sugar, bread made by her own hands, some fried fish, perhaps, a pan-cake, a lump of fat salt pork, or, if it is Sunday, a bit of mutton, with potatoes boiled in the broth. Once Dorothy reports her making a blueberry pie. She sells her eggs to summer visitors; her poultry, her milk, her butter.

Twice a week she scrubs her floor, and on Saturdays she washes her windows and Achille's shirt. She has made the carpet, the mats, the patchwork quilt on Dorothy's bed. I think she must have a sheep and spin her own wool, for I see her knitting stockings and under garments for the family. If she and Achille can read and write I do not know. I have seen no books but our own since we came. They go to Mass and confession, of course, for the Canadian *habitant* is essentially religious.

Last week there was horse racing in the village, near the big hotel (alas!), and a wheel of fortune, and the whole family, down to the obstreperous *Petit, petit*, set out, dressed in their Sunday clothes, to attend. Achille drove them, and they did not return till supper-time. They left the house door standing wide open, and their money in an unlocked drawer, and people came in and out while they were gone, but nothing was touched.

I find myself wondering whether lives such as these comprise the essentials of happiness. Is it enough to eat and drink, and sleep and wake, to work and make merry and to suffer—they must suffer sometimes? Does the strife of politics never enter this Arcadian abode? Is our burning Jesuits' Estates Bill a thing unknown to them? Happy if so. Do they ever long for the unattainable? Are the existence of an outer world of art and science and literature and the profundities of learning beyond the limits of their comprehension? Could I be content with such a life? No. I should fret and chafe for the larger movement of my world; the force, the action, the keen vitality of thought, the intellectual and religious activity. I should