



**TURKEY OR CHICKEN SALAD.**—Cut up cold roast turkey or chicken in very small dice; season it with pepper, salt, mustard, and finely minced chives; pour over equal parts of oil and vinegar. Have two or three eggs boiled three minutes. Stir in the yolks with meat; chop the whites very small, and stir in these, so that all is well mixed. At the time of serving, mix the above with cut up lettuce or endive.

**NOTES.**—To open glass jars having metal tops, invert the jar in hot water, taking care that the water does not touch the glass. The heat expands the metal.

A lamp burner that smokes and refuses to let the wick pass up and down easily may be renewed by boiling in strong lye-water two or three hours. Then scour with whiting or fine sand. This treatment will often make old burners as good as new.

**A PERSIAN WIFE.**—A celebrated Persian sage gave this advice concerning the choice of a wife: "Choose no woman whose lips droop at the corners or your life will be a perpetual mourning; nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolleth outward for that woman hath little conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight, not thin, for then she is a shrew, but with just the fullness necessary for perfect symmetry."

**TEA GOWNS.**—Redingote tea gowns grow in popular favour, and their great simplicity of style makes them very effective. There are pretty directoire effects in the dress, which, however, are likely to deteriorate later on and become vague and complex; but the style as it now appears is clear, graceful, and artistically carried out. It is that of a warm, finely fitting, open front long coat or redingote, put on over a cool, delicate undergown, this of lace, china silk, accordionplaited foulard, crepe or embroidered net. The redingote may be in velvet pompadour brocade, moire, or corded silk of a rich hue, or of finest India cloth elegantly braided or embroidered.

**BEEF TEA.**—It is popularly supposed that in making beef tea and meat liquids the nourishing qualities of the meat are extracted by the water, and that the dry, hard remnant of meat fibre, which remains undissolved, is exhausted of its nutritive properties. That is almost thrown away, and thus the most valuable constituents are sacrificed, and the liquor, which is carefully preserved, contains so little in the way of sustenance it is almost worthless. The remnant actually contains nearly all the real virtue of the meat. If it be reduced to a paste by pounding in a mortar, and then added to the liquid in which it was cooked, beef tea so prepared and duly flavoured with salt is not only highly nourishing and agreeable, but also easy of digestion.

**WHITE.**—Give her a white morning wrapper or a cotton dress, or even a white muslin bib to her dark dress, and she looks shades fairer and more rosy than in an unrelieved winter gown. Many a woman sitting up in her white bed, with only white cambric and embroidery about her, will strike one as a sweetly pretty creature, who in dark clothes would never arrest our attention. It may be taken as a safe axiom that the nearer colours approach to white the more becoming they are to the wearer, and that the reason why we see so many pretty faces in summer, and so few in winter, lies in the difference of dress.

**BLACK.**—There are women who look well and distinguished in black, and black only, but they usually relieve their darkness with flashes of diamonds, and a wholly unrelieved black costume can only be successfully worn by a very lovely person. Nevertheless, black for the streets, when walking, should be the rule, and not the exception, with any well-dressed woman.

## WELCOME TO MR. SLADEN, THE AUSTRALIAN POET.

At the second meeting of the Society of Canadian Literature, Mr. Lighthall read the following poem of welcome to Mr. Sladen, composed by Mr. George Martin:

GREETING TO DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

Presented at a Meeting of the "Society of Canadian Literature," Feb. 11, 1889.

From a virginal land, latest born,  
Still fresh with the odour of brine,  
From the roseate portals of morn,  
From the heats of Earth's medial line  
Thou comest, and we  
In a Land of Time's building the oldest,  
First born of the sea,  
In this season, our whitest and coldest,  
Give a warm heart-welcome to thee;  
To thee and thy spouse, You will miss,  
Should you seek in our landscapes the roses  
That humming birds cling to and kiss,  
Even now, where the kangaroo dozes  
In your thickets that shadow her bliss.

But the roses which here you behold  
In the cheeks of the belles that you meet,  
Red roses that quickly unfold  
Their leaves under snowflake and sleet,  
Are surely more fair,—  
No poet will think to deny it,—  
Than any that flare  
Their beauties where beauty runs riot,  
In your own Australasian air.

Bide with us till Canada doffs  
Her ermine and girdle of pearl,  
Till robed in green kirtle she laughs  
With the freedom and joy of a girl.  
Then I think you will say  
That no picture more truly enchanting,  
More winsome and gay  
Has ever set novelist ranting  
Or won from the poet a lay.

We have song-birds that sprinkle the land  
With melodies all summer long,  
We have flowers, the simple and grand,  
That repay with sweet perfume the song  
Which they seem to inspire;  
And our sunsets! such marvels of beauty!  
Could you witness their fire,  
Your conscience would make it your duty  
To kneel with bared brow and admire.

Then deem not our snowdrifts and ice  
Are things that unwelcome remain:  
They but come on kind nature's device,  
More fruitful than torrents of rain,  
As a Sabbath of rest  
To the life that they hush into slumber  
On earth's weary breast,  
While they smite down some evils whose number  
Our midsummer climate infest.

Too soon shall you bid us adieu,  
But the friendship your presence has wrought  
In the hearts you have won, not a few,  
In the kinship of feeling and thought,  
Shall cease not to glow.  
While we list for the sound of a name  
In the breezes that blow  
From the East, whence a kinsman you came  
Adding joy to our season of snow.

GEORGE MARTIN.

## A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

Janet Russell was the belle of the village—a Canadian village on the St. Lawrence—and was admired by all the swains who dwelt in those parts, but her "steady company" was a handsome young fellow—John Miller—son of the village postmaster, who also kept a general store. John and Janet went together to a rustic frolic one night, and when on the road John asked the old question, which question was answered in the affirmative. Things went on nicely, but at last, Janet dancing twice in succession with a young fellow whom he had looked upon as a rival, John felt bad, and on the way home sharp words passed between them. The girl told him she wished it had been Charley Hall (the rival) who had asked her the question before mentioned, whereat John said he would give her a day to take that back, and if not—why, all was over between them. Janet relented when she had time to think about it, and the next morning wrote a letter to John and dropped it into the letter-box at old Mr. Miller's store. Time passed on. A year or so after that Charley Hall and Janet Russell were

married, and John Miller was wedded to another girl. Some five years passed and old Mr. Miller died, leaving his property and his store to his son, who at once set about making improvements. And so it happened that the day the old letter-box was broken up Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her eldest daughter, four years old, was in the store. A letter dropped to the floor; a workman picked it up, and, with the remark, "Here's an old letter addressed to you, Mr. Miller," passed it to John. At the moment he was talking to his old sweetheart. He took the letter and turned it over and over in his hand. As Janet's eyes fell on it she blushed. John opened the note and read it, then he handed it to Janet with a bow and the words: "That has been in the box ever since the day after we went to the dance at Turner's. Ah, Janet, if I'd only known!"

## THE BANANA.

This fruit is now so common in our fruit stores, and so much used as a desert fruit, that a little information concerning its growth may be interesting to our readers. Every one knows how refreshing the banana is to hungry railway passengers; how its flavour, at first too sweet and insipid to be relished, soon begets a taste that enables one to highly appreciate it, and how nourishing an article of diet it is acknowledged to be; but few of our Canadian growers of the apple, pear and peach know anything about growing bananas. The following particulars are from the *Philadelphia Press*:—

The stem or trunk of a banana is about fifteen feet high, and of a pithy nature. It reminds me of an overgrown corn stalk, although the joints are not so plainly marked. The sheaths, indicating leaves which have fallen off, are faintly visible from the ground almost to the top. The stem is eight or ten inches in diameter at the base, and diminishes very slowly toward the top.

The leaves, of which the number varies, do not spring from the trunk as do the limbs of trees, but encircle the stalk, forming a kind of sheath, which, as it grows, partakes less and less of the nature of a sheath, until, springing upward and outward, it forms a stem and leaves the stalk or trunk. The stem itself is of a peculiar form, having, near its base, a circular under-surface, while through the upper surface runs a groove. This form extends some eight or ten inches, when the groove disappears, and the stem presents a circular appearance.

The leaf is of a deep green colour, regular in form, and about ten feet long by two or three in width. Several of them spring in a bunch from near the top of the stalk and hang in graceful curves on all sides.

Directly from the top projects a sort of stem, upon which the fruit grows and ripens. As the fruit matures, this stem is inclined downward, sometimes hanging parallel with the trunk. This stem is from three to five feet long, and the fruit which it produces much resembles the paw-paw in shape and colour. At the extreme end of the stem hangs a beautiful flower, of purplish hue, the faint perfume of which we were denied by its inaccessibility.

Such is the appearance of the banana plant. There is no doubt that in its native home its foliage is much more luxuriant and its beauty much enhanced.

From conversations had with parties who have visited its native clime its cultivation is as follows: The plants are set out about ten feet apart. So rapidly do they grow that in eight months a crop is ready to gather. During this time suckers have been springing up from the base. All but two or three of these are destroyed. A second crop from the old stock is harvested, when it is cut away to make room for the new ones, which contribute each their bunch of bananas about eight months later.

This process is kept up until the ground is exhausted, when a new planting in a different place is made and the process is repeated. The bananas, being gathered while yet green, are able to reach foreign markets in good condition. There they are ripened under different processes.