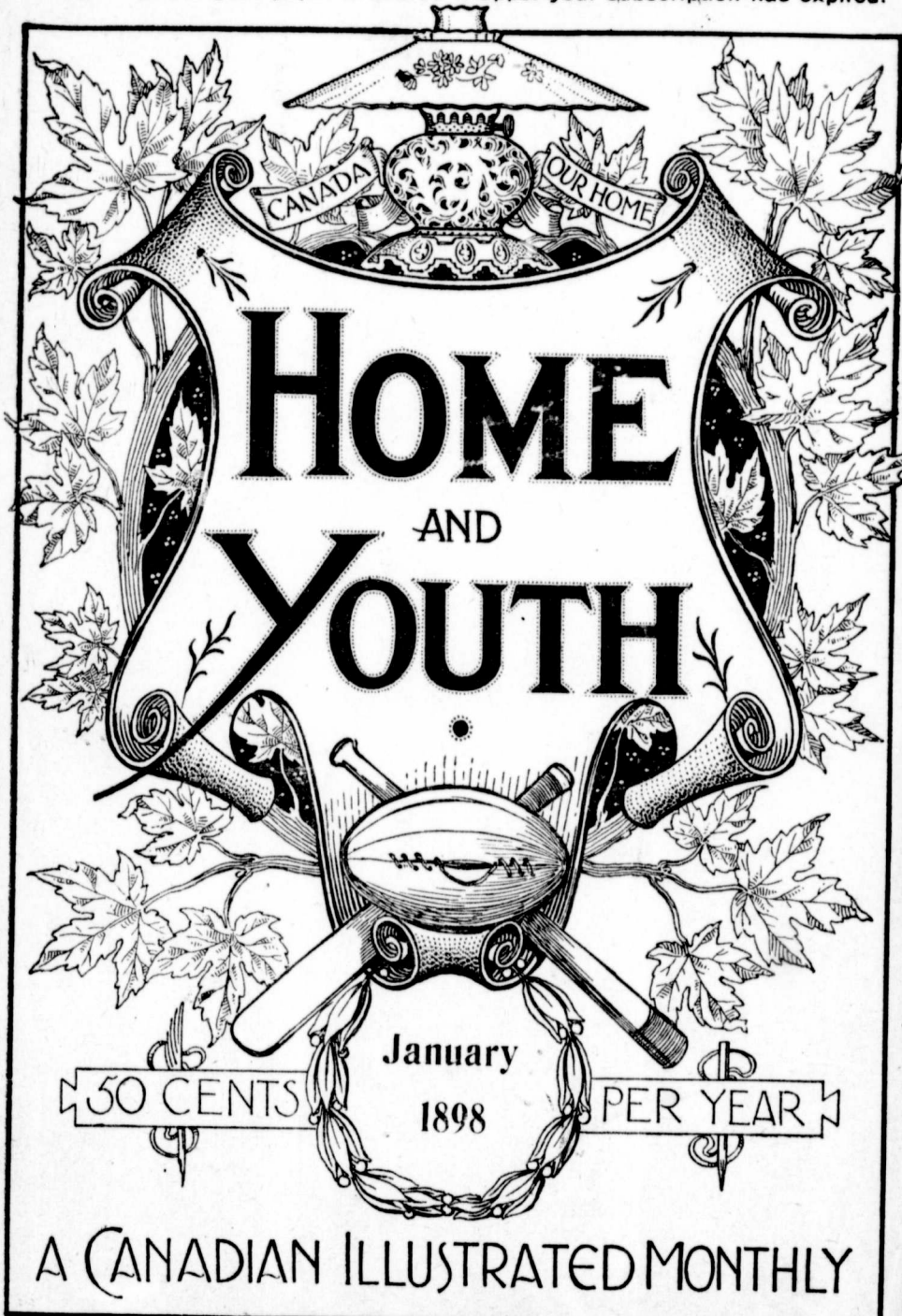


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1898

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
MONTREAL, QUE.

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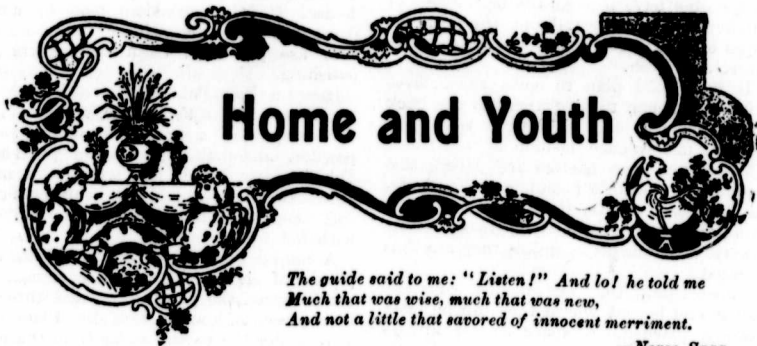
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*The guide said to me: "Listen!" And lo! he told me
Much that was wise, much that was new,
And not a little that savored of innocent merriment.*

—Norse Saga.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 6.

SALUTATION AND EXPLANATION.

With the first number for 1898, we make our bow to the many old friends of Home and Youth, and trust that the most cordial relations may exist between us and an ever increasing circle of readers.

As was intimated in the December number this magazine has passed into the hands of a new management and the office of publication has been changed from the Queen City to the Island City—from Toronto to Montreal. In these days when the tendency of everything is westward, this removal may seem a retrograde step, but our readers must remember that only the starting point has been changed and that Home and Youth will still go not only west but in every other direction where it may find readers.

Our lady readers will find an interesting announcement on page 39 of this issue.

Have you got a young friend who wants a bicycle? If so read our announcement on page 39.

We intend giving valuable premiums to parties obtaining subscriptions, full particulars of which will be published in a subsequent number.

Subscribers who receive this number enclosed in a blue wrapper will take that

as an intimation that their subscription has expired and they will confer a favor on us by renewing at once and save themselves the annoyance of missing the next number which we promise will be of unusual interest.

We must apologize for the delay in publishing this number, but it was unavoidable owing to the transfer. In future should you not receive your Home and Youth before the twentieth of the month, you will oblige the management by notifying them at once and the error will be rectified.

The publishers of "Home and Youth" want to add at least 5,000 new names to its subscription list during the present year, and with this object in view ask the co-operation of its present subscribers. If every subscriber would send in one name, our purpose will be served. Won't you send in one?

We are in receipt of a large number of complaints from subscribers who did not receive the December number of Home and Youth, to each of whom we have sent a copy by post. To those of our subscribers who did not receive the November issue we wish to say that copies will be sent to them as soon as they can be obtained from the late publisher.

THE LINEN PRESS.

A damp cupboard should be avoided. If possible have it near the bath room or kitchen, as the heat from the adjacent pipes helps to keep it dry and its contents sweet and fresh.

It is a good plan to cover the shelves with old sheets, tacking them to the back of the shelves and allowing a large portion to fall valence fashion at the front. Then, when the shelves are filled, this overhanging portion is laid over the sheets, napkins, and towels, thus protecting them from the dust that is likely to settle upon the clean surfaces, unless they are thus covered.

Those things that are in most constant use should be put where they can be most readily reached. A space should always be left between the various heaps of articles, for crowding frequently helps to get the articles mixed up, and the order that of such prime moment in a linen press is at once destroyed.

Sometimes the young housekeeper is puzzled as to the amount of linen required in a moderate sized family; therefore to her I give accurate numbers which have been proved to be all that is necessary. Three pairs of sheets to a bed are quite sufficient when the linen is changed in the fashion common in most households by sending the under sheet to the wash, while the upper one takes its place, and a clean one added to replace the latter. Use the sheets in turn, thus giving to them all an equal amount of wear and tear. Four pairs of pillow cases are the number allotted to each bed.

A dozen ordinary tablecloths, with two or three of an extra size for dinner parties are enough to stock a linen press. Four dozen dinner napkins are quite sufficient. Always put the clean things at the bottom of the heaps, being sure that they are mended before going to the wash. Use in rotation, and keep the gaps in the supply well filled up, and your linen press is certain to prove a continued source of pride.

Rub lamp chimneys, after washing, with dry salt.

To make glue waterproof, soak it in water until soft, then melt it in linseed oil, assisted by gentle heat. This glue is not acted upon by water or damp.

To Clean Baths.—When a scum forms on the inside of the baths, or the stationary marble wash basins, rub the places with dry salt, and it will come off without any trouble.

Transparent Paste.—For a transparent paste to fix transparencies on glass, use five parts of indiarubber dissolved in four parts of chloroform, then add one part of gum mastic.

If the handles of stove brushes are kept clean form the first, that part of the work seems no dirtier than any other about the house. It is an excellent plan to use a paint brush for putting on the dressing, also use plenty of fresh newspapers for polishing.

How to Clean Paint.—Mix together, with hot water, into a thin paste, one pound of soft soap, half a pound of pumice stone powder, and half a pound of pearl-ash. Take a paint brush, and lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and after five minutes wash it off with hot water.

A Simple Newspaper Binder.—Take two pieces of light wire, strong enough to reach across the paper once, and three or four pieces of stout thread. Place one wire under the paper, as far from the edge as you choose to bind it. Put the threads round the lower wire, up through the paper, and tie them over the other wire on the top. Temporary covers of stiff pasteboard may be added, having holes for the reception of the thread, the wires being placed on the outside of the cover. The successive papers are, of course, to be threaded, one by one, by means of an awl, or coarse needle.

To Polish Tins.—For this purpose there is no better powder than that made of the soft white cinders which are usually thrown away. After sifting the ashes from the stove, pick from the cinders all the soft white ones. They must be soft enough to crush into a powder between the thumb and finger, and after pounding and sifting through muslin, they are ready to be used. First wash and wipe the tin clean, then with a flannel, rub it over with the powder. It is so fine that it does not scratch or wear off the coating, and gives the tin a beautiful polish. Keep a brush for getting into the seams round the handle and rim.

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

A smartly-dressed young woman asked the saleswoman for some black kid gloves, which were produced for inspection.

"But these are not the latest style, are they?" she questioned.

"Yes, madam," replied the saleswoman, "we only had them in yesterday."

"I didn't think they were, for I saw in the paper that black gloves now had white stitchings, and vice versa? The stitchings are all right, but I don't see the vice versa."

The saleswoman tactfully explained, that vice versa was French for seven-button length, and her customer then bought two pairs.

A HINT TO HUSBANDS.

I think it is rather a pity that men do not more keenly realize the fact that women appreciate an outward display of affection as much after marriage as ever they did before it. Girls are for ever being told that they must not give up trying to please just because they are engaged or married, but no one has ever yet attempted to teach the opposite sex the same lesson.

It may be due to the trait so characteristic of man, that the devoted lover usually turns out to be a very ordinary husband—I mean, of course, the absurdly high value men always put on things out of their reach, and which, when gained, they care nothing about. I would not for a minute suggest that this rule applies to the married state, for what greater proof of a man's love can a woman want than the fact that his daily toil has but one end in view—that of making her life a happy one, by letting her want for nothing.

How many husbands think of saving their wives the little task which during courtship they would not have let them perform for themselves, but waited on them in a way that was almost absurd. Such small actions women value far above their true worth, considering them, and rightly, too, of more value than many caresses, and yet when the honeymoon is over, they get neither the one nor the other.

Of course a husband cannot always be making love, nor would it be quite desirable for him to do so, but there is nothing to prevent him smoothing one's life by various little courtesies and showing he appreciates one's efforts to please him. Instead, too often, it is only when they are displeased that husbands show they are aware of what is going on in their homes at all, while the house might have been redecorated from top to bottom, and look "too sweet for anything"—to use a very womanly term—and they would not take the slightest notice, though perhaps it has been prepared as a charming little surprise.

But seriously, if only men could once be made to see how much it smooths a woman's life to have her efforts openly and honestly appreciated, I think they would not be so chary with their praises. Then, again, troubles shared are troubles halved, and since it is now acknowledged that women have brains enough to understand business, I think men will find great consolation in talking their wives into their confidence. By this means, woman is carried out of her own pretty household troubles, and taught to see that it is more than mere grumpiness which makes her

husband smoke his pipe in silence, or renders him so irritable that ordinary conversation is impossible with him. But husbands, take care that you tell your wives the good news as well as the bad, and not be latter only.

TO CARRY FANCY WORK.

A work hold-all is suggested for carrying large pieces of fancy work. Made in crash, linen, or cloth, it is quite sufficient protection for the work on a short journey, if not convenient to pack. The material should be 20 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards in length. One deep pocket at the end, 15 inches in depth; a small flap of 5 inches is only sewn down at each end. Then make two side flaps, 18 inches long and 10 inches wide, to meet in the centre, with two ribbons to tie on the outside. Work the name in cross-stitch, done over canvas, the threads pulled out afterward. The handle can be made by covering a piece of thick wire with ribbon or braid binding, sewn on just clear of the name. Of course, other sizes may be made, but these measurements are in right proportion, and other materials can be used to make handsomer hold-alls.

A slight adaptation of this hold-all may be converted into a useful razor case, which is often a most acceptable present for a man. Though any material may be used as foundation, serge or Norwegian canvas is very suitable, and just the monogram is the best ornamentation. A case to hold six razors should be half a yard long and 10 inches deep. A piece of wash-leather forms the pocket, 24 inches by 10 inches, which is made separately. Turn up 6 inches and stitch six divisions for the razors, bind all round with narrow ribbon, and then sew it carefully into the case at one end; the remaining 6 inches are used for linen shaving tidies, kept in book form by a piece of ribbon sewn at each side. When finished fold the case in three; no strings are needed.

Wife (angrily)—"Yes, I gave you a pattern button, and asked you to get me a dozen to match it. It was the only one I had, and you go and lose it. I never knew such carelessness, and can't think what would become of the house if I were as careless as you are. Where did you put that button, I should like to know?"

Husband (meekly)—"No doubt I put it in the pocket with a hole in it, which I have been asking you to mend for the last three weeks."



HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN IN WINTER.

"What a fretful child!" is a frequent complaint which we hear made by mothers and nurses, "I cannot think what to do with him; he is always whining." Whenever I hear this said, I think that the mother or the nurse does not take sufficiently into consideration that little children, even quite the wee ones of ten months or so, suffer as we do from ennui for want of something to do, and require to be either amused, or shown how to amuse themselves.

An excellent plan to to amuse quite tiny children is to keep a waste basket containing empty cotton-reels, bits of wood and stick, old curtain-rings, a string of buttons, a few shells, too large to go down the throat or up the nose, some stones, some empty match boxes, and various pieces of colored rag. Corks, or pill or tin boxes are very amusing to little children, and they prefer building towers of empty cotton-reels even to their bricks, for the delight of their falling down is more keen. The string of buttons, too, is useful in teaching to count. Of course, in keeping these things, it is necessary to be very careful that they are such articles as cannot do any harm to the little fingers, or to be easily swallowed; but an immense amount of amusement may be got out of such things at absolutely no cost whatever except that of a little time.

Pieces of colored rag are a source of great delight, and can be used either to dress up the little ones, or to wrap up their dolls. Old match boxes may be glued together, and made miniature chests of drawers.

Old post-cards give a great deal of pleasure. They can be folded lengthwise in half, and will stand on a flat surface one behind the other. When about fifty have been arranged, standing behind each other, give the last one a gentle push,

so that they will all fall in succession. A bundle of tangled wools of various colors is good to amuse tiny children, who can separate the different shades and sort them out. This, too, is a very good test for color-blindness, and cultivates the sense of color by teaching children to match. Threading beads is a very pleasant occupation, but children must be watched to see that they do not get them into their mouths. To watch any one cutting out paper dolls and paper chairs and tables is a very delightful amusement for the little ones, too, and if a pair blunt scissors is used, an elder child can do it to amuse the baby.

To make a scrap-book gives pleasant occupation to rather older children. Purchase some yards of unbleached calico at five cents per yard. One yard will fold into four leaves, the selvages being where the book opens, and the raw edges can be neatly hemmed or vandyked. Four yards will make a book of twelve leaves, including the two outer leaves, which form the cover. To strengthen the outer leaves paste two or three sheets of paper over them, and cover the whole with one large, or two or three small pictures. Christmas cards and old birthday cards can be pasted on to the remaining leaves, and children can arrange them without help, if provided with some paste and two or three small brushes. The books make nice presents to give away.

Nursery screens may also be made, and are very useful, saving the expense of a large screen. Cover a clothes-horse with unbleached calico, or better still, with dark glazed linen, and then paste on the cards. If calico is used, it should be covered entirely, but if colored linen is used, it may be allowed to show between the cards and make a nice border. This cannot be pressed as the books are, so soak all the cards with warm water be-

fore pasting them on, and they will dry, and remain quite flat on the screen.

* * *

In teaching children to speak, parents very generally make a great mistake. No one can speak a strange language correctly at first, and it is not to be expected of baby any more than of older people, but why should the task be made needlessly hard?

Baby begins, as we did when we were having our first lesson in French or German, by trying to say a word as correctly as possible, and, because his little tongue is still altogether unpractised in the art of speech, he makes stranger confusion over the words than we did in our efforts at pronouncing a foreign language. Instead of patiently telling him the right word again and again each time he says the wrong one, mothers, as a rule, are so charmed with his funny mistakes that, for a long time, they adopt baby's words, and in speaking to him always use them, instead of calling things by their right names.

Now, the effect of this is, that the child has a distinct language of his own, which only those who are with him daily can understand. That is annoying to the child when playing with little friends, for it is naturally trying to his temper to find they do not understand him. However, that is the least injurious part of the system of "baby talk," for, by indulging in it, the child is taught a jargon, which is of no possible use to him, but which prevents his acquiring the language he must eventually learn. There is no reason why babies should have the trouble of learning two languages instead of one, and this is what they have to do when "baby talk" is encouraged.

* * *

Reprisals.—We may sometimes see a boy whipping or striking his wooden horse, or a little girl ill-treating her doll, and if this is the case we may know that the child has been allowed to acquire impressions of cruelty from its elders to others, which are most undesirable. One of the commonest, and to me most irritating, methods of comforting a child if he has knocked himself against any object is to say: "Beat the naughty chair," or "Sap the table for having knocked poor little Georgie," or whatever his name may be, and I have seen even sensible persons adopt this method, which is wrong in the first place because it teaches a spirit of malignity and reprisal, and in the second place as teaching an untruth, namely, that the inanimate object is sensitive to pain. If those who have to do with children

would only reflect that the little ones take in everything they see, and having good memories, retain it, and base their small philosophy upon it; they would, I think, be more cautious and judicious in many ways.

* * *

Love of the Beautiful.—A French philosopher of the sixteenth century, Montague, was fortunate in having a father who decided to cultivate the love of the beautiful in his son from the very cradle. He only allowed the child to hear harmonious music and see things which were beautiful to the eye, while in teaching him the science of his day and Latin, he adopted very much the system developed later by Froebel, of teaching in the form of play.

It is possible for persons who are not at all well off to cultivate the love of the beautiful. A few wild flowers in spring and summer, brightly tinted leaves in autumn, and colored berries in the winter, will make even a dark room cheerful, while beautifully illustrated papers are now so common that pictures from them may be used to adorn every room.

* * *

To indulge sick or invalid children is the natural tendency, as it is so hard to refuse a suffering little one anything that it craves. Sickness, however, far from making a child sweeter-tempered, as one often sees in older invalids, seems to increase the infirmities of temper, and make it more fretful and exacting.

If, however, everything and everybody is made to give way to his whims and fancies, and the little sufferer is never contradicted, he becomes a tyrant, and, while not even happy, renders everyone about him very unhappy.

A sick child being unable to mix with companions of his own age does not find his level; the angles of his disposition are not rubbed off by contact with other little tempers as strong as his own; and if indulged in every way a miserable future is to be anticipated. If the appetite is over-pampered it re-acts upon the weak system, and the digestion suffers, and if every whim is gratified self-indulgence becomes the rule of life.

If a trained nurse is called in she is of no use if the parents interfere with her treatment, and indulge the child contrary to her judgment. If a suitable and educated person is retained as a nurse, the mother should endeavor in every way to second her efforts.

A sick child, of course, needs amusement, and if some useful occupation can be taught, which, while passing the time, gives the little one a pleasant sense of do-



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ing some good in the world—a spirit of independence is developed. Thus, a little invalid will often take great pleasure in making a scrap book which is to be given to some hospital where there are other children less well off than himself; and knitting and crochet work in wool often form occupations which are enjoyed by boys and girls who are forced to lie on their backs.

* * *

In winter an infant should not be taken out of doors until it is a month or six weeks old, and then only occasionally, and in the middle of a very fine day. At the end of two months it may go out more frequently, and when three months old, may be out for several hours every fine day if well wrapped up.

* * *

To keep up little boys' knickerbockers the following plan has been found to answer. Get one yard of very broad elastic, cut it in two, cross it at the back as ordinary braces are crossed, and fasten together; put loops of tape at the ends. There are no buckles to hurt the little body, and the elastic yields to every movement.

* * *

A useful laxative for children is composed of:—

Calomel 5 grains.

Sugar 1 scruple.

Mix, and divide into five powders. Half of one of these may be given to a child from birth to one year, and a whole one from that age to three years. This is useful when there are obvious signs of liver disturbance, but must not be given too frequently.

Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to a queer punishment. The man who has been foolish enough to marry two wives is obliged by law to live with both of them in the same house.

THE AMERICAN'S LOVE OF FLATTERY.

"Well, sir, and what do you think of our country?"

It is said that a Yankee has been known to have asked this question of a stranger even at sea when the land was only in sight. But early or late, you must never forget that there is only one answer which will satisfy them, and that that is the clear and unqualified response, "I guess your country is the finest in the world."

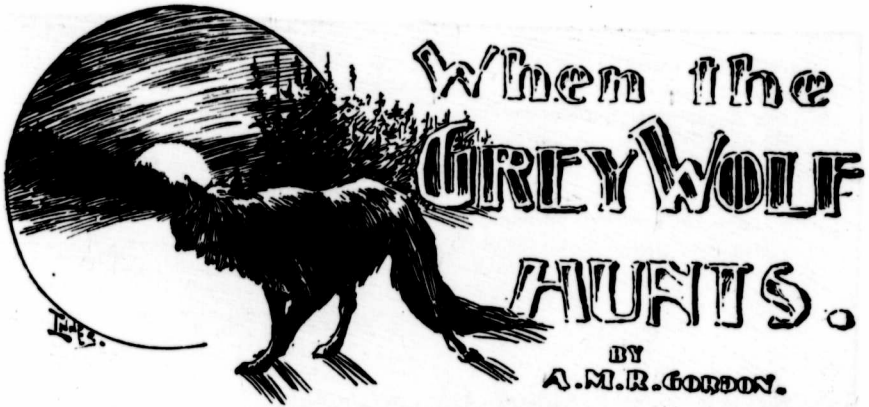
And in so speaking you will be but complying with a necessity which, for social success and goodwill, is absolutely essential on all occasions. I knew that I should be expected to like most of their things, but had not realized that I should have to praise in extravagant and indecorous terms everything in the country. But they are morbidly sensitive of the opinions of strangers, and cannot endure any impression that is not entirely favorable.

Without experience you cannot conceive how touchy and huffy they are in this respect, and how strongly they resent any passing word that is not expressive of envious admiration of them and all their ways and customs. And yet these same people are captiously critical of us.—From "Transatlantic Traits," by the Hon. Martin Morris.

WHAT AN ELEPHANT EATS DAILY.

Prof. Hermann Reiche, of animal fame, was asked which was the most expensive animal to feed.

"Elephant," he answered. "This is what one is fed daily:—One truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of turnips, one bushel of chaff and one half bushel of bran mixed, ten pounds of warm mash, one bundle of straw for bedding, which is invariably eaten before morning, and thirty-six pails of water.



When the GREY WOLF HUNTS.

BY
A. M. R. GORDON.

He was one of those simple, grand primitive Christians, who have somehow picked out the marrow of religion, and left the bone—theology—for the dogs to gnaw and quarrel over.—Charles Reade.

It was a somewhat rough-and-ready kind of camp that we three hunters occupied one summer, half a dozen years ago, among the densely-wooded foothills on the western slope of the Rockies. Yet we found it not only comfortable but positively luxurious. It consisted of a "lean-to," formed of saplings, with one end on the ground and the other resting on what might be termed a ridge-pole, supported by the forks of two trees standing about ten feet apart. It was thatched with overlapping layers of the flat, feathery foliage of long, small branches of hemlock, and was perfectly impervious to rain—the only amenity of the glorious summer climate of the Slope that had to be guarded against. Beneath was spread a thick mattress, formed of the same material as the thatch, namely, the long, flat, feathery fronds of the hemlock, carefully disposed in overlapping layers so as to afford the maximum of softness and elasticity.

In front of our "shieling" burned a great camp fire of logs, at which we did our cooking, and around which it was very delightful to sit, or lie, when supper had been disposed of and the shades of the evening had fallen, to recount the adventures of the day or call up memories of former scenes of sport and adventure.

A few yards from the camp fire the ground sloped abruptly to the side of a brawling mountain stream, from whose boulder-strewn bed rose the inarticulate music of "many waters," and in whose eddies and swirls lurked splendid specimens of the mountain trout—game fellows who afforded us the finest kind of sport, and, when broiled over the hot embers from the camp fire, furnished a dish which Epicurus might envy but would find it hard to match.

Around and over us, rose and spread the giant pines, hemlocks and Douglas firs, which are nowhere found in such splendid perfection as on the slope of the Rockies, in British Columbia, and, when we lay down on our couch of aromatic hemlock plumes, the sound of the breeze through the tree tops seemed playing our lullaby as on an Aeolian harp of vast proportions and compass, to the accompaniment of the crooning music of the stream below.

We three occupants of the shieling were about as unlike each other, in most respects, as any trio could well be; our normal modes of life, our professions, and even our ways of thought, being decidedly distinct and even divergent.

Melville—front name 'Ned'—was a budding theologian of Knox College, Toronto, a capital fellow, with only one fault to mar his merits as a companion in the woods. He would talk 'shop'—the 'shop' of his college, I mean. In season and out of season, he would start in to give us a dissertation



(Drawn by J. C. Innes.)

A Very Close Call.

on some theological doctrine, and keep hammering at it until we others either dropped asleep or got up and left him to his monologue. He had only been one year reading divinity, and he had all the zeal of a novice in expatiating on what he had learned. It must be admitted that he was often very trying to the patience, and even the temper, of his companions.

Jim Grew, who was really the chief of the party, although hired as our guide, cook and general utility man, was a splendid specimen of manhood, notwithstanding that the snows of sixty winters had whitened his hair and beard. He stood six feet in his moccasins (when he wore them—which, of course, he did not in the woods), and he was as straight as an arrow and as lithe and active as a panther. This, undoubtedly, was the result of a life spent entirely in the open air, regulated by the laws of temperance—which obtain nowhere so absolutely as on the lone prairie or in the forest primeval—and of the constant exercise enjoyed in the work of securing the spoils of wild animals, on which he had depended for his subsistence and the materials for trading. He was accomplished in all woodcraft. An expert hunter of all manner of game with rifle or trap, he was also an axeman of unparalleled skill. There was apparently nothing—certainly nothing in the shape of rough carpentry that I could think of—that he could not fashion with that axe of his, from a log cabin or a 'shack' of cedar 'shakes,' to any primitive article of furniture that might happen to be needed. Around the camp fire, as we smoked our pipes before turning in, he was the most delightful—and, I am positive, the most truthful of raconteurs, drawing for his narrative on the chequered experiences of his life in the woods and on the prairies, among the various tribes of Indians, and in pursuit of big and small game in various parts of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Very often these reminiscences of his began, drolly enough, with the introductory phrase: "One day, me and another Indian," and if any of his audience smiled at the inference naturally to be drawn

from the expression Jim allowed no other indication of his consciousness of the joke against himself to appear than a twinkle in the corner of his eye, but continued gravely with his story between the puffs from his briar.

As might be expected from a man who had, for so many years, been alone—at least, so far as white companionship was concerned—in the wilderness of wood or prairie, face to face with nature, Jim had deep, though unobtrusive, convictions on the subject of religion. It was not, perhaps, the religion of any particular church—indeed, I am sure it was not—but it was a creed founded on the Bible with the book of nature as its companion volume and commentary. Of theology, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, he knew little or nothing, yet, as I had afterwards reason to know, when I came to be closely intimate with him, on subsequent hunting trips, a more devout and simple-minded Christian could not be found anywhere. Hence, I think—nay, I am sure—that he used to get very tired of Melville's interminable reproductions, for our benefit, of the lectures he had heard the winter before at Knox College.

As for myself—the last of the trio—I was, and am still, simply one of that numerous, and not-particularly-in-any-way-notable class of men who are condemned—for their sins, doubtless—to dig a more or less precarious living out of an ink bottle.

However divergent—as already stated—we three were in our normal modes of life and thought, in our callings and pursuits, we were, nevertheless, as one in our love for life in the woods, "far from the madding crowd," in the bosom of the foothills of the grand old Rockies; and, with the one drawback of Melville's theologic prosing, a most delightful time we had of it. Game of all kinds was abundant, and Melville, who, very properly, devoted himself to the apostolic occupation of fishing rather than to shooting (he was a very poor shot, by the way), got the finest kind of sport in the stream that ran past our headquarters.

For two successive evenings in camp Melville had 'deaved' us—as the Scotch say—with "screeds" of systematic theology, much, as I could plainly see, to Grew's disgust; and, the third evening, Jim fairly took to the woods to escape listening to the very dry bones out of which the young theologian was elaborating a system of iron-clad dogma, purely intellectual and strictly logical, but with the slightest possible bearing on the manners and morals of an every-day life in a work-a-day, world.

To be candid, I was, myself, very weary of the harangues, but I did not care to venture even on a hint to Melville to "let up," especially as he was what the Australians call "a new chum," and I had not known him long enough to feel justified in choking him off. To use a somewhat slangy metaphor. As it happened, however, I was spared the necessity, for Grew, the next evening, put an effectual stop to Master Melville's lectures, and he did it, if not by "taking up his parable," by the not dissimilar method of telling a yarn.

We had disposed ourselves that evening, after supper, in attitudes more comfortable than picturesque around the fire, and Melville was just beginning to make a start to discuss the tenets peculiar to the Supralapsarians, or some such sect of heretics, when Jim jumped to his feet, and in language that showed hardly a trace of the influence of the West—for he was fairly educated, and, considering his opportunities, a well-read man—spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Melville, sir, I want to tell you something. I've been listening to what you have been telling us for the last two evenings, and I take for granted that you have learned most of it at the college where you are preparing to become a preacher. Now, it may be necessary, or it may not, that you should learn all these things in order to be a good preacher. I am not capable of judging. But this I will say to you, when you start in preaching to lost sinners, to turn them to seek safety from the wrath to come in the love of our Father through his Son, our Saviour, don't preach to them the kind of stuff you have been giving us.

"What should you preach? Well, it is, perhaps, presumption in an old trapper and hunter, a vagabond of the forest and prairie, to give advice to a learned man like you, so I'll just put my counsel in the shape of a story of something that happened to me once—it is a good many years ago now—on the north shore of Lake George in Ontario.

"It was in the winter-time, and, of course, the lake was frozen over. I was doing some trapping and a little shooting for food and peltry on the shore of the lake,

having built myself a fairly comfortable log shanty to winter in.

"I may mention that in those days I was perfectly at home on skates. Indeed, I was decidedly above the average of skaters, even in Eastern Canada, where everybody skates, and I was, most of all, skilled in what is called 'fancy' skating.

"Now, Mr. Melville, if you'll excuse me for saying so, this talk that you have been giving us, for the last two evenings, seems to me to be the 'fancy skating' of religion, and not the thing to help any of us in a pinch. Something very different is needed by those who would escape the judgment, it seems to me. Let me explain what I mean by telling you of an adventure of mine on the skates where fancy skating would have been the sheerest madness, and where I had to 'put' for all I was worth to reach the only place of safety for me in all that wide stretch of ice-sheeted lake and snow-covered forest. I think you will understand what I mean.

"One day I had skated over the lake, a distance of about ten miles, to visit some traps which I had set in a likely spot on the shore, and had met with very fair luck. I tied up the pelts in a goodly sized bundle, lashed it on to a rough, light sled which I made with the hatchet I always carry in my belt, and prepared to start, with a light heart, for home.

"It had taken me quite a long time to make the rounds of the traps and secure the skins, so the short winter day was closing when I set out to cross the long stretch of ice that lay between me and my cabin.

"I did not much mind the distance, for the full moon rose early, and there was no mistaking the way. So I put on my skates, secured the thong of the sled to my belt and started.

"I skimmed over the ice at a good gait, the sled and its load causing me scarcely the slightest inconvenience, for the route was straight, and I confidently counted on being home in good time.

"Hardly had I gone a couple of miles, however, when a faint sound struck my ear that made me slacken speed for a minute to listen for its repetition in order to make sure if the suspicion it suggested was correct. I was not long left in doubt. Again it came up the wind distinctly enough to leave no doubt that it was the howl the gaunt, grey wolf gives when he is on the hunt for a meal.

"From the sound I readily realized that there was a pack of him in full cry after me, running "up the wind" quite confident of speedily overhauling me and making a meal of me.

'Now, I have never been a very easily scared man, somehow, but I can tell you that when I recognized that howl, knowing, as I did, all that it meant, a cold shiver ran through me that had nothing to do with the state of the thermometer.

'I looked over my shoulder in the direction from which the sounds came and saw the black moving body of the pack coming on a steady and very rapid lope, straight towards me.

'It was no time for thinking. It was no time, Mr. Melville, for "fancy skating." There was only one thing to do, if I want-

yet I have won a good many races against fine skaters in my time. Those races, however, were for glory or gain. This one was for dear life.

'It was not long before I realized that, in spite of all I could do, the wolves were slowly but surely gaining on me. I gave up all hope of shaking them off, and the perspiration—the dank, cold sweat of fear—streamed down my face, as I despairingly calculated with my eye the distance I had to traverse before reaching the cabin, and saw that I only had the barest chance of making it, as Job said, 'by the skin of



(Drawn by J. C. Innes.)

The Camp in the Foothills.

ed to save my bones from being picked clean and then crunched for the marrow between the powerful jaws of those wolves, and that was to put my best foot foremost and skate for my life to the cabin. There was no other way of escape possible, no other shelter within reach. I must get there or die.

'That is something like the supposed condition of the majority of those to whom you propose to preach to by-and-by. is it not, Mr. Melville?'

Melville replied by a nod of acquiescence.

'Well, I went like the wind. I am quite sure that I never skated nearly as fast in my life, either before or since, and

my teeth,' before the foremost wolf should overtake and pull me down.

'I thought for a moment of unslinging my rifle and taking a shot at the leader or at the body of the pack on the chance of dropping one of them, but I dared not waste the time it would require to do so, for the result might very easily be that I would be overtaken by my pursuers before I could get up my speed again. So I raced on.

'I was going at a tremendous speed. The wooded shore of the lake, which lay at no great distance to my right, seemed to be spinning past me at such a rate that

the dark stems of the trees appeared only like a long dark blur on the edge of the ice. Still the gaunt, grey demons kept gaining on me, and their devilish howling sounded clearer and sharper as they came nearer and nearer.

"Possibly my fears exaggerated their speed, and the rapidity of their approach. My fears certainly added vigor to my muscles and wings to my flight. Suddenly it struck me that I was rapidly nearing my cabin, and with a leap of the heart I saw that I had more than a fighting chance to reach it before I could be overtaken.

"But worse was to come. All at once I seemed to hear the howling and snarling of my pursuers echoed from a point to my right and ahead of me. Was it only an echo? I was not long left in uncertainty.

"From the shore, and about a couple of hundred yards in front of me, I saw three or four—I could not be sure of the exact number, nor, indeed, did it much matter—dark, grey figures racing to meet me, or rather, to head me off. It was from them the answering howls had come, and my heart stood still with another spasm of terror as I saw their object and realized that, in all probability, the game was up.

"You see, Mr. Melville, those devils, like another devil you and I wot of, will do anything rather than give up the prey.

"I confess that I felt, at that moment, like giving in, but the instinct of self-preservation and the horror of the idea of being torn to pieces by those ravenous brutes prompted me to make one more desperate effort to escape.

"I'll give you a run for it yet, you devils," I said to myself, and swerving off to the left, I put all my remaining strength into a spurt, diagonally across and towards the middle of the lake. I thus drew both packs gradually together. Then a plan occurred to me which if I succeeded in carrying it out, would, I believed, enable me to reach my cabin and safety.

"Why the idea did not occur to me sooner I can hardly tell, for the trick was by no means a new one for a slatter to play the wolves, but, on the contrary, was familiar to every one who had lived for any length of time in the woods around the great lakes. Probably I did not think of it before because, until I had got within reasonable distance of the only available place of refuge—the cabin—it would hardly have done me any good to have adopted it. I would only have deferred the inevitable result until I fell exhausted in the race with my relentless and untiring pursuers. Now,

however, I saw that it might serve my turn, and I determined to adopt it.

"Accordingly, I gradually relaxed my speed and allowed my pursuers to get closer and closer together, until at last, I could distinctly hear their breathing.

"Ugh!" and the old man shook himself, with something like a shudder, as he uttered the guttural interjection of the Indians with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated. "I shall never forget while I live the effect on my nerves of that sound and the click of their teeth as they snapped at each other in their eagerness to be the first in at my death.

"A glance over my shoulder showed me that the moment had come to carry out the manoeuvre I had planned. The leading wolf was within measurable leaping distance, and another bound or two, at most, would land him upon me.

"With my hunting knife I cut the deer-skin thong by which the sled was fastened to my belt, and, at the same time, wheeled sharply to the right and struck out for the cabin, which we had by this time passed by about half a mile. The sled, of course, shot off in the direction in which I was going before turning, and the wolves, being unable to stop themselves, followed it, the leader just missing me as he shot past.

"It was the closest call I ever had in my life, and yet I have been in some very tight places, too.

"You may readily imagine that I skated my hardest towards the cabin, and I reached it just in time to slam the door in the faces of the wolves, who had, of course, turned and resumed the pursuit as soon as they were able to stop their involuntary chase of the sled. I accounted for four of them with my rifle from the little loophole that served as a window to my cabin before they admitted defeat and slunk away into the shadow of the woods.

"I found my sled and pelts the next day, on the ice, unharmed, the wolves having evidently not thought it worth noticing while a more toothsome supper was in prospect.

"You will, perhaps, wonder why I did not let the sled go sooner. Well, to tell the truth, I never thought of doing so till the last moment, when it occurred to me that it would materially interfere with the sharpness of the turn I proposed to take. Indeed, I am almost sure that, even if it had occurred to me to drop it, I should have hesitated to do so, so long as there was the slightest hope of escape. The skins, you see, were valuable, and a trapper—especially if he is Scotch, as I am—hates to lose anything of the results

of his work; so I suppose, for that matter, does any one else?

"That is my story Mr. Melville. Now, do you think, had you been looking on at that race, you would have recommended 'fancy skating' to me as a good means of escape?"

With this query, and without awaiting an answer, Grew strode under shelter, wrapped himself in his blanket, and went to sleep.

Melville and I sat for a little by the fire without either of us saying a word, and, finally, followed the old man's example.

From that evening till the end of our trip, we heard not a word more from Melville about Arianism, Arminianism,

Socinianism, Supralapsarianism or the Tubingen School, and, from what I have since heard of his success as a preacher—he has now charge of a large and thriving congregation in one of the leading cities of the Dominion—he laid to heart the practical lesson taught by Jim Grew's story of the time when he was hunted by the gaunt grey wolf.

I am inclined to think that Jim Grew never before, or after, undertook to instruct and correct an aspirant to the ministry, but it must be admitted that his success on that occasion was immediate and conspicuous.

And he had invented a new name for pulpit theological dissertations—'fancy skating.'



READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Ladies have taken to the exhilarating but somewhat risky and exhausting game of cycle-polo.

It is a fact not generally known that maids of honor to the Queen, although their duties are wearisome and the salary a small one considering its inevitable cost in costumes, have one golden chance. If a maid of honor marries during her term of duty the monarch gives her the handsome little present of £1,000.

At Windsor everything is done methodically. When invitations are dispatched, the hour at which the guests are invited or, rather, "commanded," to attend, is carefully noted down, as well as the rooms which each is to occupy during his temporary sojourn beneath the royal roof. Consequently, as each guest appears, he is promptly conducted to the apartment set apart for his accommodation without hesitation or confusion. An accomplished servant attends the guest, and assists in "grooming" him for the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Deborah Doty is, in her way, quite a unique personage in the world of wheels. She is 101 years of age, and six months ago she made her first plucky attempt to steer a bicycle through a crowded street. Now the old lady rides it with ease, says the Boston Traveller. She is probably the only person who can boast of having used every vehicle the century has produced—first the horse-pillion, then the stage-coach, the canal-boat, the railroad, the steamboat, and now the "bike."

The highest ambition of a thoroughly womanly woman when she becomes a wife will be to make her home so home-like and attractive to her husband that he will find his greatest happiness there. You will never hear her complain of this as being a narrow sphere for a woman's life and energies, for she is wise enough to know it is anything but an easy task she has undertaken, and also that the influences for good of such a home are not confined within the four walls that form its visible limits, but affect in some degree all who enter it, and that they will extend onward for generations.

Burghead, in Elginshire, is the only place in Britain where any relic of fire-worship is to be found to-day. Once a year the old practice known as the "burning of the clavie" is carried out. The "clavie" consists of half a tar barrel attached to a fir pole. The second half is broken up,

and put inside, and mixed with tar. The broken bits are then set alight by means of burning peat; this peat, by the way, has been supplied by one man for thirty years, while the "clavie" has been made by the same hands for more than fifty years. On a dark night the blazing tar-barrel is borne up one street and down another at a run, and then the pole is set up on high, and the "clavie" burns out. Now comes the most interesting part of this curious ceremony. The women rush in and pick up the burning pieces of the "clavie," which they carefully preserve to keep away the witches.

A hand or body warmer which can be carried in the pocket is one of the novelties of the season. The pocket "Instra," as it is called, is the first practical means by which slow burning fuel has been made available for heating the human body in a safe and cleanly manner. So small an amount of fuel is used that a refill, which lasts three or four hours, weighs only one-seventh of an ounce. To show their safety "Instras" have been habitually carried in the same pocket mixed up with gun-powder cartridges, and they are equally effective in their cleanliness. Possibly the pocket "Instras" will be most popularly carried in a lady's muff, or in the pocket to give warmth to the body; but we can also imagine them to be very useful to travelers by road or rail, particularly as they are quite free from smell.

Young wives have the whole happiness of their future lives in their hands, if they only knew it. It depends upon the way their married life is begun, how it continues, and yet many and many a young wife throws away her golden opportunities, and only sees what they were when it is too late to recall them. As she begins she will go on. If during the first year or two, during all the disenchantment and loss of romance that attend married life, she manages to keep her husbands love for her, and to increase his respect, she is pretty surd to go on doing both during the rest of their lives together. If, on the other hand, she lets trifles go; if she says to herself that she is sure of her husband's affection for her, and now that she is married she need not trouble about it; if she is content with this, and does not try to improve—she is quite sure to do the other thing, for nobody stands still in life.

Flip—"I saw Töttie this morning, and as she recognized me, her face fell."

Flap—"How was that?"

Flip—"Because the pavement was slippery. The rest of her fell too."



Acidity is a very troublesome ailment. It arises from some error or other in diet, and people who perpetually take carbonate of soda as a cure, without altering their diet, are certain to find themselves in the end worse than when they began to try to remove their complaint. Avoid eating sweets, acids and excess of potatoes. Let the food be simple in character, rest after meals, and take the powder twice a day, when the acidity is troublesome:—

Carbonate of magnesia,
Powdered white sugar, of each. . . 5 grains.
Powdered borax. 4 grains.
If any constipation is present, correct by taking a couple of Cascara Tablets at night, and by eating fruit for breakfast and supper.

* * *

A safe family medicine for stomach irritation, acidity, dyspepsia, and like troubles, is made as follows:—

Sulphate of magnesia. . 6 drachms.
Bicarbonate of soda. . . 1 drachm.
Compound infusion of
gentian up to. 8 ounces.

Label—"An eighth part, thrice daily, before meals."

The medicine is not to be taken continuously—no medicine should be taken constantly; and the food is to be of light character, and all indigestibles are to be avoided.

* * *

Simple cases of indigestion are curable by attention to diet, by avoiding indigestible foods (especially cheese, salt meats, and pastry), by taking light foods, and especially soups for a day or two to give the stomach rest, and by the use of a simple aid to digestion, of which the following is an example:—

Glycerine of pepsin 6 drachms
Dilute hydrochloric acid. 1 drachm
Syrup of orange peel. . . . 6 drachms
Water, to make up. 6 ounces

Dose—"One tablespoonful with food, thrice daily."

To make a linseed poultice properly, is often an all-important matter in a house. You must use boiling water, and not water which is merely hot. Warm the basin, then put the water in first of all. The meal is to be sprinkled on the water, and stirred all through the operation, until the mass has become like porridge. The mass is then spread on the linen to the depth of about half an inch, and the edges of the linen are turned up all round to prevent any soiling of the clothes. The surface of the poultice is to be smeared with a little oil, and the heat is tested by putting it to the face, so as to ensure the patient's safety from being burnt. The poultice is to be kept in position by a broad bandage. For children, use one part mustard to two parts linseed meal; never use pure mustard in the case of children.

* * *

Chapped hands and faces are annoying ailments. Recently a capital and safe remedy has been published. Here it is:—
Compound tincture of benzoin. 10 minims
Alcohol. 2 drachms
Rose water. 30 minims
Glycerine to make up. 1 ounce

Mix; apply to the chapped parts at night, after washing them with a superfatted soap and warm water, and after drying them thoroughly.

* * *

A Cold in the Head is one of the most distressing of troubles. Here is a snuff which is valuable in easing the annoyance: Menthol, six grains; powdered boric acid, two drachms; subnitrate of bismuth and powdered benzoin of each three drachms. A pinch of this may be used five or six times daily.

* * *

The Morning Headache and the Tired, Unrested Feeling many persons experience, are really due to their having been re-breathing their own breath all night, and to their brains having lacked a supply of pure oxygen. Therefore let us see, above

all things, to the ventilation of our sleeping apartments. * * *

For Blueness of the Comp'exion, the external application should be good soap and tepid, or warm water, followed by this lotion:—

Glycerine 1 part.
Rose-water 1 part.
Elderflower water 2 parts.
Lemon juice 2 parts.
Irish moss (dissolved) ½ ounce

Mix well and apply with a soft piece of rag every night and morning, and, if possible, at least once or twice during the day.

USEFUL HINTS.

Hot milk is a good medium in which to give children castor oil. Take a large wineglass, fill one-third with hot milk, put in the castor oil, then pour over it enough milk to fill the glass. If the child can be induced to drink it all without stopping, the taste of the oil will not be detected.

The after dinner nap is a topic which has elicited much diversity of opinion among medical men. Probably in young and healthy adults, the "nap" is not needed, and is not natural to a person who has eaten a fair and not an over-heavy meal. In the aged, the "nap" is to be more kindly regarded. With them it is often a necessity, and as often a positive good.

The use of soap in many, I should almost be inclined to say most skin ailments, is injurious. In eczema, for instance, that most common of all skin ailments, washing the parts affected, is prejudicial to the chances of a speedy cure. Of course, I mean frequent washing as ordinarily practiced. Again, if soap be used at all, a superfatted soap is that which alone should be employed. Ordinary soaps are worse than useless, for they increase the irritation of the skin, and retard a cure. Soap and water are excellent things in their way, but they are injurious in skin diseases for the most part, especially in eczema.

Never Wash a Clean Cut, but close it in its proper shape at once. Put on some lint, apply a bandage, and, if it is possible, never wet it or remove the bandage for two days. At the end of that time it should be healed. Treated so, a cut heals quickly, and leaves very little scar. Washing a cut removes the blood and all the life of the thin skin, leaving nothing to heal the severed parts along the edge.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary

body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble.

The hop has long enjoyed a medicinal reputation. It is a fruit of the cone-order and owes its properties to a substance it develops called lupulin. It is a tonic and a sedative. A pillow stuffed with hops is an old-fashioned cure for sleeplessness. The tonic effect of bitter ale is, of course, due to the hops it contains.

OUR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Too Many Broken Down,
Weak and Wretched.

Paine's Celery Compound is the Great
Life-Giver for All Who Are
Sick and Ailing.

It Has Rescued Thousand
Made Their Lives Happy.

The Marvellous Compound is Woman's
Best Friend.

Jessie M. Ross Says: "I Was Completely
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Dear Sirs,—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the great good that Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was completely run down in health and a victim of female weakness, and after using three bottles of your wonderful medicine I was completely cured. It is the best blood purifier I know of, and I recommend it to all who are troubled as I was.

Yours very truly,

JESSIE M. ROSS.

Quyon, P.Q.



Down in our hearts we women all love home, home-making and house-keeping. We chafe at the burdens sometimes. We cry out that it is a dreary round of trifling duties. We are hurt often because the men who have loved their way into our lives, do not comprehend the difficulties, make allowance for the short-earnings or see the little self-sacrifices. But we feel this way only when we are dispirited. When our mental barometer shows fair weather, we laugh to ourselves and say over softly that old, old story about the rose that grows on a thorny bush and flings its perfume and flaunts its gay petals just above the sharp little spikes.

I don't think homes would be half so nice, if they grew ready-made in the shops. They don't you know. You can buy all the furnishings, and set them in place, but you must burn something beside coal and wood on the hearth. You must lay hearts there, sacrifice them for somebody's sake, and then you have a real home with all the devotion and strength and warmth of humanity, and the spirit of the Eternal over it all.

It has become the fashion to rather despise the old-fashioned home-life with its sweet sanctity, its simple pleasures and its house-mistress, spreading "wings of brooding shelter o'er its peace." The distinctly modern woman prefers it sometimes because the labor of house-work or the inefficiency and expense of servants wear her past the caring to live. Sometimes she wishes to escape all work—to live in idleness, or a sham of luxury, and keep her hands white and her finger nails rosy. Usually she is outwitted by her spouse, who, being an outside judge, is more competent to figure finances and pit comforts against discomforts than the woman of his heart is. Very often the wise husband saves the homelife, when a discouraged, ailing wife would wreck it by taking a couple of rooms in a second-rate boarding-house, and being sorry forever afterwards.

It seems given to men, in some especial manner, to love a simple home-life, and the knowledge of their appreciation keeps women at home-making which is their best life-work. It encourages them when they are weary, strengthens them when they are weak, and keeps them faithful to the best there is in them day in and day out. When a man declares he does not like home, watch him. When a woman says it, enquire if her health is good, and whether or no, her kitchen is going on well.

And while we are thinking of homes I wonder how many women are falling into that old error of closing up the front rooms for drawing-rooms and keeping their families huddled around the dining-room table in the evenings. The old excuse is "the carpet wears, the furniture fades, everything gets dusty and mussed up and out of place." In my heart I believe this is only a trumped up reason. The real trouble is that some of us want to appear much better than we are, that our drawing rooms are too expensively furnished for us to use. It is such a mistake. The truth will out, and earth holds no more unhappy woman than one who struggles to be what she is not. We can have no guests who are more to us than our own dear ones. Why should we furnish and keep a room for casual comers. Our real friends, we welcome into our family circles—into the rooms we live in. They appreciate such welcoming, do we appreciate them. Even the veriest stranger who crosses our thresholds finds himself more quickly thawed if he is ushered into a room where the comforts of our leisure are,—where the bird sings, where the plants grow, where shaded lamps and firelights, perhaps, give soft light and cheeriness, where books and music and needlework attest the tastes and indicate the recreations of the house-inmates.

And it is not expensive—for the bugbear

of our middle-class homes is expense. The rug on the floor may be ingrain and only half wool. The curtains may be scrim or cretonne or serge, the chairs may be the cheapest made, your plants may be a fifteen-cent primrose and a wreath of smilax, your lamp shades may be paper ones, and the whole cost just half the money an ordinary "front room" does. But what a difference! The cosy sitting-room may have toys on the floor and a cheerful litter of papers on the table, but it is a place to live in, and a stiff, prim "parlor" is not. In the cities where rents are high, the number of rooms determines the price of the house. What a shame to give up the best to the occasional visitor.

The very rich are a law unto themselves. They have libraries, back drawing rooms, sitting rooms, boudoirs, dressing rooms. But most of us are not rich, except in content and peace of mind, and why should we pattern ourselves after them?

"I like one room fit to bring people into," says one housekeeper. Another one wisely decides that she will decline to sit her family in a room which is not "fit to bring" a stranger into. Little children cannot play and be absolutely tidy, but they can always be clean and can be taught to be neat. Besides, early in the evenings, little children should be in bed, so that the mother and father may have some chance to talk and read and think together.

"But I have to keep myself so tidy if I sit in the front room," exclaims some other woman. Well, and why not? Women ought to be tidy and—clean. If you intend to loll around in a wrapper all evening and your husband sits in his shirt sleeves, then I really think the kitchen is the best place, after all is said and done. But it's not elevating and pretty; dainty furnishings and neatness, cheerfulness and good literature are.

The house mother who wants to get the best results from the food she serves to her family must study food values, food constituents and the effects of the various methods of cooking. It is more than custom which induces us to serve corned beef and cabbage, pork and beans, lamb and peas, and goose with apple sauce. The woman who knows which foods are carbonaceous or heat and force-forming foods, and which are nitrogenous or muscle and flesh-builders, will so arrange the menus for her meals that each part of the system will be properly nourished.

Don't punish your boy for displaying a temper which you showed him how to use. Weed it out of your heart before you dare to even call it by its name.

Sew brass rings to opposite corners of your kitchen towels. Hang up on the rail and use the lower end for a few days. Then change it about to bring the cleaner corner down, and one towel will have done the work of two.

Provide holders for your kitchen towels. Hang them conveniently near the stove, and then you can, with reason, be very disagreeable when holes are burnt in your tea-towels. Eight inches square is a good size, and the best are made from heavy linen with a layer of sheet wadding between. Sew a brass ring at one corner and get over the difficulty of broken tapes.

Don't expect your one servant or your half dozen of them to be any neater, any more economical, or any more polite than you are.

In this department I shall be very glad to have letters from the readers. Any especially good recipe which has been tried will be given a place. Any little house-keeping wrinkle or advice will be laid before the women readers. Any little thought for home-makers will be thankfully received and gladly given space. Women can help other women wonderfully if they are only willing, and many hands make light work. Homes are the dearest, holiest places on earth, and anything that will help us to make them happier, brighter or better is surely what we are most earnestly striving for.

"Where the sun does not enter the doctor does," is an old, old proverb, but it holds its own truth yet. We have all seen those puny pieces of wretchedness, which pass for children, and who grow up in darkened houses. Either the sun will injure mamma's complexion, or fade mamma's curtains, so it must be kept out—kept out with all its blessing of cheerfulness and health, and the children are dosed with tonics to strengthen them though they wear veils on their faces to keep away tan and freckles while they are out.

Home-makers may not hear the echo of their "footfalls in the corridors of fame," but if their children "rise up and called them blessed," they will look back upon earth and life with a sweet content.

While it is certainly true that the husband of the home-maker should not be called upon to endure the rehearsal of her troubles, yet he likes to tell her the worries of the day, and a sorrow divided is half borne.

A woman from whom the cat flees, the children will hide from, and there's something very wrong with either her or—the cat.

The relative values of the things of life are not easily seen or understood. There are those who place the greatest importance upon their food. Others make pleasure a leader, whom they follow very gladly. To many a woman displays in the chief aim of life. Sometimes these people have been their own undoing. Sometimes they were set wrong in the beginning by their careless or ignorant parents. If you inculcate a love of dress in your daughter's mind—it is your fault if finery is more than her very soul some day. If you set before your boy an example of sharpness in business, who is to blame if he feathers his own nest with the pluckings of some one else's geese when he is grown. And you cannot expect either daughter or son to be more than you are. It is a clear case of brooming off your own doorstep the very first thing.

This is the month for the white sewing. The woman of fore-thought is making over, and cutting down, repairing, buying, planning, setting in order the spring and summer wardrobes of her family, and attending to the napery and general house linen.

It does seem early to be thinking of prints and underlinen, and the new ser-viettes, but it is only a turn of the wheel and the warmth of summer will be upon us, and woe to us and ours if like the unfortunate girl of poesy, we have "nothing to wear."

MADGE MERTON.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Procure a drinking glass which has a footstalk, and stretch over the mouth a piece of wet paper, gumming or pasting it at its edges to the glass. When the paper is dry—but not till then—strew dry sand thinly over it. Place the tumbler on the table, and hold directly above it and parallel to the paper, a sheet of glass, which afterwards strew with sand in the same way as the paper, the edges having been previously smoothed with emery paper. Draw a violin bow along any portion of the edges, and the sand upon the glass is made to vibrate, it will form various figures, which will be exactly imitated by the sand upon the paper. If a violin be played within a few inches of the paper, this will also cause vibration in the same way, and so we obtain a record of sound.

HERE AND THERE.

The phrase that "good wine needs no bush" arose from the custom, in early times, before the inns were established on public roads, of those having wine to sell, hanging out a bush by way of a sign, hence it became a saying that "good wine would find customers without a bush."

The following advertisement recently appeared in an American newspaper:—"A young man of good figure and disposition, unable though desirous to procure a wife without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wish. He offers himself as a prize in a lottery, to all widows and maidens under thirty-two. The number of tickets to be 600 at \$50 each. Only one number to be drawn, the fortunate proprietor of which is entitled to the husband and the \$30,000.

The most curious timekeeper, perhaps, that has ever been made in America was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived at Bristol, Tennessee, about twenty years ago. This oddity was nothing more or less than a wooden watch. The case was made of briar root, and the inside works, except three of the main wheels and the springs (which were of metal,) were made from a piece of an old box-wood rule. The face, which was polished until it looked like a slab of finest ivory, was made from the shoulder-blade of an old cow. "Doriot's queer watch," as it was called, was an open-faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced a fine piece of work by all the watchmakers in East Tennessee.

A short time ago a dog seized a purse belonging to a poor family, and made off with it before anyone had time to catch him. The purse contained all they possessed—a sum of about \$200, with which they were about to purchase a business in the hope of retrieving their fallen fortunes. This loss was a severe blow, and seemed in reality the last straw that would drive them into the workhouse. After a while however, they plucked up courage, and turned their hands to anything they could find to do, with the result that after a struggle things began to mend and in time they were able to purchase a business which made them comfortable again. It was a strange thing that the business they originally intended purchasing was utterly worthless and plunged the unfortunate people who bought it into bankruptcy.



PINCUSHION FOR WAISTCOAT POCKET.

I have just seen a charming little cushion for this purpose, which I believe to be quite a new and original idea.

It is a little blue velvet pad of circular shape, stuck between the two halves of a bright fifty-cent piece. The maker of the cushion told me that she got the coin cut through by a jeweller, and then she did the rest of the work herself.

Other coins might be used, but the cutting through requires care, and perhaps silver is easier to manage than anything else. Certainly a bright silver coin looks very pretty.

A PRETTY TIDY.

A most useful article in a dressing-room is a board on which to hang button-hook, shoe-horn, clothes-brush and all those little odds and ends which so often litter a toilet table.

To make it, get a piece of square, or triangular board, and cover it neatly with plush, or art serge. Next screw into it a number of brass hooks at convenient distances apart for hanging things on. Then on the two top corners screw in two little picture rings, and to them attach a piece of thin brass chain, or a bit of picture wire, with which to suspend the board from a nail in the wall. The comfort of a tidy of this kind is great, and indeed hardly creditable to one who has not tried it.

MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.

Amongst the many sachets for night-dresses and brush and combs, the new style in spotted muslin embroidery is particularly attractive. The muslin is clear with rather large spots somewhat wide apart, and may be had in white or cream. The sachets which I admired most were made with large folding over flaps the

size of the bag itself, and were lined with sateen to match the muslin, and edged with a dainty little frill of ponce silk of the same shade as the embroidery, which consisted of a "powdering" of daisies, sun-flowers, or some other circular blossom. These are worked in filoselle or washing silk, the spots of the muslin forming the centre of the flower, and may be either left plain or embroidered with knots according to the taste of the worker.

A STRING BOX.

I must describe a charming string box, which once was a treacle tin, though no one would suspect it.

Choose a tin with a lever lid, in the centre of which bore a hole for the string to pass through. Coat the sides and top of the tin with a layer of putty, and cover it with fragments of broken china to form a mosaic. The edges of the tin, which cannot be covered in this way, paint over with gold paint, and use this also over all the putty which shows between the bits of china.

A friend of mine has made a somewhat similar string box, but has ornamented hers with a strip of embroidery sewn round it, and to the lid she has glued a little circular pin-cushion. This just fills up the depressed part of the lid, and it is made with a hole in the middle through which to pass the end of the string. I almost forgot to mention that into the putty I stuck a brass hook for a pair of folding scissors, with which to cut the string.

PIN-CUSHION FOR LITTLE GIRL.

A delightful pin-cushion for a child's room is made with an old-fashioned little doll about three inches high, having a china head and hair parted down the middle.

Make a tiny bodice with puff sleeves,

and gather a straight piece of stuff very full for the skirt. Tie up the gathering string tight round the doll's waist, and make the skirt stand out full and stiff in old-fashioned style with a good stuffing of wadding.

Cut a round piece of pasteboard, and cover one side of it with the same material as the dress, and sew the bottom of the doll's skirt to this, which will give it something to stand on.

The pins may be put in in little clusters dotted all over the skirt, and add to the prettiness of the effect.

I made several of these cushions for a Christmas-tree some time ago, and they were much appreciated.

MODERN CHARITY.

"John dear?"

"Yes, love."

"Have you done with these trousers?"

"Yes, and never want to see them again."

"They are pretty badly worn."

"Yes, not a button on them, one leg gone, all frazzled at the ends, generally dilapidated."

"No possible use you can make of them at all then, is there?"

"Unless we can rig up a scarecrow to frighten away bill-collectors."

"Well then, dear, I am going to give them away to some poor, deserving man. Our rector delivered such a striking sermon last Sunday on charity that I have been longing to do something for the needy ever since."

"You are a dear, noble woman, my sweet little wife! Now, I would never have thought of that! But business cares soon makes a man callous."

A GIRL CONSTABLE.

The idea of entering the police, one would have thought, would hardly have suggested itself to the mind of even the most advanced woman. It is, however, a fact, that a young girl of eighteen, Miss Florence Klotz by name, has been acting as constable in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. She is the daughter of Alderman Klotz, and was pressed into service by her father during the illness of the regular constable, and so well did she perform her new duties as to win universal admiration. Miss Klotz is a plucky girl, and has shown great presence of mind in serving warrants and subpoenas, and in the full filment of the various other duties which have had to be performed by her.

LOVELESS MARRIAGES.

Extremely foolish it is to allow an engagement which is not fraught of true love to drift into marriage.

"Some girls form an attachment for men whom they do not truly love and perhaps do not consider that they may at some period of their lives meet with one who has a great influence over their hearts.

So, many of the unsuccessful marriages to-day are the result of this indifferent sort of love-making, and many that are not really failures would certainly be happier if true love had been the original cause of their attachment.

A coldness is apt to exist in such households that prevents true happiness.

POEM BY THE OFFICE BOY.

The summer days have went,
The winter time has came;
The 's-cream-man's full of discontent,
For the weather spoils his game.

But the gasman he is glad,
And life to him is sweet—
For when the days are dark and bad,
The meter's on the met.

The plumber's drove his gloom away,
And in Heaven put his trust,
To hurry on the happy day
When water-pipes 'll bust.

The summer days have went,
The winter time has came;
I see my bike with discontent,
For I cannot ride the same.

For Ten Cents.

Have you ever tried to estimate the satisfaction, pleasure and financial returns that you get when you spend ten cents for a package of Diamond Dyes? The advantages and profits are strikingly wonderful. Faded and dingy looking dresses, blouses, capes, knitted shawls, hose, lace curtains, and pieces of drapery are all restored to their original value and usefulness. The truth is, they are made as good as new and the cost is only ten cents.

This work is done every day by thousands with the Diamond Dyes. Beware of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q., for valuable book of directions and sample color card; sent post free to any address.

SAVED BY THE CINEMETOGAPHE

A Complete Story.

I

The wind was blowing hither and thither the few dead leaves that still remained as evidence of their once verdant existence upon the frost-bound grass of Hyde Park, while a few desultory flakes of snow here and there lightly flecked the ground, to fade away almost as soon as they had found rest.

Bertram Rae walked moodily on beneath the leafless trees, swishing viciously with his stick at all sorts of imaginary foes. His usually pleasant-looking, though not handsome face wore an expression of evident disgust by no means usual. So thought Nora Despard, with whom he suddenly found himself face to face.

In a moment his hat was off, and the anger died out of his eyes.

"Ah, Miss Despard," he said, "I was just thinking of making a call upon you. I wanted to congratulate you—on—er—your engagement."

Nora Despard blushed, whereby her pretty face was rendered even more pretty.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Rae," she said; "I think you know Tom—Mr. Frith—don't you?"

Rae hesitated for a moment. His face was rather white, and, when he spoke, his words seemed to come with an effort.

"Yes, I do know him."

Nora looked up quickly into her companion's face. They were walking along together.

"Mr. Rae," she said, "why don't you like Tom?"

Rae bit his lip, and his face darkened. "I had rather not tell you," he said; "please don't ask me, Miss Despard."

Nora stopped. "Mr. Rae," she said, "I have always looked on you as a gentleman. But a gentleman does not speak ill of another behind his back. So I think I will say good afternoon."

And with a stiff bow, regardless of the white, pained face of the man who loved her, she turned and left him.

II.

The hall was crowded with a large and appreciative audience. In the stalls sat Tom Frith and his fiancée, Nora Despard, who had persuaded her lover to take her

to see the perfected cinemetographe and the marvellous pictures, that were drawing the whole of London.

A new series of scenes was to be presented that night, most of them presentments of everyday London street life. The curtain went up before the darkened auditorium to reveal the great white screen upon which the pictures were to appear.

Nora was delighted with the tableaux. They were so real, so void, and without that disagreeable flicker so common with many like entertainments, and as the scenes came and went, she found unflagging delight in all of them.

"How funny if one were to see oneself, Tom," she whispered, to her cavalier. The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when another picture was set in motion. And this is what she saw.

A crowded street, down which a drunken man was reeling. The man was lurching along, the crowd making way for him as he proceeded. Suddenly a young girl walked on to the screen. The drunkard staggered forward, and put his arms around her. In a moment, a tall, well-built man rushed out of the crowd, and seizing the intoxicated sot by the shoulders, proceeded to lay about his back with a lithe cane. The crowd surged forward, and then, with a roar of applause from the audience, the picture flickered away to nothingness.

Spell-bound, Nora had watched the scene, white to the lips. With its completion a cry broke from her lips, and she fell forward in a dead faint.

Why, you ask? I will tell you. The drunkard was the man to whom she had betrothed herself, Tom Frith; the man who had chastised him, Bertram Rae.

Nora Despard did not marry Thomas Frith, Esq. If she had, she would not now be Nora Rae.

S. P.

Old Gentleman (to young man who had not offered his seat to a lady who was standing)—"When I was a young man, sir, I never let a lady stand while I remained seated."

Young Man—"Indeed! Then I am sorry to find you have lost your politeness with your youth."

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Soldanella Melts Ice.

It is rather startling to hear of a plant giving out heat just like an animal. But it has now been proved conclusively that some at least do so. A tiny, fragile-looking flower which grows on the edge of the great Alpine glaciers is the surest test.

This plant—the soldanella it is called—begins to grow before the ice has melted but by its own warmth it actually melts its way through several inches of solid snow and hard ice, and raises its pretty flowers uninjured above the surface.

* * *

Cliffs Burnt by The Sea

Fancy the waves of the sea setting fire to the cliffs they break on! Yet this is what did really happen at Ballybunion, on the western coast of Ireland. These rocks, which the great Atlantic rollers had for centuries been slowly breaking down, and piercing with great caverns, contains in their depths masses of iron pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burnt like a regular volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapour rose high in the air. When at last the fire died out, great masses of lava and clay burnt to brick were seen in every direction.

* * *

Fireproof Trees

There are lots of different kinds of trees, such as ebony ironwood, and such-like tremendously solid timber, which fire takes a long time to get hold of.

But, as far as is known, only one sort of wood in all the world is in its natural state absolutely fireproof. This vegetable salamander is a native of South America, and rejoices in the name of "rhopala." Small, distorted, and scraggy, it grows on the great grassy savannahs which are swept by fire every year during the heat of summer.

Its bark—which is thick, tough, stringy, and always full of a sort of fire-resisting sap—is its protection, and the result is that the prairie fires instead of injuring it, actually do it good, for they kill off its bigger and harder competitors and leave the ground free for the development of this curious shrub.

* * *

Hills That Rise and Sink.

I don't mean volcanoes, or hills that earthquakes raise or lower. No, most

of the hills in the world are constantly varying in height. Very little, it is true, but still enough to be easily measured. And it is in a very wet season that the average hill grows most. This was discovered at the Observatory at Armagh, in Ireland. The building stands on a hill of soft soil and rock, and this hill evidently absorbs water like a huge sponge. The result is that after a few days of heavy rain, the top of the hill, and the observatory with it, has risen over a foot above the dry-weather level. After a long-dry summer the sinkage is almost equally great.

Hills also, when made of solid rock, rise and fall a few inches every twenty-four hours, from the contraction and expansion of cold and heat. The hot sun during the day makes them rise, the night frost brings them down again. This is very noticeable at the Santiago Observatory, in Chili, where the day and night temperatures vary a good deal.

HUH PIOTYAH.

See dis pietyah in my han'?
Ain't she purty? goodness lan'!
Huh name Sal,
Dat's de very way she be—
Kin' o' tickles me to see
Huh a-smillin' back at me.

She sont me dis photograph
Jes' las' week;
An' aldough hit made me laugh—
My black cheek
Felt somethin' a-runnin' queer;
Bless, yo' soul, it was a tear
Jes' f'om wishin' she was here.

Often when I's all alone
Lay'n' here,
I git t'inkin' 'bout my own
Sallie dear;
How she say dat I's huh beau,
An' it tickles me to know
Dat de gal do love me so.

Some bright day I's goin' back,
Fo de la!
An' ez sho' 'z my face is black,
Ax huh pa
Fu' de blessed little miss
Who's a-smillin' out o' dis
Pietyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss!
—Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet.

WOMEN'S WORK IN GERMANY.

It is officially stated that there are in Germany three women employed as chimney sweeps, thirty-five as slaters, seven as gunsmiths, nineteen as brass and bell founders, fifty as pavers, 147 as copper-smiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 309 (including girls) as masons, eight as cutters and 200 in marble, stone and slate quarries.



INEXPENSIVE DISHES.

Rice Sandwich.—Take one ounce of ground rice, one ounce of flour, ditto butter and castor sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Work into a cream, and beat for a few moments. Spread this mixture on to a buttered Yorkshire pudding tin, and bake for five minutes in a very quick oven. When cooked turn on to sugared paper, spread one-half with lemon curd or orange filling, press the other tightly on it, and cut into three-cornered pieces as sandwiches. Arrange on a silver or glass dish, scatter sugar over, and serve.

Tomato Eggs.—Cut in half, crosswise, two or three good-sized tomatoes, taking care that they are not too ripe. Take out a little of the inside, lay them in a pan containing two ounces of melted butter, and fry them lightly. When nearly done, carefully drop a raw egg, slightly beaten, into each piece of tomato. Watch the tomatoes carefully, and give time for the eggs to set but not harden. Have ready some fried croutons of bread, cut to the size of the tomatoes, and on each put a tomato egg. Sprinkle a little finely chopped tongue or ham on each egg, and parsley on to the croutons. Serve on a hot dish.

Tasty Hash.—Take some slices of cold meat (if underdone all the better), trim them neatly, dredge them with flour, slice an onion, place it in a stewpan, with a little dripping, and fry. Place the cold meat in the pan, just for two minutes, then add half a pint of stock or gravy; put the cover on the pan, and stand it by the side of the fire to cook gently. Place the meat on a dish, thicken the gravy with a little flour, and then add two hard-boiled eggs, chopped finely, with pepper and salt to taste. Pour the gravy over the meat, garnish with sippets of fried bread, and serve.

Tomato Rice.—Place some plainly boiled rice in a saucepan, add to it a teaspoonful of butter, and sufficient tomato sauce to make it a pretty color. Stir all together until hot, then add a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Serve the rice piled on a dish.

Apple and Oatmeal Pie.—Take three ounces of oatmeal and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Leave it to stand until it is thoroughly swelled, which will take about four hours, then add to it six apples, pared and sliced, two ounces of sugar, and an ounce of flour. Mix all well together, and bake in a pie dish.

Beef-steak Pie.—Take two pounds of very tender beef-steak, cut it into slices, dip in flour and season with pepper and salt and arrange in a dish; if onion is liked chop finely half a small one and scatter it over the meat. Boil three eggs hard, when cold cut them in slices and add them to the pie. Moisten with half a teacupful of good stock, cover the pie with a good short crust, ornament it with pastry leaves, brush over with a beaten egg, and bake for two hours. Serve either hot or cold.

Curried Mutton.—Put two ounces of butter or dripping into a frying-pan, add to it two onions chopped finely, and two apples. Stir over the fire until the vegetable begins to brown, then add a pound and a half of mutton cut into neat pieces an inch square. Add sufficient stock to cover the meat, and thicken with a teaspoonful of curry powder mixed with a tablespoonful of pea flour made into a paste with cold water. Stir well together, cover the saucepan, and place it where the meat will cook slowly for an hour and a half or two hours. Before serving add the juice of half a lemon. Make a ring of nicely boiled rice on a dish, and place the curry in the middle. Should the gravy not be sufficiently thick, add a little more pea flour to render it of the right consistency.

Palestine Soup.—The necessary ingredients are two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, one and a half ounces of butter, about a pint of veal or any white stock, a gill of cream, and flavorings of pepper and salt. First wash, peel, and slice the artichokes. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the artichokes, and cook for about five minutes, taking care that the vegetable does not brown. Next add the stock, and boil till all is tender, then rub through a hair sieve, which must be particularly clean, as the slightest stain would discolor the soup. Return the puree to the stewpan, warm it up, add flavoring, and then gradually stir in the cream. It was formerly fashionable to serve fried dice of bread with this, but now one has grated Parmesan cheese, which is a great improvement.

Fish Pates are a very useful way of using up any scraps of fish left over from a previous dinner, and they are easily prepared. Have some slices of bread about an inch thick and with a cake-cutter make a round for each person. With a smaller cutter, extract a piece from the centre of each, taking care not to cut right through the bread. Sufficient bread must be left at the bottom of each to form a bottom crust. Dip each piece of prepared bread into milk, then brush over with beaten egg, place in a frying basket and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Lift the frying basket up out of the fat for a moment to drain, place each pate case on a wad of paper by the fire to dry. Meanwhile, prepare the filling by melting a tablespoonful of butter in a stewpan, add a dessert-spoonful of flour, and when well mixed add two tablespoonfuls of milk, a few drops of lemon juice, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, and stir till it boils. Add the finely-shredded fish and stir it gently for a few moments. Fill each case with this mixture, garnish in any way preferred and serve very hot.

Curried Fowl, or, where desired, exactly the same recipe may be used for rabbit. First cut your fowl into nice small joints, and take off any skin. Mix half an ounce of mild curry powder with double that quantity of well-dried flour. Dip each piece of fowl into this mixture and press the powder into it well. Fry a thinly-sliced onion in a little butter, but turn it often to prevent browning, for this should be a light curry. When the onion is tender add a sliced apple and beat it through. Throw these into a stewpan, and then with more butter fry the fowl, turning it constantly, and cook till the meat is a deep golden color, well enriched by the

butter. Add the meat to the onion, and over all pour, by degrees, one pint of hot milk. Shake the stewpan over a clear fire for a few moments, and then let it simmer for about an hour. Skim from time to time. If properly cooked, this curry will be beautifully smooth, and the sauce rather thicker than cream. Just before serving, add a squeeze of lemon. Serve with well-boiled rice. The same recipe may be used for a raw fowl, but the curry will then require to be stewed a little longer.

Beef Steak Pudding is not usually met with at late dinners, but I find it is always appreciated in my house. I consider that my secret of success in this dish is cooking it in a steamer for four to five hours, instead of boiling it. Procure two pounds of good rump (or beef steak if you like beef), and half a pound of kidney. Mix on a plate one ounce of flour, a dessert-spoonful of pepper, and salt to season the quantity. After cutting the steak into thick wedges two inches long, roll each well into the seasoned flour. Line a mould with thin suet crust, fill with meat, cover with a little good gravy or stock, put on a top crust, and steam. Serve in the mould or turned out, as you prefer. Where onions are liked, it is well to add a tablespoonful, finely minced, to the pudding.

Castle Pudding.—Take three eggs, their weight in butter, flour, and castor sugar separately. Beat the butter to a cream, add sugar, separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and beat separately, add the yolks to the butter and sugar, with a pinch of salt, then grate the rind of a lemon into the sifted flour and gradually stir half of it into the yolks of eggs, butter, etc., beating all the time. When quite smooth put in the beaten whites, and when that is thoroughly mixed add the rest of the flour, beating till all is smooth. Have ready some buttered cups or fluted tins, fill them three-quarters full with the mixture. Bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven, turn out of the cups and serve with chocolate or wine sauce.

Ham Toast makes a nice little savory when one has the remains of a boiled ham to use up. Take one pint of lean ham, chopped fine, one ounce of butter, one egg, and cayenne pepper. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the ham and cayenne pepper, and when this is hot through stir in the beaten egg and cook till it slightly sets. Have ready neat squares of buttered toast, pile the ham on them and serve very hot.

HINTS TO THE COOK.

Keep bloaters in the larder apart from all other food.

Vinegar added to boiling beef makes it much more tender.

Legs of roasted chicken can be devilled for breakfast the following morning.

Frying batter should always soak for two or three hours before it is used for cooking.

Butter and those sauces containing egg should never boil, but just come up to a cream. Remove instantly.

Preserve chicken bones, for they form a valuable addition to the stockpot when soup is in preparation.

Cut off the flap of sirloin of beef and sprinkle salt over it if the weather be warm, then boil and serve cold.

Take the marrow from beef bone in as large pieces as possible. Marrow toast can be made of it for breakfast.

To keep cheese from moulding or from drying, wrap it in a cloth damped with vinegar, and keep it in a covered dish.

Do not clear soup the day before it is wanted. The stock may be made but soup must be freshly clarified or it will be cloudy.

If fat be put away while it retains water it will spoil quickly, and besides, it will not be in a condition for use when frying.

The remnants of cold mutton can be minced and, with the trimmings of any pastry you may happen to have at dinner, made into mutton pies for luncheon next day.

If the fishy taste in wild game is objectionable, it can be removed by putting a small onion, cut fine, into the water in which it is cooked, or carrots if onions are not liked.

To glaze scones, brush over with one teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in two of milk. This is cheaper than using a beaten yolk of egg and quite as effective.

Mayonnaise sauce to be successful should be made in the larder or in a very cool room. This sauce may be warmed to serve with fish, but it must not be allowed to approach boiling point. It should be constantly stirred.

Shalots come into the market in autumn. Purchase a few, say a pound, put them in an onion bag, and hang them in a cool, dry place. They will keep till spring, and are constantly wanted in cookery.

Ham and Potato Puffs.—Take a breakfast-cupful of minced ham and half that quantity of mashed potato. Moisten with butter or cream and season with cayenne pepper. Make some plain short crust, roll

it and put into small squares. Place a spoonful of the mixture in the centre of each, wetting the edges to stick them together, and then brush over with beaten egg. Place on a greased tin and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve hot or cold according to taste.

Devilled Mutton.—Take some slices of cold under-done roast mutton. Trim them neatly and rub them with pepper, salt, and mustard, and a little oiled butter. Leave them for an hour, and then dredge them lightly with flour, and broil over a clear fire. Serve at once, with a ring of potato chips round.

Potted Fresh Herrings.—Split some fresh herrings down the back, and remove the bones. Cut into strips, roll each one up, tie round with cotton; lay them in a deep earthen dish, together with half a dozen peppercorns, three or four cloves, a tea-cupful of vinegar and water to cover. Bake in a hot oven, and let them stand in the vinegar in which they were baked. Serve cool for luncheon or supper. Mackerel are excellent treated in the same way.

Dora Cake.—Eggs are now getting scarce, so a recipe for a cake which does not require them will be useful. Beat together three ounces of dripping, or drippind and butter, with the same quantity of sugar. Add to it a gill of sour milk, to which is added a small half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Weigh half a pound of flour, add to it half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and three ounces of fruit. Sift this carefully into the butter, eggs and milk, and beat well. Place in a shallow tin and bake for an hour.

Savoury Cabbage.—Cook a cabbage till perfectly done, take it up and drain from it as much water as possible. Chop it finely, season it with butter, pepper and salt to taste. Place in a pie dish, and sprinkle grated cheese over.

I WOULDN'T be so headstrong
as to refuse ad-

vice when offered
in a friendly spirit WOULD YOU

Not show better judgment by
investigating? If right, fol-
low it. IT WILL BE RIGHT
if you are advised to use

THE

COOK'S FRIEND
Baking Powder.



A wet towel pinned over a stiff broom offers an easy means of cleaning oilcloth.

Old flannel has almost no end of uses in its capacity as a cleanser. For cleaning of all kinds is excellent, and for polishing silver it is almost as good as chamois leather.

How to preserve milk—If milk is put in bottles just after being drawn from the cow and the bottles sealed, and the milk cooled quickly by submerging the bottles in ice water, and kept continually on ice, it will remain sweet and palatable for ten days. Pitchers of milk should never be allowed to stand after they are taken from the table, unless placed at once in a refrigerator containing only milk, cream and sweet butter. Rancid butter will communicate its odor and flavor to milk or cream.

Drains.—A simple method of testing drains to ascertain whether they are sound at the joints, is to pour oil of peppermint mixed with hot water down the upper end. If any of the joints are weak, the smell may be detected about the house, and as sewer gas might enter through such joints as the odor may slow up, a plumber's aid should be called in. A very good plan to detect sewer gas in a room, is to saturate unglazed paper with a solution of one ounce of pure acetate of lead in half a pint of rain-water. Let it dry partially, and then expose it in the room suspected of containing sewer gas, the presence of any considerable quantity soon blackens the test paper.

Cleaning feathers.—To cleanse feathers from their oil, and prepare them for putting in beds, take a gallon of clean water and one pound of quick-lime; mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime water for use. Put the feathers to be cleaned into another tub, and add to them a quantity of clear lime water, sufficient to cover them about three inches, after they have been immersed

and stirred about therein. The feathers when thoroughly moistened will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days, after which the foul liquor should be separated from them by laying them on a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water and dried.

Wash your flat irons in soap suds and dry thoroughly, if they at all trouble you by dropping black specks.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Horny hands.—Here is a remedy for "horny hands." Take three parts pure beef suet, one part of bees' wax, simmer over the fire till melted; then pour into a mould. When set it will be like a block of soap. Wash the hands at night with hot water, then rub the mixture in before the fire. Wear gloves over night. Cod-liver oil used in the same way is very good.

Ice in the sick room.—A saucerful of broken ice may be preserved for twenty-four hours with the thermometer in the room at ninety degrees Fahrenheit, if the following precautions are observed: Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup plate, and cover it with another. Place the soup plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow, and cover them with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely embedded in them.

Kitchen boiler.—Many kitchen boilers are provided with sediment taps. These should be left open at least once in each week for a few minutes, to enable all the foul sediment to be washed out. In fact, a kitchen boiler cannot be kept too clean. If attention is not paid to this, the water, especially where obtained from tanks or wells, will speedily become foul. The same rule applies to kettles. They ought to be rinsed and wiped clean at least once a week.

"THE SONG OF THE CAMP."*

(Written by Bayard Taylor.)

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause, a guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries' side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon,

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldier! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

*The poem refers to an incident which occurred during the Crimean war. The night before the storming of the Redan the soldiers all sang "Annie Laurie."

HER LITTLE WAY.

At what age does a woman cease to think of matrimony? This is a question often asked, and the true answer is, not as long as she continues to breathe. That, at any rate, seems to be true of a certain old lady of a hundred and fifteen, who has lately married in Mexico.

This venerable person has, it is stated, a habit of marrying, whenever she becomes a widow, the oldest man in the village, and no record can be found of the number of times she has wedded. Her last husband was an old man of ninety-eight, and he had no hankering after the centenarian widow, but she married him for all that.

THE LARGEST WATCH IN EXISTENCE.

The largest watch in the world was made in London for Mr. William Wilkins, the founder of the Baltimore firm of William Wilkins and Co., dealers in bristles and curled hair. It is now in the possession of his sons, who keep it as an heirloom.

Mr. Wilkins gave the order for his huge watch in 1866, but it was not finished till 1869. It was attached to a massive gold chain made in America, which weighed no less than four pounds. The cost of the watch was £625.

The watch is a repeater, and weighs only one ounce under two pounds. The hunting case is of eighteen carat gold, and is seven-eighths of an inch thick. The dial—of white enamel—is four inches in diameter. The case is elaborately chased inside and out, the design on the front representing Baltimore factory, and the engraving on the back Mr. Wilkins holding his favorite old white horse, to which he was much attached.

Mr. Wilkins was a very wealthy man at the time of his death, and was entirely the maker of his own fortune. He started his business by collecting, in a barrow, the hair and bristles from the slaughter houses, and then wheeling them home to be sorted and prepared for the market. The business grew, and by-and-bye Mr. Wilkins abandoned the barrow and started a horse and cart. In all his prosperity Mr. Wilkins never deserted his faithful equine friend, but cherished it tenderly in its old age, and finally gave it burial in a plot of land opposite his own house, which he actually bought for the purpose.

An observant woman gives the following advice to her juniors:

For a man's birth look to his linen and finger-nails, and observe the inflections of his voice.

For his tastes, study the color of his ties, the pattern and hang of his trousers, his friends, and his rings—if any.

For his propensities, walk round and look carefully at the back of his head, and, remember, girls, never to marry a man whose neck bulges ever so little over his collar.

For his breeding talk sentiment to him when he is starving, and ask him to carry a bandbox down the public street when you've just had a row.

To test his temper, tell him his nose is a little on one side, and you don't like the way his hair grows—and if that don't fetch him nothing will.



A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

Yes; I am only a sprig of holly—only a little piece of wood, with five glossy leaves and three red berries. I had four once, but a small robin with a sharp beak flew upon me one fatal day, and pecked it off. How helplessly I watched him as he complacently demolished it on the gravel walk below, turning his head from side to side every now and then, and glancing up at me, as if he meditated another raid among my leaves. Whatever his intentions were, they were speedily put to flight, and himself as well, by somebody coming along the path, and I need not say with what relief I marked the tip of his tail vanishing over the garden wall, for it is not pleasant to have one's greatest treasure eaten before one's very eyes without being able to prevent it.

I wonder what made him take a fancy to one of my berries, half hidden, as I am, amongst a goodly company of relative sprigs—my sisters and my cousins and my aunts, etc. Many of these berries surpass my own in size and brilliancy, but there is no accounting for birds' tastes, and when I told Aunt Noberry so, she gave me a prick with one of her leaves, and said I ought to be glad I had fed the poor thing, as my fine berries were of no use besides! Of no use but to be eaten! I think she only said that out of spite, though, never having possessed any at all herself. She is a cross old stick altogether, and is always chiding me about something or other. It was only to-day she called me foolish for hailing with delight a dear little soft white feather that dropped right down from the clouds, and nestled so lightly on one of my leaves. She said it came as a warning, and that we may expect to be cut down any day now, and carried goodness knows where!

I am sure I hope I shall be cut down. I am tired of being half-smothered among my relatives—pricked and scolded by Aunt Noberry, and having my berries

eaten by the birds. I am of a venturesome turn of mind, and want to be independent, and see more of the world in which mortals live and move, and have their being. Ah! here comes another little white feather. How cold it is! I wonder whether it is glad to leave its home in the clouds. Why, it has vanished—it has wept itself away. Aunt Noberry says it is an evil omen, and that I, too, shall come to grief if I am cut down. Well, I shall see something of life first—a little more of the mysterious things they call human beings, and that is all I desire.

Yes, I am only a sprig of holly, but surely I may possess a history as well as anything else.

* * * * *

I have had my wish. I have seen something of the world, though not perhaps to the extent I at one time desired; but now I am content.

The very next day after the arrival of those little feathers we were all put in a flutter of expectation by the appearance of a man with a small chopper, and a young girl with golden hair and lips as red as my berries, coming along my path. The agitation Aunt Noberry was in was something awful; she administered no less than a dozen of her characteristic pricks upon my poor devoted stem; when I reproached her with cruelty she said she could not be responsible for the movements of her leaves when the wind was so high. And all the while there was not a breath stirring.

Well, of course, the man with the chopper and the girl with the golden hair and lips as red as my berries, stopped opposite us, and then the work of "cutting down" began. Branch after branch fell lightly at the young lady's feet, each one having been previously pointed out by her delicate white fingers. I was terribly afraid they would leave me after all—but no, among the last to be placed upon that

heap of fallen relatives were myself, and, alas, my Aunt Noberry. "She is to be my guardian still," I thought, somewhat unkindly, as it occurred to me afterwards.

At last the girl's voice broke cheerily through the clear, frosty air: "There, that will do, John; we will leave the poor old tree in peace for the present," and, tripping gaily on before, she left her companion to convey us with his great, brawny hands into the house.

I think that process was too much for my nerves, as I remember nothing after till I found myself in a small square hall, having the entrance door at one end, and the staircase and a passage at the other. The polished oak floor was strewn with a perfect wilderness of evergreens, and in the midst of the litter, near a bright fire, on a low basket chair, sat the golden-haired girl, actively stitching holly leaves on to a long strip of brown paper, and brightening it up here and there with a few clusters of our red berries. She was singing, too, as she sewed, in such a sweet, soft tone; I think it was her voice that brought me to my senses again. And she looked so fresh and lovely! I felt as I lay there, peeping up at her again and again and listening to her voice, that I was well repaid for anything I had undergone. At last her busy fingers rested for a minute, and she raised her head as a small child wrapped in furs, and swinging a pair of skates in her hand, came springing down the stairs.

"Nellie, dear," said the golden-haired girl, "you are off to the pond, I suppose? Well, just tell Iva, who is there, that I have just begun to stitch, and should be glad of her help. She intended to come, I know."

"All right, Dolly, I'll tell her," was the answer, as the little skater disappeared through the door, letting in a breath of wintry air as she did so.

It did not seem long before there came a sound of merry voices, stamping of feet, and a man's laugh. At the sound of that laugh Dolly's head bent lower, and her face became as red as the berries she was at that moment securing to the paper, and, to make matters worse, the needle ran into her poor little thumb; but when the door opened I could detect nothing unusual in her appearance.

I wondered what this meant, and looked eagerly to see who entered—only a girl of about fourteen, an awkward representation of Dolly herself, but her hair was not so rich in colour, nor her complexion so fair, and a young man with the flush of recent exercise on his face, and a smile still lingering on his well-shaped lips.

"Mr. Westward has kindly offered to come and help," said Iva, with a mischievous look in her eyes, as she hastily threw off her wraps.

"It is very good of him, I'm sure," replied her sister; and there was not a sign of agitation in her voice, or of embarrassment in the smile with which she greeted the new-comer.

"But, Mr. Westward, I thought you were so fond of skating! It's a shame to drag you away from your favorite pastime."

"I have been stretching my legs on the ice for the last two hours, so I'm glad to get on terra firma again; besides, it is no fun when you have not the companions you hoped to have. You might, at least, have come for half-an-hour, Miss Turner."

"Oh, I really could not. I have been so busy all the morning, and there is plenty to be done before night. Suppose you begin at once, by cutting some leaves and berries for Iva and me. Here is a pair of scissors; don't cut your fingers off by mistake."

"They are not very sharp, I hope," he said, examining the scissors critically.

"Well," laughed Dolly, "I really don't think they could really find their way through one of your thick fingers, so don't be afraid."

I cannot go repeating the talk and laughter that followed.

They all seemed very merry but I took little notice of their conversation, being in constant fear of having my leaves submitted to the vigilance of those sharp scissors. However, I did learn that there was going to be a large gathering of friends in the house that evening, and dancing was to be the chief entertainment.

I also noticed enough to suspect that Mr. Westward was what you mortals call "in love" with my young lady, the sweet, golden-haired Dolly. He was not a bit silly, or languishing, or sentimental, as I have heard mortals are in such cases, but often, when she was not looking, he would gaze at her with his whole soul in his eyes—deep, steadfast grey eyes they were, too—eyes that no one could look into and not trust the owner.

Iva, moreover, confirmed my suspicions by her peculiar, school-girlish behavior. She sat with her back a little turned to the others, joining frequently in the conversation, but never looking in the direction of her two companions; and sometimes, when silence fell among the trio, a queer little smile crept round the corners of her mouth, which she seemed to control with difficulty.

At last, after one of these pauses, she suddenly sprang up, and, murmuring something about going to fetch the scroll for

which the holly was to act as border, vanished up the stairs, though not before I had caught a distant view of a white pocket-handkerchief disappearing into her mouth—a slight incident that explained, to me at least, the real cause of her abrupt exit.

No sooner had she gone, than the awful ordeal I had been expecting appeared imminent. Mr. Westward began snipping off Aunt Noberry's leaves. Poor Aunt Noberry! I could not be sorry for my own sake when I saw the downfall of those wretched weapons of hers, which left her nothing but a bare, unsightly stick, but I was sorry on her account. However, it was no use regretting. The very scissors that had robbed my aunt of the only beauty she possessed, were poised ready to begin their work of destruction on me also. I gave up all hope then, and, for one brief moment of weakness, I longed to be back among my relatives in the garden. Then I perceived that I was the object of conversation.

"I declare," Mr. Westward was saying, "this sprig of holly is too pretty to pull to pieces, Miss Turner. It would look splendid in your hair." I cannot describe the intense relief with which I heard these words, or how proud I felt when Dolly's soft eyes were fixed on me, and me alone, evidently regarding me with admiring satisfaction.

"It is certainly too pretty to pull to pieces," she said, "and we shall want some sprigs just that size to adorn the brackets, so put it on one side, please. it will come in nicely for that."

"No, it won't. I want you to wear it in your hair to-night. Won't you, just to please me?" The last words were very tender.

"Nonsense!" was her laughing rejoinder, but the color mounted to her very brow.

"There, that is finished. What a long time Iva is: I'll go and see what she is about," and she rose hastily.

But he pushed her back again gently, firmly.

"Wait a bit," he said, "I want to tell you first what I think you must know already—that I love you better than all the world besides. Do not look so startled, Dolly—do not turn from me as if you thought me silly. We have known each other for a good time now, and I have loved you silently all the while, but I was determined to speak to you to-day. Dear, answer me!"

He was standing before her now, looking down at her with such a yearning of love and tenderness in his eyes that I felt sure she could not reject his suit.

She did not look up; she sat toying with

her thimble, and tapping her foot against the floor, as if chafing at the emotion that the quivering of her lips alone betrayed.

As for me, I was forgotten. He had dropped me in his eagerness and anxiety, so I lay helplessly at Dolly's feet, a solitary and unheeded sprig. Things remained in this state for a long minute. Then Mr. Westward spoke again.

"Miss Turner, don't be cruel, speak to me?"

"What am I to say?" came in a whisper from the parted lips.

"Why! don't you understand. I want you to tell me if you can return my love?"

There was another pause, broken again by the words—half pleading, half reproachful.

"Dolly, Dolly, don't be cruel."

Then she raised her head.

"I don't mean to be cruel, indeed, Mr. Westward; but you have taken me so by surprise I don't understand it quite yet. Be reasonable; give me time to think it over before I decide. It is such a momentous step to take that I—I feel almost frightened."

"Poor child! Yes, I will be reasonable; but you will put me out of my suspense to-night, will you not?"

"I will, indeed," she replied. Then her eyes rested on me. I think she regarded me as the innocent cause of this crisis in her life.

His glance followed hers, and, in a sudden impulse, he stooped to pick me up, and said:—

"If you wear this in your hair to-night, I shall know your heart is my own."

"Be it so," she answered, smiling, as she took me from his hand.

"Then it is a bargain! You will not trifle with me, I know. Good-bye till then; you understand why I can't stop any longer now;" and wringing both her hands, he seized his hat, and disappeared.

Iva returned almost immediately after.

"Mr. Westward gone," she exclaimed. "What have you been saying to him, Dolly?"

"What should I have been saying to him, silly child? It is nearly one o'clock, and I suppose he is as capable of hunger as other rational and irrational beings; and that reminds me that dinner won't be long now. I hear ominous sounds in the pantry, so we will leave the rest till this afternoon. Just take those sticks into the kitchen. Iva, will you?"

So saying, she went upstairs, holding me all the while, and on our way, I saw her sister, with a heap of stripped holly in her arms, traversing the passage below. Alas! my Aunt Noberry was one of those

"sticks," but what her fate was, I know not. I never saw her again.

I don't think it took Dolly long to come to the decision required of her. No sooner had she gained her own little sanctum—a charming little room with a sooner had she gained her own little sanctum—a charming little room with a cheery fire burning in the grate—than she sank into a chair, and leaning her head on her hand, appeared buried in thought, though her reflections could not have been of a very perplexing or gloomy nature, judging from the happy light that shone in her eyes, and the tender smile that illuminated her features repeatedly. After a time, she bent her head to look at me.

"To think that he should really love me," she murmured; "he, so good, so clever, so true, to love me, poor little me, better than anyone else in the world. I'm afraid, even now, I cannot quite understand it. And yet, I—I—"

She stopped abruptly, and to my intense surprise, pressed her lips to one of my leaves; but she rose up directly after, as if ashamed of this exhibition of feeling, slipped me gently into a drawer, and left me in darkness and solitude.

* * * * *

"I am going to wear this to-night, Mary. Just fix it into my hair please. I think I shall be quite ready then."

And Dolly took me from my hiding place into what seemed to me a perfect blaze of candle-light. Dolly, herself resplendent in some delicate pink material, sat demurely enough while the maid placed me among her tresses; but her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and there was a look of expectant happiness in her eyes. As for me, I fully felt my importance. I can tell you; for was not my lovely presence there to be the means of bringing the lovers together! Proudly I rested on that fair golden head as its owner ran lightly downstairs.

Ran? Ah! Why did she run? For, when we reached the hall, I felt my hold giving away—slowly, but surely, I was slipping from those tresses among which I so longed to remain. Meanwhile she lingered at the door of her room she had taken so much pains to decorate, as though half afraid to go further, and no sooner had she entered than I fell noiselessly to the ground, powerless in frame and crushed in spirit, but carrying with me one shining thread of silk from the wealth of hair I had left; and she, poor child, thought all the while I was nestling there giving a silent consent to her lover's suit.

A minute later a lady's dress swept me into a corner, and there I lay, blaming those clumsy fingers of the maid for not

fastening me in securely, and fretting at the sorrow and misunderstanding I was bringing upon the two lovers. Yet, what could I do? Nothing, absolutely nothing, but lie unobserved in my corner and wait.

In the midst of my vexation he came in and gave a quick, anxious glance around. Dolly, the object of his quest, was bending over the piano, at the far end of the room, speaking to an elderly lady seated at that instrument. Her back was turned towards him, so he read her answer in the shapely, unadorned head, and, turning ashy pale, he would have left the room unperceived had not a fussy old gentleman, who had the reputation of riding more than one hobby in his declining years, accosted him and began upon one of his pet subjects forthwith. Dolly, turning round, saw Mr. Westward thus engaged, and, doubtless, thought it was all right, and that he would come to her when the old gentleman had said his say; but the music set up, and dancing commenced—one hobby had been exhausted for the time being and another started—yet still he did not come.

Ah! Dolly, Dolly, you could not guess how a tiny sprig of holly in the corner was watching you, feeling for you, pitying you. However, you bore up bravely, joined in the whirling dance that made me giddy to look at, laughed gaily, talked gaily, and no one seemed to notice that your face was paler than usual, and that ever and anon your eyes turned wistfully to the two gentlemen near the door.

But when the evening drew towards a close, and dance after dance had passed, and still he came not to her, I think Dolly grew reckless and a little piqued at his neglect. Her furtive glances ceased, and she appeared wholly engrossed in her partners, especially in a tall dark-haired gentleman, very handsome and very graceful in the "whirligig," for I can call it nothing else. And Mr. Westward—I watched him at intervals, too. He scarcely spoke at all, but let his companion ride his hobby to his heart's content, while his eyes wandered restlessly round the room. It was evidently torture to him to remain there, and I wondered why he did so, especially when I marked the flush that rose to his brow if she passed him, as she did sometimes, while promenading with her partner, and her dress swept over his feet.

Things could not go on like this forever, and the crisis came at last.

Once more Dolly swept past him, still leaning on the arm of the tall gentleman; and this time some of their conversation attracted Mr. Westward's attention.

"Then you are really going away to-morrow," she was saying. "I am sorry. There will be nobody worth speaking to

when you are gone—people are so stupid here."

"You do me too great an honor, Miss Turner. May I really hope—" and they passed on out of hearing.

Mr. Westward bit his lip, and darted an angry glance at the gentleman. "Heaven help me," he muttered, "I can bear it no longer," and making some excuse to the old gentleman, he turned to leave the room once more. But this time his eyes rested on me. He started, and I felt that I was recognized. Still I was greatly afraid he would go off in a jealous huff at the words he had just heard, and leave me untouched. No; he picked me up and examined me closely. Presently his whole face lighted up with glad surprise, as he pulled that long silken thread of hair from amongst my leaves.

I think he guessed directly how matters stood. The next instant I found myself transferred to his buttonhole, and he strode away swiftly, eagerly, up to where Dolly and her partner were seated.

"Will Miss Turner," he said, "spare me a few minutes?"

She was about to reply coldly when she perceived me. As if by instinct the little white hand went up to her hair, then blushing violently, and without a word to the graceful young man by her side, she rose and took Mr. Westward's arm. Her lover spoke for her. Turning to the gentleman, he said with a smile:

"You will excuse Miss Turner, I know. I have something of great importance to communicate."

"Oh, certainly," was the polite answer, accompanied by a bow; but I think he must have been taken terribly by surprise when he saw his late partner being armed off thus suddenly by a young man who made himself conspicuous by keeping his distance all the evening.

Right into the hall they went—those two—the one strong in new-found happiness, the other blushing and trembling with emotion.

Mr. Westward led Dolly to the foot of the stairs. The hall was empty just then, and he had taken the precaution to close the door of the room they had left. So seating himself beside her, he took her both hands in his, and said half laughing:

"Dolly, dearest, I fear you must give me your answer in words after all. What is it to be?"

"You have misunderstood me all this evening," she said pouting.

"How could I help it, darling, when I saw no holly in your hair, and only just this minute found the truest sprig that has caused us so much trouble?"

"And that is why you never came near me?"

"Yes, because I thought you did not want me; yet I could not go away, Dolly!"

"And I have been so, so unhappy!"

The golden head was brought against the broad shoulders.

"My own Dolly, so have I."

"And, oh! I don't know what I have been saying—but Mr. Gray was, I do believe on the point of popping the question when you appeared, and I might have accepted him, you know." This wickedly.

"Don't you wish I had never intruded upon so interesting a scene?" he questioned mockingly.

For all answer she nestled a little closer to him.

Then there was a pause. They tell me pauses are frequent among lovers.

Dolly was the next to speak.

"How did you know that holly had dropped out of my hair?"

"Firstly, because it was in a corner of the room, and not here where I gave it to you; secondly, it had entwined amongst its leaves a golden thread of hair."

"Oh! then let me have the dear nasty, delightful old thing. I'll keep it forever and ever. Hark! somebody is coming. I wonder we have not been disturbed before. Go, please. I am going to put the precious sprig in my room in case I should lose it again."

"But you must give me something first." What?"

"You know. There is a huge bunch of mistletoe just above us."

"Oh!" but she gave him what he wanted!

I have been in the drawer ever since, wrapped carefully in silver paper, and occasionally she comes and peeps at me, calling me her "dear tormenting treasure." Last time she came, I noticed a plain gold band ring on the third finger of her left hand, and that, I think, means marriage.

Only a sprig of holly—only a withered old stick, with five dry brown leaves and three poor shrunken berries! But Dolly prizes me just the same now as when my leaves were fresh and young, and my berries as red as the lips that so often come and smile down upon me, gladdening my old age!

THE END.

One's opportunity is the measure and limit of the service he should render to humanity. The humblest service will have its recognition.

"A kindly act is a kernel sown

That may grow to a goodly tree.

Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

BAD LITTLE BEULAH.

The neighbors all said she was the worst child that ever lived, and really I believe you would have thought so too, if you only knew half the bad things she did.

In the first place, she had been the baby for eight years, and when her little baby brother came she didn't like it one bit that her nose was knocked out of joint.

She was just learning to talk when she demanded why her mamma had named her Beulah—but you mustn't think she kept that name long, oh, no!

"You're a wilful little witch; you're nothing but a Madge Wildfire," her nurse had said, after she had rescued the little shoes from a tub full of water, where Beulah had put them to float, and saved her mother's best dress from Beulah's hands, when the young lady wanted to see how she would look grown up. So Madge Wilfire she was named henceforth.

From the very first Beulah declared she wouldn't stand that baby brother and begged them to send him away. Mamma laughed, and nurse told Beulah she was a wicked little girl and the bad man would get her if she didn't learn to love her brother.

But instead of learning to love him and trying to be good to him, Madge Wildfire, as they called her, amused herself by picking her little brother and sticking pins in him whenever she got a chance. And one day her little brother lay sleeping in his little cradle when Madge Wildfire wandered in. She had nothing to do, so over she came to the side of the crib and promptly poked the little baby until he woke up. Instead of crying loudly the little fellow opened his big blue eyes and cooed as sweetly as could be.

Mamma had company in the parlor and nurse was busy ironing, so Beulah decided now was her chance. She dug her little fingers into the baby's big eyes until he screamed and screamed with pain, and the nurse came running in.

"You little fiend! Whatever are you doing now?" she exclaimed.

Beulah looked surprised. "I just wanted a pretty glass marble," she explained, and really the poor little girl had been trying to gouge out her brother's blue eye, thinking it a glass marble.

"Well, if your mamma don't whip you well for this, I don't know why!" said nurse, as she indignantly gathered up the baby and went straight to the parlor, where mamma was called out and the case stated. Mamma said to the caller:

"Now, please excuse me for one moment while I whip Beulah."

And she did, for she felt there was no time like the present, and, you see, Beulah had been such a bad little girl.

But one day Beulah simply surpassed all her previous badness and caught her neighbor's pet cat and went with it and a bit of rope to the end of the garden, and proceeded to hang that poor little kitty to a branch of a peach tree. Of course the kitty struggled and scratched, but Beulah tied him firmly and enjoyed the fun hugely until she saw John, the neighbor's big black coachman, approaching.

"You, Miss Beulah, you better let that cat alone," and when John reached the tree he cut the rope and freed the poor cat. Beulah fell on her knees and began to weep.

"Oh, John, don't tell Mrs. Jones I hanged her cat; please don't tell her I killed her cat!" she begged.

"I'm going to tell your ma, and you're goin' to get the worst whipping you ever had," and John did tell, and Beulah was whipped again.

And as the days went by Beulah grew worse, and finally one day, when she was again to be punished, her mother said:

"Oh, my little girl, what must I do to make you good?"

"Mamma, just let me say my prayers," begged Beulah, and down she got on her knees and prayed the Lord not to let her mamma whip her, and her mamma was so overcome she didn't.

That is all long ago. Beulah is a grown woman now, and Beulah's golden hair, which used to fly straight out so that they all called her Madge Wildfire, is neat-

ly done up in lovely coils now, and her father says his Madge Wildfire is his dearest treasure, and her little brother loves his sister devotedly, and mother leans on her golden-haired daughter and calls her "her tower of strength," and the moral of it all is that a "bad beginning does not always make a bad ending."

clear away the dishes some time later, who speedily killed it.

When extracted from the jug, the crease in the snake's body, caused by the great pressure of the handle of the jug was very perceptible.

E. LEVER.

THE SNAKE LIKED EGGS.

(A true story.)

During the repairing of a lumber dredge on the Florida river, the men engaged on the work, lived chiefly on a big lighter, on which they worked in a small house on the deck. When their day's work was finished they amused themselves by going hunting on shore. On this particular occasion their leader had been liberally added to by a good supply of wild turkey's eggs. After the hungry workmen had eaten heartily of a sumptuous dinner they left the remains on their dining table, and returned to work, as there apparently was no fear of any intruders, certainly no cats or dogs. They left all the doors and windows wide open, not anticipating such a strange visitor as was afterwards found imprisoned in the following manner:

A large-sized Moccasin snake, measuring six feet in length, of a dark brownish color, one of the most poisonous kind in Florida, crawled on board the lighter, and then wriggled through the open doorway to the dining room. Seeing no sign of opposition to its prospecting tour, it climbed up the table leg, and here, with a snake's usual fondness for eggs, determined to have a good feast. One of the turkey eggs lay close to the plate, and the rest were in a dish on the opposite side of the table. In the centre of the table stood a very large water jug.

After swallowing the solitary egg, the snake, to save itself the trouble of going over the dishes, thought it would crawl through the handle of the jug. True, it was a tight fit, and it found that it could only get half way through, as the first egg had slightly enlarged its body. But, nothing daunted by this opposition to its progress, it stretched out to its utmost length, and managed to reach the dish and bolt another egg, which when swallowed, would only pass as far as the handle of the jug, thus fastening Mr. Snake as firmly in the handle as if held in a vice. Wriggle as it would, it found itself unable to escape, and it was practically rivetted to its prison, and was found in this peculiar trap by the cook when he came to

A CAT'S VIEW OF LIFE.

This is the very worst world I ever got into. I declare a cat can't do a single thing, but what some one gets after it. This morning, when I woke up, I felt thirsty. As I like fresh water, I was just ready to take a cool drink from the bucket, when I heard "scat!"

Well, of course, I had to run. As I could not get the water, I went to the spring-house. There was a nice pan of milk on the table. I took a drink from this pan. Before I knew it, Mary Jane gave me an awful slap.

I ran into the yard and stayed there until I felt hungry. Then I tried to catch a mouse or a rat in the barn, but none came out.

I went into the dining room to see what I could get to eat. No one was there, so what could I do but help myself. As I could not see what was on the table, I jumped upon it.

There stood a plate of meat. Now, I like meat, but do not get it often. So I was eating finely when quick as thought I was thrown out of the window.

I think the girl treated me very rudely. Don't you think so?

By this time I felt tired, and as the baby lay in a soft bed, I thought I would lie down beside her.

What did that baby do but scream, and her father came to see what was the matter.

I saw I had better get out of the way. He threw his slipper at me. I heard him say, "Jack, if you don't make that cat stay in the barn, I'll drown her."

When I heard that I thought it best to go to the barn and stay there. I don't dare go near the house for fear of being drowned.

Now, I ask you, my friend, if this is not a hard world for a cat to live in?

Every boy may be a knight, though he may not ride to war in shining armor. To fight against the wrong and stand true and strong stamps a boy as gallant and as brave as was any knight of old.

"There's no use in trying," says Jack. But sturdy Dan says, "Of course there is; at least there is no harm in trying."

THE RIGHT WAY TO BEGIN.

A little girl once said, "O mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't think I shall ever be able."

"Have you really tried, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day; I will be gentle and kind; I will obey my parents and teachers; I will not quarrel; I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget."

"Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion; I have been disobedient; and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true.'"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this, so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said:

"My dear, I do not think you have been right."

The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her parent went on:

"The first thing is to ask God's help; have you asked for this?"

"No, mother, I am afraid not."

"Then, my child, do so at once, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right."

MADE TO LAST.

Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of his labor to establish the Republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing.

"These buttonholes, Sally," he said, "are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible."

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-grandfather of the American philosopher told this anecdote recently, adding, with pride, "Since then, the Franklin family have made buttonholes that will last."

What great statesman now would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the best one possible?

A GOOD GAME.

Whirlwind.

This most appropriately named game is an excellent one for the first at a children's party, for it is calculated to rub off

any stiffness about the little guests, and make them feel at ease.

Arrange in a circle as many chairs as there are players, and let all the players but one seat themselves; then there will be one vacant chair for the player left standing.

This chair he must now try to occupy, and if he succeed, the player on his left must take his place in the centre of the circle. The only way for the other players to prevent the vacant seat being seized upon, is for the one on the left of it to move on and occupy it. In this way the whole circle is soon in motion, and great fun and much laughter are the result of the difficulty experienced by the standing player to get a seat.

THE BABIES' PROTEST.

Baby Brighteyes:

"We are three babies, earnestly protesting,
Against the things which torture us and
kill,
We'll try to make our story interesting—'
All (sweetly), "We will."

Baby Goldenhair:

"When riding in our prams so clever,
Please keep the sun out of our eyes so
blue;
It hurts us and may spoil our sight for
ever—"
All (pleadingly), "Please, do."

Baby Sweetheart:

"In summer keep us cool, and bathe us
often,
Or else we'll all be angels in the sky;
Then when you see us in our coffin—"
All (sorrowfully), "You'll cry."

B.B.: "When women, making faces, say
to charm us;
'Oo 'little, little, tootsie, wootsie, oo.'
They seem so soft, or crazy, they alarm
us—"
All (affrightedly), "Boo-hoo!"

B.G. "We don't want clothing tight
enough to bind us—
So we can't kick to make our bodies
strong;
And we don't like small sisters forced to
mind us—"
All (sympathetically), "That's wrong."

B.S.: "When we grow big we'll pay you
more than double
For all the care your duty 'tis to show;
And we won't ever say you are a trouble—"
All (tenderly), "Oh, no!"

A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him for a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him:—"Friend, sinners stand in slippery places."

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GO TO BED.

Once there was a little boy who wouldn't go to bed,
When they hinted at the subject he would only shake his head;
When they asked him his intentions he informed them pretty straight
That he shouldn't go to bed at all, and nurse needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger and their attitude more strict,
I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled and screamed and kicked;
And he made up awful faces, and he told them up and down
That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses in the town.

Then his nurse lost her patience, and, although it wasn't right,
Retorted that for all she cared he might sit up all night!
He approved of this arrangement, and he danced a jig for joy,
And turned a somersault with glee—he was a naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him sitting there,
Right in the corner by the fire in grandpa's big armchair.
He read his books and played his games—he even sang a song—
And thought how lovely it would be to sit up all night long.

But soon his games grew stupid and his puzzles wouldn't work;
He drew himself up stiffly with a funny little jerk,
And he said—"I am not sleepy, and I love to play alone,
And—I—think"—the rest was mumbled in a drowsy monotone.

He leaned back on the cushions like that night he had the roup;
His head began to wobble, and his eyes began to droop—
He closed them for a minute, just to see how it would seem,
And straightway he was sound asleep and dreamed this awful dream:

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers and roses gay,
And a great big gardener, with a hoe, came walking down his way;
"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the gardener, as he clutched him by the head,
"Here's a splendid specimen I've found; I'll plant him in this bed."

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding how he cried,
And with the other dug a hole enormous deep and wide.
He jammed the little fellow in, and said in gruffest tone—
"This is the bed for naughty boys who won't go to their own."

And then the dirt was shovelled in—it covered up his toes,
His ankles, knees, and waist and arms, and higher yet it rose;
For still the gardener shovelled on, not noticing his cries;
It came up to his chin and mouth—it almost reached his eyes.

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave an awful scream,

And woke himself and put an end to that terrific dream;
And he said, as nurse tucked him up and bade him snugly rest—
"When I am planted in a bed I like my own the best."

IN THE NEW YEAR.

We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain and infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing everybody, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of everything and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants about the house and praise them when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur put self last.

11. Try for that soft answer that turneth away wrath.

FIFTEEN TO-DAY.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then, I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger,
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?

What walks we have had through the clover,
What rides on the top of the hay;
What feasting in grandmother's garret,
And now, I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes opened wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly, what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright eyes would make her,
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets,
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying,
"What nonsense, child," grannte would say,
Good-bye; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.

PUZZLES.

Anagrams—Countries.

These countries can be found East, West,
North, South.
Pray, take "a sup sir," 'twill "not scald"
your mouth.
"The main boat" comes, "I bring a treat"
so "pure."
"Tea stunted us." Now, what will "do a
"Lend nag?" Not I. The "big mule" does
for you.
"New curbs wink." "Don Hall" and "I
ran too."
"We send" "dark men" when there is
"any row."
Amongst the "lairy"—a "real din," as now.

* * *

Riddle.

When to King Solomon there came
Fair Sheba's queen, that royal dame
By me was followed, so 'tis said—
The story you have doubtless read—
By many a belle of later days
I'm drawn along thro' devious ways.
I must accompany her to balls,
Tho' oft occasioning trips and falls,
Tho' dames drag me along the road,
I carry them, nor feel the load.
They many a trip enjoy, when I
Across the country with them fly.

* * *

Enigma.

A Famous Oration.
The king is dead,
The heir has fled,
Unhappy is the nation;
When this he learns,
The prince returns
On urgent invitation,
And well he knows
His crown he owes
To this far-famed oration.

* * *

Charade.

Here will we one, and I the two will
climb,
Whist you the valley roam,
A brace or two of whole, in time,
We each may carry home.

* * *

Progressive Enigma.

One day I heard some one 1, 2, 3 on the
door.
I was 4, 5, 6, 7 whiling the time away.
Awaiting the summons;
And very soon o'er
The snow I was 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 borne
in a sleigh.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, Tommy,
you tell me, what must we do before our
sins can be forgiven."

Tommy (with a bright, intelligent ex-
pression)—"Please, Miss, we must sin."

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

Several natives in Lower Bengal recent-
ly complained to the English authorities of
the depredations of a number of monkeys
upon their crops. They actually wished
the monkeys arrested and dealt with ac-
cording to the law. But the magistrates
could only advise their being shot. This
was clearly impossible to the native mind,
for the monkeys were sacred; so the mat-
ter had to be compromised by the loan of
English watchdogs to keep the monkeys
in their proper place, namely, on the other
side of the fence.

"Thank you," said a lady to a man in the
street car who gave up his seat to her.
"You surprise me," said he.
"How do you mean?"
"By that 'thank you,'" he answered.
"Not more than you surprised me by
offering me your seat," she responded.
And so they were quits.

A maid with a duster,
Once made a great bluster,
A-dusting a bust in the hall;
And when it was dusted,
The bust it was busted,
And the bust now is dust,
That is all.

The Grippe Radically Cured by Morin's Wine Creso-Phates.

The only medicine the sole antidote
against the grippe, that plague of the
town and country, which leaves only suf-
fering and mourning in its wake, is Morin's
Wine with Creosote and Hypophosphites.
As soon as you feel ill with grippe or
cough get a bottle of Morin's Wine and
take it without delay.

Beware of counterfeits and never accept
or take any of those numerous useless and
worthless medicines. Morin's Creso-
Phates Wine is packed in a round red box
bearing Dr. Ed. Morin's signature on the
label. Sold everywhere.

THE RATTLE OF THE SEXES.

The new woman is not gallant. She has laid that poor creature called man low in the dust. She has taken his work, his manners, even his cigars, his hat, his coat, and looked with a furtive glance at other items of his clothing.

But who doubts her capabilities? Who doubts that she has high ideals of life? Why, she has hundreds of them. She starts with one in the morning, and if she finds it does not work well out for her own advantage, this poor ideal is sent about its business, and a new one adopted. And so on, till dewy sleep shuts up the sweet eyes, and the low plaintive voice is heard no more.

Yet we love the new woman. And why? Well, because the world has made a bound forward since her advent. Everything has improved. Look at the moral tone of the world. Ladies tell us that men won't now propose. This must be owing to his new sense of culture and refinement! Perhaps he has become a little dazed with this brilliancy on the part of women, and may be afraid that he is not worthy of such a being. Or perhaps he may be waiting till the women, if not the world, improve a little more, and are able, with the help of a sandglass, to boil an egg correctly.

But we cannot doubt that the world has been mightily improved by the new woman. To do so would be to doubt her own word. Why, of late our very homes seem, even on their outside, to be wreathed in smiles. This is most noticeable in the evening or when it is dark. But enter if you wish to see happiness! Think of eating a dinner cooked by the latest developments of science, and punctual to the fraction of a second. The very cat is purring with delight, and can be easily heard—that is, when the new woman is not speaking. Is it any wonder that the "gudeman" leaves his shoes just inside the door?

At present, however, the new woman is wrestling with a mighty problem. It is one in dynamics. Man is a force, but is far too much diffused, and not under proper control. If she could only get him into a cylinder, so to speak, all might be well; she could then stand in bloomer costume and pull the levers as she liked. But the evil is, man won't go in! He generally gives her a wide berth. She has argued with him, and tried to educate him, and crowded occasionally, but all in vain. Man is still at large. This almost makes her weep, a thing she has seldom done since the day, now long ago, when she found out that she could not lick her big brother.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

The city of Cofon, Honduras, is the oldest American city.

The British make of bicycles will be as heavy as usual next year.

Oranges, limes, bananas and coconuts grow wild in Costa Rica.

Foaming or frothing is not possible with a liquid of pure constitution.

An electric flame has been created of sufficiently intense heat to melt a diamond.

In China horses are mounted on the right side and ships are launched sideways.

In Costa Rica canary birds, bullfinches and parrots are special table dainties.

The spoken language of China is not written and the written language is not spoken.

In England gas, water and electric plants are obliged to make financial reports to the Government.

Lord Rayleigh, of the Royal Institute, London, maintains that the foam of the sea is caused by seaweed.

The temperature for December, taking the average for ten years, in the Klondike, is 40 degrees below zero.

Holi-in-the-Day, a North Dakota Indian warrior, traded his bronco for a bicycle and is now a proficient rider.

The United States arsenal at Philadelphia was established in 1816. The Allegheny arsenal was established in 1814.

The Finland women have the right of suffrage, but they also work as carpenters, paper hangers, bricklayers and slaughterers.

The noon gun in the Parliament grounds at Ottawa, Canada, is to be fired direct from the Montreal Observatory every day.

The Smithsonian Institution has just come into possession of what is believed to be the original first telegraph instrument constructed by Morse for actual use.

PAPER CANNON.

To add to the number of curious uses to which paper can be put, it is interesting to note that Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannon, has recently completed a number of field pieces of this material for the use of the German infantry.

Their calibre is a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that a single soldier can carry one easily. At the same time resistance is greater than that of a field-piece of steel of the same calibre.

It is not expected that these paper guns will replace those of metal. They are intended for use in the positions where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling now receives £200 for the English serial right of a short story.

Dr. Grosart's volume on "Robert Ferguson," for the "Famous Scots" series was published recently.

Mme. Darmsteter in her "Life of Ernest Renan," gives the following as the last words of the great writer:—"Let us accept the laws of the universe. The heavens and the earth remain."

Mrs. Charles Bray, the close friend and literary associate of George Eliot, in whose house the novelist lived for some time before removing from Warwickshire to London, is reported to be lying dangerously ill at Coventry.

Many hitherto unpublished letters of Robert Burns are promised in a work entitled "The Correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly. The book has been prepared by Mr. William Wallace, editor of the last edition of Chambers' "Life and Works of Robert Burns." Mr. Aeneas Mackay, Stirling, has in the press, to be shortly published by subscription, "The Battle of Sheriffmuir." The story is compiled from original sources, and illustrated by original pen and ink drawings, taken on the ground, and of arms, relics of 1715, with a map showing the positions of the respective armies on the battlefield, and a view of Sheriffmuir.

In the course of an interview, Mr. Coulson Kernahan said that his first book, "A Dead Man's Diary," was published anonymously, and this anonymity was made use of by an unprincipled writer. This man went to a firm of publishers, and on the understanding that he was the author of "A Dead Man's Diary," gained acceptance for a manuscript which he called "The Confessions of a Dying Man," and for which he actually received payment.

Mr. Payn tells a story of his first meeting with Thackeray. The meeting took place at the house of Mr. Payn's brother-in-law, and our author sat next to Thackeray, who, after dinner, whispered that he had a most particular engagement, and was about to wish good-night to his host. "But will you not even smoke a cigar first?" asked Mr. Payn, whereupon Thackeray remarked, "Oh, they smoke here, do they?"

Well, to tell you the truth, that was my engagement." He remained many hours after that.

In Mr. Milne's new book on the "Gay Gordons" there is a story of a certain Hanoverian King, who requested that the regiment might give an exhibition of their exercises of the claymore and dirk in his presence. On leaving, the men were given a sovereign apiece. "The Highlanders," we read, "retorted by tipping the coins to the porters on duty at the palace gates."

At Westminster Abbey the thirty-fourth anniversary of the death of William Makepeace Thackeray was not forgotten, his bust in the Poet's Corner being adorned with floral offerings. It will be remembered that the novelist was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning 1896, at his residence in Kensington, and by his bedside was found written in pencil on a slip of paper, "And his heart throbbled with an infinite peace," these being the last words written by the author, and intended for his unfinished work, "Dennis Duval." The grave of Charles Dickens which is situated directly beneath the bust of his fellow-novelist, was profusely decorated with wreaths. The tomb of the late Lord Tennyson also bore a wreath.

Mr. William Black, the novelist, writes to the "Scotsman":—"At this pacific season of the year, would you allow a perfectly obscure person to endeavor to calm the perturbed spirit of Mr. A. J. Balfour? He appears to be agitated about the probable future of the novel. At Edinburgh the other day he spoke of "the obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with," and again, he said, with doubtful grammar, "Where, gentlemen, is the novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off," and so forth. Mr. Balfour may reassure himself. So long as the world holds two men and a maid, or two maids and a man, the novelist has abundance of material, and there is no need to search for a "theatre" while we have around us the imperishable theatre of the sea and the sky and the hills. If Mr. Balfour cannot master these simple and elementary propositions, then it would be well for him to remain altogether outside the domain of literature, and to busy himself (when not engaged in party politics,) with some more recondite subject—say, bimetalism.

A MEMORY.

How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned dresses,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses

Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew.

The wide-spreading mohair, the silk that hung by it;

The straw-colored satin with trimmings of brown;

The ruffled foulard, the pink organdie nigh it;

But, O! for the pocket that hung in each gown!

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown,

That dear, roomy pocket, I'd hail as a treasure,

Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day; I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

But all my modistes sternly answered me "Nay!"

'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,

'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town;

And always my purse or my 'kerchief I'm dropping—

O me! for the pocket that hung in my gown,

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown,

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it!

Each day ere I'd don it I'd brush it with care;

Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,

Though trimmed with the laces an empress might wear.

But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;

The tear of regret will my fond visions drown:

As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,

I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,

The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown,

—Carolyn Wells, in *Life*.

A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair inclined to curl,

Honest eyes and winning smile;

Form to set the brain awhirl,

Lips that might a saint beguile—

That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,

Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong,

Heart of gold without alloy,

Halting ne'er 'twixt right and wrong—

That's the boy.

Window anes festooned with rime,

Leafless trees and hillsides bare;

Town clocks sounding midnight's chime,

Street lamps glimmering here and there—

That's the time,

Nestling at the big hill's base,

With its one, long, quiet street,

Clasped in winter's white embrace,
Quaint old village, prim and neat—
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered: "Yes, I love you dear"—
That's the case.

KEEP PLANTS IN YOUR ROOM IN WINTER.

Some people are afraid of keeping plants in their rooms in winter. They say they use up too much air. All the same, they are far more likely to do good than harm. I will explain.

When a fire or gas is lighted it turns the air in the room dry. Now, dry air will suck up moisture anywhere it can. And if it can't get it from anyone else it will from you. But plants give up their moisture when well watered very easily. A big tree has something like 200,000 square feet of leaf surface, and gives out no less than seven tons of watery vapor in a single sunny day. So it is plain that pots of growing plants in your hot room will supply the necessary moisture to the hungry air, and save your skin and its pores from a lot of tiring, unnecessary work.

Windsor Salt, purest and best

Mother—"I have told you again and again, Kitty, not to speak when older people are talking, but to wait till they have finished."

Kitty—"I have tried that, mamma, but they never do stop."

SOME QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—A room for two gentlemen thirty feet long and twenty feet wide.

FOR SALE—A piano, the property of a gentleman with carved legs.

MR. BROWN, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

BULLDOG FOR SALE—Will eat anything, very fond of children.

WIDOW in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

A FINE gentleman's bay saddle horse for sale with a full long tail strong enough to carry a very heavy weight that has done a mile in three minutes.

IF THE GENTLEMAN who keeps a shoe shop with a red head will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

WHY THE NEEDLE POINTS NORTH.

Over 300 years ago a scientist studied out the theory of the compass and why the needle pointed to the north. It is not, however, a fact that the needle points exactly to the north. Sometimes it veers to the east and sometimes to the west, depending on the locality and, as a curious phenomenon, it does not always point the same way in the same place. The entire earth is a magnet and naturally controls all the lesser magnets. The pole in the northern hemisphere is consequently called the northern magnet and the opposite the southern magnet, but, says an authority on this subject, "Since poles of contrary names attract each other, while those of the same name repel each other, it follows that the pole of the magnetic needle which turns to the north is really the southern pole of the needle; while the pole turned toward the south is the north pole. As the vertical plane passing through its poles does not coincide with the meridian plane of the place, it follows that the needle does not always turn to the true north. The declination, as the angle of the two planes is called, is not the same in every part of the world, which accounts for the variation." The study of magnetic influences is most interesting, but as a rule the subject is quite imperfectly understood.

IT CAN BE DONE.

Here is an amusing trick for a party.

Let a circle be formed by a few persons joining hands, and let one member of the circle be securely blindfolded—that is, in such a way that he will enter into a darkness so dense that it may "be felt." To secure this desired trick-darkness, fold a pair of kid-gloves into several thicknesses, and place them like a pad one over each eye, with an ample handkerchief bound tightly over all and around the head.

Now let a card be selected at random from a pack. Take great care that no one sees any other card of the pack, even for an instant; then place it where all can see it, except, of course, the blind man. The rest of the circle must now fix their minds and gaze upon the card with every bit of earnestness they have in their nature. In the meantime, the blind man must put himself into a quiet, passive "Barkis-is-willin'" state of mind.

He will soon begin to see (scientific authority for this, remember) indistinct objects floating in the darkness. Soon they will begin to take shadowy shape, then disappear, take more definite form, and finally the card selected will appear.

Surely this is worth a trial?

A LIVELY MAIL.

One often hears the Scotch expression "a bee in his bonnet," a state of things truly unhappy. Yet it goes to prove that there are situations in which these useful but lively insects might be equally troublesome. There is no postal collection on Sunday at a certain rural village near Tamworth, but one Monday night, when the postman wanted to clear the box, as usual, he found that a swarm of bees had taken possession of it, and, so busy were the bees that it was impossible to approach within several yards. That mail remained uncollected for, I am told, an almost incredible length of time.

AN ARCTIC POST OFFICE.

The most northern post office in the world has lately been established by the Norwegian Government on the Island of Spitzbergen, off the north coast of Norway. There are practically no inhabitants to be benefitted, but the post office is a convenience to excursionists who go there during the summer months.



SECURE one of these Machines and your Household Sewing will be a pleasure. Made in many attractive Styles. See our agents.

The Williams M'g. Co., Limited, Montreal, P.Q.



A MIXED UP RELATIONSHIP.

A phenomenal double wedding has just taken place in Columbus, Ind., by which father, daughter, brother and sister were married by the same ceremony, Justice W. W. Stader officiating.

The parties to the wedding were Russell Debusk and Miss Ella Bevars and William Bevars and Miss Alpha Debusk. Mrs. Debusk and William Bevars are brother and sister and Russell Debusk is the father of Mrs. Bevars.

A queer and unusual relationship has resulted.

Bevars' own sister is his mother-in-law, and his father-in-law is also his brother-in-law.

Debusk's daughter becomes his sister-in-law.

Mrs. Debusk is the stepmother and sister-in-law of Mrs. Bevars.

Mrs. Bevars, being her father's sister, is consequently an aunt to herself.

Debusk, being his daughter's brother, must necessarily be his own father—But this is getting too complicated.

SOME POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

Here is a list of some popular misconceptions:—Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep. Cuttlebone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once enclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver. Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian Queen, nor in her honor. Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way. Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar. The tuberose is no rose, but a species of polyanth. The strawberry is no berry, but only a succulent receptacle. Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, but heated chambers. Whalebone is not bone, and does not possess a single property of bones.

WANTED—HELP

Reliable men in every locality, local or travelling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards backed up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country; steady employment, commission or salary, \$65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars, write The World Electric Medical Company, London, Ont., Canada.

THE ONION AND ITS USES.

How many of us scorn this abundant, useful vegetable, because of its odour, without realising what we are losing by not using it. If carefully prepared, the onion need not poison the house while it is being cooked, nor need the taste of it remain for hours in one's memory. The cook must be warned to keep the homely vegetable boiling, but not at a gallop, and to have the kitchen doors shut when she removes the lid; also to soak the onions in warm salt water for a quarter of an hour previous to cooking. After eating onions, a cup of black coffee, or a sandwich made of bread and butter with finely-chopped parsley, will take away any unpleasant effect. First of all our medical authorities tell us that onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised, and so they should be eaten by brain workers and those suffering from nervous diseases.

PUREST AND BEST

Windsor Salt

For Household Use,

For Making Butter,

For Making Cheese.

The WINDSOR SALT CO., Limited,
WINDSOR, ONT.

TOOTH TALK

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odorama.** You want them preserved and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odorama.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odorama.** 'Tis the

Perfect Tooth Powder.

Expert Chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so. Price 25cts. All Druggists or

The Aroma Chemical Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

A TRAVELLED SLIPPER.

A certain small red shoe, belonging to a South American lady, some little time back, went on a very roundabout journey. We have heard before of the postage stamp which found its way around the world with nothing on it; but an address written on the back; but it remained for an American wooer to try to win the heart of a fair lady by sending her little shoe to make a tour of the Union. The young man despatched the red slipper with a large receipt book and a label attached to it, and on the latter was written: "I am the property of a very pretty young lady, so tie a message to me for her." Certainly some of the messages were very funny which were attached to the shoe before it was returned to its owner. From Boston came: "Trilby is not doing business here at present," while an eastern youth wrote: "Don't let this slipper get to Chicago; they have no use for this size there."

A COMMON SUPERSTITION.

Who kills a spider.

Bad luck is beside her.

Many are the people who with a hearty dislike of spiders refrain from killing them, as they would any other insect intruder into their houses. They don't believe that it would bring them bad luck they will tell you, and yet—well, it is always best to be on the safe side and so they practically confess their belief in the superstition after all. Now, how did this spider superstition arise?

It is of Arabian origin, and this is how it, no doubt, came into being. The Prophet, hunted by his enemies, took refuge in a cave. Fortwith a benevolent and energetic spider set to work and wove such

an elaborate web over the mouth of the cave that the pursuers thought no one could have entered the cave for some days and passed by it. From that day it became a sin for a Moslem to kill a spider.

THE POOR LITTLE DONKEY.

"The poor little donkey out in the street
Has no nice breakfast, toothsome and
sweet;
He's glad when he finds a few thistles to
eat."

"'Ee poo' 'itty donkey!"

"The poor little donkey has no snug bed;
No soft white pillow to rest his head;
He sleeps on a bundle of straw in the
shed."

"'Ee poo' 'itty donkey!"

"The poor little donkey's feet are bare;
He has no shoes and stockings to wear;
There's no one to wash him, and comb his
poor hair."

"'Wis' I'se 'itty donkey!"

Elizabeth R. Burns.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

A little while ago a woman went into a grocer's shop, and said:

"I want two dozen eggs, but they must all be laid by black hens."

"I would gladly oblige you, madame," said the grocer, "but I don't know the eggs of a black hen from those of a speckled or a white one."

"I can tell in a moment," said she.

"Then perhaps you would be so good as to pick them out for yourself."

She did so and when the eggs were counted into her basket, the grocer remarked:

"It seems to me that the black hens lay all the biggest eggs."

"Yes," she replied, "that is how you know them."

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It gives largely increased crops for three or four years from one application.

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HOME PETS.**DOGS IN GENERAL.**

During the past fifty years dogs have increased greatly in value and beauty, as many as sixty breeds now being known in and exhibited at the principal dog shows in the United Kingdom, the more recent importations being schipperkes, natives of Belgium, Holland and Flanders; chow-chows, the edible dog of the Celestial Empire; Japanese spaniels, or muff dogs, so called from their small size and ability to nestle into a good-sized muff; Mexican hairless dogs and African sand dogs, decidedly more curious than pretty.

In all cases, which ever breeds are chosen, they must be kept clean and be properly fed. The rule should be one moist meal and one dry one daily, the former to consist of house scraps of all kinds, such as meat cut into small pieces, vegetables, rice, bread, and gravy, bearing in mind that variety in diet is beneficial to all home pets. Avoid salt meat and bones; the former is apt to produce skin complaints, and the latter are extremely dangerous, for splinters frequently penetrate the internal organs and cause much pain, finally ending in premature death from inflammation of the intestines. The dry meal may consist of dog biscuits, either cod liver oil biscuits, pet dog biscuits, or larger kinds according to the breed kept. These two meals, and a bowl of fresh water, should be the only food allowed.

There is no greater mistake than the practice, far too frequently indulged in, of giving pet dogs tit-bits, sugar, sweet biscuits, bread and butter, slices of chicken, spoonfuls of cream, and other dainties. These rich foods tend to upset the liver, keeping up a constant irritation of the body, instead of permitting the digestive organs a rest as nature intended. Dogs are carnivorous animals, consequently their organization is constituted for the reception of large and rare meats, rather than small scanty ones, and all dogs require a certain portion of cooked (not overdone) meat daily, in order to prevent diseases, of which anaemia is the chief, caused by deprivation of their natural food.

Exercise falling short of fatigue is necessary for all dogs, and tends to prevent obesity, if joined to rational and judicious feeding. Dogs should be brushed daily, and very rarely washed, unless absolutely necessary, for the rules of strict cleanliness. Alteratives ought to be given only when needful, and either a couple of compound rhubarb pills, a tablespoonful of

castor oil, or twelve grains of jalap, answers the purpose very well.

Internal parasites are very common in dogs, and are often the unsuspected cause of mysterious deaths, as the creatures, if unchecked, find their way into the victim's heart or brain, and then prove rapidly fatal. To cure these, a fast of eighteen hours must be insisted upon, and at the end of the time a dose of worm powder may be given in butter or dripping, varying in quantity thus. For dogs under eight pounds weight, a quarter of a powder; half a powder for dogs up to twelve pounds; over that size up to thirty pounds, three-quarters of a powder; and a whole powder may be allowed to dogs of the larger breeds, such as collies, mastiffs, St. Bernards, etc.

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We want the services of a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Pay \$7 to \$10 per week. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE S. A. SUPPLY CO., BOX 265, LONDON, ONT.

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THE HOME & YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,

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THOMAS BUSBY, Manager.
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New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to the office of publication. We do not authorize agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

Notify the publishers promptly if you should change your address. Always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive Home and Youth regularly, write to the publishers, and the matter will be looked into at once.

Write names and addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

Address all communications to
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P.O. Box 2180, Montreal, Que.

MONTREAL CANADA, JANUARY, 1898.

Home and Youth has now passed under new editorial management and, as a new broom proverbially sweeps clean our readers may look for a marked improvement in the scope, originality and interests of its columns. The efforts of the new staff will be directed towards making Home and Youth not only a magazine for the Young, but one which shall interest their parents, afford food for thought for those of riper years, and be a source of usefulness as well as amusement to the domestic circle.

Not that our boys and girls will be in the least neglected. On the contrary, it is intended to add new departments for their especial benefit. The column headed "The Boy's Workshop," which will

commence next month, will be found full of interest to those of a mechanical turn of mind, since in it they will receive practical instruction in the use tools, and be told how to make many things that the heart of a boy delights in. To the girls, and more especially for those who have blossomed into womanhood, the "Demorest" patterns, which will form one of the features of the new issue, will be most acceptable. These patterns are scientifically cut and beautifully fitted, and are in the most modern style. To the home dressmaker they will prove invaluable aids, and with their assistance that stylishness of cut and accuracy of fit can be secured which, without them, could only be obtained by the employment of a skilled dressmaker.

For the rest Home and Youth will be, as it always has been, a magazine for the family circle, pure in tone, and such as will maintain the innocence, while adding to the enjoyment, of our youth. It will be carefully edited and breezily written. Full of adventure, travel and domestic stories, yet not neglecting to foster the higher aspirations, or to inculcate the value of worth and probity, it will uphold the tenets of temperance and sobriety, and its readers will always find it ranged on the side of those who seek to lead their fellowmen on to a higher plane. It will sacrifice nothing to sensationalism, but will be found as clean in tone and as pure in diction as it will strive to be bright, newsy and up-to-date. In fact Home and Youth will endeavor to become the ideal family magazine. And, thanks to the encouragement it has received from the public, and the steady increase of its circulation among the homes of this great Dominion, there is every prospect that its efforts may be crowned with success.

RENEWAL.

In order to increase the circulation, the management have decided to send this magazine free for one year to anyone sending in two new subscribers.

..The Montreal..

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