

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Mother's Room.

Let us reverently enter, where a loving presence waits.  
Not far away from heavenly fields, with open golden gates;  
Tread lightly, hours are precious here on this seeming holy ground.  
Dear Mother's Room, where patient love and blessings rare abound.

Speak softly, for unpleasant tones should never here be heard.  
No thought of strife, no angry voice, no bitter, burning word.  
Be uttered 'neath the healing wings of trust, and hope and peace  
Which hover over Mother's Room and rest without surcease.

Be gentle when in Mother's Room, for here true gentleness  
Hath reign supreme, and here is known the soothing, sweet impress  
Of devotion at the cradle, at the altar and the tomb,  
Making of this world of bliss in restful Mother's Room.

Be thoughtful here of word and deed where affection deep holds sway.  
Where a Mother's prayers for her dear ones have utterance each day;  
Where pleadings long with wayward ones mingle with heartfelt pride  
For noble deeds. Where stricken hearts are soothed and tears are dried.

Where'er we are, where'er we roam, whether on land or sea;  
Reflected back in memory's glass, how pleasant 'tis to see  
That room where all that's dear in life is nursed to bud and bloom.  
Oh! earth has not a charm more dear than that of Mother's Room.

—(Clark W. Bryan.)

### Autumn Jackets.

It is still rather early to predict what style of garment will be most popular for Autumn wear.

The difference between autumn and summer jackets is to be seen both in color and in cut. Probably the most popular garment this summer has been a jacket with open revers rolling from top to bottom, with not the smallest indication of a button or other means of fastening. A girl wearing one of these jackets has a jaunty air, but as it leaves the throat and the chest exposed it cannot be worn late in the season. Summer jackets have been made of white cloth, or of light and medium colors. Black and dark shades will reappear as the cooler weather of autumn sets in.

### Single Beds.

If these were more numerous than they are, a great many people would be better off. When one is tired, sick, cross, restless, out-of-sorts he or she ought to sleep alone and not communicate by proximity the maladies that affect him. The brute creatures when sick go away by themselves till they die or get over their troubles, and this instinct a great many human beings have; those that have it are best if indulged in it, not to the slightest degree of neglect, however. Left to themselves, they can compose their internal dissensions, recover their lost equilibrium, and get back their habitual rate of "vibration"; whereas, if continually disturbed, and "crossed," and interrupted, they are a long time in getting back to the normal.

Where two children in a family must share the same room, in a great many cases they would be better off to have two single beds rather than one wide double bed. We can share a great many things with those we love, but solitude clings to us from birth to death. We come into the world alone, we must go out of it alone, and we live in it alone, in a certain important sense, and to get and keep our "bearings" we must sometimes be left alone. It is good that we should be. He who has his bed to himself may be essentially alone for a portion of the twenty-four hours, may have himself to himself, and adjust his internal mechanism to his own satisfaction. For a great many woes and ills, solitude is a balm—what we call solitude—for when alone the immaterial asserts itself, the actual fades, the real is present with us.

### Overwrought Children's Emotions.

Physicians are protesting against the unnatural emotional development of girls by certain home influences. Let them alone and their sympathetic feeling will be acute enough at the worst; but give them stimulus, and that excessive, bring them out on all possible occasions, out of season and un-called for, and there stands over these girls one of the greatest dangers to the perfection of womanhood, physical and mental. An undue sensibility of the centres of emotional feeling can be maintained only at the expense of sound health of body and mind. The ill-tending influences are often seen in the household. The girl is housed closely she has few outdoor sports and those are not interesting, and her dress is a limitation to her freedom. Such restrictions to her liberty, and constant reference to the fact that her sex denies her this or that employment or pleasure, tend to make a child self-conscious and emotionally over-active. Then again the family discipline often appeals to the emotional natures of children, with unhappy results in the way of mental commotion and harmful unrest. Children require an even atmosphere for the mind as well as the body.

Upon children, and especially girls, there are often made undue claims for the demonstration of their affections. It is said by a physician, after full observation, that the stimulation of the emotions among children is conducive, not only to disease of the spine, but also to dental caries. He says: "In my large practice among children, I am certain that scores are literally killed by the excessive amount of emotional excitement which they are forced to endure. All this hugging, and kissing, and talking to them is to excite responses of the same emotional nature in the child for the pleasure and gratification of the parents and friends."

### A Breast of Mutton.

Comparatively few housekeepers seem aware of the value of that cheapest of all meat-cuts, the mutton breast. In our Western market they may be had at five cents each (they are not sold by weight), and I doubt if the cost in any city market would exceed ten cents.

We have just dined, our family of six, on a most delicious stew made from a single breast, and have left for the morrow a bowl of pressed meat for lunch and broth for a rice stew—not to mention the crust of sweet fat which will shorten the next "Johnny-cake" or gingerbread—and all this for a nickie. The meat was stewed (slowly) in

just water enough to cover, until so tender that the bones could be easily slipped, and that gelatinous condition so essential to nice pressed meat was reached. The broth was then poured off and the meat allowed to brown in the kettle in its own fat. The grease was then poured off and a part of the broth—now settled, skimmed and strained—returned to the pot, a little flour having been dredged over the meat to thicken the gravy. Regulate the quantity of broth to be used, by the individual taste as regards stews, whether they be liked thick or thin. We like ours "not too thick or too thin"—above all, not sloppy. They can be spiced, flavored with onion, or seasoned simply with salt and pepper; which last we think best, because the meat on the breast of mutton is the sweetest flavored of all mutton cuts.

After dinner was over, we returned the "left over" part to the pot with the remainder of the broth, just long enough to reheat it—having first carefully removed all bone and intermuscular tissue. It was then put through that handiest of all kitchen utensils, the "combined fruit-press and potato-masher," the enriched broth set away in one bowl, and the meat pressed firmly into another, from whence it will slip out when wanted in perfect slicing condition. A cupful of rice boiled in the broth will make a toothsome entree for the next dinner.

What more can you desire for five cents.

### Why Your Bodice Sets Awry.

Said one woman to another, a neat her new gown: "It must be bewitched. I cut and fitted it myself by a pattern that is just perfect, and see, the back seam crawls toward the left hip, and the side forms are apparently trying to climb to my armpits. I assure you I am quite desperate over such manifestations of textile total depravity. From the looks, anybody would say I cut the thing out on Friday."

"You did worse," said the other, eyeing the garment critically. "You cut each piece so the threads run the wrong way."

"What difference does it make how they run?"  
"All the difference betwixt a perfect fit and the thing of wrinkles and puckers you have on. Let me tell you a secret I learned from a London dressmaker. In cutting out a bodice, always shape each part so that the woof threads will go as straight around waist as the belt tape does. That puts the warp perpendicular and gives almost a perfect bias on the seam in the back. Look at your back form. You cut them, did you not, out of any piece that was big enough? In each the threads run differently, and all ways but the right one."

"Then in fitting you gave no thought to symmetry or proportion. Like these dressmakers, in fine, you took in your seams in any way that promised to make a smooth, tight fit. In consequence your back forms are hardly an inch wide in the armhole. In a well-cut bodice they are as wide there as at the waist line. The swell of bust and shoulders is accommodated by the back and front figures."

"When stuff is cut on the cross you should be careful to have a true bias around the waist and up the fronts and the back seams. Another thing, if you want your gown to sit smooth over the shoulders, before busting it up stretch each front piece as much as you can half way from the neck to the armhole, and hold the back full to it for the same distance. Never mind the apparent pucker. Pressing will banish it and give you an easy seam that will hug the curve of the shoulder almost as a man's coat does."

"I see," said the other. "Tell me, did you learn that, too, from the London cutter?"

The other nodded yes, adding after a minute: "And she spoke as one having authority, for she was forewoman at Elise's, and enjoyed the privilege of sticking pins in the princess of Wales and half the duchesses in the kingdom. In fitting an armhole, if it needed taking in, she either set the forms higher on the back or changed all of them, bottom as well as top. And you could not have bribed or coaxed or bullied her into cutting the fronts to hem, as you have done."

"Instead, she curved the edge to your figure and finished it with the neatest of facings, with a fly for hooks or buttons. She kept me standing, slowly turning like a hair-dresser's dummy, three dreadful hours but in return I got a gown as easy as if it had grown on me, to say nothing of the wisdom that has been oozing out for your benefit these last ten minutes."

### Housekeeper's Corner.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

Boil the clothesline, and it will not "kink," as a new rope is apt to do.

Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry and a cellar it will keep the air dry and pure.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

Prick potatoes before baking so that the air can escape; this will prevent their bursting in the oven.

For sore throat beat the white of an egg stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the juice of one lemon.

When baking cakes set a dish of water in the oven with them and they will not be in any danger from scorching.

Grease spots that have been burnt and become hard on the stove, may be removed by a few drops of kerosene oil on the cloth before rubbing them.

To mend large holes in socks or in merino underwear, take a piece of strong net over and darn through it. The darn will be stronger and neater than without it.

To clean a stove zinc or zinc-lined bathtub, mix ammonia and whitening to a smooth paste, apply it to the zinc and let it dry. Then rub it off until no dust remains.

A teaspoonful of alum will make clear four gallons of muddy water. Boiling the water is necessary to remove disease germs when a farm pump or town reservoir has a bad name.

Inquisitive Party (to her carrier)—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?" Pat—"No, sur; half or the toime Oi come down."

After gathering in their crops in Utah 500 Mormon families will move to Mexico in the Autumn.

A fragment of the "holy cross," which Marie Stuart wore during her imprisonment, and on her way to the scaffold, has recently been presented to the treasury of the Cathedral of Mayence.

## CURIOUS WEDDING INCIDENTS.

### A Scotch Minister Tells of Unusual Happenings in His Experience.

I have observed that marriage, especially among the working classes, is greatly affected by the state of trade. When trade is good marriages increase, and are less frequent in times of commercial depression. This fact indicates that the romance of life among a class who are generally regarded as reckless in the matter of marriage is after all restrained by dictates of common prudence. During the Lancashire cotton famine, early in the sixties, I had a church in Dundee. The failure of cotton occasioned an abnormal boom in the jute trade, and Dundee was the principal emporium for the import and manufacture of the flexible fibre. It was then that that town laid the foundation of its wealth and greatness. In those prosperous times marriages were frequent, and in the course of a few years I united in the sacred bonds of matrimony a greater number of young couples than in any similar period during my ministerial career. A favorite fancy of the millworkers was to be married at the manse, and I was often amused at their lavish expenditure and love of display.

One evening I had arranged to marry a couple at the manse, and at the time an elderly friend, recently retired from a successful business, was staying with me, and wished to see the ceremony. Three cabs drove up to the entrance gate, and my room was immediately filled with half a dozen couples, who constituted the bridal party. The men were in full dress black suits, white kid gloves, buttonhole flowers, with ample display of linen and jewelry. The ladies were dressed in white muslin trimmed with lace, and decked with flowers and coronets of glittering beads. It was indeed a gay and showy scene. My friend leaned back in an armchair in a corner of the room, with his big fingers dovelighted into each other lying across his capacious waist-coat, and, transfixed with simple astonishment, gazed through his spectacles, that seemed to surround his eyes with phosphorescent circles. When the ceremony was over and the party had retired my guest pushed his spectacles on to his forehead, and slapping his hands on his knees exclaimed: "Well, that beats all! What are the working classes coming to? I had to be content with a humble wedding in my day, and I reckon I could now buy up the whole mill where these people work. Mark my words, these daft youngsters are beginning at the wrong end of the tether, and that they will find out some day. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." I could only smile at this bit of philosophy, and say: "That is the order of the day in Bonnie Dundee."

On another occasion I was asked to marry a couple in a curious out-of-the-way place in another part of the country, about three miles distant from the town where I then resided. I found the house full of wedding guests, and there were evident preparations for a night of festivity. The bride was a modest, shy-looking damsel, with dark drooping eyes and graceful pose of figure. I was utterly taken back by what followed. As soon as the marriage ceremony was completed, the bride asked me in a soft, timid voice: "Please, sir, will you baptize the baby?" and at the same moment one of the women lifted a child from the cradle. In my innocence I asked: "Whose baby is it?" and the bride, with a face scarlet with blushes, meekly answered, "It's mine, sir." What could I do? Why should the innocent child be denied the Christian sacrament? The infant was placed in the arms of the bridegroom father, and with an extra touch of pathos that I sincerely felt, I solemnly commended the baby to the care of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

I have had some experience of marriages south of the Tweed. Here there are no home marriages. The ceremony takes place in church, and is often witnessed by a large congregation. It is the etiquette for the bridegroom to be first on the spot to welcome the arrival of the bride. I once officiated at a marriage in the north of England in which a bride was placed in a very trying position. She was led down the aisle of the church by her father, a venerable, handsome looking gentleman, followed by a bevy of bridesmaids, and they took their places in front of the communion rail. But the bridegroom was nowhere to be seen, and no one could account for his absence. The church was full of eager, interested spectators, and I observed the rustle and flutter of a growing excitement as the whisper went round, "Where is the bridegroom?" I suggested that the ladies should retire into the vestry, but the bride declined with a gentle firmness, as much as to say, "I have come here to be married, and I am not going to run away. Besides, I am sure my beloved will be here immediately." But minutes that seemed drawn out into unusual length passed away, and he did not come. It was a time of intense and painful suspense. The father and mother fidgeted and flushed, the bridesmaids were in the nervous borderland between laughing and crying, and the congregation talked in buzzing whispers. I engaged the bride in conversation, and indulged in a little diverting pleasantry. "Be brave," said I; "keep up your heart; don't faint on any account; but if you wish to indulge in that innocent luxury, do it gracefully. Lean your head gently on your father's shoulder, and take care not to disarrange that lovely wreath!" She bore up splendidly, and was the most self-possessed of the whole party. The crisis was passed as the congregation rose to watch the entrance of the bridegroom; and he and the best man beaming with satisfaction, walked down the aisle utterly unconscious that they had been the cause of any awkward waiting, and they were both astonished to find the bride had already arrived. The ceremony proceeded in the usual way, and all ended happily. The blunder arose by the driver muddling his orders. Instead of going first for the bridegroom, according to his instructions, he went to a different part of the town for the bride.

The putting on of the wedding ring is an important part of the ceremony in the English service. The ring is placed on the book out of which the service is read; and the minister, handing the ring to the bridegroom instructs him to place it half way on the third finger of the left hand of the bride, and holding it there, to repeat audibly the following formula: "With this ring, a token and pledge of the vow and covenant now made betwixt me and thee, I thee wed, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It is a curious fact that though this formula is

usually broken up into eight fragments for the sake of easy repetition, it is rarely repeated with perfect accuracy. The great stumbling block is the phrase, "Now made betwixt me and thee." Though the words are put immediately into the mouth of the bridegroom, it is invariably rendered "Betwixt thee and me." This is the rule in my experience. It is an exception when it is repeated accurately—"Me and thee." The bridegroom is then asked to place the ring fully on the finger; and this is not always easily accomplished; I have seen it done with such facility and neatness as indicated that there must have been some previous practice of the art. But sometimes the ring is very obstinate and difficult of manipulation, and I have seen the flurried pair get in an excited pucker in their desperate efforts to push the refractory symbol over the second joint. I remember a case of this kind once occurred in Lancashire, where I was marrying a couple of mill workers. The ring seemed wedged with little wrinkles at the second joint, and the combined efforts of bridegroom and bride to slip it down the finger were unavailing. The man grew red in the face with his exertions, and I was really afraid he would dislocate the finger. I whispered, "Leave it where it is and let us proceed." No, he was not going to be beaten with a bit of a ring. Baffled at all points he at last said, "Weet it, weet it!" The bride at once stuffed the finger into her mouth, as if it were a delicious sweetmeat, and thus lubricated the stubborn ring was at length satisfactorily adjusted.

On another occasion, when we came to the ring part of the ceremony, the bride extended her hand and there was no third finger—it had been amputated. The bridegroom had given me a hint of this singular fact before the marriage. The ring was placed on the second finger, and I have not heard that anything dreadful happened in consequence. It must be some comfort to our lady readers to know that even the loss of the marriage finger is no bar to matrimony.

### SEAFARING SUPERSTITIONS.

#### Birds and Sailors; Their Odd Faith in Fatality.

Of superstitions there are no end. Here, however, I have noted down a few connected with birds and sailors. That is to say, the birds hold the same superstitions as the sailors only the other way about.

The magpie considers it unlucky to see a sailor. The kite, on the other hand thinks it lucky to see a sailor, but a raven would fly a dozen miles to escape seeing a sailor, and a swallow crossing the sea despairs of getting safe to shore again if it passes a ship. A flight of curlews presages east wind. Many gulls show that herring are about; when gulls cannot get herrings they eat shooting stars. No one must kill an albatross. If you want to know the direction of the wind, you must catch a kingfisher and hang him up to the mast, when he turns his breast to meet the breeze. A shorter way is to compare the flag with the compass, and not to trouble about catching a kingfisher; in fact, I never knew anyone who had ever caught a kingfisher. When a sailor is drowned, his soul goes into a stormy petrel, and would have a very good time indeed if there were any rum about.

Lastly, do you know where sea birds—such as puffins shags, and the like are bred? Out of eggs you think. Nothing of the kind. They are bred in the decaying timber of wrecked ships; they grow in the wood like fungi; when the proper time arrives they drop off into the sea; the moment they touch the water they receive life. All these notes I find in a piece of paper. I do not know when I found them, but, to judge by the appearance of the paper and its companion sheets, I should say it was fifteen years ago at least, and where I found or was told these interesting facts I do not remember.

### A DOZEN AND ONE.

In Japan the women load the vessels. Lemons are being used in soap making. The Arab horse is not broken in until its fourth year.

Four men in every six use tobacco. Transparent parasols are now the fashion.

There is a hotel in New York nearly a quarter of a mile long.

Cowper wrote "John Gilpin" when suffering from a terrible fit of depression. Fifty-seven thousand five hundred and eleven letters are written in London every day, requiring thirty gallons of ink.

The essence of orange blossoms is said to make a capital drink during the hotter months.

A gold double eagle of 1849 is worth \$100.

The Fijians make fish nets of human hair. A woman in Nebraska has a nose four and three-quarters inches long.

At Bombay all the Hindoo sentries salute a passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

A New Jersey man gives as a new cure for hay fever the smoking of pine needles with tobacco.

A cornob in Georgia is shaped like a human hand, having four well defined fingers and a thumb.

An eel that is ordinary in all respects except that it has a skin of a "beautiful golden color," has been added to the collection in the London Zoological Garden.

If you wish to increase your chances of life, marry, for, as a rule, married men live longer than bachelors; yet we are told that out of every thousand persons in England more than six hundred are unmarried.

It may surprise many observers of the late switchmen's strike in New York State to learn that there exists in that State a statutory body known as the State Board of Arbitration. Its special task is to arbitrate between employers and employees in cases of disagreement as to wages. It was never in sight during the late unpleasantness. It appears that it can only act when both parties are pleased to submit their differences. In the strike recently closed the railway authorities declared they had no differences with their employees; the only trouble was that some outsiders, to wit, the men they had just discharged, were molesting their employees. The people of the State think the Board of Arbitration is a farce and should be dissolved.

## REBUS OF CHAMPLAIN.

### Some of the Landmarks Left by the Great Explorer.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, writing to "The Week," says:—Some weeks ago an interesting caller entered my door in Montreal. He was a tall, pleasant Englishman of perhaps forty-five years, and upon his visiting card was a name of unusual attraction to anyone acquainted with the history of Montreal, or indeed of America. The name was Amherst, and its bearer was of the family of the famous Sir Jeffery who commanded the armies which captured Montreal in 1760 and brought about at the same time the capitulation of all "Canada and Cape Breton." In the course of conversation he described to me "Montreal" in Kent, his own English home—the estate which Sir Jeffery named from the town of his great capture and which passed, with the title of "Baron Amherst of Montreal" to his nephew, and thence directly to the present Earl, whose brother the speaker was.

It was a rare pleasure to take such a man about the town and show him the encampment site of his ancestor's army, the house which tradition asserts to have been his headquarters, the gate whereby he entered the town, the Square where the French army laid down its arms before him, and other scenes of a hundred and thirty years ago. During the day a drive was arranged to the landing-place of the army at Lachine, nine miles away. The others in our carriage were not unconnected with history. They were Gerald E. Hart, the author of "The Fall of New France," and Charles Mair, author of "Tecumseh" and veteran of both the North-West rebellions, and the conversation naturally ran much on historical subjects. The Lower Lachine Road, along the Rapids, was chosen, and a stop was made to see the elm embowered "La Salle Homestead," the ancient building owned by the hospitable John Fraser in that neighbourhood, situated, he contends with much reason, on the very grant of 400 acres originally taken for his private domain by La Salle during his years at his settlement of Lachine about 1666. Mr. Fraser's claim is disputed by D. Girouard, C. C., the historian of Lachine, but is set out with some concessions yet much force in a late pamphlet on "The La Salle Homestead." However it may be as to La Salle, Mr. Fraser now claims that at any rate the chimney of the house is an extremely old one. He admits the body of the dwelling (now considerably ruined) to be the erection of a merchant named Cuillerier about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The chimney, however, he claims stands separate and was the chimney of a dwelling built by Champlain in 1616. It was to investigate this assertion that we made our stoppage. We found the walls of the house in fair preservation, showing a strong rubble exterior of one storey, faced with cut-stone about the doors and windows. The roof and floors were half fallen in. The great chimney, Mr. Fraser pointed out, was separate from the walls, and stood by itself in the house, adjoining, instead of, as usual, being part of the gable wall, or standing directly in the centre, as in several early "forts." This part of his claim we admitted, namely, that the chimney appeared to be part of a former building on the site. But, was it enough to carry the place back to the time of Champlain? That was still the question. While wandering inside, however, something peculiar, and therefore unnoticed, struck me in the wall adjoining the great chimney. Several tiers of brick seemed to be inserted in the wall, as if to repair it towards the bottom. A second glance made it evident that these bricks were built in curved form, making the segment of a circle. Looking closer and picking up one of those which had fallen out, I discovered that it was of gray, uncooked colour, and crude shape. Calling the attention of the rest of the party, we quickly came to the conclusion that they were sundried bricks made by hand, of a flatter and larger pattern than those of present times. Their position, too, showed them to be built into the wall during its construction, instead of added to patch a breakage, and their line of construction seemed to indicate their being part of a turret or round oven, built at the time of the great chimney which they adjoined. Now, though familiar with historical French-Canadian buildings, I do not know that brick enters into construction of any other house in the province of Quebec of early date. Only one man is recorded to have used brick for construction. That man was Champlain. The place where he made it was the Island of Montreal. During his visit of 1611 to the site of the future city, he writes: "There is also much meadow-land of very good rich pottery clay, as well for brick as for building, which is a great convenience. I made use of it and built a wall there four feet thick and three to four feet high and ten rods long, to test how it would keep during winter, when the waters descend." Such bricks would not stand the climate, however, which is very hard upon even the kiln-dried article of to-day. If Champlain built a house around the old chimney, it is quite natural that he should have used them; and if, therefore, as is possible, they were made by Champlain, they are perhaps the most interesting and precious relics in Canada.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, August 12, 1892.

### Killed by Leeches.

A horrible story comes to the *Lancet* from Vallombrosa, "Milton's Paradise," as it has been called, a favourite summer resort in the Apennines for the residents in Florence. Among the inmates of the Hotel de la Savoie there was the Commendatore Giordani, Director-General of Mines in the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce. On the evening of the 14th of July he went out for a walk, and being known to suffer from impaired health, his friends were very anxious when, after the lapse of some hours he did not return. A prolonged search was made by a number of domestics provided with lanterns, and they were about to abandon it as fruitless when one of them heard a feeble moan coming from a pit at the foot of a steep incline. A descent was made to the spot, and there the unfortunate gentleman was found, still alive, with no injury to bone or limb, but "literally beset by a myriad of leeches." He was at once removed to the hotel, and attended by Dr. Cesare Paggi, afterwards assisted by Professor del Greco. But the loss of blood inflicted on an enfeebled constitution proved fatal, and, in spite of assiduous care and skill, the Commendatore died within three days of his rolling down into the pit.