

We thank each competitor for their design, which will be returned where stamps were sent for that purpose, with the exception of the three winning prizes, which are our property.

REPORT OF JUDGES.

TORONTO, December 16th, 1899.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN.—We have carefully considered the several designs submitted to us in connection with the recent competition for a design for the front cover of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and beg to advise the awarding of the three prizes offered by you for this work, provided you are satisfied the conditions have been properly fulfilled, as follows:—

- 1st prize, "Scientist."
- 2nd prize, "Perseverando."
- 3rd prize, "Flex."

We highly recommend the designs of "Beaver" and "Abbell," which to our minds show many good points in design and workmanship. We also recommend the designs sent in by "Napoleon," "Mova," "Petit Billie," "Bee," "Omega," "Jeff-O," "Olga Pameter."

These designs show many points of merit, giving signs of abilities which should be capable, ultimately, of high development. The design of "Three Links," being in color could not be considered, as it had not complied with your conditions of being in black and white. We regret this, as it had several good points.

Your truly,
MARY H. REID.
E. WYLY GRIER.

* Correspondence. *

We will with pleasure publish in this column any short letters received on subjects of general interest to our readers, but of course do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Do You Know?

To the Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An officer of the 13th Battalion here has called my attention to the word "coronet," instead of "cornet," in my paper on Stoney Creek. I copied the spelling of "Coronet" McKenney's name verbatim from Mr. Merritt's diary. Can any of the older readers of the JOURNAL explain the matter? Was that the old style of spelling cornet? I would like to say also that Mrs. W. E. Sanford's name was Vaux, not Yaux, as the printer made it. Her father was a prominent and well-known citizen of Ottawa.

MINNIE JEAN NISBET.

"Be Not Anxious."

(MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

AS ONE who hears the trains at night
Go thundering outward through the air,
Yet, undisturbed, dreams on because
Driver and pointsman know the laws,
And, dark or light, will do the right,
Not his but theirs the care,—

So do thou take thy rest and sleep,
The world's great load is not for thee;
Not thine to start the trains of life,
Or choose for men, or quell their strife;
The Father will His children keep,
Trust Him, and happy be.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A Bright New Year.

"A YEAR to be glad in, not to be bad in;
A year to live in, to gain and to give in;
A year for trying and not for sighing,
A year for striving and hearty thriving.
A bright new year, oh hold it dear,
For God who sendeth, He only lendeth."

Wives of Well-known Canadians.

Written for the
CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL
BY
ELLA WALTON.

No. 5.—Madame Lavergne.



MADAME LAVERGNE is the wife of Judge Lavergne of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, but aside from the position this fact gives her, she is Madame Lavergne—a woman of unusual personal characteristics and intellectual powers.

Her father was Mr. Barthe, M.P. for Yamaska, a man of marked ability, an able writer,



MADAME LAVERGNE.

and the author of many books and poems. Some years of his life were spent in Paris, where he formed a part of the social life of that great and gay city. There several of his children were born, though the subject of this sketch claims Montreal as a birthplace.

The mother of Mr. Barthe was a De Montmagny, and Madame Lavergne is related to every old French family in the Province of Quebec. It is impossible at first to realize what a binding link this is to the history of Canada.

Her grandmother on the father's side was German, a woman whose traditional beauty is still remembered in Quebec, where she lived. The story is told that when the Duke of Kent was in Quebec he made frequent visits to the residence of Mr. Barthe for the outward purpose of examining his fine armory, always asking for the fair German lady to act as showwoman. His visits came to a sudden end, for one day his admiration got the better of his discretion, and he chucked the little beauty under her chin. The husband happened to enter just then, a sword was quickly

drawn, and history lost an event by interference of friends.

Madame Lavergne, however, shows no trace of any nationality except French, and that of a type more like the French woman of Paris than of the French woman of Canada. Her friends, with truth underlying the jest, often allude to her as "the Lady Chesterfield."

She is original, tactful, and resourceful, with that too little seen trait of being charitable in her opinions towards her own sex and the world in general. A brilliant conversationist, a half an hour passed with her is one to be remembered. She can chatter with a child and send it away charmed and pleased, as well as she can entertain the man of letters or science with the brightest and deepest ideas.

I was told by a well-known Canadian writer that it was a pity that Madame Lavergne had not entered more largely into the literary world, as her articles given to the public anonymously through different publications were very clever.

Madame Lavergne enjoys the distinction of having been rocked many times when an infant by the mother of the Empress Eugenie. Throughout her whole life she has been identified with leaders of the world, and with every social event of importance. She does not identify herself with any particular charity or woman's organization, but is always ready to devote her energies to whatever needs pushing forward or being done quickly. As people say, when Madame Lavergne takes hold of anything it has to go. Just now she is taking an active part in the Red Cross movement in Ottawa.

In looking up information about the family life of Madame Lavergne, I find that there is an Enoch Arden story not far back, and many bits of Canadian history so strange and romantic that they can only be expressed in these concluding lines:—

"There is a hidden page in each life,
And mine a story might unfold;
But the end was sad of the dream divine,
It better rests untold."

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The Lullaby.

WHERE the waves are dashing, dashing, 'gainst a
shore so bleak and barren.
And in tones so angry, angry, speak of storms so
fierce and wild;
Where the pines are moaning, moaning, in the moun-
tain-tops so dreary,
Sits a mother softly singing, softly singing to her
child.

Sleep, my loved one,
Sleep, my fair one,
Sleep, my darling baby, sleep;
Fear not winds so fiercely blowing,
Fear not wave nor mountain steep,
While thy father's ship, so stately,
Sails the breast of ocean deep.

Where the light is glimmering, glimmering, on the
bosom of the water,
And the wavelets lapping, lapping, a song of
peace and rest;
Where the twilight deepening, deepening, adds new
shadows to the forest
Sits a mother, softly singing, to her baby on her
breast.

Sleep, my loved one,
Sleep, my fair one,
Sleep, my darling baby, sleep.
Now the skies in beauty glowing,
All the earth in glory steep;
Now thy father's ship, so lightly
Sails the breast of ocean deep.

ARDIS.