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The Household at Rideau Hall

CANADIANS have been most fortunate in the representatives of royalty who have come to Ottawa and made themselves at home in the Dominion. Earl Grey and his household were so genuinely useful and popular that their departure was an occasion for deep regret. There has not been a Governor-General who has not shown a sincere interest in our land, who has not sought, on his return to the Mother Country, to foster the best social and trade relations between Great Britain and Canada.

The growing importance of Canada in the Empire has been recognized in the appointment of the uncle of King George, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, as our present Governor-General. Since their arrival in Canada, "the Connaughts," as they are commonly called, have made themselves popular among all classes by their consideration and graciousness. The presence in our capital of a royal representative mitigates the asperities of political life and affords a social centre for all national interests. The fact that the Duke of Connaught is the son of Queen Victoria has aroused anew our loyal remembrance of that sovereign whose reign was proof of woman's ability to adorn the highest position in the British Empire. The coming of Princess Patricia is naturally a matter of interest to young Canadians, who have hitherto regarded a princess as a fairy-tale personage. That this sweet-faced granddaughter of Queen Victoria may have a royal "good time" in our happy land is the wish of all of us.

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A Hint to Fathers

IT can hardly be stated with justice that the business girl is not receiving her share of attention from editors and other general advisers of the public. Residences for the business girl, cheap lunch rooms for the business girl, and other aids to her comfort or amusement are topics of conversation in all our large cities. It is all in vain to protest that woman's place is the home. The girl whose father has but a small income feels quite early in life that she can lighten the domestic burden by earning a livelihood, and so she joins the army of wage-earners, with the laudable desire to be independent.

A business man who is anxious that his only daughter shall not enter the world of commercial competition, recently said to a friend: "I intend to offer my daughter a good allowance as soon as she is able to understand the value of money, arrange that she shall do definite work in the house, take dressmaking lessons and otherwise fit herself for an essentially feminine life. I am going to make it worth her while financially to remain in the home."

This may be taken as a hint by those fathers who are deploring the unwomanliness of a daughter's entering business life.

Minding One's Business

THE advice—"Mind your own business"—has a simple ring which echoes in a fashion not easily misunderstood. In our childhood we heard it from our elders whenever our curiosity became inconvenient. As we grew older, we found that it was the safest policy which we could adopt. However, we are sometimes confronted with conditions which make the terse bit of counsel rather perplexing. After all, it is not invariably an easy matter to tell just what is one's business. We are eminently social beings, and, consequently, there arise occasions when it seems as if our neighbors' affairs demanded our intervention. Yet, it is well, even when from motives of kindness or charity, we enter into the affairs of others, to respect the individuality of anyone we may elect to help or befriend.

The old English saying about an Englishman's house being his castle is founded upon a certain sense of proprietorship which has its fine uses. Too often, in trying to better social conditions, we forget this feeling for one's own, which is seldom absent, even from the poorest. A shanty or a tenement room may have a certain attraction for the humble dweller which must be taken into account. Wherefore, we should go carefully about our charities, or we may meet with such a reception as was accorded a condescending visitor by one of the "submerged,"—"I hope ye won't expect me to return the call—ma'am—for I ain't got any time for slummin'."

* * *

The Good Old Days

WERE they so very good, after all—those old times which we hear our venerable friends deplore? If we may take legal records as testimony, they were no more the Golden Age than these early years of the Twentieth Century. Compare the

present criminal laws of England with those of 1812, and then take courage for the future. When we read in the morning paper all manner of crimes and casualties we are sure that this is a very wicked world, forgetting the many righteous and comfortable citizens whose condition remains unchronicled by the papers. We should remember that it is the business of the press to notice the unusual.

While we cannot shut our eyes to the misery and wrong doing, we must not allow such conditions to depress us so that we cannot "see Life steadily and see it whole." There is always sunshine somewhere, and the truest philosophy is that which recognizes the better side of humanity as the normal. The old men and women who keep young are those who are always hopeful for the best, who are not scornful of the new, but are anxious to find in it something of progress and betterment. Do not let yourself become out of sympathy with the youthful and the buoyant, over-critical of their good spirits.



Princess Patricia of Connaught