

THE BERLIN KIRMES.

(Continued from page 1.)

large and interesting number of curios, the collection of drinking mugs and German plates alone being well worth seeing. Here, too, was the largest of the grandfather clocks to be found in the Kirmes. This was a huge musical affair, with weight cupboard big enough to hide in, and a barrel organ interior which being duly wound set a miniature German band in motion. There were several good-cheer inns where variety of substantial viands were provided, the hearty national instinct being duly set forth on a motto which we discovered on a German porcelain tablet or bread board in the spinning room. Freely translated it runs thus: "From bread alone we cannot live, we must have ham and sausage also."

So the Coffee Garden, the Mill, the Crown Inn were all prepared to make comfortable the inner man, and one could make a meal American, English, or in true German fashion, as taste inclined.

The Crown Inn, for instance, was purely national, and quite an attractive place. Upon the walls were fine colored portraits—loans of the three sovereigns, old Kaiser Wilhelm, the beloved Crown Prince Fritz, and the present young emperor. On either side were Bismarck and Von Moltke. In one corner stood a Strasburg clock, brought from Germany in 1773, when that great Dutch emigration came to Pennsylvania. Various amusing and typical proverbs hung here and there:

Wer trinkt ohne Durst und isst ohne Hunger stirbt dest junger.

Who drinks without thirst and eats without hunger dies therefore the younger.

Another equally expressive: Arbeit gern und sei nicht faul: Kein gebraten Taub fleucht dir ins Maul.

Work willingly and be not lazy: roast pigeon does not fly into your mouth.

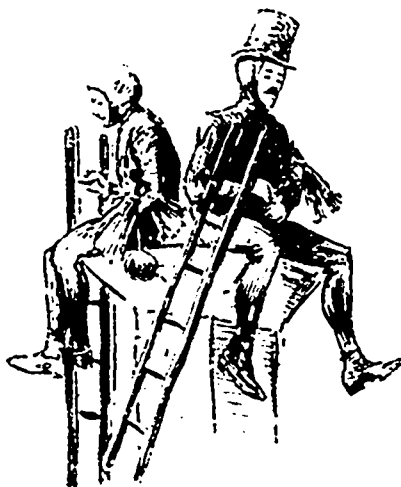
While yet a third gave the wise advice:—A man who does not understand fun should not go among people.

We had our five o'clock lunch at the Crown Inn—wener wurst, sauerkraut, kartoffel-salat and coffee, and enjoyed it immensely.

The 'Spinn Stude' was equally attractive and picturesque with its national atmosphere. Here were three or four dear elder German women, such heartsome fraus they looked, in their simple German peasant dress and close fitting caps, spinning at their wheels; near them sat a lace maker with her pillow, thread and bobbin; beyond were a few gay young frauleins knitting. The room was a correct portraiture of a German peasant

kitchen, with its big brick oven, the dresser hung with quaint rare porcelain and utensils, and the high small-paned window with its white short curtains and spotless shelf filled with healthy pot plants. Just such thrifty wholesome looking windows as one passes by the score in driving over Waterloo county roads. Some rare old-time drinking mugs were shown here—loaned by Mrs. Rumble—whose quaint jolly designs and capacity were an epitome of the happy burgomaster life of ye olden days in the Fatherland.

The post office beside the flower booth did a merry business. All sorts of missives found their way into its boxes. Very few well-known visitors were allowed to depart without some kindly little message of greeting or adieu, penned by one or other of these hospitable German villagers, and duly delivered.

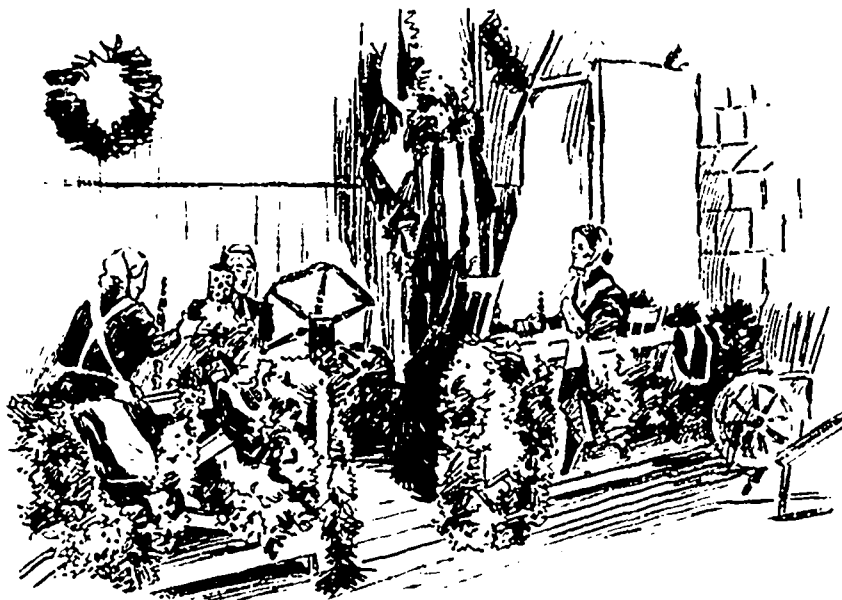


The 'Chimney Sweep'.

One touch, without which a Kirmes would certainly be incomplete, was the stork and his half-hidden nest. It is one of the pretty characteristics of Berlin, which perhaps its residents would hardly notice, but which falls charmingly upon the ear of an English visitor, that the arrival of a tiny new citizen is spoken of as "a stork's visit."

We might chat at length of many other details of this bright and most attractive Kirmes. Yet, after all, we must again emphasize the fact that atmosphere and environment are its greatest charm.

As we stand for one last glance down the pretty village street, and watch the gay procession of villagers in their many costumes, the spell of the Fatherland is strong upon us: for all around are German faces beaming with content. Upon our ears falls the deep German speech. The odor of appetizing hospitality, even to sauerkraut and wener wurst, adds pleasantly to the illusion. Nay, it is not an illusion, it is truly



Spinn Stude.

a Kirmes, which belongs to German citizens alone, and which it is theirs to make a national feature.

When this merry biennial fete again recurs, we expect to see even a larger enthusiasm and even greater profit as a result. Extensive excursions should be arranged, especial features, direct from the Fatherland secured, and a united effort put forth to make this bright Kirmes one of the fete seasons not merely of Berlin, nor Waterloo nor even Ontario, but of the Dominion.

THE PRETTY NEW DRESSES.

Each season seems to bring out more beautiful dress-materials, each a marvel of the weaver's art. The designers of fashions are not out-done and the continual varying of the bodice, sleeves and the skirts, is enough to make one pause in busiest hours and wonder when and where the supply of ideas will become exhausted. This season's materials are heavier than usual and with the miserable walking of fall and winter, Wakefield skirt binding is really the only thing which can save the skirts. The real Wakefield leather is now dyed through and through which prevents the colors fading or wearing away. Each and every yard is marked "Wakefield specially prepared leather patented" and as you walk along the streets you will notice the finest dresses bound with it. Unless you receive what you pay for, by seeing that each yard is marked "Wakefield" you cannot expect the best results.

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