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# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

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—For the Ladies Journal.

## A SACRIFICE.

His little shop was only a few doors from my home, but on the narrow side street—our house was on the corner—and often when I took baby out for an airing myself, I stopped to talk to him as he sat bending over his work. Mother nature had given him an intelligent rather handsome face, in compensation for the cruel hump which she had placed between his shoulders, and as he told me stories of his loved Fatherland in his quaint Swede accent, I remembered the lady who was so impressed by the eloquence of the French President, M. Thiers, that she described him as being very tall and handsome. But Andrew Oleson was only the hunchback shoemaker, and his little shop was located in a big, shabby terrace, which seemed always to be so full of occupants that they overflowed into the street, for a gesticulating, chattering crowd was always lounging around the doors. His trade was fairly lucrative; those North country people like to deal with one of their own race, so he mended and often made, shoes for all the Swedes, Germans and Icelanders in the West end.

Though always busy, he was yet always ready to tell the most wonderful fairy stories to the children, and every one of them—foreign and Canadian—loved Andrew Oleson.

I had known him two years when one day he told me of a contemplated change.

"I have saved some money, Meesis," he said, with a sparkle in his blue eyes and his pale face flushed. "At last I have got enough. I hate this place," with a wave of his hand, which took in the close, sultry workshop, and the stuffy little living room back of it, and for a background the dirty yard where the numerous olive branches of the families in the terrace alternatively played amiably together, or fell into dispute and pelted each other with mud and decaying cabbage leaves.

"This is not like what I left—the dear old home—but the rent was low so I staid. But now, I can soon leave it. There is a little cottage down this street one long way, so pretty, with three rooms and a garden, where the vegetables may grow, so like the old home, and I buy it Meesis. I have waited some long while to get the money, but now soon I pay them two hundred dollars. Then I pay them some each month and soon all is paid and it is mine."

There was such pride and happiness shining in his face that I felt deeply interested in the proposed investment. "I am very glad," I said cordially, "it will be so much better for you than these small rooms, and the garden will be a great pleasure to you." His delight at the anticipated change was almost pathetic.

"Don't speak of it," he said at last, "as the deal is not completed yet and someone else may get it." I could see how the possibility of this catastrophe troubled him, and I devoutly hoped that the cottage would not tempt any other aspiring householder.

Some time before this I had learned another secret of Andrew's, though he had not told it to me. He loved Inga Johannsson, my fair haired Swede servant girl.

Well, he was deformed but what of that? Had he not the kindest heart! did not all the children love him? did any one ever hear him utter a rough or unkind word? Surely he would make pretty Inga a good husband. But fate and August Pjeturrsson, had decreed otherwise. Inga, with that feminine instinct which never errs in such matters, was perfectly well aware of Andrew's devotion, but she only tossed her head, was not August Pjeturrsson the best looking Swede in the west end, and did not all the girls envy her?

There came a day when Andrew spoke; played his last card—and lost.

Inga told me the next morning, "The idea of marrying him!"

"You might do much worse," I said, "Andrew would make you a good husband."

"But he is such an ugly looking fellow," she pouted.

"Oh, Inga! His back is deformed it true, but he has a very pleasant face, and you know how good natured he is. Then, he has saved money and would have a comfortable home for you."

But visions of August's stalwart form obscured all of poor Andrew's perfections.

All this had happened during the winter, and now for some time, Inga had gone about her work with a preoccupied air and a downcast face.

"What is the matter with Inga, ma'am?" asked Andrew one evening when I had employed him to make up some flower beds, "has she quarreled with August?"

"No, I think not," I answered, absently, intent on my task of arranging, the geraniums which Andrew was setting out, "that is,—yes I do know what is the matter, and I suppose it would not be a breach of trust to tell you as she would not likely object to your knowing. August has had letters from his father, the eldest brother is dead and the old people are left alone. They urge him to come home to live with them, and assure him that he will be able to secure a situation, as workmen are not so num-

erous there now since so many have emigrated. He is anxious to go, but he has never been able to save any money. I think he sent money to his father occasionally; anyway, he has very little now. He might work his way home but he cannot take Inga."

"And she would go?"

"Yes; you see her mother is there. She had thought that in time she might save money enough to pay her mother's passage out, but of course she would like to go with August."

Andrew leaned thoughtfully on his spade. "I don't think August Pjeturrsson is much of a worker; it would take him a long time to save enough to take 'Inga home.'"

"Yes, I am afraid so. Of course August should go at once; his parents need him, and as he will have to support them there will likely be years of waiting before Inga can go to him."

"Do you really, think she cares so much for him, ma'am?"

"I am afraid so, Andrew," I said reluctantly, for I thought it kinder not to deceive him; "you know how I wish she would care for someone else."

His face flushed and the hand that held the spade trembled. "She has a right to make her choice; I hope she will always be happy."

\*\*\*\*\* Matters had reached a crisis and Inga was in despair.

August had had another letter from home; he must come at once or he would lose a good situation.

Inga's blue eyes were often dim with tears. It is so hard for the young to wait for their happiness.

But one morning she came to me in great excitement.

"Oh ma'am, what do you think has happened? Some good friend has given August the money to take us home. He don't know who it was but the money was left with our minister; and the letter said it was for to buy two tickets to Sweden and we go now, right away."

Before Inga had finished I was sure of one thing, and I wished that I was sure of another—that August Pjeturrsson was worthy of the sacrifice that had been made for him.

Well, they were married, and went and Andrew wished Inga happiness and bade her good bye in a steady voice.

"When are you going to move, Andrew?" I asked one day as he passed down the side street, near where I sat on the lawn. He looked away before he answered.

"I have changed my mind. I am going to stay here."

"Mr. Oleson," I said leaning forward to pick a pansy from the flower bed, "it would cost just about two hundred dollars to buy two tickets for Sweden, would it not?"

"I think so, yes," he was looking at something down the street.

"Greater love hath no man than this," I said softly.

A. L. D. G.

### An Outing Costume.

Outing skirts are more in favor than ever and have proved a blessing to womankind, as they are invaluable for rainy days or long walking expeditions. Those most in favor reach nearly to the ankles, and are made of firm, double-faced material. The plain, tight-fitting skirt backs are no longer considered good form and all the new models have two small box pleats instead. Shirt waists still follow the same lines as those



worn for the past few seasons, with a few exceptions. Yokes are no longer in favor for the back and are regarded as quite out of date. The back should be laid in pleats from shoulder seams to belt line. The sleeves, of course, continue to grow smaller each season, and there is very little fullness seen in the new shirt waist sleeve. The accompanying design was drawn expressly for our readers; pattern cannot be furnished.

Paillettes, except of jet or mother of pearl, have fallen into disuse in Paris.

Long, loose coats of Chantilly lace, unlined, and reaching to the feet, where they flare, are a fetching new mode.

Nearly all of the beautiful gowns worn in one of the late plays are made without collars, with simply a cord about the neck.