

all that, who have travelled along with us, as you have, from the beginning, why should we change our habits and feathers and try to fly for a different roost?

"Archibald," said Cordelia, in such a tone that she was not to be gainsaid, "Lavinia, as a woman of the world, will understand what you refuse to: that it is very important that our daughter should have the surroundings that are now customary to the social set with whom she has been educated, and into which, if she is to be happy, she must marry. If she is to meet the right people, she must be rightly presented. All her set wear low gowns at dinner, whether guests are present or not, just as much as men wear their evening dress at night and their business suits in the morning. That we have kept up our old-fogy habits so long has nothing to do with the present question."

"Except that I have to strain my purse to bring up everything else to suit the clothes, as naturally gaslight, a leg of mutton, and two vegetables do not make a good foreground to bare shoulders and a white vest! And I'd rather fund the cash as a nest-egg for Jenny."

"Archie, you are too absurd!" snapped Cordelia, yet more than half inclined to laugh: for she used to be the jolliest woman in the world before the spray of the Whirlpool got into her eyes.

"As to meeting suitable people to marry, and all that rubbish," pursued Archie, relentlessly, "I was considered fairly eligible in my time, and did you meet me at any of the dances you went to, at the Assemblies at Fourteenth street Delmonico's that were the swell thing in those days? No; I pulled you out of an old Broadway stage that had lost a wheel and keeled over into a pile of snow opposite father's office, when you were practically standing on your head. You didn't fuss, and I got to know you better in five minutes than any one could in five years of this rotten fuss and feathers."

"That was purely accidental and I wish you wouldn't mention it so often," said Cordelia, flushing; and so the conversation, at first playful, gradually working toward a painful dispute, went on, until my faithful Lucy came to escort me home, without our having our game of whist, that excuse for intelligent and silent companionship."

January 25th.

"I dwell on that little dinner episode, my dear Barbara, because in it you will find an answer to several questions I read between your lines. Since my return I find that practically all my old friends have flown to what Archie Martin called 'a different roost,' or else failing, or having no desire so to do, have left the city altogether, leaving me very lonely. Not only those with daughters to bring out, but many of my spinster contemporaries are listed with the buds at balls and dinner dances, and their gowns and jewels described. Ah, what a fatal memory for ages one has in regard to schoolmates! Josephine Poonsonby was but one class behind us, and she is dancing away yet."

"The middle-aged French women who now, as always, hold their own in public life have better tact, and make the cultivation of some intellectual quality or political scheme at least the excuse for holding their salons, and not the mere excuse of rivalry in money spending."

"I find the very vocabulary altered—for rest read change, for sleep read stimulation, etc., ad infin."

"Born a clergyman's daughter of the old regime, I was always obliged to be more conservative than was really natural to my temperament; even so, I find myself at middle life with comfortable means (owing to that bit of rock and mud of grandma's on the old Bloomingdale road that father persistently kept through thick and thin), either obliged to compromise myself, alter my dress, go to luncheons where the prelude is a cocktail, and the after entertainments to play cards for money, contract bronchitis by buzzing at afternoon teas, make a vocation of charity, or—stay by myself—these being the only forms of amusement left open, and none offering the intimate form of social intercourse I need."

"I did mission schools and parish

visiting pretty thoroughly and conscientiously during forty years of my life,—on my return an ecclesiastical, also, as well as a social shock awaited me. St. Jacob's has been made a free church, and my special department has been given in charge of two newly adopted Deaconesses, 'both for the betterment of parish work and reaching of the poor.' So be it, but Heaven help those who are neither rich nor poor enough to be of consequence and yet are spiritually hungry."

"The church system is necessarily reduced to mathematics. The rector has office hours, so have the curates, and they will 'cheerfully come in response to any call.' It was pleasant to have one's pastor drop in now and then in a sympathetic sort of way, pleasant to have a chance to ask his advice without formally sending for him as if you wished to be prayed over! But everything has grown so big and mechanical that there is not time. The clergy in many high places are emancipating themselves from the Bible and preaching politics, history, fiction, local sensation, and what not, or lauding in print the moral qualities of a drama in which the friendship between Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot is dwelt on and the latter adjudged a patriot. I don't like it, and I don't like hurrying to church that I may secure my seat in the corner of our once family pew, where as a child I loved to think that the light that shone across my face from a particular star in one of the stained-glass windows was a special message to me. It all hurts, and I do not deny that I am bitter. Those in charge of gathering in new souls should take heed how they ignore or trample on the old crop!"

"So I attended to my household duties, marketing, take my exercise, and keep up my French and German; but when evening comes, no one rings the bell except some intoxicated person looking for one of the lodging houses opposite, and the silence is positively asphyxiating—if they would only play an accordion in the kitchen I should be grateful. I'm really thinking of offering the maids a piano and refreshments if they will give an 'at home' once a week."

"There is an inordinate banging going on in the rear of the house, and I must break off to see what it is."

January 30th.

"My Dear Child:—

"Your second question, regarding visiting you the coming season, was answering itself the other day when I was writing. Life here, except in winter, is becoming impossible to me. I have lost not only Josephus, but my back yard! The stable where they keep the pigeons has changed hands. Yes, you were right,—he did haunt the place, the postman says; and I suppose they did not understand that he was merely playful, and not hungry, or who he was, else maybe he was too careless about sitting on the side fence by the street. I could replace Josephus, but not the yard,—there are no more back yards to be had; their decadence is complete. I've closed my eyes for years to the ash heap my neighbor on the right kept in here; also to the cast-off teeth that came over from the 'painless' dentist's on the left."

"When the great tenement flat ran up on the north where I could, not so long ago, see the masts of the shipping in the Hudson, I sighed, and prayed that the tins and bottles that I gathered up each morning might not single me out when I was tying up my vines in the moonlight of early summer nights."

"Josephus resented these missiles, however, and his foolish habit of sitting on the low side fence under the ailanthus tree then began. Next, I was obliged to give up growing roses, because, as you know, they are fresh-air lovers; and so much air and light was cut off by the high building that they yielded only leaves and worms. Still I struggled, and adapted myself to new conditions, and grew more of the stronger summer bedding plants."

"Five days ago I heard a banging and pounding. Only that morning Lucy had been told that the low, rambling carpenter's shop, that occupied a double lot along the street to the southwest, had been sold, and we anxiously waited de-

Possessing exquisite freshness and a fullness of flavor not found in other teas

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA—"Pure and Clean to a Leaf"
BLACK, MIXED OR } Sealed Packets Only
NATURAL GREEN } Beware of Imitations

Prize Lists now ready for

The National Live Stock Horticultural and Dairy Show

Exhibition Park :: TORONTO, ONT.

November 17 to 22

The exceptional advantages offered by the National Live Stock, Horticultural and Dairy Show are attracting horsemen, breeders, poultry fanciers, horticulturalists, fruit and vegetable growers from all parts of the Dominion.

The show is big enough for the finest that Canada can produce; the prizes are large enough to warrant competition by every breeder and exhibitor.

An efficient organization will see that the interests of every branch are properly met.

Enlarged facilities will provide ample space in every department.

Send entries in at once and try for a share in the \$30,000 of prize money.

Entries close November 5th

Reduced freight and passenger rates on all railways.

R. J. FLEMING, President

A. P. WESTERVELT, Manager,

502 Temple Building,

Toronto, Ontario

Phone Adelaide 3303.