



L. Coffe

THE QUEBEC LOAN—SMALL AND BONEY.

MADAME QUEBEC—"It's not worth cleaning! If that's the best you can do, Taillon, I'm simply ashamed of you!"

THE CLOAKMAKER'S STRIKE.

THERE was sorrow among the feminine half of the family. All through the hot days of summer the girls and their mother had been economizing by wearing ten-cent a yard blouses made at home. All thought of jackets, even the ever to be admired Eton, they had renounced during the heated term, and until far into the chilly autumn. They were not rich people, and being five in number they had to resort to various contrivances to keep up the fashionable appearance that made the men of their acquaintance regard them as up-to-date.

They generally bought their clothes in wholesale quantity, and it was one of their strongest economies to buy small things by the half-dozen, that allowed them one apiece, and the odd number for necessary repairs. They had made up their minds to buy cloaks this season, and by close calculation had decided that by getting five at \$10.50, the shop would knock off the fifty cents and fifty dollars would cover the entire expense. They had worn their jackets for six years and they had faded so much and so often, that there was no possibility of putting any more velveteen sleeves in them, for the colour couldn't be matched.

They didn't attend the opening days of the big shops and it was a fatal delay, for the great cloakmaker's strike came on in New York, and the price of those desirable garments went up far beyond their limit.

The girls were in despair and their mother ditto. Just

think of it, five dear, kind, economical Canadian women being left cloakless all on account of a strike in a foreign country!

Of course one or two of them might have been furnished with the necessary garments, but then the rest of them would only have looked shabbier. They couldn't afford, either, to buy cloaks of last season's cut, for as they expected to wear them for six years, it was necessary to buy the very latest fashion.

They talked and talked and talked, but they couldn't make that fifty dollars into sixty, but out of every evil comes good—to some one.

"Your pa needs clothes," said the head of the house, "if there's one thing looks more poverty-stricken than another it's to see the father of the family out-at-elbows, it stands terribly in the way of his making valuable acquaintances at his club.

"Let us make him a present of our cloak-money," said the girls.

They all, including their father, thought it a good idea, and he was presented with the fifty dollars and asked to consider it as a Xmas present. And he was glad and blessed the strike, and went down town and bought himself a suit and a hat.

He also made up his mind not to acknowledge being the author of letters to the newspapers, condemning the awful extravagance of women in dress.

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