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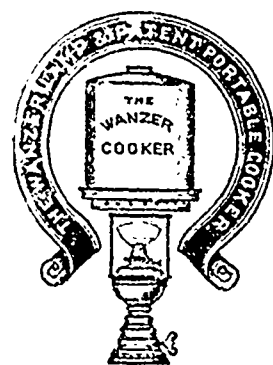
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OURSELVES.

During the past month the business management of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has undergone a change.

Mr. Woolsey has resigned the management, and Mr. G. A. Perram, for many years a resident of Petrolia, has been appointed Managing Director.

We intend to make the journal more than ever before, a thoroughly Canadian paper, and hope to be able to steadily improve it in every respect, and to merit a continuance of the patronage that has been so largely bestowed in the past.



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EMMY.

I DON'T see how you can stand this awful wind.

'Oh, you get used to it. After you'd lived here forty year, an' seen ev'rythin' slantendicular in the wind the whole 'durin' time, you'd get so you wouldn't think much about it. You'd feel slantendicular yourself.'

'I do b'lieve you have grown kind of sideways, Lucy Ann. Don't you think she has, Emmeline?'

Mrs. Elkins asked the question of her sister, Mrs. Emmeline Cares. Mrs. Cares kept her fair, large face intent upon her sewing. 'I've said she had, time an' time again; but you ain't paid no attention to it,' she replied, scarcely opening her fine lips.

'Well, I dunno but you have,' Mrs. Elkins said apologetically; 'but I ain't realized it till just now. Can't you stand up straighter, Lucy Ann? You hadn't ought to get to loppin' over so.'

Mrs. Sands stood at the kitchen table rolling out biscuits for tea. She smiled the shrewdly reflective smile of a philosopher. 'Well, mebbe I hadn't ought to,' said she; 'but I dunno as it makes much difference. I ain't so young as I was once an' mebbe if I don't lay out any extry strength in holdin' of myself up straight I'll last the longer for 't.'

'I should think you'd have a little more regard for your own looks,' said Mrs. Cares, in a calm, indignant voice. She took strong, even stitches in her white seam.

'Land! I dunno as I'd know myself if I met myse'lf out a-walkin' on the bluff,' returned Mrs. Sands; 'I don't think five minutes a day about how I look.'

'If you jest tried to think of it, an' stood up straight, an' did n't allow yourself to lean over so, it would n't take long,' said Mrs. Elkins.

'If folks won't listen to what folks say an' don't have no regard to how they look, there ain't no use talkin'. I'll give it up,' said Mrs. Cares.

Mrs. Sands said no more; she put the pans of biscuits into the oven with a sober air. Her two sisters sat sewing with their nice, voluminous black skirts gathered carefully up from contact with the kitchen floor. They had followed Mrs. Sands into the kitchen when she went out to prepare tea. They came from a town ten miles inland, and were spending the day with her. Their horse and buggy were out in the shed behind the house. The two visiting sisters were trussed up tightly in their fine black gowns, there were gleams of jet upon their high bosoms, there were nice ruffles in their necks and sleeves, their faded light hair was arranged in snugly braided little coronals, and their front locks were crimped.

Mrs. Sands, beside them, showed plainly the marks of the sea upon her; since she had been exposed to the buffeting of its strong salt winds she had

changed as much as the coast. Her complexion had been similar to her sisters', fair, although not blonde, now all the fresh tints were gone out of it, and it could well assimilate with the grays and browns of the rocks and seaweeds down on the shore. She was tall and lean, and leaned sideways, as her sister claimed; she wore a loose, limp, brown dress, and her hair had a rough stringiness over her temples.

After she had put the biscuits into the stove-oven she sat down for a minute. She could not fry the fish until Emmy returned; she had gone down to the store after some salt pork. The kitchen had a small dark interior; it was plastered, and the plaster and unpainted woodwork were brown with smoke. All the color in the room was in a row of tomatoes ripening on the window-sill. The one window looked upon a stretch of wind-swept yard. The edge of the bluff and the sea were upon the other side of the house. The wind was from landward; it beat upon the house in great gusts; now and then a window rattled. The visiting sisters sewed: Mrs. Elkins was using red worsted in some fancy work; Mrs. Cares took nice stitches in some fine white cloth and embroidery. Her daughter was getting ready to be married, and she was doing some needlework for her.

Mrs. Sands kept her eyes fixed upon the work of her sister Mrs. Cares; finally she spoke. 'I s'pose you an' Susy have got about all you want to do, with her sewin'?' she said.

'I guess we have,' Mrs. Cares assented; 'all we can spring to. Susy's about wore out.'

'It's a good deal of a strain on a girl, gettin' ready to be married. I dunno how Emmy'd stand it.' Mrs. Sands fixed her sober eyes upon the wild sky visible through the window, the corners of her thin mouth curved in a sly smile, but her sisters did not notice it.

Mrs. Cares shook out her work, and took a dainty stitch with a jerk. 'I ruther guess it is a strain.'

'I guess it would come pretty hard on Emmy.'

'It ain't the sewin' alone, neither. She's up pretty late two ni ats a week, too, an' that tells on her.'

'Yes; I dunno of anythin' that tells on anybody's looks quicker than bein' up late nights. Emmy's been up considerable late along back, an' I can see that she shows it.'

'Don't you think this is handsome edging on this skirt?' inquired Mrs. Cares.

'Yes, it is real handsome. How much do you get for Susy's skirts, Emmeline? I s'pose I've got to buy some for Emmy before long, most likely.'

'Three yards.'

'Well, that's about what I thought. Emmy's got to have some new skirts, I s'pose, by an' by.'

'Susy's havin' six made,' said Mrs. Cares with subdued loftiness, 'an' they is all trimmed to death. I tell her it's kind of silly.'

'Let me see, how much of that gray cashmere did you say you got for Susy's

dress? I s'pose Emmy'll be wantin' one by an' by.'

'I b'lieve I got twelve yards.'

'I s'pose Emmy'd take about the same.'

'I guess she would. Susy's is most done.'

'It's one of the handsomest dresses for a bride to come out in that I ever see,' Mrs. Elkins chimed in enthusiastically.

Mrs. Sands took her eyes from the window. She turned them towards her sisters, a dark blush crept over her face, her smile dispersed.

'I don't s'pose you've heard about Emmy,' said she.

The sisters stared at her. 'Why, no,' said Mrs. Cares. 'What is it about her?'

'Well—I—expect she's got—somebody wa'in' on her.'

'Why, you don't say so, Lucy Ann!' cried Mrs. Elkins.

'Well, I must say I never thought Emmy'd got anybody,' said Mrs. Cares.

'Not that she ain't a real good girl, but she ain't never seemed to me like one that would get married. V no is it, Lucy Ann?'

'He's a real likely young man. He owns a boat; got in yesterday. I s'pose he'll be up to-night.'

'Got anythin' laid by?'

'I shouldn't wonder if he had. He's done pretty well, they say, an' he's atiddy as a clock.'

'What's his name?' Mrs. Cares asked the question with a frown between her eyes. Mrs. Elkins bent forward, smiling curiously.

'Jim Parsons.'

'One of Sam Parson's boys?'

'Yes; the others are dead, you know. He's all the one left of the family. He sold the house last year; now he boards over to Capen's.'

'How much did he sell the house for?'

'About nine hundred.'

'I s'pose he's got that laid up.'

'I rather guess he has.'

'Well, that'll set 'em up housekeepin'. When are they goin' to be married?'

Mrs. Sands' face twitched a little. 'Well, I dunno,' she said. 'I dunno as they've got quite so fur as that yet.'

'Th-a-t ain't settled?'

'Well, no—I guess not. I guess they ain't quite settled it betwixt 'em yet.'

Mrs. Cares's eyes, fastened upon her sister's, grew sharper. 'How long has he been comin' here?'

'Well, I dunno. He's been away spell now. He come here awhile before he went.'

'Three months?'

'No; I guess it wasn't—hardly three.'

'Two?'

'No; I guess not quite.'

'Well, he must have been coming a month if he's been courtin' at all—if he meant anythin' serious.'

'Well, I dunno but 'twas about a month in all; he's been comin' and goin' with his boat. It's kinder hard to reckon,' said Mrs. Sands, feebly.

'Has he took her anywhere?'

'He took her ridin' over to Denbury.'

'More'n once?'