



EARN HER LIVING.—Certainly we can imagine few things more praiseworthy in a woman than a determination to earn her own living, to live her own life, to meet her own expenses if she is not a person of independent means, but has to be supported by others, whether or not the others work for their own living as well. And to our own mind it is far more unworthy for a woman to sit down and be supported by another than it is for her to support herself in any honest manner whatever.

MARY AND THE POET.—Mary Anderson has lately paid a visit to Lord Tennyson. The poet received her kindly, and during her visit she was appointed high priestess of his lordship's pipe. She filled and lighted it for him, and had conferred upon her the title of "Ministering Angel of Tobacco." Lord Tennyson is very fond of the sylvan beauties of the New Forest, and it is his habit, it is said, to sit for hours, wrapped in a great cloak, beneath a favourite beech tree, listening to Miss Anderson's American jests, "crooning, chuckling and even laughing" with amusement.

AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.—In a lecture in Brooklyn on a late evening, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle: A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

GUARDIAN OF THE HOME.—The assertion has become almost a commonplace that woman is the natural guardian of the home. The more she is prohibited from all external spheres the more she is recognized in her aspect of home keeper. If, then, she is responsible for the home, she should look at it in all its aspects. The husband usually spends there but a few hours of his waking day, while the wife spends but a few hours away from it. It is she, therefore, who should study the material side of the home, and all the constant changes brought to it by the changing customs of society and by new mechanical appliances.

THE THIMBLE.—A household magazine tells that the thimble was first the thumb-bell, because worn on the thumb; then the thimble, which sank gradually into thimble, and that up to a recent period it was made only in brass and iron. Now, in addition to those metals, they are made from gold, silver, ivory, horn, glass, and steel, and even occasionally pearl, especially in China, where pearl thimbles bound and tipped with gold are much liked by wealthy ladies. But the most magnificent one of all is that which was first ever seen in Siam, in shape of a golden lotus bud and studded with diamonds to form the name of the young queen to whom it was a bridal gift from the king.

THE DINNER WAGGON.—The piece of furniture known in England as a "dinner waggon" and in France as an *étagère* has obtained recognition on this side of the Atlantic as a desirable accessory. It consists of a series of open shelves on which are placed the extra napkins and *serviettes* to be used. The first heavy napkin is taken away and a more delicate one brought with the Roman punch, or whatever is offered in its stead. With the game comes a fresh one, and when the dessert arrives so does a new napkin. The *étagère* holds the salad bowls, spoons and plates, the dessert dishes and finger bowls. The jellies for the meats, relishes, radishes and celery come on the vehicle which our British friends designate by the cumbersome name of "waggon."

A WALK IN NOVEMBER.

Come, while the rare November sun
His transient warmth and light bestows,
And in the brief hour just begun,
Our pleasant ramble yet may close.

The herd-cropped meads we'll pass beyond,
Nor pause by those deserted walls,
Where love was once the household bond,
Where now no homebred footstep falls.

Once gleamed with hospitable flame
That ruined casement, black and bare,
So some forlorn and ancient dame
Was once a welcome beauty there.

Nor martial beau, nor lady gay,
Light feet to festal music time,
But stealing through the dim decay,
Such echoes haunt my silent rhyme.

Enough to-day our daily load,
There lingers here too sad a charm;
Along the willow-bordered road
That winds throughout the German Farm,

And past the old white porch we'll go,
Where autumn's sweet hop-tassels cling;
The great dog will our greeting know,
The small one to our hand will spring.

The bachelor-brethren, quaint and kind,
Will somewhere in our pathway stand,
With simple gallantries that find
Accepting smile and ready hand.

We'll hear the home and neighbouring news—
(The "wood-road" much their comfort mars)—
And fair Niece Rena's marriage views
Are doubtful still as Eastern wars.

We'll note the wood-pile's growing size,
Praise the gay foal, and heifer mild,
And taste the orchard's garnered prize,
Which late the roving boy beguiled.

Then out upon the distant slope
That toward the valley-ground declines,
Past groves, now barren as the hope
We nurtured 'neath dead summer's vines.

Yet still amid the leafless boughs
Cock-robin flits, with pensive strain,
Where flowery spring first heard his vows,
Some tender echoes still remain.

Nor will we for a late-lost joy
Always the present calm deny;
Nor wilfully unwise destroy
The remnant pleasures fleeting by.

Oh, till we suddenly discern
Below—the noble inland bay
Locked by the mountains, dark and stern
With shadow, this November day.

The village church, whose distant spire
Gleams white and tall 'mong odorous firs,
Where words, oft touched with holy fire,
The rustic's simple bosom stirs;

The quiet village hills behind,
With field and pasture sprinkled o'er,
Where blooming June with lilacs lined
The pickets round the cottage door;

The rift on yonder wooded height,
Where golden glimpses rest awhile,
Like sorrow's cheek serenely bright
With resignation's chastened smile.

So grouped, and tinted, breaks the whole
Familiar scene of hill and vale;
This resting-place the appointed goal,
Whose promised visions never fail.

Here, on this great moss-covered stone
We'll sit, and, as we, silent, gaze,
Bless Him who planned it all, and own
How He hath kept us all our days.

The clouds in coloured light are drest,
Afar the fires of twilight burn;
The young moon glimmers in the West,
As homeward we our faces turn.

Thither we carry brighter cheek,
And happier thoughts than late were ours,
We kept to-day a spirit meek,
And found no thorn beside the flowers.

Montreal.

A. C. J.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE SLAVES.—We have wasted a good deal of sympathy upon the Circassian girls who are sold to the highest bidder in the Turkish slave market. They have been brought up with an eye to this fate from babyhood. They are expected to make the family fortune; are given the daintiest food, and their health and beauty are matters of constant solicitation. Warm, perfumed baths and silken clothing keep their skins soft and fresh, and they are allowed to do no work. The rest of the family usually fare hard, eat coarse food and do no rough labour.



General Middleton last week inspected the Seventh Battalion. A valuable deposit of coal has been found at Oslow, near Truro, N.S.

Bedson's buffalo herd may possibly remain in Manitoba if the new owner can secure liberal ranching privileges.

Morrisburg, Ont., has voted \$25,000 bonus to the St. Lawrence Paper Company for the establishment of paper mills there.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have decided to build car works at Stratford, in connection with their machine shops there.

A despatch from Deputy Minister of Marine Smith says the new steamer "Stanley" will run between Summerside and Point du Chene as long as navigation remains open.

The ambitious town of St. Johns, on the Richelieu, has voted a bonus of \$800 a year for ten years to Day Brothers, to remove their steel stove factory from Montreal to St. Johns.

The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for East Northumberland took place on the 21st, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Cochrane, ex-M.P., being elected by a majority of 53.

The town of Brownville, N.B., is showing its mettle. The Canada Pacific Railway has commenced extensive repair shops, storehouses and other buildings. The C.P.R. is to be free of taxation for ten years.

Robert Barber, of Toronto, Government Inspector of Factories, laid information against the Era Preserving Company under the Ontario Factories Act charging them with unlawfully employing in the factory six young girls and six women before six o'clock in the morning and after nine o'clock at night. The company pleaded guilty and was fined.

Several years ago the editor of this paper fyled at Ottawa, for an American friend, a patent for the manufacture of a sad iron, heated and kept hot by gas or gasoline, generated from a small cylinder, lasting from two to three hours. To-day the lively town of Sherbrooke, on the St. Francis, has secured the works for exactly such a patent, the Wishart patent self-heating laundry iron and other kindred household appliances.

The total number of cotton mills in Canada, not counting cotton-batting and wadding factories, manufactories of waddings, etc., is 25, having an aggregate of 11,282 looms and 510,700 spindles. In 1885, when the last edition of the *Canadian Textile Directory* was published, there were 24 mills with a total of 9,702 looms and 461,748 spindles. In the last three years, therefore, only one new mill has come into existence, but the weaving and spinning capacity has increased by 1,580 looms and 57,952 spindles.

BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseating in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favour, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer.

Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears.

And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued.

Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I have never heard it—never!"

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labour for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."