

The Home Circle.

THE MAN BENEATH THE BED.

What cosmic whim has fathomed him Or made his tribe exist, Cannot be told by solid old Or learned ethnologist; He seems a dream, yet myriads deem Him to life's vigor bred, And by the score are looking for, 'Tis man beneath the bed.

Inquiring mind of womankind Industrious search doth wage Night after night to bring to light This rumored personage, And though with will they're hunting still, Their efforts have but led To hope unearned, they've never found, The man beneath the bed.

A DINNER GOWN.

A dinner gown may consist of a strip of lace wound round the shoulders and caught with a flower upon the bust, below which long stoles of lace play a charitable part toward the old silk body, over which the lace was worn. The back draped simply with the point of lace, well brought down and pinned, would pass muster anywhere. Above this simple twist of lace the dinner gown would rise supreme with snowy shoulders and matchless throat. Along the lace lines of her bodice, however simple, her mouth white arms would be content. There is something about the American woman, arrayed in a dinner gown, which cannot be approached. An English poet, visiting this country once expressed it: "The American women all act as though they were beauties; and it is surprising to note how many of them really become such." Take the plainest American woman and "dress her up," put her in décolleté, effuse her nicely, polish her skin with beautifiers and set her in a drawing room with chance guests of other nations, and she will shine and sparkle, scintillate and gleam—no matter how simple or how old, her gowning may be. But do not think that the clever American woman is content with the twist of lace, the twining of chiffon, the glimpse of blouse. She has looked abroad over the wide world and has found some charming things. These she has brought to her own country and has grafted them upon American taste. Her dinner gown of the waning season of 1900 and the approaching one of 1901 will be remarkable for its beautiful brilliancy, for its artistic treatment, and, of course, for its expense. It is a feat to accomplish a fashionable dinner gown of to-day upon a small sum, but it can be done. Clever women are doing it every day. They are taking simple mousselines and embroidering them. In the heart of the daisies which they so cleverly build upon the filmy fabrics, they stitch sprays of gold, and upon the roses which they broder so well, they sew a pearly drop. Lilies, all of silver, they work upon tissues, and for a center they embroider a heart of gold. The work basket of a fashionable woman bristles with threads of gold and silver; and bits of tinsel gleam where formerly the modest thread lay. No woman of India ever handled the shining bits more dexterously, nor did a lady of Persia ever stitch them more cleverly than the modern, gaily colored silks. The Russian woman, who blouses everything, and trusts to her loquacity to carry off the blouse, has consented to the use of gold and tinsel upon her garments, and so we have the Russian blouse, the Russian house coat, and the Russian collar, all in dinner stuff, and all laborately touched with tinsel.

CHENILLE USES.

The uses for which chenille has been found adapted are manifold, and it seems as if almost every new thing one sees has this beautiful trimming added in some way. Braided, it forms the foundation for hats, crowns and brims, and sewed along the edge of silk or other material it is quilted up and made into rosettes and other trimmings. Bows are made of different sizes, either sewed along the edge or made into fringe at the front, and this extends frequently almost to the bottom of the skirt. Chenille is so soft and velvety that it is as becoming as seriklin. One charming bow was made of accordion-plaited liberty silk, and the edge was pulled out straight, and a row of the thickest chenille was put directly on the edge. Bows for the

hair and floating loops are added to dresses, and, in fact, one may see it everywhere just now. It is true that it has taken several months for the vogue of chenille to reach such proportions.

Princess forms are seen in evening gowns and also in some street attire, but in this case the form is cleverly disguised. Many new gowns are made with drapery around the waist, like the old style tablier, and others again have flounces up to the top. More are made with tulle which fall over a deep flounce of satin or velvet of some darker color. Quite a number of these dresses show a double skirt, and many more are open at the sides and slashed from top to bottom, with an inset of something else. I remember one beautiful evening gown which had the fronts left loose and slightly draped on the left side. This was slashed all the way, and there was an inset of black lace over green silk. The dress itself was of apple green crepe de chine, and all around the bottom and up the sides was an embroidery of silver and dark green chenille about three inches wide. Along the edges was a narrow line of black fur and this was carried all around the neck, which was quite low. It was princess shape in the back. On the shoulder and in three places down the side, where it closed, there were large rosettes of black tulle. The half long sleeves were of black lace laid over green in narrow plaits. This same style of dinner gown was duplicated in pale pink tulle.

This is quite a revival of accordion plaiting for evening dresses, especially for the younger ladies, and this is made of thin mousseline de sole and other diaphanous materials. It is especially pretty for dancing as it floats out with such dainty grace. These skirts generally have waists of the same, with a short fagaro and often a handsome wide sash. These sashes are most often of wide ribbon, but are sometimes of velvet cut with rounded tails and richly embroidered all the way. It must be admitted that these heavy sashes do not look exactly right with a frock of tulle or fine silk mull, but perhaps that is just the reason why they are so well liked.

SWELL POKE HATS.

The poke hat is undoubtedly in style, though it is different in shape from the former poke hats and different in material. It much resembles the Gwendolen hat of last year, sometimes called the "Dolly." The poke is a "made" hat, constructed upon a frame and fashioned of velveteen, which comes in all the new shades. Dun colored gray is fashionable, combined with red-brown satin, while around the face is a little sprig of white lace covered with black chiffon. A hat of this description was recently worn by a young woman of very high position in Gotham society. It was worn on an afternoon walk and was made to match the gown in color, which was a deep shade of green. The gown had stitching of black and gold and the hat had bows of black and gold. The peculiarity of the hat lay in the arrangement of the flowers, which were of silk delicately scented. They were fastened to the hat brim and were so arranged as to fall down over the back of the neck and to trail upon the shoulder. The roses were light as they lay upon the brim, but gradually deepened until they were the color of American beauties. The hair is worn in curls for evening, but for day the graceful trailing rose takes its place. Tobacco brown is the brown of the season and is worn with the bronze greens. Few hats or gowns are made all in one color, a variety being introduced if only in the stitching, which is so freely used upon cloth, velvet, silk and even upon ribbon.

A VISITING COSTUME.

A smart walking costume, made of a serviceable, yet fairly substantial material, which can be trimmed prettily on the bodice, is a necessity, and here is a charming and very novel design possessing all these advantages. The material used is faced cloth in a pretty shade of fawn, and the skirt, which is in the very latest fashion, has a shaped band round the hips, which extends to the hem of the skirt in front, and is covered with several rows of machine stitching. The rest of the skirt, which is gored at the top to leave only a little fulness to gather into the shaped band, is lined through with soft silk or satin of a delicate shade of turquoise blue.

The corset, which can be made like a bodice, with a tight fitting lining and loose fronts, joined in at the shoulder and under the arms, has a vest of pale turquoise blue silk, with very lace turquoises on the yoke, and points of handsome lace are turned out of the edge of the corset fronts. The sleeves are tucked all the way down, except at the elbows, where the material is let loose, and points of creamy lace are seen at the wrists. The drawing waistband is of black panno-velvet. The stylish hat which

completes this toilet is made of tulle, green silk to match the dress and is trimmed with turquoise blue rosettes and black and fawn ostrich feathers. This charming model could be carried out equally well in cloth of any other color and also in black. It is also suitable for serges, coatings and other autumn materials.

THE DISAGREEABLE.

Many people fail to get on in the world because they will not do the things that are disagreeable to them. They gladly pick the flowers in their vocation, but will not touch the weeds or thorns. They like to do the things that are easy and agreeable, but shrink from the disagreeable or laborious.

They go around the hills of difficulty instead of over them; they leave the enemy half conquered, and he is always coming up to attack them unexpectedly from the rear.

The best way to overcome this dread of drudgery is to determine to do the disagreeable things first.

Take hold of them with vigor, as you would grasp a nettle, if you would avoid the sting, and after awhile you will find what seemed so difficult in conception is really easy in execution, says Success.

Naturalists say that, when examined minutely with a microscope, it will be found that no creature or object in nature is positively ugly, that there is a certain harmony or symmetry of parts that renders the whole agreeable rather than the reverse.

So the most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in their proper proportions, reveal a poetic, an attractive side hitherto undreamed of. Turn on the sunlight of good cheer, the determination to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant even in the most dreaded task.

I have seen men working under the most trying conditions, and the most repulsive surroundings, who found light in the shade, poetry in the dull prose of their environment, and happiness and content in spite of all unfavorable circumstances.

On the other hand, I have seen people occupying desirable positions in the professional and business walks of life with every inducement to cheerfulness and happiness in all their surroundings, who were gloomy, disagreeable and discontented. They saw nothing but clouds.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WHEN DAD COMES HOME AT NIGHT.

By Amadous.

There is no dad like our Dad, No matter what you say; The house is dull and lonesome When'er he is away; Impatient for his presence To make the place look bright, For us, the hours pass slowly Till Dad comes home at night.

And when he comes, such greeting Was never known before; We all rush out to meet him, And welcome him once more; One takes his coat and bundles; One goes with night and main To find his easy slippers When Dad comes home at night.

The supper's on the table, And some one is made glad, Because, to-night he's given A seat close-up to Dad; Such chat and happy laughter! Such cheery hearts and light! 'Tis just a taste of heaven, Who? Dad comes home at night.

When supper is quite over We all sit around the fire, And Dad will tell the stories Of which we never tire; Of native land and glory, Of men that fought for right; 'Tis history repeated, When Dad comes home at night.

One speaks a piece worth hearing, One sings a little song, And so, with mirth and music, Swift goes the night along; Dad smokes his pipe in comfort, His spirits never blight; He knows, his boys are happy When he comes home at night.

God bless the dear old father, Who is to us our all, And leave us long together To wait upon his call; God bless his kindly nature, And, when he takes his flight, May heaven renew the welcome We gave to Dad each night! —Buquet.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CIRCUS.

"Speaking of Christmas trees," said Judge Crabtree, as he leaned back in a comfortable angle after dinner, "I want to say that I approve of you. They're a highly satisfactory vege-

table. I wonder the Arboriculture Society don't offer prizes for their cultivation and improvement. Pasduka's seedling Christmas tree, or the early Thanksgiving Christmas tree, would be interesting novelties."

"You heard about the unappreciative western villagers who hung their congressman in effigy to their Christmas tree?" Inquired Major Dodge.

"Yes. And speaking of western experiences with Christmas trees reminds me of the time I was with Ford's circus, in Texas. You see, Ford failed, and I was appointed receiver, and finished out the season in the south with the circus. Christmas overtook us in western Texas. We were on the prairie, 200 miles from a tree of any sort, much less a regular Christmas tree. Still everybody agreed that we must have a Christmas tree. What to do was more than we could figure out. Then the lady who rode the spotted horse arose and settled the question. Senorita Tocardo was bubbling over with it. I took her hand and says I: 'Mrs. Simpkins, your idea is a good one. We'll carry it out.'

"You see, the senorita's notion was to use the giraffe, and we proceeded to do so. Stood him in the center of the ring and dressed him up in tinsel and strings of popcorn, with candles stuck about here and there, and red apples and Chinese lanterns and such things. Tied a few brooms and feather dusters up along his trunk—neck, I mean—to represent boughs and foliage, and there you were—good enough Christmas tree for anybody.

"There was just sufficient of him to accommodate all the presents. We took our seats around on the edge of the ring, the steam piano played a selection in long notes as a delicate compliment to our tree's neck, and the distribution of the presents began, with the ringmaster to read off the names, and to clown with a thirty-foot pole to hand down the things. The tree stood perfectly still with the exception of occasionally turning his head a trifle, which only caused the boughs to sway gently, and give an appearance of a breeze through the top. The senorita declared that it was more natural than the real thing. The animal trainer wanted to bring in the elephant to reach down the presents, but we couldn't trust him with the pop-corn and apples.

"We had got about a third of the presents off and the piano was gently playing, 'Tushed was the Hour,' when the giraffe happened to turn his head a little and look down, and see what a blaze of glory he was. I was watching his face with a small telescope, and saw an expression of astonishment pass over his countenance. Just then the brush on the end of his tail-chained to catch fire from one of the lanterns. This was too much. That blamed old camel leopard gave a mighty jump, cleared both the ringmaster and the clown, and started out around the ring, his hind legs flying like a windmill.

"The first jump put out the conflagration in his tail, but he kept right on. We fell over backwards and ran for the high seats. The Christmas tree kept on around the ring, shedding presents and popcorn, candles and confectionery. The second time around he knocked over the catloper, and every last key began to toot and screeen. This excited the animals in the next tent, and the elephants and beasts of prey commenced a little Christmas card of their own, but they were securely fastened, and we had no fear. Not so, however, the camels and kangaroos, who charged in and joined the procession around the ring. The trick male also appeared, and mingled in the simple Yuletide festivities by planting himself just outside the ring and taking a kick at the kangaroo every time he passed. If I remember rightly, the troupe of trained monkeys likewise took part in the exercises by jumping on to the fleeing animals and beginning their performance. I think, too, that there were some spotted horses and sacred cows implicated, though I confess, by this time the air was so full of presents and steam piano notes that it was hard to see anything.

"About this time we crawled up through the caves of the tent and got out on the roof. The big mackerel crept up to the center-pole and cut a hole in the top. The tree put his head out and began to look around. The frost air did him good, and in a few moments reason regained her throne in his jolly mind. The other animals gradually became quiet and returned to their tent. We went down, the piano player banked the fires in his instrument, and we went on with the exercises. Everybody was satisfied but this man. He set up a great outcry that he wanted his salary paid. Said he was hired to give ordinary selections, and that when he presented a Wagnerian performance he must have double rates.

THE GENTLEMAN.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not ex-

isted, would have invented them.—Emerson.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of manners makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equally manly sympathy for the great and the small?—Thackeray.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty and self respect are the qualities which made a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.—Huxley.

To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to use them in the most graceful outward manner.—Thackeray.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflections must finish him.—Locke.

The flowering of civilization is the finished man—the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.—Emerson. Whoever is open, loyal, true, of human and affable demeanor; honorable, himself, and in his judgment of others; faithful to his word as to law, and faithful alike to God and man.—such a man is a true gentleman.

THE GOSPEL OF SAVING.

In the Saturday Evening Post Russell Sage presents some of the best advice that has ever been given to young men regarding the handling of their money. In the course of the article he says:

"No matter how fast a man may make money, he owes it to society as well as to himself to be economical. Any young man who will live up to the following set of rules will get more genuine happiness out of life than his neighbor who violates them;

"Out of every dollar earned save twenty-five cents. Save seventy-five if you can, but not less than twenty-five.

"Get up at a regular hour every morning, and work until the things that are before you are finished. Don't drop what you have in hand because it is five o'clock.

"Be honest; always have the courage to tell the truth.

"Don't depend on others. Even if you have a rich father, strike out for yourself.

"Cultivate independence at the very outset.

"Learn the value of money. Realize that it stands when honestly made, as the monument to your value as a citizen.

"Be jealous of your civic rights. Take a wholesome interest in public affairs, but do not let politics, or anything else, interfere with the rigid administration of your private duties. The State is made up of individuals.

"Be clean and decent. Don't do anything that you would be ashamed to discuss with your mother.

"Don't gamble.

"Be circumspect in your amusements.

"In connection with amusements, I have never been able to understand why the young men of to-day desert the theatre, an absolute essential in seeking diversion. An evening with a good book is, or ought to be, more satisfying to the young man of brains than an evening in a hall where a lot of make believe characters are strutting up and down the stage, like children in a masquerade. When the human race reaches its highest mental development there will probably be no theatres."

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Most of the great things of the world have been done in the face of the cry "Impossible." To the minds of his generals Napoleon's plan to cross the Alps was sheer madness. From a conventional standpoint the winning of American freedom was impossible, and so were nearly all the great deeds of history that thrill us most.

We find it impossible to walk around a park on a rainy night without overshoes, yet many an explorer has waded water and lain out-of-doors for weeks without catching cold. If our sailing departs a hair's breadth from the routine we see no hope of escape from dyspepsia and other ills. We were, some of us, incredulous when we heard that a college president had proven his ability to live on fifteen cents a day. Yet Thoreau lived for two years at the rate of twenty-seven cents a week. When General Fremont was crossing the plains it is recorded that his bill of fare for many days was "roast mule, fried mule, doiled mule and mule." Napoleon and his lieutenant lived for a whole Arctic winter on bear meat, and had one bath each in half a cupful of water; yet they came out well in the spring.

All these things were impossibilities according to the usually accepted standards. Looking at them, we learn that so-called impossibilities are not necessarily real ones.

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