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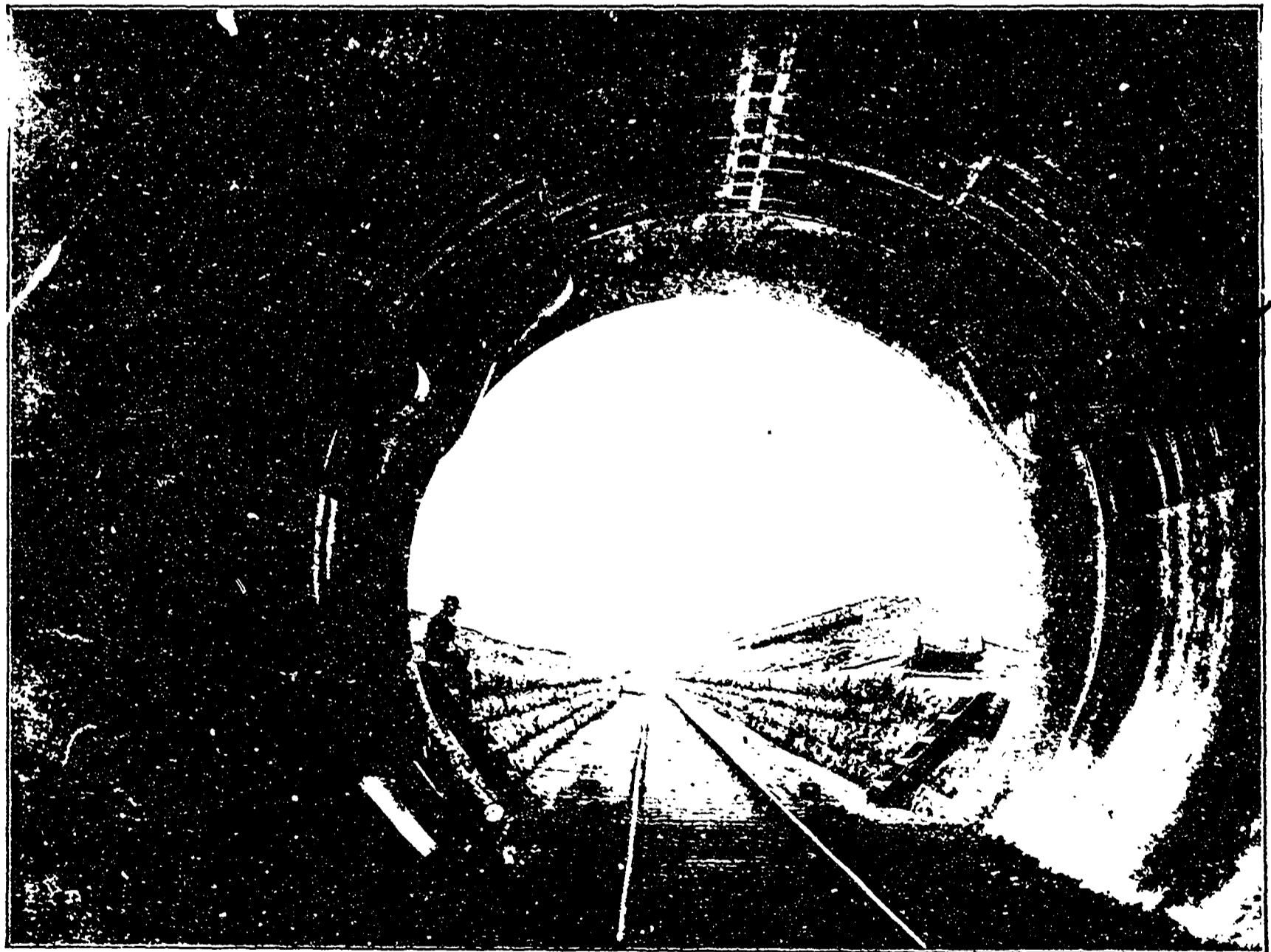
# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Canadian Paper for Canadian Homes.

VOL. VII. NO. 1.

JANUARY, 1900.

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ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

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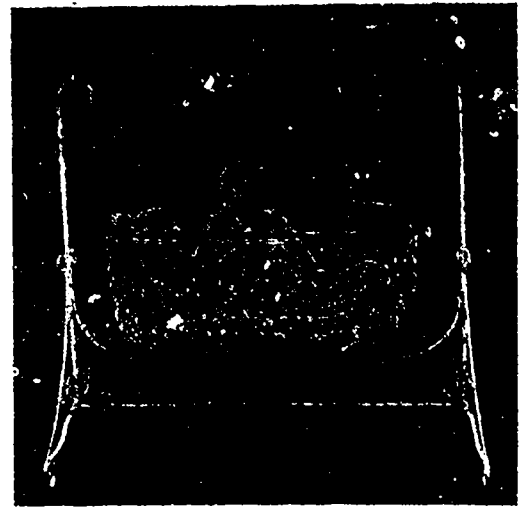
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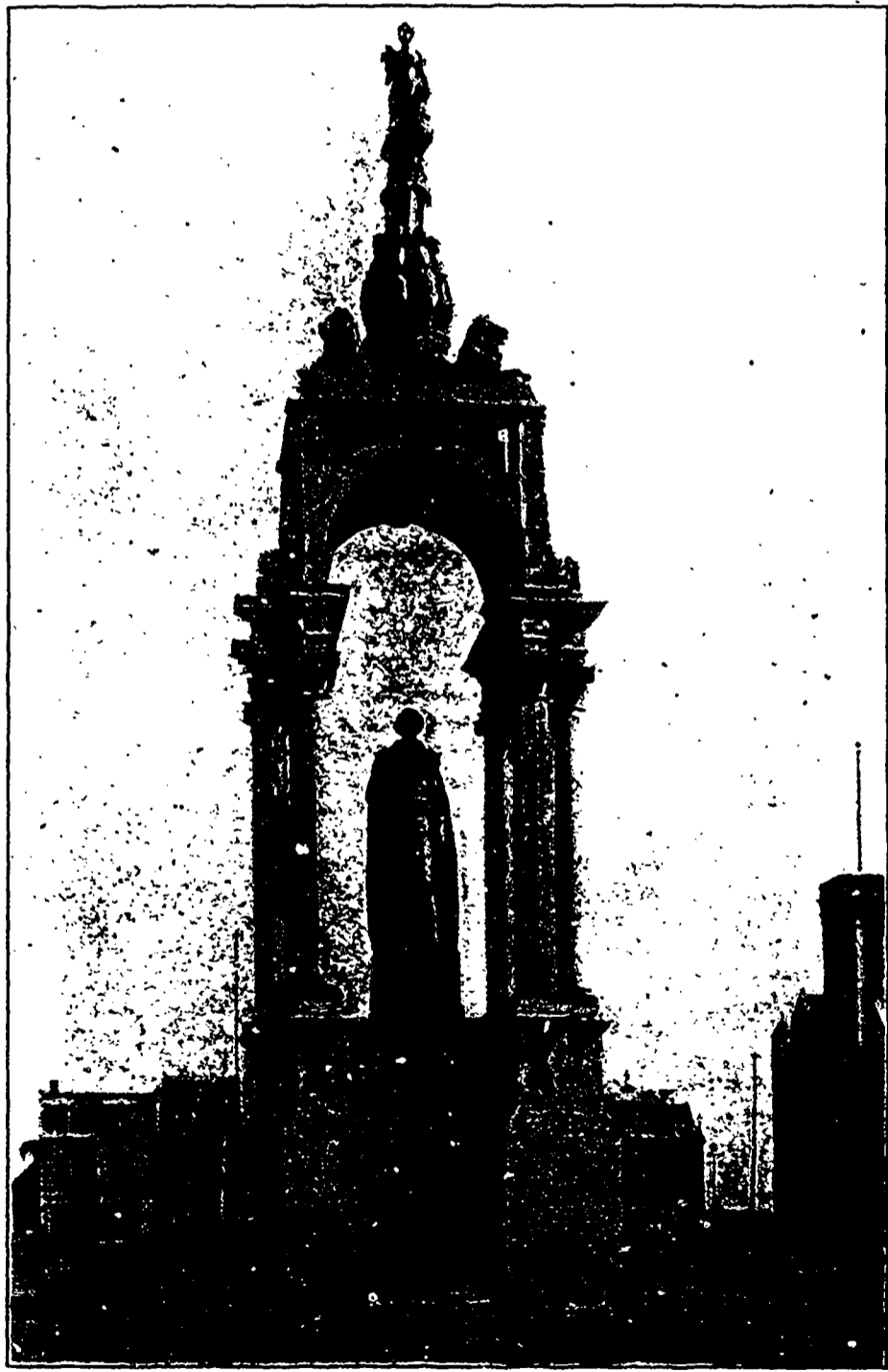
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.



Macdonald Monument, Dominion Square, Montreal.

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Monthly Publication Devoted to the Interests of Canadian Women and Canadian Homes.

Official Organ of the Women's Canadian Historical Society and the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

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**CHANGES OF ADVERTISEMENTS** and new advertisements should be sent to the publishers not later than the 10th day of the month preceding publication.

## Editor's Corner.

With this issue we commence a new year and a new volume of the JOURNAL. We take this opportunity of wishing all our friends and readers a bright and prosperous year, and although it commences with the sad memory of many valuable and noble lives lost while fighting for our Queen and Empire, yet we must start with a renewed hope that the time will soon come when wars and rumours of wars will cease, and all men will live in peace and good-will with each other.

LOOKING back on the old year we all have much to be thankful for. In Canada we have been granted a more than bountiful supply of prosperity, and the country has developed still more wonderfully along lines that will help to build up our Canadian people and Canadian homes on a sure foundation of real happiness and prosperity. We have in this country of ours a rich heritage, and the many philanthropic enterprises now at work are no small factor in engrafting in the minds of our people a good moral tendency with sound honest principles, which in time will help to create a pride and a jealousy in our country's greatness which cannot fail to make us still better citizens and Canadians, and loyal supporters of the great Empire to which we belong.

It has been said that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," but in recent years women have found other responsibilities, and their advancement into public life has shown that they can be a valuable ally in the development of a country. They have taken hold of and managed many of our philanthropic institutions with every success, and this has enabled the men to give closer atten-

tion to the commercial and political development of the country. We have often heard it stated that this intrusion of women is a mistake, that they should confine their energies and abilities to domestic life; but, after all, are not our philanthropic enterprises domestic matters? Do not most of these enterprises affect our homes and its inmates? Certainly, they are the root of all philanthropic movements, and our women should therefore be most valuable in the carrying on of such work. Let our women continue their labors in these new spheres of usefulness, and thus assist in a more rapid and permanent development of the world's advancement.

WE have received a copy of the annual report of the Women's Historical Society of Toronto, and we congratulate the officers and members on having closed a most successful year. The report shows that new members to the gratifying number of thirty-six have been enrolled during the year, and the treasurer is the happy possessor of a larger balance than last year, to the credit of the society. The Historical Exhibition held during the recent summer, in Toronto, was not only a marked success itself, but after paying all expenses the treasurer had in hand three hundred and fifty dollars. Considering the heavy expenses incidental to the transit of the many exhibits, and the heavy insurance that had to be carried on such valuable articles, the net proceeds were excellent, and the energetic workers of the society before and during the Exhibition can indeed be proud of the grand showing they have made in this the first Canadian Historical Exhibition held in Canada.

WITH the commencement of this volume of the JOURNAL we have the pleasure of announcing two new and attractive features which we have decided to introduce, through suggestions received from several of our readers. We start in this issue a serial story written for the JOURNAL by a Canadian. The scene of it is laid in old historical Quebec, and the plot, which is founded on facts, is intermingled with good descriptions of the many historical relics of the city, which makes the reading both interesting and profitable. The story is well written, and we have no doubt it will be greatly enjoyed by our readers. The other new feature is the commencement of a department to be devoted specially to the interests of young girls. We have made arrangements with a lady to conduct this department who has special abilities for such work, and who is therefore capable of keeping the columns attractive to those in whose interests they will be written. We invite all young Canadian girls to show their appreciation of this department by reading its columns in each issue; and should they have any suggestions to make as to how it can be improved in their interests to let us hear from them.

DURING the past year we have been greatly encouraged by the women of Canada in our efforts to supply our Canadian homes with good clean and wholesome reading of Canadian origin. This year we ask a continuance of their help, by bringing it to the notice of their friends who are not yet patronizing this *Canadian paper for Canadian homes*. We will, with pleasure, send a sample copy

to any of them if their name and address is sent to us. If you know anybody in your district who would like to increase their means by securing us new subscribers, get them to write us and we will make them very liberal offers for their work. The more subscribers we get the better the paper we will be able to send our readers each month, and thus make it still more worthy to fill its place as a *Canadian paper for Canadian homes*.

## Result of the Competition for a Design for Our Front Cover.

WE were pleased with the interest taken by so many in the recent competition for a design for our front cover. While we are perfectly satisfied with the judges' decision, yet we cannot make up our minds that any of the designs received, including those to whom the prizes have been awarded, will make a good permanent cover for the JOURNAL. We are therefore unable to use, as we had contemplated, the design selected on the cover of this issue. The matter is receiving our consideration, and in our February issue we may have something further to say on the matter.

Altogether, thirty-five designs were received in connection with this competition, and the following are the names, with *nom de plume*, of the parties competing:

Mova	F. J. Kelly	Toronto.
Petit Billie	W. T. Wallace	Toronto.
Abbell	Miss B. Brown	Toronto.
Flex	Paul Caron	Montreal.
Bee	Eliz. S. Tilley	St. John, N.B.
Ω (Omega)	Mrs. Hemsted	Toronto.
Napoleon (2)	E. Kerrigan	London South.
Three Links	Chas. Bridgman	London.
Jeff-O	W. S. Larmour	Toronto.
Perseverando	Harry Jewell	Toronto.
Olga Pameter	Miss E. Palm	Hamilton.
Scientist	F. W. Waugh	Toronto.
Aide-de-Camp (2)	Mrs. Chamberlain	Toronto.
On Again, etc	W. C. Thompson	Toronto Junction.
Utele Dulco (2)	Miss M. Casey	Kingston.
Westward	Miss E. Hand	Toronto.
Hiawatha	John Carling	London.
Capaea	Miss Yarker	Toronto.
Saxon	Miss E. S. Baylis	Montreal.
Art Amateur	M. A. Overend	Montreal.
Geonale	G. A. Leary	Montreal.
C. W. (Monogram)	W. M. Gill	Toronto.
Periwinkle	F. L. Snowball	Toronto.
Life	J. M. Blakie	Toronto.
Paratnount	L. McCoy	Turnerville, P.Q.
Ilix	Miss E. E. Overend	Montreal.
Autolyceus	Miss VanBuskirk	St. Thomas.
Bunadotte	Evelyn Earl	Toronto.
Diogenes	No name of competitor received.	
C. W.	Charles Wickens	Montreal.
Beaver (2)	H. W. Angus	London.

The designs sent in were all designated by a *nom de plume*, and it was not until the judges had made their award that we were able to satisfy our curiosity as to the owners of the several works of art that we had the pleasure of receiving at our offices. We feel sure, in obtaining as judges the services of Mrs. G. A. Reid and Mr. E. Wylie Grier, our competitors, one and all, will be satisfied that each design was considered on its true merits, and from an entirely unbiased point. We desire also to express our appreciation of the work of these two judges, for the close attention given to their work, and the careful consideration they manifested in coming to their decision.

We append their report, and in reference to the designs they have commended for having several points of merit, we have decided as a reward for their work to send the owners of these designs the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL free to their address for one year.

We thank each competitor for their design, which will be returned where stamps were sent for that purpose, with the exception of the three winning prizes, which are our property.

REPORT OF JUDGES.

TORONTO, December 16th, 1899.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN.—We have carefully considered the several designs submitted to us in connection with the recent competition for a design for the front cover of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and beg to advise the awarding of the three prizes offered by you for this work, provided you are satisfied the conditions have been properly fulfilled, as follows:—

- 1st prize, "Scientist."
- 2nd prize, "Perseverando."
- 3rd prize, "Flex."

We highly recommend the designs of "Beaver" and "Abbell," which to our minds show many good points in design and workmanship. We also recommend the designs sent in by "Napoleon," "Mova," "Petit Billie," "Bee," "Omega," "Jeff-O," "Olga Pameter."

These designs show many points of merit, giving signs of abilities which should be capable, ultimately, of high development. The design of "Three Links," being in color could not be considered, as it had not complied with your conditions of being in black and white. We regret this, as it had several good points.

Your truly,  
MARY H. REID.  
E. WYLY GRIER.

Correspondence.

We will with pleasure publish in this column any short letters received on subjects of general interest to our readers, but of course do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Do You Know?

To the Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An officer of the 13th Battalion here has called my attention to the word "coronet," instead of "cornet," in my paper on Stoney Creek. I copied the spelling of "Coronet" McKenney's name verbatim from Mr. Merritt's diary. Can any of the older readers of the JOURNAL explain the matter? Was that the old style of spelling cornet? I would like to say also that Mrs. W. E. Sanford's name was Vaux, not Yaux, as the printer made it. Her father was a prominent and well-known citizen of Ottawa.

MINNIE JEAN NISBET.

"Be Not Anxious."

(MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

AS ONE who hears the trains at night  
Go thundering outward through the air,  
Yet, undisturbed, dreams on because  
Driver and pointsman know the laws,  
And, dark or light, will do the right,  
Not his but theirs the care,—

So do thou take thy rest and sleep,  
The world's great load is not for thee;  
Not thine to start the trains of life,  
Or choose for men, or quell their strife;  
The Father will His children keep,  
Trust Him, and happy be.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A Bright New Year.

"A YEAR to be glad in, not to be bad in;  
A year to live in, to gain and to give in;  
A year for trying and not for sighing,  
A year for striving and hearty thriving.  
A bright new year, oh hold it dear,  
For God who sendeth, He only lendeth."

Wives of Well-known Canadians.

Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL  
BY  
ELLA WALTON.

No. 5.—Madame Lavergne.



MADAME LAVERGNE is the wife of Judge Lavergne of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, but aside from the position this fact gives her, she is Madame Lavergne—a woman of unusual personal characteristics and intellectual powers.

Her father was Mr. Barthe, M.P. for Yamaska, a man of marked ability, an able writer,



MADAME LAVERGNE.

and the author of many books and poems. Some years of his life were spent in Paris, where he formed a part of the social life of that great and gay city. There several of his children were born, though the subject of this sketch claims Montreal as a birthplace.

The mother of Mr. Barthe was a De Montmagny, and Madame Lavergne is related to every old French family in the Province of Quebec. It is impossible at first to realize what a binding link this is to the history of Canada.

Her grandmother on the father's side was German, a woman whose traditional beauty is still remembered in Quebec, where she lived. The story is told that when the Duke of Kent was in Quebec he made frequent visits to the residence of Mr. Barthe for the outward purpose of examining his fine armory, always asking for the fair German lady to act as showwoman. His visits came to a sudden end, for one day his admiration got the better of his discretion, and he chucked the little beauty under her chin. The husband happened to enter just then, a sword was quickly

drawn, and history lost an event by interference of friends.

Madame Lavergne, however, shows no trace of any nationality except French, and that of a type more like the French woman of Paris than of the French woman of Canada. Her friends, with truth underlying the jest, often allude to her as "the Lady Chesterfield."

She is original, tactful, and resourceful, with that too little seen trait of being charitable in her opinions towards her own sex and the world in general. A brilliant conversationist, a half an hour passed with her is one to be remembered. She can chatter with a child and send it away charmed and pleased, as well as she can entertain the man of letters or science with the brightest and deepest ideas.

I was told by a well-known Canadian writer that it was a pity that Madame Lavergne had not entered more largely into the literary world, as her articles given to the public anonymously through different publications were very clever.

Madame Lavergne enjoys the distinction of having been rocked many times when an infant by the mother of the Empress Eugenie. Throughout her whole life she has been identified with leaders of the world, and with every social event of importance. She does not identify herself with any particular charity or woman's organization, but is always ready to devote her energies to whatever needs pushing forward or being done quickly. As people say, when Madame Lavergne takes hold of anything it has to go. Just now she is taking an active part in the Red Cross movement in Ottawa.

In looking up information about the family life of Madame Lavergne, I find that there is an Enoch Arden story not far back, and many bits of Canadian history so strange and romantic that they can only be expressed in these concluding lines:—

"There is a hidden page in each life,  
And mine a story might unfold;  
But the end was sad of the dream divine,  
It better rests untold."

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The Lullaby.

WHERE the waves are dashing, dashing, 'gainst a shore so bleak and barren,  
And in tones so angry, angry, speak of storms so fierce and wild;  
Where the pines are moaning, moaning, in the mountain-tops so dreary,  
Sits a mother softly singing, softly singing to her child.  
Sleep, my loved one,  
Sleep, my fair one,  
Sleep, my darling baby, sleep;  
Fear not winds so fiercely blowing,  
Fear not wave nor mountain steep,  
While thy father's ship, so stately,  
Sails the breast of ocean deep.

Where the light is glimmering, glimmering, on the bosom of the water,  
And the wavelets lapping, lapping, a song of peace and rest;  
Where the twilight deepening, deepening, adds new shadows to the forest  
Sits a mother, softly singing, to her baby on her breast.

Sleep, my loved one,  
Sleep, my fair one,  
Sleep, my darling baby, sleep.  
Now the skies in beauty glowing,  
All the earth in glory steep;  
Now thy father's ship, so lightly  
Sails the breast of ocean deep.

ARDIS.



## A YOUNG HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL BY  
FRANK L. DAVIS.

**M**OTHER, why are you always so sad about Xmas, when every one else is so bright and jolly?"

"Because, my dear boy, the saddest events of my life have occurred at this time of the year, and as each Xmas returns it brings me my saddest memories."

"Tell me about them, mother, and let me help you to bear them. I share all your joys why should I not also share your sorrows?"

"I have often thought of doing so, Harry, but did not like to bring even a shadow on your bright young life. However, I think you are old enough now to appreciate his great sacrifice and let it influence your character; so this Xmas eve I will tell you the story of my noble boy hero."

"Oh mother! A real true hero? Tell me quickly!"

"Yes, dear, as true a hero as was ever burned at the stake. My first sorrow came on Xmas eve, for twelve years ago to-night your father died suddenly in the full prime of his manhood and left me with two children—Fred a boy of twelve, and you a baby of a few weeks old. I had lost several children between you two, consequently Baby Harry seemed a precious charge to be guarded and watched over with more than ordinary care. When dying your father said to Fred, 'I leave your mother and baby brother in your charge, Fred, promise me that you will guard them well and prove yourself the manly boy I think you.' Fred looked his father steadily in the eyes and gave the required promise. Fred was proud of his charge and very fond of 'little brother Harry,' as he always called you, and no one could have been more faithful in looking after you. He was always ready to amuse you when I was busy, and would leave his play or the most attractive book at your slightest call. He was such a help and comfort to me that sad and trying year.

"We lived on a new farm about ten miles from my father's farm, and the road lay through a thick woods which was infested by wolves, and dangerous at night, and even in daylight if the fierce brutes chanced to be particularly hungry. A few days before Xmas mother sent word by a neighbor who was passing letters were rare in those days,—for me to drive the boys over and stay till over Xmas with them. She thought it would cheer me to get away from my home at that sad anniversary, and mingle with those who were bright and happy. We went, and Fred enjoyed his visit amazingly, he was the life of the family party of aunts, cousins and grand-children. But he never neglected you. No fun or pleasure could draw him away if you seemed to wish him to stay. The day after Xmas we started for home, as I was afraid to trust the man who was looking after the stock any longer. It was very cold and I thought he might neglect them. Fred drove and I carried you in my arms. We had dallied at the last till it was late in the afternoon when we got started, and the dusk soon overtook us. 'Drive fast,' I said to Fred, 'for we may be followed by wolves,'

and my heart sank as I thought of the last time I had driven through these woods after dark; my strong, brave husband was by my side and I had no thought of fear. Now, alas, I had only a boy for a protector, a brave, reliable boy, yet only a boy in strength and judgment.

"Was Fred afraid, mother?"

"I don't know, dear, he did not say. We were speeding along, the bells jingling, the horse's feet crunching the hard snow, when suddenly out on the clear frosty air rang that deep dismal bay which once heard can never be forgotten. The wolves were on our track, God help us, and we were just in the thickest part of the wood, with no house within sight or hearing. Fred had heard them once and instantly recognized the terrifying sound. He turned white, but did not seem to lose his courage or presence of mind. 'They seem a long way off, mother, we may beat them yet,' said he. Then lashing the horse to its fullest speed he kept a sharp watch behind. Not a word more was spoken, but the fearful baying gradually came nearer and more distinct. Suddenly the leader of the pack appeared in full view, and as he sighted his prey he leaped into the air and gave one fierce, resounding howl to signal the pack to hasten forward to the banquet.

My mother had loaded the sleigh with Xmas cheer of all kinds—a large piece of meat, fowls, mince pies and cakes. I suddenly thought of them, and setting my baby down between us I dragged the piece of meat from under the seat. This was difficult to do and took time, as the sleigh was rocking with the galloping of the horse, and I could scarcely keep my balance. 'Hurry, mother!' shouted Fred, 'they are nearly here.' When I raised my head and looked behind the sleigh, what a sight met my eyes! The whole pack had reached us, their eyes glaring like bulls of fire, their fierce hungry jaws open, with sharp, white teeth showing, and all seemingly ready for the expected feast. I steadied myself as well as I could and making a big effort, threw the meat back as far as my strength would let me. The horse rushed madly on, his nostrils dilated and snorting with terror. Such snarling and growling, and fierce fighting for the treasure! We could hear the crunching of the rib bones, and the sound filled me with horror as to our probable fate. 'Get out the turkeys, mother,' shouted Fred, above the noise of the snarling and growling, 'but only throw one; we can keep them off as long as the food lasts.'

We were going at great speed—your father always loved a good horse and this had been his favorite, and were fast increasing the distance between us and the ravening wolves, but we knew the meat must be nearly consumed. I rose again and threw out the large turkey which my dear mother had destined for our New Year's dinner, little dreaming of its fate. On we flew, taking eager glances backward. We soon saw the yelping pack of demons again on the move, but once more their wild progress was arrested by the second turkey whose bones they stopped to snarl and wrangle over. This gave us another respite. Then the pies and doughnuts followed the turkeys, and were snapped up almost in falling. On they came, fierce and more eager even than at first, their ravenous appetites seemingly only whetted by what they had devoured. I was in despair, for we had nothing more to throw; we were at last

at their mercy and we knew what that was. I took my baby again in my arms clasping him closely to my heart, trying to soothe his terrified crying; for the swaying of the sleigh and the howling of the wolves had awakened him. Closer and closer they came, their wild eyes glaring, their white teeth gleaming, their red tongues lolling; we could feel their hot breath as two of the largest sprang at the back of the sleigh. Like a flash Fred struck at the first one and then the other with the butt end of his whip, causing them to drop back among the others. Then he snatched the Buffalo robe and threw it among them. This caused some confusion and Fred took advantage of it to lash once more the panting, lagging horse, and we gained a few paces on the wolves. Then Fred turned to me, his young face like death, his jaw firmly set, and said, in a strange, quiet tone, 'Mother, there is only one thing more to be done, and I am going to do it, God helping me. Here, take the reins quick!' Then, before I had the least idea of what he intended, he jumped from the sleigh calling out 'Good-bye, mother! it is the last chance of saving you and little brother Harry. Father will know I did my best.'

"On my God, the horror of that moment! I can see the awful scene now as if it were actually present. The gloating joy of those cruel beasts as they rushed to meet their victim. The howls of anticipation! the snarls of greediness! Fred had taken his whip with him, bent on selling his life as dearly as possible. He laid about him with all his boyish might, rushing this way and that to elude their snapping teeth. Oh, how noble he looked, his stern white face bravely fronting his savage foes! It only took a few seconds; for while he was fighting several wolves in front a large one leaped up on his back and in the dusk and fast increasing distance all became indistinct confusion. I gave one last despairing scream as I lost sight of him, and mercifully I knew no more till I opened my eyes in a kind friend's house. They had heard my screams and come out to find an exhausted horse, a fainting woman and a crying baby."

"But, dear mother, was Fred saved?"

"Not saved, Harry, but safe with his father in heaven. He had given his young life for yours and mine, and more than redeemed his promise."

HAMILTON, ONT.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

### Related to a Hero.

THE greatest gift God does bestow on human frailty, is a hero's death, a noble one, yea, one of loyalty! But next to that, o'en poorly clad and cold below zero, its warmth fills each beating heart related to a hero.

Who among you would not be his mother, kind and tender,  
To pray the prayers our mothers can, for her brave and true defender,  
He left his fireside, home and friends, with our country's noble band,  
To face the foe so far away and fight for Motherland.

God's wisest ways may sometimes seem the heaviest  
strifes to bear,  
But He alone knows best to cause you mourning  
crape to wear;  
Your head in sorrow may bend low, and your blood  
chill to zero,  
But your heart should beat the proudest, you're related  
to a hero.

TORONTO, ONT.

CONROY LAWLOR.

# THE WHITE ROSE OF KLONDYKE.

Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

BY EVA HAMILTON YOUNG.

**W**VE tried hard, but somehow luck has been against me. If I only had a son! If Polly was a boy I'd go to the Klondyke," muttered farmer Shaw, as he scratched a match on his boot-top and lit the pipe he had just filled with cut plug.

"By Jove!" he continued, excitedly, "I believe nothing could keep me if Polly was only a boy!"

A merry laugh rang out, clear and sweet, on the fresh morning air, as pretty Polly Shaw came suddenly around the corner of the house.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "what would you do if I were a boy?"

She had been feeding the chickens, and the blue sunbonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, exposing the pretty red-gold hair, tangled in soft curls about her fair face. Her innocent blue eyes expressed the astonishment she felt on hearing her father lament that she was not a boy. Her mother had died two years before, and since then Polly and her father had struggled on as best they could.

But, as her father said, luck seemed against them. The little farm was mortgaged to pay the expenses of the long illness of the wife and mother; then the wet season was followed by drought and the cattle-plague. The old house was weather-beaten and innocent of paint.

Day followed day in a pitiable monotony and struggle for existence. But outraged nature always rebels; every day the cruel, hard facts thrust themselves on the mind of the discouraged old man, and he was becoming querulous and exacting.

It was a hard life for the young girl. Her sunshiny nature had kept her from brooding over the dull routine; but as she stood before her father, her eager face upraised to his, while she listened to his expressed desire to try his luck in the gold fields of Klondyke, it seemed that it was their opportunity—the chance of a lifetime.

"Don't you worry about me," she said, "I'll go or I'll stay, just as you say; but I'd rather go. My! How lonesome you'd be out there without me! While you are digging the ground for gold I can keep the shack comfortable. The life there has possibilities for good, and you know, father, we are just at the end of the string here."

"That's it—you've hit it!" cried Shaw, much gratified at the perspicacity of his daughter. "The note is most due, and Willison 'll show no mercy. It's doubtful," he said slowly, as he took his pipe from his mouth and looked towards the fields, "if the

crops will leave a margin above expenses. I guess it's up with me, Polly. Reckon we may as well look the fact squarely in the face. I don't just know how to look ahead."

Polly went up to him, and putting her arms around his neck kissed away the big tears that lay upon his furrowed cheek.

"Whatever comes, father, you've got me, and we'll stick together; and together we'll seek a fortune in the gold-fields of Klondyke."

He took her face between his hands, and smiled into her eager eyes. It required some resolution to make up his mind upon the question.

"It ain't no use driving things," he said. "If we was hasty we might regret it.



KOOTENAY FALLS, NEAR NELSON, B.C.

It don't seem right for you to go. I didn't calc'late—"

"Yes," she said, "it is right. Father, I must go."

To Polly the distance seemed nothing. All would be so new and strange. She looked at him pleadingly. "Wal, wal," he said, "you're a good girl, Polly. I will not bid you stay. We will sell out and go."

"I tell you, partners, this is a pretty rough country for a dainty little girl like that. The truth is, she was made for a different kind of life. 'The White Rose of Klondyke,' I heard some of the officers of the mounted police call her. She's just the nicest little girl I ever knew. It's evident the Inspector thinks so, too; and a woman likes a man who can fig' t."

Billy Breen looked at him with an understanding eye. "Fight! The devil fly away wid yez! Fight! Smoke cigars and play six-penny Bob, d'ye mane? I'm thinkin' it's quare fightin'. It's meself could show 'em how to fignt."

Jim Bowers shrugged his shoulders, paused for a moment and went on: "I was down

to Nelson's saloon last night, and I heard some of the boys talking queer-like; and I laid low to see which way the wind blew. There's a lot of mean sons-of-guns up here, and some on 'em was planning to do some dirty work. Old man Shaw has struck it rich, and the boys is planning to run him off and jump his claim. They won't do that same, by a long shot! Miss Shaw was that good to the mis'us when the baby took sick and died. I'm not the man to forget it," he said, huskily. "Say Billy, let's constitute ourselves a vigilance committee."

"All right, I'm wid yez. It's a dirty thriek, and we'll be after spoilin' it," said Billy.

Ten minutes later Jim Bowers was on his way to let old man Shaw know what to expect, while Billy Breen, springing onto his broncho's back, slapped it with the palm of his hand and rode "like the devil," he afterward said, to inform the mounted police of the intended raid.

"It gives me a pain in the heart," Billy mused, "just to be thinkin' of the fright the thievin' villians will be givin' the swate lady."

From the sole of his heavy boots to the crown of his sombrero, Billy was in love with the White Rose of Klondyke.

"Not that she'd ever look at the loikes of me," he said aloud, in a devil-may-care, ironical sort of way. "I've got a fine heap of the dust, too." Smiling grimly, the blue-shirted gold-digger pulled a flask from his hip pocket, and took a generous draught. "It's me mate and me drink," he said, with a twinkle in his eye at his own wit.

Polly and her father talked it over between them, and agreed to stick it out. Polly had learned to use a gun like a frontiersman, so they took turn watching for the claim-jumpers. It was close upon

midnight, when suddenly an unusual disturbance arose outside. There were loud outcries, and threatening voices uttered oaths as a dozen men surrounded the shack. One of them in particular, who seemed to be the leader, hounded on the others. "Why don't you take the old man by the throat and throttle him?" he urged. The villains made a rush at the door, while some one fired a shot through the window.

Polly, who had been asleep, sprang up quickly, and gun in hand, ran to her father's side. Pointing at a burly fellow she took aim and fired. Another shot and another, and three of the jumpers stumbled and fell. Then she turned to her father, who lay on the floor where he had fallen at the first shot. With a vague fear at her heart she bent over him, then softly spoke his name: "Father!"

Wildly she threw herself on her knees and cried: "Father, dear father, won't you speak to me?" The next instant there was the quick tramp of horses' hoofs and the shouts of the police, who rushed upon the frightened raiders.

"Well done, Miss Shaw. You certainly deserve a reward for bravery," Mackenzie, the Inspector, said in a rich, mellow voice. "But what's this? Your father is not seriously hurt, I hope,"—looking with admiration at the fair young girl, kneeling at her father's side.

He laid his hand on the old man's heart; it was beating feebly.

Polly looked up at the new comer with piteous appeal,—a shrinking, timid girl, now.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Shaw, Mackenzie said gently, as he lifted the wounded man and laid him upon the couch. "I've had considerable experience, and we'll soon fix him up."

Together they dressed the wounds, Polly's long, white fingers skilfully fastening the bandages. Mackenzie found himself watching her; he could not keep his eyes away from her face, lighted with excitement because of the strange scenes through which she had passed.

The shimmer of her red-gold hair, her exquisite complexion, startled him into renewed admiration of her. "She's beautiful—beautiful! There's a wealth of love and devotion in those blue eyes of hers. Capable, if aroused, of daring all things, doing all things."

He listened with quick sympathy when she spoke, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, of the claim-jumpers and their nefarious work. "It is fortunate," he said, "that we arrived in time to save you from further trouble. You are a good shot, Miss Shaw. At least three of the gang will have cause to remember you for some days to come."

Polly shivered. "I'm glad they were not killed," she said.

"Humph! Killing is too good for them," Mackenzie replied. "We were in Dawson when word came of the intended raid. I picked a few of the best men in the force, and we did some fast riding."

"Who brought you the word?"

"Billy."

"Billy Breen?"

"Yes, he is a staunch friend of yours," Mackenzie said, smiling quizzically. A faint flush rose to Polly's pale cheeks.

"How can I ever repay you?" she said.

"Billy, you mean. It is our duty. We are paid by the government," he replied, stiffly.

Astonished at his sudden coolness the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"I did not mean to offend you. You have saved my father's life—and mine. Will you not let me thank you?" she said pleadingly.

Turning to the window, she plucked from the little plant that she had brought from her garden at home, and which, after much care, had struggled into bloom in the frozen region of the Klondyke, a white blossom. Turning to Mackenzie she held out the rose. "Will you take it as a peace offering and a talisman?"

Mackenzie strode across the room with the light of a great love shining in his eyes. Taking the hand that held the rose firmly but gently in his, he said:

"Miss Shaw, since I first saw you every day has increased my admiration for you, until I find that love has taken its place. Polly, if I take the rose you offer as talisman, I must take with it the promise of another rose—a rose that is all the world to me, the White Rose of Klondyke."

Did he take the Rose? Did they go back

in a few months and rear, among the hills of Nova Scotia, a beautiful home—a home where love is king?

Let each reader analyze for himself the mind of the young girl. Let him also picture to himself the sweet content of father Shaw in the realization of his desire,—gold a-plenty, and—a son.

CHATHAM, ONT.

## Marvellous Photography at St. Clair Tunnel.

(See front cover.)

ATTENTION has been drawn in a special manner recently to that triumph of engineering skill, the St. Clair tunnel, which acts as an international link between Canada and the United States. Representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway System for some weeks past have been making experiments in the tunnel with a view of obtaining a flashlight of the interior from portal to portal. Attempts have often been made by photographers to do this but without success, and the way a successful negative was obtained is most interesting, not only to photographers, but to all interested in the development of camera work.

A set of large and specially-made flashlight lamps were made in New York for the purpose, and a special car arranged with the taking machine and flashlight apparatus was brought into requisition, from which the experiments were made. In the history of moving pictures this was the first attempt to obtain a flashlight picture of a tunnel through which an engine and car were flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The experiment was only by way of trial for the first few trips, to see what could be done, and results demonstrated the possibility of perfect pictures on a complete scale, such as is required for the biograph.

The car on which the working machines were placed was fitted up with a specially arranged outfit. A small house was built on the right, in front of the car, the car being a flat car with sides in which were arranged the four powerful flashlight machines. The machines were connected with the compressed air on the locomotive, with proper attachments on the tubing to regulate the air which forced the magnesium powder from the powder chambers of the flashlight apparatus, out through an aperture, across a flame of alcohol, where it ignited and gave forth a great light of pure white and brilliancy, and with parabolic reflectors placed behind the flame. The light was thrown for a distance of more than a thousand feet, illuminating the tunnel to the smallest detail, and producing the desired effect for a sharp and good negative. Though not attended with danger, the experiments were certainly most novel and exciting, as can be imagined—the car illuminated with a light that could not be faced, and necessitated the operators and those who took part in the experiments to wear blue glasses, and rushing through the hollow tube at a thirty-mile pace.

The autograph or machine used by the biograph company for taking the pictures was placed on the left of the flashlight cabin, the electric motor used for running the machine being connected with four storage batteries that were carried on the car.

A few statistics with regard to the St. Clair tunnel, a view of which we give on the

front cover of this issue, will be of special interest to our readers, and will give an idea of the difficulties that had to be encountered to obtain the desired pictures. The length of the tunnel proper is 6,205 feet, and of the open portals or approaches, 5,603 feet additional, or more than two miles in all, the largest submarine tunnel in the world. It is a continuous iron tube, nineteen feet ten inches in diameter, put together in sections as the work of boring proceeded, and finally belted together, the total weight of the iron aggregating 56,000,000 pounds.

The work was commenced in September, 1888, and it was opened for freight traffic in October, 1894. Passenger trains began running through it December 7th, 1891, a little more than three years being required for its completion.

The work was begun at both sides, and carried on until the two sections met in mid-river, and with such accuracy that they were in perfect line as they came together. The borings were made by means of cylindrical steel shields, with cutting edges, driven forward by hydraulic rams, and as fast as the clay was cut away a section of the iron wall of the tunnel was bolted to its fellow-section, and thus the wall was completed as the work progressed. The rails of the track rest upon cross ties only six inches apart, laid on stringers, which in turn rest on a bed of brick and concrete, filling the bottom of the tube.

The engines used to pull the trains through the tunnel and up the steep grades after emerging are the largest in the world, having ten driving wheels and weighing nearly 200,000 pounds.

The cost of this great tunnel was \$2,700,000, and when it is understood that 4,000 cars can be daily moved through it, and this contrasted with the slow and laborious transfer by ferries, it will readily appear that the enormous expenditure was one which yields profitable returns.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

### In Dreams.

I DREAMED I stood at sunrise  
Within a marble hall,  
And from the open casement  
I heard my old love call.

I hastened to the window—  
Time had not changed his voice,  
There was but one whose calling  
So made my heart rejoice.

And as I bent me over  
To see my dear love's face,  
The East was turned to glory,  
And crimsoned all the place.

He stood as I have seen him  
In old familiar days,  
His face, upturned to see me,  
Bathed in the warm gold rays.

I could trace all the sadness  
Of years of grief and stress,  
But in his eyes the old love  
Outshone all weariness.

"Come down, dear heart," he pleaded,  
"For I have waited long;  
But parting days are over,  
And we will sing our song."

Ah, sweet my old name sounded  
As he called me once again!  
But then the glory faded—  
And I woke to my old pain.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY



## Opening of Stoney Creek Battlefield as a Public Park.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WOMEN'S WENTWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Written for the Canadian Home Journal by MINNIE JEAN NISEET



AS has been noticed in the JOURNAL before, the Women's Wentworth Historical Society has secured a portion of the old Gage farm where the thickest of the Battle of Stoney Creek raged, and turned it into a public park. And as has also been stated before, the credit for securing this historic spot for preservation is due entirely to the prompt and energetic work of Mrs. John Calder, the President of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society. The grand opening was held Saturday afternoon, October 21st. Previous to that the house had been put in first class order, and furnished throughout in "ye old style." Mrs. MacMillan, whose mother, the late Mrs. William Freeman, was a daughter of James Gage and an eye witness of the battle, donated an old-fashioned four poster bed that is a delight to the eyes of lovers of old furniture. Mrs. Calder donated a number of articles of old furniture and also secured a grandfather's clock and an old spinning wheel. Many other quaint and curious articles were donated by the people of Hamilton and Stoney Creek. The Imperial Soap Company of Toronto donated a very large and handsome flag, for which the men of Stoney Creek erected the largest flag pole they could find.

On Saturday afternoon, October 21st, over two thousand people assembled on the old battlefield to witness the opening ceremonies. The large verandah at the south end of the house was fitted up for a platform. At 2.10 the Countess of Aberdeen and the visiting delegates to the meeting of the National Council of Women, were taken down from Hamilton in the palace car Winona, of the Hamilton, Grimsby and Beamsville Railway, and the other speakers were taken at the same time in other cars. As the Countess of Aberdeen stepped on the platform, sweet little Enid Hendrie, daughter of Major John S. and Mrs. Hendrie, handed her a handsome shower bouquet of American Beauty roses. Putting her arm around the wee lassie Lady Aberdeen stooped down and kissed her. She is holding the flowers, in the group picture illustrating this paper. Mayor Teetzel was chairman, and made an admirable one, as he always does. Lady Aberdeen made a charming speech and declared the park open. Speaker Bain, of the House of Commons, made a capital address. He was followed by Mr. O. A. Howland, Toronto, who gave a concise and clear sketch of the battle of Stoney Creek. H. Carscallen, M.P.P., proved

his right to the title of "Silver-tongued orator." Hon. Dr. Montague made a brilliant speech. Mrs. Calder, and Mrs. J. F. Wood (Toronto), made capital addresses. Alexander Muir, author of Canada's National Anthem, "The Maple Leaf Forever," was the last speaker, and as he finished the band of the 77th Battalion played the tune of the "Maple Leaf," and that vast audience of people sang it right heartily. Afternoon tea was served



O. A. Howland. Mrs. John Calder. Lady Thompson. Hon. Dr. Montague.  
H. Carscallen, M.P.P. Lady Aberdeen. Mrs. J. S. Hendrie. Mayor Teetzel.  
Alexander Muir.

GROUP PHOTO, TAKEN AT OPENING OF PUBLIC PARK, STONEY CREEK BATTLEFIELD.

to the Countess and her party in the quaint old parlor of the house, the room where probably General's Winder and Chandler often sat. A huge log fire was burning in the old fireplace. As she entered the room, J. B. Davis, President of the Stoney Creek Historical Society, placed a Union Jack flag around her shoulders.

When Alexander Muir signed his name in the visitors' book he wrote the following verse impromptu:

"'Tis autumn time; our emblem dear,  
Dons its tinge of crimson hue;  
Our blood would dye it deeper red,  
If shed, dear Canada, for you!  
The sacred right our fathers won,  
To foemen we shall ne'er deliver;  
We'll fighting die—the battle cry,  
'The Maple Leaf forever.'  
"ALEXANDER MUIR."

The party returned to Hamilton at six o'clock, well pleased with their outing.

Sir John Bourinot was to have taken part in the opening ceremonies, but was unable to leave Ottawa, so he came up November 10th, and gave an address under the auspices of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society,

on Canada's debt to the United Empire Loyalists. The following day Mrs. Calder gave a luncheon in his honor at the old homestead, Stoney Creek, to enable him to visit this historic place. He expressed much regret that he was unable to be present at the opening ceremony.

[This account is late in appearing in these pages through delay in securing photo, from which we give accompanying illustration.—ED.]

### Canadian Peerages.

IN connection with the interesting article that appeared in the December issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, from the pen of Mrs. Clementine Fessenden, entitled, "Some Royal Signatures," it will lend an added interest to this absorbing topic for our readers to learn that Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Editor of "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," writes from Ottawa to the *Scottish-American Journal* as follows: "In reference to the statement made in your Canadian notes, November 1, that 'there are now three Canadian peerages, namely, those of Lord Mountstephen, Lord Strathcona, and the Baroness Macdonald of Earnsccliffe,' permit me to point out that, in addition thereto, there are no less than three peers and one peeress whose present titles were obtained for services rendered to the Crown in Canada. These are Baroness Dorchester, Earl Amherst, the Marquis Townshend and Baron Seaton. There are also sitting in the House of Lords at the present time six peers who are natives of Canada, namely, the Earl of Erroll (hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland and Knight Mareschal of that kingdom), the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Stamford, Baron De Blaquiére (Great Alnagar of Ireland), and Baron Haliburton, of Windsor, Nova Scotia. The Earl of Carnwath is the son of a Canadian mother, and Baron Carew, Viscount Dillon, and Viscount Hill possess Canadian wives. Viscount Milton, the son and heir of Earl Fitzwilliam, is likewise a Canadian by birth, as is also Colonel the Hon. Matthew Aylmer, the son and heir of Lord Aylmer, so long a resident of Canada. From the above it will be seen that the Dominion is more fully represented in the second branch of the supreme legislature of the Empire than is generally supposed."—ED.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

### A Greeting.

I REACH my hand, I give glad greeting,  
New Year! New Year!  
I turn from th' old that's fleeting, fleeting,  
Its faded wreaths of bloom still wearing,  
And heavy weight of life yet bearing,  
Whose care I'd free thee from the sharing,  
New Year! New Year!

I meet, I greet for joy or sorrow,  
New Year! New Year!  
With waiting arms seek in thy morrow  
Fair hopes that call in waves of gladness,  
The minor notes that speak in sadness,  
Or clouds that burst and roar in madness,  
New Year! New Year!

OTTAWA, ONT

ELLA WALTON.

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Third of a Series of Interesting Papers  
on the Subject.

Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL By "MEL MAC."

### Chemistry of Foods.



CHEMISTRY teaches us how to unite two or more elementary bodies into one compound; and how to decompose compound bodies into their simple elements. As before stated, an

element or elementary substance is one which, in the present state of science cannot be reduced to a simpler form. Those inconceivably minute particles of an element, which cannot be further subdivided, are termed "atoms" (Gr. a "not," and temno "to cut"), that is, that which cannot be cut or divided. These atoms are much smaller than the spaces which separate them, indeed, Newton regards them as being infinitely smaller, in fact as mere mathematical points; and Sir John Herschel compares a ray of light penetrating glass, to a bird threading the mazes of a forest.

These atoms, however, are drawn towards each other to form groups, by powerful force known in chemistry as chemical attraction, chemical affinity or chemism, which acts only at insensible distances, i.e., at distances so minute as to be incapable of measurement.

These groups of atoms are called "molecules," and in all molecules of the same chemical element there are equal numbers of the same kinds of atoms.

These molecules are held together by that force known as cohesion, which, like that in chemism, acts only at insensible distances and between the constituent particles of the same body.

As we have seen, groups of atoms form molecules, which in turn combine to form elements, which are combined with each other in various conditions and quantities, forming every known compound or substance, whether organic or inorganic.

NOTE.—In chemistry we use the word "matter" as a general expression for any and every substance.

All natural objects are divided into two classes, (1) organic bodies, those formed of cells or organs, and (2) inorganic bodies the former being distinguished from the latter by the exhibition of vital power or life.

Organic bodies are subdivided into animals and vegetables the former being distinguished from the latter by the possession of sensibility and volition.

Inorganic bodies are divided into metals and metalloids. Metals possess metallic lustre, are good conductors of heat and electricity, and combine with each other to form alloys. Compounds of mercury are called amalgams.

Matter exists in three separate forms, (1) solid, (2) liquid, and (3) gaseous.

The amount of heat or caloric present determines the form of the body. If heat be applied the attraction of cohesion existing among the particles is gradually overcome and the body passes from a solid to a liquid, and from a liquid to a gas, as ice (solid), water (liquid), steam (gaseous). If heat be abstracted, the attraction of cohesion gradu-

ally draws the particles into closer proximity, and the body passes from a gas to a liquid, and finally from a liquid to a solid, hence heat and cohesion are called antagonistic forces.

"One of the most remarkable characteristics of gases, is the property they possess of diffusing themselves among one another. Thus if a light gas and a heavy one are once mixed they exhibit no tendency to separate again; and no matter how long they may be allowed to stand at rest, they are found upon examination intimately mingled with each other. Moreover, if two vessels be placed one upon the other, the upper being filled with any light gas (hydrogen) and the lower with any heavy gas (carbonic acid), and if the two gases be allowed to communicate with one another by a narrow tube, or a porous membrane, a remarkable interchange rapidly takes place, i.e., in direct opposition to the attraction of gravity the heavy gas ascends and the light gas descends until they become perfectly mixed in both vessels.

"NOTE.—The property of gaseous diffusion has a very intimate bearing upon the composition of the air. If either of the constituents of the air were to separate from the mass, the extinction of life would soon follow. Besides, were it not for the existence of this property, various vapors would accumulate in certain localities, as large cities, manufacturing districts, volcanic regions, etc., in such quantities as to render them totally uninhabitable."  
—Dr. J. H. Sangster.

LAMINGTON MILLS, ONT.

(To be continued.)

### The Plain Girl's Matrimonial Chances.

A WOMAN who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones. To which she replied that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "The plain girls flatter the men, to please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

"Happy is the wooing  
That is not long a-doing."

says the old couplet, but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice, "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and, at a picnic." In this as in other matters, it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. To marry in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship—though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether and prevent what might have been a happy union.

A friend of a famous Canadian preacher, once asked him regarding a girl of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?" "Well," was the reply, "I can hardly say. I never lived in the same house with her." This answer touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see women on "dress" occasions, and when every effort is made to secure a good opinion from appearances, but it is often another thing to see them at their usual occupations at home.

## THE RETROSPECT OF AN AMERICAN BRIDE

On Making Her Home in Canada.

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by

"HOPE."



ONE week's absence from the States! One week since the eventful, the great day of my life! This is the soliloquy of of a bride as she allows her mind to review the past.

From the first there was hustle, bustle, and rush, over the preparation of gowns, hats and shoes, and the many dainty accessories necessary to the complete trousseau. This trying ordeal was passed. Farewell calls were made. Good wishes accepted. Presents were received. Of this busy season the days, the hours, passed all too quickly.

She then sees herself. The girl of yesterday, arrayed in white, in the solemn silence of the grand cathedral where the compact was sealed. Once more hustle, bustle, and rush. The wedding breakfast is eaten. Gown changed; trunks packed; tearful, hurried good-by's, are said. Amid the shouts of good wishes, and showers of rice she finds herself stowed away on the express en route for Canada.

It all actually happened! Now a memory to be taken from the recesses of the mind, as the wedding gown from its folds of lavender. A recollection so real; a picture so vivid; the details of which were painted in the brightest hues. She dwells in thought upon the journey, alone as it were, for all seemed changed in a few short hours.

On, on rushed the train, through changing scenes. She the bride of a few hours, with heart overflowing with happiness is seated by the side of the man of her choice. Chosen in preference to all others claiming her hand. The one to whom she had given without reserve, her life, body and soul, until death—for whom she had left lovers, home and country without questioning.

In thought the journey is continued. A strange land has been entered—the Queen's country. A "newness," "foreignness" pervaded everything. Officers and civils alike appeal to her as distinctly belonging to another country, whose manners and customs were unlike those found in the States.

The difference was marked. A few hours before reaching this beautifully strange and fascinating country, she had gazed with pulse thrilling on the beauties of the great Niagara with the grandeur of her magnificent Falls. Now in this vast undulating country, with its fertile lands, fruit stored in golden piles beneath the trees, she sees in all about her a peaceful prosperity. A contentment and restfulness steals over the young wife; she raises her voice in thankfulness to God for bringing her under the kind protection of the flag, the Union Jack, representing the Queen's country and Canada.

She recognizes and accepts with joy the duty she owes the flag! the country! the Queen! under whose dominion she has come, and whose land shall henceforth be called home.

TORONTO, ONT.



## UNDER THE KING'S BASTION

A Romance of Quebec.

Serial Story written for the Canadian Home Journal

BY "HAROLD SAXON."

### CHAPTER I.

"AFAR Quebec exalts her crest on high,  
Her rocks and battlements invade the sky.  
And proud Cape Diamond towers above  
them all,  
With aerial glacia and embattled wall,  
Till on the highest point where birds scarce rise,  
The flag of England floats amid the skies."

"PITTSBURG, 25th May, 1899.

"MY DEAR FRED.—It was my intention to run up north this summer and have a look at the improvements in the old city, of which I have heard a great deal lately: but business obliges me to sail for Europe immediately, so I must postpone the pleasure till next year.

"However, Mrs. Fortescue, an old friend of mine, with her niece, intends visiting Quebec, and it occurred to me to ask you and your mother, who is always so kind and hospitable, to call on them and give them a few hints on the sights, as they are both complete strangers in Canada. You would confer a great obligation upon me if you could comply with this request, for I am afraid my change of plans has rather interfered with theirs, as I had offered my service as *cicerone*.

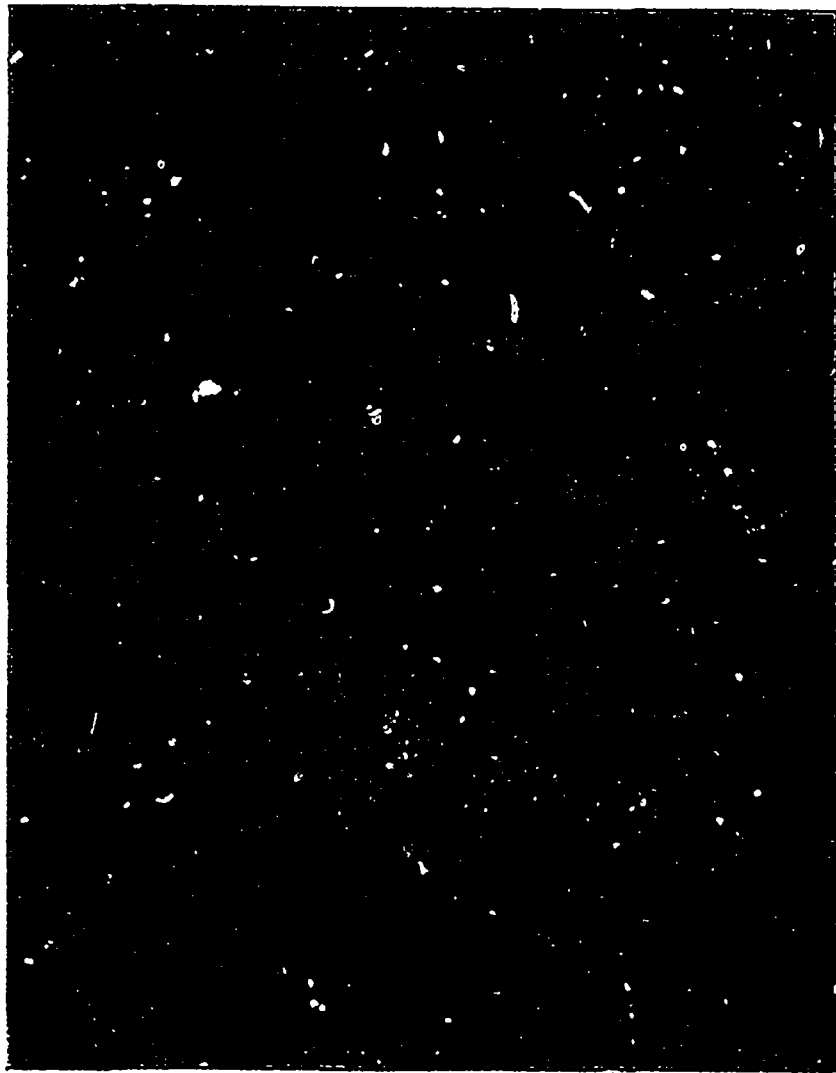
"*Apropos*, my boy: I don't know if you are still fancy free, but if so, it might not be a bad spec', as we say, to bestow a little friendly attention, for Edith Darrell, besides being a thoroughly nice girl, has about \$5,000 a year in her own right; though her old aunt is preciously careful of both her and it, and is constantly running away from suitors with questionable motive. In fact, that is why she is leaving town so early, if I am not mistaken. They will arrive some time next week, and put up at the Chateau Frontenac. . . .  
With the rest we have no concern.

This letter was addressed to Fred Clifford, Esq., St. Louis Street, Quebec, and he was reading it as he strolled on Dufferin Terrace, the beautiful and far-famed promenade of Quebec. He was not thinking, however, of the beauty of the scenery, with which familiarity had bred entire disregard, if not contempt. He was taking into consideration, far more seriously than the writer intended, the suggestion concerning the lady with the \$5,000 per annum. He came to the conclusion that she should share it with him, if his endeavor, aided by certain outward attractions of person and manner, could persuade her to do so. He was urgently in need of money at that moment, besides which, being a young man of expensive tastes, and rather above supplying them by either mental or physical labor, he had been searching for an heiress for some time, and had never wasted much attention on penniless maidens in case of raising false hopes in their innocent hearts. "It won't be my fault if she goes home unengaged," was his last reflection, accompanied

by the underlying conviction, that apart from the money, the misfortune would be hers. And then he went home to dinner to announce his friend's request to his mother.

### CHAPTER II.

A week or so later, in the early morning, an elderly lady and two young girls stood on the deck of one of the steamers which run nightly between Montreal and Quebec. With-



FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

From photo by Clay in Stone Harris.

in an hour the latter city would be reached, and they had risen betimes to lose nothing of the beauty of the approach, which is, perhaps, more imposing here than from the lower part of the river.

Meanwhile the morning mist was lifting from the broad and noble St. Lawrence, the banks on either side emerging gradually from the blue distance, and disclosing dark belts of woods, lines of rocky beach which rose into rugged cliffs on the left bank, white farm houses with brightly painted roofs, scattered thickly among the trees, white green and

white and brown lines running in all directions, denoted the confused network of fences that separate field, garden, and farm from each other and the high road. Here and there the sun gleamed on the crosses of Roman Catholic village churches, whose tin-covered steeples every few miles indicated another parish. The air was clear and pure; spread over all the land was the fresh greenness of the early June; and the whole wide landscape, the sparkling river, and distant purple mountains were canopied by a cloudless, brilliant Canadian sky.

"That is Cape Rouge, so called from the red cliffs all along here; and in a few minutes you will see on the left the basin of the Chaudière River," said the smiling Captain, hurriedly passing by; and twenty minutes later, as they rounded a point from which rose another graceful glittering spire, one of the girls exclaimed: "Oh, look, auntie, that must be Quebec!" And there, four miles away, the north shore swept out into a bold promontory, terminating in the "ram-pired rock," crowned with its line of fortifications, above which a red speck marked the English ensign, and at its base tiny houses clung to a narrow strip of shore, just out of reach of the water, which bathed their foundations.

As the boat steamed along, away up on the cliffs appeared handsome villas surrounded by parks, then a queer old Martello tower perched up against the sky; and there 333 feet above the steamer, towered in solemn grandeur the mighty "Fortress Key of Canada."

"Oh, this is really magnificent!" said the girl who had spoken before; and her admiration was worthily bestowed, for the first sight of Quebec must produce a memorable impression on any visitor. Not only is it, from the commanding situation and picturesque surroundings, one of the most beautiful places in the world, but the historic associations render it easily first among the cities of the Western Hemisphere. Quebec is unique in North America as the "walled city," ranking as a fortress with Gibraltar and Ehrenbreitstein, and as the theatre where scenes of stirring history have been enacted, where an empire was lost and won, where "armies battled, and where heroes died." Her name is indelibly written on the page of war and glory. Five times besieged, she still looks calmly over the vast domain which has beheld so many changes, since first Jacques Cartier, gazing at the great lone

rock, exclaimed, "*Quel bec!*" The foes who plotted to capture her, the armies that battered at her gates, have all passed across a greater and more mysterious river than the one she knows; and still, proudly and defiantly, she rears her head aloft, fearless of all perils, and, let us hope, never more to be disturbed by the rude storm of war, which has beaten upon her so fiercely.

Amidst the bustle of disembarking, our tourists had time for only a glance at the quays and embankments in front of the city, and soon found themselves hurried through

a noisy crowd of gesticulating cabbies, porters, baggage drays, and other impedimenta, to their hotel bus, to be drawn up Mountain Hill (surely an appropriate combination of names) to the Chateau Frontenac. On the way they caught glimpses of picturesque corners, oddly alluring, and gazed in wonder at the high French houses and narrow streets of the Lower Town, through whose twistings and up and down the steep hills slide the modern trolley cars, making an extraordinary medley of the characteristics of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries.

At length they came out on an open square (filled with the thrilling echoes of the voiceless past for those who have ears to hear), and alighted at the door of the Frontenac Hotel, a pile in imitation of a mediæval fortress castle, built on Dufferin Terrace, which had seemed almost inaccessible from the level of the river.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came. I know it is all going to be delightful," said Edith Darrell gaily; then while they were wondering how the horses had ever climbed up the hill, and more inexplicable still, how they ever managed to climb down. Mrs. Fortescue advised them to seek their rooms and unpack at once, so as to be prepared to sally forth and explore as soon as possible.

### CHAPTER III.

The next afternoon Mrs. Clifford and her son called. The latter equipped with a copy of Kirby's "Chieu d'Or," for Miss Darrell, an offering, by the way, whose title seemed not inappropriate, considering his object in making her acquaintance. It proved, indeed, instrumental in gaining the affections of the heiress, but in a way for which he had not arranged.

They found the strangers enjoying the glorious panorama outspread before their eyes from the drawing-room windows in one of the towers. While the elder ladies discussed their mutual friend, Mr. Willing, the young girl was giving her first impression of the town to Fred Clifford. "Every thing is so novel," she was saying brightly. "We took the electric tram yesterday, and went everywhere the track is laid, I believe; and this morning we had a lovely drive in one of those queer shaky old calèches, and in that way gained a general idea of the city; but we have not begun to do any regular sight-seeing yet." Fred expressed the hope that he might be allowed to show her the "lions," and then made a vague attempt to outline the plot of the "Chieu d'Or," which cost him rather an effort of memory.

"Oh, it was so kind of you to bring it," she said gratefully. "I am so interested in anything historical, and it is delightful to be on the spot where these things happened. We have already collected guide books of all sizes and colors. I have read "The Span o' Life," in Harper's, and I have "A Chance Acquaintance," and "Seats of the Mighty," so our literature will certainly be appropriate to the occasion."

Meanwhile Fred was bending critical glances on her and thinking. "Pretty enough—a trifle too energetic for me. However, that's not the main thing. Awfully plainly dressed for a girl with lots of cash—evidently not extravagant, thank the Lord."

After further desultory talk, an arrangement was made that they all should drive out

to Montmorenci Falls on the following day, and Mrs. Clifford rose to leave.

Just then a tall dark girl in mourning entered the room, and coming up to Mrs. Fortescue, and said: "Do you know, auntie, I actually fell asleep, and never knew you had left the room?"

"This is the other niece I have been telling you about," said Mrs. Fortescue. "Also a Darrell," she continued, turning to Fred. The latter was quite dumb-founded. "How in thunder are there two of them?" he thought, "and which is the one?"

He did not say much during the next five minutes, but listened attentively. All he gathered, however, was that the girls were cousins, but his eyes could not help straying to the new-comer, whom criticism could not but acknowledge to be a beauty. Though in black, Fred, who knew a good deal about such things, noticed she was richly gowned, and her more languid air and society manner convinced him she had been accustomed to see much more of life, and probably had had the advantages which wealth provides. Her jet black hair, coiled high on her head, added to her height and dignity, and he decided she was some years older than the first Miss Darrell, but there his soundings ceased.

Sorely puzzled, Fred took his leave, dividing his homage this time in case of accidents, and eagerly questioned his mother as to what Mrs. Fortescue had said with regard to her nieces. No light was thrown on the subject, however, for Mrs. Fortescue had just mentioned the second niece, when she came into the room; and as Fred had not considered it necessary to inform his mother that there was an heiress in the question, Mrs. Clifford made no discoveries in that respect.

However his mind was pretty nearly made up. "Everything points to the second one," he mused in solitude that night. "She is probably in mourning for the father, who left the money. She has much more the manner of a rich girl used to be run after, and she thoroughly looks the heiress. Confoundedly handsome, too, by jove! I shall not introduce her to the other fellows. Of course a day or two will show, but I'm sure I'm right. And to think how I racked my brains for an hour to please that other little thing!" finished Fred, annoyed at the mis-directed energy; and then he slept the sleep of the self-satisfied, and dreamed of a private steam-yacht, towards which his ambitions particularly tended, unlimited money for clubs and betting, and entire liberty from anything that savored of work. In all of which visions, with the rather useful exception of providing the wherewithal, the girl had not much share.

### CHAPTER IV.

His opinion was confirmed next day, when he discovered the name of the beautiful Miss Darrell was "Edith," and heard Mrs. Fortescue address the younger one as "Aline." He also accidentally overheard Mrs. Fortescue say to Edith. "You know, my dear, if he continues to write to you it must be on your own responsibility," and at once connected this remark with the suitor from whom Mrs. Fortescue was "running away." Henceforth the younger Miss Darrell was a nonentity in his opinion. All his tender glances, his insinuating speeches were reserved for her fair cousin. This, however, did not appear at once, and he managed to make himself so

agreeable that they, especially Mrs. Fortescue, whom he was desirous of conciliating, voted him a charming young man.

The girls thoroughly enjoyed the drive to Montmorency, through the rambling village of Beauport, which straggles out in one long street of seven miles, between the city and the gorge. They paused on the way to see the remains of the old building, once Montcalm's headquarters; and after leaving the carriage at the hotel, walked through a pretty park, and caught their first glimpse of the falls from the very edge of the precipice. Its great height very much impressed them as they stood at the top of the long steep stairway, which is suspended from the almost perpendicular cliff. Aline declared she must go down to the very bottom, and soon stood, enveloped in drifting spray, on a level with the subterranean chasm, through whose unexplored outlet the great volume of water finds its way to the river bed. The less enterprising Edith remained half way up, and Fred with her, for it scarcely seemed necessary to take the trouble to follow a young lady who was not an heiress.

The roar and rush of the falls fascinated them for a long time; then they walked through fields and woods to the natural steps higher up the Montmorency River, a freak of nature which drew forth even more of their admiration than the better known cataract. Something of dreariness mingled too in their idea of the place, for the silence was broken only by the rush of the water. Not a bird twittered—not a leaf stirred in the warm afternoon, and the dark overhanging trees lent an air of sombre mystery to the winding ravine. They almost expected to see the thicket above parted, and the painted and feathered head of an Indian warrior peer out through, to scent out an enemy's camp-fire, or wash away his own trail in the foaming rapids.

On the homeward drive, they turned aside to see the creek where Jacques Cartier's three frail caravels wintered in 1535, and where the remains of one were discovered as late as 1843, and returned to the hotel charmed with their first view of historical scenes.

Fred had entreated to be allowed to accompany them on their first visit to the citadel, and accordingly next morning they started out at ten o'clock, and wended their way up to the fortress through the narrow massive Chain Gate into the outer trenches, and then through Dalhousie Gate, the main entrance to the works.

(To be continued.)

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

### For Our Best Beloved.

GOD of our fathers! Be the guide and shield  
Of those brave hearts who to the front have gone,  
Be with them in the bivouac and field,  
Guard them in camp, and when the sword is drawn.

Guide their unwary feet, lest they should stray  
From paths of manly rectitude, afar,  
Shield them, Thy children, on that awful day  
When hot with death shall hiss the breath of war.

Keep them within the hollow of Thy hand,  
Closely infold each one in danger's hour;  
Be doubly near if in Life's glass the sand  
Has run, and Death bids a brave spirit cower.

Lift up Thy face upon them, shine anew  
Into each heart, baptize with courage strong,  
Grant strength for duty, loyal, zeal, and true—  
Give lips, in life; in death, the victor's song.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

A. J. McDougall.



An Appeal to Canadians for a Great Canadian Charity.



THERE is no charity that has so great a claim on human kind as the charity that looks after, cares for the sick and suffering little ones, the boys and girls of this great Province who are so helpless that they cannot help themselves.

Nearly twenty-five years ago with very humble beginnings, the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, was established. Thus the coming year is the Silver Jubilee of the Hospital. Year after year the work increased until in 1892 a large building capable of holding 175 beds had to be erected. This involved a large expenditure, a debt in fact of about \$125,000.

The interest of this indebtedness amounting to many thousands per year, and in addition to this a monthly expense of \$2,500, materially hampered the work of the Hospital. The trustees, half a dozen business men in Toronto—J. Ross Robertson, of *The Evening Telegram*, Mr. E. B. Osler, Senator Cox, Mr. Samuel Rogers, Mr. A. S. Irving, and the late Mr. A. M. Smith—took hold and placed the work of the Hospital on a business basis. The giant debt stared them in the face. The burden was a tremendous one, but not too heavy for

half a dozen energetic men to handle. From 1892 to 1894 the dollars rolled in but slowly. The decrease in the debt was very gradual, but in 1895 redoubled energy animated the trustees, and under the direction of Mr. Robertson, aided by *The Telegram*, a general appeal was

made to the people of the Province. It was pointed out in this appeal that the Hospital was a provincial charity—that every sick child, whose parents were certified to as being unable to pay, was treated free of cost. Then came the first ray of monied sunshine. Seven or eight thousand dollars came in at Christmas time. The succeeding year brought double that amount and the year following it tripled. Last year the contributions amounted to about \$30,000. At midsummer the trustees were enabled to cut the mortgage of \$50,000 in two and leave only a mortgage debt of \$25,000 to hamper the building; but the work during the past year had been heavy. Hospital work is always expensive. The Hospital expenditure amounts to \$2,500 a month. The additional expenditure increased the expenses by about \$5,000 so that the debt on 30th September last amounted to about \$30,000.

Even a small reference to this great charity



INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOW'S COT.

lish philosopher who said that "in charity there is no excess, neither can man or angel come in danger by it."

The appeal for this year was made a month ago, and on the day after Christmas the amount received was in the neighborhood of \$12,000. In the meantime the expenses are

running on, but the money is coming in. The people of this Province are responding most generously. Every trifle helps. Every one who has a dollar to spend cannot put it out to better advantage than by sending it to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, in order not only to lighten, but wipe out the financial burden that to such an extent retards the good work that the charity is doing.

If every one in this Province interested in work of this kind would send a dollar it would be most gratefully received. If they

cannot send a dollar, send something less. Every little helps. Send in your mite no matter how small it is, it will help, and will be thankfully received and faithfully applied.

Send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, *Evening Telegram*, Toronto.



VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO.

would not be complete without a few words about the summer sanitarium for sick children which is known as the Lakeside Home. This building was erected on the Island by Mr. J. Ross Robertson in 1882, enlarged by the donor in 1886, and remodelled in 1891, over \$21,000 in all having been spent upon it. This great addition to the resources of the hospital has been of incalculable advantage, and many a little one has been restored to robust health through staying in this quiet home on the shores of Lake Ontario, where the breezes and sunshine have done much in aiding the work of the doctors and the loving nurses. The Home, which is furnished with everything necessary for the work carried on within its walls, is capable of accommodating about two hundred patients.

The extent and scope of the work among such helpless little ones can only be put in the words of that great Eug-



ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COT.



ONTARIO SABBATH SCHOOL COT.





**The...  
Women's  
Canadian  
Historical Society of Toronto**

(INCORPORATED)  
Organized November 19th, 1895.

**OFFICERS FOR 1899-1900.**

<i>President</i>	Mrs. Forsyth Gr. nt.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	Mrs. James Bain.
	Mrs. Edward Leigh.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss E. Yates Farmer, 351 Huron Street, Toronto.
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Fitzgibbon, 91 Willcocks Street, Toronto.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	Miss Vanhooknet.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

Mrs. Morrison.	Miss Mickle.	Mrs. S. G. Wood.
Miss Beard.	Mrs. Burwash.	Mrs. H. Thompson.

**REGULAR MEETINGS, FIRST THURSDAY IN THE MONTH EDUCATIONAL BUILDING, AT 3 P.M.**

### Regular Meeting.



HE regular meeting of the Society was held in the Educational Building on December 7th, at 3 p.m. There was a fair attendance of members and several visitors.

Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the new President, addressed the meeting. Briefly alluding to her connection with and interest in the society, during the absence of their late President, Lady Edgar, she had been called upon to act for her by virtue of her office as first Vice-President, therefore had practically done the work as President for some time, and thanked the members for electing her to the position. Mrs. Grant also spoke of the satisfactory increase in the membership and of the interest being taken in the society, of the work which might be done during the coming year in the discovery and preservation of original material to be found in private letters, family archives, etc.

A letter from Miss Mowat was read, in which she accepted with pleasure the Honorary Presidency of the Society. The President also announced that Miss Mowat had expressed great interest in the Society and its work, and hoped to be able to attend some of the meetings.

Miss Mickle, Secretary of the Committee having the proposed portrait of the first President and founder of the Society Mrs. S. A. Curzon, in charge, reported satisfactory

progress. A meeting had been held at 94 Willcocks Street, when it was decided that those who had expressed a wish to aid in this memorial to Mrs. Curzon and those who had been connected with her in her literary work should be given the opportunity to do so, though care should be taken that such intimation was in no sense an application for subscriptions as it was felt the memorial should be a labor of love. The response had been most gratifying. Tributes to the value of the late Mrs. S. A. Curzon's services to patriotism and literature as well as grateful acknowledgments of the privilege allowed them of contributing to so laudable a project had been received from Sir James Le Moine, Quebec; Dr. John Campbell, Montreal; Dr. Douglass Brynner, Ottawa; E. W. Thomson, Boston; Rev. Canon Bull, Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and others—all names well known to the literary world. A few representative extracts from these letters were read and Miss Mickle reported that there now remained only \$27 to be subscribed to make up the amount decided upon for the portrait, and asked that members who had not already done so would send in their contribution to her before the next meeting, January 4th.

The delegates named by the Executive to ascertain from the York Pioneers what steps had been taken to advance the work on the proposed monument to Governor Simcoe reported an invitation to attend their meeting of January 2nd, at 2 p.m. in the Canadian Institute, when full particulars would be given and plans discussed.

The printed copies of the annual report were laid on the table for distribution to the members.

A few copies of "Letters on the Doukhobor Settlement in Canada," by "Lally Bernard," were received, and the members asked to aid the work by purchasing a copy. It was a regret to the Executive that the appeal for aid in obtaining a loan for these interesting emigrants had to be refused, such applications not being within the limits of the consideration of an Historical Society as such, but all could help as individuals. Several of the members availed themselves of the opportunity to purchase a copy.

New members passed at the Executive—Mrs. Geo. Kerr, Mrs. W. Dincen, Mrs. Green, Miss Hamilton, Miss Teefy, Mrs. Lauder, Miss Hillyard.

The first paper of the season's course of Canadian History from 1759 to 1800 was read by the Secretary:

"War of the Conquest subsequent to the fall of Quebec."

Miss Edith Moodie, a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Susanna Moodie, but until recently a resident of Boston, recited the following

"Page of History," which, as the President remarked, was singularly *apropos* at the present moment, when the thoughts of all Canadians were with the British flag in the Transvaal. The lines were given with distinct enunciation and with great spirit. They appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* recently, and the signature—"Loyal Canadian"—had attracted the Secretary's attention. They are re-published in the Society's page of the HOME JOURNAL at the request of several of the members.

### A PAGE OF HISTORY.

WHAT HAPPENED NINETEEN YEARS AGO.

On August 3rd, 1881, at 3 p.m., six hundred men marched through the street of Pretoria, in sad and solemn procession, as do those who are about to perform the last office for some dear friend snatched away from their midst by death. They wore all the trappings of woe. There the sable hearse draped in its funeral panoply; there the coffin; there the open grave. At its head stood, ready prepared, the slab with epitaph inscribed, so that all might know for whom the final ceremony was being performed. The procession halted, the hearse was tenderly and reverently relieved of its burden, and the coffin stood on the trestles of the yawning ditch. The eager multitude leaned forward to scan the epitaph, and with strained and tear-dimmed eyes they read:—

IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF THE

BRITISH FLAG IN THE TRANSVAAL,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 2ND  
AUGUST, 1881.

IN HER FIFTH YEAR.

"In other climes none know thee but to love thee."

RESURGAM.

INVOCATION.

Come from the winds of heaven, O BREEZE!  
And touch this clay  
Laid in the winding robes of death  
From sight away.

Soft on the ashes fell the dust;  
The words were said:  
Deep through despair we held our trust—  
Breathe on our dead!

Come from the four great winds, and give  
Our mighty slain  
LIFE by thy breath, that it may live  
To rise again.

Low in the hour of Freedom's birth  
Oppression lies—  
Speak to the Flag entombed in earth  
And bid it rise!

Hark! from the distant veldt, at last  
The signal comes;  
Sternly the British line moves past  
With rolling drums.

Crashing, the cannon voices call  
Across the sea,  
Paying the debt of blood, for all  
The years to be.

Clearly against the southern skies,  
In gain or loss,  
Over the cloud of battle flies  
The blood-red Cross.

Sign of the courage firm to guide  
The strenuous years;  
Soul of the Nation!—purified  
By blood and tears.

Blossom with heart of crimson flame,  
Made strong by loss,  
Blazoned with Honor, Truth and Fame  
GREAT BRITAIN'S CROSS.

Heavy the price our souls must pay  
For past mistake;  
Dear is the blood outpoured to-day  
For England's sake!

There where the wild, mad charges sweep  
To storm the height,  
Splendid the trust our soldiers keep  
With death to-night.

March in the ranks whose mighty Dead  
Great deeds inspire!  
Dauntless the hearts thus hero-led  
Through deadly fire!

First in the charge, as oft of yore,  
Where strife is hard;  
Holding the Flag they loved, once more  
Their souls keep guard.

Strike as they struck, who fell of old,  
And cheering knew  
That the great Banner's stainless fold  
Unconquered flew!

Fight as they fought, nor fear to die!  
'Tis glorious loss,  
If to the winds floats still on high  
GREAT BRITAIN'S CROSS.

M. H. B.  
("Loyal Canadian.")

Miss Constance Boulton, in her paper, "Sir William Johnson at Niagara," which formed the second part of the advertised programme, gave a graphic and picturesque sketch of the Irish lad who was to be so powerful an influence on the history of the Six Nations. Briefly outlining the events which brought him to the Mohawk Valley to take charge of his uncle Warren's—afterwards the celebrated Admiral—great estates there, his unique personality, his command of languages, his knowledge of the Indian character, his unswerving honesty which won him the respect and admiration of both Indian and Briton, his influence over the allied Six Nations and the recognition of his abilities at home, which resulted in nothing being done by the home government relative to the Indians without his consent, or by the Indians without reference to his judgment. Incidentally all the great enterprises in which he took a part were mentioned, until this interesting and powerful man reached the event near the close of the Conquest of Canada, which added another leaf to his laurel crown—the capture of Niagara—that key to the western trade which had ever been the most coveted possession of both French and English on the continent. The capture of Quebec in the east, of Niagara in the west, both gateways of commerce, necessitating the fall of Montreal and Detroit, and assuring the final possession of Canada to Great Britain.

The meeting adjourned at 5 o'clock till January 4th, at 3 p.m., when the second of the course "The First Three Years of British Rule," by Mrs. Jeffers Graham, and "Some Elections and the Battle of Hastings," by Mrs. Chamberlin, will be read.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.  
Secretary.

Motto: "Labora et Constantia."

### Woman's Art Association of Canada

(INCORPORATED)  
Honorary Patronesses.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto.  
Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.  
Lady Laurier. Miss Mowat.

OFFICERS FOR 1899.

President, . . . . .	Mrs. Dignam.
Vice Presidents, . . . . .	{ Mrs. E. W. Hemsted. Mrs. J. C. Elliott.
Hon. Recording Secretary, . . . . .	Miss Lindsay.
Hon. Corresponding Secretary, . . . . .	Miss Emily F. Denison, 5 Sultan Street.
Hon. Treasurer, . . . . .	Mrs. A. E. Morson, Spadina Avenue.

Ex-officio Vice-Presidents.

Miss M. M. Phillips, . . . . .	President Montreal Branch.
Miss Galbreath, . . . . .	Hamilton "
Miss K. Cochrane, . . . . .	Brockville "
Miss Ermatinger, . . . . .	St. Thomas "
Mrs. Geo. Murray, . . . . .	St. John, N.B. "
Miss Agnes Maule Machar, . . . . .	Kingston "
Mrs. Hutton, Earncliffe, . . . . .	Ottawa "
Mrs. Weir, . . . . .	Portage la Prairie Branch.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Officers and Honorary Members, Representatives, Convenors of Committees, as follows:

Lady Taylor, . . . . .	Mrs. Todhunter, . . . . .	Mrs. J. A. Proctor, . . . . .
Mrs. James Loudon, . . . . .	Mrs. Vander Linde, . . . . .	Miss Muntz, . . . . .
Mrs. R. F. McMaster, . . . . .	Mrs. John Lillie, . . . . .	Mrs. George Kerr, . . . . .
Mrs. John A. Paterson, . . . . .	Miss Irvine, . . . . .	Mrs. C. T. Harvey, . . . . .
Mrs. MacLachlan, . . . . .	Miss J. Howson, . . . . .	

REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE  
ON 1ST MONDAY IN EACH MONTH.

### Executive Meeting.



THE regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Art Association was held on Monday, December 4th, in the new Gallery, Q Confederation Life Building,

Yonge Street, and was combined with a general meeting of all the members of the Association, a large number of whom were present.

After the transaction of routine business, correspondence from the branches was read, and the nomination and election of new members proceeded with.

Reports of the standing committees were presented by the conveners. Miss Lindsay reported for the Saturday Sketch Club, and Mrs. MacLachlan for the Lecture Committee; the course was concluded on December 7th by a most able lecture on Parkman, given by Mr. Bernard McEvoy, and illustrated by lime light views, in the theatre of the Normal School.

Mrs. Carter reported for the Open Studio Day Committee that twelve studios had been thrown open to the public on the first Saturday, and it is thought that others will follow.

Mrs. Elliott, convener of the Studio Committee for the Association, gave a report of the work of the Committee in securing the new galleries; and Mrs. Dignam spoke of the opportunity afforded by having increased accommodation at our disposal to offer the use of the gallery for meetings to other societies, and thus by having a common meeting-place for women's interests and work, demonstrating the need of a permanent building, and taking what is felt to be the initial step in the direction of the movement towards the formation of a nucleus for a Woman's Building.

Mrs. Cummings moved that a committee be appointed to interview other societies with this object in view—seconded and carried. It is also expected the secretarial offices will be opened in connection with the gallery, where it will be possible to have secretarial work of the various kinds attended to.

A permanent collection of handicraft and

art work by women will be on exhibition, and a collection of pictures, not only by Canadian women, but also in exchange with the Woman's Institute of London, England, and also from the Glasgow Society of Lady Artists, will be in the gallery.

Library and Furnishing Committees were appointed to superintend the furnishing of the new galleries, which will be proceeded with immediately.

Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon gave a very interesting account of her visit to the Doukhobor settlement, and showed some samples of their work, embroidery, etc., which, done with crude material, still shows evidences of refinement and individuality of taste, which, when encouraged, as they deserve to be, should prove of the greatest value to the country. And it is to this that the National Council of Women is particularly devoting its attention through the Local Councils and federated societies. The members of the Woman's Art Association have decided that the Association can work most effectively by contributing donations of money to provide the men of the Doukhobors with tools for wood-carving, etc., and tools for silver-stamping, work in which they particularly excel, and in which their individual taste has full scope for development, but for which they entirely lack tools at the present. This work, being distinctly art, falls naturally within the scope of the Woman's Art Association to encourage, and all contributions for this purpose may be sent direct to the Secretary, and will be acknowledged by her. The development of the rug-making industry among this people was suggested, as it is near their own homes in Russia, that some of the best rugs are made, and it is expected that in the course of a few years, if this can be done, the industry may prove a very valuable source of revenue to the country.

At the conclusion of her remarks a very cordial vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon.

The President spoke at some length of the preparation of the Paris Handbook of Canadian women, and a set of questions on art, music, and the drama were distributed among the members, with the request that they be filled in and forwarded to the convener as soon as possible.

E. F. DENISON,  
Hon. Corresponding Secretary.

### Brockville Branch.

THE winter work began on Wednesday, November 9th, in the room rented by the Society last year. There was a satisfactory attendance, and two new members were balloted for and accepted, namely, Mesdames Mulock and Flint.

Pictures were sent by several members to the Montreal exhibition, and all contributors enjoyed the satisfaction of having their sketches accepted by the Hanging Committee.

Arrangements are in progress for a course of lectures similar to those given last year on topics connected with art. One of our honorary members, Mrs. Morden, whose cultivated and well stored mind has been further benefitted by extensive travels and by sojourns at the art centres of Europe, has promised the inaugural lecture, which, it is expected, will be given early in the new year.

ANNA MURPHY, Secretary.

# DANCING IN THE BARN.

SCHOTTISCHE.

Melody by TOM TURNER and ED. W. ORRIN.

Arr. by C. E. PRATT.

*Tempo di Schottische*

The musical score is arranged in seven systems, each with a piano (p) part on the left and a violin part on the right. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. The violin part is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The dynamics range from piano (p) to mezzo-forte (mf). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3

The first system of musical notation for 'Dancing in Sicily'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the treble clef with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The treble clef staff includes some triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) and slurs. The bass clef staff continues with chords and rhythmic accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation. The melody in the treble clef continues with various note values and rests. The bass clef provides harmonic support with chords and a steady eighth-note pattern.

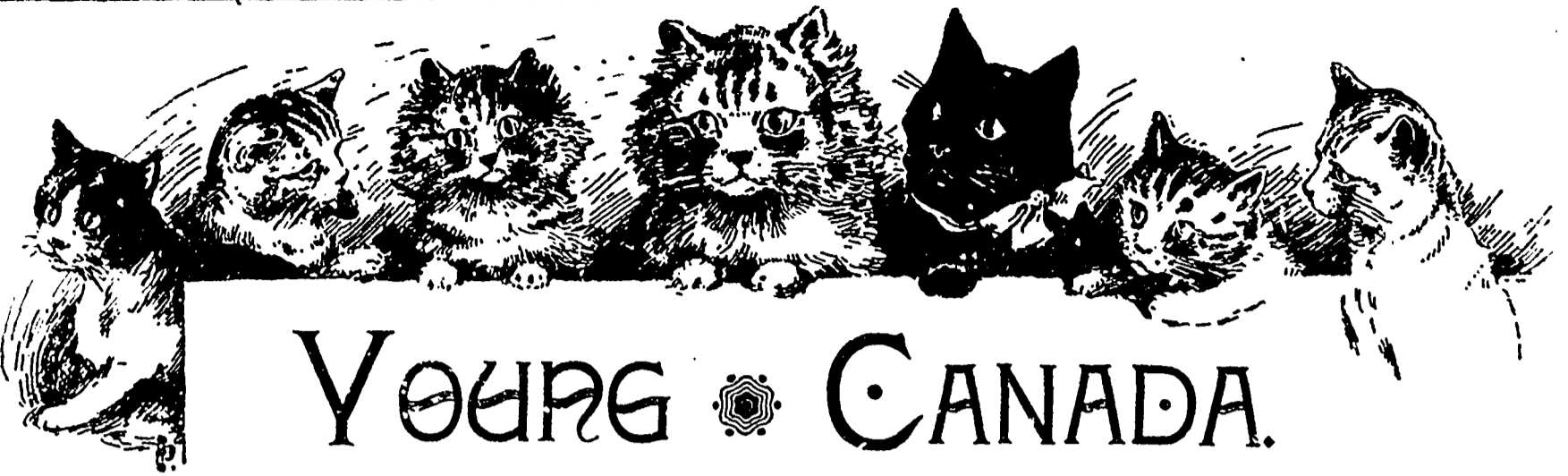
The fourth system of musical notation. This system introduces more complex rhythmic patterns, including several triplet markings in the treble clef. The bass clef continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a series of triplets and slurs, creating a lively and intricate melody. The bass clef maintains the accompaniment.

The sixth system of musical notation. It begins with a double bar line and the instruction '2d. time ff' above the treble clef staff. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed below the bass clef staff. The melody continues with triplets and slurs.

The seventh system of musical notation. It concludes the piece with two endings. The first ending is marked '1.' and the second ending is marked '2.'. Both endings feature a final cadence in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides the final accompaniment.

Dancing in Sic.



# YOUNG CANADA.

## North American Fairies.

A Series of Stories written for  
"Young Canada" by

MRS. MARY SLIPPER  
PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

### No. 1.—Princess Goldy-Locks.



AGES ago when this earth was inhabited by Elves and Fairies, a number resided on our own continent of North America, and towards the north on the shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior were two distinct kingdoms of these little folks. We are told now-a-days that fairies have disappeared from the face of the earth, in fact some people claim that it is all a myth, and no such beings ever existed; but the redman coming out the depths of our northern forests often brings us descriptions of strange little people of which he has obtained a glimpse in far away places where only his moccasined feet has ever touched. Be it truth or fable, the stories told by the camp-fires of the early voyagers on those two great lakes contain morals quite applicable to this age and generation.

On the rocky north shore of Lake Superior dwelt a race of North American Fairies. They were governed and ruled by a king who was almost worshipped by his faithful subjects, and who deserved to the full all their loyal devotion, for he was kind and good, and his reign was peaceful and happy.

This king ruled over a large country, from the blue waters of Lake Huron on the east, to the laughing wavelets of Lake Winnipeg on the west; and all the vast country north between these two bodies of water to the shores of Hudson Bay. To us does not seem a large kingdom, but to these little folks it was a great country; and still it was but half of what they once owned, for they had lost half their possessions, through, they all knew in their loyal little hearts, the one only fault of their idolized and almost perfect sovereign: for even fairies are not perfect, and their king had one grievous fault, if a fault it was—he was too generous.

This king had a very beautiful name in fairy language, a name we have no word in our language like it, the meaning only can be given—Constancy. So we must know him as King Constancy.

Much wealth had King Constancy, and

many beautiful palaces, for though his kingdom was wild and rocky, still these great and frowning rocks were but stone vaults of nature, wherein to store all her wealth of valuable and glittering treasures, and his faithful little subjects worked earnestly to withdraw from these frowning walls the stored riches of ages to the wealth of the kingdom.

King Constancy's favorite home was his summer palace, and it was built on a strange spot, but a wildly beautiful one—on a headland jutting out into the clear waters of Lake Superior, dividing the waters into a beautiful bay. This headland to-day is called Thunder Cape, but the fairies had a much better name for it, I am sure. The king's palace was a most beautiful one, and it was called by all the Silver Palace, because it was built of silver, and it was so bright, that when the sun shone on it his subjects could see it from afar flashing back the brightness. The king and queen were very fond of this palace and spent much of their time there.

Across the many miles of water lived another fairy king, brother to King Constancy, and it was he who had obtained half King Constancy's kingdom. He was as bad as King Constancy was good, and feared by all as much as his brother was loved. His name was King Copper. He was cruel and dishonest; but as no man is altogether bad, so with fairies. King Copper had two virtues—he loved his children devotedly, and he was very brave. King Copper had four children—three daughters and one son.

His two oldest daughters were very beautiful, but the eldest was the most beautiful fairy the sun ever shone upon. She was her father's favorite and the pride of the whole kingdom. Princess Goldy-Locks was her name. Her sister was most lovely, and a sweet, gentle disposition was hers. Her name was Princess Eglantine, and she was dearly loved by her father's subjects. Princess Goldy-Locks was quite spoiled by all the admiration and praise she had received for her wonderful beauty, and she had come to believe that in all the world there was no fairy princess quite so beautiful as herself, so she became quite indignant one day when she heard a much travelled fairy describe the grace and beauty of fairies abroad.

Princess Goldy-Locks determined to travel and see for herself these wonderful fairies, so she besought her royal parents to consent, but King Copper at first refused to consider the matter at all; but Princess Goldy-Locks wept and pleaded so much, that with some misgivings he consented to allow her and Princess Eglantine to visit their uncle, King Constancy, at his summer palace.

With a large retinue they set out on their long journey, and one day after a month's weary travel they drew near their destination. The sun was just setting, and its golden beams rested lovingly on the walls of the silver palace, and it sparkled like a diamond in an emerald setting.

"Look, sister! look!" exclaimed Eglantine, pointing to the glittering palace.

Princess Goldy-Locks raised her head from the velvet cushions and glanced languidly in the direction pointed out.

"How very bright it is," she said, passing her white hand over her eyes. "It hurts my eyes, Eglantine; I wish you would not call my attention to such things."

Eglantine smiled, but still looked in admiration at the beautiful palace drawing nearer. As their vessel touched the shore the king came forward himself to welcome them, and amid music and rejoicings they entered the palace to meet the queen, their aunt.

Princess Goldy-Locks was much impressed with all the wealth of King Constancy, and was in love with his beautiful home. It took the two princesses many days to explore the palace and grounds, and they were not nearly through when the king invited them to journey with him to the capital of his domain, which was situated on a large island many miles distant, but in full view of the silver palace.

With much pomp they journeyed across the water towards the island, which is a large mountain rising many hundreds of feet out of the water, and is known to-day, because of its peculiar shape, by the name of Pio Island. The top of the island looks to be flat and a lake is supposed to be in the centre of the top.

Princess Eglantine was much amused when the king told her the city was situated right on the top of that immense mountain.

"But how do we get up there?" asked Princess Goldy-Locks. "Wait a short time and you'll see," said her uncle, smiling at her rueful countenance.

As the royal boats touched the shore a number of white sea-gulls circled gracefully down, and the king and his suite were helped to mount them. The one Princess Goldy-Locks mounted had a massive golden collar encircling its snowy throat, and a slender chain was put into her hands by an attendant. At a signal the great birds mounted, and Princess Goldy-Locks found herself enjoying a new sensation which did not last long enough, for almost immediately the sea-gulls alighted again on the top of the island and willing hands were helping her to alight. The royal party found itself in the heart of a fairy city, and a city overjoyed at the sight of a beloved sovereign.

A week passed all too rapidly in this delightful place. One morning Princess Goldy-Locks watched her uncle pass her window, and she called out to him to take her with him.

"But, my child, I'm away to the Hall of Justice," said the king, gently.

"Nothing could suit me better; I love to see justice done," pleaded the Princess, and, as usual, Goldy-Locks had her own wilful way.

(To be continued.)

### A Wise Resolve.

"You see," said Jack, "at New Year a fellow ought to say  
Ho's sorry for the past, and will  
Be better in some way.

"Leastways, the preacher said so; And I told mamma that I  
Would get up when she called me,—  
That's the hardest thing to try."

"I'll be as patient as I can,"  
Said the flashing dark-eyed Nell.  
"I'll practice all my scales each day,  
Nor grumble once," vowed Nell.

Then boy Blue looked up gravely  
From his blocks upon the floor;  
"I frink," he spoke with thoughtful air,  
"I'll try and eat some more."

—FAITH FENTON.

Written for "YOUNG CANADA."

### Two Little Boys.

FRANK BRUNTON was a very little boy, who lived in a great big house with a brown stone front; he had a brother and sister who were both over so much older than he was, and everyone made a great deal of him. Indeed, some of his uncles and aunts had begun to say that Frank was getting spoiled. Even Uncle Dick said so, and he was Frank's favorite uncle, because he was able to tell such capital stories about the lions he had killed out in Africa; and besides, Uncle Dick had the most wonderful pockets in the world. Every time Frank saw him he was sure to find something in them, and whenever he came in he was almost certain to say, "Well, youngster, do you think you could find a top, or a ball, or a bag of candy, or a quarter, or something like that in my pockets?" and then began the wildest scramble, and Frank was sure to find some of these nice things stowed safely away. At last, however, instead of being glad to get them, he used to be cross when he did not get as much as he wanted. One day Uncle Dick said to Frank's mother: "Mary, that boy is getting awfully spoilt. If you don't look out he will be the most wilful, selfish little beggar on earth." So Mrs. Brunton began to think that perhaps it might be true, and she tried to find a way to make Frank think of somebody besides himself.

It was getting very near his birthday, and Frank was very much excited with thinking over all the things he wanted as presents. "My!" he said, as he sat, pencil in hand, doing his small best to print a list, "it isn't the writing I find so hard, mother, but it is hard to think of what I want. I do seem to have most everything. Do you s'pose daddy will give me a sleigh with reindeer like his?"

But Mrs. Brunton said she did not think he would.

"Then he is a nasty, mean, old thing," cried Frank, throwing down his paper;



"he just might when it's the only thing I want."

"Frank," said his mother, "just come here and look at this little boy."

Frank came slowly over to the window with a frown on his face, because you see he had not got over being cross about the reindeer. When he looked out he saw a little boy about his own age leaning up against a tree, eating a large piece of scale, hard bread; his hands were so blue with the cold he could hardly hold the bread, and his clothes were so thin, and torn, that they could not have kept out much of the piercing wind that was blowing. His feet must have been very cold, too, for he was holding one foot up to keep it out of the snow, and you could see his little bare toes peeping out through the cracks in his boot.

"Now," said Mrs. Brunton, "what do you think that little boy would like his daddy to bring him?"

"My!" said Frank, "ain't he cold looking? I guess he wants some new clothes more than anything else; but he is a dirty little boy anyway."

"No," said his mother, "he is a very poor boy, but he looks clean. Run down stairs and tell Mary to ask him to come into the kitchen." So Frank ran off, and very soon the little fellow was seated by the kitchen fire, more comfortable than he had been for a long time. At first he was very shy indeed, and would hardly speak; but Mrs. Brunton spoke so kindly



A CANADIAN SUNBEAM.

From an amateur photo by the father.

to him, while Frank peeped at him from behind his mother's skirts with such wide-open, sympathetic eyes, that he soon began to tell them who his father and mother were, and how they came to be so poor. In the summer, a long time ago it seemed to poor little Freddie Kelf, his father, who was a bricklayer, had a dreadful fall from a high wall he was building, and was hurt so badly that he had been lying in the hospital ever since. And his mother had been sickly for a long time, ever since she had the fever in the spring, so she could not go out to work much. "And sometimes," said poor little Freddie, beginning to cry, "we gets awful hungry."

"What!" cried Frank, "Don't you have chocolates an' cookies, an' jumbles, an' things?" But Freddie shook his head and looked as if he had never heard of such things.

Well, Mrs. Brunton hunted him up some of Frank's warm clothes and gave him a little basket of good things to eat, and the next day she went to see his mother. When she came home she called Frank to her, and told him all about Freddie's poor, cold, little house, and asked him if he did not want to do something to make other people happy instead, of always expecting others to do things for him. You know Frank was really a

kind little boy, only he was getting selfish and too fond of having his own way; so he began at once to think how nice it would be to give Freddie a real good time.

Now the first thing he did was to go and choose some of his toys to send, but Mrs. Brunton told him that, though she knew Freddie would be very glad to get them, they must remember that he was a very poor little boy and needed other things more; so she helped Frank to look over his clothes, and they soon found a nice warm suit that would just fit Freddie. By this time Frank had quite entered into the spirit of the thing, and wanted to give Freddie almost everything he had.

"Now, mother," he said, "these are all old things, there must be ever so much money in my bank, with all my Christmas boxes, can't I buy something with that?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Brunton, "I think it would be very nice indeed for you to do so, and I am glad my little boy should think of such a thing." So they opened the bank and counted out the money, and then they had a long talk over what to buy. What do you think they decided to get?

When Frank remembered how cold the house Freddie lived in was, he said he would like to buy some coal, so that Freddie and his mother might have a good big fire and be warm, and Mrs. Brunton told him they would order a ton, and then they bought a great lot of things for a good dinner, more, I think, than Freddie and Mrs. Kelf could eat in a week, no matter how hungry they might be. I don't think three dollars ever bought so much before; indeed, I really think Mrs. Brunton must have helped to buy the things, though she let Frank think he was doing it all himself.

Well, Freddie and his mother had a lovely time, and when they went up to the hospital to see poor Mr. Kelf, he was so glad to hear about the kind little boy, and he said as soon as ever he was able to walk he was going to thank him himself.

As for Frank, he thought so much about what Freddie would do and say when he saw all the presents, that he forgot all about himself, and had the happiest day he had had for a long time. Indeed he found it so nice to do things for other people that I don't think he will ever again be the selfish little boy he used to be.

TORONTO, ONT.

L. E. SCHULTE.

### The Three Explorers.

THREE jolly schoolgirls,  
Each made up their mind  
To turn three explorers,  
And see where they could find.

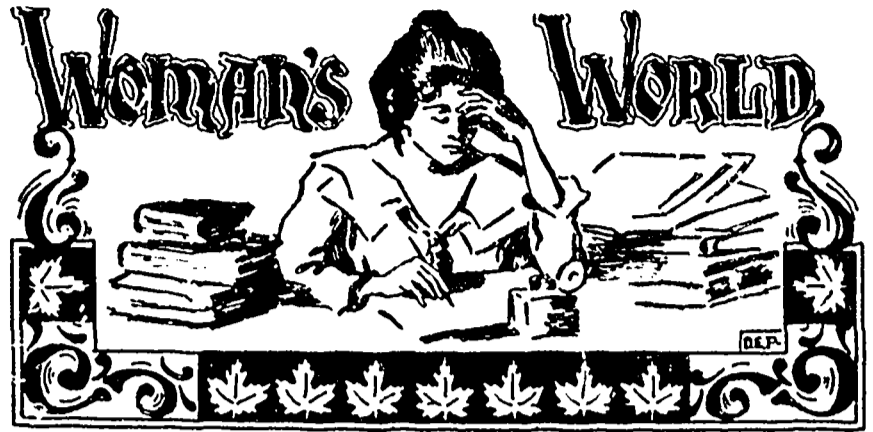
So when school was over,  
And dismissal time came round,  
They wandered down a country lane.  
Shall I tell you what they found?

In a ditch there lay a frog,  
With skin a yellow white;  
But not one of them would touch it  
For fear that it might bite.

In a thick and thorny hedge  
A bird's nest they could see;  
At least 'twas Eva said so,  
The bravest of the three.

They scratched their hands and to their dress,  
They struggled might and main;  
But yet they could not reach the nest,  
Their toil was all in vain.

"Hurrah! I've got it," called out Kate,  
With a gay laugh and hoot,  
"I've got it, but it's not a nest,  
Only a man's old boot!"



A HAPPY NEW YEAR! How funny it is to see the years pop up at stated intervals. Like the clown in the circus, they seem to say, "Here we are again." When we are young they are unsullied pages that we expect to keep clean and white throughout the year. As we grow older, ah, we know ourselves better! know where we stand or where we may fall. But the good resolves do no harm even when we know that they will not be kept more than a month. Every good thought for others, every pure desire of our own hearts is an upward step, though we fail in all we attempt. Defeat does not always lie in failure. Discouragement and disappointments and trials are the frictions that give to the blade its keenness, its power. A Happy New Year to you all, to all.

Just a few words for dear little "seventeen." I think it was so nice and sensible of you to say that you liked my column, even though you could not always follow it. Perhaps I am given to talking over people's heads. That is a serious fault of expression, a drawback when one wishes to help others. The Great Teacher brought His thoughts into words and parables suited to the simple fisher folks. You, with your seventeen years, have something that will fill your life and the lives of others with sunshine and content, something that most people live a lifetime without finding. It is the capacity of liking but one cannot understand. This is the gift that will make you tolerant of the faults and foibles of mankind; that will show you how to cover the sinner with the great mantle of charity; that will make you considerate in your opinions of the weaknesses of humanity; that will enable you to see good in all things; and last, the magic talisman that will make you lovable and loved.

THE little child sobs over a broken toy; a lonely woman weaves her heart-thoughts and soul-longing into the bright colors of a patchwork quilt or an ugly piece of useless embroidery; a dirty tramp lavishes his affections on the wretched looking cur that folk es him. I am far from these three—superior, I think, but blind, blind. I am all right in my pursuits, and their little world is all in all to them, even though I cannot understand it. How selfish it all is! How paltry this groping, maddening rush after one thing to the exclusion of everyone and everything else!

I FORGOT that I was trying to talk to a young girl of seventeen! But is there ever a time in life when we are so misunderstood and neglected as at this age when the unconsciousness of the child struggles with new-born thoughts and feelings? At no other time is there such a craving for sympathy, so great a need of a friend. Well is it if these sweet buds have a mother who can overlook what is not quite proper in the world's spying, and have strict ideas of the fitness of things.

ON the other hand, there is a fault young people are prone to fall into. It is an "I-don't-care" kind of attitude towards everyone and everything. This is pure conceit and self-consciousness, for you do care for the good opinion and regard of others. It is only because you care so much that you affect this air of spurious courage. How the tears and bitter feelings and wishes of an instant and early death will come, when some action open to suspicion brings censure or ridicule from that great, awful eye—the public.

It is so hard to discriminate, for while in one way we must care for the world's



MAM'S TWINS.

opinion, in another way we must defy it. I can't tell you when you must keep a golden silence in thought and action, or when you can snap your fingers in its great face. This is one of the secrets the Sphinx holds fast and well. It is only by getting near to the Truth that you will gain any of this inner sight.

HERE I am away again, when I only had in my mind the desire to say something of use in your everyday life. Young girls dream too much as it is, but who can blame them when the dreams are so filled with love and rosy-tinted pictures.

I WANT to tell you to never be ashamed to be seen carrying a parcel, even a good sized one. What queer glasses we wear! Sometimes they make the same thing look so small, at other times so great. All through the eleven months of the year, so-called nice, fashionable, smart people, would think that they had broken every law of etiquette and social form if they had been seen in the street with a parcel containing two spools of thread. But in December the carnival breaks loose. Great unwieldy-shaped parcels stick from under fur-lined cloaks. Muffs are distorted out of shape by queer looking, brown paper-covered parcels. So, you see, the parcel does not make the lady.

ONCE, having a garden, I carried a good-sized basket filled with flowers and

dainty green things for salads, to the wife of a clergyman. As baskets, like umbrellas and sheep, go astray, and knowing that "a bird in the hand," etc., or rather, that a basket at home, would be of more use than two at the clergyman's, I said that I would take the basket with me. "What," said the horrified wife of the clergyman, "you never intend to carry an empty basket through the streets." These streets were all her little world. I had lived in many places, large and small, and I am ashamed to say I let her know it in the way in which I answered. "I don't think that there is any one in this place that I would feel ashamed to have see me carry a basket." It was an unfortunate speech, for she put me down as strong-minded and erratic, and nothing ever made her think differently. You see I knocked off her glasses that made things look so small, and tried to make her look through mine, and she could not see at all. When we are young we do foolish things like that, but if one has common sense tact can be learned.

There is nothing more disinterested and more true, even though it be not lasting, than friendship between children or young people. The feeling one girl has for another is the sweetest form of affection. Did you ever consider how rare are the cases where friendship, or even love continues between two people for long years. We had a dear friend once—the years have come and gone—we have schemed and thought of the time when we should meet again. And the meeting! How flat, unsatisfying and disappointing it was. If we were charitable we blamed ourselves, if not, we blamed the other. Or, worse still, living together, this knowledge of drifting apart of members of a family comes. What is it? Not the sin or want of faith we think it is. It is only that one has lived or thought faster than the other. Life is sensation. Those who feel the deepest have lived the longest. In a little jog-trot together two people can live and die as firmest friends. But let some great sorrow or experience enter the life of one, that one has lived ages and lives beyond the other, and a great yawning rift is between them.

I want to say something about cigarettes. It is to be hoped that no young girl will smoke them, even "just one for fun." Cigarette smoking among women is very prevalent in the United States among girls of refinement (O) and education. Surely, we have enough bad habits to overcome without borrowing those looked upon as masculine. The W.C.T.U. of Kingston has adopted a resolution to be presented to Parliament "to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation of the cigarette." Will they? I am afraid not. You see Government is shortsighted. It lives only in the present and for each unit. As long as anything brings in money now, the loss it will entail in the great future is not considered. But the report will read "the petition was favorably received," which is only a polite way of putting us off.

In December I said something about giving presents for the purpose of getting one in return. If that makes you have a poor opinion of humanity it is not as bad as when you send a present to some one you have a sincere regard for or a desire to benefit, and almost by return mail have one sent back. How flat it falls, and how contemptible it makes the whole thing seem, presents and donors. For the sake of those who are over inclined to do this, wait. The time will come, and soon, when you will find that you have just the thing that the one who gave you a present is in need of. Then, upon the first suitable opportunity present it. You can't force things and have them natural.

SOFTENED by 'Xmas giving and 'Xmas thoughts, with a courage born of the determination to let the dead past lie buried under new hopes and resolves, we enter upon the New Year. And in the New Year, you and I, and all the world need now as ever, an equal measure of the prayer,—forgive.

MAD.

## With and for Girls

CONDUCTED BY  
"JOYCE CAMPBELL."

### No. 1.—The Engaged Girl.

HOW much liberty should a girl who is engaged enjoy? We often hear the question, also, so very criticise on the conduct of many in that position. An engaged girl should be as careful of her conduct as she who bears the name of wife. She should not accept attentions from any man but her lover, except those which are tendered by every gentleman to every lady. She should not accept the escort of other men to places of amusement, or for walks or drives. She cannot be too careful, as once in the mouth of the public, she will find it hard to escape severe and, in many cases, unjust criticism. Having pledged her faith to one man, she should so conduct herself that all others cannot fail to know she is beyond their reach.

There is nothing more dishonorable than for an engaged girl to carry on a flirtation. She has lowered the standard of womanhood in the estimation of every man who is cognizant of her conduct. She has sullied her plighted troth, and sown the seeds of jealousy and distrust which may bear a bitter harvest for her in the days to come. She has been untrue in word and deed, even if never for one moment had she the slightest thought of breaking her engagement. She has written on the pages of Time a blurred paragraph which the tears and heart contrition of years cannot efface.

Sometimes it is done in a spirit of mischief, sometimes in pure bravado, and often to annoy and humiliate some one who has wittingly or unwittingly offended her. There is no redeeming feature in any excuse that can be given. A girl worthy the name of wife would scorn any and every approach to such parleyings with truth and honor.

The hour a girl has pledged her loyalty to a man, that hour she has put from her all lover-like attentions of other men. She has made her choice, we must hope, deliberately, and because she knows that to her this one man is more than all the world, and so, having chosen, the world soon learns the fact in her altered manner to it and its attentions. She does not shut herself up, nor make herself the target of remark, but, as a woman, she shields herself from attentions now uncalled for; and while as genial and sociable as before, with a gentle dignity and reserve, she says emphatically, "Thus far, but no farther"; and every man of her acquaintance knows, understands, and respects her for the attitude displayed.

#### ANNOUNCING THE ENGAGEMENT.

Many girls shrink from a formal announcement of their engagement. It is something of a trial to know that you are the latest morsel under the tongues of your dear five hundred friends and enemies. I am not writing this for those in "society"; that regulates these things for its own particular locality. I am writing for the girls, the home girls who enjoy many quiet social pleasures, and also for those often debarred from any-

thing but the merest fringe of such things.

Custom must to a certain extent regulate these things. There can be no cast-iron rule for every case and every section of the country. It is wise, however, to let the engagement be known, without undue haste of course, and so save some man the heartache, and our fiancé a bad quarter of an hour, for rarely you find a girl who is coveted by but one man.

If our girl's mother is living, she can easily confide the interesting news to some elderly friend who will be delighted to spread it abroad. If, however, she have not that wise counsellor to depend on, then she should tell it herself to a tried friend, and her lover could do likewise. The more unprotected a girl is, the greater necessity why her engagement should be made known. This is true from the highest to the lowest in the social scale.

It is folly, or worse, for a girl to hide her engagement. It looks as if she were ashamed of the choice she has made. It leads to complications, and often to half untruths, if not to whole ones. It does not tend to establish the fullest confidence between the two most interested, in fact, it often sows distrust. It misleads the public, and often individuals to their sore hurt and sorrow. You may think it is no one's business but your own; but you must remember you are a part, an insignificant one it may be, but a part of the great social fabric of our country, and whatever interests you, interests directly or indirectly all with whom you come in contact.

My advice to every girl, in whatever station her lot is cast, is, when she has made the great choice of her life to let it be known within due season, a few weeks at the very longest. If you are sheltered by your father's roof you are a fortunate girl, and your friends will rejoice with you. If you are earning your living, the more reason why the step you meditate should be known, and to those with whom you come in daily contact. Through it all, remember that you are the highest of all created things—a woman—and conduct yourself in such a manner that the greatest of all blessings may be yours—that of being a loved and honored wife.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT.

At what age should a girl become engaged? This is a question always asked, and never satisfactorily answered. So many things must be taken into consideration, and the individual circumstances are so different, that only general ideas can be given.

A girl should be fully developed physically before contemplating, or at least consummating, her marriage. If not, it is a great injustice to herself, and a criminal offence against the children that may be given her.

She should be old enough to realize the solemnity of the step she is taking. She should also be old enough to judge the character of the man who is suing for her hand in marriage, and to know if he has the requisites necessary to insure her a happy future. Better to be an "old maid" a thousand times than to be an unhappy wife.

She should have, if possible, some knowledge of other men than the one waiting her "yea" or "nay." This is necessary in order to weigh his merits and demerits against that of others, and to know if he be the one man in all the world for her. If she feel she could be as happy with any other, in mercy to him, if not to herself, withhold the yea until such time as one man, and one man only, lives in her mind and heart.

She should be old enough to be a companion to the man seeking her love, and young enough to believe that love is worth more than all the riches of the earth.

She should be able to distinguish be-

tween passion and love, and, while rating the latter above every earthly consideration, should not run blindfold into marriage unless there were a fair certainty of a home life beyond the pale of poverty. This much she owes not only to herself, but to the little ones that may be entrusted to her keeping. This is not a morconary view of it. Wait patiently until such time as things shape themselves that the marriage can take place with the outlook of comparative comfort; but do not marry any man simply for a home, and the material benefits he can bestow. At the same time, do not marry a man who has no home to offer, and no likelihood of ever having one.

She must remember that her lover is human like other men, and has his faults, his failings, and his eccentricities. Should he differ from her on certain lines of thought, or in other ways, she must not jump to the conclusion that he no longer loves her because he has dared to have a will of his own. She must be prepared to give and take, to bear and forbear, to allow him the right of thought and action claimed by herself, and not to grow selfish and exacting because he has chosen her from among all the women of his acquaintance.

A girl should be old enough to be a woman in every sense of the word, and when accepting the responsibility of an engagement should have enough years in the background to give her stability of purpose and strength of character to live up to the solemn duties she has voluntarily taken upon herself.

No girl should allow herself to grow old in heart. Keep it fresh and pure, strong and true, and when its king comes it will acknowledge his rule. She need not be afraid to trust to its choice, nor to debate the question of whom and when to marry.

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Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL  
by M. L. FAIRBAIRN.

THE Toronto Art League held their yearly winter exhibition at the Matthews' gallery for two weeks last month, at which were shown not only the usual oil and watercolor studies, but the original pen-and-ink and wash drawings for the Calendar, which has now grown to be a feature of our Canadian Christmas literature. If, indeed, such calendars come under that head at all, and not under art.

MR. BRIDGEN'S most ambitious sketch, "Rocks and Sea," was rather spotty, and not equal to the scene on the St. John harbor, which was given with breadth, and showed good drawing. "Departing Winter," while monotonous in the browns, gave a fine impression of the fields with lingering patches of snow. Mr. Bridgen's work is uneven, but he never fails to show something in advance of former work, so that the knowing ones look for his best. Mr. Crouch's book-plates were well executed, making the book-lover long to possess one. Mr. Holmes's treatment of a picturesque subject in the "View of St. Denis on the Richelieu" was rather hard, but with good color; the figure in the other study of the old windmill was well expressed.

MR. JEFFRIES' handling and point of view have usually something personal, and out of the ordinary. He gives a fine impression of the first stirrings of spring in his "Melting Snow," when the air is fresh and clear, but the snow still lingers in places. A view of houses and fields through "Autumn Rain" was peculiar, while pleasing. Mr. W. Alexander had good effects and crisp handling in his "Old Windmill on the Richelieu" and the camp scene. Mr. Blatchly's "Mower," Mr. Manly's "Large-se of Summer," a poppy field in bloom, and "A Heavy Rain," Mr. D. F. Thompson's "Low Water," quite decorative in effect, are all worthy mention. Mr. Manly's color and treatment in "A Heavy Rain" are something in the manner of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's pleasing color schemes.

LITTLE space is left for mention of the Calendar, which is, perhaps, even better than in former years, if comparisons must be made. The waterfront in Mr. Manly's "To Feed the World" is excellent in grouping and massing of light and dark. Mr. Holmes has caught something of the rhythm of the worker in the man with the scythe in "June and July"; Mr. Jeffreys' conception in "The Golden North," and "The Mines," is very novel; and, indeed, the work all through is so good it would be hard to pick and choose for description. It is not too late to possess yourself of this calendar, which is at once artistic and distinctively Canadian, appealing to our aesthetic taste as well as patriotism.

It is claimed by the art historian, Dr. Ludwig Jelinek, that the famous Sistine Madonna in the Dresden Gallery is not the original picture, but merely a copy. The picture, it seems, bears evidence of having been mended, thus tallying with a description of a copy which was damaged by the fall of the altar over the tomb of St. Sixtus. The original is said to be either in Rome or Piacenza, whither the director of the Dresden gallery has

journeyed to find out, if possible, the truth about the matter.

AMONG the interesting antiques of the Wernicke collection soon to be sold in New York are the silver-mounted leather drinking set that belonged to Cromwell, a massive centre-piece made by Thomiro for Napoleon, and the state couch of the mad King Ludwig.

MISS MUNTZ gave a talk to the students of St. Margaret's College one evening last month, on "Millet and His Art," illustrated by reproductions of the artist's pictures, which were passed around, being too small to be seen at a distance. Many of these are quite as fine in technique and sentiment as the "Angelus," though not as widely known. Miss Muntz gave a sketch of the artist's life, his struggle with poverty, and his hardly-earned and late achieved success, emphasizing the object of his art, which was not to paint pretty things, but to give voice to something in the peasant life which the world seldom heard—to express himself, in a word. His models were never beautiful men and women, and yet there is always beauty of the highest kind in his work. Miss Muntz spoke most warmly and sympathetically about the great Frenchman.

THE Camera Club last month held their annual exhibition in the Club Room in the Forum Building, at which some most artistic work was shown. The judges, Messrs. Manly and Stanton, awarded the gold medal to Oliver Lippincott, the silver medals to A. Walpole Craigie and W. B. Blackhall. Several portraits by Miss Weil, mounted on plain dull background, quite unlike the conventional mount, were very fine. The Arizona scenes by Messrs. Blackhall and Buntin were too artificial in arrangement; views like "Sol's Twilight Kiss" by W. B. Blackhall; "A Wet Night," by Frederick Lawrence; all those shown by John Dumont; "In the Gloaming," by W. H. Moss; "Sunset on the Kankakee," by George T. Power, and many others, are poems, while for exhibition of technical skill, apart from interest in the subject, the list would be much longer. "The Moqui Bells" is, no doubt, about the finest example of this. There were many charming examples of portraiture which showed a keen eye for artistic effect in the posing, as well as printing and mounting, in addition to thorough knowledge of photography. The membership is open to non-residents.

EVEN those who know him but slightly will feel that the world, not the art world only, is poorer far by the death of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, which occurred a few weeks ago. His dignified and courtly bearing is something it is pleasant to remember, and his unfailing kindness and thought for others.

THE second son of Lieut.-Col. E. G. O'Brien, one of the first settlers near Barrie, he was born on the shore of Lake Simcoe. Though intended for an architect, his taste led him in the direction of art. As early as 1873 he was vice president of the Ontario Society of Artists, which position he held until 1880, when

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the Royal Canadian Academy was founded, of which he was chosen president, and continued until 1890. Artistically speaking, Mr. O'Brien may be said to have "discovered" the Rockies, and many are the pictures of this period owned in Canada and the States. Later on his choice of subject was very different, and his object was not so much to give a topographically correct reproduction of any place, as to render the pictorial effect seen on a quiet river or a rugged cliff with an opalescent mist behind, or some marine effect that was sure to hold charm of color and balance of composition.

SPEAKING one day of some book mentioned in course of conversation—it was one of Black's—Mr. O'Brien said he preferred such a book as a guide to the usual guide-book, which he avoided with particular care, often thereby losing something he might have enjoyed. But the route of the globe-trotter and tourist was very distasteful to him; he preferred to make his own discoveries, the discoveries after his own heart. F. Baring Gould, and Hardy, and Barrie, and Blackmore were others whom he had studied as guide-books, much to his own profit and enjoyment as well as the good of his art. It was but a little thing, but showed something of the man.

MR. O'BRIEN kept wonderfully in touch with his times, always refraining from belittling the work of younger men with other methods; indeed he was not unimpressed by impressionism, though not violently. But he never reached a point where it could be said his work retrograded; his handling seemed but to become freer and looser, and his touch surer. His pictures are to be found in the best collections in Canada, and in many in England, where some of his finest subjects were chosen. There is one at Windsor Castle and another at Osborne which were painted for the Queen. Mr. O'Brien supervised the illustrations for "Picturesque Canada," published by the Cassels of London some years ago, contributing a goodly number himself.

THE little card of invitation bearing an etching of Toronto seen from the bay, which was Mr. Owen Staples' announcement of the exhibition at his studio, was the most artistic thing of its kind since a certain one issued by the late Palette Club, and it certainly was the means of attracting many visitors during the week.

LOOKED at as a whole, Mr. Staples' work shows great improvement in drawing, there is greater decision and freedom. A view of Toronto, similar to the etching; a well lighted and attractive view of a blacksmith's shop; an out-of-door study of figures in a garden, good in values but not in proportions; the figure of an old man standing erect and quiet in his punt fishing, almost a silhouette in the surrounding light; a bit of delightful wood-

land, and several fine flower pieces, were among the best of Mr. Staples' studies. His handling of pastel is excellent, going beyond in effect the work in oil, in our opinion.

THE ceramic artists have been very busy the last two months, for the demand for decorated china for Christmas presents has been greatly beyond other years. The exhibitions also were numerous, those of Miss Hendershot, Miss E. M. Martin, Mrs. Boulton (Miss Hannaford), and others, following in succession and overlapping.

AN exhibition of arts and crafts is being arranged, for to be held in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists some time in April. It is the first thing of the kind that has ever been held in Toronto, and will be looked forward to as marking an era in the progress of the applied arts. To quote the circular issued by the committee, "The chief object to be obtained is that it will place our city in line and in touch with the widespread movement to bring out and dignify the art instincts of the people." Manufacturers have welcomed the idea with delight and the prospects of success are excellent. Fuller particulars will be given later.

An Academy Alphabet.

- A's the Academy—what a poor show!
- B is the Boredom we feel when we go;
- C is the Critic, so down on art shams;
- D is the Daub he so heartily dams;
- E is the Eulogy, often not meant;
- F for the Failures, some ninety per cent.;
- G is the Gush to which ladies incline;
- H for the Horrors they hang on the line;
- I's the Injustice outsiders complain of;
- J for the Jokes which the hangers seem vain of;
- K's the Kick-out the Impressionists get;
- L is for Leighton, the suave Bar-not;
- M's for the Meetings arranged 'neath the clock;
- N is the Nude, Mrs. Grundy to shock;
- O for the "Oh's!" of enrapt country cousins;
- P for the Portraits accepted by dozens;
- Q is the Query, "Why are they displayed?"
- R's the Rejoinder, "It's all good for trade";
- S is the Sculpture, which nobody sees;
- T is the art Talk at our five o'clock teas;
- U's the Umbrella we leave down below;
- V is the Vanity bred at this show;
- W's the Wail of the men left outside;
- X the X-pressions of those who are "skied";
- Y is the Yawn which we give as we roam;
- Z is our Zest when it's time to go home.

—London Truth.

My Mamma Wants to Tell You  
Something



# MUSICAL NOTES

Specially written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

CLARENCE EDDY, the celebrated organist, recently gave a recital in Central Presbyterian Church, of Hamilton, Ont. This organ, which has been remodelled and improved, is now second to none in the Dominion, and it gave the organist ample scope for his skill.

Miss AGNES DUNLOP, the well-known contralto of Hamilton, Ont., sang at a grand concert in Port Hope recently with the popular tenor, Harold Jarvis. She got a warm reception, and her duet with Mr. Jarvis received a triple encore.

CHARLES SPALDINO, the popular baritone soloist of Central Presbyterian Choir, Hamilton, is receiving many important engagements for solos.

Mr. HERBERT JENNER, of Northcote Avenue, and leading tenor in Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church, has been selected from among a large number of applicants, as Chorusmaster for St. Anne's Church, Dufferin Street. Mr. Jenner is also an organist of no mean reputation.

The first regular practice of the new and enthusiastic organization, the Toronto Singers' Club, was held in the school room of the Church of the Redeemer recently. The attendance being very large, the members decided to continue weekly practices every Thursday evening. Under the able direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch three beautiful part songs were rehearsed. Those desirous of joining should hand their names in at once to the honorary secretary, Mr. V. W. Greene, 81 St. Joseph Street, or 29 Front Street West. Arrangements are under way for a concert, to be held in Massey Hall at an early date in the new year.

It is understood that the choir of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, is now hard at work at Bach's Christmas oratorio, with the object of giving a service of praise early in January. The music is of a high order, and is peculiarly appropriate to the Christmas season. Many are looking forward to the occasion with eager anticipation, more especially as this music has not for many years been publicly sung in Toronto.

The performance of the "Messiah," given in the Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, the 14th ult., again demonstrates the existence of a magnificent body of voices, thoroughly trained and admirably balanced, and of the nucleus for a good permanent orchestra conducted on the lines of the New York Philharmonic Society. The declamatory fire and expression which characterized the singing of the chorus are of a nature to remove the old-time stigma of dulness from oratorio productions. The fame of the Festival Chorus is spreading, and it was largely due to this fact that those present were enabled to hear that admirable and most magnetic baritone, Dr. Merrill Hopkinson, of Baltimore. Dr. Hopkinson is not a professional singer, but a musician who follows the art apart from his medical practice, from pure love. He learned of the existence of a grand chorus in Toronto from his friend, Mr. Ffrangeon Davies. Partly through the latter, and owing to the doctor's desire to hear the chorus, the arrangement was made that he should come to this city to sing. It is to be hoped that inclination will lead him here

again in future. He certainly surpasses the average routine baritone of the professional stage immeasurably. As to Mr. Torrington, his pre-eminent claim to public approbation is that his aims are artistic, and not commercial. He is the man who serves the cause of music by doing things.

The University of Toronto Harmony Club arrived in Guelph on the 18th ult. in their private car, and were received by the citizens with open arms. Judging from the house which greeted them in the evening, the success of the Ontario tour is assured. Parquet and gallery were filled with the fashionable music-lovers of the city, the boxes being occupied by the champion National Hockey Team. The Glee Club rendered Godfrey's "Where Smiles the Lake," "The Shades of Night," and other selections, in exceptionally good voice; but in Kipling's "Recessional," which De Koven has set to music, they surpassed themselves, and were repeatedly encored.

RAPHAEL JOSEFFY gave a piano recital at Massey Hall, Toronto, on the 18th ult. Raphael plays like an archangel, and this is not said with jocular intention, although those familiar with the celestial personell might regard it so. In truth, Joseffy is a celestial artist, with the clear cold blue of heaven in all his work. Classical beauty of expression, rather than emotional warmth and vivid coloring, characterize his interpretations.

On Wednesday evening, 20th ult., the third concert of the People's Popular Course was given in Massey Hall, Toronto, by the Ottumwas Male Quartette Company, consisting of F. W. Peterson, George H. Tott, Edward Weeks, and B. B. Brock; and Jessie Kleinman, reader. Their evening in this city was the seventy-sixth concert since the season opened, and was appreciated by all who were present. Mr. Tott will be remembered as the famous basso of the original Schubert Quartette.

A most enjoyable recital of sacred music was given in St. Enoch's Church, Toronto, on 22nd ult. The choral pieces, sung by the choir of the church with purity and precision, were Gounod's "Send out Thy Light," Barnby's "Crossing the Bar," Shelley's "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," and "Stainer's "Ye Shall Dwell in the Land." Solos were beautifully rendered by Misses Annie Hallworth, Dora McMurtry, Ella Ronan, and Messrs. W. J. Lawrence and W. Francis Firth. Much praise is due Mr. William Solby for the training of the choir; and Miss Etta Kerr, and Mrs. Maitland Thomson, organist of the church, for the very efficient piano and organ accompaniments.

WILHELM TAPPERT has been collecting for thirty years musical settings of Goethe's "Erking." He has as many as fifty-nine, and he suspects that there is another, by Meyerbeer, which the heirs of that composer are, however, keeping in the dark.

Mr. TORRINGTON will inaugurate Handel festivals in Toronto on the lines of the London Crystal Palace festival. The first Handel festival will be given next season by the Festival Chorus and Orchestra. For Handel's "Israel in Egypt," the Festival Chorus will be increased to five hundred voices, so that

the grandeur of Handel's great double choruses may be given with due effect. Singers wishing to secure membership will require to make early application to Mr. Torrington, as already only a limited number can be taken.

PADRRWSKI gave his first recital in New York for several years on the 19th ult. This is how the Times describes it; "There was the same apparently slight figure seated alone at the piano on the half-dark stage. There was the same pale, thoughtful face, with the nimbus of orange hair floating around it. There were the same graceful, sinowy hands, and the same broad powerful shoulders. There were the same manifestations of public absorption in the playing of this really remarkable man."

The Christmas music in our churches, judging from reports, seems this year to have excelled all efforts on similar occasions in past years. This is evidence of the advancement of the musical art in our country and the attention being given to the ministry of song as well as the ministry of the Gospel.

## The Clock.

HEAR the music of the clock,  
Softly ticking time;  
As the water wears the rock,  
So in rhythmic rhyme  
Does the ticking of the clock  
Seem to wear out time.

In the bustle of the day  
It is scarcely heard;  
Still it ticks and ticks away,  
Blithe as any bird,  
Careless that the sounds of day  
Make its voice unheard.

But at night it speaks aloud  
In the stillness deep,  
When the day-time's weary crowd  
Drops to realms of sleep;  
Then its voice, exulting loud,  
Wakes the stillness deep.

And the wakeful listener hears  
Strange and serious things;  
Hears the stream of flowing years  
As it flows and sings—  
Surgings of the future hears,  
And clash of coming things!

## When Should Girls Wear Veils?

At what age should a girl begin to wear a veil? There is as much difference of opinion on this point, it seems, as on that other vital question, "When should a girl put her hair up?" Men seem as much to regret the donning of a veil by a girl as they do the putting up of hair. Whether it is because it stamps the wearer as coming to womanly dignities, or because it hides something of a pretty face, there is no knowing; but most probably it is for the latter reason. But there are many uses to a veil. It is now and then recommended for weak eyes; it is excellent as a slight respirator for girls with delicate chests; it keeps the skin from chapping in rough weather; and, be it said, it really does in nine cases out of ten enhance the beauty it half conceals. A girl may wear a veil when she puts up her hair. The one fixes the date for the other. A girl with her hair down her back, and wearing a veil, looks rather absurd, except in most exceptional cases.

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Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, Ont.

# Health Notes

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by

JAMES WALLACE SMUCK, M.D.

It is by no means intended that the hints on health, given in this department through the successive months of the year should take a doctor's place, but by timely attention to minor ailments, we may sometimes prevent their becoming serious; and this is more particularly the case with colds and coughs upon which we shall say a few words. After all the province of the physician is to heal our sickness, not to prevent our being ill; that is left to our own sense and knowledge. There is an old saying, "Any one must be a doctor or a fool before he is forty." Many of us would probably come under the latter category, judging by the foolish things we see done. Surely there is nothing more interesting to most of us than our health, but how little care we take to preserve it. May we not say with Hannah More, "Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value." It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when to be ignorant of the laws of health will be considered as disgraceful as ignorance of anything else, even the rules of society; but no doubt there are some who know what's right, but have not put into practice the far more difficult duty of practising what they know. What shall we say of persons known to be troubled with delicate throats who persist in wearing fur close up to their throats in a church or heated building and then go out into the cold open air, without any extra wrap? or those who at the bidding of Dame Fashion persist in wearing veils with spots, though we are assured by oculists that it is bad for the sight? or again of persons who will tell you, without any sense of shame, that they know certain dishes do not agree with them, in fact makes them ill, but nevertheless they take them and intend to continue to eat pie. (I love pie!) In what respect are they better than the man who drinks to excess, though perhaps fortunately for him, the punishment for his misconduct comes more quickly? Indigestion and dyspepsia, will follow the other case no less surely. Let us all endeavor through the new year and all the subsequent years, to obtain that "mens sana in corpore sano," without which so much of our life work must be hindered or neglected.

## ON ORDINARY DISEASES OF RESPIRATION OR COLDS.

Catarrh is the most common of all diseases affecting the respiratory organs. It is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose and throat. If neglected it steals down the windpipe and produces hoarseness and soreness of the chest, and if still neglected, it travels along the bronchi and produces bronchitis. This disease always tends towards recovery, but we are able to check its course. For great sneezing, a little solution of cocaine (2 per cent. in strength) injected into the nostrils with a small glass syringe or snuffed up. The best cure for a cold is at its very commencement to stay in one room at a temperature of 60-65, not hotter, and take 10 grains of Dover's powder in a cup of hot gruel before going to bed. We are all liable to take cold and must sometimes be placed in circumstances when it seems impossible to avoid it, but the greatest difference is observed after the cold is noticed. The wise determine, at almost any cost to themselves, to cure it immediately if possible; the unwise let it hang on from day to day, sometimes at night, rubbing the chest

with some strong embrocation, taking hot spirits, putting the feet into hot water, and various other expedients—all very good if followed up, but worse than useless if we go out the next day in a cold wind with no extra protection to the poor ill-used chest, which is only made more tender and susceptible to cold, by the treatment it has received.

We all take cold more easily when the spirits are depressed, (observe how often cold is taken at a funeral) and the will has much more effect than we are apt to think. If we are unwillingly placed in circumstances in which it seems almost impossible to escape a cold, let us determine as far as possible to avoid that disaster and not to give way to it. How often a brisk walk home after shopping all the afternoon in hot and badly-ventilated stores would prevent a cold, instead of which we often get into a draughty street car with its constantly varying temperature, and end in a bad chill.

There are few causes which promote susceptibility to cold more than sleeping in close, warm rooms. The air of our sleeping apartments must be pure in order to obtain that rest and refreshment we so much need. Who has not awoken in the morning, after sleeping, (probably away from home) in a small bed-room opening into a sitting-room where a coal stove is burning, with a heavy headache and feeling quite unfit for the duties of the day, and all the effect of want of oxygen. Warm bedrooms, except for the sick and the aged, are a fertile source of colds. The access of cooler air to the respiratory organs at night has the effect of a tonic and prepares the body for the day's work.

TORONTO, ONT.

# People We Read About

THE QUEEN'S household consists of something like 1,000 persons.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY is always seen attired in pale brown garments. The Emperor of Austria affects green. The German Emperor has what may be called a loud taste in clothes, and is never so happy as when wearing the showiest of uniforms or hunting costumes. The Czar of Russia on the other hand, likes the simplest, darkest form of undress uniform.

THERE are 253,606 'Smiths' in England and Wales, according to a report of the Registrar-General, and 242,100 persons named Jones. Williams, Taylor, Davies, and Brown are the next most popular names. Smith also leads in Scotland, and Macdonald, Brown, and Thomson follow. In Ireland there are 62,000 Murphys and 55,900 Kellys. The next most familiar surnames are Sullivan, Walsh, Smith, and O'Brien.


HERE is a charming little story: When the Crown Prince of Denmark attended an examination in a Copenhagen school recently, he noticed that one of the little girls was so confused that she could not recite her lesson. He thereupon very graciously took her upon his lap, after which she answered every question correctly. She explained later the reason of her being able to do so was that the Crown Prince had whispered the answers to her.

MR. JOHN SCOTT, shawl manufacturer, of England, who recently died, aged eighty-seven, left an estate valued at £212,535. About fifty years ago his firm in the city had a large stock of Paisley shawls, for

# A Family Disease

THIS IS WHAT

## CATARRH



might be called. There are few people in North America free from it. There are still fewer families where it has not at least one or two victims. And in many cases the entire family is thus afflicted. It is so common that we have almost grown accustomed to it as the ignorant Egyptians have to sore eyes.

People are careless about this because they do not realize how the constant flow of mucous drains the system. What is this Catarrh mucous? It is the natural fluid of the membranes changed and poisoned by the Catarrh germs, and so wasted. It is a constant source of weakness. The way is thus opened for many other diseases. This condition is passed on from parent to child. Yet even when inherited Catarrh can be completely driven out of the system and permanently cured under the right treatment by this source of weakness! If the Catarrh stays in the head it is liable to make him deaf, and so hinder his success in life. If it goes down it will surely affect the lungs, or stomach, or liver, or kidneys, and make an unhappy invalid of him. Why suffer yourself?

Dr. Sproule, the eminent English Specialist, has given his life to this subject. He has mastered it.

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**Dr. SPROULE, B.A.** (Formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service) 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston

which there appeared to be little demand. He induced a Lady-in-Waiting to submit one of the shawls to the Queen, who was pleased with it, and wore it when driving in the park. As a result for a time Paisley shawls became fashionable, and the firm got rid of the whole of their stock at enhanced prices.

HERE is a bright picture of the home life of the Czar: Alexander III. was said to be an autocrat, even in the bosom of his family. Nicholas II., however, is the very reverse; he regards his consort as a good comrade, and when any Russian ministers seek an audience late in the evening he is invariably to be found in her company chatting and laughing without restraint. The Czar is generally occupied at his desk, while the Czarina busies herself with embroidery work. Immediately the ministers enter she rises as if to retire; but, more often than otherwise, the Czar informs her that she is not one too many.

PROBABLY no royal personage is more written about than Her Majesty the Queen; but it is a curious fact that there is one side of Her Majesty's character which is not so freely commented upon as it ought to be. From time to time paragraphs appear in the papers telling how the Queen has sent a wreath on the occasion of the death of one of her old servants, but it may not generally be known that Her Majesty takes an absolute personal interest in the welfare of those domestics who have been in her employ but have now got too old for work. She has a domestics' birthday book, so that those who have reached years which prevent them from continuing their duties may receive a recognition from their Royal Mistress's hands. The late Archbishop of Canterbury said that the Queen had the biggest heart of any woman he ever met, and he singled Her Majesty out as a true living example of what Christians ought to be.

READERS of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL troubled with rheumatism may learn of a cure which is certain, and which will permanently cure, and may obtain a booklet containing facts and proofs, by writing Department No. 1104, The Electropoise Company, 1123 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

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WE have made arrangements by which any of our readers can secure patterns of costumes shown in the cuts appearing in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. We trust this will prove of great service, and any further suggestions along this line we may receive will be very welcome and receive our best consideration.

All patterns are ten cents each, and will be mailed promptly, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price.

In ordering any pattern be sure and give correct pattern number, bust and waist measure, or child's age, and forward same addressed to the

BUSINESS MANAGER,  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL Co.,  
(Limited), TORONTO.

Notes for the Month.

MANY of the outdoor wraps recently introduced for this season's wear have an original touch of smartness imparted to them, either by a collar and revers of ermine or other fur, or by some kind of cape or broad collar arrangement, formed by three flat pieces, each one being made smaller than the other. The edge of each is bound with braid or black satin. A stern collar usually accompanies this style of coat, which opens in front to reveal a vest of lace or tuck silk. Long, smart, and shapely garments are made in princess shape in the form of coats, ulsters, and entire outdoor costumes. These are composed of silk, satin, or fine textured cloth. The long coats or ulsters are often invisibly fastened down the bodice, and a little below the waist, in the centre of front, while the right side laps over, and buttons over with three large fancy buttons on the left side, from the bust to a few inches below the waist. The sleeves are made just broad enough to admit of their passing easily over the bodice sleeve. The edge of coat, where it laps over, is bordered with black satin or braid.

By-the-by, the newest collar is made to

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lie down perfectly flat over the shoulders. It is more becoming than the storm collar, which stands up all round the throat, though it is less warm and cosy. Most of these collars are formed of velvet or fur. Others show the latest trimming, which resembles crochet, and is worn over colored silk.

A SIMPLE and charming little evening dress for a young girl is composed of ivory-white silk surah. The skirt shows nine cornings at the hem. It has the box-pleat at the back, and this is closely stitched at the top in order to keep it flat. The baby bodice is arranged with cords, which are run through the narrow tucks at the top, so as to draw in the fulness and at the same time give a pretty finish to the bodice. The short sleeves are arranged in a similar way. A sky-blue sash with fringe at the ends encircles the waist. The sash passes through a gilt buckle in the centre of back. A cluster of Parma violets on the the bodice, and a lining of pale blue, with silk frill inside the hem of skirt, imparts daintiness to this simple and easily made gown.

The silk fringe is an indispensable article of fashion just now. It edges skirts, the polonaise, sashes, and neck scarves, and it also continues on its way rejoicing. For it, in conjunction with the scarf, forms a favourite trimming to many of the new hats and toques. By-the-by, tuck silk hats are newer and more in favour with young ladies than those of cloth. The brims of these are lined with crumpled mousseline-de-soie. A scarf with fringed ends and a large bow of silk with buckle in front and a white aigrette form the trimming.

WOOLLEN POPLIN, in pale colorings, is used for the creation of evening gowns. A charming costume was recently seen made of pale pink poplin, trimmed with creamy lace. The skirt was arranged in tunic fashion over a foundation lining, cut quite long, and edged with two deep frills of poplin. A broad insertion of lace edged the tunic. The bodice had a fitted back and a flat collar of lace, with a stand-up Medici collar of lace, covering pink silk, above it. The Eton-shaped fronts had revers, with stole ends of lace

falling on to the skirt some few inches below the coat. The long lace sleeves were transparent, and the pale pink chiffon vest was closely pleated. At the waist was a narrow belt of black velvet, with steel buckle.

A NOVEL headdress arrangement was recently seen in the stalls of an English theatre. The hair was thrown back off the forehead, with just a wavy tress brought forward on the the temple, and it was dressed with a small coil, which was placed rather low, in fact, almost on to the neck; and just above this coil, on each side, rested two butterflies. They had the appearance of having just flown, and were lazily resting on the hair. Another becoming and favourite mode is to place a few small flowers in the front of the hair, slightly to the left. Violets, carnations, small roses, and other flowers are used in this way. Velvet ribbon loops sequined and finished with an aigrette in white form yet another evening adornment for the hair. At the base of the loops and aigrette is a knot of the velvet. The latter is made in all colors with white aigrettes.

AS THE season for children's parties is quickly advancing, mothers whose means are too limited to admit of silks or satins being worn by their children should bear in mind that there is nothing nicer for a child's party frock than nun's veiling. It is inexpensive and is to be had in all the newest shades, suitable for evening wear. For quite young girls the yokes are either tucked or piped and trimmed with lace, while the skirts are fully pleated or gathered on to the yoke. Stockings, shoes, and gloves are worn to match the dress.

THIS season's fichus, ties of every description and bows, are all as dainty and as pretty as it is possible to make them. There is no lack of feminine frivolities and pretty things with which to adorn one's self at this time of the year. The fichus are made of spotted net, lace, chiffon, and silk muslin, and they are trimmed with frills edged with baby ribbon, lace, or ribbon ruching. Blouse bodices in delicate shades of silk, chiffon, or muslin, are made apart from the linings. The white transparent silk blouses, formed entirely of tucks, are decidedly simple and charming for young girls' wear. By means of various colored slips many pleasant changes may be effected.

Ladies' Fancy Basque, No. 7831.

WHILE it cannot be asserted that the blouse is going out entirely, we must



No. 7831.

admit that the close-fitting basque is gaining in feminine favor for cloth gowns. The trying lines are slightly modified by

using the French back, and many pretty ideas are shown in yoke effects and artistic trimmings.

This design illustrates an extremely fashionable basque in black broadcloth, with velvet trimmings and white cloth applique figures decorating the yoke and collar.

The back is prettily shaped, without the center seam, the front fitting closely with a single dart, slightly double-breasted, fastening with round velvet buttons. A band of stitched cloth outlines the revers, front and lower edge of the basque and sleeves.

The yoke is finished with double revers back and front, the special feature being rounding corners. The high collar is fashionably shaped, with two points in the center back.

The correct two-piece sleeve flares slightly at the hand, and is ornamented with a tiny round cap on the shoulder.

This basque can be made scalloped or plain around the bottom, the pattern providing the correct shaping. Venetian, prunella, camel's hair, or pebble chevot, combined with velvet, satin or lovely lace and applique, may be employed to make up this elegant design.

To make this waist in the medium size will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide. The pattern, No. 7831, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

Ladies' Waist with Seamless Drop Yoke that Extends over the Sleeves, to be Made with High or Low Neck, No. 7850.

EXQUISITE all-over laces are shown for evening wear, and many of the new



No. 7850.

toilettes are made with yoke and sleeves of this dainty material. China blue poplin is here combined with delicate white lace, black ribbon velvet run through insertion of a heavier weave forming the trimming.

The waist is modelled over a fitted lining, which closes invisibly in the back. The backs are plain across the shoulders, with the fulness arranged in tiny plaits at the waist. The front is slightly bloused, but fits smoothly over the shoulders and bust.

The high collar is fashionably shaped with points in the center back. The close two-piece sleeves fit almost smoothly into the arm's-eye, and are finished around the slightly flaring wrists with a band of lace insertion, through which velvet ribbon is run.

A seamless drop yoke of lace covers the upper part of the waist and sleeves. It is decorated with three rows of lace insertion, one at the lower edge concealing the joining, one at shallow round yoke depth, and the other at the lower edge of collar. The broad, long-shouldered effect produced in this model is exceedingly fashionable at present.

The entire yoke and sleeves may be underlined with silk or satin in a contrasting color. For evening wear the upper part of the yoke and the long sleeves may be omitted, with the stylish effect shown in small illustration. Perforated lines are given on the pattern for the proper shaping. To make the waist in the medium size will require one-half yard of forty-four inch material, with one and one-half yards of twenty-seven inch material for the yoke and sleeves. The pattern, No. 7850, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

Ladies' Collarette, No. 7807.

This elegant fur collarette shows a combination of seal and Alaska sable. The yoke of seal is shaped in a decided



No. 7807.

point at the back, while the fur trimming in front is applied with double pointed effect. The high flaring collar of seal is faced inside with sable, which forms a

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rich background for the face. The border broadens over the shoulders and falls in long stole ends almost to the knee, each end being finished by a beautiful tail. The large muff is of Alaska sable to match.

Charming effects can be developed by the same model in less expensive materials. A combination of Astrachan or Persian lamb cloth, which comes in a splendid imitation of the fur, with trimmings of inexpensive fur, makes an attractive and stylish collarette, or seal plush can be used for the body of the collar and Astrachan for the trimming.

The stole may be cut off at the waist line or half way down, the pattern providing the correct shaping.

The collar may fasten high under the chin with two hooks, giving extra protection to the throat, or the top loop may be left open, if so preferred.

To make this collarette in the medium size will require three-fourth yards of material twenty-two inches wide for yoke and collar, and one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide for stole, flounce and collar. The pattern, No. 7807, is cut in sizes for a 34, 38 and 42-inch bust measure.

Child's Coat with Cape, No. 7852.

CHINA BLUE POPLIN is chosen for this comfortable coat, with lovely gray for trimming. It is lined throughout with an interlining of light-weight blue flannel, covered by delicate gray satin to match the fur.

The picturesque "baby hat" of plaited liberty satin is decorated by a huge blue bow, having strings of the same ribbon tied under the chin.

The coat is simply constructed, having a short body lining fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams, to which the fronts and back are joined.

The two-piece sleeves are slightly full at the shoulder, and finished with a band of fur at the wrist.

The dressy cape is lined with gray satin and edged with fur. It fits smooth over



No. 7852.

the shoulders, rippling gracefully at the lower edge. A comfortable rolling collar, fur-trimmed, finishes the neck. This cape can be made adjustable and worn separately in mild weather.

Dainty coats in this style may be made of velvet, conluroy, ladies' cloth, Bedford cord, chevrot, or any of the numerous cloakings. Fur, braid, gimp, or velvet may be chosen for garniture, and bright linings will make the garment attractive.

To make this coat for a child of four years will require two and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide. The pattern, No. 7852, is cut in sizes for children two, four and six years of age.

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**HERE AND THERE.**

Some people give according to their means; others according to their meanness.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

An Irishwoman who has just died in the Lisburn workhouse was born on the field of Waterloo. Her father fought in his regiment, and her mother made herself useful in the camp.

There are at present no fewer than seventy-one European princesses belonging to the reigning houses who are of marriageable age, while the corresponding princes are only forty-seven in number.

RESOLUTIONS in favor of Woman's Suffrage have been passed in both houses of the parliament of Western Australia, and a Woman's Suffrage Bill has been carried in the Legislative Assembly of Victoria.

A widow who resides on the slopes of a Welsh mountain has reached her 101st year. She is the mother of twenty-one children. Her eyesight enables her to make clothes for her great-great-grandchildren.

A lady who has just died in Sydney, aged ninety-two, was married at the age of sixteen to a leading colonist. She leaves twelve children, seventy-two grandchildren, one hundred and forty-six great-grandchildren, and ten great great grandchildren—two hundred and forty in all. She herself was one of the first twins born in the colony.

TEA, coffee, and chocolate first became common in the reign of Charles II. The first coffee-house was kept by a Jew in Oxford in 1650. In 1657 the landlord of the Rainbow Tavern, close to Dick's and now adjoining The Christian World office, was fined by the magistrates for selling such deleterious new-fangled stuff as coffee. The price had been £6 to £8 (£80 to \$40) a pound.

The American tramp, or homeless vagabond, is regularly of the masculine gender; but a remarkable case has lately appeared of a female tramp, not homeless, who has regularly walked once a year from Bangor, Maine, to New York four hundred and fifty miles for the enjoyment of the thing, since 1824, when she was sixteen years old. The Marquis de Lafayette was then visiting America, and the girl, Mary Harley, being too poor to ride, walked to New York to see him, paying her way by selling pencils on the road. She enjoyed her trip so much that she has since then repeated it annually with never any molestation. She is now turned ninety, yet does not look so old, and seems to be a person of natural refinement. On her trip this year her sales of pencils proved inadequate for the first time to meet her frugal expenses, and on reaching New York she was obliged to apply to charity for aid, when her romantic history became public.

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NOTE.—Any of the designs in this Department can be obtained from this office at the prices quoted, with stamps added for cost of mailing same.

In this issue I give several cushion tops which I think will be appreciated by my readers. The designs are all new and look very pretty and attractive when worked. In speaking to a friend the other day, she said it was a mistake to give ourselves up to working designs with the emblems of war, that we were reminded quite enough of the valuable lives being lost and the horrors of war without all our fancy articles bringing it back to our minds. I do not agree with this, for these signs of interest draw us together in our common sympathy, and we thus show the honor we have for our heroes. So I do not apologize for the many military designs I gave in the last issue nor for those now appearing. Like as we would have pictures of beloved friends, who have departed, on our walls, so let us have little tokens in our rooms in remembrance of the boys who are fighting for Queen and Empire.

Lion and Flag Cushion Top. Fig. 1.

This design is entirely for outline and makes a very effective and handsome piece of work. My suggestion is to work the lion in a golden brown. The flag, of course, must be in red, white and blue, unless it is for a gift for an American



FIG. 1.—LION AND FLAG CUSHION TOP.—Perforated pattern, 25c.; stamped on blue Villa cloth, 60c.; silk, \$1.50; started with all silks necessary to complete, \$2.00.

friend, and then it would be very appropriate to work the Stars and Stripes on one flag which would show the friendly feeling existing between the two countries. The staves and cords of the flag should be in yellow. The rock, gun-carriage, and walls in steel grey. Run the water in blue and the moat grey, and finish with cord in red, white, and blue.

Daisy Cushion Top. Fig. 2.

This is a very pretty daisy pattern and the following suggestions for working it will give a pretty effect. You should outline the scroll work with old gold, work the daisies in solid with white Turkish floss, filling the centres in with yellow French knots. The leaves should also be worked in solid and shaded from

light at the tip down to dark at the stem.

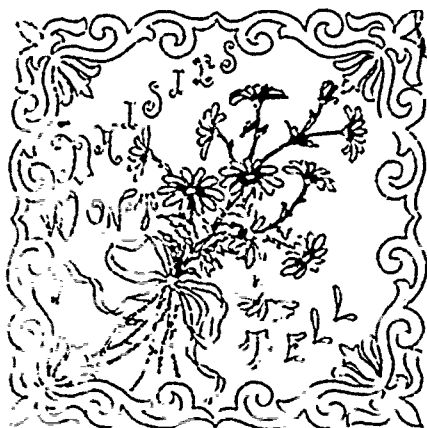


FIG. 2.—DAISY CUSHION TOP.—Perforated pattern, 25c.; stamped on blue Villa cloth, 60c.; silk, \$1.25; started with all silks necessary to complete, \$2.35.

Stems should be worked solid in dark green, lettering and ribbon in yellow.

Conventional Cushion Top. Fig. 3.

This design for a cushion top is very simple and effectively worked with white Turkish floss. Work the cup-like section with a long and short stitch round top

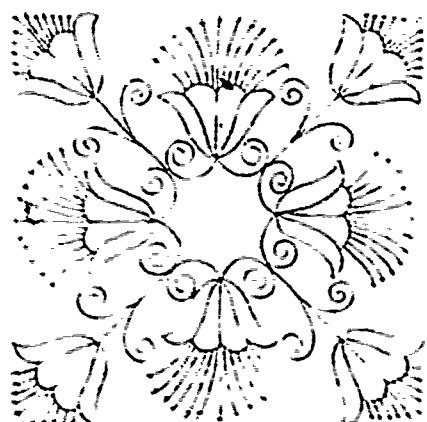


FIG. 3.—CONVENTIONAL CUSHION TOP.—Perforated pattern, 25c.; stamped on blue Villa cloth, 60c.; silks, 60c.; commenced, \$1.25.

and down the sides. Feather-stitch the short lines from the cup, outlining the single lines that run into the centre.

Conventional Design for Cushion Top. Fig. 4.

This design is very quickly worked, but the results are very effective, and makes a very pretty and neat cushion. You should work it either in a coronation arch or small rick-rack braid couched on with old rose Turkish floss. The design speaks for itself, and therefore many suggestions are not necessary, especially as to colors which can be selected to taste.

HERE is a very interesting story told in the *Corticelle Home Needlework*. It is that of a sailor lad from the Indian seas,

who, returning to his home in Venice, brought to his betrothed a worker in needlepoint, a bunch of the delicate, pretty coraline, telling her it was lace that the mormaids made in the coral caverns under the waters of the Indian seas. "Pretty as it is," said the needleworker, "I will make something with my needle far prettier. My bridal veil

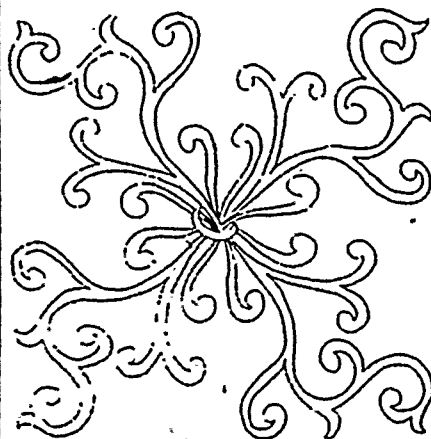


FIG. 4.—CONVENTIONAL DESIGN FOR CUSHION TOP.—Perforated pattern, 25c.; stamped on green Villa cloth, 60c.; silks and braid, 65c.; commenced, \$1.60.

shall be of the mormaids' lace." The sailor lad sailed away and was gone for months. Day by day the young girl worked with her needle, forming white knots and tiny stars, and uniting them all by delicate "brides" until an exquisite long scarf of guipure was produced, so marvellously beautiful that when she wore it as her bridal veil all Venice went wild with admiration, and many noble ladies, princesses and queens became the patrons of the young lace-worker.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

To Enid.

DEAR little child, when'er I gaze  
Upon thy face so wan and thin,  
I cannot help but sing thy praise—  
Thou art so pure and free from sin.  
Thy gentle voice I love to hear,  
For it doth cheer me when I'm sad,  
And oft I turn a listening ear  
To hear thee say, "Now, Enid's mad."  
Thy gait is queenly, and thy mien  
Is so enchanting while at play  
That it recalls forms that I've seen,  
But who, alas! have passed away.  
Therefore I love thee all the more,  
And long to clasp thee in my arms;  
Fain would I kiss thee o'er and o'er  
In token of thy many charms.

May'st thou in futuro e'er remain  
As perfect as thou art to-day;  
May naught transpire to give thee pain,  
Or cause thy thoughts from right to stray.  
And when at last the Lord doth wait  
To take thee from this world of sin,  
Thou wilt be met at heaven's gate,  
And by the angels led therein.

Toronto, Ont. D. J. SMITH.  
\* A playful expression of the child's.

House Linen.

WHILE a very large supply of house linen is not imperatively necessary, it is well, where the family income will admit of it, to have a sufficient amount to make the work easy. It is not good sense to be obliged to wash towels, table, and bed linen more frequently than on the regular washing day. Housekeepers object to frequent washing on the ground that the goods wear out more rapidly. This is based upon error, because twelve towels used continuously will last just twice as long as six, all things being equal. It is a good plan to have a sufficient number of articles, so that certain sets of them can be used in rotation. This gives a



Pride in the Pantry

An array of bright tins is the ambition of many housekeepers. To such we offer this hint: After the tins are washed clean, rub them with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's the finishing touch that gives the gloss and saves much of the hard rubbing to make them bright. It's the quick and labor-saving way. Grocers sell it.

Trial quantity for the asking. Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

better chance for proper washing and thorough drying without haste or too much severity. Where one needs clean articles on the moment, they cannot receive the same care as is possible where the work is more leisurely performed. There should be three sheets for every bed in use, with one extra for every two beds. Thus, in a house where three sets are in use, eleven sheets or twelve are required in order that there may be no putting about in case of the arrival of guests or any accident. This should be exclusive of children's beds, which must be more bountifully supplied.

TO PERFUME linen take rose leaves dried in the sun or some distance from the fire, one pound; of cloves, caraway seeds, and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar or grind in a mill, add four ounces of dried salt. Well mix and tie up in little bags.



LADIES! Why not do your own stamping for fancy work? We have an excellent outfit for you, comprising five sheets of perforated patterns, containing TWO Complete Alphabets, Sprays, Borders, Doilies, etc. Each sheet is 14 x 21 in good map bond paper. Will last a lifetime with care.

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*The Gentleman from Indiana.* By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Toronto: William Briggs.

The story opens with a graphic but somewhat discursive description of a western town in the State of Indiana. One of those crude but original spots of civilization inseparable from recent settlement and western freedom, where individual personality stands out in rude relief, and where environment and history, commercial development or egotistic citizenship provide a field for the exercise of unusual ability on the part of some great soul whose lot is by fate or the force of circumstances thrown upon it. There is nothing impossible in the tale, as probably like thrilling scenes and evil doings may be read any day in the western news of the lawless communities in that land of liberty. The plot is dramatic and well held together. The Six Cross Roads, the cancer sore to the law-abiding citizens, are excellent foils to the scenes in the judge's house and garden, and the persevering editor of the western paper, who works so hard for the right. The story is quite sensational enough for the most exacting novel reader, and is no doubt a faithful picture of life in the western towns.

*Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest.* By BLANCH WILLIS HOWARD, Author of "One Summer," etc. Toronto: William Briggs.

Any one who has read "One Summer," that delightfully written idyl in prose, will need no further recommendation to purchase "Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest," by the same loving pen. But for those who have not, I would say, open the tastefully gotten up, clearly printed volume at any page as you stand by the counter in the crowded shops at this season, and read but a few lines. It will be enough to ensure the volume being sent home with the other purchases of the day.

The picture drawn of the life among the hills where life is so hard a struggle for existence, of the gentle weaver and the child who, born to him in his later life, has more of his inner refined nature than her older brothers and sisters is good. The child whose genius leads her into wild pranks, and therefore, under the condemnation of her more practical mediocre relatives, yet in whose character there is enough of the practical mother to make her a capable woman, is an interesting, lovable character. There is no padding. The story of the girl's life, and how the environments into which her career takes her moulds or warps her life, is told with a straight unerring pen. There are gems of description and character sketches, as for instance, the French chef who teaches the girl his art, its dignity and possibilities, and the grave acceptance by his pupil of the trust bestowed upon her. The scene in the kitchen of the Schloss when the adored Countess Nekla comes to Vroni for a lesson in cooking that she may be the more useful to "Dear Eck," when he gets that secretaryship in Africa for which he is seeking and they are married; or again, when the story of their life is told, the scene on the hillside where the girl, who, fallen a victim to her faith in her lover, saves the countess, standing on the brink of a like precipice, from falling.

How Vroni wins her way to a lucrative position by her knowledge of cooking

and preparing perfect lunches, dinners, and suppers; how an evil genius mars her young life, and how the strong, true nature re-assorts itself and slukes off the cloak which would condone to the world her shame, yet fetter her to misery, is well told in this strongly written, fascinating story.

There is a subtle knowledge of the workings of the girl mind in princess or peasant, the first depicted in the pursuit of Vroni by her lover, and the second in the scene between Vroni and the Countess on the hill, when Vroni the peasant, who has tasted the bitterness of the draught, pleads for the peace of Nekla the Countess, and by the power of her love, takes from her the cup of sorrow. "Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest," will have many readers, and few will lay it down without a sense that the author has told of life and treated the sorrows of shame from a higher standpoint than the events which form the keystone to the plot are usually studied.

*A Sister to Evangeline—The Story of Yvonne de L'amourie.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, Author of "A Forge in the Forest," "Earth Enigmas," "A History of Canada," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited.

The plot of this story centres around the girl whose gentle wit, beauty and grace has won the love of two men of widely opposite temperaments and characteristics, and is framed in the stirring events of the expulsion of the Acadians, that most pathetic page of Canadian history. The rivals have all the individual characteristics of their nationalities. The English Quaker, the French Canadian soldier, each mould their conduct on the traditions of their race and meet as men, respecting, honoring each other in their bitter rivalry. We meet again Gral, the fantastic madman, whose strange influence over the dark schemes of the Black Abbé we were familiar with in "The Forge in the Forest," and as before, find him one of the strongest of the threads woven through the story. We are given a nearer view of him, and e'er the tale is fully told learn the reason why the wicked priest dreads the wierd cry and the espionage of the madman. It is a gruesome tale, but told with the strength of simple language and wise reticence.

Mother Pêche, the old woman whose "tales of wizardry, had charmed their youth," is another interesting character, whose soothsaying runs like an undercurrent of fateful warning through the story. She "lived to do good deeds, and loved to think she did them from an ill motive. Her witchcraft, devoutly believed in by herself, and by a good half of Grand Pré as well, was never known to curse, but ever to bless; yet its white magic she called black art. There was no one sick, there was no one sorrowful, there was no child in all Grand Pré, but loved her; yet it was her whim to believe herself feared, and in hourly peril of anathema."

The cloud of coming sorrow which hung over the lives of all who then dwelt in that fated valley, the wickedness in high places which was to draw down so much misery upon the innocent, the rumors and counter rumors, the fear and uncertainty which bade them trust in none, least of all in the English who were their true friends, is well told in the story of Yvonne's lovers and their

# SURPRISE SOAP

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adventures. The story of "A Sister of Evangeline" has perhaps more than any of Roberts' former works an indefinable charm which only genius can bestow. We read it as no mere tale of imagination, but with attention so absorbed, interest so chained to the page, that we feel the author has lived the life while he penned the page, bringing to his genius a store of knowledge of historic annals of the past and close the book with the firm conviction that much of the story told was gleaned from old letters or historic archives to which the author has had access, and by his genius made to live again. Such work as this is not alone a novel to charm but a powerful factor in attracting attention to the value, picturesqueness and romance of Canada's past, winning others to study and appreciate its history.

*Active Service.* By STEPHEN CRANE. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a decided disappointment to the reader. A knowledge of the author's former works anticipated something better. When all thoughts are on the actual "Active Service" in Africa, the title is one to attract; and no matter how well the book may be written or how interesting the plot might be, without the anticipation of something connected with real active service, the result would be disappointment. We can rouse up no interest in the scatter-brained professor, his class, and the autocratic though ill-bred newspaper editor, who, as war correspondent, goes to the scene of active service during the Turko-Grecian war to rescue them at the bidding of a sensation monger for the columns of a local paper, that copy may be supplied possessing that personal attribute so dear to the sensation-loving reading public. One puts down the book with a sense that the majority of the characters were thrown in haphazard and left to sort themselves.

*Suspense.* By H. S. MERRIMAN. Toronto. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

There is a subtle strength about Mr. Merriman's men and women which is very difficult to put into words. The personality of each seems to impress itself upon the reader without his knowing exactly why it does so. We would emphasize that word "personality" in speaking of them, for it is the personal rather than the intellectual or physical element in them that influences us, and makes them so different from the creations of many other authors. They are not paragons of wit and beauty, and yet they are far from commonplace. There is in his heroes and heroines a quiet forcefulness of character which is very pleasing, a certain reserve force, as it were, which gives the

reader confidence in them in any emergency. And Mr. Merriman has the art of bringing his readers into very real contact with his people, so that one experiences, after reading this book, much the same feeling of invigoration that comes from meeting strong, self-reliant men and women whose very presence affects us.

### For Book Borrowers.

I of my Spenser quite bereft,  
Last Winter sore was shaken;  
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,  
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They pick'd my Locke, to me far more  
Than Brummah's patent worth,  
And now my losses I deplore  
Without a Home on earth.

They still have made me slight returns,  
And thus my grief divide;  
For, oh! they've cured me of my Burns,  
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,  
Nor let my anger burn,  
For as they have not found me Gay,  
They have not left me Sterne.

—Notes and Queries.

**EVERY MOTHER** Has a Little Home Drug Store made up of a few home remedies such as can be called into immediate use. It is not complete without a bottle of Howarth's Cathartic, which always cures Wind Cramp, Stomach or Bowel Complaint. Try it. From all Druggists, or send 25 cents to HOWARTH, 743 Yonge St., TORONTO.

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### A Woman of Resource.

OCTAVE THANET, in one of her chatty talks on cooking, tells how the wife of an army officer made the plum pudding for a Christmas dinner to which her husband had invited the other officers and their wives. There was no flour, no dried fruit, no lard, almost nothing of what are usually considered the essentials for this dish; and yet with olive oil for suet, dried prunes for raisins and currants, sea biscuit for flour and bread crumbs, and the juice of preserved ginger for flavoring, a pudding was evolved that was the admiration of the company, who were only too well acquainted, in their own households, with the difficulties encountered.

Anyone with ample time and an unlimited supply of good materials should be able to produce delicious edibles, and no thanks! It is the woman who can make the most of a poorly stocked larder who is the really good cook; it is she, who, grasping the difficulties of a situation, and substituting one thing for another as her ready wit prompts, can produce good results, who is the woman of resource. If there are no eggs, she knows that for many things a teaspoonful of cornstarch makes a good substitute for one; if there is no oven heat for tea biscuit she will make scones on the top of the stove, and give you stew or pot roast instead of baked meat; for a hasty dinner she will make you a delicious soup out of milk, and almost any vegetable, and dainty entrées out of little scraps; she can use suet or dripping, and make a light paste for meat pie, and has even been known to use the cracklings from rendered fat with good advantage in a boiled pudding. Like Raphael— or was it Leonardo, or Sir Joshua Reynolds?— she mixes her ingredients with brains. When your baby has the croup, she will have him in hot water, and, if nothing better can be found, has been known to pour coal oil down his throat, saving his life while you were hunting your favorite specific. She will have soda on your burn, or even the white of an egg to ease the pain, while you are trying to remember where the linseed oil and lime water are. In fact, her nimble wit will remember all she has seen or heard or read, and she will be ready for any emergency. She likes to have good materials for her cooking, and proper conveniences for her work, but she does wonders without either.

### How to Cook Husbands.

A "Book for the Cook," published under the auspices of the Village Improvement Society, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., gives this recipe, under the head of "How to Cook Husbands":

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and are not tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in hot water, others freeze them, others put them in a stew, others roast them, and others keep them constantly in a pickle.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying a macerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not to learn how to cook them properly. It does not make so much difference what you cook him in as how you cook him. See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Don't keep him in the kettle by force, as he will stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he sputter or liz, do not be anxious, some husbands do this. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call "kisses," but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not try him with anything sharp, to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently the while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want.

### The Children.

ONLY to keep them so—  
Soft, warm, and young,  
The wee, feeble fingers,  
The babbling tongue,  
Tears that we kiss away,  
Smiles that we win,  
Careless of knowledge,  
As guiltless of sin.

Only to keep them so—  
Frank, true, and pure,  
Of our full wisdom  
So lovingly sure,  
Our frown all they shrink from,  
Our fain their law,  
Our store whence all gladness  
They fearlessly draw.

Only to keep them so—  
Sweet hands that cling,  
Sweet lips that laugh for us,  
Sweet tones that ring,  
Curls that we train to wave,  
Feet that we guide,  
Each fresh step a wonder,  
Each new word a pride.

Only to keep them so—  
Women and men  
Are the tines that circled us  
Lovingly then,  
Gentle and good to us,  
Patient and strong,  
Guarding our weakness  
Bearing us long.

There is comfort in the strength of love. 'Twill make a thing endurable which else would overset the brain or break the heart.—*Wordsworth.*

### About Children.

#### GROWING.

BABY is only one year old,  
Fair and sweet as a gaffodilly;  
Hair as bright as the crinkled gold  
Hid in the heart of a water-lily.

Baby is only two years old,  
Tongue like a piping Bob o' Lincoln,  
Trills more songs than can e'er be told,  
Or ever a birdie would dare to think on.

Baby is only—who's been stealing  
Out of my arms and off my knee  
My baby? The gypay years came kneeling,  
And stole my baby away from me.

It is now "quite the correct thing," in fashionable circles to keep "Baby's Album" in the drawing-room. Its object is to be a pictorial record of a "baby" from earliest infancy until the age of twenty-one. On gilt pages photographs are to be mounted each year, and the youthful subject's autograph and the date are to be inscribed. On the title-page the date and place of birth and the parent's name are to be written, and there should be blank leaves for the chronicling of interesting events.

I PRAY you, O excellent wife! cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman who have just alighted at our gate. These things, if they are desirous of them, they can get for a few shillings at any village inn; but rather let that stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may travel miles and dine sparingly and sleep hardly to behold.—*Emerson.*

ANOTHER resource, capable of vast developments, and to be kept for special occasions, is empty spools. These save in a bag instead of burning, and some day when little Miss Muffet or little Jack Horner is sick and has to be amused in bed, bring them out. There will be big red and white ones from the linen or coarser threads, black and white of the medium size, and the "baby" spools that have borne twist or silk. These may be separated into families, divided into two races, white and colored, marshaled in a regiment, or formed into a school. They, too, may be dressed as much as you like, either by the little patient or your patient self, and they are, when wearied of, bundled back into their bag to await another attack of ennui.

A FUNNY DOLL.—Some day when the children are tired of their usual playthings, when it is raining perhaps and something must be done or bad tempers will result, try this amateur doll-making letting the older ones help. Take a small chestnut for the head, on which scratch eyes, nose, and mouth, the future owner to say whether it is to be smiling or cross, the disposition to be indicated by the curve upward or downward of the mouth. Another larger chestnut forms the body, held to the head by a match inserted in one and then the other. Matches answer for legs and arms, the holes must be made for them first. Quite a variety of attitudes may be struck with the arms, but as the legs are to be a semi-support for the fat bodies they admit only of one. If you have the time you will call forth much applause by dressing them, fastening the clothes and head gear by running pins into the head or body. Potatoes will serve the purpose fairly well instead of nuts, and really these improvised dolls give a pleasure far out of proportion to their cost.

CARE OF THE TEETH.—Every child should be taught the proper use of the tooth brush; even with the first teeth where this seems unnecessary, the habit of

cleanliness is established, which is one of the chief means for the preservation of the teeth. Let a silk thread or dental floss be used between the teeth, then the brush, then a thorough and repeated rinsing of the mouth last of all. A little salt, listerine, soda, borax, or any antiseptic in the last mouthful is a good thing, efficacious, and leaving a clean taste. The teeth should be brushed after every meal, but of course the most important time is bedtime. Let sweets, which are injurious to the teeth more indirectly from the effect on the stomach than directly, be given with the meal as dessert, but on no account a candy in the mouth to go asleep on. With teeth of average structure to begin on, fair health, nourishing food, and proper care in cleanliness, there ought to be fewer children with decayed teeth; the last two are certainly within a mother's power to oversee and direct.

THE CONFIDENCE OF A CHILD.—Does a mother often stop and think how little she really knows of the mind and inner life of her child? This true, truism perhaps, concerning our knowledge of older people; but we are apt to take for granted that we understand and know all about our little ones, because they are constantly with us and we hear them and see them continuously. The mother is so often busy and hurried that the little story is something far too trifling to stop her; it seems a slight thing to hush the telling or postpone it. The little troubles seem so very small, and the little delights about the worthless (to older eyes) treasures or pleasures so incomprehensible often. But even when a mother takes time to listen and be sympathetic, there is still always an undertone in the little life she seldom hears. Only perhaps some day when the two are sitting together, and as the mother sews, the chatter goes on about the doings of self and playmates, what happened during a visit away, and how the little one thought or felt or what was sad, and the mother, seeing this "undiscovered country," leads gently on and tries to explore. It is so difficult for a child to express itself, to find any words for sensations and thoughts. It is only on looking back on ones own childhood and seeing and remembering how different the within was from the onward appearing, how much more we knew and judged than we had credit for, how much wiser we were in many ways than we seemed, that we can come to any fair conclusion about these precious charges who are so much to us, and to whom we are so much in turn, and yet about whose inner life we are often ignorant. What a poor chance Adam and Eve had when it came to sympathizing with Cain and Abel! Lose no opportunity of making a loving, close acquaintance with your children, using all the tact and knowledge you possess, and great shall be your reward.

### Recipes.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—One pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt mixed thoroughly together; add sweet milk to make a soft batter. Stir in one cup of coarsely chopped cranberries. Steam one and one-half or two hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

PRIZE CRANBERRY PIE.—One and one-half cups of cranberries and one-half cup of raisins chopped (chop both the cranberries and raisins), one cup of sugar. Sprinkle a little flour on the berries before putting on the top crust. This pie will need to bake one half hour, certainly. I always test my pies with a knitting needle before taking them from the oven. This pie is often thought to be cherry pie.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.—One pound of



sugar, two pounds of butter, four pounds of flour. Cream the butter and sugar and work in the flour. It is a tedious operation, because there is no moisture, the butter serving that purpose. On no account, though, tamper with those ingredients or be induced to add eggs or substitute part lard for butter. The result would be a thing to be scorned by any true Scot.

\*\*\*

**SALTED ALMONDS.**—To blanch the almonds after the shells are removed, pour boiling water over the nuts, and let them stand until the skins slip off easily. When all are skinned, lay in a towel and pat dry; then spread out in a warm place until every particle of moisture has disappeared. Lay the nuts in a perfectly clean baking pan, pour over them enough sweet oil to coat them (butter may be substituted, but is not as satisfactory). Set them in a hot oven and cook a golden brown, turning and stirring frequently, that all may be equally exposed to the heat. When they are removed from the oven turn into a colander and sprinkle freely with fine salt, shaking the colander as you do so. Spread on a platter and set in a cool place until cool and crisp.

\*\*\*

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Instructions for the manufacture of fruit cake can be had in plenty, but the distinctive feature of this particular cake is, that it requires no eggs—a consideration sometimes at this time of year. The recipe is "strictly guaranteed," as the donor of it has been using it for years, and the writer has partaken thereof not infrequently. Three pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, three pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, quarter of a pound of lemon peel, quarter of a pound of orange peel, one ounce each of baking soda and cream of tartar, two ounces of cinnamon, two nutmegs, one and a half pints of milk; let it rise half an hour and bake slowly. This makes a good Christmas or wedding cake, and will last a year or more—if you do not eat it before that.

\*\*\*

**MACARONI à la Viennoise** is not difficult of preparation. Required:—Half a pound of Naples macaroni, one ounce of butter, two teaspoonsfuls of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one gill of cream, and two eggs. Break the macaroni into pieces about three inches long. Put them into boiling salted water, and cook gently till tender. Probably it will take about three-quarters of an hour. Drain off all the water. Melt the butter in a pan; then add the parsley, pepper and salt; heat the macaroni in this. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and add them to the cream; now add this to the macaroni, re-heat it, but on no account let it boil, or the eggs will curdle. Turn on to a hot dish. Quickly arrange round the edge little heaps of capers cut in halves, and potatoes cut into small dice, and fried a golden-brown. The broad ribbon macaroni can be used if liked. Tinned olives are nice for a change, instead of the capers.

**Correspondence.**

As "One of Them" is neither infallible nor omniscient, criticism is invited, and information on any topics discussed or pertaining to household matters will be welcomed. Inquiries will be answered as far as possible. It would be better for correspondents to sign names in full, with address, but only initials will be published.

**MY DEAR "ONE OF THEM."**—In the December issue there came, away from Victoria, B.C., a request for a way to keep the juice from running out of pies, one of the most exasperating trials a cook has to bear. Your advice was all right if no one could give a better way, but sometimes it would prove a failure. I can tell you a little secret that will never disappoint you. Press the two edges of the paste firmly together with the fingers, and, if you have not one of the little machines for crimping the edge, go over it carefully with a fork, pressing the edges still closer. Then take a bit of stiff white paper, roll it into the shape of a small funnel, only off the small end, and insert it well into the middle of the pie.

*To criticise, how easy!  
To excel, how hard!  
To find a tea equal to  
Blue Ribbon Beylon  
how impossible!*

All the steam, that otherwise would be trying to burst out of every weak spot at the edge of the pie, rushes up this little funnel.

Let me tell you another thing about pies. Never grease or flour the plate or tin in which they are baked. If you do the paste will stick.

I felt very thankful for that recipe for plum pudding with its variations. How I hate those recipes which say: "Do not change in the slightest the proportions or rules given!" Just as if a good thing is not capable of improvement! How monotonous life becomes when everything is done each day in the same way!

OTTAWA.

E. W.

A lady in Jark county writes to know if all hardwood floors are treated alike, and which particular kind is to be recommended. The last question might be answered first by saying that the choice of a wood is so much a matter of taste, that a recommendation would be of little value, and moreover "One of Them" is not a connoisseur in woods, and is not any too well acquainted with the varieties which distinguish them, though she does know (answer to question one) that the two great classifications are the open-grained woods and the close-grained. The first of these require filling, the very first process in the treatment of floors, and the second do not. To the first belong oak, ash, chestnut, mahogany, and walnut; to the second belong maple, birch, hard pine, and cherry. These lists are by no means exhaustive, and the editor would be glad to know of other native hardwoods belonging to either class.

\*\*\*

**DEAR MADAME.**—I see your paper at the house of a friend. Would it be asking too much that you would publish a recipe for angel cake?

COATICOOK, QUE.

L. S.

Not at all, though I may tell you in strict confidence that only once have I made it. It has a fine name and makes a fine appearance, but it is not as nice as many other kinds of cake to my thinking. Then something else must be made with the yolks. But this is an aside. Take the whites of cloven eggs, one and one-half tumblers of sifted granulated sugar, one tumbler of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, pinch of salt, one teaspoon of vanilla or other flavoring; beat the whites to a stiff froth, then add the sugar beating lightly, then the flour, to which the cream of tartar has been added, mix gently, then the flavoring. Put into tins that have not been greased, ones with a tube up the middle if possible; bake forty minutes. Do not open the oven door for fifteen minutes at least after the cake is put in, and shut very gently, as any jar might cause its downfall. Test with a straw of course to be sure it is quite done. Turn up-side down on a clean towel to cool; if the cake does not drop from the pan, loosen with a knife. The tumblers must hold two and one-quarter gills, and the ingredients be measured after sifting.

\*\*\*

**MY DEAR EDITOR.**—I have made a discovery, which may after all be new only to me. I was peeling apples the other day for a tapioca and apple pudding, when it struck me there was going to be, there always was, a great waste of apples about the business. So I put the peelings and cores on to boil, with barely enough water to cover, and used the water strained from these to cook the tapioca. It gave a much more

"apple" flavor to the pudding, of which we are very fond. Something in the same way I save the water when straining the potatoes, particularly if they are the kind that go to pieces easily and waste their substance in riotous boiling, and use this in the potato soup (made with milk) we have so often. I have made use of several hints in your department, and give these in exchange. To "One of Them," from

LONDON, ONT.

ANOTHER OF THEM.

\*\*\*

Writing from Woodstock, L. P. F. asks if "One of Them" is quite consistent in advising the use of prepared mincemeat, and then in denouncing the adding of meat and apples to the home-made mixture when the shop article has probably both in it. "One of Them" is certainly not consistent, her consistency exists only in theory. When it comes to practice, and there is no time to stone raisins and fuss over the preparation of this complex compound, she is only too glad to buy the ready-made article and not inquire too closely about it.

\*\*\*

Can any housekeeper give a good recipe for chocolate cake? If so, she will greatly oblige "One of Them" and a subscriber in Owen Sound, who asks for one.

\*\*\*

Apropos of some remarks on the lady help in last month's issue, Mrs. L. E. L., in Winnipeg, writes:—

It seems to me that we farther west are worse off than you people in the east in this matter of help in the household. I am not going to offer any solution of the question, or universal panacea, but several weeks' drudgery in the kitchen lately have forced a certain fact on my attention. One reason why a certain class, who do not lose caste in domestic service, avoid it so much in favor of factory work is its distastefulness. It's all very well to talk of the change of occupation in household duties, and the helpfulness of it. The truth is, nearly all the time is spent over the kitchen sink washing dishes, and, as long as we must have meat two and three times a day and several courses to dinner, this will be so, even in a small family. I have already dispensed with several frills and scollops, and reduced the dinner to one course, but still those hours over the dishes are only slightly diminished. It is bad enough to cook for your own, when you can suit yourself as to what dishes you are to have, but to go through this for other people—there are a good many other things I would rather do first!

Is not factory work also greasy and dirty sometimes? And does not the time spent away from the dish-washing count for something? And does not Mrs. L. E. L. overlook the fact that while she has all her usual duties in addition to that distasteful dish-washing, the maid is not weighted with thought and care for other parts of the housework, and has no responsibility beyond her routine?

\*\*\*

**TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER DEPARTMENT.**—Could you suggest some variety for the evening meal for a family of five, most of whom quite despise canned fruit or sweets of any kind? Something tasty and hot for winter, that yet is not meat.

TORONTO.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

That is rather a poser, but I am quite willing to venture a few suggestions (susceptible of great variations). Omelet, scrambled eggs, cream toast, golden bread (bread dipped in unsweetened custard and fried), baked beans, scalloped potatoes, roasted sweet potatoes or the ordinary ones, oysters in various ways, macaroni and cheese, fish balls, baked fish. Any one of these may recall some other dish you had forgotten.

I enclose a clipping giving a synopsis of part of a lecture given by Mr. John Charlton, M.P., which was given in one of our churches last week. It bears on the servant question you touched on last month, and if you have already seen it please excuse me. What do you think of Mr. Charlton's view?

TILSONBURG

V. P.

I think it is a man's view. I wish there were room to give it in full; but I am always cramped for space, and will not be happy until the Home-maker's Department can overflow into another page. Mr. Charlton seems to think that the question would be solved if only "servant girls" (he objects to the term, and so do I) were treated as equals, recalling his boyhood in the country and the absence of distinctions between mistress and maid socially. This blissful state of affairs still exist in the country, and in the city too where the two are already social equals, as in the case of lady-help spoken of before. But between ordinary mistress and maid it would be difficult to say which would be the most uncomfortable if such a thing was tried, for they are so far apart in manners, and customs, and up bringing. We should also like to tell Mr. Charlton that the "servant girl" is very, very seldom the "housekeeper," a name he thinks might be used instead of the objectionable one; also I can see that the long, all-day work of dish-washing, and sweeping, and cooking, with the evening only occasionally her own, does seem to give "stitching on dresses, working in factories, acting as clerks," the advantage in many ways. Oh, I don't pretend to be able to settle it all! First I sympathize with the maid, for the continuous kitchen work is drudgery, and then I sympathize with the mistress, still more if she has to do it, for she has so much else besides—the care of children, social duties, and perhaps studies and reading. We must live more simply. Why should we imagine we need two and three courses to a dinner, with several dishes in each, when one or two nicely cooked would answer the purpose much better and not tempt us to eat too much? And then—but really there is no more room.

\*\*\*

I should like to confide to "One of Them" that I could only give out the washing, and have the dinner sent in cooked, or else go out for it, I should laugh at servant and lady help both. The thing is not impracticable—co-operation of some kind in these two things. I can remember in Keighley, Yorkshire, the way the servants would take the family washing to the laundry, or washhouse, or whatever they called it, and bring it back at evening, done. The washing can be managed, but the dinner, the first-coming meal for the housewife, is what bothers me. "The Coming Race" and "Looking Backward," both hint at things, but it needs some practical person to start something. Co-operative kitchens are in use somewhere, or where, I know, but cannot remember.

Yours very truly,

L. F. M.

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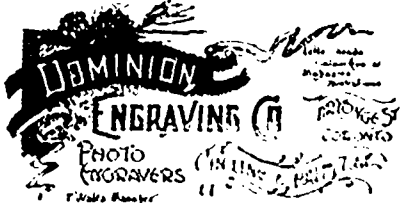
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1. The Syndicate will manufacture its own yarn and machines for which it has a mill and every facility.
2. The Syndicate will have all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes.
3. The Syndicate will pay for all properly made goods at once upon receipt of same, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its shareholders.
4. The Syndicate will sell all goods made by its working shareholders.
5. To each subscriber of twenty \$1.00 shares the Syndicate gives free a twenty dollar Knitting Machine to keep, and also supplies each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods.

To become a shareholder, a worker, the owner of one of the machines, to be paid for the work you do, and also to participate in the equal division of the net profits, you have only to become a member of the Syndicate and take twenty \$1.00 shares which will cost you twenty dollars. To manufacture its own yarn and knitting machines and supply these machines and yarns to its shareholders FREE. By this plan it can readily be seen that the Syndicate will not only benefit its shareholders by way of dividends, but it will be the source of a regular employment and income at their homes. The Syndicate is fully prepared to keep its shareholders supplied with yarns for doing the various kinds of work required, and it is also in a position to dispose of all goods knitted from these yarns through large jobbers and to the general trade as fast as it is sent in by its shareholders.

We have a factory for the purpose of manufacturing machines and yarn only, all knitted goods being made by our shareholders at their own homes, no knitting being done on the premises. It will be seen that to manufacture goods on so large a scale it would be necessary to have a number of knitting factories, which would mean the investment of thousands of dollars, besides taxes, insurance and interest on same. We can, therefore, not only manufacture goods cheaper and in larger quantities, but down the Combines and pay our shareholders a handsome dividend semi-annually.

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**WHO CAN JOIN.** All persons willing to accept and honestly knit the yarn entrusted to them, and to return made goods promptly to the Syndicate.

**WHAT YOU MUST DO TO JOIN.** Each person desiring to become a shareholder of stock, participating in the semi-annual dividends, and to do knitting for the Syndicate, receiving pay as fast as work is sent in, must cut out the following APPLICATION FORM, sign their name to it, fill in address and reference, and enclose it with Express or Post Office Money Order for \$20.00 to the Syndicate's Secretary, Stuart S. Arnoldi, 34 Wellington Street, Toronto, Ontario, to whom all money orders are to be made payable.

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### OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE ONTARIO

## Education Department

FOR THE YEAR 1900.

- 1. Toronto Officers' reports to Department, due. (Not later than 1st January.)
- 2. Clerk of Municipalities to be notified by Separate School-Trustees of their withdrawal. (P. S. Act, sec. 47 (1) (Before and Wednesday 9th January.)
- 3. Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due. (Before 15th January.)
- Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerk and Inspector. (P. S. Act, sec. 18 (1) (Before 1st January.)
- 4. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due. (P. S. Act, sec. 18 (2), sec. 109.) (On or before 1st January.)
- Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due. (1st January.)
- Annual Reports of Kings' grants attendance, to Department, due. (Not later than 1st January.)
- Annual Report of Separate Schools, to Department, due. (P. S. Act, sec. 28 (18); 33 (9).) (On or before 1st January.)
- Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils. (P. S. Act, sec. 12 (1), Mun. Act, sec. 57.) (1st Monday in January.)
- 16. Provincial Normal Schools open (First Session.) (Reg. 60.) (1st Tuesday in January.)
- 17. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns, and incorporated villages. (P. S. Act, sec. 61 (1) (1st Wednesday in January.)
- Appointment of High School Trustees by Public School Boards. (P. S. Act, sec. 12, P. S. Act, sec. 61 (1) (1st Wednesday in January.)
- 21. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils. (P. S. Act, sec. 12 (1), Mun. Act, sec. 57.) (1st Tuesday in January.)

Note: The italicized portions in parentheses give the wording of the law and regulations as the authority for the dates.

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19 Phillips Square, Montreal  
498 Main Street, Winnipeg  
213 Dundas Street, London



# Coal and Wood

## OFFICES

20 King Street West	409 Yonge Street
306 Queen Street East	793 Yonge Street
204 Wellesley Street	419 Spadina Avenue
578 Queen Street West	1352 Queen Street West
Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street	
369 Pape Avenue, at G. T. R. Crossing	
1131 Yonge Street, at C. P. R. Crossing	
Esplanade East, near Berkeley, also at foot of W. Market	



THE **ELIAS ROGERS CO.** LIM

**DAYS.**