

MAR 11, 1893.



LADIES' COMPANION

K/26/5.

ART AND LITERATURE

FASHIONS & HOME LIFE



Margie Chapman

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

Ladies' Companion Pub. Co., Toronto.

Vol. I.—No. 2.

PRICE: SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. ONE YEAR, \$1.00.

PRINTED BY

LEAF 001.

The Story of a Child.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

ALL the children had received Effie with admiration, and even a little fright. Ellen and her dearest friend, Lydia Wright, talked about her in lowered voices. They felt vaguely that there was something naughty in thinking too much of the strange little girl, whose hair hung over her eyes and waved loosely about her shoulders, who possessed two rings, and who never wore aprons. One morning, soon after Effie's arrival in Old Chester, Ellen whispered to Lydia behind her spelling-book, at school, that if she would come down to the fence of the east pasture that afternoon she would be there,—and tell you something about *her*," she ended mysteriously.

Lydia opened her round eyes very wide and shook her brown curls. "May be my mother won't allow me to go down to the east pasture, Ellen."

"But if you just happened to be walking there," Ellen tempted, "an' I happened to be walking on my side of the fence? It isn't like visiting; I guess we needn't ask leave."

"Well," said Lydia doubtfully.

"If you *should* be there, and you should bring your sewing, I'd do it for you," Ellen enticed; "only, of course, may be I won't be there."

"Well," said Lydia again, but with more firmness.

"Mother didn't say I mustn't," she assured herself, when, in the afternoon, silencing her conscience with castuistry learned from her friend, she ran across a sunny meadow, through an orchard, waist-deep in blossoming grass, and reached the east pasture. Two poplars, one on either side of the fence, dropped flickering shadows through the sunshine, and their smooth trunks offered comfortable supports to any one who climbed up and sat on the fence, as Ellen was doing now.

"Why!" said she, affecting vast astonishment. "Where are you going? Won't you stop a minute and talk?"

"Why, Ellen," faltered the other, "you said—"

"I *happened* to be walking along here," Ellen interrupted, frowning,—it was so stupid in Lydia to forget to make believe. "I saw you coming, and I waited a little while. It isn't visiting."

"Oh no," Lydia assented weakly. "I—I brought the handkerchief to hem, Ellen." You said you would," she ended, with a confused air.

"Oh, I don't mind doing a little for you," Ellen returned, in an obliging manner: she ignored the arrangement, but she did not ignore the work.

Lydia reached the handkerchief up to her, and then climbed on the fence and settled herself comfortably against her poplar. Ellen whipped a thimble out of her pocket and began to sew very fast. "She's coming to our school until it closes, and when it does she is to have a governess."

"Oh!" cried Lydia. There was no need to say who was coming. To the two children Effie Temple was the only person of importance in Old Chester.

"She doesn't want to," proceeded Ellen. "I heard grandmother tell Mrs. Drayton so. Grandmother said it showed how she was brought up, that anybody knew or cared what she wanted. Grandmother said she was *spoiled*."

"Oh, my!"

"But she's coming, any way. And, Lydia, do you know, she talks French!" Lydia was speechless. "They're coming to tea to our house to-morrow night, and she's coming. And grandmother said I might have my tea-set on the bench on the side porch,—just Effie and me. I wish grandmother would invite you."

"Won't she?" Lydia asked anxiously.

"No," Ellen assured her, sighing. "I guess I'll go home now and fix my tea-set for to-morrow night. I wonder if she'll like to play hollyhock ladies, or hear stories? Do you suppose she'll like stories? I'll tell her lots. I'll tell her what happened to me when I was a little girl and was sick."

Lydia knew this story well, but she could not resist asking for it again and listening, with delightful shudders, while Ellen cheerfully, her hands clasped around her knees, staring up into the branches above her, related, circumstantially, and with that pride in illness which children feel, how she had taken lots of medicine, and got worse, and worse, and worse, and worse; and then at last they thought she was dead, and she was put into a coffin and buried,—here she paused to quake with terror, not at her bold untruth, but at the picture she had conjured up; and how she had "escaped,"—and thus, and thus. Neither child believed this marvelous tale, but it was true to both. Midway in her fiction Ellen stopped to say: "Oh, Lydia, do you know any French at all?"

It was not often that Lydia occupied the proud position of instructor to Ellen, so it was a happy moment when she said: "Yes, I do; I know 'How do you do, this morning?' My brother told me."

"Oh, tell me," Ellen begged; and Lydia generously said something which sounded like "Coma-voo port ah voo, set mattan?" Her pleasure at giving Ellen information almost made her forget the vague and gnawing consciousness that she had done wrong in coming out without permission.

II.

That tea party was an event in Ellen's life. To begin with, she had a quarrel with Betsey Thomas, who was dressing her.

"I don't want to wear a white apron; it's too babyish. I won't! So there!"

"You will," Betsey assured her briefly, holding out the hated garment.

Ellen stamped and opened her lips for some outcry, but there was a sound in the hall outside the door, and she only drew a sobbing breath and waited; she knew that slow rustle of her grandmother's dress. As for Betsey, she hailed it with delight.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, as Mrs. Dale entered, "Ellen won't put on her apron."

"Grandmother, I don't see why I should wear an apron. I'm going on twelve, and Effie doesn't have to, and"—

"That is enough, Ellen."

Mrs. Dale's hair, soft and white as spun silk, was caught back by little tortoise-shell combs, and fell in three short, thick curls on either side of her face; she wore a turban made of snowy muslin, and the bosom of her black satin gown was filled with the same soft whiteness, crossed in smooth folds and fastened with a small pin in a silver setting. Her deli-

cate old hands were covered with rings, most of them with strands of hair beneath dull glass. She looked at her little granddaughter critically. "Tie her hair back with a brown ribbon, Betsey Thomas," she said, and Ellen involuntarily put up her hands to protect the pink band which held her straight brown locks smoothly in place. Ellen wore her hair, as did all Old Chester little girls, parted in the middle and cut short behind her ears. It was so thick that it made her head look like a mop.

Even Betsey regretted the order about the pink ribbon. "She wants," the maid explained afterwards to the cook, "to make that child just as old-fashioned as if she was fifty, I do declare! And that little Effie all dressed up, and banged, and all that! There! I did pity our Ellen."

Ellen pitied herself, but submitted to the brown ribbon with only a quiver of her little red upper lip. She gave a despairing glance in the long glass, and saw a small, sturdy figure in a green frock.—a frock reaching nearly to her ankles, and made very simply, with only a frill in the neck and sleeves for trimming; she saw the white dimity apron, its tabs pinned up on each shoulder; then, rosy cheeks, big troubled eyes, and the brown ribbon tying back the straight silken brown hair. That straight dark hair was Ellen's greatest cross. Many, many times she had added to her prayers the petition that it might grow light and curly, or that she might own a frizzled yellow wig; and she had painfully eaten many crusts of bread, having been told by some deceitful disciplinarian that to eat crusts would make her hair curl. Perhaps she would have been happier had she known that Mrs. Dale, watching that glance into the mirror, was saying to herself, "How much better my little Ellen looks than that furbelowed Temple child!" But Mrs. Dale would never have told Ellen that she looked nicely, lest the knowledge should make her vain.

When Ellen saw the "Temple child," with her yellow hair and her white dress and blue sash, she had a moment of that intense anger which only childhood knows. She grew white, and her grandmother, perceiving the change of color, said to herself that she was glad to see the child show a little shyness. Generally Ellen was too modest to be shy, though Mrs. Dale did not make that distinction in her thoughts. As for Effie, she was neither modest nor shy.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, and took Ellen's limp hand in hers with the most matter-of-fact and grown-up politeness. Then Mrs. Temple spoke kindly to Ellen, and murmured something about her dear dead mother; and Miss Jane kissed her, and said she hoped she would come to see Effie often.

"If grandmother will allow me," Ellen answered, her anger ebbing as she spoke.

"Now, Ellen," observed Mrs. Dale, "take your little friend to the side porch. Have you put out your tea things? Euphemia, you and Ellen are to take tea on the side porch."

Ellen was quite joyous by this time, and took her guest's hand with smiling haste. Effie looked blank. "Are we to go away?"

"Oh, we're going to have a good time; we're going to have tea all by ourselves. Come, we must set the table!"

There was a bubble of happiness in Ellen's voice. She had forgotten the brown ribbon, and the plain frock, and her wrath. One could not be angry when one could drink tea on the side porch, where the jasmine was blooming on the lattice, and where one had one's own china dishes, and small cakes baked to fit them.

Effie stared at her. "Does your grandma make you set the table? How horrid! We have servants. I thought your grandma was rich?"

"Rich?" said Ellen. "I don't know. Don't you think it's fun to put out your own china? It's mine, you know. See! isn't that teapot pretty?"

Effie admitted that it was; but she looked at it with a

bored irritation. "How queer not to go to supper with the grown people!" she said.

The table on which Ellen spread her cloth was really only a wide bench at one end of the porch. It was so low that the children sat on hassocks instead of chairs. Through the long hall, from the front porch, they could hear the voices of the company; but here all was quiet, save for the own chatter.

"Let's get some roses for the table," Effie suggested, beginning to be interested.

"Oh, yes!" cried Ellen, and then hesitated. "But I didn't ask grandmother."

"Do you have to ask? Why, I should just tell the gardener to get me bushels, if I wanted them."

"Would you?" said Ellen wistfully. "I have to ask."

"Well, I think that's perfectly dreadful!" Effie sympathized, emphasizing her word in a way that was quite new to the other child. Indeed, many things were new to Ellen. By the time the little feast was over she had learned much that she had never suspected. She was told that Betsy ought to call her "Miss Ellen or Miss Nellie; Ellen is awful. I'm going to call you Nellie, or Nettie; how would you like Nettie? Ellen is dreadful!" She was assured that she looked awfully queer with her hair parted and cut so short, and with no bang; and also that it was funny to wear an apron,—although, indeed, she knew that, she said. And then she confided the story of the afternoon.

"I wouldn't stand it!" cried Effie. "I wouldn't let anybody rule me that way! I'd—why, my goodness, I think your grandmother is awfully cruel."

Ellen gasped.

"You poor little thing," Effie went on, "it's perfectly shameful the way they treat you. Well, never mind, I'll take care of you, only you *must* have some spirit. Watch me, and I'll show you how to act. Here, Betsy! give Miss Nellie some more cake."

Betsy was "that dumfounded," as she told the cook afterwards, that she "didn't hardly know what to say;" what she did say, looking severely at Ellen, was, "Eat your pudding, and don't talk," which Ellen scarcely deserved, being speechless with astonishment. She was thinking to herself, "What will Lydia say when I tell her about it at recess to-morrow?" But she helped Effie to the pudding, and suggested that they should make believe that the little mounds of rice on their plates were mountains, and the brown, soft raisins hidden in them were the bodies of travellers buried in the snow, and they themselves were noble St. Bernard dogs, searching, at terrible risk, to save imperiled lives. To do this made the simple dessert delicious to Ellen, who, in eating each frozen traveller as soon as he was found, was not disturbed by any sense of incongruity. But she had so far profited by Effie's example that when Betsy reproved her for leaving some rice upon her plate, with the remark that it was wicked waste, and that some poor child would like to have it, she had the courage to retort that she didn't see what good it would do the poor child if she ate the rice.

"So there!" Effie added, to encourage her.

"And from that minute," Betsey Thomas used to say, "I took a dislike to that young one!"

Effie's indignation at her hostess's hard lot was very impressive to Ellen; Lydia had never seemed to be so sorry for her, she thought. But although it was interesting to talk about herself, she felt that politeness demanded that she should entertain her guest, and so, when tea was over, she reluctantly interrupted Effie's sympathy to ask her if she would like to play martyrs.

"Martyrs?" said Effie, with unflattering readiness to change the subject. "What is it? I don't know; yes. Is it forfeits, or anything like that? I like forfeits, but I don't want to play any old improving game."

"It isn't a game," Ellen explained; "it's just—martyrs. Lydia and I play it. Come down in the garden and we'll

make them. Do you think you could be a martyr, Effie?"

"Well, you are the queerest girl!" was all Effie vouchsafed to say.

The two children ran across the lawn and down between the box-edged borders to a group of hollyhocks, standing like slender spires against the yellow sunset. Ellen's face was grave and eager as she chose the flowers she wanted, but Effie was not certain whether to be contemptuous or interested.

A splendid crimson blossom was the first one to be picked. "That is the mother of the family," said Ellen, explaining. A pale rose came next.

"That's the eldest daughter. This white one is a bride, and she has consumption; and this little yellow one is a little girl, like me."

"Martyrs!" said Effie, with unaffected contempt. "I never heard of anything so silly."

"You wait," Ellen answered mysteriously. She sat down on the grass, and, carefully pulling off the furry calyx of each gorgeous blossom, she bent the silken petals back with careful touches, and then, plucking long blades of grass, tied what she called "sashes" about the waists of her floral dolls; after that, a stalk of grass was thrust through each of these high-shouldered ladies, and there were their arms stretched out at right angles. The feathery pistils made stately head-dresses for the four little persons who were to die for a principle.

Then the children went back to the house, and pushed four matches down into the mossy line between the flagstones of the path, and tied a martyr to each little stake, heaping bits of twigs as fagots about their devoted forms. By that

time Effie was as absorbed as Ellen. Ellen told the "story" of the play, but, as Effie was company, she applied the fire—the "torch," Ellen called it. "And they said, 'if you will recant,'" Ellen recited, the bride's silvery white robe shivering at the touch of the flame.—"if you will recant, you shall have all the money you want, and a palace to live in!" But the lovely lady shook her head, and said, "I won't," and so they burned her up." Ellen's lips quivered as she reached this point in the story. The fresh flowers did not burn well, and their prolonged suffering made her so unhappy that, suddenly, she scattered the tiny brands and rescued them.

"Oh, my!" she said, "I'm glad I didn't live in Bloody Mary's time. I wouldn't have liked to be burned. I know it's wicked, but I wouldn't. I tried it, to see if I could, and—I *couldn't*," she ended in a shamed voice.

"How did you try?"

"Well, I put my hand in the candle, like Crammer."

"Well?"

"I—I took it out again. Oh, I hope there won't be any more persecutions. I get so scared thinking about it!"

"You're the funniest girl!" Effie declared.

Ellen was silent. It seemed to her that she had been

very silly to cry because she had not been able to keep her blistering finger in the candle flame. After a while, she said in a low voice, "Did you ever read Persecutions in Spain? There's a lot about martyrs in it. It scares me."

"What do you read it for, then?" Effie inquired, not unamaturally; but she could not help being interested when Ellen told her of beautiful nuns walled up alive in dreadful dungeons, and she was constrained to say she would read it some day.

"It would be nice to play wailing up," Ellen said meditatively. "We have a brick oven round by the kitchen door; we could crawl in and pretend to be walled up?"

Effie was enchanted with the thought, and the two children hurried, in the fading light, to the old oven. It had a turtle-like back and stood on three squat brick legs. Bread had been baked in it that day, and it was still faintly warm, and the smell of fresh bread mingled deliciously with the pungent scent of wood smoke. There were traces of ashes about its cavernous mouth, and Ellen pushed in the fire-rake and drew out some charred



Mrs. Dr. O'CONNOR.

(Chairman of Toronto Collegiate Institute Board.)

brands.

Effie had no suggestions to make, but she assented eagerly to all Ellen's plans.

(To be Continued.)

DUCK AND HERRING. At Swindon, Wiltshire, some years ago, a Mr. Duck eloped with a Miss Herring, which gave the inspiration for this stanza:

Oh! has a heron took flight with an eel,
Or a trout by a bit of good luck;
But I never could bring my mind to feel,
That a Herring would bolt with a Duck.

—All The Year Round.

MY SOMETIME SWEETHEART.

I do not know what her name may be,
But, sure as the skies are blue above,
Somewhere in the world she waits for me—
She who will one day be my love.
Now this moment perhaps she wonders
Who is hers in the lonesome lands,
On the other side of the sea that sunders
Our eyes and our lips and our hearts and our hands.

But there is a place where the waters narrow—
There is a point where the margins meet;
And in the morning of some glad morrow
We shall press the Isthmus with fated feet.
Though she be with thousands I will know her;
How can I fail to find her, when,
To-day, my heart to my thoughts can show her
As she must be now—as she will be then?

And she is as fair as the fairest fair;
She is as true as the truest truth;
Pure as purity—holy as prayer—
Her heart kept fresh in the faith of youth;
With a sunny gaiety ever shinning
In eyes that can sparkle with wildest fun—
Or sober to tears and earnest meaning,
When tears are timely and laughter done.

I pray to meet her with soul unsullied,
As hers will be—with a heart untorn—
Like a fallow field, all gashed and gullied,
Where passion's torrents the r ways have worn.
Can I falter and fall beyond retrieve?
With the thought of my lady to aster,
When all that is base and impure and evil
Goes out of my heart when I think of her?

My dream—sweetheart! for in dreams I see her
And hear the sweep of her dainty dress,
While a fair arm falls, with a furtive fear,
Around my neck in a soft caress:
I feel her breath as she bends above me—
I catch the gleam of her sweet dark eyes—
And I long for the time when, with her to love me,
Earth will be fairer than Paradise!

—Frank Preston Smart.

Patty's Secret.

"CAN you spare me a little money, Charley, dear?" Into the dim artistic light of the studio came Patty Willey, her head like a gleam of flax-gold sunshine. Mr. Willey roused himself with an effort and impatiently frowned.

"Money?" repeated he, with a mirthless laugh. "How strange it is, isn't it, that money should be such an important factor in the world? No Patty; I haven't any this morning."

The artist's wife came a step or two further into the room.

"Hasn't Mr. Framer paid you for that 'Berry Gathering' yet?"

"Paid me, child? He has concluded not to take it!"

Patty Willey sighed softly and crept back into the kitchen. She would not buy the partridges now. Cold beef, with a salad, would do very well for dinner. And the oranges could be dispensed with. She would have liked to pay the fish man's bill, but there was no help for it—he must wait a little longer.

"Tap! tap! tap!" again at the studio door. Once more Charles Willey started from a reverie.

"It's the model, Charley," said his wife. "Shall you want her to-day?"

"No; not to-day."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No," with another impatient shrug. "I'll let her know when to come. How is a man to afford models, at a dollar an hour, when he isn't selling any pictures?"

Patty came back to the studio presently. She put her hand on the artist's shoulder.

"Charley!" she hesitated.

"Well?"

"Couldn't I pose for you? I would keep very still."

"You! Well, upon my word," he jeered, "a little chickadee of a woman like you! What sort of a Roman empress would you make? No, Patty, no. I'm obliged to you. I like the same, but it won't work."

"Charley," cried the little woman in despair, "why did you marry me?"

"Because I fell in love with you, I suppose."

"No, but—why didn't you marry an authoress, or a designer, or a prima-donna—or some one who could help you earn money?"

He smiled.

"Run off, Patty, and rock the cradle," said he. "We'll have money enough and to spare when once my style of art is appreciated."

Patty stood a moment, as if there was something else that she wanted to say to him; but he had turned toward his easel, and her courage failed her.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Willey went up to his wife's room. He was painting the interior of a money-changer's shop, and chanced to berisk himself of a string of old-fashioned gold beads which her grandmother had bequeathed her.

"It will be the very gleam of old gold which I want," thought he.

He knew that she kept it in a Japanese box on the closet shelf, and—

"Dear me!" cried Patty, taking her hands out of the bread bowl, "What's that noise? Is it Charley upstairs—laughing?"

Laughing he was, and Charley it was, apparently convulsed over a poor little canvas which he had taken from its hiding-place back of the dresses in the closet.

"Have we a Rubens among us?" he demanded, when he could gain sufficient breath to speak. "Tell me, Patty, whose is this very extraordinary work—not yours?"

Patty stood, deep-dyed with blushes. She had not a word to utter in self-defense.

"So you thought you could be an artist?" said he. "You meant to surprise me? Well, I am surprised—beyond all measure. Look at that foreshortening? Look at the green grass—so darkly, deeply, beautifully green! And the sky!"

Once more he relapsed into laughter, until, catching sight of Patty's scarlet face, he took pity upon her.

"Give it up, little girl," he said, with a sportive patronage which stung her to the heart. "Artists are born, not made. Stick to your preserve-kettle and needle-book, and leave the painting to me. Now where are those gold beads of yours? I want to sketch them into my foreground."

Patty silently reached them down. Her eyes brimmed over with tears, a great lump had risen up in her throat, but not to save her life could she have spoken a word. Not until he had gone did she seize up the tell-tale canvas and cut it into strips with her scissors.

"He gave me no chance," she said to herself, biting her lower lip with her small, strong teeth. "He took it all for granted. And now—"

The "money-changer's" did not sell well, not even though the picture-dealer gave it the place d'honneur in his shop window, and there was a worn, haggard look on Charles Willey's face, as, late one day he went in to see what luck might be in store for him.

"Any bids?" he asked.

The picture dealer shook his head.

"No one has even asked the price," said he.

Willey uttered an exclamation of vexation.

"You are rather unfortunate old fellow," said the man of pictures. "But if you remember, I've always told you your style was too bizarre for the general public. Now look here. Do you see those flower and fruit pieces, and the little smiling children's heads there? That's the kind of work that goes off well. Everything is sold the instant it appears in the shop. I could find a market for twice the work that artist does."

"Whose is it?" Mr. Willey stopped to examine the remarque in red letters in the corner. "Bellamy Bellairs? I don't know the fellow. But the things are certainly very spirited. I—might—perhaps—catch the idea. But a copyist never gets the real chic of the original, and—"

He checked himself at a motion of the picture dealer's hand, and at the same time he perceived a slim, grey-clad figure vanishing at the door that led out on a side street.

THE NEW BRITISH RUSTICS.

"The artist herself," said the picture-dealer, half laughing, half vexed.

"Oh, it's a woman, is it?" cried Mr. Willey.

"It's a woman," nodded the dealer.

"Do you suppose she heard what I said?"

"I don't see how she could have helped it; but it was nothing uncomplimentary, fortunately. Only these artist folk are sensitive."

"It's still more remarkable as a woman's work," observed Willey, once more scrutinizing the canvas. "Are these all ordered?"

"Every one."

Willey sighed.

"Well," said he, "I'll send you something in a different style next week. I wish I had staying power enough to bring the public to my ideas of art; but as it is, I don't see but that I shall have to try to suit the popular taste."

He was sitting, sad and sorrowful, in his studio that evening, when the door softly opened and Patty came in. He looked up.

"The very person I was wanting to see!" said he. "What do you think, Patty, of our giving up this expensive studio floor and moving around the corner to the Cibbals Flats?"

"Of giving up your studio, Charles?" "It's too expensive to keep up, child," he said, impatiently. "Times are hard; business is dull. I daresay I can manage in an ordinary room, with a respectable north window to it, and a few draperies."

"Haven't you any money, Charles?" He shook his head.

"But I have!" cried Patty, with a little, gurgling laugh.

"A whole hundred dollars—enough to pay the rent awhile longer; and there's a fair prospect of earning more. See!" and she held out a roll of bills.

"A hundred dollars!" echoed Willey, looking earnestly, to make sure that the little greenish-grey things were not fairy money to melt away under the human gaze. "Why, where on earth, child, did you get a hundred dollars?"

"I earned it," said Patty, quietly. "I have sold some pictures."

"Some of mine—without my knowledge?"

"No—some of my own pictures," said she. "I am Bellamy Bellairs. I have a little mite of a studio on the top floor of Mrs. Garnett's house, next door, where I have been secretly working and toiling, when you thought I was visiting my mother or shopping down town. To be sure, I made a bungle of it at first—you saw one of my early attempts in the closet, a few weeks ago—but I kept resolutely on; and now I can sell the pictures as fast as I can paint them. At good prices, too!"

He looked at her as if he were in a dream.

"You!" he repeated, "you Bellamy Bellairs! Why, you insignificant little darling!"—with a forced laugh—"I have even been talking of imitating your style—of copying your pretty mannerisms, to catch that shy fish, Public Taste! You, the girl I laughed at—you, whom I considered barely up to cooking-stoves and crochet-work! Was ever man such a fool before!"

He walked once or twice up and down the floor; then he stopped in front of her.

"Fellow-artist," he said, formally bowing his head, "I salute you! Dear little guardian angel of a wife," kissing her tenderly, "I thank you for this aid in time of need. Never before have I known how deep and how precious a woman's affection can be!"

And happy Patty scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry.

"Yes," said Fogg, "as a success I have always been a failure, but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."

WIFE: "Dear, I wish you would invite young Prof. Y. some day. I hear he is so dreadfully absent-minded; perhaps will take our Cecilia."

ONE of the most striking signs of the times is the steady decay of a distinct type of British peasantry. Villagers, farm laborers and rustics generally, as they are illustrated in old prints and described in old books are, gradually, indeed speedily, becoming things of the past. You seldom see a smock-frock on a countryman, except he be an old man, and even then on what by the younger fraternity is derisively termed an old-fashioned chap. Instead, you will find the majority of the middle-aged and all of the young men clad in the common every-day dress of the towns, save that the clothes are more ill-fitting and clumsily made. Time was when a clean-shaven English "Hodge" was the rule, his only attempt at hirsute appendage being small, neatly kept whiskers from ear to chin on each side of his jaws, a joining together in a fringe underneath being sometimes permissible. Such a thing as a beard or mustache (certainly never the latter alone) was unheard of. But now! Why, your plowman looks for all the world like a dragoon in plain clothes, and plain clothes of the latest style.

One day recently while walking along a Hampshire road, on one side of which the late autumn plowing had been carried forward into the almanac's first day of winter, I was accosted by the plowman, who stopped his smoking team for a moment while his attendant plowboy scraped the clinging, chalky soil from the share, and asked the time of day. He wore a narrow-brimmed, stiff Derby (to use an Americanism unknown in England), a short-waisted, cutaway black tail-coat, loose trousers and colored flannel shirt. His hair was neatly cut, and he sported a dark and well shaped mustache (his only facial hair), which would have done credit to an officer of light cavalry. Nor did he use a syllable of dialect.

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, sir?" was all he said. And there was never a hat-touch accompanying the request, let me observe. No doubt his father would have pulled his forelock and said: "Wot be toime o'day, maester?" But he would have worn a snow-white smock, tight cord breeches and leather leggins, an unbleached calico shirt, hob-nail boots, a loose red handkerchief around his neck, and either a high beaver or a soft, wide brimmed felt hat, or, maybe, a knitted cap.

Nor are the women behind the men in such matters. In place of sun-bonnets, red cloaks, linsey-woolsey petticoats, blue yarn stockings, and large, heavy shoes, such as their mothers and grandmothers wore, you will see beflowered, and befeathered, and beribboned straw or felt hats, tight-fitting jackets, fashionably made gowns, cashmere "hose," and as fashionable shaped and as well made boots as the nearest town's shoe shops can provide. Where yarn "mitts" used to satisfy all requirements, against the cold of winter, now even in summer kid gloves are the rule.

I was visiting at the house of a lady friend in one of the larger towns of a southern county not long ago, and, among other topics of conversation, we were discussing the very subject of this letter—the decadence of the British peasantry as a type. At the time I was not so positive in my views as I am now, and so expressed myself to my lady friend, who had very decided opinions in favor of the affirmative of the proposition. While we were talking the footman came into the room and handed a letter to his mistress, which she read.

"Very well," she answered; "I'll ring when I want to see her." Then turning to me as the man departed she said, "I'm sure we shall find an illustration of what I claim, if you won't mind staying in the room while I see a young woman who has applied for the situation of my kitchen maid. This is a note from the rector of her parish, highly recommending her. She comes from a village about four miles out in the country, and" (looking at the letter again) "is the daughter of the head gamekeeper on Lord Babbicombe's estate, Mottistone Towers. You know it?"

I told her I did not; but that did not signify, as I should be glad to see the young woman all the same.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Dugdale—so let us call her—"I'll have her in. You know, I always see my servants before I engage them. I won't trust the housekeeper. I only hope her mother has come with her," and she rang the bell for the young woman to come in.

"Pardon me," said I, while we waited. "Why do you hope for the presence of the mother of this young person?"

"Why, to let you see the contrast, of course. So that you may observe the great— But, hush. Here she is."

The footman threw the drawing-room door open with a flourish, but without a syllable of speech accompanying it, and pompously ushered in a tall, slight, handsome young girl of about nineteen, dressed in a blue serge skirt and tight jacket, which fitted her small waist closely; a pair of neat, though not very small, high-heeled shoes exhibiting themselves beneath the broad hem of her striped under petticoat, with an inch or two of fine-ribbed, cashmere black stockings showing above them. A cock's feather boa was knotted round her neck, and she wore brown kid gloves, with broad back stitchings (they were men's eights, it is true), while a wide-brimmed black felt hat, with red feathers, sat jauntily on the top of the coils of her carefully arranged chestnut hair, which fell in a "fringe" over her forehead. A black dotted veil was tightly drawn across her nose. She stalked in with a confident stride, and giving Mrs. Dugdale a smiling nod, stood looking her over from top to toe. Following her closely came a small woman of between fifty and sixty, bare-handed and shambling, a large, old-fashioned black straw bonnet, with a "curtain" covering her head, and a grey woolen shawl held together by one hand over a plain cotton gown. In her free hand she clutched the handle of a square wicker basket with a lid, and she dropped a courtesy as she crossed the threshold. Mrs. Dugdale gave a quick glance of mixed frown and smile from one to the other, and then elevated her eyebrows to me. She then began the usual preliminary questioning, to which the young woman replied with a series of simpering, affected "yes'm's," while she wriggled her shoulders, pushed on the fingers of her gloves, or adjusted her veil, her mother looking anxiously on, apparently eager to get in a favorable word for her daughter, but held in check by admonitory side glances from the latter.

"And you understand kitchen work?" said Mrs. Dugdale, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes'm," wriggled the girl.

"She be a rare 'un for cooking, mum. That she be," blurted out the mother, unable longer to restrain her tongue.

"Quiet, mother," whispered the daughter, with a scowl.

"And your name?" said Mrs. Dugdale.

"Blanche Geraldine, 'm."

"That is quite enough," Mrs. Dugdale replied, ringing the bell quickly. "You needn't trouble to see Mrs. Simmons."

"Then you be goin' to engage her?" beamed the mother, hopefully. "I be that glad, I do. I hope as how she'll keep this place, mum, for she don't find no place to suit her, mum."

"I am not surprised at that," answered Mrs. Dugdale dryly. "No, I am sorry to say that she must add this to her list of places that won't suit her. At all events, she won't suit the place. Good-day to you. That will do," as the footman appeared to show them out.

The young woman tossed her head.

"I told 'ee how 'twould be! I know'd it!" cried the mother, as, first dropping another courtesy, she turned and followed her daughter, who flounced defiantly out into the hall. "It's all along o' them furbelows, and feathers, an' tight stays. I know'd it. That I did. I know'd it."

"What do you say to that?" said Mrs. Dugdale to me, as the footman closed the door.

I think I may ask the reader the same question.—*Cockaigne, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

AN UNHEALTHFUL PRACTISE.

THE *London Lancet* called attention not long ago to the habit of dual sleeping, saying that there is nothing else that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another who is absorbent of nervous force. The latter will sleep soundly and rise refreshed, while the former will toss restlessly, and will awake in the morning weary, peevish, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, ought habitually to sleep together. The one will thrive, the other lose. An aged person and a child should not be bed-mates; great as may be the pleasure to grandma to have her "little comfort" with her at night, it is one which the wise as well as fond relative will forego for the child's sake.

A case recently came to the writer's knowledge, says the *New York Times*, of two sisters fifteen and seventeen years old. The younger was a splendid specimen of young womanhood, robust, active and merry, while the elder, though not ill in any definite way, was thin, tired quickly, and fretted over trifles like a nervous old woman. These conditions finally came to be accepted, and probably would have continued indefinitely if an English relative, a physician, had not made the family a visit. His sharp eyes noted the morning lassitude of the elder girl and the corresponding freshness of her sister at breakfast, and drew his conclusions. An enquiry of the mother elicited the knowledge that they not only slept in the same bed, but, said she, "Elise's (the elder) devotion to her sister is such that for years she has only gone to sleep when she could hold Mabel close in her arms."

The doctor fairly snorted at this sentiment, and in the end persuaded the sisters to sleep apart. Two pair of brass bedsteads side by side offered propinquity and company, but prevented contact, with the result that in six months' time Elise showed a marked improvement in her general health, and has become in eighteen months a happy, good-tempered young woman, with considerable increase of avoirdupois. In this case at least the improvement dates from the time of the use of separate beds.

AGAINST INDISCRIMINATING KISSING.

Dr. C. O. Probst, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Health, recently appeared before the Pastor's Union, of Cleveland, to urge their co-operation in two sanitary reforms. One is to stop the custom of indiscriminate kissing, and the other to abolish the use of the same cup by several hundreds of persons in the administration of the sacrament. Dr. Probst explained that the most certain and most dangerous transmission of the germs of disease is by this mouth-to-mouth method. He cited the almost universal habit among ladies of kissing friends on greeting; them or bidding them good-bye, of kissing babies and children, and urging children to kiss each other.

Pastors, too, he said, usually seem to consider it a part of their duty to kiss the babies of their parishioners. All this was well meant, but as dangerous as it was perfunctory in many cases. He quoted Moses as a sanitarian on this subject, and said the great law-giver would not have tolerated either the kissing, or the common cup custom in the observance of the sacrament. The clergymen asked him how he would obviate the danger pointed out in the communion service. Several suggestions were given but the one considered most practical was that each communicant have his own cup. A resolution to do all possible to bring about these reforms was adopted by the ministers.

It is best not to become too well acquainted with those who have been held up to you as shining examples.

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," remarked a Brown University freshman; "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."

FASHION NOTES.

INQUIRIES about Fashions, Etiquette, the Toilette and other matters of general interest to women will be cheerfully answered by the Editor of the Question Corner. Please address QUESTION CORNER, LADIES' COMPANION, 166 King street, west, Toronto, Canada.

ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY.

ALL of us, that is, all who are wise, possess a black gown. Of course, as long as possible, it is worn in its dead blackness, but there comes a time when it is united with something else, and appears as a combination. Such a time in its history is pictured over this heading. The skirt is one of black camel's hair that, having been taken all apart and freshened, is remade in the Empire style. The bodice, for which new

material is required, is a soft full blouse of plaid silk, showing in its colors black, golden brown and bright red; over this is arranged a square Zouave jacket of brown velvet, edged with a band of brown fur. The sleeves, rather full, not extravagantly so, are of the velvet, shaping to the wrist, where they have as a finish a band of fur. A somewhat narrow belt of brown velvet is worn, and it is fitted close to the figure. About the throat, over the silk collar, is a cravatte of mink fur. The gloves are of tan undressed kid, and a mink muff is carried. The bonnet is of brown velvet, bent in soft curves, with a mink's head on one side and loops of black ribbon just above it. The ties are of black velvet ribbon and are fastened up at each side with glittering pins.



ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY.



HARMONY OF CLOTH AND VELVET.



A NEW GOWN FROM AN OLD ONE.

If it were preferred, the blouse could be of plain silk, and if one were very slender, flaring epaulettes of velvet could be put on the shoulder in preference to the jacket fronts. However, the dress is one calculated to be becoming to a woman who is a little more than fairy-like in her figure. In making over a black gown, white silk can very frequently be used in combination. For instance, instead of the full blouse, a flat silk waistcoat may be introduced, and the jacket fronts may be of black velvet, while the sleeves may have black velvet puffs, with deep cuffs, overlaid with coarse black lace or passementerie; or, if one has it, handsome cut jet will show to good advantage against the white background. I said "handsome jet" because cheap jet against this ground will simply show what it is, and look tawdry and mean.

A NEW GOWN FROM AN OLD ONE.

THE gown from which this very smart-looking dress was made was a dark blue cloth, having a medium full skirt and a postillion basque. The skirt, after being sponged and

pressed, was entirely remade; that is, it was fitted as shown in the figure, and only the fullness, now in vogue, allowed at the back. The skirt decorations consisted of three ruffles of three-inch wide black gros-grain ribbon; the basque, after its collar was removed and the sleeves taken out, was sewed up in front and split down the back, where eyelets were worked in it so that it might be laced. The lower portion of it was left alone, and when the band went over it, not only was it hidden, but if, by any chance, the belt should slip, only more blue cloth would be visible. A yoke of coarse black lace was fitted about the neck and out-lined by a cape-like decoration of black velvet, said black velvet having at one time formed part of another gown, but as it was good velvet

pressed, was entirely remade; that is, it was fitted as shown in the figure, and only the fullness, now in vogue, allowed at the back. The skirt decorations consisted of three ruffles of three-inch wide black gros-grain ribbon; the basque, after its collar was removed and the sleeves taken out, was sewed up in front and split down the back, where eyelets were worked in it so that it might be laced. The lower portion of it was left alone, and when the band went over it, not only was it hidden, but if, by any chance, the belt should slip, only more blue cloth would be visible. A yoke of coarse black lace was fitted about the neck and out-lined by a cape-like decoration of black velvet, said black velvet having at one time formed part of another gown, but as it was good velvet

it stood steaming, and came out in first-class condition for a garniture. The sleeves are decidedly unique, the full, high puffs are of the blue cloth, the material gained from the skirt forming them; the lower part, which fits the arm, is of black velvet, overlaid with black lace. The belt is a full Empire one of velvet, fastening in the back. With this is worn a blue felt hat decorated with two black velvet rosettes and some black tips; the gloves are of black undressed kid.

The very general use of velvet, lace or jet makes it possible to transform a very simple frock into one quite as elaborate as this appears. Of course, the economical woman has all kinds of fabrics and trimmings to turn to, but even where one has not, there need only be a little money spent to get a new fabric to go with the old one, for it may always be taken for granted that the old will do for the skirt. Almost all of the skirts are made to wear with round waists, and for that reason the girdle becomes a matter of great importance, and whether it is full or plain, pointed or straight, narrow or wide must, of course, be decided by the figure of the wearer.

THE IDEAL TAILOR DRESS.

The woman who, walking much, does not like to feel burdened by her clothes, is named legion. She chooses, just now,



THE IDEAL TAILOR DRESS.

the severely made tailor gown, but to her surprise she is told by the tailor himself that while the cloth gown is most proper,

"we are, madame, making them a little more feminine." The tailor, by-the-by, has solved the difficulty; he has found exactly what fabrics may be put upon cloth that, while they do not take away from its individuality, yet will soften and make feminine what before seemed straight up and down.



NEW AND DRESSY CLOAK.

He shows her, as a most desirable dress for her, that illustrated over this heading.

It is made of golden brown cloth, the skirt being plain across the front and falling in straight folds at the back, being, in fact, what is called an Empire skirt. Around the edge is a five-inch border of black Persian lamb. The bodice is a round one of the cloth made quite smooth in the back, but being laid in soft folds in front, so that between very broad revers of black Persian lamb the cloth folds show like a vest. About the waist is a folded belt of black moire ribbon which is in a four-loop bow at one side near the front and has two long ends that reach almost to the edge of the skirt. The high collar is of black moire, and there is to wear outside it a cravat of Persian lamb. The sleeves are close fitting ones of the cloth, having at the top very high puffs of black moire drawn in just above the elbows under bands of the fur. The small hat is a toque of brown cloth trimmed with black Persian, and having a bunch of black quills and loops of black velvet at the back.

The woman who delights in simplicity has it in this gown, for the revers and sleeve puffs, which really take away

the extreme of plainness that is almost masculine, are not fluffy enough to make their wearer feel as if she were given over to trimmings and all the dainty rag-tag that delight the souls of some women and many artists. The combination of fabrics is smart, the sombre contrast of the golden brown and black is distinguished, and yet the wearer does not feel as frivolous as if she were indulging in blue and lavender, green and blue, or brightest and happiest of contrasts—red and blue.

NEW AND DRESSY CLOAK.

In this cloak the tasteful woman is seen at her best as she starts out to pay visits, or to go to a matinee. The gown under her long cloak is a very simple one of black silk, kept especially for wear of this sort because nothing about it is



FASHIONABLE BONNET.

crushed by the outer garment. The cloak itself is of heavy black velvet made with a deep yoke, from which it falls rather full in the back, but fitted slightly to the figure in front; over the velvet and from the yoke, both in the back and front, there comes a fringe of cut jet beads which reaches close to the edge of the cloak only to touch there against the band of black ostrich tips that is the foot trimming. The sleeves are full and drawn in at the waist under bands of cut jet; the yoke is overlaid by a guimpe of white Genoese point, a rosette of jet being high up on the left shoulder as if to hold it in position; about the throat is a band of feathers. The bonnet is a small, close-fitting one, made entirely of jet and having two rosettes of pink velvet placed just in front; black velvet ties come from the back and are knotted under the chin. The

muff is of black velvet lined with pink, and trimmed with a fan of lace and three small black tips. With every motion of the body the long jet trimming waves to and fro and rings occasionally like sweet bells in tune with their owner. Elaborate? Of course it is elaborate, but it is the type of cloak selected by the very feminine woman who loves rich belongings, and who never looks so entirely a woman as when she is robed in them. Sometimes there may be a long cloak of red or blue serge with a broad flaring collar of velvet or fur and having full sleeves, but of whatever it is, the long cloak seems always to be elaborate and to give to its wearers what people call a very distinguished air.

HARMONY OF CLOTH AND VELVET.—The costume here shown is a mixed chevrot, the bodice having been originally made as the simplest of basques. In the design the fine plaid shows blue, black and light brown lines on a creamy background. The skirt is quite plain, the bodice is hooked straight down from the bust line to the end of its point, a narrow, double piping of blue velvet being on each side; above the line are broad revers of blue velvet that show between them a blue cloth waist-coat with tiny white figures upon it. The high collar is of the same material. The sleeves are of cloth, full on the upper part, while shaping into the lower part of the arm, a narrow blue velvet cuff being at the wrist. A girdle of blue velvet ribbon starts from each side, and is knotted just in front, the long ends falling far down on the skirt.

FASHIONABLE BONNET.—The bonnet is of a pale shade of diatropo velvet, with a pleated brim; it is trimmed with black ostrich tips. Strings of narrow black velvet.

HINTS AND HELPS.

ON seeing some jelly in molds, set out to cool, a physician said: "When we medical men want to secure minute organisms for investigation we expose gelatine to the air or in places where we have malignant germs. The gelatine speedily attracts and holds them. I'm afraid your flavored gelatine does the same. Cool the jelly if you must, but cover it with a piece of sheer close muslin, or, better, if you have it, some pieces of glass taken from some window pane."

It is to be feared that kitchen processes are sources of illness more often than is imagined. In many city houses the little kitchen annex, where stands the refrigerator, and where various eatables are kept, is directly against a drain and a closet. Yet here stand daily uncovered milk, butter, often custards and puddings, and various other absorbents. The average cook is quite ignorant of sanitary cause and effect, and the vigilance of the house mother is the family's chief safeguard.

The simplest and one of the best eye-waters is made by putting ten grains of white vitriol into half a pint of elder or rosewater. Put a couple of drops in the eye, under the lids, morning and evening. If it stings too much add more of the rose or elder water.

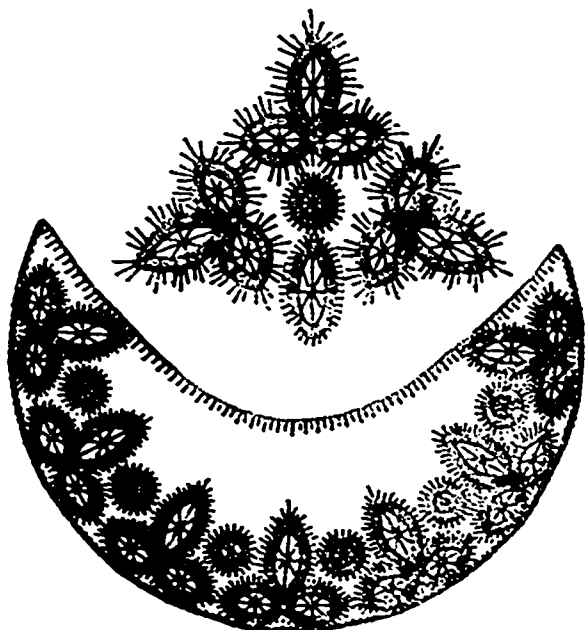
MARRIED ALL OF THEM.

THE first place in the list of those who have married early and married often must be taken by Lady Elizabeth Darcy, the daughter of Thomas Earl Rivers, on account of the curious coincidences attending her marriages. She was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize in the customary manner. This the lady peremptorily forbade, and promised in a jocular manner if they had but patience she would have them all three in their turn, and, what is most remarkable, she literally fulfilled her promise. First, she married Sir George Treuchard of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage of Firlie, and thirdly, William Henry of Hickworth, the three original claimants for her hand.—*All The Year Round.*

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

DEvised FOR DEFT FINGERS.

HANDSOME WALL POCKET.—This illustration shows a most elegant wall pocket. The design is appliqued on silk, satin, cloth or velvet, being secured firmly at the back, so that the embroidered long and short stitches around the forms need not be worked over the edge of the crocheted stitches. This would spoil the effect of buttonholing, which gives an added appearance of value to the work. The centres of all the forms are cut away before working the wheels in gold thread. A charming effect can be gained by making the foundation of soft, sage-green velvet, covering the larger moulds with pale terra cotta and the circles with old gold. The same thread or silk used for covering the moulds is to be employed for the stitches around them. For the buttonhole stitching at the upper edge of the pocket use the same gold thread employed for the wheels. The lower edge may be ornamented with a simple lace crochet edging in gold thread, or with a tasseled fringe, combining all the colors used in making the pocket, and intermixing them with gold thread. Should the moulds not set as flat as desired, take a very fine sewing silk, matching the crochet thread exactly, and sew the edges down on the front after the embroidery is completed.



WALL POCKET.

A dainty terra cotta satin bow should be affixed to the top, and to one side of the pocket, just where it joins the back. The pattern for ornamenting the back of the pocket might be utilized for cornering a table mat.

SMITH: "What's your baby's name, Jones?"—JONES: "Aurora Mackath."—SMITH: "Queer name for a boy, isn't it?"—JONES: "Yes, but when he starts a roaring in the morning he murders sleep."

Seek not to shun the rose's thorn,
Nor think 'twill come by luck.
In life a flower of any kind
Must be obtained by "pluck."

"LET us see—a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked.—"No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor: "a cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

A TABLE WHICH WILL BE OF USE TO SOME YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.

Potatoes, boiled, thirty minutes.
Potatoes, baked, forty five minutes.
Sweet potatoes, boiled, sixty minutes.
Sweet potatoes, baked, twenty to forty minutes.
Green peas, boiled, sixty minutes.
Shelled beans, boiled, one to two hours.
Green corn, twenty five to sixty minutes.
Asparagus, fifteen to thirty minutes.
Spinach, sixty minutes.
Tomatoes, fresh, sixty minutes.
Tomatoes, canned, thirty minutes.
Cabbage, three quarters to two hours.
Cauliflower, one to three hours.
Dandelions, two to three hours.
Beet greens, one hour.
Onions, one to two hours.
Beets, one to five hours.
Yellow turnips, one and a half to two hours.
Parsnips, one to two hours.
White turnips, forty five to sixty minutes.
Carrots, one to two hours.

MEAT WITH RICE.—Chop fine some cold meat and put it over the fire with some butter and a little water. Pour it into a greased dish, sprinkle thickly with boiled rice, and bake a good brown.

RUSKS.—Two cups of high dough, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, half cup of butter, two beaten eggs; let rise, and when light mold into biscuit and let rise a second time. Sift sugar and cinnamon over the top and bake.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, butter size of an egg. Boil without stirring until it hardens on a spoon. Pour out on buttered plates to cool. Add flavoring last.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—Three cups of graham flour, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, milk enough to mix; make into biscuit and bake in a moderate oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Three cups of flour, seven tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one tablespoonful of ginger, one scant tablespoonful of salt. Put all ingredients in a pan and pour over them one pint of boiling molasses. Mix well together and add flour enough to knead. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven at once.

RICE PUDDING.—Soak one cupful of rice for four or five hours. Drain off the water and place the rice in a pudding dish. Add one cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt, together with eleven cupfuls of milk and spices to season. Put in a moderate oven and bake for two or three hours, stirring occasionally at first as the rice settles.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, three eggs (beaten separately), two tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of baking powder; bake in two cakes. Cream.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, extract of vanilla or lemon. Cut each cake and fill with the cream.

COCONUT DROPS.—One grated coconut, one cup of powdered sugar, whites of three eggs beaten stiff, one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Wet the cornstarch with the milk of the coconut, beat up the whites of the eggs and whip the sugar into them; add cornstarch, coconut and a few drops of extract of rose; beat up well; drop by the spoonful on buttered paper and bake half an hour.

OMULET.—Six eggs, three even teaspoonfuls of flour, pinch of salt, one pint of hot milk. Beat together the eggs, flour and salt, remembering that the better they are beaten the better they will be. Add the hot milk and beat a while longer. Place lump of butter size of an egg on a hot dish to melt. Pour in the omulet, place in the oven, bake for twenty minutes, serve and eat immediately or it will fall.

THE LADIES' COMPANION,

Published at No. 106 King St., West, Toronto.

The LADIES' COMPANION is a handsomely illustrated, 32 page, Monthly Magazine, and is devoted to the interests of its readers.

Subscriptions are received on the following terms:—

One Year.....	\$1 00
Six Months.....	60
Three Months.....	30

Advertising Rates made known on application.

The Ladies' Companion Publishing Company, Proprietors.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1893.

OURSELVES.

IN presenting this the second number of the LADIES' COMPANION to our readers we desire to thank our many patrons, east, west, north and south, for the very kindly and even flattering reception which has been accorded to this and our other publications. The time at which our first issues were sent forth seemed to many very inauspicious for launching out upon such a journalistic venture and many were the faithful warnings given to the publishers that disaster might very probably be the result. However, with an abiding faith in the good judgment and the refined taste of the Canadian public, it was decided to go on and endeavor either to find a field for such an enterprise or else to create one. The opinions of the press, a few of which we reproduce, together with the many warm expressions of approval which have reached us by letter from appreciative readers encourage us greatly and give us assurance of success in the course which we have started upon. For the present we can only repeat our thanks to those who have given us such kindly countenance, backed up by material assistance, and promise to do all that within us lies to make our publications as signally successful as even our warmest friends could desire.

* * *

IN this number the "Story of a Child" is continued. The other selected matter has been chosen with much care, especial pains being taken to choose only that which is elevating in its tone and couched in good English. We are pleased to believe we have a clientele of readers to the great majority of whom coarse jokes and irreverent expressions would be extremely distasteful. *SISTER AGNES*, continues her "Talks with Women," in a very interesting and profitable strain—giving comfort to the aged, advice to those less mature and entertainment to all in a very pleasing way. *TRIAN*, gives further expression to "Some Thoughts" on musical topics which it is hoped may be of interest to all and especially helpful to those undertaking the study of music somewhat late in life. *LEO* begins, in this number, the first of what promises to be an instructive series of short articles on "Common Errors in Expression." Fashion Notes, illustrated; excellent portraits and short sketches concerning two Canadian ladies who are leaders in their respective spheres, and a very carefully prepared Youth's Department make up our budget of good things literary and pictorial for the current month.

MADAME CHAPLEAU.

THE portrait, with autograph, on our title page is that of the beautiful and accomplished wife of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, and the Mistress of "Spencer Wood" in the historic capital of that province. Madame Chapleau was born a British subject, but is not native to any particular country, having first seen the light aboard a steamer between Southampton and Gibraltar. She is a daughter of Col. King, formerly in the Imperial service and afterwards a resident of Sherbrooke, Que., in which place she passed her earlier years. Educated in the city of Quebec, it was in that city and through her devotion to music—in which art she is highly accomplished—that she met Mr. Chapleau, who is a gentleman of very refined tastes and also an excellent singer of the songs of La Belle France. They were married in 1874.

Socially, Madame Chapleau and her illustrious husband have ever been decidedly successful. While the latter was a cabinet minister at Ottawa they were noted for gathering together the brightest wits and keenest intellects among those of both political parties, for, to his credit be it said, Mr. Chapleau is one who will not allow mere political differences to interfere with his private friendships. Madame Chapleau has seen a good deal of the world, having accompanied her husband on his trips abroad. She speaks French "as well as a native," and has been as much at home when in Paris as when in London.

The ill-health of her husband and her devotion to him have, of late, had an unfavorable effect upon the health of Madame Chapleau. The comparative rest and quiet which their present high position will afford them will, it is hoped, enable His Honor and Madame Chapleau to resume in some degree the social life which both are so eminently fitted to adorn and which both, under favoring circumstances, would carry on with exceptional brilliancy.

Madame Chapleau was one of the circle of bright women at Ottawa in which Lady Lansdowne was the leader, during Lord Lansdowne's occupancy of the vice-regal seat. And one can scarcely imagine a better experience for one who has now been called to fill a position similar in kind, than an intimacy of five years with one of the most gracious among the ladies who have occupied that high place in Canadian society.

MRS. O'CONNOR.

THE election of Mrs. S. Drury O'Connor, wife of Dr. O'Connor, of this city, to the chairmanship of the Toronto Collegiate Institute Board is the first choice for such a position to fall upon any lady within the vast extent of the British Empire. And while a great honor has been conferred upon this lady the Board has done itself honor in the unique choice it has made.

It is related of a clergyman that while holding an infant upon his arm at the baptismal font he said: "Christian friends, this infant which is here and now about to receive this sacred rite may have a great future before it. We know not but that we may have in this infant a coming statesman,

orator, or one learned in the sciences." Then, turning to the sponsors he asked: "What is the name?" When the answer was given: "Mary Ann," the effect may be imagined. This was, of course, years ago when the sphere of woman's usefulness was very much more circumscribed than, happily, it is in these later and better days. Indeed the good clergyman's words might be applied literally to many of the little ones of the gentler sex in our times.

The subject of this sketch has quite a reputation as an authoress. Her first contribution to literature was a volume entitled "Maple Leaves," and this was very well received. As a teacher she has had experience and has proven herself a successful educator. She well understands the educational needs of the present day. During the past two years she has made the Toronto Collegiate Institutes the subject of much special study. Her speech to the other members of the Board on the occasion of her election was a model of its kind and it has been the subject of much favorable comment.

SPECIAL OFFER.

As an inducement to those who have become subscribers to our magazines for short terms, to extend their own subscriptions for one year and to lead them to call attention to our publications among their neighbors, we hereby make this offer: To any person who will send us a year's subscription to any one of our Magazines, and add thereto the sum of only \$2.50 extra, we will send one of our splendid premium Crayon Portraits—copying any photo or ambrotype sent us. The sender must also enclose the addresses of three *bona fide* residents of the same locality to whom we may send specimen copies of our magazines. These Crayons are similar in style to that shown in cut on page 31 and are as good as—and, indeed, in many cases much better than—pictures which canvassers ask anywhere from \$6 to \$16 for. Our new frames are even larger and more massive looking than that shown in cut. The vast numbers we handle and the determination we have to speedily increase our yearly circulation by many thousands make us both able and willing to place this offer before our readers. There are few indeed who have not a portrait of their own, or of some loved one, which they would like to have enlarged and handsomely framed.

N.B.—We wish it distinctly understood that we make *no charges* for "boxing" or "packing" any premium sent out by us. In writing, be sure to give your full address plainly. And note our address: LADIES' COMPANION PUBLISHING CO., 166 King St., West, Toronto.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT.

THE original photos of the fine views of the Girls' Home and the group of inmates thereof which appeared last month, and also of the Boys' Home and of the band of the latter which we give in this issue were furnished us through the kindness of Mr. Harry English, of this city. Mr. English is one of the cleverest of amateur photographers. His collection of views of places in and around Toronto is a splendid one, and visitors to his cosy home, who have an eye for the beautiful, are frequently delighted with a peep amongst the treasures which Mr. E. has gathered by the aid of his faithful camera. Some of these views of "picturesque Toronto" we shall hope to have the pleasure of reproducing at some future time.

OUR PREMIUM PORTRAITS.

ON another page is an exact representation of the style of our life-like Crayon Portraits. We can supply these to subscribers at prices which astonish all who are capable of

judging fairly of the quality of such articles. If you would like such a portrait of yourself or of any of your friends communicate with us and learn what we are willing to do in order to introduce and to extend the circulation of our magazines. The frames in which these portraits are sent out are in two colors or shades and present a very fine and rich appearance. These portraits have but to be seen to be appreciated.

COMMON ERRORS IN EXPRESSION.

To say that every person who aspires to be esteemed a lady or gentleman should shun errors and faults in speech or expression would be to give utterance to the merest truism. Accurate knowledge and a correct use of words are almost sure indications of good breeding. Purity of speech, like personal cleanliness, is very closely allied to purity of thought and uprightness in action. Certainly we should care more for the mind than for the body which contains it, more for sound sense than for finely turned sentences; but sound sense always has its value increased when expressed in pure English.

* * *

MOST ludicrous are the blunders by which even persons moving in refined society betray ignorance of some very common words. Many, even among the educated, speak of the "banister" of a staircase, when they mean balustrade or baluster. There is no such word as banister. Another common error is to speak of a "chimley" instead of chimney. I know a wealthy lady who hardly ever says anything, but, instead, "remarks" it. In place of "I should say," as ordinary mortals would put it, she says, "I should remark." There are hundreds of others who never eat anything, not even an apple, but always "partake," even though they devour everything eatable set before them. The absurdity of this is apparent when we reflect that "partake" is from *part* and *take* and signifies to take a part with others, to participate in, or, to share. An elderly lady, with very aristocratic aspirations, once caused a smile to go around a company by saying, in response to an invitation, "I will come, *providing* it does not rain;" a very wise provision, methinks I hear you say, if the old lady could have provided dry weather for herself and friends at will.

* * *

MANY err in making use of the word "people." The word, of course, signifies the body of persons composing a community, race or nation. Yet we, almost every day, hear and read of "two people," or, "five people," or, as the number may be, when a few persons are referred to. Again, when the people of a city or a country are referred to it has become the custom with many speakers and writers to use the expression "the masses." We are continually receiving the startling information that "the masses must be taught,"—this, that, or the other thing. It might be well if those who use this expression could be promptly asked, "the masses of what?" Another common absurdity is to use the expression "the whole people," when the intention is to refer to all the people of a country or a community. "This is a question which affects the whole people," vehemently exclaims the political orator, when, perhaps, man for man or woman for woman, the people who are not whole—that is, those who have lost an arm or a foot or some other part of the body—may be as much affected by the question under discussion as the *whole* people are. Alison, the historian, declares that "the whole Russians are inspired with the belief that their mission is to conquer the world."

* * *

WHILE solecisms as glaring as these disfigure the writings and the speech of so many, even among those who are supposed to be well educated, we trust our readers will not think us trifling, or aiming at mere word-catching, if we deem this subject of sufficient importance to be continued at a moderate length in several subsequent issues. LEO.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

We here announce the names of those awarded a portion of the valuable premiums in our first competition in connection with the LADIES' COMPANION. Eighteen premiums were to precede the middle one in that competition. When the last letter in that competition, previous to March 1st., shall be received we will then know which is the *middle one* received and the full list of the fortunate ones can then be known. Of the first premium offered, viz., a Rosewood Piano valued at \$300, we may say that the instrument awarded, a Grand Upright, of the famous "Hoerr" make, is a \$375 instrument. It has been on exhibition at our offices for the past two weeks and has been admired by thousands of passers-by on King St. We are kindly permitted to retain it for exhibition purposes for another two weeks when it will be forwarded to the home of our first and most fortunate subscriber.

Following are the names of those entitled to first eighteen regular premiums. (Lack of space prevents the publication of a list of the names of those who have availed themselves of our special premium offers to yearly subscribers): Grand Upright Piano, Walter Willison, ex-Reeve, Ayr, Ont.; Sleigh Robe, John Fraser, Toronto; Silk Dress Pattern Mrs. R. C. Amos, Markham; Swiss Music Box, Miss A. Devaney, Hamilton; Silver Watch, Mrs. Deschamps, Cote St. Michel, Hochelaga Co., P. Q.; Gold Brooch, Diamond Setting, Mrs. F. L. Shaw, Brock Ave., Toronto; Banquet Lamp, O. Shannon, Jarvis St., Toronto; Silver Five O'Clock Tea Set, Katie McLellan, Point Du Chine, N. B.; Crayon Portraits, Mrs. D. H. Lynam, 26 Grange Ave., Toronto; L. Boliel, Ottawa; O. C. Johnson, box 26, Ayr; T. H. Deboe, Niagara St., Buffalo; W. B. Strachan, Huntsville; P. McShane, Catherine St., Montreal; Geo. Maillet, Dundee, P. Q.; J. H. Warden, Kingston; J. E. Loranger, Detroit; Mrs. R. H. Barrett, Lot 31, Kingston P.E.I.

NOTE.—Will those entitled to premium portraits please forward photo or ambrotype for copy. Full address and name of Express office should also be given. State so if full length portrait is desired. When no instructions are given only head and shoulders are shown.

"LADIES AT HOME" PREMIUM AWARDS.

Gold Watch, G. E. Ferns, London; Silk Dress Pattern, E. L. Inglewood, St. Catharines; Silver Watch, D. B. Taylor, Toronto; Music Box, A. Barber, Windsor; Gold Brooch with Diamond Setting, Ida M. Street, 368 Concession St., Ottawa; Crayon Portraits, Lizzie Leonard, Westbrook; Jno. Faust, Fordwich; L. M. Enigh, Woodstock; Ellen Jenkins, Sault Ste. Marie; E. P. Angell, Pt. Huron; James Nicholls, Peelee Island, Ont.

NOTE.—We wish those entitled to Premium Portraits to forward photo or ambrotype for copy. Give full address, and name nearest Express office. State so, if full length portrait is desired. Only head and shoulders are taken unless otherwise directed.

"OUR BOYS AND GIRLS" PREMIUM AWARDS.

Here are the names of the winners, with their respective premiums:—Gold Watch, A. Duncan, Toronto; Ten Dollar Gold Coin, Jessie Currie, Hamilton; Silver Watch, A. Paterson, Blenheim; Five Dollar Gold Coin, S. Johns, Kingston; Crayon Portrait, Willard Bond, Lanark; Silver Watch, T. T. McDonald, Wingham. Then the ten subscribers next in order, who are each entitled to a Gold Brooch are Kate Flynn, 175 Front St., East, Toronto; Percy Barnes, Crediton; Rosy Leigh, Hawkstone; J. Lang, Laprairie, Que.; Mrs. Nason, St. Stephen, N. B.; Mary Power, Brockville; J. M. Marshall, Kentville, N.S.; Mrs. C. H. Hutchings, St. John*; Alfred Gaudet, St. Josephs, Westmoreland Co., N.B.; Willie Shaw, 262 Catherine St., Winnipeg.

*Province not given. Have sent Magazine at a venture to St. John N.B. Premium will be sent forward as soon as full address is received. Will all our subscribers please give full address, when writing us?

NO NAME GIVEN.

MONEY for a subscription just reached us, with which the sender evidently forgot to enclose address. The letter bore the Ottawa postmark and was dated Feb'y, 25th. Will our subscribers in Ottawa kindly bear this in mind and say a word in defence of this journal in case of hearing a complaint about papers not being forwarded. We hope this may meet the eye of the sender so that the mistake may be rectified.

* MUSIC. *

SOME THOUGHTS.

BY TRIAD.

MANY indeed have been the writings about the great musical artists, the finished pianists and players upon other instruments of music, whose genius has shone resplendent amid an admiring musical world. Again and again have the biographies of such been written. And little incidents in the lives of these notables, that in those of ordinary mortals would have been passed by unnoticed, have been detailed very minutely. Now, do not think I would belittle these great ones. On the contrary I admire their genius and greatly desire to approach nearer to the heights which they have attained. But, dear reader, genius alone did not raise any of these to eminence. Superior talent has, in the case of each, been cultivated and improved through close study and diligent application. Reflecting upon this latter fact has led me to write this article.

* * *

I WANT to say a word for the encouragement of those who are starting somewhat late in life to acquire a musical education. Many and difficult are the obstacles which lie in the pathway of all conscientious students. And these are increased and intensified in the cases of those who have passed the youthful or formative period of life ere beginning. The person who begins at the age of twenty-five to thirty years with the idea of becoming a good player upon the piano, for example, has a very difficult task indeed. But let not this deter any. It is surely much better to learn even a little than to know nothing of this delightful and refining art.

* * *

THE adult beginner has some things to unlearn. He or she has usually conceived certain ideas which have to be laid aside. Only "as a little child,"—I say it with all due reverence to the most wonderful of all teachers—can any truly enter into the realm of music. Fancy what a struggle must ensue unless one becomes as a little child, when the mind is seemingly so far advanced and the fingers so far behind!

* * *

To some students music, whether it be vocal or instrumental, seems to come much more readily than to others while, perhaps, the fact may be that those who appear the more slow at what is sometimes aptly called "the uptake" have the greater talent. In instrumentation the slowness of the progress made may be entirely due to lack of dexterity in the hand. A correct musical ear is of great importance. It will enable the student to know how a piece of music should sound, and will assist in eventually overcoming any lack of adroitness on the part of the hand. One with naturally adroit hand but less correct taste may, then, for a time seem to be far in advance of another the very correctness of whose taste helps to prevent any merely apparent rapid advancement.

* * *

SPEAKING of hands I have noticed that some small hands can strike two notes beyond the octave, while the fingers of some larger hands appear incapable of stretching over more than the mere octave. In some hands the fingers are so closely united and therefore so difficult to part that such require a great deal of practice, and the exercise of almost infinite patience on the part of the student, ere the flexibility requisite to ready manipulation of the keys can be gained. If your hands are so formed go to work and stretch your fingers apart so that the hand may become as pliant as it is needed to be. For this use that capital contrivance, the "Technicon." If you have not one of these, the back of a somewhat large book will answer. Place the book, or some other object, between the fingers. Then by pressure and an industrious turning of the wrist back and forth you may induce even very stiff hands to become as pliant as you wish. I have heroically

used the Technicon for several years and still find my hands improving from its continued use.

* * *

In returning to what we were saying about quick but merely apparent progress in the acquirement of musical knowledge and more slow but *real* progress, I am reminded of something I noticed in the cases of two sisters whom we will call Violet and Kate. On returning home from an opera Violet would, perhaps in a manner nearly correct, hum over the air of the music they had listened to. Their mother used to think that Violet possessed about all the talent in the family, but this was far from being true. Kate would listen to the music of the opera as one grand and harmonious whole. But while the delightful sounds were still tantalizing, chasing each other through the chambers of her memory she was unable to separate the air from the harmony. And so she appeared at a disadvantage as compared with her seemingly greater but really much less receptive sister. In Kate's case tone pictures had been shapely, visible to her mind's eye but elusive and not to be fixed without effort and diligent application. While Violet had followed but one line of thought, and so had become familiar with the simple air, the many chords which unitedly made up the glorious harmony had so engaged the more receptive mind of Kate that, until sufficient time for their mastery could elapse, she seemed to have caught no part of the music. Without concentration and honest effort, however, Kate would never have been able to prove—as she eventually did—that her natural talent was superior to that of Violet.

* * *

A story read for the first time seems to imaginative minds to be not quite new. Ideas similar to those it contains have previously passed through the brain of the reader who, perhaps unconsciously, dreams of being able to produce something equally good. Now the budding genius may be present in such a case, but even budding genius requires discipline and study before it attains to successful authorship. So the lover of harmonious sounds may be filled with joy on learning that his or her thoughts are like in kind to those expressed by musical celebrities and through not discerning properly between what may be called inspiration and that proficiency which comes only as the result of practical work may imagine that it is but a step into musical greatness.

* * *

THE old saying, "These is no royal road to learning," must often recur to those who begin in mature years to study and to practise music. But let me again say to such to be encouraged. There is a road over which even those late in starting may reach the goal of at least moderate success, ay and, not unlikely, of great distinction. Though not a "royal road" it is the one way by which prince or peasant may attain to eminence. It is a good old road, and now so well travel-worn as to be perfectly safe for the least experienced traveller. Its "hills of difficulty" have been greatly reduced by those who have passed safely over it. It lies straight before you, even though you have been all these years hesitating about making a start upon it. If you desire to reach the goal toward which it leads lay aside any weights that would impede your progress and, under the guidance of some one of the many competent and kindly instructors with whom our country now abounds, press steadily on toward ambition's goal. "Onward, upward, and ever forward" is the motto of those who succeed.

LETTERS; WITH ANSWERS BY "TRIAD."

DEAR TRIAD:—I have been taking music lessons for a number of years, and am now among "the big girls." I find that I do not make much progress because my left hand is not nearly as limber as my right. Will you tell me how I may overcome this? I feel sure it can be overcome else there would not be so many good players.

MABEL.

The left hand is and always will be a source of trouble to players of the piano. A boy friend of mine who felt this trouble once said to me: "I wish I hadn't been born right-handed." Of course none of us were born "right-handed" but habit has made most of us what is called so. Therefore, you should practice twice as much with the left hand as with the more expert right member. Practice the scales separately, then together. And then after practicing both hands at the same time, devote at least half an hour to the left alone. By doing this every day the left hand will become as flexible as the right.

DEAR TRIAD:—Will you please answer the following question. If a note is made sharp, through how many measures does that note continue to be sharpened?

HELEN.

Unless the affected note is carried into the next measure by a tie (as in some old music) the rule governing accidentals confines the power of such a note to the bar in which it occurs. By an old rule, which prevailed largely in England, when the last note in a bar was sharpened the effect of the accidental was continued, upon that particular note, throughout the next measure, or, until the sign of the natural was given. This rule is, happily, now almost done away with. In nearly all modern music the effect of the accidental is limited to the bar in which it appears. Have you begun the study of some old music, or, how, otherwise, did such a question arise in your mind?

ONE BOY'S TROUBLE.

DEAR TRIAD: I read your letter to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. I guess I'm like the fellow that went to buy a "musical capacity." Only I never went to buy one and no person ever gave me one. I have what you call "a capacity" for writing letters though. And I ought not to be writing now, but I will just for a short while you know. Oh, my! this is my music lesson day again. Did you ever hate your lessons? Seems as if I just hate mine, though I know I shouldn't. But it seems as if these music lessons spoil a good deal of a fellow's fun.

My teacher says I will make a fine little player if I keep on. But I don't feel much like keeping on. My cousin Charlie plays real well on the piano, but he's fond of staying in and learning. I guess if he had as much tickle in his feet as I have in mine he'd want to go and scamper around and take it out too. Teacher gave me what she called "a nice piece" the other day, but I'd rather have a piece of pie. I always thought you could sit down and play "a piece" right along. But it's just like the old exercises. Teacher says I have to practice it, and practice it, and count 1, 2, 3! I told her, just to tease you know, that I couldn't see any good in counting. But she didn't get cross. She just told me that lots of things that are good don't seem much good to little boys. So I guess I'll go on counting. It must be of some good or they wouldn't make us do it. Ma says every fellow that grows up to be great and good has to work hard. So, here goes for the practice. But I'll have a great run when I get through, I tell you. And if I get my piece pretty well I'll write again and tell you about it.

GEORGE.

I have only to thank you, George, for your letter, and to say to you to keep on with your practice. Your mamma and your teacher are quite right and one day you will thank them for their faithfulness.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Put out your hand before you put up your prayer.
ANGELS' crowns are made of the souls of good women.
Don't wait for somebody else to show you how to do right.
THE man who thinks he is good is really not much better than the man who thinks he is bad.
How many more of us sorrow for what we have not done than rejoice for what we have done.

THE highest church steeple on earth is not as near heaven as a sack of flour left in a poor woman's cellar.

THERE are sermons in socks, prayers in potatoes, benedictions in bread, consolation in coal, hallelujahs in hams, Christianity in clothes and salvation in soup for the needy and suffering in the freezing cold of winter.—*Detroit Free Press.*



TALKS WITH WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN'S AFFAIRS.

I HAVE received this week a visit from a grandma, so white-haired and blue-eyed and handsome a grandma as everyone would admire, and she has left me pondering over her case very deeply. This is the way she began to talk, as we sat over the fire: "There is no place for old people now-a-days, they are not wanted any more. Everything is running ahead helter-skelter, and we must just linger along behind the best way we can. I wish I was safely out of everyone's way, so I do," and the lovely old face wrinkled up in a pitiful way, and the thin old hand with a fine linen handkerchief in it, went up to the dim eyes! Do you know, that just broke my heart! I don't know what unintentional unkindness or oversight had touched the old lady in a tender spot, but whatever it was she felt it most cruelly and it set me wondering if we are always just as considerate of the dear old folks as we ought to be? It is hard to grow used to the idea that those who have been strong for us, and in our service, are now weak and need our care. It is so short a time since you and I said, "Mother, I want this; Mother, won't you get me that; Mother, help me with the other!" that it takes some thinking to put the handle on the other side of the jug, and say, "Grandma wants this; get grandma that; help grandma with the other!" But where there is a grandma, ever so kind, ever so brisk, ever so merry, that is what, sooner or later, we should learn to say. "Old people are so exacting," says the young wife, pouting. Well so they are, and so are young people! Some one did your bidding and put up with your exactions when you were wee and cutting your teeth; therefore you should, in turn, put up with the exactions and needs of those who are old and losing theirs. "Sometimes nothing pleases old folks!" Well, didn't you squall, hours on hours, and neither father nor mother could appease you? "Grandma doesn't enter into our fun." Is that so? Well, how often did she stay home from dance or junket to rock you and cuddle you, long ago? Ah, young wife, be good to grandma, for every kind and considerate word and deed of yours will be a bright memory to you when she is laid away forever! I don't know who is just to blame for the tears and complaints of the grandma who came to see me. She has fallen into a despondent and despairing strain, which must be very trying for her children, if they are at all sensitive. But still I cannot help believing that they have left her too much alone, and are too much absorbed in their own affairs to consider how lonely she is becoming. And then, to look at it from the other side, as I told the dear old lady, perhaps it is not that the world is going ahead so fast, but that she herself is going very slowly. Sometimes I wish I were in her place, so care-free and quiet as it is! Think of the long half hours she sometimes sits in her arm-chair by the window or by the fire-place, sometimes knitting, sometimes thinking, sometimes, I fear me, looking back and regretting. What? The vigor of youth, the joy of living, the power of loving, doing, commanding? Ah, dear grandma turn the other way, away from the dim and misty back paths, and gaze upon the future! Only a short way, and behold Life, vigor, joy and freedom! I should think, dear old lady, that if you spent an hour this

way, you would come back to us with the very light of Paradise in your eyes and smiles; the very music of Heaven in your voice, the very loveliness of the Blessed all around you. And life would no more seem a burden, nor would you stoop to think you were in anyone's way, for all your children and grand-children would reverence you, as the children of Israel who knew by Moses' face that he had been with God.

* * *

SISTER AGNES has had another experience this week, my sisters, which has also given her thoughts about serious things. There is a beautiful little sister, not a mile away, young, accomplished and full of energy, and, suddenly, in the midst of her bright life, the Master has called for her. But she does not go out at once, no, she clings to her handsome young husband, to her home, to all down here below, and she says to Sister Agnes, with a flash of her fever-bright eyes, "I don't want to die." Perhaps, before the women whom I call my "paper sisters" read this, the snow will be softly shrouding her grave. Perhaps, as I pray every day she may, she will have gone willingly where she now shrinks and shudders. Perhaps, for with God all things are possible, she will be still with us for a time, but whether or no, I can tell you, sisters mine, that she has given me many a heartache and many a wet cheek since her sudden summons came. And I hear as I write her sharp tones of protest crying, "But I don't want to die!"

* * *

SINCE I talked to you last month, I have met several engaged couples, and I guess we might as well have a talk about them. There! I see little Missie at my side is looking interested. Ah, girls are all the same! Even grandma folds her hands, with her knitting in them, and smiles in an amused way. Well, now for the lovers, whom, according to the proverb, the whole world loves! One couple are not just settled down yet. He wants one thing, she another, and they are both obstinate and both unhappy. He has the best of it, for, like most men, he gets what he wants, but not just as he wants it! He likes society, company, dances, drives, all the things that draw people together; he is intensely sociable, human, bright. She prefers eternal evenings at home, with serious diversions, lectures and discussions and, between whiles, a good deal of love-making. He coaxes her to go with him; she frets because he does not stay with her—and so they are at present. Now, Missie, you must not say, "I think he is really selfish." Nor, little wife, must you firmly snip off your thread with that lovely gold-handled scissors and say, "I'd like to see John acting so," in that *knifey* way. Every John isn't like your John, and certainly you are not a mite like the serious young lady we are discussing. Mother there shakes her head very gently. She is thinking of her experience on the same lines long ago, and she knows all I am going to say. Well, grandma dear, have you something to tell us first? No? Then listen! When there are two opposing wills, both strong, *the strongest yields!* It would be hard for the lady to go about and be merry, when she preferred the quiet of her own fireside; it would be dangerous to love, to happiness and to temper for the gentleman to sit dutifully night after night at concerts, lectures, meetings or *tete-a-tetes*, merely to please his sweetheart's fancy. What is to be risked, what gives way? You, who are women, know that it will be either the woman's will or the engagement ring. One must go! With another kind of a John and Jennie it would be a compromise, but with these it must be all or nothing. Then, I have noticed another pair of *fiancés*. He is handsome, easy going, wealthy and careless. She is a perfect little tyrant. Well, just you wait! Before the honeymoon has been cut up into little stars, as Juliet wanted Romeo served, there will be a battle, floods of tears, loud voices and the crushing of a butterfly. For this kind of a John can be stern on provocation. Then, I have two more. Oh, they are such scamps! They are so filled up with happiness and good nature that they bubble over in all sorts of

pranks, and they make each other wonderful presents of candies and matchsafes, and blotters and kid gloves, and she sits on his knee and curls his moustache while he tells her of the wonders he is doing in the office, and what a lovely home is being made ready for them, in that little side street, where the houses rent low, and there is only a macadamized road. And her blue eyes twinkle and her cheeks flush and she claps her hands together, and kisses the tip of his nose, and the whole family laugh at these two lovely lovers! What is that, grandma? I should not make fun of them? Well, I gave you the chance to tell about them first, and you wouldn't! They don't care, bless you! Their tempers are so sweet, and their wills so single that they are in tune with the whole world. That's the secret of true happiness in the engaged state, and though it sometimes take time and pains and sacrifices to ensure it, if one is willing to give and take, one can ensure it. And it is better to have all that settled as early and as completely as possible before the cares and distractions of married life take up our time and energies. All of which is respectfully submitted to the engaged sisters and brothers by their affectionate

Sister Agnes

FROM A GRANDMA.

DEAR SISTER AGNES:—I read your "Talks With Women" in last month's paper and was so much pleased that you expressed the hope that a Grandma would write. It did not take me long to decide that even if no other Grandma wrote you a reply during this month, I should do so. No doubt we old people are too apt to think, sometimes, that we are slighted. But it does seem as if among all the writing that is done for "Woman's Column" and "Women's Department," and so on, there was too seldom a corner allotted to the aged. I would like to assure you and all writers if I could, that good things written to those who are going down the hill of life are much more apt to be taken to heart than if addressed only to those whose minds are full of the affairs of this busy world. Now, please do not make a mistake and say "Grandma is croaking," for I write in the most kindly spirit and would not for a moment deprive of any good thing the dear ones over whom I have watched and prayed for two generations. Bless their dear hearts, Grandma is always pleased to have her loved ones made happy. And I believe that in many a home where a Grandma sits "waiting for that wonderful change" much happiness would be shed, and would surely spread to other homes as well, if some who—perhaps thoughtlessly—pay little attention to the aged would cultivate the spirit that pervades that lovely second paragraph you wrote last month. So, dear "Sister Agnes," you have the thanks of one old woman. And I cannot help thinking that, though they may not tell you, many younger persons will be grateful to you for writing so of the Grandmas. Lovingly yours,
GRANDMA BROWN.
Toronto, Feb. 20th.

The law of the table is Beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three, or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

SAID a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?"—"Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

I envy not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage
The flint born within the cake
That never knew the summer woods.
I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;
Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never pledged troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.
I hold it true, what'er befall—
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

THE more wit one has the more originality one finds among men.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

HONEST good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

WOMEN are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

WHILE many women abuse the love that is lavished upon them, the average woman lives upon a kind look, a tender tone, and an occasional caress, and repays these with the devotion of a lifetime.

ENTHUSIASM is the glow of the soul; enthusiasm is the lever by which men are raised above the average level and enterprise, and become capable of goodness and benevolence which, but for it, would be quite impossible.

AIM at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; for those who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

HE who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

If anyone speak ill of thee, flee home to thine own conscience, and examine thine heart. If thou be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction. Make use of both. So shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and out an open enemy make a secret friend.

It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent idleness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it? The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls to those of fortune-hunters. Leave something for them also to do.

REGARDING Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has now reached the age of eighty-one years, and whose mind continues to fail slowly, a Hartford dispatch says that she is a frequent visitor at the house of her sister, Mrs. Jonathan Hooker, and of Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner. Her friends engage her in light conversation and entertain her with singing, of which latter she is very fond. Mrs. Hooker generally sings the older songs, familiar to Mrs. Stowe in her early days, and preferably old and familiar hymns. These she seems to enjoy more than anything else. In her selection of the hymns, however, Mrs. Stowe always chooses a stirring, lively movement. Anything of a slow, melancholy or sentimental order fails to interest her.

Youth's Department.

An Artist, a Puma and Some Bears.

TO many persons who do not happen to know better, an artist is a slim-legged, long-haired, melancholy person who always wears a velvet jacket, an enormous necktie with flying ends, and a wide slouch hat. Whether such fantastic fellows ever existed among the painters I do not know, but it is certain that the artist nowadays is, or appears to be, very much like other professional gentlemen, and rather enjoys being known as an expert in something besides his art.

Two artists were encamped one summer upon the shore of a lovely lake on the western slope of Long's Peak, called Grand Lake. The fishing there was capital—thousands of large trout, easily caught, thronged the cold clear waters; and in the intervals of their sketching these campers were accustomed to fish a great deal, and to save alive the larger part of what they caught in creels or cages made of slats of wood, anchored in the edge of the lake.

One night, as they lay in their tent near the shore, they heard animals of some kind prowling about and splashing in the water. But the wind was blowing pretty hard, making the pines rattle and groan, so that the suspicious sounds were not very distinct; and concluding their burros (donkeys) were poking about the camp, as they are very likely to do, the tired fellows turned over and went to sleep.

You may imagine their disgust next morning to find that two grizzly bears had wandered down from the canon, torn their fish-boxes to pieces, and let free all the trout their big paws and jaws were unable to capture. Bears are very fond of fish, so this foray was not surprising; but the trout were gone just the same.

One of these artists now lives in New York, and his pictures of wild beasts, such as the elk, panther, bears, and so on, have been praised very highly by the critics for their life-like vigor. This is not to be wondered at, since for many years he has been accustomed to wander about the remotest parts of Colorado, often quite alone and sometimes in midwinter, trusting to his rifle for both food and protection, in order to study these animals in their wild haunts, and make his pictures so lifelike and true, that we shall feel that we have been encamped among the snowy peaks and shady dells of their backgrounds.

On one occasion this young gentleman was camped, late in the autumn, away over on the western slope of the Rockies, in northern Colorado, with no settlement or even a wagon-road within many miles. He had two or three mules, on one of which he rode, while upon the others he had packed his bacon, flour, and "canned goods," his ammunition, and his roll of bedding.

Finding in a secluded valley, favorable for hunting, a small log cabin, put up, nobody knows when, by some wandering hunter or ore prospector, he decided to make it his home for two or three months. The cabin had no chimney, but there was a fireplace in the middle of the earthen floor, over which a hole in the roof let out the smoke; nor was there any window or door, but that didn't matter.

So he stowed in one corner his provisions and ammunition and sketching materials, put in another a bed of springy poles, hung a piece of gummy-sacking across the doorway to make the interior seem snug, and soon made himself at home and contented.

He rambled about, sketched and painted, hunted and fished for a month or more, and nothing happened to disturb either him or his little terrier Peggy. He killed a bear or two, shot two or three antelopes and mountain-sheep, and found the

deer so plentiful that he had killed and hung up in the quaking-asp trees near by no less than twenty carcasses to furnish him meat when the deep snows should prevent his going abroad to hunt.

One day my friend discovered that he had fired his last cartridge; but he was busy on a picture, and did not like to go to the distant railway station to get more until he had finished that subject. Now that very afternoon—it always happens so in stories, but here it came about in very truth—he was in his cabin cooking his early supper, when the growling of Peggy and a slight noise outside attracted his attention. The cabin was set into the side hill, like many another in those mountains, and the logs on that up-hill side of the house were poorly chinked, so that when Mr. Proctor looked in that direction he could plainly see the feet of a puma, or mountain-lion, slowly marching by, as though the beast were trying to find some place to look in.

Remember that there was no door better than a dangling curtain of old sacking, no window out of which he could climb if the puma insisted on sharing his fireside, not a single cartridge for his rifle, and a great hungry cat, nearly as big and ferocious as a Bengal tiger, was sneaking about just outside the logs.

"How did you feel?" I asked him.

"Feel! I was scared almost stiff."

"What did you do?" was my second question.

"I took the axe, and stood behind the curtain waiting for the brute to poke his nose in. I heard him creep around to the front, and come whining to the very doorsill. I thought Peggy would die of fright. But the puma refrained from crawling under the curtain, and presently slunk away. I suppose he smelled me, and was afraid to venture. He is a cautious, not to say cowardly, brute; and besides, he didn't know that my Winchester rifle was not loaded."

"Pleasant situation in which to spend the night," I remarked. "Did you sleep at all?"

"Oh yes. I built a bright fire, and knowing that it would keep him away, I slept as comfortably as usual."

"Did you see him again?"

"Yes; or at any rate, I *heard* him next day, and was worse scared than before, for he actually nosed at the curtain where I was waiting with my axe. And that night he frightened my poor mules so badly that they ran so far away it took me all the next day to catch them."

"Why in the world didn't you go and get some ammunition?" I inquired.

"Well, that would have cost me a two day's ride—one out to the railroad and one back; and I hated to spend the time before I had finished my picture, for the weather was liable to change. However, by searching through my goods, I at last found one single cartridge, and putting it into my rifle, I went outside as evening came on, and waited in hope of seeing the brute. I felt sure he was in some brush close to the cabin, but I couldn't see him, and didn't dare go and beat him out, with only one poor cartridge in my gun. At last I grabbed Peggy by the scruff of the neck, and flung her as far as I could into the shadows of the thicket as a bait to bring the puma out; but it was no use, and the way that unhappy dog cut for home the instant her feet touched the ground was laughable.

"Would have made a dog laugh," I suggested.

"Yes, another dog. Peggy couldn't see the joke. Well, next day I had to hunt up the mules and go to the railroad,

picture or no picture, for the lion was becoming a nuisance; but when I came back, he had disappeared after spoiling a couple of my deer carcasses."

It was on one of these lonely journeys—perhaps this very one—that my friend witnessed a curious bit of bear life, which interested me greatly.

He was leading his animals down a rough trail on one side of a narrow gulch, when he caught sight, on the opposite side of the canon, of a large black bear, accompanied by a small cub.

The distance was long, but, dropping on one knee and calculating the range as well as possible, he sent a rifle ball flying across the gulch. The old bear spun round as if she had stepped on a top, uttered a loud roar, and after a savage snap with her teeth at her side, where the ball seemed to have struck her, reared up on her hind legs; and gazed all around, showing that she was not seriously wounded, whereupon two more cubs appeared upon the scene.

Then, as if she had caught sight of the enemy, she dropped down on all fours, and hitting one of the cubs a cuff, started it up a big pine-tree. This exposed her excellently for a second shot, but the artist lowered his gun and waited to see what she meant to do.

The cub scrambled a little way up into the tree, and was followed by a second one, the mother growling at it, and shoving it along.

The third cub, however, objected decidedly to climbing that old pine, and the anxious mother, rearing up, put both paws against its little haunches and fairly *boosted* it, in spite of its unwillingness, as far as she could reach. Meanwhile the second one had come down, but "caught it" in consequence. Mother Bruin lifted her big paws, fairly spanked that foolish youngster till he howled lustily, and roughly boosted him as she had his brother, until all three were curled up in the crotches of the lower limbs.

Then, and not until then, when she had looked out as well as she could for the safety of her babies, and had evidently admonished them to keep quiet, did she seek safety for herself by hiding in the bushes. I hope she was not so severely wounded as to suffer a great deal before she recovered.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's Young People.*

AN AFRICAN LION.

The author of "Five Years' Hunting in Africa" says that the lion is never so much to be dreaded as when his partner has small young ones. Then he knows no fear, and in the coolest and most intrepid manner will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under the author's own observation.

One day when elephant-hunting in the "Baseleka" territory, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing toward us, with a dignified step and undaunted bearing. Lashing his tail from side to side and growling haughtily, he fixed his terrible eyes upon us, and displayed a store of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid natives.

A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result, and in the confusion of the moment four couples of my dogs were allowed to escape. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had put his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the background.

Facing about, he followed them with an independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs, which trotted along on either side of him.

As my natives had all deserted me, I considered it unwise to interfere with his departure, and, calling back the dogs, saw the last of this king of the forest without regret.

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

We all look on with anxious eyes,
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs,
When father carves the duck;
Then all of us prepare to rise,
And hold our bills before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork,
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk,
Until he's carved the duck;
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip,
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some pray on our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
The dining-room and pluck
From off the window sills and walls
Our share of father's duck.
While father growls and blows and jaws,
And says the knife was full of flaws,
And mother laughs at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

—Boston Gazette.

JUST IN TIME.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

"DOWN, Friday—down sir! That's enough for one spell, I'm sure. I can't be running about with you all day, you know; and if *you* don't want to rest, *I* do!"

The companion addressed as "Friday" by Arthur Woodville was a small, lean, wiry-looking dog—as black as its renowned Caribbean namesake, and bearing plain marks of recent ill-usage—which was leaping and barking around its young master on a sunny green slope beneath the shadow of a mighty cliff in the Central Pyrenees.

While on their way southward through France, Arthur and his uncle had halted at a small town not far to the north of Bordeaux, and the boy's attention had been attracted by the performance of a troupe of dancing dogs in the queer little old-fashioned market-place, and he took special notice of one poor half-starved beast, which, having evidently been just added to the band, was still rather slow and awkward with the tricks required of it, and received an incessant shower of merciless blows from its hard-hearted master.

Woodville's warm English heart rose against this cruelty, and he lost no time in redeeming the ill-used dog from bondage, at the cost of all his available pocket-money; for the knavish showman, as cunning as he was cruel, took care to make the best bargain he could out of the boy's generous impulse.

Having secured his new pet, the first thing our hero had to do, of course, was to give him a name; and as the day happened to be a Friday, Arthur was at once reminded of the famous captive whom his chosen hero had saved on that day from his tormentors, and named him "Friday" on the spot.

The dog and its new master soon became inseparable, and under the boy's kindly training it quickly picked up many accomplishments which blows and hunger had failed to instil into it. When they reached the Pyrenees, the day was hardly long enough for the constant rambles which they took together along the mountain-side, leaping torrents, scaling cliffs, dashing at full speed down the steep slopes, and making the grim old rocks echo with the laughter of the one and the barking of the other, while the sober French peasants watched their antics with mingled wonder and amusement.

Finding his master not inclined for more play, Friday did a little extra barking and frolicking on his own account, and then getting tired in his turn, lay down beside the boy in the cool shadow cast by the great rock overhead. But all at once

the dog gave a low growl, lifted its head, snuffed the air uneasily for a moment, and then sprang up and began to bark furiously, as if scenting the coming of a foe.

And sure enough a foe *was* coming, but a foe that would never be dangerous any more.

A sturdy peasant had just come out upon the slope through the mouth of a dark narrow glen that led downward from the higher mountains, carrying over his shoulders a long brownish-gray bundle, which, as he came nearer, was seen to be the carcass of a huge gaunt wolf. The monster's wide-open eyes still had a cruel and menacing glare, and the swaying of the head as it hung downward showed all the sharp yellow fangs that had worried many a helpless lamb and tender kid, ere a blow of brave Pierre Tarraut's trusty axe put an end to the four-footed brigand's misdeeds at once and forever.

This was a sight that did not come in Arthur Woodville's way every day, and the boy scrambled to his feet, and ran to look at the dead monster, which Pierre held proudly up for his inspection. But his excitement was nothing to that of the dog, which, evidently recognizing the slain wolf as its natural enemy, flew fiercely at the dangling body, jumped and snapped at it with might and main, and kept up a furious barking even after Tarraut and his burden were out of sight, till it was forced to cease from sheer lack of breath.

After this, dog and boy remained quite still for nearly a quarter of an hour, a thing very rare with both of them. But all at once Friday again began to show signs of excitement, and even of uneasiness. More than once it started, raised its head quickly, and bent forward as if listening intently to some distant sound; and at length it sprang to its feet and began racing up to its young master, and then darting away again, as if inviting him to follow it.

"Keep still, can't you?" yawned Arthur, who, what with the heat of the day, and with his own fatigue, had all but dozed off to sleep.

But so far from keeping still, the dog redoubled its efforts, venturing at last to pull its master's clothes with its teeth; and then, finding even this in vain, it suddenly snatched his cap off his head, and ran away with it.

Now the cap was a new and very jaunty French one which Arthur had bought only a few days before, and the threatened loss of it was more than the boy could stand. Up he jumped in a trice, and shouting angrily at the dog, darted after it as fast as his feet could carry him.

It was well for him that he did so, little as he knew it at the time. Hardly had he gone half-way along the slope when there came a dull, ominous rumble far overhead like the roll of heavy wheels; a harsh grating noise was heard, followed by a deafening crash; a whirl of dust filled the air like smoke from a discharge of cannon; and when the dust cleared away Arthur looked back and saw the spot on which he had just been lying buried many feet deep under a mighty mass of earth, gravel, and fallen rocks.

"*Voilà un chien de beaucoup d'esprit!*" (that's a dog with plenty of intellect), said the landlord of the little village inn at which our travellers were staying, when Arthur told his adventure that night. And every one else who heard the tale was quite of the same opinion.—*David Ker.*

NAMES OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

Indian boys have queer names. Until they are grown up into boyhood and can handle a bow and arrow they are called after their father. Little girls are named after their mother. An Indian girl will be, perhaps, "Short Face Papoose," "Crook Pipe Papoose," "Crow Woman Papoose," or "Piping Woman Papoose." A boy will be called for his father, "Little Young Bear," "Little White Skunk," "Little Red Calf," or "Little Hard Case."

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE.

SMALL boys and girls who are often reproved for their manners at table may be thankful that they were not born in Japan, where the etiquette of eating is far more complicated than in America. A writer in *Poole* gives some idea of the Japanese code of table manners.

"The usual dinner hours are four, six and seven. As soon as the guests are seated on the mats, two, and sometimes three, small, low, lacquered tables are brought to each. On the one immediately in front of him the guest finds seven little colored bowls, with next his left hand rice, next his right, fermented bean soup, the others containing fish, roast fowl, boiled meat, raw fish in vinegar, and a stew of vegetables. On the second table will be five other bowls, consisting of two soups (one of carp), more raw fish, fowl and kuraage—a kind of jelly fish. The third, a very small table, should hold three rows of baked shell-fish, lobster and fish soup. Except at great set feasts a beginning is made with the rice, and here the etiquette is very strict, and as complicated as the old forfeit game, "Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff." Take up the chopsticks with the right hand, remove the cover of the rice bowl with the same hand, transfer it to the left of the table. Then remove the cover of the bean soup, and place it on the rice cover.

"Next take up the rice-bowl with the right hand, pass it to the left, and eat two mouthfuls with the chopsticks, and then drink (the word drink must be used here) once from the soup-bowl. And so on with the other dishes, never omitting to eat some rice between the mouthfuls of meat, fish, vegetables, or soup. Rice wine goes around from the beginning of the meal. The most trivial breaches of etiquette are unpardonable sins, and they are gibbeted by certain names. One is drinking soup immediately on receiving a bowl of it without first depositing it on the table; another is hesitating whether to eat soup, drink soup, or eat something else; a third is after eating of one dish to begin on another without going back to the rice. For cakes the guest must be provided with pieces of paper. He should pick up the cake with the chopsticks, place it in a piece of paper, break it in two, and eat the right piece first.

"These minu. v are nothing to those of tea-drinking or *cha-no-yan*, which properly takes place at noon, and the ritual of which was fixed by a master of the art who flourished in the fifteenth century. One *sasho*, or master of the polite arts, goes so far as to lay down as the essential of a tea-party purity, peace, reverence, and detachment from all earthly cares. 'Without these,' said the sage, 'we can never hope to have a perfect tea party.'"

GOD HELPS THE BRAVE.

A great deal of useless sympathy is in this day expended upon those who start life without social or monetary help. Those are most to be congratulated who have at the beginning a rough tussle with circumstances. John Ruskin sets it down as one of his calamities that in early life he had "nothing to endure." A petted and dandled childhood makes a weak and insipid man. No brawn of character without compulsory exertion. The men who sit strongly in their social, financial and political elevations are those who did their own climbing. Misfortune is a rough nurse, but she raises giants.

Let our young people, instead of succumbing to the influences that would keep them back and down, take them as the parallel bars and dumbbells and weights of a gymnasium, by which they are to get muscle for the strife. Consent not to beg your way to fortune, but achieve it. God is always on the side of the man who does his best. God helps the man who tries to overcome difficulties.—*Talmage.*

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

MRS. WINDHAM and her eldest daughter descended the staircase of their beautiful home all ready to start for the party. The mother in her heavy velvet, rare yellow lace, and dignified stately bearing, looked like some old-time queen, and the flush upon her comely face made her seem almost too youthful to be the mother of the radiant princess at her side.

Madeline Windham was her mother over again only with the grace and slenderness of a maiden, instead of the matronly dignity of middle age. Her trailing cream-colored satin fell about her in artistic folds, and she smiled upon her mother with a feeling of satisfaction, well assured that she was without a flaw in her appearance.

"Where is Lucy?" asked the mother.

"Isn't she ready?" said Madeline. "I am afraid she has really decided to stay at home. She said she was not going, but I did not think she meant it."

"Not going? Why, what does it mean? What has put such a fancy into her head?"

Mrs. Windham went back upstairs and, going to her daughter's room, found Lucy sitting, quietly reading, while upon the bed lay spread out a beautiful party dress, exactly like her sister's.

"My daughter, what does this mean? Why are you not ready to go with us to-night?" said the mother.

Lucy looked up with an earnest, serious glance at her mother's face, and said:

"Mother, I have a feeling that I ought to stay at home."

"What nonsense! Why do you think so? What reason can you give for such a strange feeling?"

"I really cannot explain it—but all day long it has come to me, over and over again. I know that Jim will be here, and he gets so lonely when we are all gone—so I made up my mind to stay with him."

"But, Lucy, what will your father say?"

"Do you think he will care, mother, when I tell him that I want to stay with my brother, how can he object?"

"But you cannot always stay at home. Jim is young and awkward. You couldn't hire him to go to an evening party. And because he does not like to attend such places, must you humor him to remain at home and keep him company?"

"Dear mother, please say no more. I am really pleasing myself, and you must not blame Jim. Besides, if he knew it he would be the very one to urge me to go."

"Then, why not go? If James does not ask it let him enjoy himself in his own way, and you come with us. But I want you to please yourself, Lucy. I will never urge my children to go against their own best judgment."

"Oh, thank you, mother, dear. Now I shall be perfectly satisfied."

So her mother left the room and was soon on her way to the evening's entertainment, accompanied by her eldest daughter.

James Windham was a young fellow about eighteen years of age, that age when boys understand themselves so little, and are so little understood by others. Too shy and bashful to enjoy society, he thought it the nicest thing in the world to spend the evening with some gay young fellows a little older than himself, and to have a rendezvous with them in some office, or drug-store, where silly jokes and vapid stories whiled away the hours.

He was intelligent, and a well-read youth, and his sisters were devoted to him in the usual, good-natured, careless fashion of most families, who would do anything for a brother or sister in trouble, but are rather indifferent in everyday affairs.

Lucy had noticed that there were two or three young men, acquaintances of the family, who called for James every

evening, and with whom he had for several weeks past spent his evenings away from home, not returning until nearly midnight.

If his sisters were at home, she observed that he always excused himself, and remained with them, so she could not help feeling that they were somewhat to blame for not inquiring into his affairs and providing home amusements that would keep him always with them. Somehow the thoughtful sister felt uneasy—although she could give no really good reasons for her feeling so. She knew her brother had good principles, but she also knew how the best of boys are often strangely weak.

All day Lucy had thought that, probably, as soon as his mother and sisters left him, James would go out with these fascinating friends and she was so troubled that at last she decided to remain at home.

James did not know of this decision. He was in his own room preparing to go out, and feeling rather lonely and dull. On his way down to the door he passed by the sitting-room, and there sat Lucy with a book in her hand, looking as dainty and pretty as possible.

"What is the matter, Lucy? Are you not well?" said he, as, with some surprise, he entered the room.

"You silly boy! Of course I am well. I am staying at home to keep company with the dearest young man I know!"

"Lucy, you dear girl. But I am afraid you are depriving yourself of a great deal of pleasure. Besides, I am just starting out to meet some fellows down town."

"Well, but, Jim, you won't leave a young lady who has just said she thought you the nicest boy in town. I am sure I would enjoy being with you more than to be whirling around at the ball."

"Why, of course I'll stay. Let the boys think what they please. I will stay and have some music."

The brother and sister played together, upon violin and piano, and, when younger, had been quite noted among their friends for the lovely duets they rendered. So it was with quite a feeling of old times come again that they betook themselves to their music. Part of the evening was thus passed, much to the satisfaction of each. Then Lucy brought out a book she had been reading, and another hour went pleasantly by, after which music and cheerful conversation filled up the hour, and time sped rapidly by, until bedtime came, and they separated with a feeling of pleasure, more delightful than any they had known for a long time. And long before the mother and elder sister returned, they were locked in sweet forgetfulness.

* * * * *

Years passed away in sunshine and shade. James Windham grew up, and became a good, staunch, noble man, a comfort to his family, and a source of pride to his friends.

Madeline and Lucy, as time went by, were chosen by devoted lovers, and went away each to brighten another home.

And James, also, selected a gentle maiden, and installed her as the priestess of a modest domestic shrine, and was a happy husband.

Once when they all met together, at the old home, and were talking of old times and planning for the future, James suddenly turned to his sister, and said:

"Lucy, do you remember the night you stayed at home from Grayling's great ball to keep me company?"

"Why, yes, James, I do, although that was so long ago that I supposed you had forgotten it."

"No, sister, I have not forgotten it, and I have often thought that by that one time staying at home with me you saved me from destruction."

"How can that be brother?"

"Lucy, you did not know it, but just at that time I was beginning to be intimate with a number of young men who have since turned out very badly. They were the sons of our neighbors, and I did not see any fault in them, but now I can

look back and see just where we were drifting. On the very night that you spent with me they formed a club, that I most certainly should have joined had I not been entertained at home. After you left me on that pleasant evening I went to my room and reflected upon the talk and sports we had been having, and they all seemed common and slow. If I had gone with them that night, I might have never drawn back, but just that sweet evening with my sister gave me time to think, and made me resolve to keep close to her afterward."

Was not Lucy a happy woman when she heard those words of appreciation, and felt the consciousness of having aided her brother to conquer temptation?

PRECIOUS GIRLS.

GIRLS without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided; girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and, when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant, and their charge so light to those whose care they are.

A QUICK TRIP.

FIVE-year-old Nell was "playing cars" with some of the chairs in the nursery, when a visitor came in, and selected one of the cars belonging to the imaginary "train," and drew it out of the line.

Nell was disturbed. She surveyed the friend of the family for a moment in silence, and then said: "Did you know, Miss Reed, this is a train of steam cars?"

"Ah, is it, indeed?" inquired the obtuse visitor. "Very well, I should like to take a ride."

This reply seemed not to be wholly satisfactory. The other chairs in the room were comfortable for visitors, Nell knew, but they didn't match her "train." Presently she stood beside the caller again, with her little hands folded before her.

"Miss Reed," she asked, hesitatingly, "where did you want to get off?"

"Oh, at New York," said the lady, with a smile.

"Well," said Nell in her sweetest tone, "this is New York where I'm stopping now."

And fortunately that delicate hint was acted upon, much to Nell's satisfaction.

A DOGS' GESTURES.

MIKE, although very ignorant, went out among the farmers to canvass for a book entitled "Language of the Lower Animals." In the chapter on dogs is the statement: "For a dog to turn on his back is well understood among dogs as a gesture of surrender. If two strange dogs meet on the street, and one shows fight, if the other turns on his back he will not, as a rule, be molested."

Mike depended upon this idea to sell the book. When near Farmer Hayne's gate, Mike suddenly stopped, dropping his book and turning pale. A big dog, with shaggy head and glaring eyes, stood showing his teeth. Flight was useless. A low savage growl came from the dog, and Mike, falling to the ground and turning on his back, said, gently,

"Yez knows the sign o' surrender, sor!"

The dog was called away by Farmer Hayne, but Mike still thinks he was saved by the idea in his book.

THE DEBUTANTE.

WE here present our girls with a picture entitled "The Debutante." That word is from the French, and means a person who makes his or her first appearance before the public. It is pronounced in French as if spelled *da-bou-tong*. Among English speaking people, however, it is usually pronounced as if the last syllable were spelled "taunt." This pretty picture shows a young lady just "coming out" into society. The graceful pose of the figure and the tasteful arrangement of dress will no doubt be copied by some of our girls when they make their *debut*, as each is no doubt expecting to do in the not far distant future. The little poem which



follows describes the prospect which may lie before many of our girl readers and expresses the writer's heartfelt wish for her young lady friends who may be about to take that delightful step which constitutes what is termed "coming out:"

Just on the border land she waits —
Her hand upon the flowery gates —
And there, mid rosy, scented air,
Ere float visions bright beyond compare,
Sweet maid, may every dream come true,
May love and joy crown life for you —
May sorrow, with her fingers gaunt,
Ne'er touch your heart—sweet debutante!

—LADY NELLOR.

WILLING TO HELP.

Mr. Burling and his little boy were taking a walk in the woods one day in October and began looking for chestnuts.

The boy found only a few, but presently observed with bulging eyes that his father had gathered a big double handful. A thought struck him.

"I say, papa," he said, "wouldn't you like to carry your chestnuts in my pocket?"

Our Boys and Girls.

THE BOYS' HOME.

LAST month I showed you the Home where the little girls live who are cared for by the kind and charitable people of Toronto. This month I should like to tell you something about the Home of the boys who are left without fathers or mothers who can or will care for them. This handsome



THE BOYS' HOME.

Home is on George street, and I can assure you it is a busy and happy place for those little men. When they are not in school, or playing such games as boys love best, they spend their time in learning various useful trades and occupations. They have made a very pretty rag carpet for their board-room, and can darn, cut hair, make beds, scrub, cook, and do various

odd jobs. One of the features of this Home is their excellent fife and drum band, a picture of which I am glad to be able to give you, through the kindness of Mr. Harry English, one of Toronto's leading amateur photographers. You will notice there are just eleven boys in this group, the same number as were the little girls in the last month's number. But instead of dollies for pets the boys have one grand pet, a handsome dog, which they call "Shot." Isn't he a beauty? Shot knows every boy and loves them all, but he seems especially proud of the fifers and drummers, and I am sure you will say he has good reason. The names of the band are Albert Hallett, Elgie Brough, Walter Scott, drummers; and Charley Hallett, Mather, Prax, Robertson, McFarlane, Lyons, Staple and Sutherland, fifers. There are ninety-six boys in the Home this month, and many are out learning to be farmers, and in various other ways to earn their own living. They save up their money and the treasurer of the Home takes care of it for them, and puts it out at interest. Some of the boys have quite a tidy little bank account. The smallest of them is called Bobby Adams, and he is only three years old; the oldest

is named Brough, and he is learning to be a baker at Lloyd's, but he comes home every night to sleep. You would be surprised to see how neat and clever they are about their house-work and how nicely they can knit and darn. You know, boys, that such knowledge is very useful, when a boy or young man is away from home, where mother and sister cannot sew on his buttons nor darn his socks. Polly knows all about it, bless you, for she has ever so many brothers of her own. I am told that a commissioner is arranging an exhibit of the work done by our girls and boys in the Toronto Homes to send to the World's Fair, next summer, in Chicago. Perhaps some little chaps who read this article will see the work, and say: "Oh, Polly told us about those fellows, and we know all about their home in Toronto." There is another very large Home which I want to tell you about next month. It takes in both girls and boys, and I always think the name it has is so sad, and yet so nice. It is called the Orphan's Home. But I must leave it over until next time.

* * *

A TRIP TO AN ENCHANTED LAND.

SAY, little people, do you ever play "pretend?" You know we can't *always* have all sorts of things we want, and, sometimes, when we want them very badly, the children and I play we have them, and we do have lots of fun, just pretending. I was thinking of you all, last night, after I came home from church, and I thought it would be a good plan for us to pretend about something I want very much indeed, though I don't ever expect to get it in any way except by pretending. I want to have you all take tea with me! But where is the parlor big enough, or the table wide and long enough to hold the hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who read this magazine? Oh, that's easy to find! It's just across the border into Make-believe Land, in Pretend street, and an old lady named Imagination, as old as the hills, but as beautiful as any young girl, with her sparkling eyes and radiant face, keeps the key of the House Beautiful,



FIFE AND DRUM BAND.

where we go to tea! Just you all shut your eyes and come with me. The House Beautiful has broad white marble steps and tall pillars to hold up the porch at the top and in every

wide window there are boxes of growing flowers, roses all in bloom, mignonette shyly whispering a sweet-scented welcome; friendly little pansies laughing up in our faces. Every kind of flower grows all the year round in Make-believe Land, and the more you pick them, the faster they bloom. There are white kittens with blue ribbons round their furry little fat necks, and black kittens with red collars, and a little tinkling gold bell on each collar; and there is a parrot which says, "Hello! Come in, good people," when he hears the door-bell ring; and there are marbles and skip-ropes and games, and a lovely music-box that plays all the songs we know. These are in the big, big hall, when old Lady Imagination opens the door to us, and we come trooping in, laughing and exclaiming and nudging each other as we see so much fun in store for us. By and by, when we have stroked the kitties and listened to their little purring songs, and when you have watched the gold fish in their glass tank full of water, and have played and played till you're just tired out, you will hear a little silver bell go "*chime, chime!*" and the old parrot will ruffle his feathers and roll up his eyes, and climb up to his gold swing, and call out so comically, "Run, run, supper's ready, supper's ready." Did you ever see such a long tea-table? Look this way and that way but you can't see the end of it! And every little chair is marked with the name of some one of you. What fun you have finding your own seat, but no trouble. There's never any trouble in Make-believe Land. Everything always goes right, there! Then, when we are all seated, the old Lady with the bright eyes, who keeps the key of the door, says, very gently, "We thank God for this good supper," and every little boy and girl says "Amen," which means, "Yes, we do." What do you like, the very best, to eat? Bread and jam, angel cake, hot tea-biscuit and honey? Well, you shall have it! Everyone has just what they want in Make-believe Land, and nothing ever disagrees with anyone. That is the beauty of this kind of a tea party! After tea, there are just hundreds of soft cushions put all around the hall, and we all nestle down on them, while the old Lady tells us stories. Oh, such stories! The boys and girls scarcely breathe for fear they will miss a word, they are so interesting, these stories told by old Lady Imagination. Fairies and angels and travels and princesses and gnomes and imps! She knows all about every one of them! And when she picks up her pretty silk skirts and trots over to the door with her key and unlocks it, and says, "Now boys and girls, good-night, come again," we throw her kisses and smile back at her, and thank her, as we scamper down the broad steps and along Pretend street out of Make-believe Land. Say, girls and boys, will you come there some other day with me?

POLLY.

A BOY'S ESSAY. — NO. II.

Every cow is only a grown up calf but every grown up calf isn't a cow at least sum folks don't think they is. I no this cause when my cousin Joe cum home after he run away and that unkel and ma coudn't live thout him unkel Jake said to ant Betsy, say Betsy lets kill the fattid profligal cause the calfs returned. Joe wont run away any more I guess. The cow is a useful animal. The cow gives milk, least she isn't much of a cow if she doesn't. It is sweet milk what the cow gives. Buttermilk comes out of the churn. I say this cause a few of your city folks don't know but what theres a kind of a cow thats a buttermilk cow. Why one little party faced gurl from the city that we got butter out of buttercups what grows in the meadows. I say the cow gives milk cause thats what we all say but I tell you she only gives milk when you take it from her. Theres a good few things easier than to get a cow to give milk when she doesn't want to. One of them is to coax her to kick the pail over after the milk is in it. Mebbe this is cause the milk it not in a handy place. If I ever build a cow I'll put the milk holder

some place where it'll be easier to get at than where our cows keeps theirs.

Our hired gurl said the other day when she was pretendin to scold herself for going off to the city wonst, "I wasn't satisfied on the farm when I had a dozen cows to milk." I thot she must be hard to satisfy. Milking half a dozen wood satisfy me. I'm not a bit greedy when it comes to milking cows. Cows is of several kinds. Sum cows is brindle and sum isn't. Sum is black and white and sum is spottid. Sum cows is as big as some mules but no cow is as big as a elephant. I don't mean by this that no cow is bigger than sum cows what I mean is that a elephant is bigger than no cow, I mean any cow. Sum cows is muleys and muleys have no horns. But you can't always tell a muley, cause sum folks cuts the horns off. I heard my pa say Mr. Mowat sent a comishun around to see about cutting horns and the comishun said people cood cut the horns if they'd rather have muleys than other cows. Muleys cant hook but they can kick the pail over just the same as other cows. Sum cows has lots printed about them in the papers. Sum cows will be picked out to go to the World's Fair at Chicago but I don't think they'll find any cow to beat Missis O'Leary's cow that I red was in Chicago long ago, before the big fire that my pa says happened before I was born and was more talked about than the fair will be. Perhaps they will have sum that will be better for making cow butter but there won't be so much printed about them. A feller wonst rete a pome about this great cow. This is what he rote in his pome,

"Missis O'Leary went out for to milk,
And, as she was making her jaw go,
The cow gave a kick, at the lantern, quite quick,
And started the great fire of Chicago."

Now, Missis O'Leary had long since been forgot,
Like others that spoke the same brogite, o',
Had she not made a row, with that noted cow,
Which brought fame to both her and Chicago."

Next time I'll send an essay about some other animal. It'll be a good one.

P.S. I mean the essay will be a good one not the animal cause I don't no yet which animal it'll be and some animals isn't very good.

FRED. BROWNS.

West Gwylimberly, February 18th.

THE ENVIOUS BROTHERS.

AN INTERESTING TALE, FOLLOWED BY A MORAL FOR ALL
KINGS WHO HAVE UGLY TWIN BROTHERS.

Original Story by a Very Youthful Author.

THERE was once a king whose name was Annis. He had three sons; the first was a mean, good-for-nothing fellow and very ugly; the second was like his brother, but the third was very fair, kind and clever and was his father's favorite. After a while the king who was very old, grew quite ill. He called his sons to him and told them that he should die very soon. He did not know who should be his successor as his two elder sons were twins, and the youngest was so good. He said, "I shall have you each try some plan for deciding who shall be king." After a while he called his sons to him once more and asked them what they had thought of. The two eldest sons had not thought of anything, but the youngest said he thought that they should each shoot an arrow their farthest, and whoever shot farthest should have the throne. Now, he had thought of something by which one of the elder brothers would be likely to get the throne, because they were both very fond of hunting, while he was not, so they had more practise in shooting than he had. So, accordingly, they all set out for a clear spot; first, the elder brothers, and then the younger took his turn. They could not find the younger brother's arrow anywhere, so it was decided that one of the elder brothers should have the throne. They went home but some men stayed to hunt

for the lost arrow and, while they did so, the one who was to get the throne teased the younger brother very much till suddenly an officer ran up breathlessly and said that he had found the arrow away ahead of the others, and that the youngest should be king. The elder brother was very much disappointed at not having fooled his brother, but he only said, "You always think yourself so smart!"

When they got home the king put the crown on the younger brother's head amid shouts of pleasure. Suddenly a figure appeared clad all in white and walked right up to the new king and held out her hand. The old king immediately stepped forward, exclaiming "my niece," and she answered "yes." After Elias, which was the younger brother's name, was made king, they went to the palace and finished the day with various pleasures. The niece stayed for a long time with her uncle, and in the course of her stay was married to the new king. After a while the old king died and the twins went away for a holiday, so they said. But they only went away for a few days and then came back saying they were tired of going away. One day the king's wife heard an interview between her two envious brothers-in-law. They talked as follows: "We can easily kill them in the night while they are in their bed and throw their bodies into the ditch around the palace." She flew to her husband and told him of what she had learned, and he said, "I shall have an image made, or at least two, and have them put in the bed." He accordingly had them made and covered up, and that night he and his wife slept in a chamber at the other end of the house, and when they got up in the morning the brothers were gone, and on examining the ditch they found the clay bodies. Not long after a man came with an organ and two men with him all dressed up in rags and tatters, but when the king saw them pass by he recognized his twin brothers. He ran out and asked them to come in and get warm and they gladly went, little knowing that it was their brother. When they got in the king asked them why they had tried to murder him. But instead of answering him they tried to run away, and then came back asking to be forgiven. So the king forgave them but they were put in prison for attempted murder for a certain length of time, then went to the palace and lived happily for the rest of their days. The moral is: "Forgive as you would be forgiven."

GERTRUDE.

FROM SOME OF OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEAR POLLY:—I am going to try to answer you as best I can. I am glad to say I spent a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am going to school and I am studying geography. I have three little sisters, one of them going to school with me, but I have no brothers and I don't think I want any. I have no pet animals or birds. I would like to describe myself but I can't tell you much about myself that would be worth knowing. If you will excuse my bad writing I will try to write better, and a longer letter next time.

BERTHA M. DAVIS.

CONROCK, Feb'y 2nd., 1893.

DEAR BERTHA:—I have to thank you for the first letter to reach me from among the girls. Am glad you have gone on so far with your studies. It is fine to learn the geography of our own and other countries. I hope you are fond of animals and birds, though you have none. Also that you are kind and pleasant to other little girls' brothers. You know, dear, boys are often far more rude than they might otherwise be because girls are saucy and pert towards them. I trust you are so kind that some little fellows sometimes say to themselves: "My, I wish she was my sister, or, at least, my cousin." Perhaps you are. And perhaps that is why you don't feel the need of having any brothers of your very own. Kindness makes many friends.

POLLY.

I write to tell you that OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is just the kind of a paper the boys and girls of this city, and all over, want. Also that I think we young people have been neglected in not having such a paper before. I, for one, will do all I can to help you along. I am eleven years old and sing soprano in McCaul St. Methodist Church. I hope we shall hear from many of the boys and girls in the March issue.

WILLIE LEADER.

Toronto.

DEAR POLLY:—I thought I would write a letter to you. I am a little girl eight years old and I go to school. I think you are very kind to the little children. I hope when I go to Toronto I will see the Girls' Home. I used to be afraid to go on the train but I like going out in boats. I have no brothers or sisters and I wish I had. I hope I will see my letter printed in the Youth's Department.

Goderich, Feb. 14th. 1893.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS.

DEAR CLARE:—Your sweet little letter was very welcome to me. I am glad you are interested in the Girls' Home and intend visiting it. When you come tell the Matron you are one of "Polly's" girls. I do not wonder you like going out in boats on the grand lake which is so near the pretty town you live in. May I come to see you if I take a holiday and go to Goderich next summer?

POLLY.

FRIEND POLLY:—I am pleased to tell you that in reading your letter about your little girls at the Home I became very much interested. Mamma has often told me about poor little children that have no kind parents to take care of them and love them. I always feel so sorry for them. I'm so glad that there is such a lovely Home for those dear little girls. I think their pictures are so cute, and what kind faces the nurses have. They must have fine times with their toys. I would like to eat on them and hear their pretty songs. I am nine years old and go to school, read in the Second Reader and study geography and ephors. The teacher thinks I will be promoted at Easter. I'm trying my best. I have no little brother or sister. Sometimes I feel lonely. Mamma plays with me when she has time, and I take music lessons. I have seven little children of my own. I mean dollies. I have them for my pupils sometimes. I have a dear little bird. At Christmas time we had a fine entertainment and also a Christmas tree in the church. The Sabbath-school scholars received presents and we had a pleasant evening. Sleigh-riding down hill I have great fun. I will be glad to get your answer to my letter in your next number and then I will know about those nice games and how to make the toys you mentioned. Good-night, dear new friend.

BERTHA ROBERTSON.

Windham Centre, Ont., Feb. 19th.

DEAR LITTLE BERTHA:—What a splendid letter you have written me. I hope next month to tell you about lots of games and amusements. Also hope that you will write soon again for your letter was really entertaining. Give my love to the dear mother and all the dollies. Your friend,

POLLY.

DEAR POLLY:—I am a little girl twelve years old. Nearly every one thinks me younger than I am because I am so small. I live in the country and have quite a long way to go to school. When the snow is deep, as it is this winter, father hitches up our horses, Bob and Farmer, to the big sleigh and takes me and my sister and brother to school. He takes the big sleigh so he can take up any other children on the way for our father is good to all children. It is great fun when Farmer is frisky and jumps and plays in the deep snow. In summer I often go out and ride old Bob in from the fields. And do you know he is so gentle and his fat old back is so wide that I can stand up and let him walk when I have a long rein to hold by. We had fine times reading about the "First Day at School," and the Girls' Home you told us of. Didn't my little sister laugh about those babies on the table—the one holding the cradle and the little colored one most of all. We will likely come some day to the city and see that place but we'll not stay to live in the city. We love the country ever so much better. We think this new paper OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is just splendid. We studied three new nights to make out that charade. We think the answer is Crab-tree. Is that it? I think I will quit now. This is the longest letter I ever wrote. I think I will say like Frank Larmour said last month, "yours for good times."

AMY.

DEAR AMY:—Your bright little letter comes to me like a whiff of the fresh winds which I know are blowing over the fields around your country home. It pleases me to know you are so much in love with life on the farm. You are well off, my dear, with such a good father. Do you know that many fathers in the city have to be away from their little folks nearly all the time and their children cannot have such times with father as you have with yours. Your answer to the charade is right.

POLLY.

NOT A MATTER FOR PITY.

"SEE that poor man on the sidewalk there? Well, the results of all his work for two weeks have been destroyed by fire."

"Too bad."

"Not a bit. He is a kindling splitter."

THANKFUL FOR HOPE.

Dah's lots of holiday in me—
At least I hope dar is,
Although de times could hab'dly be
Much wuss fur me an' Liz.

I neber was so pow'ful pore,
But I'll be thankful yit,
In pah't fur what I've had, but more
Fur what I hope ter git.

THE MOST USEFUL RIVER.

THE Nile is the most wonderful river in the world. It has enriched Egypt by turning an arid wilderness into the richest land in the world. It has provided at the same time a commercial highway, and made easy the transportation of building materials. The ancient Egyptians were thus enabled to utilize the granite of Assuan for the splendid structures of hundred-gated Thebes and of Memphis, and even for those of Tanis, on the Mediterranean coast. At a time when the people of the British Isles were clad in the skins of wild beasts, and offered human sacrifices upon the stone altars of the Druids, Egypt was the centre of a rich and refined civilization. Most of this development of Egypt was due to the Nile, which not only watered and fertilized the soil annually, but was and is one of the greatest and best natural highways in the world. From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace; while, on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind, except when it blows a gale. That is why ancient Egypt did not need steam-power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile, nor for the barges carrying building material for hundreds of miles.

KISSING STORY.

THE oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindu herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand, and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrank back, declaring she was afraid he might kiss her by force there in the dark. The man explained that by reason of his burdens he could not possibly do so.

"Yes," said the woman, "but what is to hinder you from sticking the cane in the ground, and tying the goat to it, and then laying the goose on the ground, and covering it with the kettle? And then how could I help myself if you wickedly persisted in kissing me?"

"Many thanks," said the man, "I never should have thought of all that. You are an ingenious woman. May your ingenuity always succeed."

So they went on until they reached the darkest part of the ravine. Then he stuck the cane in the ground, and tied the goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her great resistance.

TURN ABOUT.

"Every time you spill anything on the table-cloth you must give me a cent," said Frank's mother.

"And do I get a cent every time I don't spill?" asked Frank, anxiously.

LOOKED TO THE FUTURE.

MOTHER: to her child, who has just had some sweets given her by the man opposite—What do you say to the gentleman, Mabel?

Mabel: Have you any more, please?

Youth's Question Corner.

BESSIE.—It is very improper for a girl of fifteen to write to a young man, unless the young man is her brother.

JESSIE.—"The Land of the Leal," is a beautiful old Scottish song. It means the land of the good, or, the blessed. It was written by Lady Nairn.

LILY.—It is not at all a desirable practice for young girls to give their photos to young men. Use great care in such things, my dear, or you may have cause to regret your too generous acts.

BERT.—I am unable to give the name of the boy in a Toronto school who jumped up and asked Lord Stanley to use his influence to have the Christmas holidays extended, but it is said one was bold enough to do so. Will someone name the boy and tell which school he goes to?

SUSAN.—I like the way you use the plain old name which has been bestowed on so many who have become good and eminent women. When going into the room where the wedding refreshments are served, it is usual for the bridegroom and bride to lead the way. I wish your sister much joy. (2) Yes, you did quite right.

J.W.F.—Sometimes persons quote from the church catechism or some religious book and think they are repeating Scripture. The expression, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is very beautiful and comforting, but you may look in vain for it in the Bible. Perhaps some of our bright young scholars can give the name of the author of it.

M.E.—I am glad you were pleased with the pictures and the account of the Girls' Home. You might find it easier than you seem to think to get other girls to assist you and Mary to get up a fund to give those little ones a picnic or something of that kind when warm weather comes. As you say, it would be very jolly to give the "toys" an outing from funds sent in by "our boys and girls." You should have seen the faces of some of the little ones when they saw the pictures in the magazine last month.

BOB.—Oh yes, boys are as free to write to our QUESTION CORNER as the girls. As POLLY wrote last month the girls should be given the precedence by all boys who want to be little gentlemen. But the boys also have their place, and a very important place it is in our eyes. Achilles was a hero of ancient Greece. The old legends concerning him say he could not be injured except in his right heel. He was, however, killed by Paris in the war with the Trojans or people of old Troy.

GRACE.—You need not have signed yourself so, for many older persons could not tell the meaning of the word, nor what it was derived from. "Kindergarten" is made up of two German words: "Kinder" and "garten." "Kinder" is the German word for children, and "garten" means garden. So, a "Kindergarten" is a *children's garden*. Is not that a pleasing name? It is used to describe a school for young children in which play or active exercise is combined with study and in which much of the teaching is from blocks and other objects. You write quite fairly for one of your age.

LITTLE SCHOLAR.—You are young to notice such things. Go on as you have begun but don't become vain, or, as the boys say, "stuck up" if you have been blessed with quick discernment in that way. Do not make game of anyone who may be less quick than you. (2) The word "nice" is, perhaps, used in a wrong way more frequently than any other. Nice implies a union of delicacy and exactness. Yet we almost constantly hear of a "nice day," when the weather is fair or pleasant. If a person is an agreeable companion, even though as homely as may be, he or she is said to be "nice." Pumpkins, turnips, crooked squashes, &c., and even black turtles, are said to be "nice" for food when it is intended to be said of such that they are wholesome. I shall be glad to help you when I can.

ASTOR.

USEFUL BOOKS.

If a scholar has little money for books, he should expend it mostly for works of reference, and so get a daily return for his outgo. So seems to have thought a young man of whom an exchange tells a story.

The agent for the new encyclopedia upon the aforesaid young man, and began to set forth the great merits of the work.

"No," said the young man, "I don't need it. I have an encyclopedia already."

"Which one is it?" inquired the canvasser.

The young man could not remember. Neither could he tell who published it; but it was a fine work, in many large volumes.

"Do you ever use them?" asked the agent.

"Certainly—almost every day."

"In what line?"

"Oh, I press my trousers with them. They are splendid for that."

FROM THE BOY'S STANDPOINT.—A boy of seven protested earnestly after his vacation against being sent back to school. "What?" said his father, "don't you want to go to school?" "Yes, but not to that school." "And why not to that one?" "Because there they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about!"

A DOG THAT CARRIES LETTERS.

A little postoffice near Witmer's enjoys the distinction of being the only office wherein a dog officiates as assistant postmaster. Postmaster Musselman's canine assistant is a little St. Charles spaniel called Beauty, upon whom has devolved for five years the task of bringing from Witmer's Station, a half mile distant, the bundle of morning papers from Philadelphia. Two bundles, a large and a small one, are thrown off at the station. Every morning Beauty trots over the fields to the station and awaits the arrival of the train. When the bundles are thrown off Beauty seizes the smaller one and trots directly home.

She never makes a mistake, always taking the small bundle; neither does she loiter by the roadside, but covers the distance at a speed that would almost do credit to Nancy Hanks herself. Beauty has been assistant postmaster almost since her birth and could hardly be replaced. *Philadelphia Record.*

IN AN ELEPHANT'S STOMACH.

A very large elephant, named Zipp, died lately at Baraboo, Wisconsin, from the effects of swallowing a chain weighing ninety pounds. Speaking of this incident, Dr. Hume, of Denver, Colorado, was led to tell the following:

Just prior to the demise of P. T. Barnum I was in Connecticut and called upon the great showman at Bridgeport, who invited me to see the circus animals in winter quarters. On arriving at the great caravansary where the wonders that tour the country year after year are stored, the owner was informed that Beta, the prize trick elephant, was ailing. All the symptoms of the poor beast pointed to the fact that she was suffering from acute gastralgia and means had been tried to relieve her without avail.

"It was finally discovered that Beta had by some means wrenched off an iron bar from her stall, and as it could not be found it was surmised that she had swallowed it. This accounted for the gastric irritation of the valuable pachyderm.

Mr. Barnum saw that poor Beta must soon succumb to the inflammation caused by such a large foreign body and with ready wit resolved on a unique plan to remove it. Attached to his large winter hotel was a small colored boy who went by the name of Nigger Joe. He was but little larger than a full-grown possum, and Mr. Barnum sent for him and explained that he must take a rubber tube in his mouth to breathe through, and, with a rope round his waist, go down into the elephant's stomach and bring out that bar of iron.

Joe rolled his eyes and demurred, but he knew his employer too well to refuse. Being anointed with a pound of vaseline, and Beta being safely gagged, Joe was gently pushed down the giant oesophagus head first, a smooth stick well oiled landing him at the bottom. According to instructions the boy soon gave three tugs at the rope to be pulled out again, and, sure enough, tightly clasped in Joe's hands was the offending and indigestible iron bar. It is needless to say that Beta's life was saved and that Joe was handsomely rewarded for his cure of the valuable elephant's indigestion.

NOT THE SAME.

AUNTIE. "Did you ever read 'The Ugly Duckling'?"
CARO. "No'm; but I've eaten 'em."

HIS REFLECTION.

"MAMMA," said Jamie, mysteriously, "did I ever have a little brother that fell into the well?"

"No," said his mamma. "Why?"

"Why, I looked into the well this morning, and there was a little fellow down there looked just like me."

ROMANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes: A very extraordinary case has been heard and decided in the Palace of Justice at Vienna, which reminds one of Pope's "January and May," only that the parties in this case did not bring their differences into a court of law. Along the corridors of the Palace of Justice a blind man was gently led by two attendants, beyond whom a charming young lady, beautiful beyond compare, followed, leaning upon the arm of her lawyer. Suddenly she uttered a gentle scream, fainted, and fell into the arms of her advocate. All this took place in the corridor. A few minutes before the case had been decided and judgment pronounced dissolving the marriage of the young beauty with the blind man, whom she had married two years before.

The details of the case are extremely interesting and contain more than one moral. Herr A., who is stone blind, inserted an advertisement in the journals setting forth his age, infirmity, occupation and resources, and expressing his desire to find a suitable partner for life. Among the numerous candidates who were "willing," Herr A. selected Miss O., an uncommonly handsome young lady, who was twenty years his junior. During the honeymoon the delighted bridegroom was sorely afflicted to learn from his better half that she had married him for his money and a few days later she disappeared from the house, taking with her 7500 florins. According to Austrian law, theft on the part of a husband or wife is punishable only if the aggrieved party prosecutes, and Herr A. waived his right and became reconciled to his young wife. After this everything went on most smoothly for nearly a year, until the husband discovered that he had been deceived in a way, which, if narrated in a novel, would appear absolutely incredible. Two, and sometimes three or four, afternoons every week Frau A. left home for five or six hours at a time not only without permission, but without the knowledge of her husband; indeed so little suspicion had he of the fact that he could have sworn she was at home, for he actually conversed with her during the time she was away. The manner in which the clever lady arranged this trick of ubiquity was this: She purchased the services of a "double," who invariably took her place whenever she wanted to go out. This was a needy young woman of her own age, with a voice resembling her own and a form and figure differing very little from hers, whose instructions were to reply as laconically as possible to the blind man's questions and to ask him none. On these afternoons Herr A. found his "wife" very taciturn and "snappish," but, like a philosopher, he bore with her caprices and was patient and unsuspecting. One day, however, a friend called on Herr A., and in the course of conversation asked after his young wife. The young "wife" was at once summoned to his presence to do the honors, and when the proxy appeared in her place the scene that followed was indescribable. Frau A. was summoned next day by the infuriated husband and condemned by the court to one month's imprisonment. The proxy was likewise punished with all the rigor of the law, and now the last act of the drama has been played out in court, where the marriage was dissolved.

A letter to the faithless wife was read during the proceedings, in which the following curious passage occurs: "I bitterly deplore this marriage, which was the most terrible blunder I ever committed, both by reason of the difference of our ages as also the stone blindness with which I was afflicted when I agreed to it."

JUST IN TIME. — An Irish gentleman, getting upon a street-car, found one place vacant, which he proceeded to occupy. "Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time." — "How is that?" — "Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car."

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE AT THE DOOR.

The windows are closed and the blinds close drawn,
 Unrent and neglected the grass on the lawn,
 The house is in mourning; a sweet mother weeps;
 In a wee, white coffin her boy baby sleeps;
 His playing is over, he'll laugh nevermore,
 For a little white hearse has stopped at the door.

What a vision of watching, waiting and tears;
 What a story of nursing and hopes and fears;
 What a sad refrain; what memories of pain,
 Echoes of a voice to be heard not again,
 Comes to every heart that has once felt the sore
 Of seeing a little white hearse at the door.

His toys are all hidden, his clothes put away,
 There are tears every night and whispers all day,
 The house is dead silent, the hours are twice long;
 The piano is closed, no laughter nor song,
 Nor shouting, nor rumpus is heard any more,
 Since the day the little white hearse left the door.
Don, in Saturday Night.

VICTORIA'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

WHEN the Queen dies her mortal remains will rest in the gray granite sarcophagus with the late lamented Prince Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of the Queen and Prince Albert on the monument, is inscribed "Farewell, well-beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ I will rise again." The white marble recumbent statue of the Prince Consort is in the uniform of a field-marshal, wearing the mantle of the Order of the Garter—this is on the right; at the left side of the lid is the unoccupied space where the Queen's body will be laid. Bronze angels with outstretched wings and flowing robes are at each corner of the tomb.—*London Society.*

A TELL-TALE MEMBER.

WHAT an experience it was, learning to write! And how many of us amiably and unconsciously made faces over it! For after we had learned where to place each finger, and how to move the pen, and how to hold the wrist, there was an unruly member that insisted upon helping us shape each letter.

Little Girl—Please ma'am, Johnny Smart is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson.

Teacher—How do you know?

Little Girl—There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's makin' L's.

Teacher—You can't see his pen.

Little Girl—No'm, but I can see his tongue.—*Good News.*

A SMART MAN.

"Does your father know much?" asked George.

"Yes, indeed," retorted Harry. "He knows every time I've been naughty during the day."

WATERPROOF.—"To stand in ecstatic contemplation in front of an india-rubber warehouse. "Mamma, say, what's that?"—"That is a diver's costume."—"Oh, do buy me one, mamma dear!"—"What for?"—"For when you wash me."

CHINESE PROVERBS.—"It is needless to use a battle-axe to cut off a hen's head." "Never climb a tree to catch a fish." "A fair wind raises no storm." "Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man can never be satisfied." "Go not too near the powerful; he who looks at the sun is dazzled."

LOST HIS MONEY.—"What's the matter, my poor boy?"—"Bo-ho-o! I just lost tuppence!"—"There, there, don't cry, my little man. See, here is threepence for you. How did you lose your money?"—"I lost it to Tommy Jinks, there, a-playin' pitch an' torsi!"

PATERFAMILIAS.—"Have you boys' bicycles?"

Dealer—Yes, sir. Do you want a safety or the other kind?
 "Hum! Let's see. Is a safety so named because it is safe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perfectly safe?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"Then I feel very sure my boy will prefer the other kind."

HE MADE ALLOWANCE.

A French journal reports the case of a man who entered a coffee-house and sat down near a customer who was reading the morning newspaper which belonged to the establishment.

"After you with the paper, if you please," said the new-comer.

The other man nodded assent, and went on reading, but at the end of half an hour had hardly finished the first column. Just as the waiting customer was about making a second and perhaps impatient application, he noticed that the reader had lost one of his organs of sight. His resentment vanished.

"Ah," said he, in a low voice, "I am not surprised. The poor man has only one eye, and has to read everything twice over."

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A ghost. 2. A kind of nuts. 3. Irreligious. 4. A soothing medicine. 5. Anger. 6. A person of unsound mind. 7. One who indulges in the luxuries of the table.

Primals—Cheat. Finals—Perfume.

METAGRAM.

I am an article of adornment.
 Change my head and I am a part of the body.
 Again, and I am a rapid course.
 Again, and I am a spice.
 Again, and I am a fish.
 Again, and I am a step.

CROSSWORD.

My first is in door, but not in gate.
 My second is in companion, but not in mate,
 My third is in consort, and also in queen,
 My fourth is in black, but not in green,
 My fifth is in emerald, but not in ring,
 My sixth is in say, but not in sing,
 My whole is a beast of burden.

SEVEN POSERS FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Which were first created, knees or elbows?
2. What is the longest word in the English language?
3. What do cats have that no one else can have?
4. What can be divided without leaving a mark?
5. How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?
6. What two words contain all the vowels in their proper order?
7. What kind of fish does an engaged young lady admire most?

In answering these, number each one. Send card with answer to EDITOR QUESTION CORNER, 167 King St., West, Toronto, and we will publish the name of the sender next month if answer is correct.

CHARADE.

I.

Secrets it shares with me and you
 Although for deafness noted;
 And whose to his own is true
 Will lead a life devoted.

II.

A soul too grand for earth is his,
 Yet base beyond relation;
 He often *scribes*, and always *is*,
 A curious complication.

WHOLE.

The caller, all rejoice to see;
 Desired before his letters;
 The reigning favorite is he
 Among all men of letters.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN FEBRUARY NO.

CHARADE.—Crabtree.

WORD CHANGES.—Spinet.

RHYMING NUMERICAL.—Potentate.



A is for wide little Alice
 herself.
 Who wants to read All the
 big books on the shelf.
 A wonderful Appetite
 truly has she.
 For study - and Apples
 between you
 and me.



B is for Bob one of Alice's Brothers.
 He put on a Bonnet that once was
 his mother's.
 And tied a Big Bow underneath
 his round chin.
 Now Alice did laugh when she chanced to come in!

QUEEN MAB.

The full white moon shines clear and bright
 And 'neath its flood of silver light
 Queen Mab is riding forth to-night.
 In robes of state from ferny dell,
 Her chariot a fillbert-shell,
 Her canopy a pale blue-hell.
 Four glow-worms are her pioneers
 A moth in white silk vest appears,
 Most elegant of charioteers.
 The golden ears before her bend,
 The dewy flowers sweet perfumes lend
 Her royal progress to attend.
 No thorns of royalty feels she—
 Her roses from all thorns are free:
 Happy for her that so it be.
 For whilst all earthly monarchs wear
 Crowns loaded down by many a care,
 Her chariot is light as air.
 A blessing on thee, fairy-sprite,
 Whose pranks give childhood such delight:
 Bright dreams bring to us all to-night.

AT THE ZOO.

Mortimer—Isn't that elephant too small for his clothes?
 Mamma—I don't know. Why do you think so?
 Mortimer—Why, because his pants bag so at the knees.
 THE NEEDLE AND THE PIN.
 "I think it's too bad we needles haven't any noses," said
 the needle to the pin.
 "What do you want noses for?" asked the pin.
 "Why, to hang glasses on, in case our eyes grow weak,"
 said the needle.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Chester—Am I well enough to go down-stairs to-day,
 mamma?
 Mamma—No, dear, you are not well enough to go down
 to-day.
 Chester—Well, don't you think I am well enough to have
 the St. Bernard pup come up and romp on the bed with me?

As Others See Us.

APPRECIATED.

LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO.—I write to say that I am greatly pleased with the Crayon Portrait which I was induced to order with a yearly subscription to your beautiful magazine, LADIES' COMPANION. The picture I had enlarged was that of my deceased father and you may think how pleased I was when I received it. In every way it is better than I thought it would be. I now send another to be done, and I will do all I can to induce my friends to avail themselves of your very liberal offer of these splendid portraits with your magazines.

CATHARINE DAVIDSON.

Adelaide St., Toronto, Feb'y, 20th.

"LADIES' COMPANION" is the title of a new magazine published at 166 King street west, this city. It contains 32 pages, is on fine, heavy paper and beautifully illustrated. Among the original matter is the first of what gives promise of being a most charming series of "Talks with Women," by Sister Agnes. Rev. John Thomson, M.A., contributes a very thoughtful and well written article on "The Poetry of Sound." "Some Thoughts," by Triad, make very interesting reading and will be found especially helpful to those who are musically inclined. In the juvenile department, Fred. Brown's essay on the "The Mule" is exceedingly droll and has in it a touch of genius. "The Boy with Curly Hair" is a poem by a little girl which must bring a smile to many faces. These are but a few of many good things among the contributed articles. The selected matter seems to have been chosen with care and excellent judgment. The title page is very artistic in appearance and is graced by an excellent likeness of the wife of Lieut. Governor Kirkpatrick. Mechanically the LADIES' COMPANION is a gem of the printer's art. —*The Standard*.

THE LADIES' COMPANION is a new, beautifully illustrated, 32 page Magazine, printed from new type, on heavy calendered paper, and published by the Ladies' Companion Pub. Co., 166 King St.,

West, Toronto. Its matter and manner are both of the best. Among a number of excellent and original articles is one of unusual ability on "The Poetry of Sound," by Rev. John Thomson, M.A. Select articles on topics dear to the hearts of women, sparkling "Fashion Notes," and fine illustrations, stories by some of the best writers, etc., etc., make up a number of great moral worth, as well as of literary and artistic merit. —*West Durham News*.

CHATHAM, Feb. 9th.

I received my paper yesterday and was very much pleased with it. I am a subscriber for OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

GEORGE EVANS.

TORONTO, Feb. 2nd., 1893.

I have received the first number of the LADIES' COMPANION. It is a perfect success in every way and ought to be in every home where they appreciate something really interesting and instructive. Wishing you every success as you deserve.

Yours truly,

If I can aid in making your magazine more widely known I shall be pleased to do so. I have loaned mine to others and I have no doubt that when they have read they will want to become yearly subscribers, as I now do.

Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg.

JOHN COLLINS.

"SAYS Farmer Cob to me, says he, 'That boy o' yown Mrs. Swiftwit, is a Genii. He has made two gate-posts and a pig trough all out of his own head, and has plenty of wood left for more.'"

The newsboys make the most of the sensation headlines with which the telegraphic despatches are garnished. Seeing one little chap unusually silent, a friend of ours asked: "What's the news my son?" "Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler."

★ A Premium Puzzle. ★



THIS HANDSOME LADY has Two Companions. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed below. The LADIES' COMPANION is a high class, 32 page, Illustrated Magazine, devoted to Literature, Home Life, Fashion, etc., most artistic in appearance and patronized by the best class of readers. A perfectly fair and legitimate premium system is adopted by its publishers at great outlay, in order to quickly place it and its sister publications at the head of all Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. During 1893 we purpose giving away Four Elegant Rosewood Pianos. The most exact good faith will be kept with every subscriber, both as regards the magazine and premiums.

See name of subscriber to receive the grand Piano now exhibited at our offices, in Ladies' Companion for March.

We publish Ladies' Companion, \$1.00 per year; Ladies at Home, 50 cents per year; Our Boys and Girls, 25 cents per year. Note our address, 166 King St., West, and do not confound our publications with any others of somewhat similar names.

PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at \$700; the next will receive a Gold Watch; the third, a Silk Dress Pattern; the fourth, a Swiss Music Box; the fifth, a Silver Watch; the sixth, a Banquet Lamp; the seventh, a Gold Brooch; the eighth, a Silver Five O'Clock Tea Set; to the next ten will be given each a beautiful Gold Brooch; To the middle sender will be awarded a Cabinet Organ; and to the ten following each a Crayon Portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to June 15th next, will receive a Gold Watch. The sender next to last will receive a Silver Watch; ten preceding, each a beautiful Gold Brooch.

CONDITIONS:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with Thirty Cents for 3 months' subscription to the Ladies' Companion. Address,

"D" LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.

AN ODD ONE.

A little boy went to his mother one day and said, "Mamma, I want to ask you a question. Will you answer me the truth, mamma?" "Certainly, dear, what is it?" "You are sure, mamma, you will tell me the truth?" "Why, of course. What does my little boy want to know?" Then the little boy looked up with his great brown eyes, and said, "Mamma, won't you tell me whether I am really your own child?" "Why, to be sure, you are mamma's own dear little one. Why do you think otherwise?" "Well, mamma, all the rest of the family have curly hair and are Reformers, and my hair is so straight and I am a Conservative.

A MOTHER'S JOY. The mother who starts to get a sleepy boy out of bed these mornings may be said to have a rousing time of it.

PIMPLES-COMPLEXION



A positive cure for Pimples, Blotches, Bolls, Eczema, Salt-Rheum, Blackheads, Barbers Itch, Ringworm, Scrofula, Erysipelas. They give a delicate and beautiful bloom to the Complexion. No lady should be without them. Sole agent for Canada, WESLEY B. HOWE, Chemist, 257 Yonge Street Toronto. 25c. a box or 5 boxes for \$1. For sale by all Druggists or sent direct postage paid on receipt of price.

A VALUABLE PREMIUM.



THIS cut is an exact representation of the style of the life-like Crayon Portraits given as premiums to those getting up clubs for this Magazine. The portrait from which this was taken may be seen at our offices. The frames are of two colors, or shades, and are made of a finely gilded and massive-looking moulding, fully four inches in width. These premiums are offered so that capable workers all over the country may be induced to help us quickly place this journal at the head of all Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. The Crayons are the work of one of the foremost artists in that line in Toronto, and it is only because our orders are so numerous that we can supply them at a cost less than TEN DOLLARS each. They are good enough to adorn any home. The size is 20x25 inches.

PREMIUM OFFER No. 1:—To each sender (previous to April 15th.) of a club of ten yearly subscribers to the LADIES' COMPANION, at one dollar each, we will

send in return a Portrait, as described above, of the sender or any friend. Furnish us with a good photo or ambrotype for a copy and in two weeks the portrait will be sent you, exactly as specified.

No. II:—For each club of twenty yearly subscribers to the LADIES' AT HOME, sent prior to April 15th., at fifty cents each, we will give one of these same splendid portraits.

No. III:—For each club of ten yearly subscribers to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, sent prior to April 15th., at twenty-five cents each, we will give a boy's or girl's Crayon portrait by the same artist. There should be a perfect rush for these life-like pictures during the short time which this offer covers. For sample copies, subscription blanks, etc., address, LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO, CAN.

N.B.—Write all addresses plainly, and in full.

CAN YOU FIND



"THE HARP that through Tara's Halls

Now sounds no Boom-de-ay?"

(It is in the room with the musicians). If so, mark HARP and send this picture, with 50 cents for 3 months subscription to LADIES' COMPANION; or 6 months, to LADIES AT HOME; or 12 months, to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, to 166 King street, west, Toronto, Canada.

No. 1--Ladies' Companion Premium List.

To first subscriber finding harp, as above, we will award \$100 in Cash; to the next \$50; to the third \$20; to the fourth a Gold Watch; the fifth a Silk Dress Pattern; the sixth a Silver Watch; the seventh a Gold Brooch; the eighth a Banquet Lamp; the ninth a Silver Five O'Clock Tea Set; to the next ten, each a Crayon Portrait of sender or any friend, in massive frame, valued at \$10; to the middle, and ten following subscribers each a lovely Silk Plush Casket containing fruit-knife, solid silver thimble, etc., valued at \$3. Subscriber sending letter bearing latest postmark previous to April 15th will receive a Gold Watch; the next to last, a Silver Watch; the five preceding each a crayon portrait, valued at \$10.

No. 2--Ladies at Home Premium List.

To first subscriber finding harp, as above, we will award \$50 in Cash; to the next \$20; to the third a Gold Silver Watch; to the fourth a Silk Dress Pattern; fifth a Gold Brooch; to the next seven, each a Crayon Portrait, splendidly framed, of sender or any friend. Subscriber mailing last letter prior to April 15th will receive \$10 in cash. Every subscriber will be awarded a premium of value.

No. 3.--Our Boys and Girls Premium List.

To first boy or girl finding harp, as above will be given a boy's or girl's Gold Watch; to the second, a \$10 Gold Coin; to the third, a Silver Watch; to the fourth, a \$5 Gold Coin; to the fifth a full sized Crayon Portrait; to the sixth, a girl's Silver Watch; to each of the next ten a Gold Brooch. To the middle sender a Silver Watch; and to the five preceding, each a handsome Toilet Case; and to the five following the middle each a Gold Brooch. To the last mailed previous to April 15th will be given a Swiss Music Box; and to the nine preceding the last, a Gold Brooch each.

Club P.—To every boy or girl excepting the first three received, sending us 10 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each we will give a fine crayon portrait, valued at \$5. Each club subscriber also has an opportunity of obtaining one of the above mentioned valuable premiums.

N.B.—Notify us promptly if reply to letter fails to reach you within 10 days. State plainly which Magazine you subscribe to. Address:—LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO, CAN.

—DRESSMAKERS—

- MAGIC SCALE -

Miss K. C. Macdonald, Agent.

(Successor to the late Miss E. J. CHUM)

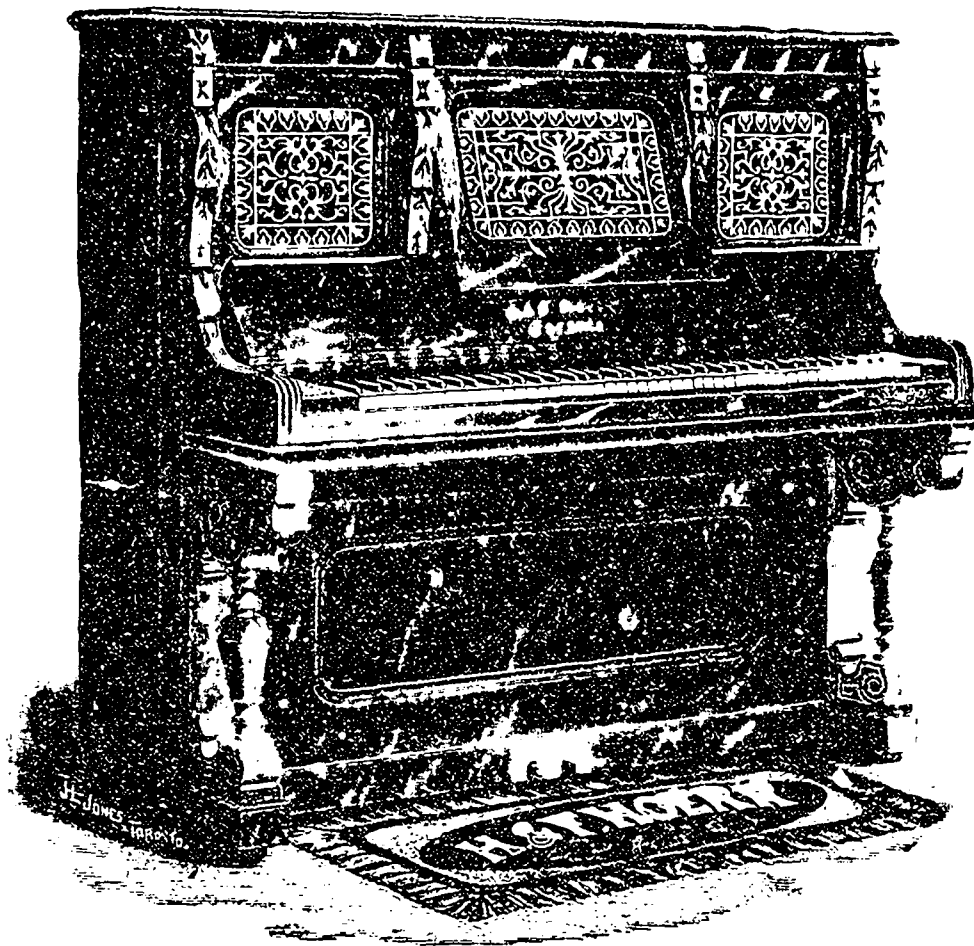
LESSONS IN CUTTING AND FITTING
DRESSES CUT AND FITTED
WAIST LININGS CUT FOR 25 CENTS
CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

256 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

We Want Energetic Canvassers Everywhere

To take Subscriptions for the LADIES' COMPANION; LADIES AT HOME and OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Liberal Cash Commissions. For particulars, address: LADIES' COMPANION PUBLISHING COMPANY, 166 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada.



UPRIGHT
PIANO.

H. & F. HOERN

FACTORY
26, 28, 30 & 32 BRITTON STREET

TORONTO.

WM. BARBER & BROS.,

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOOK PAPERS,

COLORED SPECIALTIES, AND

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

This Issue of THE LADIES AT HOME and OUR BOYS
AND GIRLS is printed on our Special News.

The Handsome Clean-Cut Type

USED IN THIS PUBLICATION WAS
SUPPLIED BY THE

TORONTO

TYPE

FOUNDRY.

It is on the Standard Point System and is cast of Extra
Hard Metal.

EVERYTHING FOR PRINTERS.

44 BAY STREET, TORONTO.