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V1#2 March 1896

# CANADIAN

# HOME JOURNAL



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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THOSE who deplore, not without reason, the vulgar exaggerations of the trappings and the display of signs of woe, will learn with interest that at the recent funeral of Prince Henry of Battenburg the Princess of Wales and her daughters wore neither thick veils nor elaborate crape, but simple black dresses and capes of black astrachan.

It was a simple yet touching ceremonial, from the incoming of the royal yacht, with its royal burden, to the service in the little cruciform church of Whippingham, in the beautiful Isle of Wight. From the first minute-gun that told of the Blenheim's arrival, to the last sharp tribute volley and drummers' roll that followed the benediction above the coffin, all was the unostentatious, heartfelt expression of a natural human grief, of mother for son, wife for husband, children for father. It is these simple humanities that keep a great nation so loyally in touch with their Queen.

THAT New Zealand is foremost among the colonies in Imperial sentiment is shown by the message forwarded to Mr. Chamberlain by the Governor, the Earl of Glasgow, on January 24th :

"Following telegram received from Prime Minister: Resolution passed by New Zealand colonists at Auckland: 'Recent statesmanlike and patriotic conduct of Imperial Government with reference to Venezuela and Transvaal Republic has been such as to intensify loyal sentiments to the Queen of England, making us prouder than ever to belong to Empire of Great Britain.'"

Mr. Chamberlain replied promptly :

"I have received your telegram of 24th January. Convey cordial thanks of her

Majesty's Government to your Prime Minister and people of New Zealand for their message."

OUR own Countess of Aberdeen stands not alone among the wives of colonial Governors in good works. A terrible accident occurred on the Natal railway on the night of December 30, when between thirty and forty persons lost their lives through the overturning of a train crowded with fugitives—mostly women and children—from Johannesburg.

A Natal newspaper says that on the arrival of the first relief train, the first person noticeable in the train was Lady Hely Hutchinson, wife of the Governor of Natal, who, worn and weary, yet with sleeves tucked up and her apron spotted with blood, was attending to the wounded.

All through the night she had ministered to the sufferers, bathing their wounds and ministering to their wants.

By her kind and heroic service on this sad occasion her ladyship, who so willingly turned nurse, has won the hearts of the people of Natal.

Much is written of British colonial Governors, but little is told of their wives; yet, were the records published, the case of Lady Hutchinson would be found to be but an example of their kindness, their interest, and—when occasion calls—their instant response to the needs of the colony over which they preside.

THE advanced womanhood of England recently ran against a dead rock of old-type conservatism, and great was the resultant shock.

The London School Board nominated Miss Eve to represent it on the Council of Almoners of Christ's Hospital. To this the governors of the latter institute objected; and on being asked why, answered in stately way that "the Almoners were sufficiently old-fashioned as not to desire to see women on any more public bodies than was absolutely necessary."

Nevertheless, the Board determined to adhere to its appointment, and the validity of the proceeding of the stately old Almoners in objecting to the nominated representative of the School Board, simply because she is a woman, is to be determined by the Charity Commissioners.

O these troublesome Eves!

SO BRAZIL is to remain sovereign over Trinidad Isle. Great Britain has waived her claims, and the sea-begirt barren little place continues under control of the South American Republic.

Since it is fitted only for an intermediate cable station, no very valuable interests are involved on either side; but Britain's with-

drawal of a claim which she may or may not have recognized as unjust, but which she could easily have pressed, shows that she is not the rapacious and all-absorbing real estate monster which our friends across the border would fain represent her.

No country knows better when she may in honor and with due regard to her own defenses or extension, concede a claim; and none have shown a greater desire to maintain peaceful relations with foreign powers, than Great Britain under her present gracious sovereignty.

IN connection with women guilty of minor offences, the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, of New York, is advocating the official appointing of women as an auxiliary police force. A small measure of vested authority, she avers, would do much to aid the slum sister in her work.

This woman minister, whose work among the New York tenements gives her knowledge of her subject, declares that any woman under the influence of liquor should be induced to leave the street and restrained from drinking until she is able to realize what she is doing. If pleading, good advice and kind words fail to accomplish this, then the slum sister should be able to use her official authority, and by compulsion remove the victim to some place of shelter, where she might recover her senses, and have the opportunity to do better laid before her.

Miss Hanaford believes that the exercise of force would rarely be necessary, since the showing of the badge of authority would be usually sufficient.

Other work, such as the protection of children and dumb brutes, the handling of disorderly boys and girls, aid and information to sick or distressed women, would all come within the scope of these auxiliary police,—indeed, Miss Hanaford considers the service they could render unlimited in variety.

THE New York *Sun*, in a recent editorial entitled "Spirit of Treason," takes exception to the newspapers and political critics in the United States who, during the recent crisis, favored the English attitude. It speaks of them as "degenerates," and declares them guilty of deliberate intent to destroy American patriotic sentiment. It asserts that there is an abnormal revulsion against national sentiment perceptible in some of the New York clubs, and declares that to take sides with England in such a controversy as the recent Venezuelan affair is traitorous.

The *Sun's* diatribe might apply with force in Canada.

We have, unfortunately, among us one, perhaps more, of honorable men who, actuated by principle, decry our country and advocate its political submerging.

This is lamentable enough.

But more to be deplored is the existence of a journalistic few who, from purely commercial motives, cater to the American public in this manner. In glancing through the big American dailies, one is constantly coming across Canadian correspondence from Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, or smaller cities, in which Canadian affairs and conditions are misrepresented, Canadian "blue ruin" prophesied, the national sentiment ignored and the Government decryd,—not because the writers believe that which they pen, but because they know what will be acceptable to the papers in question.

These journalists sell their articles, but they part with honor and patriotism in the transaction.

The temptation is great, since these big American papers pay promptly and well, but the sacrifice is greater.

It is not pleasant to call names; yet, as the *Sun* avers, there are times when such conduct is traitorous.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Bal-lington Booth and his charming little wife have rebelled against the autocratic command of the General and resigned from the Salvation Army.

The news of their order of recall came with a shock, not only to themselves, but to United States citizens of every grade, who long ago recognized their disinterestedness and good work.

On February 3rd a mass meeting was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, to urge that the order be rescinded. Chauncey Depew was in the chair; Mayor Stronge, Bishop Andrews and other prominent men of all callings were upon the platform, while letters from many men of note in public and religious affairs were read expressing warm sympathy with the object of the meeting. The minutes adopted by the meeting contained the following words:

By their wisdom, fidelity and "sweet reasonableness," they have disarmed prejudice and won the love of all, without regard to creed or social distinction.

The order for their transference was not rescinded nor any explanation of it offered, whereupon these genial, wise and spiritual Army leaders sent in their resignations to headquarters.

Since General Booth is in India, and he has reserved to himself the right to accept such resignations, it will probably be some time before any certain results of the resignation are known.

In view of the splendid work wrought by Commander Booth and his wife in the great American cities, and of the love and respect they have won, it is hardly to be expected that they would leave their post without strong protest. To do so would have been to have declared themselves puppets in the hands of a shrewd old autocrat.

Yet, so stringent is the Army rule of implicit obedience, that the struggle must have been severe before resigning.

THERE is a present agitation in New York for a three-cent street railroad rate; and the people object to limiting the reduction to batches of thirty-three tickets for a dollar, or even five for fifteen cents. They do not believe in paying a premium to the well-to-do, at the expense of the out-of-work.

The sewing-girl, with just three cents in her pocket, is as much entitled to her ride, they say, as the man with fifteen cents or a dollar. If the three-cent rate is fair for one, it is fair for all.

At present one of the taxes upon a Canadian's purse, as he explores New York, is

the nickel he is constantly dropping into the box of street car or elevated.

The New York roads are taking in over \$25,000,000 a year, and the citizens are calling them down as a consequence.

Toronto has possibly one of the cheapest and best trolley services on the continent; but we will come to the three-cent rate by-and-bye.

### IN CANADA.

VIEWING Sir Charles Tupper, sen., in the light of a new political leader, one who looks and listens to this veteran for the first time, is struck with the wide difference between him and the Conservative party leaders of the past. He is utterly unlike either of the Sir Johns; he has neither the genial finesse of the Old Chieftain, nor the reserve of character power of Sir John Thompson.

He impresses one as a man of strong attack, rather than defence; one who, without fence or feint, carries war direct into the enemy's country. He possesses to the full the fighting qualities,—he is aggressive, combative, tenacious,—a Jameson rider who never retreats.

His speech at the citizen's reception tendered him in the Ottawa City Hall, upon his return from the Cape Breton campaign, was almost amusing in its unconscious revelation of the baronet's character.

Instead of the ordinary amiable courtesies of response to the municipal greetings tendered,—which most men would have uttered,—he plunged instantly into a stirring campaign speech, attacking the Reformers, and denouncing their methods in the Cape Breton election in a manner that left no doubt concerning his future tactics. It was vigorous, and certainly stimulating, if not timely.

THERE is something in human nature that responds to the fighter;—the man who, pushing aside finesse, diplomacy,—even courteous amenities,—throws down the glove and enters the ring.

We grow weary of the politics that is all cunning and hiding within lines. Human pulse beats a quicker response to the tournament than the chess board, and we prefer the open field to guerilla warfare.

Mind is greater than matter—the diplomat is above the man of muscle,—and yet, we are not far enough removed from our sturdy ancestors to miss the thrill that comes of leaping from ambush into open attack.

A Jameson will always find support and sympathy, even from those who take no part in the fray.

ONE of the noticeable things in present Canadian public life is the instant response to Imperial sentiment. No matter what the party or the purpose of a gathering, however widely the factors may differ in creed, race or bias, any reference to patriotic or Imperial ideals, to the Motherland and the colonial relation,—to the national development of Canada under British rule,—evokes an applause which is not meaningless, but expressive of strongest assent.

However the Dominion may be divided on questions of fulfilment of these ideals, the desire for national development through the maintenance of Imperial connection and colonial autonomy is unmistakable.

The voice of the people is as one in this matter.

A TWO days' debate took place in the Commons over Sir Charles Tupper's charge of Cape Breton bribery.

The honorable member charged that

Reformers had spent \$25,000 in an endeavor to win. The Opposition declared that the amount was something less than \$2,000.

Why the time of the House should have been wasted in discussing the exact amount, which neither side could prove, it is difficult to understand.

Twenty-five thousand dollars or two thousand dollars—the principle is the same. Either money should or should not be spent in election contests—the amount matters little. In many out-of-the-way constituencies an election campaign cannot be carried on without a fund; since the candidate is unable to meet the incidental expenses of travel, use of halls, etc.

It is impossible to check or confine such a fund to proper uses unless it were a joint appropriation, placed under the control of a judicial court or board,—which might not be an impossible idea.

Any plan that would serve to rid the country of these charges and counter-charges that follow elections would be a relief.

THE Canadian Government has no cleverer man in its employ than Professor James A. Robertson, Dairy Commissioner.

Apart from his many attractive and rare personal qualities, he has a genius for work and an organizing and executive ability that places him in the foremost rank of Canadian public men.

Since his appointment in 1890 to his present position, he has brought the dairy work to the front of Canadian industries, and has placed its products in unrivaled competition with those of every other country. The dairy stations established throughout the provinces, the cold-storage shipment of butter, the great cheese export,—all these are resultant from his clear judgment, planning, and indomitable perseverance.

His latest project for establishing a trade in chilled meats, between Canada and Great Britain, has been received with favor by the Government, and will probably be initiated as soon as the loan appropriation of \$300,000 is granted.

Professor Robertson's previous successes predispose the Government to listen favorably to his schemes.

A few more men of the Dairy Commissioner's ability and tireless devotion to our industrial interests, would give Canadian trade first place in the commerce of the nations.

THE anti-remedial meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 23rd, was well worth study as a gauge of the public feeling.

That the great hall was crowded was no indication of strong feeling, since the prospect of stirring speech on national or political topics is in itself sufficient magnet—whatever the bias.

A gallery estimate of the meeting pronounces that, while the audience was as a whole opposed to remedial legislation, it was far from being a unit on the satisfactory disposal of the question.

It was a tolerant, good-natured and unenthusiastic audience,—a condition partly due to its appreciation of the almost ludicrous many-mindedness of the speakers, and the lack of any really trenchant and effective speeches. Beyond Messrs. E. F. Clarke, and D'Alton McCarthy, the speakers were either pointless, hedgers or ranters, and altogether uninteresting.

The attitude of the audience indicated not so much a burning interest in the question as an amused desire to see how the various party men were going to entangle or disentangle themselves.

EDITOR.

PEOPLE WE MEET

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

ONE hardly knows by which name she is most familiar to the Canadian reading public, whether as "Fidelis," the writer of thoughtful articles on national and industrial topics and stirring patriotic verse, or as Agnes Maule Machar, the author.

Yet, while her busy pen has made her mental attitude well known to us, she, with the conservatism and reserve so truly hers by birthright, has kept her personality in the background, so that few have been privileged to come in touch with this one of Canada's foremost women thinkers.

That is why we are going on a journey to the old Limestone City,—quieter now than even its wont, in its winter-enfolding of white-piled snow,—to seek the author of "Roland Graeme, Knight."

\* \* \*

We find her in her library,—a little, plainly gowned, slender figure, with silvery hair parted in the center and drawn simply back from a broad, low brow; eyes hazel or blue, according to the lighting; a face indicative of strength, yet varying in expression from severity to gentle humor. Miss Machar suggests instantly one of our old-time Englishwoman novelists or poets;—she brings to mind Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell or Eliza Cook, as we have seen them pictured or imagined them to be. She seems, not so much a part of the bustling modern world of thought and writing, as of that of half a century ago, when gentle women of the pen were looked upon as those set apart or born out of time, whose simple dress and bearing testified to the fact. Yet this slight little form holds within it the brain and heart of a modern-day reformer. In intellectual activity, in firm grasp of social and economic problems, and in persistent advocacy of remedial measures, Miss Machar stands in the front rank of Canadian women of to-day. Indeed, one might almost say that she is herself knight-errant—a womanly Roland Graeme, doing battle against the industrial evils that beset her sex.

\* \* \*

Miss Machar was born in Kingston, and most of her life has been associated with this quiet, staunch, proud little city on the St. Lawrence, whose people are a type of the reserve strength and loyalty of Ontario Province.

Her father was the second president of Queen's University,—the grey stone pile from whose halls so many splendid men have been sent forth to do scholarly and spiritual service, not only for Canada, but for Christendom at large.

During her early years, therefore, the young girl breathed the atmosphere of books; while also meeting with the men of learning who came as guests to her father's home.

"I have always written," she says. "I think my first work was produced at the mature age of seven years. My writing has

been nearly always with a purpose. If there is something to be said for the right, a wrong to be redressed, or a warning word uttered, I think we should be always ready with our pen."

\* \* \*

Miss Machar asserts that she is literary rather than executive.

"I am not a woman of societies," she protests. Yet in the short hours of a winter day's chat we discovered how many calls are made upon her time for philanthropic purposes. Secretary of a Poor Relief Association, vice-president of a Humane Society, a member of the Executive Committee of the National Council, these and other offices claim her work and sympathy. And although she asserts that she is only fulfilling the duties appertaining thereto until "someone else can be found," yet it is easy to see that Kingston has long since recognized the fact that "Fidelis" expresses in truth the qualities of the lady whose *nom de plume* it is, and will not willingly search for one to take her place.



Fidelity and persistence are inherent qualities in this daughter of the heather;—once undertaking anything, she perseveres with it in simpleness and directness to the end.

\* \* \*

During the winter months Miss Machar makes her home with her brother, who is Master-in-Chancery in Kingston City. It is a cosy, quiet home life, associated with the past by many treasures of portraits and books.

Her father's library of great leather-bound volumes overflows the shelves, while modern literature and magazines press irreverently upon the latter.

And here, in a sunny west window-nook, Miss Machar sits inquiring into social or economic questions of interest to women wage-earners, striving by pen and voice to arouse public interest in the subject of shorter hours for factory girls, the housing of women criminals, the servant question, and other topics of modern reform.

Miss Machar's devotion to her beliefs carries her beyond mere words to direct action. She is a knight-errant whose quest is the righting of wrong wherever she may find it. From staying a cruel driver or a boy with a snowball to the greater protest of pen or public platform, this slender little woman is always instant and "faithful."

Among Miss Machar's treasures is an autograph letter from Tennyson, an autographed volume and many letters from the poet Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes; and she tells in quiet yet appreciative words of her "visitings" in the homes of these famous men.

Of her own books, "Roland Graeme, Knight," which deals skilfully and attractively with the labor problem as shown in the factory question, is perhaps the best known; while "The Heir of Fairmount Grange" is her latest.

Among others are several children's books,—"For King and Country," "Stories of New France," "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," her own favorite, and "Katie Johnston's Cross." All of these should be in every Canadian library for young people.

Miss Machar is preparing a book of poems, which will soon be issued.

\* \* \*

With the earliest glimpse of our Canadian summer, Miss Machar takes up her residence in her summer home at Gananoque, one of the prettiest places on the St. Lawrence river.

"Fern Cliff" is situated on a point jutting out into the very heart of the "Thousand Isles," and glimpsing between the green in lovely views up and down the river.

In this delightful spot Miss Machar spends her long summer days, remaining all through the autumn beauty, and only returning to Kingston with the first snow.

It is during these six months of woodland and water and fair skies that she does most of her graver writing and reading; for here she is free from outer calls upon her time, and here all is conducive to reposeful thought.

\* \* \*

There is yet one trait unreferred to in the strong yet gentle character of this well-known writer, and that is her deep national sentiment.

She is not a jingoist; yet her pulse beats full to the imperial sentiment, and none are more ready than she to speak the stirring patriotic word—be it of praise or blame—that quickens the national impulse of the people to instant response.

\* \* \*

Grave and sober is this lady, as befits her nationality;—keen of thought, didactic in dogma, as becometh a theologian's daughter; yet, over it all plays a quiet humor,—the bonnie Scotch seasoning which gives pungency and preservation to the strong life within.

*Arthur Denton*

Hypocrites weep, and you cannot tell their tears from those of saints; but no bad man ever laughed sweetly yet.



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WE who love books are permitted the indulgence of enthusiasm when that love is stirred. And just now it is kindled within me into a genuine emotion by this most beautiful place of books, which belongs not to any private individual, but to all Canada.

Boston has her magnificent new library, rich in marbles and frescos; New York, Philadelphia,—a score of big American cities have their great archives;—but none have the æsthetic charm, the grace and dainty loveliness of this, the parliamentary library of our own Dominion.

Cleverer pens than mine have written happily of its delights in the past, and will write again many times in the future; for its charm is perennial, and none, not even those who live outside the dear world of books, can resist its fascinations. The Canadian to whom all literature is as a dumb thing, yet brings his visiting friends into this the crowning beauty of the graceful Governmental pile, saying proudly, "This is our parliamentary library."

Words are weak, inexpressive, impotent. How we who write fling them petulantly from us,—as one by one they prove themselves so incapable of portraying the thought—the truth we would make real.

Brushes and palette are better—yet even these fail of the atmosphere, save when held in master hands.

To so clothe our subject that it becomes a living picture to the reader; to give the very spirit of a place; to choose words and phrases fit and strong and graphic,—this is the perfection of a writer's art.

Yet, poor words! We misuse and abuse them so by our exaggerations, our extravagances and redundancies, is it much wonder that they have grown impotent to convey the message we give them?—dead husks, dried, juiceless orms, from which all life has fled.

And, so to-day, writing from this lovely literary Arcadie, I throw the words impatiently from me in vain endeavor to find those that will fitly describe all the mellow grace and beauty of this "round house" of books.

That it is dome-shaped, with roof-crown reaching far up into an ever-freshening air; that it is well lighted with light that drops easily down in gentle shielding for tired eyes; that it is of just such and such dimensions, and contains in volumes one hundred thousand or two;—what matters it? Neither you nor I care one whit. It is the spirit that is life; not the form.

And the spirit,—how shall I catch and prison it in words; even though I push aside paper and pencil; step for a moment into the center of the pretty æsthetic scene, and look about me,—

All golden and brown and crimson,  
All crimson, gleaming and grey.

The words drop into meter of their own accord.

Up and down and around is the mellow blending of warm brown and crimson; in the carved wood,—was ever Canadian pine so

bent on showing its possibilities of beauty as in these dainty alcoves and miniature galleries?—in the chairs and desks, with their blotters and pads and half-open volumes, wooing one to literary delights; in the fine artistic bindings of soft fawn and crimson, with relief touches of greens and blues; in the glint of gilt letterings. It is such an harmonious blending, such a cheery, home-like, glowing place, that our æsthetic sense is lulled into a great peace as we gaze.

Yet this is not all;—the charm lies deeper than coloring, grace of carving, or glint of gold.

It is the voices of the books that appeal to us; in the stillness and the glow they are speaking. These browns and crimsons are more than mere color—they are emblematic of the brains and hearts that beat out thought and spirit into the pages between.

Quietness, did I say?—Nay, as I stand here, beside this tall, white statue of our Queen, the air is full of voices that call to wisdom and calm.

"Listen," they say; "we are the product of brains and pulses and nerves, once all

to dream in,—to grow wise in. But it is through just such struggles of brain and heart that you have been brought into being. Every book among your thousands represents human experience gained by work, or passion, or fierce fight. Every page has been marked by a life beat in some strong swift pulse.

And the story is never altogether told.

Concerning "Tarot," someone very unkindly suggests that the title might be abbreviated by the dropping of the first two letters, and gain in expressiveness thereby. We congratulate our Bohemian coterie on its really splendid attempt to be decadent, miasmatic and "soul tortured." We realize the fact that it is difficult to inhale Old World pessimism under New World skies, to be properly appreciative of Yellow Book-ism; and we are grateful—or we hope to be, when duly educated by Ta-rot,—that such a center for the dissemination of literary hysterics should be established in our midst.

Now we shall know what it is that we have unconsciously hungered for; we shall discover our yearnings; we shall outreach to the indefinable and the vague; we shall be fed on a symphony of faint lilies and fierce furies; we shall "have ideals, breathe freely and deeply, and live intensely."

Now, indeed, shall Canadian literature leap to foremost place, and Canadian Art—spelled with a big A—sweep its genius brush across the wide world's canvas. (That sounds Tarot-ic.)

Now we shall realize the artistic beauties of skeletons and cross bones, wild hair and horned heads, with incongruities,—nay, Tarot recognizes not the existence of incongruities—with wondrous harmonies, of gentle doves alight on grinning skulls. Italics, too, large caps, and exclamation points, dashes, devils and doubts;—these are component parts of Ta-rot.

Great is Ta-ro!

And if these congratulations fail to congratulate, let Ta-rot comfort itself with the thought that they are proffered by one who, like itself, "is critical, but from the standpoint of the neglected."

Mrs. Mary Anderson-Navarro writes her reminiscences of Longfellow for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She describes her last visit to the poet. "Until the spring then, he said, as we parted, 'if I am still here. I wonder if we shall ever meet again! I am old and not very well!' He apologized for not seeing us to the carriage, as was his wont, but stood at the window watching us leave. Its sash was covered with snow. His face looked like a picture set in a white glistening frame, for the sun was shining, and his hair and beard were nearly as white as the snow itself. I can see him still, standing there, waving his last farewell."

REVIEWER.

TELEPHONE, 2419.

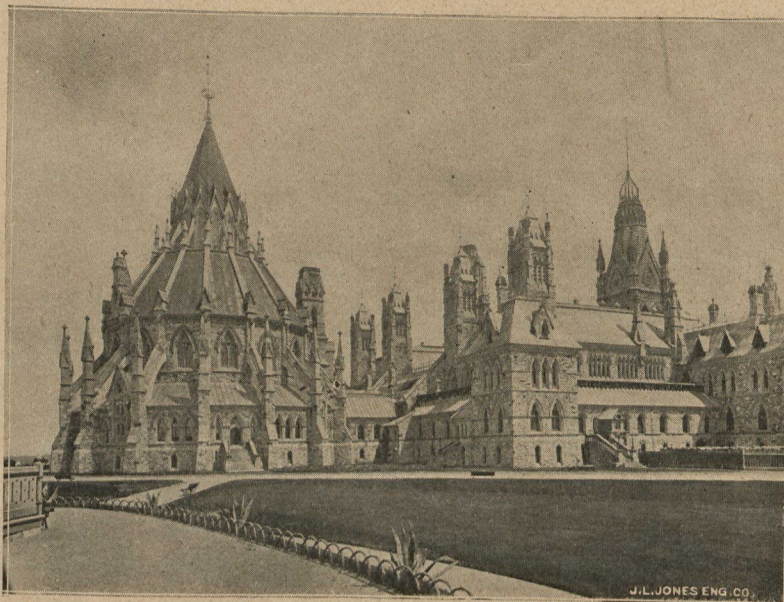
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OTTAWA LIBRARY.

a-quiver, but long since stilled; men burnt their passion out upon our pages, penned their philosophies, indited their experiences, garnered their wisdom. They passed, but we remain. Ye too shall go as they have gone. Is the passion and the pettiness and the striving worth while?

"Yet, ye are human,—and by these humanities we are made,—by our records each generation shall profit, until ye shall rise to greater levels than now are dreamed of."

Across the corridors is a Chamber where even as I write men are struggling for party victories; appealing to prejudice, arousing passion, fighting, as gladiators will, not for truth nor wisdom, but for precedence and power, until all the air is turbid with miasma, and none can see the right.

In the beauty of this most beautiful library the books gleam out in their crimson and brown,—fiction and philosophy, poetry and science, theology and statistics. If the sound waves of strife reach them from that Chamber, they give no sign.

Yet, as a breath of air wafts through an open window, fresh from the far-off hills and white-iced river, the leaves of a thousand volumes stir softly, and bending, I seem to hear them say, "O poor humanity!"

Ah, lovely, cheery library! you are a place

## STAGELAND

THE strong man, Sandow, who appeared at the Grand during the early part of this month, is unique among performers of his class for the beauty and refinement of his performance. Nothing could be more noble than his appearance, and one of the daily newspapers, which described him as an Apollo among gladiators, hit off a really good description. The infatuation of womankind for Sandow has been laughed at far and wide, but, really, when you come to look at the matter in a truthful light, there is nothing ridiculous in it. The average strong man is a person whom women do not care to go and see; he is a bull-like, vulgar thing, with no grace in his performances. The beautiful young Prussian, on the contrary, is beautifully formed. The most marvelously powerful of living men,—he has, moreover, the delicate gracefulness of a Greek youth; his splendidly formed head is delicately set upon his shoulders, and his features are perfect; the crop of golden curls which surmounts his head adds further to the Greek effect, and, altogether, he recalls one of the most exquisite descriptions in Walter Pater's beautiful story, "Apollo in Picardy."

To enumerate the feats which Sandow performed were unnecessary. They were wonderful and unparalleled. As I have said, there is nothing ridiculous in the appreciation Sandow has won from the women who have seen him. Men are accustomed to demanding beauty of women. Down in the bottom of his heart every man believes that the woman who does not try to make herself as beautiful as she can is an unfeminine and unsympathetic creature. Certainly the moral significance of beauty is constantly insisted on, and it were strange if women did not sometimes turn the tables, and in this age of ungainly, feeble, and dyspeptic men, show some devotion for strength, and beauty, and grace in the opposite sex. The lesson men should learn from the appearance of Sandow is that beauty and cleanness are always valued by us of the opposite sex.

Sitting in the theater during the performance, I was amused by the comments of two young newspaper men who sat near me. Among the reporters of Toronto I count many friends, and certainly there are many good-hearted, gentlemanly, and witty young fellows among them. After Sandow had performed one of his most remarkable feats, one of the reporters burst out in the dialect which newspaper men sometimes use when not engaged in the task of guiding the public mind: "Hully gee! I wonder if he beats his wife." It was a wonderfully whimsical suggestion, for Sandow has a very beautiful wife, a lovely, refined young English girl, whose portraits I had seen and been captured by. The whimsical idea came back to

me when, by the kindness of the management, I was introduced to Sandow. "Do you beat your wife?" I asked jokingly. The serious, handsome young Prussian looked puzzled for a moment and then he saw I was not in earnest. He replied, quaintly, "No! the man who strikes a woman is a brute," and then added half seriously, "When God has given a man strength like mine, it should be for the protection, and not for the abuse, of womankind." He spoke the words as if he meant them. I did not stay many minutes and when I was leaving I put out my hand, which is a long and rather thin one, to shake hands. "No," said he, shaking his head, "It would be a pleasure, but I am afraid I would crush it. You see my labors have so dulled the nerves of my hand that I cannot regulate the force with which I grasp any-



thing." I laughed and bade him good-by; and subsequently I learned that he is obliged to use wine glasses and cups and plates of metal from this very cause. Unknowingly, he will pinch a china cup in two in raising it to his lips. So, you see, such immense strength is not without its disadvantages.

\* \* \*

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the conquering power of industry and honesty than the triumph that Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter is now achieving. After a long and weary struggle against physical limitations, against ridicule and slander, she has come to be recognized as one of the few great actresses of the day. At the time when she first went on the stage, it was looked upon as ridiculous for the society amateur to hazard a professional experience. The trained professionals threw every obstacle in her way possible, and the friends who had

applauded her amateur efforts were the first to flout at serious ambition in a woman. Since Mrs. Potter's advent, however, "times is changed," as the saying goes. A large number of amateurs have walked out of the drawing-room into the green room and have brought with them a large fund of brains and distinction that was sadly needed on our bankrupt stage. If you glance over the list of American actresses doing really good work on the stage, you will find that nearly all of them, instead of having been bred for the theater, have stepped out of the drawing-room of some refined home. Mrs. Potter, however, has gifts of temperament which would have put her at the top, no matter what her origin. There is a rapturous, poetic fire in her in which she is unapproached by any living actress except Dusé. Her powers of expression are at times inadequate and this leads to many bad mannerisms in her work, but for a rôle like that of *Charlotte Corday* she is so perfectly fitted by nature that one feels that she must surpass even Bernhardt of the Golden Voice. In showing us the fury of the girl-assassin, there is a chaste, religious fervor that would be wholly beyond the reach of the feverish and forceful French actress. At least one distinguished New York critic has pronounced her the greatest actress in the world, but while this praise is distinctly exaggerated, she has, nevertheless, great and rare gifts which now the public is beginning to recognize.

\* \* \*

Those who saw Miss Lizzie MacNichol in the rôle of *Flora Macdonald*, in the recent production of "Rob Roy," may perhaps have noticed the brooch she wore with every costume she donned. It was always pinned somewhere about her throat or bosom, and as she wears four or five different dresses during the course of the piece, it is evident that she must regard this brooch—which is by no means strikingly beautiful—as a mascot. Would you like to know the little story that clings to that brooch? Miss MacNichol, as she is known on the stage, is the widow of Franz Vetta, the splendid basso, whom Patti discovered in a minstrel show at San Francisco, and who afterwards became one of the best grand opera singers of the day. Vetta sang *Mephisto* in Emma Juch's splendid presentation of "Faust" here some years ago, and Miss MacNichol was the pretty lad *Siebel*, who sang the immortal flower song so prettily. Well, Vetta died two or three years ago, and the little wife who had loved him so much has preserved ever since this brooch, a present of his to her, as a mascot in her stage performances. It contains the picture of their only child, at school in Washington.

\* \* \*

The young lady whose portrait adorns this page was seen here some weeks ago in "The American Girl." Her claim to distinction is that of having been one of Charles Dana Gibson's models for the magnificent "Gibson Girls," which have so long been a feature of *Life*. Her chin, her form and her brow show conclusively the Gibsonian traits which so many maidens have desired to cultivate.

John Hare, the delightful comedian who appeared at the Grand quite recently, is one of the most charming men imaginable. His popularity in London may be imagined when it is known that he is the frequent guest of the Prince of Wales and is the personal friend of half the distinguished nobles in the United Kingdom. The service he has rendered to the stage has indeed been a striking one. As the man who introduced the genuine elegant atmosphere of refined domestic life into the theater he is an innovator of the best class. No doubt, in the past, many plays were written which dealt truthfully with the life in an English home; but the old-fashioned resources of the stage did not permit the complete expression of their atmosphere in the theater. John Hare did away with all the dust and tinsel and artificiality. In "A Pair of Spectacles," which he presented here, he expressed all the comfort, the taste, and the domesticity of a happy English home. Stage setting, costuming and acting all bore out the illusion.

\* \* \*

Toronto has reason to be proud of the Thespian Club. One of its members has recently dramatized Marie Corelli's "Thelma" and the club produced it a few nights ago at St. George's Hall. Mr. Sowdon, who took that most difficult character of *Sigurd*, the half-witted hunchback, deserves our highest praise. Miss M. Millar, as the sweet and noble *Thelma*, acted with true professional ease and grace, while Mr. G. Deacon, Mr. Sandon and Mr. Campbell showed themselves to be actors of real merit. When we consider that the actors were all amateurs, that the play, by no means an easy one, was rehearsed only in recreation hours apart from their daily duties, we feel and regret that stageland is deprived of so much dramatic talent.

H. C.

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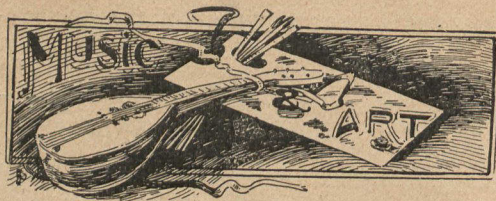
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CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, we compared Albani with Melba, and the Canadian queen of song lost in the comparison. The fresh, unstrained voice; the notes dropping full, liquid, even, controlled; the rich, melting tone, the wealth of reserve,—all these belonged to the young Australian cantatrice.

Albani is still wondrous in her volume and bravure, but the music has gone a little out of her voice; the fatal hardness that tells of wear and tear and strain is creeping in.

It was a splendid audience that greeted her, and a Toronto audience in evening dress assembled in the beautiful Massey Hall is worth a journey to look upon, especially when viewed from a stage or box. There is no hall approaching this in beauty or capacity in Canada.

There was a thread of sadness woven into all the beauty of sight and sound on Albani night, caused by the little black border about the program, and the knowledge that Mr. H. Massey, the donor of the magnificent gift to the city, lay even at that moment white and still, awaiting the cortège that should bear him to his solemn sleeping place.

It would like a requiem through the sweet notes of violin and flute, the ringing tones of Albani, and the soft, bell sounds of the contralto. The splendor of the gift—this vast hall with its cultured audience, soft lights and echoing melody—and the cold, white coffined face of its donor, contrasted strangely and movingly in our thought.

Madame Van der Veer Green won much favor, her voice was superbly rich and soft—perfect in modulation. She was given many recalls, and nothing could have been sweeter than her last little "lullaby."

Mr. Norman Salmond has an excellent bass voice and dramatic delivery. He gave excellent renderings of old English songs.

A tenor voice would have been a welcome addition to the company.

The concert was delightful; the only defect being the generous response to encore in a lengthy program. Two and a half hours should be the outer limit for any musicale, since human ear and brain refuse to be kept too long on strain.

Albani wore crown, necklace and pendants of superb diamonds. Her dress was of cream brocade satin and lace *en train*, with garnishings of deep crimson roses.

She was presented with two rose baskets—crimson and white. Her manner is charming and amiable as usual; success has never spoiled Albani; she is simply the cordial, unaffected, warm-hearted woman; honored by her Majesty with personal friendship, the intimate of many noble ladies; yet quick to give all kindly courtesies and cordiality to the most unknown of her countrywomen.

We all love Albani!

\* \* \*

The concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir on February 11th was worthy of all praise. Critics are disposed to look for faults in our local musical organizations; in this one there is nothing to condemn and much to laud.

Mr. A. S. Vogt deserves high encomiums for his admirable conduct and management of the Mendelssohn Choir.

He succeeds in securing fine effects in tone and phrasing, while the parts are perfectly balanced.

Perhaps the favorite selections in a really fine program were the choral transcriptions, "Last Night," by women's voices, and "Venice Waters," by men's voices.

The two-part songs were also well received; while "Bold Turpin" won a merry and enthusiastic applause.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler is one of the first pianistes of the day, and was received with the favor that always attends her in Toronto.

The programs were æsthetically gotten up on tinted blotting paper, with decidedly artistic effect.

\* \* \*

On March 10th the distinguished pianiste, Rafael Joseffy, will give a recital in the Massey Music Hall.

\* \* \*

Buffalo is to have a three days' carnival of music on March 9, 10 and 11, when four performances of grand opera will be given under Messrs. Abbey, Schoffel and Grau. The peerless Melba, Nordica, Calvé, Bauermeister, Schalchi, Mons. Jean and Ed. de Reszke, and other brilliant operatic stars will present "Les Huguenots" on the first evening. "Carmen," "Faust" and "Aida" will also be given on successive evenings.

The prices will seem high, but when one considers the cost of these first artists of the musical world, the charge of \$5, \$4 and \$3 per ticket is really moderate.

Toronto would be favored by the opportunity of hearing such a company, and surely we are as musical as Buffalo.

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FROM THE GALLERY

Marcella's words, as she obtains her first view of the British House of Commons, recur to us as we look down from our gallery corner into the arena of the Canadian Chamber.

How is it possible for any one, unless he has been trained to it for years, to make any effect upon such a crowd?—so irresponsible, individualist, unfused—so lacking in the qualities and excitements that properly belong to multitude. Half the men down below seem asleep under their hats; the rest indifferent. And are those languid murmurs what the newspapers call "cheers"?

Colonial Parliaments are fashioned after the Imperial House—passion and procedure are the same;—it is only a difference of place and detail. The strong men of the Colonial Governments would be leaders of the Imperial forces, did birth or environment permit. We have our Salisburys, Gladstones, Chamberlains and Churchills in every Colonial Chamber; they rise or fall, step steadily up, or drop by mighty descent into political death. They are opportunists, who grasp to success, or weaken to a failure; they show themselves petty politicians or broad statesmen—men of mark or miss. The power is the same, only the place differs.

Nay, further, if there be a question of degree, perhaps the greater vitality belongs to the Colonial Chambers, since here is manhood more nearly in touch with nature, clearer eyed, keener visioned, with the rude and indomitable "strength of the hill" within.

\* \* \*

It is a night off;—there are many such wasted days and nights in the Canadian Parliament, where cloture is not enforced, and members may drag dry speeches to an interminable length.

A chartered bore is on his feet; his voice, thinly monotonous, drops into the silence of empty benches, save where the dozen members on either side are reading, chatting or slumbering in weary indifference of the persistent voice. The speaker continues the even tenor of his way, not one whit disturbed; he has held the floor for four hours; if he elects to continue for twice four hours, there is none to say him nay. So long as the *Hansard* men are present to duly record his words; so long as he can blazon the same triumphantly before his constituents when election time comes round,—what cares he that the time and service of the House wait upon his will? This "talking to constituents" should be managed in a way less expensive and tiresome. The game is altogether too costly for Canada.

Through the warm, misty, twinkling atmosphere we look down at the one or two leaders of Government and Opposition who pass in and out, relieving one another at intervals, but always on guard against surprises of sudden divisions.

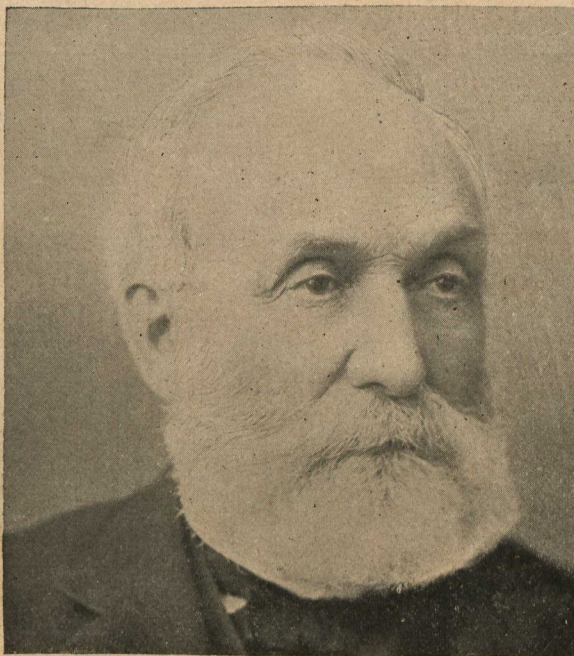
The monotonous voice has droned them into a placid amiability. Hon. David Mills is in one of the Government seats, telling a good story to Sir Adolphe Caron. The Minister of Finance enters in time to hear the last of it, and for a few minutes the three heads are close together and three genial laughs may be heard. Nicholas Flood Davin has settled down among a group of back bench Reformers—a sure promise of fun. The Comptroller of Customs leans against the Speaker's chair, rousing him from poppyland. The press gallery is playing chess,

reading, drowsing, while still the monotonous voice "talks to constituents."

Let us hie away out of the warm, sleepy chamber down the corridors into the reading room and the library, peeping into half-open doors and catching glimpses as we go.

The smoking-rooms are well filled with men deep in checkers, chess and cards. The reading-room holds a unique little group. Hon. David Mills, having finished his story, is now in close converse with Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and the member for East York; this is one of the under currents, possibly. The library, still and warm, has its lovers moving about in mute admiration, with here and there members consulting *Hansards* and histories in the pretty alcoves, or ladies bending over the latest magazines, while they wait for their especial M.P.

Down in the restaurant a cosy supper party is in progress. Upstairs, in the private rooms, are little gatherings of friendly



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

groups. The messengers, officials, attendants—the whole large staff that wait upon Her Majesty's faithful Commoners—are in lazy amiable leisure, all because of that drowsy chamber and droning voice.

\* \* \*

A night on;—a field night as it were, since the charge may be sharp, the attack sudden, and none know what an hour may bring forth.

Looking down from our gallery corner, we see the benches filled; almost every member in his place; the page boys flying about in obedience to sharp finger snaps; there is a rustle of paper, a consultation of big tomes, a general air of alertness and decision.

The leaders are in full array on either side. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., is in his seat; they have given him the place of honor—the chair and desk of past leaders. Here it was Sir John Macdonald sat, and that third, but not lesser, Sir John. The warm, luminous air quivers as we look, obscuring for an instant the present occupant, and we see in succession the forms and features of the statesmen who have gone. They leaped to the battle; they charged and defended; the fascination of the House, its power and passion, was upon them. Yet, now our pulses chill as we think of those white-covered graves out under the winter sky, down by the stormy sea and in still Cataract.

The mist passes, and again we see clearly. Sir Charles Tupper is in fighting form; he

adopts no finesse; he holds no reserves, but hits straight and without meditation. He is aggressive, combative; he rouses the Opposition instantly. The debate grows spirited, swift and sharp; leader answers leader; the press pencils are flying; the hours are not leaden, but mercuric.

We glance from face to face in endeavor to gauge the power and possibilities of the men to the fore,—wherein lies their strength or weakness; which shall stand and fall in the days to come.

The Opposition leaders—Hon. Mr. Laurier, with that indefinable magnetism, that out-giving sense of absolute personal honor and sweetness so instantly felt by those who come within his radius; his staunch lieutenant, Mr. Davies, his face graven in lines of precision and nicety; Hon. David Mills, argumentative, honorable and kind; Sir Richard Cartwright, combative, provocative, a foe worthy Sir Charles Tupper's steel; these and a score of chief aides on the one side.

Across the aisle—Hon. Mr. Foster, keen astute, clever, an epitome of political ability, with eyes showing rarely kind and sympathetic; Sir Charles Tupper, wondrously aggressive and strong; Sir Adolphe Caron, smiling, insouciant, indomitable; the Minister of Railways, ruggedly resolute, a loyal man of friendships, a strong man of hatreds; Hon. Mr. Dickey, whose face, so finely honorable, refined and intellectual, bespeaks instant confidence, and Hon. Mr. Wood, his confrère in all good qualities. These are but a few of the men upon whom our glance rests with intent to divine their political influence.

For faces tell, or is it the atmosphere—the 'aura' of which theosophists speak—that impresses each of us to a greater or less degree with the characters of those we meet?

This man is a trickster; we do not know it by any outward dealing, but we feel it. This one is hard, this one unstable. All the roughness here does not alarm us, because of the kind heart which we instantly divine; while scanning this face we know that here is one who may blunder in tactics, but never in honor.

Faces and personality are woful gossips. They tell secrets about us of which we do not dream.

\* \* \*

The debate has closed with a snap and sparkle. The House empties itself speedily from out the warmth and glow into the storm of a Canadian winter's midnight.

We pause as we descend the hill to glance back at the graceful pile, standing with turret and spire relieved against the blackness of the night sky. The snow swirls in in white gusts about the beautiful stone; it is cased, garnished, hemmed with soft lines and narrow banks of white; yet the warm glint shows mellow through the winter tracing, while beadings of twinkling lights shine brightly out, and the beacon light in the tall tower keeps watch over it all.

FAITH FENTON.

Faithful women err in this, that they think themselves the sole faithful of God's creatures.

I believe that we can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not so much as a principle or a conviction, except out of purifying flame or through strengthening peril.

Love is real: the most real, the most lasting, the sweetest, yet the bitterest thing we know.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

THE OTTAWA BALL.

It began really on the previous Saturday evening, when their Excellencies called an undress rehearsal of the program for the eventful Monday night, and the Senate Chamber was the scene of a merry informal gathering in the regulation evening dress, grouping about the various standard-bearers, practising the historic dances, and learning the few preliminaries of place and time needful to avoid confusion.

Their Excellencies, seated upon the dais beneath the crimson canopy, presided with genial informality over the practice, smiling at errors, suggesting improvements in time or pose, while the A.D.C.'s moved busily about in consultation and direction. It was all over at 11.30; light supper was served in the cosy Senate restaurant, and a few minutes before midnight the carriages rolled away, the fair ladies and courtly gentlemen chatted in gay groups down the hill, and Parliament pile was left to the stillness of the early Sunday morning hours.

The evening of the 17th was a sparkle of frosty severity—a typical Canadian midwinter night. The white snow glittered skyward; the stars in thick studding twinkled frostily

down; it was a diamond world, below and above, with the warm lights of the House on the the Hill shining humanly between.

Within, all was warmth and light and low laughter, the hum of voices, and the fragmentary bars of preparatory music.

Fur-robed sleighs were pausing in swift succession before the official-guarded doors, from which cloaked forms stepped, to speed lightly down the long, luxurious Senate corridors and disappear in one of the various dressing-rooms.

Up and down these same corridors quaint figures moved—court ladies and knights, generals and judges, pretty Acadian peasants and swarthy feather-begirt Indians. There were flowing wigs and lank Puritan locks, scarlet and gold, perukes and powder, muslins and moccasins; costumes that held their wearers in close kinship with the stately worthies on the corridor walls, and those older still—the magnificent barbarisms of Norse days. Already it was a picturesque and stirring blending.

Within the Senate Chamber the scene was increasing momentaril

in brilliance. A glance upward to the galleries showed them thronged with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, mingled with many in costume.

On the floor the standard-bearers were in their places, each holding erect the flag with the device and blazonings of the period it heralded. About these the various groups gathered rapidly, until every "court" was full.

The first bars of the National Anthem subdued the merry hum of voices, and turned every eye to the main Chamber entrance; the vice-regal court was entering. Slow and stately they moved up between the brilliant ranks, in full state ceremonial;—first, buglers, heralds, pages; then their Excellencies and suite, followed by the members of Judiciary, Cabinet and consuls with their ladies, in modern court dress, all ashimmer with lace and jewels, all wavy with feathers and veils.

Their Excellencies stepped upon the dais beneath the rich crimson canopy, their glittering court grouped itself on either side. Below them, on their right, stood the Vikings, in their picturesque dress; below them, on

The mad Vikings danced and chanted themselves into breathless group beneath their standard amid loud clappings, and their places were taken by Sebastian Cabot and his court in Venetian dress.

Slow and stately was the Venetian dance; a solemn, yet gracious and protective measure. In this, swords were brought into play; in this the courtly dames reclined in chairs while their partners paced slowly to and fro before turning to raise them. They poised and stepped in daintiest way, these high-bred dames and gallants, and bent in marvelous depth of obeisance before the vice-regal throne ere they again paced slowly and delicately beneath their banner.

This dance, too, was expressive of the day and age to which it belongs.

\* \* \*

Jacques Cartier, Canada's own particular hero, came next, bringing in his court Sieur de Roberval, the gentle Margaret of Valois, Francis I. and Henry VIII. with all his wives.

This court had large attaches of fishermen, fisher lassies and sailors.

The dance was a slow and stately quadrille, in which the rich dresses showed to great advantage.

Following it came minuet and gavotte—dances

of France in the Acadian days. Wondrously graceful in pose and coquettish in suggestion, these also were full of expressiveness, telling their story of the days when the code of chivalry taught knightiness in men—in woman, submission.

Maisonnette's period—that of the founding of our big commercial city, Montreal—called forth another solemn Venetian dance, with swords and dainty-stepping ladies.

This was followed by a stately minuet for the days of Montcalm and Wolfe—those splendid stirring days of mingling, yet antagonizing English and French interests, which no Canadian ever realizes to the full until he stands just without old Quebec City, upon the plains of Abraham, beside the simple monument inscribed with those two most heroic names.

\* \* \*

The Evangeline dance came next, and out of its very simplicity captured the hearts of the onlookers. A dance of the maidens it was; pretty peasant girls in Normandy caps, short coquettish skirts, coaxing little aprons, buckled slippers, and a



A PRIVATE PRACTICE.

the left, the U. E. Loyalists—the first and last "periods" of Canadian incoming thus facing each other across the Crimson Chamber,—and following them, ranged down on either side, the intervening groups, until the entire Chamber was circled with a glittering costumed throng, while the eye gazed entranced upon a maze of color and gleam, a riot of art and history, that words fail to express.

\* \* \*

A few moments of pause; then the signal was given, the band struck up a rapid, wild chanting measure; with a rush the Vikings bore their partners to their places, and the first historical dance began.

What a mad measure it was, and how truly indicative of the period. All the verve, the vitality and passion of the barbaric was in it; all the tale of the days when physical prowess and bodily conquest prevailed; the wild triumph of the drinking cup, the bold assault upon the maidens, the days of "the taking by force"—all this the Viking dance told. The measure and music were enough; it hardly needed the accurate costuming, the flowing Boadicean robes and crowns of the women, the half-furry garb and head dresses of the men, the presence of the venerable bard with his harp, to bring before us in strong vividness the picture of those old Norse folk who came, half mythically, to our shores, in their quaint wooden ships, nine centuries ago.





FLASHLIGHT, BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

world of airy winsomeness. They frolicked about their May-pole led by the daintiest little Evangeline in little grey gown and golden cross, whose thoughtful Madonna brow and violet eyes made her a sweeter evangel than she knew to many of the harder older folk who watched her.

The U. E. Loyalist group very aptly closed the historic dances with good old Sir Roger de Coverley, winding up and down, in and out, in hearty fashion.

And last came the State quadrille, led off by their Excellencies and participated in by the brilliant-uniformed men and rich-gowned ladies of the vice-regal court.

\* \* \*

Madam Albani, looking a veritable song queen in her sparkle of diamond coronet and pendants, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, one of Chicago's most beautiful women, both being guests of her Excellency, looked down upon the scene from seats upon the dais; their presence contributing not a little to the brilliant inspiration of the hour.

Moving down among the groups upon the floor came courteous, smiling A. D. C.'s, to pause before each lady and present her, in His Excellency's name, with a pretty souvenir,—a little golden clasp, composed of the letters forming the Aberdeen motto, "*Fortuna sequatur.*"

The dainty white program pencils attached suggested a modest use for the pretty trifles, but their fair recipients whispered, "let fortune follow," and placed them gleaming in corsage and lace.

Artistic little programs hung from slender wrists, bearing out in graceful design the

historic data. A group of richly tinted heraldic flags was upon one side of the cover, and opposite it a series of quaint miniature etchings, representing grave seigneurs and noble dames of our Canadian past.

\* \* \*

And now came the presentations of the various courts. Marshaled by their standard-bearers, they formed in procession six hundred strong, and moved slowly up the wide Chamber to be presented individually by their leaders, and make each obeisance before their Excellencies. From the deep sweeping bow of the Venetian lady to the courtesy of the little peasant maid, the military salute of the soldier, the stiff nod of the tall Indian, the half-bashful ducking of Cabot's sailors,—the entire gamut of salutations was performed in excellent character, and was smilingly approved of and acknowledged by their Excellencies. Truly, the names were often fearfully and wonderfully wrought; but the various leaders rang them well out, so that, whether it were Baron de Longueuil, Madame la Marquise de Tracy, or Kiotsaton, chief of the Iroquois,—each passed magnificent.

\* \* \*

How glittering and rich the scene at this moment! The Red Chamber rivaled its highest record of all past years. It was a riot of color and sparkle—a maze of beautiful pictures. The vision could not turn, save to rest upon some æsthetic effect, some bewitching pose or pretty picturesqueness. Individually, in groups, or in *tout ensemble*, the effect was a wonderful weaving charm of color and movement, not easily described, certainly never to be forgotten.

Their Excellencies upon the dais smiling and bending to the latest presentee; their brilliant court of present-day high officials grouped on either side, watching and smiling in sympathy; the glittering groups ranged down the Chamber, the gleam of the standard-bearers' helmets, the flutter of pennants, the iridescence of costume, the white of powdered hair and flowing wig, the scarlet of the judges, the sheen and perfume and warm air, the thronged full dress galleries, and the crimson furnishings of the Chamber for background and environment,—it was a wordless brilliance of human posing.

\* \* \*

Supper came next, the vice-regal court moving first, and the remainder following after in due order. Then historic order and ceremony was tossed aside; the gallery on-lookers came down upon the floor, and all the gorgeous history broke into merry modernness. Valse and lancers and bright two-step—Indian and court lady, peasant and Puritan—they circled in and out, incongruous, yet in harmony, blending into the prettiest and softest symphony of color and form.

Out in the supper rooms, down the luxurious corridors, in ones or two, or a score, the guests grouped in the prettiest historic impossibilities,—all was graceful and merry. But the dances flew fast, the morning hours were peeping; the early risers had already slipped away. It was time to bow good night to their Excellencies, and drive home, through the keen frosty night, from the most delightful and successful fête that the grave old Senate Chamber has ever known.

FAITH FENTON.

GOSSIP

AND



CHIT CHAT

**S**WIFT as the gay sleighs dash down the white, hilly high-ways, glistening as the diamond-dusted buildings, and crisp as the frosty atmosphere, the social hours

of Ottawa sessional life fly by, until it is no more day and night, neither morning nor evening, but one perpetual noontide of functions,—in dinners, dances and drives, in five o'clocks and endless minor coteries, in a whirl of pretty surface excitements and a world of petty under intrigues. The little city is captured by a merry nomad throng, who, during the sessional weeks—be they many or few—hold it in gay possession, rippling all the air into a stimulating social breeze.

This social phase of life at the Capital has its uses; it is an indispensable adjunct of the life political, since the latter would assume an attitude far too bitter and strained, lacking the genialities of gentle social courtesies and the *entente cordiale* established thereby.

To discover that the strongest or the most tiresome, the blatant or the most satirical, of one's foes in the House, is yet a man of many social and domestic virtues, is worth while, since it gives a better and truer point of view from which to judge him; and this is the function of sessional social life at the Capital.

Nay, more; that politician whose wife realizes the potency of fine social diplomacies has in her the ablest lieutenant, the truest advocate and staunchest henchman.

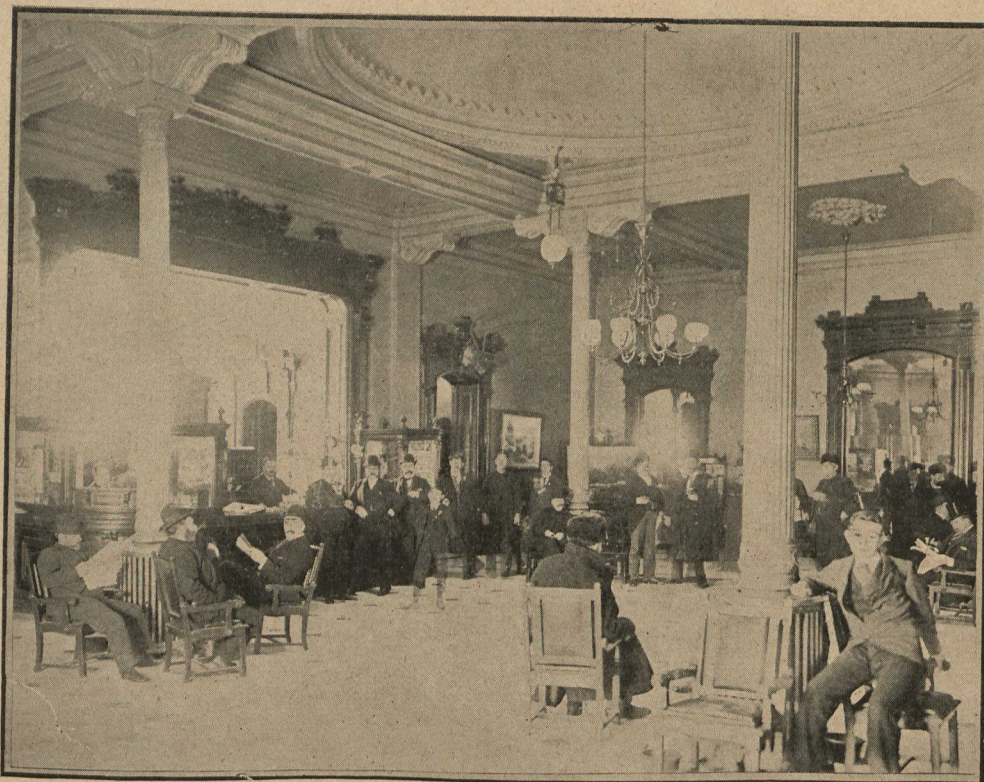
Men occasionally achieve high political honors in spite of their wives; yet, possibly, if the real epitaphs upon many political gravestones could be read, they would run, "Here lieth the husband of a witless woman."

So it is not all profitless—this whirl of frivolities,—although it appears much like it to the philosopher who is caught in the social maelstrom that centers at the Russell House.

For here, at this bright, homelike hotel, are to be found the coteries of members, Senators and officials who come from all

parts of the Dominion for the session, bringing bright, ambitious wives and pretty daughters to make their bow before her Excellency and enter into the full flood of social functions. Life at the Russell during the session is worth studying, since it reflects, not simply an Ottawa phase, but rather that of all Canada—the stirring, ambitious, kindly life of a people not yet refined from all the crudities of a young nation; but not too far removed from the sturdy pioneer days to be either artificial or effeminate.

The rotunda of the Russell is the place of political entr'actes. Here, upon the marbled floor, the members gather between the



RUSSELL HOUSE ROTUNDA.

House sittings to discuss the debates; here they knot themselves in informal caucus; here, too, may be found the lobbyist, the office-seeker and the man who knows.

The dining-room of the Russell House presents an interesting sight when the electric lights flash out, the tables are filled and dinner is fully under way.

Here we find assembled representative Canadian men from every province in the Dominion, whose names are familiar as household words throughout the country.

The courtly leader of the Opposition chats lightly over his walnuts with the newspaper woman beside him. The genial Deputy-Speaker is laughing at a good story in process of telling by the Reform member who has paused at his table. A group of Nova Scotia representatives are discussing some provincial interest. Here is a clever leading Reformer from Prince Edward Island indulg-

ing in badinage across his table with the pretty wife of a handsome North-west Senator; and there sits one of Canada's famous lawyers absorbed in the latest newspaper article devoted to his abuse.

Members of the Cabinet, judges, Senators, members, well-known clericals, lawyers and officials, gather from the far East and the farther West, with the pretty brightness of wives and daughters about them; the tinkle of porcelain mingled with the low laughter and hum of speech, the brightness, glow and warmth of it all make a scene worth looking upon.

Yet again comes the drawing-room aspect—not by any means the least important factor in the hotel life.

The Russell House drawing-room is a large, cosily appointed apartment, with a wealth of magnificent view from its great windows, which look over bridge, canal and river to the hills and sunset horizon. There are a score of pretty private parlors also, and about these circles the social life in gay gossips and plannings, and the many happy devices which go to make up the courtesies of the session.

How gayly the days dance by! To-day it is an outdoor reception at Government House, and merry parties wend their way down to the skating rinks and toboggan slides at Rideau, where their Excellencies give cordial welcome; the elder people group in their furs, while the younger ones indulge in the exhilarating sports.

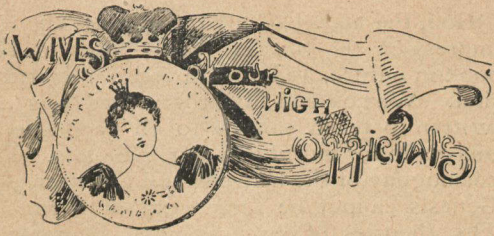
To-night it is an "at home" at the residence of a Cabinet Minister, and the gay folks reappear, divested of their furs and in the shimmer of evening dress.

To-morrow it is a breakfast party and a half-dozen five o'clocks, with a round up in the Speaker's cosy chambers in that dear House on the Hill. The members leave the prosy Chamber and slip across the corridors to greet the Speaker's popular wife, Mrs. White, as she stands amid her bevy of guests, and

presently it is again *au revoir* until evening brings us together once more in detachments for dinners, or perhaps *en masse* for a reception at Rideau Hall.

When Sunday comes there is silence—a general sleepiness and deserted corridors. Church service for some, little suppers for others, and at last, when evening grows late, our musician strikes a few grave, rich chords from the piano and plays some well-known hymn.

The response is instant. One by one they are drawn in by the magic of sound until all are singing;—heavy-cannon Reformer, light-shot Conservative, bitter satirist, broad humorist, the man who hits with sledgehammer blows, and he who never strikes, the member from Prince Edward and the member from Vancouver,—all are gathered about the instrument, party differences forgotten, or falling into their real insignificance before the sentiment of the grand old hymns.



This series has thus far contained sketches of Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. C. Patterson, Madame Chapleau and Madame Laurier.

It is between six and seven in the evening. It is also dinner hour and orchestral night at the Russell House. The great dining-hall is white and sparkling with fresh napery and glass. The waiters are moving swiftly, the tables are rapidly filling. The House rose from its afternoon sitting at six, and now members, Senators, newspaper men and all the quota of railway magnates, lobbyists, officials that wait upon a Governmental session are assembling to discuss affairs more palatable than the Budget. The lights are bright, the speech gayly murmurous, the music sweet and rhythmic.

Passing up the hall to his table comes the tall, familiar form of the Opposition leader, personally one of the highest esteemed and best-loved men in Parliament and throughout this country to-day,—and beside him one less known, but equally regarded by those who have had the opportunity and pleasure of meeting her,—the leader's wife,—Madame Laurier.

A picturesque, attractive and gentle little lady she is,—not really *petite*, but appearing so beside her tall husband.

Snowily grey hair brushed pompadour from a broad low brow; eyes giving one a delusive impression that they are brown—bright eyes they are and very honest,—a clear pallor of skin and pretty matronly plumpness, with always the air of busy kindness about her,—this is Madame Laurier.

Instinctively we know something of her personality; it reveals itself, as character does, without the telling. She loves her home and is a queen of house-keepers; she is by nature quiet and reserved, is incapable of simulation, owns a clear and practical judgment, has a world of charity in her heart for all helpless creatures. She is cheery and bright, a lover of children and dumb things,—not given to mysticisms or pessimisms, but looking at life in a simple, wholesome way. Something in this fashion would a physiognomist speak, after a quiet glance at the comely face.

Madame Laurier is, by years of sessional residence, as well as by her husband's position, one of the leading ladies in the Ottawa season's social life; yet, while she concedes all courtesy to those of her husband's following, she makes no marked distinction. At her receptions, given at intervals through the session, she greets Conservatives with the same kindness bestowed upon her own party, and, in all the amenities of hotel life, Madame Laurier takes little account of political bias; making and meeting all overtures with a simple and unaffected friendliness, thus establishing and confirming the *entente cordiale* which exists among the sessional ladies at the Russell.

The lady pauses here and there on her way through the dining hall to chat with one or another,—Senator's wife or member's pretty

daughter; to inquire concerning an invalid, make social appointment, or discuss some recent or approaching function,—and everywhere she is greeted with a brightening that betokens the regard in which she is held.

Madame Laurier is not a politician; beyond being interested as a devoted wife in all that concerns her husband, she has no schemes or wiliness for advancing any especial party cause,—she is too honest, too simply a home-lover and keeper to finesse. Her heart and interest lies rather in gentle charities.

\* \* \*

Madame Laurier's home is in the little town of Arthabaskerville, half way between Montreal and Quebec. It is a quiet little place containing only some two thousand inhabitants. Yet, being a court center, it supports eleven law firms, the leading one being that in which Mr. Laurier is partner. Here the Opposition leader and his wife have lived for twenty-seven years in a pretty residence replete with comfort, whose doors are always open to greet the coming guest. To enter



MADAME LAURIER.

Madame Laurier's home is to step at once into a genuine living,—into an atmosphere of peace and trustfulness, of wide hospitality and kindness.

Madame Laurier has no children, but missing their laughter she keeps her home sunny and cheery in other ways. She loves flowers and takes great pleasure in her greenhouses. She has her animal pets also; and these are carefully looked after during her stay in Ottawa. Indeed, her heart goes back in the midst of the social functions with many a thought of longing for the quiet home, the dumb pets and the gentle charities.

A story that came to me incidentally from one of her friends relates how one session she left Ottawa and all its gayeties in order to attend some duty or pleasure connected with a home of orphan girls,—a charity very dear to her in Athabaskerville.

\* \* \*

After all it is the true woman life,—that of home-making and keeping,—a life bounded by charities and canopied with the blue of peace. Our dear foremothers lived thus in all the fragrance of gracious activities, pure benevolences and sweet content; and they earned that dearest and most expressive name of gentlewoman. FAITH FENTON.

### THE COMMONPLACE SET.

Should you meet us some day in the city,  
A man, early old, grave and grey,  
And a quaint little maid, scarcely pretty,  
In faded, old-fashioned array;  
With hardly a glance you would pass us,  
And straightway forget you had met  
We two of the great struggling army—  
The commonplace set.

Her scarce subdued childhood still lingers  
In bearing, in look and in tone,  
So close in her small gloveless fingers  
She tenderly presses my own.  
And we look in the wonderful windows  
And somehow are wont to forget  
We belong to the ranks of a toiling  
And commonplace set.

When the sunset lights up the great river,  
In the gold gleam we stand, I and she,  
And watch the swift current which ever  
Flows on to its guerdon—the sea;  
And we try to imagine we likewise  
May reach a fair future—and  
yet

How small is our chance of promotion,  
The commonplace set.

Sometimes I am tempted to wonder

If, given a chance and a start  
Away from the tide which beats under

The bravest and stoutest of hearts,

We might not have done or been something;

And I stifle a sigh of regret  
For the many who have so few chances,

The commonplace set.

It runs much like this: our ambition—

A cottage which nestles in trees,  
And then, to complete the fair vision,

A garden with roses and bees,  
And a flower bed with red and white borders

Of daisies and sweet mignonette;

We have not very lofty ideals,  
We commonplace set.

But for us they are truly ideal;

And so we wend home in the dark,  
Where the dream merges into the real,

And the daisies we plucked in the park  
Are placed in a mug in the window—

An effort to help us forget  
The bareness of life, which so stifles

The commonplace set.

—Lilian Claxton.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Manning Arcade, Toronto.

## QUIET HOUR

Nothing resting in its own completeness  
Can have worth or beauty; but alone  
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,  
Gracious tho' it be, of her blue hours;  
But is hidden in her tender leading  
To the summer's richer world of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly  
Into day, which floods the world with light,  
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,  
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Toward a truer, deeper life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more Divine and perfect love.

—A. A. Procter.

Love without reverence and enthusiasm is  
only friendship.—George Sand.

God is the poet; men are but the actors.  
The greatest dramas of earth were written  
in heaven.—Balsac.

There is no life so humble that if it be true  
and genuinely human and obedient to God,  
it may not hope to shed some of His life.  
There is no life so meager that the greatest  
and wisest of us can afford to despise it.—  
Phillips Brooks.

What higher praise can we bestow on any-  
one than to say that he harbors another's  
prejudices with a hospitality so cordial as to  
give him, for the time, the sympathy next  
best to, if, indeed, it be not edification in,  
charity itself. For what disturbs more and  
distracts mankind than the uncivil manners  
that cleave man from man?—Bronson Alcott.

Have charity; have patience; have mercy.  
Never bring any human being, however silly,  
ignorant or weak, to shame and confusion of  
face. Never by petulance, by suspicion, by  
ridicule, even by selfish haste,—never, above  
all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a  
sneer—crush what is finest and rouse up  
what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-  
creature.—Kingsley.

The prayer which Robert Louis Stevenson  
wrote for his family in distant Samoa the  
night before he died:

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us  
with favor, folk of many families and nations  
gathered together in the peace of this roof,—  
weak men and women subsisting under the  
covert of Thy patience. Be patient still;  
suffer us yet a while longer—with our broken  
promises of good, with our idle endeavors  
against evil—suffer us a while longer to en-  
dure, and (if it may be) help us to do better.  
Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the  
day come when these must be taken, have  
us play the man under affliction.

"Be with our friends; be with ourselves.  
Go with each of us to rest; if any awake,  
temper to them the dark hours of watching;  
and, when the day returns—our Sun and  
Comforter—call us with morning faces, eager  
to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness be  
our portion, and, if the day be marked to  
sorrow, strong to endure it.

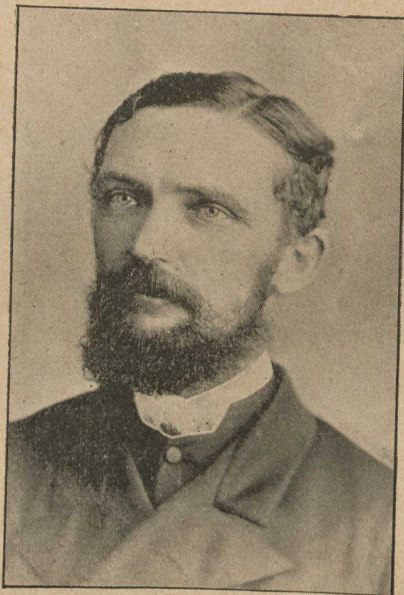
"We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in  
the words of Him to whom this day is sacred  
close our oblation. Amen."

The following hymn was a marked favorite  
of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. He gave  
it out more frequently than any other for  
Sunday evening services, and quoted it much  
in private:

The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
Dark, dark has been the midnight,  
But day spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment  
Our web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Are lusted with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.



REV. D. J. MACDONNELL.

O, I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine;  
He brings a poor, vile sinner  
Into His "house of wine."  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

He was almost equally fond of the follow-  
ing fine paraphrase by the Marquis of Lorne:

Unto the hills around do I lift up  
My longing eyes;  
O, whence for me shall my salvation come,  
From whence arise?  
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,  
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved,  
Safe shalt thou be;  
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,  
Who keepeth thee.  
Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,  
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,  
Thy changeless shade;  
Jehovah evermore on thy right hand  
Himself hath made.  
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,  
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall He keep thy soul,  
From every sin;  
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,  
Thy coming in.  
Above thee, watching thee, whom we adore,  
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

God, the maker of all things, has left His  
impress on the Sacred Writings, as on His  
book in nature, and all are for our instruc-  
tion. We contend that the record was not  
written to teach science to all generations,  
but given for moral and spiritual ends. The  
cosmogony of the heavens and the science of  
Genesis cannot be forced out of harmony.  
The theories of science may change with  
every generation, but the Bible keeps abreast  
of all human knowledge whatsoever.

The Delphian oracles did not grow with  
the years, but the Bible has been a perfect  
growth, until it has reached a stage of com-  
pleteness.

If by the attentive reading of the  
prophecies we cannot see that exquisite har-  
mony which exists between them, we would  
be dull indeed; and, yet, while this is said,  
we do not forget that the food there found is  
varied. . . . It is suited to the capacity  
of all states and conditions of men,—none  
need to be disappointed who come with will-  
ing heart to learn its precious truths. The  
New Testament is latent in the Old, and the  
Old is like a room nobly furnished but dimly  
lighted, needing but the sun to shine therein.

So by Paul we stand;—to us it is good  
science, for out of its treasures are brought  
things new and old, to nourish the soul and  
to make men wise.—Prof. Warfield's Lectures  
at Knox College.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:  
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"—  
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been  
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the living  
bread."

O human soul! as long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—  
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.  
—Arnold.

We must remember that cheerfulness has  
to be learned; it does not come naturally.  
The cheerfulness which comes naturally is  
not that which our Master bids us to have.  
We are to be of good cheer in tribulation,  
and this certainly is not a natural experience.

Nor does this Christian cheerfulness come  
as a direct gift from God when we become  
Christians. All the fine things in Christian  
nurture and Christian culture have to be  
learned. Even Jesus Himself "learned  
obedience by the things which he suffered."

When he was an old man, St. Paul wrote  
to his friends that he had learned in what-  
soever state he was therein to be content.  
It is a comfort to us to think that Paul was  
not always thus contented, and that it had  
taken him a long time to learn the lesson.—  
J. R. Miller, D.D.

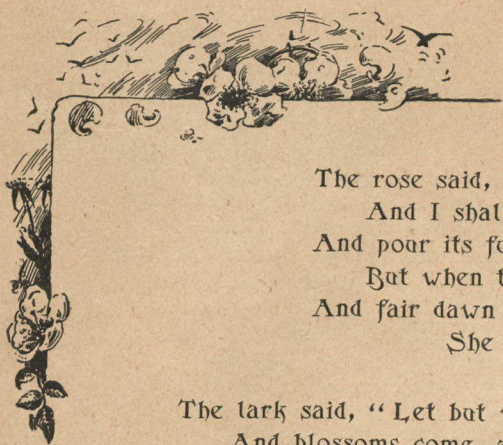
Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye  
Forever doth accompany mankind,  
Hath looked on no religion scornfully  
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?  
Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?  
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:  
Thou must be born again!

Children of men! not that your age excel  
In pride of life the ages of your sires,  
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,  
The Friend of man desires.

—Matthew Arnold.

No man—no woman is always strong.  
Calumny, even from the mouth of a fool,  
will sometimes cut into unguarded feel-  
ings.



## Fate.

The rose said, "Only let this rain be past,  
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun,  
And pour its fullness into life at last."  
But when the rain was done,  
And fair dawn sparkled through unclouded air,  
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away  
And blossoms come, and light; then will I soar  
And lose the earth, and be the voice of day."  
But when the snows were o'er,  
And sweet spring broke in blueness overhead,  
The lark, poor bird, was dead.

Yet myriad blossoms made the gardens glow;  
And skylarks carolled all the summer long:  
No lack of birds to sing, or flowers to blow—  
But ah! lost scent, lost song;  
Poor storm-wrecked rose; poor lark, that never trilled;  
Dead, unfulfilled.

HATTIE COOPER.

## JUST YOU AND I.

FLAG half-mast upon a grey church tower, a grey-stone manse agloom with close-barred shutters, a grey sky dropping leadenly down.

Within the church, heavy draperies of black, dim light, solemn organ notes; a gathering of people with sad faces and tear-filled eyes lifted toward an empty pulpit.

The organ voice grows softer; it ceases; a gowned minister—alas, a stranger—ascends into the pulpit; his words of prayer break the stillness. The service begins.

And through the misty tear-blurred atmosphere the people see not him who speaks, but him who has spoken from that pulpit in the long range of past years. His voice is in their ears; his presence is before them; his words, his out-giving, his life, is reaching and touching theirs as it never has done before. The sweet gravity of those strong Scotch faces; the uplifted eyes, the far-off vision, tell surely that he whose form lies white in repose within that shuttered manse, is with his people now, in the hour of their sorrow, to comfort them as of old.

\* \* \*

What the pastor of St. Andrew's was to his family and heart friends, only they may know; what to his people, the sweet solemn uplifting look may tell. His brethren of the ministry have extolled him as with one voice from a thousand pulpits throughout the land; there yet remains the tribute from those who know him not, save as the stranger knows, who pauses at the beautiful temple gate, listens a moment to the service within, then passes on his way.

What though the words are halting? If they express a real regret, a real affection,—if they come from a heart sore in sympathy for the passing of a good man, they may be permitted among the many more eloquent tributes.

\* \* \*

It is hard to separate St. Andrew's and its late pastor, in our thought; the two are as closely entwined as Boston's Trinity Church and Phillips Brooks.

The beautiful stone edifice, with its grace

of architecture, its æsthetic dignity of interior, its rich music, its service,—stately, reverent, yet glowing,—is truly expressive of its pastor. The whole form and character of the worship is the outcome of his life and thought. Because Mr. Macdonnell lived, his church lived also,—in all the beauty and reverence, all the simplicity and intensity that made its very atmosphere electric with lively conviction.

The chance visitor never entered St. Andrew's without feeling the beauty of holiness wrapping him about. That slender form in the pulpit, that dark nervous face, and eager, hesitant speech pressed instantly upon him; and he knew that here at least was one to whom the eternal verities were not vague "hoped-fors," but real and present possessions.

It was one of the features of Mr. Macdonnell's ministry,—this impress of his sincerity upon the listening stranger,—the wayfarer who crept quietly in, and sat in some far pew corner to pass an hour.

Were the visitor idle or eager, indifferent, questioning, or sceptic, the atmosphere of the place wrapped him into an outer reverence; and passing out, he knew he had listened to one who believed, and therefore spake.

O these back-pew wayfarers!—chance listeners of an hour; unknown to him who preaches and they who attend,—who shall say what momentous issues shall result in their lives and the lives of others because of their moment's pause at the temple gate? The thought of them should be present with every minister as he faces his congregation.

\* \* \*

What was the secret of Mr. Macdonnell's power over men and women of the world? Only that he was a good man—that was all.

Eloquence, oratory, depth of learning, none of these he had to extent; only the intensity of sincerity, the magnetism of wide sympathy. "He lived in touch with God." Thus one spake of him, and in saying it, said all.

But stop and think of it. This is a city full of churches; a country full of pulpits. Yet both those who are in the pews and

outside them, turn with bitter sense of bereavement to ask wearily of each other, "Who is there to take his place?"

Men of the pulpits, the Church's greatest need to-day, her crying need, is a ministry each member of which lives and walks "in touch with God."

\* \* \*

How the manner of his death has appealed to us;—this holy man of God. His was not a translation, no sudden and glorious passing. To him was given sorrow and loss, loneliness and slow decay. He suffered all the pain and the weakness of a gradual wasting. He endured the uncertainty, the longings for recovery, the hopes, the disappointments, the fluctuations, the intense weariness, of a slow decline. He was spared not one detail of the progress of disease; he,—this saintly soul, this intensely sympathetic man, drank the full cup of human weakness and bodily distress, and trod the *via dolorosa* to the end, even as his Master had done.

Lying in his quiet country retirement, with his thought and hope for his people in the busy city, his heart already with one gone before to the Leal Land; bound to earth by an infinitude of tender ties, fatherly and pastoral, drawn toward heaven by one strong vibrant cord; watching the suns rise and set, the moons grow and wane; sending loving messages to his sore-hearted church; striving to get better, then patiently waiting for the end;—the minister of St. Andrew's came nearer to his people through his sufferings than ever he did in times of health.

\* \* \*

It is a splendid service, on this Memorial Sunday. The music is not mournful; there are no dirges nor *dies iræ*; but the beautiful organ under the master-touch rings out, rich, full and deep,—melody exultant, not *misereræas*. The great congregation take up the psalms so strong and sweet, "Unto the hills," and "The Lord is my Shepherd." They lift their sad faces upward and sing as the Covenanters sang on the Scottish hill-side centuries ago. It seems as though the white mute-lipped form within the silent manse must hear, and hearing make answer to his people's outpouring.

But he is still,—held by the mighty bonds of our strongest foe; and his friend, Principal Grant, steps into the pulpit—his pulpit—to speak of him and for him. He tells of the source of the dead minister's strength, his freedom of thought, his spiritual power; his belief that

Somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill;

his sunny, cheery faith, and all the sweetnesses of his character.

Again the organ voice sounded, this time alone,

I know, I know, that my Redeemer liveth;  
I know, I know—

Surely it was the triumph song of him whose still form lay so near his beloved church.

'Our Father who art in heaven;—the people's voice rose in united petition like the murmur of waters.

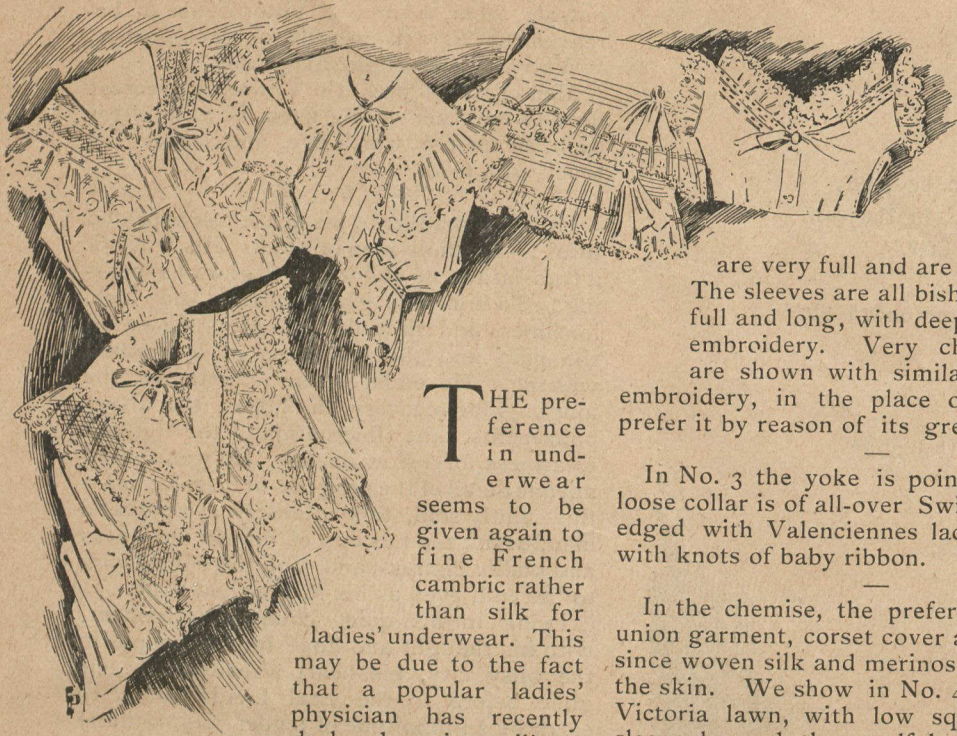
O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

It was a last exultant uplifting of voice then came the benediction.

\* \* \*

O flag on the grey Norman tower! you should droop not at half-mast, but flutter your folds at the head; for you tell not of death, but of Victory.

FAITH FENTON.



THE preference in underwear seems to be given again to fine French cambric rather than silk for

ladies' underwear. This may be due to the fact that a popular ladies' physician has recently declared against silk as

less sanitary to be worn next the body than cambric or linen;—or the more practical reason that white silk refuses to keep its color after having been sent to the laundry, and the majority of women—even when not averse to pale pinks or blues, or blacks—object to underwear of pea-soup tint.

Be the reason what it may, the best local houses are showing the newest white wear in fine cambrics, undressed jaconet and lawns.

Night robes are following bodice fashions somewhat, in being finished with revers, over yokes and sailor collar trimmings of lace insertion or embroidery.

In No. 1 we show one of the newest night robes in empire style. It is made of fine French cambric, and has a low square cut front, giving yoke effect, deep falling collar of cambric insertion edged with deep Valenciennes lace. Pointed revers of insertion and lace reach over the shoulder. Very full bishop sleeves are finished with a deep cuff of insertion and lace. The material falls in full gathers from the yoke in front, giving the empire effect. A knot of narrow pale pink ribbon placed at the corsage edge forms the garnishing.

No. 2 is also of cambric, but is more simply made. This also is cut low. In fact, no high-throated night robes are shown.



It has a deep cape collar of "all-around" insertion, edged with deep Valenciennes lace. The bishop sleeves are long and finished with deep lace, which falls over the hand.

Perhaps the most coquettish of the night robes shown is of cambric, with low neck, coming to point in back and front. The yoke front is formed entirely of fine Valenciennes lace

gathered in at sleeve seam and center to give shirred effect over the bust. The yoke is outlined by frill of linen lawn edged with deep lace, which is gathered up into a cascade at the lower point of the V front.

The bishop sleeves, very full and long, are finished with shirred insertion and lace to correspond with the yoke. The shirring is

caught with full knots of baby ribbon, which is used freely as a garnishing.

The skirts of the newest night gowns are very full and are worn *en train*. The sleeves are all bishop shape, very full and long, with deep cuff of lace or embroidery. Very charming gowns are shown with similar effects in fine embroidery, in the place of lace. Many prefer it by reason of its greater durability.

In No. 3 the yoke is pointed. The full loose collar is of all-over Swiss embroidery, edged with Valenciennes lace and finished with knots of baby ribbon.

In the chemise, the preference is for the union garment, corset cover and underskirt; since woven silk and merinos are worn next the skin. We show in No. 4 a chemise of Victoria lawn, with low square yoke, no sleeve beyond the needful strap, which is concealed by the deep falling frill of lace. The lower edge of the chemise is finished with frills of point de Paris lace. Another has a narrow yoke of lace insertion edged with deep frill.

The pantalettes of twenty-five years ago gave way to knickerbocker lengths. These have given way again to drawers that rarely touch the knee; yet make up their lack of width in length. The fashionable drawers of to-day are very short and wide enough to almost earn the right to be called the divided skirt.

Stockings that reach half way to the hip, and are fastened by the suspender from the corset, render the old drawer length unnecessary. The width enables them to take the place of a primary skirt. They are made with deep yoke, thus preventing the fullness of gathers at the waist.

Thanks due to Catto.

No. 4 is the mousquetaire glove of undressed kid, which still remains popular. Indeed, many ladies refuse to wear any other. This glove is in eight-button length and forms a very effective arm covering, since the wrinkled effect is not only permissible but desirable. The eight-button mousquetaire may be worn either as a street glove or for afternoon teas.

Silk gloves have not been much in demand during the present season; the kid glove having been restored to fashionable favor for evening dress.

The French kid is finer and of better quality than the German.

Last summer it was considered possible to keep the hand ungloved without transgression of *la mode*. During the present season in New York it is not unusual to see the ungloved hand, especially if it be pretty and garnished with rings.

It is predicted that during the coming summer the ungloved hand will be quite good form, even upon the street.

The thought is, of course, that the possessor of a well-shaped hand and handsome rings should show the same, while the vexation and discomfort of gloves in warm weather is an unnecessary evil.

MADAM.

Thanks due to Stitt

## THE NEWEST GLOVES.

THE Cluze patent will certainly revolutionize the glove trade, since even a glance at the new thumb shows its complete superiority over the ordinary thumb in kid gloves.

The woman with the plump hand—which is always the pretty hand—has suffered indescribable things because of the seam at the base of the thumb, which has invariably cut into the soft cushion of flesh, compressing the same, checking the circulation, and leaving a nasty ring mark or swollen effect when the glove has been removed.

Again, the thumb-piece cut in this fashion has a tendency to split; or else has distorted the hand in the strain upon the width.

The newest glove has the Cluze patent thumb, in which the thumb piece reaches to the first wrist button, relieving all strain at the base of the thumb, giving a much better fit; and neater, freer, and more slender appearance to the hand.

In looking at the difference between the two thumbs, a surprised feeling arises that this obvious improvement in this respect should not have been made long ago.

In No. 1 we illustrate the new thumb. The favorite gloves are still in undressed kid. There seems to be no difficulty with that first troublesome button; which, in the older cut, has so often to remain unfastened. The thumb piece inserted to the wrist makes the adjustment of the wrist fastenings easy.

Fancy stitching on the back of the glove is still in vogue. The stitching on the undressed kid is usually narrower than that on the dressed kid.

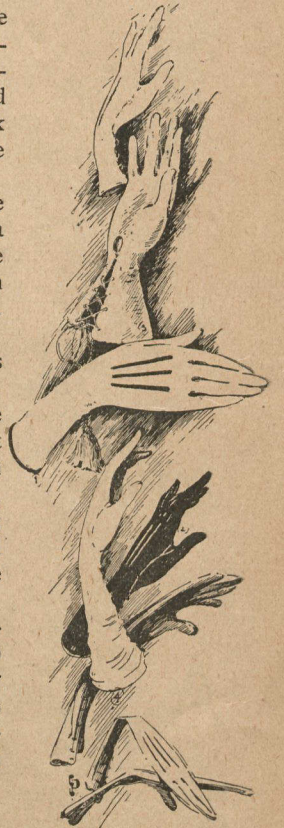
Pretty gloves in pale tints—primrose, pale green, lavender and ashes of roses—are worn for afternoon teas. They are finished with narrow black stitching. The primrose glove promises to be very popular in the spring. It is finished with pearl buttons.

The light colors are finished with black edging. The cream glove, with heavy black stitching, is still worn with afternoon dress. The length varies from four to eight buttons, the latter being worn with demi-sleeves.

We illustrate in No. 2 the new Derby glove; the favorite English walking glove, made of dogskin, and seamed as strongly as a gentleman's glove, with gussets between each finger. The colors in the walking and driving gloves are generally tan and ox-blood shades.

A remarkably handsome driving glove (No. 3) is of heavy dogskin in deep fawn shade, very firmly stitched, and finished with deep stiff cuff, laced with heavy fawn silk cord and tassel.

Both the walking and driving gloves are saving investments, even though more costly than the lighter glove, since they wear a very long time, retain their shape and look stylish to the last.







## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"OH! not so desolate, Miss Kinsella," says Hilary, with mild irony. "You have got Mr. Peter, you know."

"Well, I have, me dear," says the old maid, brightening. "And it must be confessed by all that me nephew, Pether Kinsella, is a host in himself. But even Pether says I know nothing. You're not 'up to-day,' he says to me. An' surely, Mrs. Clifford, that's a most extraordinary remark to make to me, who am out o' me bed at seven sharp every mornin' o' me life. But that's what he's always tellin' me. You're not 'up to-day,' he says. I suppose it has some meanin', but faith I can't find it out."

Hilary is shaking with laughter; Mrs. Clifford comes to the rescue.

"It is slang," says she. "A silly expression. You must tell Mr. Kinsella not to talk slang to you. And 'date,' perhaps, is the word. Don't you think," with a view to changing the conversation, "that Mrs. Browne looked very well last night?"

"And her dress," says Hilary. "Oh! charming!"

"No such great thing," snaps Miss Kinsella. "Did ye look at her sleeves? Chinese silk—eight pence a yard!"

"It looked all right," says Mrs. Clifford, wondering what Miss Kinsella is going to say of her dress at the next house she goes to.

"And Mrs. Dyson-Moore?" asks Hilary, mischievously. "What did you think of her dress?"

"Faith, there was nothing to think of," says Miss Kinsella promptly. "I couldn't see it."

"Oh! fie, Miss Kinsella!" says Hilary. "What an insinuation!"

"I thought she looked very pretty," says Mrs. Clifford vaguely, who is now wondering how to get rid of her.

"So did Meejor Blackburn, that big dragoon from the barracks. Me dear Mrs. Clifford, I *must* tell you," leaning forward, and lowering her voice, and giving a glance over her shoulder at the door to see if it was firmly closed. "I'm the last one in the world to pry upon any one, as you know, me dear. But I went into one of the conservatories, just to see if the Chinese lanterns were burnin' all right, and sure enough, there she was, she an' the Meejor, lookin' bigger than ever, an' her hand clasped in his, behind her fan. They do say that is why she buys them big fans; just to hide behind with meejors."

"I don't think there is any real harm in her," says Mrs. Clifford, who had made several ineffectual attempts to stop this revelation, and who is now feeling very uncomfortable. "I am afraid, Miss Kinsella," nervously, "we are keeping you—and—"

"Not at all. Not at all, me dear. The day is young."

Hilary comes forward a step or two.

"Did you hear," says she impressively, "that Lady Bolton had a little daughter last night?"

"No? ye don't say so!" This is Miss Kinsella's formula. She rises instantly. "Poor dear young creature. I must fly to her. Good-by. Good-by." She hurries away, all sails set.

"Hilary," begins Mrs. Clifford, "who told you? I thought it wasn't expected until—"

"Nobody told me," says Hilary, "I merely asked her if she had heard it. I should have been surprised if she had. Because certainly I hadn't. But she's gone, anyway."

"Thank Heaven!" Mrs. Clifford sinks into a seat. "What is to be done about Bridget?"

"I know," says Hilary, stopping in the middle of the *pas de quatre* she has been dancing up and down the room with an imaginary partner. "I thought it all out while that old lady was gossiping with you."

"You know?"

"Yes. I'll be your parlormaid for this occasion only."

## CHAPTER V.

"The color of the king doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set."

"OH, I'm not in the humor for jokes," says Diana languidly.

"That's a good thing, for I'm in solemn, sober earnest. Though I confess I'm perjuring myself. You know I told you I should not appear at luncheon to-day, and now I shall. Though not as Hilary, as Bridget."

"Put it out of your head. It is a mad idea. I shan't even let you think of it."

"Are you prepared to control my very thoughts then? 'Great is Diana,' we all know, but still I shall think of this thing, in spite of you. Look here, Di, don't be foolish. This stranger is coming. It is essential, considering all things (my future prospects principally)," with a little malicious grin at her sister, "that you should put your best foot foremost, so as to make a first grand impression. But, unfortunately your 'best foot' is deserting you for a mere 'pattern.' Bridget will certainly go to it or else remain here by your imperative orders, and sulk and drop all the dishes. Now, I shall not sulk, and I shall drop no dishes, and I have got my regimentals in my wardrobe upstairs."

"Jim would never consent to it, and then there are cook and nurse to be considered. Do you wish to have your name all over the country?"

"As for that—I shall send cook up to Oaklands to get us some eggs, once luncheon is nearly ready, and Ellen out with the children; for the rest, I know I can manage it. Now, don't make a fuss, Di, darling. I assure you it is better to have me for a parlormaid than nobody at all."

"Ah, here is Jim!" says Diana, rising and running to the window, and tapping vigorously. "Jim, come in. Come in here. I want to tell you something."

She tells him a great deal certainly, and Hilary tells him even more. It becomes plain to Jim that his wife is dying with fright about the want of a parlormaid for this important occasion, so naturally he throws his influence on the side of Hilary—almost unconsciously, however.

"He'll never know me, Jim," cries Hilary.

"My good child, that's a large saying. He is going to stay in this part of the world for a month or so, so I expect he'll get to know you one way or another."

"He won't know me to-day, anyway."

"Except as the girl who swindled him out of two shillings last night."

"Oh, Jim!"

"Well—didn't you?"

"I think as you do," says Diana; "that he *must* meet her in a day or so, and then!—what will happen then?"

"The crack of Doom will be nothing to it," replies her husband solemnly.

(To be continued.)

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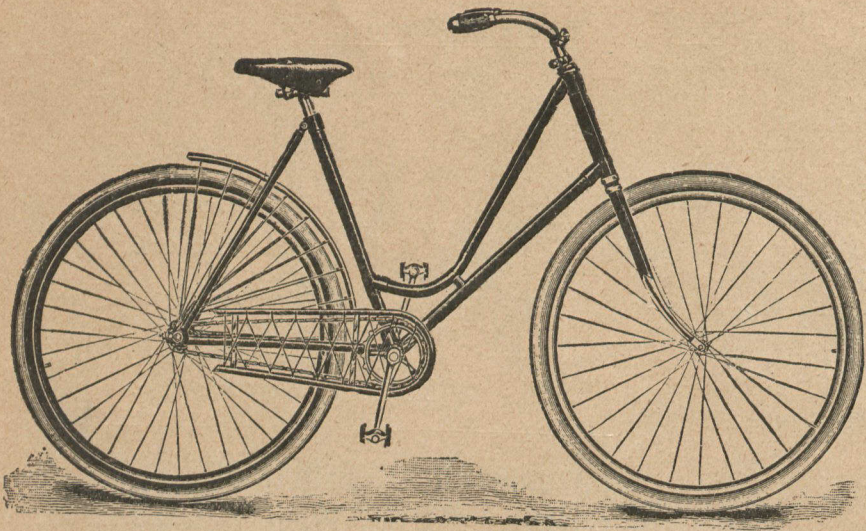
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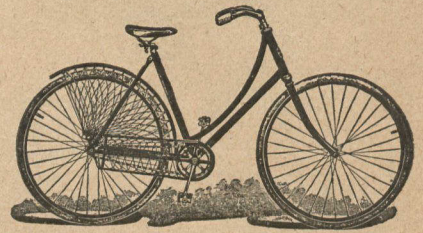


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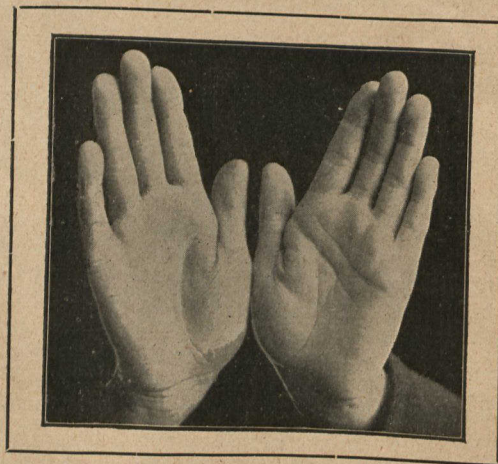
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WOMEN'S SPORTS

[This department is devoted to record of women's sports and athletics throughout Canada. Monthly reports of clubs and games, names of officers, competitions, prize winners and meetings, also items of personal skill, will be published in full. Secretaries are requested to send in such reports before the 15th of each month.]

THE Ladies' Fencing Club of University College, Toronto, of which Miss Edgar is president, Miss Patterson secretary, though in its initial stages, gives every promise of being a most successful organization. About fifty members, under the tutelage of Mr. Williams, gymnasium instructor, are making wonderful progress in the art. For an hour every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the oaken rafters of Eastern hall reecho the sounds of "Extend! lunge! guard!" and such like commands, while a score of pretty girls attack imaginary opponents or interchange quick thrusts.

I was watching their graceful, agile movements the other day for a time, and thinking what a particularly suitable exercise for women fencing is. While it brings into play all the muscles of the body—especially developing and strengthening those of the arms and chest—and gives suppleness and grace to the carriage, it does not call for that violent exertion necessitated by most gymnastic exercises. There is something very fascinating to an onlooker in the dexterous movements and graceful poising, the quick lunging and parrying, the gleam and clash of steel. Perhaps it may be that the members of this club are unusually endowed by nature; but, noting their bright eyes and sweet faces, one is apt to lose sight of the object of their efforts, realizing that there are quicker ways of reaching a man's heart than by means of a foil, and that the glance of such soft eyes is sometimes more vanquishing to an opponent than the touch of gleaming steel. To be sure, the girls were practising without either masks or fencing jackets when we saw them. I know not how their charms may be disguised when they don regulation attire.

Carnivals at the various rinks in the city have been much in order during the past month. The rather uncertain weather caused two or three dates to be changed, but in no case interfered with the ultimate success of the various affairs. At the Victoria Rink carnival the costumes were very quaint and pretty, and must have caused numberless hesitations in the minds of the onlookers whose ballots were to decide which among the skaters in fancy dress should win the prizes. Miss Douglass, as "Starlight," was the choice for the ladies' prize; Mr. S. Sweatman in a comical "Rooster" costume secured the gentleman's prize; while Miss E. Sankey, as a "Scotch Girl," and Master E. Steeman, as "Robin Hood," won the prizes offered for more youthful competitors.



Then, of course, the fancy dress masquer-

ade, held in the skating rink in Quebec during Carnival week, was a most brilliant affair, a delightful feature of it being the performance of vocal lancers by a number of perfect skaters, who sang nursery rhymes as they skated to the accompaniment of the band. The number of skaters and the beauty of their costumes made a scene long to be remembered by visitors.

Hockey is a game that seems to have taken firm hold of the feminine fancy. Numberless clubs have been formed throughout the country this winter, and scarcely a rink but boasts its team of lady hockey players.

One evening early last month an exciting match took place in the Toronto Victoria Rink between a team of ladies and a selected seven of manly opponents. The men wore white sweaters, and the girls looked distractingly pretty with red blouses replacing their ordinary coats, and fur caps with red feathers firmly set on their determined brows. According to agreement, the men carried their right arms in sling, playing with the left. There was much merriment, and some decidedly good play,—the girls displaying wonderful swiftness and dexterity, considering the little practice they have had. The score was four goals to three in favor of the men, one goal which was



claimed by the rushing reds not being counted by the referee, there being more than a suspicion that one of the men, overcome by gallantry, had, at a critical moment, rather offered assistance than resistance to his fair adversaries.

Some wicked person has suggested that, seeing that swiftness is so great a consideration in playing hockey, it was a mistake to allow the men to use both feet. The contending parties would have been more evenly balanced if the men had been free to use both hands, but only to skate on one foot. Any man can use his left hand nearly as well as his right in hockey; but he might be a little hampered in play by having to pose as a stork.

South Parkdale also boasts a Ladies' Hockey Club, who practise every Wednesday and Saturday in Close Avenue Rink. For convenience of play, the club divide themselves under two captains, Miss Olive Clemmes and Miss Mabel Marter. One evening recently they had a most lively and exciting match. The sides are named 'Mayflowers' and 'Primroses' respectively, and it is a very pretty sight to see this garden of girls flying gaily over the ice in pursuit of the elusive puck. Those who know tell me that the improvement in their play of late is most noticeable.

The Knickerbocker Club has been affiliated with the Country and Hunt Club, and the large sleighing party which was arranged so successfully last month was held to bring about a reunion of the club before the re-opening in the early spring. The sleigh, which was specially arranged to carry the

whole party—about fifty—was drawn by six horses with postilions. After a winding run through the city and suburbs, Boston's Hall, Norway, was reached, where a supper and dance were enjoyed.

Mr. John Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Terry, and a number of the other members of the London Company who played here last month, were given their first experience of the exhilarating pleasure of an ice-boat ride while in Toronto. The ice on the bay was in excellent condition, and under the care of Mr. Ned Hanlan the party had a delightful trip, and appeared to be charmed with their novel sail. There was also an exciting race arranged for their benefit.

The Canadian Lawn Tennis Association will probably hold its annual tournament for 1896 in July. It will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, as last year. I hear that the coming tournament is to be much beyond anything yet attempted by the association.

We are to have a horse show this spring after all, the secretary of the Country and Hunt Club having received official notice from the militia authorities that the use of the armories will be granted for that purpose. The date proposed is April 15th to 18th.

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**S**OME half-dozen meager plants growing, or existing, in sterile earth from the New York backyard on whose parched, brick-girdled ugliness they looked, the entire collection replaceable by thriving duplicates for less than a dollar, to their mistress they were priceless: high-born exiles when she herself was in a hopeless mood, glorious ambassadors from "demi-Paradise" when things went well.

She was a person of few friends, this little Miss Prosser, and to her these were friends, more than kith, more than kind. Now and then one of the elder pupils at the school where she taught her beautiful old-fashioned penmanship came to see her; oftener a fellow-worker in the great parish to which, from its Queen Anne ancestry, she had attached herself, penetrated to the "far West" third-rate boarding-house where she had now, these many years, been passed on, old and shabby with the old and shabby furniture, from landlady to landlady. To her eyes the long drawing-room, with its carved Carrara mantelpieces, and lofty, once gilded ceiling of heavy plaster moldings, had an air of stately distinction. The pitiful Ichabod-cry which the whole neighborhood so loudly uttered to those who could hear was dumb to her. She had boarded there with dear mamma in the long-ago days when private houses, ay, and private houses with menservants and much-used horse-blocks, were the rule in West—th Street, and to her conservative mind the gentility and air of fashion remained, though the Bleeckers and DePeysters and Livingstons had gone; and in such a neighborhood she was glad to be found by those whose interest led them to track her to her lair.

If the girl or the Sunday-school teacher were of a reverent or enthusiastic nature, more particularly if she proved to have traveled, Miss Prosser would take her away from the sitting-room splendors of white and gilt framed cheap etchings and Mexican marble tables to the third-floor back hall bedroom where she lived her life. And when the guest had crossed the threshold, she would be amazed to see (unless she had had a hint given her by some previous visitor) her hostess turn and make a sweeping courtesy to a large engraving of Queen Victoria which hung, surmounted by the Union Jack, on the door.

"I am English, my dear girl," Miss Prosser would say, with a half-proud, half-deprecatory smile. Her unmarried callers, by the way, were all girls up to sixty. "My papa was from Winchester, officially connected with the Cathedral—not exactly of the Chapter. And well he remembered the burial of Miss Austen. You perhaps have read her works? Ah, they are very old-fashioned now, but I like them, and they tell me so do others—so do others. But when my papa first heard her name it was only as that of a connection of the Knights of Chawton and Godmanstone, who was to be buried in the north aisle. Yes, he was from Winchester, and in 1826 he came out to this country with his young wife, also

from Hampshire, and here I was born; but, my dear, being born here does not make one an American, no matter what the American Constitution may say, nor the birth registers. All the water of Hudson cannot wash the English blood out of my body. I am her Majesty's humble and loyal servant, and while I live she has one throne-room in New York City. So I bow to her throne, as you saw."

Then came the introductions. "If you are fond of plants, my dear Miss Jinny," or "Miss Mary," as the case might be, "you may find a few here of interest."

And first a fairy flourishing a bit of English ivy was produced.

"From Windsor Castle, my dear. A young friend of mine nipped it off herself when the guide was not looking. I am sure my good Queen cannot miss it, and it is *such* a satisfaction to me! From the home of my Sovereign Lady and of Albert the Good, the prison of James I. of Scotland, where he saw Joan Beaumont, where the Royal Martyr is buried, and where that dear excellent King George used to walk on the Terrace. Fancy, my dear girl, only fancy what earth this little plant has grown in! I declare, nothing—not 'Magnall's Questions' itself, which people don't study now as they did when I was educated—makes history so real to me as this half-yard of English ivy! Should you"—with a persuasive tone whose reluctance was apparent only to herself—"should you value a leaf, my dear?"

The guest of the moment, not to hurt her patriotism, usually said "Yes," and threw the sprig in the gutter on leaving. I think the reverse of Ophelia's words is true, and to the noble mind poor gifts wax rich when the receiver proves unkind, and that the flouted bits of glossy green were more beautiful than rare emeralds as they lay, a waste of love and reverence, in the dust and scattered garbage of the neglected street.

Then there was a silky willow, forlorn as the captives of Babylon remembering the banks of "Sabrina fair," whence it had been reft when only a spray of early pussies. Its presentation was always accompanied by a quotation from "Comus" and a reference to Arthur Hallam's ashes, which led on to perhaps the most unique plant in the collection, an onion from Farringford.

Miss Prosser and those who sat long in her tiny room could have wished it something more suggestive of the last great Laureate, more redolent of

The garden that I love,

or of Maud's acacias and roses; but an onion it was, and would not be dignified into a lily, nor even into a Shakespearean leek. Its only claim to consideration besides the place of its birth lay in the fact that, for an onion, it was of a good sort, and as such had been given by an under-gardener at Farringford to a friend who kept a market-garden at Jersey City, near the home of one of Miss Prosser's fellow-teachers. She acquired it as a seedling, but, learning its history, felt compelled to pass it on to the little writing-mistress, whose joy over it was worth many onions. To be sure, it had gone through many hands, and perhaps had never been touched by Lord Tennyson at all, but doubtless its brethren had ministered to his needs, had even, perhaps—since onions are said to stimulate the brain—helped in the production of "Crossing the Bar" or other of the later lyrics.

Stratford had been represented by a primrose, which, after refusing for two springs to blossom in an alien land, had retired under-

ground. Miss Prosser said it would leave out in March, but there was an appearance of "calm decay" about the stock, when closely inquired into, which made her assertion a triumph of faith. There were another ivy from Brantwood, a periwinkle from Addison's Walk at Magdalen College (despite the minatory board which calls down the vengeance of Presidents and Fellows on all pickers and stealers in that twice-hallowed path), a stalky geranium from Bemerton. There had been others—a parsley fern from Helvellyn, a baby oak from the Isle of Thanet (great-grandson possibly of that under which St. Augustine preached at Ethelbert), seathrift from

Sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days;

but the high, pure mountain air and depth of soil and wild sea-winds necessary to their growth were not to be had in Miss Prosser's hall bedroom. And though she put stones from the prolific back yard about the fern, and even went to Coney Island for salt-wet sand for the dainty thrift, both perished quickly, and the oak followed them within a twelvemonth.

The visitors who were stolid, or slightly mocking, or inattentive, never heard of these losses, nor all the histories of the survivors: how dear Miss Brown had ventured to ask for this, though of course not acquainted with the owners of the place; how kind little Emma Rogers had carried that in a basket all the way from London to Liverpool, for fear it should get wilted in the luggage-van.

Above all, to no one did Miss Prosser ever tell the secret of the Seidlitz-powder box which stood on a bracket below the Queen's portrait and the Union Jack.

Not until Margaret Hildyard came and unlocked the door of her old heart. They had got acquainted at church, where Miss Prosser always bowed "for religion" to the habitués who sat near her; and one day, when cable-cars were most rampant and carriages and trucks rather less in line and policemen less in evidence than usual at Twenty-third Street, Margaret found the little old lady making wild and abortive attempts to cross. Her own handsome face and imperious mien got her consideration from that "one of our finest" who had been lounging against a lamp-post observing Miss Prosser's plunges and retreats, and when he had piloted them over they walked on together, Miss Prosser's agitation and gratitude lasting her till they had encountered and safely passed the lesser perils of the dark Sixth Avenue crossing. They would have broken forth afresh had not Margaret by chance spoken of the London "refuges." This called forth such a flood of questions and exclamations that nothing remained but for Margaret to go all the way with her, answering, instructing, I fear perhaps bragging a little, as good travelers sometimes do. So much delight was given on one side, so much satisfaction received on the other, it was impossible the conversation should be continued. Miss Prosser begged the favor of a call; and the first rainy afternoon following, Margaret, in her Cording mackintosh, made her courtesy to the Queen and her bow to the Exiles, ay, and kissed one of them—the last shriveled brown leaf of the Stratford primrose.

"I always kiss the first primrose when I am in England in spring," she said. "I think we have no flower here quite so dear and dainty, do you?" And Miss Prosser, who had never seen a primrose, and knew little of American spring flowers save such hardier ones as found their way to the ven-

ders' stalls in Twenty-third Street, and whose scanty holidays for sixty years had been taken in the driest, most flowerless months, stoutly answered, "Indeed you have not."

And then it was, "Tell me, Miss Hildyard, were you ever at —?" or, "When you were at" — such a place — "did you do this? did you see that?" until at length, after long descriptions of royalties, great preachers, May-songs and Christmas carols, cricket-matches and poets' graves, Margaret exclaimed, "But, Miss Prosser, you must go yourself some day!"

Then it all came out. The dream of a lifetime, the hope of the last fifteen years, was to be realized, God willing, soon. "In the next luster, perhaps," said Miss Prosser, who loved a good word. "Please God, in five years' time I can go. I shall have the money by then. I am told that people can travel on less than ten dollars a day, but I am allowing that sum. I don't think I could travel third-class, and second is of course out of the question, I could not risk sitting with a lady's maid or a footman, my dear."

Margaret thought she had seen Miss Prosser rubbing shoulders with less exalted individuals, but she said nothing.

"I could not stay very long; indeed, my duties would not admit of more than four months' absence; but, like Moses, Miss Margaret, I have a great yearning to see my promised land before I die. I think I shall; I think my good God will permit it. I have wished it so long. But if he does not" — then came the secret of the Seidlitz-powder box.

"Oh, my dear young friend, I had not meant to tell this! You will not repeat it, nor laugh at me? Perhaps, since I should have been obliged some day to tell some one, it is providential that I have been led to tell you. You may see to it."

And Margaret promised, and cried a little, and laughed, and heartened the old lady up with much such comfort as Dame Quickly gave to Falstaff; but she did not forget. And she came often again to the little hall bedroom, and they grew great friends. And when spring came, it was not Miss Prosser's primrose that Margaret saw push up its crisp, crimped leaves and perfumed sulphur-colored flowers, but tufts and hedgerows and woods full of them in bowery Devonshire.

Miss Prosser was not envious nor discontented. The "luster" was only begun. She had all her passage-money yet to earn and tuck by in the Dime Savings Bank. Meanwhile, though she missed her lovely Miss Margaret, she had her letters, and Margaret was to bring her more plants. And she talked to the Exiles as though they were birds, and trotted about in the dog-days as in mid-winter, because "Englishwomen are great walkers," and read some faded old Murrays and Baedekers which she had picked up at a book-stall, and went to church every Sunday and saint's day, and prayed from her English Prayer-Book for "our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria," instead of for the President, though she "dared say he needed praying for," and was happy, waiting.

And the Seidlitz-powder box stood on the little bracket, waiting, too.

And one day, after a de-lightful letter from Margaret, which had perhaps gone a little to her head, for it told of an ideal house near Winchester which, when the great year came, Margaret meant to rent, and where she intended Miss Prosser to spend one whole month of her Sabbatical four, while, like their dear Miss Austen's incomparable

Mrs. Elton, in a barouche-landau, they would explore the parental county of Hants — after this too ecstatic and exhilarating parenthesis, before she had come outside its dreamy barriers into common, prosy life, she did not quite hear, or she did not quite see, and she was struck down, cut, battered, tossed aside, by one of the cable-cars which she had never been able to make up her mind to ride in.

And when the little friendless writing-mistress had been buried from the mission chapel near her boarding-house, where she never went even on rainy days, because it was not so much as a grandchild of the great Queen Anne church, the landlady sold her few books and hung Her Majesty's portrait in the parlor between Mr. Gladstone's (whom Miss Prosser hated) and Washington's, and the servants emptied the flower-pots on the dust-heap in the back yard, where only ailanthus seedlings grew; and the contents of the Seidlitz-powder box went there too — all but the sealed paper which lay on top, inside the cover. That they kept to laugh over with their friends the milkman and grocer's assistant. — On it was written: "English earth, to be buried with me when I die."

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## WOMEN AT WORK

### TORONTO.

#### KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The quarterly meeting of King's Daughters and Sons was held Thursday evening at the Y. W. C. A., Elm street. It showed an increase in membership. The president made an appeal to the Circles for assistance in keeping a free bed at Grace Hospital. There was a full attendance, and leaders of Circles were well represented and satisfactory reports given.

#### BOYS' HOME.

The annual meeting of Boys' Home was held on Feb. 15. His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick opened the meeting. There was a large attendance of Toronto's prominent citizens. Rev. W. G. Wallace presented the manager's report, which was very satisfactory, marked success having attended their efforts for the welfare of the boys. The financial reports showed a balance of \$2,151.14 on hand. The medical report and that of the matron were also very favorable. The usual election of officers took place.

#### TORONTO DISTRICT, W. C. T. U.

The District Executive met February 1st, Mrs. Rutherford in the chair. Every Local Union in the city was represented, and great interest was shown in the work under discussion. Mrs. M. M. King, a white-ribboner from Detroit, Mich., briefly addressed the meeting. She spoke on rescue work in her own city, and said Canadians had no idea of the traffic carried on in Canadian girls. The secretary of the Shelter for Girls reported a number of girls who had already been helped to situations or returned to their parents. Donated to the Shelter by Western Union, \$5.50; Mrs. Embury, \$1.00; Mrs. Patton, of Peterboro', \$1.25. A resolution of sympathy was passed by the Union for Mrs. Greig, in the loss of her daughter, Mrs. Wanless, an earnest white ribbon worker in the Willard Union.

#### LOCAL AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting was held on February 5th at St. George's Hall for the purpose of forming a local center for this Association. A large number of Toronto's influential Anglicans were present. The purpose of the Association is to instruct and train in the care of the sick and injured. Dr. Parkin, of Upper Canada College, acted as chairman. Dr. Ryerson gave an address on the object and work of the society. The following officers were elected: President, Judge Kingsmill; treasurer, Mrs. William Boulton; secretary, Dr. C. H. Dixon. It is also purposed to elect vice-presidents at the first regular meeting of the committee. Besides the above officers a very large Executive Committee was elected, consisting of some of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen of the city.

#### NORMAL SCHOOL LITERARY.

The Normal School Literary Society held a meeting February 6th in Principal Kirkland's lecture-room, and elected the following officers: President, Mr. M. A. Sorsoliel; vice-president, Miss Edith C. Armstrong; secretary, Miss M. Summerhayes; Executive Committee, Misses H. Watterworth, A. Ferguson and M. Jennings, and Messrs. J. A. Brown and S. A. Doupe. The society will hold bi-weekly meetings, at which literary and musical programs will be rendered.

#### WOMAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

The Woman's Enfranchisement Association held its annual meeting at Massey Hall on Saturday, January 25th. Dr. Stowe-Gullen spoke regarding the fact that many women who had votes did not realize their privilege, and at her suggestion a committee was appointed to impress on women what their rights were, and to see that they took advantage of them. Steps were taken towards securing Mrs. M. McClellan Brown, of Minneapolis, for a lecture in Toronto. The following officers were elected for 1896:—President, Mr. Jas. L. Hughes; vice-president, Mrs. Dr. Stowe-Gullen; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Scales; recording secretary, Miss Semple; assistant recording secretary, Miss Sims; treasurer, Mrs. Schoff; auditors, Miss Wiggins and Miss Sims.

#### PROVINCIAL WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The Ven. Arch. Tims, Diocese of Calgary, is making a tour of the Eastern Ecclesiastical Province, under the auspices of the Provincial Woman's Auxiliary. Mr. Tims has been working among the

Blackfoot and other Indians in the above-mentioned Diocese for over twelve years and has much to tell that is most interesting and instructive of the advance of Christianity in the Northwest. The Arch. began his tour by addressing the Monthly Board meeting of the Toronto W. A. on January 9th; then went to Quebec, working his way back by Montreal and Ontario Dioceses. February will be devoted to the Toronto Diocese, and then the Arch. will go on to Niagara and Huron before returning to Calgary.

#### NURSING-AT-HOME MISSION.

Monthly meeting first Friday of each month, at 3 o'clock p.m., in the library of Association Hall, to which the public are cordially invited. The above mission, established for visiting and caring for the poor and sick in their destitute homes, has well entered on its work for 1896. Next month we hope to give a synopsis of the yearly report, also names of the Advisory Board and Visiting Committee. The poor are showing more and more their appreciation of the nurses, who are in ever-increasing demand. All the applications for nurses, however, have been granted, except in a few instances where the destitution did not seem sufficient to warrant them.

#### SECRETARY.

#### TORONTO LOCAL COUNCIL.

Notwithstanding the severe storm on the day fixed for the public meeting of the Toronto Local Council of Women, there was a very good attendance at St. George's Hall on Monday, February 3rd, and an excellent program given.

The president, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, reviewed the work of the various committees in her opening address in a very concise and able manner.

Mrs. Dickson read a paper in connection with the report touching "Shorter hours for women and girls in factories and shops." Miss Carty read a very strong paper on manual training in the schools in connection with the report of that committee. Mrs. Torrington presented her views of the Pure Literature Committee in an able paper on the subject.

A very charming selection on the piano was given by Miss Gunther, and a translation from the French by Miss Janes of a paper read at a musical convention in Brussels was very much appreciated.

Mrs. Curzon's paper on the "Council Idea" was read by Miss FitzGibbon, and published in full in the *Mail* on February 5th; also special copies were struck off which may be obtained from the secretary.

Resolutions to be considered at the Executive meeting of the N. C. of Women, to meet in Ottawa February 4th, were passed and forwarded.

Lady Thompson, vice-president of the N.C., was present on the platform.

A deputation was appointed to wait upon the School Board to urge the adoption of manual training in the schools. M. E. DIGNAM, Rec. Sec.

#### WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION.

The attractive series of lectures arranged by this Association, are given in the W. A. A. Studio, Canada Life Building, every second Wednesday. Miss Harriette Ford, one of the most entertaining platform conversationalists in Toronto, gave an essay on Giotto, on January 24th. On February 5th, the attractive art topic of "Book and Newspaper Illustrations" dealt with by Mr. Bernard McEvoy, was full of research and a most scholarly effort. Dr. Theodore Rand's lecture on February 19th, on "Some Subjects for Art Study" dealt largely with the romance, incident and early history of the land of Evangeline, the Annapolis Valley.

On March 4th, Miss Machar of Kingston, one of our foremost Canadian writers, will give the story of a woman painter, under the title, "Failure in Success," while the noted portrait painters, E. Wylie Grier and Professor Huntingford, lecture on attractive topics on the dates 18th and 25th of March. These lectures are full of interest to others than artists and productive of pleasurable culture.

At the regular meeting held this month, a large accession of membership was reported from the Branches, especially Hamilton. Mrs. Calder, the president, attended, and spoke of the effort being made for the exhibition opening there on Feb. 18th.

A resolution of sympathy with the Royal Academy, London, England, on the loss sustained by the death of the president, Lord Leighton, was passed, and the secretary instructed to forward it.

An event of the season is the exhibition of Græco-Egyptian photographs of recently discovered paintings sent to Toronto by the Montreal Branch. The photos will eventually be presented to McGill University. In the meantime they are on view at the Studio, 89 Canada Life Building, and will remain there until after next "Studio Day," Saturday, March 7th.

A very charming "at-home" was given by Mrs. S. G. Beattie to the artist members of the Association in Toronto, about sixty in number, and some invited guests, on Saturday, February 1st, to hear an address by Miss Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, on

"Historical Incidents Suitable for Painting." Mrs. G. A. Curzon, president of the Historical Society, also spoke regarding the collection of data, etc., for the Cabot Exhibition in 1897. A good deal of interest is being awakened in the W. A. A. in this proposed patriotic commemoration.

An Art Conference is to be held by the Association in Montreal, about May 15th, during the meeting of the N. C. of Women. Lady Aberdeen will preside, and an interesting program has been provided.

A ceramic exhibition was most successfully held in Winnipeg by that branch. A large number of exhibits were sent from Ontario.

St. Thomas Branch will hold an exhibition, succeeding Hamilton, first ten days of March.

The Toronto exhibition will open Easter Saturday, and will be held in Robert's Art Galleries, 79 King street west.

The Montreal exhibition will be opened by the 11th of May.

#### ANGLICAN MISSIONS.

The regular quarterly conference of the officers of the Women's Mission Association, and those of the Mission Board, was held February 13th at the Synod office. The work of the Parish Mission Association was fully discussed, and the report of the treasurer showed the funds of the mission to be in a flourishing condition, the receipts being much greater than those of former years.

#### W. L. S., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Saturday, February 1st, was the occasion of the annual reception given by the Women's Literary Society of University College to the professors and the wives and the officers of the various clubs and societies round Varsity. The gymnasium, where the reception was held, was prettily decorated for the occasion with bunting, flags, curtains and palms. The refreshment room was a work of art, the room being all hung with yellow and white, and the tables set and decorated in the same dainty colors.

At five o'clock the visitors began to arrive; they were received and welcomed by Miss Salter, Miss Lawlor, '90, and the president, Miss White. The invitations were very dainty little affairs in the college colors, blue and white; and quite a little curiosity was aroused as to what the words, "Representation of Women of George Eliot," followed by a caste of characters, could mean. About two hours were very pleasantly spent in talking and visiting the refreshment room, and then it was announced that the "Representation" would be given shortly after seven in the Students' Union Hall. Soon the hall was filled with guests and at the time mentioned the president came forward on the stage, which was fitted up like a library. She announced that the principal heroines of George Eliot's works would shortly gather here in the home of *Dorothea*, with the intention of forming a George Eliot Club, and the hope of seeing *George Eliot* herself. Every effort had been made by Miss White, to whom belongs the credit of having written this clever little play, to keep as nearly as possible to the original words of the characters, and also by the girls taking part to reproduce as nearly as possible the costumes; so that the representation was carried through very successfully, the acting being in all cases good and the interpretation of the various characters true to life.

Miss Edgar, gowned in grey with simple linen collar and cuffs, looked the serious *Dorothea* to the life; with her came Miss Harvey as *Celea* with her dainty, saucy ways and wit. Misses Northway and Miller successfully portrayed the staid common sense of *Mary Gash* and the playful yet terribly real willfulness of *Rosamond*. Miss Burgess, in green, was the haughty *Gwendoline*, while Miss Bapty, gowned in black, made a beautiful *Mirah*. Miss Hunter was a beautiful, noble looking *Romola*, and *Tessa*, who pours out her woes to the unconscious *Romola*, was portrayed by Miss Neilson. Miss McDougal made a realistic *Maggie* and Mrs. Audison an exceedingly pretty *Lucy*. An almost ideal "method" preacher was Miss Benson as *Dinah*, in black gown and dainty white cap. Miss Turner as *Hesty* was gowned in pink, and Miss Glashan, busy with her knitting, made a dainty *Esther*. Misses White and Stovel as *Mrs. Poyser* and *Mrs. Bede*, supplied the comedy; both were gowned in old-fashioned dresses with large checked aprons and white caps. Miss Cowan gave a very successful rendering of *Fedalma*, the Spanish gypsy.

Last of all to come on the stage was *George Eliot*. Miss Tennant's only fault in this character was that of being much more beautiful and graceful than was *George Eliot* herself, judging from all accounts. To all these, her creations, she speaks kindly, helpful words, and one by one they steal away, leaving her again alone.

This brought to a close the second annual reception of the society and judging by the comments of the guests the society may congratulate itself upon achieving another success.

MARGARET M. STOVEL, Cor. Sec., W.L.S.

## WOMAN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The third regular meeting of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto was held in the lecture room of the Canadian Institute, 58 Richmond street east, on Saturday the 8th ult. There was a large attendance of members to hear Mr. O. A. Howland's address on the "Practical interest the society might take in the work of the Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897."

After briefly outlining the scheme of the proposed celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by Cabot in 1497, and dwelling upon the importance of the event, its results in the foundation and development of Britain's great colonial empire, the speaker explained the means and plan of carrying this historical exhibition to a successful issue.

Women had ever been the record keepers, the historical relic preservers in other countries, and Canadian women were no exception to the rule. From garret and old stone houses and other home repositories of treasures or old papers, documents, or relics of bygone days, valued or not, much that is not only interesting, but which may prove to be of inestimable value in illustrating to the people of the present day the life of the past, much that may supply a missing link or authenticate tradition and make them recognized history of our country may be found. To discover and preserve these is one direction in which the practical interest of the society will be of great value to the project. One suggestion made by one of the members was admirable, and he would like to see it carried out, not that he had any doubts, for when women undertook to do anything it was generally done and done well. This suggestion was the erection of a French chateau and a colonial house and the furnishing of them as in the days of their actual existence. It might be done well, as there was ample material throughout the country to make them thoroughly representative and real. One addition he would like to make to the original idea was that when choosing the original for the colonial house they should try to find one formerly owned by one or other of our U. E. Loyalist families, one given up by them rather than be untrue to the British flag, and that beside it should be placed a representative log cabin, such as they first dwelt in when they obtained the grant of forest land in Canada. In this way the sacrifice they had made for loyalty, and the hardship they endured during the first years of pioneer life in Canada would be graphically told. There were many other ways in which the society might be of very great assistance to the Historical Executive Committee, and he would ask that a committee be appointed from among their number to confer and work with the men's committee. Before closing his remarks the speaker referred to the scheme whereby the necessary funds were to be provided for the successful carrying out of the undertaking, and promised to send any member a share paper to enable them to advocate the taking up of the shares, which were arranged so as to be no more than the annual subscription to a magazine, and the results be infinitely more profitable. The secretary then read a contemporary account of the presentation of the banner worked by the ladies of Toronto in 1812. A resolution was passed that Mr. Howland's suggestion be adopted, and a committee appointed to co-operate with the executive of the Cabot celebration. A vote of thanks to Mr. Howland for his able and most interesting address was moved by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, seconded by Mrs. Morrison, and carried. Notice was then given that the next meeting of the society in March should be an open one, and the members were requested to send the names of friends they wished invited to the secretary before the first of March and the meeting dispersed. The interest in the society and its aims is unabated, a number of new names being added to the member's roll book.

## KINGSTON.

## WOMAN'S AUXILIARY Y. M. C. A.

The Woman's Auxiliary to the Young Men's Christian Association of Kingston have now 125 members. They have almost succeeded in clearing off the amount they undertook to raise for the furnishing of the association building, viz., \$3,000. Only a little over \$200 remains to be paid. By their last entertainment, a "connundrum tea," they realized over \$90.

Their president, Mrs. R. H. Foye, attended the convention of auxiliary workers held last month at St. Catharines, and reports a good meeting. Next year Kingston auxiliary will, we trust, be represented by social delegates, as these meetings with other workers are full of profit and blessing.

## POOR RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

This society is doing excellent work in Kingston. During the winter of '95 they had 103 families upon their list for assistance. It was found necessary for the first time to ask the City Council for a special grant of \$200, which was obtained. Several socie-

ties and schools volunteered donations. Altogether nearly \$12,000 was expended.

The Poor Relief Committee arrange that two ladies meet the applicants for relief every morning at the W. C. A. rooms and due enquiries are made to prevent imposture. An industrial department is also carried on, giving employment in as far as possible to those in need. In addition to families of men out of work, the friendless aged are looked after and their needs supplied.

A. M. MACHAR, Secy.

## CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of Children's Aid and Infants' Home Society was held on Feb. 6th. The children were inspected and found to be healthy and well cared for. There are some especially fine boy children of three or four just now in the Home. A great need of the society is an official agent who can be sent to investigate alleged cases of child ill-treatment or neglect in the distant townships. We also need active men to forward the work of the society within the city.

## LONDON.

## LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Annual meetings of Local Council of Women held in London on Friday, Jan. 31st, in the Y.W.C.T.U. rooms. The meeting opened at 3 p.m. An informal tea was handed around between 6 and 7, and second meeting began at 8 o'clock. Officers for the year elected were: President, Mrs. English; vice-presidents, Mesdames Tilley, Shanley and C. Leonard; recording secretary, Miss Macdonald; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. Moore; treasurer, Miss McKenzie. Resolutions were passed recommending the encouragement and purchase of Canadian books and magazines, on urging the desirability of women on school boards; another that stringent means be made to keep impure literature and pictures out of the country; and one deploring the number of pauper children sent annually to this country from England. Short reports were read from the various federated societies with reference to their year's work. The three committees on pure literature, factory workers, and better protection for women and girls, and manual training in schools, also reported progress. Mrs. John Hoodless, of Hamilton, gave an admirable address on manual training and showed the sewing book which was used in the New York Training School. The meetings, both interesting and successful, were opened with silent prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and closed with the National Anthem.

H. M. MOORE, Cor. Sec.  
784 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

## WINNIPEG.

## WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION.

The Winnipeg Branch of the Woman's Art Association intend holding their first ceramic exhibition on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of this month. To make the exhibition more of a social event, the ladies are going to serve tea every day, from four to six in the afternoon, and from eight to ten in the evening. We have two very cosy little rooms to entertain our guests, and feel sure our friends will not forget us. The Association is steadily growing, due to a great extent to the untiring energy of our president.

Every evening during the exhibition a musical program will be rendered; some of the leading pianists have kindly offered to assist.

GERTRUDE C. DREWRY, Sec.

## OTTAWA.

## KING'S DAUGHTERS.

We have in the city and vicinity eighteen Circles, with two departments of work. These Circles are kept in touch with one another by means of a Union called the United Circles of King's Daughters. Mrs. (Dr.) Ami is president of this Union and Mrs. E. D. Parlow, secretary. The officers of the Union and the leaders of the different Circles compose the Executive Committee. Quarterly meetings of the Union are held, at which reports from the different Circles are read.

K. PILSON, Cor.-Sec.

## MONTREAL.

## NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The Executive Committee of the National Council of Women of Canada met here at the Windsor. Lady Aberdeen, who had come from Ottawa with the Governor-General in their private car, presided, and there were over thirty members present. Arrangements were completed for the annual meeting, which will take place on May 10 and following days. It is expected that Lady Aberdeen will hold a reception the evening before the opening day in Windsor Hall. The meeting of the Executive lasted the

greater part of the day, Lady Aberdeen entertaining the members at luncheon.

## HAMILTON.

The sixth annual meeting of the McAll Mission was held Feb. 5th. Addresses were delivered by Mrs. Harvey, of New York, and Mrs. Cowan, of Toronto. The following officers were elected: Mrs. McGiverin, president; Mesdames Logie, Scott, Belhouse, and Morton, vice-presidents; Mrs. Lazier, treasurer; Miss Buchanan, secretary. The mission has remitted \$79 to the mission field.

## THE DUFFIELD FLOWER MISSION.

More than fifteen years ago this beautiful charity was established by a few ladies who felt that individual effort was inadequate to meet the calls upon their time, required to visit the wards of the city hospital each week, and speak cheerfully to each poor sufferer there. These ladies also felt that they required some funds to purchase fruit and flowers for the patients, not wishing to pass by any bedside without leaving some small offering for its occupant. There are twenty-four working members in the mission. The president is Miss Billings, vice-president, Mrs. Reynolds; secretary-treasurer, Miss Kathleen Mackelcan. The work has been supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions, except on two or three occasions, when, funds being at a low ebb, successful efforts were made to replenish the treasury. During the summer time flowers are donated in profusion, and all the year round the two boxes, situated on well-frequented streets for the reception of reading matter, are well filled with papers and magazines. The Board of the Public Library also donate all their illustrated papers and magazines when discarded. A lending library is established in each ward in the hospital. Each week books are given out to those patients who are able to read. This branch of the work is conducted by two young lady members of the mission. The library is composed of used books donated by friends. The books have been carefully mended, covered with glazed lining, and labeled with neat blue slips.

Each Wednesday four members visit the hospital. An orange, a flower (in summer a bouquet and seasonable fruits) and a paper or magazine is donated to each patient. Kind words accompany the simple gifts. Many troubles are told to the sympathizing visitors. Many sad faces brighten at their approach. Besides the annual fee of \$1, each member donates six pots of jelly during the winter to be given to the nurses to divide among the most friendless of the patients at tea-time. Should funds get low, or the supply of flowers in summer fall off, the president sends a reminder of the mission's work to the local papers and states the case pathetically to the public, and the public responds always, and generously.

In conclusion I would state that our Flower Mission is non-sectarian. We include in our list members from every denomination in the city.

"FIDELA H. HOLLAND."

## VICTORIA, B. C.

## LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

In spite of strong opposition, one of the ladies running as the Council of Women's nominee for school trustee was among the four successful candidates at the recent municipal elections in this city. Mrs. William Grant takes her place on the School Board for the ensuing two years, and thus will the mothers of this city be represented in a most fitting capacity. A general meeting of the Local Council of Women was held on February 10th. There was a good attendance of presidents and members of affiliated societies. The meeting was a long one and a great deal of business, mostly of public interest, was discussed.

A resolution in the form of a protest to the School Board against their recent action in cutting down teachers' salaries, and charging a fee of \$5 per term for students in the High school, was carried. The secretary was instructed to forward copies of a petition from the W. C. T. U. to the Legislature, asking that scientific temperance should be a compulsory subject in the public schools; of a notice of motion that the Legislature should enact a law for the protection of the rights of married women; to each affiliated society, that their president should be informed how to vote upon them at a special meeting of the Council of Women to be held on February 24th.

The question of moral reform as relating to this city was brought forward and four resolutions on the necessity of enforcing our criminal laws and favoring an investigation of the police department were carried and forwarded to the City Council. An interesting paper on the ladies work in connection with the Y. M. C. A. was also read, and a resolution from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor on prohibition, was discussed.

EDITH HILDA SCAIFE, Cor. Sec.



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Women

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## IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

[Conducted by MRS. JEAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.]

One of the most difficult tasks a house-keeper has to perform is to plan for the three daily meals—breakfast, dinner, and tea—so that there may be sufficient variety and yet keep the quality of food uniform. We all know the monotony of the query, "What is to be for dinner to-day?" and the despair one feels to realize that the same question will have to be answered to-morrow and yet again to-morrow. Even if it is not feasible to do one's marketing at a large market, still, an occasional visit to one is a great help in reminding one of what is in season, and also of those many little things which are apt to escape our memory.

Ready-made menus are unsatisfactory as a whole. As no one can arrange for another person's household; but, as they are sometimes a help in suggesting things, I will give you a simple one for one day, hoping that it may at least help a few fellow-sufferers:

#### BREAKFAST.

Oranges.  
Oatmeal porridge—Cream and sugar.  
French fried potatoes. Pan broiled mutton chops.  
Breakfast muffins. Dry toast.  
Coffee.

#### DINNER.

Cream of tomato soup. Croutons.  
Blanquette of bullock's heart. Duchess potatoes.  
German roth kraut. Celery salad.  
Carrot pudding—Clear sauce.

#### TEA.

Fancy roast of oysters. Graham bread and butter.  
Orange charlotte. Rose cake.  
Tea.

#### OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

1/2 cup of rolled oats.  
1/2 teaspoon salt,  
1 pint boiling water.

Pour the water into the upper vessel of a double boiler and place it directly on the stove; then sift in the oatmeal, add the salt and boil for two minutes. This effectually starts the cooking. Then put the upper vessel into the lower and cook for three hours. The water in the lower vessel should boil during this time and will occasionally need replenishing. Porridge is always best made the day before it is needed, as long boiling always improves the flavor of oats and makes them more digestible. Oatmeal, when there is no objection to its use, is one of the most valuable nutrients we have, furnishing more for the money than almost any other food, being particularly rich in protein, or muscle-forming matter.

#### FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

3 or 4 potatoes.  
1 saltspoon of salt.  
1 pinch of white pepper.  
Fat for frying.

Peel the potatoes and cut each potato lengthwise into six or eight pieces, about the size of the natural sections of an orange. Wrap these up in a clean dry cloth. Heat some lard or cottolene in a saucepan, have it about four inches deep. When it comes to the boil, which is when the fat is perfectly still, and not before, plunge in the pieces of potato and fry them until they rattle and are a nice golden brown color. Strain well, dust them with the pepper and salt, serve in a very hot dish. They will require from twenty to thirty minutes to cook.

(Continued on page 22).

### A NEW CYCLE SCHOOL.

The other morning we went into the Remington Cycle School that has recently been opened above McDonald & Willson's, on Yonge street. It is a spacious apartment, 40 feet wide by 140 long, whose gayly decorated walls and shining hard wood floor give one rather the impression of a ballroom than of a place given over to the use of those who fain would master the (to a novice) unexpected amblings of the "silent steed." The establishment must be a boon to those who wish to learn, and ladies especially will appreciate the opportunity. No more stealing away in the dusk of evening to a conveniently quiet, asphalted street, accompanied by supporting friends and some devoted man who has undertaken to "teach you how." No more sad processions coming home with a battered wheel and a bruised and disheartened girl. With the practical assistance of the polite instructor, a very few lessons will enable one to ride gracefully and well, and the first appearance in public will be robbed of all that uncertainty of movement which, in time past, has made it so interesting a sight for the neighbors. Some pupils acquire the art in three lessons, while for the moderate sum of \$3 they guarantee to teach even the most backward and nervous of learners, giving as many lessons as may be required. This amount is deducted from the cost of your bicycle should you buy from their firm within a year, so that practically the lessons cost nothing and you run no danger of injuring a new wheel by learning on it. Cycling is so universal nowadays that, whether one is the fortunate possessor of a bicycle or not, it is a wise thing to learn to ride—even though you may have no present prospect of owning one. The ability once gained is never afterwards lost, as any rider can tell you, and may be of great convenience; or the source of much pleasure, under circumstances that one may not at present foresee.

## Does This Interest You?

We have removed our business from 63 1/2 King street west to more commodious premises at 81 King street west. We are the only well-known retail firm in Toronto doing business in ease, Coffees and Cocos exclusively. We can assure you that our reputation as purveyors of high class products will in the future be adequately maintained, while our added space and conveniences will enable us to give even better satisfaction than heretofore. Mr. H. P. Mullen has recently been admitted as a member of the firm. We hope to receive your continued support, and will be glad to have your orders. We remain,

Yours faithfully,

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.



FOR YOUNG CANADA

[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of this department is anxious to come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in as far as possible.]

"A smile, and then two merry eyes,  
To make the pleasantest of skies;  
A laugh—or many, if you please,—  
To make the sweetest summer breeze;  
All these, if used well and aright,  
Will ever make a dark day bright."

**D** ID you ever take part in charades? There is one kind of charade which, if well carried out, furnishes great amusement.

A compound word is taken, such as penman-ship, Corn-wall, water-fall, hare-bell, etc., and each part acted separately, the audience deciding upon the syllable at end of each little dialogue, and then upon the whole word when it is acted out at the last, showing its full meaning.

Our picture this month represents a little lad taking the part of *Judge* in a charade, the word chosen being court-ship.

His "What did you say, sir?" asked in stern tones, with a severe frown, "brought down the house" and more than pleased his uncle, the barrister, who had coached him.

A FINGER PLAY.

Ten little frogs in a pond so low, (1)  
Ten little frogs say, "To the shore we'll go. (2)  
Ten little frogs, when high and dry,  
Though' they would stretch their legs and fly. (3)  
But, oh! their effort was all in vain,  
For it tumbled them into the pond again. (4)

MOTIONS:

(1)—Finger tips on table. (3)—Stretch fingers.  
2)—Finger tips turned up. (4)—Finger tips on table again.  
E. A. G., in *Child-Garden*.

Five little sheep stood under a tree—  
The first one said, "Come, follow me."  
The second one said, "Let's keep in line."  
The third one said, "That will be fine!"  
The fourth one said, "We're coming fast."  
The fifth one said, "I am the last."  
So after their leader they ran, until  
They came to the fence, where they all stood still

OUR STORY.

"Mary, is there a man in the moon?" asked Boy, a little man of five years, whom the maid was undressing for bed.

This was usually mother's task, or pleasure rafter, but this time she was in the drawing-room with papa and a friend who had taken dinner with them.

"A man in the moon?" repeated Mary. "What put that in your head?"

"Well, you know, I was at the table for dessert to-night, and papa and Mr. Nairn were talking politics and Mr. Nairn said something, and papa said, 'Tell that to the man in the moon.' Now, Mary, there must be a man in the moon, else papa would not have said that."

"Well, I've always heard so, you know. He was put up there for picking chips on Sunday, so Boy must be good and not ever work on Sunday or he might go there, too."

"Is he there all alone, Mary? Poor man, how lonesome he must be. I would like to go and see him. Wouldn't he be glad to see me?"

"I should say! He would be a queer man not to be glad to see you, Boy. But come, I promised mamma not to leave until I put you in bed."

So picking Boy up and giving him a hug, she tossed him into his little white cot, and patted his little curly head, saying, "Now, go asleep and dream about the moon." This Boy tried to do, but before many minutes he was out of bed and seated on a chair by the window, his chin resting on his two chubby fists, and his toes curled up in his long night dress. He sat and looked and wondered, and presently his head went down on his arm, and he thought and thought—"How did the man get up there? Did he climb up on the moonbeams or did he go in a balloon? Why had he not asked Mary."

Then, as he gazed up the long line of moonlight he saw a speck, which kept growing larger and larger and seemed to be coming towards him. Soon it looked like a white bird and it was flying straight to him!



"WHAT DID YOU SAY, SIR?"

As it came nearer he saw what it really was,—a tiny silver boat being carried down the moonbeams by two large white birds, one on each side. They came to Boy and told him they were going to take him to the moon, as "The Man" had sent for him. Boy did not dream of refusing, and at once climbed into the dear little boat. Then the white birds spread their wings and Boy began his wonderful journey.

His lovely boatmen spoke to him only in answer to a question. "Shall we soon pass some stars?" asked Boy. "Oh, no," said the bird on his right hand, "The stars are ever so much farther off than the moon."

Boy was sorry he had not waited to dress as he felt quite chilly, and as he drew his night dress closer around him, asked how long before they would reach the moon. "We shall soon be there," answered the other bird.

All this time the moon had grown larger and larger, and Boy could now see it was not flat and smooth, as it had looked from his window. When they reached their journey's end, however, he had become so drowsy he hardly could see anything. He felt himself lifted from the boat by kind arms and heard kind tones say, "Here is a dear little earth boy; take him, wife, and put him in bed till morning. Then a softer, more familiar voice said, "Is my little boy sleepy and cold?" and he felt himself tucked up for the second time snugly in bed, but this time with a sweet good-night kiss on his lips. He did not waken until late in the morning and

opened his eyes to find his mother bending anxiously over him.

"Does my little Boy feel all right? I found him sound asleep last night in the open window and as cold as ice."

Boy had sailed into Dreamland, instead of to the moon.

This day it was raining in torrents and the wind was blowing a blast, and watching the storm with his nose pressed against the window pane, stood a boy. Discontent was written on every line of his face and presently he muttered:

"Isn't March a horrid month, Margaret? and here it is only the first. Imagine thirty-one days like this!"

"Hush, Eddie," said Margaret, a girl two years older than this brother of ten, and who sat quietly doing some mending. "We'll soon have lots of bright days, and, besides, you should not speak like that; every month has its special work, and Miss Leighton was telling us yesterday in school, that March was Mother Nature's house-cleaning time. The rains wash away all the winter's refuse and take the cold out of the ground, and the wind is her broom, and between them the old brown earth is made ready for the sweet spring flowers; and that reminds me, Eddie, boy. Say we get up the boxes you filled with ground last fall and plant our pansy seeds."

By this time the clouds from her brother's face had all disappeared, and soon he was whistling cheerfully as he worked in their small window garden. Margaret smiled quietly, and, small girl though she was, realized that *idleness* and *discontent* were very close friends.

In the snowing and the blowing,  
In the cold and cutting sleet,  
Little flowers begin their growing,  
Far beneath our feet.  
Softly comes the Spring and cheerily,  
"Darlings, are you here?"  
And they answer, "We are nearly,  
Nearly ready, dear."  
"Where is Winter, with his snowing?  
Tell us Spring," they say,  
And she answers, "He is going,  
Going on his way.  
Poor old Winter long hath held you,  
But his time is past;  
Soon my birds will sing above you,  
Set you free at last."

St. Nicholas Songs.

TORONTO, Feb. 10th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

Father subscribed for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL when it first came out and says it is just what Canada needed. I like the first page best, though, of course, I always read yours, but I am twelve years old and want to understand politics and the questions of the day, and the newspapers have so much in about anything that I get all mixed up. Now Faith Fenton just sizes it up in a few words and a fellow knows what she is talking about. Grandma likes the "Quiet Hour" and mother always reads "Just You and I" first, but Bess, my big sister, goes right for "Fashions"—girls are queer. I wish you would write us a good robber story, please do.

Yours truly,

GEORGE FANTOM.

I feel very flattered, George, to think you read this page, and I wish more of my boy and girl friends would write, although it will not always be possible to print their letters

COUSIN MAUD.

*IN THE HOUSEHOLD.*

**PAN-BROILED MUTTON CHOPS.**

To prepare the chops for broiling cut away the tough outside skin, trim off part of the fat and any portion of the spinal cord which may be attached. The first principle in broiling is to subject the article to be thus cooked to a very high degree of temperature at first, so that the outside may be seared over and thus prevent the juices from escaping, and to finish the cooking at a lower temperature. Therefore, it will be necessary to heat the pan exceedingly hot. Do not grease the pan. Put in the chops, leave them till you can count seven, turn them and count seven again, turn again for about a minute, then turn again, and draw to the back of the stove and finish cooking slowly. Chops one inch in thickness will take from five to seven minutes to cook. Season with salt and pepper and dish on a hot platter. If desired, they may have the French fried potatoes arranged round the edge of the dish for a garnish.

**CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.**

- 1 can tomatoes.
- 1 pint of milk.
- ½ teaspoon salt.
- ¼ saltspoon pepper.
- ½ " soda.
- 1 tablespoon flour.
- 1 " butter.

Pour the tomatoes into a saucepan and stew very gently until they are quite soft. Strain through a soup strainer until there is nothing left but the seeds; add the soda, salt and pepper, then set on the stove to heat slowly, and, in the meantime, make a smooth white sauce with the milk, butter and flour. Add this to the hot tomatoes and strain all into a double boiler. Return to the stove and serve as soon as it becomes steaming hot.

**CROUTONS.**

Cut a slice of bread evenly, a third of an inch in thickness, butter, and cut it into cubes. Place these on a tin plate and put them into a moderate oven; cook for about fifteen minutes. When done they should be of a golden brown color, crisp and brittle.

**DUCHESS POTATOES.**

- 1 pint potatoes.
- 1 teaspoon butter.
- ½ " salt.
- ¼ " white pepper.
- 1 tablespoon cream.
- 1 egg.
- 1 teaspoon water.

Boil and mash the potatoes; add butter, cream, salt, pepper and half the beaten-up egg. Form into little, flat, round cakes, and brush over with the second half of the egg, to which the water has been added and well mixed. Bake in a hot oven until a delicate brown color. For brushing over the little cakes with the yolk of eggs use a small flat paint brush.

**CELERY SALAD.**

- 2 large heads of celery.
- 1½ cups cold boiled beet root.
- Whites of 3 hard boiled eggs.
- 1 cup mayonnaise or cream dressing.

Use only the tender inside leaves of the celery; cut them up into small pieces, as nearly square as possible and about ⅓ of an inch in size. Cut the beets up in the same manner. Also the whites of the eggs. Toss all together with a slight seasoning of salt and white pepper. Stand upon ice, or in a cold place until wanted. Then pour over the dressing and garnish with the tender white leaves of the celery and capers if desired.



**HOUSEHOLD LINENS—**

Finest and Best in Scotch and Irish Highest Class **Bed and Table Linen.**

**TABLE CLOTHS—**

- 2x2 yds. . . . \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00.
- 2x2½ . . . . \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00 and 7.00.
- 2x3 . . . . \$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, and 6.00.
- 2½x2½ . . . . \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 and 8.00.
- 2½x3 . . . . \$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 12.00.
- 2½x3½ . . . . \$3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00, 14.00 and 15.00.
- 2½x4 . . . . 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00, 14.00, 16.00 and 18.00.
- 2½x4½, 5 and 6 yards long.

**Bleached Piece Table Damask—**

- 60 to 64 in. . . . 50, 60, 70, 75, and 90c. yd.
- 64 to 72 in. . . . 75, 80, 1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.
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**Unbleached Piece Table Damask**

- 54, 60, 64, 68, 72 in. . . . 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and 90c.

**TABLE NAPKINS—**

- ⅝x⅝ . . . . \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00 doz.
- ⅞x⅞ . . . . \$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00 doz.

**TABLE DOYLIES (Fringed)**

Oval, Round and Square.

- 4½x4½, 7x7, 13x13, 15x15, a great range of patterns and prices.

**Lunch Cloths, Tea Cloths, Table Centres.**

**Tray Cloths, Carving Cloths, Sideboard Scarves.**

**Hem Stitch Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases.**

**Embroidered Linen Sheet and Pillow Shams.**

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**LINEN SHEETING—**

- 72 in. wide . . . 85, 90 and \$1.00 per yd.
- 80 " . . . . 95, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20 per yd.
- 90 " . . . . \$1.00, 1.25, 1.40, 1.75 "
- 100 " . . . . \$1.20, 1.30, 1.50, 1.75 "

**LINEN PILLOW CASING—**

- 40 in. wide . . . 50, 55, 60 and 65c. yd.
- 42 " . . . . 55, 60, 65, 70 and 75c. yd.
- 45 " . . . . 65, 70, 75, 80 and 85c. yd.
- 50 " . . . . 65, 70, 75, 80 and 90c. yd.
- 54 " . . . . 75, 80, 85, 90 and \$1.00 yd.

**TOWELS—**

- Half Bleached Huck, fringed. Sizes 17x34 to 20x38. . . \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00 doz.
- Bleached Huck and Diaper, fringed, white and colored borders. Sizes 18x36 to 22x43, \$2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 and 7.00 doz.
- Bleached Huck (hemstitched) . . . \$5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 12.00 doz.

**Bath Towels (Turkish)—**

- White Cotton, \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 and 10.00 doz.
- Brown Linen, \$3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 and 10.00 doz.

**Bath Sheets and Bath Mats, white and unbleached.**

**Turkish Bath Towelling by the yard.**

**Cash's Tape Friction Bath Towels.**

**Ladies' Turkish Bath Gowns.**

**TOWELLINGS—**

- Huckaback (bleached) from 25 to 28 in. wide, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60 and 70c. yd.
- Huckaback (unbleached) 24 to 27 in. wide, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 25c. yd.

**Glass Towelling (Blue and Red Check)—**

18 to 24 in. wide, 5 to 20c. yd.

**Roller—**18 to 24 in. wide, from 7 to 15c. yd.

**Kitchen—**24 to 36 in. wide, 10 to 20c. yd.

**Knitted Sponge Cloths—**40c. per doz.

**Mangle Linen—**22, 24 and 26 in. wide.

**Furniture Dusters—**50, 60, 75, 90, 1.00 and 1.25 per doz.

**Scrubbing Flannel—**24 and 27 in., 14, 16, 18c.

**Diaper Linen—**24 in. 27 in. and 36 in. wide, from 25 to 40c. yd.

**Diaper Cotton—**26 in., 12½, 15, 16 and 18c.

**Fronting Linen—**Fine, medium and heavy makes, 36 in. wide, 33 to 90c. yd.

**French Linen Lawns and Cambrics—**24, 27 and 36 in. wide.

**Table Underlay—**54, 64 and 66 in. wide.

**COTTON SHEETINGS—**

- Plain unbleached and Twill unbleached, 66, 72, 81 and 90 in. wide.
- Plain bleached and Twill bleached, 66, 72, 81, 90, 100 and 108 in. wide.

**Cotton Casings—**Bleached, 40, 42, 45, 50, 54 in.

**Bleached Circular—**40, 42, 45, 50, 54 in.

**BED QUILTS—**

- White Marseilles, 9-4, \$1.50 to 2.50; 10x10, \$2.50 to 5.00; 10x12 (extra size), \$4.00 to \$8.

**Cot and Crib Quilts—**White Marseilles, 4x5, 5x6 and 6x7 sizes.

**BLANKETS—**

- White Canadian, 9-4, \$2.00, 2.25 and 2.50.
- " 10-4, \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50 and 4.00.
- " 11-4, \$3.00, 4.00 and 4.50.
- White English, 9-4, \$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00.
- " 10-4, \$4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00.
- " 11-4, \$5.00, 5.50, 6, 7, 8, and 9.00.
- " 12-4, \$7.50, 8.50, 9.50, 10.50, 12.

**Cot and Crib Blankets in 5-4, 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 sizes.**

**Eider Down Quilts—**Printed Sateen Coverings, full bed size, \$4.00, 4.50, 5, 6, to 15.00. Cot and Crib Quilts in all sizes, also printed satin and silk covered eider downs.

**Batt Comforts—**\$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00.

**Pillows, Tea Cosies and Head Rests.**

White Cambric Covered Eider Down Pillows. All sizes—if not in stock made to order.

**PRINTED DIMITIES PRINTED CRETONNES PRINTED ART MUSLINS.**

**LACE CURTAINS—**Nottingham.

- Ecrú . . . 3 yds. White . . . 3 yds.
- " . . . 3½ " " . . . 3½ "
- " . . . 4 " " . . . 4 "

Irish Point, white, 3½ and 4 yds.

**Cambric Prints—**Navy, Chocolate, Lilac and White Grounds, 10 and 12½c. yd.

**Turkey Chintz Prints—**12½c. yd.

**Wove Ginghams, Zephyrs, Lawns, Organdies, Plisse, Ducks, etc., from 12½ to 50c. yd.**

**White and Fancy Printed Piques and Marseilles.**

**Cotton Longcloths—**In best makes of English, Canadian and American, at lowest wholesale prices for pieces.

**Muslins—**Nainsook, Mull, Cambric, Victoria Lawns, Spot, Check and Stripe styles.

**Galateas—**Plain, Navy, Navy and White, Brown and White, Black and White, narrow, medium and wide stripes.

**FLANNELS—**

- Cream Saxony, 27 and 29 in., 30, 33, 35, 40, 50, 55 and 60c. Cream Shaker, 27 and 36 in., 50, 60, 70, 75, 90 and \$1.00.

**Shirting Flannel—**Fancy wove, 27 to 29 in., 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60c.

**French Printed Flannels—**29 in. wide, chintz and other styles, 40 to 50c.

**OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT** is so thoroughly organized that customers at a distance can depend on receiving as good a choice (no matter in what line) as those who shop in person. Samples sent same day as received. Goods sent on approval when samples cannot be cut. Everything possible is done to make shopping by mail a pleasure and a profit.

**John Catto & Son, King St. Toronto.** (Opposite the Post Office),

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CREAM DRESSING.

- 3 hard boiled yolks of eggs.
- 3 tablespoons sugar.
- 3 " vinegar.
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard.
- 1 " salt.
- 1/4 " white pepper.
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream.

Mix the eggs, sugar, mustard, salt and pepper to a smooth paste with the vinegar. Then add the cream; mix well, strain and use.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

- 1/2 saltspoon salt.
- 2 saltspoons mustard.
- 2 " sugar.
- 1/2 saltspoon cayenne pepper.
- Yolk of 1 egg.
- 1/2 cup olive oil.
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice.
- 1 tablespoon vinegar.
- 1 " sweet cream.

Put the first five of these ingredients into a bowl and mix well. If possible, stand the bowl on cracked ice; as much of the success in making a salad depends upon keeping all the ingredients thoroughly chilled. When the first five ingredients are thoroughly mixed, add the oil, drop by drop; stirring constantly with a wooden spoon, stirring round and round, not back and forward. Stir until the mixture is quite stiff, and hard to turn. Then add a little of the lemon juice and vinegar. Then drop in more oil and stir until it becomes stiff again. Continue putting in oil and the acids until all are used, when you should have a thick, smooth cream, which will not "run." It will take from twenty minutes to half an hour to make. Lastly stir in the cream, which gives the mayonnaise a very delicate flavor.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE.

- 1/4 oz. gelatine.
- 1/4 cup cold water.
- 1 " boiling water.
- 1 " sugar.
- 2 large oranges.
- Whites of two eggs.

Soak the gelatine for half an hour in the cold water. Then add the boiling water, the grated rind of two and juice of one orange, the sugar, and boil for two minutes. Strain through a fine wire strainer into a granite bowl and set aside to cool. Butter a mould and divide the second orange into natural sections. Stick these against the side of the mould; the butter will keep them in place. Beat the eggs as light as possible, and as the gelatine begins to thicken, turn in the eggs and beat thoroughly, until it begins to get quite stiff. Pour into the mould and set it away to harden.

ROSE CAKE.

- 1/4 cup butter.
- 1 " sugar.
- 1 1/2 " pastry flour.
- 2 eggs.
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- A little grated nutmeg.
- 1/2 teaspoon rosewater.
- 1/2 " vanilla.
- 6 or 8 drops of carmine.

Cream the butter and add half the sugar and half the milk. Separate the yolks of the eggs and beat with the remaining sugar and milk. Beat the butter, yolks and other ingredients together with the flavoring. Stir the flour and baking powder sifted together, and lastly stir in very gently the well-beaten whites. Pour into a tin which has been lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for about forty minutes.

This recipe may be used for a variety of plain cakes, by omitting the carmine and varying the flavorings.

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51 KING ST. E.

OF TORONTO.

51 KING ST. W.

It Doesn't Pay To Buy Inferior Candy

In purity, richness and delicacy of flavor Nasmith's Candies are unexcelled . . . . .

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Delicious Chocolates  
Choicest Bon-Bons

40c. per lb., equal to any sold in city at 60c.



Customers will find Nasmith's Candies always pure and fresh. They are made by our own confectioners. We use only the most select materials and pure fruit flavorings.

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Afternoon delivery to all parts of the city.

152 YONGE ST.

CANDY FACTORY,

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COR. JARVIS AND ADELAIDE STS.

HUSBAND Tell

MO-JA IS THE COFFEE

That Delicious Flavor...

Which you relish so much in your Coffee when you lunch down town at the best city cafés, can be had at home.

Put up in 1 and 2 lb. Tins  
.... NEVER IN BULK ....

Your WIFE



**BEAUTIFUL SKIN LIKE A BABY GUARANTEED IN TEN DAYS**

LOVELY COMPLEXION.

**DR. BESANT'S SKIN PURIFIER.**

Is warranted perfectly harmless, and contains **no Lead or Arsenic**, or other injurious ingredients to delicate skin. It rapidly and permanently removes Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Redness of Nose and Eruptions of every nature, quickly restoring the bloom and freshness of youth.

Three months' supply sent prepaid on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS**. Address, MRS. MARTHA BESANT, Toronto, Canada.

Ladies should beware of using Lead, Bismuth or Arsenical preparations either as an application or as a medicine. The after effects of taking these poisons for any extended period are terrible and simply mean the forming of a habit as dangerous as that of opium and which cannot be discontinued without great will power, and the after effects will show in blotches and sores (which are almost incurable) not only on the face, neck and arms, but over the body generally. *A word to the wise is sufficient.*



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F. Barnes, Ladies' Hair Dresser.

DOES your Hair trouble you at all by falling out, Turning Grey, Dull or Faded Shade, Itching or Dandruff on the Skin; if so, consult . . . . .

F. BARNES, THE HAIRDRESSER.

Guarantees to restore it to health and promote and increase the growth. We do Hairdressing in Latest Fashionable Styles for Balls, Weddings and Parties. We only employ Expert Hair Dressers, and all our rooms are strictly private. Reduced prices for Schools and Large Families. We treat the Hair by the Quarter or Half Yearly. Note address. . . . .

F. Barnes, 413 Spadina Ave.

**THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL**

*An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.*

EDITED BY  
FAITH FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

CHAS. A. E. CARR (LONDON), President.

GEO. E. ELLIS (TORONTO), Secy.-Treas.

BUSINESS OFFICE AND PRINTING DEPARTMENT:

24 King Street West,

Rear Building, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

MONTREAL OFFICE, 246 ST. JAMES ST.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

\$1.00 Per Year; Single Copies 10 Cents.

**YOUNG LADIES**

Who desire to increase their pocket money should write to the HOME JOURNAL and obtain information from their Circulation Department. No young man or young woman who is desirous of improving themselves should be deterred from making at least a trial experiment. No one can lose anything, all are certain at least to make money. There is no competitive element in the plan; to all we allow a generous commission whether you secure one subscriber or a thousand.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL comes out this month enlarged to a thirty-two page magazine.

We are determined not to allow the advertisements to trench upon the reading matter; and in consequence of the press of the former, have been compelled to increase the size of the JOURNAL.

We trust our readers will find pleasure in this special Ottawa number. The sketches of Ottawa social life during the session, the House of Commons and the parliamentary library should prove of particular interest to every Canadian.

The sketch and flashlight of the historic fancy dress ball cost both time and expense in obtaining. The sketch will prove to be the best description of this famous ball, from a picturesque point of view, that has been given to the Canadian public.

The stage gossip this month is from the pen of the best dramatic writer in Canada, and should prove of great interest to our readers.

The household recipes are contributed by Mrs. Joy, a graduate of the Boston School of Cooking, and are in each instance not only reliable but novel.

All the other departments are up to the high standard which the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has already reached and is determined to maintain.

We sincerely regret that through an agent failing to report a number of Montreal subscribers failed to receive the January and February numbers of the JOURNAL. We make every effort to secure prompt returns from the agent; and ask subscribers to notify us if they do not receive acknowledgment of their subscription by card or by copy of the magazine within two weeks after subscribing.

All agents of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL are requested to make their returns to the central office weekly.

The date of publication is the 25th of each month, and subscribers not receiving their JOURNAL by the first of the month, or, in case of distance, within a few days following, will oblige us by promptly notifying us of the fact by card addressed to the business office, Manning Arcade. Subscribers will oblige us by giving their name and address in full, also date of subscription.

Any communications should be addressed CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, not HOME JOURNAL, in order to avoid confusion with other publications somewhat similar in title.

We are securing a number of good canvassers, who are doing successful work both in the city and outside; but there is still a large number of towns and villages uncovered. The commission offered is

very liberal, and remains the same whether one subscription or twenty be secured. To canvas for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is easy and pleasant work, since the newspapers throughout the country have appreciated our efforts and given us cordial support by their approving words. The JOURNAL is becoming rapidly known, and only needs to be brought under the personal notice of every home keeper, or head of household, to be at once taken in as a regular visitor.

In order to further encourage Canadian women and girls to secure subscriptions, we offer a bicycle, of the best quality and make, to the one—boy or girl, man or woman—who secures the largest number of subscriptions over one hundred between Jan. 1st and June 1st, 1896. This is in addition to the usual commission on each subscription. This is a splendid chance to obtain a bicycle free of cost, at a season when the possession of one will afford most enjoyment.

The offer is genuine, a liberal commission on each subscription, and for the largest number obtained over one hundred—a bicycle, of the best quality and make.

Remember the time allowed is full six months, extending from January 1st to June 1st.

Write to the Business Manager for subscription and details.

We have again to thank the secretaries and presidents for their kindly interest and prompt response to our request.

A copy of the JOURNAL is forwarded to each society reporting; where the name of the corresponding secretary is attached, as we prefer, the magazine is addressed directly to her.

We shall be glad to forward sample copies at any time to any women's organization who will send a card requesting it. Many societies desire to see the JOURNAL before sending in reports.

We are proud of our magazine; we expect to reach a higher degree of excellence each month; and we shall welcome any suggestions as to methods and matter from our readers.

Again we especially ask that no society, in any village, town or city will consider its work too insignificant to be reported in our columns. It is the little organizations, doing the little deeds that make for charity, education or art which we especially desire to hear from.

**AN HONEST OFFER**

If you have CATARRH, and desire to be cured without risk of losing your money, we will send a **GERMICIDE INHALER** and medicine for that disease without asking a cent of pay in advance. After a fair trial at your own home, and you find it a genuine remedy, you can send us \$3 to pay for same. If not satisfactory in every way you can return the Inhaler at our expense, and need not pay one cent. Could anything be more fair? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If the remedy is not all we claim, we are the losers, not you. Just think of being cured for \$3.

**TESTIMONIALS:**

REV. J. E. MAVETY, Methodist Minister, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"Your Germicide Inhaler in two months radically cured my daughter of chronic catarrh."

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We have cured thousands and we can cure you, therefore do not delay in placing your order at once on above liberal terms. Address,

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**BALDNESS POSITIVELY CURED  
FALLING HAIR RESTORED.....**

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Please ask for **Mme. Ireland**, and see her personally. . . . .

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Hundreds of Ladies and Gentlemen testify to the merits of her preparations.



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It is to have a Boot or Shoe that fits you perfectly.

**CORNS AT REST  
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NO PINCH  
ALL FIT  
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We keep the above footwear.

Our aim is to please you.

Our prices are moderate.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD,**  
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Notice**

Owing to the expiration of the lease of the premises we occupy, at 79 King St. East, we are forced to dispose of our stock, and rather than move it back to the wholesale house we take this opportunity to inform our customers who have patronized us for so many years that we will offer the balance of the stock of all **special** lines made expressly for our retail store at net wholesale cost for

**CASH ONLY**

DURING THE NEXT 60 DAYS.

The stock is large and well selected, comprising nearly all lines of the finest goods we manufacture, and this is a chance in a decade to purchase such reliable goods at anything like the prices we will offer them. We advise our customers to buy as early as possible, before the sizes get sold out, as they will not be replaced.

**The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.**  
79 KING ST. EAST.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CLEAR SAUCE.

- 2 even teaspoons arrowroot.
- 4 dessertspoons icing sugar.
- Juice of 1 lemon.
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg.
- 1 cup water.

Mix the arrowroot smoothly with a small portion of the water; put this into a sauce pan. Add all the other ingredients, with the remainder of the water, and stir over the fire until they boil. A small quantity of wine may be added if desired.

FANCY ROAST OF OYSTERS.

- ½ pint oysters.
- 1 lemon.
- 1 teaspoon butter.
- 1 " chopped parsley.
- Pepper, salt and some slices of bread.

Toast the bread. Cut off the crusts, and cut into pieces about three inches square, put these on a tin dish or pan. Drain and beard the oysters. Then arrange them as closely as possible upon the toast. Pour over the strained juice of the lemon. Dot over with the butter cut into tiny pieces. Dust over with the pepper and salt, and chopped parsley. Cook in a moderate oven until the oysters begin to curl at the edge. It should always be remembered in cooking oysters that they contain an albuminous juice, which increases in hardness with an increase of temperature, just as the albumen or white of an egg does; therefore, subject oysters to a low temperature and for a short time.

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We also carry a large stock of **Snowshoes and Moccasins**. . . Clubs supplied at wholesale prices. . . .

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Any lady or gentleman with thinness of hair or baldness, appears more aged and careworn. Then why remain so when it is a positive fact that *Dorenwend's Styles* will make the face look brighter, younger and more refined?

Has the hair on our heads not been given us for protection and adornment? Then why not *replace* it? A great many ladies *ruin* their hair with curling and crimping; how much more convenient is it for a lady to pin on a stylish little front, of which she is assured it will not come out of curl. The present style demands a *great deal of hair*.

In **SWITCHES** we carry an immense stock in all shades and strictly *first quality Hair*, in prices according to length, weight and shade. Our \$3.50, 5.00 and 7.50 are big sellers.



**LADIES' WIGS**, made of all long hair, with curly, wavy or plain fronts, at different prices, according to fineness of work, length of hair and shade.

In **BANGS AND FRONTPIECES** our variety is endless, Parted Bangs, Pompadour Bangs, Fluffy Curly Bangs, from \$2.00 up.

Wavy fronts from \$3.00 up.

Gentlemen's fine Wigs and Scalp Pieces, invisible partings, price according to size and shade.

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Costumes.

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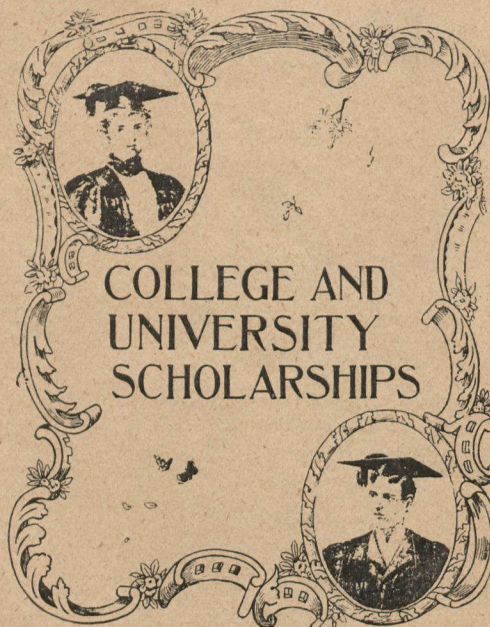
THE HOME JOURNAL

# Scholarship Announcement

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY

For the Young Ladies and Gentlemen  
of Canada to Secure

FREE COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND,  
VOCAL OR PIANOFORTE  
EDUCATION.



The Home Journal Publishing Company (Ltd.) have completed arrangements with the proprietors of the Wells Business College, one of the leading Commercial Educational Institutions of Toronto, which enables us to offer a three months' course of instruction in either the Commercial or Shorthand Departments of this successful College, *free of charge*, to every young lady or gentleman who will take the trouble to secure twenty (20) new subscribers for the HOME JOURNAL, *Canada's Favorite Family Magazine*.

The Company has also entered into a contract with the **Toronto Conservatory of Music** whereby they can award a Scholarship for one year's instruction in either Vocal or Pianoforte Music to every person sending in fifty (50) subscribers for this publication. Regarding the Conservatory of Music, it is hardly necessary to state that it occupies the foremost position in Canada, and is so well known that the mere mention of its name is a *guarantee of the highest musical excellence*; its graduates always taking the highest positions in musical circles.

It may fairly claim to possess all the principal requisites of a complete Conservatory of Music, and to be endowed with facilities for furnishing to students a *thorough musical education in all branches of the art*, preparing them fully for the profession as Teachers, as well as for Concert, Church and Platform work; also for the drawing-room and social circle.

You lose nothing by trying for these special offers of a musical or commercial training—you are certain at least to make money.

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Send us the names of subscribers as fast as secured, even if only three or four at a time; they will be credited to your account.

This is *undoubtedly the most liberal offer* ever made by the publishers of a Canadian periodical, and there is no reason why at least one person in each locality should not succeed in obtaining one of these scholarships. By adopting this plan we expect to add many thousands of new subscribers to our lists.

If you wish further information write the Business Manager,

**Canadian Home Journal, Manning Arcade, Toronto**

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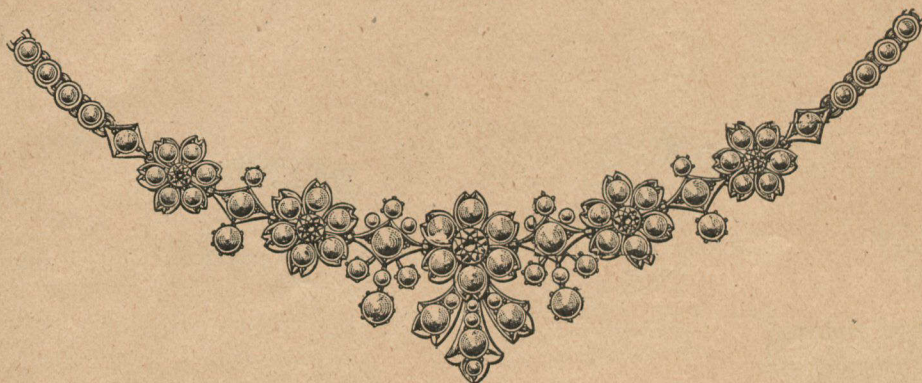
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**Diamonds are a leading feature of our business, but we also have a very large stock of Silver Novelties.**

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“ Tie Clasps

“ Hair Pin Boxes

“ Tape Measures

“ Memo Tablets

“ Shawl Straps

“ Ink Stands

“ Vinaigrettes

Silver Paper Knives

“ Library Setts

“ Pencils

“ Mounted Perfume Bottles

“ “ Photo Frames

Gold Links

“ Brooches

“ Baby Pins

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Write to us if you wish to buy where you can have a large assortment to choose from at the lowest prices in Canada.

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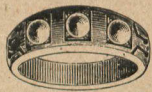
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\$50.00 to \$500.00



Pearl Ring, 3 real Pearls  
\$10.00



Pearl Ring, 7 real Pearls  
\$15.00



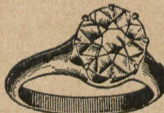
3 Stone Diamond Ring  
\$30.00 to \$300.00



Marquis Ring  
all Diamonds, \$200.00  
Diamonds with Rubies, or  
Sapphires, \$150.00



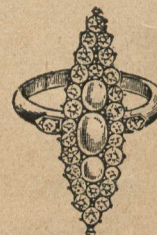
Twin Ring, 2 Diamonds  
\$25.00 up  
according to sizes of  
Stones



Solitaire Ring, Tiffany Setting  
\$10.00 to \$500.00  
according to size of  
Diamond



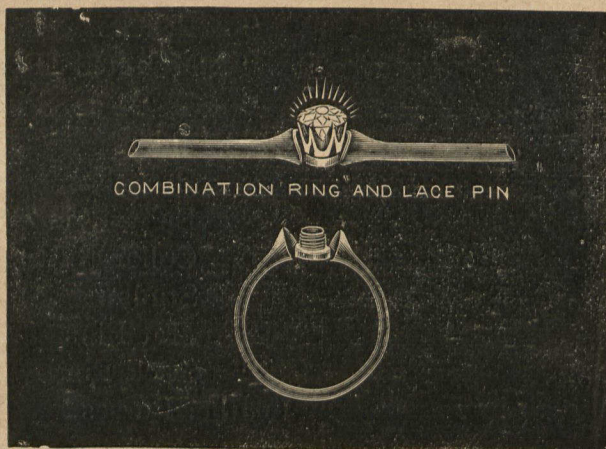
Snake Ring, Diamond Head  
\$25.00



Marquis Ring  
Diamonds and Opals, \$150.00  
Diamonds and Rubies, \$200.00  
The above Rings can be made  
smaller from \$90.00 up



14k. Ring, \$10.00, 1 Pearl, 4 Rose Diamonds



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14k., 3 Brilliant Cut Garnets and 6 Pearls, \$6.00



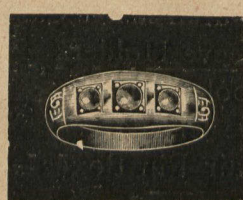
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14k. Ring, 1 Coral, 2 Pearls 4 Rose Diamonds, \$12.00



14k. Ring, 3 Pink Corals \$7.00



2 Diamonds and 1 Pearl \$20.00



Genuine Rose Cut Diamond Ring, \$6.00



Genuine Rose Cut Diamond Ring, \$6.00



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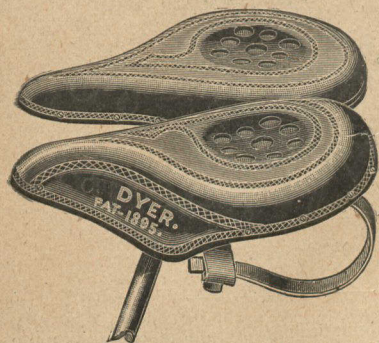


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Scars,  
Eczema,  
Obesity,  
Acne,  
etc., etc.**



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Blemishes,  
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## HINTS FOR YOUNG COLLECTORS.

BY "THE PROFESSOR."

As in other pastimes, stamp collecting possesses difficulties to those just commencing. This department will do all it can to answer questions from its readers, so do not be afraid to write.

In beginning one should possess a catalogue, an album, and stamps. The first thing to do now, is to arrange the stamps according to country or nation which issued them. By means of the catalogue one can do this easily, and after a few times, in most cases, can readily tell from what part of the world any stamp came. Here is a stamp on which is found the portrait of Queen Victoria, and upon reading the inscription around the oval we see "Canada postage, one half-penny." This stamp, it will readily be seen, is one of Canada. You take up another stamp, and on it is seen an engine, and in the oval "New Brunswick postage, one cent," and its reading proves it one of the old issues of Canadian provinces—of the time before Confederation. Another stamp you look at and on it read "Confederate States of America," and upon inquiry learn of the great war between North and South in the United States, the issue of these stamps by the Southerners, the defeat of their cause, and withdrawal of these stamps. In fact, this is one of the fascinations in collecting. It is not the mere possession of stamps, but in learning all one can concerning the issue, whose portrait or coat of arms, etc., as on it, when and why was it issued.

Stamps were issued by England in 1840, followed by Brazil later. During all these years, in a good collection, one can see the expanse of the British Empire, and read the history of nations, for changes are ever occurring.

It will repay a collector to subscribe to one or more of the many stamp papers published, as in them he will learn much of interest.

### NOTES.

The cost of completing sets of old issues, has led many collectors to make a specialty of gathering the latest issues in an unused state. These in most cases can be secured at small advance over face value, and they present an attractiveness to non-collectors that gives joy to collector. Next to collecting, the greatest pleasure is in arranging the stamps in an album. Some prefer having printed spaces, while others choose blank pages, and arrange their stamps to suit individual taste, devoting one or more pages to each country, according to the number of issues. Here is where unused stamps are seen to best advantage.

In the early days of collecting, a few enterprising dealers issued papers every few months, then monthly, and later still weekly. There are several of this class now, and within the past month a daily stamp paper appeared, and still continues its visits regularly.

It will pay all collectors to be members of some stamp society. There are two in Canada. The Dominion Philatelic Association and the Canadian Philatelic Association. The members receive free a stamp journal as the official organ. There is an Exchange Department for trading stamps, and also a counterfeit detector for forgeries. The dues are very small compared to the advantages received.

Cuba, Spain, Straits Settlements and Selanqor have each issued new sets of stamps.

One of the difficulties that ladies have to meet is to find a good waterproof material; light, warm, yet capable of warding off dampness. The Textile Buckskin will undergo forty-eight hours of heavy rain before absorbing moisture. It is light, warm and durable, and surpasses any other material for interlining coats, dresses or any other garment.

It is prepared in four colors—black, slate, brown and natural shade; and in three weights, light, medium and heavy. Two factories are kept busy with this new industry.

King Jones, 44 Front street east, hold the patents for the United States and Canada.



### STAMP COLLECTORS.

100 different Stamps from Egypt, Australia, Russia, Turkey, Japan, etc., only 15c; 200 different stamps from India, South America, Africa and numerous other countries, 50c. Large price List of stamps and a copy of *Canadian Philatelic Magazine* free. I buy Old Stamps, dating from 1850 to 1860. Send me what you have and I will give a figure. Common stamps only bought in quantities. WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto.

Life is very difficult. It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feelings; but then such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us and would cut them in two.—George Eliot.

Some real lives do, for some certain days or years, actually anticipate the happiness of heaven, and I believe if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes) its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through.—Charlotte Bronte.

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Gen. Agent for Ontario

**FOR YOUNG CANADA.**

O beautiful flakes of snow,  
Falling so softly around,  
I wonder what good you do,  
Covering all the ground?

"Dear children," the little flakes said,  
"We have our work to do,  
By covering the roots and plants,  
We keep them the winter through."

There is a dear old lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Bull, who has a most beautiful garden, and lives in the midst of it.

She owns several other gardens in the same country, and they are cared for by her children.

To a certain extent, the children do what they like with their gardens, but yet their mother owns them, and in any important change, or in the selling of the produce, she has to be consulted.

Now, she had one very ambitious son, Sam; who, though not the eldest, yet had charge of the largest garden—larger ever so many times, although not so well cultivated as the home garden.

Sam became annoyed over some command of his mother's, which he thought unreasonable, and he made up his mind he would be master of his own garden; so, after a great struggle, he freed himself from his mother's restraint, and became the owner of his garden, and ordered his affairs to suit himself.

The owners of other properties in this country encouraged Sam and admired him for his independence; but they were really jealous of Mrs. Bull holding so much land, for in every part of that country she owns a beautiful garden. However, it is well for the country that this is the case, for her land is always well cared for, and the servants who till it are well treated, and everything is done for their good.

But Sam has a sister, Loyala, who had always lived with him; but when Sam separated from their mother, Loyala was true to her, and would stay with Sam no longer, so her mother gave her a beautiful garden adjoining his.

Loyala has done well in the care of her garden, and in a great many respects has succeeded better than her brother. She continues to be guided by her mother's counsel, though, in reality, she does as she likes. But, since her son's desertion, Mrs. Bull has allowed all her children more liberty in the management of their several gardens.

Sam has several times asked his sister to "free" herself, as he calls it, and once or twice he actually tried to force her to join her land to his; but she showed such unexpected spirit, and determination to remain true to her mother, that he has since caused her no trouble.

\* \* \*

In this little story, Cousin Maud has been telling an allegory, and if any boy or girl will write and tell her who "Sam," "Loyala," and their mother really are, she will put the name and answer in our page next month.

Cousin MAUD.

We can never be too careful  
What the seeds our hands shall sow;  
Love from love is sure to ripen,  
Hate from hate is sure to grow.  
Seed of good or ill we scatter  
Heedlessly along our way,  
But a glad or grievous fruitage  
Waits us at the harvest day.  
—The Young Idea.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings;  
For words are wonderful things:  
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey;  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.

**Everybody**

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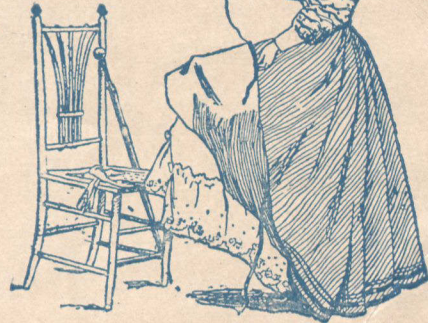
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