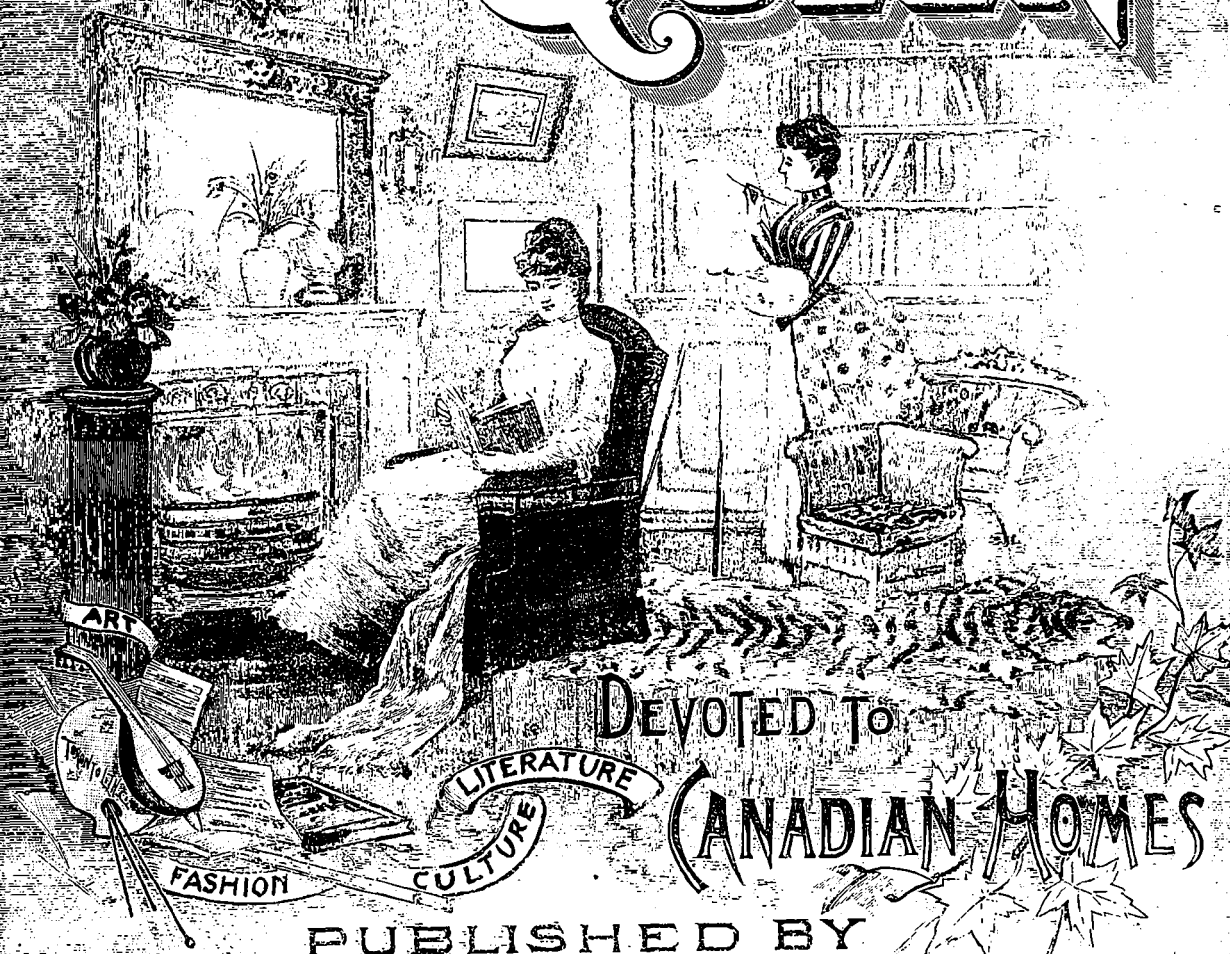


Sept. 1890.

The Canadian QUEEN



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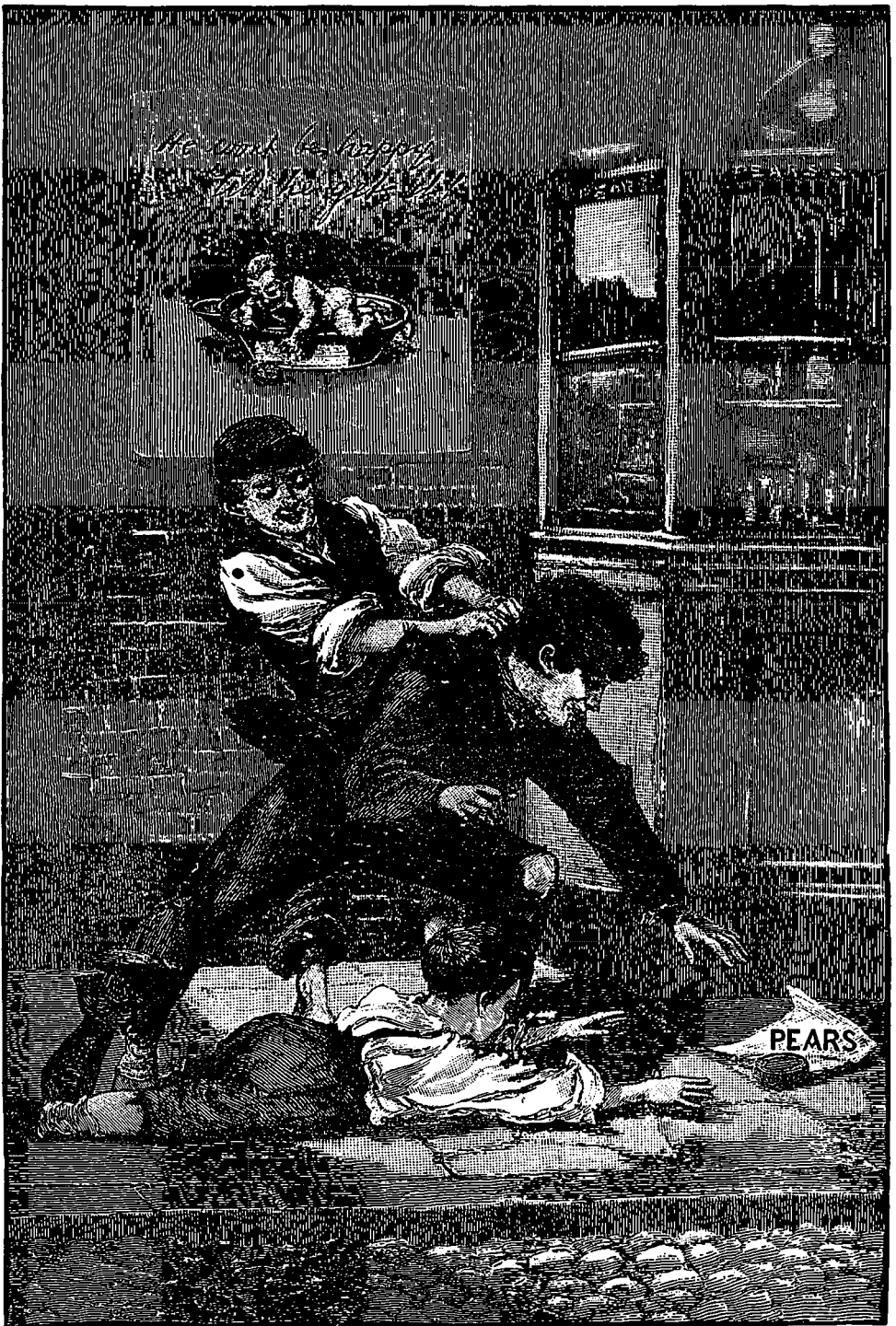
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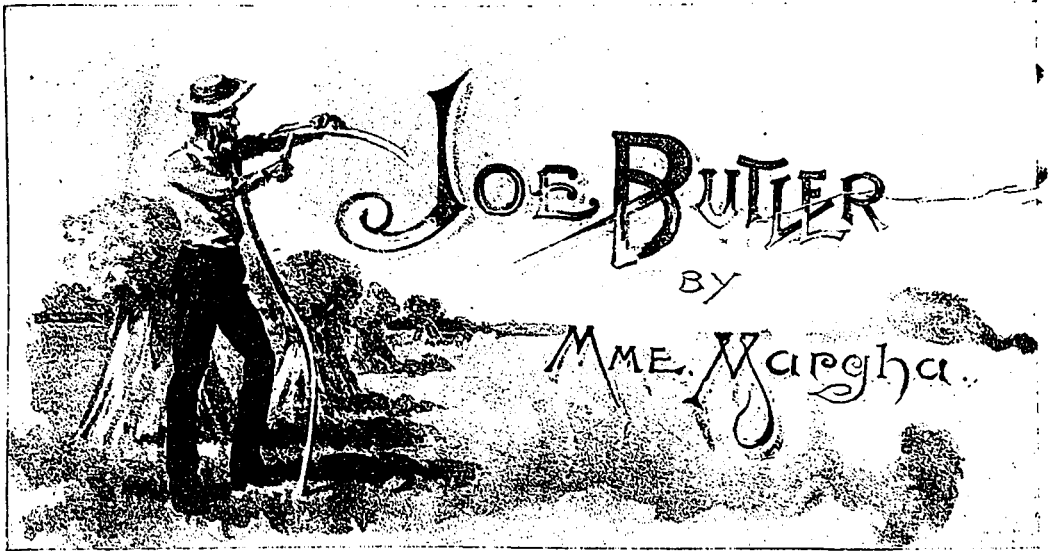
THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A Magazine of Fashion, Art, Literature, etc., Published every Month, and devoted entirely to all matters of General Interest to Ladies.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 9.



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

PART I.

IT was a hot July day in 1856. The sun beat fiercely and mercilessly upon the men in Farmer Butler's fields. Machinery, in the shape of reapers and binders, had not yet come to the relief of the husbandman. The great scythes swung to and fro in the strong hands of the "hired men," while Farmer Butler and Joe his youngest son followed, binding the golden sheaves. They worked in silence and steadily, only stopping once in a while to take a draught of oatmeal water from an old pitcher, and wipe the perspiration from face and neck. Two other sons, Sam and Henry, or "Hank," as he was called, were loading the grain and "hauling in," before the rain should come. Farmer Butler said that a storm was brewing. He had never been known to fail in a weather prophecy, and now, though not a cloud was to be seen, they worked with a will, for he had given his opinion that before night there would be a "rouser." In the farm house Mrs. Butler (or Aunt Polly) was sitting knitting as peacefully as the weather would allow. The large old-fashioned kitchen

in its cool, sweet cleanliness was her usual sitting room. From the door she could see her husband and Joe as they bent to their work. On the wall near her chair hung an old mirror, under which was suspended an almanac and a bright colored pin cushion, the last handiwork of Libbie, the only daughter God had ever given John and Polly Butler. She had died two years before the opening of our story, and was lying at rest in the Bethel graveyard, a little cemetery attached to the church bearing that name. The neighbors said that Aunt Polly had never been the same since her daughter's death. She had lost the energetic, aggressive activity of healthy middle age. Instead of her usual flow of lively gossip, and her incessant planning of something that was to add to the wealth or comfort of her house she had sunk into a strange, unfamiliar calm. Her house was as inviting, and her butter and bread as sweet and white as ever, but—but, there was something gone from her which she could not call back. The neighbors who had been wont to drop in of an evening to chat about politics or religion went home earlier and did not repeat their visits as often as formerly. Father Smith, the old class leader in the Bethel chapel, seemed to have diagnosed her ailment when he spoke to her one Sunday in the meeting. "Sister Butler," he said, "one o' the cords o' your earthly tabernacle hae been snapped, one o' the pins hae been loosed, but cheer up, sister, you hae a house not

built with hands up there, whose foundations 'll never be destroyed."

Since Libbie left her, Aunt Polly turned to Joe her youngest born for that return of affection, which mothers seem to demand of their children. As she looked out in the field that afternoon, shading her eyes with her hand, she said anxiously to Becky, her maid-of-all-work, "I'm afraid Joe 'll be sick with the heat."

"Oh, I guess not, Miss Butler," Becky answered, carelessly, "he's used to it, but I'll take a fresh pail of water to the men if you like."

"I wish you would," her mistress said, "and tell Joe to wet his handkerchief and put it inside his hat."

The rugged Sam and Hank had no sympathy with Joe's frequent headaches when overworked. They called him "Mother's baby," and chaffed him on his habit of going home to his mother early in the evening, instead of hanging round the village store. They were looking forward in the near future to homes of their own and had already selected the girls whom they were desirous of placing at the head of their respective establishments as Mrs. Sam and Mrs. Henry.

Joe was only fifteen years old, and though not robust gave promise of mental strength. His evenings were spent, not with his mother, but poring over books of every description. He had devoured every novel and history he

could borrow or beg, but he was not satisfied. His mind was growing and needed stronger food, he wanted to go to college, to know more, to be a leader among men.

He pictured himself as a lawyer, pleading the cause of his client, and working upon the mind and heart of the jury, until he wrought conviction and won his case. His heart burned within him and he longed to leave the monotonous round of planting and digging, sowing and reaping, and in not less difficult but more congenial mental fields make himself a name. He did not put his thoughts into these words. He was only a boy, but he hoped and waited.

That evening as they sat on the veranda his father and mother talked of the future of their two sons.

"Well, no one can say that I haven't done well by my boys, one hundred acres of as good land as there is in Ontario to each of 'em, what do you say to that?" he said to Joe.

"Father," he answered, coming up to him and putting his hand on his shoulder, "I've been wanting to speak to you for a good while; I'd rather take my portion in money, I want to educate myself."

"What?" exclaimed his father sharply jerking Joe's hand away, "You want to educate yourself? Haven't you been to the Grammar School a hull winter? What more do you want?"

"I don't want to be a farmer," Joe answered bravely, "I want to be a lawyer."

"A lawyer!" exclaimed his father, "you mean a liar. O ho! so you want to be an unprincipled cheat, a drinkin', lyin' rascal, instead of an honest, God-fearin' farmer?"

"But, father, a lawyer can be a good man as well as any one else. I have read of judges and lawyers who were noted for their integrity."

"Shut up, sir," his father answered, "look at James M'Auley's son, he must study law to be stylish, and where is he now? In a drunkard's grave, sir."

"Look at the widow Morrison's son, as fine a boy as there was in the country, until he went to study law. Used to be a member o' the church and took sacrament regular.

Now, sir, he is too stuck up with his town wife to speak to his old friends, and I've heard he is turning infidel."

"But, father," persisted Joe, "One can be a lawyer without sinking into drunkenness, or turning infidel; besides I am not strong enough to be a good farmer."

"Whew!" exclaimed the old man, "what is the matter wi' you? Have ye pain or ache? Your mother coddles ye up so, its no wonder ye think you're a baby. No, sir," he said, bringing his fist down on the arm of the chair, "you'll take what your brothers get or nothing. Do you think that hundred acres I bought only last year, is to be sold again just to suit your whim?"

"Sell the land is it?" he ran on excitedly, "and for



JOE FOLLOWED, BINDING THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.

what, to make a fool o' ye? to have the whole country laughing and saying when they see ye, 'Look at that jack-o-napes o' Butler's, his father sold a hundred acres o' good land to make him what he is.'"

Joe's face flushed and he came and stood before the old man. "Keep your land, father, and your money, I will work my own way."

"And what will ye do?" sneered he.

"I do not know yet," answered the boy, "but I must get an education, I cannot rest as I am. I am so ignorant, there is so much to learn; if I only knew what to do," and he looked down the road and up at the clouds which were rolling themselves into huge mountains.

"Do what you like," said the old man in a hard tone, "but not an inch o' my land will ye get, if that's what you've got in your head."

"I do not look for it, father," Joe said, stoutly, "I'll find a way or make one."

As Farmer Butler turned to go in the house a boy shambled up to the veranda. It was Billy Sickles, Squire Higgins' hired boy.

"Say, Mr. Butler," he called out, "Bell Higgins is lost, and Miss Higgins is most crazy, and the Squire wants your boys to help hunt for her."

"Lost!" exclaimed the farmer, "what, in the swamp? Where are the boys? Sam! Hank!" he called, but they had set out an hour before to spend the evening with their prospective brides. He looked around for Joe, but he was gone.

* * * *

Squire Higgins lived in a large brick house about a mile from John Butler's. His family consisted of one son, Joshua, and three daughters, two of whom were married. Isabel, the

youngest remained to the joy and grief of the parental heart. She gave promise of beauty, but she was a romp. She climbed trees, and swam like a fish, she galloped her father's horses, and rowed her brother's boat. She was a better shot than any of the young men who entered the list in the yearly shooting match. She could do anything that the orthodox young lady should not do. To be sure there was time for her to mend her ways. Time to take to fancy work and jelly-making, for she was only fourteen years old. The neighbors shook their heads as she tore past on her horse, or jumped the fences, followed by her dog, and prophesied that "Higgins would have trouble with that gel."

This evening, however, the great question was, "Where was she?" She had gone out in the morning with her dog and had not returned. No notice was taken of it for she often spent the day with her grandmother. About six o'clock, as the family were sitting at their early tea, Rover appeared with his mistress' hair-ribbon in his mouth, he laid it on the floor at the Squire's feet and whined, piteously. The consternation was great. Bell was in danger somewhere and had sent the dog home to let them know.

"The swamp!" cried Billy Sickles. "Master, the swamp! I'll bet she's got into it and can't git out."

The swamp had for years been a place of dread to the youth of the township. It was an established fact that a family of bears made their home in the depths.

Nightly excursions were made to the farm yards and many a young porker was carried off to appease the hungry cravings of the bruin family. Expeditions, having for their object the extermination of the bears, had been planned, but not as yet, carried out. Joe Butler knew of Bell Higgins' excursions into the swamp contrary to her father's orders. He knew her fearless, reckless nature would lead her any distance to gain her object. They had been companions from infancy. He had drawn her every winter morning to school on his sled, had guided her on her coastings and skatings on the hills and river. In summer, the berry pickings; boat rides and scramblings after fun were all shared by Joe who was sworn by Bell to strict



"JOE TOOK AIM AND FIRED."

secrecy. He bore silently his father's grumbings about "tramping after that idle, good-for-nothing of Higgins'." He had saved the wild girl several times from death, and now felt bound both by habit and sympathy to rescue her. As he gave a sharp cut with his whip his horse sprang into a gallop and he was soon at the Squire's gate. He found them waiting the arrival of the neighbors to consult on the best way of starting.

"Well, Joe, I guss the gel has come to harm this time, she's been gone the hull day, and we thought she was at grannies."

"I guss she's gone to the swamp for ferns," said Joe "I heard her say she wanted to get a lot."

"What do you think has come to her, boy?" asked the father anxiously.

"I am afraid she's hurt," Joe said, "she's been climbing round and fell."

"Here's her hair-ribbon," cried her mother bursting into a fresh flood of tears.

Joe took it from the mother's hand, choking down a queer lump in his throat.

"Well," he said, "I'll be off, I won't wait for the rest, they can go where they like."

"There's goin' to be a storm," called the father, "take a coat or somethin' to kiver you." But Joe was down the road followed by Rover, who barked joyfully and ran ahead at every fresh turn of the road, as if to show the way. When he reached the edge of the swamp, he tied his horse to a tree, for the under brush and fallen trees were so thick that he would have stumbled and fallen. Putting his rifle over his shoulder, he struck into the swamp following Rover, who still kept up an anxious barking, lest Joe's zeal should flag. Foolish boy, he had brought no lantern, and the dark clouds covered the sky making it almost impossible to pick his way through the forest. Suddenly a flash of lightning darting through the darkness revealed a sight which froze his blood. Two bears, roused by the crackling of the brush under Joe's feet, were evidently preparing themselves for battle. The friendly darkness however, came between them and Joe hurried on. After a few minutes, Rover stopped, whining and coaxing Joe, who got on his knees and crept along, feeling sure he was near the lost girl. He moved his hand slowly over the grass as he went on. The storm was now raging; now and then he could hear a tree falling, could distinguish during the gleams of lightning that he was in the heart of the swamp. Then as a terrible flash lighted up the ground around him, he saw not three yards away a white arm raised in appeal and heard Bell's voice: "Oh, if only Joe knew, if he were here!"

"I am here, Bell," Joe whispered, thinking of the bears, for he felt sure they were following him, "what is the matter, Bell, have you hurt yourself?"

"I don't know," answered Bell, "I fell across an old tree, my foot is twisted some way, and my back; oh, I can't move."

"Never mind, I'll stay with you till your father comes, I think I hear them now." In the distance he thought he heard a horn. It must be the men coming. The storm had passed and the moon shone fitfully between the trees. But another noise startled him, it was the crackling of the brush, and the heavy, shuffling tramp of feet, not human. He started to his feet and put his rifle to his shoulder. He did not tell Bell of the danger. He was speechless with horror. He was alone with a helpless girl and two hungry bears to fight, but he was no coward, this, not too strong boy. He knew that it would not do to fire in the face of his foe, but to aim at his side: as to reach his heart. He crouched in the grass, trying to keep his brain cool, and his arm steady, and waited. While he was

thinking, the huge form of Mr. Bruin came in sight, followed by his mate. Joe raised himself from the grass, took aim and fired. The ball went where Joe intended it, straight to the heart of the foe. The great brute rolled over. Then Joe sprang to his feet, for Mrs. Bruin, hungry and enraged, clambered over the dead body and lifted herself on her hind legs to grapple with Joe. Quick as a flash without any previous thought, he ran the muzzle of his rifle into the mouth of the bear, and pushed with all his strength, until the animal choking and struggling fell backward over the branch of a tree. Joe, excited now, with a courage born of desperation, kept his rifle still thrust into the mouth and throat of the bear. He could feel the blood running down his back from some wound. He felt his strength going away. Rover lay dead not far away. Bell could not lift herself to see, but she knew some terrible struggle was going on. Joe looked up to the sky and cried, "Oh, God, help us!" Ah! there is the sound of a horn! Yes, and a gun is fired! and men are coming! Nearer and nearer the sound of their voices and the trampling. Ah, there is Mick, the Squire's hired man, the Squire himself, and a dozen others.

Joe did not know any more for several hours. When they raised Bell to place her on a litter of branches, she fainted away, and knew nothing of the tedious journey, when the men took turns in carrying the litter until she was laid tenderly on her own bed.

Joe recovered quickly, his wound being only a scratch of the bear's claw. But Bell had months of pain, before the doctor pronounced on her case at all, then the verdict was, that perhaps in time, as she was young, she might be able to walk, but for several years she was to lie on a couch.

The neighbors said they guessed Bell Higgins was over her capers, but they missed her ringing laugh and kind words, and, as often happens they ceased to rail, and began to recount her good deeds, which so far outweighed her merry rompings, that every one came to the conclusion it would be a good thing to see her strong again.

Joe's mother, who was silently thankful that her boy was spared, hovered around him for several days, dressing his wound and doing useless things.

"Mother," said Joe, "I want to tell you about that night in the woods, no one will understand it like you."

"What was it, Joe?" asked his mother.

"Why, when I thought all hope was gone I felt so weak that I couldn't keep on trying to strangle the bear any longer, I prayed; I asked God to help us and that minute I heard the horns and the men came."

"Well, Joe, what of that?"

"Why, mother," said Joe, "I shall always believe in God; He answered me so soon."

"Oh, Joe," said his mother, "it's easy to believe in Him, when He answers like that, it's hard when He doesn't hear and doesn't answer."

"Mother," asked Joe, "you're thinking of Libbie, aren't you? Why, He answered you, only He took Libbie to

heaven and saved me to do something for Him, and I'll not forget."

That night as Aunt Polly looked at the sky before locking the door, some way the clouds of doubt and unbelief flew away, and the sunshine of peace, of trust shone over her storm-tossed soul.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE SIDE WINGS.

After all there has been said about woman, how much still remains that might be told. Every time you meet her you find a new variety of the genus. Every time you ponder on her, *en bloc*, you feel what a stupendous task it would be to put her into a book, in all the multitudinous forms she takes on. Webster's unabridged would be nothing in comparison with the monstrous volume a complete treatise on woman would make. I do not, for one, purpose to undertake it. It is enough to gaze at her, talk of her, pity her, admire her, applaud and condemn her from my post of observation, close to her, but retired from the blaze of light that surrounds her as she makes one of the players on the stage of life. But the thought often comes to me of her variableness, as each day new characters cross my range of vision, each bearing the stamp of a nature different from the last. Look you, yourselves, about you and single out two women if you can, who would behave exactly the same in the same circumstances of life. Surely no race of beings ever lived so diversely fashioned, each from the other, as the people of to-day, and especially the women. And yet, do you know, some one, yes, it was a man, said to me the other day, "Oh, women are all alike!" "Verily," said I to myself, "you have never had occasion to go into a neighbor's house and help do up the work." For, to come down to an ordinary every-day illustration, the variations in the ways of women, note how differently in every household in the land, is the wash thereof done. You may be the tidiest, trimmest, handiest housekeeper possible, but go into another house and see how awkward you are even about so easy a thing as washing the dishes. And as to cooking, the dissimilarity is enough to make the most patient servant girl look twice at the Paris green can.

* * *

Going rather suddenly into a friend's room the other day, I found her in an undeniably odd position, from which she half started on my entrance. Lying on her back on the hard floor! "Taking my daily fifteen minutes' spine-straightening prescription," she informed me, falling back into a horizontal pose again.

"You know I am getting round-shouldered, and I am trying the simplest remedy I have heard of as yet."

"Simple," said I. "I should call it a heroic cure. Is it not dreadfully tiresome? Not like a bed of down, you know. Come, confess."

"No!" she denied. "I don't mind it. But then I am naturally lazy." I told her I would be bewailing the

wasted time. She laughed at me. I knew she would. "You can think," she told me. "Of what do you think?" I asked idly. "During these moments? Why, of several dozens of things, really. Just before you came in, like a spirit, of *home*."

* * *

Home is so often the theme of one's thoughts when one is away from its charmed circle. But I know one girl, alone in this part of the world, save for employers and boarding-house associates, who quite delights in her absence from her native place, where she has left friends, home, childhood, to come out into the highway of life to make her fortune. Thus she writes to me: "I must be a rare specimen of humanity, for I like boarding. Not that I have had the luck to get into a perfect paradise of a place to board in. But that I find the castle-like security of an Englishman's house in my own room. I go up there and shut the door and do what I like. Fish out tarts—yes, baker's dyspeptic tarts, scold as you will—from my trunk, and sit and pour over a page of Ruskin while I eat. Or dismantle the bed of shams and counterpane and lounge there, staring at the last bunch of wild red lilies I gathered and put on my dressing-case. Or I can lean out of the window into the near coolness of the maple foliage and listen to the distant music of the band playing in the park, without having to mar the harmony of the moment with small talk for the entertainment of a companion. Do not think I am selfish. It is not that I am morose, gloomy, a hypochondriac, that I am affecting the ways of a clown. Only that I am happy, with such a deep, sweet content, that mingling with the creatures whose conversation is confined to bonnets, blue-bags and baking, makes my sensitive ears ache with the discord. So I like being here, for the reason that I don't have to be constantly kept down to the trifling things of this life, by mixing my own individuality into that of close acquaintances. Among one's friends one has to account for so many little whims that one can't account for to themselves, sometimes. Here I can do my hair up in four different styles every day, if the fancy seizes me, without having to give a logical reason for it. In short, among strangers I do not have to live in a glass house, as our friends at home seem to expect us to do."

* * *

In unity there is strength. And when the hundred parts of a dollar are combined into an oblong bit of green paper, our pocket-book remains undespoiled far longer than when our wealth in hand is made up of quarters and dimes. To break a bill generally engenders a second thought, and in the case of spending money, second thoughts are wonderfully necessary. Money is not so much the root of all evil as an injudicious expenditure of it is. The art of Political Economy might well be supplemented in every school of our land by a teaching of Domestic Economy. Too many women know next to nothing about how to spend their allowance or earnings to the best advantage. Here is a young lady who has three or four hats already and yet

she buys another. And only a couple of days ago she was heard to say, "Oh, I do long so to be able to have a volume of Shakespeare for my very own." Here is a housekeeper who needs many, many little articles in her house, to furnish it and to help her in her work. She is put to shame every time she has company by the lack of table linen or the coarseness of her sheets and pillow-cases. One day she has an unexpected addition to her finances. She goes down town with the true womanly delight in shopping, meanders about from counter to counter, purchasing little bits of *lingerie*, a few yards of towelling, and, perhaps, a handkerchief, and finishes up by throwing the rest of her money away on a new drugget, or a piece of plush and arascene embroidery for her already over-stocked parlor, or on an elegant cake stand or Greek amphora for her table, things very nice when the necessities of housekeeping life are not wanting, but very foolish articles in any other case. People going into her drawing-room will carry away a complimentary estimate of her good taste, but if they remain for dinner or tea, the frugality of her appliances for proper table service will upset the luxury of her best room. Girls, married or engaged, do resolve at once that you will study carefully the best way to make every department of your home agree in convenience and comfort, and that you will not be renowned for your decorations and pitied for the incompleteness of your management of what lies under the surface.

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How do you like these beauty-spot veils? And if you like them, and wear them, where do you aim to have the most prominent dot appear on your visage? I saw one girl with the spot at the tip of the nose. I didn't care for that. But it is certainly striking if you can get it just the right distance from your mouth on the left cheek, or on the chin, and I have seen a pretty effect gained by placing the "spot" just at the corner of one eye. It requires some ingenious manipulation of the veil to get one spot only in an attractive place. And when I see a girl's face behind one that is perfectly arranged, I know she has not got ready in a hurry.

..*

The day for "bangs" is well and happily past. It is as much of a novelty now to see a frizzle of curls over the forehead as it was in their palmy reign to see a girl with hair uncut and uncurled. And the old habit of following fashion whether her decrees make the devotees lovelier or less lovely is evidenced by the unbecomingness of some of the bangless styles of wearing the hair. Some faces cannot stand the backward turn of the front hair at all. It really makes them hideous. Such might cling then to the over-hanging bangs without fear of derogatory comment, but in moderation, let it be remembered. A sort of happy medium between "bangs or no bangs; that is the question." Half the girls who mourn over their unattractiveness might let fashion go overboard in some particulars with advantage. Yes, truly the great question of the day is temperance—in pleasure, in dress, in everything else as well as in the indulgence of liquor.

HILDEGARDE.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

LIGHT.

What is light? A thing intangible
As life; or mind; or soul of man:
An influence rather,—who can tell
Where in its force, nor other than
We feel—yet know not how—its power
To eyes from birth in darkness veiled,
A myth; a mystery darkly sealed:
To we,—who have its glories hailed,
Mysterious, too; altho' revealed,
We see its magic in each flower.

The faint dim glimmer of a star;
The orb'd night Queen's soft silver gleam,
Or sun's more piercing ray; all are
Impalpable: Tho' be the beam
However bright, however broad.
We see, and mark their varied ray;
We name it light, and they its source;
Yet who can grasp, or span, or weigh,
Its silent, boundless, mystic force:
Mysterious as its author—God.

J. W. JAMESON.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE WOMEN OF DANTE.

Custom and fashion have decreed that ladies of culture should become more or less acquainted with the writings of Dante. A difficult and laborious study. In those writings are many things that are gloomy, and only interesting to the female mind in the same way that anything else that is horrid is interesting. Besides, it would require a blue-stocking to possess the historical knowledge required to appreciate the personages and scenes. Yet in the passage of the dusky panorama bright figures spring into light, framed in a setting of all that is soft and poetic. It is an error to assert that all the poetry of Dante is stern and forbidding. No poet has a greater power of portraying by a few happy touches the female personality. His heroines are placed, each by the magic of a few words, in sharp relief, whether amid the glooms of his Hell, the twilight of Purgatory or the effulgence of Paradise.

The era when Dante lived was a time of great depravity. Cruelty, sensuality and treachery were its leading characteristics. All moral sense was blunted. Superstition was rampant, but of reverence there was none. Hence the weird fancy of the poet pictured the land of shades and peopled it with persons who had been most typical of some quality when in life. Dante had his views formed partly on the feelings prevalent in his day, and partly on the classics that were the only condition of his time, hence the comparative degrees of turpitude which he assigns to certain offences would be judged differently by a modern standard. The scheme of his great work "The Divine Comedy," comprising Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, is that he, Dante Alighieri, the Italian poet, accompanied by the Latin poet Virgil as guide, was privileged, in the year A. D. 1300 to visit the after world and on returning to earth to describe what he had seen. He found the place of final

punishment a series of seven descending circles, each increasing in horror according to the gravity of offences. Over the gate of hell was the dire, but often quoted inscription, "who enter here leave all hope behind," or in the original

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

A difficulty met him on the threshold of his epic, namely how to dispose of pagans who had been noted for their virtues, but who, having been born before the Christian dispensation, could not reach the Christian heaven. The subject of the present paper is "the Women of Dante," and to them our attention is confined. In a walled castle therefore, on an emerald plain, and where there was light, in the limbo or first and mildest circle of hell, he places virtuous worshippers of the old gods. There he found Electra, the pious mother of the founder of Troy, Penthesilea, the brave and beautiful queen of the Amazons, who fought for old Priam and was killed by Achilles; Lavinia, persecuted daughter of the old King of Latium, the chaste Lucretia, Marcia, who avenged her husband's death, Julia, daughter of Julius Cæsar, and Cornelia the Roman matron who when asked to exhibit her jewelry proudly showed her two sons as her only treasures. These ladies, in company with the greatest men of antiquity, "majestically moved, and in their post had eminent authority." In one dark and dismal section of the next lower, or second descent were immersed the wantons, Semiramis, Cleopatra, Helen, and Dido, whose parting from Æneas has so often furnished a subject for the painter. In this second circle were, also, alas! those who had loved too well. A rushing wind kept ever whirling the remorseful shades. Here too is laid the touching episode of Francesca di Rimini and her young lover Paolo. Leigh Hunt, in his "Story of Rimini," has amplified the incident with a richness of diction that has made it a classic of the English tongue. The punishment of the lamenting lovers, for broken faith toward husband and brother, was to be perpetually driven by the wind around the circle, never resting until expiation should be made. In reply to a question by the poet, Francesca was permitted to tell her sad tale. (Carey's translation.)

"The land that gave me birth
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with its sequent streams,
Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned,
Entangled him by that fair form from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort as grieves me still.
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death
No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand.
If thou art bent to know the primal root
From whence our love got being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How love him thrall'd. Alone we were and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he who ne'er

From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves
That day we read no more."

It is noticeable that in no deeper circle was any woman found, excepting a sorceress in the seventh pit. The crimes of the age, murder, public peccation, simony, usury, treason were not such as the sex are addicted to, and even the prison for scandal had no female occupant, which shows that in the poet's time ladies' tongues were no more given to retailing scandals than they are at the present day.

The gloomy visions of the underworld having been got through with Dante and Virgil his guide

"Climbed,
Till on the view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the cave,
Thence issuing, they again beheld the stars."

The second vision, "the Purgatorio," is of a less gloomy aspect, although even here the stern spirit of the poet is manifest. The crimes that brought to the lonely and dreary Isle of Purgatory were having delayed repentance, pride, punished by having to carry heavy stones, avidity of worldly fame, envy,—the envious being clad in sackcloth and with their eyes sewn up with wire,—anger, greed, intemperance, also lapses into incontinence, which last had to be purified by fire. Vanity had also to be atoned for, which gives the poet an opportunity to read such a lecture as the pulpit has been profuse of ever since Eve wore fig leaves, on the vanity of female fashions, especially of the women of Florence, although surely ladies themselves are far better judges of what becomes them than bilious poet's or dyspeptic priests can possibly be. Plenty of examples of male offenders are given in all the iniquities, but in the whole range of purgatory Dante mentions only two women, and these it would seem to the reader were rather severely dealt with for the easy mistake of having procrastinated their repentance. One of these unfortunates was Madonna Pia, the original of Tennyson's beautiful poem "Mariana in the Moated Grange":

"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be returned
And rested after thy long road," (so spake
Next the third spirit,) "then remember me.
I once was Pia. Sienna gave me life:
Maremma took it from me. That he knows
Who me with jewelled ring had first espoused."

The wretch to whom she alludes was her husband Nello Pietra, who confined her in a lonely house in the marshes that she might catch malaria and die. The other lady is supposed to have been that Countess Matilda who, in 1125, transferred her vast dowry to the Pope, and thus gave a temporal kingdom to the Papal See. This makes only two women stated to be in purgatory, or three including Sapphira, wife of Ananias, who was "in" for avarice. Doubtless there were a good many more, but these were all that Dante distinguished by name. We shall now see that ladies (as is natural to expect,) are much more plentiful in the land of paradise.

Virgil parted from Dante as they emerged from purgatory, and Beatrice became his guide through the realms of

the housewives' kitchens. Most of the houses are built—the lower half at least—of brick, but some are of wood. There are a theatre, a 'conversation house,' and a number of hotels and restaurants, though during the season nearly every house is more or less let out to 'baadegaster'—visitors for sea-bathing forming the great source of the islanders' prosperity. In both the lower and the upper town there are numbers of shops; but the articles for sale seem to be chiefly intended for the summer 'bathing guests,' the natives getting most of their supplies from Hamburg or Bremen. The dwellings of the fisher-folks are reasonably clean, and the interiors bear evidence of the sea-faring character of the population. Some of the houses have little gardens with flowers, cucumbers, etc., in front of them; and in places protected by the sea breezes there are a few fruit trees. At the foot of 'the stair' are one or two lime trees, sheltered by the contiguous houses; they are looked upon by the Heligolanders as objects of national pride. During the summer, from two thousand to three thousand visit the Island for sea-bathing. Most of these are from Hamburg, English or other 'guests' being rare. There are no English residents, the officials, the governor excepted, being either natives or Germans. Of these officials a correspondent gives an amusing account in a recent letter.

"There is a good deal of government here too. There is a Colonial Governor and the before-mentioned secretary, and two Councilors; who meet in solemn state in the old Danish Governor's House. There is a Treasurer, too, and a Pooh-Bah. The latter is a warrant officer of the British Navy. He is also a Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of the colony, Chief of Police, Chief of Justice, Attorney-General, Chief Constable, County Court Judge, Governor of the Gaol, Turnkey, Sheriff, Justice of the Peace and Executioner; and if there are any other little odd jobs to be done outside of those officers, he does them. It should be added that the total land and sea forces of the colony consist of five coastguard men. There are some howitzers on a sand hill somewhere, which form the armament of the island. But with all his multitude of offices, Lieutenant Pooh-Bah often finds time hang heavy on his hands. About once in three months there is a petty civil suit to be tried. That is all. A few years ago, for the only time in half a century there was a criminal case. A man was arrested for stealing a dozen of pewter spoons. This event created tremendous excitement, and was talked of for years. The criminal was convicted and was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in prison dress for, I think, two weeks. The dress consisted of a fine new suit of clothes, much better than he had ever worn in his life. They had to be procured from the tailor's especially for him, by the way, since there never before had been used such a thing. The labor consisted in shovelling sand at the pier for eight hours a day. As for the imprisonment it meant that the convict had to sleep every night in the guest chamber of the Governor's house. There was no other lock-up. And he took his meals at the table d'hote of the head inn from which he had stolen the spoons."

The history of Heligoland notwithstanding its quaintness, barrenness, and limited size, is interesting. "Here Hertha had her great Temple, and hither came from the main-land the angles to worship at her shrine. Here lived King Radbod, a pagan, and on this isle St. Willebrod, 1,200 years ago, first preached Christianity; and for its ownership, before and after that date, many sea rovers have fought."

GRANDMOTHERS WANTED.

"Are there no grandmothers nowadays?" asked a discouraged teacher of a church sewing class the other day. "My girls are from ten to twelve years of age and belong to respectable families; but such hemming! and such seaming! They can all *crochet*, however," added she, disdainfully.

The speaker had, in her youth, been carefully trained by her own grandmother in all the arts of dainty stitchery, and could only account for the awkward use of the needle by girls of to-day by supposing the race of grandmothers extinct.

Those daily "stents" set for the little girls of long ago produced good results; and home, with the stent system, under the direction of a judicious and skilful elder, seems the fitting place for instruction in such a womanly art as needlework.

It is not a kindness to allow a girl to grow up unfamiliar with her needle. With this tiny weapon a woman may drive away either want or *ennui*, if she be well trained in its use. One who knows the comfort of this feminine resource would sadly miss it in

"The silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er her broided flowers,
With spirit far away."

"A queen," says Hawthorne, "plies it on occasions; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishment and high thought love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied."

Speaking of one whose exquisite embroidery commanded both admiration and high prices at decorative art rooms, a friend remarked, "But Mary, you know, had the advantage of her grandmother's training, and she was a needlewoman of the old school."

The grandmother again? Surely, it is clear that grandmothers, or substitutes for grandmothers, are sorely needed for the girls now growing up with but little liking for their needles.

The daily stent may be a daily trial till the pleasure of a skilful handling of the needle can be felt; but may not the training of character also be going on while little fingers patiently work at "over and over" that will not look even, or hemming that seems so endless?

Many a prick must those poor little fingers feel; tears, perhaps, will be shed when imperfect work is picked out, but if with the effort such qualities as attention and accuracy are developed, together with those good old virtues of life-long need, patience and perseverance, is not the result well worth the daily discipline? In due time there will come, too, the joy which work well done brings to the worker, as a reward for our painstaking little women.

Give the child blocks of patch-work (the edges turned and basted) to seam "over and over;" and if bright bits of calico are chosen, and a doll's bed-quilt is to be the result of her efforts, the little seamstress will feel an interest in her work as she plods along the daily stent, which should not be too long.

When some familiarity with the needle has been gained, hemming may be taught on coarse towels, counting the threads taken in each stitch, till the eye is trained to work without such care. Making a bag is excellent work for more advanced lessons in plain sewing, and for fine work,

Mr. Ruskin says, "make them every one sew a proper sampler, with plenty of robins in it, and any motto they like in illuminated letters, finished with gold thread,—the ground, silk."

And so, little by little, day by day, our little maidens will learn their art, and the fame of future grandmothers as trainers of needlewomen worthy of the name will equal those of the past.

A DICKENS PARTY.

There is nothing more delightful than a character party for an evening's entertainment, where the guests represent different characters from some well known author's works. It can, or it need not, be a masquerade, according to the wishes of the hostess. The disguise is oftentimes so perfect that no mask is needed. The invitations should be sent out at least a week or ten days in advance, to allow guests ample time to arrange their costumes.

The host and hostess may impersonate characters, but should never mask, and should stand near the door to receive the guests as they come in. A friend of the hostess should stand at the door and ask the different persons what characters they represent, as they come in, and then present them to the host and hostess.

Although this entertainment is appropriate at any season of the year, it is a very pleasant and pretty idea to have it during the warm summer months. It is best to choose a moonlight evening and to have the grounds well lit with Chinese lanterns. A platform can be erected for dancing, and a large tent may be used as a refreshment-room, while those who prefer to stay indoors can have the house at their disposal. The refreshments vary according to the season, and if in winter should consist of hot meats, salads, oysters in their different forms, coffee, tea, bouillon, chocolate, ice-cream, cakes, etc. While those for summer should be simpler—sandwiches, cold meats, salads, ices, fruits, lemonade, iced or Russian tea, fancy cakes, macaroons, etc.

There is, probably, no writer who has ever pictured in his writings quainter or more original characters than Dickens, who, at one moment, makes you laugh with him, and at the next cry, thus combining pathos and humor. For a tall, slender young lady there is no more effective or picturesque costume than that representing the Ivy Green. The dress, which should be of some simple dark-green cloth, and quite plainly made, should be completely covered with sprigs of the glossy ivy. A handsome wreath or head-dress should be worn—the gloves, mask, and boots should all match in color. This costume is intended for a brunette, but will answer equally well for a blonde. Dolly Varden is an easier costume to get up, being simply an old-fashioned Dolly Varden calico or cambric made extremely simple, with a round waist, shirred several times around the neck, a plain skirt and a long, broad sash of the same tied in the back.

Mr. Dick, when well represented, is very amusing. He should wear a large gray wig, white trousers, a loose, grey morning-coat and waistcoat, a tall English collar, large checked tie, and an old-fashioned, conspicuous watch chain.

Lady Dedlock should be a handsome, rather stately woman and of fine figure. Her costume a rich, brocaded silk or velvet, handsomely made and trained. She should wear a necklace, bracelets, and several rings.

Nicholas Nickleby should be represented by a long, lank and lean person, with a wig of rather long hair, and checked trousers, dress coat, white waistcoat, black necktie and a silk hat.

Wilkins Micawber, who is always "waiting for something to turn up," is pomposity itself. He wears a Prince Albert coat, checked trousers, a silk hat rather the worse for wear, which is worn tipped over on one side of his head, and carries a cane.

Mrs. Micawber, who is tall, thin and sallow, wears two little pipe-stem curls, which hang down by each ear. Her dress is a skimped, cheap one, and very old-fashioned.

Peggoty, so well known to the public, wears a straight, full skirt, a plain waist, an old-fashioned poke bonnet, and a gorgeous shawl.

Then there is Mr. Pickwick, who is very bald; Sam Weller, Mark Tapley, Martin Chuzzlewit, Widow Bardell, Miss Betsy Trotwood, Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, Snodgrass, Job Trotter and Alfred Jingle, who are all on hand, and Barkis, Dick Swiveller, Uriah Heep, Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, Dora Copperfield, Little Nell, Sairey Gamp, the Fat Boy, and many others too well known to the lovers of Dickens to need any description of mine.

A careful study of the old illustrations and a thorough reading about the characters desired, will offer many suggestions and ideas to those personating these parts. If the party is masked, all should unmask at a given hour, or before supper; the wonder, amazement and amusement pictured on the different faces when the masks are removed is a picture for an artist and well worth seeing.

MORNING CALLERS.

To many, we perhaps might almost say most housewives, morning callers are a terror.

Yet, when we consider the matter thoughtfully, who of us would wish to exclude our friends from our home at any time?

Is not the ideal home a place where all may find comfort and a warm welcome?

Still, those who run the inside machinery of that home know how comparatively easy it is to give that welcome, in the quiet of the afternoon, when every room and child is in order to receive company.

To the favored few, who have a large corps of competent (?) servants, this whole matter may seem unimportant; but to the many less fortunate housekeepers, who manage their homes with little or no help, it is often of vital interest. There! Let us re-write the last clause of the above sentence, and for less fortunate let us substitute more fortunate housekeepers, who have physical strength and moral courage enough to break loose from the iron rule of Bridgets, that has so long held sway in many of our kitchens.

It will do no good to consider any subject unless, by so doing, we make things better in the future.

In order to make a few suggestions in this connection, allow us to ask a direct question: How are morning callers a terror to the housewife?

In other words, from whence comes the principal feeling of annoyance? Is it from the thought of leaving kitchen work undone? We think usually not, as most kinds of work can be intelligently left fifteen minutes and not suffer therefrom; and if the work in hand be such that it needs immediate attention, no morning caller will object to sitting a few minutes in a comfortable, perfectly orderly sitting-room, with the morning paper or latest magazine, which has been offered for entertainment by the smiling, dainty housewife, as she assured the comer of a hearty welcome and begged to be excused a few minutes.

Honestly, we think the feeling of annoyance oftener

arises from an uncomfortable sense of disorder than anything else.

Cannot this be avoided?

Permit a few homely hints.

First, always air the sitting-room while the family are at breakfast. Then immediately after, put it in perfect order. This will be but the work of a few minutes, with carpet-sweeper and dust-brush, if the rule of the household be that all the little things used by the family during the day must be put away before retiring at night, so that no time is wasted each morning in "picking up." Little matters of fresh flowers, etc., can be left till a more convenient time, if the work of the morning be pressing; but attend carefully to the temperature of the room. If the weather be cool, start up the fire; if very warm, darken the windows, leaving one open upon the shady side.

Now, having prepared a comfortable, tidy room for callers, let no one undo your work. If the weather be not suitable for the children to play in the yard, give them piazza, or dining-room, or any convenient place where they can scatter playthings or cut papers to their hearts' content; but insist that the one room in readiness for callers be undisturbed.

In the next place let me suggest that one or all of the children be carefully trained to answer the door-bell, and seat callers in the sitting-room. Even quite young children can do this politely and nicely if a little attention be given to it. Let mamma play caller some day. All the little folks will enjoy the sport and learn the lesson at the same time.

Lastly, be sure before leaving your room each morning, that your dress, although never too nice for housework, is scrupulously neat and arranged with some eye to beauty. Now have a good supply of big work-aprons to protect yourself while at work, and always keep a fresh white apron hanging in the kitchen, with a mirror, brush and comb, extra hairpins, and whisk-brush conveniently near for an emergency.

With this arrangement, if a morning caller be announced cannot you see it will be but the work of a moment to make yourself presentable? And you need fear no one, from your next-door neighbor, who merely runs in to ask for a recipe for pudding, or a pattern of Johnnie's pants, to your beloved pastor who calls to consult you upon church charities.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' RECEPTION OF NURSES.

By invitation of the Prince and Princess of Wales, 700 nurses were received at Marlborough House on the 4th inst., to be presented with certificates of membership upon joining the National Pension Fund. The fund was instituted by Mr. Henry C. Burdett, for the purpose of granting pensions and sick pay to nurses both at home and abroad. By means of the munificent donation of £10,000 from the late Mr. Junius Morgan, and gifts from Lord Rothschild, Mr. H. Hucks Gibbs, and Mr. E. A. Hambro, a comfortable "nest egg" has been formed, and with the addition of the £2200 brought by the nurses themselves on Friday, the fund is placed in a position of complete financial stability. The guests, in their various professional costumes, were ranged in companies under the trees in the gardens behind Marlborough House. At one o'clock the Princess of Wales in a dark blue flowered satin gown, with a white straw bonnet adorned with a damask rose, took up her position on the steps leading on to the lawn, together with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and

the Princesses Victoria and Maud, who wore respectively costumes of eau de nil and crevette striped silks with small black hats. They were accompanied by Lady Roseberry, Lord and Lady Rothschild, and Lady Strafford, Sir Dighton Probyn, and Col. Stanley Clarke, and other guests. The certificates, each of which bears upon it the signature of Her Royal Highness, had been cleverly designed by Miss Lillian C. Smytho, and was presented to the recipients "in testimony of her being one of the first thousand who joined this fund, and so became of the founders who secured £25,000 as the nucleus of a permanent trust fund for the benefit of the nurses of the British Empire." The Prince of Wales, in the course of an interesting speech, quoted several instances of nurses who had already benefited by the fund. His Royal Highness added, "No one can do without a nurse sooner or later, and all must hope that the council will be justified by the result in their belief that to-day's proceedings will cause many hospitals and nurses to join the Pension Fund, and that a great many people will be moved to inquire into it."

Mr. W. H. Burns, son-in-law of the late Mr. J. S. Morgan, moved a vote of thanks to the Prince and Princess. After the ceremony the Princess of Wales walked round the garden and conversed with some of the nurses, who were subsequently provided with refreshments. Her Royal Highness was presented during the afternoon with a bouquet sent by the nurses of Wales.—*The Queen*.

DISCOLORATION OF THE SKIN.

Between the cuticle—the epidermis, that is, or scarf-skin—and the true skin is a layer of cells which secrete from the blood a dark coloring matter. The black races have this feature most fully developed, but even the lightest are not wholly destitute of it.

Its complete absence characterizes the albino, giving us occasionally a chalk-white negro, the hair, of course, participating in the defect. As this pigment is also wanting in the albino's choroid coat of the eye—normally a dark background for the retina, and essential to clear vision—he is nearly blind except at night.

There is often a local absence of pigment, causing white patches on the limbs and different parts of the body. Such a patch on the head may give rise to a solitary white lock amid a full head of dark hair.

Some parts of the skin are naturally darker than the rest, and the darker color may extend far beyond the usual limit and still be purely physiological; but dark-colored spots often appear on the body as a result of some diseased condition or of exciting causes.

The simplest and commonest of such spots are known as freckles. Their remote cause is a peculiarly sensitive skin; their direct cause is the light and heat of the sun. The pigment, which in others is uniformly distributed, seems to gather into small rounded spots.

Freckles are of little account in children, who had better be left free to run and play in the sunshine; but older persons, besides guarding against unnecessary exposure, may need to increase the tone and nutrition of the skin, which can be done by washing it once or twice a day in tar soap and cold water, and afterward applying a lotion of borax and rose-water.

Here and there a person is troubled with large, irregular patches, most frequent on the face and back of the hands. They are caused by a morbid disintegration of the red blood-corpuscles, the debris being deposited in the scarf-skin as pigment.

This disintegration is caused by some form of debility,

induced by disturbance of one or more internal organs. Treatment must aim to restore the nervous power and the general health. Local stimulants may be applied, as in the case of freckles.

Sometimes this discoloration is spread uniformly over the entire body, and is then known as Addison's disease. Its origin is essentially the same as in the more limited disorder last mentioned, but the extensive destruction of blood-corpuses gives rise to a serious anæmia, or poverty of the blood.

LOSING A FRIEND.

Two Arabs, who have been exhibiting three camels in London, were recently bereaved of one of them. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Budget*, who describes the pathetic scene, found two camels standing with heads close together, shivering with fear, and now and then uttering short, "sigh-like cries." An Arab came forward out of the darkness—it was late in the evening—tears rolling down his cheeks, and in broken French, which his distress made hardly intelligible, related the sad story.

He walked to the middle of the yard and showed us a deep hole about a foot and a half square, which had formerly held the rubbing post for the buffaloes. In the darkness the poor camel had stepped into this hole, and broken its leg.

Then the man led the way to where the unfortunate creature stood on three legs, uttering piercing, agonizing cries, and holding up the broken limb which dangled helplessly from the knee-joint.

With broken voice, the Arab prayed for something to relieve his pet, which by this time had been induced to lie down upon its side; but the fore-leg was broken in two places, and a surgeon who had been sent for announced, after making a short examination, that nothing could be done.

When this was explained to the Arabs, one of them buried his face in the thick hair of the animal, while the other, with his arms round the poor beast's long neck, spoke soothingly to it in his native tongue, as he might have spoken to a child.

The scene was sad and grim, the darkness broken only by the glimmer of lamplight which occasionally showed the other two camels huddled together in a corner, shivering and moaning as though they understood the tragedy going on so near them.

Presently one of the Arabs arose and brought from the living quarters one of those terrible, sharp, dagger-like swords which his countrymen know so well how to use. Kneeling over the doomed animal, he and his friend seemed to utter a short prayer. The sword gleamed through the darkness, and was drawn with deadly swiftness across the camel's throat. Its suffering was ended, and the poor Arabs had lost a friend.

When a camel breaks its leg in the desert—not an uncommon occurrence—it is always killed at once; but these Arabs had heard much of the skill of English doctors, and hoped that this time the life of their camel might be saved.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

In these days, when women may choose from almost as many occupations as their brothers, there is danger that the bread winning occupations will receive undue attention in comparison with that given the old-time occupation of home-making. It is popular now for parents to give the girls a trade, and it is going to become more popular year

by year, unless it becomes a cause of too great a neglect of the principles of home-making, for there are few parents who do not want their daughters to be independent, whatever position they may assume in the abstract discussion of the subject.

This is especially true of mothers who have been obliged to feel their dependence, and have been made far from happy in consequence. Men who have so much to say against the advancement of women would be surprised and chagrined if they could know how much they were doing, by their offensive attempts to assert their superiority, to make women strive still harder for advancement.

These mothers are apt to become over-confident, and carried away by the one idea that the daughter is to have a business education, and be made independent of the duties which they have found so irksome.

"My daughter will not be likely to marry," said a lady a few days ago, "because she is abundantly able to take care of herself. I have not neglected to show her something of the life which a married woman is compelled to lead, and to compare it with the freedom and independence of the woman who takes care of herself."

That may be all very well, but there is something of at least equal importance which this complacent mother has neglected, and that is the persistence shown by Mother Nature in the carrying out of her plans. Girls do not marry so early in life when given the means of independence, and a larger proportion of them do not marry at all; but the fact remains that most of them do marry, and no mother has any right to delude herself with the hope that her girl will not be one of them, and therefore will need none of the education which will fit her to be a true home-maker. The adoption of that course virtually places her in opposition to the true principles of independence, by weakening the influence of the home, and renders it less possible for the girls of the future to attain that independence which she craves for her own. She should remember that women are held in highest respect in those countries where the home is most sacred.

The principles of home-making should be considered of the greatest importance in the education of every woman without regard to any anticipated future station in life. The woman who is given a business education will come nearest to being an ideal wife and mother if her home training has not been neglected; but it is a fact that too many mothers of the present day are made so blind by the unpleasantness of their own lives, that they are really unfit to train their daughters in any but a one-sided way, and the greatest hope for the homes of the next generation lies in the amount of outside influence which can be brought to bear upon our semi-independent girls by those who are broad-minded enough to see both sides of the question, and to realize and point out the dangers which arise from a too close adherence to either side.

A TALK WITH THE GIRLS ON BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It is not the most perfect in outward form who usually inspire the deepest respect, reverence and love. History shows us that the most lasting and permanent attachments were lavished on women possessing but a moderate share of personal attractions. Beauty, in itself, is so alluring and captivating that it is worth our while to contemplate in what consists the mysterious and subtle charm which has the power to enchain the heart, in spite of the eyes. Beauty of person, we are sorry to say, has been regarded in every age as one of the most effectual weapons to con-

quer and subdue man, and the desire to possess it, we beg leave to suppose, comes not from any passion for domination, but from a laudable desire to influence him for his well-being and happiness. However, this may be well-intentioned or not; but we are sure that this has led many of our sisters into numerous follies and extravagances. If the hours spent in contemplation of the adornment of the casquet, were employed in polishing the jewels within—if half the time consumed in the consideration of a coiffure, or even in the arrangement of a corsage, were devoted to the moral training of the heart which beats within, and cultivating the vast capabilities of that noble portion of the human frame which renders humankind the most beautiful and intelligent of created beings, woman would find her influence greater and more powerful; indeed, we might say, almost unfailing. The admiration she would excite would be a sentiment compounded of esteem, respect and love. In making herself worthy of these, she would attain what the toilet, be it ever so elaborate, is of itself insufficient to accomplish. That woman should derive satisfaction from believing herself an object of man's homage, is a natural feminine instinct, but she should be a little more fastidious as to the kind of admiration that is awarded to her. She should reject that which seems paid to the mere combination of form and color, style and elegance, and learn to prize only the far more flattering tribute which seems to be called forth from a just appreciation of those noble and tender qualities of the mind whose intrinsic beauty neither plain features nor an ill-dressed figure can destroy.

This discrimination would tend to crush vanity and conceit, coquetting and flirting with its selfish heartlessness, all of which both sexes are prone to engage in, and which, too, arises from a wrongly based ambition. The impress of these unholy sentiments defeats their object. The temper becomes morose and irritable, the expression of the countenance at once silly and anxious, and the mind degenerates into a state approaching depravity. The loftier ambition, to be admired for the graces of the mind more than those of the person, would suggest the continual practice of the social virtues—amiability, kindness and good temper—as well as the careful cultivation of all those faculties which tend to throw a refining influence over the tastes, elevate the soul to the highest type of purity and truth, and ennoble the heart.

Intelligence and true refinement, unlike the silly fashions of a day, become all countenances, and sweetness of temper always places the stamp of a certain kind of real loveliness on homely women, and makes elderly ones appear youthful. It is a necessary duty woman owes to herself as well as to the domestic circle, her friends and society, to make herself pleasing and agreeable. Her person claims a certain degree of attention. She has an unqualified right to study the art of dress, and to avail herself of the appliances for the improvement of her appearance, but the most careful attention to the toilet will never make her sufficiently attractive to be lovable or estimable. A beautiful, rich apparel will not compensate for a cold, uncultured heart; a glowing cheek does not naturalize the effect of a freezing, haughty and stiff manner; nor a bright smile the severity of an unkind word. The eye soon turns away weary, uninterested and indifferent from mere beauty unilluminated by good temper, intelligence, and all those sweet and lovely graces which shine as bright stars in the crown of life.

It is said of Addison that he chose for his companion a woman of great beauty but destitute of mental resources. The result was that he was obliged to go away from home for more congenial society. Could anything be more inap-

propriate and really deplorable? Then remember, girls, that it is not the well-dressed beauty, but the woman of high intelligence and sweetness of temper who becomes the theme of universal admiration and individual attachment—the inspiration of the hour, the brilliant genius of every scene.

Let woman, then, perceive that there exists a charm superior to beauty to attract and subdue all hearts. Let her cultivate her intellect, and, true to her own feminine attributes, prove herself the kind, amiable and intelligent creature that man needs, cherishes, and esteems.

LENDING A HAND

"Gentleman-gentleman does not mind what he does, but pig-gentleman is very particular," the Maoris in New Zealand used to say, discriminating between the English colonists who did what they could for themselves and those who depended altogether upon the services of other people. The late Doctor Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, England, was a "gentleman-gentleman." Such was his manly simplicity and superiority to all cowardly dread of public opinion, that he used to be seen, says his biographer, "striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with every one he met, gentle or simple."

One day a sturdy Methodist workman, with whom the Bishop had been conversing, was so pleased that seizing the prelate's hand, he exclaimed, "Ah, Bishop, thou 'dst make a foine methody preacher!"

Another "gentleman-gentleman" was the late Bishop of Lakefield, Doctor Selwyn. His readiness to "take the laboring oar" was illustrated one day, when his large family were leaving the Bishop's palace for the Isle of Man. The servants, on seeing the luggage for more than twenty persons, asked in blank dismay, how the household work could be got through for so large a party.

"Do it among yourselves," said the Bishop, "and whatever you can't manage I will do myself." He meant what he said; for during twenty-six years of service as missionary-bishop of New Zealand he had shown himself ready to do what others would not or could not do.

The Bishop's simplicity of manners offended the country squires and the elderly clergymen of dignified school. One day he presented himself, bag in hand, and dusty from his long walk from the station, at the principal entrance of a great country house. The footman who opened the door soundly berated him for his presumption, and sent him round to the servant's door. He obeyed, and enjoyed the comedy of the servant's confusion and the master's vexation that "the Bishop" should have been the victim of a menial's stupidity.

"If you ever wanted a good turn done for you, the Bishop war the man to do it," said an old roadmaker of Lichfield. Poor women told how he had stopped his carriage to take them up when carrying a heavy child. A Primitive Methodist minister used to tell how, while walking one Sunday morning, the Bishop in his carriage overtook him, made him get in and dropped him at the humble wayside chapel, while he himself went on to preach in a neighboring church.

One day at the railway station he discovered an invalid lady very nervous because she was unable to cross the line to the opposite platform, whence she had to take the cars. He called another bishop to lend a hand, and the two, forming a "sedan chair" with crossed arms carried the lady safely over.

A college student, on seeing the Bishop for the first time, received a most impressive lesson in Christian courtesy. The good great man was holding open the door of a third-class railway carriage for a cool begrimed woman, with baby and basket, to get in.

"It was," said the student, "as though a great lord were ushering a duchess into Windsor Castle."

Once while riding with a young lady he suddenly reined up at a little foot-bridge, over which a boy was trying in vain to drive a flock of sheep.

"Stupid boy!" growled the Bishop, flinging himself off his horse. He seized one sheep by the head and tail and forced it over, and of course the rest followed.

Bishop Selwyn's habit of lending a hand when he could assist the poor and aged impelled him to acts which the fishermen who founded the Christian church would have applauded. An old laborer, working in a field, upset a barrowful of iron hurdles. The Bishop happened to be passing and in a moment began reloading the barrow. When it was packed, he wheeled it down the field to the place at which the hurdles were to be used.

When the good Bishop died, the poor flocked to his funeral, and toiling women stopped weeping that they might hold up their little ones to see his coffin as it was carried by.

AT STRATFORD.

Stratford-on-Avon owes not only its time but its prosperity to the fact that it is the birthplace of Shakespeare. It is the cleanest and most smiling of towns, but one can scarcely turn a corner without finding evidence that it is reverence for the poet's name that has made it so delightful. As a worthy resident of the town once said to a visitor:

"I'm sure we ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Shakespeare for being born here, for I don't know what we should have done without him."

It is not difficult indeed, to guess what Stratford would have done without him. It must inevitably have occupied a position of sleepy respectability. Finding it as we now do, one of the Meccas of Europe, it is amusing to remember that a famous antiquary, in writing about its point of interest, devoted but three lines to a mention of the man with whose memory it is now imbued.

"One thing more in reference to this ancient town is observable," wrote Dougdale; "that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous poet, Will Shakespeare."

The inhabitants of the town apparently entertain the thought of their poet in a serious and reverential spirit.

"I don't like to look at that," said one of them, pointing to one of a series of pictures at the museum, representing Shakespeare asleep under a crab-tree after a night of drinking. "I can't believe he was a dissipated man!"

Strangers, however, sometimes make comments which are as far as possible from proving that they could give a good reason for making the pilgrimage to Stratford.

"Shakespeare's birthplace!" said a matron, shimmering in silk and sparkling with jet, as she looked at the house through her eyeglass. "Not at all imposing! Quite the contrary, don't you think?"

Another, whose heart was in better condition than her head, walked about the town really thrilled with rapture and awe. When she reached the little railway station where her train had not yet arrived, her enthusiasm was not abated, and she looked about her with brimming eyes.

"Ah," said she, "I think this place affects me more than all. Here he must have come to take the train to go up to London!"

A GOOD-NATURED WIFE.

The following anecdote as told by an English clergyman was found in an exchange. The teller of the story says:

It must be remembered that the kettle referred to was hung in an old-fashioned open fire place.

A man in Sussex, whose wife was blest with a remarkably even temper, went over the way to a neighbor one evening, and said:

"Neighbor, I'd just like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor.

"I wish I could make mine any thing else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act, nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedst sticks you can get, them as won't lie in no form, and see how she makes them out." The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work, and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment. He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request—

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked sticks, if you can find them; they do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

A FEW SIGNS OF GOOD BREEDING.

A well bred woman always thanks the man who gives her a seat in the street car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive way.

She does not declare that she never rides in street cars.

She does not talk loud in public places.

She does not shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars, and why they permit them to cry.

She doesn't want to be a man, and she doesn't try to imitate him by adopting masculine manners.

She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good, true friends among them.

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons or a frock that needs mending.

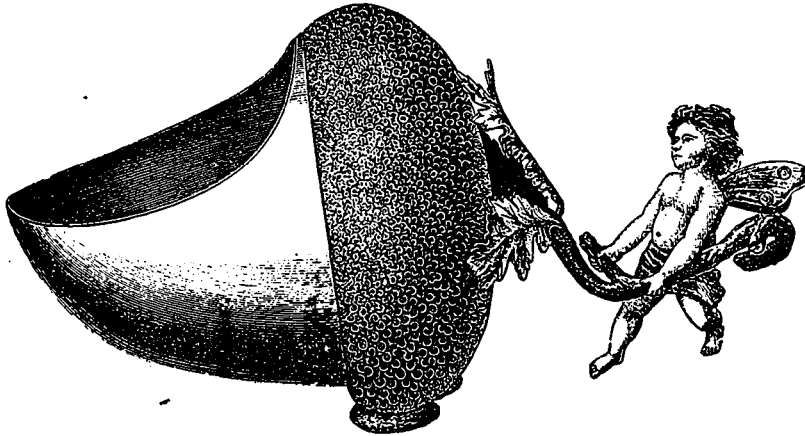
She does not wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

She does not wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

HOW LILIES ARE PROPAGATED.

The beautiful white madonna, and Japan Lilies can be propagated from the scales of which the lily bulb is mostly made up. These scales are attached to a solid portion at the base of the bulb, and they are broken off close to this, it being important to get the very base of the scale. The outer scales can be removed without injury to the bulb. The scales broken from the bulbs are set in an upright position in boxes of sandy compost pressing them down into it until the point is about level with the surface. In about two months, a small bulb (sometimes two) will be found at the base of each scale. Lilies can be taken up in the autumn after the leaves have withered, the outside scales can be removed, the old bulb replanted, and it will bloom the following spring. Place the box which contains the scales in a moderately warm room, keep moist to prevent shriveling. In the spring the boxes are plunged in the open ground. The little bulbs will make a good growth during the summer. The following fall cover them with litter, and the next spring plant out separately. Bulbs grown from scales will bloom in two years.

CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



Nut Bowl, Silver, Gold Lining, Value \$23.



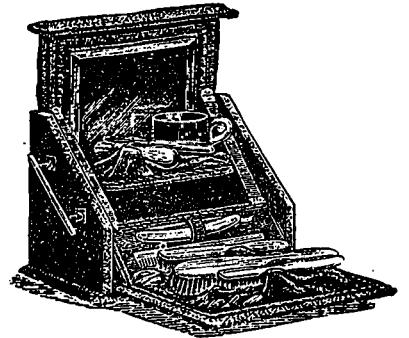
Silver Match Box, Value \$3.50



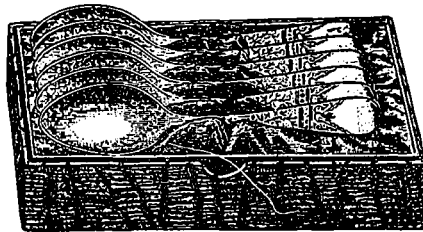
Scent Jar, Value \$10.



Perfumery Casket, Engraved, Value \$5



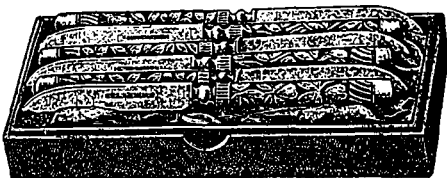
Shaving Set in Handsome Plush Case, Beveled Mirror &c., &c.; Value \$12.



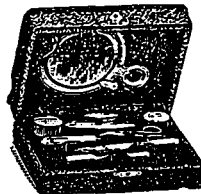
Six Tea Spoons, Value \$3.12



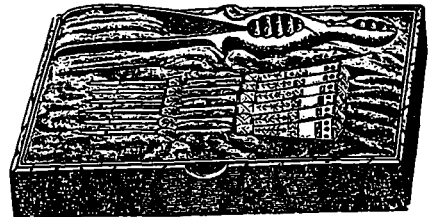
Toilet Set, Value \$8.50.



Arabesque Old Silver Fruit Knives, Value \$1.50



Manicure Set, Value \$5

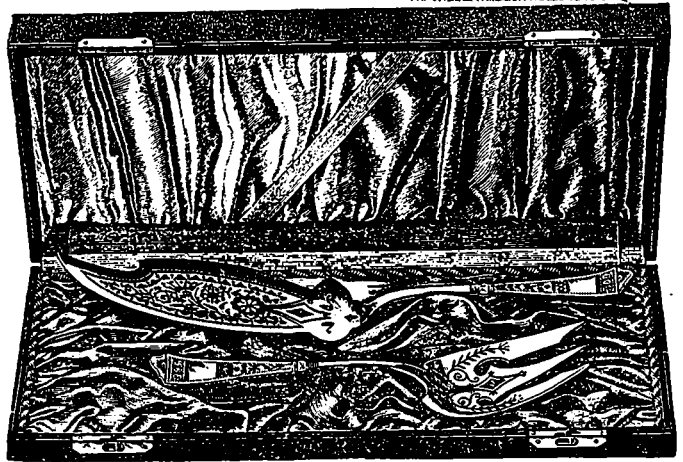


Nut Picks and Crack, Value \$1.50

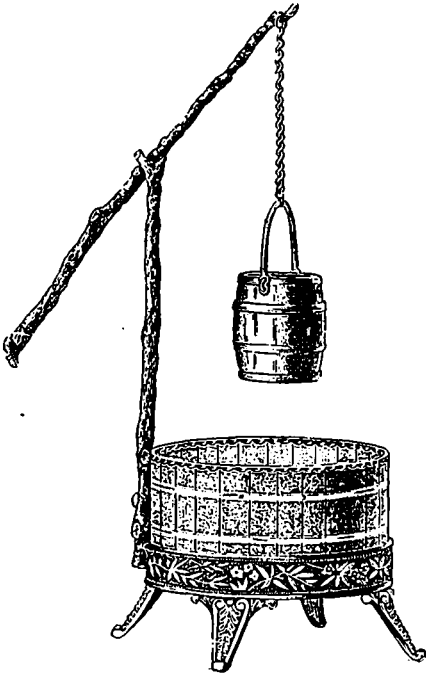
CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



Portemonnaie, Silver, Gold Inlaid, Value \$2.



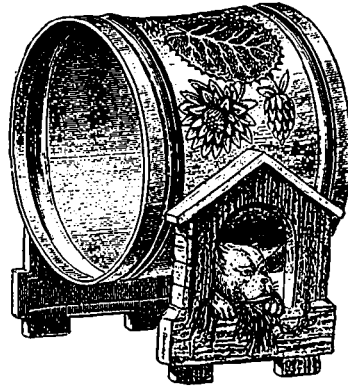
Fish Knife and Fork, in Morocco Case, Value \$12.25



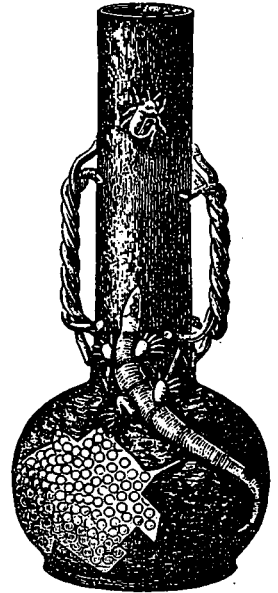
Flower Stand, Silver, Value \$7.75



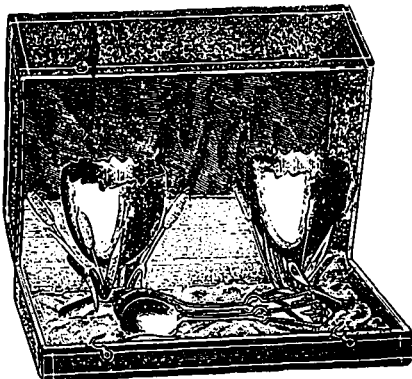
Soap Box, Etched Old Silver, Value \$2.85



Napkin Ring, Chased, Value \$2.50



Chased Old Silver, Gold Inlaid, Value, \$10.



Pair of Egg Holders and Spoons in Morocco Case, Value \$11.

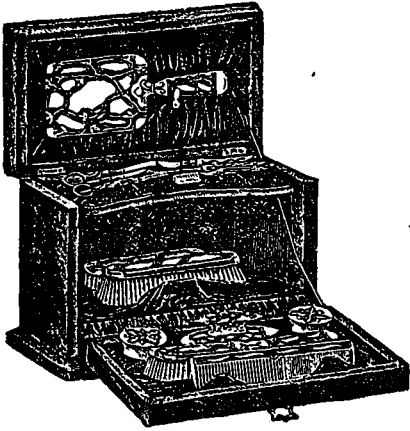


Imported Smoking Set, Value \$6.



Cut Glass Solid Bowl, Value \$10.

CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



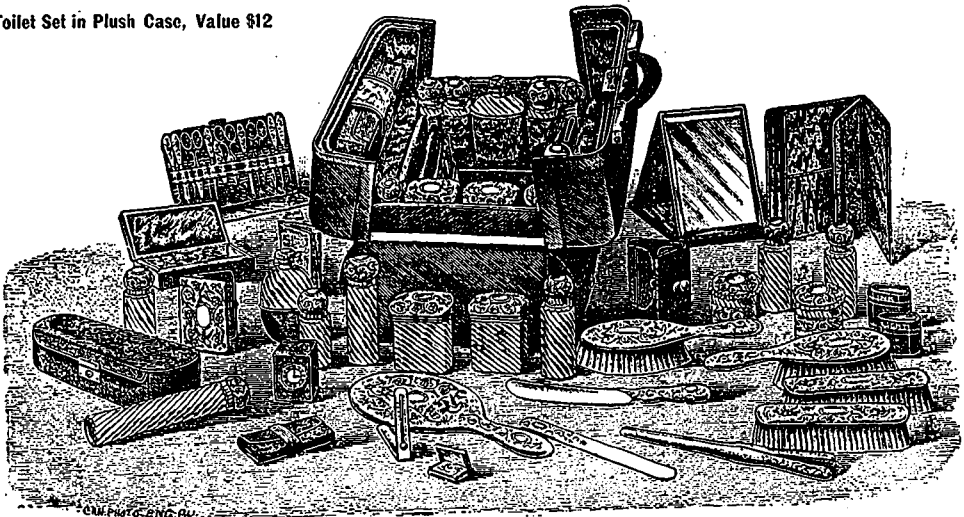
Ladies' Toilet Set in Plush Case, Value \$12



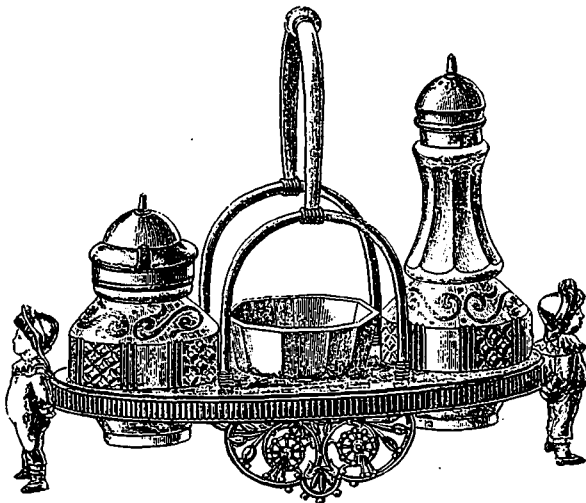
Manicure Set in Plush Case, Value \$7.



Biscuit Jar in Silver and Blue, Value \$9.



A Complete English Dressing Case, Value \$70.



Breakfast Castor, Value \$9.72

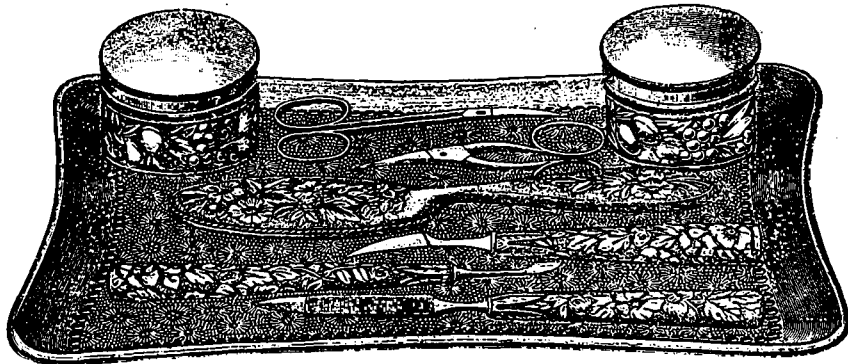


Easy Chair, Upholstered in Turkish Rugs, Value \$55.

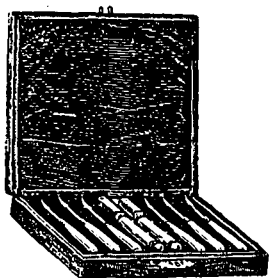
CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



Old Silver, Value \$6.50



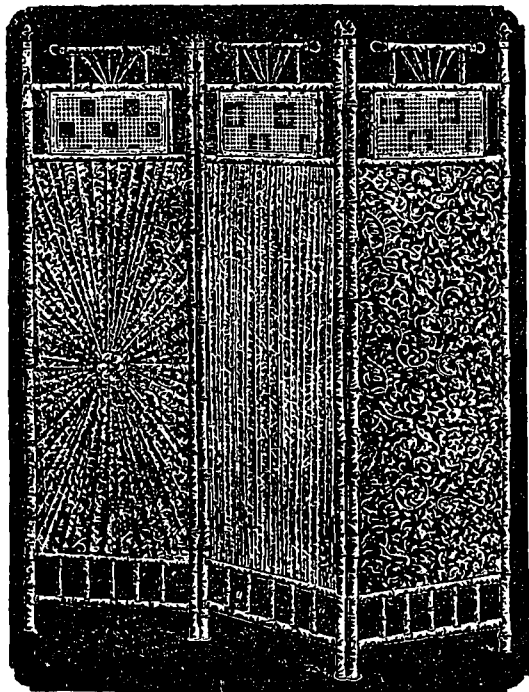
Manicure Set, Embossed, Old Silver, Value \$25.50



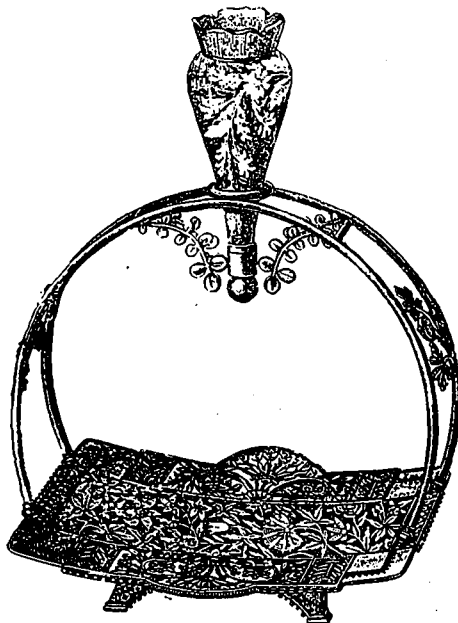
Six Nut Picks and Craok in Satin Lined Box, Value \$2.50



Smoking Set, Hammered Old Copper, Gold Lined, Value \$11.50

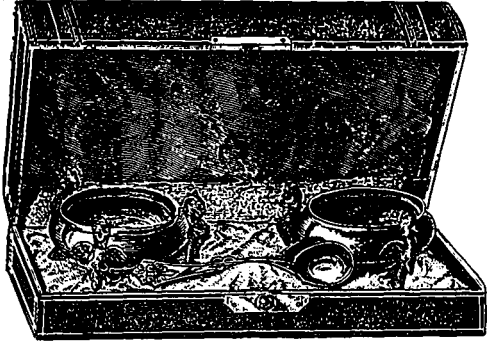


Japanese Screen, Value \$12.

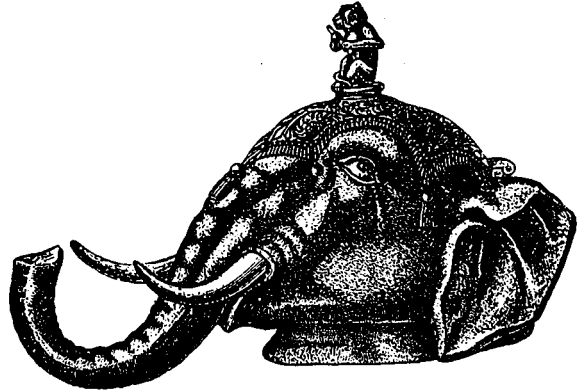


Card Receiver, Value \$11.

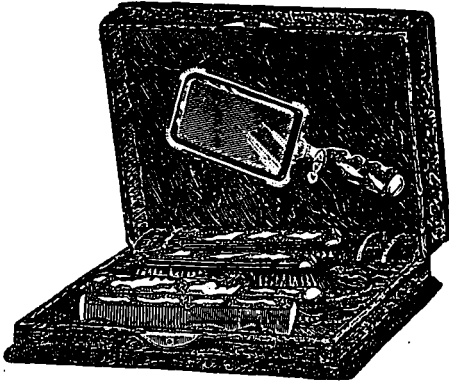
CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



Pair of Salts, Gold Lined, with Case and Spoons, Value \$8.50



Paper Weight, Old Silver, Value \$6.



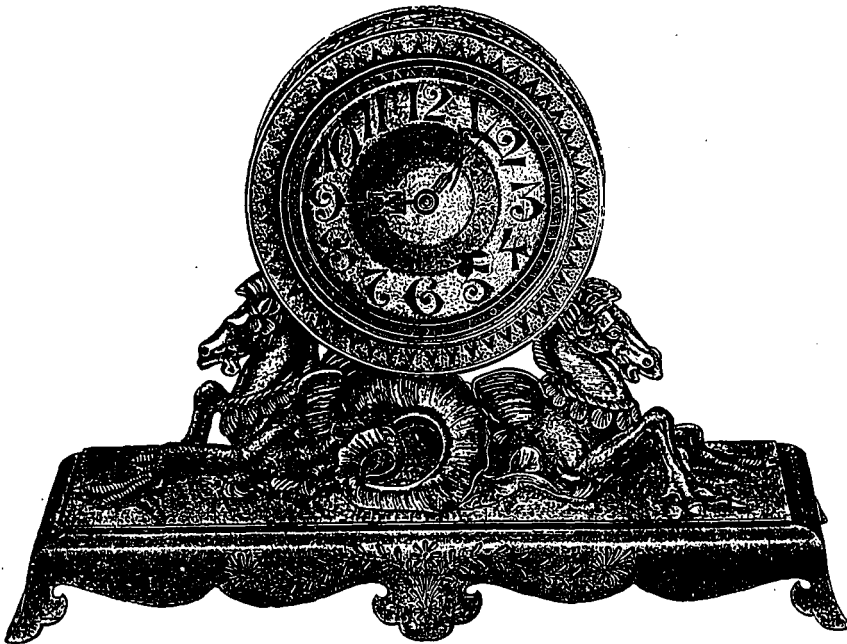
Dressing Case containing Mirror, Clothes and Hair Brushes, Combs, &c., Value \$11.



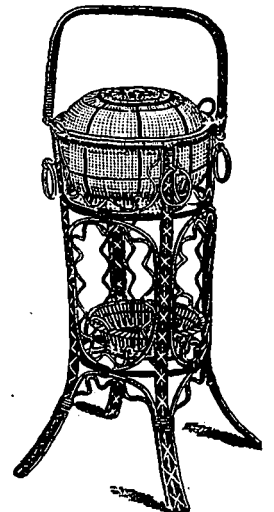
Ladies Complete Toilet and Manicure sets in Plush Case, Value \$25.!



Nursery Stand, Value \$6.

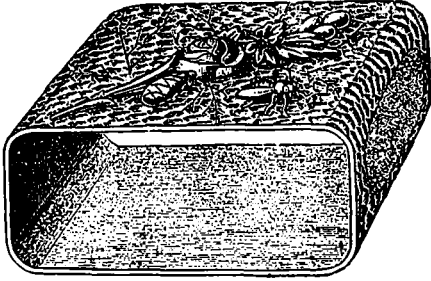


Mantel Clock in Old Silver, Gold Inlaid, Value \$20.



Fancy Colored Sewing Stand Value, \$4.

CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.



Napkin Ring Hammered and Applied, Value \$2.



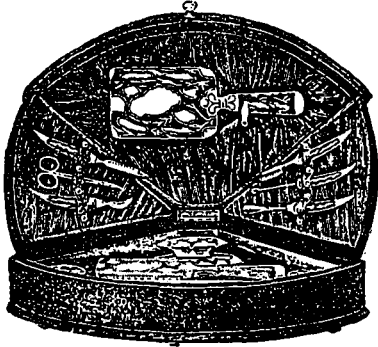
Nut Bowl, Hammered and Applied, Old Silver, Value \$16



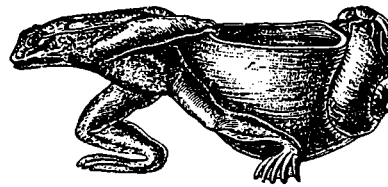
Pen Wiper, Old Silver, Value \$3.



Ladies Complete Toilet and Manicure Sets in Plush Case, Value \$25.



Manicure & Toilet Set, Plush Lined, Value \$10



Frog Ash Receiver, silver, gold lined, Value \$4.50



Antique Vase, Silver, Gold Inlaid, Value \$5.



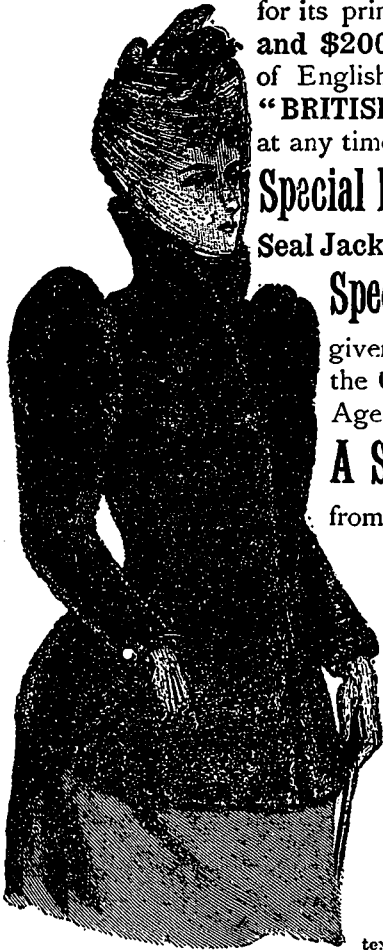
Paper Weight, in Old Silver, Gold Inlaid, Value \$6.

Another "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest

— AND —

\$200 IN GOLD FOR EXPENSES.

"THE QUEEN'S" last "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest which closed August 1st, having excited such universal interest, at the urgent solicitation of many of our patrons, we have concluded to give one more "Word Contest," having for its principal prize another First Cabin Passage to Europe and Return and \$200 in Gold for Expenses, to the person sending the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "BRITISH NORTH AMERICA." This trip can be taken by the winner at any time before October 1st, 1891.



Special Prize for Ladies. To the one sending the second largest list will be given an **Elegant Genuine Alaska Seal Jacket** made according to measurement supplied by winner.

Special Prize for Girls and Boys. A **Handsome Shetland Pony**, costing \$160, will be given (and delivered **Free** anywhere in Canada or United States), to the Girl or Boy, under sixteen years of age, sending the largest list. Age of competitor must be stated on list.

A Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Set will be given to the person from whom the largest list is received each day during the contest.

LIST OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

China Dinner Sets.
Ladies Gold Watches.
French Music Boxes.
Silk Dress Patterns.
French Mantle Clocks.
Portiere Curtains.
Silver Dinner Castors.
" Breakfast "
" Tete-a-Tete Castors.
" " Kettles.
" Card Receivers.

Elegant Toilet Cases.
" Manicure Cases.
" Odor Cases.
Oil Paintings.
Ladies' Jewelry.
Writing Portfolios.
Imported Fans.
Albums.
Napkin Rings.
And many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

RULES GOVERNING THIS CONTEST.

1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words *only*.
2. No letter can be used in construction of any words more times than it appears in the text.
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed.
7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.
8. The main part only of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be the governing authority, its Appendix or Supplement will not be used.

Each list must contain Name of person sending same (sign Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office Address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to "THE QUEEN."

If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into *new* homes, and this contest is therefore open to *New* Subscribers only. Present Subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing one dollar with list and the address of some friend to whom "THE QUEEN" can be sent for one year.

Prizes awarded to Subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom's duties.

No person can take more than one prize on the same list. Every New Subscriber sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a prize. All prizes awarded in order of merit.

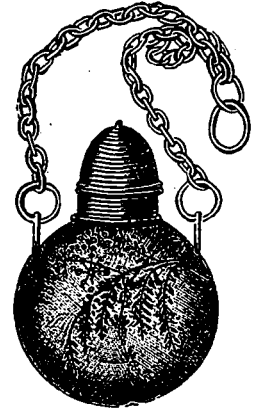
Contest closes December 5th and Prizes awarded December 20th.

CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.

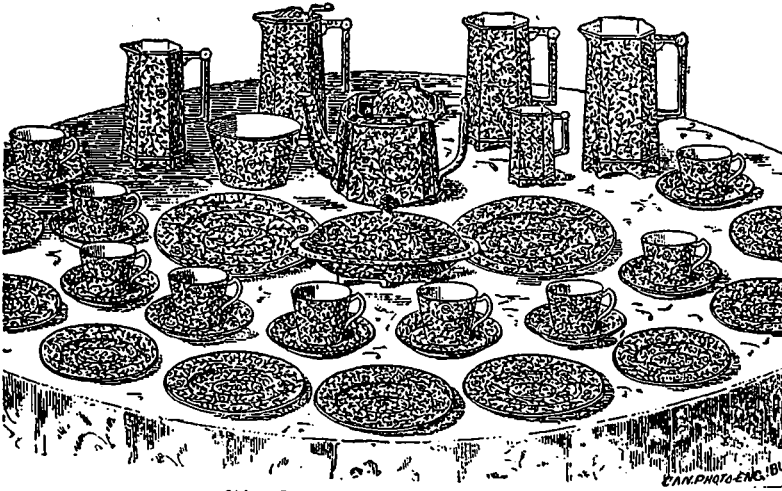
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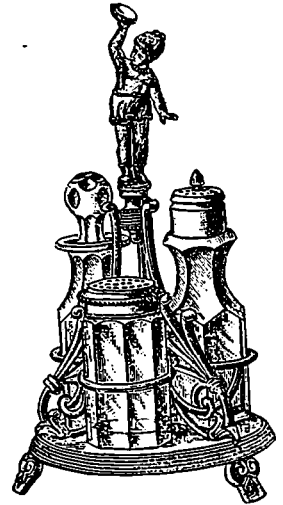
China Breakfast and Tea Set, Value \$15.



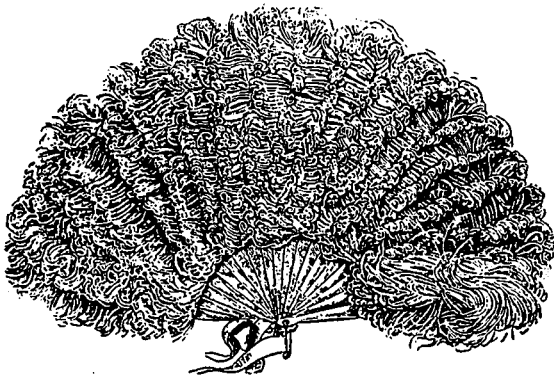
Imported Odor Bottle,
Value \$2.25



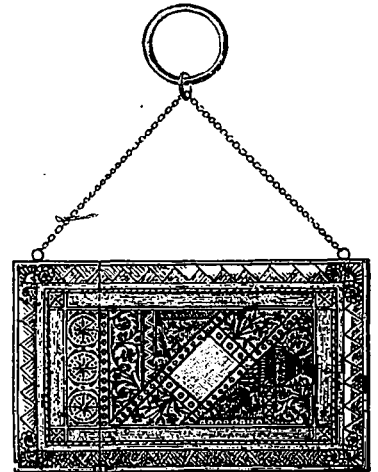
China Breakfast and Tea Set, Value \$12.50



Breakfast Castor, Value \$9.50



Imported Fans, Value \$3.50



Ladies' Card Case, Value \$3.

The Latest Fashion.

ROYAL DRESSES.

Messrs. Redfern, of Cowes, have supplied a variety of gowns, coats, and wraps to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught since her return from India and Canada. Amongst them is a gown of heliotrope cloth of a dull texture, plainly cut, and made with gigot sleeves of the same cloth; braiding of heliotrope and gold covers the dart seams and the collar of the bodice; it also appears as a large scroll ornament in the corner of the skirt at the foot. A gown of pretty tweed of a blue-grey mixture, checked with buff, was arranged with a triple Zouave bodice opening over a waistcoat of buff piqué made removable, so that it can be replaced by other vests at pleasure. The skirt has a slight fullness in

the drapery, formed by three tranverse folds starting from a buttoned pocket on the right hip. Small pearl buttons of a buff tint are used to fasten the bodice. Another gown of grey and white mixed striped tweed was arranged with triple pleated skirt as a variety from the very plain ones now so greatly in vogue. The front of these pleats has the appearance of being buttoned over partly from the waist. The bodice is arranged with sleeves of moderate height, Her Royal Highness liking nothing exaggerated in form. A small revers is buttoned back on the left side, showing a tiny pleated waistcoat of silk.

A stylish shoulder cape of grey cloth in a neutral tint, suitable for wearing with any gown, had a square yoke of maroon velvet, braided in steel and gold, and a high rolled collar of the same velvet, turning back and revealing the lining of similar cloth. The cape was lined throughout with primrose silk, with under cuffs pleated to correspond. Amongst the short coats was one of réséda Venetian



SHOULDER CAPE FOR THE THEATRE.

Henri II. cape in old pink velvet, edged with a soft trimming of white ostrich tips and crossed with braces in white gauze, powdered with silver flowers and butterflies; each brace is gathered on the shoulders to form a flat puff, to correspond with the one fastening the two scarves together at the waist. The quilted lining is in pale blue satin.



STREET DRESS—Made of plum color Henrietta cloth, with parazol of cream and plum stripe; hat to match. A charming costume.



MATRON'S HAT.—The sloping crown consists of folds of copper-colored aerophane, streaked with gold tinsel; coronet brim in gold openwork horse-hair, partly veiled with a wreath of flowers, widening towards the centre, where a piquet of grass and buds is introduced. Strings in copper velvet or net.

cloth, with open-work sleeves of Venetian embroidery, worked most intricately in gold and silver tinsel, showing under-sleeves of résédasilk through them; similar embroidery formed the collar of the coat. Another was made of navy-blue fishing cloth, and with high open collar, slightly rolled over, disclosing the braided lining. The bell-shaped sleeves had also braided linings, and small Zouaves of the same navy and gold braid appeared on the fronts. The linings were of dark salmon-pink, shot with cream.

A mountaineer cloak of navy and white checked boating cloth had straps of the tweed crossing the arms and breast, so that the cape may be unloosed and thrown back at pleasure without falling from the figure. A smart little coat of scouring cloth had large open revers, faced with navy silk, and buttoning from the bust in double-breasted form. A long driving coat of Hungarian blue cloth, cut with loose fronts, had triple capes, braided in heavy scrolls of a brown shade.

A carriage cloak of broché cloth in fawn and pottery blue has a yoke of the latter shade, richly embroidered in fawn braid, and from this depends the cloak proper, the fulness being arranged round the edge of yoke in a frill.

Several Garibaldi's of silk and of various designs, also cambric shirts for yachting wear, were supplied to Her Royal Highness, each being quite original in shape, color, and finish.

For H. R. H. the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, Messrs. Redfern have also made a charming yachting costume of fine cream cloth, with a deep border at foot of navy

Venetian cloth, above which appears a rich pattern of navy braiding on the cream cloth. The bodice of cream cloth, plainly cut, has a rich embroidery of the navy-blue braid, both on the front and sleeves, and a pretty Zouave jacket of the navy Venetian cloth, embroidered in cream braid. For outdoor wear on cool days the Grand Duchess has ordered a very elegant shoulder cape of navy Venetian cloth, with long V-shaped plastron of bright red, inserted both back and front, this being richly braided in navy blue. Long cords of navy silk serve to tie it at the throat. It is needless to remark that, although many of the garments are severely simple in style, yet each bears the mark of the unmistakable and exquisite finish for which this firm is so renowned.

VELVET SLEEVES.

It is becoming more and more fashionable to make sleeves as well as collars, vests, waist-bands, panels, and the like, of velvet for woolen dresses. Velvet sleeves are particularly admired with tartan, because the combination enriches the plaid and makes the back look narrow. Two yards of velvet employed as collar, pointed vest, cuffs, *moyen-age* belt, sleeves and panel, transforms a plaid dress, which requires genius to make it presentable, into an elegant and effective costume. A single, cross-cut revers may be used instead of the vest, but avoid patches of velvet



Long blouse in blue sateen, adorned with bands of cross-stitch embroidery; ball fringe at each end of the tabs; the square opening is filled in with a muslin chemisette. Sash in ribbon velvet, like the throatlet. Hat in fancy straw, edged with straw balls, and enhanced with a cluster of loops and ends in étamine ribbon, bordered with a blue satin stripe.

upon the sleeves instead of sleeves; the result will be far less satisfactory.

Very pretty gowns are also made of plain wool with velvet sleeves, the shades matching as nearly as velvet and wool can be made to match. Dark gray, Lombard plum, dead leaf brown, bottle green, and the like, are the colors most used, and are always desirable on cool days in our shifting, uncertain climate. Such gowns need no trimming, they would be injured by it; and are excellent to wear abroad, where it is never too warm for wool, and where the touch of velvet in the costume gives it a certain distinction. Ribbon velvet is to be greatly used this year as trimmings for summer cottons, and particularly for white

dress, and upon plain white and gray summer wool. In narrow widths it is run in the open embroideries and lace insertions for skirts, as well as bodice and sleeves; and it is made into full, dahlia-like rosettes which are fastened at the throat or belt, or used to catch up the long, graceful draperies.

This season all toilettes are charming poems of freshness, of distinction, of *eclat*, and our fashions are inspirations of the prettiest inventions of the beautiful coquettes of the reign of Louis XVI., of the Directoire, and of the first Empire. This is as it ought to be and we rejoice to see that the "Anglomania" has passed; that our styles are especially Parisian in all points.

The hair is still worn very high on the head, especially for full dress. For morning wear there are certain hats that almost necessitate the Catogan or a small low chignon, but these styles are quite *négligées* and *déshabillées*. The stays made for the hot weather and travelling are of very soft coutil, and are made long, cuirasse form, to enable the tight skirts to fit well over the hips.



PROMENADE TOILETTE.—Sleeveless bodice and front of skirt in beige-colored cashmere, striped with bands of self-toned embroidery, alternating with insertions in Venetian lace, exactly harmonizing in tint with the ground of the cashmere. High puckered sleeves in grey peau de soie, likewise the fluted jabot, neck band and belt with crossed ends; lace ruching round the throat and wrists. Back of skirt in plain silk mounted at the waist with fluted pleats. Hat in black straw lace, embellished with beige-colored lace, clusters of ribbon loops, and a bird's head. Parasol in white surah, encircled with rows of embroidery, and edged with lace.



HOUSE DRESS—made of cashmere and trimmed with mora ribbon. Any shade can be used to suit the taste of the wearer.

Our Cooking School.

A HIGH TEA FOR TENNIS PARTY.

Mayonnaise de homard à l'Italienne.

Darnes de saumon en aspic. Filets de soles à la crème d'anchois.

Pigeon pie.

Forequarter of lamb and salad.

Macédoine de fruits. Petits pots au caramel.

Fruits. Petits fours.

Mayonnaise de Homard à l'Italienne.—Well wash and dry two or three cabbage lettuces, and shred them roughly, removing the stalks; slice thinly a beetroot and a cucumber (throwing the latter into water till wanted), wash and fillet some anchovies, chop finely some tarragon and chervil, and also two hard-boiled eggs, the whites and yolks separately; and take also some previously cooked French beans. Pile the lettuce in the centre of the dish, arrange on it the flesh of two lobsters, cut into neat pieces, and garnish with the lobster coral, anchovy filets, chopped eggs, herbs, etc., and pour round it a sauce prepared as follows: Mix together three tablespoonfuls of Velouté sauce, one of mustard, some finely chopped tarragon and chervil, and three tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, added very gradually, to which is added, when smooth, a good spoonful of tarragon vinegar and a pinch of salt. This sauce can hardly be stirred too much.

Darnes de Saumon en Aspic.—Line some square sandwich moulds (cutlet moulds will do) with aspic, and ornament the top with shreds of red chili, capers, tarragon leaves, and shreds of white of eggs; set this again with a little more aspic, and on this lay a slice or flake of ready cooked salmon, and cover with another layer of aspic jelly. Set them on ice till wanted, then turn out, and dish *en couronne* round a mound of watercress, well washed and picked, and tossed in a little oil and vinegar, and seasoned.

Filets de Soles à la Crème d'Anchois.—Fillet the soles, and tie each fillet neatly round a piece of carrot; place them in a well buttered baking dish with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice, lay a buttered paper over them, and bake for ten or twelve minutes. Set them aside till cold, then remove the carrot, replace it with some pounded shrimps, and dish the filets, sprinkled with a little chopped parsley and coralline pepper, round a pile of iced anchovy cream. *Pounded Shrimps.*—Shell a quart of shrimps and chop them lightly, then pound them with 2oz. fresh butter, cayenne, and a very little mace, and add two or three drops of carmine to bring up the color. *Anchovy Cream, Iced.*—Wash and bone four anchovies, and pound them with the yolk of one hard-boiled egg, a tablespoonful of salad oil, cayenne, and a few drops of carmine. When this is quite smooth stir in half a wineglass of liquid aspic jelly, and taunty it; then mix this with a good wineglass of stiffly-whipped cream, and set it on ice till wanted.

Pigeon Pie.—Cut a pound of good beefsteak into neat pieces, and season these with pepper and salt, and some chopped eschalot; bone four pigeons, cut them in four, arrange them on the steak, season with chopped parsley, and, if liked, a little thyme and finely-minced bay leaf, put some quartered hard-boiled eggs and some mushrooms on the top of all, sprinkle in a little more chopped parsley and eschalot (not too much), add some good and rather thick gravy; cover the dish with good pastry, glaze with a whole egg beaten up, and bake in a moderate oven for about two hours. To be served hot or cold.

Roast Forequarter of Lamb.—Roast a nice forequarter, basting it carefully and plentifully, taking care it does not catch. It will take from one and a half to two hours, and must be well cooked. Serve either hot or cold, garnished with tomato salad and with *mint sauce*, strip the leaves from the stem, dry them, and chop them very finely; put them into the sauceboat, and allow two spoonfuls of pounded sugar, to three heaped spoonfuls of chopped mint; let them stand together for a little, then add, gradually, two spoonfuls of vinegar for each spoonful of mint.

Macédoine de Fruits.—Fill a border mould with lemon jelly flavored to taste with Maraschino, and set it on ice. Take any fruit you may have, strawberries (stalked), cherries (stoned), apricots, melon, bananas, or pineapple (sliced), currants (stripped from their stems), etc., and toss them in syrup flavored with Maraschino, and set it all on ice. When required, turn out the jelly, fill up the centre, piling it up high, with the fruit in syrup. Another version of this dish is to put the fruit and the syrup in a china bowl, stir them well together, stand them on ice till quite cold, and serve either with whipped cream or plain cream and lemon water ices.

Petits Pots au Caramel.—Dissolve 2oz. of loaf sugar with the juice of a half lemon and a little water; stir it over the fire till quite brown, then pour in about a wineglassful of boiling water; beat up the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, add them to a pint of new milk and a few drops of essence of vanilla, and to this strain the caramel when cool. Pour the mixture into a delicately clean pan, and stir in the bain-marie till it thickens; pour it into little china cups, and strew the top with grated chocolate and pink sugar.

A PARTY SUPPER.

The heavy suppers of "ye olden times," when neighbor vied with neighbor to see who could produce the greatest variety of cake, etc., have given place to more simple suppers which surely can be more tastefully served. We give you in detail a menu, which, though inexpensive, should surely meet the tastes of everyone: Sliced ham, jellied chicken, potato salad, salmon salad, sweet pickles, mangoes, white rolls, coffee, cocoa, pineapple jelly, fig cake, bride's cake, caramel cake, bananas, oranges, ice cream or orange ice.

Boiled Ham Sliced.—Soak for twenty-four hours. Trim carefully, boil six hours, cover thickly with grated bread and brown before the fire one-half hour. Let it become completely cold before slicing. Garnish with caraway leaves or curled lettuce.

Jellied Chicken.—Cook six small chickens in as little water as possible. When partly cold remove bone and skin. To liquor add one-half box gelatine, boil down to one quart, and pour over meat, which has been arranged in earthen moulds. When cold, cut with a sharp knife and garnish.

Potato Salad.—Yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one of made mustard, one-third cupful of vinegar. Boil and add one cup of sour cream, salt, pepper, and celery seed. Mix with enough cold minced potato to fill one salad bowl.

Salmon Salad.—Turn salmon from can, after draining all the oil into a cup. Pick to pieces with a silver fork, removing all bits of bone and skin. Pour over and lightly mix with it the following: the yolks of two raw eggs; add one tablespoonful made mustard, three of melted butter, salt, pepper and vinegar to taste, one tablespoonful oil from salmon. Garnish with hard boiled eggs, sliced thinly in rings.

Pineapple Jelly.—One-half box jelatine soaked in one-half pint cold water one hour. Add one pint boiling water, one and one-half cups sugar and one can pineapple reduced to a pulp. Stand on stove till it just boils, strain into mold and set on ice to cool. Remove carefully by wrapping cloth dipped into hot water around mold till it will turn out easily.

Fig Cake.—One cupful sugar, one-half cupful good butter, whites four eggs, one-half cupful milk, two cupfuls sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls baking powder; flavor and bake in two long sheets.

Filling.—One pound figs chopped and stewed with one cup water and two tablespoonfuls sugar.

Icing.—One cup sugar and four tablespoonfuls water. Boil till it hairs and pour over white of one egg. Beat till white, flavor.

Bride's Cake.—Whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cupfuls sifted powdered sugar, one cupful sifted flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar; add flour gradually; flavor and bake in pan without greasing; ice.

Caramel Cake.—Make cake as for fig cake using two whole eggs.

Caramel Filling.—Cook three and one-half cupfuls C sugar with three-fourths cupful cream, one tablespoonful melted butter. Boil till thick; flavor with chocolate grated and melted.

Have your cake cut and carefully piled upon plates covered with a small linen doily.

The table service will show to better advantage if the rooms are darkened and lighted by lamps placed rather high.

A small button-hole bouquet consisting of a rose bud, spray of jessamine, clove pink, or any fragrant flower may be placed at each plate with a pin stuck conspicuously through the stems.

In the reception rooms dainty trays of sweet meats such as marsh mallows, salted almonds or any dainty confectionery which will not spoil the fingers, should be placed. The marsh mallows and salted almonds you may make yourself. The rest I should advise you to buy. Here are recipes for both:

Marsh Mallows.—Cover two ounces gum arabic with two ounces cold water. Soak for one hour and then gradually heat over boiling water till dissolved. Strain and add six ounces powdered sugar. Stir in double boiler till stiff. Remove from fire and beat till very white. When stiff, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix and press into a square tin box which has been dusted with corn starch. They should be made but a short time before using as they soon dry out.

Salted Almonds.—Blanch by pouring boiling water over them. Drop into cold water at once and rub off the skin. Dry, sprinkle lightly with salt, place in a shallow pan with a lump of fresh butter, and brown evenly in the oven.

A very pretty way of serving an orange ice is to cut a slice from the top and carefully remove the pulp of as many oranges as you have people to serve. Fill with the mixture when frozen and replace the cap, fastening it by means of one-half yard of white baby ribbon tied around the orange.

ECONOMICAL HINTS.

VEGETABLE DIET, ETC.

An old subject, but some of my ideas may be new to a few. I saw a query about vegetable dieting and I am moved to "say my say." During my career as "school ma'am" it was once my fortune to board in "the chapar-

ral." Had any one asked me my opinion upon vegetable diet, I should have said I considered meat necessary to a comfortable existence.

Did you ever try this bill of fare, month after month: beans, plain-boiled, morning, noon and night, with boiled potatoes added at noon? I did. The tea, coffee and bread were good, likewise my constitution, but no meat, eggs, sauce or other thing for variety, except that for a few weeks cabbage was substituted for beans, made rather a monotonous diet. To be sure when spring opened we were regaled with young onions, and I had always supposed I could not eat them, but soon learned, and made many a supper upon bread, onions and salt.

A few years later, when attending to a smaller school in a home of my own, it chanced one spring that our appetites were in a better condition than our purses; so we determined to make the most of our resources. We had a fair sized yard, and tried gardening. We had a small lawn, vines, and a few flowers for ornament, and a piece of ground about fifty by sixty feet to cultivate for profit. My better half had a knowledge of farming which came into play then; so he plowed and planted, taking spare time or making it, night and morning for the work, as his daily labor kept him from home eleven hours of the day. For seed we had corn, beans, peas, lettuce, beets, radishes, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, and cabbages, though the bugs took all of the last named. We reveled in vegetables and did not buy a pound of meat from May till October, for we did not care for it. I experimented and found I could make good soups without meat, and we had vegetables in great variety of dress. I tried frying cucumbers and green tomatoes, but cannot say I cultivated a taste for them. Corn we boiled, fried and stewed; we prefer the boiled corn, cooked only ten minutes in salted water.

Our potatoes were fine and we had them from the first of July till December. As our seed had cost about one dollar, our butcher bill nothing, our grocery bill small, and our health excellent, we felt our experiment had been a success.

Tomatoes are a very great convenience. One may slice and eat them fresh; stew, fry or bake, with seasoning and serve on moistened toast, convert into soup, add to a meat stew to give flavor, make into catsup or spiced tomatoes, or use green for pickles and preserves.

TOMATO SOUP.

One quart of pared and sliced or canned tomatoes, one quart of water, boil for forty minutes, add one-half cupful of graham or white flour, mixed to a cream with cold water, a tablespoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste; add one and one-half cupfuls of milk, bring to a boil, and it is ready to serve.

POTATO SOUP

is another good dish and easily made. Take three large potatoes, peel and slice them, cook till very soft in a quart of water (it boils down), add one quart of milk, salt and pepper, let scald, then put in a spoonful of butter and lift. For those partial to onion flavor, an improvement might be made by cooking a small onion with the potatoes. That brings to mind another, a

POTATO AND ONION SOUP.

Take three medium sized potatoes, three small onions, one-half cupful of rice. Slice potatoes and onions and put with the rice into three pints of water; cook thoroughly, pour through a colander, add salt and pepper, let scald and lift into tureen containing small lump of butter and a few crackers broken in two.

DELAY IN FORWARDING PRIZES.

Over eight thousand prizes were awarded to competitors in the last Word Competition, and the Publishers of THE QUEEN have been forwarding at the rate of over three hundred a day since the close of the contest. No one, not having had an experience in this line, can appreciate the large amount of work involved in carefully looking over the lists, awarding the prizes in order of merit and forwarding them properly. In the last contest, we can say universal satisfaction has been given to competitors. There have been, of course, some cases where parties have gone into the competition expecting to win one of the leading prizes, and having failed in this, were dissatisfied with prize awarded them. Of course this is not the fault of THE QUEEN, and is to be expected. We endeavor to make our rules plain and distinct, and parties going into the contest must comply with them in case they expect to receive a prize. All prizes will be awarded in order of merit, without showing partiality to persons or locality. No charge is made for entering the contest. We simply ask that \$1.00 be enclosed for one year's subscription to THE QUEEN, and we prefer that all those who do not consider THE QUEEN well worth the amount asked, will refrain from entering the contest.

EXPLANATION OF WORD CONTEST No. 2.

In reply to several inquiries, the intention of Rule 1 is, that all complete words, either English or Anglicised, excepting proper names, will be admitted. In placing a construction on this, all words in bold faced type (not italicised) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be considered admissible. In Rule 6 the intention is, that prefixes and suffixes are not allowed as complete words, but are admissible as part of a compound word.

EXPENSE OF FORWARDING PRIZES.

A uniform charge of 25cts. will be made on each prize awarded to cover expense of packing and forwarding. This will also include the City of Toronto, and all prizes awarded in the City will be delivered at street address. All small packages will be sent by mail, postage prepaid by us; large packages will be forwarded by express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

THE PRIZE LIST.

In THE QUEEN'S "free trip to Europe" Word Contest closing Aug. 1st, 1890. Won by Mr. T. C. Doidge, of 372 Wellesley St., Toronto, a 4th year under-graduate of Toronto University.

A	actu	aita	anteclan
a	acu	aiuc	antacci
acadian	acqua	ain	antenicono
acantha	acht	an	antonna
acanthine	achta	anda	antennae
acanthi	achtea	ana	antennine
achetadae	ad	ane	anteine
ac	adact	ancient	antienne
aco	adaunt	ancion	antic
acan	aden	ancian	antique
act	ade	anto	anciennete
acted	adeguate	antea	anni
acto	adieu	antiqua	antiqua
action	adit	antiqua	antiqua
acunte	adnato	andante	aquatic
acetiique	adune	anent	aquac
acute	adh	aniout	aguitance
achaian	adhuc	ann	at
ached	nece	annat	ati
achean	ace	annata	ate
achacan	acet	annen	atche
achate	aceten	anca	athenian
acid	ah	ande	atque
acide	aha	anatine	ata
acquet	ahend	andino	ath
acne	ahia	aneath	audience
acquaint	ahi	anotic	audient
acquainted	ahita	anui	cinquo
acquit	ahtan	anna	audited
ach	ahte	annuent	auht
acho	ahuda	aununciate	aune
acat	ahc	aununciate	aunt
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acen	aid	anta	aude
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	chi	die	enquante
	chien	dat	enuel
	chi	diet	entice
	chad	diete	enticed
	chain	dieta	enunuciate
	chalie	diasta	enunuciate
	che	din	equant
	chad	dine	equante
	chain	dino	equate
	chetinna	dit	equated
	chained	ditch	equine
	chant	dic	equita
	chanted	dite	etch
	cuende	dibt	etched
	cudde	dihau	etbe
	cusman	ditta	etbie
	cunne	ducat	ethique
	cuite	duc	ethnic
	cuth	duct	ethnique
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	cnu	duena	etui
	cnuth	duenna	etude
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	churte	duna	equin
	cadan	duna	ehi
	chanteau	dunce	eiobe
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A FEW WINNERS IN LAST "WORD CONTEST."

Miss Harriett D. Drummond, 124 Crawford St., Toronto, Toilet Case; A. C. Steele, Barrister, 1 Metcalf St., Toronto, Crown Derby Salad Bowl; J. Waddell, 26 Kensington Ave., Toronto, Silver Pickle Dish; Jao. Galbraith, P. O. Clerk, Toronto, Silver Castor; Mrs. Dunston, 4 Russell St., Toronto, Plush Horn Foot Stool; Mrs. Henderson, 310 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Hora Whisk Holder; Mrs. J. T. Richardson, 92 Queen St. East, Toronto, Silver Biscuit Jar; J. S. Warren, 92 Queen St. East, Toronto, Solid Silver Horse Ring; Mrs. A. Robinson, 120 Bleeker St., Toronto, Barrel Mantel Clock; John Fyfe, 1 Police Station, Toronto, Brass Padlock Mantel Clock; Calvin Raymond, 4 Frederick St., Parkdale, Silver Castor; Miss E. Moore, Box 34, Hamilton, Odor Case; Miss Sarah Beveridge, 102 Queen St. South, Hamilton, Screen Fan; E. V. Emory, M. D., 38 Main St. West, Hamilton, Silver Water Set; Frank Vale, 44 Gore St., Hamilton, Silver Mantel Clock; Miss Aggie Meikle, Galt, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss Lizzie Cooper, Whitby, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss H. G. Hart, Guelph, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss Lenore Cutten, Guelph, Satchel Set; Miss Norma McLaren, St. Catharines, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss J. M. Dalton, St. Catharines, Photo Fan; Miss Nellie Murch, St. Thomas, Writing Desk; James Leitch, St. Thomas, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss May L. Johnson, Combermere, Screen Fan; Miss Ida G. Clelland, Collingwood, Silver Cream Pitcher; A. J. Jones, Thorold, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss Minnie E. French, Uxbridge, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss Jessie Dalton, Brantford, Screen Fan; Miss Julia O'Grady, Brantford, Screen Fan; Miss Lillie Douding, Brantford, Writing Desk; Miss C. Chapman, Brantford, Foot Stool; Miss Bella Moore, Brockville, Plush and Horn Foot Stool; Miss Edith Power, Kingston, Silver Fruit Dish; Miss Elizabeth Raushausen, Cornwall, Plush and Horn Foot Stool; E. S. E. Dawson, Chatham, Screen Fan; T. J. Richardson, 238 Nelson St., Ottawa, Silver 5 O'Clock Tea Set; Miss Bella H. Meadie, Sarnia, Silver Cream Pitcher; C. W. Bowbeer, Simcoe, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss Ethel Fuller, Stratford, Silver Cream Pitcher; Miss G. Mitchell, 310 St. Urban St., Montreal, Silver Tete-a-Tete Kettle; Miss Maggie O'Donoghue, Halifax, N.S., Silver Coffee Set; Miss Annie F. Kennedy, Yarmouth, N.S., Dinner Castor; Mrs. Hauliston, North Sydney, N.S., Satchel Bags; M. J. Siveright, Box 16, New Glasgow, N.S., Silver Pitcher; Miss Annie Miller, 173 Princess St., St. John, Lady's Gold Watch; W. J. Neilson, 689 Main St., Winnipeg, Pickle Dish; Miss Edith M. Hill, Portage La Prairie, Castor; Jos. F. Sharp, 74 Douglas St., Victoria, B.C., Castor; Miss Hobson, Box 506, Vancouver, B.C., Silk Dress.

Hamilton, Ont.

The pair of sugar spoons arrived safely this morning. They are very pretty and I hope every one is as well satisfied with their prize as I am.

MRS. ALDOUS.

P. O. Dpt. Toronto, Canada, Sept. 4th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Dear Sir.—Your silver dinner cruet as my award in the recent competition to hand, and I am glad to say that I am well pleased with it, and has given satisfaction.

I am, yours, etc.,

JOHN GALBRAITH.

Hamilton, Sept. 6th, 1890.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Your express parcel containing silver water set came to hand yesterday, I think it is very pretty indeed, you will please accept my thanks.

Yours, etc.,

C. V. EMORY, M.D.

Port Perry, Sept. 6th, 1890.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Dear Sir.—Please accept my thanks for the prize which I received from you the other day. Am very well satisfied, the spoons are very pretty. Hoping to receive your paper monthly.

I am, yours truly,

SARA F. ROSS.

Toronto, Aug. 30th, 1890.

The publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Dear Sirs.—I am just in receipt of the very handsome Crown Derby salad bowl awarded me at your recent Word Competition. As I was and am wholly unacquainted with anyone in any way connected with your journal I look upon the prize strictly as a "reward of merit," and not as an evidence of favor or partiality.

Yours faithfully,

A. C. STEELE.

Hamilton, Aug. 31st, 1890.

Dear Sir.—I received prize in good order and like it well. With thanks.

Respectfully,

N. ARNOLD.



This illustrates "Donald" one of THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S Ponies. The October number will contain a picture of "Flo," which is admitted by all who have seen her as the handsomest "pony" in Canada. The girl or boy winning the special Pony Prize can choose either of the two.

Household Information.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

To make yellow butter in winter, just before finishing churning put in the yolk of eggs.

German silver, being composed of copper, arsenic and nickle, should never be used for spoons or vessels for cooking.

Bathing the parts affected in strong tepid salt and water is good for spinal affection and other bone diseases.

A person dying from the effects of chloroform can be restored by an electric shock.

When a book gets wet, wipe off the moisture with a soft cloth, but do not dry it by the fire.

In order to obtain a good draught, never pile the coal higher than the lining of the stove.

By putting a little vinegar on a fish it will keep in the warmest weather.

Bent whalebones can be straightened by soaking them in hot water.

Clean white fur by rubbing it in white flour; then hang it in the yard for half an hour, after which repeat the process several times.

Dip the point of nails in lard, and they will go through the hardest wood.

To take iron rust from granite, scrub it with diluted muriatic acid.

Soda and water is best for washing off ceilings smoked by an oil lamp.

Dr. George Shepherd recommends water, as hot as the throat will bear it, for a gargle. As much as a pint should be used at a time.

Dr. W. A. Hammond says quinine should be used with great caution, as it is a potent cause of congestion of the brain. Another physician affirms that he has known it to produce apoplexy, mania, and insanity. It also causes deafness and blindness.

When using a lamp with a flat wick, if you will take a piece of clean cotton stocking it will prove as good as bought wicks. If the wick is soaked in vinegar before using it will not smoke.

A coat of gum-copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines, will make the soles waterproof, and they last longer than they would otherwise do.

The following is a good way to dye mosses: For green, boil half a pound of alum in four quarts of water, and dissolve half a pound of finely powdered mineral blue in it; for red, boil as much red analine in rain water as will produce a pretty red. The dye should be hot when the moss is dipped in it.

Cotton cloth may be bleached by using a spoonful of sal soda and one of chloride of lime dissolved in soft water. The goods must be rinsed thoroughly afterwards in cold soft water. In ironing Hamburg embroideries always iron on the wrong side. A damp cloth placed underneath will add much to the beauty.

Every housewife should add to her store of bed-linen at least three sheets, three pairs of pillow cases, and one dozen towels once a year.

When cleaning the cellar, add a little copperas, water and salt to the whitewash.

To take out stains put one teaspoonful of chloride of lime in about three quarts of water; this will take almost any stain out of white goods. Put the stained part in the water and let it stand in it till the stain is out.

Hartshorn often restores colors that have been taken out by acid.

Fresh lemon or orange peel is useful to remove tar from the hands.

A splendid cough medicine: Boil an ounce of flax-seed in a pint of water: strain it, and add one ounce of rock candy, some honey, and the juice of three lemons. Boil all together, and drink it hot.

A teacupful of lye in a pail of water greatly improves the appearance of black goods.

Dry buckwheat flour will remove grease spots from carpets, etc., if repeatedly applied till the stain is out.

Red ants may be banished by keeping a small bag of sulphur where they are liable to congregate.

A good cement for china and glass-ware may be made of three ounces of resin, one ounce of caustic soda, and five ounces of water.

Tin rubbed with paper will shine better than when rubbed with flannel.

Tea leaves scattered over the carpets will brighten the colors and prevent the dust from rising.

You can keep worms away from dried fruits by sprinkling sassafras-bark amongst the fruit.

Lay a layer or two of wadded carpet lining under your oilcloth. It will make the oilcloth last much longer.

Always starch shirt bosoms on the right side.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water and applied with a woolen cloth will clean silver or gold.

Gum camphor is offensive to mice, and will keep them away from places where it is scattered about.

Remove stains from ivory knife handles with salts of lemon.

Newspapers wrapped closely around woollens will keep out moths.

DAINTY LINEN.

Ladies seem to pride themselves on their beautiful linens—all sorts, for the dining-room, kitchen, pantry and bedroom.

Such exquisite little pieces in the shape of mats on which to put a water-bottle, cake-tray, or choice dish of fruit.

Then there are large-sized oak and maple leaves made of huck crash cut in the leaf shape, and covered with silk embroidery, even the veins brought out in delicate relief.

The centre-piece to match has a border of the same leaves, all handsomely embroidered in silk.

Something entirely different, but can be used for the same purpose, are mats of sheer linen cambric with hem-stitched borders, and showing a two-inch border or band in fine drawn-work.

A small lunch-cloth is made of fine linen cambric. This art-piece shows the most exquisite drawn-work border and nine-inch square block centre, all divided up into little blocks, and held together by delicate threads interwoven with silk cord.

Dainty finger-bowl doilies are made to match each set, as well as tea-tray cloth and napkins.

A "yellow set," and one that was strikingly handsome, was a plain white-linen, the hem beautifully hem-stitched, and in each corner a spray of daisies embroidered.

Still another was a "dinner-set." That, too, was of fine linen, hemstitched hems, and instead of daisies, there was a monogram or letter beautifully worked.

Among the handsomest of decorated naperly sets are those in blocks or checks of drawn or darned work. The blocks are filled in with a blossom of magnificent size of Kensington satin-stitch embroidery, done with silk or linen floss. "Decorator and Furnisher" describes a set in illustration for a tea-table, which has the drawn and darned work done in gold-colored silk with the blocks or squares

relieved with great cactus blossoms done in white silk. The set consist of the tablecloth, one dozen napkins, and one dozen doilies. The finish is a hem with bordering of Irish crotchet lace, of very delicate design, the lace on tablecloth being about six inches wide, and that on napkins four inches wide, and that on the doilies two inches in width.

The plain satteen tablecloth with side ribbon borders, which now comes in complete sets, is admirable for decorating, and is extremely handsome.

In the fancy of the moment for white on white in table-linen embroidery, delightful effects can be secured by powdering the centre with blossoms or floral sprays, or with fruits, and between the bands of the bordering may be a floral garland or a fruit design; or, with the surrounding garland a mat of flowers may be massed in three of the corners, with the owner's monogram in the fourth corner. Nor need the embroidery be confined to white, unless absence of color be practically considered in the use of several different sets of china. Gold-color, red, and blue on white linen are very charming in embroidery, or the coloring may be after nature.

ARTISTICALLY FOLDED NAPKINS.

Needlework is going out of date, painting and spatter-work have lost their charm, and knitting never was a fashionable waste of time.

The cheapness at which the apparatus for amateur photography can be produced has "commonized" that art, and aside from the hard work and scientific skill necessary to make a good tennis-player, the sport is limited to youth and beauty. Hence the need for a new device to occupy pretty hands and display delicately molded wrists and beautiful jewels.

For the nonce the gay world is folding table napkins. The snowy napery is sent upstairs in the silver-basket to madame and mademoiselle, who proceed to transform the cedar-scented linen into Mikado fans, *fleur-de-lis*, cardinal's hat, *poissoniere*, Neapolitan buckles, etc.

These are popular forms, and then there is a more difficult series, including a pagoda, Cinderella's slipper, the Oxford, Cambridge and Carlton tower; historical crosses, the iris, swan and peacock, and the crest of a half-dozen principalities.

It must not be supposed that these napery designs are originated; on the contrary, they are the result of long and close study from imported paper patterns.

The models are done in antique paper, and the creaser so well pressed that it is quite an easy matter to restore the design after opening.

These ornate fancies are arranged in the flat, never in a tumbler, placed on the cloth between the knives and forks, and in the petals or folds the *boutonniere*, the flower pin and frequently the finger roll, now so fashionable, are inserted.

WORN OUT SHOES HAVE THEIR USES.

The Italian scavenger who rakes up your ash-barrel and sends the dust flying over your door-step knows this well, and his black eyes glisten at the sight of old leather. If the shoes are not worn to shreds, he sells them to a second-hand dealer and they are patched up and resoled; but if they are past mending, he takes them home to his cellar and rips them all apart, or his wife and children do. The pieces he sells to a manufacturer. From the larger pieces after being soaked till the leather is soft, the uppers of

children's shoes are cut. The soles are cut into small pieces to make up the layers of the heels of other shoes, the iron pegs that are not bent, can be used over again, and the little scraps that are left after all this are subjected to a treatment that makes them all one pliable mass from which a kind of artistic leather is rolled out. This is used for covering chairs, books, trunks, boxes, etc. Many fancy patterns are stamped on it, and the trade in this kind of "embossed" leather in the United States is a well established one.

A PRETTY BAG.

Suitable for duster or work-bag; and so pretty one would not imagine the foundation to be what it really is—a piece of ticking thirty inches long and twelve wide. Cover each white stripe with a wide "cat-stitch" of colored embroidery silk, using any bright assortment of light and dark shades. Then, in the middle of the dark stripes of ticking, sew a row of gilt or silver tinsel.

Line this piece with surah or silesia, with an interlining of crinoline. Then with a strong thread gather the long sides and draw each up tightly and fasten. On each side put a ribbon rosette and hang by a band of ribbon passing from one bow to the other.

"Pig in a poke" is the latest novelty in sachets. A little bag is made of silk or satin ribbon, or anything desirable, many are made of brown linen.

There is a shirr at the top and a small silk cord or twisted silk thread with a small tassel or ball on each end, is run through. This is drawn tightly around the neck, or just below the fore feet, of a little china pig. The remainder of piggie is in the bag.

A SUGGESTION TO HOUSEWIVES.

It is astonishing to think what sort of things we have to eat, and in what condition. I consider the kitchen as being the devil's own organized kingdom against the kingdom of health in the human family. The want of economy, springing from the want of knowledge; the gross food, the greasy food, the want of delicacy and regard for the finer elements of health and life—is amazing, it is piteous, it is heathenish. The heathens live better than we do oftentimes in that regard. We do not want any French morality, but we should like some French cuisine. The art of rendering the poorest meat and the cheapest, such as are within the reach of all, into such tasteful and relishful dishes as shall perfectly satisfy the men that gorge themselves with pork and with rude beef and all that, and teach young women how wisely and economically and delicately to cook as to lay a foundation for their future married life that will avail much. I would not hold back any moral or religious element but the kitchen has a great deal to do with grace in civilized society.

Forty years ago there were more distinguished authors in the United States than there are to-day. At that time Irving, Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, Bryant, Prescott, Emerson, Willis, Bayard, Taylor, Simms, and Powell, were living American writers. Of these, Lowell alone survives, and he has written very little for five years. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation as an author scarcely began before he was fifty, grows garrulous with his four score years. Whittier, the Quaker poet was another plant that bloomed late. He is now past three score and ten, and, unlike the Poet Laureate of England, is rarely inspired to write.

STARCH.

The mealy substance known by the name of starch forms the basis of some very simple and easily performed chemical experiments. Rasp some potatoes on a grater, knead the pulp thus obtained with water, and squeeze it in a linen cloth; the fibrous particles of the cells remain behind, but the juice, together with a large proportion of the starch, runs through. Let the liquid remain quiet for some hours; it becomes clear because the heavier starch settles at the bottom. Pour off the liquid, wash the starch several times with fresh water, allowing it to settle each time, and then dry in a moderately warm place, and starch will be the result.

Heat in a flask the liquid poured from the starch, and after boiling a few moments it deposits a flaky substance, which is vegetable albumen.

If starch is placed in a ladle and gently heated with constant agitation till dried up, hard, horny granules are obtained, which swell when boiling water is poured on them. These granules are called sago.

Heat in a vessel half a drachm of starch with an ounce and a half of water, stirring till it boils, and you have starch as it is used for stiffening linen.

If starch paste is allowed to stand for a length of time in a warm place, it gradually is converted into lactic acid—the same acid that gives to buttermilk its well-known sour taste.

If starch is heated over a gentle flame and constantly stirred to prevent burning, it acquires after a while a yellow and finally a brownish-yellow color, and then possesses the new property of dissolving in either cold or hot water into a mucilaginous liquid. This is called dextrine, and is used as a gum for many useful purposes. Starch gum of a white color may also be made by mixing half an ounce of starch with one drachm of water and four drops of nitric acid. Let the mixture dry in the air, and evaporate the nitric acid at a gentle heat.

Bring to brisk boiling two ounces and a half of water, to which twenty drops of sulphuric acid have been added, and then add one ounce of starch mixed with a little water, forming a paste, but only in small quantities at once, that the boiling may not be interrupted. When all the starch is stirred in, let the mixture boil for some minutes. Then add chalk to neutralize the acid, filter the liquid through porous paper, and evaporate to the consistency of a thick syrup. The starch syrup thus made, as well as the white solid starch sugar, are both articles of commerce.

It has not yet been explained how this effect is produced, but as starch, starch gum and starch sugar have each the same constitution, the difference is undoubtedly caused by a different grouping into molecules of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen of which they are composed, which is effected by the sulphuric acid.

SIMPLE BEAUTIFIERS.

"People, like horses, must be well groomed to look well," says a practical man. Of course they must, and although a fine complexion cannot be secured by the mere outward application of cosmetics, one need not forego having a few simple aids to beauty on the toilet table. A quart bottle of rain, rose, or lavender water into which has been stirred an ounce of tincture of benzoin makes a refreshing wash for the face, which whitens the skin and prevents it from being tanned. A bottle of Jamaica rum with about ten grains of quinine in it is not unwise to have on hand to keep the hair from falling out and to promote its growth.

The camphor bottle, borax for softening hard water, cold cream for chapped hands and face are all necessary to have, and a dainty box of simple powder is quite admissible, for cunning old Dame Nature softens the gloss on the lily with downy pullen and powders the cheek of the peach, so the winsome beauty may be allowed to soften the flush on her own by the judicious use of the powder puff. All these simple beautifiers may be helpful in a small way, but no one can be beautiful or healthful without exercise. Muscles grow flabby and lose their pliancy when not used. Only the flexible body that can turn and bend and move with ease can be truly graceful.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A USEFUL SWEEPING APRON.

I saw a few days since, a new idea for a sweeping or dusting apron. It was made of unbleached muslin. There was a hem down each side to about eighteen inches from the top, fastened on the upper edge with a brier stitch of yellow silk. Each lower corner of the apron was turned over at right angles, meeting in the centre. The hem around these corners was finished with the silk brier stitching also. The point in the centre at the bottom was turned up and secured with the stitching. Each corner was divided into two pockets by perpendicular rows of stitching. Across the top there was a hem an inch and a half in width, and through this a yellow satin ribbon was passed with long ends for strings. One can imagine the comfort and saving of time by finding the soft dust-cloth and pair of old gloves always in place in one of the pockets.

LEMONS MAKE GOOD SOAP.—Lemons are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean. There is an acid in the lemon similar to that used in soap. And in countries where oranges grow in great plenty country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two and the juicy side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot and then on the boot. Then the boot is rubbed with a soft brush and a bright polish at once appears.

AN excellent drink, to take the place of tea or coffee, when something warm is desired for invalids or children, is made as follows: Mix together one cupful each of flour, corn meal, graham and molasses, with enough water added to mould the dough; make into small, flat cakes, which bake until extremely brown and dry. One cake will make a cupful of drink. Pour cold water over it and let it steep twenty minutes, and sugar and cream, and you have a beverage both healthful and palatable.

A GOOD CLEANSING FLUID.—Dissolve three ounces of castile soap in one quart of warm water, then add two ounces of ether, four of ammonia, and one each of glycerine and alcohol. If the article to be cleansed is not very badly soiled, one teaspoonful of the fluid to a teacupful of warm water is about the right proportion. More may be used if necessary.

YACHTING, as a pastime for ladies, is growing in favor, year by year, though not so much here as in England, where eleven clubs last year had races on thirty-four different days.

Floriculture.

HINTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

GRETA BEVERLY.

This is usually a trying month for our plants, and the gardener who would have her plants keep up their fine appearance, will find constant watching and care necessary. Remove all dying leaves, fading flowers and unhealthy shoots, keeping the flower beds and borders as neat and beautiful as possible. If the weather is very dry, water well and thoroughly.

In repotting for winter plants, use clean pots and be sure to have good drainage. When plenty of bloom is desired, most plants do better if not given too much root room; good, fresh soil should be provided.

Tie asters neatly to stakes, and do not let them lack for water. Rich earth must be given to them, as they are gross feeders and will not do well in poor soil.

Pinch in those geraniums that are intended for winter, so as to have nice, bushy plants.

For fine dahlia blooms, allow but one main shoot to each plant, and tie it up neatly to a stout stick.

Everlasting flowers for winter should be gathered before they are fully open; tie them in bundles and hang them with their heads down in a dry, shady place.

For verbenas that are rather exhausted from blooming, cut them back severely and give them frequent doses of liquid manure, or strew some artificial fertilizer over the ground around them.

Climbing roses, if not already pruned, should be looked after this month. Prune away all superfluous shoots, shorten some of the longer ones into proper shape, and manure well. Proper ripening of the wood this year will furnish more blooms for next year, as the next season's flowers will grow from the wood of this season.

Comparative dryness is said to be favorable to blooming, and moisture to growth.

Give carnations intended for winter bloom a rich, fibrous soil, and cut back this month for the last time.

Freesias are lovely winter blooming bulbs and may be started earlier than many other varieties of bulbs. Place a dozen in a large pot and they will make a fine window ornament, while their fragrance is exquisite.

Glossinias, after having bloomed, should be set in a cool place, and the watering gradually reduced until they are entirely dry, then set them away to rest until wanted for another season.

Seeds of browallia, and ten-weeks' stock, may be sown now for winter blooming.

Nearly all plants are quite easily rooted from cuttings, and with a little care any one can be successful in rooting them. Have a wooden box from two to three inches deep, and large enough to hold a good many cuttings; bore a hole in each corner of the box, so as to allow all overflow of water to drain off, fill the box with good, clean sand, press it down a little, and then make a hole in the sand with a stick or knife, and insert your cutting in the hole, pressing the sand firmly around it. After the cuttings are in, give a thorough watering; give

a warm location, but shade them from the hot sun. Watch the sand every day, so that it is not allowed to become dry, but do not over water, or water them when the sand is wet, as the cuttings would be apt to rot. Keep all dead leaves cut off, and your cuttings will probably be nicely rooted in from two to three weeks' time.

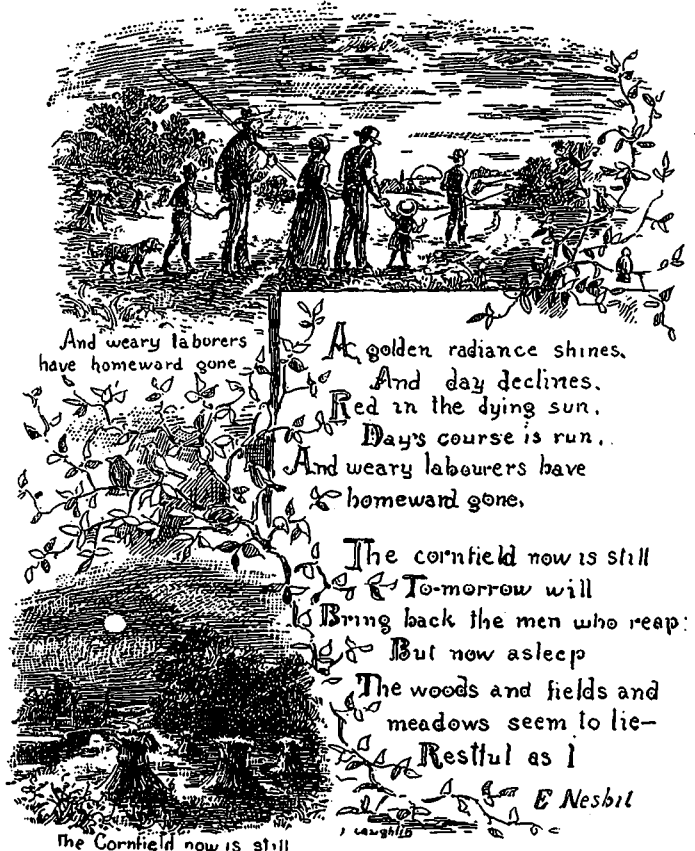
All shrubby house-plants, like daphnes, ereias, azaleas, camelias, etc., should be shifted this month, if they need it at all.

Old fuchsia plants may now be severely cut back and repotted, being careful not to over water while the young growth is starting.

Winter-blooming begonias should be well pinched back, so as to induce stockiness and greater profusion of bloom later on.

Pansy seed should be planted for next spring's flowering. In watering ivies always use cold water. If any one is troubled with white worms in the earth, around the plants, just put a few drops of carbolic acid in the water with which you water your plants. They will trouble you no longer.

CURE FOR RASH.—For infants suffering from the rash which usually accompanies teething, nothing gives relief quicker than to bathe the parts affected with warm water into which a little pine tar has been stirred, or the tar may be diluted with warm water to the consistency of sweet cream and rubbed into the skin thoroughly. Both methods are equally efficacious.



And weary laborers
have homeward gone

A golden radiance shines,

And day declines.

Red in the dying sun.

Days course is run.

And weary labourers have
homeward gone.

The cornfield now is still

To-morrow will

Bring back the men who reap:

But now asleep

The woods and fields and
meadows seem to lie—

Restful as I

E Nesbit

The Cornfield now is still



Ye Dainty Ladies Please Take Notice.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S

RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS.

These Preparations are Famous as the ones Endorsed and Used by the MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF EVERY COUNTRY

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS:

From Mesdames ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI, BERNHARDT, LANGREY, POTTER, MODJESKA, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, And thousands of others.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the receipt used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sun burn, pimples, red spots, or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as an infant's. Price, 3/6.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial, and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Price \$1.50.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving. Price, 3/6.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving, and for the toilet generally. Large boxes, \$1; small boxes, 50c.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion. Scented, 60c; unscented, 25c.

Read the following quotation from a certificate signed by three of the most eminent chemists in America:

"The constituents of the Recamier Cream are well known remedial agents, and their properties are fully described and authorized in America and French Pharmacopoeias. They are combined in a way which while novel, is chemically correct, the resulting preparation being perfectly safe and beneficial for the uses specified. In the proper case of sense the word, Recamier Cream is not a cosmetic, but a remedial agent for the skin."

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,

Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American Chemical Societies,

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph. D.,

Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,

Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier preparations, refuse substitutes. Get them by order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street east, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.—Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 60c; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1; small boxes, 50c.

ROSA BONHEUR, the greatest animal painter of her time, is sixty-seven years old, yet she says she has still work enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. In 1850 she bought an old house in the little village of By, on the banks of the Seine, not far from the forest of Fontainebleau. There she has lived and wrought ever since. She has added stables and studio to her house. In the stables and grounds she has had from time to time a veritable menagerie of animals, including lions, chamois, bears, gazelles and an elk. She spends much time out-doors, walking or riding in a little carriage which she herself drives. At her work and out-doors, she wears a man's clothing, with a peasant blouse. Her life has been devoted to her art, pure and simple, and rich has been her reward. There are some wrinkles in her face now, but neither her marvellous mental nor physical powers are weakened one whit. Her enthusiasm keeps her always young.

The Canadian Queen

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Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.

Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas Street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.

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J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency. Many such letters on file.

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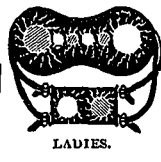
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Eminent men in all countries not only endorse but recommend the use of electricity in their practice.

THE REASON WHY

you should use electricity is because you can be cured without medicine.

The Medical Fraternity of the world acknowledge this fact, but do not know how to apply it.

DR. A. OWEN

after years of experiment and study has solved the mystery in the production of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances, which are covered by Patents in the United States, Canada, England and Continental Europe, and pronounced by Patent experts to be the best and only Electric Belt that will reach the seat of disease.

These belts and appliances are invaluable to those who are in a weak, nervous and debilitated condition, or who are suffering from acute disease. Because of the moveable disks, patented by Dr. Owen, and used by him and him alone, the affected parts can be readily reached. Belts with disks on that are not moveable cannot be used in that way and will do more harm than good. A trial will convince you.

RHEUMATISM

is a disease co-extensive with the habitable world. It is found wherever man is found. It does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces in supplying defects and correcting irregularities.

NEURALGIA

is either a loss of or derangement of the nervous force. Electricity is the only known force that in any way resembles nerve force and can, in a large degree, replace nerve force in some of its functions. Electricity can certainly do this.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts by the patient himself or an attendant of ordinary intelligence.

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As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanism. This is a blessing that the Owen Belt confers that is inestimable. Use the Electric Cure and shun the drug stores.

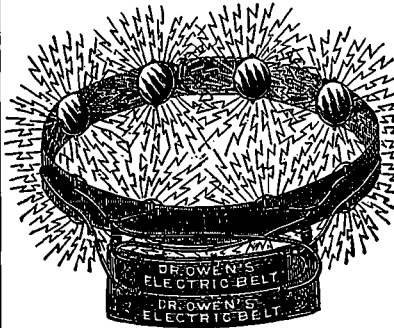
WOMEN.

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex.

A BOON FOR LADIES.

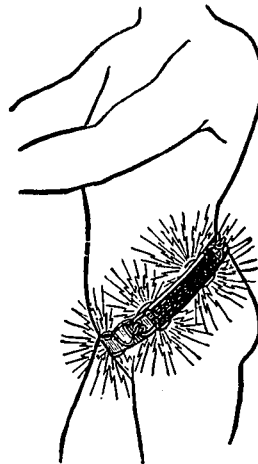
In this age of the world there are but few ladies who can be considered in perfect health. There are many chronic diseases to which every one is liable, and many peculiar alone to the female sex. These promote lost health, general debility and weakness, humorous secretions, profuse hemorrhages, unnatural discharges, enlargements, nervousness and a host of other symptoms, which render so

LADIES' BELT No. 4.



LADIES' BELT

As worn for Falling of the Womb and Female Weakness.



Front View.

Beware of Imitations.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of the Owen Electric Belt, we desire to warn the public against purchasing worthless productions put upon the market at less price than the Genuine Owen Electric Belt can be purchased for. OUR TRADE MARK is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

Cured of Female Weakness and Nervous Debility.

WORCHESTER, MASS., Jan. 25, 1890.
The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

GENTLEMEN: The belt I purchased of you some time ago for my wife has done more good than we ever expected. It has cured my wife of Female Weakness and Nervous Debility. She had doctored without receiving any permanent relief, until she put on your Ladies' Belt, and now she says she is entirely cured. She can most highly recommend your belt to everyone suffering as she has been. Your belt is entirely as represented. Yours thankfully,
A. ANDERSON, 18 Mullberry St.

many thousands miserable and discontented. There are several reasons why female complaints are so common and the sufferings so prolonged. One reason is, the ordinary mode of treatment fails to reach the seat of disease, and proves utterly inefficient in effecting a cure. Another reason is the false modesty of the ladies, which leads them to conceal their condition, instead of making it known and seeking for means of relief. For all the above diseases Dr. Owen's wonderful Body Battery is the proper treatment, as by following the simple directions it can be applied effectively and with the utmost privacy by the patient. There is a mild, continuous electric current generated by these Appliances, which penetrates the various organs of the reproductive system and all the adjoining parts, and infuses new life and vigor by the most direct and effective method. It is Nature's cure.

LOST MANHOOD.

This is pre-eminently a nervous disease. The nervous symptoms always predominate. There is a loss of nerve force, or a disorder of nervous force. The successful treatment must supply what is lacking, nervous force, and must correct the disorders. It is a well known fact that Electricity is the only known force that in any way resembles nervous force, that can take the place of nervous force, or that can correct the derangements of nervous force.

Hundreds have been cured by the application of the Owen Belt where the use of drugs failed entirely. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

The following are among the diseases cured without medicine by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

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Liver Complaint.	Nervous Complaints.
Kidney Disease.	Urinary Diseases.
Female Complaints.	General Ill-Health.

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

Other Belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

We Always Lead and Never Follow

Our invention has proved a great boon to suffering humanity, and we are not content to remain idle, but add one improvement after another, as soon as we see it is necessary, each being covered by a patent.

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Are situated at 71 King St. West, where we shall be pleased to meet our patrons and their friends and give all necessary information.

Persons making enquiry from the writers of Testimonials must in all cases send self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a reply.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please enclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue and valuable information, together with recent sworn testimonials of parties cured by the Owen Electric Belt. Catalogues in English, Swedish, Norwegian and German. Address,

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.,
71 King St. West, Toronto.

G. G. PATTERSON,
Manager for Canada.

Mention this paper.

Children's Department.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were up stairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in Grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded, as if pussy said, "I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around Kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And-I-guess-I-want-to-see-my-mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must; I shut Kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't Kitty?" "Because Kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

A PRINCE WHO BIT.

Much light will be thrown upon the character and career of Napoleon III. by the memoirs, soon to appear, of Madame Cornu, who was the foster-sister, the early playmate and the almost life-long confidante of the last emperor of the French. Certain anticipations of this work have already appeared in Paris. Madame Cornu, whose maiden name was Hortense Lacroix, was the daughter of one of Queen Hortense's ladies of honor. She was a year younger than Louis Napoleon; she was educated with him at St. Loo and Arenenberg, and was his daily playmate as a child.

"He was a very attractive child," Madame Cornu has said; "gentle, intelligent, and more like a girl than a boy. When we quarrelled, he did not strike me—he bit me."

"I never struck you," he said to me afterward.

"No," I answered, "you never struck me, but how many times you've bitten me!"

"Not to strike, but to bite—that was the whole nature of the man."

As he grew older, Louis Napoleon became a taciturn, moody, dreamy, even timid boy, who needed to be actually

shaken by his young foster-sister, Hortense, now and then, to bring him to a realizing sense of the world about him.

He early became seized with the notion that he was the creature of fate, and was being impelled to great deeds by an irresistible destiny. He believed that he would fill more pages of history than his uncle, Napoleon I., and that these pages would be actually more brilliant than those his uncle had filled.

When his elder brother had died, the idea took possession of him that he must work his way to the throne of France. "To this object," says Madame Cornu, "he would have sacrificed Europe, France, his best friends—his very self." She declares that he did not possess the moral sense. He even cultivated his morbid, moody manner in order to give the world an impression of self-contained, contemplative greatness, and trained himself to a trick of holding his eyes half shut, which was not natural to him.

His foster-sister, Hortense, refused to see him for eleven years after he overthrew the liberties of France, so great was her detestation of that act. After the birth of his son, the Prince Imperial, she renewed her acquaintance with his family, but never entered into political sympathy with him. She had always a suspicion of his purpose, and a vivid sense of his cruelties, derived in part, perhaps, from the bites which he inflicted upon her in her childhood.



"THE QUEEN'S" LAST WORD CONTEST.

Above we give our readers a portrait of Mr. T. C. Doidge, of 372 Wellesley Street, Toronto, the fortunate contestant in THE QUEEN'S last "Word Contest," carrying off the first prize of a "Trip to Europe," by making a list of eleven hundred words from letters contained in the text "THE CANADIAN QUEEN."

Mr. Doidge is a fourth year undergraduate of Toronto University, and is known by both the faculty and fellow-students as one of the hardest workers in that Institution. He has received letters of congratulation from friends in all parts of the Dominion and no one begrudges him his "good luck." While he has the appearance of an older man, he is now in his twenty-fourth year. He sails the fore part of this month and will be abroad for several months. His list is published elsewhere in this number of THE QUEEN. In a sense of fairness to our other subscribers, Mr. Doidge will be barred from competing in THE QUEEN'S present Word Contest.

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Carpets. Our stock this Fall is unusually well assorted, and having placed the bulk of our orders before the recent advance in price, we are able to show a very fine selection at **OLD PRICES.** Among the novelties are some exquisite colorings in Wiltons and Best Brussels with Borders to match. We have also in Brussels several Special Lines at 80c., 90c. and \$1.00, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25; a line of best 85c. Tapestry at 60c. and other grades in proportion; also, Special Bargains in



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