



FEBRUARY				
SUN.	2	9	16	23
MON.	3	10	17	24
TUE.	4	11	18	25
WED.	5	12	19	26
THU.	6	13	20	27
FRI.	7	14	21	28
SAT.	8	15	22	29

1896

VOL. I.
HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,
MANNING ARCADE, TORONTO.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 10.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

O RARE old Queen! O sage and diplomatic ruler!

Let the nations pause amid their fretfulness and jarring to look for a moment at the splendid figure of this aged British sovereign, this one woman-form bowed with years, silhouetted against the sunset sky of the nineteenth century.

How wondrous watchful she is of her people's interests; yet how wise in the ways of peace,—rebuking an irascible Kaiser, commending a Transvaal President, appealing to a savage Sultan, in close consultation with her own Government, and quick with words of appreciation and thanks to those who serve the nation.

The aged hands yet firm, the eyes clear-visioned, the judgment sure, the tactful word ever ready, the woman's heart always true.

O wonderful old Queen!—sovereign not of one nation only, but of the world—not until you have passed, with the century, into the shadows, shall we properly estimate your worth, and understand how man's brain and woman's heart have united in you, to make the greatest and most heroic ruler the nations have known.

THE fact that Miss Barton and her staff of nurses of the American Red Cross Association have been refused admission into Turkey, by order of the Sultan, is the most damning evidence that could be afforded of the past year's work of butchery.

If there were nothing to conceal, as the Sultan avers, there would certainly be no reason why admittance should be refused to a band of women whose only mission is one of mercy.

The Armenian episode is one of the darkest in modern history, and leaves a stain upon the annals of the Christian nations which only a like baptism of blood will wash away. No cry of a helpless people unheeded by its brother-men goes unavenged by God. The end is not yet.

THE word "suzerainty," brought so suddenly into vogue by the Transvaal difficulty, has caused considerable searching into dictionaries; even members of the press, who possess all knowledge, plus much that isn't knowledge, have turned a quiet page or two.

It implies apparently a dictatorship, with power of veto. British suzerainty over the Transvaal means that the former has her finger in the latter's pie to the extent of preventing it from going into the oven until she has examined and approved of the contents.

Great Britain may take six months to examine any treaty concluded between South Africa and any foreign power. At the close of that time, if the treaty can be shown to be

inimical to her interest, she can effectually veto it. And now we, who still stand somewhat in awe of the newest public press word, are wondering if France has suzerainty over Madagascar, the United States over Hawaii or Venezuela, Great Britain over Egypt. Has the Canadian Federal Government suzerainty over Manitoba or the reverse? and has a husband suzerainty over his wife?

The press were in need of a new word, "*fin de siècle*," "decadent" and their like having grown somewhat monotonous.

THERE is always more than one way of looking at a question. Possibly one of the weaknesses of these modern days is that we discover too many points of view. But, certainly, the *Pull Mall Gazette* deserves credit for its ingenious recognition that Great Britain owes a debt of gratitude to Emperor William for arousing the patriotism of the British nation, and thus leading to a better understanding with the United States.

Great Britain does not feel the burden of gratitude apparently. Her attitude toward Germany during the past month has been one of hearty indignation; while the white flames of English patriotism have burnt with ominous intensity.

IN this connection it is worth while to quote from a London cable dispatch to the *New York Sun* on January 12th:

There was a wonderful scene at Daly's Theatre last night when Mr. Hayden Coffin sang the new patriotic ballad, "Hands Off," by Henry Hamilton. The lines are spirited, beginning: "England, to arms! The need is nigh." And the chorus concludes:

England for her own, my boys,
It's rule Britannia still.

There have been some surprising demonstrations of popular feeling by this undemonstrative people of late, but never anything like the mad enthusiasm of that crowded house. A spirit which makes women weep, which makes men leap up with white, tense faces, and shout till exhausted, will not long be content with mere words of defiance. Then at the last, when the play was finished and the orchestra sounded the familiar strains, the whole company came upon the stage, and the pit, gallery, and stalls, rose up and attempted to sing "God Save the Queen."

I say attempted, for those raw, strained throats could not sing. They roared, and the harsh, unmusical chorus was more inspiring, more thrilling than any sweeter version of the great anthem ever given. Such scenes as this are more pregnant of meaning than flying squadrons or messages of Presidents and Emperors.

CONCERNING the relationship between Great Britain and the United States, which has been so much discussed during the past weeks, two directly opposite opinions are expressed by two strong and dominant parties existing in both countries. The one declares that the attitude of the United States toward Great Britain is one of intense jealousy and dislike, if not absolute hatred.

Even Conan Doyle, who is personally one of the most genial of men, expresses himself warmly along this line in a recent letter written from Cairo to the *Times*:

The present ebullition of bitter feeling is only one of those recurrent crises which have marked the whole history of the two nations. The feeling is always smouldering, and the least breath of discussion sets it in a blaze. I believe, and have long believed, that the greatest danger which can threaten our Empire is the existence of this spirit of hostility in a nation which is already great and powerful, but which is destined to be far more so in the future. Our statesmen have stood too long with their faces toward the East. To discern our best hopes as well as our gravest danger they must turn the other way.

The clever author asserts, moreover, that England herself is largely to blame for this bitterness, not merely by the War of Independence and that of 1812, but by her surly attitude towards the States in various later disputes.

The history of his country, then, as it presents itself to an American, is simply a long succession of quarrels with ourselves, and how can it be wondered at if he has now reached that chronic state of sensitiveness and suspicion which we have not outgrown ourselves in the case of the French?

THE other party refuses to entertain the thought of war between the two great English-speaking nations; declares that the feeling of the people on either side is against it; cries peace, peace; and asserts that the friction is but upon the surface; that below flows the blood of kinship which will leap only at the pulse of a common danger.

It will never be Great Britain against the United States, they say; but on some great day it shall be these two side by side and against the heathen world.

POSSIBLY the truth is a mean between the two views;—that while the best thought and wish of the people make for peace and co-operation; yet, since national life is as human as that of the individual, there is a possibility of passion or prejudice rising suddenly and obscuring the vision, which shall not become clear again until the heavy battle smoke has rolled away and revealed an awful carnage. It is in realization of this danger that a call has come from both sides of the water for an International Board of Arbitration.

"In this matter," says the *Century*, "the lead may well be taken by the representatives of that religion which is 'first pure and then peaceable.'"

Once established between England and America, such a system would gradually spread among the nations of Europe, and more readily because of the general conviction that another Continental war would show a climax of horrors. Sooner or later arbitration would be followed by disarmament, which is the logical sequence of no other premise, and yet will be the turning point of the Continent toward true democracy and progress.

THE recent Belmont-Vanderbilt wedding, in which both parties had been previously divorced, is fittingly supplemented by the words of Justice Beekman, of New York, at the close of his court during a late week in January:

I was simply appalled when I looked at the divorce calendar with sixty cases before me last week in which the defendants had defaulted. I question the witnesses as closely as I can, but it is hard to get evidence of collusion. Some of these people have no regard for the marriage relation and look on marriage as something temporary, which they can set aside when they are tired of it.

If Americans in high life lead in this respect, and if the law makes the leading outwardly respectable by its sanction, it cannot be wondered that the people follow, even to sixty unopposed suits in one city per week.

The justice adds further:

I become more and more of the opinion that there should be in this country an officer corresponding to the Queen's Proctor in England. This official handles all papers in default divorce cases, and after investigating them, reports on them. The position of such an official here would stand to divorce actions as the Attorney-General does in cases against corporations for a dissolution. All papers in such actions against corporations must be filed with him, and if it is necessary in those cases, how much more so it is necessary in divorce actions, in which all society is interested.

THE Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, New York, has been endeavoring for a number of years to secure an endowment fund for the church, which is situated down town, and year by year is being attended more largely by people who have not the means to contribute much to its support. Dr. Rainsford's belief is that the narrower and poorer the lives of the people who attend a church, the more attractive the church ought to be made, by way of contrast to their daily lives.

One of his vestrymen promised to double whatever sums were contributed for this purpose in five years. He has faithfully kept his pledge. Every special collection and contribution for this purpose has been duplicated. The five years expired at the close of January, 1896, and the vestryman, whose name, despite his wish for secrecy, has become known—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has paid in something over \$50,000 in the five years.

The amount raised up to date is \$150,000. Dr. Rainsford has asked for \$200,000.

There are churches in Toronto which should be endowed, notably St. James' (Anglican), which may already derive sufficient income from its lands, and St. Andrew's (Presbyterian).

A MISSION to non-Catholics has just been established in New York, with the avowed purpose of preaching Roman Catholic doctrines to Protestants and any others who are not members of the Church.

A similar mission has proved successful in the Western States; it is now begun in the East. It is conducted by the Paulist Fathers, and is attracting large audiences.

"Inquirers' classes" are formed, questions concerning the doctrines of the Roman Church are invited and answered, and discourses are preached bearing upon the teachings of the Church.

It is distinctly asserted that Protestantism is not attacked, that all religious sensibilities are respected, and that the mission is purely one for instruction in, and a better understanding of, the doctrines of the Church.

The purpose is, of course, to make converts, and it is the frankly-spoken experience of the Paulist Fathers that a large majority of those who join the "inquirers' class" become Roman Catholics.

IN CANADA.

THE imputation on the part of an adverse press that the recent shuffle in the Dominion Cabinet is attributable to the interference of the British Colonial Secretary, may be amusing; but it is nevertheless a tribute to Mr. Chamberlain's ability, and proof of the rapid recognition of the same by press and public.

In the years when Sir John Macdonald was Premier of Canada, so great became the national belief in his statesmanship and diplomacy, that his followers regarded him as omniscient and omnipotent; while the political world at large found no scheme too deep or wide-reaching, no detail too insignificant, to attribute to his devising.

"I owe some of my brightest ideas and a good deal of my reputation to my opponents," he said once, on hearing of a bit of wisdom thus imputed; "and," with a whimsical smile, "I never repudiate a good thing."

The British Secretary for the Colonies has instituted such vigorous imperio-colonial policy, and placed himself so directly in touch with British dependencies, that politicians are disposed to discern his voice and authority even in the petty plottings of a disintegrated Colonial Government.

It is marvelous what a strong man in a high office can accomplish; how things hitherto intangible become suddenly possibilities, even probabilities; how dry bones become vital realities. There is only one thing more marvelous, and that is the little a weak man can accomplish under similar circumstances.

Truly, the man makes the place. And Mr. Chamberlain bids fair to make his office the chiefest in the chief Government of the nations.

THE International Deep Waterways Commission, which met in Detroit midway in January, was placed in a somewhat difficult position by the recent irritation between the two countries.

To discuss the ways and means of establishing a common waterway while the nations interested were yet breathing war threatenings, was obviously impossible. To secure an interest in the project from either side at a juncture when frontier and lake defences were being freely discussed, was equally out of the question.

The project is a great one; but a fracas such as that over Venezuela claims, unfortunately engenders a mutual bitterness and distrust which it takes time to allay.

Before the idea can meet with further encouragement, there must be some guarantee of a permanent peace between the countries; the interpretation of the Monroe doctrine must be agreed upon, and an International Board of Arbitration established.

These things are future sureties, since the will of the people is for them; and following them will be the establishment of a common waterway between the two nations.

Our lake captains are in no present condition to be trusted on such a waterway even if it were established. Their loyalty is—tremendous. The Lake Captains' Association of Ontario passed a resolution placing its services at the disposal of the Imperial Government in event of war; whereupon the American lake captains grew red-hot with loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, and passed a resolution placing all their vessels at the disposal of Uncle Sam's Government—some of their owners offering to fit them up as fighting machines. Talk about a common waterway; why, in event of war they would fight as fiercely as the Kilkenny cats, and with similar results; unless they exploded with the vehemence of their loyalty before the crisis arrived.

THEY are splendid fellows—these sailors—whether on inland or outland sea; they suffer and bear much without complaint. They are brave without self-laudations.

The nine survivors of the steamer Ealing, who arrived at Canso, Nova Scotia, the other day, frost-bitten and half dead with exposure, after three days and four nights drifting in open boat on a winter sea, is an instance of the suffering.

The staunchness of the C.P.R. steamship Miowera in standing by the disabled Strathnevis, taking her in tow, and, when the line broke in the wildness of the storm, spending fifteen hours searching for her, is an instance of generous heroism. And such things are occurring every day and night out on the great waters.

REGARDING the present condition of affairs at Ottawa there is but one opinion, even among Conservatives,—that the sooner the present Government goes into Opposition the better for its party and the country.

Five years on the Opposition benches will sift the wheat from the chaff; will bring the strong, pure men to the fore, and enable the Conservatives to return to the Government side an honorable and united party, capable of producing a Ministry worthy of the name.

Sir Charles Tupper may be able to accomplish this without the downfall of the Conservative Government, since Conservative principles and platform are undoubtedly those that appeal most strongly to the people at the present juncture. But the present Ministry has done its best to make his task a difficult one, and in event of his success one thing is certain, that the Ministry itself must be reconstructed; since, not only have its members lost mutual respect and confidence, but the people have lost it in them.

WHEN will men and women learn to ignore anonymous letters; and why should Cabinet Ministers, of all others, belittle themselves by taking the slightest notice of such communications? How much better it would have been in the recent instance if these letters had been consigned to the waste basket or the grate, and simply forgotten.

Private individuals are not always strong enough to do this, but public men should be.

It seems incredible that letters of the kind should have caused such disturbance; but the fact that they did so reveals in sorry manner the mutual distrust of the Cabinet.

THERE is one cleanliness among the many political smudges of the present session, and that is the honorable conduct and courage of Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

The worst that his opponents are able to allege of him is, that he is obstinate, and has not the qualities of a leader,—grave evils in a Premier doubtless, yet they are not of intention.

Honoring his word, ready to fulfil his pledge, even at great cost, facing his foes bravely, even when he finds them of his own household,—the ruddy, white-haired leader wins our sympathy and compels our admiration.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell has never stood higher in the esteem of his countrymen of both parties than he does to-day.

THERE is no doubt that the Opposition leaders did not rise to the splendid opportunity that was afforded them by the Cabinet conflict. The occasion called for something stronger than sarcasm. It was theirs to give severe arraignment, to strike a high, pure dispassionate note of condemnation that would have found echoing thrill throughout the country.

EDITOR.

PEOPLE WE MEET

PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK.

It is a splendid likeness that I look at as I write. None who have once seen the Professor will fail to recognize the portrait, save, perhaps, that the features appear sterner and keener in repose, than when lit by the play of expressed thought.

It is the face of a strong, thoughtful man, —a stern man, one would say, judging only by the keen, deep-set eyes and puckered brow; but a physiognomist would at once detect the markings of the lower face that tell of a splendid generosity and a wide and wondrous sympathy. It is a rare blending, but then the original of the portrait is a man of rare personality, whose like is not to be met with every day; and whom, meeting, we remember always with a sense of personal enrichment.

A life so rich in culture and attainment, so full in experience, so wide in sympathy as that of Professor Clark, cannot touch our narrower lives without giving them a broadening and quickening impulse.

But in this little sketch it is not our purpose to be either analytical or biographic; only in simple, familiar way to bring the subject of it nearer to the large numbers of men and women throughout Canada who have heard his voice from pulpit or lecture desk; and who, once hearing, have counted the genial Professor as one among their friends for all time, because of the spell of his words, the magnetism of manner, and the charm indefinable which lies deeper than these, but which makes our hearts go out to him in quick response.

It is a wonderful gift—this one of winning hearts; but when it is accompanied by the ability to capture intellects also, then, indeed, the possessor exercises an influence whose bounds may not be marked. * * *

Come away up to old Trinity University, a broad, low English pile, set in its fine grounds. Let us find our way down the worn corridors to the Professor's library. We are sure of a welcome; since one of the things for which we love him is his wide hospitality and cordial reception alike of wise and simple, rich and poor, famed and obscure. To love books, to need sympathy or help, or even to desire simply the pleasure of his greeting, any of these are sure sesames to his presence.

The unlettered or the man of wisdom, the millionaire or the out-of-work, meet with equal courtesy and kindness.

That any one of these should need him is sufficient reason why he should give himself to the seeker; and he gives of his best, with the unconscious simplicity of a child, blended with the courtly grace of an English gentleman. * * *

Not that Professor Clark is English. He is Scotch by birth and at heart. His is the

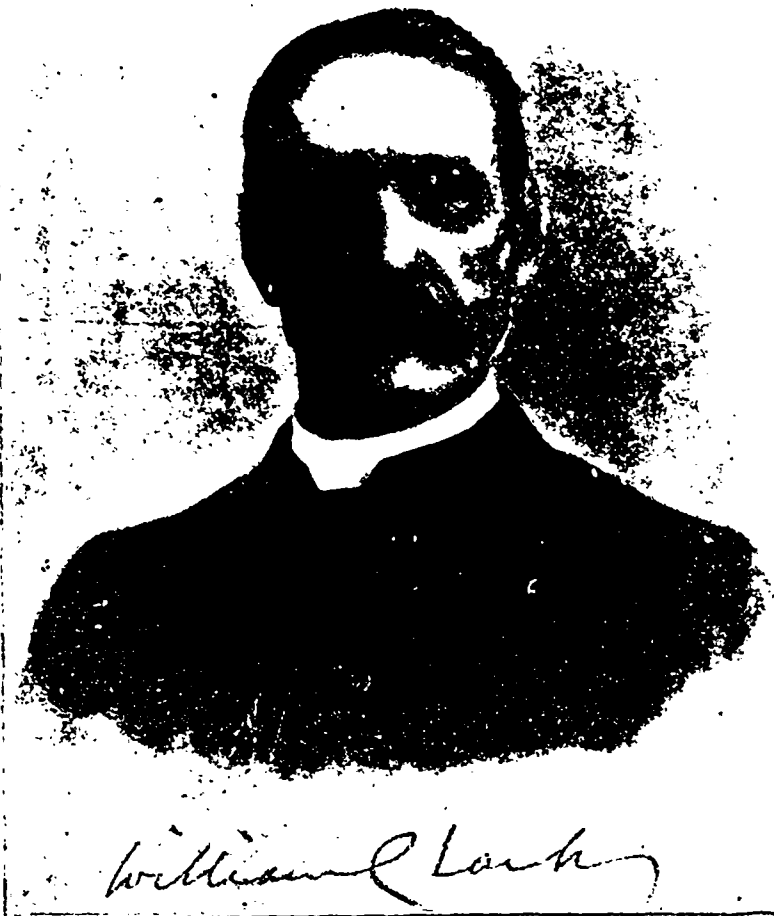
oatmeal and shorter catechism mellowed into rarebit and the Anglican litany—a splendid sweetening.

And if one were still disposed to doubt his nationality, listen while he reads from "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Surely none but a genuine Scotchman could roll out "Drum-tochty" and "Drumseugh" in such sonorous fashion.

Aye, the Professor is of the heather land; yet the rose and the maple leaf are sacred to him; while even the golden rod that grows across the border wins from him kindly favor,—so broad is he in sympathy and national creed.

* * *

It is a picturesque library, an ideal library—since the spirit of its owner permeates



every nook, and his ardent book-love rests like a benediction upon every volume.

It matters little if library walls be lined with costly volumes, if the old masters speak in a score of tongues, if rare editions bestrew the shelves,—when the human lover of them all is missing.

But the Professor knows his books; he calls them by name; and in swift response they lead him where he wills to go, through all the lovely byways of the literary ages.

The light from the deep old windows falls across the heaped shelves—five thousand volumes, or six; what matters it, since we reckon not by numbers. Philosophies, histories, theologues, in somber bindings, having the cheeriness about them of friends often consulted; poets and dramatists in many editions; and the gayer bindings of fiction. Martin Luther and the modern novel meet here; yet the earth quakes not; while only he who listens can hear the still, small voice.

Busts of poet and dramatist gleam whitely down into the dusky atmosphere. Portraits of wise men—stern reformers, rare bishops, and sweet singers—look from the walls into this warm brown world of books; while sweet, serene Madonnas smile out from their greater wealth and higher wisdom upon it.

The open grate sends cheery glow and dancing shadows about the room and over the Professor's desk, all bestrewn with letters and books. It faces the deep, old-fashioned windows; and, standing beside it, we look out where the bare-leaved boughs and dark-green pine define the College avenue that stretches far down to the busy city street. It is a pleasant outlook, glimpsing into busy life, yet sheltered by the stillness of a seclusion conducive to literary study. And the center and heart of this little, silent world of literature—the Professor—sits in his favorite chair, and the rare charm of his conversation is upon us, as he chats generally of people and things, bringing from his store of wide experience and travel story and incident worth not only the laugh it brings, but the remembrance. Or possibly the talk turns upon literary themes; and then we discover—if we have not known it before—what a dear and veritable lover of books he is.

He shows us his many Tennysonian editions, Tennyson is pre-eminently the Professor's poet, as his delightful series of Tennyson lectures testify.

Those of us who have heard these lectures will remember not so much the critical analysis, but the Professor's enthusiasm as he hastens hither and thither in the field of the poet's works, like a child in a flower garden;—not knowing in his embarrassment of riches what to gather for our delectation, and giving to his hearers the hearty contagion of his own enjoyment. * * *

Aye, the Professor loves his books; yet he loves humanity better; and this is the characteristic that draws us to him. He has sorrow for the afflicted, counsel for the perplexed, hospitality for the stranger, a sympathy that swerves him not from his own faith, yet enables him to proffer cordial hand-grasps to those furthest removed.

We are proud of his scholarly attainments; we yield tribute to the fine flavor of his courtly and genial bearing, all too rare in these later days; but we love him for the dear, unconscious simpleness of speech and thought that makes him one with all humanity, and places him in close touch with men and women in every walk of life.

W. C. Miller



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AMONG OUR BOOKS



A FRIENDLY reader wrote me not long ago inquiring for a list of the books in my library.

"My library!" The term always amuses me a little, when applied in its restricted sense, since the little book-case holds something less than a hundred volumes. But it answers very well for the small snuggery, warm and homey, yet always a litter of books, papers and scissors and paste, and rolling pencils that are never by chance at hand when

needed. "My library" reminds me always of Aunt Dinah's kitchen in the St. Clair mansion—where the table napkins served as towels, the china cups as receptacles for pomade to coax the woolly hair to straightness; while dishes and utensils were in every place and used for every purpose save the ones for which they were intended. But out of all the disorder, old Aunt Dinah managed to evolve the most appetizing breakfasts and generous dinners,—which was the chief thing.

* * *

Just something less than a hundred volumes, of all manner of sizes, bindings and contents; and there will never be many more, I think. The personnel—if you will allow the phrase—of my book-case may change, but will hardly increase, since I would rather know a few books by heart—make them really mine, weave their wise, or strong, or pretty sayings into my thought and life—than dip into many,—and forget them.

To live within walls lined with books would not be wholesome, it seems to me; it would give one a tendency to indigestion or liver complaint, or some other bodily blue.

And yet I know such libraries,—and they are ideal places of repose, with the firelight and the choice engravings and the thousands of silent monitors in their bindings somber and bright. But their owners are philosophers, professors, and other wise men, who take their browsing in equable doses, with my Lady Nicotine to share it,—and are not imaginative women.

To a woman such a library is a lovely place to rest in,—but it should not be her abiding place.

Why? Well, think it out, and see.

* * *

To return to my friend's inquiry. "What books compose your library? And what shall I buy for mine?" she writes.

I glance up at my little book-case, and smile again at the medley. Here are no rare editions, nor rich bindings; not even many standard authors, nor ancient classics.

Just a tossing together of odd volumes, grave and gay. Fiction, poetry, philosophy; even statistics. A collection too fragmentary to be worthy of note, since there are few book lovers who cannot show a better.

Top-shelf—Autograph books, sent or given by their writers; a treasured row, since each volume has some pleasant association connected with it.

Second shelf—The chief modern poets and Shakespeare; not more than ten or twelve volumes in all. But, if Browning and Lowell, Whittier and Tennyson, Longfellow and Jean Ingelow, weave their choicest lyrics into one's daily thought,—what need is there of more?

Shelf three—One of fiction, always changing; since stories, if worth anything, should be passed on to others to enjoy and read. The majority of novels are like plays: the action once witnessed, the dénouement reached, the dialogue uttered, they have served their purpose, that of an hour's amusement or instruction; we do not need them further. There are exceptions, of course. In the standard authors, for instance, one always likes to have Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and George Eliot on hand. There is "Les Misérables" also, and those old familiars, "Don Quixote," "Monte Cristo," and others of like ilk. Such fiction is perennial in its interest.

Again, there are dear books,—stories tender or strong, or so filled with wise sayings, or quaint or pretty fancies, that we cherish them and hold them very precious. They are our book affinities.

But the ordinary fiction, the passing novels of the day, should not be retained to crowd our book-shelves; they are meant to pass on to others. So it is that my shelf of fiction is never crowded and rarely for a week the same.

Shelf four—A medley of philosophies and books of travel, varying from "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" to "The Seven Colonies of Australia," from "Hearn's Picturesque Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" to the driest of Canadian histories.

Shelf five—Is devoted to magazines, *Arenas*, *Current Literatures* and *Reviews of Reviews* a-plenty. These are to be packed up in that spare hour that never comes, and sent away to some of our splendid missionary ministers, or little pioneer women of the North-west prairies, who hunger so for literature, yet must content themselves with the occasional weekly paper. Only book lovers know or can sympathize with book hunger.

* * *

To my friend's second question—"What books shall I buy to stock my library shelves?"—there is only one answer: None,—at least none *en masse*.

A library, if it is to be worth anything at all, must be a growth,—the reflection, and outcome of its owner's literary tastes.

The very thought of buying volumes by the dozen or score, repels the true book lover. Never mind if it takes months or years to fill those shelf-spaces,—let the process be one book at a time. For, of a truth, a library of one worthy book, read, enjoyed, annotated and woven into our life thought, is greater than a burdened wall of volumes with uncut leaves.

And after all, the great men of the past—the strong men—the reformers who have lifted the world to a higher plane, have been one-book men, whom their Bible or their Shakespeare has made wondrous wise and deep.

One book at a time, be it history or travel, story or poem;—in choice binding if you can,

but always in clear print. And let each reflect faithfully your own literary taste. Leave out worthless books; refuse a place to the modern melancholy novel, whose unhealthy decadence is but a passing mood. Keep the tone of your literature bright, strong and wholesome. But, beyond this, let your library represent your own choice; else it is not yours, but anyone's or no one's.

* * *

In selecting a library for a Canadian home, we should make a point of devoting at least one shelf to the literature of our own country. We do not appreciate our Canadian writers as we should. They certainly find little encouragement from us, since we rarely think of placing Canadian books first and foremost in our library. The best encouragement we can give to any writer, is to buy his or her book; it means more than kind words or flattering notices—although these are not by any means to be despised.

And we have such a strong young school of English-Canadian writers in poets and novelists.

No better book of short stories has been published for several years than E. W. Thomson's "Old Man Savarin." Miss Dougall ranks in the front of the Elsmirian school with her "Beggars All," "What Necessity Knows," and her recent "Zeit-Geist." There is Gilbert Parker also, with his "Hudson Bay Tales"; William Kirby and Macdonald Oxley, and bright Jean McIlwraith and Miss Machar. These are some of our novelists, whose names occur as I write.

And in poets we have men and women to be proud of,—Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Roberts, our clever Pauline Johnson, bright Jean Blewett, graceful Ethelwyn Wetherald, and many others.

None of these are feeble; they are strong; they rank well to the front among the writers of to-day; they command the praise of the best literary critics on either continent.

Let us know our own men and women of books. Let us be sure that they at least have a place in our library.

W. P. Mackenzie sends out yet another modest little volume of verse, entitled "Heartsease Hymns and Other Verse."

The hymns do not show originality, but are in fact rather stereotyped in sentiment and rhyme. Those entitled "Redemption" and "The Eternal" are the best.

Only a man or woman of deeply spiritual life can write a hymn which will "take hold" of the world's heart. A grand simpleness and not a triteness, is necessary.

The love songs are somewhat obscure, "Das Liebe Jesulein," and the poem "Child-like" being perhaps the best in this little collection.

REVIEWER.

HEARTSEASE HYMNS, by W. P. Mackenzie. Tyrell & Co., Toronto.

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STAGELAND

The past month has been rather dull in the Toronto dramatic world. The play-houses—I like the quaint old term—have given us nothing above the average, and consequently the audiences have been small. But the little bird that flutters about the footlights whispers that the best is yet in store, and that theater lovers may look for a succession of really excellent presentations in the weeks that intervene before Lent.

At the Grand, Mme. Rhéa gave us "Nell Gwynn," with all the sumptuary of beautiful gowns. The play woven about the historic orange maid and court favorite is, as Madame renders it, graceful, poetic, but not strong. Yet the title rôle suits Rhéa better than any she has essayed in recent years. She gave a charming conception of gay *Nell Gwynn*.

It is not an unusual thing for the public to arraign the stage. It was worth while to hear the stage arraign the public, through the lips of pretty Rhéa.

We were together in her dressing-room, she in her rich robe of white satin a-shimmer with gold embroidery, the short brown *Nell Gwynn* curls tossing a little over her forehead, the brown eyes looking out from a face weary with the day's work of rehearsal, matinee, and evening performance.

"So tired," she said, "so tired. However shall I go through these last acts?"

Presently we were speaking of plays, and that most uncertain thing—the public taste.

"Morality," she cried, catching up the word as it fell, and springing to her feet. "Oh, do not talk to me of a moral public. It is the stage that is moral; it is the public that is immoral. What right have preachers and press to prate of stage immorality, when it is the public to which we cater that demands the thing that is *risque*, that is impure.

"Let us put a pure, poetic play upon the stage, let us shut out from it all that is evilly suggestive, let us make it uplifting,—and the public, where are they? We play to empty



houses. Bah! we of the stage despise the public; we know it is it that is immoral. It wants plays that appeal to the senses; it demands heroines of evil pasts, and sensuous presents; it will pack our theaters to see "Second Mrs. Tanquerays," and gloat over Nethersole kisses. It pays four thousand

dollars per week to hear Yvette Guilbert sing indecent songs.

"What use is it for preachers to talk of elevating the stage? Let them elevate the public first. We who act are above those who come to see us, and we know it. We despise the public."

Her eyes flashed, the color came into the tired face, the arms were thrown up in emphasis, and the beautiful voice rang out, so that it might have been heard above the entr'acte music.

The dressing maid looked up interestedly from the depths of a huge trunk.

"Sit down, madame," I begged; "you will be so weary."

"Oh, ma'amselle," she continued, in



quieter tone, the sweet voice dropping, "we actresses who do love the right are ashamed of your public. It is immoral, not we. It does not care for pretty, pure *Juliets*, or gentle *Desdemonas* any more. It wants us to play with mud—with mud—for its amusement, when we would rather look up and reach toward, even if we cannot touch, the sky.

"I wonder," she spoke in half-low musing now, "I wonder how many pure-souled actresses the public has dragged down to its level."

The pretty foreign Rhéa accent, the tense tone, swift gesture and swaying womanly figure in its lustrous gown; the stillness of the warm little dressing-room, the gleaming mirror, the velvets and silks, picture hats and jeweled crown; the full, sweet voice, with its accompaniment of orchestral music drifting in through the wings and across the corridors;—it was a tableaux impromptu, a dramatic effect, that would have charged *Nell Gwynn's* audience with electric applause, could they but have witnessed it.

And her listener felt all too keenly the justice of the arraignment to make reply.

"For Fair Virginia," which was presented at the same theater during the first days of the month, is a pretty American play, dealing with the Civil War. The manager of the Grand does not often undertake to vouch in the press for a play, so that when he does, as in this instance, we look for something especially good, and always elevating. We are apt to greet such plays with scant houses, through ignorance of their merit; nor realize what we have missed until they have gone. That charming idyllic drama, "Shore Acres," when presented here, was an instance of this.

"For Fair Virginia" was a simple domestic drama, woven in grievous threads through the struggle between the "blue" and the "grey." Possibly it held a stronger interest for us, inasmuch as it was presented while yet the stir of possible strife filled the air with forebodings.

Our pulses respond with quick thrill to the rattle of musket, the beat of drum, and the bivouac songs, when war breathes its hot threatenings in our faces.

God grant that, whatever else may come, Canada may never suffer a civil war.

The Toronto Opera House does one of the best theatrical businesses in the city in melodrama; and it is always a clean and wholesome melodrama.

The public seem to have found this out, for it the play be worth anything,—and the stage has presented some really excellent ones this season,—the house is crowded from floor to top gallery.

"The American Girl," one of the plays of the past month, proved distinctly above the average, and deserved the packed houses which greeted it. It was bright, swift in action, and, while not in the least original in plot or rôle, moved from start to finish without one dull moment. The company was an exceptionally good one, and the several rôles well taken.

Miss Helen Robertson, who played the title rôle, is a young actress new to the stage. This is only her second season, and her first appearance in Toronto. She is a beautiful, dark-eyed girl of the Marie Burroughs type, and essays the same class of rôles—the domestic-emotional. In her portrayal of the bereft wife and mother of the two clever little children, she showed to great advantage; her acting being marked by a charming sympathy, combined with artistic restraint and reserve.

In a little after-chat with her I found her full of the enthusiasm of her profession, and eager to make advance. She keeps up her studies, and looks forward to even greater favor than that which the public has already deservedly accorded her.

And then, there were those bright little folks, *Prince Roy* and the *Little Lady*, whom



I found quite as charming off the stage as on it. It is a pleasure to see children play as naturally and easily as these; and really one forgets all prejudice concerning children and the stage when chatting with them.

"I'm Mabel Taliaferro," says *Prince Roy*, "that's my real name. I'm seven years old; and Virgie, she's seven, too."

"Yes," chimes in Virgie, "we're both seven,—isn't that funny? And my name's Luella Shirley, and my mother's with me; but *Prince Roy's* mother isn't, 'cause she's sick."

"And I've been on the stage for five years," says sweet-voiced little *Prince Roy*, with speech so prettily clear and ways so quaint. "And I've a little sister just three years old playing in 'Shore Acres,' and playing well, too," she adds, with naive pride. *Little Lady's* mother comes in at this moment to look after her "baby," and take off the pretty pink gauze dress.

She is quite satisfied to have her child upon the stage, she says. She is better off than thousands of children in neglected homes, or even in overthronged schools. She teaches her one or two hours each day, and the stage is in itself an education. The evening hours are late, but the child sleeps long in the morning to make up for it.

Virgie's mother carries her off; while little *Prince Roy*, under Miss Robertson's kindly care, divests herself of the little velvet Fauntleroy costume, and, presently, in the pretty outer wraps of a girl child, lifts up the sweet refined little face for a good-bye kiss.

They are certainly charming little children—clever little actors, and, as *Prince Roy* says, "We like it, don't we, Virgie?"

AUDREY.

It is announced that a Frenchman has at last perfected an invention which has long been wished for by musicians—a recording piano. Beneath the key-board is attached a kind of typewriting instrument, by means of which anything that is played can, at will, be recorded by the performer. The music as written is not recorded in the usual note, of course, but in a series of long and short dashes, somewhat resembling the Morse alphabet, which is easily reproduced in the ordinary manner. This, if found practicable, will surely be a great boon to composers. Think of a musician being able to sit down for an hour in the dusk of evening, let us say, feeling confident that the beautiful harmonies he evolves in the moment of divine inspiration will be his to transcribe in the prosaic morning hours, when one is so apt to be coldly deserted by the fitful muse.



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We give this month a portrait of Miss Alice Burrowes, the charming young mezzo-soprano, who made her debut one or two seasons ago, and who has since earned such



favorable notice wherever she has sung throughout Canada.

Miss Burrowes possesses an unusually attractive stage presence, having a graceful manner and a face fair to look upon. Her voice is clear and sweet and most sympathetic in quality. This young lady's training began under Mr. Schuch, after which she became a pupil of Signor Vegara, in whose departure Toronto has lost one of its best masters of vocal singing.

Miss Burrowes is looking forward to a year or two of Paris training, in the studio of the celebrated Madame Marchesi, at no distant date. In such event there is every prospect of a brilliant musical career for this talented girl.

Miss Burrowes was born in the United States, but has lived for the past fourteen years in Canada. Her ancestors are entirely English. Her late father, Major Burrowes, of the 3rd Foot Guards, was cousin to the present Lord Beresford, while her mother is a granddaughter of the late Sir Pane Bagot, of Lypiatt Park, Gloucester, England.

The young lady has been for the past seven months a member of the Metropolitan choir, and is also a student at the Toronto College of Music. During the present season she is accepting concert engagements.

We have just received a copy of Frank E. Blachford's new "Chrysanthemum Two Step," now for sale at A. & S. Nordheimer's. It is one of the prettiest two steps that have as yet been composed, being very bright and catchy, with full and varied harmony, and containing several pretty changes. It is not too difficult, but sufficiently so to interest the performer, and should become a very popular piece of dance music.

The past year of the Toronto Conservatory of Music has been more than usually successful. Since the opening of the institution, in 1887, it has shown a steady advance along lines which assure growth and permanency. During the past eight years of its successful history, public confidence has been secured in the Conservatory's stability, facilities and management, and in the comprehensive and thorough character of the work done year by year. This, together with the high standard attained by its graduates, has resulted in a yearly increase in the attendance of students from all parts of Canada and the United States. More pupils were registered in 1895 than in any previous year, and the standard of scholarship was never so high as at the present time.

Mr. Plunket Greene, who is to sing at the concert to be given by the Toronto Male Chorus Club on the 6th, is very highly spoken of, and those who are fortunate enough to hear him will doubtless enjoy a decided treat. The magnetism of his presence and voice seems to produce unbounded enthusiasm wherever he is heard. Madame de Vere Sapio, the soprano, will sing twice with chorus accompaniments in addition to her other numbers.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is Queen Victoria's daughter Helena, is to sing in a rendition of "The Messiah," which is to be given for a charitable object, by the Windsor and Eton Choral Society. This is the first time the Princess has appeared in public, though she has previously played the piano at several private social functions. The late Prince Consort was a gifted musician, and the Queen herself had a sweet voice and decided musical talent.

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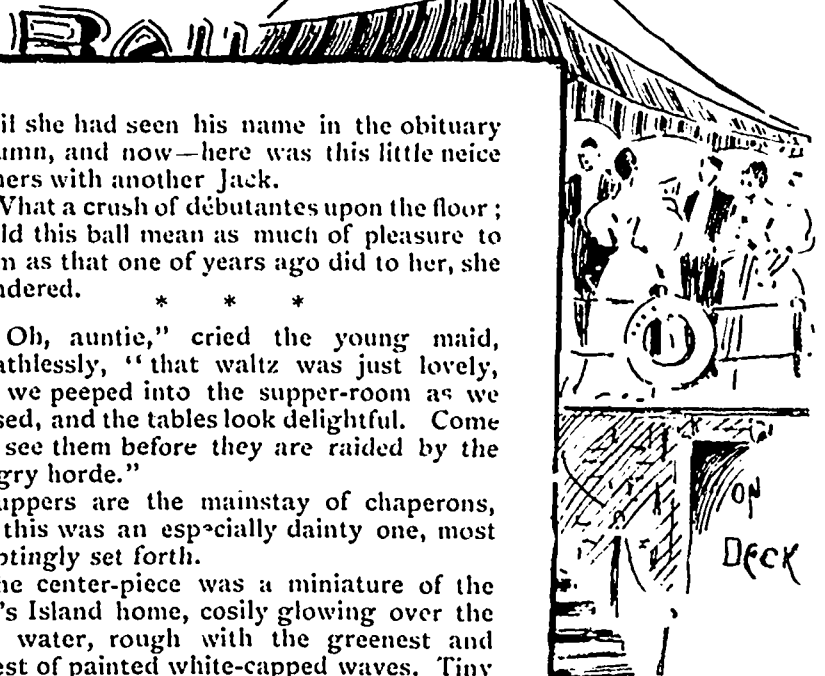
"Miss Robinson introduced a song by the late Mr. Wakelam, 'Song of the Southern Maiden,' which has been given an attractive musical setting by Mr. Albert Nordheimer. There is a touch of pathos in the last verse, which Mr. Nordheimer has appropriately expressed in his music."

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THE YACHT CLUB



The débutante declared it "the most delightful ball under the sun."

Her chaperon drew her opera cloak more closely about her, moved uneasily in the chilly draught, and remarked in matter-of-fact tone that balls are usually held "under the gaslight." But the débutante was consulting her program and did not hear.

"Lancers are so slow," she commented, in undertone; "and besides, Jack ought to give a duty dance to his cousin. I'll stay up here with you, auntie—you must be lonely—and then I'll be rested for that lovely Sousa valse—with Jack."

Auntie smiled expressively, but accepted the companionship, and the two leaned over the gallery rail watching the pretty scene.

The entire ball-room was a glow of warm, soft color, a rhythm of graceful movement. The dome was a mass of fluttering red and white, festoons of dark cedar and long chains of Japanese lanterns. It was the prettiest possible bewilderment of color glow, stirred occasionally to gentle movement by the heated air.

* * *

The stage was converted into a yacht deck artistically represented. There were the wheel and shining compass box, the inner cabin revealing open grate and cosy furnishings; the upper deck, below whose awning the pretty girls and matrons grouped with such picturesque realism that one expected the gay idlers to break it into some merry "Pinafore" lay.

"We sail the ocean blue,
Our saucy ship's a beauty."

hummed the débutante.

"How pretty it is," she said; "and that girl knows she looks charming at the wheel. I'll get Jack to take me up there after our waltz."

The lancers were in their last figure-weavings; all the floor was a rustle with the swish of silken skirts, and the air was murmurous with low laughter, as up and down and around the bright groups swept.

Here one caught a glow of crimson roses held by some pretty dame, while ever and again the odor of that great nosegay of violets rose to the gallery.

"What a mass of violets; what an expensive bouquet," commented the chaperon, thriftily; "and they are not a night flower either; the delicate tint turns to dull purple or grey under the gaslight."

The first chords of the valse were sounding and the little débutante went off gayly with Jack, while the chaperon resigned herself to loneliness again.

The lighting was deliciously warm and soft in tone, but a trifle dim, she thought, to do justice to the lovely gowns upon the floor, or could it be that her eyes were failing? Surely, it was not many years since she too

until she had seen his name in the obituary column, and now—here was this little niece of hers with another Jack.

What a crush of débutantes upon the floor; could this ball mean as much of pleasure to them as that one of years ago did to her, she wondered.

* * *

"Oh, auntie," cried the young maid, breathlessly, "that waltz was just lovely, and we peeped into the supper-room as we passed, and the tables look delightful. Come and see them before they are raided by the hungry horde."

Suppers are the mainstay of chaperons, and this was an especially dainty one, most temptingly set forth.

The center-piece was a miniature of the club's Island home, cosily glowing over the lake water, rough with the greenest and stiffest of painted white-capped waves. Tiny boats and yachts lay at anchor or were turning with bow directed cityward.

Sucking pigs and turkeys, adorned with carvings in creamy butter; dainty piles of partridges, half hidden in vines, with grape clusters suspended above them; splendid salmon *a la mayonnaise*; cases of tempting sweetbreads—these, and every conceivable delicacy poetically set forth—lit with the deep colorings of yellow in orange, green in vines and crimson in blossom.

"It is really a pity to break in upon it with anything so prosaic as a carving-knife, or so demoralizing as an appetite," the gay little débutante declared; but even as she spoke the hungry dancers swept in, and all the beauty vanished.

The chaperon forgot her sentiment in substantial meats; the pretty maid feasted on sweetbreads; while Jack steered skilfully between shimmering silks and laces with coffee and claret cup.

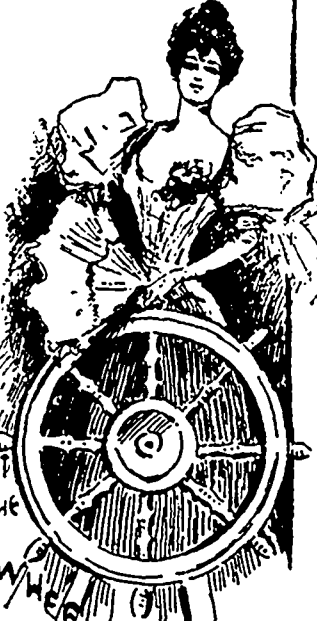
The "extras" floated enticingly through the doorway, and presently the young folks slipped away into the ball-room. The chaperon and a congenial friend found their way into the conservatory, all dim and warm and sweet, and sat chatting, as elder folks will, of other Y.C. balls and other dancers; a little present gossip also of the night's gowns and the morrow's interests—that satins were less in evidence and silks more general.

The débutante came in upon them, her eyes starry with pleasure. "No, I will not dance any more just now," she said to someone who wasn't Jack; she meant to rest awhile beside auntie. So the "someone" went away, and the young maid nestled down in the low couch beneath the tall palms, listening half-dreamily to her elders' talk, and wondering if there ever had been a ball half as lovely as this.

"It is time to go home," the auntie said

at length. But, somehow, just at this moment Jack turned up again and pleaded for "just one more."

Then came the cloaking and the carriage call, the rumble over the quiet city streets, and that most delightful of all pleasures, the débutante's first ball, was over.



had been a débutante and come out at the Yacht Club ball. She had a "Jack" to wait upon her also, she remembered, and they danced as many dances together as her chaperon would permit. What a lovely time it was. Jack died in India last year. She had almost forgotten him





CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Tell him what?"

"That you were dressed as a parlormaid to-night? And when he sees you, as he *must*, don't you think he will put two and two together?"

"Perhaps he has no head for mathematics," says Hilary, but even *she* feels that this is frivolous.

However, the discussion is brought to an end suddenly by Diana, who comes down the stairs to them with Peter Kinsella, and having dismissed that florid young Romeo, warns Hilary that if they don't go home at once they will probably be mixed up with the rank and file at the end.

This awful suggestion has its effect. Soon they are on their homeward way, and "at last," as Diana says, "can talk."

Clifford leads off the conversational ball in a light and airy fashion.

"Ker has just given Hilary two shillings," says he.

"What?"

Diana peers at him through the fast-growing brightness of the coming dawn. If he were not the most abstemious of men, she would have told hers if that perhaps there had been a last glass of champagne, but—

"Yes, I assure you," says Clifford. "I saw him do it. I don't think much of him, do you? Most fellows give the girl they are going to marry a ring or a bracelet, or a trally-wag of some sort, but I never heard of a two-shilling piece before. Perhaps it's fashionable! We're rather out of it down here, you know, so we mightn't know. But to *me* it sounds shabby."

"You must be mad," says Diana.

"It's Hilary who ought to be mad. I dare say she expected a ring, poor girl!"

"Hilary, what does this mean?" says Diana, turning to her sister.

"Oh! *mean!*" says Clifford. "That's the very word for it. A paltry florin! I wouldn't stand it if I were you, Hilary. I'd fling him over. By-the-bye, you have it with you, I suppose? You can show the melancholy coin to Di, can't you?"

"Don't mind him," says Hilary, who is choking with laughter. "But oh, Di, such a thing has happened! He came down the stairs to get a glass of water for some one—"

"That wretched Blake girl," gasps Diana, who now anticipates a catastrophe.

"And seeing me in cap and gown, thought I was an attendant. I could resist the situation. I felt indeed as if I were in a situation, he took me so entirely *bona fide*, and I answered him. Called him 'Sir,' and got him the glass of water, whereupon he kindly pressed this," holding up the memorable florin, "into my hand!"

"Good gracious, what is to be done?" says Diana.

"You think I ought to return it?" Hilary mistakes her. "I shan't, however. I shall keep it as a precious relic; but wasn't it a great deal to give for a glass of water, Di? Wasn't it very extravagant of him? Do you think it would be safe to marry such a spendthrift as he has proved himself to be?"

"Oh, I'm not thinking of that at all," says Diana, in a voice of anguish. "And how you can make a jest of it—I am only remembering that I have asked him to lunch to-morrow, and that he is coming! When he sees you—"

"Sees me! Never!" cries Hilary, now thoroughly frightened. "Do you think I would face him after this? What on earth did you ask him for?"

"Why, for you!" says Diana, in her solemn way.

"Then it is useless. Nothing in the world would tempt me to meet him to-morrow."

"But you will *have* to see him sooner or later."

"Then it shall be later, when he has forgotten all about—the glass of water."

"That wouldn't take him long," says Clifford. "I expect it has faded from his memory by this; what he may remember is," with evidently gloomy forebodings as to the miserliness of Ker's disposition, "the loss of his two-shilling piece!"

"Nonsense! I don't believe he'd ever think of that again," says Diana, who is highly incensed with her husband for even pretending to show up Ker to Hilary in a mercenary light; girls are so troublesome sometimes over the vaguest things.

"That's what I say," says Hilary, who is rather enjoying herself. "I told you I thought him a born spendthrift."

"Well," says Diana, boldly, "I'd rather marry a spendthrift than a miser any day!"

"Which am I?" asks Clifford, anxiously.

"Oh; you! You're nothing!" says his wife, who is a little indignant with him.

At this, Clifford passes his arm suddenly round her, and brings her up close to him.

"Poor old girl! Look at her! Married to a hopeless nonentity!" says he, whereon they all laugh together, and peace is restored.

"Hilary, darling, you *will* appear at luncheon!" entreats Diana, softly.

"No! No! Never!" says Hilary, with emphasis. "I—I *couldn't!*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them."

—CHESTERFIELD.

"Miss Kinsella is in the drawn-room, ma'am," says the cook.

It is next morning, and very early, too, considering the dissipations of the night before. Diana and Hilary have only just got downstairs, and to be told, in their languid state, that that old gossip-monger is waiting to see them, seems more than can be endured. Mrs. Clifford stares at the cook.

"Why on earth didn't you say we were in bed?" says she, in an irate tone.

"I don't know, ma'am. I didn't know what you'd wish."

And of course she didn't, being pressed into upstairs service for the first time. The parlour-maid had been in the lowest spirits since the post at eight o'clock came in, and had been quite incapable of doing anything ever since. The news the letter contained was that her aunt was a little bilious (the aunt lived in Tralee, and she had never seen her), and that there was to be a very big "pattern" held this evening in her own place, about five miles from her present situation. (A "pattern" means a dance on the highway where four roads meet, and where the peasants congregate on stated occasions to foot it gayly to and fro, with the assistance of some old piper—generally, and by preference, blind.) It had occurred, therefore, to her simple mind, that if she cried a great

deal over her aunt, she might find a way to go and enjoy herself at the "pattern."

"Where is Bridget?" asks Diana, alluding to the parlour-maid.

"She's crying, ma'am. She's had bad news, she says."

"Bad news?"

"About her aunt, ma'am. She's very bad, she says."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. And how is Bridget now?"

"The same way, ma'am. But she says she's sure her aunt is worse!"

"How can she know that?" asks Hilary.

"I don't know, miss."

Mrs. Clifford, who has served a long apprenticeship to Irish servants, and who has heard of the "pattern," rises abruptly, and turns to Hilary.

"Come, let us see Miss Kinsella. Let us get it over," says she. Together they enter the drawing-room.

"You're surprised to see me, me dear." Old Miss Kinsella comes to meet them with a beaming face. "An' so early, too. But you know that your Bridget's aunt is also a cousin of my charwoman, an' she says she is very bad to-day."

"The charwoman?"

"Oh, no, Miss Burroughs, dear—your Bridget's aunt. And I hear that she wants Bridget very badly, and I knew you would want Bridget very little to-day, being so tired—"

"I think that is why we should want her," says Hilary, turning to the old "busybody" thankless, with a rather severe air.

"But when her aunt is dying," says Miss Kinsella, her old maid's curls swaying backward and forward in an angry fashion. Her face takes a lugubrious turn. "And when you have two other servants, too, and when death is in question—"

"The cook and the nursery-maid hardly count," says Mrs. Clifford, "and, as a fact, I want a parlour-maid very much to-day. I have people to luncheon."

"No, ye don't say so!" says Miss Kinsella, leaning forward, all delight and anxiety. She has forgotten her present crusade in her burning desire for gossip. "An' who are they?"

"It doesn't matter," says Diana, calmly.

"What does matter is the going of Bridget."

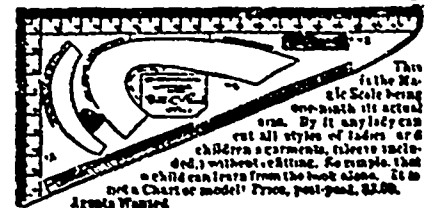
"I should think," says Miss Kinsella, enraged at the refusal to gratify her curiosity, "that a luncheon-party should not count with the dying of an *ancestral relative!*" She doesn't know herself what this means, but it sounds splendid. "When we're dying, we don't think of luncheons," says she, which certainly is an incontrovertible fact.

"Well, but you see *we're* not dying," says Hilary.

"Of course if Bridget's aunt is dying," says Mrs. Clifford, "she must go to her. However, I hope she will not lose her way there, and go to this 'pattern' instead."

"Oh! Mrs. Clifford, me dear, we shouldn't misjudge the poor. Of course I know very little about anything that's goin' on meself" (there isn't a thing going on in the neighborhood, touching poor or rich, great or simple, that she *doesn't* know), "bein' only a poor, desolate old maid."

(To be Continued.)



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

LET us away to Quebec—dear old Quebec—the grandmere of Canadian cities, not bowed with age, but sitting hoary-crowned, erect, on her sentinel hill, still guarding the portal of her Canada, still watchful for her children sheltered within.

So peaceful she rests in her soft grey gown, all aglint with shining from quaint, tin roofs, all white-wrapped in her winter robe; with the still far-seeing eyes of age, looking southward across the magnificent outreach of wide river and valley, or northward to where the somber Laurentians lift their old pine-capped heads skyward.

She is our Canadian Sphinx—this Ancient City—silent, hoary, holding the secret of our past, lifted beyond the turmoil of our present; and looking afar into the future with questioning eyes and lip-locked mien. What does she see—what does she know of the destiny of the country which is first and always hers?

But we may not dream away our time beneath her grey stone battlements. Let us call a sleigh; roll up in the mass of furry robes, and go swinging through the narrow city streets and out the Grand Allee.

On we journey over the firm, rocky roads that environ the grey old city, and presently we pass a pretty lodge, and up a broad avenue; winding through a magnificent grove of oak, elm and maple, until, coming to an open space in the heart of these tall growths, our sleigh stops before a long, low mansion of white painted brick.

We are two miles from Québec City, and this is Spencerwood—lovely, historic Spencerwood—the Government House of Quebec Province, and the residence of Lieutenant-Governor and Madame Chapleau.

We might idle a beautiful afternoon beneath the trees, wandering adown the pretty rustic paths to where the St. Lawrence flows in majestic width beneath the bluff; we might listen for hours to the history of this splendid old residence, which is so closely identified with the courtly days of the French rule. But Quebec's historian, Mr. Lemoine, has told it all in his interesting book, "Picturesque Quebec." We must hasten to find the lady whom we seek—Quebec's chiefest lady—Madame Chapleau.

We are conducted through the drawing-room, with its furnishings of white and blue and gold, noting its great rare jars over the mantels, and the beautiful water colors upon the walls. We pass the stately reception room all rich in carving and crimson, noting only its superb outlook over the wide lawn to bluff and blue river.

But we pause for an instant in the library, all crimson and glowing and overflowing with books. This is the library of a real

book lover,—and a glance bespeaks the literary culture of the owner. This is the home of one whose splendid eloquence, literary tastes and personal magnetism, places him in the very front

rank of Canada's public men of to-day.

The pity is that we, of the West, have so rare opportunity of hearing Governor Chapleau speak, —but once hearing is to remember always.

* * *

And now we are taken up the broad stairway, and in her own boudoir, amid her special surroundings, we greet the charming



mistress of Quebec's Government House—Madame Chapleau.

She is petite, and a brunette—this graceful little lady, with sweet face and high-bred ways. Her boudoir, a pretty cool nest of a place, is furnished in tones of green. The little escritoire with its dainty appurtenances, the cabinet piano, the choice water colors, the vines dropping from the mantel,—these and a score of little touches, tell more clearly than words of the artistic taste of its mistress, who is one of the most cultured and accomplished of Canada's social leaders of to-day.

Madame Chapleau is a flower of that rare old French régime, when the *salon* was the woman's kingdom and the brightest, wittiest, and most beautiful dames of France ruled therein as queens.

* * *

Madame Chapleau, before her marriage,

was Marie Louisa King, the daughter of Col. King, of the Imperial service. She was born in Sherbrooke, Que., and educated at the Ursuline Convent—that famous old institution so closely identified with Quebec's earliest history—the foster mother of many a brilliant Canadiane.

As a student she excelled in music and painting, and, continuing her studies under the best masters, became rarely proficient in these accomplishments; she showed also an unusual degree of literary ability. As a pupil, a friend and companion of her convent days tells me how her sweet disposition endeared her to both the gentle-voiced teachers and gay fellow-pupils.

Mr. William Kirby, the author of that clever book, "Le Chien d'Or" has brought out some pretty episodes in Madame Chapleau's school days at the convent, in a chapter entitled, "A Merovingian Princess"; the heroine's name being prettily translated into "Louise Roy."

Madame Chapleau's high position, as wife of a Cabinet Minister, and mistress of Quebec's Government House, has called for much public social life, and in this she has shone with exceptional brilliancy; her natural graces and many accomplishments, with the culture of extended travel, giving her rare social charm.

But below the social life lies the deeper life of art, and it is in this that she really has her being. Society functions have their place in the lives of those in high offices. This Madame recognizes and gracefully accords; but her happiest moments are those she spends with her pencil, at her piano, or conversing in deep, rich vein of thought with a sympathetic friend.

* * *

And thus this historic old Spencerwood breathes the atmosphere of its refined and cultured inmates—in the rare editions found in the overflowing library in the choice paintings adorning the walls, and the priceless china and bric-a-brac.

Perhaps the most treasured of Madame's art possessions is the famous White House set. Every dish and plate is a glow of richest, softest color, every design is a gem of art, and to possess one such dish were in itself contentment.

Here is a soup-plate, upon which is depicted an old-fashioned English fire-place with its swinging kettle and leaping flames. Here is a fish platter whose pink-spotted trout leaps to our gaze. And this turkey, strutting proudly in its glow of color; and these complacent waddling ducks. It is epicure and æsthetic; it is an enchantment—this exquisite White House set.

The mansion is full of just such lovely art treasures; yet the real beauty of them lies in that they are representative of the taste of their owners, whose home life runs sparkling, yet full and deep as the blue St. Lawrence that girds the banks of lovely Spencerwood.

FAITH FENTON.

Oatmeal, when there is no objection to its use, is one of the most valuable nutrients we have, furnishing more for the money than almost any other food, being particularly rich in protein, or muscle-forming matter.

YACHT CLUB GOWNS.

Naturally one looks to the favorite public ball of the season for fashion in evening gowns. The Yacht Club ball gave opportunity for the display of many handsome gowns, not a few of which were direct from Paris.

The materials were chiefly silks, with plussee and chiffon in combination; yet dotted muslins were in evidence to a greater extent than for many years past.

One feature was the prevalence of flowers for trimming. Bodices were bordered and sleeves were edged with them; while in many instances clusters loosely knotted with ribbon were carried. Madame la Mode evidently intends the flower trimmings to extend in as far as possible to gowns as well as hats.

It was noticeable that the gowns on the ball-room floor were longer than those of last year. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a full train; there were several demi-trains; while



No. 2.

the dancing gowns rested an inch or more upon the floor. They were long in front also, many showing not even a glimpse of the pretty slipper.

One of the gowns we illustrate (No. 1) designed by Miss Paton, is of pink brocaded satin, finished at the upper edge of the bodice with narrow sailor collar effect, over which is set a close border of ox-eyed daisies. Clusters of the same finish the sleeve at the elbow. This gown on the graceful figure of a well-known young prima donna was very effective.

Cream and whites were the prevailing gown colors at the ball. Next came pale pinks. Blues were not nearly so much in evidence as they were last season. There were several pretty lavenders and violets. Two or three effective black gowns were also worn.



No. 1.

Two charming gowns made in Toronto of Parisian material were of pink and white brocaded silk respectively, were shown by Miss Barber. They were simply made, as the rich texture and beautiful designs of the silk were sufficient for all artistic purposes. The bodices were made long with basque effect; shoulder straps and bodice border were of pearl passementerie. An apron fringe of pearls finished the bodice fronts, as shown in No. 2.

Among the many debutante gowns one of artistic effect was of white taffeta silk, with large puff sleeves and wide skirt. The baby bodice of white silk was draped in "plaidie" fashion, with a shawl belonging to the young girl's mother of rich creamy-white lace. It was carried across the bodice front, clasped on the right shoulder with pearl pendant, and on the left hip with large pearl buckle.

Much lace was worn, falling in deep frills from the upper edge of the bodice. One of the richest gowns, worn by a well-known Toronto beauty, was of ivory silk, with entire front of rich lace.



No. 4.

One of the most artistic Paris gowns was worn by a Toronto bride, just returned from a Continental wedding tour. It was of pale green silk brocade, shimmery and rich; the full sleeves were of pale green plussee; the bodice was deeply bordered with pink crush roses, set very full; the sleeves were edged with the same; the skirt was embroidered in deep-pointed pearl panels of exquisite leaf design.

The latest mandate brings princess gowns into favor again. Quite a number of these are being made in New York. They are very becoming and graceful to plump figures, but they must be made by first-class modistes, as one slip of the scissors, one false seam, will ruin the gown. The fit of a princess must be faultless.

We illustrate in No. 3 an effective dinner gown, sent out this month from a Toronto modiste. The sleeves and skirt are of dark-red taffeta silk, of a peculiarly glowing shade. The corsage and deep elbow cuffs are of black silk velvet. The yoke is of red chiffon, folded in Martha Washington effect:



No. 3.

wide fringe of the chiffon fall from the shoulder over the sleeve; wings of the chiffon are draped from the velvet cuff with artistic effect; black spangled net falls from the lower edge of the bodice like a fringe.

In No. 4 we illustrate an artistic afternoon gown, a full description of which was given on page 10 in January number, but the cut was crowded out. The materials are black crepon, with bodice front of chameleon fawn and green silk, and trimmings of moss-green velvet. The gown came from Mrs. Bishop, of Catto & Son, and was especially original and effective. Reference to the January number will give details.

A New York bride last week departed from the ordinary conventional wedding dress. She wore a yellow and white striped silk with a picture hat of yellow, with white ostrich plumes—not the costume generally worn by brides, but it was so becoming that it will certainly be copied.

MADAM.



The one we illustrate is of brown felt, banded about the crown with Egyptian ribbon (Oriental in color and design and sequined). Two very large, soft rosettes of brown silk and delicate cameo pink silk are placed on either side toward the front, with two ostrich demi-plumes in brown opening from their centers. Two small quaint rosettes of but-tercup Valenciennes lace finish the back. The entire effect is very stylish and rich.

A Trilby hat is one of the newest shapes, and becoming to the majority of faces. It is a snug and comfortable shape for winter. The one we show (No. 4) is of tobacco-color felt.

Very dainty effects in costume boas and muffs are to be seen. The newest thing in furs is the yellow and silver fox mixed. A very effective boa is shown, consisting entirely of tails made of ostrich feathers. The preference is for light-colored furs rather than dark.

The fashion of tilting hats over the face, in vogue ten years ago, is reviving. Many of the January hats are trimmed and shaped to wear in this mode.

It is predicted on good authority that the coming season will be one given over to flowers, also that airy effects in illusions and tulle will prevail.

Violets are the flower of the month, and will remain in favor until the Lenten season.

A touch of handsome silk ribbon in soft rosette is used with rich effect on velvet hats. The ribbon must be Dresden or Oriental in design.

In hair ornaments for evening dress the bandeaux of narrow tinsel with sprays of small flowers on either side and osprey, are much in vogue.

One such is of pale green tinsel of illusory effect, with sprays of green tinted waxy lilies and white osprey.

A soft rosette worn at the side of the hair coil is also fashionable. One rosette of pink satin has a brilliant button in center and two pink ospreys.

Feathers alone are not worn except for court head dress.

At the recent Yacht Club ball, in nearly every instance, the hair was adorned with dressing of ribbon or flowers. One of the most attractive belles wore two small bows of narrow white satin ribbon fastened low in the coil of her brown hair. Her gown was of white satin.

MADAM.

The turban brim is bound with Persian lamb. The trimming consists of a twisted roll of black silk velvet caught with a black paradise brush.

These brushes are the latest effect in feathers, and consist of a pom-pom of ostrich feathers with stiff brush plume rising erect from the center.

A new and stylish turban shape, narrow and of wedge effect, is shown in No. 5. It is in two shades of pumpkin velvet. It is trimmed from front around on the right side with crash roses in two shades of pumpkin color. The flowers are set closely, with rosette effect. A stiff bow of the lightest shade of the velvet is on the left clasped with rhinestone ornaments.

This last shape is worn *en costume* with fancy muff and boa to harmonize. The muff is of black velvet with wide frills lined with pumpkin-colored silk, and is draped with scarf of cream point lace caught with roses to correspond with hat.

Thanks are due to Miss Morrison, of Murray s.

MIDWINTER
MILLINERY.

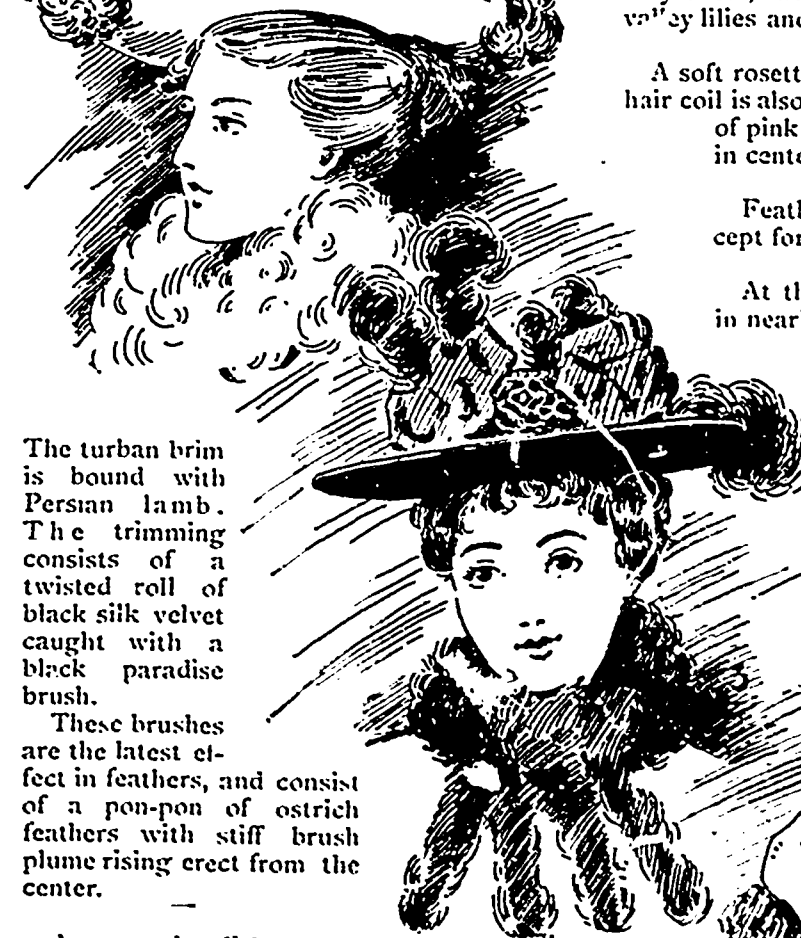
THERE is little that is new in the "between seasons," so our leading modistes say. Yet, in these crisp, first days of the year, the richest millinery effects are to be seen in combinations of velvets, feathers and fur. The warmest and most artistic of colors are employed, since there is neither sun to fade nor dust to sully the pretty hat or bonnet. Midwinter millinery should be the richest and most glowing of all the year.

A morning spent in the millinery department of one of our leading houses gave our artist some charming effects in winter combinations.

In No. 1 we illustrate an English walking hat, of the shape worn so effectively by Kathryn Kidder in that amusing "trying on" scene in "Sans Gène." It is of dark brown felt, trimmed with brown velvet and an erect brush of black ostrich feathers. The needful touch of softness and contrasting color is given by a dainty veil of cream lace, which is draped across the brim and falls in two short ends over the back.

No. 2 is a very charming picture hat of pearl grey felt, having edge bound with black velvet. It is trimmed with ivory white faille ribbon, and has two exquisite plumes of pearl grey ostrich, one falling over the front, the other drooping towards the back, the tip resting lightly upon the hair.

A new French hat is shown in No. 3, trimmed for a debutante during the Ottawa season. The shape is fashioned upon the popular "sailor," but the brim is peculiar in extending only around front and sides; at the back it is narrowed to a mere edge. The brim is broad, but wider at the sides than in front. The crown is small and rather high. The shape is eminently becoming to the majority of faces.





THE Loan Collection of pictures exhibited at the Toronto Club during the third week of January proved one of the chief attractions of the month. Each

afternoon and evening the luxurious club-rooms were thronged with visitors representing Toronto's highest social element. The murmur of trained voices and gentle speech, the appreciative criticisms, the rich furs and laces, the entire atmosphere, indeed, was charged with a breath of fine culture.

Yet, had it been otherwise, the beauty of the pictures was in itself sufficient to subdue all things unto itself, triumphing, as true art should, above all material sense, and appealing only to the spiritual.

The pictures were not too many—forty in number—to receive each its share of attention. They were well arranged, and the rooms were sufficiently spacious; the lighting was perfect; so that everything conduced to full appreciation and enjoyment of the guests.

In the hallway one of the pictures that commanded most attention was a half-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, loaned by Mr. William Blakelee—a face worth studying in its noble almost spiritual lines, with only the fine, straight nose and firm chin to indicate the martial qualities of the great general.

It was a suggestive portrait to greet one in these stirring days.

Another that proved most attractive to the visitors was "The Conscript's Return," loaned by Mrs. Cameron. The lighting of this picture was excellent, showing to full advantage, every detail. The conscript, in his military wrappings, his bronze, healthy face alight with the pleasure of home joys, and his child on his knee, reciting the war's stirring episodes; while the old mother smiles proudly beside him, and the household and neighbors gather in the homely peasant cottage room to listen, admire and congratulate. The faces are each a splendid study.

"Aaron and the Budding Rod" is the title of a wonderful head by Ribera, loaned by D. Morrice. It is remarkable for its strength of light and shade. It is a strange, weird conception, a scartling face in its effect of open mouth, uplifted eyes, ghostly pallor and worn lines—not representative of our idea of the Biblical character, perhaps, yet almost mesmeric in its uncanny impressiveness. And probably the picture reveals to us, as we endeavor to recall the Aaron of the Bible, how vague our knowledge is of him—being confined chiefly to the fact that he had a budding rod.

Two or three of the pictures shown, found favor above the others; and, perhaps, the chief of these was "Bog, Hill and Cloud," painted by a modern-school artist who is fast coming into fame, Peter Graham. The pic-

ture is owned by Mr. E. B. Osler. It is only a landscape in misty effects, but as we look, lo! we are no longer outside, we are within the picture. The lovely feathery clouds roll down the hill sides; we feel their softening, misty touch upon our cheeks; we follow down the grassy inclines to the lowlands where the grazing cattle stand, and stoop to pluck the coarse, strong grass tufts at the bog edge. The fine shading, the delicacy of touch, the exquisite airy effects, cannot be told in words; but the deep involuntary breath given by each new corner is the best tribute to the picture's worth.

Another favorite, and one of the most perfect things, artistically considered, in the collection, is "Border of Forest, Fontainebleau," by Rosseau, loaned by Sir William Van Horne. The perspective and proportion are excellent, the virility of twisted boughs and gnarled and knotted trunks splendidly depicted.

One recognizes, even in this border bit, that here is a forest historic—a forest for king's hunting and statesman's hiding—whose every tree could tell a tale. The master-hand of the painter had revealed it all in his strong dramatic touch.

A splendid color study is entitled "A Morocco Carpet Warehouse," by Fortuny, loaned by Mr. James Ross. It is a water-color, rich in Oriental tints. Two men, buyer and customer, are bending over a pile of crimson and blue Oriental hangings, while several dogs, lanky, yet graceful like their masters, sniff inquisitively about an exquisite rug, daring in pattern and tint. The entire room is aglow with rich touches of color.

An effective picture that hung near it is entitled "Evening," by Tholen, a rising young Dutch artist, loaned by Dr. Gardiner. It represents a barge on a canal, with trees upon the bank and all the sky in the rosy flush of sunset clouds. So still it is that barge and trees look up in reflected perfection from the glassy water—so still it is that all the summer evening peace breathes into our spirit as we look.

"Seeking the Evening Meal," by Swan, the famous English animal painter, loaned by Mr. E. B. Osler, is one of the strong and effective pictures of the collection.

It portrays only a lion and his consort standing upon a great stretch of plain, their figures clearly outlined against an expanse of fair evening sky; but the effect is Kiplingesque in virile savagery.

The male with fearsome, heroic face uplifted, and long-lapped tongue, to scent the prey that may be; the female with head down-hung, and strong limbs stretched beside him, dwarfed by his greater presence—yet superbly brutal;—his fit consort, of a truth.

The forms of the creatures are magnificent in anatomical fidelity; but the artist gives more—there is the inexpressible awfulness of brute might, and the mystery of brute life suggested. We look at it with feeling of terror, yet fascinating.

"Nymph of the Fountain," by Henner, loaned by Sir Donald Smith, is a lovely poetic thing in nude study, the coloring being particularly good in giving ideal effect.

"Interior with Sheep," by Jacque, loaned by Mr. E. B. Osler, is charming, and attracted much attention from lovers of the pretty, gentle animals. A rude sheep shed, with a flock of the gentle creatures nosing around the tin that contain their evening meal; poultry straying below them with pert strut, picking cheerily at the gleanings,—a shepherd in attendance; the picture has an atmosphere peculiarly its own.

Another sheep study shown is a smaller

one "The Shepherdess," by Millet, loaned by Mrs. Benson.

A home-coming, with the young moon in the sky, and a girl followed by her sheep flock, with one on the bank, outlined against a roseate sky. The coloring is soft and beautiful.

"Figure from 'The Legend,'" by Chalmers, loaned by Mr. E. B. Osler, is a dainty child figure in shabby gown, a little Cinderella maid, with all of womanhood dawning in the sweet, spiritual little face.

"A Burgomaster," a head study by Helst, loaned by Mr. R. S. Cassels; "The Readers," by Ribot, loaned by Mr. W. J. Learmont, two splendid old Dutch profiles with strong gnarled features; "A Model Housewife," by Bonvein, loaned by Sir William Van Horne,—these and many others of the smaller pictures are delightful and of highly artistic excellence.

But where every picture is by a master, and of such merit, criticism is impossible. We who are not critics, but only picture-lovers; who feel the beauty and the poetry, but cannot tell the whys or wherefores, can only speak of those which appealed most strongly to us.

The exhibition was a rare delight to all who were fortunate enough to spend some quiet hours among its treasures.

A collection of pictures such as this Loan Exhibition shows more than ever the necessity of a public gallery free to our citizens and a place of special interest to visitors, who at present make the Normal School with its curios—the pictures not the least among them—the place of their first pilgrimage, and return home thinking it the art center of Toronto. Montreal has long had such a gallery; it is one of the things the city is especially proud of. Let us hope it will not be long before we have such an one in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid sailed the other day for Gibraltar, and will likely be absent from us until next autumn. Their intention, we understand, is to spend several months in Spain, making Madrid their headquarters; later, to work for a time in Paris, and then proceed to London for the spring exhibition. We may expect some delightful pictures as the outcome of their trip abroad.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, lately held in Toronto, it was decided that the exhibition of 1895 should be held in Montreal, the opening day to be March 6th. Amongst the pictures that will probably be exhibited there we have seen one, recently completed, by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., entitled "Towing Barges on the Hudson," in which he has succeeded in realizing in a most happy manner the scintillating effects of sunlight.

Mr. C. M. Manly, the artist, has just returned from England. He has been sketching in the southern counties.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors, 5 King West, OVER MICHIE & CO'S

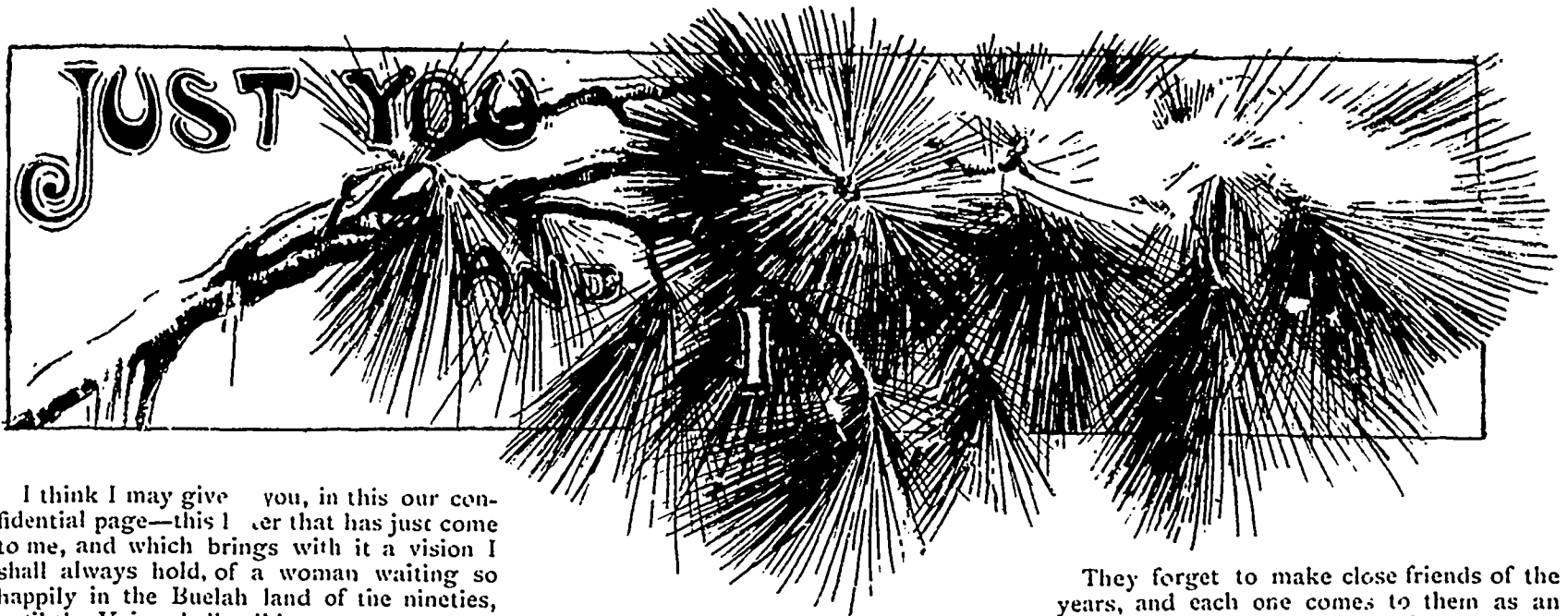
Dear Madam:

Toronto, Dec., 1895.

I have much pleasure in intimating that I have received from the publishers, L. Michau, 84 Rue de Richelieu, Twenty colored Plates of BALL AND EVENING DRESSES also Dinner, Street and Carriage Dresses.

An early call to inspect the above New Styles will be mutually agreeable and interesting to my patrons and
Yours faithfully,
MISS PATON.

P.S.—Terms moderate. No trouble to show goods. Work and Fit Guaranteed.



I think I may give you, in this our confidential page—this letter that has just come to me, and which brings with it a vision I shall always hold, of a woman waiting so happily in the Buelah land of the nineties, until the Voice shall call her name.

It is from Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, whom we sketched, how feebly and uneffectively only the writer knows, in the January number of our JOURNAL.

She will not mind, I am sure; anyway I shall venture the liberty, and ask her pardon afterward, since I know my readers will be interested.

I should like to give it in autograph, so that you might see the even lines and clear lettering that makes it easier to read than many a school girl's handwriting; but since our space will not permit this, I will copy it.

It is dated four days after Mrs. Traill's ninety-fourth birthday.

"WESTOVE," LAKEFIELD, Jan. 13, '96.

DEAR FAITH FENTON,—I have just received a copy of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and thank you warmly for all that you have written so well and kindly of myself and my writings. The sketch is the best and truest that has yet appeared; the only fault is, it is too full of kindness; and, indeed, I can hardly believe that it is the nonogenarian who sits in the armchair at "Westove" whom you have so pleasantly described, or that the young English bride to whom you refer and this aged authoress, can be one and the same person.

Sixty-three years have come and passed since the English bride came to the Canadian log-house under the pines; and what marvelous changes she has seen since she made her home in the wilderness of this now very dear and beloved country!—a land which has a noble destiny to fulfil, if it be true to it. And to God—and I will add, to Mother England, whose child it verily is.

But I am forgetting myself, as I am apt to do, when on this subject; but you see the old lady is English still at heart, and will so remain until the life-close, which must now be very near.

I have not yet had leisure to read all the contents of the January number of your JOURNAL, but I am sure I shall find much in it to interest me.

Perhaps some day the editor will find a wee bit space for a little bird or butterfly chat with the children, which this old lady is not yet too old to enjoy giving.

My daughter and granddaughters join me in hoping that you will come again to "Westove," or to our island home, "Minnewawa," in the summer season. They unite with me in kind remembrances to one whose visit will not soon be forgotten by them, and will be remembered always by

Faith Fenton's Sincere Friend,

Catharine Parr Traill

That's a dear letter, is it not?—especially when its recipient conjures up the lovely old face of the writer, with its pretty pink cheeks, bright blue eyes, and drift of silky, snowy hair tucked cosily beneath the white cap; when she hears the low, tuneful voice and feels the soft touch of the aged hands.

What a lovely thing it is to grow old so; not fading, but rather ripening; not collapsing suddenly into a witherhood of wrinkles, but mellowing into a full fruition of charm.

And we women may take our choice of the ways,—only we must make it early. We cannot have results without processes; and if we would choose a beautiful old age of content, noble and sweet with life's fulness, we must begin to make it long before the grey hairs come.

And we must begin on the inside.

Cosmetics have their uses;—the cream that keeps soft the skin, the massage that increases circulation, and the early hours that keep eyes bright and hold away the peek-a-boo wrinkles,—all these are good and helpful, but they are not enough:

"What a woman's soul is,
That she is herself."

And if the soul—the spirit nature, if you will—stops growing, the physical will conform to it; and the years shall not ripen, but wither us.

You find them among your acquaintances—women who are not far advanced in years, perhaps hardly beyond the thirties or forties, yet every year is marked upon their faces in sallow discontent or wrinkles of unrest; or what is worse, in the assumption of early youth by means of paint and powder and bleached hair.

What will old age bring to these but all unloveliness? They have not learned what to let go, nor what to reach after.

For there are beautiful things that belong to middle years and old age which young girls have to grow up to; just as there are others which belong to youth alone.

If women would only realize that, what a burden of effort it would lift from their lives.

* * *

Was there ever a picture more pitiful than that of Mrs. Skewton, in "Dombey and Son," as she chattered and posed and fluttered her fan through the day,—to be taken to pieces and drop into weary fretfulness at night? Could anything be more ghastly than those last dreary days of paralysis, when, with numbling speech and airy gesture, she yet affected youthful coquettishness and sparkle,—to drop at last into the awful silence of Death?

And yet,—and yet,—this poor Cleopatra was but an extreme type of thousands of our women to-day!

They forget to make close friends of the years, and each one comes to them as an additional terror rather than a joy.

* * *

Youth determines middle age, and middle age elder womanhood, and elder womanhood old age.

There must be the constant spiritual growth into larger life and loving—into deeper quiet and content—or else the real dear old lady can never exist.

It is good that each of us know some instances of lovely old age; the pity is that we do not know many.

I have one such dear friend in my thought. She is far on in the seventies now, and frail and delicate to a degree. Yet the beauty of intellect is upon her face and shines out of the bright dark eyes; while in heart and mind she is young as any of her children.

I have often tried to solve the secret of her attraction for all of us who call her friend.

It lies perhaps partly in the patrician beauty of the dear old face; but certainly not a little is due to the bright interest in the things of to-day, united with the sweet acceptance of the years that rest upon her.

* * *

As I write, the face of another rises before me—a face that is like a benediction in its blending of holiness and calm. I catch glimpses of it across the church on Sunday morning, and, as the light shines down upon it from the high windows, my lips unconsciously murmur, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Yet both of these dear old ladies have lived through years of care and perplexity; they have borne in full measure the day's burdens; yet they have ripened, not withered, beneath the bearing, and now at sunset hour they possess all the charm of a lovely and attractive womanhood.

* * *

Women must choose,—this or that.

They may go down the years with a separate wrinkle for every additional day and a separate agony for every grey hair; with a corresponding inner shrinking—that leaves them at last withered husks of womanhood. Or they may make the path of time not down—but up—a beautiful ascent, with calm faces lit into a real loveliness of sunset glow.

But the choice must be made, not in the fifties or sixties, but in the early days of girlhood of young womanhood. The human soul weaves its garments slowly, and, once woven, we must wear them to the end.

FAITH FENTON.



FOR YOUNG CANADA

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

This picture just about speaks for itself, but I must tell you just how it happened. This little Kittie belongs to Elsie, and was given to her when she had to stay in the house a long time, on account of a broken ankle, and Puss helped to pass many a weary hour for her. She is a dear little Kit, and Elsie declares she understands everything she says to her.

Well, one day, when the doctor called, before he went away, Elsie wanted to show him Miss Puss, but she could not be found, although high and low they looked for her. However, when the doctor went down stairs, and stooped to pick up his hat, which he had left on the floor in the drawing-room, there lay Kittie sound asleep, all curled up in a little soft ball. He took up the hat carefully, so as not to waken the little sleeper, and went upstairs again to show Elsie. How they all laughed! Elsie was so delighted with Kittie's new bed, that she begged an old hat from papa, and there her pet sleeps every night.

I stood at the window one day watching a snowstorm, and thinking,--thinking how cheerless would be our winter without the snow, which covers everything with its lovely, white softness even to the unsightly heaps of clay and stone, which the industrious grass had failed to reach last summer, and making, for a time, the poor man's garden as beautiful as the rich man's lawn; thinking, too, as I heard the shouts from the hill close by, how much the snow means to you children, and how you love to tumble and romp in it.

But do my little friends ever think of the little children of warm countries, who never even see snow? And as for sleighs and skates and snowshoes, they do not know the meaning of them. Let me tell you about a little girl who came from a land where it is summer all the year. Helen Clark, whose home is in India, came to Toronto one summer, to spend the year with a Canadian auntie.

Her surprise at everything being so unlike that to which she had been accustomed, amused her little cousins greatly; but they were most impatient for winter to come, for they knew she would have endless surprises then. One day in November she stood looking out of the window, and suddenly they heard a scream. "Oh! auntie! see the white feathers falling from the sky! Oh! do come quick."

How the children laughed at her excitement over her first snowstorm.

She rushed to the door and caught the white flakes on her little pink palm, and watched them eagerly as they changed into little water drops.

Her delight at her first slide, of a few days before, was nothing compared with the joy of this new wonder.

What a winter it was to Helen, and what lengthy letters she wrote home to her little India playmates, who did not know what cold or snow or ice meant, and who could not imagine how anyone could live in such a dreadful country, where there are no flowers nor fruit growing for more than half the year.

However, when Helen went back to India, and told them what fun she had had—sleighbing and skating and snowshoeing,—they felt quite willing to come to Canada, if they ever had a chance.

And now my dear little "Canucks," who almost "live in the snow" (as your mother says), on these lovely wintry days, do you know there are some children who really do *live in the snow*? Up in the most northern corner of our half of the world, is a country called Greenland. "Whiteland" would be a better name, for here it is winter nearly all the year; and here, in this land of snow, live our little Eskimo brothers and sisters.

Their house is made of blocks of ice, covered with snow, and is shaped like half an orange; with door so low, that the people crawl in on "all fours." There is but one window, with a block of ice answering for a pane of glass. They have no horses in Greenland. It is too cold for them; so they use the reindeer, instead, to pull their sledges. The reindeer also supplies them with meat



and clothing. Little boys and girls are dressed alike, in fur trousers and jacket, made like their papa's; and sleep on snow beds, rolled up in fur blankets.

They cannot make fire, as we do; so heat their houses with a stove, which is really a big lamp, in which they burn whale oil.

They have to eat a great deal of fat to keep them warm, and even their candy is made of reindeer tallow, and, I suppose, tastes as good to them as chocolates do to us.

Eskimo children do not take baths, as you do, and one would have to wash off a great deal of oil and dirt before being able to see just what they really look like.

The babies are not nearly as dainty as our sweet, fresh, little Canadian pets, but probably their dirty little faces get just as many fond kisses from papa and mamma Eskimo as our babies do.

On the whole, the children up in Greenland enjoy their long winter, and amuse themselves very much the same as you do. They ride down hill, and are drawn on sleds by their white dogs, and occasionally, with father and mother, have a long reindeer drive.

They do not have schools, but learn at home.

Now, would any of my little friends trade places with an Eskimo boy or girl?

COUSIN MAUD.



Housekeeper's Corner

There is nothing displays the culture and taste of a hostess more than the table and bedroom napery. Linen Damasks, such as will stand the wear and always look well, cannot be produced in the cheaper qualities. In purchasing linens, one may very easily be misled, as there is a glossy finish given to all Damasks that in some cases is made to cover a multitude of defects. If people would only insist on having such linens as "The Shamrock" and "Old Bleach" makes, that have been winning the highest awards at all the world's exhibitions ever since such were inaugurated right down to the present time, there would never be an unfavorable impression created. In this class of Linen Damasks, we have Table Cloths two yards, two and a half, three, three and a half, four, four and a half, five and six yards long with napkins to match, which represent the very finest linen productions in the world.

Just now we show a full assortment of other warrantable makes of Linen Damask Table Cloths, two by two and a half yards, for two dollars, two twenty-five and two fifty; also a large lot of extra long cloths, three, three and a half, four, four and a half, five and six yards long, which we are clearing out at greatly reduced prices. Some of these are very beautiful in design, and extra value in every respect. We have Linen Damask Table Napkins to match all these, from one thirty-five to two fifty a dozen.

We are making a special display of Brown and White Turkish Bath Mats, Bath Robes and Bath Towels. Our Brown Linen Bath Towel for twenty-nine cents is the best value obtainable.

Blankets, fine quality, from two fifty to five dollars a pair

White Marseilles Quilts, full size, two fifty, three dollars and three fifty; Cot and Crib sizes, sixty-five cents to one dollar and ninety cents.

Honey Comb Quilts, one dollar to one fifty. In Eider Down goods, we are showing some very special bargains. Our Satcen covered, reversible (beautiful designs) Down Quilts at from five to fifteen dollars are unmatchable outside our warehouse.

Tapestry Table Covers from one fifty to five dollars each, and large sizes from two to twelve dollars each.

Nottingham Lace Curtains in white and ecru, three yards long, one dollar and one fifty per pair; three and a half yards, two to four dollars; four yards long, two fifty to seven fifty per pair.

Cotton Sheetings, bleached, twill, from sixty-four to one hundred inches wide, at from twenty cents to seventy cents per yard.

Bleached, plain, from fifty-four to one hundred and ten inches wide, from eighteen cents to seventy-five cents a yard.

Unbleached, twill, sixty-four to ninety inches, from twenty cents to thirty cents.

Unbleached, plain, fifty-four to ninety inches, from sixteen cents to thirty cents a yard.

Cotton Pillow Casings, bleached plain, forty to fifty-four inches, from fifteen to thirty-five cents.

Unbleached, plain, forty to forty-five inches, from ten cents to twelve and a half.

Best circular, bleached and plain, all widths.

This little sketch of some of our ordinary lines in housefurnishings of the highest class is given, so that you may be posted on what you can get good things for, when next laying in your supplies for household needs.

Our Mail Order system is so complete that through samples and correspondence you can be served just as well as if you were on the ground.

JOHN CATTO & SON,
KING STREET, TORONTO.

WOMEN'S SPORTS

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

It was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning when we reached the broad entrance of the club house, and, passing by handsomely appointed smoking-rooms, inviting-looking billiard-rooms, and various closed doors, came—at the end of a wide corridor—to the ladies' sitting-room.

Presently the young matron who was our conductress reappeared from the ladies' retiring-room, in the most becoming of athletic costume, having apparently left five years in her locker—safely stowed away with her ordinary attire. The dress is all black with the short skirt and neat blouse just brightened with a few touches of cherry. Long black stockings meet the bloomers and the feet are encased in laced moccasins or gymnasium shoes.

"Do you mind going up the back stairs?" she asked. "We generally go up that way to the gymnasium when we have this dress on," and with a laughing demur to our admiring remarks and an apologetic glance at her short skirt, she led the way from the pretty, cosy sitting-room to the conveniently adjacent stair case. Up two flights we go, with glimpses of the commissariat department, and suggestions of culinary arrangements by the way—through a long passage, then a door swings to our touch and we are in the airy, spacious gymnasium of the Toronto Athletic Club—a room given over to the use of lady associate members of the club for three mornings in the week.

The morning sun is streaming in through the south-eastern window, in whose alcove Mr. Taylor, the instructor, is affording himself a little diversion by going through a lightning-fast encounter with a punching bag, while he waits for the class to assemble.

The walls are lined with machines for chest exercise, with dozens of dumb bells of varying weight, with appliances for encouraging straighter backs in round-shouldered people, more slender waists in those inclined to stoutness, broader shoulders where the figure is too slight—in fact, with everything art can devise for rounding out, strengthening, or making more symmetrical those odd corners of the human frame which nature may have neglected. The lofty roof is hung with dependent rings, and bars, and trapezes; and all about there are ladders and cross bars, and a mysterious festooning of ropes and pulleys whose uses only the initiated understand.

Entirely at home amid their surroundings seem the merry, graceful young women and girls, who, in the perfect freedom allowed by their dress, are lightly springing over the horse, floating through the air on traveling rings and doing wonderful things on the ladders and trapeze.

Presently the instructor puts them through an exercise with the chest machines; after that a drill, using bar-bells. This, he tells us, is one of the most beneficial of exercises, bringing into play as it does every limb and muscle in the body. The different poising

and postures of the supple, swaying forms; the interest and animation of the bright young faces,—the rhythm of sound and movement; held a fascination for the onlookers difficult to convey.

"What is this for?" said I to a pretty, slight girl standing near, as I pointed to a leather plate suspended by light, adjustable chains at a height a little above my head.

"Oh that's for kicking at," and, standing on her left foot, to my surprise, she quite easily touched it with her right toe while she spoke.

"How high was that?" she gaily cried to the instructor. "Only six feet two? Dear me, I'm getting out of practice."

"I wish our two champions were here this morning," remarked our friend, "then we could show you something worth while."

"Yes" interposed the instructor, "Miss—jumps beautifully, and Miss—can kick seven feet—as high as I can myself."

A game of basket ball was then indulged in, and as the opposing sides ran to and fro tossing the ball to one another in their efforts to safely lodge it in the basket suspended at either end of the room, excitement ran high and there were some beautiful "scrimmages."



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

But thrown into the basket it was—and more than once.

"Let no one say after this that a woman can never hit what she aims at," laughed one of the class as they went down stairs preparatory to resuming street dress.

The careless words somehow lodged in my mind. Women are to-day supposed to be aiming at many hitherto unattempted things. When what they are reaching out after will lead to increased health, strength and beauty, may they attain the goal of their wishes in every case.

On the 11th of February the gymnasium is to be given over to the ball committee for the annual dance. As we looked at the perfect floor and noted the excellent arrangements for ventilation, we readily understood some of the reasons that make this event one to be looked forward to by Toronto society, and of the handsome girls for whom our city is noted, I know that those who have spent the most hours in the gymnasium during the past season will not be the least beautiful and graceful amongst the dancers.

Last month the initial practice of the University Ladies' Fencing Club was held in the east hall of the University building. From the skill, agility and enthusiasm displayed by many of the members, next year will see among them some very expert swordswomen.

The Quebec Tandem Club have been having some delightful drives lately. I notice that on a recent Saturday afternoon there were some twelve tandems, besides singles, in the line, Miss Gladys White leading with a tandem and Mr. Edson Fitch driving a unicorn. A favorite drive is to Lorette, or to the falls of Montmorenci, where the jolly party indulge in tobogganing down the cone, and drive home again by moonlight.

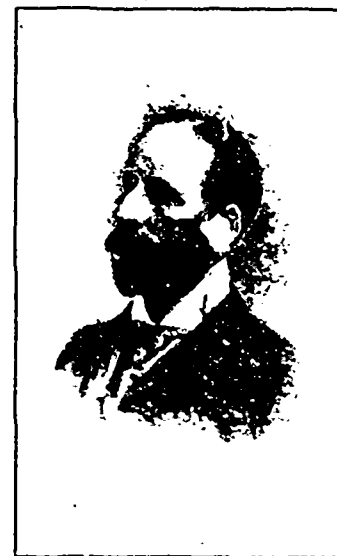
The numberless pages of advice which have been called forth regarding what is best for a pedestrian to do when he sees a bicycle bearing down upon him are amusing. However, the consensus of opinion seems to be that if he will stand quite still and let the rider do the dodging, he is most likely to escape uninjured. Cyclists are accustomed to glide rapidly by inanimate objects, and can guide their wheel within a very few inches of an object with absolute certainty. Gate posts, trees, stones, etc., never dodge—and only a beginner ever thinks of running into them. But when a rider meets an object whose movements he can only guess at, as in the case of a person moving to and fro in a bewildered manner, he is very apt to be confused or lose his head, being just as likely to turn the same way as the unlucky pedestrian, with the usual disastrous results. Therefore, if you stand perfectly still wherever you happen to be when a cyclist approaches, and jump neither to the right nor yet to the left, you have a very good chance of escaping whole. But woe to you if you once begin to dodge and try to get out of the way; the chances are that there will be a collision. All the same, there should be some settled rule of the road with regard to bicycles, I think, for the convenience and safety of all parties.

CYCLIST.

CHARLES PERCY MILLER.

This gentleman, having been formerly with one of the largest tire concerns in the world, has now assumed the position of manager of the American Tire Company, manufacturers of the Resilient-Flexifort. This firm, having recognized the demand for double-tube cemented tires, are producing one of the finest tires ever placed on the market, and one that is commanding universal admiration.

By means of using their style of tire the wheel is considerably lightened, there being a great difference in the weight of the rim used by them and that of the ordinary detachable tire; while the chances of puncture are no greater and the facilities of



repairing easy. The writer has been through the American Tire Company's factory at 42 Adelaide west, and can honestly say it is one of the cleanest, neatest, and most thoroughly equipped factories he has ever seen. Under Mr. Miller's able management the tire is proving a decided success.

He has our best wishes, as also have Messrs. F. J. Whatmough, Sid Davies and Hawdon Brumell, who are connected with the American Tire Company.

"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER."

There were but three persons in the car; a merchant, deep in the income list of the *Traveler* an old lady with two handboxes, a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked into another car, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder and walked in.

"Hi! Little Tommy Tucker
Plays for his supper,"

shouted the young exquisite lounging on the platform in tan-colored coat and lavender kid gloves.

"Oh, Kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, I had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper at the sound of this *petit dialogue* and the old lady smiled benignly; the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled.

Nobody would have thought to look at that man in the corner that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? Oh, no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. A man, weak, unfortunate, discouraged and selfish, as weak, unfortunate and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. His panoramas never paid him for the use of his halls. His traveling tin-type saloon had trundled him into a sheriff's hands. His petroleum speculations had crashed like a bubble. His black and gold sign, "J. Harmon, Photographer," had swung now for nearly a year over the dentist's rooms, and he had had the patronage of precisely six old women and three babies. He had drifted to the theater in the evenings, he did not care now to remember how many times—the fellows asked him and it made him forget his troubles. The next morning his empty purse would gape at him and Annie's mouth would quiver. A man must have his glass, too, on Sundays and—well, perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to go to work after it; and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! Why couldn't she scold or cry? These still women aggravate a fellow beyond reason."

Well, then the children had been sick; measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, mumps, he was sure he did not know what not; every one of them from the baby up. There was medicine, and there were doctor's bills, and there was sitting up with them at night—their mother usually did that. Then she must needs pale down herself, like a poorly finished photograph; all her color and roundness and sparkle gone; and if ever a man liked to have a pretty wife about it was he. Moreover, she had a cough, and her shoulders had grown round, stooping so much over the heavy baby, and her breath came short, and she had a way of being tired. She had had great purple rings under her eyes for six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, a plenty of it in her young, fresh days, before he came across her life to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a golden fortune and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants and make it all up. In theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his ill luck went westward with him and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him and be better off, and that would be the end of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes and thinking about it.

"Hm-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance into the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his little fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle—and struck up a gay, rollicking tune—

"I care for nobody and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still. When it was over he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hist their shoulders, not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow himself least of all; but he tried this:

"We've lived and loved together,
Through many changing years."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice, perhaps.

The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past, with the green water sucking at their piers; the city shifted by and out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together,"

played Tommy in a little plaintive wail,

"We've lived and loved—"

"Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. A dull sunset lay low on the water, burning like a bale-fire through the snaky trail of smoke that went writhing past the car windows. Against lonely signal-houses and little deserted beaches the water was splashing drearily and playing monotonous basses to Tommy's wail:

"Through many changing years,
Many changing years."

It was a nuisance, this music in the cars. Why didn't somebody stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city far behind now. He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely, venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, and thrust his head out to look back. Through the undulating smoke, out in the pale glimmer from the sky, he could see a low, red tongue of land, covered with the twinkle of lighted homes. Somewhere there, in among the quivering warmth, was one—

What was that boy about now? Not "Home, Sweet Home"? But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the car. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious sensation. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She!—ah, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like home,"

said Tommy's little fiddle,

"O, no place like home."

The train was shrieking away into the west—the baleful, lonely west—which was dying fast now out there upon the sea, and it is a fact that his hat went slowly down over his face again and that his face went slowly down upon his arm.

There in the lighted home out upon the flats that had drifted by for ever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be in to supper; she was beginning to wonder a little where he was. She would put the baby down presently, and stand at the window with her hands—Annie's hands once were not so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place; still she would go to the window and stand watching, watching. Oh, the long night that she must stand watching, and the days, and the years!

"Sweet, sweet home,"

played Tommy.

By and by there was no more of "Sweet Home." "How about that cove with his head lopped down on his arms?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once, then put his face down again. But he was awake, awake in every nerve, and listening, to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that, it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet, loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train!

"'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, the man was thinking—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that when he went to see her on Sunday nights before they were married—in her pink, plump, pretty days. Annie used to be very pretty.

"Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it, too, she did." Ah, how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work and pain, the nights of watching, the patient voice, the quivering mouth, the tact and the planning and the trust for to-morrow, the love that had borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things, uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened for ever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And ne'er forget will I,"

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever should forget; that he should be here to-night, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself. He wondered—

"And she's a' the world to me,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die,"

sang the little fiddle, triumphantly.

Harmon shook himself and stood up. The train was slackening; the lights of a way station bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny and returned to his tax list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening, "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you've done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? Well, I guess I've waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that is it," said Harmon, very distinctly pushing up his hat, "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now and stopped. He emptied his purse into the little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes!" gasped Tommy, "that chap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a here! One, two, three—must have been crazy; that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station lights and striking back through the night for the red flats and home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor, please God, shall she."

It was late when he came in sight of the house; it had been a long tramp across the tracks and hard; he being stung by a bitter wind from the east all the

way, tired with the monotonous treading of the sleepers and with crouching in perilous niches to let the trains go by.

She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand, her hands raised to her face, her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican in the old story hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, pale with her watching and fear.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theater either this time. Some business, dear; business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am, Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie."

He faltered and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie. "Why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire and I will bring the coffee. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack, and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear for a minute, perhaps. He gulped down his coffee, choking.

"Annie, look here." He put down his cup, trying to smile and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

"But you couldn't care anything more for him, you know, Annie."

"I don't know," said Annie, shaking her head with a little perplexed smile. "You would be just, Jack, *any now*."

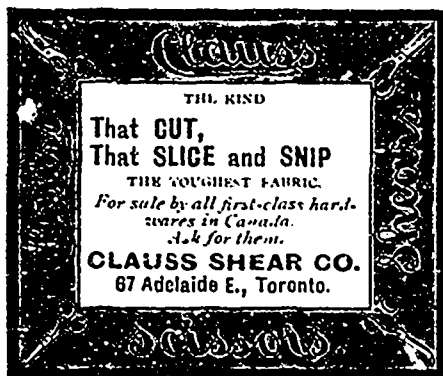
Jack coughed, took up his coffee-cup, set it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said, presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear, just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night, that's all."

And that is all that she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado.—E. S. Phelps, in *Men, Women and Ghosts*.



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONT.

Recently enlarged by the addition of the Frances Hall, and provided with every modern comfort in the shape of steam heating, electric lighting, bath rooms, etc. Universally acknowledged by all who have seen it to be the largest, most elegant, and best equipped college for women in Canada. In educational work it stands unequalled, being the only Ladies' College in the country taking up a regular university course. Full Conservatory of Music and Schools of Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial branches. Will reopen January 7th, 1896. Send for Calendar to Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D., Principal.



THE RE is very little need to say who he is, since there is no figure more familiar to Toronto citizens, especially the down-town ones, than that of Police Constable Redford, the permanent officer in charge of the King and Yonge intersection, the busiest crossing in Toronto.

At any and every hour of the day you may find him in his place, usually in the street center, standing on a small section of the much-bisected roadway, with a ceaseless whirl of

wheels and clamor of gongs all about him.

It is two years or more since this finest "one of the finest" was given permanent appointment at this busy corner. Before that, it was guarded by various members of the police force, as change of duty directed; but the results were not satisfactory.

What was needed was a trustworthy permanent officer, who would learn the daily features of his work and grow to have a personal interest in it, a man strong, kindly, courteous, with quick eye, steady nerve, and inexhaustible patience.

There are plenty such men on the Toronto force; yet if there were a preference, possibly public opinion would give it to P.C. Redford.

He's a splendid-looking fellow, with a world of comfort in his strength, for timid women and mothers. Those blessed baby carriages! however would they get over that crowded thoroughfare at busy hours without the uniform to protect them.

He looks formidable in size and strength, this big officer, but there is a twinkle in the blue eyes and two irresistible dimples half hidden in the bronze beard that women are quick to discover, and that tell their own story.

Constable Redford's duties are not easily defined, since they cover a variety of offices, from controlling the traffic to helping the aged or infirm over the crossing; from stopping a runaway to clearing street corner loungers.

He won't talk when on duty, save to answer queries, although in holiday season these are constant; and he won't talk when off duty, if there is even the edge of a notebook about. It requires considerable diplomacy to coax a little chat out of the big, kindly officer; but, when we succeed in getting him off guard, he can tell amusing things of the characters who become familiar to him as they pass and repass day by day at the busy corner.

There's the blind tuner, who recognizes his slightest touch; the infirm man, who waits to catch his watchful eye before venturing from the pavement; the nervous woman, who looks wildly about, then dashes across with a do-or-die expression; and the numerous aged ones, who are anxious for his safe conduct.

There are the interrogation points also—people who ask questions, then dart off without waiting for the answers; and others who know before they ask.

There are the strangers also, who pour in at Exhibition time, during the summer days, or at special holiday seasons. Our kindly officer is a whole directory in himself concerning the sights to see and institutions to visit.

"I put them on a belt-line trolley, and tell them to stay on until they get around to me again; then I give them a second start off somewhere else," he says, with a laugh.

During ordinary seasons Friday is the worst day he has, being "bargain day" in the larger stores. "My! but the baby carriages are terrible on that day," he declares, with a sigh.

During the two years of his charge, Constable Redford has seen many narrow and remarkable escapes and not a few accidents at this busy corner; but in no instance has there been loss of life, or even serious injury, which fact speaks well for his vigilance.

"I couldn't count the number of bicycles I have seen smashed at this corner in the past two years," he says. "Yet the riders have all escaped with slight injury, or none at all."

He is decidedly of the opinion that bicyclists should walk their wheels over or around this busiest crossing in the city. It would be much safer both for the riders and pedestrians; "and I ride a wheel myself, so I am not against them," he adds, merrily.

A Dominion statute demands slow driving over street crossings; how the law is disregarded in this respect, even in our city business thoroughfares, we all know.

At this corner, however, the officer insists that all vehicles shall move at walking pace. The enforcement of this means an occasional arrest, but not as many as when he first took charge.

The street cars have right of way; but, inasmuch as they do not care to run over a man, Constable Redford checks them when necessary for the passing of women, children or infirm folk, by standing in front of them or crossing with the latter.

"They won't run me down," he says, with a laugh.

Again, windows of corner stores must not be blocked; and it is his duty to insist that citizens waiting for cars shall stand upon the edge of the pavement. The corners must also be kept free from habitual loafers, and congestion prevented.

The duties of the position appear easy, yet they require much of tact and judgment. Besides, it is a monotonous and trying thing to stand hour after hour, the center of such a bewildering of rattle and wheels—the only relief being in pacing the square formed by the street corners.

Let any man try it and see whether he can keep brain clear, nerve in tone and patience in stock for even a brief quarter hour, and he will realize something of the tax of permanent duty. A woman would go frantic in five minutes.

But there is a measure of reward in the good-will and confidence given to the officer who serves so well and faithfully at this busy corner.

Not only would the aged and infirm, the burdened mother and the thoughtless little ones miss him; but a thousand citizens, who, crossing and recrossing the thronging square, gain an almost unconscious sense of safety as they mark the stalwart form and note the genial face, the kindly watchful eyes of Constable Redford.



Ladies' Cambric Underwear

Latest New York Styles
Well Cut and Well Made

GOWNS Full sleeves with embroidery or insertion—a special lot at \$1.00 and 1.25. Empire style, lace and embroidery, from \$1.90 to 3.50. A very fine assortment with heavier cotton bishop sleeves, lace and embroidery trimmed from \$1.90 to \$2.50. Very elaborately trimmed with "Point de Paris," Valenciennes or Torchon lace, at \$3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

CHEMISES—Plain and trimmed with embroidery, insertion and lace; large range of prices.

COMBINATION of chemises and skirts of fine lawn, lace trimmed, from \$1.00 to 4.50.

DRAWERS—With tucks and embroidery, Valenciennes and Torchon laces and plain, 65c., 85c. and \$1.00; special, \$1.25 to 3.00.

A Full Range of

CORSET COVERS—Perfect-fitting, embroidery and lace trimming, from 45c. to \$2.00. A special line at 75c.

SKIRTS of fine cambric, with tucked frill at \$1.25, in 30, 38, 40 and 42 inch. Embroidery frill, \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00; lace frill, \$3.00 to \$6.00.

House and Parlor Maid's Caps and Aprons in all the different styles.

CORSETS—The celebrated "R. & G.," long and short waist; drab, black, white; sateen, cotille, linen and satin, at \$1.00, 1.25; special, \$1.75 to \$6.00. Also a full range of the renowned "C.P." a la Sirene, drab, black, white, from \$1.90 to 3.50; a special line for stout figures at \$3.50. "Magnetic," unbreakable, pink, drab, black and white, very easy-fitting, \$1.25 and \$2.00.

THE FERRIS WAIST—Misses' and children's sizes, from 75c. to \$1.40; ladies' sizes, \$1.40 and \$2.25.

GLOVES—The reliable real French Kid (Trefousse & Co.). Our **Incomparable Special**, in blacks or colors, plain or fancy backs, at \$1.00 per pair.

Black, with large pearl buttons to match stitching, also white, tan, mode, pearl and champagne shades (the newest), at \$1.25. Pique sewn, in black, tan and brown and all the new mode shades.

Special—The real reindeer—a washing glove—in tan, brown and white, an excellent driving and shopping glove, only \$1.25.

EVENING GLOVES—Kid and silk in all the newest shades. A full range of fabric gloves, in ringwood and cashmere. A special line of cashmere in black and colors with large pearl buttons, and silk lined.

Mail Orders for anything in above list receive immediate attention. We send a pair of gloves post free, and the underwear can be inspected from approval lots, on which we pay express one way if this journal is mentioned.

JOHN CATTO & SON
KING STREET, - TORONTO



TORONTO.

LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The Executive meetings of the Toronto Local Council of Women are held on the first Monday of each month in the Normal School at 4 p.m. The second public meeting for the year will be held Feb. 3 in St. George's Hall.

The newly-formed Canadian Women's Historical Society has applied for federation in the Council.

The various committees are quietly investigating the matters assigned to them and reported progress made to the committees of the National Council, which met in Ottawa on Dec. 13.

The Programme Committee has been for some time preparing for the February public meeting, which it is hoped will be of real interest and stimulate united effort in the work of the Council this year.

In reporting for the Pure Literature Committee, Mrs. Curzon, the convener, referred to a letter received from the Rev. Dr. Bethune expressing his approval of the efforts of the National and Local Councils of Women in dealing with the question of impure and immoral literature which is thrown upon the country, and said further that he looked upon the efforts being made to bring about reform in this matter with much hope, and wished the courageous leaders every success in the work.

M. E. DIGNAM,
Rec. Sec.

WOMAN'S LOCAL COUNCIL.

The Executive of the Toronto Local Council of Women, believing that the aims and objects of their organization are not fully understood by the public, invite the presidents and members of all woman's societies to be present at a meeting to be held in St. George's Hall on Monday, 3rd February, at 3 p.m., when a paper will be read by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, president of the Woman's Historical Society, of this city. The Council's idea of manual training in the public schools and other subjects of general interest will also be discussed.

WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

The fall exhibitions of the Association have been held successively in the Montreal, London and Winnipeg branches and the annual "Sketch and Ceramic" in Toronto, all of which were well attended and fulfilled their part in interesting the women of Canada in Canadian art.

It has been the custom of the Association to hold a course of lectures on art matters each winter. The first of the 1896 course was given by Mr. O. A. Howland on Jan. 8th in the W.A.A. studio, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor presiding, the subject of the lecture being the "Contribution of the W.A.A. to the Canadian Historical Exhibition, 1897." The scheme as outlined by the committee was fully laid before the audience. Mr. Howland spoke most appreciatively and eloquently of the valuable aid to be given by the ladies of the Association and also by the ladies of the new Historical Society. Mr. Howland expressed his interest in the ceramic exhibition just closed, and suggested that the ceramic painters who were honorary members of the association might, by decorating china with Canadian historical sketches, portraits of the distinguished heroes of our country, Canadian flora, animals, coats of arms, mark an epoch for the art in Canada and furnish valuable souvenirs for all visitors to the country. Miss FitzGibbon spoke warmly in support of the scheme. The succeeding lectures of the course are as follows: January 22, "Giotto," Miss Harriette Ford; February 5, "Book and Newspaper Illustrations," Bernard McEvoy, Esq; February 19, "Some Suggestions for Art Study," Dr. Theo. H. Rand; March 4, "Failure in Success; or the Story of a Woman Painter," Miss Agnes Maude Machar; March 18, "George Frederick Watts," E. Wylie Grier, R.C.A.; March 26, "Art in a Decorative Sense," Professor Huntingford, trustee; April 1, "The Seeing of Art and the Art of Seeing," Professor Mason, trustee; April 15, "Sculpture," Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A.; April 29, lecture on modern Dutch Art.

The lectures will be given in the W.A.A. studio, 89 Canada Life Building, 40 King street west.

"The Saturday Sketch Club" began the season by meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. Dignam, 275 St. George street, and meets at the homes of the members during the season: At Mrs. (Dr.) C. E. Saunders', 32 St. Mary's street, January 18; at Miss McConnell's studio, Odd Fellows'

block, corner Yonge and College, on January 25; at Miss Lindsay's, 70 Homewood avenue, February 1; at Miss Ree's, Bloor west. Mondays, from 1 o'clock to 5, the members work from life at the studio, and Wednesday, "club day," the members meet to sketch and study Italian art, under the direction of Miss E. Graham, from 2 until 3. From 3 to 4 art readings will be given by Mrs. C. J. Holman, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Humphrey and others, except on dates of public lectures.

"Studio day," inaugurated in the city by the efforts of the president of the W.A.A., has been successful and proved a great pleasure to many. The studios of many of the best known artists were opened from 2 until 5 p.m. on Saturday, December 7, and on Saturday, January 4. Next "studio day" will be on Saturday, February 1, from 2 until 5 p.m. Lists of studios open to any who may desire to visit them are published in the press of the previous day.

The president, Mrs. Dignam, visited the newly-formed branch in Hamilton on January 12, and at an enthusiastic meeting of the members it was decided to have a general exhibition the second week in February of oil and water color painting, of "sketches" for illustrations and of ceramics. Mrs. John Calder is president of Hamilton branch.

CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Early last month a very largely attended meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society was held in the Canadian Institute. The chair was occupied by Mrs. Curzon, who read a deeply interesting paper on the early history of Canada. The regimental colors carried by the 3rd York Militia in the war of 1812 was loaned by Hon. G. W. Allan, and its history was given in a most interesting manner by the secretary, Miss FitzGibbon. The flag was designed by Miss Mary Baldwin, worked by the ladies of Toronto, and after being consecrated by Rev. Dr. Strachan (afterwards Bishop of Toronto, was) presented to the regiment by Miss Powell. When Toronto was taken by the Americans in 1813, it was buried for safety in the orchard of the old McCutcheon home, and afterwards restored to the regiment. Later, when the regiment disbanded, it was lost for many years, being finally discovered by Hon. G. W. Allan in the attic of the Normal School. It was repaired by Mrs. Allan in such a manner that the design and lettering are still decipherable.

ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE.

A series of "Five Afternoon's with Shakespeare's Heroines" will be instituted in Trinity University Convocation Hall, Rev. Canon Sutherland, M.A., being the lecturer. The lectures will begin on Saturday, February 22nd, and continue every Saturday at 3.30 p.m. The synopsis is as follows: Feb. 22nd, *Imogen*, "Cymbeline"; Feb. 29th, *Beatrice*, "Much Ado About Nothing"; March 7th, *Lady Macbeth*, "Macbeth"; March 14th, *Rosalind*, "As You Like It"; March 21st, *Perdita*, "The Winter's Tale."

On Thursday evening, April 16th, a Shakespearian drawing-room in character, will be held. Tickets for the series, \$1.50; single tickets, 50 cents. The proceeds will be in aid of funds for St. Hilda's new college building.

NURSING-AT-HOME MISSION.

The annual meeting of the Nursing-at-Home Mission takes place on Friday, Feb. 7th, at 3 p.m., in the Library of the Y.M.C.A. Interesting reports will be read, also papers on the work. Ladies who are engaged in this much-needed work of providing free nurses in the homes of the poor and sick, are invited to be present, also any who would like to know more about the mission. SEC.

W.L.S., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The last two meetings of the Women's Literary Society of University College, Toronto University, have been quite important ones, and a good deal of work has been done. At the last meeting of last year the report of the committee which had been appointed to interview the Council on the subject of a gymnasium for the women students, was received. The Council offered to supply the foils and other apparatus necessary for fencing. A club was at once organized, and work is progressing favorably in the various classes which have been formed. Another matter laid before the society was the publication of a magazine next June, which should be a kind of souvenir of the year. Estimates were placed before the society, and it was decided that such a magazine should be published. The General Committee of the society was named as a committee to appoint the Editorial Board of the magazine. A good literary program was presented to the society, a special number of which was a presentation of two scenes from "As You Like It," by some of the class of '96.

The first meeting for the present year was held on January 11th, and was also a very successful one. The General Committee reported that it had appointed an Editorial Board, and that work had already begun on the magazine. Arrangements were made for the annual reception to the faculty, which is to be held early in February. A very interesting program was given, consisting of piano solo, Miss Lapatnikoff; library report, Miss Wilson; recitation, Miss Webb; political report, Miss MacDougall, and a debate on the question, "Wrong decision is better than indecision," in which the affirmatives were successful.

MARGARET M. STOVEL, Cor. Sec.

HALIFAX.

[The following interesting report was delayed by the illness of the secretary.—Ed.]

LADIES' AUXILIARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

Officers: Mrs. Daly, president; Mrs. J. Thomson, Mrs. J. Morrow, vice-presidents. Committee: Mrs. Stairs, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Moren, Mrs. Leonowens, Miss E. Ritchie, Miss J. F. Kenny, Mrs. C. Jones, Miss Henry, Miss E. Black, Miss M. Saunders; Miss M. Ritchie, treasurer; Miss H. Allison, secretary.

The annual meeting of the Literary Association was held at Government House Oct. 6, when a number of the ladies teaching in the public schools were present, all of them being honorary members of the society. The secretary reported the distribution of 400 copies of "Black Beauty" among cabmen, truckmen, drivers, etc.; also a large circulation of "Our Dumb Animals" and other humane literature.

Sixteen prizes will be awarded at Easter for the best essays on kindness to animals, the care of pets, etc., to the children of the public schools.

It was also decided to devote part of the funds for the erection of a drinking fountain in some locality where it is most essential.

QUEBEC.

W. C. T. U.

Since last writing we have had the honor and pleasure of entertaining the Dominion Convention. No city could fail to derive benefit and instruction from the presence of such an assemblage of fine women, from the subjects discussed, and the manner in which all the business was conducted. Only three provinces were fully represented. The others sent greetings, regrets and reports. Mrs. May Thornley represented Ontario; Mrs. Mary E. Sanderson, Quebec; Mrs. Dr. Woodbury, the Maritime Provinces. There were forty members of convention, including Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, of New York, who was the speaker, and Mrs. Ida H. Read, fraternal delegate from Vermont. After the grand closing meeting, all the members went up by invitation of the Hon. M. F. Hackett, member for Stanstead, to the Parliament House, then about to adjourn, and filled the galleries. The women took a look at our legislators, who presumably took a look at them, and in terror of the formidable company of badge-wearing women, adjourned. The next morning a few of the visiting delegates went down to the miracle shrine of St. Anne, and that day most of them left. Since that we have been gratified by the increased membership, and have voted \$10 to the Georgeville or Beach License Fund, \$10 to help dear Mrs. Youmans, and, having voted unanimously that the Provincial Union should take the Sheltering Home for Friendless Women off Mrs. Barber's hands, in Montreal, have voted \$12, if possible to be raised to \$25, to that object.

LONDON.

MORNING MUSIC CLUB.

The Morning Music Club gave a splendid program on Saturday morning, Jan. 4, being devoted to Schumann and Schubert, under Miss Walker's management. Miss Mary MacIntosh and Miss Evelyn Morphy opened the program by rendering most excellently an "andante and concert-stucke" of Schumann; Miss Hamilton Moore followed with that sweet song of Schubert's, "Who is Sylvia?" which was much appreciated. Miss Margaret Cowan, although suffering from a slight cold, sang in her artistic way two songs by Schubert. Miss Baldwin's paper was well read and admirably written. Miss Bennock, of Stratford, assisted in two violin solos, which were heartily encored. Miss Quita Moore sang very sweetly and with sympathy and finish and was encored. Miss Ida English played two "impromptus" by Schubert. Miss Graydon addressed the club regarding a few business matters, one relative to securing Mr. Elson, of Boston, for a concert lecture upon the subject of "Shakespeare in Music."

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY—METHODIST.

As the program for the February meetings deal with the Indians of our Dominion, we copy a few items which may be of interest to other workers in missionary departments.

There are 8,136 pupils on the rolls of the various Indian schools.

There are 295 schools; 18 are industrial schools. Of these 295 schools, 105 are under the control of the Roman Catholic Church; 89 are under the control of the Episcopal Church; 41 are under the control of the Methodist Church; and 13 are under the control of the Presbyterian Church.

Suggested subjects for papers: 1, "Advantages of Industrial Schools"; 2, "Field of Usefulness Open to Physicians"; 3, "Intemperance, Whiskey and Other Evils."

"CYCLE OF PRAYER."

The General Missionary Society, the Woman's Missionary Society, and the Department of Epworth Leagues and Sunday Schools have arranged a 16-page leaflet, "Cycle of Prayer for Missions," containing subjects for prayer, embracing all covered by the Watch-Cry of the Students' Volunteer Movement, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." Room 20, Wesley Buildings, will furnish this pamphlet for three cents. It is a useful reminder of the unity of Christ's work.

OTTAWA.

MORNING MUSIC CLUB.

The Woman's Morning Music Club gave a very successful concert on the morning of January 8, Wagner being the composer whose works were the study for the day. The musical portion of the program was most successfully undertaken by Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Aumond, Mme. Christin and Mr. Alfred Sturrock, and a five-minute resume of the leading characteristics of the composer's work was ably given by Miss Moylan.

KINGSTON.

ORPHAN'S HOME.

The year just closed has been a most prosperous and happy one. The children have been in excellent health; only one child dying. The cost of food for each child per day is nine cents; yet they are rosy, healthy and supplied with all that is good and nourishing.

Our seamstress, with the girls as assistants, has accomplished a large amount of sewing, which the following list of articles completed will abundantly prove: 39 dresses, 36 skirts, 94 aprons, 62 bibs, 35 flannel shirts, 64 cotton shirts, 34 capes, 66 duck blouses, 36 pairs cloth pants, 66 pairs cotton pants, 60 pairs drawers, 24 waists, 24 bed-ticks, 4 table cloths, 35 pillow shams, 36 towels, 160 pairs knitted stockings, and 6 pairs mittens.

Fifteen children sent in to the Home by the police magistrate were maintained for a greater or less time during the year. The total number sheltered during the year was 91—39 boys and 52 girls—while on the 30th of September there were remaining in the institution 61—24 boys and 37 girls.

ALICE L. ROGERS, Cor. Sec., O.H.

GALT.

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

In this issue I will tell you what very excellent work the King's Daughters of Galt have done to help their pastors in church work. There are two Circles in the town, one belonging to Knox Church, Dr. Jackson, pastor, and Miss Dixon, leader, with twenty members enrolled. The other belongs to Trinity Church, Rev. Mr. Ridley, rector, Mrs. Cheny, leader, and ten members enrolled. Knox Circle meet monthly, have Bible readings and occasionally have an open meeting with sacred music and concert and take up a collection which averages \$8 to \$10. They supply flowers each week to the hospital and to the sick in parish, visit them and the poor in congregation and supply four papers to hospital, the *Montreal Witness*, *Northern Messenger*, *Christian Herald* and *Sabbath Readings*. A student from Algonia told the ladies of parish how much "comfort-bags" were needed in the North-west, and the King's Daughters, W.C.T.U. and C.E. each supplied a dozen made by their own hands. Trinity Circle also do good work in their parish. They assist each year in preparing bales for North-west missions, assist the rector in parish visiting and at Christmas prepared thirteen baskets, each containing a turkey, some provisions, fruit and candies, and these were delivered by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to the poor. I think this encouraging report shows clearly how harmoniously the King's Daughters can work with other organizations and the good we all may do "in His name."

AMELIA JOHNSTON, 72 Admiral Road, Toronto.



SILKS

HOLD on their way unchecked by change or fashion's foible. While other fabrics come to the front and enjoy short-lived popularity, the ever-fashionable silks remain at the head of the list. There are, of course, certain silks more popular at times than others, and there are also many new weaves constantly being produced in this material. We claim to have a silk stock that is right up to date in this and every other particular. Our

BIG SILK STOCK

is an exhibition in itself.

Black Silks.

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Two Black Specials.

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Black and Colored.

Stripe Gauzes.—Black and Colored.

Black Satin Duchesse Specials.—25 inch, \$1.75, 1.90 and 2.50; were \$2.00, 2.25 and 3.00.

CREPONS.

The demand for Black Crepons still continues, and notwithstanding the scarcity of this material just now, we have managed to get hold of a large shipment of these goods, in all the very choicest and rarest styles and weaves, which we are offering at 75c., 90c., \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 per yd. These are exceptional both as to value and to styles, and cannot be duplicated further on in the season.

Through our Mail Order Department customers at a distance can see just what our stocks of Silks and Crepons are like by sending for samples, which we are pleased to forward immediately on request.

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Miss Paynter

In

**French
and English
Millinery....**

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..... TORONTO, Ont.*

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BLANQUETTE OF BULLOCK'S HEART.

- 1 beef heart.
- 1 onion.
- 1 carrot.
- 3 cloves.
- 1 bay leaf.
- 1 tablespoon flour.
- 1 " butter.
- Sprig of parsley.
- 3 yolks of eggs.
- Cold water to cover heart.
- Salt and pepper.
- Chopped parsley and rice for garnish.

Soak the meat for 24 hours, changing the water several times. Take it out of the water and cut into pieces the size of a mutton chop. Put the pieces into a granite ware saucepan and cover with cold water; boil, skim. Then add salt, onion into which the cloves are stuck, carrot cut into small pieces, sprig of parsley and the bay leaf; boil slowly for one hour. Blend the butter together, add one pint of the liquid in which the heart was cooked, boil; then add the well beaten yolks of two eggs; cook, but do not *boil* the sauce. Strain this over the pieces of meat, sprinkle the chopped parsley over and garnish the edge of the dish with plain boiled rice.

GERMAN ROTH KRAUT.

- 1 quart shredded red cabbage.
- 2 tablespoons butter.
- 1 tablespoon onion.
- 1 teaspoon vinegar.
- 1 " salt.
- 1 " sugar.
- ½ saltspoon white pepper.

Put the shredded cabbage into a basin of cold water, and the butter, salt, pepper and onion—which has been finely chopped up—into a sauce pan. Cook over a moderate heat until the onion gives out a very strong odor; but do not brown. Lift the cabbage from the water; shake slightly, then put into the sauce pan with the hot butter and onion.

Turn the cabbage over and over, so that the butter may penetrate into it all. Cover and cook over a moderate heat. Tip the pan occasionally, and if you see a little liquid in the bottom it is sufficient. Should you see that the cabbage is frying, instead of steaming, add two or three tablespoonsful of boiling water; but if cooked slowly, this should not be necessary. When the cabbage is so tender that you can cut it with a fork against the side of the pan, which should be in from twenty to thirty minutes, add the vinegar and sugar and cook for ten minutes longer, or until almost dry. Serve in a deep vegetable dish, garnished with alternate rows of mashed potatoes and sprigs of parsley.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.

- 1 tablespoon butter.
- 2 eggs.
- 2 cups milk.
- 3 " flour.
- 1 teaspoon salt.
- 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Soften the butter and add to it the yolks of the eggs beaten, then add the milk and mix thoroughly; add the flour, salt and baking powder; beat well, and, lastly, stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, pour into hot greased muffin pans and bake in a quick oven for 25 or 30 minutes.

Society Dancing.

C. F. DAVIS, TEACHER.

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

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



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LATEST IN FURS.

The Russian sable in the most most costly of all furs, not ever excluding the silver fox. Joseph Rogers has in stock some very beautiful boas of this rare fur, so soft and fine in its rich brown shades that all others look coarse beside it.

These boas are flat, with collar shaped to the neck, and are finished with natural tails and claws. They range in price from \$100 to \$500. The firm show a very beautiful one at the latter price. It is worth while seeing such furs, even though they are beyond the purse of all except the richest.

The firm show also some very stylish ripple capes, as shown in cut. These capes have a circle sweep



in width and are made of seal, sable or any fashionable fur. These capes are about 20 inches in length, and when of seal contain as much as three skins. The collar is the popular Medici. The capes have inner pockets of chamois, which is more durable than satin.

The latest ladies' jacket shown by J. Rogers is the Elba (see cut). It is exceedingly stylish, with New-



market back and double front. Sleeves very full and narrowing to cuff width at the wrist. The collar is made with revers smaller than those in vogue at the beginning of the season. The coat is made from 26 to 30 inches in length.

The newest thing in collars has not yet appeared in the firm's catalogue, but is in stock. It is a deep collar pointed to the depth of 12 inches at back, and 15 in front, with full ripples on the shoulders. It is made of sable or Persian lamb. A very pretty one shown is of moire Persian lamb with sable border. The firm's stock of furs is well worth examining.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY

FAITH FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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

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

BUSINESS OFFICE AND PRINTING DEPARTMENT:

24 King Street West,

Rear-Building, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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We regret that there are still a few of our subscribers who have suffered delay in receiving their numbers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. We have changed our mailing arrangements and are making especial efforts to secure sure and prompt delivery of the JOURNAL to every subscriber. The date of publication will hereafter be the 25th of each month, and subscribers not receiving their JOURNAL by the first of the month, or, in case of distance, within a few days following, will oblige us by promptly notifying us of the fact by card addressed to the business office, which is now moved to the Manning Arcade. Subscribers will oblige us by giving their name and address in full, also date of subscription.

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

We are securing a number of good canvassers, who are doing successful work both in the city and outside; but there is still a large number of towns and villages uncovered. The commission offered is very liberal, and remains the same whether one subscription or twenty be secured. To canvass for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is easy and pleasant work, since the newspapers throughout the country have appreciated our efforts and given us cordial support by their approving words. The JOURNAL is becoming rapidly known, and only needs to be brought under the personal notice of every home keeper, or head of household, to be at once taken in as a regular visitor.

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

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

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

Write to the Business Manager for subscription and details.

Concerning the woman's work reports, we have again to thank the secretaries and presidents for their kindly interest and prompt response to our request.

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

SCHOLARSHIP ANNOUNCEMENT.

FREE COMMERCIAL OR SHORTHAND INSTRUCTION.

The Home Journal Publishing Company (Ltd.) have completed arrangements with the proprietors of the Wells' Business College, one of the leading commercial educational institutions of Toronto, whereby they are enabled to offer a three months' course of instruction in either the Commercial or Shorthand Departments of this successful college, *free of charge*, to every young lady or gentleman who will take the trouble to secure twenty (20) new subscribers for the HOME JOURNAL, Canada's favorite family magazine. This is undoubtedly the most liberal offer ever made by the publishers of a Canadian periodical, and there is no reason why at least one person in each locality should not succeed in obtaining one of these scholarships. By adopting this plan we expect to add many thousands of new subscribers to our lists.

This offer is open until June 1st next, which gives ample time to secure the necessary number, but there is no reason why any person with a little persistence should not take sufficient names in a week. If you wish further information regarding the college, —which is the oldest of its kind in Toronto, having been established over eleven years—write the Business Manager of the JOURNAL, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

Negotiations are now pending with one of the Conservatories of Music for a contract, and we hope to be able to announce next month that those who prefer it may have a MUSICAL instead of a Commercial Scholarship.

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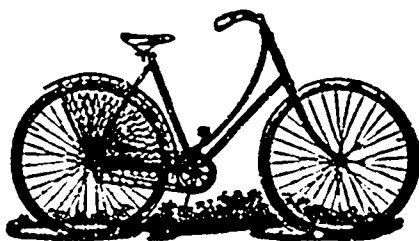
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