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JULY, 1892

Mrs. Frances Cleveland

The Canadian QUEEN



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GENTLEMEN:—I received, a few days ago, a very beautiful Card Receiver awarded me in the prize competition. For the same please accept my sincere thanks. Wishing **THE QUEEN** every success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

L. M. BERRYMENT.

HAMILTON, ONT., May 31st, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received the Silver Tea Service on Friday last. I have shown it to a great number of friends and it has been greatly admired by them all; I am myself much pleased with it. Wishing your journal every success,

I remain,

MATTIE IRVINE.

GRENOLA, KANSAS, June 8th, '92.

GENTLEMAN:—The long delayed prize, a Silver Nut Bowl, received a few days ago, for which I am very thankful. My friends declare it the most cunning little bowl they ever saw. Wishing **THE QUEEN**, which grows better each time, success, I am very thankfully

Yours,

MISS MINNIE MURPHY.

FENTON, MICH., June 6th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I write to acknowledge the receipt of the Silver Five O'clock Tea Set. It has been shown to a number of friends. Accept thanks for the present.

C. M. SNYDER.

ALKTON, MASS., June 8th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received the Silver Nut Bowl as one of the special prizes and am very much pleased with it. I have shown it to my friends, who think it very pretty. Please accept my sincere thanks.

Yours respectfully,

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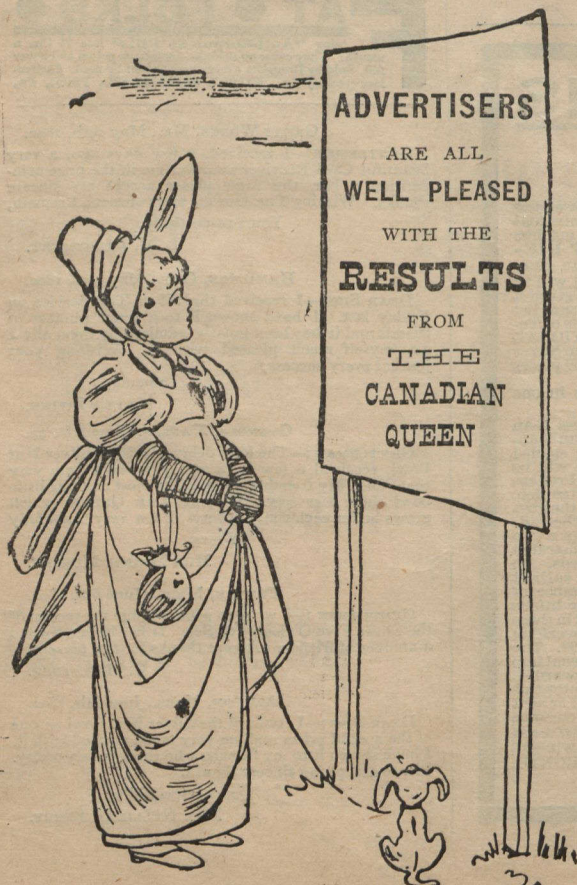
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VOL. VI.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1892.

NO. I.

Written for THE QUEEN.

SQUIRE ROMNEY.

BY ELSIE V. HUNT

IT was quite four o'clock one afternoon toward the end of November as pretty Nina Lyle sat in a willow rocker, gazing into the bright fire burning in the grate. Her fancy work had fallen unheeded in her lap. She was startled from her reverie by a loud ring of the door bell resounding through the house. She had just risen to answer the bell, when she heard Jane going through the hall. As she resumed her seat, she heard the voice of Squire Romney inquiring if Miss Lyle was at home. The door opened and Squire Romney came in smiling, and bowing to Nina said: "Ah, Miss Lyle, I am pleased to find you at home." He went up to her and took her hand. "I hope I find you well?"

"How do you do?" said Nina as she crossed the room to greet her visitor, and in answer to his question, "Yes thank you, I am quite well. I am sorry father is not at home, but he will be back before long," she continued, glancing at the clock on the mantel as she spoke.

He had made quite a toilet for the occasion. He was a man of medium height, and well proportioned. His hair partly gray, was very thick, and straight as an Indian's. His nose and mouth were large and he wore neither beard nor moustache. He took the chair she proffered him, saying as he did so. "I saw Miss Dorothy and Tom going toward the river; gone skating I suppose."

"Yes, she persuaded Tom to go with her; she is very fond of outdoor life," replied Nina.

"Miss Lyle," began the Squire abruptly, though smiling, "You are aware—of course you knew that I—I—am—a widower," he stammered, the smile having died away, and he fidgetted uneasily in his chair.

"Yes," said Nina, "I knew," looking at him in surprise.

"You must have seen lately," went on the Squire. Leaving his seat by the fire, he took a chair close to Nina (too near to quite please her), he leaned over and taking her hand in his, said: "I want you to marry me." He paused—then went on hastily, "I want you to be my wife."

Nina was so surprised, in fact, she was quite stunned. All she could think about in her bewilderment was that Squire

Romney, the man she always disliked and who was old enough to be her father, was holding her hand and asking her to be his wife. She drew her hand away from his and tried to check him, but it was impossible; he stopped only from sheer exhaustion and want of words.

"Hush!" cried Nina, "I can't understand why you talk to me in this way. I cannot marry you, Squire Romney."

"Why not?" he demanded, in a hoarse voice.

"Because I don't love you, and cannot marry you."

"Then you refuse me, do you?" he cried, his face becoming distorted with passion. "Do I understand that you refuse me—me—Squire Romney of Romney Hall?" he almost shrieked.

"I do refuse," said Nina, her brown eyes blazing.

"But you shall marry me; I swear you shall be Mrs. Romney within a few months, depend upon that," he continued, fairly trembling with rage. Here Squire Romney broke off in dismay, for looking round, he saw Dorothy standing in the doorway. Nina turned too, and seeing Dorothy, murmured a few inarticulate words, hurriedly left the room closing the door after her.

Dorothy came just in time to hear the Squire's angry words, "You shall be Mrs. Romney," and to see Nina pale and trembling. Finding herself left alone with the angry Squire, a strange nervous dread thrilled her heart, but she could not help smiling, and thought to herself, "Well, Dorothy Lyle, you are in for it this time."

"How do you do Mr. Romney?" (she never called him Squire) she said, smiling sweetly, "this is quite an unexpected pleasure I assure you, it seems like an age since I last saw you." She crossed the room as she spoke, and taking off her gloves, warmed her hands at the fire. "The river is splendid for skating now, but I am afraid we are going to have a thaw," she continued, not noticing that the Squire didn't return her greeting, in fact, he hadn't spoken since she entered the room.

He continued to pace up and down the room in silence. Then, as if struck with an idea, he opened the door, peering out into the hall, and satisfying himself there was no one within hearing, he closed the door. He took four or five

turns up and down the room, then stopped abruptly before Dorothy, who was rocking herself to and fro in a monotonous way and beating a tattoo on the arm of her chair with her fingers, and seemed to be looking at everything in the room except the Squire.

"Miss Dorothy," he said, his voice having an unpleasant ring in it. "I have been thinking lately that I would like—I should like to settle down, and in fact, (here he stopped and wiped his face vigorously with a flaming bandana) I want to get married."

"You-want-to-get-married?" said Dorothy, gazing at him in astonishment. She had ceased her monotonous rocking, and sat bolt upright in her chair, and solemnly shaking her curly head with each word as she repeated his words after him.

"Yes," he went on, "I want to get married, and the young lady I want to marry lives right here, here in this house, and I thought," he went on, nervously, "I thought you might help me," gazing steadily at her, as she resumed her rocking. "Do you think you could?"

"I—I—think I could, Mr. Romney," she said without looking up, and nervously pleating the corner of her handkerchief between her fingers.

"And," continued the Squire, not noticing the interruption, "you will never regret it, for I am a rich man. Of course there is a difference in our ages, and it must appear strange that I should want to marry one so young," he paused.

"Yes," murmured Dorothy behind her handkerchief.

"And," went on the Squire, "I'll give you plenty of time, say three or four days, to find out if there is any hope for me at all, and then let me know. I repeat it again, you shall never have cause to regret it, for I am a rich man."

"Oh! Mr. Romney! Dear—dear—Mr. Romney," said Dorothy, getting up and going towards him, and smiling up in his face. "I didn't know you loved me; I really didn't know it. Of course you don't think I did?" regarding him anxiously. "Indeed you must believe me; I didn't know you loved, yes really and truly loved me. I am so glad—so happy, and it don't matter one bit about your being so—so old," she finally wound up.

"Merciful Heavens!" gasped the discomfited Squire, "is the girl crazy? (backing towards the door) who said I loved you? Who—who—"

"And," continued Dorothy without seeming to have heard what he said, "We can have a double wedding. Of course you have heard that Nina and Ned Dorsey are to be married just after the holidays; he will be here next week."

At this the Squire fairly groaned, and, having reached the door by this time, he rushed out banging the door after him. As he stopped in the hall to get his hat and coat he heard Dorothy singing in a clear, sweet voice:

"A squire went a courting,
A courting of a maiden,
A maiden young and handsome;
The squire he was old."

"She shall pay for this," muttered the Squire as he went out. "See if she don't."

From the window Dorothy watched him ride hurriedly away, and then sinking into the nearest chair she gave way to uncontrollable laughter. Slipping her hand in the pocket of her dress, she gave a slight start, tapped the floor impatiently with her foot, then went in search of Nina. She found her in her room, and Dorothy going in, shut the door carefully behind her, and going up to Nina put her hands on her shoulders. "He proposed to you, and you said no."

"He! what, Squire Romney?" said Nina. "How do you know?"

"It is hard on him, very hard, poor old dear," at last said Dorothy, as she paced up and down the room, her hands clasped behind her, trying hard not to laugh. "But of course, Nina, you know best, but for my part I'd much prefer being an old man's darling than—"

"Dorothy! Dorothy! Don't! Oh, how can you?" and Nina sank flushed upon a chair and began to cry almost hysterically.

"Nina!" cried Dorothy, "stop your crying. I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you, but the truth of the matter is this, I—accepted—the Squire—myself; there—there don't excite yourself," as Nina tried to speak. And then she told her of her interview with Squire Romney. "Now, what do you think of that?" and then laughed merrily.

Nina buried her head in the sofa cushion and shook with a kind of helpless laughter. "Oh, Dorothy, how could you?" said Nina. "What will people think?"

"They won't think anything," replied Dorothy. "I am very sure I'm not going to tell them, and I hardly think Mr. Romney will. See here, Nina, is something for you," taking the letter from her pocket and holding it up for Nina to see. "I got it at the office as I came from the river, but when I came in and found you and the Squire enjoying each other's society so much, I forgot all about it."

"Give it to me, Dorothy, please do, there's a good girl," said Nina, holding out her hand for it.

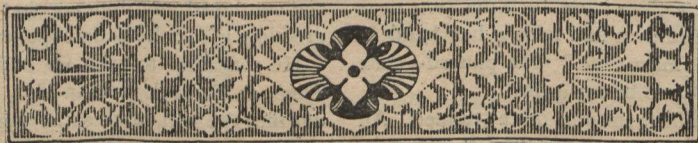
"No, Nina, you can't have it till you promise me, honor bright, you won't tell Tom how I accepted the Squire, now promise and the letter is yours, if not—"

"I promise, Dorothy; yes, honor bright."

"Well, take it, read it, and be happy; it's from Ned." And with that Dorothy went out, leaving her sister alone.

* * * * *

The next evening Tom informed them, at the supper table, that he heard in town that morning that Squire Romney had gone South to spend the rest of the winter.



Written for THE QUEEN

TRUTHS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE greatest event of feudalism was the Crusades, an enthusiastic religious war against the infidels and the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and nobles flocked to the standard of the cross, and although it proved an unsuccessful expedition, it called forth unexampled exploits of individual heroism which have served to enrich the pages of romance. One gets a very correct account of those heroes, as well as of their equally chivalrous enemy, Saladin, in Scott's "Talisman." Like all wars from whatever cause, it was demoralizing; brought in its train miseries, vices and crimes. Many of the nobles were reduced to poverty, and nothing could console Europe for the loss of four millions of her most gallant and able-bodied men. But historians tell us that the result eventually (after centuries of misery) was the decay of feudalism and the rise of cities, which gave an impulse to commerce and architecture, causing the erection of those sublime Gothic piles seen throughout Europe. And this brings us down to the greatest century, for, in the sixteenth, arts, science and literature revived, and the names of the immortal Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Macchiavelli, Erasmus, Wolsey, Leo X. and others; we find also great rulers, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and, later, Henry IV., Charles V. of Germany and Spain, Isabella, Elizabeth, and the frail but beautiful Mary Stuart. Among the great generals was that flower of knighthood, Chevalier Bayard. The lights of the succeeding centuries have been less in number and brilliancy, with the exception of Napoleon; in literature we find Voltaire, Milton, Newton, the writers of Queen Anne's reign; later, Burns, Byron, Scott; as rulers and generals, Frederick II., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great and Napoleon, which takes us to the French and American Revolutions. That there was cause for indignation among the American colonies there is no doubt, but we had friends in parliament who would in time have overcome the opposition of a shortsighted, obstinate king, and secured our rights, but the men who opposed those tyrannical measures were equally decided and were men of integrity and honesty of purpose, and, with one or two exceptions, unlike any other revolutionists. When Washington had secured his independence he was still an aristocrat, and maintained the dignity of his office, but what was the outcome of this indignant protest? The horrors that always follow war, and the end was not here alone, but it incited those French fiends to commit all kinds of atrocities, under the name of liberty, bringing about truly a reign of terror that was only prevented from being an indelible stain upon the name of France by the meteor-like advent of Napoleon, who, with his master hand, held these bloodhounds in leash to loosen at his own convenience, spreading devastation over Europe; and what thanks did they give this wonderful man who, with the wave of his sword, had covered their infamy in the glories of war? One cannot believe that the French of this century are the same race that followed Charlemagne or even Louis XIV.; though clever and brave, they are ungrateful, treacherous and bloody; it is shown in the treatment of their greatest men, as in the case of Napo-

leon III. during the exposition in Paris that he had embellished, his appearance called forth the plaudits of his fickle subjects, for, notwithstanding his faults, he was a good ruler for France, and had many noble traits of character which historians will discover when the clouds of calumny fade away.

Whomsoever misfortune overtakes, be it a poor fellow who fails in business, or a king on his throne, they are hounded down without knowing their circumstances, motives or necessities. Instead of standing by him in his reverses, the dastardly French would have repeated the scenes of Marie Antoinette upon Eugenie, had she not escaped; observe the contrast in their treatment by the Queen of England who did not forget courtesies shown her in the days of their prosperity, and although England had always been an enemy to his house, she received Napoleon and his family with heartfelt sympathy, and displayed a magnanimity worthy of her blackmailed ancestor, but this unbridled race again met its match, and surrendered the most beautiful capital of Europe to the helmeted ranks of Germany, which stands out in its Gothic grandeur like a picture of the Middle Ages, and its unwavering courage, purity and simplicity compared with other countries; its knightly king redressing his lovely mother's wrongs; its mighty chancellor who, by his transcendent abilities, raised his country from a third rate monarchy to take precedence over every other country in Europe as a military power, and this greatest of diplomats has experienced the usual ingratitude of princes, not by the master he served so well, but by those whom he has raised to the summit of military glory. Its conquering Von Moltke, the hero of the age, who has gone to his rest covered with martial honors; it all reads like a romance of chivalry in this matter-of-fact age, when republicanism seems to be the craze, for it is generally traitors and rogues that are concerned in maintaining that kind of government which commences in a tragedy and ends in a farce. Witness the results in Brazil and in the other South American States. The civilized nations of the earth ought to remonstrate by sending ironclads and soldiery to separate and suppress these cut-throats; they should be the Berghs of Europe in the cause of humanity. It is amusing to read in the columns of newspapers expressions of sympathy for their Republican sentiments and, at the same time, admitting the excellence of Dom Pedro as a man and a ruler. What is there in the name when it is the cloak for so many crimes? It certainly does not carry prestige. France has no rank among the heads of Europe. And look at the reflections thrown upon the United States by its own citizens, those who have made money and travelled, colonizing themselves in London that they may bask in the smiles of a condescending and kind-hearted prince; and those very prigs who have so much republican sentiment, should they wish to write up a political favorite, will, with great stretch of imagination, trace them back to the head of some highland clan or Norman baron. It only shows the toadyism within us, and the most respectable American people would respect the royalties of Europe more were they more discriminative upon whom of us they bestowed their courtesies, and it is to

be hoped that should the Prince of Wales come to the throne, he will, like Henry V., turn over a new leaf and select more eminent and dignified companions.

And if I could speak to the English people, I do not mean the nobility, but the honest working people, I should say that their government was superior to ours. They have as much freedom, and their laws are administered better. They have a landed aristocracy, most of whom they can respect; we have a monied one who, coming from poverty, are ten times more consequential and arrogant than theirs, and there has been so much chicanery in our government of late years that the most respectable people do not attend political meetings, or have anything to do with politics, consequently there is very little respect for those in power who are all trying to make the most they can during their terms of office, and the biggest splurge. How can one expect the families of tanners, tailors and rail splitters to have innate good breeding and taste, provincial ladies who paint their own china, hang their own paintings, and wear lima lace on their dresses? Occasionally there are elegant people in high places that a nation might be proud of. There is no such thing as equality. It is natural for the human mind to crave something to reverence and honor, except some conceited, envious, tyrannical spirits, who agitate liberty and modern systems with views of becoming dictators themselves.

These agitators talk of the expense to the government of the Royal Family. According to statistics it costs the United States as much with the different presidential elections, bribery, saloon rows, and other scandalous proceedings, as it costs England to keep up the prestige of the crown. And do you think any of these wonderful liberators would, for the freedom of his fellowman, willingly offer his life with a rope around his neck to save carnage like the men of Calais? Not much, without they were very sure of a Phillipa to the front. I do not allude to the moderate defenders of rights in their government, who try to remedy evils and promote good feeling; who are loyal to their Queen and country, for well might every Briton be proud of his native land, the greatest commercial and maritime power the world has ever seen, with a wonderful history, the most interesting of all nations. It has given birth to some of the greatest minds and most illustrious sovereigns, but among them all none have been so pure, none greater, none who have represented the majesty of England as Victoria has done. Well-might her independent and brilliant grandson acknowledge the wisdom of her councils, for Victoria of England and the great German Chancellor will be the names handed down to posterity as the central figures of the XIX. Century. The English people will not be affected by political croakers. It amused me some years ago, just before the illness of the Prince of Wales, when I think Bradlaugh or some of his stripe was spreading himself. Thus the London correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* was predicting (in a very short time) the overthrow of royalty; and, from his exultant tone, it was evident he had not been invited to Windsor; and when, within a few days, England, almost to a man, demonstrated its devotion to their Prince, it was laughable to see him admit, in a sneaking way, the greatness of his mistake with regard to the public sentiment.

In our own estimation we are the greatest, smartest nation on the globe; now let us see in what way we have surpassed other countries; we certainly have become a great commer-

cial power, but when we take into consideration the circumstances of climate, distance and age, I do not know that we are so far ahead of the colonies of Australia and Canada—for if not as fast, they are more sure—or the Chilian republic before they obliterated themselves. In some ways we might have learned moderation from those older and wiser than ourselves; had we the common sense and justice of the mother country, we would have abolished slavery without plunging the country into a general massacre, for we had inexperienced generals and most of the soldiers were mobs of men and boys direct from the law office, counter, workshop and farm, (troops that would hardly have answered Von Moltke). The most reliable accounts of the characters and events of this time (from what I know myself of some of the parties she describes) is that of the Princess Salm Salms "Ten years of my life." I pity the credulity of future generations who receive their impressions of this rebellion, from some of the panegyrics and bookmakers. What in truth has been the consequence of this fight? It filled the pockets of politicians and other rogues, devastated one of the most beautiful parts of our country, where half starved negroes and impoverished whites struggle for an existence, leaving drunkenness, murder and vice to run rampant over the land. Republics are supposed to have no cause for assassination and such like crimes, but we have kept pace in that respect with the most despotic nations of Europe, two within sixteen years, one the victim of political leaders. We, the press, are very much inclined to look upon monarchies as behind us in the march of civilization and poor Russia is considered semi-barbarous, but even so, had we a man so great, so liberal, so just, that with the stroke of his pen he liberated millions of his fellowmen from bondage without becoming robber to do it, remunerating those who would have become impoverished by his act. He did not resort to it as a military measure in the midst of carnage and bloodshed, though I think Lincoln was an honest soul (about the only one who was), but when the president of the Central road tells about its taking the English until the next day to see a joke, if they had been served to some of Lincoln's and others, I should think it would take them two days to see where the joke came in. Can they boast of any man with such abilities as Peter the Great, or even a Catherine, know they such a territory, such an army, such buildings, such libraries, such art galleries, such a Kremlin, such a history. They have their Siberia for discontented Nihilists, not for the labouring peasantry, they are grateful still to their martyred Czar. England and France have their convict colonies and we have our Indian reservation, and prison regulations; I think we will all find plenty to improve at home, without meddling with them.

Some of our smart politicians talk of annexing Canada to the United States, of appropriating English possessions like so many highwaymen. If might makes right, it would sound more consistent should they suggest annexing us to Canada. We are certainly very breezy—to peruse our different papers, one would think a few men in New York possessed the wealth of the world, first one man is the richest in the world and then another, when one family in Europe could buy and sell them all. As necessity is the mother of invention, so our later day fastness has produced life-destroying instruments to further this end; we play with fire like children, in order to gratify our impatience for speed. Where are the brains that can utilize it with safety? Let us see what improvements we have made on the grand old Roman roads,

Handwritten notes and signatures:
Top right: *The*
Right margin: *the* (repeated vertically)
Bottom: *J. F. B. D. O. K. K. K. L. T. E. F. C.*

wide, straight and strong, that traversed Italy, connecting other countries and cities, that outrivalled any of the present, by crossing valleys on arches, penetrating mountains, through tunnels, with posts all along the way. Now let us look at our railroads and the iron horse carrying destruction and death. At the present day when one starts on a journey, they take their life in their hands, not knowing that they will reach the end of it alive, or that their friends will ever find their decimated bodies, should they not, although an account is given of a traveller who had spent some time in an Eastern country, and having noticed its lack of railroad accidents, expressed his astonishment to one of the civil officials. Oh! he replied, we never have any here. Why! what would you do with them, should you have one? enquired our wanderer. We should hang them, president and all, was the *sang froid* rejoinder, showing that even a despotism has its advantages. There certainly will not be many of the population left if they keep on applying the new electrical inventions to daily and domestic uses, unless shorn of the destructive elements. The telegraph, telephone and some mechanical and agricultural implements are our greatest inventions, because safer. The sewing machine has been a curse to womankind, it has been a source of wealth to the fiends luxuriating on its victims, for the best physicians denounce it as the cause of many of the diseases from which women suffer. As to the literature of our own times, among those above the mediocrity in England have been Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, and some books, like "Under two flags," "Laura Doone," and others that will never die. The best American writers have been Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson and Lord. Both in England and here there are reformers in literature as well as in other things. The milk and water simplicity of style that is affected now, is more suited to the capacity of their intellects. What taste could they have for the old Norman names and words, that gave richness and strength to our language. Some of them could understand Bryant's "Water-fowl," but could not appreciate Byron's "Corsair." They could improve upon Shakespeare, criticize Scott, the most heroic, ennobling writer of his age, immortalizing his country with his pen more than conquerors have done with their swords, and the new songs of the day are as flat as the literature—set to music without tunes. It really does one good to hear an old-fashioned melody, but this age has been unrivalled in the dramatic art, with such names as Salvini, Irving, Rachel, Janauschek, Ristori and Bernhardt, and as an encourager and promoter of the drama, Augustine Daly of New York

stands pre-eminent; although instruction is more general than in the early part of the century, it is more superficial, our institutions for learning are more numerous, though the educational system for girls in the United States is not as beneficial and pleasing for social life, or for intelligent travelling companions as that of the English girls. From the way ours are put through mathematics one would suppose they were in training for civil engineers. They rush through all the sciences to the exclusion of history, belles lettres and the languages. Those who finish at some fashionable school learn to dance and drum classical music, but find on going abroad that they, like Miss Killmonkegg, have learned a French not spoken in France. In fact, scarcely any of our public officials can speak any language besides their own, unless it be now and then a foreign minister or officers in the navy. Half of these girls visit the classic shores of Greece, the vine-clad hills of Spain with its Moorish architecture, the historic monuments of France and Italy, like so many owls, their appreciative capacities beginning and ending with Worth, and the Paris fashions. We have made some progress in scientific discoveries, have some good painters and writers of fiction, though the general tone is light and trashy. Our style of architecture it would be impossible to define, as it is a combination of so many. The Capitol at Albany is a specimen and although filling space in design, would seem more suitable for a fruit cake, which it has proved to be for politicians and contractors.

The villas and miniature chateaus are an improvement on the square white and green habitations that shocked the eye, in our suburban and rural districts, though missing the large halls and low roomy parlors of our grandfathers, we have had the good taste to imitate their style of furniture. The ascetic craze for blue china, bilious greens, peacock blues and yellow browns in draperies, wall papers and carpets was an improvement on the glaring combinations of thirty years ago.

The United States has certainly surpassed other countries in the number and greatness of her inventions. They appear to supply the necessities of our vast territories and increasing population, but we should remember that although Europe has room for many reforms, we have much to learn from her past, enough to suppress egotism and self-conceit. These few pages are but a compilation of facts taken from the best authorities and some personal knowledge, but as they are not served as agreeably as they would be in comic newspapers or sensational stories, I shall be called a pessimist.

[THE END.]

*Some come and some go
I Johnny take*

TOLD IN THE HALL.

With sweet flushed face upturned to mine, she stood
A question shining in her soft brown eyes—
Those eyes whose glance had never failed to charm,
And whose great power most willingly I own,
Since in them such a tender love-light lies.
She stood beside me, gentle, pure and sweet,
And laid her hand detaining on my arm,
Half hesitating, as if loth to speak,
And yet as if compelled to voice her mind.
Her rounded figure, full of supple grace,

Her soft, dark hair, low on her gentle brow,
Her fair, flushed cheeks, her dainty morning gown,
Impressed me with her girlish loveliness.
Swayed by her charm, into her eyes I gazed,
As if to read the secret half disclosed,
Which yet she was reluctant to reveal.
Silent, she stood a moment, then with voice
As sweet as rippling music from a flute,
With gentle dignity, she said: "My dear,
Five dollars, please; the children need some shoes."

FLORENCE THE BEAUTIFUL.

By J. HEARD.

O endeavor to give within the limits of a magazine article anything like an adequate idea of Florence would be attempting the impossible. Yet, what cannot be accomplished entirely, can at least be done partially. It is the province as well as the pleasure of all who feel an interest in the beautiful to dwell with loving admiration on those relics of a glorious past, of which Florence furnishes so many. Such is the freshness of feeling and warmth of appreciation connected with all things pertaining to Florentine history that the subject never loses its

Flowers. And judging from the luxuriant quality of her natural surroundings, it would seem as if the goddess Flora had taken the place under her especial care, for on every side we discover the most unmistakable evidences of her sovereignty. The monuments of Florence are crowned by the iris, and the *fleur-de-lis* is emblazoned on her coat of arms. The cathedral is dedicated to *Santa Maria del Fiore*. Cascine, Boboli Garden, park and square vie with each other in the beauty and variety of their flowers. Everything basks in the sunlight, and nature in a peaceful, dreamy mood



GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.

attractiveness through frequent repetition, and therefore the impressions of one to whom the very name of Florence is an inspiration and a perpetual joy, can hardly be amiss. In fact, the mere touch of pen to paper causes a thousand pleasurable emotions to spring into activity, confusing by their number and velocity, and rendering it difficult to determine just where to begin the treatment of this agreeable subject.

I will, however, first mention some of the causes of the remarkable growth and development of this wonderful Tuscan town. Truly, not even in these days of appreciative harmony could a more beautiful or appropriate name be found for the fair city than the one bestowed upon her by her rude Roman founders, *Florentia*, signifying place of flowers. In course of time the Latin name of *Florentia* became *Fiorenza*, more recently still, *Firenze*. Still it matters not which name we call her by, all equally mean City of

reflects everywhere the spirit of beauty and art-culture.

The ancient town of Fiesole, one of the twelve confederate cities of Etruria, and under the government of the King of Clusium, was celebrated as a seat of learning. The triple thunderbolt in the hand of Jove, symbolical of the three precious metals, was derived from Fiesole, and the city itself was supposed to have been founded by Atlas. The rite of sacrifice and the science of divination were there taught by Etruscans. And even Rome annually sent twelve youths to the schools of Fiesole to study augury. When Sylla became master of Rome during the first century B. C., he punished the inhabitants of those Italian towns which had espoused the cause of his rival Marius, by depriving them of Roman franchise, confiscating their territory and dividing it among his soldiers. Among these conquered countries was the territory of Fiesole; and in a short space of time, beneath the walls of ruined Fiesole rose *Florentia*, a miniature copy

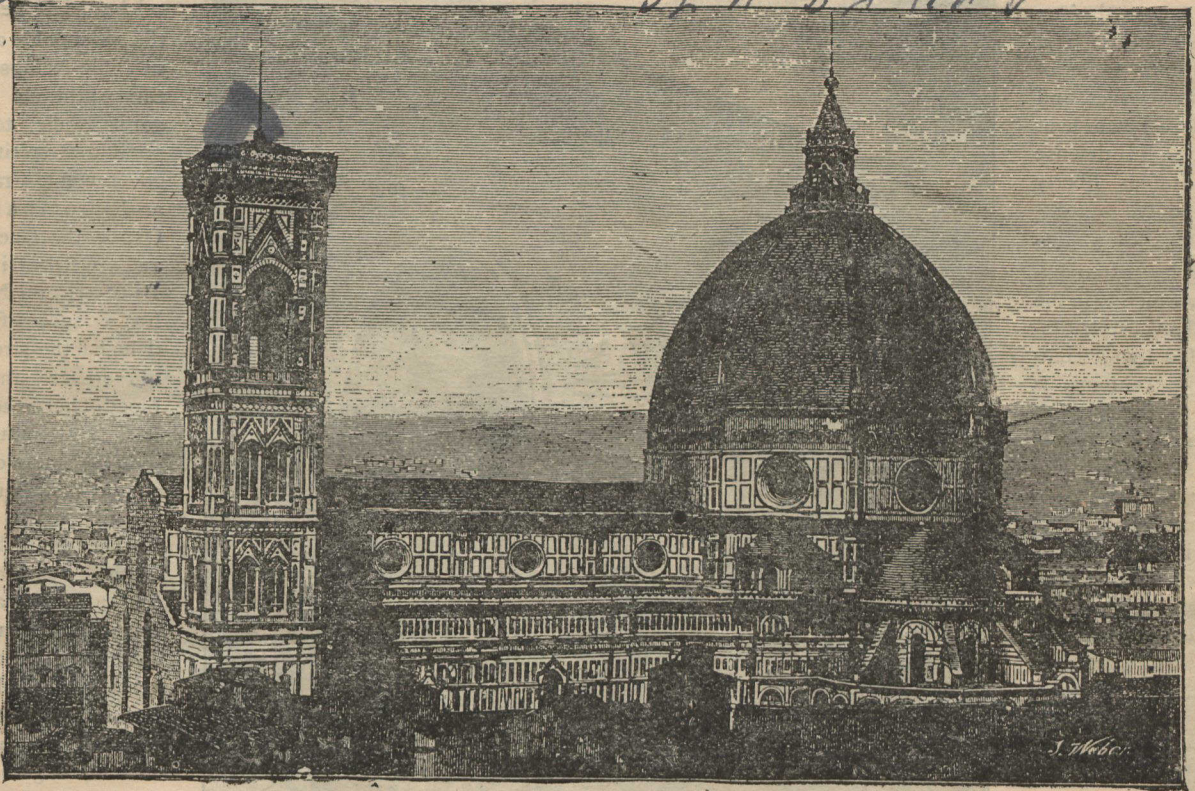
of the mother city, with her Field and Temple of Mars, her Forum, baths, theatres, amphitheatres and aqueducts, that extended some seven miles into the country.

All traces of these semi-civilized times have long since disappeared, and in no instance do we find in the Florence of to-day any existing evidence of the days when the world bent and writhed under the dominion of mere physical force. There are no temples, no arenas, no pavements worn by chariot-wheels to remind us of those unhappy times when human beings sat in the vast amphitheatres and heard, with no emotion of pity, the gladiator's cry: "*Oh, Caesar! morituri salutamus.*"

Passing over those almost chaotic periods in Florentine history, we come to the eleventh century. And here we find Florence fast becoming a great and populous city, inhabited by an industrious people, who have established important

At that dazzling and glorious period called the Renaissance, when the fine arts had reached their apogee, Florence was not only the intellectual mistress of the world, she even challenged comparison with antiquity and the matchless and immortal art of Greece. "She is the Athens of Italy," says Lemonnier. While we of the nineteenth century would hardly venture to express our admiration for beautiful Florence in phrases as flowery and romantic as those used by the early chroniclers, they would nevertheless be as hearty and sincere.

I hardly need say that the love of poet and painter, scholar and traveller for this fascinating city suffers no diminution with the lapse of time, but, on the contrary, broadens and intensifies under the growing light of modern culture. It is no equivocal, no niggardly, no common love that is accorded to Florence. It is a love given as freely and fully as the sun-



CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE, FLORENCE.

commercial relations with the rest of the world. The Guilds of Florence, such as the wool-weavers, silk-workers and the like, were held in high esteem and honor throughout Italy and Europe. The members of these guilds had full voice in the government of the city. And, indeed, such was the influence and honor of a Florentine citizen, that when Pope Boniface VIII. instituted the Jubilee in 1300, and the princes of Europe sent their ambassadors to honor the occasion, no less than twelve of these envoys claimed the honor of being citizens of Florence; and on learning this Pope Boniface exclaimed, that "to the four elements of the world must now be added a fifth—the Florentines." Nowhere do we find any account in the old chronicles of extravagance in living. And it would seem that the very simplicity and abstemiousness of their daily habits were highly conducive to that intellectual eminence to which the Florentines finally attained.

shine which falls upon her flowery vales.

Before I turn to her priceless gems of art, I will take a hasty survey of her justly famed natural advantages. It is hardly possible to picture with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city. Such a picture cannot be more than an indistinct photograph, lacking warmth of coloring and depth of tone. I will therefore content myself with a brief description of her surroundings. Florence, in all her radiant beauty of dome, turret and spire, lies in the centre of a fertile valley, and is almost encircled by different spurs and ranges of the Apennines, the smiling slopes of which are covered by vine-clad terraces. Down through a lovely valley, and lost to sight among the noble hills of Vallombrosa, glides the Arno, "mountain-born and poet-hymned river." Yellow and muddy and altogether unattractive as this river is in the sunlight, at the twilight hour, and especially by moonlight, it looks like a

chain of silver, and as it flows through the heart of the city, it greatly enhances the picturesque beauty of Florence.

And now that we have compassed the girdle that encircles the city, we will, before entering, stop near the old gate called the Porta Pinti, and wander through the lovely Protestant cemetery, which is one of the Meccas of pilgrimage for all who love the pure and elevating poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Here she sleeps under the shadow of the cypress and in view of her beloved Florence. It is no wonder that on the tablet inserted in the Casa Guidi by the Italian government they say that she gave the marriage-ring to Italy and England; for she poured her whole heart and soul into some of the most fervent and sublime poems ever written in defense of Italian liberty and unity.

Near her simple marble sarcophagus, which is in the mediæval style supported by six composite columns, is the modest grave of Theodore Parker of Boston, whose struggles for poor humanity were not all in vain. Sweet flowers breathe their fragrance over this hallowed spot, and as we turn away, we say, as Keats said of its cemetery in Rome: "It would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot."

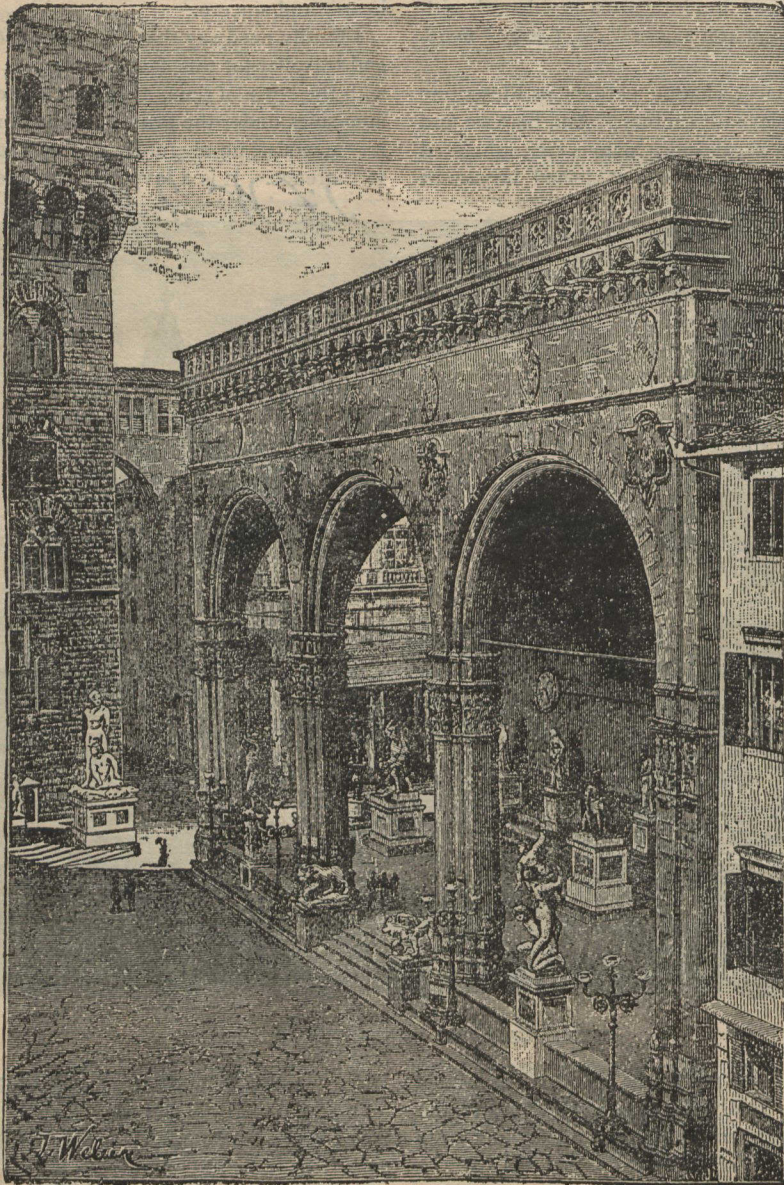
We find that many of the streets of Florence are named in honor of some illustrious patrician family and

not infrequently take their name from some scene or incident that transpired within their limits. It would be possible to make a very clear heading to the different epochs of Florentine history by simply naming the streets, as every street is rich in historical reminiscences. And one narrow street is glorified by the rude doorway of Dante's house.

One of the most interesting places in Florence is the Piazza della Signoria. Here all the volcanic conditions of the Florentine temperament were made manifest. Here

were enacted some of the saddest as well as some of the most grotesque scenes in Florence history. Could the ugly and sphinx-like Palazzo Vecchio—which is the grim guardian of the Piazza—speak, the world would be sadder and wiser for its knowledge of horrible deeds of violence, committed in the sacred name of liberty, in the secret chambers of this palace. The famous Piazza has witnessed all of the remarkable convulsions in the political and religious history of Florence. And here I may speak of the incongruous character of the Floren-

tines of mediæval times. Celebrated as they were for their devotion to commerce, arts and general culture, they were also equally celebrated for being the most fickle and unstable beings in the world as regards their temporal and spiritual government. Frank and Lombard, Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri have successfully deluged the streets of Florence with the blood of her citizens, in their attempts to gain dominion over the city. In quick succession the city has been under theocratic, democratic and aristocratic form of government. And, as if not content with her dukes, grand-dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, signoria, foreign princes (among whom was the celebrated and detested Duke of Athens), she not only elected the bronze Marzocco of the Piazza gonfalonier, but, under the

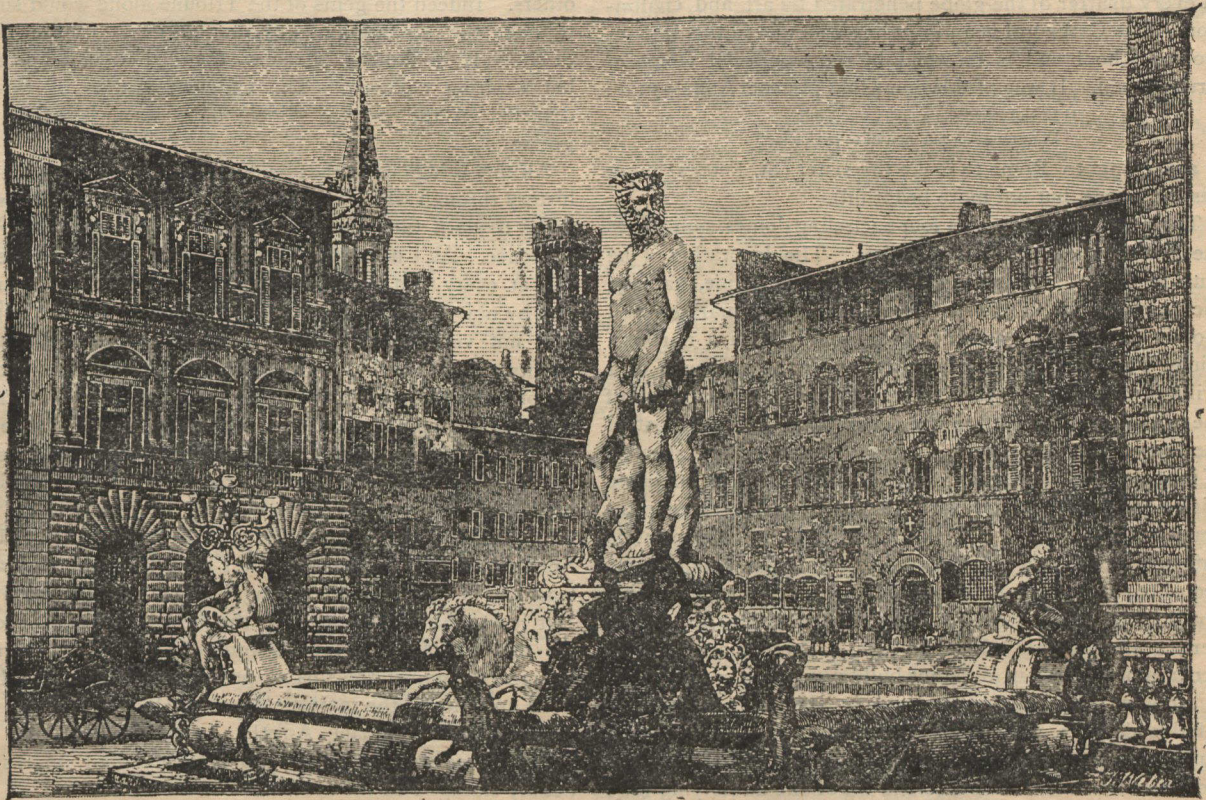


LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE.

intensity of religious enthusiasm, caused by the eloquent preaching of Savonarola, actually elected Jesus Christ King of Florence. At that time the government was distracted and divided by three opposing factions. These factions were the party in favor of the restoration of the exiled Medici, the Libertini, or followers of Savonarola, and the Ottimati, who desired a moderate but conservative form of government. To this last faction belonged the Gonfalonier Nicolo Capponi. Although an upright and just man, he had no parti-

cular force of character, and on learning that a league had been entered into by Pope Clement and Charles V., thought, by taking pacific measures, to ward off the dangers threatening the republic. He therefore proposed to the council that Christ should be elected King of Florence, as a pledge that Florentines would accept the King of Heaven only as their ruler. According to contemporary history, Capponi presided at the great council that was convened on the 9th of February, 1527, and in a highly wrought state of religious frenzy, repeated *verbatim* a sermon of Savonarola, and then, throwing himself on his knees, cried in a loud voice, "*Misericordia!*" The whole council repeated it after him, and while the assembly was in a state of religious enthusiasm, Capponi proposed that they should elect Jesus Christ King of Florence. On the 10th of June, in the following year, the clergy of the Cathedral met in the Piazza della Signoria, where an

The best preserved of all the ancient monuments in Florence is the Bargello, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Once the Palace of the Podesta, and named the Bargello, when it was transformed into a prison, it is now a National Museum. The courtyard of the structure, restored with a careful regard to its original aspect, presents an imposing appearance. The scutcheons of the various Podestas and of the ordinary members of council, let into the walls, give the courtyard, especially, with its noble flight of steps, an imposing appearance. Few of the treasures in the Museum of the Bargello linger longer in the memory of those who behold them than the bas-reliefs designed by Donatello, and intended by him for the balustrade of the organ-loft of the Cathedral. The productions of his dramatic and splendid genius are almost infinite in their variety, but none of them are more delightful than these children, with the elas-



STATUE OF NEPTUNE, GRAND DUCAL SQUARE, FLORENCE.

altar had been erected in front of the palace. The word Jesus was then proclaimed before the multitude, who finally accepted Jesus for their King. The shields of France and of Pope Leo accordingly were removed from their position, and the name of the Saviour was inserted on a tablet above the entrance to the palace.

Notwithstanding their frequent political and religious disturbances, their division into factions and party strife, there was, nevertheless, a dignity and patriotism in those old Florentines that gave them a marked individuality, and brought about a state of affairs that affected the condition of the whole civilized world for the better. And there is beauty of sentiment in the thought that the flowers which were strewn every year over the spot where poor Savonarola was hanged and burned, were indeed let fall by the invisible hands of angels to purify the city from this foul blot in her history.

ticity of their movement and the vivacity of their gambols.

The Palazzo Vecchio, Duomo, Campanile, Pitti and Uffizii galleries represent the three great divisions in Florentine history—that is to say, the temporal, civic and art periods. Passing to the Palazzo Vecchio, there are few existing buildings that have witnessed so many changes, and yet amid all the fluctuations of time and change continued to serve the purpose for which they were originally intended. Erected in 1298 as the seat of the Signoria, the government of the republic, it is to-day occupied by the Florentine municipality. Unlike most of the world-renowned architectural monuments in Florence, it possesses neither symmetry nor grace. The original building was in the shape of a parallelogram. Various additions from time to time have been made, and it now has the appearance of a huge rectangular building crowned by square-shaped, frowning battlements, the sign of the

Guelphic party. In this tower formerly swung an enormous bell, called "La Campani dei Leoni." This bell, in clear, silvery tones, rang out the announcement of a victory as well as the celebration of marriages. It was destroyed in 1530. The *Ringhiera*, or rostrum, that was added to the Palazzo in 1349, greatly improved the building. During the Napoleonic regime the *Ringhiera* was demolished. A great fountain, ornamented by a colossal Neptune and his attendant Nereids and Tritons, adorns the place formerly occupied by the *Ringhiera*. The Marzocco, or Lion of Florence, is near the fountain, and has kept a watchful guard over the piazza for centuries. The mystery surrounding the object of the erection of the Pyramids is not greater than that of the origin of the word Marzocco.

Let us now turn to the Piazza del Duomo, with its remarkable group—the Cathedral, Campanile and Baptistery—three famous architectural monuments that are known and admired in every quarter of the globe penetrated by art and civilization. The Cathedral is an imposing example of the Italian-Gothic school and is crowned by the wonderful Dome of Brunelleschi. It was of this dome that Michael Angelo said :

"Io vado a Roma a far la tua sorella,
Piu grande si, ma mon di te piu bella."

(I am going to Rome to make thy sister (St. Peter's) more vast, it is true, but not more beautiful).

The great dome, with its four encircling domes, symbolizes the Father and the four Evangelists. The decoration of the outside of the Cathedral is distinctively Florentine, namely, the introduction of flat surfaces inlaid with marbles and mosaic. Ineffective as this style would be in a northern clime, it is, however, very beautiful under the influence of a brilliant southern sky, that reflects, even at a distance, all of the different colors used in the decoration. Unlike most of the Italian churches, there is a great simplicity and absence of ornament in the interior of the Cathedral. Nor could we wish it otherwise, for its very simplicity enhances its grandeur and sublimity. Of the Campanile of Giotto, it is sufficient to say that Ruskin's summary of the qualifications requisite to produce form and beauty are all united in this lovely gem. After defining what is necessary to produce a perfect architectural whole, he says, "These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, some in another; but altogether, and in the highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto, at Florence." To one who does not understand all of the underlying laws of architecture, this Campanile, at first sight, appears like a huge mass of exquisitely wrought and petrified old lace.

Let us go from the churches to the world-famous and unrivaled galleries of the Pitti and Uffizii, that are joined across the Arno, like the Siamese twins, by the old Ponte Vecchio. To describe the wonders of these galleries is an impossibility; busy as the eyes and mind are when there, weeks—

months—will not do them justice. The various departments of art—such as the Cabinet of Gems and Inscriptions, Central Archives of Tuscany, Biblioteca Nazionale, saloons of statues and drawings and paintings—are all arranged with such nicety and precision that it is impossible for the merest tyro to go through these galleries without a deeper and fuller knowledge and appreciation of the real significance of art and art-culture. In the Tribune of the Uffizii is the Venus di Medici, before whose shrine the art-critics of the world have knelt and humbly offered up all the superlative adjectives of praise that language can boast.

Yet little less is the praise which has been lavished on the four other precious relics of antiquity in the Tribune, the Apollino, the Dancing Faun, the Wrestlers, and that art-puzzle, the Anotino, or slave whetting his knife. Besides the statues are paintings by Perugino, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rubens, Michael Angelo and many others. Indeed the gems of the Tribune alone would suffice to make the reputation of any modern city. In the saloon of Niobe is the famous Niobe, surrounded on either side by her expiring children. The eloquent pathos of despair depicted in the marble Niobe, once seen, is never forgotten.

All this brings us to that general survey of Florentine art-history through which we realize how great is the debt we of these modern times owe to the civilization and culture of Florence. As I have previously endeavored to show, we are met at every turn in our wanderings through this beautiful city by objects that give us a vivid impression of the mighty and not very remote past. Italy, of all the European countries, was the first to do anything worthy of the name of art or literature, and in this respect may not inaptly be called the morning star of modern civilization. Under the revivifying influence of Italian literature the whole world seems suddenly to have changed its character, and in the new birth of thought an impetus was given to the mind, which very soon produced in England, Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Spenser and Shakespeare. As I have said, the revival of learning in the fifteenth century spread throughout Italy. But it was Florence that gave the movement its distinctive life and character. Here Savonarola hurled his burning eloquence against the sins of prelates and princes. Here lived and moved the majestic figure of Dante.

Here dwelt Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Giotto, those great masters who have left their impress indelibly stamped on the art-history of the world.

The Florence of to-day is, of course, very different from the Florence of the Renaissance period. But, even now, as we enter into the life and habits of her people, it is an easy matter to perceive that the heart of Italy, like the climate of Italy, is full of sunshine, softness and beauty. Speaking to us through the pathos of departed greatness, Florence bewitches our hearts as no other European city does.



Written for THE QUEEN.

SAINTS AND BUTTERFLIES.

By LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER X.

The little rift, etc.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has condemned the usual plan of having a love story end with the ring of the wedding bells. He says: "We watch sympathetically step by step the hero's climbing until the point is gained, the wedding day is fixed, and we follow the gala procession home to the bannered portal where the doors are slammed in our faces and the poor reader is left outside in the cold, not enriched by so much as an idea or a virtuous impulse."

We propose to leave our doors open and say to the reader, "Come in and look upon the picture of domestic happiness as it is painted in the home of Mr. and Mrs. De Vere." We cannot promise that the canvas will present only sunshine and roses. It would not be a true picture if it did that. But you may learn a lesson from the shades and crosslights which you could not find from the contemplation of inane perfection.

The disappointment referred to in the last chapter was the refusal of Mrs. De Vere, sr., to regard Audrey's marriage as an event which should renew the severed ties. Had Audrey not mentioned in a chance interview that his wife came to him a penniless bride, it might have been different. As it was, her neglect continued.

"I did not think," Audrey said, "mother was capable of such extreme conservatism. I knew they were always proud and exclusive, but never realized before to what extent. Besides, father is only just living, and that is all, in his present style. Their struggle for appearances is lamentable. Because Grace and I would not tolerate it, they cast us off. And now they emphasize their unconcern by treating you as coldly."

"Do not worry about it," Nyle entreated him. "We shall be happy enough in each other's love. But poor Grace!"

"Ay, poor little Grace! But she has a brave heart and is glad to be independent. We will help her to be as happy as possible till she finds some one to take charge of her."

"May she have an easier time than I had finding?" laughed Nyle.

"Did you have a hard time?"

"Awful!" his bride declared. "You were such a slippery eel of a fellow."

Audrey remonstrated with her, but she persisted in her assertion. However, when the clock struck she changed the argument. "What do you want for your supper?" she inquired, flitting from buffet to table with the pretty dishes collected since their marriage. What a time they had had to be sure, furnishing their little home. The shopping tours Audrey had been dragged through had made him almost turn up his toes, he said, to the derision of the three girls, but the result was that the house was the envy of the calling neighborhood.

"Bread and cheese and kisses!" Audrey decided, in answer to Nyle's question.

"Fiddle-sticks and nonsense!" was returned. "Do you like canned salmon, or cold roast, or boned turkey?"

"All three!" teased Audrey. He was not yet sufficiently disenchanted of honeymoon blisses to think much about gastronomical tastes. But Nyle took the matter more seriously. "You extravagant boy! You can't have all three!" she said, anxiously. "We must be economical."

Audrey burst into a laugh. "I don't think you need object to a little extravagance so soon, if I don't. Why, it's perfect nonsense. Let's have what we want to-day if we go to the scaffold to-morrow."

Nyle laughed and took the hint. The table was always set in the most abundant liberality after that. Till one day Audrey remarked—after the manner of contradictory man—"What's the grocery bill coming to, Nyle? Do you keep your eye on it?"

"Yes!" Nyle told him, meekly.

"Well, don't let it run too high!" her lord and master advised, reaching over for the third slice of chocolate cake, adding, "Who made the cake? its scrumptious!"

"How did you know I didn't make it?" his wife enquired, without looking up.

"Why, my dear, I can tell your cooking the moment I get my eye on it."

Nyle felt the answer to be anything but complimentary, but she only said, "Cecil made it."

"I thought it was her genius that constructed such an ambrosial morsel. Ask her around often on baking day, will you?"

Nyle put up her face quietly for the kiss he had to bestow as he was leaving to run down for the seven o'clock mail, but she did not meet his eyes with the usual lovelight in hers. She had the dishes washed when he returned, and went out to sit on the porch with him for a little while in the warm October twilight, but she was not so ready with her bright speeches as usual. She was not conscious of it exactly, but felt as if she was tired and would rather, for the first time, not have to talk even to her dear Audrey.

"Run and get my blazer, will you, darling, and take my coat in for me!" Audrey suggested pleasantly, as he was accustomed to do of late.

"It would be much nicer if you changed your coats in the house!" Nyle thought, and she said so.

"Oh, well, I can do so!" her husband said, and he got up and went in, with a huffed manner.

He didn't come out again, and Nyle sat alone for some time. When she did go in, she found Audrey waiting and evidently very much pre-occupied with his work.

"We were going to put up those curtains to-night, Audrey," Nyle reminded him.

"Well, I'm too busy. We'll have to leave it." That was all he said. Had he looked up and given her a kind look she would have been soothed immediately. As it was, her tender heart was pierced with the first doubt of his love. Oh, when will women learn that man cannot always be acting the lover, even though they love with the deepest fervor? When will girls cease making themselves miserable because their adored one sometimes descends to the acts of ordinary human nature; when stop the heart of their husband just because he thinks of prosaic matters once in a

while instead of always brides and kisses? When woman's sensitive, tender, finer heart has atrophied into an organ more like her liege lord's, you say? Aye, then, and not before.

"You might help me copy this, Nyle," her husband added. "I have to have it done by to-morrow night."

"Oh, dear! What do you want to bother with it for? Aren't you getting tired of the whole thing?"

Audrey gave her a reproachful look. "I declare!" he said, coldly. "I don't know what's come over you since the old days in Mayville. It was you who first put such ideas in my head by your drawing my attention to what ought to be done by moneyed people. And now you don't care two straws for anything in that line. I thought we'd make a good team for the Anti-Poverty Society work."

Nyle crept up close to him. She knelt down and put her head on his knees. Her eyes looked into his with a most passionate tenderness. "I love you too much just yet to wish to do anything else but enjoy your society," she sighed.

"You are a peculiar girl, Nyle," he told her, lightly. "But I am glad you love me so much. But come," he added, "turn your energies in the direction of my work and help me."

"I wish I could help you with money."

"Don't talk money. I believe you regret giving it up."

"I do. Because we could have done good with it."

"But it was not yours—if you mean the other Nyle's money—and you could not go on using Cecil's. Please don't say money to me. It is the hatefullest thing in existence."

There was silence for a little while. Both felt instinctively that they had drifted away from each other in this conversation, but neither wanted to acknowledge it so far as to attempt any reconciliation. Nyle kept her head on her husband's knee and his hand rested on her shoulder, but it was no comfort to either. And presently Nyle rose and went away. It hurt her to find he allowed her to do so. And he missed her when she went, but said nothing. How little it takes to widen the rift within the lute!

"What a line of care is on your brow, Nyle!" Cecil said to her one day. "You look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

"I am so worried about the housework. And I have such a time cooking to suit Audrey. How do you get along; is Gay as hard to please?"

"Gay is not hard to please," declared Mrs. Stannard, happily. "I don't believe Audrey is either. You imagine it."

"Perhaps I do," sighed her cousin. "You had better stay to dinner and prove it. When I bring on the first course you will see how quickly he detects the least fault."

"No, I can't stay," Cecil said, "but I will come some day."

"Oh, do stay! Audrey likes so much to see you. I'll send a note over for Mr. Stannard to come, too."

So Cecil stayed and Gay came over at the dinner hour, and they all four made a merry little dinner party—or would have if Audrey had forgotten to pass his little criticisms. A less sensitive nature than Nyle's would not have cared for his teasing little pleasantries about the menu, but our Nyle was so constructed that the least derogatory remark from one she loved was enough to dishearten her for an indefinite period. Unfortunate the creature with such a

super-sensitive organism. Doomed to the sorest experiences and marked for an especial prey by the cold world. Audrey hardly knew what a delicate flower he was wearing.

"I tell you what it is," he had said, while serving the guests, "If Nyle doesn't populate a grave with me before our first year of married felicity is up, it won't be because she didn't do her best. Why, Cecil, I never have a square meal only when you donate some chocolate cake."

"Why, I'm sure you're not losing flesh," Cecil laughed.

"Oh, I get enough, such as it is, you know. That's not it! The rub is to get what there is of it good. Nyle was not cut out for a cook."

"I was not cut out for anything," Nyle supplemented, gloomily.

"Oh, well don't be downcast," Audrey advised, gaily. "Some people were born cooks, others achieved the position. There's hope for you yet. Perhaps Mrs. Stannard would give you lessons at cut rates, for the sake of auld lang syne."

"I think you'd better get a girl," Cecil interposed, seriously.

"Can't afford it," Audrey answered, seriously, too.

"But you can afford to let your wife wear herself out," Mrs. Stannard went on, sharply.

Audrey looked at his wife for the first time with concern in his face—and changed the subject.

Next day he said, "I want you to advertise for a girl, Nyle."

"Oh Audrey—" she objected, quickly.

"Get one that can cook," he added, lighting a cigar and sauntering out to the doorway, where he stood still a moment, waiting for Nyle to follow him. She did not do so, however, and he said "Goodbye!" and went away, wondering if his wife was tired of showing him the little attention of walking as far as the gate with him. Thoughtless fellow! He did not know that his intended kindness had wounded her. There is so much in the way a thing is said that one must be on their guard constantly in order to phrase one's thoughts correctly.

"Get one that can cook!" he had said. "Very well," Mrs. De Vere said. "One that can do all the rest of the work too. If I can't cook for him, I can't do anything else. I shall go to work for myself now, on my own schemes."

Behold my lady then, in another week busy on her own schemes.

"You will come to grief yet, Nyle, in your secrets," warned Cecil. "I haven't a secret from Gay, not one."

"You don't have to have," Nyle defended, confident of the justice of her course.

"A wilful woman, etc.," sighed Cecil and dropped the subject. And Nyle continued to use all her leisure time in "working on her own schemes," with the result that before long Audrey had a new grievance.

"You are getting to be a regular little gad-a-bout," he told her. "Out every afternoon and three evenings a week."

"I might as well be out when you are, Audrey. You go to your Anti-Poverty Society meetings and lectures and why shouldn't I spend an evening among my friends too?"

"I go to help on a glorious cause, and I wish you were hand in hand with me."

"Audrey!" Nyle said, going up close to him, "I am with you."

"Why, you never take any part in the work any more. But I suppose I should not have expected a woman to do much."

"Perhaps not," she remarked, quietly. "Still, I might do something if I tried, I think. It's only supposition—I might, I said, not I could. However, time will tell. Let us go to tea now. I am due at Mrs. Overmeyer's at seven-thirty."

Audrey followed her into the room where supper was laid, with silent gravity.

"You had better come and hear me speak to-night, Nyle," he said, after a little.

"I must go to Mrs. Overmeyer's, I said," his wife returned, a queer little brightness in her face, "or I would, dear."

So they went their ways, Nyle returning late and finding Audrey retiring when she arrived. The same thing happened often now and Audrey began to grow tired of it. However, he said less and less and worked assiduously at lectures and pamphlets on the cause. He attained some fame as a man of oratorical power and became as popular in the circles of the labor movement people as he once was in the *beau monde*. But something interfered with his satisfaction in his success. What was it? Nothing more nor less than the fact that he had stumbled on a horrible mystery in his own house, and that mystery involving his wife.

CHAPTER XI.

Worse and more of it!

Nyle had been out all day. She was absent still when Audrey came home to six o'clock dinner.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked Mary, "the girl who could cook," as he sat down to the table alone.

"I don't know, sir," answered the girl. "She went out driving with Lawyer Overmeyer this morning about ten o'clock."

Audrey flushed annoyedly, but ate his dinner in indifferent ease and went out himself immediately after. Mary reserved a bit of the different eatables for Mrs. De Vere when she should come in and finished her work to the last jot before her mistress arrived. Flushed and smiling she entered and threw herself down in an easy chair. So long she sat there that when Audrey came in she had not yet taken off her wraps. She looked up, but he came in with such cold eyes that the warmth of her intended reception was chilled and the kiss she had for him was not offered. He got a match from the oxydized safe and left the room again without speaking. A wave of frightened color dyed his wife's face.

"He knows—he suspects!" she murmured, clasping her nervous hands, "And is angry!"

She remained motionless for some time. The existing state of affairs weighed heavily on her. She felt afraid of Audrey. She had done wrong, sinned against him—what if he refused to forgive her? Nonsense! She turned away and laughed a little. Nevertheless her fingers trembled as she unloosed her bonnet strings of velvet and put her cape away. Trembled too as she took a roll of bills from her pocket and put it into her purse. But the sparkle of her eyes lessened the effect of the emotion displayed otherwise and could Audrey have seen her then as she counted over the very large sum he would have said with even more intensity than he did the next morning when he went to her pocket-book unbeknown to her for some small change. "Is it possible I have married a woman who would sell her soul for money?"

He went away from his glimpse of this new proof that there was a secret between them with a heart that was very sore. All day he cast about in his mind for some meaning

to attach to it. He went home at night distressed and hurt but angry too. He went out again and spent the evening. Returning, he found Mrs. De Vere had retired. The lights were all out save in his own room. He took a lamp up and softly stole to the bedside of his sleeping wife. His eyes softened as he saw her lashes wet with tears, and her brow contracted with a troubled line. He went away saying to himself: "I will try and get at the bottom of this affair without being too harsh. I will wait for a few days and see if she will not tell me herself."

And he waited. Waited patiently at first. Waited in a forbearing silence. But a week passed—and another and at the end of three, Nyle still kept her counsel.

One day there came an artistic note of invitation to the house, addressed to Mr. Audrey De Vere. Nyle laid it on her husband's plate and waited for him to tell her what it was. But he read it with a surprised smile and put it aside without offering it to her. She said nothing, but thought innumerable things. After the meal was over Audrey went upstairs to "titivate up" in his evening suit.

Nyle came to the door and leaned against the lintel looking at him.

"I am going out," her husband volunteered.

"I see you are," returned Nyle. She did not ask where, though she knew it must be an especial occasion. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Do you think you could tie this pearl silk tie into a fresh knot?"

"I will try," she said, going up to him. Her fingers trembled as she did what was required and when she put it about his neck for him and tucked the end away into the side of his low vest he noticed she looked pale.

He looked down at her with an unusual tenderness.

She looked up and her exquisite eyes were full of a dewy glow. She caught hold of his arm and stayed him in his toilet arrangements.

"You have not kissed me for three weeks, Audrey," she whispered.

He compressed his lips for one moment in silence. "It is your own fault," he said, not ungently, but still too coldly to avoid stabbing his wife to the heart.

"What have I done?" There was a peculiar accent in her voice, as if she knew she *had* done something, but wanted to find out how much he knew about it.

"Nyle," he said, kissing her then. "It is you who should tell me—not I, you. But let it go for a little longer. My mother would never forgive me if I should be late at the first of her winter receptions."

"It is to your mother's you are going?" Nyle asked, shrinking away from that light caress he had given her. "She has not invited me?" and her face flushed.

"She will next time, doubtless," her husband told her hastily.

"I will not go then," Nyle said, hotly.

Audrey took up his overcoat and his hat and put them on carefully before the glass. When he was ready to go Nyle left the room to avoid an awkward parting and he went down unattended to the door.

This was the first of a series of entertainments to which Audrey was invited and not his wife. The family fortunes had received a new lease of life by a timely loan from some friend indeed to Mr. De Vere, senior, who had started in business again and was on the way to regaining his old foot-

hold. The first result of this return of promised prosperity was the retaking of the social position of the lady of the house and her daughter Lilian. Some wise critics shook their head and said: "They are going the pace too soon again. A second crash will follow such premature extravagance." But Mrs. De Vere and the critics had no affinity and the mansion in High Square was the rendezvous of the elite as of yore, regardless of the cost entailed.

Audrey went oftener and oftener to his mother's gay residence. Anti-Poverty Society work was neglected and his zeal was directed into new channels. His wife began to see less and less of him and their relations grew more and more strained. At last the final day of reckoning drew near. "The little rift within the lute" widened till all hope of music was lost. Audrey's coldness increased daily and at last resolved itself into a chilling disdain of all Nyle's attempts to live peaceably. There came a day too when he spoke.

"Let me have some money!" he said shortly, to his wife.

"Why, Audrey, I have none. You gave me none since last month."

He gave her a slow, angry look.

"What have you done with the sum your friend Lawyer Overmeyer gave you?" he asked, quietly.

Nyle gave a little cry.

"You know about it?" she uttered, involuntarily.

"Yes, I know," he answered. How pale and stern he was.

"And you will not forgive me? Audrey, is it such a sin that you cannot look at me in some way besides that. Your eyes are so unkind."

She moved up nearer him. He held her away.

"Do you think to wheedle me into overlooking your falseness. I shall never regard you worthy of my love again. I have been bitterly disappointed in you."

"I know it was wrong," she cried, her lips trembling, her eyes dewy with repentance. "But I was afraid to ever tell you anything—you hated money so, you said."

He stared at her in mingled perplexity and anger.

"And nothing but money could help me in my purposes," she went on.

"Good heavens!" her husband exclaimed, "My mother has indeed told me the truth when she said you were a most unprincipled little schemer. To think of you talking about this affair like that to me—your husband."

"Ah!" she broke in, coldly calm now. "It was your mother who told you all, was it?" Well, in the face of her knowledge of the affair, as you call it, how does she explain her treatment of me. Why does she slight me? Why scorn me so, *now*?"

Again that stare of undisguised amazement and annoyance.

"She knows where the money went to as well as where it came from," pursued his wife. "And yet knowing it, she considers me unworthy of her notice. You uphold her in her action too. Audrey, Audrey, why is it you do so? I thought you loved me."

"And you presume on that fact! Well, it is vain presumption. How can you expect to be treated differently? I wonder at your dreaming of retaining the respect of anyone who has heard the story."

Nyle stood frozen into a marble-like stillness. Then a pink flushed her cheeks.

"I did not know it was such a crime," she uttered. "Audrey, Audrey, do you mean I have not even your respect?"

"Did not know it was such a crime?" he exclaimed. "And yet—! Good heavens, where is your sense of right and wrong?"

"All lost," she said, mournfully. "Gone with my religion, my happiness, my everything. When I met and loved you, Audrey De Vere, it was a day of losses."

"Aye," he returned, relentlessly. "And the day on which we part will be a day of gain, apparently, for both of us."

Nyle put up a piteously trembling hand over her eyes with a cry of pain, and Audrey went out and left her.

Misery, misery! Oh, the pity of it! Secrets between husband and wife are the rocks on which many a good ship has come to grief.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Written for THE QUEEN.

BETTER THINGS.

By ANNIE K. MCDANIEL.

Better to smell the roses sweet
Than dwell in Fashion's hall;
Better to love as a little child
Than to never love at all.
Better to watch the bright blue sky
Than gaze on Fiction's page;
Better to hear the wild bird sing
Than the prisoner in a cage.

Better to never see the rich
Than envy them their store;
Better to take the stranger in
Than turn him from your door.
Better to do quiet deeds of love
Than have an ill-got fame;

Better to be a beggar child
Than have an evil name.


Better to live in a cottage neat
Than dwell in marble towers;
Better to do the Master's work
Than be decked out in flowers.
Better to fill up the web of life
With a grand and noble worth;
Better to have a gentle heart
Than a fame spread o'er the earth.

Better to teach a little child
Than sit with idle thought;
Rejoice to hear "Well done," at last
For the good work you have wrought.

Written for THE QUEEN.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY ELLA. F. FLANDERS.

“AMMA, does God always hear our prayers?” asked little Agnes Mason, and her clear eyes eagerly sought her mother’s face in anticipation of her answer.

Mrs. Mason turned wearily on her pillow and looked for a moment into the wistful eyes. “Yes, darling, God always hears the earnest prayers of his children.”

“And does he answer them too, mamma?”

“Yes, Agnes, we read in his own book, ‘Ask, and ye shall receive.’”

“Well, mamma, I have prayed *so hard* that you might be well, and we go to the cool green country; why don’t He answer my prayer?”

Mrs. Mason hesitated before answering the question so artlessly put by her child. This was one which had perplexed many older and wiser persons than little Agnes. There were times when even her faith wavered, and she felt almost forsaken, but she knew that He who guarded the sparrow’s fall was also guiding her weary feet, so she said: “My dear child, God does not always answer our prayers at once, but in his own time and way He will surely help all those who trust in Him.”

“Then I will ask Him once more, mamma,” and the childish form knelt by her mother’s bed and clasped her tiny hands in prayer.

As Mrs. Mason looked upon the fair upturned face, the tears gathered in her dark eyes, and her thoughts went back to the time when ten short years before she stood a happy bride. Gerald Mason had his own fortune to make, but he was energetic and honorable, and with loving, happy hearts they began their new life. How well she remembered the tiny cottage they first called home. How happy and contented they were. It was there Agnes, their only one, was born, and as the happy mother gazed into the face of her new-born babe, she felt that for her life held no richer boon, but after a few short years misfortune came; the husband and father was taken sick, and after a lingering illness died, leaving his young wife to bear life’s heavy burdens alone. She was aroused from her grief by the imperative necessity of doing something toward the support of herself and child; the small bank account which was theirs beside their home had dwindled to a small sum, and with an energy born of necessity, she asked for and obtained work; for a time she was successful, but unused to the long hours of steady work, which as a seamstress were necessarily hers to obtain even a meagre support for herself and child, and worn with grief and care, she found herself ill and unable to longer continue their means of support.

Another ear than Mrs. Mason’s heard the questioning words of little Agnes, and another eye than hers gazed upon the kneeling child.

Dr. Phillip Allen, in his daily round of professional calls, paused for a moment as he heard the child’s questions and awaited her mother’s answer, and through the half open door he looked upon the fair face; as the child rose from her knees, he brushed a tear from his eye and passed in with his usually cheerful “Good morning.”

He had but recently been called to attend Mrs. Mason and with the practised eye of his profession, he realized that

her frail constitution was breaking from overwork and anxiety. He prescribed a stimulating medicine and advised entire rest; then speaking a few words of comfort and cheer to both Mrs. Mason and little Agnes, he passed on to relieve and strengthen the sick and afflicted in other homes.

As he sat in his office after a long and busy round of calls, his mind constantly reverted to sweet little Agnes, whose simple, childish faith had wonderfully impressed him, and tenderly and lovingly he thought of another Agnes, who for a few brief years was the light of his life. Agnes Merton was an orphan and had just completed her education under the care of a guardian, when she met Phillip Allen, then a young man of twenty-five.

He was charmed by her delicate beauty, her rare grace and well-stored mind, while she in turn learned to love the handsome young doctor, and after a brief engagement they were married. Philip had chosen the practice of medicine as his profession and graduated with the highest honors. Wealth was at his command, and the future looked bright indeed for the young couple. After a year’s travel in Europe they returned home, and the young doctor began his professional career. Eminently adapted to the profession he had chosen, both by natural gifts and a thorough education, he rose rapidly in his profession, but after a time the fair face that watched so eagerly for his home coming grew more delicate and the light step seemed to lose its elasticity.

“I’m not ill,” she said to Phillip’s eager questions, “only tired.” But a naturally frail constitution and an inherited consumptive tendency sounded the alarm; and after consulting the most eminent physicians it was decided that only a change of climate could benefit or even prolong the life of the one dearest in all the world to Phillip Allen.

They sojourned in summer among the islands of the beautiful St. Lawrence and Canada’s health-giving lakes and forests; then, as autumn advanced, to the sunny south, and in winter to golden California with her mountains and sea-air; but gradually the frail life was slipping away. Phillip, unwilling for a moment to face the stern reality, still hoped. For some time they had been at Santa Barbara.

“Lovely, quaint Santa Barbara,” said Agnes one day, “there is such a restful air about the whole place; the old mission with its stepstones grown worn by the pressure of many feet; the few monks moving noiselessly about; the quaint, quiet streets; the beautiful trees, where the mocking-bird lovingly calls to its mate; the golden sands washed by the grand old Pacific—all these speak to me of rest. Oh, Phillip, something warns me that soon I must leave you, and if I should die here, lay me to rest in the quiet old cemetery. No,” said she, “do not say I will get well; death claims us all, and though it breaks my heart to leave you, I am ready for the end. Do not grieve, although the world for a time will seem dark, there is work for you yet. Return to the east; take up your profession, and work; there is no solace for grief like that; and in your profession your chances for doing good are unbounded. Remember, dear, it is my prayer that you may become a comforter to the stricken.”

A few days after this all that was mortal of Agnes Allen was laid to rest in quaint Santa Barbara. “‘The waves sing her requiem,’ and I must do her bidding,” sighed Phillip

Alien, as with a broken heart he bade the grave of the wife he had loved so fondly a last good-bye.

For five years he travelled in foreign lands, then returned to his native city and renewed the practice of his profession; and it is here we find him at the beginning of our story. Although of recognized ability and skill, his practice was largely among the poor; and the most of his work was unpaid for and freely given. All for her sake, he often said. As he sat in his office after his last visit at Mrs. Mason's he pondered a long time then said aloud, "I will do it; there are many weary, worn workers in this great city who are dying for want of pure air and a glimpse of trees and flowers, and I who have wealth at my command will establish a home where they may breathe in life and health."

With Dr. Allen, to decide was to perform, and a site was purchased in a picturesque country spot, a handsome build-

ing erected, and Mrs. Mason and little Agnes, with many more, weary, worn toilers in the busy city were given rest and a quiet home where, during the hot summer months, they regained strength and health.

"Mamma, God answered my prayer," said little Agnes one day as they were enjoying the beautiful scenery from their window.

"Yes, dear," said her mother. And as the words were borne out on the breeze to Dr. Allen as he paced the terrace walk, he said:

"Surely, 'a child shall lead them.' The prayer of my Agnes is answered, too," and as he spoke the tender words of Dickens came to his mind and softly he repeated, "Oh, Agnes! oh, my soul! so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!"

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

First of all forget that you are writing a letter. In the days of boarding-school the hour for writing home was one of wails and biting of pen holders. Probably the teacher grew tired of it for at last she said, "Could you girls find anything to say to your mothers if you saw them now?"

"Why, Miss Smith, of course we could. Girls can always talk to their mothers."

"Very well. You have only to imagine that sheet of paper your mother's proxy. Put on it whatever you would say to her, and your letter hour will be only too short."

Talking with a pen is largely a matter of habit, and, like all other things, grows easier the more it is done. A letter is not a little thing. It is the bit of cheer to a homesick soul, the tie which unites absent friends. It is asking too much of your friends to love you tenderly when you excuse your neglect of them only with "you know how hard it is for me to write a letter." Unless you can consider those who care for you enough to send them tidings of your good or ill, you can but blame yourself if their and your interests grow in different lines, and your affection becomes more of a memory than a living reality.

Answer your letters when they are fresh, and you are in accord with the writer. If pen and ink are at hand, as they should be in a well conducted household, you can sit down and tell the bits of news, the books you have read and liked, the funny things you have heard or seen, the thousand little things which come so easily to the lips and which make a letter a part of one's personality. If your letter is laid away with others to wait for a more convenient season, that season will not come. It is we who make our opportunities, not they which come to us.

You can use to advantage a plan which one mother-loving girl took. She had a note-book and in this she put the topics that occurred to her between letter times, and when her regular day for writing came, a glance over the note-book brightened up her memory, and her letter, too. Her mother and she had no dropped threads to pick up when they met again. They had lived together, though their bodies had been miles apart. To keep one's self in communion with home people is worth thought and care, is it not?

In all articles of advice to girls about letter writing it is

usual to say, "Be very careful what you write to your lover." That is a miserable speech. If you have promised yourself, your life with its infinite hopes and possibilities, do not fear to add your confidence with it. A refined, modest girl is not apt to suffer from letters which are the exponent of her nature. Every man or woman is made better by being trusted and loved, and worse by being suspected. If you have learned to love a man, trust him. Do not write love speeches, but let your letters have a current of strong feeling under the surface talk. You cannot hinder it if your affection is strong, unless you constantly guard your words. It is the letter which carries one's self with it which finds the warmest welcome, and which bears the greatest influence.

When one is away from home the habits and restraints of home life become lax. Things seem trifles that once seemed faults. One feels that he is out of the family circle, of no special importance to anybody, and that is the time when temptation steps forward. Your letter may be just "the word in season." Unless you have been a stranger in a city, with four narrow, bare walls, the comfortless shelter of a cheap boarding-house to cover you, you cannot know how dreary and discouraged it is possible to feel, nor how readily temptation comes. People do not tell the dark side of living when they have been forced into the world to make a place. One does not care to sadden the mother left behind, but only one who has been through such an experience knows the comfort of letters which show that there is a little niche in a heart which only he or she can fill.

Make your letters of friendship full. Put in them a part of every day. Indirectly, you help yourself to write a good letter when you read a good book. Whatever develops you, makes you broader in your outlook upon life; any experience which gives you sympathy for others' troubles, or adds to your own culture, serves to round out your character, and your individuality you will give unknowingly, unintentionally to all with whom you come in contact. Then your letters will be not only interesting, but a help—and there is nothing better than to help another upward.

Perhaps a good rule for you who wish to write letters well is to love your neighbors as yourself. Seeking their happiness, you will make your letters interesting.

—D. M. MORRELL.

Fashion Notes.

"And even while Fashion's brightest art decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."—GOLDSMITH.

MORNING DRESS.

This figure gives a lady's costume and displays a yoke at the top above gathers, held in by a girdle of ribbon. The sleeves extend their fullness below the elbow above a high mitten cuff. The skirt is plain on the front, and pleated at the back. At the foot, as seen in illustration, there is a rich ruching of a second fabric. Any material may be used for this pretty model, which is especially attractive in figured fabrics.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Wool crepon, crepe de Chine, and a new chiffon almost as thick as crape are the fabrics chosen for the snowy white gowns of young girl graduates this season. There are also many youthful and pretty gowns of sheer mull muslin, of organdy, and of China silk.

The beauty of these youthful gowns lies in their simplicity, hence the wise and tasteful principal of a famous school—held in what Mr. Dudley Warner calls the only castle in America—prohibits the use of lace and all elaborate garniture, and permits only ribbon trimmings on the dresses of the graduates. Thus a crepe de Chine gown for a slender graceful girl with dark hair has a high shirred waist, with wide girdle and Watteau bow of moire ribbon. A crepon dress, with full French waist buttoned in the back, is banded three times below the bust with satin ribbon, each band having a bow with upturned loops in front and back alike. The large puffed sleeves have ribbon bracelets, and the bell skirt, just touching the floor in the back, has three lapping ruffles of inch-wide satin ribbon gathered very full, and so deeply lapped that the whole cluster of frills when completed is scarcely two inches wide.

A more elaborate dress, yet keeping within the rule of ribbon trimmings only, is of the new thickly woven chiffon, with the full high waist held by a wide corselet of basket-woven silk laid in cross folds and pointed high in back and front. A twist of satin ribbon edges the corselet at top and bottom, instead of the crystal and pearl passementerie usually chosen for this charming model. The neck is rounded a trifle low at the throat, and holds a ruche of chiffon in

shirred tucks. The full chiffon sleeves are banded with satin ribbon, and a twist of ribbon heads a narrow flounce on the skirt.

CLASS DINNER GOWNS.

At a class dinner, the class colors pink and white will be prettily worn in an Empire gown of white taffeta, with quaint old-fashioned chine design of pink blossoms. The round full waist, half low in the neck, will be filled out to the prescribed height with a guimpe of antique Mechlin net matching the lace of the berth. The wide girdle in loose folds reaching up on the bust and quite straight around is of a length of the chine taffetas, bordered on each edge with pink ribbon nearly two inches wide; this girdle has a large *chou* at the back and two wide ends reaching almost to the end of the skirt. The sleeves are broadly puffed at the top, and have flowing frills of lace at the elbows. The skirt, of five breadths of the taffeta, is shirred quite full around the waist, yet has much of its fullness sloped away in the middle seam of the back. A ruffle of taffeta, with pink ribbon facing the erect heading, trims the skirt all around.

One class of young graduates, when listening to the baccalaureate sermon, will wear white mull dresses, and large round hats of white mull shirred on cords, and trimmed with an Alsacian bow and twist of pink moire ribbon. The pretty mull gowns, worn also on Commencement day, have the full high seamless waist gathered around the neck, and again at the waist line. The sash of mull half covers the waist in its great width and is tied behind in a large Japanese bow with short ends. A mull frill five or six inches deep is gathered to droop around the neck. Mutton-leg sleeves have a frill of mull falling on the wrists. The waist has a lining of stout lawn, but the sleeves are transparent. The full round skirt of four or five straight breadths of mull is simply hemmed, and is sewed to the waist under the sash.

White China silk dresses are made in the simple way just described for mull gowns. Others copy the model of a striped summer silk gown using white Irish guipure lace for the yoke, and satin ribbon for the Directoire sash and the ruffle on the skirt. The slight drapery at the back of this skirt is a pleasant change from the plain bell skirt.

Greek and Russian gowns are very effective, and not too costly when made of the sheer white crepon sold at \$1 a



MORNING DRESS.

yard. The Greek dresses are draped in modified classic style, and lightly embroidered or braided with a silver border in Greek key pattern. White ribbon fillets are worn in the Greek coiffure so becoming to young girls. Russian gowns copy the peasant dress lately described, with a half-low round waist of crepon gathered full at the neck, and with half-sleeves all cut in one piece. Above the crepon the high silk lining is covered smoothly with a yoke of white guipure or Irish point lace. Close mitten sleeves of the lace without lining begin inside the flowing Russian sleeves, and reach low over the wrists. A narrow belt of white pearl or silver galloon is at the top of the bell skirt, which is put on above the edge of the waist.

THE LACE COAT.

College girls who are full-fledged young ladies can wear a coat of Mechlin lace pleated from neck to belt, then falling half-way to the knees over a lining of pink or of yellow silk. The lace has scallops on the lower edge. The belt and high collar band are of pink or yellow velvet studded along the edge with silver spangles. Over this is an Eton jacket, or one in Mikado style, open up front and back, made of the richest Muscovite silk of the color prevailing in the dress. A trimming of crystal drops edges the jacket. Full puffed sleeves are of lace banded with velvet like that of the belt. The bell skirt is of repped silk, or else of moire with satin stripes. A lace ruche trims the foot.

VARIOUS NEW GOWNS.

A springlike toilette at a recent noon wedding was of the white alpaca that Worth has brought into vogue again, made with an Eton jacket of green velvet, with revers pointing out widely on the sleeve-tops. The full front of the corsage showing inside the jacket was of white mousseline de soie, with girdle and collar of green velvet.

A street costume, blending blue and green, had a Russian coat of navy blue serge belted with gold galloon, with a jabot front, high folded collar, and large sleeves of changeable green, blue, and gold surah dotted with green. The coat differs from the Russian blouse in having no fullness gathered at the waist line. The back is simply laid in two folds from shoulders to waist each side of the middle; the fronts without darts do not quite meet on the silk jabot, and are edged with galloon. The sides are slashed under the arms to show the changeable silk underneath. The bell skirt of the blue serge is without trimming.

A pretty gown worn by a maid of honor was of polka-

dotted white surah. The high bodice, closed in the back had a broad satin girdle with a large gold buckle in the back. White point d'Alencon lace fell from the collar in a broad double box pleat below the throat like a bib, then curved under each arm in Zouave jacket shape, and was carried up the back to form another box pleat below the collar similar to that in front. Puffed surah sleeves were tied below the elbows in a frill that falls on wider lace frills.

A church and calling dress of gray crepon in an open design like drawn-work is made of green silk, which shows effectively through all the interstices. This has the Russian coat bodice with seamless back, and a belt and collar of green velvet. The belt has the ends lapped in back and front, and is trimmed along all the edges with two rows of greenish-black spangles. A bell skirt shows its green surah lining through the open design, and is bordered with a bias flounce of gray crepon widely edged at the top with spangled green velvet, which shows prettily when the erect ruffle is drawn down at intervals. The sleeves have a full puff of gray crepon falling below the elbow on tight-fitting lower sleeves of green velvet spangled in rows.

LOVELY scarves of black or white grenade with brocaded figures and fringed ends are thrown lightly over the shoulders in the airy style which one sees embodied in the Beauty Books with the pictures of the famous old belles of forty years ago. These scarves are also used as sashes, tied in a bow and pinned on the back of the dress.

SEVERAL narrow puffs, separated by lace insertings, is a new and stylish finish for skirts.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

This figure shows two patterns. One is that of a lady's jacket-waist. It is cut off squarely at the sides over a full vest of pleating, which reaches somewhat below the belt-line. The sleeves are full below the elbow, meeting a deep mitten cuff. The other is a bell-skirt with panel, and perforated for round length. It has the panel very wide, and

the front plain, and is trained slightly at the back. Light woolens or silk may be advantageously used, or two fabrics for this new and stylish model.

TINY scent bottles of cut glass, with gold tops with the cipher of the owner, are slung by a slender chain from the little finger. Then there are crystal ones in white or ruby glass, covered with a reticulated network in silver.



AFTERNOON DRESS.



Etiquette.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation is rapidly becoming one of the lost arts. With all our increased knowledge and improved methods of acquiring it, few persons can formulate their thoughts on any question, or express them gracefully. Speaking has become a public profession. At the most intellectual assemblies, instead of such interchange of thought as men of vivid mentality would enjoy, there are usually a few addresses by what may be called professional speakers, the matter of which has usually been read previously in reviews or books. On all such occasions, it is very evident that few but the speakers themselves find these addresses of interest. Men go to them to look rather than to listen, and seem so absorbed in their own reflections that even the ordinary courtesies of life, in the way of social greetings, are ignored. It is just the same in more social circles, or, rather, circles which should be more social. The majority of people have not ideas enough to entertain themselves or one another. If something in the way of song, dance, or game is not provided for the amusement of the guests, the gathering themselves together becomes a melancholy function. Education, if it means anything, should prepare people to find some satisfaction in the mind itself, without the aid of mechanical appliances.

It does appear as though many of the minor arts, which were formerly regarded as mere accomplishments, have of late years been relegated to a strictly financial basis. Any one who can turn a tune studies for the stage or church choir, and those who used to hear them in social circles hear them no more, save in public performances, and yet with so many musicians there is not as lively singing as there used to be on the stage.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are commonly urged because of the great personal advantage that they give one.

Their value in this respect cannot be overestimated; they are the passport everywhere and to all, and make one the equal of any.

But I want to speak of the matter as a duty; and it is a duty, because it is the source of so great happiness.

A person of refined manners is, like a fine work of art, a source of pleasure to others.

Duty comes not only by doing, but by being, and to be a person of delicate ways and gracious manners is a part of character.

It requires special thought and rules, and thorough training.

I do not intend to suggest any rules, but only to offer a hint or two that may be helpful.

Let me first say that you cannot put on and lay off good manners as a garment; you cannot observe them in society, as it is called, and neglect them at home; you cannot treat one set of people politely, and another set indifferently.

Good manners, more than almost anything else, are the result of uniform habit, and the best aid in learning them is a spirit of reverence and helpfulness.

Old Dekker was not irreverent when he spoke of Jesus as "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," and Hare hit the exact truth when he declared that "a Christian is God Almighty's gentleman."

The basis of politeness to woman is reverence for the sex.

A gentleman will never, by look, or word, or touch treat a woman with other than reverence, and if there can be added a touch of mystical chivalry or idealism, all the better.

The basis of good manners among elders and superiors is reverence for age and position, for the reason that age is supposed to bring wisdom and position to indicate worth.

The basis of general good manners is reverence for humanity.

We must not graduate our politeness to others by their deserts—little here, much there—but, instead, make it full and constant to all.

But the helpful spirit is the most practical point. The last of Mr. Hale's four rules is the best, and the sum of the rest, "Lend a hand."

Nothing will take one so far on the road to good manners as this, if it springs from a real desire and is made habitual.

But it must include giving the easy chair to your sister, as well as to her pretty friend, and showing consideration for the poor man, rather sooner than for the rich.

So many fine things have been said upon the subject that I cannot forbear quoting a few of them.

The best definition, perhaps, is that of Sydney, "high erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Emerson says that "a beautiful behavior is better than a form; it is the finest of the fine arts."

I close with some lines by J. T. Fields, who was himself a fine illustration of them:

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air, and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe."

A LADY.

No lady who is rude to her servants, who gets into rages and abuses them, will ever win the mysterious and difficult title. Again, no lady who is hail-fellow-well-met with her servants, who chaffs them, or who makes friends with them too obviously, can attain it. That sort of lady may be liked, may be loved indeed, but she will not be called perfect. "A very pleasant-spoken lady," "as good-tempered a lady as ever lived," or possibly "a very familiar lady"—a somewhat Malapropian expression in occasional use—but not a "perfect lady."

A perfect lady means, then, a lady who keeps to her own place—or what is considered to be her place by those who use the words. She is a lady who lets it clearly be seen that she is incapable of doing anything for herself that a servant can possibly do for her, whether it be putting on coals or tidying a room, who is always somewhat expensively dressed, who keeps perfectly calm and self-possessed, whatever accidents happen, who is coldly polite to her inferiors, and yet never rude, and who, in fact, treats her household as if they were made of a different clay. This is the perfect lady. Truly a not very interesting or amiable figure.



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The Editor at Leisure.

THE RED CROSS.

INASMUCH as the Red Cross is a work of international applied Christianity, having the whole world for its field and its operations, such as to bring it often within the purview of these columns, the reader should have a brief and clear statement of what it is.

The name, the "Red Cross," came very naturally from the flag of the society, which is a red cross in a white field. This flag was adopted out of compliment to Switzerland, the flag of which is a white cross in a red field. The organization originated in Switzerland.

The decade of 1860-70 was a war period both in England and America. In the autumn of 1863 the American Christian Commission, which was then in successful operation and accomplishing immense good in the amelioration of the horrors of the American civil war, attracted the attention of the good people of the peaceful republic of Switzerland, and a small meeting to organize for the same work in Europe was held in Geneva. This meeting called a convention of Switzers to meet in Geneva in August, 1864. This convention called an international convention to meet in Berne. The

convention thus called was a success, representatives from every civilized power being present. As the result of four days' consideration, an international treaty of ten articles was drawn up, to be submitted to all the warlike powers for approval. Within four months from the engrossment of these articles, twelve European powers signed them, and now every power in the world, excepting only Mexico and Brazil, are parties to the treaty.

Until the treaty came for consideration by the United States, its work related wholly to ameliorating the evils of war. The flag of the Red Cross was to be respected wherever unfurled. It was to have care of the wounded and dead of both combatants in any battle. It had the right to secure the discharge and return to their homes of soldiers incapacitated by wounds or disease. It was to be the custodian of any aid given by either party. Its relief trains were to pass freely across all hostile frontiers. All the provisions of the treaty related to conditions of war. When the subject was finally acted upon by the United States government, an innovation was proposed; namely, that the Red Cross should have the right to extend its work in times of peace to the relief of sufferers from calamities of any kind in any country such as suffering from fire, flood, famine, pestilence, shipwreck, as well as from war. This amendment was accepted by all the powers, so that now the Red Cross is able to concentrate upon any calamity in any part of the world the benevolence of the world; and any person in any nation can promptly reach any object of charity anywhere through the agency of this international organization.

There is another great advantage. Miss Barton not long since stated it with a clear illustration: "The Red Cross society is like a man on a watch-tower, who keeps a lookout over the town for the signs of a fire. If he perceives a light, he watches carefully and anxiously to see if it develops into a blaze, that he may sound the alarm. So does the Red Cross society watch the horizon for the sign of any kind of danger that threatens to become national in extent, that it may sound the alarm and bring the nations of the earth to the rescue." The Red Cross was the first to perceive the oncoming of the Russian famine, and to reach the incredulous ears of the czar with the alarm.

This general but brief statement will make clear the nature and character of this international organization.

CONVENTIONAL MODESTY.

Whoever sees women in full-dress for the first time regards it as immodest; whoever sees women in short skirts for the first time regards them as immodest.

Hoops were immodest when they came in fashion a generation ago; clinging skirts were immodest when feminine garments began to shrink; bustles were immodest the other day, and now the closeness of women's robes about the hips and legs is also immodest.

Over a great part of the world it is grossly immodest for a woman to permit a man, save father, son, husband, or brother, to look on her face unveiled, and a woman is often obliged to scramble under a sofa at the unexpected entrance of her husband's brother into a room.

The simple fact is that the dear creatures charm us into acquiescence and admiration, whatever they do, and then startle us out of both—to be lulled to new content after a brief protest.

Let us not confound what is merely convention with virtue—or the modesty which is the outward sign of that inward grace.

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For 60cts. we will send by mail one of our famous Rug and Embroidering Machines with 3 sized needles and picture catalogue of Rug and Embroidery Patterns. P.S.—Retail price of machine \$1.10.
E. ROSS & Co., Toledo, O. 3t



SEND to Eureka Hand Carpet Loom Co. 244 W. Main St., BATTLE CREEK, MICH. for Circular. 3t e-o m

LADIES, DARN IT! No, don't, but save time and tempering Electric Rubber Mender, mending anything from lace to leather, 25c. pkg. Agents wanted. Carry days sales in pocket.
NOVELTY INTRODUCTION CO.
THOROLD, ONT.

DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.

Crab Apple Blossoms,

(Extra Concentrated). Reg. It is the daintiest and most delicious of Perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York.—*The Argonaut*. Sold everywhere by all principal dealers in perfumery.



MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177 New Bond Street, London, Eng
3t e o m

EXQUISITE NOVELTIES

—FOR—

Fancy Work!!

ROYAL CANADIAN SACHETS.

ARBUTUS.
INDIA LILAC.
PEAU D'ESPAGNE.
RUSSIA LEATHER.



Free Samples mailed to any lady in Canada sending her address.

Lyman, Sons & Co., - Montreal, Can.

WHAT A LAUGH DOES.

Dr. Greene says that there is not one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on the particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what is done at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN (Toronto, Ontario), devoted to fashion, culture and literature, is edited with much ability and originality, and is always interesting and instructive. The May number is one of its best productions.—*Metropolitan and Rural Home*.

BURLINGTON, WASH., May 22nd, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I write to acknowledge receipt of Berry Dish which came all right a few weeks ago. Many of my friends seem quite pleased with it. I like your magazine very much. Wishing you and it success, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,
BIRDIE BEALS.

VICTORIA, B. C., May 26th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the very pretty little Tea-Kettle which I received quite safely. I am very much pleased with it and have already shown it to about twenty of my friends, who all think it very pretty. Wishing your paper every success, I remain,

Yours truly,
MRS. H. J. MARTIN.

OTTAWA, ONT., May 30th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks for prize of silver Tea Set. I am,

Yours truly,
C. E. WATSON.

AMHERST, N. S. May 27th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the lovely Berry Dish so promptly received. I am delighted with it and take pleasure in showing it to my friends. With best wishes for your success in future,

I remain,
MISS V. MACLEOD.

EAST EDMONTON, ALTA, May 19th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I received your pretty present of a Five O'clock Tea Service some time ago; was ill when it came to hand, and have been hindered from writing by sickness and other causes. Thanking you very much, I am,

Yours truly,
C. KEBLE SUTHERLAND.

LINCOLN, NEB., June 10th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Received the Nut Bowl, with which I am very much pleased.

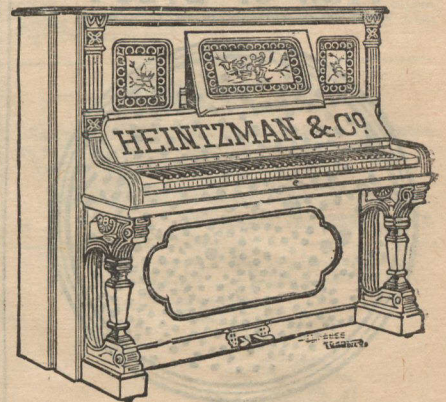
Yours truly,
MRS. F. N. SOHNS.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., June 2nd, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the Five O'clock Tea Service which arrived safely some time ago. It is admired by everyone who sees it. Wishing you every success,

Yours truly,
BERTHA ULMAN.

Heintzman & Co.
Pianos



Pronounced by all musicians to be the LEADING PIANO.

WAREROOMS - 117 KING ST. WEST
FACTORY - TORONTO JUNCTION



Bound to Go Somewhere FOR A WATCH

We are selling this month—our No. 140 Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case American Watch, stem wind, beautifully hand engraved, fitted with a Frank S. Taggart & Co. special grade American new model movement, guaranteed for five years and kept in order free of charge,

At \$20.00

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. If not to the entire satisfaction of purchaser it may be returned any time within one month and the full amount paid us will be refunded.

Send for a copy of our 208 page Catalogue Album illustrating a full line of what we sell.

Frank S. Taggart & Co.,
89 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

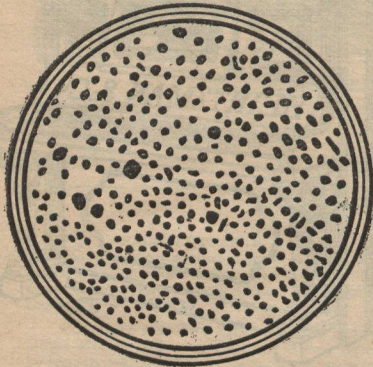
WOMEN Beeman's Pennyroyal and Tansy Pills, Never fail. Always sure. Sealed \$1.00 Stevens & Gustavus, Sole U.S. Agts. 57 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

SILK DRESS FREE!

We will GIVE AWAY absolutely FREE of cost, an elegant black or colored SILK DRESS pattern of 16 yards to any young lady in every town in America, who is willing to introduce among her friends "THE MODERN QUEEN," a large 16-page, 64 column, illustrated magazine, one of the best published. Devoted to Fiction, Fashions, Flowers, Fancy Work, Home Decorations, and everything pertaining to the household. Send at once 25 cents for the magazine one year on trial and a package of elegant silks to select from. Address THE MODERN QUEEN CO., 76-78-80 Center Street, New Haven, Conn. tf

Mention this paper.

HAVE YOU A GOOD PAIR OF EYES?



"EYE-TESTING" PRIZE CONTEST.

If your eyesight is above the average, perhaps you can tell us *exactly* how many dots there are in the above inner circle. If you can do this we guarantee you an elegant and valuable prize. It will be a more difficult task than you imagine at first sight. To the *first* person who can count the dots in the above circle *correctly* and send us the *exact* number which appear therein will be given a **valuable Gold Watch**, guaranteed to be a first-class timekeeper. To the *second* will be given a first-class **Set of Encyclopedia** in library binding; to the *third* will be given a **French Music Box**; to *each* of the next *three* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings**; to *each* of the next *five* will be given a **Solid Gold Brooch** with genuine diamond setting; to *each* of the next *ten* will be given a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *twenty* will be given a genuine **Coin Silver Watch**. To the *last* person who sends the correct number of dots appearing in the above circle will be given a fine **China Dinner Service**; to *each* of the next *five* to the *last* will be given a **Silk Dress Pattern** (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *ten* to the *last* will be given a genuine **Diamond Brooch** in solid gold setting; to *each* of the next *twenty* to the *last* will be given a **Coin Silver Watch**. This contest will be conducted *on honor* by one of the leading art publishing companies of the world. Every person answering must enclose forty cents (silver) or fourteen three cent stamps for one copy of a genuine reproduction of that famous picture, "**A Flower Slave**," size 24x17 inches, suitable and ready for framing. This picture will be an addition and ornament to the most artistic home. Nothing like it has ever been sold at this price. Our object is to introduce these art reproductions in this country. Our prizes are genuine and valuable. Nothing is charged for the above rewards in any way. We absolutely *give them free* to attract attention and introduce our beautiful works of art. We guarantee a valuable prize to every person who can send us the correct number of dots in the above circle. As to the reliability of our company we can refer you to leading business houses in Toronto. All prizes will be given strictly as merited, and satisfaction to the public is guaranteed. Upon receipt of your answer enclosing 40 cents, "**The Flower Slave**," as described above, will be sent to your address promptly, and if you are entitled to a prize for correct answer, you will also receive it promptly. Address **ANGLO-AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.**

LADIES Mail 2c. stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust 5 inches, by using "**Emma's Bust Developer**." Guaranteed. 24 page illustrated catalogue for 6 cents. Address **EMMA TOILET BAZAR, 224 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.** Mention this paper.

Walker's PURE CANDY
Sent to any address. Enclose from \$1 for sample Box to Headquarters, 254 St James St. Montreal.



Trade Mark.

Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address **QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O.** You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$500 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a **SILK DRESS**, 16 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.
Home References.—The Lytle Safe & Lock Co., 146-150 Water St., J. D. Park & Sons Co., our Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio. 5-93

NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation, on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine, **IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.**

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of **LADIES** who have been annoyed with hair on their **FACE, NECK** and **ARMS** attest its merits.

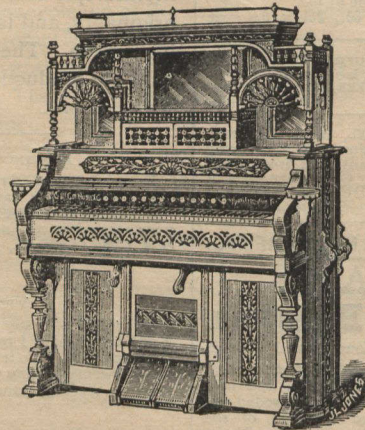
GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with Shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility.

CANADA'S FAVORITE ORGAN.

G. W. CORNWALL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH CLASS PARLOR AND CHAPEL ORGANS.



WRITE FOR

FULL

PARTICULARS.

WRITE FOR

FULL

PARTICULARS.

Manufactory and Head Office, Huntingdon, Quebec, Canada.

Catalogue and Price List will be mailed free on application.

Kindly state, when writing, the name of paper in which you saw our advertisement.

31

The Biggest Success of the Season.

THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED.

The "TRAVELERS' OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE" for May says, editorially: "The excellent management of the **GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE** impresses itself upon the traveler, and it is no disparagement to the many excellent examples of **DINING CAR SERVICE** to state, as the result of our experience, that this service on the 'Rock Island Road' is the best of any we have enjoyed."

No other service in the world like it.

Try the new "Limited" that leaves Chicago daily at 10.45 A. M., is only **ONE NIGHT OUT**, and arrives at Denver, Pueblo, or Col. Springs next afternoon, earlier than all competitors.

The only direct line to **Manitow.**

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A.,

Chicago, Ill.

Hamilton Steamboat Co.

"Shore Route."

—PALACE STEAMERS—

Macassa and Modjeska.

4 TRIPS DAILY 4

Leaves Toronto 7.30 a. m., 11 a. m., 2 p. m., 5.15 p. m.

Leaves Hamilton 7.45 a. m., 10.45 a. m., 2.15 p. m., 5.30 p. m.

F. ARMSTRONG, J. B. GRIFFITH,

Agent,

Manager,

Geddes Wharf, Toronto.

Hamilton.

\$90.00 Special Offer in Organs \$90.00

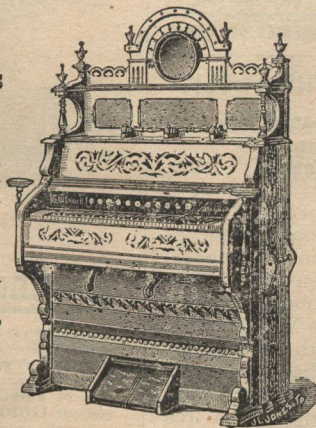
IN order to save the expense of travellers, we have decided to try the effect of direct advertising. We will ship one of the famous **G. W. Cornwall & Co's Organs**, exactly the same as this Cut, with 11 stops, 4 sets of reeds, Handsome case 6 feet high with plate glass mirror—free on board Cars at Toronto addressed anywhere in Ontario. Instrument fully guaranteed

For \$90.00.

The Regular Price Is
\$135.00.

Secure One
Immediately.

Write at once for
Illustrated Catalogue.



For \$90.00.

The Regular Price Is
\$135.00.

Secure One
Immediately.

Write at once for
Illustrated Catalogue.

This offer only holds good for one month. Terms, \$15.00, to be sent with order, which amount will be refunded if Organ is reported unsatisfactory within 10 days. Balance payable \$10.00 per month. If the whole cash is paid within 30 days of shipment, a discount of five dollars will be made.

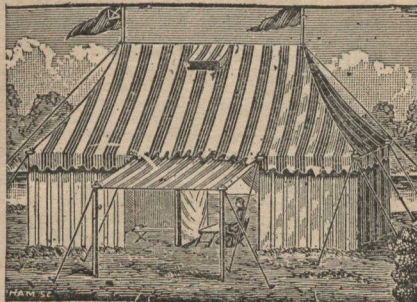
Mention this paper in writing.

MASON & RISCH, 32 King St. West, Toronto.

D. PIKE,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

TENTS, A WINGS AND FLAGS,



THIS IS OUR FAMILY TENT.

Horse and Wagon Covers, Life Preservers. Tents to rent. Different Grades of Canvas always on hand.

157 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.
TELEPHONE No. 1291.

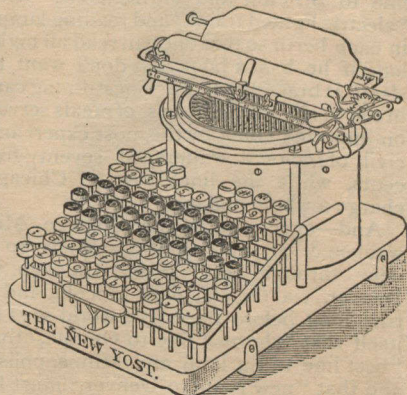
TO LADIES ONLY!
JEFFERSON'S VITALIZING PILLS.

Great System Vitalizer, Invigorator, Renewer of Broken-down, Wasted Constitutions. Specially adapted to females, and guaranteed to cure Nervous Prostration, Physical Debility, and all ills peculiar to the sex. Adapted to all ages and conditions of life. One box by mail, \$2.00; three boxes, \$5.00. JEFFERSON MEDICINE CO., Adams, N. Y.
When sending mention CANADIAN QUEEN. 10-92



MICAJAH'S WAFERS, indorsed by physicians as the best local remedy for Female Ailments. Easy to use, cleanly, and sure to cure. Two weeks' treatment free. Address **MICAJAH & CO., WARREN, PA.**

The "New Yost" Type-writer



No Ribbon,
Permanent Alignment,
Beautiful Work,
Heavy Manifold,
Thoroughly Durable.

NEWSOME & CO.,
General Agents,

46 & 48 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.



Watch Pocket Lamp Free! Opens like watch, strikes a light; nickel finish, hunting case; with 1000 lights prepaid \$1.00 and every 10th persons sending \$1.00, receive money back with Lamp. No other conditions. Free sample of a novelty with each order. Agents wanted. NOVELTY INTRODUCTION CO., "Q" THOROLD, ONT.

FREE.

In order to fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh free of all charge. For free treatment address

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,

17 236 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT
REBUS.



This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM**, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine **DIAMOND EARRINGS**; to the third a **PIANO LAMP** in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a **SILK DRESS PATTERN** or a **SWISS MUSIC BOX** playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of **PEARL OPERA GLASSES**; to the sixth an elegant **MANTEL CLOCK**; to the seventh a pair of **SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS**, with **Padlocks**, and to the eighth a **COIN SILVER WATCH**.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam**, before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked first which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the first prize, the balance in order as received. For the last correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch**; to the next to the last a complete **BUSINESS EDUCATION**; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine **DIAMOND EARRINGS**; to the third from the last a **PIANO LAMP** in Antique Silver; to the fourth a **SWISS MUSIC BOX** playing six pieces; to the fifth a **SILK DRESS PATTERN**; to the sixth a pair of **PEARL OPERA GLASSES**; to the seventh an elegant **MANTEL CLOCK**, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam**. Our prizes are entirely **FREE**. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam**, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of \$100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearlifoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, **EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

GREAT CAMPAIGN CONTEST!

WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

WHO WILL WIN.

To the first person sending us their guess if correct, will be given \$25.00 in Gold; to the second \$10.00; to the third \$5.00, and to all others that are correct a beautiful

Ring. With your answer you must send 25 cts., and we will mail to you our 16 page, 64 column, illustrated Magazine six months on trial. *Special!* In addition, every person will receive by return mail a beautiful Badge of the President of their choice. Send at once, and have your Badge by return mail. Address, MODERN ART CO., NEW HAVEN, Ct.

PRIZES SENT SAME DAY Answers are Received

The above Rebus is an OLD SAYING, familiar to every one. **WHAT IS IT?** We will give to the first person from whom we receive the correct answer on or before August 31st, 1922, **\$100.00 IN GOLD.** To the second, **\$50.** to the third, **\$25;** to the next five persons, a **Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 Yards** in black, blue, green, brown or gray. To the next 10 a **Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring**, and to the next 15 sending in the correct answer, **\$5** each. To the person from whom we receive the last correct answer, we will give **\$100 IN GOLD,** to the next 10 the **\$50,** to the next **\$25,** the next 5 a **Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 Yards** in one of above colors, to the next 10 a **Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring**, and to the next 15 (should there be so many sending in correct answers) **\$5** to each. We prepay all shipping charges on presents, and send in accordance with this offer on the same day the answer is received. All answers must be sent by mail. With your answer send us **25c** in silver or **30c** in stamps for a vial of **Dr. Hobb's LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS.**

TAKE A PILL. Hobb's Are the Best on Earth. **DR. Hobb's LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS** act gently yet promptly on the Liver and Kidneys, dispelling Headaches, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar coated, do not gripe,** very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are **purely vegetable.** Perfect digestion follows their use. They absolutely cure Sick Headache, and are recommended by leading physicians.

each person who has sent in an answer. Address **HOBB'S MEDICINE CO.,** Cor. Dearborn and Harrison Streets, Chicago, Ill. Duties on all of our Remedies sold in Canada are paid by us.

ANSWER TO-DAY! A SPECIAL prize will be given for the FIRST correct answer received from a reader of the Canadian Queen.

RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURED

Also Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Numbness, Blood Disorders and other constitutional disabilities resulting from Excesses, Impaired Circulation and sluggish Liver, by wearing full-power **ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RING,** which is a quick and positive antidote for these painful maladies as thousands testify. Price **\$1.00,** highly nickel-plated, or **\$2.50** for gold-plated. It makes a handsome finger ring. Made in all sizes. A silver-covered Magnetometer accompanies each ring to test its power by. Send strip of paper with order showing size, and remit price to **THE A. BRIDGMAN CO.,** 373 Broadway, New York, who will mail it, guaranteeing satisfaction. Send for interesting pamphlet. **Of all Druggists. Take only Dr. Bridgman's.**



REMINGTON TYPEWRITER.

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
10-12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.
Machines rented for practice or office use. Expert operators earn \$15 a week.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Mrs. N. J. Hayley, Belleville, Kan., when I began my treatment I was so exhausted by ailments that I could not work. The accompanying figures show the result of 3 months' treatment. Like a new being. His and pains all gone. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp inclosed. **PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.** Harmless. No Starving. Send 6c in stamps for particulars to **DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO.**

Before.	After.
Weight 245 lbs	195 lbs
Bust... 48 in.	37 in.
Waist... 40 in.	29 in.
Hips... 57 in.	48 in.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC

Is attracted by any new feature in newspaper advertising, but it must be strikingly novel if the advertisement is read a second time.

The display advertisements of retail merchants are artfully worded and appeal strongly to the economical house-keeper. Flat irons at seven cents and a Monday bargain sale in ribbons open the pocket books of the modern Mrs. Toodles.

The real estate agent with town lots for sale in an earthly Paradise, ten miles from the Court House, furnishes free transportation, a brass band and a free luncheon for prospective home seekers.

The railway companies do their share of contributing to the support of newspaper proprietors. Their time tables, showing arrivals and departures of trains, are paid for in cash, or in tickets which will enable the editor and his best girl to ride on the trains.

One railway company will advertise that it is a "short line to Omaha." A competing line then positively states that it is "a shorter line to Omaha than any other," and now the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway insists that it is "the shortest line to Omaha," and proves it.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. also says that it is the "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," with "electric lighted trains" and reading lamps in each berth so that one can read all night long if he has a book and don't want to sleep. It brags about the "finest dining cars in the world," with the best of meals served on imported china by the most expert and civil of colored waiters, at seventy-five cents, while the lines east of Chicago charge a whole dollar.

And—once—more—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway opens up a new through car from Chicago to Denver, via Omaha and Lincoln, and it isn't long before the whole world says to itself that "shortest line to Omaha," that "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," and that "new route to Denver," must be the only first-class railroad in the western part of the United States, and what the whole world says must be true.

All Coupon Tickets Agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.

For information concerning the line, time tables, etc., address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agt., 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Too Much Married.



Another Prize Picture.

This man is indeed an unfortunate being. In a moment of weakness he has committed bigamy and married four wives. Their faces can be found in the above picture by careful study. The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the first person who can make out the four wives' faces; to the second will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings;** to each of the next three a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** (16 yards in any color); to each of the next five a **Coin Silver Watch,** and many other prizes in order of merit. Every person competing must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the four wives' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each and enclose same with ten Canadian three cent stamps or fifteen U. S. two cent stamps, for one box of **FORD'S PRIZE PILLS,** (which will be sent post-paid and duty free). The person whose envelope is **postmarked first** will be awarded first prize and the others in order of merit. The person sending the last correct answer will also be given an elegant **Gold Watch** of fine workmanship and a first-class timekeeper; to the next to the last a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings;** to each of the next three to the last a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** (16 yards in any color); to each of the next five to the last a **Coin Silver Watch,** and many other prizes in order of merit, counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers) in this prize picture contest. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in the prominent daily papers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar-coated, do not gripe,** very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in, and do not fail to enclose 30 cents for one box of Ford's Prize Pills. This is necessary if you desire your answer counted for prize. Address **THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.**

CATARRH.

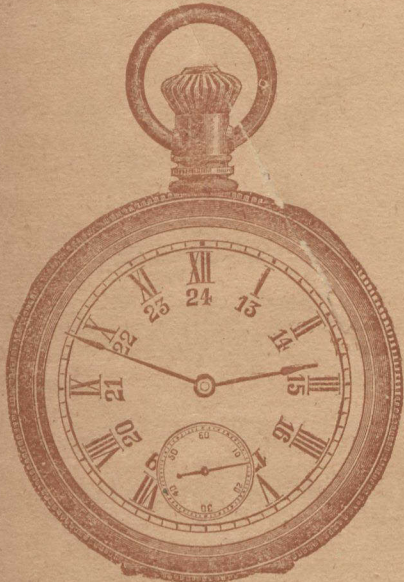
In order to fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh free of all charge. For free treatment, address **MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,** 286 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

A PRIZE OPPORTUNITY

The success of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY during the past year has been marvelous; it has been greater than was ever anticipated by its proprietors. Its present actual circulation is slightly in excess of 25,000 copies each week, and its publishers having determined to add the names of 25,000 new subscribers to their list before January 1st, 1893, have contracted with one of the leading and most reliable manufacturing jewelry firms in Canada for 5,000 Ladies, Misses' and Boys' Watches, every one of which will be given away this year to those assisting us in introducing THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY into 25,000 new homes. Our plan is as follows:

Our Neighborhood Clubs.

In order to secure this number of subscribers, and have no failure in carrying out our plan within this limited time we will deliver FREE in any part of Canada or the United States one of these handsome, perfect time-pieces, stem-winding and stem-setting, with the best heavy nickle case, guaranteed to suit any man or boy, and



STEM-WINDING AND STEM-SETTING NICKLE WATCH.

which does not retail for less than \$5 in stores, to any one who will send us the names and addresses of three yearly subscribers at \$2 each, or five six months' subscribers at \$1.25 each. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art" which retails in art stores at one dollar each—free to every one of your subscribers. This is an excellent opportunity for any man or boy who desires a first-class watch in every respect. You should take advantage of it, as it is an opportunity that will be regretted if lost. It is our intention to have these 25,000 subscribers at any cost.

Misses' Silver Watch.

This is a Watch which will more than please every young lady, it is a Stem-winding and Stem-setting Coin Silver Watch of elegant pattern and design. It is certainly a most beautiful Watch and any young lady who is fortunate enough to earn one of these can well boast and be proud of the same. This Watch retails in most stores from twelve to fourteen dollars each. We will deliver one of these free of all expenses in Canada or the United States to any one who will form a club

of eight new yearly subscribers at \$2.00 each, or thirteen six months subscribers at \$1.25 each, enclosing their names and addresses in payment



MISSES SILVER WATCH.

therefore. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art," which retails in art stores at one dollar each—free to every one of your subscribers. This is an excellent way for any lady to secure one of these Watches by a little trouble in asking her neighbors and friends to subscribe for our popular illustrated ladies' paper.

Ladies' Gold Watch.

Now we come to the greatest bargain that we have ever made, included with the 5,000 Watches which we have bought was 500 Stem-winding and Stem-setting Ladies' Gold Watches (Hunting Case) they are of an elegant pattern and design being richly engraved and of good make and are excellent time-keepers. We bought these Watches at a slaughtered price, they are the same as retail in stores at about thirty dollars—seldom if ever below twenty-eight dollars each; they are bargains for our patrons as well as for ourselves. We will deliver one of them free in Canada or the United States to any person who will send us eleven yearly subscribers at \$2.00 each, or fifteen six



LADIES' GOLD WATCH.

months' subscribers at \$1.25 each, enclosing the names and addresses of the same in payment therefore. We will also send an elegant "Work of Art," which retails in art stores at one dollar each—free to every one of your subscribers. Persons desiring one of these Watches should go to work at once and form their clubs as we will be unable to furnish these Watches after our present stock is exhausted. If you write us stating that you will form one of these clubs we will place your name on our list and reserve one of these Watches for you.

CONDITIONS:

First.—As fast as you receive your subscribers you can send us their names and addresses together with remittance stating that you are working up a Club in your neighborhood, and we will give you credit for every one received, and as soon as the required number has been sent by you we will forward you your Watch. This way your subscribers will begin receiving the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY immediately and will not necessitate their waiting until you have completed your Club.

Second.—All Clubs must be completed and forwarded not later than January 1st, 1893.

Third.—It will be better for you to notify us at once if you desire to organize a Club stating which Watch you prefer, so we can reserve the same for you as we will not be able to furnish these Watches after our present stock is exhausted, as they are beauties and we have bought them at a very big discount for spot cash. We will forward you sample copies of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY to assist you, upon application for same.

These Watches will be forwarded to Club organizers the same day that all subscriptions are received, and Club organizers in the United States will receive their watch free from custom duty and all expenses.

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