

**NOTES OF THE MONTH.**

POSSIBLY no attitude is wiser, or more conducive to the maintenance of calm and dispassionate disposal of affairs in the present national crises, than to realize that God is the God of nations as of men.

1896 opens in international unrest. Wars and rumors of wars, massacres, oppressions within and between the various countries, ring in the New Year with harsh clamorings. The Armenian question disturbing European powers; Great Britain and the United States at loggerheads concerning Venezuela; Cuba in revolt; Canada in the bitterness of creed faction;—even to the optimist the national outlook is disquieting.

The ensuing days may bring peaceable solutions of diplomatic problems, or force further complications. But, whatever the outcome, the manliest attitude, and one that tends best toward justice and fair dealing, belongs to that government which realizes the overruling of the God of nations.

PUTTING aside all sentiment, the consideration arises, whether Christian governments that look on while helpless and unoffending people are oppressed, who assume attitudes of non-interference while justice cries for aid, shall not alike in their turn suffer in some measure the pangs of those whom they have failed to assist.

Neutrality, when decision and action is demanded, is criminal,—and as such, under the retributory laws that govern alike nations and men, it shall receive its reward. The unanswered cry of the Armenians to the great Christian nations will not go unavenged. This alone gives graver outlook unto the national complications that beset the opening year.

CONCERNING Venezuela, it is impossible to believe that an extreme issue will be forced upon two great nations—nations that are one, in all save method of government.

The possibility of war between Britain and the United States is as repugnant to our feelings as matricide or fratricide. We recoil from it as we would from civil war, which nothing but the strongest issue between right and wrong, between oppressor and oppressed, makes justifiable.

The time is past when nations might call to arms over questions of territory, tariff or trade. All Christendom realizes that such disputes may, and should, be adjusted by commission or arbitration.

For defence of life and honor, in help of the oppressed, or in resistance of unjust invasion against semi-barbarous or heathen nations, who are amenable only to force,—only such causes as these call for war. But

between Christian peoples of the same speech and blood the need should never arise.

In such a crisis as that engendered by the present Guiana dispute, the only danger arises from the extremists on either side; who may commit their governments to precipitate action.

The true patriots and statesmen in such exigency are not those who shout defiance, but those who labor for honorable and creditable peace.

THERE is little to say that has not already been said concerning this sudden disturbance of international relationship.

Press and pulpit are mightier than premier in deciding the affairs of a nation. These forces make the temper of the people, whereby every statesman, whether he will or not, is in some manner influenced.

And in these days of hot news and swift-varying moods, every twenty-four hours reveals a change of attitude and a fresh aspect of the case, in the columns of the big dailies.

No slow diplomatic negotiations nor waiting for concerted action, hampers the press, and as a consequence the question is threshed out in a brief space of time, every possible light having been thrown upon it, every side issue considered; so that within a week the subject, however momentous, is exhausted there is no possible fresh point of view.

All that remains is to review the situation, and pronounce judgment as impartial as individual bias permits.

It would be amusing—if it were not so serious a matter—to note the rapid changes of tone concerning this Venezuelan dispute, in the leading journals on both sides of the water, during the wordy fracas.

The editorials of the most aggressive papers, from day to day, form a series of gradations worthy of pictorial representation. This is especially true of the American journals, whose tone is, by temperament, less moderate and conservative than the English ones. The Canadian papers generally have adopted a much steadier and more dispassionate tone from the first. Yet Canada is chiefly concerned, since her territory would be the theater, in event of active hostility.

That is precisely the mistake Americans make, and have always made, concerning Canada. They fail to gauge aright the strong reserve power of her people.

ON the question of annexation—which has certainly an indirect influence in the present issue Americans have judged Canada's passive attitude by the words of the few, rather than by the silence of the many.

Canadians, unlike Americans, are not a verbose people. With a few notable exceptions, the men who talk are those whose opinions are least regarded, and whose views are not representative.

There was never greater error than to construe Canadian conservatism and reserve as indifference or weakness. It is because their convictions lie deep enough to be beyond the swerving of a breeze, that Canadians preserve so calm a surface. Storms of words may beat about them with no disturbing effect, but when the time for action comes, they are ready.

The contrast between the two nationalities in this respect is so marked, that it is hardly to be wondered that Americans fail to measure Canadian strength and Canadian conviction aright.

THE fact that two Chicago millionaires, P. H. Armour and George W. Pullman, were mailed infernal machines last week, goes to prove that the life of a millionaire, even though he be a philanthropist, is beset with risks. It has not yet been revealed whether the affair was a stupid plan to extract money, or whether chance revealed a serious plot against the lives of these men, but in either instance, the dangers to which men of great wealth or high office are subjected, is once again made manifest.

Three of the greatest forces of evil in the world to-day are the desperation of hunger, greed for money, craving for notoriety; they are the diseases that burn into the hearts and brains of men, making of them maniacs or villains.

IN this connection, and at the close of the year, a retrospective glance shows an appalling amount of crime against life during the past twelve months—in murders of a particularly violent and repulsive type, as well as in the epidemical number of suicides. Never was life more lightly esteemed nor more violently thrust out into darkness; never were deeds more atrocious perpetrated for more inadequate cause. Men, greedy for money, deliberately plan to take the life of those who should be nearest and dearest in order to obtain it; men and women, disappointed or disheartened, rush into suicide.

It is one of the most solemn and momentous aspects of modern days, this light esteem of human life. Is it possible that the rapid loosening of old-time religious beliefs has aught to do with it; that a material hell and the doctrine of eternal punishment has been in the past a wholesome deterrent; and that the dread of something after death is a restraining necessity to those who are governed by no higher laws?

'Tis worth while to look into the matter.

GREAT BRITAIN'S movement toward the establishment of a Pacific cable has been noted with interest by American capitalists; and during the past month a Pacific Cable Company has been incorporated with the object of securing to the United States the advantages of cable communication with the Hawaiian Islands, in the hope that the cable may eventually be extended to Australia and China.

The Hawaiian Government has already granted a subsidy of \$140,000 per year for the project. It is the purpose of the company to ask for a sufficient subsidy from the United States Government for the laying of the cable and its maintenance. The company will begin work immediately.

There is no doubt that in view of the extensive trade and present close relations between the United States and Hawaii, the establishment of electric communication will be invaluable. There is equally no doubt that the project will prove more or less of a rival to the British scheme.

FATHER DAMIEN, who laid down his life among the lepers of Malakai some six years ago, is still remembered as one of the world's true heroes. A month ago his brother, Father Pamphila, left his university life in Belgium, crossed to San Francisco, and sailed for Hawaii,—to live among the lepers, do the same service for them that his brother did, and, perhaps, like him, also, to die among them.

He avoided all publicity upon his journey; and it was only by chance that his identity and mission became known on the eve of his sailing for the islands.

That Father Pamphila is a noted classical scholar as well as a distinguished theological professor, that all his life has been spent in the quiet and cultured atmosphere of university halls, serves but to accentuate his self-sacrifice. The life laid down is still the life ennobled; yet the true hero sees it least of all.

THE Armenian form of worship is little understood by western Christian churches. They claim that their ancestors were Christians before the end of the first century. The Bible was translated into Armenian about 431 A.D. The Armenian Church was part of the Greek Church until 491, when it seceded. Since that time it has been a Church by itself, which fact has done much to perpetuate the nationality. In doctrine it differs but little from the Greek and Roman Churches. Its liturgy includes the Nicene Creed and many prayers used in the Anglican Churches. Because of Turkish persecution in the middle of the 18th century Peter the Great of Russia formally took the Armenian Church under his care, and since then its official head has resided in Russia.

The highest church authority in Berlin has just issued an edict declaring that the clergy must refrain from participating in political and social controversies, or suffer disciplinary measures.

Our free pulpits are our boast to-day; yet, in glancing over the pulpits of the western continent, the question arises whether the cause of Christ would not be considerably advanced, if some such measures of prohibition were possible here also.

## IN CANADA.

THE same tone of dispassion in the people, the same temper of dignified statesmanship in the governments, so essential to the peaceful issue of the Venezuelan negotiations, are equally to be desired in the present state of the Manitoba school question.

No man is a patriot, much less a statesman, who for the sake of a present applause stirs up a feeling of creed bitterness, or panders to that which already may exist. He is the greatest lover of his country at the present juncture, who avoids any public expression of animosity on either side, and who does his utmost to strengthen the hands of those who are endeavoring to find an honorable and just solution of the vexed problem.

Loud and bitter talk either in Ontario or Quebec will certainly not make for settlement, nor yet for future harmonious relationship. Dispassion is not incompatible with firmness, any more than just concession or compromise is with the staunchest patriotism. He loves his country best just now who is doing all that in him lies, to see without prejudice, and speak without bitterness.

THE position of the Dominion Government in the matter of the Remedial Order suggests Æsop's fable of the old man and his donkey. In the honest endeavor to please and do justice to both parties, they are pleasing none; and have a possibility of losing the animal they have ridden so long and well, into the bargain.

Hon. Mr. Angers, ex-Minister, fulminating against the Government in Quebec because it will not; Mr. Clarke Wallace, Honorable and ex-Minister also in all but name, arraigning the Government in Ontario because it asserts that it will; Mr. D'Alton McCarthy moving to and fro taking issue with all three and rejected by all; it is rather a gloomy situation for the unfortunate middleman. The Liberal party, in the meantime, is using a gatling-gun policy with good effect, shooting in every direction, and hitting someone with every bullet.

THERE is one good feature in the present issue. It has been all too customary to view Government officials as slaves of their pockets, to believe them capable of placing the latter before principle. Members of the Cabinet especially have been accused of this. The accusation must henceforth be considered ill-founded, since during the past six months two members of the Government have resigned office and income, in support of individual principle. We have every right to credit the remaining members with equal sense of rectitude.

It should be the pride of the Canadian people that they can point to a succession of Premiers and Ministers who have not only not considered their pockets, but deliberately sacrificed the same in the service of their country.

CONCERNING the ex-Controller of Customs, while many of us fail to see why he should have resigned at a time when no definite action had been determined upon, yet none will fail to appreciate his sacrifice to principle and his honesty of purpose.

Prince William of Orange, and that formidable personage, the "hierarchy of Rome," are each tyrants in their way, ruling with despotic sceptre. The pity is that they cannot both be hypnotized into amiable relations, or else put to sleep for a thousand years. That thousand years would be the millennium.

THE recently expressed determination of a number of Toronto's women voters to sup-

port the Aqueduct Scheme has caused something of surprise and not a little amusement among the sterner sex, who arrogate to themselves the sole right to understand and pronounce upon such matters. Women are supposed to be conservative, but in this, at least, they show themselves decidedly in sympathy with progressive civic government. The chief objection to the Aqueduct Scheme at present seems to be that it is fathered by irresponsible parties,—a fact which should not be sufficient to relegate it into the background without due consideration of its merits and defects. There is no doubt that a large number of citizens are disposed to believe that Lake Simcoe would prove our purest and in the end most economical water supply; and not a few are expectant that Mr. Mansergh will favor this scheme in preference to any other.

THE case of the Bernardo boy, who died of alleged ill-treatment and neglect last November, has caused considerable comment in the Canadian press, and one in the main unfavorable to the Home authorities. The case is one of those unfortunate exceptions which we believe prove the rule of a reverse condition of affairs.

No one regrets the occurrence more than the officials of the Bernardo Home, for the boy's sake, and apart from the shadow of obloquy which it casts upon the work.

Statistics and records which are carefully kept by the Home, and frequently examined by the Canadian Government, prove that save in rare cases the boys brought out are not only healthy and intelligent, but that they save money, become good farmers and respectable citizens. It is also unusual for them to be unkindly treated by their employers. In this instance under discussion, the conjunction of weakness with hardness was extremely unfortunate, and the shocking result to be sincerely deplored. But such a single instance should not make us unjust to the whole.

LAKE ERIE, whose grey waters are accounted by sailors the most treacherous of all the lake chain, has fully maintained its reputation during the past few months. The water is very low, and shoals and reefs are asserting their presence in a way most disturbing to vessels going in and out of harbors on either side of the lake. Numbers have gone aground and considerable loss and damage has resulted. Some vessels have not been able to carry full cargoes in consequence of the low water. The lake has developed wind storms and also a tidal wave, and, in fact, is playing so many disturbing pranks that vessel-owners are beginning to devise schemes of dams and channels to checkmate Madame Erie.

THE recent description of some Toronto bakeries given by the *World*, and the further revelations contributed by correspondents, show necessity for immediate action on the part of the Health authorities. Bakeries and milk depôts should be visited as frequently as the stock yards, and the strictest cleanliness demanded in both.

This is so evident and peremptory a necessity that it is not needful to dwell upon it. But where such serious menace to the health of families is possible, it would be well for the heads of households each to become his own health inspector, and by personal visit see for himself that due cleanliness exists in the bakery that supplies his home with bread. Customers will make the most effective inspectors in matters of food, and their right to make such inspection is not likely to be questioned.

## STAGELAND

When the curtain drops finally, after eye and ear have been kept strained and attentive for two or three hours, we realize that our evening's entertainment has been anything but the 'rest' we desire; we go out into the night, often fevered with the emotions, excited, wearied with the strain upon sight and hearing. The play may be amusing, exciting or instructive, but if it be worth anything it is rarely restful.

Rarely, I say, because there are pretty poetic idylls, such as "The Professor's Love Story," as played by Willard, or those homely blendings of pathos and humor belonging to the Sol Smith Russell school, that entertain without wearying, stirring us to an amused tenderness that yet does not touch the deeper emotions.

But usually we pass from the brilliant auditorium out into the night, feeling the effects of two senses held so long in strain.

To be relieved of such strain, — to have the story told so that ears may be quiescent, and only eyes continue receptive, — this is the mission of pantomime, the highest form of dramatic art.

To tell a story in words is comparatively easy, but to tell it in gesture requires dramatic gift amounting to genius.

It is natural that the best exponents of pantomime should come from the French, since they are preëminently past masters of the pantomimic art. A Frenchman says more by uplifted eyebrow, shrug, or gesture, than an Anglo-Saxon could express in a torrent of words.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," played in Toronto two or three seasons ago, showed us what might be done in wordless expression. Since then we have had no other until Mlle. Jane May came to us in "Miss Pygmalion" in the late December weeks.

Mlle. May is a genuine Parisienne. She left Paris only two months ago for her present and first American tour, and she speaks but few words of English.

She is Parisienne also in not realizing the different moral standards, or at least the difference of outward moral expression, between the French and English public.

"Miss Pygmalion" is a charming and highly artistic bit of comedy in pantomime. Mlle. May gives a finished representation of her dual rôle as the artiste who falls in love with the statue, and as the statue come to life. Her wordless interpretive work is flawless, but, being Parisian, she carries her wooing of the unresponsive statue to a point beyond that which is acceptable to audiences on this side of the ocean.

Mlle. May has suffered unjustly, because her managers have not had sense enough to give the judicious pruning usually needed before a Parisian play becomes acceptable to the best class of theater-goers on this side of the Atlantic.

She is a bright and clever actress, quiet

and unassuming in private life, with a husband and little child awaiting her return to Paris. Meeting her in the quiet of a morning chat, one cannot help realizing the allowance that must be made for a stranger in a strange land, nor condemning her managers who, knowing the moral standard of the higher class theater audiences in America and Canada, should permit the setting forth of Mlle. May's unusually finished art to be dimmed thereby.

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The prettiest thing in the Hunt Club entertainment was the wood nymph dance, or as one little maid aptly phrased it, "the cloud dance." Those pretty young girls, in their floating white draperies, gliding about the stage, filling it with soft plenitude of whiteness, were really entrancing. The effect was



something beyond airiness and grace; it was spirituelle, in its purity.

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If Toronto likes Mr. Lewis Morrison, there is not a shadow of doubt that the compliment is returned. Mr. Morrison and his charming little wife, Miss Florence Roberts, are cordially glad to greet Toronto audiences.

The geniality that even the *Mephisto* rôle cannot conceal, creeps through each of Mr. Morrison's impersonations, and places him in kindly rapport with his audience; while in private life it pervades the whole man, and makes him many friends.

In "Yorick's Love," Mr. Morrison has opportunity to show fine work, and he takes full advantage of it.

In the impersonation of *Yorick*, the gentle, large-hearted comedian, — eager to play trag-

edy, and playing it in such unconscious reality the while, he touches high tide of artistic work.

"Yorick's Love" has an Elizabethan setting, the lines are measured and stately, and it has a fine old dramatic flavor.

The dance is particularly pretty; the solos, or perhaps we should say duets, introduced in the pauses of the minuet add considerably to the interest of that somewhat monotonous of stately dance.

Miss Roberts, whose portrait in the rôle of *Julia* we give this month, makes an attractive *Alice*, winning the sympathy of the audience in a way peculiarly her own. Her dresses for this rôle are most picturesque, and set off her delicate prettiness to advantage.

In the first act she appears in a rich brocade of yellow satin. In the garden scene she wears an "apple blossom" gown of delicate pink and green combination over white under robe of lace, with cambric coiffe knotted with pink and white roses.

The play is altogether splendidly presented, and won much favor with Toronto audiences.

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The play is done; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.  
It is an irksome word and task;  
And when he's laughed and said his  
say,

He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay

One word, ere set the long year ends:  
Let's close with a parting thyme,  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As fits the merry New Year time.  
On Life's wide scene you too have parts,  
That Fate, ere long, shall bid you  
play;

Good night! with honest, gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Some miss, some win an earthy prize;  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God! a gentleman!

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I dropped into the Toronto Opera House one evening, and stepped softly within the darkened auditorium. Every eye was upon the stage, following the thrilling adventures of *Jack Harkaway*.

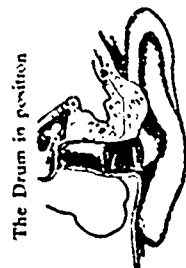
It was melodramatic, but it was wholesome melodrama, breezy, enlivening, and with plenty of good stock sentiment to appeal to the gods.

I arrived just in time to see a mutiny, a shipwreck, a raft, and a rescue, carried out with good scenic effects; after that came

prisons, sieglements, British ships to the fore, the British grenadiers, bombarded forts, fireworks, and cheers, which were heartily echoed from both gallery and pit.

Of course *Jack* came out on top, and his pretty little lady-love was rescued; and the villain was disposed of in some orthodox fashion.

AUDREY.



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## AMONG OUR BOOKS



THE little mother came to me yesterday to ask about a holiday book for her small boy of seven.

"He does not care for fairy stories," she said. "He always asks if they are true. Can you tell me of anything true, yet simple and entertaining?"

That little lad will grow up to the level of fairy stories later on in life. Some of us never reach fairy land until we are climbing down beyond the fifties; then we begin to realize that nothing is

too beautiful to be true. But I answered the mother's query instantly, "Give him 'Cot and Cradle Stories.'" The volume is just published, and it is a delightful collection of child tales; 'really true,' as the little ones say, yet with sufficient touch of imagination to make the botany and the natural history slip down sweetly."

I read the tales before meeting the dear old author, and was charmed with the simplicity and freshness of them. In purest and most direct English, Mrs. Traill tells of the butterflies, birds and bees. She brings all the beauty of our Canadian woodlands about us; so that while we read we are really among the pretty creatures, all in the sunshine of a summer's day.

There are the adventures of the chipmunks, "Tit and Tat," "On Minnewawa Island in Stony Lake," "The Fate of the Queen Bees," "The Dragon-fly's Ball," "Midge, the Field Mouse," "What the Grey Parrot Said," and a dozen more of woodland tales, full of the very essence of nature life. We feel that they are written by one who is in touch with the dear mother earth in her most joyous moods.

The quiet humor that has been Mrs. Traill's happiest possession during her long life peeps out here and there, even in these pretty nursery nature-stories. In "The Dragon-fly's Ball," a charming study of insect life, she tells of a spider of low degree, who demands an invitation on account of being "seventh or eighth cousin to Mr. Tick, the death-watch"; of Harry-longlegs, who "can dance a minuet on the water."

"The Death Moth, to be sure, produced a slight chill on his arrival, but this was politely attributed to the falling dew."

Even older folk smile at the merry satire that gleams through the little sketch, while we admire the naturalist's knowledge so entertainingly set forth.

We come across such sunny descriptive bits as this:

"One bright May morning, when the sun had warmed the water in the river, the great green dragon-flies came out and the little

water-beetles danced their reels on the top of the water under the shade of the overhanging willow trees; the May-flies, too, came up from the bottom of the river—where they had lain in their little houses snug and safe all winter—and sported themselves on the broad leaves of the water plants, and the little red-spotted Lady-birds found nice resting-places on the docks and mallow leaves beside them."

And this:

"Presently the great green Dragon-fly, who had thrown off the warm cloak he had worn while sheltered by the roots of the white water-lily at the bottom of the lake, and now sat sunning himself on the smooth surface of her large green leaf, spread his gauzy wings to dry in the warm rays of the sun. Looking about him with his bright eyes, he saw that all the creatures on the lake were sad and sorrowful, grieving that they had no Queen to make laws for the protection of the newly hatched dragon-flies and May-flies and shad-flies.

"Our good old Queen, the white swan, is dead!" they cried, "and we have not found anyone to be Queen of the lake."

"Then I will choose a Queen for you," said the dragon-fly; "the pure white water-lily, who is wise as she is fair. She left her crystal palace this morning at break of day, and came up like a bride to meet the glory of the rising sun. He filled her lap with gold and sweet perfumes, and wrapped her round with ivory whiteness, and decked her with gems of light more rare than rubies or diamonds. Is she not worthy to be our Queen? Has she not been a nursing mother in her care of us under the water when we were weak and helpless?"

"All the other water-flowers bowed their heads and said, 'Yes, we too will have the sweet white water-lily to be the Queen of the lake.'

"Then there was a great clapping of wings among the May-flies, the young dragon-flies, the shad-flies, and thousands of silvery-winged moths and shining beetles who had all lain at the bottom of the lake, shut up in their hard prison-like little cases under the shelter of the roots of the water-lily, and were now waiting for flight into the gay sunbeams on shore, and they all cried out, "The White-lily shall reign over us; the White Water-lily is our Queen!"

"Cot and Cradle Stories" is without doubt the best collection of child stories that Canada has yet produced.

It should find a place on every nursery bookshelf, since the tales are of the kind that may be read and re-read with increasing pleasure. They have stored within them all the murmurous delights of our Canadian woods and waters; all the golden fleckings of the sunshine into the trees and mosses.

The knowledge that a number of these stories were written by Mrs. Traill during the past summer as she walked about her little wooded island, Minnewawa, may not add to their merit; but it does somewhat increase our interest when we picture this rare old authoress of ninety-three, watching bees and birds and smiling out her pretty fancies for Canadian children.

COT AND CRADLE STORIES, by Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill. Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto.

### FAIRY STORIES FOR OUR CHILDREN.

In entering a plea on behalf of good, old-time fairy stories for our children, I think the very best may be found in the myths of the Old World, brought up, or down, to date. Talented writers, such as Nathaniel Haw-

thorne, Rev. Alfred Church, Rev. Charles Kingsley, and others, have written these old classic legends and myths in an easily understood and most interesting style. This class of reading has, for so many centuries, been handed down from one generation to another that its real intrinsic merit stands unquestioned. Otherwise it would have been swamped and utterly buried beneath the vast and ever-increasing pile of less worthy fiction. In many of these old-time stories there is a hidden inner truth or lesson which the child may not even suspect in his eager acceptance of the tale, but by the perusal of which he is unconsciously adding to the riches of his mental storehouse, from which he may with profit draw in after years.

Such books as "The Water Babies," also "The Greek Heroes," by Rev. Charles Kingsley; "Adventures of Ulysses," by Charles Lamb; "Stories of the Old World," by Rev. Alfred Church; "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Arabian Knights," together with "Grimm" and "Anderson," make a list of works that will simply never die in their strong and abiding interest for the young of all lands. Do not be deterred from buying by the somewhat difficult titles of some of the above mentioned books. From the first to the last page your little boy or girl will be held spellbound by the wonderful blending of the real and the ideal found in these stories. Then the language used in telling them is an education in itself. The purest and best of English is used—forcible and strong in its simplicity. I have all of the books named on the table as I write, and my little boy of eight has for fully two years past been strongly interested and charmed by the magic of their pages.

How deeply indebted we stand to them for whiling away the "slow-footed" hours of many a stormy winter's day! Also in times of sickness they have proved an ever-ready help. Do not be afraid of letting the children read fairy stories. They form the food for the children's imagination best suited to their years. Starve their minds by withholding this kind of pabulum and you will dwarf their spiritual or soul growth. By refusing food for their emotional natures you may make your children's characters more selfish, sharper and more practical than nature ever intended they should be when she implanted this strong desire for fairy lore in their souls. But, remember, time will soon enough tear away all the clinging vines of the imagination from life's bare facts and problems.

Let the young folk revel in their imaginary paradise peopled by fairies, sprites, elves, gnomes and goblins while they may—no keener delight will, perchance, await them in their coming years.

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## PEOPLE WE MEET

### MRS. CATHARINE PARR TRAILL.

I want you to see her—this dearest of dear old ladies, this Grand Old Woman of Canada. It is a fitting pilgrimage to make, on these last days of the year, to the quiet country home, where one who was born with the century, and who has journeyed with it through youth and prime and advanced age, now waits with it the final passing. The venerable woman of ninety-four and the century of ninety-six have borne close comradeship. Hand in hand they have travelled the long, long way, it may be that hand in hand they shall go out together.

So come away with me on this snowy December day. In truth, it is no small honor that awaits us, to spend the hours of it with one whom all literary Canada reveres—Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill.

Just nine miles' run from Peterboro' and we reach the little village of Lakefield—a charming spot in the summer, but now shrinking into forlornness of bare trees and snowy fields beneath the biting December air.

The neat little yellow 'bus awaiting the few passengers, jingles smoothly over the roadway, passes through the village center, and pauses finally at a rustic gate.

"This is her home," the driver says, speaking from the depths of his "coon" coat, and then the yellow 'bus jingles away.

Walking up the pathway to the brown frame house with its piazzas and cosy bay windows, we pause for a moment to note the environments,—of pine trees and leafless shrubbery, of lawn, sloping down to the pretty little curving river—ice-bound, save where in the distance the waters toss whitely over a dam.

It is a Canadian winter scene, holding full suggestions of summer beauty.

The door of the brown house opens promptly to our knock; we receive a warm Canadian country welcome; in a moment we are ushered into a cosy sitting-room, and are in the presence of the dear old lady whom we seek.

Her hand is on our arm, her lips touch our cheek, her voice—not quavering, but soft and in low musical cadence—bids us welcome, and presently we are seated at her side, and taking our first glimpse of this dear gentlewoman.

What a picture she makes as she sits in her rocking chair: Blue eyes, bright as a child's; silky white hair, parted over the high forehead and tucked away beneath the pretty cap, whose pink ribbons are not more delicately colored than the wrinkled cheeks; a smile full of kindness, and lips curving humorously. But the fascinating personality which we soon discover Mrs. Traill possesses

in marked degree, is not so easily put into words. It is in voice, perhaps, or dramatic gesture, or pungent humor, or conversational gift;—or is it in the sweet and wholesome nature? We cannot tell; but we instantly own the charm, and come under the spell which this lovely grandmere exercises on men and women alike. Indeed, the former are all her devoted admirers and friends.

"Grandmother takes all our beaux; we haven't even a chance," protests the pretty granddaughter, as she hovers fondly about her.

"She always did," answers the mother, smiling. "Neither children nor children's children stand much chance beside her."

The dear old lady protests, laughingly;



Yours very sincerely  
Catharine Parr Traill

but her charm is only the more apparent as she does so.

"Don't call her 'a wonderful old lady,' begs one of the pretty granddaughters. "Everybody does, and we get so tired of it."

Yet there is no other phrase so true. To reach ninety-four, and to be as attractive and full of vitality as this, is marvelous indeed. Shakespeare's *Seven Ages* needs more than revision here;—it demands rather an extension to a Ninth Age, sans not a single sense nor the slightest intellectual dulling, and plus the rich charm of mellowed experience, told in the tender golden glow of Buelah land.

What else should we call her but "wonderful," when we take up her very latest

book, "*Cot and Cradle Stories*," just fresh from the publishers, and find in it the prettiest and brightest collection of child stories ever published in Canada?—stories written, many of them, during the past summer, in her little island cottage in Stony Lake.

Think of those dear blue eyes and rosy cheeks of ninety-four, bending smilingly over her pages, to write pretty fancies for blue eyes and rosy cheeks of four, and twice four.

How brightly and entertainingly she talks to us through the swift-passing hours. We hear all about those early days, when, as a young wife, she left her "Suffolk woods," as she fondly phrases it, paused awhile among her husband's friends in the Orkney Islands, then crossed the ocean to begin her pioneer life in Canada. We learn of the nine weeks' slow sailing over the ocean; of the cholera epidemic, which laid her low in Montreal, of the faithful girl who nursed her back to life; of the two weeks' journey by boat through Lake Ontario to Cobourg, and of the commencement and privations of a settler's life.

We learn how through it all this brave woman kept mind as well as heart developing, nor amid hard domestic cares permitted her pen to grow rusty. To Mrs. Traill, no less than to her sister, Mrs. Susanna Moodie, we owe the best records extant of Canadian pioneer life, in "*Backwoods of Canada*," "*Lost in the Forest*," "*The Female Emigrant's Guide*," and other writings of the third, fourth and fifth decades of the century.

Yet in these later days of the eighties and nineties, Mrs. Traill is writing still, and in perfect touch with the age.

Mrs. Traill has children unto the third generation now, in many parts of the continent;—and even as she chats with us, the mail brings a letter from Prince Albert in our far Northwest, and from it drops a silky golden curl—clipped from a baby head.

"My youngest grandchild," she says fondly, and, opening an album, lays it beside other locks, dark and fair, each bearing some treasured name.

Ah, me, the beauty of it! To see the slender, wrinkled hand moving softly among these silken baby curls in tender benediction.

How merry she is, as she relates some amusing incident; how the hands reach out, and the hand uplifts in dramatic poise; how the voice deepens in unconscious mimicry.

The stage lost an artist, in the once upon a time, we say, as we watch her.

"Ah yes, my dear," she says, in answer to our question, "we little girls played Shakespeare to indulgent audiences of parents and friends in our Suffolk home. I remember that *Ariel* was my favorite role."

The talk grows graver presently. We speak of religious faith and the changing beliefs of to-day, and ask wistfully what this dear old lady has found in her long walk down the century.

"I have found," she says, solemnly, "that

the Bible is a good book to live by, and a good book to die by."

"I have seen a brother pass away with the light of a great glory upon his face. I have heard my son's last earth words, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' I have watched my daughter's face grow calm in those last moments of an anxious life, and her murmured, 'Peace, peace, infinite peace.'"

"What room is there for doubt, when I remember these. People go to the Bible to look for doubts nowadays, and they find them. If they went to look for guidance and light, they would find these also."

But presently the deep solemnity has passed, and the gentle humor comes bubbling back, as we talk of the Resurrection and theosophical "astral bodies."

"Star bodies," she says, thoughtfully. "It is the old astrologic thought. Now, wouldn't it be queer if our spiritual bodies were really associated each with some star. I should prefer to be one of the Pleiades; they seem so companionable. Wallenstein speaks of 'Jupiter, the star of my nativity.' Napoleon must have been associated with a comet."

Her fancy played lightly about the thought until it brings her to the Christmas star; "and there we will leave the subject," she says, smiling.

\* \* \*

The afternoon light wanes, as the hours pass. She is not tired, she says; but she sits back among her cushions and listens to the chat, which has become general,—smiling, and always ready with her quota of bright speech.

And presently it is time to say good-bye. Such gentle, tender good-bye she speaks, with soft touches of lips and hands—a Buelah-land farewell.

"For I do not count on the hours now," she says; "but if I waken here on the morning of the ninth of January I shall be ninety-four."

\* \* \*

Come away; our pilgrimage is done.

FAITH FENTON.

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By Harold Kinsabby.

THE east wind had failed to put in an appearance that evening, and the thermometer registered ninety-five under the stately elms of the Boston Common.

The family had gone away for the summer, and Buttons and the butler were out for an airing. Both were so well fed and so little exercised that they needed something to stir their blood.

Buttons was a sleek, fat pug, with a knowing eye and oily manner. They called him Buttons because the harness he wore about his hindquarters was studded with shining ornaments.

His companion was likewise sleek and fat, and the amount of lofty dignity he stored under his bobtailed jacket and broadcloth trousers told everybody that he was the butler. He carried a wicked little cane with a loaded head, and seemed to own the greater part of the earth.

As the two strolled proudly through the Beacon Street Mall, Fate favored Buttons and the butler. There was a cat on the Common—a pet cat without an escort. This cat belonged to one of the wealthy families who, at the tail end of winter, board up their city residences and go to the country to spend the summer and save their taxes. The owners of this particular cat had speeded missionaries to the four corners of the globe to evangelize the heathen, but their pet puss they had turned into the streets of the modern Athens to seek its own salvation. With no home or visible means of support, but with true Christian fortitude, the dumb creature now haunted the doorstep of the deserted mansion and grew thin. Hunger had at last driven her to the Common, in the hope that she might surprise an erring sparrow, or, perchance, purloin a forgetful frog from the pond.

The instant Buttons spied her he gave chase and drove her for refuge into a small tree. Then he stood below and barked furiously, until the sympathizing butler shook the tree and gave him another chance. This time the cat barely succeeded in reaching a low perch on the iron fence, from which with terrified gaze she watched her tormentor.

"Why do you torture that cat?" angrily asked a quiet gentleman who sat on one of the shady benches holding a yellow-haired little girl on his knee.

"Oh, me and Buttons is having a little fun," answered the butler. "Buttons is death on cats."

The quiet man said nothing, but got up, helped the frightened cat to escape to a safe hiding-place, and then resumed his seat.

That night puss went to bed without a supper, while her owner presided at the one hundred and eleventh seaside anniversary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and punctuated the courses of a fish dinner with rare vintage of missionary port.

The next evening the same heat hung heavily over the Beacon Street Mall, and Buttons and the butler were again taking an airing and looking for fun.

As Buttons neared the scene of his former encounter he pricked up his ears and sniffed

the air for the scent of game. Presently his anxious eye was attracted by something his pug nose had failed to detect. On a bench near by sat the quiet gentleman whose acquaintance Buttons and the butler had made on the previous evening. The same yellow-haired little girl was seated near him, intently watching the rings of cigar smoke he puffed high into the evening air. Between the two a huge inflated paper bag was surging to and fro. It was this paper bag that had caught the eye of Buttons. It interested him. Drawing himself all up in a heap, he proceeded with cautious, measured step to satisfy his curiosity. As he slowly approached the curious object, his low, fretful growls seemed to rouse it to renewed gymnastics. This frightened Buttons and caused him to turn tail and flee. His curiosity had, however, got the better of him, and, returning to what he deemed a safe distance, he began barking furiously.

"Cat, Buttons, where's the cat?" came from the butler, who was leisurely bringing up in the rear, unconscious of Button's find.

With renewed courage the pug rushed toward the paper bag. He had almost reached it when the quiet gentleman gave the bag an opening twist, and, as a furry head with a pair of fiery eyes shot out, he exclaimed:

"Hi, hi, Kootchie!"

The earnestness with which Kootchie hid became instantly apparent by the pious howls that rose from out of the murderous clawing, snarling mass of flying fur and silver ornaments. And the speed with which Button's companion hastened to the rescue with his loaded cane proved that even a Boston butler can get a move on. Before he could interfere, however, the quiet gentleman took a hand in the game.

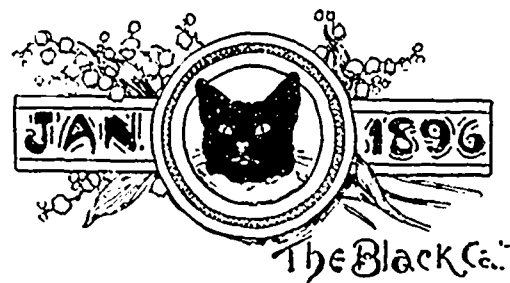
"Stand back," he demanded, in tones that showed he would brook no interference. "Buttons is death on cats. Kootchie is death on pugs. You like fun. I like fair play."

In less than twenty seconds a crowd of loungers, newsboys, nurse-girls and pedestrians hurried to the scene. In the confusion somebody thoughtfully told a policeman to ring for the "hurry-up" wagon. But before it arrived the butler was permitted to carry home in his arms what there was left of Buttons.

"Cheese it, der cop!" shouted a newsboy, as the butler picked up his limp and disfigured companion. And, as the crowd scattered, everyone was amused to see a fine, grey, stumpy-tailed cat make its way to the yellow-haired little maid on the bench.

As the latter lovingly stroked her shining coat she remarked, proudly, "Kootchie is my little pussy tat. Papa say, 'Kootchie, put Buttons to sleep.'"

And the policeman winked with ghoulis satisfaction when the father spoke up, "Kootchie is a regular California cyclone. She is a young wild cat a friend in Tiger Valley sent me. I'm fond of pets, you know, and as she felt a bit homesick this evening I brought her out here to give her a picnic."





## WIVES OF OUR HIGH OFFICIALS

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

WE are apt to speak of it deprecatingly or in tone of tolerant indulgence.

"She is good-hearted," we may say, or "She is a kind creature," as though these were virtues to be endured rather than to be lauded; as though the presence of such a virtue in a woman precludes and is inferior to all other gifts and graces. But is it possible to bespeak a greater possession for anyone than this same kindness, since love in its various phases is the most potent factor in the world of to-day? And after all it is the self-same world of which Paul spake when he declared that, understanding all mysteries, all knowledge, yielding all self-sacrifice, yet lacking kindness, we are as nothing.

Humanity is not eager for intellect, for culture or genius, it can find its way upward without the aid of beauty or wit; but it hungers for kindness, for the great whole-hearted belief, the comforting motherliness that pauses not to cavil, but gathers it up into the kindly lap of helpfulness and good cheer.

Now, as in the Bible days, faith abides, and hope; but love, whose visible expression is kindness, out-reaches both of these: it is the greatest.

\* \* \*

The name of the present lady of Manitoba Government House is synonymous with kindness, with generous hospitality, with motherliness. To be lonely, or a stranger, to be in trouble or undefended, is sufficient cause always why this dear and large-hearted lady should champion one's cause and be one's friend. The genial atmosphere of her good-will precludes all criticism, expands the cynic, and melts the morose. To be severe in Mrs. Patterson's presence, or to think hard thoughts, were impossible, since all who come within her influence become infected with something of her own spirit of confidence and trust.

\* \* \*

During the earlier years of her married life, Mrs. Patterson, who is the daughter of an English officer, devoted herself to her children. Her home for many years was in Windsor, Ontario, where her husband, the Hon. J. C. Patterson, had a lucrative law business. Upon his entrance into political life, Mrs. Patterson necessarily went more into society, and when he was called into the Dominion Cabinet, first as Secretary of State, afterwards as Minister of Militia, very reluctantly his wife broke home ties, which had become so dear, in the little western town, and took up her residence at the capital.

Putting aside her natural distaste for society life, Mrs. Patterson took her place among the social leaders, and during the session months kept open house with a ceaseless round of gay functions. No dinner parties were brighter than hers; no dances

gayer, while her receptions and "at homes" were cosily informal, and full of kindly hospitality.

\* \* \*

In all her efforts she was ably assisted by her daughters, who,

inheriting from their mother the same kindly, simple ways, were general favorites at the capital, and deservedly popular.

Pretty, bright, unselfish, and absolutely free from self-consciousness, they are girls of whom any parents might be proud. Two of them have married recently. The two

"My children have always been first with me," she says. "I have never put them off, no matter what society claimed. Nor have I shut them out of our social life. They have shared my confidence, and, as a result, they give me theirs. It is not the English way, I know, but I could not bear to have them distant or formal with me. I would far rather have them rumple my gown with hugs than wait for permission to kiss me.

"I want to be their friend and companion, as well as their guide, for there comes a time in every family life when parental rule must cease; when each child must step from under home authority to the independent ordering of his life, and it would grieve me sorely to feel that, with my right of control, I had lost my children's confidence. I desire to be always their dearest friend and helper."

Mrs. Patterson lives for her husband and children. She has reason to be proud of the fair, fine boys and girls that gather about her, and none, looking at them, and noting the loving and confidential relationship between children and mother, will not say her way has not been wise.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Patterson is fond of flowers, and especially fond of birds, of which she generally has a number. Indeed, her conservatories are often avaries also, where doves and canaries flutter about chirping and cooing, while a parrot chatters saucily.

My first association with the lady recalls her coming forward to greet one or two dinner guests with a grey ringed dove nestling on her arm. It was perfectly at home with her and hovered near her throughout the evening.

She likes dogs also, and permits her boys a variety of animal pets, that appear to find the lady of the house always their first and chiefest attraction.

The great law of kindness abides under Mrs. Patterson's rule. It pervades the home. It forms an atmosphere breathed alike by children, household staff, and animal friends. Even the conservatories seem to bud and blossom more plenteously beneath it.

It extends in rippling, widening circle, to friends, acquaintances, and thence out to the stranger, the unbefriended or desolate.

\* \* \*

It is only within the past two months that Manitoba's Government House has opened to receive its newly appointed vice-regent; as its mistress writes in a recent private letter, "It is all new to us; we are hardly settled. But we like it, and we trust that the people of Manitoba will like us." There is little doubt concerning the latter. And those who miss the bright, sweet way of Lady Schultz will find consolation in the motherly sympathy and hospitality of her successor.

FAITH FENTON.



*Yours very Sincerely  
Katherine Patterson*

younger unusually pretty girls, just freed from school studies—have accompanied their parents to the North-west, and will doubtless make Government House a most attractive rendezvous for Winnipeg young people during the present vice-regency.

Mrs. Patterson's sons are frankly pleasant and attractive boys verging into manhood, while the youngest, a boy just entering his teens, promises to develop characteristics similarly bright and lovable.

The home life of Government House, Manitoba, is one of closely knit affection, and the secret of it lies in the strong mother love and the ceaseless care given through all the years to her family.

The Toronto School of Painting, Avenue Chambers, gave a reception for their students and staff on December 14th.



We are much bound to them that do succeed,  
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound  
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;  
They comfort us for work that will not speed,  
And life—itsself a failure.

Jean Ingelow.

All truly consecrated men learn little by little that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression, not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable blending of the two.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"Seek first the Kingdom of the Heavens," said Jesus, "and all these things will be added unto you." In union with the spiritual consciousness, man becomes divine and inherits divine powers.

"Losing the temper takes all the sweet, pure feeling out of life. You may get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out as happy as a bird, and the moment you are crossed and give way to your temper, the clean feeling vanishes, and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart, and you go through the rest of the day feeling like a culprit. And anyone who has experienced this feeling knows that it cannot be shaken off, but must be prayed off."

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth more than all the good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman.*

Cling to the flying hours; and yet  
Let one pure hope, one great desire,  
Like song on dying lips, be set,  
That ere we fall in scattered fire  
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the Autumn months of time,  
Before the great New Year can break,  
Some little way our feet should climb,  
Some little mark our words should make  
For Liberty and manhood's sake.

We speak of the snow as an image of death. It may be that; but it hides the everlasting life always under its robe, the life to be revealed in due time when all cold shadows shall melt away before the ascending sun and we shall be not unclothed, but clothed upon, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life.—*Robert Collyer.*

Now, I want you to know that in life troubles will come which seem as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed; the storm in its very nature is transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is peace.—*George McDonald.*

We bless thee for the heart to feel  
And for the eye to see;  
For faith that reaches over time  
And grasps eternity.  
Oh, softly fades this life of ours  
Through age's silver bars,  
The tender flush from hill and sky;  
And lo! the world of stars!

"Heavenly Father, who only art the source of love and the giver of every good gift, we thank Thee for the love wherewith

the soul of Thy servant gave unto this woman as Jacob unto Rachel, which many years have not quenched. Remember the faithfulness of this true heart and disappoint not its expectation. May the trust that was broken on earth be kept in heaven, and be pleased to give Thy . . . give Jamie a good home-coming. Amen."—*Dr. Davidson's Prayer in "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."*

O patient Christ! when long ago,  
O'er all Judea's rugged hills,  
Thy willing feet went to and fro  
To find and comfort human ills,  
Did once Thy tender, earnest eye,  
Look down the solemn centuries  
And see the smallness of our lives?

Souls struggling for the victory,  
And martyrs finding death was gain;  
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee  
And falling deep in sin and pain:  
Great heights and depths were surely seen,  
But oh! the dreary waste between,—  
Small lives, not base perhaps, but mean!

Their selfish efforts for the right,  
Or cowardice that keeps from sin,  
Content to only see the height  
That nobler souls will toil to win!  
Oh shame! to think Thine eyes should see  
The souls contented just to be,  
The lives too small to take in Thee.

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,  
That blessed shame that stings to life;  
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name,  
Arm us with courage for the strife.  
O Christ! be patient with us still;  
Dear Christ! remember Calvary's hill;  
Our little lives with purpose fill.

—*Mrs. Deland.*

You began the year with comparative innocence. Alas, at its winding up must you set this down as gone forever? One temptation did it. "She stretched out her hand, and took, and did eat." Then—Paradise lost for this life, and the angel's flaming sword between the dreary Present and that happy Past.

You began the year with serene, implicit belief. And now your soul has fallen among thieves; you have entered into the ways of the destroyer.

Here's my case: Of old I used to love Him,  
This same unseen Friend, before I knew;  
Dream there was none like Him, none above Him,  
Wake to hope and trust my dreams were true.

And now they have with cavils and sophistry taken away your faith in Him.

Is it a good winding up of the year?  
Nay, go back on the old path again. Retrace the disastrous steps. Seek again thy Father. Place again thy hand in His, with the simple recantation, "I cannot understand, but I love!" At the cost of whatever pride of intellect, buy back the child faith for a New Year capital.

The winding up of the days, the winding up of the years, and the winding up of all life, may prove to be all good for those that love God and trust in Him and walk in His ways.—*Prependary of Wells.*

When on my day of lite the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.  
O Love divine, O helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving  
cease,  
And flows forever through heavens green ex-  
pansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

—*Whittier.*

Even the hardest days are a component part of the whole life and should be looked at and held as such and not wished away. There is great force in the conviction that everything that may be in your life is really a necessary part of it and cannot be spared any more than death can, if it is to be rounded and full.—*Technique of Rest.*

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,  
Though thou in outer dark remain;  
One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,  
And still for eighteen centuries saith,  
Softly—"Ye meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,  
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,  
And something whispers my despair  
That, from an orient chamber there,  
Floats down—"We meet again."

—*Lowell.*

The following is the prayer offered by the blind chaplain, Dr. Milburn, at the opening of the American Senate on the day when the question of appropriating funds for the expenses of the Venezuelan Commission was to be considered:

As the time draws near the period of Christmas, inaugurated by the angels singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," we pray that the spirit may enter into our hearts and minds and keep us in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Forbid that the two foremost nations of the world which bear the name of Christian, with one language, one faith, one baptism, one Lord, shall be embroiled in war, with all its horrors and barbarisms. Grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be saved from imbruing our hands in each other's blood. Let the spirit of justice and magnanimity prevail among the rulers of both nations and among the people, the kindred people of the two lands, so that all differences and difficulties may be amicably and righteously settled; and that God's name may be glorified in the establishment of concord, unity, and brotherly kindness. May this become an august and memorable Christmas in the history of the English-speaking world and of the whole earth. Let health, prosperity, brotherly kindness, and charity pervade all our land and our Motherland. And may God be glorified and the reign of Jesus Christ our Saviour be established, we pray Thee in His sacred name. Amen.

De man dat goes ter church because he tinks de Lord's a watchin' him,  
An' doesn't do a wrong ter fear de debble 'll be catchin' him,  
Ain't jes' de kin, ob man I like to hab expoun' de tex' ter me,  
Ner jes' de so't ob neighbor I prefer residin' nex' ter me.

De Christian who is good because de Lord has made a way ter catch  
De sinner man who tries ter rob a chicken-roost er 'tater patch,  
When all de hosts is jedged 'll be among de disappointed ones,  
Fer only dem wid honest hearts kin stan' wid de anointed ones.

To learn such a simple lesson  
Need I go to Paris or Rome,  
That the many make the household,  
But only one—the home.

—*Lowell.*



## A MORNING'S ROUND.



Nine o'clock—and I stood in the parlor of the humble little house, 76 Hayter street; the modest sign, "Nursing-at-Home Mission," above the door being the only indication that this was the headquarters of one of the finest benevolences in the philanthropic city of Toronto.

The nurses—there are six of them—were packing hand-satchels and donning their simple grey cloaks and bonnets, which con-



"OUR NURSES."

stitute their outdoor uniforms. The nurse in charge stood chatting with me and giving occasional directions to her subordinates.

Nine-thirty o'clock,—and the nurses had started out in various directions, covering the sections of the city from Parkdale to beyond the Don, each upon her angel mission.

I glanced at my companion. The sweet, strong, bright face of her beneath the simple bonnet of grey stuff; the hair banded smoothly back; the soft grey ribbon ties cosied beneath the chin; the grey double cloak, revealing a glimpse of white apron and girdle; the hand-satchel, with its store of nursing essentials,—she made a restful picture of ideal womanhood.

"I have a case on Mission avenue first," she said; "then we will go east."

Ten o'clock,—and we were in a box of a house, and beside the bed of a woman suffering—nay, dying, from cancer, caused by her husband throwing her over a slight of steps, when under the influence of liquor.

She was alone in the house—this mere shadow of a woman. Her small boy worried her, she said, and "she couldn't abide him around."

We laid aside our wraps, and with deft fingers the nurse began her work, lifting the frail body into an easier position; dressing the ugly swelling; bathing face and hands; chatting brightly the while.

"Mrs. B. needs so much white cotton," as she tore some fresh bandages. "See this nice absorbent cotton Dr. Macdonald sent her. He is very kind, and comes to visit her once in a while, doesn't he, Mrs. B.?" She was to undergo an operation last June,

but the trouble was too near a vital part, and the doctors were afraid to touch it."

The woman murmured something about "didn't believe in doctors nor hospitals"; then the lids dropped over the great dark eyes, in utter weakness.

She was of the lower class, but all coarseness had been refined away by sickness, and the brown curling hair gave softness to her face.

"She wasn't in pain," she said, "and she didn't mind being alone. She was just so tired. She would try to sleep a little when we were gone. Perhaps the leddy could lift her easily."

We lifted the frail, light weight upon the couch, tucked the purse with its five-dollar bill, "for the landlord, when he came," under the pillow, raised the narrow window a few inches, and left her in the box of a house alone."

"How long?" I queried, as we walked away.

"I cannot tell; she is very low," answered the nurse.

And up and down the streets the air was gay with holiday mirth.

Eleven o'clock: We had taken the car across the city, and were now on Sackville street, and in the center of the working class homes.

Walking through a corner butcher shop, we came into a room where the wife, a bright-looking young woman, was bending over a wash-tub.

She had been sick, but was now better. This was chiefly a visit of inquiry and a loan of medical appliances, necessary, yet too expensive for the woman to purchase. She thanked the grey-gowned nurse, and promised to follow her directions; and after a few minutes' pleasant talk we came away.

Eleven-thirty,—and we were in the bedroom of a woman in an advance stage of consumption.

An intelligent-looking woman, of refined face, with great blue eyes and brown hair, speech and voice both indicated that she had been accustomed to better surroundings. Yet the room was not devoid of comfort; there was no lack of essentials.

She welcomed the nurse and received the visitor courteously, looking out at me from the dark-blue eyes, and talking a little between the difficult breaths.

It was a long process, the bathing and brushing and the rubbing of the tender skin with alcohol. She was so weary, so utterly weary, when it was finished.

She wished us a "Happy New Year" in faint voice, and with eyes looking through the leafless tree-boughs outside the little window, wondered "whether she would live to see the spring."

Then, being very weak, almost while her fingers lay in ours, she, too, fell asleep.

Twelve-thirty,—and we were standing in the most pitiful of all the homes in our morning round. The nurse had told me the circumstances on our way. The husband is in the insane asylum, the two-year-old baby in the Sick Children's Hospital, with no hope of its little life. The wife, a refined woman of superior birth, struggling for three years to keep the poor home together and support the two remaining children, and finally succumbing through sheer overwork, worry and lack of food.

"I called at the house by mere accident a few days ago and found her prostrated, without a cent, no fuel, no food, and her two children playing about her," said the nurse.

She opened the door of the shabby cottage as she finished, and we entered into a room cold, disorderly, chilly, yet with simple home belongings and home trinkets all about it.

A pretty golden-haired little maiden of five or six looked up at us.

"I'm Mabel," she said. "Willie isn't dressed yet. Mamma went out this morning to do some work, and she told us to be good till she come home. Here's our dinner!" She pointed to two slices of bread and butter upon the table. "She said she'd come home pretty early, 'cause it's the day before Sunday. Willie wouldn't let me dress him."

There was no fire in the stove, and the baby boy of four was snuggling under the quilts. The nurse coaxed him into his clothes, and then we all searched about the rooms for a missing stocking to cover one little bare, fat foot.

They were such pretty children, with a wealth of yellow tangled hair that shone like sunshine in the dreary rooms.

"I am surprised that the mother has gone out," said the nurse, a little anxiously; "she was so utterly weak yesterday. But I suppose she had the chance to earn a little money, and needed it for food and fire."

"Why does she not leave the little ones at the day nursery?" I asked.

"The charge is ten cents a day per child, and she cannot pay it."

It was dreadful. The desolate, chill rooms; the weather-stained walls; this poor bit of a home, which a woman had struggled in vain to keep; the insane father and sick baby; and these pretty little ones playing about so uncomprehending of their mother's sorrow and weakness.

"The Mission is looking after them now," said the nurse. "The mother is to go into the Convalescent Home for the winter, in order to rest and get her strength up. These little ones will go into one of the Homes, the baby will die, and the father will probably die in the asylum, as he is a consumptive."

It was hard to come away and leave those fair little babies alone in the chilly, desolate rooms, waiting the weary mother's homecoming. But there were other calls to make.

One o'clock,—and now we were in a tidy home in a rear, one of a row of innumerable small cottages.

Here the case was one of watching and expectancy, that of a bright young woman whose baby girl of two clung to her gown.

She looked impatiently forward to the time when she would be able to turn in and do something, since "Jim was out of work, and there wasn't a cent in the house."

She did not speak fretfully, but with a matter of fact air, more sadly expressive than any complaining. A few words of encouragement and patience and a picture-book for baby sufficed here.

One-thirty: Another home spoiled by drink, another husband out of work, and another woman with body and mind weakened by ill-treatment. Her big fawn-like eyes looked timidly at us; yet she was glad to welcome the nurse and tell of her sickness.

Here, too, the satchel was opened, and discovered something for children and mother.

"That finishes the list for the morning," said the little grey-gowned nurse. And we stepped out into the gay streets, so full of holiday cheer, and took swift passage across the city to the homely little headquarters of this most blessed mission.



**N**OW that the season is in full swing, many charming evening and afternoon gowns are being turned out by busy modistes. Mrs. Bishop, who ranks among the leading costume artists of Toronto, is sending out some unusually effective gowns, and our illustrations for the month are taken from her models.

No. 1 is an evening gown of pearl grey brocaded satin. The skirt and sleeves are of the satin, the bodice is of pearl grey plussee (a kind of accordian-plaited chiffon).

The distinctive feature of this gown is a shaped rever of the brocade fastened at the upper edge of the bodice and reaching to rest upon the sleeve. Large bows of petunia-colored satin incline toward the opposite shoulder. The base of the bodice is finished with the same.

The blending of the colors, petunia and pearl grey, is very effective and the gown is both distinctive and handsome.

In No. 2 we show a black duchesse satin; sleeves and skirt of the material, with bodice of pink plussee. The upper edge of the bodice in front is garnished with small loops and bows of black satin ribbon, set in gathered lace, while straps of lace insertion go over the shoulders. The base of the bodice in front is trimmed with reversed butterfly bow of the satin.

This costume also is most artistic.

Pale pink taffeta silk woven with blue design forms the material in sketch No. 3. The bodice is of pale pink plussee. A Marie Antoinette fichu of rich lace crosses at the base of the bodice and extends down to the bottom of the skirt in front.

A pretty effect is obtained by straps of pink satin ribbon lifting the sleeves and fastening in shoulder knots. The base of the bodice is finished with pink satin ribbon and rosettes.

We illustrate in No. 4 a gown of royal blue velvet, made recently for an Ottawa society leader. It has the Louis XV. coat,

which is becoming so fashionable—a cut-away front and basque back effect. The front of the bodice is of cream satin; the velvet bodice is shaped in front as shown by our artist.

A velvet plastron down the center of the cream front is edged on either side with



mink and is carried up to the neck in butterfly-bow effect, where it is finished with diamond clasps. The sleeves are edged with mink.

A picture hat of blue velvet and mink tails naturally accompanies this exceedingly rich gown.

An artistic winter afternoon gown is a

heavy black crepon skirt, sleeves and back of bodice. The bodice front is of chameleon silk fawn with green blendings, spangled with iridescent sequins. Each of these sequins are sewn on separately; shaped pieces of moss-green velvet are set on the sleeves, giving the old-time gauntlet effect.

The velvet is edged with narrow passmenterie. This is particularly effective. The collar is a high stock of the velvet with two square lapels of the sequined chameleon silk falling over in front in bishop fashion. The back is trimmed with large green velvet bow, fastened at base of bodice, and ends extending up to the shoulders.

All sleeves in fashionable gowns fall partly over the hand.

The latest fancy appears to be bows "upside down," or placed with reversed ends.

The paquin skirt is the favorite. All skirts are very full, falling flat in front, but flaring all around. These ripple skirts require careful taping underneath.

When laid down flat they compass more than a circle.

In striped material the stripes are arranged to match in various fashions at the side or back.

Shot silk and plain and figured taffetas are much in evidence, but the chameleon silk is the favorite at present.

Large flat discs made of iridescent sequins are used for finishing garnitures. Fur is still fashionable as bodice trimming, while lace is in evidence on all gowns.

Ball gowns are made with very slight trains for matrons, but not for young ladies.

Silk underskirts are much in favor. But fine white ones richly trimmed with lace are the favorites for reception and evening dress.

Thanks for information due to Catto & Son.



**W**HY is it that some mothers will persist in severe styles and stiff effects in the hats and bonnets of their little ones? Laboring under

the delusion that children look well in anything, they shadow or environ the soft young faces with hard felts, bare skull caps and stiff tams that fail to harmonize with the undeveloped child face and give a curious impression of incongruity.

Child faces, even the prettiest, require soft garniture about them. The veriest witch of a girl child cannot have her sharp little features accentuated by stiff effects without much loss of beauty.

The expressionless baby face appears most attractive in the soft little hood, not quilled with stiff ribbons, but full bordered with lace or fur or any other soft garnishing.

One always pities the bare little baby heads covered with some close-fitting tam of felt or cloth. The impulse is to shroud them in soft lace or fur, from which the little faces peer out cosily as nested birds.

The softer the garnishings of a child's headgear the more becoming it is. Yet not a few mothers seem hopelessly unaware of the fact.

If the child be under three, instinctively we select white and cream; at four or five other colors may be permitted, although the bonnet shape is still the prettiest during the winter season. Crimson, brown or blue velvet bonnets, with lace inner next the face and fur outer border are cosy winter wear for little girls from five to seven or even ten years.

After that age broad-brimmed soft felt hats or pretty tams with soft crowns and fur trimmings are becoming.

We show this month some especially

charming child millinery, reproduced from a well-known Toronto firm.

No. 1 is a bonnet suitable for child of three years, of white velvet, cut in one piece

effect is extremely dainty. No. 2 is a bonnet suited for child girl of five or seven years.

It is of dark fawn velvet, lined with pale pink silk and having a deep full plaiting of the same about the face. An outer border of ostrich feathers of natural color rests upon the pink silk plaiting. The entire effect is very soft and artistic.

A pretty hat suitable for baby boy is Henry of Navarre shape—a wide-brimmed tam made of white corded silk, the brim formed of shirred silk and flared up in front.

In No. 3 we show a second hat, much the same in shape, but made of cream opera cloth, banded with cream satin ribbon; a bow of the same at the side and border of the Angera. Elastic, not ribbons, holds this hat, which is perhaps more distinctively boyish than the first.

In No. 4 our artist illustrates a pretty chapeau for a girl of five or seven. It is made of cream opera cloth, with under surface of corded silk. It has a wide ripple brim, which flares directly in front. White silk ribbon bows and a border of cream feather trimming tipped with tint of bluish grey constitute the only garnishing.

A charming picture hat for a girl of ten is shown in No. 5. It is a Gainsborough of cream velvet with narrow crown, which is brought below the brim and rests upon the forehead, where it is softened by loops of cream ribbon. The broad brim is finished with border of delicate cream ostrich feather trimming.

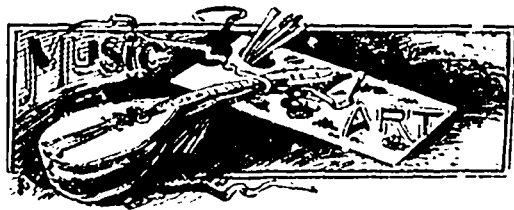
An exceedingly dainty muff of silky Angora fur and a collar of the same complete a charming picture outfit for any little Canadiane.

JADAM.

Thanks are due to R. Walker & Sons



and loosely gathered to form the crown; an inner all-round border of white silk plaiting and an outer one of white ostrich feather ruching. The top of the bonnet is furnished with bows of narrow white silk tulle. The



WE give this month the portrait of Miss Kathleen Hall, of Toronto, who won the gold medal given last June for the best work in the advanced art course of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design. This medal is presented yearly by the Ontario Government for competition by the various schools in the province, and the winning of it is a source of congratulation to the successful student. Miss Hall's drawing from the antique and industrial designs received much praise, and at the reception held in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists, where the efforts of the pupils were on view, the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen expressed themselves as particularly pleased with Miss Hall's work. Some time ago this gifted young lady also obtained the bronze medal, given for china painting.



The opportunity afforded by the School of Art and Design is becoming more understood and appreciated year by year, and as the good results arising from a better knowledge and higher estimate of art, as inculcated by such institutions, are more widely seen, we trust that even greater assistance will be given the school than in the past, both by the Ontario Government and city.

On the 20th of November the medals and diplomas won were distributed to the fortunate pupils, the presentations being made (in the absence of Hon. G. W. Allan, who is president) by Mr. R. Y. Ellis, the vice-president.

One of the most fitting and timely praise services of the season was that given in Broadway Methodist church on Sunday evening, December 22nd.

That was the charm of it—and possibly also the innovation—since the usual custom is to hold such services on a week evening.

Thus was the regular Sunday evening service blended into a beautiful and fitting harmony with the season.

The sermon, hymns and prayers—and the collection also—were as usual, but subor-

minated on that evening to the music, the best known of those sweet arias and jubilant choruses from "The Messiah," the grandest Christmas carol ever written.

The music was splendidly rendered by the large choir, with a verve that showed the Christmas feeling in the hearts of the singers; while the great congregation of people, massed in the doorways and beyond into the vestibules, listened with unalloyed enjoyment—aye, and devotion also.

It was no mere song service, nor yet a sacred concert—attractive by reason of its aesthetic art—but a beautiful telling forth of the Christmas story in all its deepest significance—and the people felt that it was good.

F. MacGillivray Knowles' exhibition at Mathews' last month was of unusually high merit. His portrait painting, of which he has made a specialty in his studies in the Old Country under Herkimer, is excellent. The likenesses were realistic, as well as treated in a masterly way. His landscapes show variety of expression from sunshine to smoky fogs. The "Pool in London" is one of his best; the big ironclads in front, with shadows shifting on the green waters below, and soft, smoky atmosphere, make up a charming effect. He has a gift of delicate color, strong yet simple in treatment, that is very pleasing in all his pictures, and particularly characteristic of this artist.

The third annual exhibition of the W.A.A. last month was in advance of former exhibitions, especially in its display of summer water-color sketches. Lady artists from New York, Rochester, Hamilton, Dundas, and Montreal contributed, also Toronto artists studying abroad. A sketch by Miss E. M. Scott, New York first caught my eye for its bright, dainty coloring, also one by A. J. Mulholland of a Montreal wharf, which was very realistic. Miss Scott's flowers were extremely dainty. Miss C. Osler, of Toronto, had some clever life sketches; also some pretty sketches of trees, which showed originality and talent. C. Watlington had a great many bright little Bermuda water colors. Miss Hanaford's trilliums and other flowers were very artistic. A landscape by C. Jeffery, London, among the oils was good; also some lilacs and other flowers, by the same hand, showed talent. B. B. Holden, Montreal, showed several interiors. Miss Spurr, E. Watts, Mrs. Schrieber, Mrs. Hemstead and Miss McConnell and many more of our promising lady artists displayed pleasing work. In black and white, E. I. Elliott had some clever wash studies. Miss Tully's art illustration for *Woman's Globe* was a very clever little thing; also her paper rack, in wood carving, was not the least deserving of notice. The exhibit was held in the bright little studio of the W. A. A., under the direction of Mrs. Dignam, whose energy in the advancement of art among the women of Canada is well deserving of praise.

The exhibition that the Toronto Art Students' League held December 13th was a credit to them. Their work was good as a whole, and showed both strength and character. The original work for their pretty art souvenir was most interesting, each with its reproduction beside it. A number of former students (Mr. McKellar, Mr. C. Jeffcott, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery, *nee* Miss Adams, of Carlton street), who are now in the great American centres, showed striking work.

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**THE  
SONG OF THE SOUTHERN MAIDEN**

*Song*

WORDS BY  
**W. W. WAKELAM**

MUSIC BY  
**ALBERT NORDHEIMER**

PREPARED BY  
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MONTREAL - TORONTO - HAMILTON

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

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**MONTREAL GIRLS' CLUB.**

"Girls' Club"—I caught the words painted upon a window in Bleury street.

"What is it?" I enquired. "Montreal Girls' Club and Lunch Room," answered the little madam.

"What is its purpose?" "Well, chiefly to supply hot lunches to girls employed down in the city at the lowest possible rates."

"That's good," I said. "We need just such an institution in Toronto. Under what auspices is it?"

"The lady graduates of McGill University. But, suppose we arrange to take lunch there to-morrow; then you can meet some of the club members, ask all the questions you choose, and see for yourself the manner in which it is conducted."

I gave cordial assent, and at noon on the following day we were seated at a little table in the lunch room, chatting with a sweet-faced High School teacher—one of the "mothers" of the institution—and watching the scene.

To a casual onlooker it would seem much like an ordinary restaurant of the inexpensive class, with an absence of mirror, plate glass and gilding, and only the simplest kind of table service.

But a closer observer would detect a difference. True, there were the usual furnishings of small tables and chairs, a few plants in the big window and a kindly-faced cashier at her desk by the door. But the girl customers moved about with a companionable little at-home air; they went quietly up to the serving counter, asked for what they wanted and carried it to their chosen table; afterward they lifted their empty dishes and returned them to the counter before leaving.

"You have no waiters," I said. "No," answered the teacher, smiling, "we work on economical lines, you perceive."

"And do the girls not object to waiting upon themselves?"

"Not at all, since we all take a turn. Come up to the counter and see."

The serving counter separates the lunch room from the kitchen. Behind it stood two or three sweet, refined, prettily gowned women, ladies in the best sense of the term. As each customer gave her order, these pretty waitresses turned to the big range, on which stood pans of meat and vegetables, filled the plate with meat, potatoes and whatever else might be ordered, and passed it across the counter, with the check. The girl customer carried it to her table and sat down to enjoy it.

It was really nice to see this little kitchen and watch the serving. The one woman cook was busy at a table, while a man near at hand washed the dishes as fast as they were returned. And the young servitors—these well-dressed, refined girls—served so quietly, in a manner so different from the slap and bang of the ordinary waitress.

"Now, what will you have?" commented the little madam. "Let us order our lunch, and talk as we eat." She handed me the little bill of fare for the day, which I reproduce in full:

MENU.	
Soup—Vermicelli .....	3c.
Meat and Potatoes—Roast Beef, Corned Beef in potatoes .....	6c.
Vegetables—Cabbage .....	2c.
Pudding—Queen of Pudding—Fice Pudding ..	3c.
Bread and Butter (two slices, 3c.) .....	3c.
Tea, Coffee, Milk (Buttermilk, 1c.) .....	2c.
Pickles—Mixed .....	1c.
Fruit—Figs, Peaches, Prunes .....	3c.
Apples .....	1c.

We gave our order, carried it back to our table and resumed the discussion.

"Who are those sweet-faced waitresses?" I queried.

"University girl graduates," answered my informant, laconically. I laid down my fork and looked at her.

"Do you mean to tell me——?"

"I'll tell you all about it from the beginning," said the lady—and this is the substance of her telling:

Four years ago, a group of the first girl graduates of McGill University, having come to the end of four years' happy companionship, decided that they wanted some tie that would hold them still together in friendly relations after their dispersion from college halls, and for this purpose they formed themselves into an association called the McGill Alumnae Society.

Now, a society, if it is to remain alive, must have some purpose and active work; so looking about them, this band of cultured girls decided that they would endeavor to make and keep a place—were it ever so humble—where their busy down-town companions in shops, stores, offices and elsewhere should be able to get a hot, mid-day lunch for the most modest possible cost.

First they hired a small cottage in a central district at \$12 per month, and two or three went guarantee for the rent. Then by private notes written to a few friends they received sufficient contributions to form a little furnishing fund. Dishes, furniture and kitchen utensils were supplied.

Next the girls found a middle-aged married woman to be cook and caretaker all in one, and then they each in turn undertook to become responsible for the buying.

"We were each caterers for our new family a month at a time," my informant said, laughing; "and we also arranged to take it in turn to come down between twelve and two each day and attend to the serving—to which rule we still adhere."

"Then that accounts for those young ladies in the kitchen," I said.

"Yes; the alumnae members of the society undertake it in turn, two each week. It means two hours in the middle of each day; but they give it willingly."

"On the opening day we began with three customers," continued our informant. "As we only provided hot tea and coffee, with sandwiches and buns, neither the marketing nor serving was very onerous at first. But soon we found that the girls preferred hot soup, and afterward they asked for meat and potatoes. The sandwiches were expensive, troublesome to prepare and not very satisfactory. We found that our girl customers really desired meat and vegetables; so that, step by step, we extended our bill of fare, until now we can give them a meal equal to a simple dinner, as you see, if they desire it."

"Two years ago, we found our accommodation too limited, and after some anxious thought decided to rent this place."

"During the past year we have been able to furnish the four upstairs rooms, and they are rented to a few of our girls at low rates."

"The lunch room has been just four years in existence, you say, and you began with three customers. How many have you now?"

"We average one hundred girl customers a day," answered Miss Armstrong from the desk.

"You'll have to enlarge your premises soon," commented the little madam, "or move again."

"It is really wonderful the manner in which our little beginning has developed," said the High School teacher.

"But the girls we least expected, and

would hardly have dared to cater for, came. The girls in offices and stores—stenographers, clerks and teachers. Our customers consist altogether of this class, and they are so nice and take such interest in the success of the work, that they don't mind waiting on themselves at all."

"In the first place," I said, "there are no down-town workers who need a place of this kind so much as girls in offices, where all day long they are in the company of the opposite sex. They are glad to get away for an hour. They are equally glad of the hot dinner at a cost commensurate with their modest purses. And, chiefest of all, they realize that this is neither a cheap restaurant nor a place of patronage; for where university girls come to serve, and often to take their own lunch, the girl customers rather enjoy lending a helping hand and waiting upon themselves."

"Yes, and then the girls themselves may be members of the society. We have graduate members—those are the university girls; regular members—any self-supporting girls who choose to join us; and honorary members—you may become an honorary member by paying us five dollars. We have regular meetings, and the girls have a voice in all that is decided upon; we get many of our best ideas from our girl customers."

"And lately we have started little evening classes in music and physical culture. We hold them here in this room. Quite a number of the girls come; and we are making such pleasant little friendships with each other."

"But it is all very simple and plain; we are only moving very slowly and feeling our way," she added, half apologetic.

"Only very simple—yes. The fact remains that one hundred nice girls are getting a warm dinner every day, while a little world of young women of various social grades are being brought together in a straightforward, friendly, common sense way, without question of patronage or position."

"One other question," I whispered, confidentially. "Are you paying expenses?"

"Yes, and we have fifty dollars in the bank," answered this earliest member. "Only, remember, we work very economically."

"Fifty dollars in the bank, such a price-list on the bill of fare, and one hundred girls supplied daily. Think of it, Toronto women! Is it not splendid to see what a few whole-souled girls who are not afraid of work can accomplish. And the secret of their success is in their simple, unconscious earnestness and singleness of purpose."

It was nearly two o'clock and only one or two late customers lingered. We carried our dishes back to the counter and looked over our checks.

Roast beef and potatoes, six cents; queen of pudding, three cents; bread and butter, two cents; cup of coffee, two cents—total, thirteen cents; the cost of a very substantial and satisfactory meal.



## WOMEN'S SPORTS

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

Few Toronto women are aware of the privileges to be enjoyed by lady associate members of the Toronto Athletic Club. A visit to the club rooms on College street on any morning of the week would be a revelation to them on this respect. The splendidly equipped, airy gymnasium is a place to tempt to all sorts of graceful exercise; and here may be seen ladies of any age from fifteen to fifty, in easy gymnasium costumes, usually the club colors of black and cherry color, running, jumping, swinging, springing, climbing, and enjoying all the exercise of muscle and limb usually denied them. Possibly one of the most significant things is the evident enjoyment they exhibit in this opportunity of abandon to physical freedom.

But of the gymnasium in detail we shall speak in a later issue.

Just now we desire to draw the attention of our women readers to the swimming bath and its luxurious uses.

Our artist gives a sketch taken in the bath chamber, where any morning of the week young ladies may be seen having a good time in the water or learning to swim under the guidance of Mr. Bracewell, the instructor. A chaperon is always present, and not infrequently a group of well-known Toronto society women may be found upon the marble floor watching daughters or friends in the water, and discussing the light gossip of the day.

The swimming bath is well appointed in all its environments; it is eighty by thirty feet, and grades from seven feet eight inches in depth to four feet. It is environed with a broad marble walk, while dressing rooms, shower bath and all accessories are comfortably arranged. The apartment is light and airy, and absolutely dainty.

It is a decidedly pleasant sensation to pass into the warm, moist air of this chamber from the chill winter outside. The water is kept at about seventy degrees in temperature. It is darkling green in the mass of it, and contrasts artistically with the white basin.

There are about 150 lady associate members of the club; but thus far in the present season less than a score have availed themselves of the privileges of the swimming bath.

The swimming instructor is always on duty during the morning, and, whether a woman wishes merely to bathe or take swimming lessons, he is in close attendance to guard against accident, should she go beyond her depth.

While our artist's pencil travels quickly over the paper, Mr. Bracewell chats about women in the water.

"I prefer going in with a new comer to using the rope and pole," he says. "I find they learn to swim more quickly. I simply place my hand under them, and take it away when they have gained confidence. Young girls learn more quickly than adult women, of course; and stout ladies learn before thin ones. They have greater buoyancy and less to support. But it is possible for a woman to be too stout; then she should remain only a short time in the water.

"I always watch the lips and finger tips of my pupils carefully. If either shows the

least tinge of blue, I tell them they have been long enough in the bath. They do not always heed me, though."

"If a woman learned to swim up and down this bath, would it help her in case of a sudden immersion in the lake or sea?" questioned the artist as she caught the poise of a figure ready for a leap from the spring-board.

"Certainly it would," answered the instructor. "Anyone who can swim here, could swim much more easily in the large body of water. It would buoy them up better."

"Women have more confidence than men," he said in response to a further question. "In case of getting beyond depth, I would rather have three women than one man to rescue. They trust one more, and obey directions better. Besides he added thoughtfully, "it is so easy to tow a woman out by her hair. A man's hair is too short to give one a grip."

"No, there have never been any accidents since I've been here" he added, when our laughter subsided. "The nearest approach to it was Christmas Eve, a year ago, when a young fellow got beyond his depth, and I had



to go in with my clothes on to bring him out. He wound himself around me so that I could not move, and I had to strike him to make him let go sufficiently to give my arms and legs freedom."

At this point the sketch was finished, and a young lady stepped into the water, ready for her first lesson.

The Victoria Skating Club held their first assembly at the Victoria Rink on Monday evening, December 9th. The large number of pretty girls on the ice was generally commented upon. Some of the most graceful skaters were the Misses Dawson, Todd and Yarker, Mesdames Ruttan and Sweny.

The dancing was effective. After the skating Mrs. J. D. Hay gave a small but very enjoyable supper. Mrs. MacKelcan songs are much appreciated.

### THIN ICE—A LIFE'S INTEREST—THE ICE POLE.

In walking and skating, keep to the good ice. When approaching thin ice, a light pole of birch or tamarac should be carried over the shoulder. This will afford a firm grasp for the hands in case the feet should break through. In holding on to the ice edge, keep very still. A little will support the immersed body. Assistance from the

outside may then be given by means of a hand line; the helper to approach the thin place alone, and by creeping on all fours, if deemed necessary; or the hand line or pole may be thrown or pushed carefully forward to the person immersed. A long ladder is good in the case of large breakages. The thin places should be marked by a warning bush or danger board. By such methods the Royal Humane Society of England save many lives.

The gymnasium in connection with the Y. W. C. G. has been a favorite resort with the girl members during the past month. The two classes, senior and junior, numbers seventy-four.

The most popular game at present is basket-ball.

The instructor of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium kindly gave the girls a few lessons, and a number of them are growing quite skilful in the game, which affords splendid exercise.

Pedestrianism is growing to be a fad in the Southern States among women. The English fashion of walking parties has found favor among the languid ladies of the South. They rise early and take their five-mile tramp before breakfast, in preference either to horse or wheel.

The old-fashioned "constitutional" is undoubtedly the best method of exercise in the Southern climate, but its present rise into favor is attributable rather to the fact that it is "English." CYCLIST.

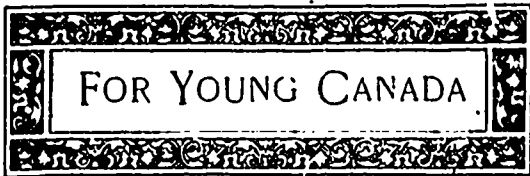
### DUNLOPS WILL STAND THE TEST.

The American Dunlop Tire Co. have made preparations for an enormous business during the coming season. Already the orders are pouring in, and Manager Garland avers that makers and dealers who neglect to book their supplies now, may find themselves placed to inconvenience when the rush begins. The company's two travelers, Messrs. Brisbin and Shaw, write in to say that the prospects for the bicycle trade were never so bright, and that of the good things going the Dunlop Company will, of course, secure their fair share. Mr. Brisbin, who is now in the Maritime Provinces, states that the "Dunlop" rules the roost down there, the trade on all hands giving it the preference over every other make.

Dunlop tires will never "split the wood"—those days are over with them. The company have just adopted a wooden rim which they guarantee cannot be split. Said Mr. Garland: "I am willing to let any man take a hammer and some big nails and see if he can split our rim. The nail may go through, but the rim will not manifest the slightest inclination to split. Let anyone who doubts this statement make the trial."

It is further pointed out that the rim will come safely through any amount of hard usage without any collapse taking place, as has been the penchant of all other wooden circumferences in the past.

The '96 Dunlop tire is as nearly perfect as is possible to make anything. None but the very best rubber is used in its manufacture, and the factory staff are under the eye of an experienced foreman lately brought out from England.



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

## A BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

"A year to be glad in, not to be bad in;  
A year to live in, to gain and to give in;  
A year for trying, and not for sighing;  
A year for striving and hearty thriving;  
A bright New Year. Oh! hold it dear,  
For God who sendeth, He only lead Ah."

My little readers will soon hear all about those good resolutions for the New Year. I wonder if many of you have not already made a few? It is an easy thing to make many good resolutions, but quite a difficult undertaking to keep even one. Most people fall into the error of making too many and end by not keeping any of them, except, perhaps, for a short time.

Choose some good habit which you do not possess and make up your mind you are going to acquire it. Do not promise too much for yourself, but persevere in what you arrange to do. For instance, supposing one of my little friends is a sleepy head and wants to become an early riser. Do not get up at an unearthly hour for a few mornings and find the time so long on your hands that you decide it is "no go," and soon fall back into the old habit. Arrange a reasonable hour to rise, and then occupy the time gained in some profitable and definite way — accomplish something — have something to show for your good resolution.

Suppose a boy made up his mind not to spend so much money in candy as he had been doing and threw the money saved into the bay, would you not think him foolish? Yet time is more valuable than gold.

Now here is something I want each of you to do for me, and in after years you will realize you have been doing something for yourself. Commit to memory the verse you will always find at the top of our page. Do not learn it "off by heart" and then not think of it again. Make it your own; find out *for yourself* what it means, and now and then repeat it when the book is not within reach. Our memories should be stored with the purest and best, for at some time or other we shall be left with no other company than our own thoughts, and it depends upon ourselves what kind of companions they will make.

You will think Cousin Maud some old man whom your friend, Faith Fenton, has asked to give you a little sermon every month, so I had better stop my preaching, but, dear children, do make *one* good resolve and stick to it until the year is old, and then it will likely stick to you.

## OUR STORY.

"Opening pages, white and fair,  
Ready for pictures rich and rare,  
Drawn and colored with tender care,  
To brighten the lives around."

Sunshine touches for shadowy ways,  
Smiles to scatter their golden rays,  
Loving words—into lonely days,  
Bringing a cheering sound."

Father and mother had gone to midnight service this particular New Year's Eve, and Bessie sat idly dreaming beside a bright grate fire, watching the red coals, though really not seeing the coals, but a beautiful castle in the red glow. Bessie was about fifteen, and did a good deal of dreaming with her eyes open.

She was so busy studying her castle and imagining herself in the midst of it that she was not conscious of anyone entering the room, and was much startled when a gentle hand touched her shoulder and a gentle voice whispered, "Come with me."

Bessie looked up and saw a very old man standing beside her. He had long white hair and beard, and, although his smile was kind, he looked very sad and careworn.

Bessie was sure she had never seen him before, yet his face and tones seemed very familiar to her. She did not dream of distrusting him, and without a particle of fear



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

she arose and followed him. They had not taken six steps when Bessie found herself in a dimly lighted room in which she had never been before, but it, too, seemed strangely familiar to her. She had not long to wonder, when the old man turned to her and said: "I am the Spirit of the Old Year, and before another hour shall have gone from you forever. Before I go I want to show you your book for the past year. Yes, I know you did not know it, but each year adds a book to the library of your life. Now, here is this year's volume." As he spoke he placed a large book on a small table before her.

She began to leaf through the book, which consisted of a series of pictures. Not a word of explanation was needed, the pictures spoke for themselves. She recognized herself in every page, and remembered most of the incidents represented.

The old man said: "Those dark pictures are caused by selfishness, and if you notice the darkest page in the book represents you when you were having the most pleasure, but the pleasure was gained at another's expense, hence the dark outlines."

Bessie looked closely at the picture, and soon the memory of the scene came back to her. She had never seen herself in a true

light before, and a warm blush covered her face. She sadly turned over the remaining pages and noticed with shame that the bright pages were few and far between. How little she had done for others. Yet Bessie was no more selfish than the average girl, she had simply been trying to have "a good time."

She had just finished her book when the clocks began to strike the hour of midnight. The old man spoke once more, but his tone, were scarcely audible:

"Try and make a brighter book next year." As she turned to look at him he had almost faded from her sight, but from the folds of his long garment came forth a beautiful little child, and Bessie knew him to be the Spirit of the New Year. She took the bright new book he offered, and as she turned over the pure white pages and looked on the hopeful, happy face of the child, a great feeling of gratitude for the New Year filled her heart, that another year was hers to fill with thoughts and deeds more spotless and less selfish. As she turned the stainless leaves, a great desire was hers to fill it with fairer records than those she had beheld in the blotted pages of the book which the Old Year had taken away.

Pushing aside the window curtain, Bessie looked up into the starry winter sky, realizing something of how beautiful a girl's life might become, what service she might render to help make the world a pleasanter place, and breathed a silent prayer for help to make her life of more use to others.

The editor, who is as fond of the little folks as I am, has sent us a contribution this month, which she petitions may go into our page, "just for a laugh," she says.

"But I have been talking a little gravely to my children," I tell her.

"Then all the more reason why we should close up with a smile," she makes answer. "I'm sure Boy Blue's resolution was a good one for us all. We are all hungry for something. I believe the world is half-starved."

When the editor begins to moralize, I always yield the point:—so here is her rhyme.

COUSIN MAUD.

\* \* \*

## A WISE RESOLVE.

"You see," said Jack, "at New Year  
A fellow ought to say  
He's sorry for the past, and will  
Be better in some way."

"Leastways, the preacher said so;  
And I told mamma that I  
Would get up when she called me,—  
That's the hardest thing to try."

"I'll be as patient as I can,"  
Said flashing dark-eyed Nell.  
"I'll practice all my scales each day,  
Nor grumble once," vowed Bell.

Then Boy Blue looked up gravely  
From his blocks upon the floor;  
"I think,"—he spoke with thoughtful air,—  
"I'll try an' eat some more."

FAITH FENTON.



## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

This defection on the elderly warrior's part leaves Diana alone, gazing blankly into the face of the tall young man in plain clothes, who is looking not a little amused.

"My name is Ker," says he pleasantly, "Frederic Ker. We are cousins, I think."

Diana makes a little movement. The bolt has fallen then! This is the unwelcome suitor. This is Hilary's fate.

A second later she has sufficiently recovered herself to acknowledge that, so far as appearance goes, Hilary's fate is by no means to be despised. Frederic Ker, if not exactly an Adonis, is uncommonly good-looking. He is a smart, well-set-up young man, of about twenty-eight, with dark gray eyes and a very handsome head.

"I only arrived five minutes ago," says Ker, still looking rather amused. "I had wired to Mrs. Dyson-Moore to tell her not to trouble about me, but to go on to her dance, and that, if I had the energy, I would follow her there. I knew I should have the energy. You will understand why."

"You wanted to see my sister?" says Diana, regarding him closely.

"Yes. The energy all lay in that. You can imagine I had some curiosity."

Mrs. Clifford would have answered this leading question naturally enough, but that the light, almost quizzical character of his tone annoys her.

"She feels curiosity too," says she, a little coldly.

"Ah! But not so strong as mine. I am here—looking for her. But he—"

"She certainly is not looking for you," says Mrs. Clifford, dropping gracefully into the seat behind her.

"Don't be angry with me," says Ker, taking a modest corner of the lounge, and looking at her with beseeching eyes. "I would, believe me, be well out of all this."

"You mean—?"

"That," with extraordinary courage, but the most perfect air—an air to disarm anyone—"it is detestable to me to seek marriage with—"

He hesitates. His eyes, however, are perfectly frank. Diana is conscious of the fact that she admires him. There certainly is something honest about him.

"Go on," says she. "I know. With a woman you do not love."

"With a woman who does not love me! That makes a stronger case."

"I don't know that. But," says Diana anxiously, "if there is no love on either side—for—any outsider—any third person—" She breaks off and looks at him earnestly. "You are heart-whole?" asks she.

Ker laughs. His laughter, at all events, sounds heart-whole and very reassuring.

"There is nothing—nothing!" says he, with a little suggestive movement of his hand. "But your sister—that is more important."

"Oh, no! The man is always the more important. If he loves—"

"Well? If he does?"

He seems always a little amused, as if

the whole thing is of no real consequence—treating it as a mere *entr'acte* as it were.

"It wouldn't do," says Diana. "If you had an affection elsewhere, and were still bent on this marriage with—my sister, you would always revenge the loss of your love on her."

"That sounds very tragical," says Ker. "However, there will be no revenge—because there is no 'prior attachment.' That's the right name for it, isn't it?"

He picks up the fan that is lying on her knees and opens it. "Your sister is here to-night?"

"Ye—es. Not exactly here, but—some—where." She looks eagerly round, as if to see Hilary, and colors warmly. "Of course, you would like to be introduced to her. It is only natural. But—"

"Well, I should," says the young man frankly. "But if you think it better to wait; if it would annoy her—"

"You see, you came so late, and we shall be going directly, and—"

"If you would even point her out to me."

"I shall, of course, when I see her," says Diana. "But even if I don't, there is plenty of time before us. Have you an engagement for to-morrow, or will you come and lunch with us?"

"Delighted," says Ker. "I don't think Mrs. Dyson-Moore has anything on for to-morrow."

"Have you told her anything about this extraordinary will?" asks Mrs. Clifford anxiously.

He shakes his head.

"I have not spoken of it to anyone. Why should I? I expect it will come to nothing—that your sister will give me my *conge* without delay."

"You are hoping for that?" says Mrs. Clifford sadly.

"I am not. I am not, indeed. But the whole thing is so absurd, so impossible."

"And yet," regretfully, "it is such a great deal of money. It seems a pity to let it go."

"It does!" He seems made of frankness, Mrs. Clifford tells herself. He looks at her. "That's why I've come here."

"To see," with a rather offended glance, "if you would like Hilary?"

"That's a horrid way of putting it. To see if she would like me. But now that I have seen you—"

"Seen me?"

"I feel she will be too good for me." He pauses. "Is she—like you?"

At this moment it occurs to Diana that her new cousin seems distinctly inclined to enter into a mild flirtation with her. This annoys her the more, in that it denotes his utter absence of earnestness about this affair with Hilary.

"There were never two sisters so unlike," says she coldly; "as you will acknowledge when you see Hilary. And now if you know nobody here, can't I get you a partner? That young lady over, the Swiss peasant, doesn't seem to be attached—"

At this moment, the Swiss peasant under view comes quickly up to Mrs. Clifford's side, and drops heavily on to the seat beside her.

"Oh, Mrs. Clifford, I feel so faint—so ill," says she, and indeed the pallor of her lips and cheeks speak for the truth of her assertion.

Diana turns hurriedly to Ker.

"Will you run downstairs, and bring me a glass of water? At once!"

"In a moment!" says Ker. He gets quickly through the people who throng the doorway, and so downstairs.

## CHAPTER III.

"What see you there  
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood  
Out of appearance?"

Now Hilary had gone down these stairs five minutes before with her partner—a magnificent cow-boy—to get an ice, and is standing near the buffet enjoying it, and looking prettier than usual (which is saying a great deal) in her cap and gown, when she feels a touch on her arm.

Looking round she sees Jim.

"Our dance, I think," says he, taking advantage of the fact that the cow-boy is a stranger from the Barracks at Clonbree, whereupon the cow-boy bows to Hilary, and retires from the scene.

Jim regards her with a reproachful eye.

"Still arguing on your wild career!" says he, "with Nemesis at hand—and the sword of Damocles about to fall—and all the rest of it."

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"He's come!"

"He?"

"Your future Lord!" says Clifford, with the biggest L on record.

"Oh, no! Not really!"

"My good girl, I've been staring at him for the past two minutes. He was talking to Diana, and evidently cross-examining her about you. At least I *hope* it was that. To me it seemed as if he was cross-examining Diana about herself. I'll have a cross-examination of my own with her later on."

"You won't tell him I'm here?" says Hilary, in a tone of frightened entreaty.

"Not I. But Diana will. And after all, Hilary, why shouldn't you get it over at once? It isn't as if you were bound to marry him."

"I can't. I," defiantly, "won't. I'd rather *die* than see him. I—"

Clifford makes a quick movement. His eyes are on the stairs above him.

"I expect you'll have to die," says he; "for here he comes!"

"Oh, no!" says Hilary.

In fact Ker is running down the stairs at the top of his speed, to find that glass of water for the fainting Swiss peasant. Hilary has barely time to stand back from Jim, and give him a glance that warns him that eternal infamy will brand him if he now by one word betrays her, when Ker is in their midst.

Seeing a smart-looking maid (even at this hurried moment he notices that "beauty lies within her eyes") with an empty ice plate in her hand, that apparently she is just taking away from somebody, he rushes up to Hilary, and says in a breathless tone:

"A glass of water, please."

Hilary, after a second's shock, is equal to the occasion.

"A glass of water, sir."

"Yes. And in a hurry, my good girl."

"You shall have it, sir."

She goes over to the buffet, procures the glass of water in question, and brings it back to Ker.

"Oh, thanks. A thousand thanks," says he, in a hurried way.

He seizes the glass, squeezes a florin into Hilary's hand, and is gone.

Hilary stands still for a moment, then subsides into the dark recess of a closed doorway, her brother-in-law following her.

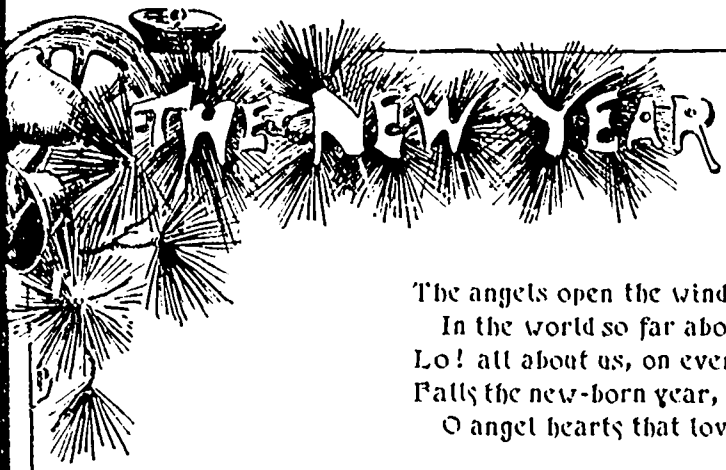
"A nice beginning," says he, wrathfully. "How do you think you are going to meet him after this?"

"He won't remember," said Hilary.

"Won't he? Don't you think somebody will tell him?"

(To be Continued).





The angels open the windows wide  
In the world so far above us;  
Lo! all about us, on every side,  
Falls the new-born year, unstained, untried,  
O angel hearts that love us!

We take our yesterdays, dim and old,  
Touched with sorrow and sinning;  
We give to us with a grace untold  
The year's soft dew, and the dawn of gold;  
We give us the fresh beginning.

Untried, the New Year falls at our feet  
From the world so far above us,  
And what it will bring of joy complete,  
Or take of treasure, tender and sweet,  
We know, O hearts that love us!

JEAN BLEWETT.

JUST YOU AND I.

I remember a girl friend of mine sending me a bit of rhyme—a poem, we considered it—entitled, "Maiden Musings," or something equally alliterative and sentimental. It began in this fashion—

Eighteen years of age to-day,  
O, how have I spent my time?  
Alas! too much in pleasure gay,  
Too little in—

I really forget in what essential my schoolmate reckoned herself lacking; some solemn virtue, I suppose. There were eight or ten stanzas, in each of which the first line was repeated, while the remaining three were filled with bewailments over past sins and heroic resolutions for the future.

The verse-making did not impress me much, as I knew something of the trick of rhyming. But the solemn retrospect and lofty resolutions inclined me to view my friend with great respect and admiration, especially since I was a year her junior, and an altogether sturdy and straightforward young person, who must have been remarkably trying to people possessing either sentiment or nerves.

Memory plays us many an odd trick by giving permanent lodgment to some such absurdity, and refusing house-room to valuable material.

We can afford to laugh at such sentimental heroics from young eighteen. Yet we are all given to retrospect at seasons, and perhaps especially at the close and opening of the years. The business man "takes stock" and discovers his exact financial standing; and there are few save the most indifferent who do not indulge unconsciously in a little individual stock-taking as one year drops behind the infinite curtain and another steps into its place. We reckon the changes that have come into our lives since the opening days; we marshal the circle of months before us, and review what they have given us of perplexity or ease, of pain or pleasure.

In this month we stood beside a bier, where a fair young life vanished from our circle of intimates forever. In this we met business perplexity and a blocking of the path. Here we fought bodily pain, and here our days were shadowed by sympathy with the trouble of one we love. In this month we met prosperity, and in this we found a friend whose advent shall make our life fuller through all time.

What has it all amounted to? Are we poorer or richer than we were when last the midnight bells rang out the solemn counting of the years?

Sometimes we leave the Old Year with reluctance; whatever ill it may have brought, at least we have known and tried it, it has nothing worse in store.

But this New Year, with all its waiting months, we meet at first half fearfully. Yet as the face of its predecessor fades away, we turn to greet it, if not joyously, at least with hope, and presently we have forgotten all the past and are ringing happy salutations to the days that are to come and the events that may be.

All that remains to us of the year that has gone—all that should remain—is the wisdom that it has brought us, and a tender, bright strain that permeates our lives unconsciously, as the fragments of Sunday hymns permeate the bright crisp atmosphere of Monday morning.

There is a time to remember, and a time to forget. The tendency of this last decade of the century is toward the former. Analysis, introspection, criticism, pessimism—all these characteristics of the age—have their foundations in memory, are rather in re-remembering.

It seems to me that the great need of our time is to learn how to forget. To begin not merely each year, but each month and each day of it, with faces resolutely turned away from that which has preceded, whether it were failure or success; to simply and absolutely forget the things which are behind, and be conscious only of the things which may be: this is surely the secret of true progress.

It is the secret of gladness, too,—to think of the "may be's" rather than the "might-have-beens." There would be less of morbid literature in the world, less of crime and insanity, also, if people would remember less and hope more.

So it seems that the significance of the New Year lies in this, that we place a definite barrier between the past and the future. Behind us lies our individual successes and failures, before us stretches out a vast range of possibilities, and none can make us failures therein, except ourselves.

We speak much these days of heredity, environment, and education, as factors in determining our lives. That these affect and modify our development none dispute; yet every one of us are inly aware that whatever these may do from a human standpoint towards barring our way to success, from the spiritual or divine standpoint, nothing but our own voluntary self-determining actions can make us failures.

"It takes a great deal of grace to be willing to become a failure," a friend said to me recently. He was speaking of material measurements and standards.

I am not sure that it is intended that we should be thus willing. One cannot conceive of natural, healthy manhood or womanhood being willing to

become failures even in a material sense. They may accept it without bitterness after honest effort; but to be willing in anticipation augurs either a higher state of grace or a lower state of health than is desirable. But from a spiritual standpoint we cannot be failures if we will not.

A woman,  
Poor or rich, despised or honored,  
Is a human soul. And what  
Her soul is, that she is herself.

So Mrs. Browning writes. Failure in the world's eyes may mean the highest success, while material success may mean the most abject failure.

These are trite sentiments; yet there are times when they need to be uttered. Our New Year will be none the less full of ambitions, of perplexities, of griefs even; but it will hold a stronger and nobler resolve, and a deeper peace, if we but realize that it is ours alone to make our life a failure or success.

And whether the past be stained or pure, one of material poverty or prosperity, of fulfilment or frustration; whether we be in youth or prime or sunset years,—yet, while the New Year is ours, for a month, a day, an hour even, we have time so to live that unseen spirits shall say: "He has won."

FALM FENTON.

The Virgil Practice Clavier, an instrument containing a piano key board having no tone but producing clicks instead when the proper touch is applied, is a comparatively recent help in the study of music.

Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, piano virtuoso, of New York, recently gave a lecture before the pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, explaining the benefits claimed to be derived from practice upon the clavier. It is a great aid in developing those muscles whose strength is a positive necessity to success as an executant. It is also a decided help in memorizing; for, the clicks all having the same sound, the eye has to be particularly acute in discerning whether the right keys are played, and this promotes care and concentration. When conscientiously used it is claimed that results can be obtained in three months equal to those accomplished in three years in the ordinary way. This may be an exaggeration, but certainly it is a help in developing an accurate pianistic technique. Of course, in piano playing, mechanism is one thing and a musical emotional tone having richness and beauty quite another, and this latter quality cannot be acquired by the use of any instrument having solely for its object mechanical dexterity.

I hear that Miss Morgan, a daughter of Judge Morgan, of Toronto, who for the past two years has been studying in Paris, will probably make her debut in grand opera some time this season. Those of us who have so often been charmed with the rich quality of her lovely voice look forward with confidence to a most successful career for her.

December seems to have been particularly favored in the way of art exhibitions. James Bain's gallery was one of the most interesting, for, besides showing work by our local and Canadian artists, fine specimens of Dutch, French and British art is to be seen. L. R. O'Brien shows many soft, delicate effects of light and shade. Homer Watson, in quite a different style, shows strength, if not so much beauty. Mr. Smith, of St. Thomas, has some striking little marine views there with bright touches in shadow and sail that make them rather after the Italian style. Mr. Bain shows some of T. B. Hardy's (R. W.S.) marine views, "The Wreck" being especially beautiful. A. H. Burr, R. I., L. G. Pelouse and many others have exhibits such as one seldom has the pleasure of viewing.



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## TORONTO.

## TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

At the monthly meeting of the Humane Society, which was held on Friday, December 13th, 1895, the recent cases of starving and neglecting old horses bought for the boneyard were discussed, and the authors of such ill-treatment strongly denounced. It was reported that one of the parties had been fined \$10 and costs, and that similar cases would be vigorously pushed in the future. Humane Officer Willis reported that he had investigated about forty complaints of cruelty, and had visited the cattle markets, etc., regularly. A letter was read from Vancouver, B. C., stating that a Humane Society would be formed there, and a report was received that a number of Bands of Mercy had been started in the schools at Stratford. A gentleman asked the society to take steps to have the hunting of rabbits with ferrets prohibited on the ground of cruelty. It was decided to bring this matter to the attention of the game warden. Among those present were Messrs. W. R. Brock (presiding), Chancellor Wallace, J. J. Kelso, ex-Ald. Piper, Dr. Moule, A. G. Strathy, B. St. G. Lefroy, Miss Dupont, Mrs. C. B. Grasset, Mrs. C. E. Leigh, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Savigny, Miss Maynard, Miss Workman, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Armstrong.

## LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

The Ladies' Glee Club has organized for the season with a chorus of 50 voices, under the leadership of Mr. Walter H. Robinson. Special credit is due to the president, Miss Tucker, and to the secretary, Miss Bapty, who have been more than energetic in their efforts on the club's behalf.

## WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

In the theater of the Normal School, kindly loaned by the Hon. Geo. W. Ross for the occasion, the Students' Association of the Ontario Medical College for Women held its annual concert on Monday, Dec. 22nd, which was acknowledged on all sides to be the most successful of its kind that has taken place. The students instituted an innovation this year by conducting the affair entirely themselves. Miss Irwin, the president of the Association, most ably performing the duties of chairman, instead of one of the gentlemen of the faculty being brought into requisition, as formerly. The innovation was a decided success. Fair medical girls in cap and gown also acted with grace and ability the part of ushers. On the platform were Miss Irwin, chairman; Dr. Nevitt, Dean of the Faculty; Dr. Susanna P. Boyle, Dr. B. E. MacKenzie and Dr. N. A. Powell. Dr. MacKenzie gave a very appropriate opening address, speaking of the special fitness of women for certain lines of medical work, and following him came a song by the Knox College Quartette. Besides these there were two most enjoyable numbers by the Mendelssohn Trio, Mrs. Fred Lee, Misses Massie and Adamson; solos by Misses Hallworth and Gooderham, Messrs. McFadgen and Maquire, ably accompanied by Miss Norma Reynolds, and recitations by Miss Blong and Mr. Large. Miss Birni, '98, read a most clever and witty paper on the life of a first-year medical student, which was very much enjoyed by everybody, but more especially by the boys from Trinity and Toronto Medical Colleges, who occupied the galleries and back of the hall. Dr. Susanna Boyle gave a resumé of the numerous doctors in fiction from the time of Chaucer to the latest delineations of the professors of the healing art by Conan Doyle and Ian Maclaren. The essay was original and scholarly, and provoked frequent applause. Dr. Powell, in a racy speech, emphasized the chief points in Dr. Boyle's paper. After a few pertinent remarks by Dean Nevitt, the singing of the national anthem brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

## UNIVERSITY ALUMNÆ.

The Women's Literary Society held their last ante-Christmas meeting in Alumnae Hall, on Wednesday, December 11th, devoting themselves to Canadian poetry. An essay on Bliss Carmen, by Miss Kyle, '99; readings from the same author, by Miss Lackner, '99; piano, Miss Howson; readings from Wm. Watson, Miss Nelles, '96; critique of Wm. Watson's works, Miss Heal, '96, and "Glees," by the college quintette constituting the usual merry evening. Auf Wiedersehie!

## W. C. T. U.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union had two interesting subjects brought before them at their meeting in their Elm street headquarters during De-

ember. The first was that of the projected shelter for girls which it is desired to establish somewhere in the old St. John's Ward district. The new home is being commenced to provide a place to which girls who have not proper homes, and are too old to be received at the Shelter of the Children's Aid Society, can be taken and reclaimed. The work will be put under the supervision of Miss McIntyre, a lady who has had considerable experience in this branch of charitable labor. A suitable house has not yet been secured, but it is expected that the scheme will be in operation at no distant date.

A number of donations towards the object have already been received, including \$8, a ton of coal, a range, a number of quilts, and some provisions. Iron cots are yet required, bedding and other useful household articles. The matter is in the hands of a committee of the ladies.

Mr. Charles B. Watts was present at the meeting and explained the proposed curfew law, which is something that is entirely in accord with the views of some of the members of the Union.

A reading-room for boys is to be opened at 56 Elm street and a birthday party was recently held to raise the necessary funds.

## Y. W. C. A.

Monthly Report, November, 1895: Number of visitors to the reading-room, 678; registrations, 39. Domestic applying—Cooks, 7; generals, 22; housemaids, 5; nurses, 4; housekeepers, 41; sewing girls, 1. Places vacant—Cooks, 2; generals, 14; nurses, 2. Places supplied—Cooks, 1; generals, 4; nurses, 1. We have only had two Gospel meetings this month, the other two evenings the meeting was withdrawn, the 21st being Thanksgiving and on the 28th a lecture was given by Dr. Herron on "Lepers in India" to which all the boarders were invited. Attendance, for the two evenings, 26. The dressmaking classes have as yet only two in each class, but others have promised to come. The fancy-work class opened on the 26th, with an attendance of eight, but last night only three were present. The teacher (Miss Balfour) said she would be obliged to give up the class if it was not better patronized. I would ask the ladies of board to help in getting more pupils. The hall has been rented three times during the month, viz., on the 7th to Mr. Klingensfeld, 21st to Mr. Rubridge and on the 28th to Mr. Henderson for a lecture given by Dr. Herron on the "Lepers in India." Donations to reading-room for November—Mrs. Brock, magazines and Mrs. Harrison, *Cassell's Magazines*, *Godey's Ladies' Book*, and 14 vols. of the *Young Ladies' Journal*. Moneys received—By rent of large hall, \$18.00; by rent of small hall (Mr. Sandham), \$5.00; for storage (Mrs. Treman), \$10.00; employment bureau, \$3.30; fee for annual members, \$1.00; fee for associate members, 50c.; total, \$37.80. Expenses—To postage and stamps, 80c.

## MINNIE BAILY,

Matron.

## NURSING-AT-HOME MISSION.

Object: "To provide Christian nurses who shall visit the sick, without fee, in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and give them both material and spiritual assistance."

Five nurses are employed at present. This work extends throughout the entire East and West. No case is taken where it is practicable to have admission to any hospital, and it is just for the purpose of relieving the poor who are suffering in their own homes, comfortless as they are, and of providing fit nourishment and clothing for the sick ones. The nurses are greeted by many a word of gratitude and blessing on their rounds, and indeed the sight of one of these daintily equipped attendants in white kerchief and apron, just as fresh and trim as if in a hospital ward, must prove a benediction at the bedside of those disheartened in their dreary and squalid surroundings. The kind act and cheery word do wonders, and the nurse has sometimes the pleasure of seeing a complete transformation in the way of neatness and cleanliness in the home before she leaves. An impression on the life is always sought to be made, too, and good seed sown as there is opportunity. The Nurse's Home is at 76 Hayter street; \$1.40 a month covers the entire expenditure, and this is supplied entirely by voluntary contributions. The Mission is purely undenominational and is a branch of the Toronto Mission Union.

## TORONTO RELIEF SOCIETY.

This Society of Women Workers will shortly present its twenty-first report to the public. Owing to the delay in the transferring of the usual grant from the City Council, the work is much later in beginning than in past years; but at the monthly meeting of the board, held in the Y. W. C. A., encouraging accounts were brought in from old and new workers as to their willingness to give valuable aid in time and labor.

The system, as far as can well be judged, is as good a one as is possible, subject to the weakness

of tried humanity to be imposed upon. Each division, fifteen in all, of this steadily growing city is carefully worked out, and is under a superintendent and a number of presiding ladies, with a secretary. A room or rooms are rented from a respectable family, who are often thankful enough to get the small rental in fuel or money, and called the depository of that division. Provisions are stocked, these consisting of ordinary necessaries, such as oatmeal, tea, sugar, rice, peas or beans and soap; pieces of factory cotton, flannel, flannelette, wincey, and strong white cotton, threads, and sometimes hanks of yarn; second-hand clothing of all kinds and any other item, such as blankets, quilts, etc., which may be given by kind friends to the society.

Weekly meetings are held at the depositories, where the applicants for assistance can come and make their cases known. If an extreme case is stated, relief is given them from the provisions, paper bags of all sizes being kindly given by a large manufacturing firm, and perhaps an order given for one-quarter ton of coal; before the next week the family must be visited by the presiding lady of that district, and all the particulars noted down. If the mother of a family is in need of special help, the Nursing-at-Home extends its valuable aid, and in cases of sickness where hospital aid is wanted the other national societies are asked to assist; and the society, being undenominational, has the hearty co-operation of ministers of all creeds.

When women are able to sew they take some material from the depositories, all ready cut out, and make up into aprons, pillow cases, sheets, etc., in payment for the help received. Any orders which are taken for special garments are paid for in money, each superintendent having her "appropriation" from the general treasurer.

The general board meets the first and third Wednesday in the month. Three reports are given in by each superintendent, every name being kept in an alphabetical book by the general secretary.

Special assistance is given in various ways, from the procuring of a false limb for a deserving cripple to the paying rent (to the landlord always) to prevent an eviction, and helping an aged or forlorn person on their way to their homes. Occasionally a small loan is voted, in many cases gratefully returned to the society.

The city has hitherto given the grant of \$1,000 to the society and \$200 to the Industrial Room Committee of the society, which has its workrooms in the Y. W. C. A., and gives work ready cut out two days in the week to deserving women, the hundreds of garments, well and neatly made, being sold as orders or at a weekly sale, held in the same place, and at an annual sale also. Collectors go out after the new year, and we always hope to have a small surplus to help cases of need during the summer. The active work of the society being during the winter months, and some of the divisions being more thickly populated than others, we would be most thankful for an increased staff of workers. There is an advisory board of gentlemen, who have given most valuable and practical assistance when required.

Officers of the society: Honorary president, Mrs. Brett, 33 Bloor street east; president, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Binscarth road; 1st vice-president, Mrs. L. Morrison, 16 Admiral road; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Frizzell, P.O., Leslieville; secretary, Mrs. John A. Paterson, 23 Walmer road; treasurer, Mrs. Allan Baines, 193 Simcoe street; convener Industrial Room Committee, Mrs. Richardson, 36 St. Joseph street.

## TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This society has been formed for the purpose of interesting and informing women of the history of Canada, and will be in affiliation with the York Pioneers. Monthly meetings will be held in the Canadian Institute, when papers of varied interest on different epochs will be read by the members. Any historical papers or relics will be shown and discussed, and members requested to take an active and personal interest in bringing to light any items which can be gathered together. Similar societies are in existence in other parts of Canada and the United States, notably in Virginia, where in Richmond the society was there presided over by a woman far-famed for her beauty and interest in olden things of her native State.

The officers of the Toronto society are: President, Mrs. George Curzon; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Forsyth Grant; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Bain; secretary-treasurer, Miss Fitzgibbon.

## WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY—METHODIST.

The fourteenth annual report, just issued, is a pamphlet of over 200 pages, and is embellished with an excellent map of Japan, on which the various mission stations appear in red ink. The home and

foreign work are discussed in their various bearings, and many incidents, both touching and encouraging, given. Speaking of the work of the Shiznoka school (Japan) the report says: "It is with much satisfaction that we see our girls coming up to stand by us in the effort, and to take up under our direction, work among their own people that we, who come from a country entirely different in thought and custom, cannot do so well."

A touching incident comes from the Nova Scotia branch. A young lad after weary months of suffering was called "Home," and among his personal possessions was the sum of \$50 left to "Mother's Society," as he always called the W.M.S. The mother had been for years a valued member, and in her decease had preceded her son but a year.

#### OTTAWA.

##### MORNING MUSIC CLUB.

The Woman's Morning Music Club gave a very enjoyable concert on December 7th, when the following ladies took part in the programme: Mrs. C. Elliot, Mrs. Beddoe, Mrs. Bronson, Miss May, Miss Cole and Miss Wise.

##### NATIONAL COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women was held at Government House on December 11th under the presidency of her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, whom everyone is glad to welcome back again. Delegates were present from Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and other places. Her Excellency afterwards invited them to luncheon.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen were received on their return to Ottawa by Major-General Gascoigne and Mr. Gordon, of Eilon. On the way down from Winnipeg short stoppages were made at Rat Portage and Fort William, where public meetings were held. Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen organized local Councils of Women in Vernon, Brandon, Regina and Calgary during her absence in the West, and also addressed the local Councils in Victoria, Vancouver and Edmonton, Donald and Winnipeg, and in all of these places most encouraging reports were made

of the good work the councils are doing. Their Excellencies lunched with Senator Kirchhoffer and Mrs. Kirchhoffer while in Brandon.

##### THE KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

Five years ago, the kindergarten in the Normal School was the only public kindergarten in the city. In January, 1891, the first public school kindergarten was opened as an experiment for one year. With fear and trembling, the kindergartener met eleven little ones. The inspiration of numbers was truly not very great; yet, notwithstanding an august audience of the inspector and six trustees, twelve kindred spirits passed a profitable and enjoyable morning before the end of the month. In spite of a fee of one dollar per month, twenty names were enrolled, and since that the growth has been steady. In the following September another class was opened in the district of Ottawa known as Lower Town, and here true missionary work has been done. In January, '92, a third kindergarten was organized. In September, 1892 a class was opened in a central position and this class has always been well filled; and in September, 1893, the fifth kindergarten was established. Since September, 1893, there have been no new classes formed, yet we have reason to believe that our endeavors in kindergarten work have not been in vain and that much good work is being done.

On January 11th, 1894, the kindergarten teachers of Ottawa, feeling the truth of the motto, "In union is strength," met for the purpose of forming a society for the study of child nature, and for the broadening and cultivation of methods of teaching through the interchange of ideas. It was decided that the society be known as the Froebel Union, of Ottawa. Miss Bolton, director of the Normal kindergarten, was unanimously elected president, and to the untiring zeal and sympathy of the president the kindergarteners of Ottawa owe more than can ever be repaid. Dr. McCabe, principal of the Normal School, and Mr. Glashon, Public School Inspector, consented to become honorary members of the Union. It was decided to ask all who were or who had been at any time connected with kindergarten work in Ottawa to become members of the Union. Meetings were to be held once a month, at which members should give exercises suitable for use in kindergarten classes, that through an exchange of ideas, harmony and progress might be insured.

A part of each meeting is allotted to the study of some educational work. In years '94-'95, "Froebel's Education of Man" and "Symbolic Education," by Miss Blow, were taken up. Since September, 1895, Psychology and Child Nature has been the study of the Union. In February, 1895, the first annual meeting was held in the Normal kindergarten, and through the interest and enthusiasm shown in our year's work the success of the Union was manifest. At present on the Froebel Union roll are fifteen members resident in Ottawa and fourteen corresponding members. Each member feels the truth of Meredith's words: "No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby." This is the aim of kindergarten work, to so live, so work, that all life may be purer and stronger for our efforts.

#### MONTREAL.

##### INDUSTRIAL ROOMS.

The thirty-third annual bazaar in connection with the Industrial Rooms was held on December 5th and 6th, at the Windsor Hall. In the absence of the first directress, Mrs. A. F. Gault, Mrs. John McDougall, Mrs. Rielle, and Mrs. John Turnbull were the managers. They were assisted by the ladies who are actively interested in this good work. The Industrial Rooms fill a place in the charitable life of the city which is unique; numberless women are provided with sewing to do; for which they are paid a fair price, and who would otherwise be utterly destitute. It is to dispose of this surplus of work that the bazaar was held. Many of the women employed can only do coarse work, and this is offered for sale at a reduced price and is bought by the charitably disposed and presented to the different institutions. But if there is coarse work, there is also the daintiest and finest of fine underclothing, which leaves nothing to be desired, nor will the finest trousseau or lafayette be supplemented by importation from Paris.

Windsor Hall presented a pretty spectacle during the two days. The booths were artistically arranged and did a rushing business. Each booth was under the charge of some one of the Montreal churches. The flower booth, presided over by Mrs. Montague Allan, the candy table, under the charge of Miss Susan Smith, and the baby table, controlled by Mesdames Barclay, W. W. Watson, A. F. Beddell and Kenneth Macperson, were especially dainty.



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A quantity of exquisite lingerie, equal to the finest Parisian work, was displayed, while an immense stock of plain and useful articles of apparel were also for sale. The bazaar was a great success.

**WOMAN'S LOCAL COUNCIL.**

The Montreal Local Council of Women held its quarterly meeting on December 4th, when, at the close of the business, the president, Mrs. George Drummond, gave an eloquent and forcible address on the aims and work of the National Council.

Various important matters came before the meeting for consideration. Mrs. Stevenson spoke in support of domestic arts, and drew attention to the Cooking School recently opened in Montreal under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. Misses Benmore, Phillips and Findlay spoke forcibly in support of manual and technical training. Madam Dandurand spoke with eloquence on the subject of home life.

The subject of social purity took the form of a grave discussion concerning the dissemination of immoral literature, and in this connection a branch of the National Home Reading Union was formed, with the object of supplying pure and wholesome literature, and guiding its members in comprehensive courses of reading. The resumé given by the president proves that the Montreal branch of the National Council has realized to a large extent the aim of the organization, and has accomplished thorough and practical work with most beneficial results.

**PORT ARTHUR.**

**NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.**

A meeting of the Local Council of Women was held here on Wednesday, December 4th. Her Excellency presided at a meeting of the executive at 11 o'clock, a.m., at which the president of every federated society responded to the roll call. New committees were formed and plans of work devised for the ensuing year.

The afternoon meeting was a public one, and held in the town hall at Fort William. The hall was prettily decorated and the audience comprised the most thoughtful women and men of the district. Mrs. Frank Gibbs, the president of the Local Council, presided and in felicitous words extended to Lady Aberdeen a cordial welcome.

Her Excellency addressed the gathering on the object and aims of the Council, and gave many valuable suggestions as to the manner in which these may be applied to the particular needs of each part

of our Dominion, whether in sparsely settled districts or centers of population.

In the evening a second meeting was held at Port Arthur, when after paying warm and well-deserved words of praise concerning the labors of the gifted president of the Algoma Local Council (Mrs. Gibbs), her Excellency gave a second address, in which she made especial reference to the subject of manual training.

**WINNIPEG.**

**CENTRAL W. C. T. U.**

During the past month the Central W. C. T. U., of Winnipeg, has begun its regular winter programme. The Loyal Temperance Legion is meeting weekly, and is preparing to give an entertainment before Christmas. Gospel temperance meetings are being held on Friday evenings in the north-western part of the city, which are largely attended by both children and adults, and in which much interest is manifested. The ministers of the city have been asked to preach peace sermons on Sunday, the 15th inst., which has been set apart as a "General Peace Day" by the peace organizations of the world, with which the W. C. T. U. co-operates. This union has been honored by the election of its vice-president, Dr. Amelia Youmans, to the Dominion W. C. T. U. vice-presidency. The Union has made a good start toward filling one hundred Temple wheels which were recently ordered.

**VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER.**

**COUNCIL OF WOMEN.**

The annual meeting of the Local Council of Women of Victoria and Vancouver Island was held on Friday, November 8th, 1897. The morning session opened at ten o'clock, President Mrs. James Baker in the chair. Between sixty and eighty presidents and delegates from affiliated societies were present. Much interest was manifested in the reports, showing a list of twenty-nine affiliated societies, two patrons, and seven individual members—a Council nearly 1,000 strong—and this in one year, for the Council was inaugurated in November, 1894; also in the work accomplished, namely, the alteration in the School Act, permitting women to be elected as school trustees, and the election of our recording secretary, Mrs. Gordon Grant, to the post. The organization of the "Friendly Help" is based on the plan of the Associated Charities. A branch of the Society of the Treasury of God has also been

started in Victoria through the medium of the Council of Women. At the request of the Board of Management of the B.C. Agricultural and Industrial Association, the Council of Women undertook the organization of the whole of the women's department at the annual exhibition in September last, and the result gave general satisfaction.

The morning session adjourned after the following result of the balloting for officers for the ensuing year was announced: Mrs. James Baker, president; Mrs. Charles Hayward, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Melmiss, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. William Grant, 3rd vice-president; Mrs. Arthur Scaife, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Gordon Grant, recording secretary; Mrs. A. E. B. Davie, treasurer.

Nine resolutions and four papers sent in from the various societies and Executive formed the agenda for the afternoon session, but owing to want of time they could not all be discussed, and the meeting was adjourned till the following Monday afternoon, when her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, who had assisted without taking part in the meeting on Friday, took the chair. The attendance both of members of the Council and of the public was excellent, and the debates were animated and interesting. An address given by her Excellency in the theater that evening ended a most successful session.

**QUEBEC.**

The Quebec Diocesan Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary held a meeting on Wednesday, November 20th, at the Church Hall, Quebec, Mrs. Hunter Dunn, the diocesan president, in the chair. The members had the pleasure of hearing most interesting addresses from several officers of the Provincial Branch who were at that time in Quebec.

Miss Tiley, secretary of the Junior Branches, dwelt upon the importance of interesting children in mission work, and gave many suggestions as to the way in which meetings might be made attractive to the young.

Mrs. Tilton, the provincial president, spoke with her usual eloquence, and was listened to with much attention, and Miss Montzambert's practical advice was highly appreciated. A "Demonstration Lesson on Methods of Procedure, or Parliamentary Drill," conducted by Miss Tiley, was very amusing; it showed how much time and patience may be saved at public meetings by following the established rules of debate in an orderly and business-like way.

At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the speakers.

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An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of  
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FAITH FENTON.

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

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

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

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

In order to further encourage Canadian women and girls to secure subscriptions, we offer a bicycle, of the best quality and make, to the one—boy or girl, man or woman—who secures the largest number of subscriptions over one hundred between Jan. 1st and June 1st, 1906. This is in addition to the usual commission on each subscription. This is a splendid chance to obtain a bicycle free of cost, at a season when the possession of one will afford most enjoyment.

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

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

Write to the Business Manager for subscription and details.

Concerning the woman's work reports the Christmas season has interfered somewhat with the reports coming in during December, but we have again to thank the secretaries and presidents for their kindly interest and prompt response to our request.

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

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

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

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

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. A.—Writes concerning our editorial reference in the November number of the JOURNAL to the fraternal greetings extended by the Episcopal Convention to a Methodist Conference. It was, we believe, the first time that this has occurred in the annals of this convention, if not the first on record.

We agree with our correspondent that the Episcopal Church is doing its share toward bringing about a kindlier feeling between the various Christian bodies. Only within the past month, Rev. Dr. Huntington, one of New York's most prominent Anglican ministers occupied the pulpit in one of the leading Presbyterian churches of that city.

READER.—Your hints were timely. We have made use of them, as you will see, in the Woman's Sports.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has no connection with the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In writing to us address clearly, giving the full title. "Home Journal" is not sufficient. Many of our letters go astray in this fashion.

VICTORIA, B.C.—We have been waiting for space before opening a correspondence column. We hope to continue it from this time forward.

READER, No. 2.—Hall Caine is not "disappointing to meet," as you rightly aver many authors are. He is remarkably picturesque—his face impresses one almost to haunting. The whole personality of the man is unique.

J. W. S.—"The Wives of High Officials" series will include the wives of Cabinet Ministers as well as well-known Senators and members of the House.

ALVA, Hamilton.—Write to business manager for subscription book and terms of commission. You will do very well, I think.

MRS. S. Parry Sound.—Our fashion notes and cuts are taken from Toronto and Montreal houses. Certainly, we can give you any hints you wish; as our artist makes personal visits each month to the leading houses.



### STAMP COLLECTORS.

See different Stamps from Egypt, Australia, Russia, Turkey, Japan, etc., only 10c.; see different stamps from India, South America, Africa and numerous other countries. A large price list of stamps and a copy of *Canadian Philatelic Magazine* from 1890 to 1900. Send me what you have and I will give a figure. Common stamps only bought in quantities. W. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto.

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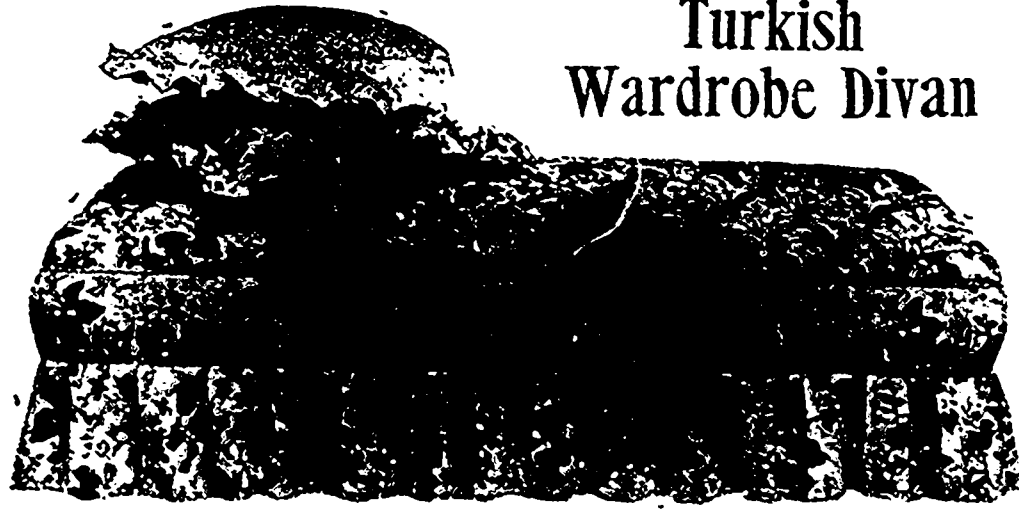
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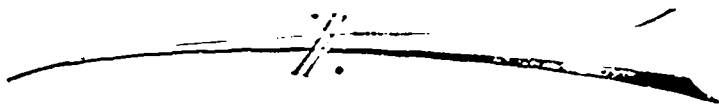
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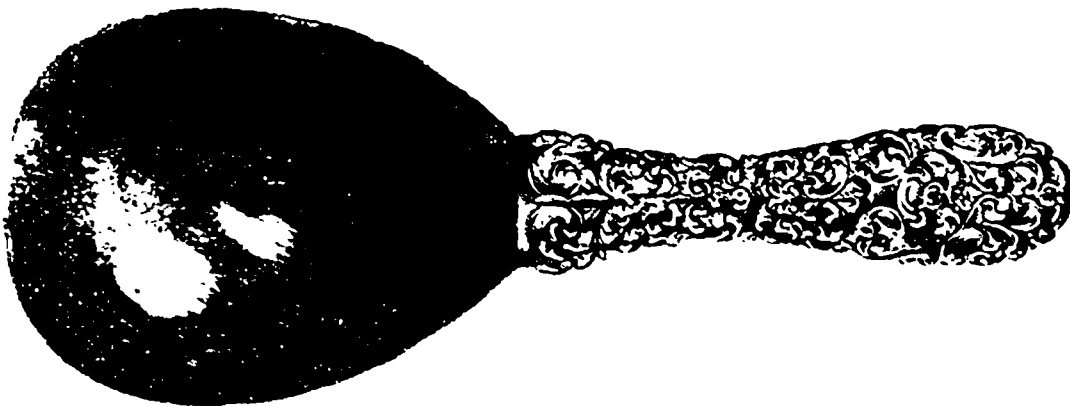
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