

Jan.

# The Canadian QUEEN



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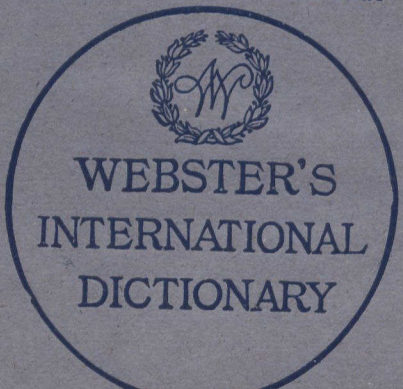
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## THE PRIZES.

To the person sending us the largest list of English Words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words, "DOMINION OF CANADA," will be given their choice by the publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, of either "A FREE EDUCATION," the "ONE YEAR ABROAD," or the "PAIR OF SHETLAND PONIES, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS." The Publishers of THE QUEEN have made a special deposit of \$750.00. in THE DOMINION BANK OF CANADA, to be used for the purpose of carrying out this offer. A Committee consisting of Teachers from each of the Universities and Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the Judges in the final award.

**ADDITIONAL PRIZES** TO BE AWARDED IN ORDER OF MERIT.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Elegant Toilet Cases, Manicure Cases, Odor Cases, Ladies' Solid Gold Jewelry, Imported Fans, Elegant Japanese Novelties for Household Decoration and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**—Each week during this contest, a Gentleman's First-class Gold (Filled Case) Watch of handsome design and best American movement (value \$60.00) will be given to the gentleman from whom the largest list is received during that week. A choice of either a Fine Richly Engraved Ladies' Gold Watch, (value \$40.00) or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, (value \$40.00) will be given each week to the lady from whom the largest list is received during that week. A stem winding, stem setting, Coin Silver Watch, (value \$12.00) will be given each week to *both* girl and boy under sixteen years of age from whom the largest list is received during that week. The names of those winning a Special Weekly Prize will be announced in THE QUEEN from month to month during the contest. The winning of a Special Weekly Prize by anyone will not bar them or their list from competing for the First Grand Prizes. Those under sixteen years of age should state so on their list.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN have had manufactured at a large expense, an elegant and useful Souvenir, of this, *their last "Word Contest,"* one of which will be sent free to each person entering the Competition.

## RULES.

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only*, of not less than four letters each.
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in "Dominion of Canada."
3. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part only of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the governing authority.

Each list must contain Name of person sending same (sign Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office Address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to "THE QUEEN," together with 12c. in

either Canadian or United States postage (1, 2 or 3c.) in addition to the \$1.00 to cover expense of forwarding of THE QUEEN'S Souvenir. Stamps will be accepted only for the 12 cents.

The subscription price must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.*

If two or more tie on the largest list, the one *which bears the earliest postmark* will take the First Grand Prize.

The *complete list* of words intended for the Competition must be forwarded *at one time*. If any alterations or additions to the list are made after it has been sent, it will be necessary to enclose \$1.00 additional for another year's subscription to THE QUEEN, to be forwarded to any address desired, together with such alterations or additions. On account of the extra work involved in these Competitions, it is impossible for the publishers of THE QUEEN to enter into any personal correspondence concerning the Competition or Rules thereof.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular Magazine into *new* homes. We prefer that only *new* subscribers shall enter the Competition, but as this is the *last* "Word Contest" that we shall ever give, old subscribers will be allowed to avail themselves of it, by enclosing \$1.00 with their list for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN to be sent to the address of some friend.

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

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these competitions it has rapidly sprung into prominence, and on account of its many superior qualities as a Magazine, is to-day the acknowledged popular family publication of Canada. Its circulation is growing so rapidly, that the entire attention of its staff of Editors will be required in behalf of the publication itself, and the Publishers take this opportunity of announcing to the public that THIS WILL POSITIVELY BE THEIR LAST "Word Contest."

Their entire efforts in the future will be put forth to making THE QUEEN the handsomest, best and most interesting Magazine on the Continent. In fact this Magazine in the future must stand on its merits, and hold the popular position it has attained without favors or prizes.

The Contest Closes April 10th.

Prizes Awarded April 20th.



# ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION.

To make our popular magazine especially interesting to every lady interested in fancy work, the Publishers of **THE QUEEN** will make a **ROYAL QUILT**, to contain forty-eight silk blocks, one foot square, and to the lady sending them the most handsomely worked block for this **ROYAL QUILT** will be given (and delivered free anywhere in Canada or the United States) a Handsome Pony, Cart and Harness, value \$350.00; and to each of the forty-seven ladies sending the next handsomest block, (all of which are to be used in the **ROYAL QUILT**) will be given the choice of a Handsome Solid Gold Watch, or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, value \$40.00.

## INSTRUCTIONS.

No more than one block can be entered in this Competition by the same person. The blocks are to be twelve inches square, to be made entirely by handwork of silk, either of one piece or patch work, and can be embroidered or painted according to the taste of the maker, and is to be forwarded to **THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S** "Royal Quilt Competition," 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, accompanied by the name and address of sender, together with \$1.00 for one year's subscription to **THE QUEEN**, before April 10th, 1891.

## THE ROYAL QUILT.

As the blocks are received, the name of sender will be entered in list of competitors and numbered, and the same number will be placed upon a tag which will be affixed to the block, so that the committee selected by the Publishers of **THE QUEEN** will decide according to the merit of each block, (without knowing the names of competitors) and will award the prizes to numbers representing them on the blocks, **MAKING THE COMMITTEE ENTIRELY FREE FROM PARTIALITY OR PREJUDICE FROM INDIVIDUAL ACQUAINTANCES.** The committee will select from the blocks received, the forty-eight handsomest ones, for which they will award the prizes as above described. These blocks will be quilted at the expense of the Publishers of **THE QUEEN**, and the **ROYAL QUILT** will be sold at public auction, (which will be announced through the daily press) and the proceeds thereof will be given to the Hospital for Sick Children of Toronto. From the remaining blocks will be made different quilts, one of which will be sent to Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Ottawa, London, Victoria and Vancouver. The same will be sold at public sale at each of these places and the proceeds therefrom will be given to some local charitable institution located at such places.

## ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

**THE QUEEN**, while containing literary matter interesting to every member of a cultivated family, is specially devoted to every subject of interest to ladies. Besides other features, it contains the latest English fashions, imported designs for fancy work and "Our Cooking School," in which Department prizes are offered each month to those of **THE QUEEN'S** readers who are experienced in culinary matters, for the best hints, suggestions and information, which would be valuable to our younger and more inexperienced lady readers.

If you have never seen a copy of **THE QUEEN**, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing **FULL PARTICULARS** of **ALL THE QUEEN'S** Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Everyone desiring to enter the **ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION** should begin work on their block at once and forward as early as possible. This competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other contest offered by **THE QUEEN**, and all communications concerning it must be addressed to **THE CANADIAN QUEEN "ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION," 58 BAY ST., TORONTO, CANADA.**

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### LETTERS OF THANKS.

ST. MARTINS, N.B., DEC. 15th, 1890.

SIR,—The very neat and pretty Tea Set arrived in safety this evening. I am very much pleased with it and think the pieces all very handsome. My hearty thanks and best wishes for your prosperity are hereby sent to you in return.

Yours sincerely,

J. A. MCINTYRE.

DUNCAN AVE., ELGIN, ILL., NOV. 11th, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I received the prize awarded me last evening, and think it is useful and pretty. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours, JENNIE GILLETTE.

TORONTO, CAN., DEC. 2nd, 1890.

GENTLEMEN,—Many thanks for Tea Set. It really surprised me—far above my expectations. As to **THE QUEEN**, it is full value for the money.

Yours truly, J. M. CROWLY, Gen. Mgr., Toronto Business College.





THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY, 1891

THE MOURNERS.

TORONTO: FRASER & NEAVE, CO.





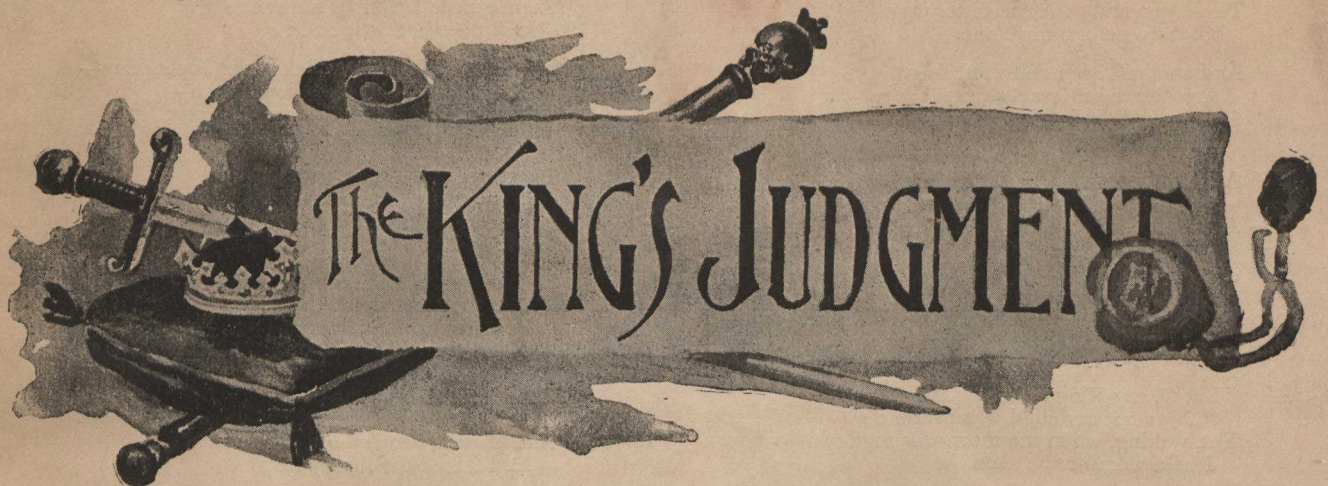
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VOL. III.

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY, 1891.

NO. I.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.



BY CASTAR RETT.

MOHAMMED'S slaves in darkness grope  
Where once the Chosen were allied,  
And sad decay now mocks the scope  
Of old Jude's pride.

The ancient streets have lost their grace,  
The temples fallen in decay,  
And heathen customs take the place  
Of Israel's godly way.

But tho' the centuries have changed  
The grandeur all that once was there,  
The bright, historic deeds have ranged  
Among the ruins e'er.

For time may set destroying seal  
On that which perishes for aye;  
Yet time continues to reveal  
The Book of Truths to-day.

Then, reading there, in thought we go  
To yonder city, once so grand,  
Where wisdom marked a monarch's show,  
Who godly ruled the land.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Within the ancient city now—  
The holy capital—we see  
The new-crowned king in reverence bow  
To God the grateful knee.

Before the Covenantal Ark  
The king makes offerings on high,  
And feasts his servants all, to mark  
The day that God was nigh.

"The king is good, the king is just,  
The king is wise beyond compare;  
And lives not he that may distrust,  
Nor aught his judgment dare!"

Thus, while the servants, feasting, bless,  
And loud their master's praises sing,  
Two social exiles in distress  
Come suing to the king.

Their look bespeaks the bounds o'erstept;  
Their shameless course they cannot hide;  
And raiment poor, and illy kept,  
But proves the loss of pride.

And one is brazen in the wrong,  
As only woman lost can be;  
And stands she there, defiant, strong,  
Before his Majesty.

Her purple lips are firmly set;  
Her hardened features harder grow;  
And selfishness alone is met,  
Where sympathy should flow.



The other bears the heaving breast  
That speaks the suffering uncontrolled ;  
Her soul is yearning for the test  
While doubt and dismay hold.

She, too, has parted with the gem  
That leaves her womanhood accurst—  
Oh, that dishonor should condemn  
The mother-heart to burst !

Tho' sunken she in evil ways,  
Her nature is not hardened all ;  
And while the priceless boon she prays,  
Oh, Justice, hear the call !  
\* \* \* \* \*

Her voice is trembling as she tells  
The story that is fraught with fear ;  
Nor e'en the kingly presence quells  
The ever flowing tear.

'Tis part the story that is told  
So oft by woman, trusting frail ;  
And sadder scenes could ne'er unfold,  
Than pictured in her tale.

Uncared for in their travail—nay,  
Forsaken, friendless in their blame,  
These two had gone the bitter way  
That women go in shame.

And she had been delivered then,  
And thrice on Israel's tinted plain  
Had looked the golden sunset when  
The other bore her pain.

And few the days, till yesternight,  
While chambered with her sister by,  
A babe had vanished from the light  
Of mortal mother's eye.

For while she slept, the infant head  
Too close was pressed in dreamy strife,  
And then was loosed the brittle thread  
That lightly held a life.

"But O, my King !" her plaintive cry  
"Twas not my child was overlain ;  
Yet, waking, when the morn was nigh  
I held as mine the slain.

"And later, when I looked again  
In grief upon the livid head,  
O gracious King, I knew it then—  
'Twas not *my* child was dead !

Then here, before our God, I swear,  
The child that lives is mine, is mine !  
And her's the dead, who placed it where  
Mine own should then recline !"

But speaks the other woman : "Nay,  
The child is mine that here I hold ;  
Her child was living yesterday,  
And now is silent, cold.

"Why should she charge the babe is mine  
That lifeless lay within her arms ?  
Be judge, thou king, and now incline,  
And heed not her alarms !"  
\* \* \* \* \*

And thus they stand, beseeching one,  
The other cold, defiant still ;  
And claiming each the living son,  
While trusting to his will.

And now is seen that wisdom rare  
That lifts the king to endless fame ;  
And now the judgment that is fair  
Exalts for aye his name.

"This one hath said the child is her's,"  
He sternly speaks ; "and that one, too ;  
Then, by the faith that never errs,  
It shall to both of you !"

"Bring hence a sword !" commands the king—  
A shining blade his minions reach—  
"Now cleave in twain the infant thing,  
And give one-half to each !"

Then loud a piercing cry of pain  
Escapes the foremost in the strife :  
"O king ! my king ! be her's the gain—  
But spare the child its life !"

Yet coldly there the other stands,  
Nor protest makes against the share ;  
"Give her the child !" the king commands ;  
"Tis her's, who cried to spare !"  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then went the judgment on the word,  
As leaves are scattered by the wind ;  
And Israel's people, wondering, heard,  
And feared the kingly mind.

For God-like wisdom there they saw,  
To judge between the good and ill ;  
And bowed they humbly to the Law,  
As bow His people still.





Written for THE QUEEN'S PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.



FIRST PORTION.

THREE gentlemen sat, one July evening, in front of the Leland Hotel, in Chicago. The day had been warm, although there had been a strong breeze blowing, for when, even on the warmest day, do not the tree-tops rustle in the wind along the boulevards of the Garden City? But with the disappearance of the sun, the cool freshness of the vast body of water in Lake Michigan made itself felt, the weariness and lassitude of the long summer day vanished, as these three men, who had been "seeing the sights" of the great city, sat in their arm-chairs in front of the hotel, enjoying the pure air, and watching the moon rise from the far depths of the lake. The glare of the electric lights in front of the hotel spread far out across the strip of green beyond, called by courtesy "Lake Park;" to the left, the graceful lines and dome of the Exposition Building took to themselves an Oriental beauty in the conflicting lights and shadows; while, as far as the eye could reach, beyond stretched the broad plain of gently-heaving water, lying in the half-shadow under the low moon, still too low to turn the surface into shining silver.

It was a scene to be witnessed nowhere else in an American city, and it made an impression upon two of the gentlemen, both strangers in Chicago.

The elder of these two, Sir Roderick Coningsby, was an Englishman "doing the States," and now on his way to the far West on a hunting trip. He was tall, handsome, fair, the typical English traveler.

His companion, Harvey Byrd, a New Yorker, not unlike him in general effect, but with the unmistakable American air of alertness, conspicuous by its absence in the nonchalant foreigner, that bright American look, which seems to be always seeking something in the future, and never content either with a comfortable present, or a historic past.

This futurity of expression, if I may coin a phrase, was still more intensified in the third member of the group, a young man with very keen, dark eyes, quick, even restless in movement, a man shorter in stature than either of his two companions, yet strongly, if slightly built. The restlessness of the eyes, extended to his whole mechanism: every few moments he rose from his

chair and paced the stone walk with a quick stride as he smoked his cigar. Finally, throwing it away, he proposed to his companions that they should walk across the Park to the shore of the lake, the better to enjoy the view. "Or we can cross the Viaduct to the pier," said Bert Revere. "You know I can never sit still very long," he added, with a laugh.

His companions assented, and the three men strolled along the path which led toward the lake. They talked of the wonderful progress of the city, Revere contending that twenty-five years hence it would out-rival New York; the New Yorker indignantly scouting the idea, the Englishman amusedly neutral in the discussion. Then the conversation turned upon women.

"These 'fly' Chicago women!" Byrd somewhat contemptuously remarked. "That is what I heard one of the Tammany men say behind me to-day, as I walked down State street after Convention. Slang, to be sure, but looking at the faces that filed by me in the crowd, it seemed to me that he had struck the truth."

"Tammany Hall is not supposed to know anything about Chicago ladies," retorted Revere, hotly. "Take a ride with me on the South Side, in an Indiana Avenue car, for instance. Will you find the 'fly' women there? I guarantee you will see as many sweet, modest faces in an hour's ride on the South Side cars, as you will find anywhere in a like space of time in New York!"

The New Yorker shrugged his shoulders, as if by no means convinced that the much-abused Chicago female had found at last a victorious champion in Bert Revere. Revere was about to continue her defense, when Sir Roderick Coningsby remarked:

"It has struck me that nowhere in the world are there to be found finer women than on the Pacific coast. The Americans one meets in Europe are apt to be of too frail and delicate a type, but the California women are superb. They are taller than their Eastern sisters, with finer figures, and magnificent complexions, their equals are difficult to find."

"Ah, there you are describing a splendid animal!" exclaimed Harvey Byrd. "But one wants more than that in a woman—"



say in a wife! Not that I, for instance, am looking for one; indeed, to tell the truth, Revere, you must pardon my cynicism in regard to your Chicago ladies. The girls at home are apt to bore one; they are all alike, all conventional, all cut after the same pattern. Prove to us then that you have something original in Chicago! I assure you, I for one, shall be duly grateful."

"The Chicago girls are very much belied," Revere answered. "Upon my word one would suppose they all talked slang, chewed gum, and were possessed of abnormal pedal extremities. Why should a woman have feet disproportioned to the rest of her body, pray? Do you suppose the Venus of Milo wore a number two shoe?"

"Listen to him!" laughed Harvey Byrd, "he is becoming eloquent at the expense of his facts. The Venus doubtless wore sandals. And is it possible that you have seen the famous statue, Revere, you whose practical soul I had imagined to be occupied with the antics of the Bulls and Bears of the Board of Trade?"

"On the contrary, replied Revere," "I cross the Atlantic every summer when business is dull. That is the way I happened to make the acquaintance of Sir Roderick here. I met his people in Italy, was fortunate in being able to render them a slight service upon one occasion. They gave him a letter of introduction to me, and told him to hunt me up on his way West."

"Which he did to his own great advantage" chimed in Sir Roderick.

"Well, to prove to you that sweet and refined women do exist in Chicago, I will take you, whenever you will go, to see Miss Granger."

And who is Miss Granger?" asked Harvey Byrd, with some show of interest.

"Miss Granger is the charming daughter of old John Granger, the famous beef packer. Now don't turn away in disgust, either of you two incorrigible aristocrats," Bert continued, laughing. The old gentleman, is extremely cordial, honest, and unpretentious, not in the least carried away by the new position he holds, nor by his extraordinary wealth. The mother? I believe she was a poor, well-educated Yankee school teacher, who, stranded, forlorn and friendless, out in Idaho, was touched by, and yielded to, the homely but honest wooing of the well-to-do herdsman. The herdsman rewarded her by making her the mistress, before she was forty, of a palace here in Chicago. As to the children, they have had every advantage that money can give; for Mrs. Granger herself knows the value of a good education; moreover I have heard she had some good Puritan blood in her veins.

And Miss Granger herself,—is she beautiful as well as wealthy? One of those majestic Venus of Milo women, for instance?" asked Harvey Byrd.

"She is quite a pretty girl, but it was not her appearance, but her manners that I depended upon to defend her sex," replied Revere. "Her mother is a sensible woman in most respects, and has brought up her children very carefully. It is said, however, that she has one foible. Ever since Evelyn Cocher married Count Courtales, she has dreamed of a title for her daughter. I believe the Countess Courtales snubbed her after her marriage; she doubtless wishes to make her repent it. The best women have some weak spot or other, you know. The story may be idle gossip; at all events, if it is true, Sir Roderick, you at least, with your fine prospects, are likely to receive a welcome in that house."

"Excuse me," replied the Englishman, "I am not for sale." Then seeing that he had been rather ungracious, he continued, "That is rather a sore subject with me. You must know that my family at home is always badgering me to marry. I am, the heir of my uncle, the old Marquis of Canterbury, and my mother and sisters do not like to see that fine property go out of the family. They want to see me, in fact, with an heir of my own. But my marriage is a subject upon which I claim to have the right of private judgment. That is half the reason why I am so little in England. My mother, with her aiders and abettors, my two sisters, would have me committed to some one before I knew where I was, if I gave them half a chance. And I have travelled so much that I have never been long enough in one place to form a serious attachment. So that you will see that I have been obliged to be on the defensive, as it were, in regard to various matrimonial schemes which have been arranged for my benefit, which will, I hope, excuse my apparent ungraciousness."

Bert Revere laughed, "Nothing was in reality further from my thoughts, Coningsby. Truth to tell, I was thinking, if only I could make a successful strike on the Board, of "going in" in that direction myself. But a fellow that hasn't too much of this world's goods has too much self-respect, or ought to have, to ask a girl as richly dowered as Marian Granger, to share his uncertain fortunes."

"Really, you have more modesty than I should have given you credit for," said Harvey Byrd. "Well, when are we to call upon Miss Granger? I begin to be interested."

"It is too late to-night. To-morrow evening at eight, meet me here at the hotel. By the way, it is the Grangers' regular reception night. However, everybody is out of town now, in fact I don't know why the Grangers haven't gone this year; but I happen to know they are still in the city. And you say you would like a sail on the lake some day, Coningsby?"

"Yes, it looks a placid enough place to, dream away an idle hour in," replied Sir Roderick.

"The placidity may be all gone by to-morrow morning, my dear fellow! If the wind veers round to the north or east during the night, you will find the breakers rolling in under your windows at the Leland like the waves of the mighty Atlantic itself. Our Lake Michigan's moods are as changeable, as beautiful, and as terrible as Cleopatra's. But some clear, calm morning we will go out beyond the breakwater and fish. Or shall we go early and watch the sun rise? That is a glorious sight on Michigan. Will you join us, Byrd?"

The two men assented, then strolled over to the pier and back in the clear light of the moon which had now risen large and full above the horizon, pouring her white light over the fair sheet of water beneath, and upon the far stretching sea of roofs, and domes, and towers which rolled away across the prairie. It was now quite late, and bidding each other good-night, the trio separated, the two strangers entering the hotel, while Bert Revere took a cable car for his lodgings in a distant boulevard.

## CHAPTER II.

John Granger had chosen a fine site for the splendid home he had built some years after he had opened his great packing-houses in Chicago. Situated at the intersection of two broad avenues, in the centre of a wide space of velvet grass, such grass as Chicago, alone of all American cities can show, designed by the most skilful architects, adorned with all that money could supply, and art execute, no wonder that a self-respecting fellow like Bert Revere, possessed though he was of quite his



share of the "push" which plays so important a part in Chicago success, felt somewhat abashed at the idea of asking the fair daughter of such a home to leave such splendor to follow his still uncertain fortunes.

On this particular evening the house was brilliant with lights, there were carriages coming and going, the wide hall door, glittering with beveled and opalescent glass, continually swinging back to admit some entering guest. The warmth and glow around the house, however, did not penetrate the shrubbery at the end of a long lawn which swept toward the east, almost to the shore of the lake. Here groups of evergreen pines made a dense shade, where a low stone wall ended the grounds, and served to heighten the effect of the picturesque scene beyond. For Bert Revere's words had been verified, and the wind veering northward, during the night, had lashed the lake into wild breakers, which, rolling shoreward in long, foaming ridges, chased each other under the light of the full moon, until, reaching the breakwater beyond the wall, they reared themselves like magnificent steeplechasers and took the leap, sending sheets of silver spray high into the air, and thundering away with loud reverberation far southward along the shore.

Admitted into the house by the manservant in waiting, the three gentlemen passed into a large reception room, where in the frame of a bay-window stood an elderly lady with a pair of dark, and brilliant eyes. There was a certain resemblance in Mrs. Granger, to the slender girl in white lace who stood beside her, although Marian Granger had a delicate, wild-rose complexion, and wavy, rather light brown hair. Her eyes too were grey, not so dark as her mother's; in some lights, indeed, they seemed nearly colorless, in others they became almost black; eyes, however, that once seen were likely to be remembered. She was of a striking and rather peculiar style, her features were regular, her manner really very elegant, her costume faultless.

Yet Harvey Byrd could not quite analyse the sensation of disappointment he experienced after a few moments conversation with her. Why he should feel disappointed, or what he had expected to find, he could probably not have explained himself. Yet, this Miss Granger, even though he was at some pains to draw her out, exerted himself indeed, to exercise for her benefit many of those powers of entertainment for which he had obtained a certain reputation in the east, seemed to differ in no very essential particular from scores of other elegant young ladies, whose acquaintance he possessed. However, she did not chew gum, nor talk slang, as he had been led to

expect, and the foot occasionally visible beneath the lace dress, was *bien chaussée*, and in no way otherwise remarkable.

On the whole, while taking himself inwardly to task for an unreasonable disappointment, Harvey Byrd could but acknowledge that if this were a fair specimen of Chicago young ladyhood, the sex in the great western metropolis had undoubtedly been, as Revere somewhat tersely expressed it "belied."

Yet Byrd would have preferred the outer air and a quiet cigar to all the heated drawing-rooms in Christendom on such a glorious night as this, and it was a relief when Bert Revere brought over to his side a stalwart elderly gentleman to whom he was presented as the master of the establishment.

Sir Roderick Coningsby accompanied the pair, and Mr. Granger immediately proposed an adjournment to the piazza overlooking the lawn. Bert excused himself, but the other two accepted the invitation.

A servant brought cigars, and the gentlemen passed a pleasant half hour in conversation. The Englishman, much interested in his approaching hunting trip, found a fund of information in Mr. Granger. He was familiar with most of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and north into the Canadian territory, and like most western-bred men, was no mean sportsman himself.

The conversation was kept up on this theme for some time, when Mr. Granger proposed a walk to the end of the lawn to look at the lake. The cigars were only half finished by this time, and the three gentlemen leaned

against the stone wall, enjoying their flavor, and watching the crests of the breakers as they took their last flying leap over the breakwater, and then rushed away in the distance along the shore. The elder two were still engrossed with their fascinating topic of conversation, when Harvey Byrd, turning, noticed that they were not alone. Standing at the corner of the wall behind them, in the shadow of a tall fir tree was a woman's figure. Although this figure was in shadow, the rays of the moon fell full on the face of a child which she held in her arms, and Byrd, his curiosity rather excited, could see that the child was asleep. At first he thought it was a nursemaid, but further observation rendered this surmise impossible.

Mr. Granger stood with his back to the wall, facing the house, and had apparently not noticed the group. He had taken a great liking to the Englishman and was speaking at his best. Perfectly familiar with the scenes which he quite graphically described, he warmed to the subject, and his guest was an interested and attentive listener. Possessed of the natural



"STILL LEANING AGAINST THE WALL \*\*  
WATCHING THE RESTLESS WATERS."



shrewdness and good sense which had been the making of his fortune, John Granger had not been slow to adapt himself to his changed surroundings, nor to recognize the fact that manners do make the man, or more properly, do improve the man to a certain extent. The roughness of the herdsman had passed into a simple heartiness that was not without its charm in the wealthy financier. He had not the cultivation which comes from early and long familiarity with books, but he had the adaptability which led him to extract knowledge from wide experience of men of every station, and to apply it with advantage to his own altered circumstances. And the English gentleman felt instinctively, with that subtle free-masonry of nature which none may explain, but which most of us have felt occasionally upon meeting a new acquaintance, that here was, in everything that goes to make true manhood, his equal. Therefore, when his host invited him to select Idaho instead of Dakota for his hunting-trip, and to become his guest at his own ranch in the former state, Sir Roderick Coningsby accepted the invitation with a heartiness quite contrasting with his usual nonchalance.

The girl in the corner of the wall ventured farther into the light at his last words. She had apparently taken no interest in the conversation until she heard Mr. Granger describe his ranch and its attractions. Then her head lifted, and in the bright light of the moon, Harvey Byrd could see that she smiled.

And now, it was his turn to draw back into the shadow, and watch this new Miss Granger, for so, instinctively, from a certain likeness to her father, he conjectured her to be.

The girl was in her first youth, although she was quite tall, so tall that she had to bend low over the boy as she lifted his head from her shoulder, and gently laid him on the broad stone wall, the better to listen to the conversation. She still kept her left arm under the child's head, and the long braids of her fair hair fell, school-girl fashion, in a thick plait below her waist. Perhaps it was the way of wearing her hair, perhaps a certain innocence of expression, which made Harvey Byrd liken her to Goethe's Gretchen. There was vivid intelligence too, in the by no means regularly-featured countenance, and the New Yorker was fascinated to further interest in the unconscious pantomime before him.

But as the talk now passed to other subjects, she raised the boy's head upon her shoulder again, then, still leaning against the wall, resumed her previous occupation of watching the restless water.

The boy stirred, and she gently patted his head as it lay against her breast. "Hush, Robbie, hush!" Byrd heard her softly whisper.

Coningsby, who was nearest her on the other side, also heard. He turned, surprised, and his change of attitude brought the pretty group to the full view of Mr. Granger.

"Why Lil, is that you, my dear?" he asked. "And what are you doing with Rob, out of bed this time of night?"

Then remembering his guests, John Granger presented them. "Gentlemen, this is my second daughter, Hilda."

"Commonly called Lil! as you have just heard Papa say," answered the girl, covering her embarrassment with a laugh. "It was so hot up in the nursery, and Mamma had to be downstairs to-night. So I stole him away from Bridget, while she was busy with the other children, and brought him out here for a nap. And don't you believe he is enjoying it?"

She looked down at the rosy face on her bosom with such a maternal expression of pride in the handsome boy, that even the nonchalant Englishman's attention was arrested. And

after this little episode, Byrd saw Coningsby's eyes wander more than once toward the group. Hilda, however, drew back again into the corner of the wall, and did not attempt to take any further share in the conversation.

But Harvey Byrd had now finished his cigar, and found it in his mind to follow up this chance acquaintance. Perhaps Miss "Lil," as her father had called her, might, in her girlish unconventionality, prove a more entertaining companion than her sister. And then, that changeful, expressive face! It was pleasant, too, if not by any means beautiful, so when the two elder gentlemen began to pace the walk, Byrd stepped back toward the corner of the wall, intent upon following up this new acquaintance. And he succeeded very well; so well, indeed, that before the half hour was over he had heard well nigh the whole story of Miss Hilda Granger's short existence.

That she was named Hilda, after her Swedish grandmother, papa's mother, whom she barely remembered, away out on the plains—that she loved the ranch where she was born; but that it was an article of faith with her that no city could equal Chicago—that her life was healthful and busy with books, school, music and a happy home circle; that she had never been back to the ranch since she was a child, although she and papa always went to the Wisconsin farm, together with the younger children, whenever, as was usually the case, Mamma and Marian went to Europe in the summer. Papa never could stay away long enough from business to go, she said. Evidently Papa and Robbie were her idols, all her interests appearing to centre around these two. And all unconsciously to herself she was revealing her affinity with her father's nobler nature, and a certain distance which appeared to lie between herself and her mother and elder sister. Not that such revelations were intentional; her references to them were dutiful and affectionate as a daughter's and sister's should be; nevertheless their thoughts were evidently not her thoughts, nor their tastes her tastes. In spite of her apparent gentleness, Miss Hilda Granger evidently held very independent opinions of her own. Papa had promised to take her back to the ranch some day. Did Mr. Byrd really think he was going himself, at last?

All this and more young Byrd elicited as he and the young daughter of the house leaned against the stone wall at the end of the lawn. Not all at once, for the girl was by no means garrulous; indeed she was quite shy at first, and only by very great adroitness did her interlocutor so ingratiate himself into her confidence as to obtain all this information by slow degrees. But he did win her confidence completely by sincere and openly expressed admiration of Robbie. That vanquished her.

The admiration was by no means feigned, for Robbie was certainly a splendid boy. He rewarded his new admirer's eulogies, however, by a vigorous kick in the chest upon awakening suddenly and finding a strange and bearded face bending over him. He soon fell off to sleep again, and this time Harvey Byrd carried him to a rustic bench beyond the fir trees, and deposited him there out of the reach of danger, and where he was not likely to monopolize the attention of his interesting sister. For, in her youth and freshness and unconventionality the young New Yorker found as much to amuse him as a warm-hearted fellow like himself would find in a clever child. And, indeed, Hilda Granger was little more than a child in heart, despite her sixteen years.

"Then, if you are going out to the ranch, you must learn to ride," Byrd said, after he had disposed of Robbie.

"Oh! we all know how to ride! Papa took care of that. Ever since I can remember I had my pony. I am much more



proud of being able to swim. See, here is my medal. They gave it to me at the natatorium this year.

"You can swim as well as ride!" exclaimed the New Yorker, "surely your father does not allow you to venture out on the lake!"

"No, only in the natatorium, although I have often thought it would be delightful if papa would let me go, just here. When the water is calm, there would be really no danger, inside the breakwater."

And does your sister swim too?" inquired Byrd.

"Marian? Oh! no, she is far too dignified! Do you know that I am the despair of my elder sister, and mamma?"

"But now," said Byrd at last, "would it not be well to send for some one to take Master Robbie to the nursery, while we adjourn to the drawing-room?"

"Won't you excuse me?" she replied, smilingly. "I don't particularly care for the drawing-room, on such a night as this. The gentlemen would think it necessary to talk nonsense to me because I'm not grown up, or else talk 'wheat' and 'stocks' with papa."

"But I have not talked of 'wheat' or 'stocks,' have I?"

asked Byrd with a gleam of amusement in his warm hazel eyes. "I hope I have not bored you?"

"No, you have not!" she replied, the quick, bright smile flashing again across her expressive features. "You have been very nice; and so good to Robbie. Good-bye!"

She held out her hand, a white, firm, pleasant hand to grasp, then stooping over the bench lifted the boy to her shoulder once more. "I will take him in myself," she said.

"Good-night, not good-bye!" said Harvey Byrd. "Since we have become such good friends, shall I not see you again. Do you never come into the drawing-room?"

"Not often," she answered, lingering on the lower step of the flight which led up to the portico. "Would you really like to see me again, when I'm not even grown up? You are very kind. Well, I can't tell. For this evening, at all events, Good-bye!"

Then she caught up the skirt of her muslin dress, and ran, as quickly as her heavy burden would allow, up the short flight of steps to the portico, and disappeared through the open door into the lighted hall beyond.

END OF FIRST PORTION.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

## MY VISION.

BY M. NORTON.

Last night as I lay trying,  
Vainly it seemed to be,  
To shut my eyes in slumber,  
A vision came to me.  
A heavy mist obscured the air,  
Then darkness reigned supreme  
And faintly in the distance,  
A glimmer of light was seen.

Broader, brighter, flashed its rays,  
Clearer, deeper grew its flame,  
Then, when the room was flooded,  
A sweet voice called my name.  
"What wilt thou have?" I answered  
"Rise and come with me."  
So tremblingly, I followed,  
Though my guide I could not see.

It seemed as though I traversed,  
Many miles o'er rocks and hills,  
While birds of gayest plumage,  
Filled the forests, with their trills.  
At last my feet refused me  
And down I trembling sank,  
Upon a large and mossy stone,  
Beside a river's bank.

"Oh, thou must follow further,"  
My strange guide, softly cried,  
"I would not like to leave thee  
Here, alone, by the river's side."  
"I cannot follow further,  
Thou art cruel," I replied,  
"My feet are torn and bleeding  
Oh, leave me not my guide."

"Can'st thou not see I'm helpless,  
Torture me no more,  
If thou have aught to tell me,  
I'll hear it by this shore."  
"But, child I must not linger,  
I must reach my journey's end,  
Oh, why despair at trifles,  
Try once again, my friend."

"I cannot, and I will not!"  
The tears bedewed his eye,  
As the light grew dim, I shouted,  
"I'll follow thee, or die."  
Then quickly up, arising,  
I sped where're he led,  
My feet no longer aching,  
My heart all freed from dread.

A few more steps and I was placed  
Beneath the quiet shade,  
Where cooling vapors touched my brow,  
And music filled the glade.  
With outstretched hands I greeted  
The friends of long ago,  
While to my guide I murmured,  
"I would much more forego,

"For thou hath led me safely,  
Though dark and drear the way;  
Thy kindness and thy forethought,  
I never can repay."  
Just then, a song was chanted,  
By my guide, and by his guests,  
"Come unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."



Written for THE CANADIAN QUEEN



# An Illegal Marriage

BY TRAVELLIER TRIPP.

I DETERMINED to never marry. A dark cloud hung over my life. I could never ask any one whom I could love and respect to step under that shadow with me. I could not endure the thought that children, calling me father, should ever be made to blush at the rehearsal of their past family history, or be tainted with the wicked and disgraceful acts of their forefathers.

There is a belief in society that bad blood lingers in the veins of future generations, and crops up again farther down the stream, and there is always a fear that the present generation may be the cropping ground, if there has been a taint in the past. Although it may be the universal desire not to hold a man responsible for what his relatives have done, there is always a suspicious fear that he may partake to some extent of their evil dispositions, and in this respect, at least, the sins of the parents are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations. So I had fully decided that none of my offspring would ever have entailed on them that shadow or run the risk of inheriting the bad blood which had blasted my life. To prevent this, I would never marry, and, so far as I was concerned with my demise, the end of the genealogical tree would be reached.

My mother was of a gentle, loving, and affectionate nature. She and her sister were the only children of a widowed mother. My mother was the eldest and married first. My grandmother did not like the man of my mother's choice and did what she could to prevent the alliance; but, as in nearly all such cases, without avail. For a time after my mother married my father, she was happy. My father was not wealthy, and it required continual effort on his part to provide for his family. When they were married about a year I was born, and my earliest recollection of my mother is a weeping picture of meek endurance. My father had grown cold, cruel and dissipated. Beside my couch late into the night, plying a needle to earn her daily bread, sat my patient mother. My father was away for days together, and when he did return, he did nothing but curse and swear and abuse his heart-broken wife. The intervals between his coming grew greater, until at last he ceased to come, and my mother heard he had left the country, and gone to seek his fortune in other parts.

I was about four years old when I remember my mother taking me on her knee, and amidst tears telling me that now she had only one to work and live for, and she hoped I would be a good boy and love and comfort her. I put my little arms around her neck, and cried, and kissed her; but I could not have had a very clear idea of what it all meant.

A little later my aunt married, and then my mother moved to grandmother's cottage, and we lived very comfortably with what my mother earned, and the products of a garden in which grandmother delighted to work. My aunt lived in the same town, and she and her husband were both very kind to us. My uncle had a little property, and to his stock additions were being regularly made, and he was in a fair way of becoming a wealthy man. He was the essence of kindness.

I went regularly to school and was making fair progress. When I was twelve years of age, my grandmother died, and as she had only a life lease of her cottage, my mother had to seek another home. With rent to pay, and the increased expense that I had become through growing to be a big boy, my mother found it hard work to get along, and, in fact, but for the assistance given her by my aunt, she must have failed altogether. I was large of my age, and circumstances had made me feel older than I really was and think more like one of maturer years. I felt anxious to begin to earn something towards a living; but my mother wanted to keep me at school as long as possible. However, when I was between fourteen and fifteen, I had an offer from a friend of a chance to learn a trade. My wages, for even the first year, would be sufficient to more than board and clothe me, so at last my mother consented, and I started at work with a light and glad heart.

When I was within a year of the completion of my apprenticeship, my master moved his works to another town about ten miles distant, and I was forced to leave my mother alone. I had not been gone but a few months when my father returned. He had saved a little money, and proposed to my mother that he should buy a cottage and make a home in which he promised to try to make her happy. To this arrangement she consented, and upon my next visit home I found her quite hopeful and contented. In about a year another little boy was found in the cradle I had once occupied; but I could see from my mother's face that the happiness she had hoped for had not come to her.

I was out of my apprenticeship and had hired for a year with my old master; my wages were better and I told my mother that if she was unhappy we would take up house together, and I would do my best to provide for her and my little brother. I had no idea of the extent of the cruelty she was then enduring, or I would have insisted upon a change at once. My father had fallen into his old habits of debauchery, and was, when under its influence, intensely cruel to his wife and child. My aunt had no children, and she advised mother to give my brother to her to keep, and then I would be quite able to provide



for her. This plan was under consideration, when one day a messenger brought me a note from my aunt, which read as follows:—

“Come home at once. Prepare for trouble.

“M. J. M.”

I was greatly agitated upon reading it, and my employer, who happened to be near me at the time, seeing my distress, asked what was wrong. I handed him the note, which, when he had read, he returned, and set to work and assisted me to get ready with the least possible delay. I was soon in the carriage, and in a little more than an hour was at my mother's cottage. The street in front of the place was full of excited people, who on seeing me, became strangely quiet. My aunt met me at the door. She was bathed in tears and amidst her sobs managed to say, “Your poor mother is dead.” The excitement of the last hour had been so great I almost fainted. I will not dwell on this terrible experience of my eventful life. It seems, my father had come home maddened with drink, and began his usual abuse of wife and child. The child cried and he began to beat it cruelly. The mother, trying to save her child, excited his anger to such a degree that he struck her to the floor and kicked her savagely. The neighbors hearing the noise and screams ran in, only to find that the inhuman monster had kicked his wife to death. He had been arrested and was in prison. My aunt took my little brother, not yet quite a year old to her home and adopted him as her child. I stayed a few days at my aunt's house, and then returned to my employer. My father was in due course tried for murder, convicted and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. After this, I could not bear to live where people knew me, and one day I packed up the few things belonging to me, bade my aunt an affectionate farewell, and took stage, whither I cared not.

## CHAPTER II.

Late at night I landed at the city of Buffalo and went to a hotel. The next day I secured employment at my trade. My trouble kept me from society. My spare hours I spent in reading, and as I had no expensive habits, I saved money. I left the hotel and boarded in a house where there was but one child, a little girl about eleven. The man and wife were very kind and seemed to like their quiet boarder. I certainly grew very fond of them, and but for the dark cloud hanging over me, I could have been very happy. The girl Mary was a sweet, kind child, and I early learned to feel a great affection for her, which I was foolish enough to imagine was only a brotherly regard, if indeed, I ever took the trouble to analyze my feelings at all.

The city of Buffalo was growing more rapidly at that time than it did a few years subsequently. There was quite a land boom on, and I invested my savings in land. During the nine years of my stay in that city I had saved a considerable sum from my wages and with what I had made by speculation I had sufficient to start me comfortably in life. Then a duller time came for the city, and I found it difficult to sell property at first cost; but as proposed improved facilities would start the city again on the up grade of prosperity in a few years, I did not feel like sacrificing my property, and so held on for the rise.

About this time an event occurred which roused me from a pleasant dream, and filled me with pain and perplexity. A young man who had become acquainted with the family in which I boarded, had proposed for the hand of Mary, and had been rejected. When this news reached me I was filled with a bitter jealousy, which caused me to think seriously. Upon

analyzing my feelings, I had to confess that I was madly in love with Mary. I could not bear the thought of her marrying another, and I dared not marry her myself. I did not sleep that night; but before the morning dawned I had decided what course to adopt. I spent that day in arranging my affairs so that I could leave my property safely for a number of years. In the evening I invited Mary to accompany me for a walk. When we had reached a place where we could talk without interruption, I broached the subject upon which I had sought the interview. I told her frankly that I loved her deeply as I loved my very existence; but that there was a cloud on my life which I could not in honor ask her to share. After pledging her to secrecy, I told her briefly my trouble, and that I could not make her the wife of a murderer's son. She wept bitterly and I knew that I had been foolish and blind not to recognize sooner Mary's growing affection for me.

That was a sad and distressing task for me to leave those dear friends and their sweet daughter; but I accomplished it with the best fortitude I could command, and, as I was borne I knew not where, I felt that Providence had been unkind to me, and a spirit of resentfulness possessed me for the time being.

The next day found me in the city of Cleveland. Here I determined I would not run any risk of becoming entangled and changed my boarding places until I found one kept by an elderly couple without family, and with but few visitors, which I decided to make my permanent home.

The city of Cleveland at that time was quite prosperous, and was soon deep in speculation. But, do what I could, the picture of my sweet Mary's face would haunt me constantly. I had told her that I would not write, so that we both might learn to forget each other; but often I felt that I could scarcely refrain from writing and asking her to link her fate with mine. Happily, my better nature invariably came to my aid, but the struggle was hard and bitter.

I opened an office in Cleveland for the transfer of lands, like many others, and gave my whole attention to it. Prosperity came to me, and during the seven years of my stay in that city, I accumulated a competence sufficient to keep me in affluent circumstances for the rest of my life.

One night I had a vivid dream which made an impression on my mind, so deep that I could not cast it off. I thought I saw my brother, still an infant, in great distress, and putting out his hands, imploring me to help him. For some days I thought about it, and my mind became thoroughly impressed that I was neglecting both him and my kind aunt. It might be that reverses had overtaken them, and here was I quite able to provide for them all. During the sixteen years of my absence I had never so much as written them.

I eventually decided to dispose of my property and my business and take a journey back to the place of my birth and childhood. I felt convinced no one would know me there, if I did not wish to be known, for I had so changed in appearance.

I was not long in finding purchasers for everything, and I packed up my effects and started on my journey. Reaching the town, I put up at a hotel, and then strolled out to look at the old familiar scenes. No one recognized me. I went to the house where my aunt lived at the time of my departure, only to find that she did not live there now, and the occupants of the house had never heard of any one of that name. I pursued my enquiries, and finally learned that, shortly after the execution of her brother-in-law, her husband had sold out and taken his family to England, his native land, and that they had never been heard from since.



As I could not bear to sleep in that town, where the shadow of the jail fell on my revived memory, I drove to the town where I had served my apprenticeship, and put up at the hotel. That night my dream came back to me with all its vividness; but this time it was my sweet Mary, holding out a child, which seemed to be my brother, and imploring me to take him and protect him.

I rose early and sallied out to find if there were any traces of my old employer to be found. On the streets, I met one of those early birds who know the whole history of the place and are willing to tell it, and who turn out early to get their morning drink. From this town directory, I learned that my old employer was dead, that strangers had his business, and his family was scattered, not one member of it having remained in the town. Having no other business, I took an early train for the city of Buffalo. Arriving there, I left my baggage at the station, and went directly to my old boarding place. The old lady came to the door, and when she saw me, she could not speak for emotion. She wrung my hand, and after I had got seated, and she became calmer, she told me her sad story.

After I left, Mary was very unhappy for a long time. The young man who had sought her hand in marriage had left the city and did not return for four years. Then he renewed his visits to the house and again asked her to marry him. It was a long time before she finally consented, and then had kept the marriage back as long as possible. "About two years ago," said the old lady, "they were married. It was more than a year afterward when she had a son, a dear child. Her husband seemed very kind to her at first, but grew very indifferent and hard to please later on. A few days after her baby was born, word came that there was a writ out against him in the city of Troy, for bigamy, and he left at once. They never caught him, and he will never dare return."

"You see," continued the old lady, "it was during those four years he was away that he married, and afterward disagreed with his wife and deserted her. He returned here and made up with my poor child to break her heart and destroy her life. Well, she never rose from her bed, but sunk lower and lower, and I had to bring her here and take of her. The doctor says she has consumption; but I know it is her poor heart that is broken. Then, to make matters worse, my husband fell in the mill three years ago, and broke his hip, and has not been able to do a stroke of work since, and if it had not been for a bit of accident insurance money I don't know what we would have done. Now, we are just at the end of our means, and have decided to mortgage our little home. I expect the valuator here to-day to look at it."

When the old lady had got through with her sad tale she wept like a child. After she became calmer, she asked me if I would like to go to Mary's room. I replied, "I most certainly would like to see her."

We went to the room together and found the crippled father there nursing the child. When Mary saw me she was almost overcome with excitement and delight.

I stayed with them for several days, while I disposed of the property which I still owned in the city. Mary grew brighter, and the nurse who was employed to help the mother after I came back, prepared many little dainties to tempt her appetite; but we all felt her journey to the other world would soon commence.

My business in the city was done, and I was sitting in Mary's room one beautiful evening nursing Mary's child, who had taken quite a fancy to me. Mary lay in her bed watching us;

the hectic flush on her wan cheek. My heart was full of pity for her, and I remembered my dream. Looking up, I said to her, "Mary dear, give me this boy." The big tears started from her eyes, her lips trembled and for a time she could not speak, then she said: "Yes my love, my only love, take him, care for him, keep him, love him for the sake of the love you had for his poor wretched mother, and may God bless you."

The agitation had been too much for the weak body. I called the nurse and we all did what we could. Mary revived and lingered until the next evening. I never left her bedside; but held her hand most of the time. As the light of day went out her spirit went to its rest.

I was the only mourner at Mary's grave. While standing there beside that tomb I breathed a promise to her spirit and her God, to do my duty towards her child.

Two days after the funeral I left Buffalo to return to Cleveland, from whence I determined to go to Chicago and start-in business again. Before going, I paid enough in advance for the keep of the boy—Harry—to prevent the wolf from approaching his grandmother's door for a good many days. Mary's mother was greatly pleased to be made the nurse and guardian of her grandchild.

### CHAPTER III.

THE city of Chicago at that time was developing very rapidly. I soon secured rooms to suit my quiet, retired habits, and opened an office for the transaction of business. During the next eleven years I trafficked and speculated in lands and other properties, and amassed a large fortune. I was not oppressive or hard; but I never broke my habits of retirement, I was never seen at a social gathering, and never visited at a friend's house. I was determined never to allow myself to be drawn into any trap, or even on to the ground where there was the possibility of a trap being laid. The memory of poor Mary with her great love for me and her broken heart, was enough for me for the remainder of my life. The duty I owed to her boy was charge enough, and I determined not to allow either my love for her or her boy to be divided.

During all this time I had kept myself fully instructed as to the development of my youthful charge. His grandmother, whose husband had been dead for five or six years, had discharged her duty faithfully, and he was growing into an interesting youth, well advanced in his studies, and I felt proud of him; but, her health was failing, and, as it was evident she could not much longer take charge of him, I decided to send him to a boarding-school kept by a retired clergyman, where boys of his age were prepared for college.

I effected this change none too soon, for the old lady's strength gave out shortly afterwards, and after lingering several months, she died.

I sold everything that I owned in the city of Chicago, and invested most of my means in stocks. During the next four years I visited many countries and saw much of the world. Amongst other places, I went to England, and advertised in nearly every paper in the country for information regarding my aunt or brother, but got no reply. At the end of that time I returned home and placed Harry at college in an eastern city. He had always stood at the head of his classes and was noted for good behavior and kindness of disposition. He grew to calling me father, which gratified me exceedingly. He seemed delighted when I visited him, and manifested genuine affection for me. He had his mother's features, and was a handsome, well-built young fellow.

While he was in college I stayed near him, and made my



home in the same town. I took elegantly furnished rooms in the house of a widow lady, and there was always a room there for him, and a place at my table. I was not altogether idle in business, and by judicious investments I made sums of money which I placed to his credit in the bank.

At last, his college course ended and he graduated a gold-medalist, greatly to my delight.

He chose the profession of medicine, and after he had passed his final examination, I proposed that we should go to Berlin, Paris, and Edinburgh, so that he could see something of the world, as well as make himself proficient in his chosen profession. He was delighted with this arrangement, and we spent four years abroad, greatly to his advantage. I felt that if poor Mary's spirit had been watching over her child, how deeply would it approve of the way I had kept my vow.

Leaving Harry in Edinburgh for a college term, I returned home alone, for the purpose of choosing a city in which to locate and prepare a home for him to commence the practice of his profession.

I had visited several cities and had only partly decided. when a matter of old business called me to a town less than fifty miles from New York. My business, which was with a solicitor, was done, and, as I had nearly two hours to spare until my train would start, I decided to go to the depot and read a book. I always hated hotels. As I approached the station, a train arrived on a branch line and the passengers alighted. There was some consternation amongst them, the cause of which was explained when I overheard some one say, "The New York train is an hour and a half late."

I seated myself in a quiet spot and began to read. I had not been reading long when I became aware that a couple of ladies were walking to and fro in front of the spot where I was seated. I did not pay any attention to them, however, as I had no desire to make the acquaintance of any member of that sex, unless indeed, they were in distress, and then I was always ready to help them with all my heart.

Presently the ladies stopped and one of them said in a hesitating manner: "I beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you; but you look like an honest kind old gentleman and I am in distress and want counsel. Would you be so kind as to hear my story and advise me what to do?" When I looked up I saw a young lady with large beautiful eyes full of tears, and the most timid, gentle expression of face that I had ever beheld. Her companion was evidently her servant. At once it flashed into my mind that this was a case calling for prompt attention and action; but not wishing to be too precipitate in my conclusions I replied, "My dear young lady, I hope there is nothing serious in your trouble. I am a total stranger in these parts and I am sure it will be impossible for me to help you; but if you wish to tell me your trouble and if my advice would be of any service to you, I shall gladly place it at your disposal."

Seeing from her manner that she wished to take me at my word, I suggested that we seek a more secluded spot, and when we were seated she told me a story in substance as follows:—

Her father, when living, was a lawyer in the city of New York. He had married when quite a young man, and her mother had died when she was an infant. Her father was most affectionate and kind, and had provided her with everything that money could buy, and had kept servants and governesses to wait on and educate her. He had gone into partnership with a man much older than himself, and they had continued their partnership until her father's last illness. Her father had

died when she was between fifteen and sixteen. Her father had inherited money, and had also come into a handsome fortune on her mother's death, and as the business was a profitable one, he died a wealthy man. He had been ill for the last year of his life, and had withdrawn from the firm, and received his share of the business before his death; but had made his former partner sole executor and guardian.

After the father's death, the guardian had sent her to boarding-school; where she had been required to stay during the vacations. She had consequently never had any society, other than the boarders and knew nothing of the ways of the world. Shortly after her twentieth birthday she graduated and determined to stay there no longer. Her guardian, on being informed of her determination, allowed her to come back to her father's home, which had been kept furnished all this time, and hired a housekeeper and servants. But he had given orders that no visitors were to be allowed to see her, and that she was not to be permitted to go out except with his consent. The guardian who was an old crusty bachelor began to pay his addresses to her and ultimately sought her hand in marriage. She promptly declined his offer, as she could not bear the sight of him; but notwithstanding her refusal, he grew so persistent that she became alarmed that he would force her into a hateful bondage. Her father's will read that she was to come into a portion of the estate on attaining twenty-one, and the whole estate upon marriage. She began to fear that the guardian had misappropriated a portion of the estate, and wanted to marry her to cover up his guilt, or that he was so worldly and grasping that he wanted to secure her property in this way, for she was sure he could not care for her, as he scarcely knew her, having met her less than half-a-dozen times since she was a little girl.

She had written to a young lady who was at the boarding-school with her, and who lived on the branch line referred to, and told her of her trouble. This young lady had suggested the idea, to write her to come and be her bridesmaid as she was about to be married, and bring her servant with her. The guardian had at first protested; but was forced at length to yield, no doubt fearing that he was carrying things with too high a hand. She had visited the young lady, and was now returning to New York, in accordance with peremptory instructions from her guardian, and now the lateness of the train on the main line had given her the opportunity to lay her case before me. She feared when she went back, he would lock her up, and in the end force her into marriage.

After she concluded this part of her story, which profoundly impressed me, she, after considerable hesitation, said, in an agitated, nervous manner, that her young lady friend had advised her to tell some gentleman of her unfortunate position, and ask him to marry and leave her, not letting him know who she was. Then get a divorce after she came of age. With tears in her eyes, and in a maidenly, pleading manner she asked me if I would help her? She felt certain her guardian would be at the station with a carriage waiting for her, and would take her and shut her up and force her to marry him.

She was so agitated she could hardly speak when she got through, and I scarcely knew what to say to her. The most level-headed sometimes act from impulse, and I said, "Well, how would you like to marry me, as I am an old bachelor, and then when you come of age get a divorce on the ground of desertion, for I certainly would not undertake to live with you." Quick as a flash, I saw a sparkle in her eye and she said, "Will you do that?"



I replied, "Yes, if you will sign a paper agreeing not to make any claim against me as your husband, and pledging yourself to sue for a divorce on the ground of desertion, immediately that you are twenty-one."

There was no time for parleying, as the train would arrive soon, so we sprang into a hack and drove to the office of the solicitor with whom I had been transacting business. While he made out the necessary papers, one of his clerks went for a magistrate. In a few minutes afterwards the ceremony was performed, and we were again in the hack on our way to the station. I took her servant's address so that I could write her, for I thought a letter addressed to herself would be intercepted. I told her when I located I would send my address, and if I was needed, I would go to New York, and, as her husband, bring her tyrant guardian to time.

I particularly charged her not to use her marriage certificate, or say a word about her marriage unless her guardian undertook to force her into a marriage with him. Then at the last minute she must produce the certificate and confound him, as he would not dare to try to force a married woman into another marriage.

We had scarcely a moment to spare when we reached the station. I saw her into her train and then stepped into my own, and we were soon moving in different directions.

#### CHAPTER IV.

After being seated in the car for a few moments and circumstances were favorable to deliberate thought, I said to myself: "Well, what a fool you have been. Suppose this is the trick of an adventuress, you have spoiled your future peaceful life which you intended to be spent in company with Harry; but yet, you surely could not have been deceived. No young woman on earth could have done such acting as that. You must not allow yourself to believe it possible. Even so, what can she make of it? You don't own a foot of land, and you have only to hand over your bonds and securities to Harry and take his obligation, to keep you in such a way that you would virtually control, while he legally owned the whole of it." And thus ended my mental soliloquy.

I visited two or three cities and then decided on the one in which I would locate. I took rooms in a furnished house and paid liberally for the privilege of being the only lodger, while I looked around for a property to buy, suited to my taste, both for a home and office for a medical man. This was not so easy to find, and I made up my mind to take my time and not have to regret a too hasty decision.

I wrote a letter to the address of the young lady's servant, but no reply reached me. I concluded either that I was not needed, or the tyrant guardian had dismissed the servant to whom the letter was addressed, and it had not reached its destination. I thought that perhaps I should go to New York and make sure whether I had been deceived or not, but concluded not to act too hastily. Six weeks had passed since I had written and I began to feel quite uneasy lest the young lady might have been unfairly dealt with. In fact, I began to reproach myself. One day I started out to look at a property that was for sale, and while going along one of the main streets, I was astonished upon being stopped by two females; one wearing a thick veil. At first, I did not recognize the voice which spoke with such evident emotion. "Oh, sir; I am so glad to have met you. For God's sake help me." I stammered out, "I fear you are mistaken;" but before the words were fairly out of my mouth I recognized the young lady I had married. The first thought

that struck me was that she was an adventuress after all. Without saying anything, I offered her my arm, and the three of us walked along until we came to a public park where we would be able to find a spot to converse without being overheard. I felt certain that my worst fears were realized and I was in no gentle mood. During our walk I had time to collect my thoughts and lay my plans. I would pretend to acquiesce in what she proposed; but would on the first opportunity give them the slip and take up my quarters in another city.

I commenced the conversation by asking if they got my letter?

"No," they both answered at once.

Then the young lady said, "There has been nothing but trouble since we left you. As I expected, my guardian met us with a carriage and saw us home. The next day he came and wanted an interview. He told me he must have my answer at once. He intended to have the ceremony performed within a week, as he was compelled to cross the ocean and he wished to make it his wedding trip. He said that it was the best thing for me to do; that love was bosh, business was everything in this world, and that if left to myself some adventurer would snatch me up for my wealth and ruin my life. He could provide for me as no one else would, and it was a sacred trust from my dead father. He went on to say that he had no personal feeling in the matter, he was making the sacrifice for his dead partner's sake. He knew all about what was for the best and he expected me to submit. I told him firmly never to let me hear any more of it, for my mind was fully made up; I never would marry him. He turned pale with rage and said I would never leave the house until I consented. I was his ward and as he had full control of me he would keep me a prisoner until I learned sense. He went out, locking the door after him. I tried every means to escape but without success. For five days I was kept a close prisoner, my food being passed to me through a transom. On the fifth night I heard a key being cautiously turned in the lock of my door, and I started up so frightened that I could not speak. The door opened a little and I heard a whisper, "Don't be afraid it's only Tillie." It was my servant there. She explained that the servants were all hired to keep me a prisoner, and were well paid for it, and she had also agreed to help them so as to be in a position to help me. They had all gone to bed and Tillie had stolen the key of my room, and had come to find in what way she could help me.

It ended in my determining to run away. I gave Tillie some jewellery to sell to provide us with money, and told her what things to prepare to take with us. I thought I would go to some place and stay in hiding until I was of age. When Tillie had everything ready and the coast was clear, she was to go and place a ladder under my window. Three taps on the shutter was the signal. When I heard this, I was to descend the ladder and meet Tillie in the garden. Tillie left me and succeeded in replacing the key without detection. It was the second night after this, about eleven o'clock, while I was anxiously watching that I heard the welcome signal. I hastily threw on my bonnet and cloak, and taking all my jewellery in a casket, which I placed in a reticule, I gently raised the window and was soon in the garden. I found Tillie waiting and we left by the gardener's gate. We each had a small satchel in which Tillie had placed the things I had indicated. Tillie knew the way and we had no difficulty in reaching the station. We were in time for the midnight train, and in the morning were in the city of Albany. After leaving the train at Albany, we walked a long way towards the suburbs, where we procured board. We



kept very quiet. I never went out, and when Tillie went she always disguised herself and wore my veil. We were there two weeks. One day when Tillie was out she saw my guardian and a private detective whom she knew, driving together in a buggy. We did not know what to do, but finally decided to leave. Tillie suggested that every train would be watched, and our better way would be to leave on foot and go across the country to the next station outside of the city and take the train from there. That afternoon we started and walked several miles to a station, arriving there after dark. We went straight to the depot and waited for the night train, which we took to Rochester. Here we boarded as before and were all the time on the alert. One evening, Tillie, whose ears were always open, heard some stranger at the door saying that detectives were looking for two girls from New York, and he believed there was a big reward offered for their apprehension. He was only gone a few minutes when the lady of the house came to our room and enquired if we were from New York, but Tillie spoke up quickly and said we came from Albany. The landlady had no sooner turned away than Tillie said we must leave at once, and she would fix it. She went down stairs singing and asked the landlady what play was on that night at the opera house, as we thought of going if it was a good one. The landlady could not tell her, so Tillie remarked that we would go, and if we did not like it we would return. She slipped everything into the small satchels and laid them on the table, and her parasol beside them, then I took my jewel casket in my reticule and we went out. Tillie no sooner reached the door than she called out, "Oh, it looks like rain, I will take my parasol," and ran back upstairs to get it. She had no sooner reached the room than she stepped to the open window and quietly dropped the satchels out. I picked them up, walked rapidly on, Tillie overtaking me in a few minutes. Then we walked as fast as possible and again made for the country. We travelled very slowly all night and reached Charlotte just before daylight. From there we took train eastward and continued until we reached this city, and have been here in hiding since. To-day, Tillie saw the detective passing in front of the house where we boarded. We waited for the first opportunity to get out by the back way; but we found we were forced to pass through the main thoroughfare. We did not know where we were going, and Tillie had just remarked that she did not know what to do next, when we met you. The money we brought from New York is almost gone, and we have been so harrassed we have not been able to sell any of my jewelry. We had no idea that you were here and had no expectation of meeting you; but I hope it is providential."

While I listened to this long story, all my fears had departed. There was no deception there. I said, "Come with me." It was only a few blocks to my rooms. We entered, and I called my landlady, and asked her if she could keep these two ladies until I could do something for them. She consented to do her best for a time. I then took my landlady, in whom I had confidence, partly into my secret, and asked her to help me to find them a place where they would be safe until something could be done.

The landlady said her sister, living in the city, had rooms and she thought she would assist us. I procured a hack and my landlady accompanied me to her sister's where we arranged for their comfort. That evening they were taken to their quarters and told to rest contentedly and both stay within doors. The young lady was not at all well when I left her. The continued strain had been too great on her system, and I felt somewhat anxious about her condition.

The next morning I went to see her early and found her in a raging fever. I at once brought the best physician I could find in the city, and later on two more, with experienced nurses to wait on her. Her trouble developed into brain fever, and for three weeks her life was in the balance. Gradually she began to grow better. I gave her every attention and went every day to see her. At length she was able to sit up a little while each day. Then I asked her if I should read to her, and she was glad to have me do so. The nurse, or Tillie, had told her how attentive I had been and she felt and showed her gratitude. Up to this time I had never been for a moment alone with her. One day as I was reading to her, she stopped me and asked the nurse and Tillie to withdraw while she talked with me alone. As soon as we were alone, she asked me to draw my chair near so that she could speak low. When I had done so, she said, "You have been very good to me, and I feel that I must tell you something. I don't know why I am so impressed, for I thought I would never tell it to any one in this world. It is something my father told me when he knew he had not long to live. You will never tell it, I know, you are so good!"

I replied, "Your interests are safe with me. I shall do nothing to injure you."

She leaned over a little towards me and said in a low voice, "My grandfather was a murderer and was hanged." I came very near falling off my chair. A vague thought ran through my head: "This is the bond of sympathy between us, we are both under the same cloud." I said nothing. Seeing my expression and misinterpreting it, she said, "I startled you. I feared I would. I ought not to have told you." Then after a pause, she said, "M—— is not my real name; my right name is the same as yours. I have thought about it several times since I first met you, as it is an odd name."

Something was making my head swim around, I tried to keep calm, and then said, "Tell me all about it."

She continued, "All I know is what papa told me. His name was the same as yours, and he was born in——. His father was a cruel drunkard and killed his mother and was hanged for it. His aunt Mary adopted him and gave him her name so as to save him from reproach. His uncle Archie sold out and went to England, and afterwards returned to New York, where both he and papa died. Papa's uncle made a great deal of money, and when he died he left it all to papa. That is how he came to be so rich."

I could endure it no longer. I seized her thin hands in mine and kissed them, the tears coursing down my cheeks; I could not speak for emotion. At last, I controlled myself by a powerful effort and said, "You are my own niece. My own brother's child. Thank God for having brought us together even though through pain." She was as much affected as I was, and for a time neither of us could speak."

When we became calm again, she went on to say. "Yes, I remember papa telling me he had an elder brother; but he did not know whether he was alive or dead. I did not think he could be as old as you are, and so never mistrusted it could be you. I was, however, going to ask you if you had ever heard of him; because of his being of the same name."

The nurse, Tillie, and the landlady were called, and were told of the discovery we had made, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

Every day I went to see my niece, and as soon as she was able to go out, I drove her around regularly; but it was two months before she was herself again.

I had found a residence to suit me and had bought it, and had it renovated and furnished in first-class style. One day I



brought a carriage and took my niece and Tillie to the new home. I said, "I bought this to settle down in for my old days; but little thought I when I decided to locate in this city that I would have such a charming niece to preside over my home. You are now mistress here. As only a few weeks will elapse before your twenty-first birthday, we will keep everything quiet until then."

The birthday came, and on that day papers were served on the tyrant guardian for a settlement of his ward's estate. The same day affidavits were entered for the nullifying of our marriage, which nullification was effected immediately on the application being made.

The guardian made a return and paid over the portion of money coming due. It was all right; he had not misappropriated any of the funds; but his desire for the marriage

with my niece was entirely from mercenary considerations.

About a month after this, Harry arrived from Edinburgh. If ever there was a case of love at first sight, it was between him and my niece. I could see it at once and I was not displeased.

Three months later there was a marriage at my new residence, and I gave the bride away.

Let me see! Why, that is over ten years ago. How time does fly?

I always liked to be quiet, so I built an addition to my house, in which I had rooms made for my own use. In spite of this I can hear those noisy children playing out there on the lawn.

There now, I hear that little mischief, Mary, shouting, "Let's run and bring dear grandpa out to help us play," so I shall have to lay aside my pen.

THE END.

## ETIQUETTE OF PRECEDENCE.

IN England, the etiquette of precedence is very rigorously observed. Who is to lead the way, is a written law which none attempt to dispute. The Archbishop of Canterbury precedes even the peers, unless they are dukes of the royal house, and yet his wife, unless a peeress in her own right, is not entitled to the same precedence as her husband. While the nobility take precedence of the untitled, the bishops, and all the "dignified clergy" take precedence of even dukes and marquises. This precedence is accorded to the clergy by courtesy, not by right.

For a long time it was a matter of dispute between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York as to who should take precedence. The matter was decided by King Edward III., in 1352, and ever since the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence. Next to him comes the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and the Archbishop of York.

After the Queen, the Princess of Wales takes precedence, then the Princess Royal, and after her the Queen's daughters, according to age. After them come the wives of the Queen's sons, then those of the grandsons, and after them the granddaughters.

While in this country we have neither queen, court, nor nobility, we have certain established laws of precedence in social life which we must observe if we wish to be considered well-bred. The Governor-General and his wife take precedence over all others in Canada. In the United States, the wife of the President is, of course, the "first lady in the land." In the matter of precedence there are certain laws which are accepted in society, and if we follow them we cannot go wrong.

At a private ball the host leads to supper the most distinguished lady present. The question may be asked, "Who is this lady?" She may, perhaps, be a distinguished author, artist, or an acknowledged social leader. In such cases age sometimes gives precedence, but wealth or birth never. The stranger is frequently selected, by way of showing her extra courtesy, to lead the way with the host to the supper-table. The same rule holds good with regard to a dinner-party. The hostess follows with a gentleman guest, the most distinguished of the company, and the other guests follow them with the partners to whom they have been assigned. When there are more ladies than gentlemen the hostess goes alone, leaving the

gentleman who would have been her escort to accompany a lady guest. He, however, takes his seat at the table next to the hostess.

At a ball or party the lady advances first and speaks to the hostess, her escort following her. In selecting partners for the first dance the young ladies of the house must be given the precedence. They are to lead, and are not to remain seated. After the first dance they are to see that their lady guests have partners. At balls and public places the chaperon proceeds up the stairs first, followed by her charges, and enters the room or building the same way.

At a church wedding the mother and family precede the bride to church, and take their seats in a front pew. In a bridal procession the ushers go first, followed by the bridesmaids; then the bride comes leaning on the arm of her father. The groom meets her at the altar. In leaving the church the bride and groom, arm in arm, lead the way. At a wedding-breakfast they also have precedence, followed by the bride's mother, escorted by the groom's father, and the groom's mother with the bride's father.

In riding in a carriage, the gentleman takes the back seat, and alights first, handing the ladies out; the footman, if there is one, holding open the door. In horseback-riding, the lady mounts first, assisted by her escort; while in alighting the escort descends first, and gives his assistance to the lady in dismounting.

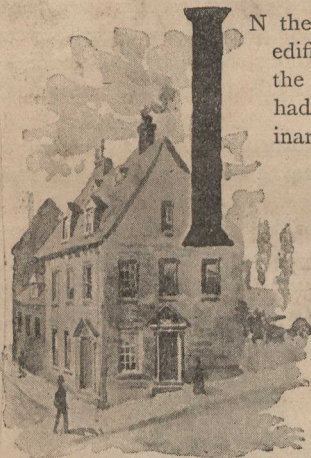
In introducing a gentleman to a lady, the latter's name is mentioned first. Miss Smith, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Jones; not Mr. Jones, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Smith. The gentleman is always introduced to the lady; the younger to the elder, and the one of lower rank to the higher. When a lady and gentleman are announced, the rule is to mention the name of the gentleman first; Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Miss White; the lady, however, enters the room first.

In ascending the stairs, the gentleman precedes the lady. In entering a church the lady precedes her escort, and shows the way to her pew, with which he is unacquainted, but she enters it first, while he holds the door open. As a general thing, with regard to precedence, the saying holds good, "*Place aux dames.*"



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

## TRIED AND TRUE.



IN the top storey of a quaint high edifice, in a well-known street in the city of Quebec, Carl Brooks had his "den." It was not an inartistic room, but was certainly not luxurious, and the owner of it, who was working hard at an article which he was preparing for an American magazine, seemed poor.

He is worth more than a passing notice. Tall, handsome, finely built. His hair of that indefinite color, which no one can describe, being neither light nor dark, brown nor red, is tossed carelessly back from

his broad brow. But it is the eyes which attract you most,—eyes, which if once you look into them you cannot help wishing to look into again. Rather large, and of a bright blue-gray, but it is the expression, not the size or color, which gives them their wonderful power. You see a human soul in them; you say, "Here is a man who has had sufficient sadness in his life to be able to sympathize with his fellow-men in their afflictions."

He *was* poor so far as outward circumstances were concerned, but if you had asked him if he were happy, he would have answered with a decided "Yes." For had he not his profession, and was not Laura Neville, his betrothed, the dearest and best girl in the world.

His was the most unselfish life imaginable. The needs, sorrows and joys of the poorest of those around him were matters of interest to him. He had been brought up by an aunt, who had died, and whose money had gone to a cousin in the Old Country, and Carl, besides his own small earnings, had only a very small capital inherited from his mother.

Immediately opposite to him, lived Miss Pemberton, a lady of rather uncertain temper, but who had a very comfortable home.

Laura, Carl's betrothed, and her brother Frank were the children of a sister of Mrs. Pemberton's and, having been left orphans at a very early age, had been adopted by this lady. Charles was now independent of his aunt, but, having a very strong attachment for his sister, he still made his home with them. Laura had been Carl's friend from childhood.

The old lady imagined herself to be an invalid, and was very exacting, and Laura had a dull life, which, however, would have been much duller had it not been for her brother Frank and Carl. Carl had one day been sent by his aunt to deliver a message to Mrs. Pemberton and had seen Laura for the first time. She was then quite a child. The two were attracted from the first, and they had been friends and companions ever since. They had made each other presents on their birthdays, and many a happy day did the three, Frank, Carl and Laura spend together.

The day on which our story opens was a very happy one to Carl. It was just a year since he had been engaged to Laura, and the day before she had shyly told him that Mrs. Pemberton had consented to her being married about the first of the year. The old lady had been very reluctant to give her consent as Laura had been very useful to her, and, indeed,

Laura had begun to fear that she never would give her consent. And the poor girl hardly knew what was her duty. Her love for Carl was great, but the feeling that her aunt needed her, prevented her from looking forward to her marriage with unmixed joy. With Mrs. Pemberton, no one could quite take Laura's place. However, help came.

A friend of the old lady's died leaving an orphan daughter wholly unprovided for, and she offered the girl a home. So Laura seemed free to accept the man she loved so well.

"Is it not fortunate that auntie took this girl," Laura said to her lover, that evening as they went out on the lawn at Mrs. Pemberton's. Laura seated herself on a low seat and Carl leaned against a tree looking down on her. The evening was chilly and she had thrown a soft white shawl around her, and her face, as Carl gazed at her, was so full of light and joy, that she seemed almost too fair for earth. Through the open windows of the drawing-room they could see Mrs. Pemberton asleep, and hear the strains of the violin which Frank was playing. The young man was not in a happy frame of mind that evening, and the sad strains which he was playing rather jarred upon Laura; the music seemed in marked contrast to the happiness of the moment.

"Dear Laura," said Carl, breaking the silence. "When are we to begin our new life together? You are free now to do as you please, are you not?"

"Soon, Carl, I hope, if aunt will give her permission."

Carl was silent for some moments. Frank's music was affecting him strangely, and he stood watching the coming of the twilight. The sky changed from its brilliant color to dusky gold, and then to gray. Through the open window he saw a servant bring her mistress's shawl and throw it over her shoulders.

"We shall be poor, Laura, are you afraid of that? You have had all the comforts of life hitherto, and——"

"Dear Carl, we are young, and I have no fear. We love each other.

They were silent again, quiet and happy. They had loved each other all their lives, and belonged to each other. That was all. Carl loved beauty, as every one does, but he had never seen a face that was to him what Laura's was, though there were others far more perfect. He loved all that was noble and good, and she was both. She had borne her life with her exacting aunt uncomplainingly, trying to shield her faults from all. And she loved Carl passionately, and her heart was loyal and true. The idea of marrying any one else, never occurred to her. She felt she was his, and his alone.

"Laura, do come in, the evening is altogether too chilly for you to stay out any longer."

The girl started. She had been in a land of dreams, and her aunt's voice, rather harsh, brought her back to reality.

They went in and found the old lady complaining that she felt very chilly.

"Shall I ring?" asked Carl.

"No. Laura, you may go and tell Mary to see that a fire is made in the grate, and you need not come back till I send for you."

"Laura obeyed, her face flushing slightly, for she guessed her aunt intended to speak to Carl about their marriage.

"Will you sit down," said Mrs. Pemberton, as Carl stood by the mantel, looking very handsome and calm.



## CHAPTER II.

"I want to talk to you" said Mrs. Pemberton, "and so I sent Laura away. I want to talk to you about your marriage. Laura and you intend to be married, eh?"

Carl bowed gravely. "Yes, madam, it is our intention. We have loved each other——"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that. A lot of sentimental nonsense. That is all very well in a story but not for real life."

Carl was silent, he thought it was better to let the old lady have her say out.

"You cannot live upon love. Love won't put furniture in your house, nor pay your servants, nor give you food to eat. Tell me in plain words: what is your income?"

Carl told her, naming a sum that he thought would be sufficient for his own and Laura's requirements.

Mrs. Pemberton sighed. "And you expect to succeed with your writing?"

"I trust I shall," said Carl. It was very hard to discuss these matters with this very worldly woman. He loved his profession, and, aside from any mercenary motive, he hoped to be a success in the literary world. He would like to write so that people would be the better for his work.

Mrs. Pemberton nodded.

"But you do not have to depend solely on your pen, do you?" she asked.

"Well, no, not exactly. My mother left me a small sum, you know."

"And I suppose you have it invested well?"

Carl smiled.

"Oh, my money is safe enough. It is in the hands of a trustee. My uncle saw to that."

"Well, I suppose you intend to see about a house?"

"We thought, Laura and I," said Carl, that we would take one or two more rooms in the house where I am, for the present, until we can see our way to something better. There are several very nice rooms vacant over there."

"I suppose you will settle this money, that you speak of, on Laura, when you marry?"

"I intend to do so," said Carl. "You may be sure I shall provide for her the best I can."

After a little more conversation Carl left, without seeing Laura again that evening.

Laura was sure that Mrs. Pemberton was making herself as disagreeable as possible, and felt very sorry for Carl, but she could do nothing.

Carl left the house and walked down the street. The air was warmer than it had been, and he felt more like taking a long walk, than returning to his rooms. So he walked on.

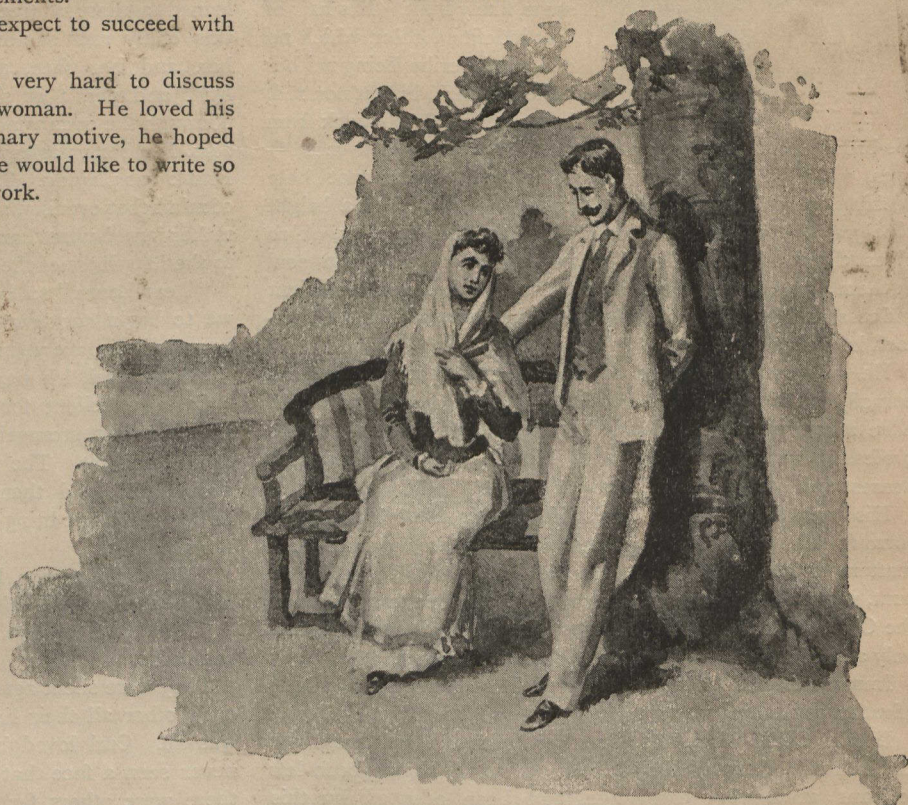
As he went, his thoughts wandered over the past, present and future. And now his marriage was all settled. He had never doubted Laura's love, but he could not fully trust Mrs. Pemberton. He knew that she had never looked with favor on the marriage, he knew she thought Laura might have done better, and he felt that her power over Laura was very great.

But he threw all these thoughts off, and his heart was full of thanksgiving.

Laura was to be his own! He thought of her sweet, beautiful face, with its radiant crown of golden hair, and of her trust in him, and he vowed that nothing should be left undone to make her life as happy and as full of joy as she deserved it should be.

The hour was late when he turned towards his home. He hastened on, and in a short time he was ascending the stairs to his rooms.

How dreary they seemed to him as he entered the small reception-room. Yes, but they would not be so, much longer. He pictured Laura's form flitting about. He saw in her the fairy who should transform these dismal rooms into a very wonderland. He longed for the next day when he should see



"WHEN ARE WE TO BEGIN OUR NEW LIFE."

her again. They had left a little supper ready for him, and by the tray was a letter. He saw the postmark was "London," but thought it a letter from a friend there, with whom he corresponded. He did not, therefore, hasten to open the letter, but ate his supper first.

At last he opened it. It was not from his friend as he expected. As he read it his face grew pale, and when he had finished, he sank back in his chair, his form shaken with overpowering emotion.

The letter was a long one, but the news contained therein can be explained in a few words.

The trustee who had the power over Carl's money had made away with it, and not a cent remained. He was gone, no one knew whither.

The blow to poor Carl was very great, for the thought would



present itself, that, perhaps, now Mrs. Pemberton would make the loss of this money an insuperable barrier to his marriage with Laura. As Carl sat there in his lonely rooms, every word that the old lady had spoken that evening, came back with redoubled force.

The truth must be told. It was impossible for Carl to do a dishonest or underhand thing. Yes, Mrs. Pemberton must be told, no matter what the consequences might be.

It was early morning before he went to bed, but then he could not sleep. His thoughts went out into that future which but a few short hours before had seemed so bright—and now to think that all his bright dreams were to be dashed to the ground!

As daylight was beginning to dawn, he fell asleep, and slept so soundly, that he did not awaken until the sun was streaming through the window, the shutters of which had not been closed. Mary, the housemaid, had knocked at his door twice without receiving any reply. The mail had come, and she had brought Carl his letters.

He arose and dressed, and as he caught sight of his face in the mirror, the reflection startled him. The violent emotion and pain he had undergone the night before, had left their traces on his countenance. Sleep, the great restorer, had failed to erase the marks of suffering.

He was stunned, perplexed and confused. He had lost the money that was to have been settled on Laura, and with it he felt sure he had lost her, for he could not hope for anything else from Mrs. Pemberton.

For many hours he remained in his rooms, thinking deeply. He did not hear Mary when she called him to breakfast, and she had to repeat the message before he aroused himself sufficiently to answer her. He could not eat, but consented to take a cup of coffee, which she brought him.

At last he made his way to Mrs. Pemberton's. Laura was out when he arrived there, and he remembered that she had told him she was going to spend the afternoon with a friend. So Carl had Mrs. Pemberton all to himself.

It was all soon told, and Mrs. Pemberton most positively refused to give her consent to his marrying Laura, as he could not settle the sum she wished on her.

She allowed him an interview with Laura, and next day they met. Mrs. Pemberton insisted that Carl should not see Laura any more. The girl dared not disobey, and so they parted. No need to dwell on that parting!

And so the weeks sped on, and, although living opposite each other, Carl never caught a glimpse of Laura. One day, Mary, when she brought in his breakfast, told him that she had heard that Miss Neville was going to be married to a very rich man, who was a great friend of Mrs. Pemberton's. At about this time Carl had to leave for Montreal, as he had received an offer of journalistic work there which would pay him well. There he caught a severe cold which so prostrated him, that he was unable to leave his room for some time, and when he returned to Quebec, he learned that Mrs. Pemberton had gone abroad and taken Laura with her, of course.

And Laura was not married.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years had passed away, and Carl suddenly found himself, by the death of a distant relative, of whom he had never heard, again in possession of some capital. He now made preparations to find Laura. He left Quebec as soon as he could settle his affairs. About two months afterwards he and Laura met. The same sweet light was in her eyes, and although her face was somewhat worn, and showed signs of suffering, it was just as beautiful as ever to Carl. In it he read the old story of faith and love.

"They told me you were going to be married once, dearest," said Carl.

"Did they?"

"Yes, to that Mr. Cavendish, who was reported to be so wealthy."

"He did ask Mrs. Pemberton for me, but I refused. And dear Carl I would rather not speak of that time," said Laura, who could have told many a bitter tale of how Mrs. Pemberton tried to coerce her into marrying this man.

"You know Mrs. Pemberton has given her consent to your marrying me now," said Carl. "Are you willing?"

Laura raised her head and looked at him, her face radiant with love, and in her eyes he read his answer.

Their love had been tried and found true.

THE END.

## THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

ON the ship of fancy I now embark,  
To sail for the isle of dreams:  
The vessel heaves on the waves like cork,  
And the sea like smooth glass seems.  
Away, away, I speed me now,  
The blue waves curling about the bow.

The ship goes swift, as the sails expand,  
Till at last to the view appears,  
A lovely isle of coral; the strand  
All strewn with the wreck of years,  
Fair, proud ships in sunlight gleams,  
All wrecked on the shore of the Isle of Dreams.

On this isle there are beauties manifold,  
Sweet music to charm the ear,  
Leaves of jasper and sands of gold,  
And in marble basins are fountains clear,  
But woe to the ship that nears the shore;  
It is lost and returns to home no more.

So I'll turn aside and homeward steer,  
To the true heart waiting for me;  
For none on the earth I will find so dear,  
On the land or the purple sea.  
So I'll home, where the love of a true heart beams,  
Nor seek for the lovely Isle of Dreams.



## The Latest Fashion.

### SEASONABLE FABRICS.

THE sleazy homespun in plain colors, stripes, and large plaids are fully restored to the favor of those willing to pay a good price for apparently common-looking goods, but they will never take with the person wishing a seemingly fine dress for a small price.

Fine ladies' cloths are to be used of lighter shades than formerly for the street, trimmed with braiding, feathers, and fur, and in pale evening tints for dressy reception gowns.

Small checks in dark shades, diagonal weaves, rough threads

here and there over a homespun surface, serges, small dark plaids, chevron stripes in brown and blue, black and green, etc., camel's hair goods spotted with pastilles or wafers, bourrette threads and astrakhan effects are used for plainly made gowns with stitched edges, or a simple trimming of cord braiding.

Black goods have diagonal stripes, silky moons, bourrette threads, and plaid effects. Cloths like foulés take well, also smooth-finished vignognes and cashmeres as well as the old "stand-by," Henrietta.

Camel's-hair spots of long astrakhan wool are stylish and expensive novelties. Broché effects may be had in silk or wool



LONG WALKING COAT.

In rainbow plush, trimmed with natural peacock and coque feather bordering, with garniture in shaded beads to match the feathers.



TRAVELLING DRESS.

In dark green velvet. The green satin sash that encircles the hips has its ends embroidered in gold, and they are fringed. Lace jabot and ruffles.



sprays, figures or spots, but it can not be said that they abound.

Colored goods of a rough, hairy weave have occasional raised lines, or only one stitch of black in rather a bourrette or astrakhan effect.

Blue and brown are undoubtedly the winter colors, though serpent grays and greens are worn in silk and velvet costumes.

Crossbars or lines of astrakhan threads divide large plaids of heavy, rough woolens. The plaids are modified, and may now be said to be of the tartan mixtures beautified.

No matter how dull or how bright plaids are, a thread of black, red or yellow is sure to appear.

Hairy borders of shaggy lines vie with those of the short curly astrakhan. Other borders are of black or self-colored moons, graduated in size.

Stripes of all widths appear, and many are separated by a line of astrakhan wool.

Heavy cashmere robes at \$20 to \$90 are elegant visiting gowns with sleeves and borders of velvet, braiding, camel's hair or astrakhan effects in black or a darker shade than the dress goods.

Brocaded stripes in satin on a satin, faille or Bengaline ground are in shades suitable for reception dresses.



DRIVING COAT.

In tabac-brown cloth, lined and trimmed with mink.



LONG CLOAK.

In sealskin; sleeves, plastron collar, and bordering of Persian lamb.



## Household Information.

### CONCERNING THE TABLE.

CANDLE floral rings are something new, and are intended for the candlesticks and chandelabra used on the table. They are made of plain or colored glass, in the shape of small saucers, and encircle the socket of the candle. They are filled with water, or wet moss or sand, in which flowers are placed, the effect of the shaded light falling on the flowers being very pretty. Another new table decoration is an arrangement of bronzed fir-twigs and cones, placed in a china vase with bronzed feet and handles.

Silver epergnes have again come into vogue, and the old-fashioned plate, once so highly prized, is seen decorating the table, instead of being hid away in the closet.

Very pretty shades for the candles on the table are of white lace over silk, the color of the flowers used in decorating, and having a spray of the flowers trailing over them. Some are made of colored silk in the shape of flower-petals, poppies looking especially well while others are of lace, edged with a garland of flowers.

Menus are in great variety. One that is simple and pretty is a creamy-looking, thick card, edged with gold, printed in gold, and the monogram or the crest printed in the same. A Washington lady's menu had the map of the United States printed on it in silver.

Very pretty butter-dishes for those who object to individual butter-plates, are of glass set in silver. Pretty devices for holding salt are also in silver, about four being on the table, from which the salt is taken and put into the individual salt-cellars. Small silver salt spoons, large in the bowl, are provided, with which to help the salt. Salt-cellars are not the important articles they were in olden times, however, when they marked the separation of the higher from the lower rank at table. They were made of gold, silver, silver gilt, and had covers. Some were shaped like hour-glasses, and at the end of the sixteenth century, salt-cellars were bell-shaped, these being succeeded by the urn shape, and the circular with two handles.

Ladies no longer satisfy themselves with plain damask table-cloths, but are turning their attention to something more decorative. Drawn linen, that is, the threads drawn out, and the remaining threads worked in a design, is popular. This is headed by embroidery in satin stitch. Others, again, have a broad hem, hem-stitched. Renaissance guipure is also seen, and is sometimes done in colored threads, the outlines of the pattern being in button-hole stitch. Doilies are worked to correspond, and the carver's cloth, placed under the dish to keep the table-cloth from being splashed, must match the table-cloth and doilies.

The friendship tea-cloth is white damask, with a fringe of the same. Within the fringe is a two-inch canvas for cross stitch or satin stitch. This canvas border is divided into squares, and in each square friends work their monogram or initials, or Christian name. In the centre is the monogram of the owner, who works it herself, also the corner designs. A double feather stitch ornaments the rows of letters and monograms, worked in the same colors as the corners, that is, two shades of terra-cotta. The other silks used are washing silks, and are old gold, electric-blue, olive-green, and terra-cotta. The silks for working are provided by the owner of the cloth.

A very unique and pleasing scheme of table decoration was carried out recently by an artist and his wife, whose original

ideas and graceful skill in the arrangement of flowers preclude the necessity of the conventional designer. On the table was some soft green silk, slightly draped over with filmy, silver-threaded muslin, so openly meshed that the green shimmered faintly through it. Thrown carelessly upon this were small rustic logs of all shapes and sizes, covered with lichen moss bearing hardy heart's-tongue and maiden-hair. The lights were all softened with delicate green and white shades, and the effect was extremely vernal and dainty. There are few places where people cannot obtain ferns, and they are invaluable in the household decoration, as they will thrive where flowering plants would fade and die. Another late idea is to distribute favors of natural flowers at weddings, and orchids seem to be the choice, where the amount of money expended is of minor importance. The long bows which tie the bunches of orchids have little clusters of the typical wedding flowers, orange blossoms, nestled somewhere in their fluttering ends. This fragrant little nosegay, caught in the pendant bows, is a feature of the drawing-room bouquets carried by all the ladies so fortunate as to be admitted to the presence of British royalty at a reception. One lady very cleverly utilized the immense yellow-and-white affair after she had made her courtesy in Buckingham Palace, by setting it in a silver stand in the centre of her dinner table the night of the reception, while the long-looped ribbons, followed by trails of the bloom, were carried to large snails of Beluk ware set at each corner, and filled with maiden-hair ferns.

An extremely effective golden dinner decoration has long fronds of maiden-hair fern arranged in fancy baskets of gilded wire, and in different sizes. A long curved spray of flowers at either end of the table was composed of the large single daffodil, and the small flowered mimosa and yellow sweetmeats in little gold dishes, with yellow shades on the candles, completed the rich decoration. There seems to be a great difference of opinion concerning the use of fruit on the table for ornamental purposes, but here is an idea for the daring ones of the new school. Have low growing baskets of flowers on the table, either silk gold rush, or osier; around this lay as pretty green leaves as can be found, the fruit on these resting on the cloth instead of a dish. The larger leaves should be used in the centre of the table, and the smaller ones nearer the edge. Four leaves should surround each basket or candle, or whatever remains stationary upon the table, and four apples, four pears, or grapes and apples in alternation, complete the decoration. It is probably needless to say that those who follow the idea must be sure to devote some time to sponging and drying the leaves with soft cloths before they are ready for contact with the table linen.

### TOILET HINTS.

FOLLOWING are a few recipes for toilet adjuncts which we think will be appreciated by some of the readers of THE QUEEN:

#### TO REMOVE AND PREVENT WRINKLES.

Boil the whites of four eggs in rose water to which is added half an ounce each of alum and as much oil of sweet almonds. Beat this well. It should form a paste which must be applied before retiring.

#### TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW.

Slightly bruise a pound and a half of southernwood and boil it in a quart of old olive oil to which has been added half a pint of port wine. When thoroughly boiled, strain it through a linen cloth. Repeat the operation three times, using fresh southernwood each time, then add two ounces of fresh lard. Apply twice a week brushing it well.



## TOOTH WASH.

Take one and one-half fluid ounces of tincture of myrrh, one-half ounce of thick mucilage, eight ounces of cold water, and one-fourth of an ounce of powdered borax. Mix this well before using. It is very good to use when the teeth are decayed, or for spongy or ulcerated gums.

## MILK OF ROSES.

The following formula for an excellent preparation for the complexion is credited to Schubarth. It makes the skin soft, fair and clear, and gives it a natural flush which is very attractive: Take three drachms of almond paste, one-half pint of rose water, and one-half fluid ounce of tincture of benzoin. Make it in emulsion.

## TO MAKE THE EYEBROWS GROW.

To make the eyebrows grow, apply five grains of sulphate of quinine dissolved in one ounce of alcohol, with a fine camel's hair brush.

## COMPLEXION WASH.

Mix one spoonful of the best tar in a pint of pure olive oil or almond oil, by heating them together in a tin cup set in boiling water. Stir till it is thoroughly mixed and smooth, adding more oil if the compound is too thick to run easily. Rub this on the face when going to bed, and lay pieces of cloth on the cheeks and forehead to protect the bedding. It washes off easily with warm water and soap. It sometimes turns the skin yellow and brings out pimples, but after applying it three or four times will correct the trouble. This is excellent to remove wrinkles, roughness of the skin, or tan.

## TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.

Dilute one ounce each of borax and camphor in two quarts of water, and wash the hair well with the mixture twice a week. Clip the ends occasionally, and it will grow long, thick and even.

## OFFENSIVE BREATH.

Rinse the mouth with a mixture composed of fifteen grains of chlorate dissolved in an ounce of water. If the breath is very bad take two drops of the mixture twice a day in water.

## TO CURE PIMPLES.

Take ten grains each of iodide of sulphur and sublimed sulphur, ten minims of dilute hydrocyanic acid, and one ounce of lard. Make it into an ointment, which must be applied on retiring.

## ON WINDOW-CLEANING.

THE cleaning of windows seems to be a very easy matter, yet many house-wives would prefer to do any other part of the house-cleaning than this; so, as a few general hints towards lightening this labor, we may say, never begin this work until all the paint is cleaned, but more especially that part about the windows. If the window-glass be done first, it is almost impossible to wash the paint round it without smearing the glass.

Never wash windows on a damp day, although a cloudy one is not objectionable for work. A bright, clear, sunny day is the best, choosing that part of it when the windows are in the shade. Windows washed while the sun is on them are sure to be streaky, no matter how well they may be done, for the sun dries them more quickly than they can be wiped, and consequently the water dries just as it is put on by the wash-cloth. Always dust the windows thoroughly both inside and outside before beginning to wash them. Use small, dry paint-brushes to get

into crevices and corners when dusting. Wash the inside of the window first, and it will be much easier to detect any defect when doing the outside.

Take as much clear water as desired, but have it as warm as it can be conveniently used without parboiling the hands, and add to it enough carbonate of ammonia to soften it. With a soft cloth that is free from lint, wash each pane of glass thoroughly, using a small pointed stick with a cloth on it to go into the corners. Use old cotton to wipe with, and dry each pane immediately after washing. Where the water is quite hot, if the glass be not wiped immediately, it will dry so that it will have to be re-washed ere wiping.

Where the ammonia is not convenient, use clear water, and never on any account use soap of any kind, if you want your glass to be clear. After washing in clear water, a nice polish may be obtained by rubbing the glass with tissue-paper; but where ammonia is used, the latter gives a nice gloss without any extra work. Baking-soda on a damp cloth is said to be nice to give the windows a good polish. Cleaning windows with a cloth wet with kerosene is recommended by some for the same purpose.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm water applied carefully will remove spots from paintings.

To prevent tin pans from rusting, rub fresh lard on them, and set in a hot oven until thoroughly heated and then rub off.

When the hands are stained use salt and lemon juice; this will take off stains, and render the hands soft and white.

Soak clothes that fade overnight in water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron; and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

To loosen stoppers of toilet bottles, let a drop of oil flow around the stopper and stand it within a foot or two of the fire. After a time tap it gently, and if it does not loosen, add another drop of oil.

By rubbing with a damp piece of flannel dipped in whiting, the brown discolorations may be removed from cups and porcelain pudding dishes in which custards, tapioca, rice, etc., have been baked.

Common horse radish grated into a cup of sour milk, then strained, is said to be an excellent lotion for freckles. An ounce of lemon juice in a pint of rose water will also answer the same purpose. Both are harmless and good.

Only a smooth whalebone and a little patience are required for the renovation of ostrich feathers. Beginning at the base of the feather, draw each frond lightly but firmly between the whalebone and the thumb; the firmer the pressure the more pronounced will be the curl of the feather.

If the face has become roughened by the wind, sponge it often with equal parts of rose water and brandy. Do not use toilet washes containing much alcohol, as they are quite apt to produce harmful results. The alcohol parches the skin, renders it brittle and impairs its nutrition.

When the face is usually pale, bathe it in tepid water, rubbing briskly with a Turkish towel. Then apply every day the following preparation: Four ounces of rose water, two ounces of glycerine, and one ounce of diluted liquid ammonia. Rub it well into the skin for about three minutes, and then wipe off with a soft towel. If any irritation is felt, add a little more glycerine to the preparation.



## Enquiries and Replies.

THIS column is open to subscribers who may wish information relative to matters of general interest to ladies.

Correspondents are requested to limit their enquiries to three and will please write on one side of the paper only.

Address communications intended for this Department to "Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN," Toronto, Ont.

MRS. G. H.—To make a neat edging for trimming underwear, take No. 70 linen thread. The leaves are crocheted first with 10 ch: in these, passing over the last 4 ch, are worked \* always 1 dc, putting the cotton twice over the hook, yet keeping the last mesh link of each dc on the hook: then all of the links on the hook are drawn off, putting the cotton over once. Five ch are next worked into the back link of this mesh loop, 6 each ch separated by 3 ch, 1 dc, putting the cotton over twice in the first dc. Then 12 ch, 1 sc, in the ch between the 2d and 3d last do, and 4 ch. Repeat from\*. A row of 1 dc, 2 ch, and 1 row of sc gives the foot of the edging.

MARY M.—Are rough-faced cloths to be worn this winter? ANS.—Yes, they are very fashionable, also plaids. I would not advise you to get the latter, however, as you say you have few changes, and one gets tired very quickly of these plaids although they are very pretty for young girls. Plain goods will also be much worn, and a French serge which comes at from fifty cents to one dollar a yard makes a handsome and serviceable dress.

INQUIRER.—You will find a pattern for the new drawn work in our last issue (December). The design will be easily understood from the cut.

DAISY.—Will you kindly let me know the name of the lightest colored tartan plaid. ANS.—The lightest colored tartan plaid is the Victoria.

MRS. M.—For a nice dress for a girl of fourteen, have fine cashmere with velvet trimming. All shades of blue or brown will become the complexion described.

ECONOMY.—Please give directions to wash tussore silk. ANS.—Use a good strong soap lather; the great point to avoid is rubbing or touching the silk in any way with the soap, as one would do with other things. The material should merely be shaken, and regularly moved backwards and forwards in the lather, hence it is not advisable to let tussore become too dirty before it is washed. As the process does not spoil it in any way, when carefully done according to directions there is no need to be sparing in the cleansing operation. After the shaking in the lather, rinse in clear water, nearly cold (soft water being preferable) and wring very lightly. Both the rubbing-on of soap and harsh wringing would produce stains in the silk. After wringing very carefully, shake the material for some time, to allow as much of the water to drip as possible, and let it nearly dry; then roll it smoothly and tightly in a damp cloth, ironing it, after some time, on the wrong side. If the dresses are smocked with colored silk, put a pinch of sugar of lead into the washing water, and some salt into the rinsing water.

NELLIE.—Kindly furnish instructions how to crochet a Tam O'Shanter. ANS.—Make six chain, and join to form a ring. First row.—Twelve single crochets in the ring. Second row.—A single crochet between every stitch of the first row, putting an extra stitch in every SECOND place. Third row.—The same only putting the extra stitch in every THIRD place. Fourth row.—The same with extra stitch in FOURTH place. Keep on with the rows, putting the extra stitch one place farther away, until your round is as large as a dinner-plate. Lay this on your head, and see if it projects about three inches all around. If so, it is large enough. Now make three rows WITHOUT widening, then narrow by skipping every fourteenth place, then in the next row every thirteenth, next every twelfth, and so on until the cap fits snugly on the head. Then crochet three rows plain, and a row of scallops made of five double crochets put into every ninth place, and fastened down by a single chochet between. The imported Tams have no scalloped edge. If you wish the plain edge, put another row of single crochets on the band of your cap. For the tuft on the top, wind the remainder of your worsted on a card or thin book, which is as long as you wish the diameter of the tuft to be. Cut the ends, tie together tightly in the MIDDLE with strong doubled thread. Double up as if it were to be a tassel, cut the ends even, and sew on, with strong thread, in the middle of the cap, then shake out to make it fluffy. Two skeins of Germantown yarn will make a large Tam; or, one and one-half skeins of Scotch yarn. The Tam made of Scotch yarn has a hard ball, a little larger than a large button-mould, for the top instead of the loose tuft. It is made in the same way, then cut down into shape. If you crochet it of Scotch yarn after your cap is finished wet it thoroughly in warm water, and rub hard between the hands as if washing it. This will give you the fuzzy, un-crocheted appearance found on all the Scotch goods. Expensive but very beautiful and warm ones may be made of Angora wool, which looks like fur after it is knit or crocheted.

MIGNON.—Kindly give me some ideas on how to arrange a dinner table. ANS.—See our articles on "Table Decorations" in December and present issues. We think you can gather very useful information in regard to preparing your table from these articles.

MARY M.—How often should the water in hyacinth glasses be changed? ANS.—It is not necessary to change the water for hyacinths in glasses unless it becomes cloudy; if rain water is used and a few small pieces of charcoal are placed in the glasses, the water will keep pure and clean. If there is any deficiency of water from evaporation, etc., fill up occasionally. Pot hyacinths to be kept in the dark until they have made leaf growth of 1 to 2 inches in length, then gradually introduce them to the light.

## THE QUEEN'S PRIZE STORIES.

THE plan of the Prize Story Competition is to publish three stories, (commencing a new one each month) selected by the Editor of THE QUEEN from those forwarded for the competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid to the author of the one which the readers of THE QUEEN pronounce as the best; sixty dollars in cash for second best; forty dollars for the third. We specially request that our readers will read each, with a view of acting as one of the judges as to its merit. A blank form of ballot will be supplied after the three stories have been completed. "Miss Granger of Chicago" begins with this number, "The Little Canuck" will commence in the February issue, and "A Canadian Romance" will start in THE QUEEN for March.

### WITH INTEREST.

IN the early part of the present century, when the now prosperous towns of Somerset County, Maine, were little more than pioneer settlements, one of the settlers of Norridgewock, Captain P——, sent his little daughter Louisa down to the flourishing town of Hallowell to school. The people of Hallowell were a cultivated community, though some of them, it was whispered were disposed to "put on airs" over people from further up the Kennebec.

This was the case, at any rate, with little Louisa P——'s young cousin, Billy, at whose father's house she went to live. He was a year older than Louisa, and saluted her on the very day of her arrival, imitating broadly the supposed accent of the sort of people who lived away up in Norridgewock, with this sentence.

"Land o' goodness! When d' yeou come daown?"

Seeing that the speech annoyed Louisa very much, Billy continued to repeat it, and for several days omitted no opportunity to ask her, in all sorts of company, when she came "daown."

Billy had a younger brother, Johnny by name, who was good-natured but somewhat mischievous. Johnny took a liking to Louisa, and readily joined her cause against Billy.

Upon Billy's birthday his father gave him a new drum, with which he was greatly pleased, and which he played unceasingly. He played it in the house, and when driven from there, played it in the barn; and, finally, being denied the use of the barn by the hired man, took refuge on the roof of the pig pen, still beating away with all his might.

As he sat there on the half-roof, with his legs hanging down over the pigsty, his brother Johnny climbed up the sloping roof of the pen from behind him. Billy was making so much noise that he did not hear his brother approach.

But presently he paused in his beating, and then Johnny close behind, exclaimed "Boo!"

Billy jumped in sudden terror: and jumped so much that he fell headlong into the pigsty, and landed, drum and all, in the midst of the pigs and the mire.

It was not much of a fall, and he was quite unhurt, but he cried loudly. Louisa, stepping to the front of the pen, saw him gathering himself up in a sorry plight. She did not laugh, she simply looked surprised, and said, with a shocking nasal accent:

"Land o' goodness! When 'd yeou come daown?"

Billy stopped crying; and in after years declared that he never again made fun of—"country people."

### G O D.

I searched for God with heart throbs of despair  
'Neath ocean's bed, above the vaulted sky;  
At last I searched myself, my inmost I  
And found him there.



# Our Cooking School

THIS Department is conducted by a lady of wide experience in the culinary art. Our lady readers are invited to aid in making "Our Cooking School" as interesting and instructive as possible. Let us have tested recipes, ask questions and answer those of others. Address: Cooking School, CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

F. G. H.—Please give me a recipe for a cake that will keep some time. Ans.—Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one and a-half cups of butter or lard, one gallon of water, one cup of milk, one and a-half cups of fruit, four eggs, spice, one teaspoonful soda, the juice of a lemon. This will keep for some weeks. Called French cake.

MRS. J. M.—Kindly give me recipe in your next issue for making rice muffins. Ans.—Take two cupfuls of boiled rice and three well-beaten eggs. Sift together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add rice; mix into a smooth batter, and bake in muffin rings for fifteen minutes.

MRS. F. F.—The following is a good recipe for pound cake. Take one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of rose water. Beat the sugar and butter together as light as possible, then add gradually the rose water and about one-fourth of the flour; whisk the eggs until very thick, then stir in the butter and sugar gradually, then the remainder of the flour, a small quantity at a time. Beat all well together. Line your pan with white paper, put in your batter, smooth the top with a knife, and bake in a moderate oven about 2½ hours.

FANNIE.—Please tell me how to make Spanish cream. Ans.—Take one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one package of gelatine, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, yolks of four eggs. Soak the gelatine ten minutes in half a cup of cold water. Boil the milk and add the gelatine and other ingredients. At the last stir in the yolks, which must be beaten to a cream, and pour into molds to harden. Use the whites for cakes or meringues. They are sometimes beaten stiff or stirred in at the last; but the cream is better when made with only the yolks.

SUBSCRIBER.—Please give recipe for making quince marmalade and oblige. Ans.—Pare, core and slice the quinces. Stew the skins and cores by themselves, with just water to cover them, and when soft, strain through a jelly bag. Let this liquid cool, and when cool put the quinces into it. Boil, stir and mash as the fruit becomes soft, and when reduced to a paste stir in a small three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. Put into small jars or glass cans. The juice of three or four oranges to every six pounds of fruit some consider an addition.

MRS. A. F.—Will you be so kind as to furnish me with recipes for making tomato jam and jelly. Ans.—Choose ripe, well-colored tomatoes (bruised or discolored ones should be rejected), quarter, core, and peel them, and put them in the preserving pan over a fire, with an equal quantity of good loaf sugar. When the jam sets, or as it is called "jellies," on the spoon, it is done, and should be poured into pots and papered down. In fact, it is made precisely like any other jam. For jelly, quarter the fruit, set it over a clear fire, and run out all the juice you can, then finish off precisely like red currant jelly.

HOUSEKEEPER.—To make honeycomb pudding, take four eggs, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of soda; beat the yolks of eggs very light, then mix with sugar, milk, molasses, salt and the butter melted, then add the flour, then the soda dissolved in a little boiling water; lastly, add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; bake in a moderate oven from thirty-five to forty minutes: if cooked too long it will look like cake; if just right, the outside will look like honeycomb and the inside like jelly. To be eaten with hot lemon sauce.

SUBSCRIBER.—To make grape wine, take one gallon grape juice, three pints cold water, three and one-half pounds brown sugar; stir the sugar into the grape juice; pour the cold water on the squeezed grape skins, and let it stand on them over night. In the morning pour it off, squeezing the grape skins again, and add this juice and the water to the juice and sugar. With this fill a demijohn very full, reserving part of the grape juice in another vessel; as the juice effervesces, it must be skimmed every morning, and the demijohn filled again from the reserved juice. When the effervescence ceases, filter the wine, bottle and seal it. Keep in a dark, cool place.

MRS. J. C.—Kindly give me directions for making meringues? Ans.—Whip the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth with one-half pound of caster sugar, which must be added very gradually, and mixed very lightly to the egg, with a new wooden spoon. Meringues can either be baked on boards coated with white paper, which is the old-fashioned way, or on iron baking tins, rubbed over while warm with white wax. Meringues used to be shaped with a spoon dipped in cold water, but the easiest way is to make them with a forcing bag and pipe. Just before putting them in the oven, dust them with icing sugar. Let them crisp in a very cool oven; they will take from two and one-half to three hours to dry properly. If made with a spoon scoop out the centre, which will be soft and pulpy. Keep them in air-tight tins.

A SUBSCRIBER.—To make rhubarb jam, peel and cut the rhubarb up small, and allow one pound of sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger to each pound of fruit. Boil till tender (which it ought to be in about one hour) stirring gently. This can be made in a variety of ways, usually with the addition of some strong flavoring, as it is rather insipid alone. The following is a good way of preserving for tarts, etc.: Cut up the rhubarb,

and stew one pound of fruit over it, and stand aside till next day. Then pour off the syrup and boil till it thickens; add the rhubarb, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Tied down as other jams; this will keep for any length of time. A more elaborate recipe is the following; Take equal quantities of sugar and fruit; to each pound allow one-half ounce of bitter almonds blanched and pounded, the juice and rind of half a small lemon, and a pinch of ground ginger (the proportion of the latter would be a teaspoonful for every eight pounds). Let the rhubarb and sugar stand over night, then boil till it begins to thicken, and add other ingredients, with a tablespoonful of brandy for every pound of fruit. Simmer till it will set, when treat as other jam.

## RECIPES.

APPLE SNOW.—Prepare eight medium-sized apples in every particular as for apple-sauce. Cook them until they are thoroughly cooked through and soft; then press them through a sieve, break in the whites of two eggs, and whip the whole until very light. Delicate and nice.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Pick the stems and blossoms off two quarts of green gooseberries, put them in a stew pan with their weight in white sugar and a very little water. When sufficiently stewed pass the pulp through a sieve, and when cold add rich boiled custard until it is like thick cream. Put it in a glass bowl and lay frothed cream on top.

COLD SLAW.—Chop the cabbage very fine, salt and pepper it, and pour over it one-half cupful sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of vinegar, well mixed. Another way is to chop the cabbage very fine and pour over it the following dressing: One tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, salt, one well-beaten egg, stirred into one pint of boiling vinegar.

CREAM OYSTERS.—Fifty shelled oysters, one quart of sweet cream, butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put the cream and oysters in separate kettles to heat, the oysters in their own liquor, and then let them come to a boil. When sufficiently cooked, skim, take out of the liquor and put them into some dish to keep warm. Season to taste and thicken with powdered crackers. When thick, stir in the oysters.

CHERRY BIRD'S NEST'S.—Make a nice baking powder biscuit dough, as soft as can be rolled out. Roll to a thickness of about half an inch and cut with large biscuit cutter. Cut the centres from half of the cakes; moisten the edges of the whole ones; put a spoonful of drained and sweetened cherries on each, lay the rings on top, and press the edges together. Bake or steam until done, and serve with plenty of rich, sweetened cream.

BATTER CAKES WITHOUT MILK.—Mix either flour or cornmeal with warm water until of the consistency of cream, then put it in a warm place where it will become sour. Add bread crumbs from time to time, also bits of dough left from cooking, bits of butter, and once in a while a little yeast. In the morning take as much as is needed for breakfast cakes, add salt and soda and enough flour to make the batter thicker than when eggs are used. These cakes are very nice.

ORANGE CAKE.—Take two even teacupfuls each of sugar and flour, half cupful of water, the yolks of five eggs beaten very light, also the whites of four, the juice and grated rind of one orange, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. Bake in four layers. Take the juice and grated rind of one large and two small oranges, three-fourths of a teacupful of sugar, and the white of one egg beaten stiff. Spread this between layers, adding more sugar to that used for the top.

AN OLD-FASHIONED NUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar stirred to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, a cup of rich milk, a teaspoon of soda, four eggs, four scant cups of flour and a teaspoon of cream of tartar. A cup of hickory nuts, chopped very fine, is stirred through the cake just before it is put in the oven. It should be baked in large brick-shaped loaves, iced with a thick icing, through which half a cup of hickory nuts have been stirred.

DELICIOUS SANDWICHES.—Jam sandwiches are the prettiest things and the newest things for afternoon tea. Peach jam, strawberry, apricot and plum make the best sandwiches. Of course, the bread must be cut thin and well buttered before the jam is spread between the slices, if only on the ground of economy as the same piece of bread does for both. Large strawberries cut in slices quarter of an inch thick, strewn with sifted sugar, and put between thin slices of French roll spread with fresh butter, or, better still, with heavy cream, make exquisite sandwiches, and so do pineapples treated in the same fashion. Cream cheese sandwiches, sugared, not salted, are delicious served with strawberries. Have you tried a very simple sandwich made of a nasturtium leaf, sprinkled with a little salt, and set between two thin, circular pieces of bread and butter of its own size? If not, it will surprise you to find how dainty it is.

CHOW CHOW.—One peck green tomatoes, three bunches celery, three large green peppers, one dozen large green cucumbers, one large head cabbage, one large head cauliflower, one quart onions, one quart wax beans, three teaspoonfuls of turmeric, one cup of flour. Chop peppers and cucumbers each in a separate dish and soak them over night in salt. Chop the other things and put in vessel together, add salt and let stand over night. The smallest onions may be left whole. A quart of very small cucumbers may be added whole. In the morning put on the stove in a large vessel two gallons of vinegar and one cup of sugar. Pound two tablespoonfuls of mixed spices, tie them in a cloth and put them in the vinegar. Add the other ingredients immediately after squeezing out every drop of the salt water, and let them boil till they are cooked tender. Mix the turmeric and flour with vinegar to the consistency of a thin paste and add to the chow-chow a few minutes before removing from the fire. Keep in glass jars or stone crows without sealing.



## Our Work Table.

### HINTS FOR HOME-MAKERS.

ONE of the most novel, as well as most effective decorations for a screen, is Manilla rope, somewhat smaller than is used for a clothes line. An exceedingly pretty one was made after this wise: A carpenter made the framework for a three paneled screen of plain white pine, which was then painted with white enamel paint to which there had been added just enough of carmine to give it a pale rose tint. Curtains of rose pink China silk were added, shirred at the top and allowed to fall in full folds to the floor. Over this back-ground of pale pink, was a net work of Manilla rope, knotted at regular intervals, and finished at the bottom with tassels of rope, ravelled out, and combed with a coarse comb until they were fluffy.

The knots were gilded and the whole effect was prettier than can well be described.

A DAINTY little fancy that costs almost nothing in the way of expense or time, and yet which adds so much to the charm of a well appointed room, is a hearth broom made of Manilla rope. By saying that you wish to use it for fancy work you can get a better quality of rope than is made for more practical purposes. Take three pieces, a yard in length, and plait them in the middle, leaving a little over quarter of a yard at each end of the rope unplaited. With strong linen twine secure the ends of your plait, and then tie the rope together in the form of a loop with the loose ends of the rope hanging in a heavy fringe. Ravel out the ends of this fringe, and then comb them till they are fluffy and stand out like a brush. Tie a bow of broad ribbon at the place where the loop is secured by the linen twine, and you have a hearth brush which will really be useful, and will in addition be as ornamental as the veriest lover of beauty could desire. The plaited loop will form a handle by which it may be hung up beside the fireplace.

AN ODD and pretty work bag was contrived by an ingenious woman out of four of those twisted bamboo carpet whips. They were first glorified with white enamel paint, touched here and there with gilding and then two were fastened together cross wise, so that the handles formed legs upon which the work bag frame was to rest. Slender strips of wood, also painted and filled, held these legs together, and kept them in their proper place, and thus the frame work in which the bag was to be swung, was contrived. The bag was large and deep, and small convenient pockets were fitted upon the lining. The outside of the bag was made of rose colored silkoline, and it was lined with silkoline of an olive shade. A pretty bow at one corner finished this tasteful and ingenious contrivance. The expense of this bag was very trifling, but if one chose to expend more money upon it, the bag could be made of China or India silk. It added a great deal to the decoration of the cosy sitting-room in which it was placed, and besides its usefulness and beauty, it added a great deal to the happiness of the little mistress of the home to know that out of such unpromising materials, she had contrived by her woman's wit such a graceful arrangement.

A VERY effective, handy and simple contrivance can be made out of one of those little three cent Japanese baskets that one sees in all the Japanese store. Enough small brass rings should be covered with embroidery-silk, to make three rows around the middle of the little basket, and the rest of the space should then be covered with crocheting, either shells or plain crochet. The bottom of the basket should be quite covered with the crocheting, but a small opening may be left at the top through which a ball of twine may be slipped into the basket, and then the opening can be closed by being drawn together with daisy ribbon. A small pair of scissors complete the convenience of this arrangement, and then no time need ever be spent in vainly searching for a piece of twine. The only drawback to it is, it is almost too convenient for the small boy with his innumerable uses for string.

ANOTHER little convenience is the court plaster case, which can be so easily and quickly made that one wonders that there is not one in every house, so that no time need be spent in looking for the little roll of plaster that is apt to have a fashion of mislaying itself, whenever its services are in immediate requisition. There are several ways of making this little contrivance, and no doubt some original way will suggest itself to the reader, after she has read these methods. Take a quarter of a yard of ribbon about two inches in width, and ravel a fringe about an inch and a half in depth at each end. Double this over and sew the court plaster, cut in small sheets, in the fold. Add a loop of daisy ribbon by which to hang it up, and fasten a tiny pair of scissors to it, so the court plaster may be immediately available, when it is needed. Some little spray of flowers may be embroidered or painted upon the ribbon, or some appropriate motto may be inscribed upon it. "I heal all wounds save those of love," is one much adopted, and "A friend that sticketh closer than a brother" is another. Two little strips of celluloid may be used in place of the ribbon, if desired

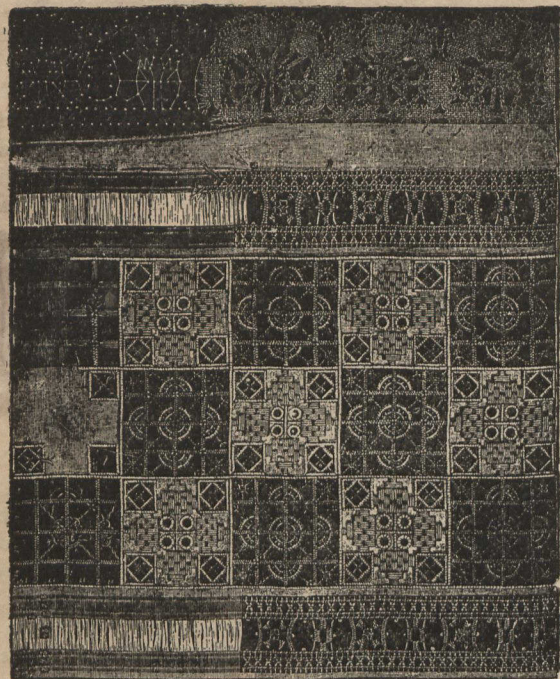


NO. 1. CENTRE OF QUILT.



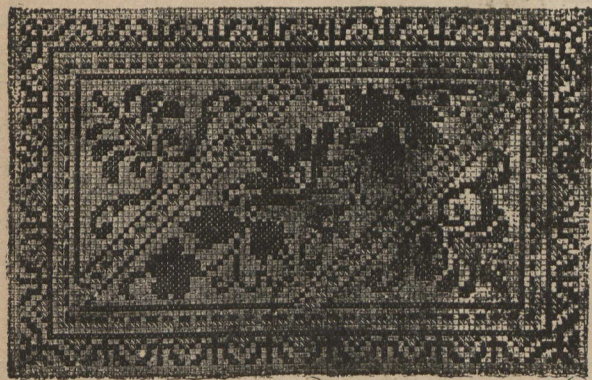
and the motto can be put on in graceful lettering, with water color lustra paint, which by the way is much preferable to the kind that requires to be mixed with a medium, for such simple decorative purposes.

CHAIR-BACKS are a little going out of style, and many people would forego them on chairs of Louis the XV. period. The best are the Turkish embroideries, and some dainty workers are buying old pieces and adapting them to the



No. 2. BORDER OF QUILT.

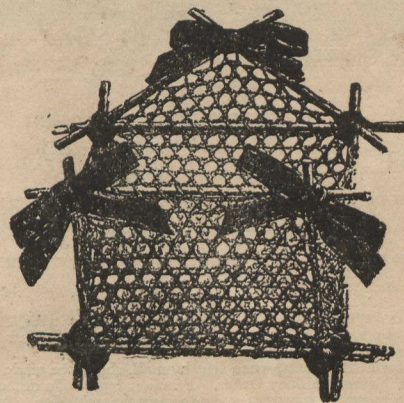
shapes of their furniture. Draperies in cheap muslin have become common, and so few women can drape well, that, happily for the good appearance of our rooms, they are now voted vulgar, and so are a mutiplicity of ribbon bows. If the covers of the chairs will admit of it, rich antique brocades are frequently arranged on the backs of chairs.



No. 3. TABLE SCARF.

CASES for newspapers should be made of cardboard, larger than the paper for which they are required, and covered with velvet, satin, plush, or satin sheeting, with the name of some newspaper worked on the outside in the midst of roses or any flower. Inside there should be a strip of ribbon sewn from top

to bottom of the centre, through which the paper is slipped. Many of them have a loop outside for holding a paper-knife, and sometimes a few leaves of paper are secured inside for making holes.



No. 4. NETTED WALL POCKET.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

NO. 1. CENTRE OF QUILT.—This Maltese cross is worked with a combination of raised, flat, and stitched embroidery, whilst it is framed with a rim of reticella work, made with drawn threads to correspond with its border. The interlaced monogram, "M.K.," is conspicuous in the medallion.

NO. 2 BORDER OF QUILT.—This pleasing design is equally suitable for an alb, an altar cloth, as well as for a sideboard cloth, a quilt, or a sheet; it may be considered as a sampler of a great variety of stitches, lucidly demonstrated on the checked diagrams of the right hand side. With a magnifying glass it is easy to see the number of threads to be left or drawn off, the right amount being inscribed in very small figures, both for the squares and bands in reticella work. The pillow lace edging is shown entirely worked out, and with its designs pricked out.

NO. 3. TABLE SCARF.—Our illustration shows a design for a table scarf in cross stitch embroidery. It may be made of very simple materials or, if desired, of more expensive ones. For an inexpensive one use fine Java canvas and wash embroidery cottons. Make as many of the designs as you need for half the length of your table (more if you like a very long scarf) then set them together lengthwise with lace insertion, and edge the scarf with lace about four inches wide of the same pattern as the insertion. If you prefer a solid scarf repeat the centre design as many times as necessary to make the required length, before adding the corner design and the end border, then edge the scarf with lace. These are very pretty and serviceable because they can be washed. Different articles can be made by enlarging the model given, as a tidy of a chair, a cover for a small table or a mat to place under hot dishes on the dinner table. By using finer material, then you must work over fine canvas cloth and draw out the threads when the work is finished, and with wash embroidery silks you can make very dainty articles. The colors used are: Dark blue, light blue and wood color.

NO. 4. NETTED WALL POCKET.—Strong netting and crochet has for some time been much used for shopping and school bags. Their application for wall pockets is new, but just as practical. How to carry out the model represented needs no special application.





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## TERMS.

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ARTICLES.—State the price of all articles for which pay is expected; nothing will be paid, unless the proper arrangements are made at the time of acceptance. Send all MSS. at least six weeks in advance.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.—All are CORDIALLY INVITED to express their opinions on any subject, give helpful talks to the inexperienced, and ask questions in any department.

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN,

58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE first of January has not always been the first day of the year. In history, the 25th December, 1st March, and 15th March, have all been in use as the initial day.

It was not till A.D. 1752, that the computation was changed in England and her Colonies from the Julian or old style calendar to the new or Gregorian style, by which we now compute dates. The new style had, however, been generally adopted in Roman Catholic countries two centuries previously.

All ancient nations appear to have kept the advent of the new year hilariously, although differing in the dates on which it was celebrated. The Egyptians, Jews, Chinese and Mahomedans have made it a festal day. Douglas Sladen, the Australian writer, who returned from Japan recently, describes in a Canadian paper, the quaint New Year customs kept up by the Japs for a whole week with music and masquerades. Among the Romans, the day was celebrated with great license, and hence, the early fathers of the Church, urged, that as a contrast to pagan excesses, Christians should set it apart as a day of humiliation and prayer, but the exhortation was only partially carried out.

The sentiments awakened by the close of a definite period subtracted from our lives, and yet bringing forward another, that hope ever whispers may be happier and more prosperous than the last, are of a mixed complexion. Satisfaction is felt that matters have gone so well up to date, and a feeling of gladness seems natural that they may become better in the

future. Hence the anniversary of the coming era has always been more of a popular festival and less of a religious observance than Christmas is. The innate joyousness of beginning a new period, of turning over a new leaf, with its re-awakening hopes and expectations, appropriately marked by friendly gatherings and genial customs, is not easy to be repressed. It is true the Roman Catholic Church holds it as a religious day, yet its gayer aspect is not wanting in popular estimation. Among the Druids, it was celebrated by special sacrifices, followed by popular sports. From what we have on record of Saxon times, the coming year was marked by general rejoicing and rude festivity. Later in British history by appropriate merrymakings and the giving of gifts among friends. England has retained the remembrance in the modern custom of exchanging congratulatory cards. Scotland has always devoted the initial day of the year to jollity. Although all ancient customs and traditions are dying out before the march of progress, the genial Scotch still keep up the hospitalities of New Year, if with somewhat diminished lustre. Formerly friendly parties sat up all night of 31st December "to see the old year out and the new year in." A singular Scotch superstition still holds its place as to "the first foot," or first person who comes to the house or is met on New Year's morning. According to the quality of the first foot, good "luck" or bad will prevail to the individual or the household throughout the year. The Irish used to have a custom, the origin of which may be traced to pagan times, to practice a kind of divination by a cake on New Year's,—St. Sylvester's,—eve. Neighbors "gentle and simple" assembled under some hospitable roof, where a flat cake of oatmeal was compounded with due ceremony and cooked on a "griddle" sheet of iron over the turf fire. This being done the cake was solemnly placed in the hands of the young man whose coming birthday was nearest to the age of twenty-one, and whose business it was to dash the cake violently against the wall, whence, of course, the fragments scattered on the floor. A prayer for prosperity was then repeated, but scarcely was the "amen" uttered, when the whole company precipitated themselves on the floor and scrambled for the fragments. Happy was the maiden who secured the first bit, for it was a sure sign that she would have a house of her own within the year. Germany and other nations of Teutonic origin, do not neglect the anniversary, nor do those of Celtic and of Latin extraction. France has a prolonged festal time, lasting a week or more, during which genialities and gaieties of all kinds abound. New Year levees are held at all the European Courts.

Poetry in all languages has celebrated the anniversary. Who does not remember Coleridge's magnificent "Ode to the Departing Year?"

Spirit who sweepst the wild harp of Time!  
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear  
Thy dark invoken harmonies to hear!  
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,  
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,  
With inward stillness and a bowed mind;  
When lo! its folds far waving in the wind,  
I saw the train of the departing Year! \* \* \*

Our poets of the Dominion have not so often hymned the natal day of the year, as they have Christmas Day, yet they have not quite neglected it. Many a bereaved heart will feel the chords of sympathy stricken by this sad address to another past year, not 1890, by George Martin, who stands so deservedly among the first in the list of Canadian bards:

Year of all years, that hath been unto me  
More bitter than the depths of Acheron,  
I will not curse thee for the ill thou'st done,  
But bow as best I may to thy decree.



With what a buoyancy of hope and trust  
I gave thee generous welcome at thy birth,  
Swelling the chorus of the general mirth;  
And thou my greeting hast returned with—dust.

Two happy eyes that shone upon thy dawn,  
And beamed upon us from our chamber door  
Are quenched, and closed to open nevermore—  
The face, the form, the loving voice is gone.

Go, savage and inexorable year!  
Haste to the gloomy hades of the past!  
Not to thy memory are these moanings cast,  
Not for thy exit falls the hasty tear.

Archibald Lampman, has a poem of New Year's Eve, picturing multitudes tramping over faiths to reach shelter under the banner of Christ, but it has no special adaptation to the evening preceding the day of the new year. Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, (Pastor Felix,) a Canadian by birth and in feeling, now in cure of souls at Cherryfield, Maine, has a New Year's Reverie, from which we quote two stanzas:

Cold, and pale and passionless,  
In his cold and snowy dress;  
Frozen in his heart, the blood  
That in summer lightly flowed.

On his cheek the roses dead,  
From his brow the sunlight fled,  
In his eye the frozen tear—  
Lowly lies the dying Year. \* \* \*

Nay! depart, sad year, depart!  
Thou hast blest a lonely heart—  
Made it throb with fond concern  
I will bless thee in return.

Come! young cherub-child of Time!  
Hail thee, many a joyous chime!  
May thy finger-touch impart  
Gladness to my darling's heart!

The following pretty lines are part of a poem by Arthur Wier, a young Canadian poet, of whom it may be predicted that, if he is not crushed by more prosaic occupation in the great business Republic to which he has gone, his muse will go far:

We gathered, a jovial party,  
Together on New Year's Eve,  
To welcome the coming monarch  
And to see the old one leave.

Soon a maiden spoke of the custom  
Now lapsed in this age of prose,  
To open the door for the New Year  
The instant the Old Year goes.

It suited our youthful fancy,  
And when the glad chimes began,  
From our cosy nook by the fireside  
Down in the street we ran. \* \* \*

Standing beside the door wide open thrown,  
Her voice more musical than any bird's,  
And with a winning sweetness all its own,  
Our Queen thus winged her joyous thoughts and words.

"Old year, adieu; welcome the New,  
The door stands open here for you.  
Come in, come in, the bells begin  
To falter in their merry din."

Then as the great bells ceased to swing, two broke  
A silver coin, for luck in days to come,  
And though no tender words of love they spoke,  
Yet hearts speak best when most the lips are dumb.

Several others of our native lyrists, whom limited space excludes us from quoting, have likewise dedicated lines to the first holiday of the year.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old year, 1890, is as dead as the years before the flood. It has brought its joys and woes. Marvellous discoveries in science will date from it.

Meantime our country is advancing in population and wealth. May the coming year be a bright one in her history.

With the advent of 1891, THE CANADIAN QUEEN enters upon its third volume. We commence this new volume under the most favorable auspices. We number among the thousands of our subscribers many warm friends, who, we are sure, are interested in us. We trust that these friends will remain with us, and we shall endeavor on our part, to retain and merit their good will. We have made many improvements during the past

year, and the year 1891 will certainly not find us falling behind.

While thanking our friends from all quarters of the globe for the many complimentary expressions of goodwill which we receive from them, we take this opportunity of wishing one and all a very

"HAPPY NEW YEAR."

#### LONDON'S LARGEST CLOCK.

A VISITOR tells in Cassell's Magazine, in an interesting way, of his impressions of the great clock in Westminster. He says:

Big Ben was thundering the hour of midnight when we reached the clock tower. The grating of the key in the lock, and the flickering light of an oil lamp carried by an attendant, called up stories of prisoners who have purged political offences in this gloomy place. Not without regret did I learn that refractory commoners do not reach their goal by this narrow staircase.

The three hundred and odd stairs end in a large room. A workman's bench littered with tools, an iron platform near the ceiling, and a huge machine arrest the attention. The machine resembles in general appearance one of the latest forms of newspaper printing engines. A square framework of iron rests upon two stone pillars a couple of feet in height. At each end is a large cylinder covered with twisted steel rope. The front and back—reached by a short iron ladder—displayed wheel upon wheel and lever upon lever, while towering above are two steel bars fitted with plates or fans not unlike those used in ventilating shafts.

Such is the great machinery of the great clock at Westminster to an eye untrained in horological technicalities. The tick, tick of the pendulum is like the click, click of the hammer upon the anvil; and no wonder, for the pendulum is fifteen feet long, and its bob, swinging to and fro in the darkness below, weighs no fewer than seven hundred pounds. This giant pendulum is compensated for changes of temperature by zinc and iron tubes, and with such marvelous regularity does it maintain its solitary pace, that at one period of the year its accumulated error for one hundred and thirty-four days was only four and one-half seconds. Hourly signals are received from Greenwich in order that comparisons may be made, and twice a day the clock automatically telegraphs its time to the Royal Observatory, where a record is kept, and also to its makers in the Strand.

The clock is said to be always within two seconds of Greenwich mean time, and the striking is effected with such precision that the first thunder of Big Ben, or any of his four smaller satellites, may be taken to denote the hour to the second. The weight that drives the pendulum is one and one-half tons, and is wound up once a week, after the fashion of an ancient hall clock. The weights of the hour and quarter "trains" are three tons, and fall from the top to the bottom of the tower in four days, at the end of which they are wound up by means of steel winches. While we are listening to these interesting details, the lever moves noiselessly toward the half hour. With a loud click it falls; the weights rush down; the steel rope rattles; and the fan creaks and groans as it turns around and around. Boom! Boom! the half hour has struck.

The four dials are each twenty-two feet and six inches in diameter, and the space between every minute marked on the face is exactly twelve inches. The reflectors are four whitewashed walls, which, with the opal glass of the clock, form a four cornered corridor around the tower. Upon each wall at regular intervals are gas jets, numbering in all seventy-six. The hands are exposed to the air, and are occasionally stopped by heavy storms.



## Children's Department.

### GINGER-BREAD LAND.

I HAD such a wonderful, wonderful dream.—  
A fairy took hold of my hand,  
And mounting a moonbeam she carried me off  
To far away Ginger-bread land.

If you could have walked in those beautiful streets—  
If you could have smelt what I smelt.  
If you could have peeped there and seen what I saw,  
If you could have felt as I felt!

There was a ginger-snap slating—now would you believe!  
All over a ginger-bread house,  
With ginger-bread cookies for tiling below—  
What a place for a boy or a mouse.

The boys and the girls were of ginger-bread, too,  
And wore only ginger-bread clothes.  
The trees and the bushes were bent to the ground  
With ginger-nuts hanging in rows.

There were ginger-bread horses and ginger-bread dogs:  
And soon, to my wonder and joy  
I saw, as I looked at my hands and my feet,  
That I was a ginger-bread boy.

And then I was hungry, and hunted about  
For daintiest pieces to find.  
You see, with such plenty on every side  
I hardly could make up my mind.

But while I was waiting, the fairy was gone—  
The ginger-bread went out of sight—  
Alack and alack and alack!—I awoke.  
Before I had taken a bite!

Oh! Oh! if I only could take it again,  
That journey so jolly and grand.  
I surely would like no better use of my time  
In beautiful Ginger-bread Land.

### NEDDY'S LONG WORD.

"REMEMBER, Neddy," said mamma, one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes'm," answered Neddy, heartily, "I will." And mamma felt sure he would, because Neddy is one of the very best boys to remember things you ever saw.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street with his new sled flying along behind him.

"Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, won't you?"

Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on the Wilson hill coasting, and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his fur cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me, dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist, and I have no one to send."

"Neddy's eyes clouded up the least bit in the world, but Mrs. Camp was looking in her purse for the right change, and didn't notice; and before she found it, the bright sun of good-nature was shining again in Neddy's eyes, and he answered, "Yes'm," as cheerfully as could be.

"It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off, and there was no other customer; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright, new dime from her purse. "Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly, "and I'm very much obliged besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts almost as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going, Mrs. Camp, 'cause, you know, mamma tells me always to a-bominate every one I can!"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! She couldn't help it, though she

tried so hard that she choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.

"Bless your dear heart!" said she, as soon as she could speak. And then she went to the corner closet and took out a little pyramid of maple sugar—more than Neddy could have bought at the store with two dimes. "There," said she, "I know you-like sap sugar, don't you? And this isn't pay—it's a present."

"Oh, thank you," cried Neddy, eagerly. "I'll go right home and show it to mamma!"

So he did; and Mrs. Camp sat down by her window and laughed and laughed.

"Bless his dear little manly heart!" said she.

### AARON AND THE CENTS.

FOR years Daniel Webster's "utility boy" was a lad named Aaron Bradshaw. He had to do "chores" and errands for the great statesman, and among other duties the daily fetching and carrying of his mail was by no means the lightest. Aaron, however, made a "good thing of it," for Mr. Webster was generous.

In those days postage on letters was not prepaid, and on sending the boy to the post-office for his mail he usually gave him a bank note or a sum of money more than enough to pay for the letters. Aaron would carry back the change, and if there were any cents among it, Mr. Webster frequently gave them to him. This became the rule, and finally the Senator told the boy that he need not bring him any more coppers.

"Hereafter, Aaron, whenever you find any cents among the change you may keep them and say nothing about it. They are yours."

Aaron was glad to be trusted, but could not easily get over the habit of giving in the full account of the money, and hardly ever returned any loose change without showing or telling his employer just how many cents fell to his share. He was an honest lad, and at first it may not have occurred to him that a temptation had been put in his way.

But once, when nearly a week had passed, and ill-luck seemed to keep all the coppers out of his way, he began to be sorely tried. He wanted some money extremely, but no coppers came to him. Again he went for the letter, and the postmaster again gave him all silver in change. For a minute he stood cogitating. Gradually he edged back to the delivery wicket, held out a half-dollar to the postmaster, and said in a timid voice:

"Will you please give me the cents for that?"

The money was changed, and Aaron went home with his load of coppers—and misgivings. Both loads grew heavy as he entered Mr. Webster's presence. His hand trembled a little when he laid down the letters and—the pile of cents. The veteran lawyer understood the case at once.

"Aaron," he said, in his usual tone, "you know I told you that when there were cents in the change you should keep them."

The lad slowly picked up the coppers and turned to go out, hardly knowing yet whether to feel happy or ashamed. At the door he started to hear his name called.

"Aaron!"

And of course he went back at once.

"Aaron," said Mr. Webster, "did you ask for the cents?"

The boy confessed; and though he was allowed to keep the money, that minute and a half before the "awful front" of Daniel Webster cured him forever of all desire to take liberties with what was not his own.





NOVEMBER PRIZES.

THE prize, a beautiful Silver Watch, for the BEST Puzzle is awarded to O. F Kincaid, Box 290, Brockville, Ont. The Puzzle is published below.

The following receive a handsome cloth-bound book for correct answers; Florence A. Wyndow, 87 Gloucester Street, Toronto; Bertie Hegan, 40 Horsefield Street, St. John's, N.B.; Anna Spelliday, 635 5th Avenue, Lansingburgh, N.Y.; Millie Evison, Box 84, Collingwood; Lena Bates, St. Catharines, Ont.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Pertaining to the kidneys. 4. United confusedly. 5. Stories. 6. The plural of "the" in French. 7. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A place in Italy. 4. Fine cords. 5. The name of a species of spoonbill. 6. A girl's name. 7. A letter.  
The middle words connected, form the name of an interesting part in an interesting paper.

ANS.—

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PRIZE OFFERS.

To the one sending in the best ORIGINAL Puzzle this month, we will again award a Silver Watch, and to the first five sending in the largest list of correct answers to puzzles we will give a handsome cloth-bound book, suitable for either girl or boy.

The Names of Prize Winners for December, will be given in February issue.

RULES.

COMPETITORS must be under sixteen years of age and must state that the answers are their own unaided work. All communications should be written on one side of paper only.

If two or three send in the same number of correct answers, the prize will be awarded to the one sending first.

Address "Uncle Joe," Puzzle Department, THE QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

1.—ENIGMA.

I'm always found in Canada,  
But never in the States,  
I'm never found in arguments  
And do detest debates.  
I am not in the holidays  
But still in Christmas seen;  
The reason is I do frequent  
Where good things are, I ween.  
I'm found in college, church and school,  
And also in the chase,  
I fancy I've a sportive turn,  
I enter every race.  
I'm always in a picture taken  
Yet never in a frame!  
I'm in a match, yet strange it is,  
I'm never in a game.  
I'm found in couch, but not in bed.  
Now Puzzlers solve this tangled thread.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An inclosed space. 2. Bitter. 3. Epoch. 4. Frolic. 5. A rough file. 6. Annually. 7. A river in Spain. 8. A spice. 9. A weapon. 10. Cunning. 11. To dispute. 12. A bird. 13. One who owes. My initials and finals form a greeting to all readers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

KATE PHILIPS.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

3.—In (the capital of England) there lived a gentle (Island in the Irish Sea) called Mr. (Island in the English Channel) who had a son called (a river in Siberia) amongst other pets he had a fine (Island in the Bahamas) one day the (Island in the Bahamas) jumped over the wall, so he called his sister (a Sound in America) to run (a Cape in Newfoundland). By the time they caught the (Island in the Bahamas it) was time to go home to tea.

MINNIE BENTLEY.

4.—ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog,  
My second is in flat, but not in log,  
My third is in land, but not in lot,  
My fourth is in rag, but not in cot,  
My fifth is in tall, but not in short,  
My sixth is in peck, but not in quart,  
My seventh is in dance, but not in wife,  
My eighth is in zither, but not in fife,  
My ninth is in three, but not in four,  
My tenth is in tear, but not in tore,  
My eleventh is in leaf, but not in trunk,  
My twelfth is in bear, but not in skunk,  
My thirteenth is in deer, but not in fawn,  
My fourteenth is in sear, but not in dawn,  
My whole is plainly to be seen  
On a page of the fine CANADIAN QUEEN.

5.—BURIED NAMES.

Oh, mamma you are so kind,—  
Did you see the gardener.  
Please mamma, belt my dress.  
I want to know who races with you.  
Will you come to my party to-day  
Her mother made linen sheets for her. MAUDE PACEY.

6.—CHARADE.

Take out my heart you kill me not, I'll fling away a limb—  
And fiercer burns my being. Chop off one more I'll climb  
To mountain heights with the strength it gives. Fling away the third—  
And I will, with the two wings it leaves, fly like a bird—  
Until an article breaks my wing. Yet my last is stronger than them all  
It's plucked from vast domains, sent o'er all the world and sold by great and small.  
I care not from what part of this world you may go  
My whole there you'll find as white as "the beautiful snow." MAYME HULSE.

7.—ENIGMA.

My first is in tea, but not in milk,  
My second in sash, but not in silk,  
My third is in reed, but not in rod,  
My fourth is in work, but not in fraud,  
My fifth is in old, but not in new,  
My sixth is in oar and also crew,  
My seventh is in dew, as well as in damp,  
My eighth is in cream, and also cramp,  
My ninth is in loud, but not in pad,  
My tenth is in natty, but not in had,  
My eleventh is in test, but not in keep,  
My twelfth is in rise as well as in reap,  
My thirteenth is in swell, but not in neat,  
My fourteenth is in tidy as well as sweet,  
My whole has been tried by a numberless host,  
But one only came out with the most.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER ISSUE.

- Olive.
- Make hay while the sun shines.
- Palm-sun-day
- Ice.
- A wise son maketh a glad father.

CART  
AGUE  
RUDE  
TEAM

7.

T  
RAY  
ASSES  
TASSELS  
NEEDY  
ILL  
S

8. Tambourine.  
9. Puzzle Department, (amuse, please, maze, entrapped, pun, puzzle, repartee.)  
OUT of a great many hundreds of very good puzzles we have received during past month from our young nephews and nieces, we select some of the best, and give them above, with names of those sending them. We receive a great many Enigmas, let our young friends try Charades, Acrostics, Diamonds, etc., as preference will be given these in awarding prizes, as they are more difficult than Enigmas or Riddles.

"UNCLE JOE."



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

## A NEW YEAR'S WELCOME.

BY MARIE M. PURSELL.

WITH swiftly flying footsteps  
The glad New Years appears,  
We greet him with gay laughter,  
And for the Old—drop tears,  
Thus mingling joy and sorrow,  
Our cup full to the brim  
We will drink to the Old Year going out  
And the New Year coming in.

To the Old with his weight of folly,  
To the New with its hopes and fears,  
To the Past for its vanished pleasure,  
To the Present for joy appears.  
Drink deep to the New with gladness,  
To the Old with parting pain,  
But once more fill up the sparkling cup  
To the coming Monarch's reign.

One parting glass to the Old Year,  
Drink slowly and whisper low,  
With lowered head and heavy tread,  
He slowly prepares to go,  
He scarcely can find the doorway,  
His vision is growing dim,  
And dull on his ear  
Falls the welcoming cheer,  
To his rival coming in.

All hail to the glorious New Year,  
With his handsome boyish face,  
To his ringing laugh  
Let us gayly quaff,  
While the Old yields up his place,  
Fill high to the guest most welcome,  
With never a sigh nor tear  
To the foaming brink,  
Let the glasses clink  
To the health of the sweet New Year.

## ETIQUETTE FOR GUESTS.

If there are certain rules of etiquette to be observed by the hostess, there are forms equally applicable to the guest.

In the first place, nothing is ruder than to omit paying your respects to the hostess immediately on entering the room. She may, perhaps, not be in sight at the time, but she should be sought and the proper greeting given. "I have not seen Mrs. Blank," said a gentleman, at a ball. "Not seen Mrs. Blank?" replied the lady to whom this was addressed; "why, you have been in her house half an hour. You should have spoken to her when you first entered." "I did not see her," was the reply. The speaker evidently did not realize that he had been guilty of a breach of etiquette. It is to be hoped that the stories are not true of persons ignoring entirely the host and hostess whose entertainments they have attended, considering it condescension enough to be present, without speaking to their entertainers. If guests are not personally acquainted with the host and hostess, who, for some reason, have invited them to their entertainment, they must either introduce themselves, or request some acquaintance present to introduce them.

After entering a room and speaking to the host and hostess, do not sink into the chair nearest at hand, and strive to get out of sight, but stand awhile and converse with the person near you; or, if a gentleman, request an introduction to some lady. On no account be a mere looker-on, "a grim, silent spectator at the feast." There is nothing more discouraging to a hostess than a room full of "dummies." We go into society as actors, not as spectators, and we owe it to society to make ourselves agreeable. There are people who, on entering a room, seem to bring sunshine in with them. Pleasant and affable, their

aim is to make themselves agreeable; and they always add their share to the pleasures of the occasion.

It is against the rules of polite etiquette to show, by word or look, that you do not think all of the guests on a social equality with yourself. To refuse an introduction or to draw around one's self the mantle of icy reserve, is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste; moreover, it is insulting to the hostess. Acquaintances thus made need not become visiting friends. Without being rude, a person can easily repel all attempts at intimacy with a casual acquaintance not deemed desirable.

It is very bad "form" for a guest to discuss any subject that may be disagreeable to the host and hostess and the other guests. Argumentative conversation is not the proper style for social occasions. At such times we must leave our prejudices and preferences at home, and accommodate ourselves to surrounding circumstances.

It is not etiquette to ask for anything that you do not see on the table. A lady at a dinner party asked the waiter for walnut catsup for her fish. There was none in the house, but the waiter hesitated about saying so. Her consternation was great when she saw him pulling open closet doors and side-board drawers, as if to find the desired article. At length he whispered in her ear that there was no walnut catsup in the house, but he could despatch a servant to buy it. She protested, and the matter was dropped, but she never again asked for anything that was not on the table. Neither is it etiquette to discuss the food, even if in a complimentary manner.

On leaving an entertainment, while taking leave of the hostess it is not customary to thank her for the invitation, but it is usual to express pleasure at having passed a pleasant time. Unless there is a general departure, the guest who is leaving does not approach the hostess to say farewell, as that may be construed into a hint to the rest of the company that it is time for them to depart also.

## A COBWEB PARTY.

To present this entertainment successfully requires some little expenditure of time on the part of the hostess, but she may easily find willing aids at this season of leisure. Let her first request a dozen or more of her friends to prepare some simple, inexpensive article of fancy work, or a small gift which may be purchased in a small country store, and let this be wrapped up carefully in a paper parcel or box. The only other requisite of the game is a supply of rather strong cord in long pieces, several balls of cord or twine may doubtless be found at the village store. Tie one of the prize packages firmly to one end of the cord, and, having secured a room which need not be opened until the entertainment begins, conceal the parcel in some easily found nook, perhaps behind a picture or under the table, or underneath the chair seat, taking care to fasten it well in its place of hiding. Now, as your ball of cord slowly unrolls, wind it about chair legs, door knobs, to the chandelier, the tops of picture frames, to curtain cornices and lambrequins, anywhere at all, but let it extend to all parts of the room, and when the line is of good length fasten the end to the door knob, for convenience, until the others are arranged. If you have several colors of cord, so much the better. Treat each package, whether full or empty, in the same way. A half-dozen ladies will arrange the cords together, and when you have prepared as many cords as you have invited guests, twining and intertwining them in every possible or impossible way, the room will look like a labyrinth of strong cobwebs. Very great care must be taken to



secure the cord to the package, and to tie or otherwise safely confine it in its hiding place, otherwise your labor and the pleasure of your guests will be lost.

When a number of cords, twenty-five or thirty, we will say, have been arranged, they may be kept together in a variety of ways until needed. The room may suggest the best arrangement for each hostess. If each is, in turn, wound around a reel or large spool, or if all be wound together on one ball, they may be easily unrolled. When the door is open for the guests, to each in turn is given the end of a cord, and he is directed to follow the line, winding as he goes, until he reaches the end. When twenty or thirty people are thus engaged in disentangling and uncrossing so many cords the room presents a lively appearance. Each is intent on finding his own prize, and all sorts of amusing mishaps occur. When a package is found, all the seekers are allowed to pause in their task to inspect it and congratulate the finder. A player who has finished his own cobweb is at liberty to pick up any other which may have been dropped inadvertently. Rules are flexible, and may be greatly varied to suit the occasion and the age of the participants. Any one may intimate to the hostess to whom the cord leading to her prize shall be given. When the room has been arranged the disentangling may occupy two or even three hours.

#### THE STORY OF AN AUTHOR'S CHILD.

EVERY woman in the land has bowed down before "John Halifax, Gentleman;" but how many know much of the life of the woman whose brain-child he was? There is in it a little romance that I am sure many will like to hear. Married to a gentleman who was a cripple, Mrs. Muloch Craik lived an idyllic life at a beautiful country home, a few miles from a county town. She heard one day, quite incidentally, that a baby had been found on a stone at the crossroads, that it had been taken to the Town Hall and that all the gentry about were going to look at it because it was such a sweet little child. So, following the example of her neighbors, she went too. Looking up into the sweet sympathetic face of the famed authoress, the little baby smiled and put out its wee hands.

Dinah Muloch Craik could not resist this, and so she determined to take the child for her very own. Quickly it was wrapped up and it became her baby. Devoted to it, she was yet determined as it grew older it should never have its heart hurt by being told the story of its birth and adoption: so, as soon as the little girl was able to understand, it was lovingly whispered to her that she had been found on the large stone which stood in the centre of the Hall and which always was decorated with flowers, and that God had put her there that her mother might find her. As soon as she grew old enough, it became her daily duty to cut the flowers and arrange them to make beautiful this great rock that had been dug up from the cross-roads and brought there. To her it represented the place where the hands of the angels had rested when they laid her down. Curiously enough, the child became very proud of the way in which she had reached the dear mother who cared for her so lovingly and as tenderly as if she were really of her own flesh and blood. Her birthday was the day on which she was found, and when the tenth one came around and a child's party was given her, she was heard asking one little girl, "How old are you?" The other one answered, "I was born nine years ago." "Oh!" answered the baby, "you were born like other children, but I am better than that; I was found just where God had placed me." The childish pride was as amusing as it was pathetic.

The years have gone by, the eyes of the good mother are closed forever to the sights of this world; but the child she cared for lives in the great town of London, and remembers; and when the mother of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and of this girl stands before Almighty God, don't you think that He will say—"As ye have done it unto the least of these, so will I unto you."

#### WISE MONKEYS.

Emin Pasha, the story of whose rescue from Central Africa is well known to the world, is an enthusiastic student of natural history, and had made a collection at his headquarters on the Upper Nile which he was compelled to abandon. One of the objects of his interest in the Equatorial Province was a species of chimpanzee; and Mr. Stanley tells some remarkable stories regarding Emin's observations. So far as we know Emin himself has not confirmed these observations.

According to Stanley's account, the equatorial chimpanzee is not greatly the inferior in intelligence to some of the human beings found there.

The forest of Msongwa is infested by a tribe of chimpanzees of great stature, who make almost nightly raids on the villages and little plantations of the Mswa natives, carrying away their bananas and other fruits. There is nothing very remarkable about this fact, since many kinds of animals make pillaging forays upon the habitations of men; but the surprising part of Emin's narrative is the statement that, in these thieving raids, the chimpanzees make use of lighted torches to hunt out the fruit.

"If I had not myself been a witness of this spectacle," Mr. Stanley reports Emin as saying, "nothing would ever have made me believe that any race of monkeys possessed the art of making fire."

On one occasion, Emin says, a chimpanzee of this intelligent tribe stole a drum from the huts of his Egyptian troops and made off with it beating it as he ran.

The monkey took the drum to the headquarters of his own "people," who were evidently much charmed with it, for the Egyptian soldiers often heard the monkeys beating it vigorously but irregularly. Sometimes in the middle of the night some sleepless chimpanzee would get up and go to beating the drum.

Just what the other chimpanzees thought of this midnight musical performance will never be known positively. But, from the fact that no sound of battle and slaughter among the intelligent chimpanzees ever followed, the Egyptians were forced to conclude that they liked it.

Here at least, therefore, we find an indication that the grade of intelligence of even the chimpanzees of Msongwa is still far below that of the human race.

#### THE EVENING JESSAMINE.

THERE is a little modest flower,  
That keeps its lovely petals closed  
All through the sunny day,  
Then sweetly at the twilight hour  
It opens, and sends forth its power  
To cheer and bless my lonely room  
With sweet perfume.

How like to some kind constant friend,  
Who keeps his love and sympathy  
For dark affliction's hour.  
Then comes, with willing heart and hand,  
Pity and strength at his command,  
My heavy burden helps me bear,  
And soothes my care.



## LETTERS OF THANKS.

- STRABANE, ONT., OCT. 10th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Please accept thanks for the prize I received from you.  
I am, yours truly, LIZZIE F. KEE.
- WARDSVILLE, ONT., OCT. 1st, 1890.  
SIR,—I received the prize Sept. 25th. I am very much pleased with it. Wishing you every success.  
Yours respectfully, SADIE I. JAMES.
- WOODSTOCK, ONT., OCT. 20th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Have just received the Tea Set, for which you will please accept my thanks.  
Yours truly, CLIFFORD KEMP.
- CARP, ONT., OCT. 8th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Received prize last week. Just lovely, very many thanks.  
Yours truly, FANNY G. CARRUTHERS.
- ST. ALBANS, VT., OCT. 14th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Prize received, many thanks. We like your magazine, the best of any we have ever taken and wish it success.  
Yours truly, MRS. W. S. BEALS.
- TWEED, ONT., SEPT. 10th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Prize awarded me in last word contest to hand. Am well pleased with it.  
Yours etc., MRS. C. J. WHITE.
- VANCOUVER, B.C., OCT. 26th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Miss Hobson, begs to thank THE CANADIAN QUEEN for the silk dress, which she has received in good order. She wishes the magazine every success.
- PETERBORO', ONT., SEPT. 29th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received prize in good order, and like it well. With thanks.  
Yours truly, EVA L. DENNE.
- 397 McDERMOTT ST., WINNIPEG, MAN., OCT. 6th, 1890.  
Mrs. D. A. Forbes' compliments to the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, and begs to acknowledge with thanks the pretty and useful prize received to-day.
- 37 TRANBY AVE, TORONTO, ONT., OCT. 13th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received the Silver Tea Set, awarded me in "Word Contest," and am well pleased with it, also with your journal.  
Yours respectfully, MRS. REED.
- 357 BARTON ST. EAST, HAMILTON, ONT., OCT. 16th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—The Silver Tea Set awarded me in your "Word Contest," arrived to-day in good condition. The pieces look very handsome. Accept my thanks for same.  
Yours truly, JOHN CARRICK.
- COBOURG, ONT., OCT. 15th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Silver Tea Service as the prize in your "Word Contest." I think it very pretty and will do all I can among my friends to further your interests.  
Sincerely yours, MRS. JAS. F. GILLARD.
- KINGSTON, ONT., OCT. 10th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Received yesterday the Silver Tea Service, and was very much pleased with it.  
Yours truly, GEORGINA HILTON.
- 51 SCOLLARD ST., TORONTO, ONT., OCT. 9th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the elegant Tea Set awarded me as the daily prize, on Oct. 8th. Accept my heartiest thanks for your handsome present. With best wishes for THE QUEEN.  
I remain, yours truly, WM. DOUGLAS.
- GALT, ONT., OCT. 20th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received my prize of a Silver Tea Set, on the 16th instant, and find it to be very satisfactory. All who have seen the Tea Set, compliment me in securing such a valuable prize. Wishing your magazine every success.  
I remain, yours truly, K. C. HAMILTON.
- BROCKVILLE, OCT. 1st, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Received my prize and was well pleased with it. Wishing you success in the future.  
I am, yours, JOHN BRADY.
- COLBORNE, ONT., OCT. 17th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the prize, I like it very much, and I am well pleased with THE QUEEN. I wish you success.  
Yours truly, FRED HOWARD.
- STELLA, ONT., SEPT. 30th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Received my prize some time ago. Thank you, very well pleased with it.  
Yours truly, MARIE E. NELSON.
- HAMILTON, ONT., OCT. 18th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received Silver Tea Service. I think it is very pretty indeed, you will please accept my thanks for the beautiful prize.  
Yours truly, MRS. JOHN MARTIN.
- PRESCOTT, ONT., OCT. 1st, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your promptness in sending the Silver Tea Set, which I think exceedingly pretty, and am very much pleased with it.  
Yours truly, A. FRASER.
- PENSECOLA, FLA., SEPT. 24TH, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Your letter was received and also the present. I am very much pleased indeed with the present. I enjoy the contents of your magazine very much, and wish you much success.  
Most obligingly, FLORENCE B. TAYLOR.
- FROME, ONT., SEPT. 15TH, 1890.  
SIR,—Many thanks for the present received by me from your list of prizes last week.  
Yours truly, IDA HORTON.
- 403 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, NOV. 11th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful Silver Tea Service awarded me as a competitor in THE QUEEN'S "Word Contest." I am delighted with the prize and the Magazine. Hoping that the enterprise may continue to command increasing prosperity, as it deserves. I remain, respectfully, F. J. FORFAR.
- 91 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO, NOV. 2nd, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to thank you for the beautiful Silver Biscuit Jar that you sent me as a prize in the last "Word Contest." I am delighted with it, and still more with THE QUEEN. I must ask your pardon for not writing you sooner, as the prize and paper came very promptly. Yours respectfully, E. J. RICHARDSON.
- ASHEVILLE, N.C., OCT. 13th, 1890.  
To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.  
DEAR SIR,—Please accept thanks for the prize.  
Truly yours, E. H. WRIGHT.
- WATERLOO, QUE., OCT. 8th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Prize received; very much pleased with it.  
Yours respectfully, MRS. J. P. NOYES.
- ALBERTON, P.E.I., OCT. 3rd, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Two packages by mail received. Thanks.  
Yours truly, J. H. DUVAU.
- GRAND FALLS, N.B., OCT. 7th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Prize received to-night. Very much pleased with it.  
Truly yours, D. G. ROSS.
- CARDIGAN, P. E. I., OCT. 18th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I am very much pleased with the magazine, and obliged for the present.  
Yours truly, ANNIE STEWART.
- SANTA CRUZ, CAL., OCT. 9th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Prize as my reward in the recent "Word Contest" to hand, and I am glad to say that I am well pleased with it, and it has given satisfaction. I like it very much and I hope others will like theirs.  
Yours truly, EMMA SCHAUBACHER.
- NEWBURGH, N.Y., OCT. 13th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Received the Prize in good order. Much obliged.  
Yours truly, A. L. DUNPHY.
- GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY, OCT. 13th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—My Prize received, for which please accept my thanks. I am delighted with both it and your paper, and hope you will succeed.  
I am, respectfully, FANNIE A. BELL.
- 280 STATE ST., PORTLAND, ME., OCT. 17th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very pretty Prize which arrived the other day.  
Yours very truly, NELLIE A. MILLER.
- ROCK LEDGE, FLA., OCT. 10th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received my Prize, which I think is quite pretty. Thank you very much.  
Very truly, LIZZIE JOHANN.
- SAN MATEO, CAL., OCT. 1st, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to acknowledge the reception of the beautiful Prize you so kindly sent me. It is certainly a pretty souvenir of the "Word Contest" and creates an ambition to compete for the highest you offer. With many thanks,  
I am respectfully, MRS. W. W. BUNKER.
- 70 E. RAMSDALL, FALMOUTH FORESIDE, ME., SEPT. 23rd, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I have just received the copy of the "QUEEN" and beg to thank you for the same. I have enjoyed reading it, and think it well worth the dollar, without any present at all.  
I remain, yours truly, MARY RADFORD.
- DENVER, COLO., SEPT. 20th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to you for the Prize which I have the honor to acknowledge of the "QUEEN'S" "Word Contest."  
Yours truly, J. J. LIPPS.
- APALACHICOLA, FLA., SEPT. 27th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received the Prize, for which I am thankful.  
I remain, yours truly, J. M. DALY.
- MILTON, N.H., OCT. 18th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—The Prize awarded me in your "Word Contest" came to hand in due season, and is much admired. Accept my thanks.  
Respectfully yours, IRVING W. CUTLLE.
- 89 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 6th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—Your Prize received for which I thank you very much. It is certainly a useful article. I enjoy reading the paper very much.  
Yours very truly, SARAH E. MACDONALD.
- ANNISTON, ALA., OCT. 3rd, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received to-day by mail my Prize in the "Word Contest" which I am greatly pleased and hereby extend my sincere thanks.  
Very truly, F. M. TAYLOR.
- PRINCETON, N.J., OCT. 7th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—I received the Prize. Please accept my thanks for it, and for your prompt reply to my inquiry.  
Very respectfully, HATTIE C. MARSH.
- SYRACUSE, N.Y., OCT. 19th, 1890.  
DEAR SIR,—The present arrived safely, and I am very much pleased with it, and feel amply repaid for my efforts in securing the list of words. Your magazine comes regularly, and is very interesting indeed.  
Yours truly, J. M. OVERFIELD.



# The Canadian Queen's PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



## LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

IN THE QUEEN'S late word contest, which closed December 5th, nearly twenty thousand different lists were received, being from all portions of Canada and the United States, as well as from Great Britain, Germany and Australia, which shows to what extent these competitions have awakened an interest among the best people in almost every English speaking country.

The lists received are an evidence of the large amount of work expended by competitors, as they run very high, and the only regret of the Editor of THE QUEEN is that he cannot give every one a leading prize. The following are the names of those sending the largest correct lists, made according to the rules of the competition: Dr. Edward T. Stevens, of 485 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y., having sent a list of 4,507 words, and it being the largest correct one received, is awarded the first prize, consisting of a First-Cabin Passage to Liverpool and return, and \$200.00 in gold. Miss E. Matte, 207 1/2 St. Dominique St., Montreal, Que., having forwarded the largest correct list of words received from any lady, containing 4,432, is awarded the Special Prize to Ladies, consisting of an elegant Seal-skin Jacket. Miss Annie B. Turner, of Deposit, N.Y., having forwarded the largest correct list of words, made in accordance with the rules, of any received from girl or boy, consisting of 4,298 words is awarded the Special Prize of the Shetland Pony, "Flo."

The following additional prizes were awarded in order of merit:

- CHINA DINNER SET.—Mrs. Knowles, 162 Jarvis St., Toronto.  
LADIES GOLD WATCH.—Celia E. Rose, Essex, Ont.; A. Hatton, 121 Haight St., San Francisco, Cal.  
SILK DRESS PATTERN.—Mrs. Warnford Dodge, Bridgetown, N.S.  
MANTEL CLOCK.—Mrs. E. W. Dowling, Windsor Hotel, Montreal, Que.; J. T. Willmott, 10 Rose Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Minnie Neily, South Farmington, N.S.; R. D. Nimmo, B.S.A. Peterboro, Ont.  
EASY CHAIR.—Belle Kershaw, Room 2, Fowler School, Cleveland, Ohio.  
DRESSING CASE.—Miss M. F. Hanson, 581 Waterloo St., London, Ont.; George Bayly, 8 Urjon Chambers, Ottawa, Ont.; Miss Francis Goodchild, 22 Churchill Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Jno Raney, Point Michaud, N.S.; M. Earl, Newcastle, Ont.  
LADIES TOILET SET IN PLUSH CASE.—Mrs. Stephen Beatty, St. Catharines, Ont.; Mrs. Nathaniel Currier, Yarmouth, N.S.; Mrs. John Ross, 77 Erie Ave., Hamilton, Ont.  
MANICURE SET IN PLUSH CASE.—Miss Nettie Hodgson, 127 Lippincott St., Toronto, Ont.; Miss M. King, P.O. Box 247, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Laura Scott, Stoney Creek, N.B.; Annie McGregor, N.W. Arm, Halifax, N.S.  
CHINA BREAKFAST AND TEA SET.—J. B. O'Flynn, William St., Chatham, Ont.  
SILVER WATCH.—Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Hantsport, N.S.; Mrs. S. C. Killam, Box 160, Winnipeg, Man.  
SILVER TEA SET.—Mrs. H. L. Snow, 142 State St., Bangor, Me.; John Weeks, Waupeam, Mich.; Miss E. Morrison, 101 Fountain St., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Leslie C. Gray, 158 S. 11th Street, Salina Kas.  
SILVER DESSERT SET.—C. E. Filton, Orillia, Ont.; Alex. Atkins, Portsmouth, Ont.; Chas. H. Waldron, Whitby, Ont.; Mrs. John F. Askin, Windsor, Ont.; Harry F. Gault, Cornwall, Ont.; M. B. Mallory, Campbellford, Ont.; Henry Reeve, Almonte,

Ont.; Mrs. Dr. H. H. Evans, Box 327, Picton, Ont.; Geo. Dignan, Box 112, Parkhill, Ont.; Mrs. J. M. Cartwright, "The Barracks," London, Ont.; Miss M. E. Gardner, 78 Sullivan St., Toronto; Rev. Hugh Johnston, 720 Spadina Ave., Toronto; Miss S. Jones, 58 Bay St., Toronto; Mrs. M. Archer, 17 Russel St., Toronto; Mary Randall, 129 Palmerston Ave., Toronto; Mrs. R. Gregory Cox, St. Catharines, Ont.; Hubert P. L. Hillman, 259 Jarvis St., Toronto; Wm. Stitzel, 519 Parliament St., Toronto; Miss Mabel Foster, 131 Mutual St., Toronto; Mrs. J. T. McGeary, 2 Tacoma Ave., Toronto; Blanche Sharp, 16 Sussex Ave., Toronto; R. Montgomery 31 Church St., Toronto; Miss Ella Wilkinson, 52 Cameron St., Toronto; B. F. Porter, Truro, N.S.

The following is a list of the persons winning THE QUEEN'S, Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Service, value \$25.00, awarded to the person sending the largest list received by us each day during the contest.

Anne L. Jarvis, 89 Gloucester St., Toronto, Sept. 16th; Mrs. Reid, 37 Tranby Ave., Toronto, Sept. 17th; F. Pethick, Bowmanville, Ont., Sept. 18th; Miss R. Jackson, Hellmuth College, London, Ont., Sept. 19th; Miss Jessie C. Brown, Brockville, Ont., Sept. 20th; Mrs. J. E. Lennon, Welland, Ont., Sept. 22nd; Mr. F. L. Sawyer, Orillia, Ont., Sept. 23rd; Miss A. Fraser, Prescott, Ont., Sept. 24th; Miss Eva Lake Denne, Peterboro, Ont., Sept. 25th; Mrs. W. Percy, 65 Goulbourn St., Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 26th; Miss E. Godson, Trenton, Ont., Sept. 27th; B. F. Porter, Truro, N.S., Sept. 29th; Mrs. J. W. E. Darby, 135 Hargrave St., Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 30th; Mrs. Jas. F. Gillard, Cobourg, Ont., Oct. 1st; Mrs. John Martin, 312 John St. N., Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 2nd; Mr. John Waddell, 26 Kensington Ave., Toronto, Oct. 3rd; Mr. K. C. Hamilton, Galt, Ont., Oct. 4th; Mr. John Carrick, 357 Barton St. E., Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 6th; Miss Georgina Hilton, 319 Brock St., Kingston, Ont., Oct. 7th; Wm. Douglas, 21 Scollard St., Toronto, Oct. 8th; H. A. Kennedy, City Editor "Witness," Montreal, Que., Oct. 9th; Mr. Clifford Kemp, Barrister, Woodstock, Ont., Oct. 10th; C. A. Steeves, Botsford St., Moncton, N.B., Oct. 13th; Geo. O. Pleasant, 73 Mecklenburg St., St. John, N.B., Oct. 14th; Mrs. M. St. John, Montreal, Que., Oct. 15th; Miss Jost, 69 Queen St., Fort Massie, Halifax, N.S., Oct. 16th; Mrs. Tremaine, 36 South St., Halifax, N.S., Oct. 17th; T. R. Stewart, Stratford, Ont., Oct. 18th; Mrs. E. H. E. Edis, Orillia, Ont., Oct. 20th; Millie R. Snyder, Leamington, Ont., Oct. 21st; Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, N.S., Oct. 22nd; Elizabeth Holt, Parkhill, Ont., Oct. 23rd; Mr. A. Savary, St. George's St., Annapolis, N.S., Oct. 24th; Miss A. T. O'Dell, 25 Prospect St., Sherbrooke, Que., Oct. 25th; Mrs. H. P. Kerr, 11 Orange St., St. John, N.B., Oct. 27th; J. M. Muir Victoria, B.C., Oct. 28th; Geo. H. Hibbert, Chatham, Ont., Oct. 29th; Edwin D. Ross, care W. J. Waugh, King St. E., Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 30th; Mrs. John A. Wright, Picton, Ont., Oct. 31st; Mrs. C. L. Snow, Pictou, N.S., Nov. 1st; Chas. A. McCreedy, Robinson St., Moncton, N.B., Nov. 3rd; Major Mayne, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., Nov. 4th; Edward B. Scott, Calgary, Alberta, N.W.T., Nov. 5th; Miss Helen McGregor, 52 Brunswick St., Halifax, N.S., Nov. 7th; Miss F. E. Forfar, 403 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Nov. 8th; Thos. Dixon, Walkerton, Ont., Nov. 10th; Mrs. J. H. Mathieson, St. Mary's, Ont., Nov. 11th; E. B. McDermid, 156 John St., London, Ont., Nov. 12th; Minnie Fulton, Streetsville, Ont., Nov. 13th; Mrs. Stephen Wright, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 14th; Mrs. D. A. Forbes, 69 Francis St., Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 15th; H. H. Loucks, Barrister, Pembroke, Ont., Nov. 17th; Mrs. T. F. Ellis, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 18th; W. H. Calnek, Bridgetown, N.S., Nov. 19th; Mr. Jas. A. McIntyre, St. Martin's, N.B., Nov. 20th; Ralph W. McDonald, Georgetown, P.E.I., Nov. 21st; Mrs. Clara L. Nickerson, Houlton, Me., Nov. 22nd; Michael Connolly, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Nov. 24th; Miss Minnie E. Bateman, Pickering, Ont., Nov. 25th; Fred W. Eggleston, Granville, Ohio, Nov. 26th; Mrs. Jas. R. Anderson, 32 Kingston St., James Bay, Victoria, B.C., Nov. 27th; Mrs. A. R. Gordon, 106 Willow St., Minneapolis, Min., Nov. 28th; Miss Kate E. Beaven, care Hon Robt. Beaven, M.P.P., Victoria, B.C., Nov. 29th; J. M. Crowley, Prin. Toronto Business College, Cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts., Toronto, Dec. 1st; Charlotte Kerr, Cornwall, N.Y., Dec. 2nd; Mrs. Archie Gillespie, Niagara Falls, Ont., Dec. 3rd; Theodore G. Robinson, 41 Grand Opera House, Syracuse, N.Y., Dec. 4th; Mrs. J. E. Lynch, 328 Besserer St., Ottawa, Ont. Dec. 5th.



# The Queen's NATIONAL HISTORY COMPETITION.

To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewards to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

## THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A 1. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

## THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and generals. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young People's Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

## SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Our National History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it, must be addressed

**THE CANADIAN QUEEN,**  
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## TRY TO BE REASONABLE!

IMMEDIATELY after the award of prizes in our different competitions, the undertaking of sending them out is begun, and they are all forwarded to their respective owners just as fast as the clerical force in the office of THE QUEEN will allow. To send out all the prizes distributed by us in the last competition will take at least five weeks. A great number have already been forwarded, and they are being sent out daily. We have already commenced to receive letters from persons asking why they do not receive what is coming to them, and throwing out all manner of insinuations as to the lack of good faith, because they have not already received their prize. Our competitions are given for the purpose of interesting intelligent persons in this publication, and not to satisfy the ignorant mass of "grabbers," who would not be satisfied with anything less than the leading prize, and who, because it was awarded to someone else instead of themselves, question the fairness and impartiality of our competitions. The plan on which our contests are conducted is to give a certain percentage, regularly, of our income for subscriptions, back to our subscribers by way of competitions, to retain their interest in the publication, and to induce their friends to try it for a year, our object being to so interest them in the magazine as to retain them as permanent subscribers in the future. The number of leading prizes, when compared with the number of persons who enter our competitions, is very small indeed, and the greatest number of the competitors in our contest must expect to receive prizes, which, while useful and desirable, are of small value. We shall adhere strictly to our rule regarding the answering of correspondence relative to our contest. If you do not receive your prize within a few days after the award, it will be unnecessary for you to write us, as we cannot stop and waste more time in looking up the matter than would take to send off the article when your name is each on our subscription books, but shall consign your letter to the waste paper basket. If, after a reasonable time, giving your complete address, etc., and we will have the matter investigated and see that you receive all that is your due. If you do not receive one of the leading prizes, you may rest assured that your list, for some reason or other, was smaller than others. It makes no difference to us who secures the prizes, they are all given strictly in order of merit, and without partiality to persons or locality, and expressions of dissatisfaction regarding the prizes from that class of chronic grumblers who are never satisfied, will receive no explanation or answer from us. It costs nothing to enter our competitions: you pay \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN, and the competitions are strictly free. The magazine is well worth all that is paid for it. This explanation is not intended for the thousands of our subscribers who take THE QUEEN for its worth, as a clean and entertaining family magazine, but to those who subscribe simply for the purpose of securing a large prize, and are not particular in what manner they secure it, and who would never be satisfied to see anyone else carry off the leading prizes, even if they had a personal knowledge that the parties winning same had worked much harder in the contest, and rightly deserved all that they had received.

## REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

In the September number of THE QUEEN we announced that all those entering the Word Contest would have to pay 25cts. as a uniform charge for packing and forwarding their prize. Nearly all have complied with this rule, but if there are any who have neglected to do this, who forwarded lists for the competition closing Dec. 5th, it will be necessary that this amount, 25cts. (in silver or scrip) shall be mailed before Feb. 1st. All prizes will be forwarded as promptly as possible after receipt of this amount



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