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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE Czar's tour is finished and he is returning to the great Northern empire which owns him as Autocrat Emperor. And now the civilized world is left wondering what its main purpose was, and what high results it has accomplished.

If the true inwardness of those hours of consultation at Balmoral, or the suave diplomacies at the Elysée were revealed, there would be little need for the vague, impatient speculations of the great dailies of Berlin, Paris, London and New York, concerning that eternal Eastern problem.

Two things, however, are assured: that the young Czar has found more favor with the English speaking peoples, and the French also, than that accorded the Kaiser, and that the former has shown himself to be a lover and desirer of peace.

Remembering the tremendous power this young sovereign wields, this knowledge is of high moment, since by it we are able to predicate to some extent the future course of international relations. That Russia should have a ruler who, while sensible of the dignity and power of his office, yet realizes the finer and higher ideal of sovereignty—that his judgment should be moulded by the conviction that love is better than fear, and peaceful international relationships better than aggrandisement; this is indeed auspicious, an augury of white days not only for Russia but all the world.

ONE of the items in the programme for the Czar's visit to Paris included an appropriation of 200,000 francs to be devoted to paying the rents of the poor.

This was given in lieu of the money usually appropriated on great state occasions for providing free wine, food, etc., for the masses.

The idea is excellent, and might be well utilized by other governments on similar occasions. Then instead of flags, flowers and feasting, we might have our rents paid for a few months in advance.

We are searching for methods of duly celebrating the Queen's sixtieth year of sovereignty. Why not adopt this? Here is a magnificent chance for the Laurier Government to purchase the grateful regards of the people. A man may backslide concerning many things, but never from the government that says, "Come, now; let us we pray thee, pay your rent for a little season."

THERE is little that is new in the Armenian situation. Despite the strong utterance of Mr. Gladstone, Abdul Hamid still holds sway; and we feel, with the Armenians, an element of uncertainty, not whether another massacre will take place, but only the when and where of it.

There is some measure of hope in the recent visit of the Czar to England and France; since England's Queen has spoken; and France who owns two-thirds of Turkey is not likely, in the present ardent renewal of alliance with Russia, to refuse concerted action with the latter.

Yet stripped of all possibilities, the facts

are that nearly twenty months have passed since the first awful Armenian massacre was perpetrated, and the intervening days have been but death watches, ticking out each its tale of terror.

And still the Powers look on, and Abdul Hamid reigns.

WHATEVER may have been Lord Rosebery's purpose in resigning the leadership of the British Liberal party—and it seems hardly credible that it should have been due to Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Eastern question, since whatever the influence of this Old Man Invincible, he spoke only as a private individual—yet we must honor the Liberal leader for his apparent honesty of purpose. "This question," he said, "is above and beyond personal considerations, and when I speak, which I do this week, I must speak my mind without reference to oratory. Under these circumstances it is best for the party and for myself that I speak not as a leader, but as a free man."

A man in high office who resigns in order that he may speak his mind fully and freely, deserves honor for his action.

THE indefinite postponement of the Pacific Cable Commission is a matter of regret, although under the circumstance it was hardly to be avoided. It is to be hoped, however, that the Canadian Government will take the project up early in the coming session, and pronounce upon it, so that there need be no further delay.

In view of the general favor with which the project was received by both sides of the Canadian Parliament at the time of the Colonial Conference, an unfavorable pronouncement is hardly to be looked for.

Whatever serves to bind the colonies closer, is a link, not merely in an Imperial chain, but in that larger girdle which shall clasp the whole world into a millenic unity.

THE Music Halls have found favor in the eyes of the London County Council; they have all had their licenses renewed—even the Empire, which received so much notoriety last year by reason of Mrs. Ormiston Chant's crusade.

There is no doubt that these music halls are not to express it mildly—elevating. There seems to be equally no doubt that they are demanded and favored by the people, not the masses alone, but those who like to hide themselves among the masses at such seasons.

Possibly then the best method of moral crusaders is not to demand that these resorts be done away with, but to consider some satisfactory renovation or substitution for whatever features may be really objectionable. But a wide margin must be allowed, since the chief attraction in such places is the unconventionality, and the liberty of speech and action permitted.

The failure of moral reformers, especially women, often lies in the fact that they judge by their own standard of taste and moral consciousness,

forgetting that that of the masses may be very much lower, or at least widely different. The people to whom these music halls cater have a standard of their own, and it is from their point of view that judgment should be pronounced.

Yet again, one of the chief failings of the woman reformer is that she weakens her position by making sweeping assertions which facts do not verify.

In the case of the Empire Music Hall it was claimed that this was the case, and this the cause of the failure of Mrs. Chant and her friends to accomplish their laudable purpose.

THE curious case of the Castles has aroused wide interest on both sides of the ocean; the unusually high social standing of the defendants, and their marked wealth and influence making the affair almost phenomenal in criminal annals. From the aspect of the matter at this time of writing, it is almost safe to predict that a case of kleptomania produced by mental derangement will be made out, and that both Mr and Mrs. Castle will be released. But the public disgrace they have endured must darken all their future life.

In the banquet tendered to Lord Chief Justice Russell by the Catholic Club of New York, on the eve of his departure for England early in October, Judge Daly in one sentence of his address expressed the reason of the welcome and appreciation shown his lordship during his visit on this continent.

"We honor him not because he is the first Catholic Chief Justice of England in three centuries, not because he is the first Irish Chief Justice, though that seems to give peculiar satisfaction to every American without distinction of race, party or creed, perhaps because we are all home rulers, and think that if Ireland is not permitted to govern herself she ought to be allowed to show how well she can govern England, a much less difficult task, but because, being an Irishman and a Catholic and Lord Chief Justice of England, he has realized all men's ideal of the highest judicial office."

THE latest turbulents are the natives of northern Morocco—a band of freebooters who for many years have inhabited the wild mountains of that country. Recently they boarded the French ship Corinte at an island about half way between Gibraltar and Algiers, tied up the crew and took what they wanted of the cargo. Then they had a fight with a Spanish steamer which came to the rescue of the Corinte, killed four of the crew and carried one of the captains back into their mountains, where they doubtless held him for ransom.

The Spanish premier has sent a protest to the Sultan of Morocco against the renewed depredations of the Riflians, as these pirates are called, and he says he hopes France will join Spain in giving such a drubbing to these mountaineers that they will have no taste for piracy for a long time to come. But since they are very inaccessible in

their mountain fastnesses, it is not so easy to give them their quietus, and history hath it that they care so little for the Sultan of Morocco that the last time he sent them a Governor they playfully cut his head off.

WE have the assurance that Austria will be one with the nations in the greatest movement of the century, since the Lower House of the Austrian Parliament, in session during October, at Vienna, has referred to a committee, a resolution that the Government should make overtures to the powers for the establishment of an international arbitration court.

THE presidential campaign is nearing its close; and the fourth day of the present month will bring to an end one of the most exciting and interesting political contests of the past quarter century. The issues are so important that all classes have roused to the fray; and in the instance of the Republicans at least; a hard hand struggle has been engaged in with ignorance, foreign indifference, and mass disaffection. Rarely, indeed, has kindergarten work in finance been so thoroughly and effectively undertaken; but whether it has been begun too late or not the fourth of November will tell.

But whatever the results of the election, one thing has been demonstrated, and that is the evil of placing so potent a weapon as the ballot in the hands of the foreigner and the ignorant.

THE kindergarten work of the campaign has been carried on largely by women, and is one of the most effective elements in the contest. The New York Woman's Republican Association is a product of the present campaign, and other clubs have been formed in all the large American cities.

These are largely the outcome of several women's political clubs, which for the past two or three years have been quietly studying questions of government, economics and finance; so that when the issue came, it found them ready to go on the platform, if need be, but most surely to go down into the homes of the poor, and by house to house visitation, by pleasant talk and simple object lesson, arouse the interest and understanding of the wives of voters upon the silver question.

This tenement house visitation, which the women have industriously carried on for many weeks, has revealed something of the immense work that women may do for the country, politically.

BRYAN is generally called O'Brien by the tenement house citizens, and one woman worker, in an interesting account of her experiences with them, tells of one old Irish woman who went with unerring keenness to the point when she said:

"There's one question I'm ather axin ye. If O'Brien is President and we have lots more money, as Tim Sullivan says we'll be havin' will it be as good as the money we have to-day, and will it be bringin' as much? No! Then I'm not wantin' O'Brien. Prices will be goin' up, ye say! Nary a bit of O'Brien for me, thin. Didn't I live through the war with me family growin' up around me—fore ye ladies was born. Thin was times for ye—whin sugar was twenty-five cents a pound, and thread tin cents a spool. I'm not sayin' there wasn't money—there was—but it went. It went, and twenty dollars didn't buy what five useter."

GREAT is the election issue, but greater is Chicago Day in the belief of Chicago citizens, since it was celebrated by a huge parade of Republicans and anti silver Democrats in the morning, and an equally large demonstration of Populists and other silverites in the evening.

The arrangement was truly Chicagoesque.

THAT was a significant resolution passed at a meeting held in Brooklyn a few weeks ago, when a large number of Irishmen gathered to protest against the alleged treatment received by Dr. Gallagher, a political prisoner recently released from an English prison:

Whereas. Instead of a man strong and vigorous in body, sound and cultured of mind, as Dr. Gallagher was when he left us in 1883, they have returned to us a physical and mental wreck; one who is in fact only forty-five years of age, but in appearance is a decrepit old man of seventy; bearing on his person the visible, tangible evidence of brutal torture; whose every movement betrays the ever-present dread of assault; from whose memory has passed away every recollection of his nearest and dearest relatives and friends; and whose mind, once dedicated to the alleviation of human sufferings and disease, has been, as we have so sadly learned, forever destroyed. . . .

Resolved. That we thank the Department of State of our national Government for the kindly interest it has always displayed in his cause; . . . that, as friends and neighbors of Dr. Gallagher, as American citizens, and as civilized Christian men, in the name of our citizenship and the name of Christian civilization we denounce the fiendish starvation, the inhuman torture, and the brutal outrage that have wrecked a once vigorous body and mind; that we call the nations of the earth to witness that at Chatham and Portland, England maintains a system that would shame the Turk, and compared with which the Armenian murdered obtains a happy release; that we most respectfully ask the State Department of our national Government to take such action as will hereafter prevent the torture and outrage of American citizens in foreign hands.

Warm words, but not one wit too warm, if the allegations be proven.

THREE women receivers have been appointed recently by a New York judge to look after certain properties. The appointment is not much of a legal plum, but since it is the first time that it has been made, the young women lawyers are happy over the recognition of the court.

In many instances women are more fitted to take charge of assets than men, especially in the case of other women. Their keener instincts will assist them in discovering available assets; and they will probably be less easily satisfied, and more persistent in inquiry than the average male receiver.

But it is chiefly the recognition of their status as lawyers that marks the significance of the judge's action.

IN CANADA.

ONE of the amusing now-what-do-they-mean congratulations which it is the lot of most of us to receive occasionally, was that contained in one of the addresses presented to Sir Charles and Lady Tupper upon the anniversary of their golden wedding:

"We congratulate you on the years and the well-merited honors to which you have attained; on the vigor you still exhibit in the advocacy of your opinions, and particularly on the good fortune which has favored you with the happy companionship of Lady Tupper during half a century of domestic life."

The italics, of course, are our own, but the words are most worthily diplomatic; and who shall venture to interpret them?

Is it not time that attention was drawn to the harmful results of writing the reports of the police courts in jocosé form.

Our daily newspapers, with no thought beyond amusing the public, and making their columns readable, permit their police reporter to write his copy lightly.

From daily familiarity with these petty, pitiful sinners, he sees them only from the half-amusing, half-contemptuous point of view; and writing in jocosé vein, that is always more readable than the serious one, makes of the petty transgressors and their punishments, a daily passing joke. This occurs day by day, until even the best of us fall in with his view, and come to look upon these old offenders as wags, their excuses as wit.

A newspaper cannot be edited for the Young Person only: it must necessarily contain much of

knowledge that is grievous. But in view of the ten thousands of young eyes that scan its columns, is this jocosé treatment of petty offence and hopeless offenders desirable?

As imperialists, as colonists, as citizens, we should rejoice at every fresh link which connects us more closely with either England or fraternal dependencies. We should especially hail whatever brings us extended trade relations with Australia, with whom, it is safe to prophesy, that Canada will hold fine future amities and commercial connections.

The placing of a third steamship upon the Canadian-Australian route, shows two things, at least: first, that the increased trade justifies the increase of fleet; second, that Mr. James Huddart is a man of advanced enterprise, whose projects deserve consideration and whose large national faith deserves all prosperity.

Now that the Manitoba School question is apparently so nearly settled, the bulk of citizens are wondering what all the fuss was about; why it proved such an intractable affair and so resistant of all peaceable approach before the Federal elections, and became so mildly compliant afterward?

There is a suggestion of a mule in the situation; also several would-be riders.

We commend it to the cartoonists—on both sides—to define with their pithy pencils.

THE vote taken in Toronto by the street car men was one of the most satisfactory pronouncements on the Sunday observance and street car question which we have yet had.

The men spoke unmistakably in favor of one clear day of rest, wherein they showed good judgment, if nothing higher.

That the Sunday street cars must come, is generally conceded. Their advent is only a question of time. It is ours to see that they be admitted under such conditions that the interests of both citizens and the service-men shall be guarded.

ONE of the most educative of the innumerable classes arranged for the winter season is that which gathers weekly for the study of the British North American Act. A more perplexing constitutional code it would be hard to discover, yet since it forms the foundation of Confederation, all young citizens of the Dominion would be widely benefited by its study.

THE nepotism so much talked about recently in municipal offices is somewhat in line with the question of Civil Service partisanship.

The rule that should apply to the former is not a matter of relationship, but one of qualification only. There is no reason why relatives of a man should not be given office under him, provided they be in every way fitted; and this can only be accomplished by a system of municipal examinations, plus the maintenance of a high standard of rectitude in the official who has power to employ.

WHEN the Technical School Board was asked to inaugurate a department of domestic science, it demurred upon the ground that there might not be a demand sufficient to justify this departure. The class has only been in operation one month, and instead of the thirty or forty pupils requisite, it numbers now one hundred and sixty.

The work is at present confined to cooking and food talks, conducted by Mrs. Jean Joy, one of the most thoroughly trained and successful of teachers in this department.

Those men who have adopted pessimistic forebodings concerning the future of the home by reason of the higher education of women, should be much cheered to discover that so many are ready to avail themselves of the opportunities offered in the direction of domestic science.



IN
PLEASANT
PERFUMES.

By Faith Fenton.

But flowers distilled, thought
they with winter meet
lose but their show, their es-
sence is more sweet.

THUS wrote Shakespeare, in a day when perfumes were not confined to my ladies' boudoir but were the toilet essentials of the court exquisites who stepped forth from their valet's hands, curled, powdered, beruffled and scented as daintily as a sachet.

An interesting study lies in the history of perfumes. As we run thought back to seek their earliest mention, we are brought to pause in the old old Bible, when we find in Exodus that Moses was commanded by Israel's great Jehovah to "Take unto thee sweet spices stacte and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense; and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy."

That lifts the making of sweet scents to a holy service and their use to a religion, an attitude which has been retained only in the incense offering of the Roman Church; but to which modern dissentients are slowly returning in the fragrant blossom that they twine about their church altars, in the lilies of Easter, and the sweet cedars of Christmas.

And why not? the myrrh and frankincense should be no less acceptable now, than in the days of the Christ child, or those earlier ages of temple building and sacrifice.

But to dwell longer on this interesting topic would take us away from the subject of our article, which is a brief chat concerning the making of perfumes in Canada for Canadian people.

There are not more than two or three perfume manufactories in the Dominion, and these are of comparatively recent establishment; but a visit to anyone of them is interesting, especially at this season of the year, when orders are being filled for the Christmas trade.

"The difficulty we have to contend with at present" said the manufacturer, "is the prevalent

belief among citizens, especially those of the better class, that the choicest perfumes must be imported. This may have been true in the past, but now, if they are willing to pay the price, we can provide them with the domestic article quite as delicate and fine."

Ascending a dim stairway from the first floor of the warehouse, an opened door ushered us into a room redolent with sweet odors. At a long table were seated young girls, with a gleam of dainty bottles, bright ribbons and delicate silk-lined boxes spread before them.

It was light and pretty work that engaged their fingers; one filling the bottles, another capping them with bits of soft white or lavender kid, a third polishing the crystal with linen dusters, until every crevice and faucet sparkles, a fourth labelling, a fifth tying on the dainty colored ribbons, manufactured especially for this purpose, then the dainty bottle, all dressed and garnished, passes to other deft fingers that fit them in the pretty boxes.

All this we noted half consciously as we talked.

"Here," said the perfumer, "is the pomade from which many perfumes are made; it comes direct to us from the south of France." He opened a tin which was closely fastened, and showed us a delicate green, almost translucent lard—just that; only it was lard highly purified, and holding the scent of ten thousand violets. For the French perfumer had imprisoned his violets, layer after layer in this lard; and the fat had absorbed the delicate volatile essence, until now, as we stooped over it, the vision of stretching fields of the lovely little flower rose before us.

"Certain flower perfumes are gathered by absorption," said the perfumer, "chiefly roses, violet, jessamine, and tuberose. Others by essential oils. But many of the perfumes of to day are synthetic—that is artificial, inasmuch as they are secured from coal tar. No, absolutely," in answer to our incredulous look as we bent over a strong essence of mignonette, "not a solitary flower enters into the composition of this, yet these synthetic perfumes are often more genuine than that of the flower itself. I cannot tell you how it is secured; it is a secret process; and only two or three manufacturers in the world possess it.

"Now," he continued, "let me show you how our perfumes are made. This pomade, violet, rose, or whatever it may be, comes to us direct from France, with the perfume locked in safe keeping within the lard. What we have to do is extract the fragrance; and to accomplish this we have to 'churn' it." He showed us the number of churns, cylindrical affairs with a specie of dasher inside. "We put a certain quantity of the pomade in, together with alcohol, about a pound to a pint. It is left for a week or more, at a temperature of eighty degrees, the dasher continually beating out the imprisoned flower odor. Then it is put through a freezing process, the lard drops to the bottom, and the spirit, which now holds the perfume is poured off.

"This liquid is called 'washing,' and the first of it is very strong and fine, the most expensive of essences.

"Afterward comes the 'fastening' of the perfume, and combinations of perfume are devised by the specialist. Few flower essences are individual; they are nearly all combinations; and therefore a new and successful combination is eagerly sought for."

In one corner of the great warehouse flat was a caged room, with barred door, lock and chain.

"I should like to have taken you in here," said the manufacturer, "but its only opened by the Excise officer. I will send over for him, if you wish."

"Oh, no! this will do, we answered poking our noses flatly between the bars, and peering in. "Why do you keep it locked?"

"It is the bond room," was the reply. "Every ounce of our perfume is made in bond. Every pint of alcohol used is duly certified to by the officer, who not only knows by our books, just how much we use, but supervises the using. We buy our alcohol at manufacturing rates; but on the condition that our perfumes should be made in bond, so that the Excise Department are cognisant of the use made of every pint of liquor.

"In there, on those covered shelves we keep our fine oils, which must be kept in the dark. There are the scales for weighing. Those are the urns or cylinders containing the 'washings' ready to combine; and that is a still.

"This supervision compels us also to keep up the standard of the perfumes."

We turned our attention to sachets, and toilet waters. The sachet is made of coarser grain now, than in the past. It holds the perfume better. Toilet waters are manufactured now largely by percolation; some delicate root and alcohol being the basis. The weaker washings of the pomade also forms an essential.

One of the difficulties of the perfumers, art is that it cannot be hurried. Musk for instance must be kept nearly a year, while orris must be kept six months, before they can be utilized as essences. Musk and Ambergris—both animal scents—enter into the composition of nearly every other perfume.

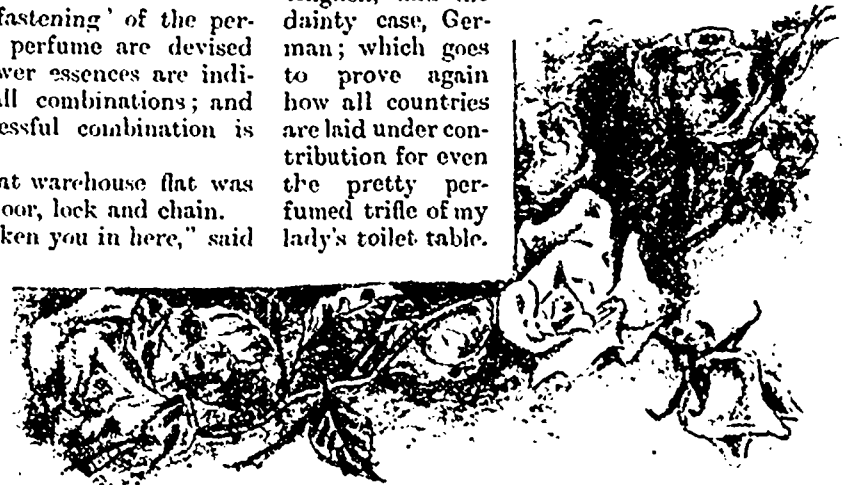
This of course makes them expensive. Otto of roses is perhaps the most extravagant odor yet known, as it takes two thousand roses to yield one dram of the essence.

There are fashions in perfumes of course; sometimes one odor is in demand, sometimes another. At present the fancy is for violets, and there are a dozen varieties and combinations," said the proprietor. "The fashion usually starts in London or Paris, and a mere trifle is sufficient to give the craze. If the Princess of Wales affects a certain perfume or some other royalty; or perhaps some celebrated actress pronounces upon it in an interview. Again a book that becomes a fad, is sufficient to start a fashion. If Trilby had had a favorite perfume it would have leaped at once into popularity.

Nothing is prettier or more expressive as a gift than a perfume. It may be offered by acquaintance, friend or lover, and is always acceptable. But we should see to it first that the perfume is of the best—one that clings in delicate sweetness. A cheap perfume is one much diluted and therefore untenable. Besides, a cheap perfume is repellant because of the amount of alcohol perceptible.

A fine perfume, then, the recipient's favorite if he or she has one, and afterward one as daintily bottled and boxed as you choose.

Just such a charming little gift we lifted from the hands of the quick-fingered girls at the close of our visit—a very cosmopolitan trifle, for the bottle was Bohemian, the soft kid capping, Parisian, the tinted ribbon, English, and the dainty case, German; which goes to prove again how all countries are laid under contribution for even the pretty perfumed trifle of my lady's toilet table.



AMONG OUR BOOKS.



A TRIBUTE to Stanley Weyman comes from the pen of a young American girl at present resident in Paris, who in a personal letter writes:

We have been reading Stanley Weyman since our arrival, and are going, some day soon, to look at the Rue St. Antoine, the Port Neuf, and other places that appear in "House of the Wolf." Our latest admiration is for the Duke de Guise. He wasn't half bad, for a villain. He only avenged his father's death, and was but twenty-one anyway when he assassinated Coligny. And he was the handsomest man in Paris. If

you have "The Red Badge of Courage" do send it to us.

We made mention last month of an article by Dr. O'Hagan on "Canadian Women Writers," published in the *New York Catholic World*. Having mislaid the magazine at the moment of writing, we were unable to give the exact number but commented on the fact that the list was surprisingly large.

Leaving those of the past unreckoned, and considering only the Canadian women writers of today, Dr. O'Hagan gives us a list of nearly forty names, which covers a wide range of literary work, and extend in residence from Atlantic to Pacific; and then as the writer adds,

There are many Canadian women writers worthy of a place in this paper whom space excludes. Yet their sonnets and their songs and their highest creations, nursed out by the gift of heart and brain, will have an abiding place in Canadian life and letters, consecrating it with all the strength of woman's devotion and love.

Our own marvel is, as we glance over the article in question, how the writer managed to find so many nice individual things to say of so large a number.

Miss Alma F. McCollum, whose fanciful autumn verse "Young Mrs. Summer," appeared in our October issue, sends us the following little verse entitled

A MIRROR.

I wished to buy a dainty gift
For her who's love is all my own,
And so I sought mid trifles rare,
Mid shining gold and precious stone,
But all these baubles were not meet
To have their place beside my sweet.

Again I sought and came reward,
I found at last a little thing
With edge of gold bestud with pearl
And there, within that precious ring,
My love's true eyes can always see
A dearer thing than life to me.

The dearest thing in all the world
And beautiful beyond compare;
For when she holds it to her eyes
Her own fair face is smiling there,
Dear heart! Through life my care shall be
That only joy's sweet smile you see.

In October *M. Clark's*, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes, in her own fine intense way further "Recollections of a Literary Life," in which she reveals the tragic aspect of insomnia; and pleads for a

closer study of the psychology of invalidism, especially that of nervous disorders.

Speaking of sleeplessness and the entrance into this disorder which has been this high-strung woman's Nemesis, she says:

"One slips into the door of the torture chamber, thinking it to be the entrance to some commonplace apartment, perhaps some pleasant room with broad views and easy exit. One turns to step out on some natural errand then behold the bars, the bolts, the locks. Escape! Try the windows. They seem to hang a million feet above solid earth; their grating is of metal never known before to the prisoner's chemistry, a relentless fibre made from the pillars of the world. Weep, if you will; pray, if you choose. But "God shut the door." You will stay there till He opens it.

She speaks of Robert Louis Stevenson as our latest and most pathetic specimen of the not inconsiderable list of invalid writers who have been important in the world; and quotes one of his last letters.

I am an idler and lumberer of the ground. It may be excused me, perhaps, by twenty years of industry and ill health, which have taken the cream off the milk. I am almost ready to call the world an error. . . . If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go. Just! . . . But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind.

"Who is to rate all this in an estimate of the man's value to literature," says Mrs. Ward, later. "No one, absolutely no one who has not fought



REV. E. VON PINCEN.

the lions of physical disease in the cage of a life bolted by the sharp need of daily bread; no one who has not fought them with the sinew and nerve of a creative genius."

A very entertaining book is that entitled "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler: being," as the preface note hath it "A Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the years 1685-1687, under strange and difficult circumstances, written some while afterward in his own land, and now edited by A. E. W. Mason."

The author's name is not a familiar one, but he writes with an ease and style that proclaims him a practised litterateur. The book is a romance of the type which Stanley Weyman in his "Gentleman of France," and Gilbert Parker in "The Seats of the Mighty," has made so popular; yet in the courtship of Morrice Buckler there is nothing of historic incident, only an historic setting, and by way, we are given realistic glimpses of English life in the seventeenth century.

Morrice Buckler, is represented, not as a soldier, but as a student at Oxford, who at the summons of a friend in prison and under sentence of death, sets out to aid him; and if possible obtain his release. Failing this, he takes upon himself the task of avenging him, by seeking and slaying in duel, the man whose treachery caused his death. The sequel, which involves, of course, a beautiful

woman, might seem repellant to twentieth century perceptions; but in those days, might was greater than right; and the sword above silken speech. Men fought for honor or for love alike fiercely, and woman loved best the victor.

Here is a picturesque descriptive bit of the "Vanity Fair" of the day.

One afternoon Elmscott carried me with him to see a famous comedy by a Mr. Farquhar which was that day repeated by the Duke's players. The second act was begun by the time we got to the theatre, and the house was very crowded. For awhile I watched with some interest the pack company in the pit, the orange girls hawking their baskets amongst them, the masked women in the upper boxes, and the crowds of bloods upon the stage, who were continually shifting their positions, bowing to ladies in the side boxes, ogling the actresses and airing their persons and dress to the great detriment of the spectacle. Among these latter gentlemen I observed Lord Culverton combing the curls of his periwig with a little ivory comb, so that a white cloud of powder hung about his head.

The literary strength of the book lies largely in the splendid command of Saxon, and an avoidance of all attempt at fine writing.

There is always a bewitchment about these romances, of which Blackmore was the precursor in "Lorna Doon," and in which, granting the merit of Weyman and Parker, we may give first place to the former and say that none have equalled him. And the charm is that we who are of a material, and intellectual present, find admiration for the men, who being full of the power of physical might, lived with the sword in one hand, the love cup in the other.

One wonders impatiently sometimes what purpose is served in many of the books turned out from the publishing presses, books which have nothing in them either to praise or strongly condemn, which are utterly devoid of strength or beauty; mere waste paper, not worth even an idle moment.

Such a book is "Four Women in the Case," by Annie Thomas. One sentence will be sufficient to illustrate the inferior style of the book which indeed verges upon absurdity.

The tears were in her eyes, but she spoke steadily, and would not allow the feeling of faintness which was creeping over her to master her. Presently she felt that she could control her tears and her tears, so she hastily wiped away all traces of the latter, and set the former in walking order.

A companion volume to it is entitled "Vignette Stories," by "Rita," a collection of half a dozen short stories of the "Family Herald" type, not devoid of interest, but somewhat hackneyed in plot, and sensational rather than artistic or strong. Neither of these volumes are to be commended, although they may serve to pass away an hour of enforced idleness.

An attractive little volume, bound in cloth of the Gordon plaid is "What is My Tartan?" by Frank Adam. The fine quality of paper and type is especially to be commended.

The title gives a fair understanding of the contents, which indeed is a brief history of the Highland garb, from earliest days, together with tabulated lists of clans, their coat-of-arms, badges and distinctive pipe music.

The study of clans should be of great interest to Highlanders and descendants; and there are sufficient of these staunch and thrifty folk in the Dominion to give "What is my Tartan?" a wide interest.

As Lord Archibald Campbell says in "The Children of The Mist."

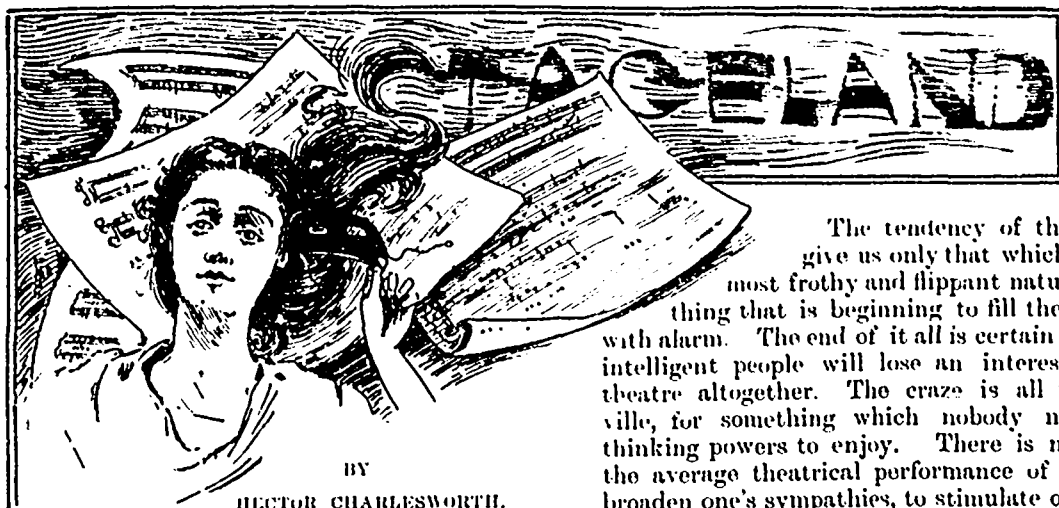
May we Highlanders be careful never to let our own picturesque dress be among the things of the past.

REVIEWER.

"The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," by A. E. W. Mason—Tyrell & Co., Toronto.

"What is My Tartan?" by F. Adam—Bain, Toronto.

"Four Women in the Case," by Annie Thomas. And "Vignettes," by Rita—Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.



BY
HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

THERE are a few actors who occasionally appear in our theatres whom aspirants for the stage should look up to as models for study. They are men who are successful in a superlative degree, and the particular favorites of that portion of the public which spends most money at the theatres and decides largely the current of public favor. They are peculiarly the players who appeal to those people making up what is known as "Society," and this is a profitable distinction for a player in itself as well as for the following it creates for him. Men who have been far more gifted with natural dramatic power than E. H. Sothern, for instance, have battled for fame unsuccessfully, gaining not a tithe of the good fortune which has been meted out to Sothern, and to that other favorite of New York audiences, John Drew. Is it not worth while for actors who are placed before audiences of the same kind that applaud Drew and Sothern to observe the methods that these men follow so successfully.

The average society play shows the effort of a presentable young man to win a woman. The winning of woman is the eternally blessed theme for a playwright. The class of actors I allude to succeed in making the plays of this type convincing because they have in their own personalities the elements that win women. "Matinee" actors are condescendingly spoken of by some of their associates, but popularity with the women in an audience ought to be considered a good argument in a man's favor. If they like him it must show that he has qualities which appeal to gentleness and refinement. He must have some distinction above his associates, and it is rare that mere good looks will make him liked.

Women are apt to look for the qualities in an orator which make him appear on the stage like their ideal of what a gentleman is whenever they meet him. Though men notice these qualities less they are as sensible of the lack of them. Sothern and Kyrle Bellew are two of the most popular actors in the United States because they have learned on the stage to comport themselves as though in the drawing-room. They strike no false note in their representations of refined and gentlemanly characters.

Yet another instance of what reserve and good taste will do for an actor is Mr. Robt. Hilliard, who wears his clothes and walks the boards in a thoroughly natural manner. Only Mr. Hilliard is rather too much the type of a certain class of good fellow of whom one expects cynicism rather than gentleness, and an appetite for reed-birds and champagne rather than a desire to cultivate the finer shadings of life. In such a piece as "Lost 24 Hours," which presents him as a New York stock broker of moderately rapid tendencies, he is an effective realization of the very kind of man the author was attempting to portray. In fact, Mr. Hilliard used to be a New York stock broker himself, and is, therefore, falling in with his old profession in the piece

The tendency of the stage to give us only that which is of the most frothy and flippant nature is some thing that is beginning to fill theatre-goers with alarm. The end of it all is certain to be that intelligent people will lose an interest in the theatre altogether. The craze is all for vaudeville, for something which nobody needs any thinking powers to enjoy. There is nothing in the average theatrical performance of to-day, to broaden one's sympathies, to stimulate one's intelligence, or even to cheer one's distress. In fact, if you are at all depressed, the effect of the average vaudeville performance is to produce a death-like despondency.

The stage of America smells of decadence. Three or four years ago it seemed as if the stage were going to look up. A number of brilliant and intelligent works were produced, and the reviews commenced to view the stage from an intellectual standpoint once more. In England some virile works are still being brought forth, but the storm of froth and spangles has struck the theatres of the old land just as it has here. The plaint comes from London, but the state of affairs there is glorious compared to our theatrical Mecca of New York. The song and dance has come to stay for a period. We cannot get away from it. Augustin Daly introduces it into "Twelfth Night,"

and saws up Shakespeare's most beautiful lines to give it an excuse



MISS JULIA NEILSON.

and saws up Shakespeare's most beautiful lines to give it an excuse

A glance over the plays which have visited Toronto so far this season proves my contention. Of course it has been customary with the cheaper class of melodrama to introduce a measure of "relief" in the way of song and

dance. This is something that cannot be stopped, for the masses love a hodge podge. But we all belong to the masses nowadays, and are being treated that way. They have been levelling down the theatres at a savage rate. First there was "The Old Homestead," with its quartette and the ditty of "The Old Oaken Bucket;" but one pardoned the management because extremes were eschewed and the charity child of the old farm did not go about with "clickers" on the heels of her shoes and did not make allusions to the "rehearsal of that little song I must sing to-night."

There was "Superba," also a nonsense show as every one knows. Then came a very charmingly acted little comedy "Thoroughbred." It was a piece marked by excellent characterizations, but the third act found the demon of vaudeville pursuing us, and sure enough the three chief comedians were brought forward to sing their little piece.

Then there followed Miss Lillian Russell, a handsome creature we must admit, and a per-

former whose voice and talents are sometimes charming, and whose popularity is unbounded. Miss Russell at one time seemed to have aspirations toward legitimate success, but this season we find her deliberately jumping from her pedestal and indulging in the bacchanalian whirl of vaudeville. She gives us a production entitled "An American Beauty," which cost thousands of dollars, which did not contain a bar of music, a dramatic situation or a sprinkling of wit which could last beyond the present season. It had no qualities of art or permanence at all.

Then there came "Excelsior Jr.," called a burlesque and yet proving to be not even that, for it appears that even intelligent burlesque is too strong a compound for the enfeebled brains to which the theatre at the present time caters. Vaudeville, of course, does not fail at times to present us with some figure of interest and significance; and "Excelsior Jr." has this virtue. There was, for instance, David Abrahams, a Jewish lad, who played a St. Bernard dog in the drollest possible fashion, and there was also Yvette Violette, a singer of such rare esprit and refinement that her talents seemed to be going to waste amid her surroundings. For she had a mobile face and a quaint, original manner, and may hope in a better day to really command public attention.

What else did the theatres give us? Why, "The Merry World," about as bald a fricassee of trivialities as the mind can well imagine, a disconnected affair that exists to intensify the gloom of gloomy men.

You would think, perhaps, that theatrical managers would endeavor to preserve some sense of congruity in attempting to satisfy the appetite for vaudeville; but the facts lamentably demonstrated that the condition of affairs is otherwise. Even when Miss Emily Bancker presented the polite farce "Our Flat," originally a product of the society theatres of England and America, it was necessary for the heroine to sing and the hero to dance.

Again, when a clever adaptation of Sardou's "Divorcons" was produced, the performance was not considered complete unless the nigger comedian was introduced to disport himself in a song and dance.

The task of enumerating the attractions which have yielded to an extraordinary craze in the theatres grows tiresome. The strange thing about it all is that there is no lack of genuine vaudeville claiming to be nothing more than it actually is, and which, therefore, cannot be objected to.

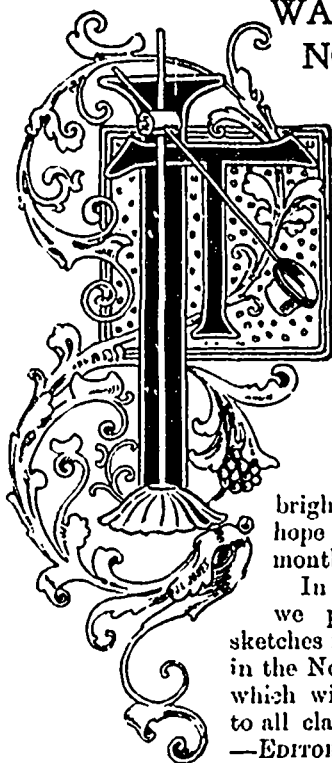
Miss Loie Fuller, a young lady of genius along certain inventive lines, has shown us how refined and charming this class of entertainment can be. But, after all, this tendency to limit the scope of the stage to the most trivial purposes of amusement, is one which should raise an earnest protest from all thoughtful playgoers.

The delusion that a performance must be wholly nonsensical to be entertaining is perhaps responsible for the degradation that the drama is undergoing. We, on this continent, are, as a whole, a tired people, and the theory is promulgated that anything requiring a mental effort to enjoy is not recreation. No notion could be more absolutely false. An intelligent, refined performance is, after all, the most restful to the tired man, and the fierce and rapid fun of vaudeville induces absolute fatigue.

One good way to "elevate the stage" in the eyes of those prejudiced people who never see the stage itself, and who get their false impressions outside the theatre, would be to abolish many of the pictures from the billboards. A move in that direction should be encouraged in Toronto.

WAYS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

By M. Bayne.



TIS with regret we announce that our Vancouver contributor, who writes so entertainingly of life in British Columbia with its many interesting features, is deterred by sickness from forwarding the third of her bright sketches, which we hope will appear next month.

In place of it, however, we publish a group of sketches from a lady resident in the North-West Territory which will prove of interest to all classes of our readers. —EDITOR.

A BACHELOR'S HOUSEKEEPING.

To western people it is very amusing to read of the efforts well-meaning but misguided people are making to supply our bachelors with wives. There are two Mormon settlements in the west, where the efforts of eastern philanthropists might be appreciated, but the Canadian bachelor, as we know him, will have none of it.

The majority of our bachelors are from the best homes in Britain and Eastern Canada. Many are college graduates. Some have travelled much in Europe, others have served in Her Majesty's army at home and abroad, others have been in the British navy and visited the ports of many lands. All have read, too, many tales of the wild West, its Indians, its buffalo and game, its exhilarating freedom and bloodstirring adventurous life, until here they have come, awakened from their delusive dreams, and too proud to return home, have homesteaded, worked hard and "bached" it; the successful ones working themselves into a competence and the less fortunate drifting no one knows where.

But amidst all their reverses and hardships, they never forget what they have been, and in imagination see what they might now be, had these far-reaching western plains always remained as the bottom of the former wide-spreading lakes of the long by-gone ages.

Most of the Canadian-born bachelors came out to this country as members of the Mounted Police force. Their fathers or uncles or brothers, are either cabinet ministers, senators, judges, or members of the civil service. The wise and clever Canadians engaged to-day in our nation-building, men to whom future historians will be proud to do honor, these have their families represented in the bachelors of greater Canada in the far West.

The bachelors, British born, are not less interesting. Sons of British army and naval officers, clergymen, merchants, titled and untitled landed gentlemen, are very numerous. Almost as numerous as the Britons themselves are the men who wear buckskin shirts, spurs, and a Piccadilly accent.

It is easy to imagine the sort of luxurious homes in which these men were reared, and no contrast could be greater than between those homes and the habitations they have made for themselves here. Yet there is almost as great differences in the "shacks" as in the men themselves.

An Englishman from the far famed region made memorable by the Lake School of poets and by Ruskin, once invited us to his "shack." As no particular time was named we took him by surprise. Arrived there we found he and his chum,

an Oxonian, had just finished their washing, and were hastily donning fresh top-shirts. The washing was tied to the branches of a willow overhanging a pretty stream near by. The ends of the boughs were dipped in the water and held in place by large boulders. The swiftly flowing current performed its duty as well as an ordinary washing machine.

The "shack" was built of logs, thirteen logs high, the roof very slightly pitched and pretty-well shingled. Windows small and not numerous. Rooms two. The outer one for harness, pails, old boots, saddles, bridles, and the out-door utensils generally, and disorder was everywhere. In the inner room were some attempts at decoration. True, the stove was very red, ashes were plentiful, the home-made bed in the corner looked very tumbled and the pillows were guiltless of slips. At one end of the room was a bench on which stood the water pail, wash basin, and soap; at the other end two rows of shelves. The top shelf held books and magazines, the lower one the dishes, groceries, butter, and lamps. On the floor below this shelf stood a can of kerosene, a box for bread, and two boxes of clothing. The log walls had been papered with English newspapers. This formed a foundation for row upon rows of pictures given with the Christmas numbers of numerous magazines.

The bachelors would be delighted to entertain us, and if we would wait long enough, would get up the best meal they knew how to make. Not every day do they hear the frou-frou rustle of big sleeves, of dainty shirt waists, nor have the safe keeping of ladies' hats, hat-pins, veils, gauntlets and riding whips. Memories of far off English homes, of their own sisters, and other fellow's sisters, rise before them but are hastily banished.

The "sour dough" bread (at this stage it is simply flour and water fermented) in a covered tin pail, behind the stove was rising and running over and down the outside. Our host stirred in some more flour, some bicarbonate of soda, and soon had his bread in the oven. Meanwhile the Oxonian had gone fishing and in good season returned with a fine string of speckled trout.

The frying pan was fished out from under the stove, hastily washed, and soon the fish were frying and sputtering in it. The coffee making was a puzzler. A tin coffee pot holding about a pint was that in daily use. It was inadequate when the family was suddenly increased by four. "We might make it in the tea kettle" said Oxonian in an undertone, "if we had a clean rag to tie the coffee in." "That's no go" said he of the Lake country, "we haven't the rag. We will make it without. An egg will clear it. Go and rustle one from the hens."

The table was moved near the bed so that two of us could sit there while we ate. Two boxes were brought in and placed, also the only two chairs the cabin contained. Three granite plates and two tin ones were set, two granite mugs and three cups, black handled knives and three-tined forks, also pewter spoons. The warm bread was laid upon a stoneware plate.

The bread pan was washed out and the nicely fried fish laid daintily in it. A cold stove lid was laid on the table and the tea-kettle containing the coffee was put on it. This beside Oxonian's plate.

We were invited to partake of refreshments; and how good everything tasted. Speckled trout from a Rocky Mountain stream are a luxury wherever eaten. The "sour dough" bread proved most palatable and "Chase and Sarborn" never knew their coffee to taste better than it did when Oxonian made it in, and served it from, that coffee tea kettle. We begged of our host to be seated and eat. There was a box to sit on and plenty of room at the table. But no, he would wait on us. Oxonian volunteered the information that they were short of plates. The bread did not need a plate under it, though a piece was broken out of it, still it was all right for fish.

This course finished, our host seized the dishpan

and hastily washed our plates and knives and handed them back to us. A can of peaches was opened and poured into the only bowl the house possessed, and with cream and sugar and some more sour dough bread we fared sumptuously. All the while our host chatted his personal reminiscences of Ruskin, gossiped about the people and places mentioned by Wordsworth, while Oxonian in his turn told charming stories about some famous Oxford professors.

In that homely two-roomed cabin, standing in a grove of tall waving cottonwood, and bushes of spicy, fragrant, buffalo willow, that fringe the banks of an unnamed stream whose source is in the snowy Rockies that glisten and gleam in the July sunshine; there with no other dwelling within miles and no society save the cattle upon the surrounding hills a clever Oxford graduate and his equally literary companion of the Lake country are spending the flower of their splendid manhood trying to redeem themselves from the folly of a too credulous belief in wild west stories and land companies' pamphlets that are scattered broadcast over every town and hamlet in Britain.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RED MAN.

Are there not many Canadian girls and boys who would be happy to live the life of the child of the Red Man of our far-western prairies?

The Government's reservations upon which the Indians live are all in close proximity to wood and water, two of the most valuable considerations in the west, where the trees grow chiefly along the banks of streams, and streams are nowhere abundant except in Alberta. There are many white children in the west who never saw a stream or a large tree or a good-sized hill, for the white man cares less for the beauties of nature than does the Indian, and in choosing his home thinks only of the fertility of the soil, or the abundance of pasture for his stock.

So you see the homes of the Indians are in the choicest scenic spots in the whole country. Amid groves of aspen, willow and cottonwood the Indian erects his tee-pee,—it is never called wigwam in the west—and lives an ideal life of idle happiness. The children do no work, not even chores. The mother gets all the wood, carries the water, takes down and erects the tee-pee whenever the family move, which is very often, and in fact does all the work.

An Indian boy when quite young learns to make bows, traps and fishing tackle, and spends many, many happy hours shooting birds, catching fish, or trapping gophers that live in countless numbers everywhere on the prairies. When tired of these he catches one out of the band of ponies that is hobbled and feeding not far off, mounts him bare-backed, and has a race with some of his boy-companions over the green-level prairies, gemmed with the many hued flowers whose variety, beauty and luxuriance are unknown in our eastern wild woods. Or, what is more exciting sport, a bucking contest, where the pony performs evolutions and antics wholly undreamed of by the civilized and well-bred horse of cultured eastern Canada. All the while our hero keeps his place on the horse's back, for derisive are the cheers and laughter should he be bucked off.

When the Indians have any food they all eat as long as it lasts. Children are not refused successive helpings for fear of their little stomachs becoming rebellious. Men, women and children feast alike while the food lasts, and then all starve together until further supplies are obtained. No Indian child is ever reprimanded, or corrected, or punished, for anything he may say or do; his table manners give no one any concern. My little girls and boys whose manners and behavior are not in accord with the rules of good society, and are a constant worry and subject of correction to your elders, what heart-burnings and sorrows would you have escaped had you been born a child of the Red Man of our western prairies!

(Concluded in next issue.)

Quebec

In Artist Eyes.

By Bertram G. Goodhue.

MY DEAR —:

You will, no doubt, be surprised at finding a letter of mine interspersed with sketches, since I have always expressed but slight regard for such things; but, my dear fellow, there are sketches—and sketches. When one works with the simplest materials like my B. pencil and schoolboy's pad—well and good—those are sketches; but it's a different thing when he spends several days on each one of his drawings from Nature; and then, when the winter cometh and no man can sketch, goes back to town and holds an exhibition (duly poster'd) and sells those sketches for good round sums.

Do you remember our adieu to Mexico, four years ago, when we came out of the little station at Paso del Norte? and how we felt that we were saying good-bye to all that is beautiful on the continent? And we were not far from right, you and I, looking at the thing from our bigoted point of view. And do you remember how we sat in the "smoker," alongside of all the garrulous dons, and settled forever the difference between the beautiful and picturesque?

Well, allowing Mexico to represent the one, Quebec certainly will do for the other, for it's all picturesqueness and no real beauty.

I am stopping at Miss Leonard's, on the Place d'Armes, and my lodgings are all I could ask, though as different from anything of the sort we have in the States as is possible to fancy. The price of my little room, with three good meals, is \$1.50 a day, and this is about the average rate here, certainly not much for the excellent entertainment it affords. But you were always a sybarite, so I must tell you that not fifty steps from Miss Leonard's stands a most gorgeous pile, called the Château Frontenac, forsooth, where you can pay about anything you please. If you have sold well lately, I fancy you will prefer to take up your abode there. Owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is run on the most improved principles, and is always well patronized, they tell me. It is supposed to look like such a château as the Sieur de Frontenac might have built, had he been the Canadian Pacific Railway; and from across the river it is not such an awful failure, barring its garish salmon color, which "swears" at everything else in the town. Whatever hue the other buildings here may have been originally doesn't matter, they are all grey now—green grey, blue grey and purple grey; greyish brown, yellow and pink. Still, I should not abuse the hotel, for, after all, it has a *café*, where, wonderful to relate, you can get things to eat, drink and smoke up to eleven in the evening.

Saturday is market-day here, and the thing to do is to get up early in the morning and go to the market before breakfast, forgetting the aching void, like a Spartan, in the interest of art. There are two market-places, but the *Marché Champlain* is the best, as well as the biggest one, and it's really so interesting after you get to it that you forget all about breakfast.

Of course you know there is scarcely a rod of level ground in all Quebec, so you must be prepared, on coming out of your lodgings, for a considerable rise in temperature before getting to the market, which lies on the waterside. Crossing the Place d'Armes, which isn't level by a good deal, and you begin to descend. Why, man, you may just as well hug your traps tightly under your arm and run for it—you'll have to, anyway—so this direction is superfluous. Down you go, bumping around corners and tumbling down long

flights of steps with imminent risk to life and limb, until you bring up, breathless and staring, on the edge of the quays. Now if you will turn about, you will see the market a little behind you—you passed it without noticing it, you will remember; and if you will look up into the air, about 800 feet above you, you will see the terrace and the hotel, with specks of people hanging over the rail and looking down at the busy ant-hill of a market below.

The market place is covered with boards in lieu of pavement, as indeed are nearly all of the streets in the old town, though away up in the English quarter, "Faubourg," as the French call it, they order such things better, or at any rate differently. Every square yard of this boarding is occupied now by fat old "habitant" women in straw hats, each one sitting on a little box, and holding a tremendous, brass-handled umbrella over her head, for some unknown reason, since it isn't raining, and if it were, their *chapeaux de poy* would be ample protection.

I had a very hard time getting any decent sketches in the market; what with the restlessness of the vendors themselves, and the hurrying struggling crowd filling all the interstices, no sooner had I put my pencil to the paper than, lo! the subject was out of sight. Finally, I bribed one or two of those on the outskirts of the throng to look pleasant for me, *cinq sous pour cinq minutes*, and even at this ruinous rate they were always out of pose directly a possible customer came within hailing or grabbing distance.

The jargon is of all kinds too—some English, of course, but mostly French of an incomprehensible kind. I had supposed my stock of Gallic capable of taking me through France itself, but here, within a few hundred miles of my own home, I found myself utterly at a loss, nor have I improved, except in so far as to start my vocabulary all over again.

For instance, I had always supposed that *froid* meant cold, but here they say *frette* (Heaven only knows how they spell it, but this is the way it sounds), and as in this case, so with all other words apparently. Finally, I fell in with two urchins, in *Sous le Cap*, the most deliciously picturesque and dirtily delightful street in the town, who bore the locally historic name of *Vaudreil*. These two seemed to comprehend my feeble efforts in their lingo better than any one else (what well-educated young men they must be, to be sure), and under their guidance I have seen things I should surely have passed over if left to my own devices, such as short cuts up apparently sheer precipices and the like. Octave and Emil are their names, and we have grown to be quite good friends, so much so that I can now rely on finding them whenever I want them. There was one other man whose French I was able to understand. He was a tailor of whom I

inquired my way as he stood in his shop-door. Just then a child ran up to him and he spoke to it in French. Strange to relate, I understood what he said perfectly, and ventured to compliment him on it, saying, "You speak better French than the others." "Of course, I am a Dutchman," he replied calmly.

I have mentioned *Sous le Cap* in terms of praise, and it deserves all and more than I have said. It winds around the cliff from one to another point of comparative safety, though it is



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, QUEBEC.

scarcely wide enough to allow of driving through a *calèche*, the

local substitute for *coupes*—halfway between a dog-cart and an old-fashioned chaise. On the upper side the houses can't have any back rooms at all, for

the jagged cliff cuts into them constantly, while on the other they are built apparently on nothingness. There isn't an atom of architecture, properly speaking, only clothes-lines and funny squared logs for sidewalks and steps; ladders and companionways leading in every direction, covered bridges, chickens and dirt.

The Rue Petite Champlain is another typical street, and while it does not possess the charm of *Sous le Cap*, still its architecture is more pretentious, being usually

of stone, and at one end are the famous Break-neck Steps. But alas! while these once deserved their name their glory is now departed.

However I purchased a photograph of them in their original state before the Goths and Vandals had removed them.

Come: then we will sketch together and sight-see together, and loaf and smoke together on moonlit nights on some bench on Dufferin Terrace, with the silent, mysterious fortress above us, and the scolding lamplit old town below; and looking out across the shimmering Saint Lawrence, we will compare notes as we did at Paso del Norte, and settle things all over again.

THE STUDIO.



Conducted by MRS. JEAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.

Answers to Correspondents will be found on page 29.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

*In brown Holland apron she stood in the kitchen:
Her sleeves were rolled up and her cheeks all
aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.
Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?
How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the
dough.
At last when she turned from her pan to the dresser
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly:
"Please go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand by—and watch while I'm kneading
the dough."
I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen:
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished, on being thus banished,
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the
dough.
I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your head, too, has softened and paled my nose,
And we, dear, are each in a dainty wee kitchen,
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the
dough.*

—Century.

ONE of the last crops to be gathered in is the homely but useful potato. Whilst it is true that some people, if one may be allowed to say so, are intemperate in their use of the potato, still the fact remains that it has much, very much in its favor, as one of our staple articles of food when well grown and well cooked. The potato is mainly water and starch, but is also rich in salts, which are necessary to a healthy condition of the blood. Starch forming such a large proportion of the potato it is classed among the foods as a carbohydrate, or a heat-giving food; and to make a fully nutritious dish it should be combined with some flesh and muscle-forming food, such as milk, butter, eggs, etc.

The "potato plan," introduced by Mayor Pin-gree, of Detroit, has proved such a success that it is to be hoped that Canadian towns and cities will not be backward in following so good an example.

Creamed Potatoes.

Put one tablespoonful butter in a frying pan, and when it bubbles add one tablespoonful flour. Add one cup hot milk, with salt and pepper to taste. Add one pint cold boiled potatoes cut into small dice. Cook until thoroughly hot. Garnish the dish with chopped or whole parsley.

Potato Croquettes.

Two cups of cold mashed potatoes free from lumps, two eggs beaten to a cream, one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste; form into little cone-shaped rolls, roll lightly in flour, then in beaten egg, and lastly into cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard or cottolene.

Scalloped Potatoes.

Butter a baking dish—pare potatoes, and cut them into very thin slices. Put in the dish a layer of potatoes, and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, and a little butter; then another layer of potatoes, etc., until the dish is nearly full. Then fill with milk or cream. Bake for an hour and a half.

Saratoga Potatoes.

Peel and slice very thin six large potatoes, put them into cold water for an hour, then thoroughly dry them on a clean towel. Drop each slice separately in a kettle of boiling lard or cottolene, fry until crisp and of a golden brown color. Take out of the boiling oil with a spoon-shaped wire egg beater, drain on a piece of porous brown or white kitchen paper; sprinkle with salt while hot.

Potato Salad.

One quart of potatoes, boiled with skins on one small white onion, two teaspoonfuls of olive oil, pepper and salt, and a little parsley; one-half cup of weak vinegar, to which a tablespoonful of Saragon vinegar has been added. After the potatoes are cold cut into small squares chop the onion and parsley very fine, and mix all together; put upon the ice, or in a cold place for about an hour before serving.

Conrad's Potato Salad.

Boil three large sweet potatoes, cut into half inch squares. Add to the potato two stalks of celery. Cut into very small pieces, season with salt and pepper, and pour over a French dressing made as follows: Three tablespoonfuls salad oil, two of vinegar, one teaspoonful finely chopped onion, one salt spoonful each, salt and pepper. Let the salad stand on ice or in a cool place for two hours. Garnish with pickles, olives and parsley.

I have lately been reading a most interesting little book by Louise Hogan, "How to Feed Children," and it seems to me that all the mothers into whose hands it may happen to fall will heartily thank Miss Hogan for having prepared in such an interesting manner—a review, as it were, of all the best that has been written upon that most important subject—the food of the rising generation.

The few recipes that she gives are well chosen, and all the directions are most simply and plainly given.

The volume is of a convenient size, and besides is bound so that it will lie open by itself; altogether it is a most interesting and pleasant book for mothers, or anyone who has to do with children, to read.

It will be seen by the following extract from a sermon by the Rev. Madison Peterson, D.D., of New York, "Upon Young Men and Marriage," that the subject of household training and domestic science is gaining ground in popular opinion. He says that "no matter what a girl's accomplishments may be, her education is incomplete if she has not some knowledge of bake-ology, boil-ology, roast-ology, stitch-ology and mend-ology." I wonder how long it will be before mankind in general will be imbued with the same idea, and domestic science become a recognized part of a girl's education.

One of the most convenient articles that I have seen lately of the labor-saving nature, is a small table on casters, with a movable zinc-lined tray on top, and a shelf half-way down which was for rolling from the pantry to dining-room or kitchen, with dishes, etc., thus saving steps and time: and why should this not be as important an object for a housekeeper as for the nurses in hospitals, etc., where tables of a like nature are considered a necessity, and not a luxury.

Broiled Oysters.

Select large oysters. Drain them on a clean cloth, turning them from one side to the other, to make them as dry as possible. Meanwhile soften some butter, and season some cracker crumbs with salt and pepper. Then, holding each oyster on a fork, dip it into the crumbs, then into the melted butter, and again into the crumbs. Arrange them in an oyster-broiler (which has the wires much closer together than in ordinary broilers), and broil over a hot fire for about two minutes, turning the broiler every few seconds. They should not be shrivelled but plump, soft, tender and juicy. The salt and pepper in the crumbs will sufficiently season them.

Oysters Roasted in the Shell.

Wash the shells very carefully with a brush, put them in a wire broiler over glowing coals; the round part down so as to hold the juice. Cook them quickly, turning once or twice until the shells open. They may also be done in a quick oven. When done remove the upper half of the shell; season them quickly with salt, pepper, and a tiny bit of butter, and vinegar if liked; and serve them whilst they are very hot. The true oyster flavor is delightfully developed by preparing in this way. They may also be served with melted butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice.

Oysters are a highly prized food, though why, it is difficult to say, as they are not easy of digestion; nor are they very nutritious. But they are acceptable to most palates on account of their delicate insinuating flavor, and probably they are really valuable for the salts they contain. But the greatest possible care is needed in their preparation, as many cases of illness, and even death have been caused by eating oysters so long dead that poisonous substances had formed in them. Also it is well to remember when cooking oysters that they are mainly composed of an albuminous juice which increases in hardness, with an increase of temperature just as the white or albumen of an egg does; therefore subject them to a low temperature, and for a short time, bearing in mind that 160° F. is the cooking temperature of albumen.

In Art Needlework

By F.E.P.

EARLY in November clever needlewomen begin to look about for new suggestions in art needlework, which they may adopt for the the making of pretty or serviceable gifts. When Christmas is only six or eight weeks off, it is quite time for the woman who is clever

enough to make her own gifts, to be up and doing.

Only a needlewoman knows the worth of a new suggestion, something not too costly, nor useless, nor intricate, in the way of a gift. And blessed is she who has originality and inventive genius in art needlework at the present season.

This month we are able to show two new designs in sofa cushions, both serviceable and effective.

The first is the cigar cushion. The top is made entirely of the yellow ribbon cigar ties. When a box of cigars is opened, the fragrant narcotics are usually found done up in little bundles, each tied with a narrow yellow ribbon bearing the stamp of brand and trade mark in black, in the centre of the tie. These ribbons, about twenty inches in length and one in width, are feather stitched together with gold thread, and arranged in parallel lines, the black stamp on each being arranged one beneath the other. In the one we illustrate the British coat-of-arms—one of the trade marks—forms the centre inch square of the cushion, and the four quarters run parallel with its sides: the ribbons increasing in length as the sides widen.

The effect is that of a black cross upon yellow silk ground; the cross being formed entirely of the lettering, which is very distinct. The pillow is finished with a deep soft frill of yellow silk of two shades.

The effect is unique and handsome, and this cushion would be excellent as a gift for a gentleman's smoking room. The ribbons could be purchased at a cigar factory.

The second cushion is even simpler, and the work very light, yet the result is both serviceable and dainty. It is of barred white linen—that is a linen with white ground and barred with blue, crimson or yellow stripes.

This may be purchased or ordered at any good establishment. The cushion is feather stitched at the angles of the bars—as shown in our design. Ingrain cotton is used for the stitching.

The cushion is finished with a frill about three inches deep of the linen cut so that a single bar forms the border, which is also feather stitched.

This idea is quite new, and while the work is simple enough to be done by a tyro in needle-

work, the result is very dainty and fresh.

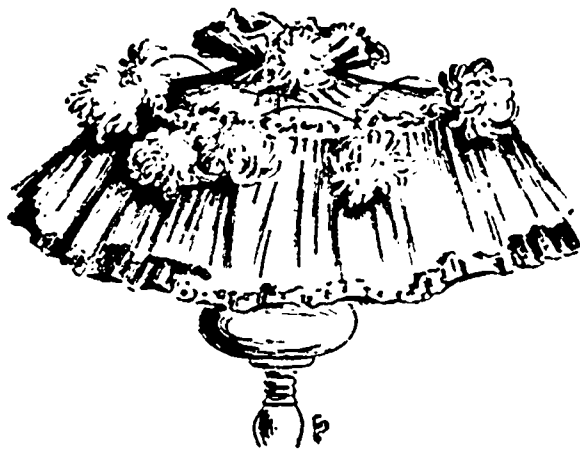
Lamp shades are not "out." In New York they are even larger than before. Very pretty ones are made with foundation of silk of any shade, and gopher platings of chiffon or muslin in tint to harmonize.

We show a handsome crepe paper shade. The frame is first covered with pink paper—pink always gives a pleasing glow. The outer covering consists of a double frill of the crepe of pale lemon, tinted in soft greens. The head of the shade is finished with a fluted gathering of the crepe, while long stemmed pink and green chrysanthemums lying loosely on the shade gives a charming and artistic finish.

We show also a dainty shade for incandescent drop lights. It looks like nothing so much as a miniature petticoat of pale pink silk alternating with bars of fish net crochet in the same shade. Fish net lace finish top and bottom. This little shade is made perfectly straight but is gathered in at the top with cord made of the silk thread. Like a petite heaped skirt, it is wired at the bottom for requisite holding down and stiffness.

This shade is a very simple bit of work, yet it is dainty, and would be most acceptable in homes where the arc light is used.

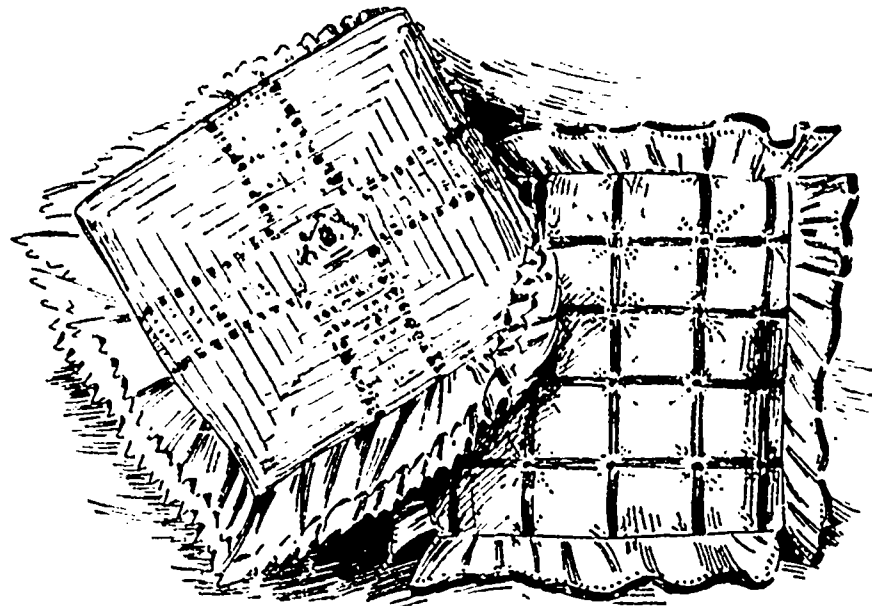
Quite new also is baby's carriage or chair tie,



in appearance it resembles a miniature old-time bolster cover. It is made of a double fold of white washing silk or linen, lined with one or two folds of cotton wool. The silk has a simple design embroidered upon the front. The tie is gathered at either end and finished with lace, then fastened with narrow white ribbon. A little sachet powder used upon the lining adds to the daintiness. This is a choice little gift for the new baby.

We show also a work bag, which would make a nice gift for an elder lady, and it is easily made.

Cut two cardboard circles about eight inches each in diameter, and cover them on both sides with the material chosen. The one we show is of violet figured silk. Take about one yard of the silk and gather it in full around one of the covered circles; have a deep hem and lace finish for the



top, which is gathered in with drawing cord, and tied with violet ribbon. The second card circle is stitched on one side with narrow ribbon loops for needles, small scissors, stiletto, silk winder, etc., then placed below the first card and fastened like a hinge to the upper one, and tied with narrow ribbon.

This bag might be serviceably reproduced in pretty cretonne. In silk it is especially fitting for a visiting work bag, for an elderly lady.

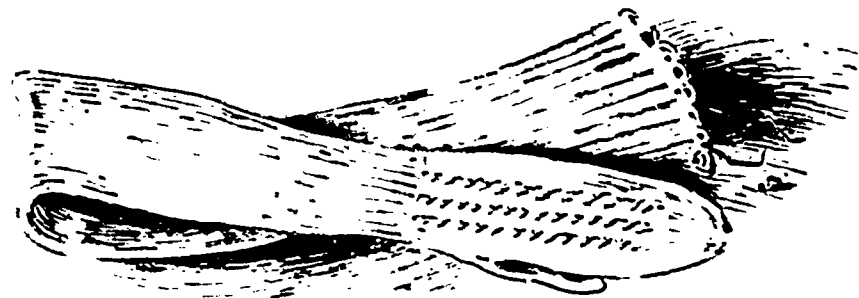
A very effective five o'clock tea cloth, and one easily made is of cream corded cotton—a new material resembling duck—laid on a centre of terra cotta denham and buttonholed with alternate long and short stitch in shaded silk. A graceful scroll design is wrought in the same stitch around the border in three shades of terra cotta silk. The fringe is of terra cotta linen thread.

Serviceable leaves for the needle book in the family work basket may be made of firm white flannel (the Shaker variety is good). Cut in four sizes and work the top, front edge and bottom of each leaf in scarlet silk, using button hole stitch. I prefer scarlet because the color does not fade by washing like many other shades. Then lay the leaves together according to size, the smallest on top, with the back edges even, and fasten them with the same stitch,—the whole forming a little book to be sewed into the case. The leaves from being often fingered, and sometimes from rust caused by the needles, soon become soiled, and the group being fastened together can easily be removed, washed and replaced. It seems to me of more importance to keep in good condition things in ordinary use about the house than to have every new trifle of fancy work, or so-called ornamentation, which comes into fashion.

We illustrate a pair of evening dress mitts, of white merino wool or silk, reaching almost to the shoulder, and intended to cover the arms under the opera cloak. These are very useful and make a dainty gift. They are made to order by a subscriber to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and orders for them may be left at this office.

A pretty magazine cover may be made of unbleached canvas cut like a paper book cover with deep hems. The front cover can be worked in silk in some suitable design.

(Thanks due to Ladies' Work Depository.)





THE SEASON'S FURS.

SEAL always stands first among furs for coats. The seal coat of the present season has loose front, double breast; while the skirt of the back is finished with box plait, rather than ripple. Indeed the seal coat of this year follows the jaunty double-breasted cloth coat in fashion and cut.

Furriers are making the sleeves of fur coats as large as those of past seasons. The tight dress sleeve is not sufficiently in vogue in Canada, to warrant the small coat sleeve, they say.

Ermine is shown as one of the favorite evening furs. It is used extensively on opera cloaks, and for tippets or pelermes which are revived in various forms for evening concert wraps. We illustrate such a tippet or caperine as it is called this season, of ermine shaped to fit closely about the throat. It is useful for protection over décolleté bodice at the ball or opera. A cap accompanies it, to be worn with velvet or corduroy street coat.

A pretty muff is shown of seal with ermine trimmings, but the mixture of fur is rather to be taken as a passing fancy, than as a stable fashion.

Chinchilla is in favor as a day time fur this season. It is always delightful in its warmth and softness.

Sable is also in the front rank among the season's fashionable furs, the Russian and Marten being especial favorites.

Persian lamb is a standard fur; and always in demand. This season it has advanced markedly in price.

Black astrachan or dog skin, as it was commonly termed, is not shown. It seems to have been entirely displaced by the Persian lamb.

The grey fur or this variety, is almost a standard for children's coats and caps. It is durable and becoming. But all women who have passed twenty-five should avoid it, since it emphasizes their years and shows up every wrinkle. The chinchilla is the only grey fur possible to women past their first youth. Its exquisite softness in shade and effect rendering it becoming.

Mink is worn. Some very handsome mink sets are shown; and it is still the favorite fur for dress trimming, edging bodices, and so forth.

Bear fur is "out" with all its shagginess. It is relegated once more to the driving coat, robe and rug.

Seal, sables, chinchilla, ermine, with mink and the enduring Persian lamb, may be looked upon as the fashionable furs, ranked in order of their favor.

Grebe is being revived. It is rather a stiff "fur," and needs combining with something softer.

Grebe has had so long a rest that it is doubtful whether even the most careful housewife will have any laid away from the years ago. But in such event mothers may bring out the soft white plumage that suited their young girlhood, and pass it down to the debutante daughter.

Two really new departures are noticeable in this season's furs.

First the revival of short capes, or "caperines" as they are elegantly termed. They are ten, twelve or fourteen inches in length, and are intended to be worn over the short cloth coat of the present season.

We illustrate two seen in a large Toronto fur store, one is of ermine, concerning which we have already written, the second is of seal, made in shaped pieces, with edges outlined with mink. This caperine is more than a circle in width; and is beautifully shaped to the neck.

The second novelty is the mother Hubbard opera wrap, a *robe de l'oeil*. The long cloak has resolved itself into something with sleeves. This new wrap is of the "comfort gown" type, and may be fashioned either for boudoir or opera—not by

any difference in cut, but in material and trimming.

The one we noticed is of lavender ladies' cloth lined with fur, with deep collar and cuffs of white thibet. The sleeves are large and loosely gathered, and the entire robe is a lovely soft, warm affair; not fitted for the evening trolley car, but a delight in a private carriage.

In caps we show, first the Davidson cap, a jaunty, girlish Scotch effect, introduced, I believe, last year by the charming young daughters of Colonels Gszowski and Davidson. This cap has band of black dogskin, with scarlet cloth top and quill. It may be reproduced in any other fur and color.

Number two is a seal cap finished with Hudson Bay sable tail. The coachman's cap is somewhat out of style, but not too much so to wear. The Derby hat is much worn with fur box to soften the stiff effect.

In tippets and shaped boas every style is found. The round boa has largely vanished to give place to old fashioned throat furs of every variety—crossovers, collarettes, rams' horns, tippets short and long, with one tail or ten; the fur stores show them in abundance.

They have two especially distinctive features however. They are not round, but flat, or shaped to the throat; and they are finished with tails. The little bright heads have vanished for the season, and tails are the correct finish for caps, boas and capes during the present season.

Although the tendency throughout is to return to coats and sleeve-wraps, yet for matrons and elderly ladies the twenty-four or twenty six inch cloak is still much worn. A very comfortable and inexpensive one shown, is of black ladies' cloth, bordered with black thibet, and lined with fur.

A very beautiful cape, about thirty inches in length, seen at a well-known fur house, is of seal, with upper part of the soft stone marten fur, coming down in points upon the dark seal, and finishing each point with a tail.

In the event of women wishing to buy new furs, they should pay especial attention to real sables, which are above all others rich, and becoming about face and neck.

The mufflo is a new skin which promises to become popular for trimming cloaks. It is a sheep-wool or fur, long and soft, and may be had in grey, biscuit, black and brown.

In passing from the subject of furs for winter wear, we may note the rapidly extending appreciation of fine furs for rugs, couch covers and robes.

Artistic Canadian homes now take pride in beautiful fur rugs; and the most luxurious residences throughout the country count not one, but many among their furnishings.

—MADAME.

(Enquiries to this department will be found on page 29).



The new Fur Caperine.

PLAIDS AND TARTANS.

ONE may speak of the present season as that of the revival of the plaid. "Plaids never go out; they are standards," says the Scottish merchant, who, having a passion of nationality within him, devotes time and study and large investment also to this historic material.

Yet, granting his statement, tartans and the larger plaids have their periods of revival, and the present season is such an one.

We, who buy our tartan carelessly and because it is fashionable, choosing merely the colors most becoming, do not get half the pleasure from it that the true heather daughter does, who with proud thought of Clan or sect, selects the barred squares and colors peculiarly her own, by that blood strain which filtered through long centuries and broken by wide waters, seems to grow finer, purer perhaps, but never weaker.

None but a Scotch woman should venture to talk the mysteries of plaids. sometimes I think none but Scotch folk should wear them. Clothes should mean something beyond simple covering, and the more nearly we make our attire an expression of state or condition, the higher we lift it from the realm of petty vanity.

The richest things are the silk velvet plaids and tartans. A woman who can afford a bodice of Mackenzie or Stuart tartan, for instance, with its warm crimsons, is fortunate indeed. But these are expensive. Next come the silk tartans, and these are delightful for "at home" days, home evening wear, the informal luncheon, or five o'clock tea, when the heavy coat must be slipped off. The tartan silk is rarely made in any save good quality. The bodice sleeves should be full, yet unlined, and the whole appearance soft, since the vivid coloring and well defined stripes give all the character necessary.

Of course, a skirt of the tartan, except it be one of the quietest colorings, is undesirable, although small checks and shepherd's plaids are in season for costume.

Besides the silk plaids, fine stuff materials are shown in all the tartans, and there is nothing more comfortable or warmer and neater in appearance for winter bodices than these. They must be well made and the pattern carefully matched at all the seams, since an unevenly matched plaid is an eyesore.

We illustrate (Fig. 1) a very effective tartan blouse of crimson ground and dark blue and black bars. The back is seamless and made on the bias. It is fitted closely to the figure and finished with a neat ripple. The absence of seams, and bias in sleeves, bodice and skirt frill gives a charming glove-fitting effect.



Fig. 1. with the same. It is also formed into three frogs which adorn the front.

In (Fig. 2) we illustrate a shepherd's plaid recently made for a tall and stylish Toronto young lady. The bodice is made with vest and bolero front of fine black ladies cloth. The bolero is set in at the under arm seams. The back is of the plaid and is seamless. The vest is closely braided with black braid, while cuffs and collar are finished

The costume is remarkably stylish and refined, yet distinctive.

Fig. 3 illustrates a very effective plaid costume. It is trimmed with pipings of black velvet and has collar and cuffs of the same. When an entire dress of tartan is chosen, the darker colors are, of course, preferable. The Gordon tartan which should be of especial interest to Canadians just now—dark blue and green centre within narrow yellow bars—or the famous Black Watch, or Macleod—these, with many others are fitted for suits throughout. Yet the plaid bodice alone will remain chiefly in favor, with dark skirt of plain material.

One of the things to be remembered in dealing with plaids is that the material must be good, a cotton plaid is unspeakable.

Another, that the seams should be as few as possible, and when they are necessary the squares and stripes must match.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Plaid silk ties (Fig. 4) worn with the turn down linen collar are very pretty and becoming. The plaid bow also, which we illustrated last month, is charming. A deft fingered girl may make quite an effective house dress for herself for the winter by re-modelling a plain skirt of lustre or any other dark material, making it a trifle less full and close-fitting about the hips. She should get a dressmaker to cut the bodice, with seamless back and on the bias. The bodice should be made close-fitting and high at throat, and worn with white collar, cuffs and plaid tie. A plaid silk belt of the same tartan with buckle ornamented with badge of the clan, may be worn with good effect at the waist line above the ripple.

Each clan has its own badge. With the Gordon tartan ivy leaf should be worn; with the Stewart, oak or thistle; with the Mackenzie, holly; with the MacLachlan, mountain ash; and so on. These symbols may be bought on belt buckles, or made in order.

It is always worth while to make one's costume as complete as possible.

A pretty passing fancy seen in Toronto during October days is the tartan tie or band worn on the popular walking felt hat. It is bright and jaunty, and especially suitable for the wheel.

THE LATEST HINTS.

THE newest skirt is modified as to flare.

Shirred chantilly tulle, both black and white, is growing in favor for evening wear, and is made without lining. Arms and shoulders seen through this gauzy material are idealized.

Seams in coats and tailor-made gowns are all defined either by stitchings, strappings, fur or braid.

The fur-trimmed gown is usually prettiest when of dark blue or brown cloth. Beaver fur is, of course, the best liked for coat trimming.

A leader of Toronto fashion has recently had an all-round kilted skirt made for her of rich dark blue cloth, with jacket bodice and chiffon front.

The tendency toward a departure from the absolutely plain skirt is to be seen in seam straps, panels, foot trimmings, and the hinted revival of the kilt, than which no prettier skirt could be devised.

The wide belt which suffered a slight relapse during the past two months is to the fore again in the form of shaped satin folds at the waist. The corselet in various forms is so becoming, with the fashionable bolero, that it is not likely to be allowed to vanish.

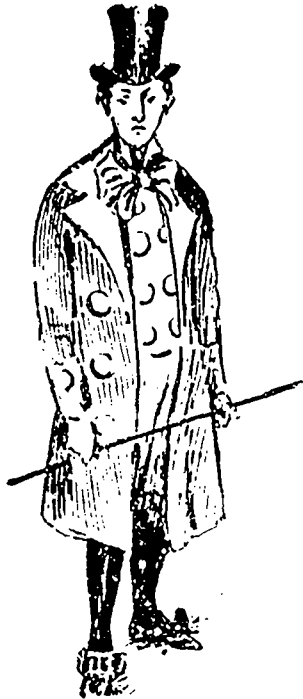
The run of late autumn suits in Toronto consist of skirt and short coat of ladies' cloth, tweed or camel's hair, worn with blouse. The coat having loose front, double breast, revers, big buttons. They are decidedly English.

Our Detroit correspondent writes: I have not been through any of the stores yet to see the winter styles, but the windows are full of fall and winter garments. On the street you see shirt waists of all sorts and conditions of materials. All summer the ones made from changeable silk have been the most fashionable, made after the Gourlay pattern, i. e. yoke in the back coming well over the shoulder line, and no fold in front, merely the sides faced, worn with high stand-up white collar and tie, and those who desire to be "up to date" must wear the collar with the pointed ends sticking into the chin, not turned back at all. Shirt waists of corduroy are replacing the silk ones. I saw a very stylish looking costume yesterday on the street—a golden-brown corduroy shirt waist, with white collar and tie, brown and white check skirt and belt and brown rough walking hat. These waists will be worn beneath the coat throughout the winter.

Short corduroy coats are also to be seen; and when of the best quality are very handsome. Some extremely rich shot effects in corduroy velvets are also shown.



Fig. 4.



The Berlin Kirmes.

By F. F. and E. P.

"I REALLY believe there is a strain of German blood in me."

I made the remark to the artist, as we prepared sleepily for bed at the close of our first day in Berlin, and our first visit to the Kirmes.

"Not long ago you were searching for a trace of Scotch ancestry," she retorted.

"Precisely," I said. "Do you not notice the many similarities in character and speech in the two nationalities? The conservatism, the steadfastness, the hospitality, the thrift, and then those strong, guttural sounds, and unpronounceable words—there can't be much difference between German and Gaelic."

"There used to be something in our school histories about Picts and Scots, and Goths and Vandals, and they all devastated some place or other, and settled down somewhere or other, so probably you can make out the relationship if you want to," she answered drowsily, and then we fell asleep.

It is always a pleasant thing to be pleasantly surprised, and is equally agreeable to breathe a new atmosphere and become conscious of a new element in one's environment.

Something of this feeling wrought within us from the first hour of our stay in Berlin. We came instantly into touch with the tone of the bright, busy town; we understood it, we became a part of it; and as a result it gave us of its best, if indeed it has aught else to give.

Waterloo county is a thrifty and prosperous acreage throughout, and Berlin is its dominant. Whoso knows the town can predicate the county.

The artery of Berlin is the Lutheran church of St. Peter's, and the heart thereof is its pastor, Rev. E. Von Pirch—a man scholarly, thoughtful, broad-minded, progressive, yet possessing rare executive ability, and leading and guiding his people in all things. Some conception of his work and influence may be formed in the knowledge that his church contains nearly one thousand families, with a membership of over two thousand, and yet his parishioners assured us that he knows everyone of them individually, and is conversant with their welfare.

It is of the recent Berlin Kirmes we are to write this month; but Berlin, the Lutheran church and its

pastor, and the Kirmes, are so closely wrought one within the other, that to consider them apart were impossible.

There have been Kirmeses (we are not at all sure about that plural) in many Canadian towns—artificial fancy affairs, bazaars dressed in a new name, but there has never been a real Kirmes save in Berlin. One recognizes instantly that here is the Canadian home of the German church fete; that in no other place can it endure and flourish. For here is the language, the dress and custom, the temperament, the atmosphere. Here the ways of the Fatherland are native.

Each hour the possibilities of this Berlin Kirmes unfold further before us. It should be made a institution, a representative feature. Held biennially, there is no reason why it should not become to Berlin an exceedingly profitable fete, attracting strangers from all parts of Canada and the United States.

There are two hundred thousand Germans in the Dominion, there are twice as many in bordering states. Without considering the English, this is a large element to draw from. The field would be

Berlin's alone, since no other town could successfully compete.

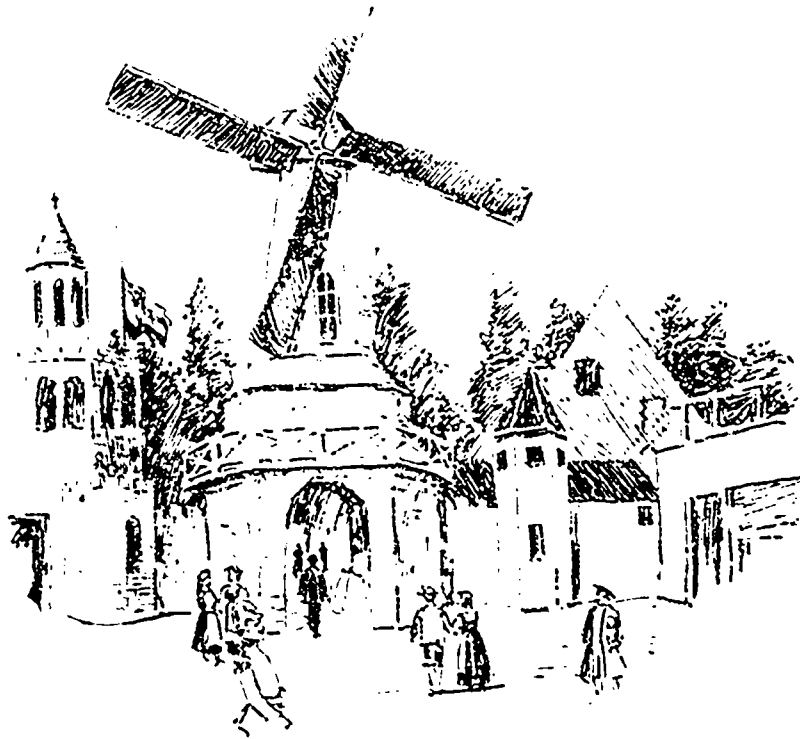
Under able management there is no reason why this Kirmes, either as a biennial or triennial fete, should not become to Berlin what the Industrial is to Toronto—a celebrated and profitable institution peculiar to itself.

The evening of our first visit showed that although only celebrating its second birthday, the Kirmes had outgrown its accommodation in the largest building to be secured—the skating rink.

At eight o'clock the place was packed with visitors, three thousand at least in number, while many were turning away since admission was impossible. The booths were taxed beyond their capacity, and the restaurateurs were helpless. Coffee Room, Crown Inn, The Mill, could not meet the demand made upon them.

We elbowed our warm, laughing way up the German street, and escaped up a little hidden stairway to a loophole of observation, and there we looked out on packed galleries and down upon a dense but good-natured throng, who laughed, jostled, pushed, yet somehow made way for the costumed processions that at intervals cleaved their picturesque lines through the darker gowned onlookers.

There was a warm odor of coffee and a faint one of sauerkraut, the windmill at the street head click-clacked merrily. Through the misty atmosphere the plentiful evergreens and quaint outlines of the old-fashioned booths showed a comfortable dimness, while the hum of voices accompanied the sweet



The Mill Inn.



German music of the jolly looking band It was after eleven o'clock before the crowd diminished to any extent, and nearly midnight before the busy village folk turned out the lights, and, with a pleasant sense of a Sunday rest between the busy fair days, left the village street in darkness.

taurants, and all about us was the dear, deep German tongue, that seems always more heartsome and expressive than any other.

The costumes alone were a study and delight in their faithful adherence to nationality. Many of them were resurrected from the depths of the big sea chests that came across the ocean half a century ago, and with a half sigh of tender patriotic remembrance, freshened and fitted to the forms of fair young German-Canadian daughters and sons; while a few dear old women wore gladly the simple peasant gowns of the Fatherland.

Alsation, Hessian, Hanoverian, Swiss, Bavarian, and that latest German acquisition, Heligoland, and a score of other picturesque dresses bearing the general national stamp, but differing in detail and chiefly in the variety of head dress.

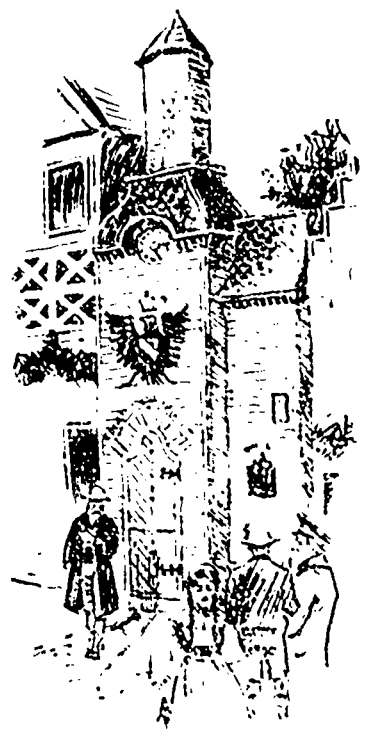
Our artist moved about with flushed cheeks and a flying pencil, coaxing one shy *maidchen* to stand, and then another, catching here a unique cap, there a pretty face, now a jolly German lad, then a dark-eyed Romany lass, persuading and posing, and sketching until her book was filled.

And in this again came the charm of reality. In few instances were the costumes expensive, simple linens and woolen stuffs chiefly, but they were real; and with the touch of nationality in form and face more or less marked, together with the German speech, the costume became no longer a portraiture but an original.

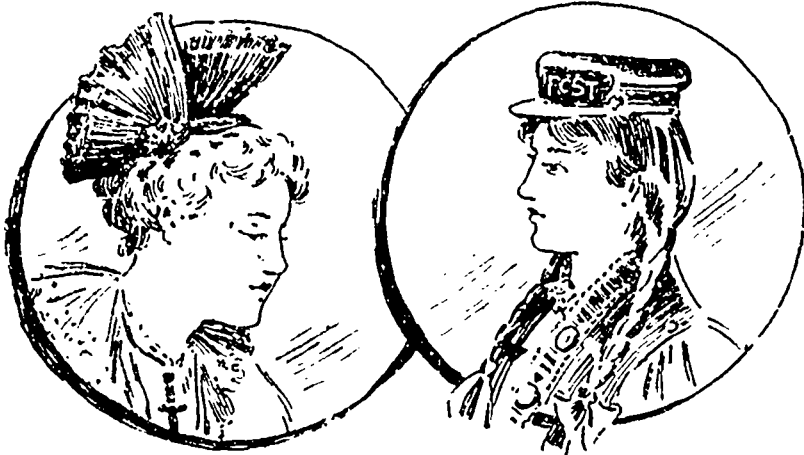
A twelve year old boy who grinned jollily as he stood for the artist's pencil, might have come straight from sheep-tending on the Hartz Mountains; the wee maid with the round cap might be found plying in any Bavarian village. Those dear elder women in the "spinn stub" surely came direct from any one of a hundred Swiss stages, while the scarlet and yellow Romany with their wagon and its garnishings of canvas, tin pails and ropes, might be found in many a German gipsy band.

The booths were large and airy, and we strolled amusedly in and out, making afternoon acquaintance with the contents of each. There was the flower booth, "Rosen, Voilchen & Co.," with its bevy of pretty courteous young maids; the candy booth, with its gay little gift boxes of sweets, handed to purchasers with "Susze Grusze von der Kirmes"; the gipsy tent deep in sweet scented evergreens. The museum contained a

(Cont'd on page 22)



Poste.



Our next visit was paid in the afternoon, when yellow October sun light dropped through the high windows down upon booths and the picturesque village folk.

It was a pretty scene. All traces of Saturday night disorder had vanished. The fresh atmosphere was pleasantly tinged with the odors of hot coffee, roses in the flower booth, and certain German dishes. People were gathering. Up in the galleries we caught a glimpse of rows of pleasant German women, whose toil-marked faces looked patiently down upon the scene, all unconscious that they were adding one of the truest natural touches to the Kirmes.

The village folk were all in their brave attire, fresh from Sunday rest. Old and young, elder women, pretty maidens, young men, and little ones, each with just that German touch of speech and physique which enhanced the picturesque dress, and made it befitting. None but members of the Lutheran church were permitted to take part, so that the character and nationality of the fete were duly maintained.

Standing within the entrance way, we were transferred once again to the Midway Plaisance and Old Vienna. Before us stretched a German village street en fete, with the quaintly fashioned shops and houses all garlanded and adorned with evergreen. By means of painted canvas and careful designing, all the architectural features had been reproduced, gables and balconies, odd little tower and windows bearing German inscriptions. At the head of the street stood a graceful windmill tower, with its fan that kept up a musical click-clack as it revolved. German peasants in a splendid variety of costume moved up and down the street, chatted in gossiping idleness at the shop door, or served waiting customers within the booths. The round faced German band played national airs or plaintive valse, as they marched about the street, or sat in the music gallery. Visitors came in flocks passing up and down, pausing at the booths, or patronizing one of the appetizing res-



Coffee Garden.



Kirmes Head Dresses.

ROSAMOND'S ADVENTURE

A
CANADIAN
STORY.

BY LILIAN CLANTON.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"A THOUSAND pardons," he said. "I quite forgot that you might not be used to this style of travelling. Are you going far?" He looked at her as he spoke, out of a pair of merry brown eyes.

"To the white house."

"Oh," a slight look of surprise crossed his face.

Rosamond noticed it. "Can you tell me the name of the family living there?" she asked, not well knowing how else to start the conversation concerning this mysterious abode.

"Why, nobody lives there. At least," here the young man's lips began to twitch with suppressed amusement, "some people say there is someone living there."

"Oh," said Rosamond with a start, and an indescribable feeling of uneasiness. "Who?"

"An old man." The young fellow lowered his voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Rosamond, facing him with a nervous laugh.

"Why, the people say, Miss Ferrier, that it is haunted. I will tell you all about it some day."

The last curious remark would have made more impression upon Rosamond, had she not been so engrossed in the former part of the sentence, and the thought of her unknown correspondent, still she raised her eyes in some surprise to his face.

"Oh, we are bound to meet again, Miss Ferrier. I have often heard of you from the people round about. I made the acquaintance of your cousin the other day. Probably you have not heard of me, though. I am Ned Vanstone at your service. My family, in a desire for rural solitude, have taken up some land and a house at Eganville, about seven miles from Calanoosie. A more desolate spot you never saw. My father is in despair over the rocks and stumps, so I have given up my newspaper reporting, and have run down to help him for a while. Here we are at your Manorial Hall," and Mr. Edward Vanstone jumped down and held out his hand to Miss Ferrier.

A small gate beneath a bowee of woodbine, opened upon a narrow grassy path leading to a quaint white house. It had low windows round which tangled vines were straying, and waving idly to and fro in the western wind. There was an air of sad desolation about the place. The eastern portion of the house was almost overshadowed by a large cypress; somehow the meaning of the funeral tree crept into Rosamond's mind—decay—death. What scenes had it looked upon! Had girlish faces ever smiled beneath that house-tree? Had little feet grown towards manhood beneath its shadow? Rosamond gave a shiver and turned towards her companion, young and strong, and full of life and laughter. He was gathering up the reins preparatory to driving on.

"Why, you are not afraid?" he asked. His tone was half incredulous, half amused, kindly withal.

Rosamond drew herself up. "Of course not," she returned, rather haughtily. "Thank you for my ride," and she opened the gate and walked through, while the wagon and its owner drove off, she could hear him singing as he went.

Rosamond walked to and fro for a few minutes, studying the house from different points of view. Then with a desire to create some sign of life about the place, she shook off her nervous fears, and tried to open the windows, but though they shook in their sockets, she could not force them up from the outside, and the door was chained, and padlocked. She peered through the dusty panes. The spiders were idly spinning long webs from the ceilings, and the big blue bottles went buzzing round. She went back to the camera, and took a photo of the side of the house, facing Lonerock Mountain. She could take but one photo at a time, having injured her plate holder, so that it would only hold one plate. This necessitated three journeys to the white house. She had discarded the Ferrottype process to which she treated the Calanoosie folk, and was using dry plates for her views.

When she had taken the photograph she wended her way back to Calanoosie, while the sun went down behind the mountain. She developed her plate that night, and then retired to rest, but only to re-visit the weird little house in her dreams, and to fancy she heard the voice of her unknown correspondent calling to her from within, while she stood outside, the locked door between them.

The next evening Rosamond decided to take the front view. If the photos were to be finished in a week, she would have to make all possible haste. Mr. Vanstone and his springless wagon came rattling along the road again. "It is a good thing that this is the last of the evening journeys," thought Rosamond, "to-morrow morning I will take the third view." However, the photo taken that evening turned out a failure, so Rosamond had two more journeys in store.

The next day dawned gloriously. It was cooler than its predecessors, and she set blithely out in the early morning, rather enjoying the change in her professional labors. To her surprise, at the corner of the road by the schoolhouse, who should appear in sight but Mr. Ned Vanstone, walking this time. He seemed equally surprised to see her.

"I had some business with Mr. Miller at the post office," he said, "and stayed the night there. What a pity I haven't the cart with me! That is such a heavy thing to carry."

"Oh, it is cooler to-day, so I do not mind."

"Well, time hangs heavy on my hands this morning, I am not going back to Eganville for a day or two, so let me carry it for you, do," and he took it from her, regardless of her demur.

"You seem very much taken up with that white house," said young Vanstone suddenly, as they walked along together. He looked at her with some curiosity as he spoke.

"I am interested in it," returned Rosamond cautiously.

"Will you be going again after this morning?"

"Yes—once more."

"To-morrow evening? Yes, go then, and let me drive you, may I?"

Rosamond hesitated, she was beginning to feel doubtful as to how far her friendship with her new acquaintance should extend.

"Oh, say yes. When do you start, and may I call at the Stopping House for you? Or perhaps you would rather I did not do that?"

Rosamond laid her doubts to rest.

"That is where I am staying, and there is no mystery about it, is there?" she said in her straightforward manner. "Yes, come about seven o'clock, if you are sure it will not be out of your way, and thank you for offering."

Ned Vanstone left Rosamond at the gate, and

went on down the road singing Lady Nairne's Scotch song as he went. She could catch the words distinctly; they floated back to her at a later day:

"The auld haurd, the auld haurd,
Sae canty, kind and crouse,
How mony did he welcome
To his ain wee dear auld house!
The auld house, the auld house,
Wherever I may be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem so dear to me."

But a little further down the road, when Rosamond Ferrier was out of hearing, he changed the song suddenly:

"So long as the nation enduroth,
So long as it's flag is unfurled,
I'll love her forever and ever,
O, sweet little Rose of the World!"

CHAPTER II.

There was a change in "the auld house" that evening. Rosamond looked up from her focussing on the ground glass, and noticed it. Wonder of wonders! All the upper windows were open. Someone was either inside or had been in. Was the mystery to be solved? Surely the hand that opened those windows must have had something to do with the strange note lying in her pocket. She stole cautiously up to the house, under the shadow of the cypress, and peeped in through a window. Packing cases! Someone was about to move in, then. What man of education could have chosen the neighborhood of Calanoosie for a dwelling place? And what a diffident personage not to have signed his name to his note!

Rosamond took the view and returned to breakfast at the Stopping House. She was late for the meal, the others had finished, voices floated through the open kitchen door to her.

"So the new minister will be here on Tuesday they say. Just fancy his setting up 'bachelor's hall' in the old white house, instead of boarding at Mrs. McMullen's like all the others have done."

"Bah!" said Rosamond, "all the romance has gone out of the affair. It is only the new minister after all."



Ned Vanstone drew up at the Stopping House punctually at seven o'clock the

following evening, and Rosamond and the camera climbed up together. There was a spice of naughtiness about this excursion which certainly gave zest to it. Rosamond was not at all sure as to what her mother's feelings would have been, had she seen her seated on that high perch beside that pleasant, brown-eyed young man, driving through the balmy evening air. As for Rosamond herself she felt as though she had known Ned Vanstone for years.

"Do you know that the new minister is going to live in the old white house?" she asked.

"What, Thorndale? I knew he was coming here to minister to the spiritual wants of Calanoosie, poor chap! but I didn't know he was going to put up there. I met him once, he is not a bad sort of fellow, only rather juvenile for his calling."

(To be Continued.)



* * By Faith Fenton. *
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ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

WHERE they came from I cannot tell—perhaps it is as well not to know; nor yet what brought them into this quiet residential portion of the city, so removed from their customary haunts. The hour also was not theirs, anymore than flickering gaslight belongs to the fresh pure sweetness of an October morning. These two women were of the night and of darkness; yet in some manner they had strayed from their environment and at ten o'clock in the morning were wandering up a lane that ran at the base of a score of broad, tree-shaded lawns belonging to Toronto's best homes.

They were not ill-assorted, except in age. One was a veritable hag, long past life's prime, with face grievously lined, and leering. Her gown was frayed and soiled, and hung about her like a sack, her bonnet dusty and battered, her shapeless shoes down trodden. A greasy old cape gave glimpses of a torn bodice beneath. Hands and face were dirty, and rough wisps of hair straggled over the forehead. She was truly a sorry and repellent old creature.

The second was a young woman whose age it was difficult to tell—in years; yet she could not have reached twenty-five. She had fresh complexion, blue eyes and a plenitude of brown hair. She might have been pretty, were it not for the fatal marks of dissipation and recklessness in her face. She was dressed with greater decency than her companion, with certain attempts at gayety in color and style: her hat flaunted a few cheap roses; her shoes were over-run, but they had patent toes.

Yet a glance was sufficient to tell that what the first was, the second would become. There was no difference save in the work wrought by years that lay between.

The older woman sat upon an upturned ash barrel, the younger one stood beside her shuffling a pack of greasy cards and laying them out upon her companion's lap. Then with pointed finger she began to tell a fortune—not her own, but that of the older woman, who listened with eager interest and approval.

"There's a dark man that's yer friend, an' a fair one tha' ain't."

The old hag nodded.

"Yer goin' to get some money, Liz, an' hev a big time, an' its comin' purty soon."

Her companion nodded again, and waited expectantly.

"Here's the king of di'mons; he's comin', but there's a dark woman 'tween,—that's that Nance, I guess. She got ahead of yer with the di'mon's last night, Liz."

The older woman uttered an unwholesome word, yet still remained expectant.

"There's a house, a prime 'un, with a swell winder, an' here's the Jack of hearts, he's a lover sure. The dark fren' wants yur; but Jack's goin' to get in. Here's more hearts; its a han'some

something softer, more tender and womanly?

"Go on," she commanded, and again the cards were shuffled and the tale repeated, varied in phrases, but in substance the same.

With all possibilities of love long departed, with years of e. living behind her,—all unlovely, all repellent, yet all unrealizing, this battered wreck of womanhood sat listening in pleased expectancy to the "fortune" that told of "han'some lover" and "home."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

She was a frail, half-alive little woman, flat and formless, yet with a tendency to shoulder blades. Her somber gowns hung shapelessly upon her. They were always severely, rustily black, and emphasized the shrunkenness of the little figure.

She had black eyes, a trifle dim and lack-lustred, and she wore spectacles that were usually pushed up upon her forehead. The sallow face was full of lines, and with every turn of her head, the cords of the thin neck showed themselves.

Her hair harmonized with the rest of her. It was thin, wiry and of the pepper-and-salt blend, and she wore it always drawn tightly back from the narrow forehead and hidden behind a shabby, dull "switch" at the back of her head.

Altogether she gave one the impression of being a dull monotone in the chord of life a bit of rusty, gray background in the picture of humanity.

I found her one day in her usual place seated in a big rocker by the window, looking out upon the street. Her thimble, thread and needle stood upon the sill, but she rarely made use of them. She sat always rocking, with ceaseless push of the low-heeled shoes upon the floor—rocking and reading patent medicine advertisements.

She liked readin' 'em, she said. She'd got into the way of noticin' of 'em when her First and Second was sick. She tried a good many of 'em on 'em but she supposed they wuz called of the Lord, for the medicin' didn't heal 'em any.

An' when they wuz took, she felt kind of lone some an' went on with the tryin' of 'em herself.

She'd tried a good many of 'em too. She didn't generally give up with the first bottle; she allers gave 'em two trials sumo as she did the Mayor. She changed 'em about once a fortnit. There wuz some new kind of cure comin' out about every other week, an' she liked to keep up with 'em.

Oh, no, there wasn't anything special the matter with her, savin' that she wuz kind of run down like; didn't seem to sleep well at nights; hadn't much appetite; sort of depression too, and general goneness of feelin', otherwise than these she felt purty well.

She'd been takin' some of Hartley's Instant Heart Cure lately. 'Twas about the newest thing she'd noticed in the papers, an' it tasted purty well, an' chirked her up quite a little. She didn't know but it minded her of sassafras tea.

And I'd never been married, hadn't I! What a pity. She'd been married and widdered twice, an' she'd marry again if the Lord so pervided. Mebbe I'd like to see the relics of her husbands. She kep' 'em just across there in the best room.

I signified my assent and we crossed the hall to the room in question—a chill and darkened place, kept sacred from all familiar uses.

To the little woman it was her parlor—the place of her household gods—but to an unsympathetic outsider it seemed rather a mausoleum sacred to the memory of the dear departed, who were evidently given equal honor in the loyal affections of their one time spouse.

The carpet was dun color, the furniture was of

lover, he's goin' to be, an' he'll merry yer; an' there's the house all ready. Yer in luck, Liz."

The grimy old creature chuckled; and —was it fancy—or did that leer change for an instant into

horsehair, plentifully bestrewn with antique antimacassars. But it was the portraits and minor furnishings that gave the room its funereal character.

The little woman pointed out each object with evident pride.

"Them's my marriage certificates to my First and Second. I had 'em framed and hung up. That picture between is the 'Condolence on the Death of My Second,' sent by his lodge—he was an awful pop'lar man. Them two photographs I had taken at his funeral; one is his coffin, you see, and the other is the funeral procession; he had an awful large funeral. Do you see this under the glass case?"

"Yes, it looks like a wedding-cake," I answered.

"That's just what it is," said the little woman. "It's the top storey and silver ornaments of my First's weddin'-cake; I've kep' it right along. This picture over it is my First an' me, when we wuz married; and of these on either side of the cake, one is my Second and the other is me when I got my mournin' for my Second. I ain't namin' 'em too fast, am I?"

"Oh, no, no, not at all," I murmured faintly.

"These cards that you see on the piano are funeral cards, with verses writ on the deaths of both my First and Second; I put 'em, first one, then the other, you see, turn about. Some of 'em are purty nice verses; they wuz both real nice men."

Presently we came to what the little woman regarded as the crowning glory of her decorations, an enlarged portrait standing on an easel, and draped with a scarf caught with purple ribbon and immortelles.

"Ain't it nice?" she said, stepping back to survey it. "That's the picture of my First, an' that black scarf was across his coffin; while them purple bands an' white flowers is off the pall bearers' sleeves of my Second; I thought it would be nice to mix 'em."

"Yes, they wuz both likable," she repeated, leaning her arm on the piano and looking across with pride at the "First's weddin' cake." "My Second was the han'somest mebbe, an' the most pop'lar, but a leetle unreliable. He wuz run over by a street car, an' I couldn't sue the Comp'ny; but they sent a beautiful wreath with 'Rip' on it; which wuz very nice of 'em."

"My First wuz more of a worker, an' didn't show up so much in words; but he left me a decent insurance; which is a good set off against mere looks, as I always say, when thinkin' of my Second."

"But any way it ain't fair to show favor where dead folks is concerned; so when I go to the cimi'try, which I do once a week reg'lar, weather so permittin'. I always visit both graves, an' stay as long at one as the other. It takes a while, but feel I'm doin' right."

"It's a real nice room, ain't it?" she asked again, and again I murmured a bewildered assent.

As she pulled down the window shades and closed the door her brief animation died away, and she became again the little dun-colored, anaemic creature that I knew, seated always at the window reading patent medicine advertisements, and rocking—rocking.

WHAT THEY DO IN GERMANY.

Dutch peasants are proverbially stolid and slow, but they are quick enough to grasp new ideas for increasing their comfort. For years they have used wooden sabots for footwear on account of their highness and warmth; and now they have stockings made of a yarn which is spun out of pure wood fibre; and their coats and vests are interlined with Fibre Chamois, which is nothing more or less than a wooden cloth, made as it is entirely from Spruce Fibre. These same stolid peasants realize thoroughly the non-conducting properties of the wood, and avail themselves of the inexpensive warmth it provides. Fibre Chamois has a world wide reputation as a warmth-giving incrusting, for it is so light that its presence is hardly felt in a garment, and yet it gives an absolute healthful protection from the coldest blasts of a long stormy winter.



Edited by THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

We are right glad to be able to report steady improvement on the part of Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, our secretary, although she is unable as yet to use the injured arm. We hope that ere long she will be quite in her usual health.

The ladies of Peterborough and of Brantford, Ont., both arranged for meetings of women, on the occasion of the recent visits of the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen to these cities, with a view of hearing some account of the work of the National Council of Women. There was a large attendance in each case, and much interest was evinced, which may ultimately lead to the formation of local councils. At Lindsay, Ont., a meeting was also held in the Opera House in order to present Her Excellency with two addresses, and the subject of the Council was brought before the numerous ladies who were present, who expressed much sympathy with its objects.

We hope that our Local Councils will be able to commence this month the work of enquiring into the various subjects delegated to them by the National Council, such as the immigration of children, the reasons for the increase of insanity and what can be done to diminish this evil, how medical aid and nursing can be made more available for settlers in the lonely parts of Canada. We hope, too, to hear of the formation of many Home Reading Circles.

The accompanying account of the formation of a National Council of Women in New South Wales will be welcomed with much pleasure by our members:

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF N. S. W.

On Friday, June 26th, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Sydney, to consider the formation of the National Council of Women of New South Wales. The meeting was largely attended, and representatives of many societies and committees were present. Lady Hampden took the chair. She expressed her interest in the movement, but said that like many others she wished to hear more concerning the idea of the National Council, and would ask Miss M. Windeyer to explain the object of the meeting.

Miss M. Windeyer said that as the meeting had assembled to consider the formation of the National Council of New South Wales, it would be of interest to hear of the time and place where the first National Council of Women was formed. In March, 1888, there assembled at Washington an International Convention of Women, at which the fifty-three different organizations were represented by delegates from England, France, Norway, Denmark, Finland, India, Canada, and the United States. Mrs. May Wright Sewall brought forward a plan for the formation of two permanent organizations - one, the National Council of Women of the United States, the other, the International Council of Women, the former to be composed of organizations, associations, and societies of women, the work of which is of national character or of national value, the latter, namely, the International Council of Women, to be composed of representatives of National Councils of Women. For work to be of national character would imply that it

is organized in such a way and so widely extended that it enters into the life of the nation; for work to be of national value would also imply that the work is of value to the life of the nation, though perhaps it may not have largely entered into the life of the nation.

On lines similar to those laid down by the International Council of Women at Washington in 1888, National Councils of Women have been formed in Canada, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, New Zealand, and the United States. In considering the formation of a National Council of Women it must be remembered that whole organizations would have membership in the Council, those who would vote in meetings of the Council would be delegates from the entire body to which they belong, chosen to represent the principle for which their special organization exists, but any individual woman member of any organization federating in the National Council would be eligible to take part in the proceedings of the Council, though she may not vote.

The words of one speaker at the first meeting of the International Council express the opinion of many - congresses stimulate the desire to do better; they instruct by exchange of ideas; they throw light on points hitherto obscure.

The principle of the Council may be rendered available for local use through the federation of the societies in any community in a local council of women, which would do for the district what it is hoped the National Council will do for the country at large, that is give to every cause represented by a district society the increased moral force which would result through the federation of that society with others.

All organizations would reap the same advantage from membership in the National Council that individuals reap from membership in any organization, and the Council would tend to establish solidarity of sentiment and purpose among women, now working in every direction in the hope that they may leave the world a little better than they found it.

The formation of a National Council of Women would increase the interest of individual women in associated work. To see the value and importance of organization would only turn to the examples of Lord Shaftesbury and Baroness Burdett Coutts. Their philanthropic endeavors have resulted in such organizations as the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, they have not merely relieved individual cases of suffering, but they have put in motion machinery which will work with an incalculable power for good. To combine with others for noble ends must increase our efficiency and teach us "the value of organized as against isolated efforts for human betterment."

"While friendship is a love between individuals, philanthropy is the love of the race - the stooping of the higher down to the lower, the stretching out of the hand and opening of the heart to all less fortunate than ourselves," and of what great advantage it would be that each group of women which exists for some philanthropic object should have the sympathy and moral support of others whose methods may be different, but who are all working to the same end - the uplifting of the race.

From the National Council many would learn that the work of those that come after them will be lessened if generous support be given to those societies which make for the moral development of children, which show them their duty towards animals, which teach them the value of temperance, which lead them to a habit of self-denial in order that they may minister to others less fortunate than themselves. Much overlapping in work would be prevented if repre-

sentatives of different organizations and committees met in conference at stated periods. The meetings of the Council would secure for each organization having membership in it a wider hearing and a larger interest on the part of the public than it could command alone. The annual reports of many of our charities, prepared as they are with much patient care, do not reach many persons other than those who are known to be supporters of this or that movement, but if the information contained in these reports were more widely known, many charities would find supporters among those who, when their sympathies were evoked, would find it in their power to assist in the work of alleviation or cure.

The National Council would serve as a means of prosecuting any work of common interest, it would put the wisdom and experience of each at the service of all, it would unite all societies of women, that with a mighty aggregate of power they might move in directions upon which all could agree.

From the formation of the Council the sense of public and private responsibility which induces women to join associations and societies, such as are represented here to-day, would grow in an increased degree, and their sympathies quickened and impulses stirred by a knowledge of the good work that others are doing, the energy of women social workers would be intensified.

In the absence of Lady Renwick, who was prevented by illness from attending the meeting, Miss Macdonald moved the first resolution, - "That a National Council of Women of New South Wales be now formed," and spoke as follows. The national characteristics of Australia may probably in such a scheme alter and modify in detail the arrangements of the American original, but there can be few Australian women concerned, as most of us are in one or more societies for helping their neighbors, who would not be glad to see a similar Council established and at work among us. No one who has attempted work outside her own home, whether it be social, charitable, or political, can fail to be struck with two apparently contradictory facts - on the one hand that everything depends on individual effort and influence, on the other, by the extreme helplessness of the individual when alone or when in unsuitable surroundings. The whole problem indeed of social organization lies here, to arrange that each individual shall have fullest opportunity and inducement to put forth his personal effort, while at the same time preventing independence becoming isolation or ending in failure, or the effort being at the expense and to the detriment of the weaker neighbor. The more or less conscious attempt to solve this problem has called into existence the numberless societies, clubs, and associations of every shade of purpose which abound in every country. But in the very multiplication of societies there is a certain danger. As the number of societies increases the work to be done by any one is continually and rightly more and more restricted to a special sphere, and the more devoted the workers the more tendency there is that their horizon of interest and even sympathy grows limited. Most of us, it may be, belong to several societies at once, but there is always one whose claims are paramount. The formation of such a National Council as is advocated to-day would do away with this possible narrowness, even in the case of those whose time, or principles, or inclination confined them to a special interest. At the meetings of the Council a view would be given of each and every Society represented on it. The women to whom education and culture seem the first needs of humanity might receive much subject for thought from the consideration of work to be done in supplying the primary necessities of food and clothing to the helpless; while those again to whom the thought of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked was all-absorbing might meet for mutual instruction with the workers for political and economic ends.

But a National Council of Women will do more than this. All these things might be accomplished by the conventions of women workers of which we hear so much in England. But the National Council will be in fact a permanent body of advice and guidance in all that pertains to woman's work. The constant change of members, by election of delegates and retirement of Vice-Presidents would ensure that there would be no stagnation of its thought and counsels. And everyone who considers for a moment the labor, the thought, the experience, the faith and patience that has gone into work done by women, and women's societies in this colony, must feel stirred by the possibilities that lie before a Council formed by the heads and representatives of them all.

The motion was seconded by Miss Edwards, and carried.

Mrs. D. E. Armitage, secretary of the Typographers' Association, moved the second resolution,

"That the Constitution drafted by the Provisional Committee be adopted," and spoke as follows: Before putting my resolution to the meeting, perhaps it may not be out of place to say a few words as to the usefulness, from a business woman's point of view, of such a body as the National Council of Women. I have the honor to represent here to-day a small, though I am glad to say ever-growing, community of women engaged in clerical work in this city, the typists. These are women who in earning their living ask for a more enlarged field for their activity than the time-honored employments of teaching and nursing and such like. I want to point out how the sympathy of a combination of women helped the profession to which I belong when entering upon a hitherto unknown business career in 1887, and no doubt the benefit was felt by others also. Clerical work as an occupation for women had been very little tried, and I can assure you it was with fear and trembling that I approached the business men of Sydney, asking them to encourage this new venture, and here I should like to bear testimony to the unvarying courtesy and kindness always received by us at their hands, from Government officers, and members of medical, legal, theatrical and mercantile professions generally. The Exhibition of Women's Industries was being initiated at that time by some of the leading women of Sydney, and much interest was taken in the matter, by Lady Carrington as president, by Lady Windyler, the mother of our valued hon. secretary, by the heads of the different departments and by my ever-valued friend, Lady Fairfax, then of Admiralty House; in whose department—the mechanical—typewriting was included. A few of the practical effects of the Exhibition were these. The first classes for typewriting in Sydney were started in connection with Lady Fairfax's department, the first woman's copying office was opened then, and the first women who went into offices in Sydney to any known extent were I am proud to say the pupils of that Exhibition, and the interest taken in the profession helped to raise it to a high standard, so that any well educated woman may be proud to enter its ranks. We are still climbing the hill, and have old world prejudices to overcome and we have to show our adaptability for the business, and what sort of stuff we are made of, no one can help us in that but ourselves, but I acknowledge with gratitude that the combination in connection with the Exhibition of Women's Industries helped to launch our profession in a way that would have been difficult for any pioneer to do unaided, no matter what her previous experience may have been. Then I see before our National Council a much wider field than aiding women who are starting or who have started in new professions, helpful though that may be. Are there not crying evils in this air city to be remedied amongst our sister workers? I refer to the Factory Girls, the Tailoresses, the shop assistants and so on. If we can help to bring their grievances before the public—and surely we can do so—in order that the law may step in and make their condition better, our Council will not have been formed in vain. We all know individually how sweet and helpful it is to have sympathy from our friends in any work in which we are engaged, well, as the friend is to the individual, so will this Council be to the body represented by its delegates, and we may look forward to the time when the little seed sown to-day under such auspicious circumstances, will later on grow into the beautiful tree spreading its protecting branches over those who need shelter, and bringing beauty and comfort to all those who have to tread on life's rough road.

The resolution was seconded by Miss MacCallum, and supported by Mrs. Wolstenholme.

After discussion it was resolved that the adoption of the amendment of the Constitution should be left to the incoming members of the National Council of Women.

Madame Rougier moved, and Mrs. C. J. Martin seconded the motion.—"That Lady Hampden be elected president; Lady Darley and Lady Kenwick vice-presidents; Miss M. Windyler, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Robjohns, recording secretary."

The proceedings terminated after a vote of thanks had been accorded to Lady Hampden for presiding.

ALGOMA LOCAL COUNCIL.

More than forty representatives of the West Algoma Council of Women met in the drawing-room of the Kammistiquia Hotel, Fort Wilham, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9th. On this occasion they were honored with a visit from Her Excellency, Countess of Aberdeen, who had telegraphed to Mrs. Gibbs on the previous day her desire to meet the Executive Committee, and that she would remain for a day at this point.

After a short address, followed by council prayer, Mrs. Gibbs requested one of the vice-presidents to welcome Her Excellency to the meeting. This was replied to most kindly. Her Excellency expressing pleasure at being with us, and also the hope that we would forgive the National Council for electing Mrs. Gibbs to fill the office of vice-president, promising in its behalf that they would only borrow her when good judgment and tact were necessary.

Her Excellency requested the president of each affiliated society present to give an idea of their work during the year, and asked interesting questions of some, as either difficulties or discouragements were alluded to by the twelve officers who acceded to her request.

A report of the Cooking Classes held last winter was then asked for, and Her Excellency was delighted to hear of Miss Livingston's success.

Other questions discussed informally were: The Work of the Aberdeen Association, Child Immigration, The Home Journal, Half-holidays for Working People, Special Protection for Women and Children, Illegal Sale of Impure Literature, Home Reading Circles and Health Talks.

Her Excellency added that the question, "What is the use of the Women's Council" is not so often asked as formerly, explaining that at first the aim was chiefly to take up any public question affecting the sick, the weak or the erring, and as leading members of different societies are brought together to hear and know more of each other's work, sympathies are drawn out, and therefore it must help individual thought; as our lives run together in new channels, along which love can flow in one great sisterhood. In closing, touching reference was made to the death of our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. G. J. Marks, and sympathy expressed with the Council in its loss, and also with a member of the Executive Committee in her recent bereavement.

After a few well-chosen remarks from Mrs. Gibbs, expressing what all present must have felt—Lady Aberdeen's sympathy with individual members of our little Local Council, only one of many forming the National Council of Canada—it is true, one of the Councils of the world presenting the International, over all of which Her Excellency presides, arousing feelings of love and patriotism which found expression in hearty applause.

Mrs. Lambie moved, seconded by Mrs. C. W. Jarvis, a hearty vote of thanks to Her Excellency for her graciousness in remaining to give us such a delightful and profitable afternoon. This was responded to by all present rising.

After adjournment, introductions and less formal chats were indulged in for a short time, and all separated, feeling that after a fifth visit of Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, we feel that we have been specially favored and inspired to higher things, and considering her the embodiment of the living words of our dear Master, chosen for the motto of the Council of Women, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

TORONTO LOCAL COUNCIL

The autumn quarterly meeting of the Toronto Local Council was held in the theatre of the Normal School on the afternoon and evening of Monday, Oct. 5th. The President, Mrs. George Dickson, presided at both meetings. Finding in the past that the work to be brought before the public was rather hurried by trying to present it all at one meeting, the experiment was tried of holding this meeting in the two sessions referred to, and much satisfaction has been expressed with the result of the scheme. The afternoon meeting was devoted to the business of the Council, the principal part being the considering in detail the memorandum of work for the year as suggested by the National Council.

As each subject came before the meeting, it was readily discussed. The memorandum had been presented to the Council and the public at a special public meeting for that purpose in June, in the hope that when taken up in the fall, work would be selected from it with prudence.

The resolutions, in some cases slightly modified, were accepted by the Council as subjects which demanded investigation and study, and in some cases action.

Small committees will be drafted by the executive, by the wish of the Council, to carry on the work, and to ensure the greater investigation of each subject, and the greater care of the members, no one will be asked to act on more than one committee.

In considering the resolution re "How medical aid and nursing can be brought nearer to the women of the North-West." A paper on, "A new scheme of colonization of the North-West," prepared by Mrs. O'Byrne, of Niagara Falls, who has given this subject

much thought knowing only too well what settlers have had to suffer, in being miles from medical aid, and from neighborly help. The paper dealt with these difficulties, and in a very interesting way suggested relief by co-operative farming. The settler who would be a land owner according to Mrs. O'Byrne's scheme would require to start with \$1,500 capital.

The President stated that all the work undertaken by the Council last year and still unfinished would be continued this year, being carried on by committees, this includes 1.—The length of working hours; 2.—The protection of women and children; 3.—The spread of pure literature; 4.—Manual training in the schools; 5.—Work undertaken by the Prisoner's Aid Association in which this council had been asked to help.

The evening session was devoted to papers, discussions and music.

Mrs. Curzon prepared a very fine paper on "Reading Circles," which was read by Mrs. Wood.

Miss Fitzgibbon and the President also spoke on this subject. One of the thoughts expressed was to the effect that much profit would be derived, if our Provincial University would develop some scheme for directing and encouraging Reading Circles. Such a scheme would secure for the readers, well directed and satisfactory courses of study and would bring the people closer to the University.

Mrs. James L. Hughes gave a most instructive "Health Talk" proving that they can be of great benefit and must be in many instances invaluable. Realizing that the great motive of the Council movement is the development and promotion of national spirit and national progress. The music selected for the evening was Norwegian, for in Norway the national spirit is the root of the Norwegian art. Mrs. Northrop Spencer, who has just returned from Norway, gave a most charming description of that country, its people and their customs, and in speaking of the Norwegian musicians referred particularly to Grieg and Kerjulf, as from their composition the music of the evening was selected.

Mrs. Spencer also sang one of Kerjulf's beautiful songs "Over the Lofty Mountains," and all who know his folk songs, know how lovely this one is.

Miss Irene Gurney gave two selections from Grieg's compositions, "The Lonely Wanderer" and "Ich Liebe Dich." These numbers were rendered very beautifully, and left with the listeners the conviction that in Norway there is much sentiment, much poetry, much melody. A very successful evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

WINNIPEG LOCAL COUNCIL.

In connection with the Winnipeg Local Council of Women the President, Mrs. (Justice) Taylor, invited a large number of ladies on Sept. 14th to her house, to meet Madame Routhier, of Quebec, who was visiting Winnipeg. About sixty ladies, representing the various Societies affiliated with the Council accepted the invitation, and spent a delightful time. Each lady being personally presented to Madame Routhier by the genial hostess, and an opportunity afforded of conversing with her. It did not take long to discover how enthusiastically in love with the "Council" aims and ideas Madame Routhier is. After partaking of refreshments, at Mrs. Taylor's request, Madame Routhier kindly spoke for a short time on the work at Quebec, which has been started and fostered by the Woman's Council of that city and of which she has been, until very recently, its President. She told of the reforms in dealing with female prisoners as a result of their action. The new City Hall in Quebec, has now a room set apart for women under arrest, who are searched and attended to by a female officer. Another very important change is, that first offenders are kept separated from those who have grown hardened in crime by its frequent commission. A matron is now supported at the city's expense. A scheme is being set on foot by the Womens Council in Quebec for teaching Domestic Science—Cooking, etc.—Servants girls will be especially helped to obtain all the training necessary to make them either more efficient servants, or thrifty clever house-wives, at a nominal cost. A very delightful feature of this movement is the fact that Catholics, and Protestants of all denominations, are equally interested, and are tendering mutual assistance to this most admirable work. After expressions of appreciation of Madame Routhier's little address, the ladies separated, and in little groups wended their way along the sunny, leafy paths, which lead from Mrs. Taylor's pleasant residence in Fort Rouge, all feeling that not only a very pleasant but also a very profitable time had been spent in Madame Routhier's company, at the invitation of the President.

K. F. PARKER,
Rec. Sec.

Music Notes.

THE evolution of music forms rather an interesting study to those given to pondering on the beginnings of things.

Since Jubal has been declared the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe, the assertion opens a wide speculation regarding the sources of his knowledge.

An amusing discussion arose recently in a group of amateur musicians concerning the probable origin and purpose of the first harp and pipe.

One suggested that Methusael invented them by way of filling in his time; another that Enoch caught the form of heavenly music when he walked with God. But the unkindest cut came from the unmusical one of the group who suggested that the invention of musical instruments by one of Cain's descendants was part of the first murderer's punishment. This cynic remarked that if Cain had slain his very great grand-son instead of his brother, he would have considered him justified.

The imitative faculty was strongest in primitive men, and since, in Atlantic days, bird songs were sweet and wind swept vibrantly through the giant trees, it is possible to conceive of their crude imitations in the reed pipe and the harp.

The suggestion comes in here, that a collection of musical instruments as mentioned in the Bible, in as far as it were possible to obtain them, might prove of interest—to see, not to hear.

Whatever the earliest forms of music may have been; and it has been suggested that in the days immediately following the Edenic life they were full of harmony, certainly none will dispute that music of the modern day is a matter of education. The music of the Dahomey and Malay as heard in the Midway Plaisance during the World's Fair for instance, although doubtless satisfactory to these primitive folk, would hardly content us, neither would that heard in a Chinese theatre.

Even in our own country, it is possible for men to prefer "Nellie Bly" to a fugue, and fail to see the rich expressiveness of a Gregorian chant as compared with Moody and Sankey.

There is no blame in the failure. But there's the pity of it! for fine harmony is exalting, and that which exalts, spiritualizes.

Have you ever noted how a man is refined by the educative force of good music? Ask the leader of any orchestral school and he will tell you. The loutish boy grows mannerly, his loud voice softens, his coarse speech refines, his very carriage takes on something of dignity.

He is being educated, "led out" into a wider world, and the entire man shapes himself in conformity with the leading.

The higher the class of music, the greater its educative force. the more complex and full the harmonies, the greater its revelation to the student.

So true is this, that no man or woman can be true lovers of music—possess to any degree the grand passion of it—without having corresponding refinement of nature. It may be hidden by grievous weaknesses, it may be marred by association, but it is there and quickly responsive to a touch attuned.

To come from notes of music to notes of speech isn't it rather a pity that Canadian children are not taught how to use their voices in speech. It is generally conceded that the average Canadian voice is hard. The vowel sounds are flat, the

tones are harsh; there is an absence of that softness and fulness of tone which makes much of the English and German speech so musical and pleasant to the ear.

The fault, which indeed is most marked, can only be corrected in youth, by the constant care of teacher and parents.

A rich voice is often an inheritance. Yet lacking the gift, an agreeable voice may be acquired by cultivation. It is a matter of practice until the correct tone becomes natural.

Children's voices should be both restrained and developed. The full round tone should be insisted upon, while the loud tone with the harsh note in it should be rigidly banished.

Boys and girls are corrected in many matters, but rarely in the tone of their voices. They should be made to repeat their words, if harsh in tone, or over-loud, repeat again and again until they perceive their own deficiencies, and strive themselves for musical and gentle speech, for tones devoid of harshness yet full and mellow.

There is yet another thing to remember in this connection, that children quickly imitate the tones and manner of speech of those about them.

One of the greatest attractions in man or woman is a pleasant voice, distinct yet soft, full and strong yet mellow as a bell note. Our children should not be deprived of this charm, by reason of parental neglect.

The musical event of the month, up to the date of writing, was the concert given by the Philharmonic in Massey Hall, when the *Stabat Mater* was rendered by the Society, assisted by the Boston Quintette Club, and a quartet of foreign vocalists.

The performance of Rossini's magnificent religious work is almost an epoch in Toronto musical circles, so rarely is it attempted. And the pity is that it should be so. Because of its power of exaltation this fine old Latin hymn in its masterly setting should be second only to the "Messiah" in the familiar love of the people.

Take that favorite and best-known gem in the work, the "Inflammatus," with what grandeur of thought the measure throbs! It is the very apotheosis of prayer. At the rising cadences of sound our souls are lifted heavenward, and when the last triumphant note has rung into silence, the head instinctively bows.

Concerning the performance by the Toronto Philharmonic, we doubt whether the superb choruses have ever been rendered with finer effect in shading and expression. Mr. Humphrey Angers has the rare gift of securing not a mere mechanical accuracy, but temperament—or if you will, magnetism—from his choruses; and this alone marks him as a prince of conductors. The most melodious music interpreted by beauty of voice and perfect skill alone can never produce the same effect upon the listener that it would were the singer, or singers, possessed of true feeling. In this instance the chorus had that feeling, the soloists lacked it, and herein alone lay the deficiency.

Had the soloists been in as true spiritual accord with the music as were the chorus singers, the effect would have been superb indeed.

The favorite selections were of course those beautiful recitatives with chorus "Eia Mater, fons amoris" and the "Inflammatus." Anything more expressively rendered than was the first of these is rarely heard in Toronto.

Mr. Lavin's "Cujus Animam" was much too light; and the same fault was perceptible in the soloists throughout. Their voices were of opera weight, rather than for oratorio. Dr. Carl Dufft did the best solo work; his ease and finish, with the reserve of power he always shows, meeting all the requirements.

The remaining soloists showed to much better advantage in the second part of the program, where their selections were chiefly operatic, with ballad encores. In this department Mr. Lavin, the tenor, displayed good expression as a light ballad singer.

There was however a curious lack of abandon observable in the soloists throughout. Skill, clearness of tone, smoothness, facile execution, all this they had, but with the exception of Dr. Dufft, their voices lacked all warmth and softness.

But once again, the chorus renderings were worthy of all praise, and Mr. Angers is to be congratulated.

There are some charming new songs out. "The Sweetest Song," by Newcombe with music by C. Francis Lloyd is a charming little ballad, with compass either E flat to E flat octave, which is within range of a contralto, or from G to G.

Another little semi-sacred song that is coming into favor is "Voices," by Augusta Bryers, with music by Hutchinson. The melody is simple, steady and even, and when sung with expression should be popular for church concerts.

Of a higher and more dramatic class is "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls," of Longfellow, with music by T. G. Mitcheltree.

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TORONTO had the privilege of seeing some exceptionally fine pictures this month in the collection of European paintings offered for sale at the Townsend auction rooms. That the sale was not swift nor the bidding high, and that many of the paintings had to be withdrawn in the absence of any bid, was due rather to the financial depression, existent than to lack of appreciation.

At present Toronto citizens are more disposed to invest five hundred dollars in gold mines than in a painting, however much they may admire the latter. The desire is to recuperate purses rather than to deplete them, and art dealers might as well recognize the fact that there are very few citizens at present in a position to lay out hundreds or even fifties upon pictures, however fine.

Many of the paintings shown were very choice, the smaller ones excelling the larger in worth. They were largely figure studies, the landscapes being few.

But the clearness of atmosphere, the fine pose and infinite faithfulness of detail captivated one at a glance.

Passing the larger pictures, my fancy—that of the picture lover, rather than the art critic—was held by several of the smaller paintings—single figures and head studies. One entitled "Solid Comfort," by Kolchenreiter, was a small half-figure, that of a rugged jolly old German face beneath a hat, a pipe just removed from the mouth, and an expression of complete content and good will beaming beneath the frayed hat brim. To look was to reflect the smile and share in the content.

"This is my Birthday," was another little gem. A half length study of an old woman, a bright, laughing, sturdy old creature, fairly aglow with merriment over her natal anniversary. A decidedly happy conceit of the artist, Massani, to thus idealize the anniversary of wholesome old age.

Two very choice little studies by Berne-Bellecours were entitled "On Duty," representing a French soldier standing beside a guide board at cross roads, and "Preparing For Parade," a private in negligé, standing outside a cottage door burnishing his helmet. Very simple subjects, but the homely faces and expressions, the poses, the life instinct, the charm of atmosphere, were perfect. I paused long before these two last named—canvases about eight by twelve inches enclosed in rich little frames—with ardent longing, wishing I had a spare fifty dollars to invest.

"What value do you place upon these?" I asked of the art dealer, as he paused near me.

"Twelve hundred dollars each," he answered briefly.

I had unwittingly selected two of the choicest pictures in the collection.

A large painting, and one of the gems of the collection, was "Awaiting the Return of the Fishing Boats," by Hagborg. The name of the painter meant nothing to many of us, but few passed without long pause before the painting of this young fisher lass sitting with bare crossed feet upon the shore, her bait basket slung over her shoulder, her bait fork lying carelessly upon the sand, while she scans the stretch of water, not eagerly, but with half idle expectancy and content.

We returned to it again and yet again, and always with fresh delight.

"Out of Patience," by Seignac, was another attractive little painting, of a troubled child holding a snarled skein of yarn, while an elder girl winds. The weary little face, on the verge of petulant tear, is finely done.

All of these paintings and a number of others shown were hung at the Paris Salon.

Some choice genre paintings were also in the collection, but the lighting was unfortunately poor and the grouped studies and landscapes showed at great disadvantage.

The frames were unusually rich and costly. In the instance of the smaller paintings they were chosen with much judgment, giving the effect of miniature to the little gems.

Whether the venture of bringing these costly paintings to Toronto proved profitable to the art dealer is doubtful, but certainly it afforded an educative pleasure to those citizens who had opportunity to view the collection.

A visit to the studio of Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy is always interesting. We looked in one late afternoon recently to find the sculptor putting the finishing touches on a bust of the late Mr. H. A. Massey, which is to be done in bronze for the Massey Music Hall. As he turned to greet us the late light fell full upon the clay model, and we recognized instantly the fidelity of portraiture to the well-known philanthropist in that gravely thoughtful face with bits deep set eyes.

It is not an easy face to reproduce, since so much of its individuality lies in its expression rather than feature—an expression which the slightest touch might win or lose. But Mr. MacCarthy has caught it splendidly, and will give to Massey Hall a living memorial of its founder; to the citizens an enduring portrait of their benefactor.

The studio in the shadowy grey light seemed peopled with silences strange yet familiar. A marble bust of the late Mr. Edmund Lally, wrought for his son-in-law, Mr. Dalton MacCarthy, gleamed white through the grey, the fine patrician features conjuring up vivid remembrances of a once familiar figure.

Beside it was another equally familiar, that of the late Dr. Williamson of Queen's University. Further on we see one better known and of the warm present, Principal Grant's face smiles out upon us. This is an undraped bust, and the head poise, and expression are remarkable in vigor and brightness. It is a speaking likeness.

Sir John Macdonald in model, as the sculptor moulded the Queen's Park monument—this also we noted, and the figure of Canada's grand old statesman looked down upon us from many corners.

There were numerous other busts and figures, in white, in bronze, in crude clay, while among them our eye catches some beautiful ideal groups. One we might almost call celebrated, "The Messenger of Love," a perfect woman form in all its graceful curves with rounded arms upreached to grasp a coming dove. Amid all these rugged-featured strong men's faces it seemed an epitome of gracious feminine charm.

Not far from it stood a second group, "Burns and his Highland Mary," especially designed by Mr. MacCarthy, which won such high eulogiums in England, and the original of which is in a private residence in England.

"Paul and Virginia" kept those first tender lovers company, on a pedestal near by, while in the fast fading light we could see innumerable studies whose white silences grew solemn and mystic in the presence of our chatter.

The sculptor stood with knife and palette beside his clay model adding a line or dimming one, with fine touch beyond our ken, until the grey grew into gloom, and the studio was left to the night-watch of its mute monitors.

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WOMEN AS ASSURANTS.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

I NEVER realized the comfort of having a life insurance upon the endowment plan until I was persuaded to become a policy holder, and now I should like to draw the thoughtful attention of other women to the subject. I'm not an insurance agent, and have no company to advertise, but I hold a policy for a thousand dollars and next year I hope to double the amount, just for the pleasure of feeling that if I live, in twenty years I shall have that amount to draw out, and if I die, well, it will be with the comfortable knowledge that all my debts, incurred perhaps through a long sickness, will be paid, and perhaps leave a trifle over for the good of Nan, my sister.

Now, I'm not a clever business woman, and cannot talk about premiums, profits and cash values. I never understood investments, and have always preferred keeping my few hard saved dollars in the bank. But the insurance agent that got around me was a girl friend of mine that's taken to the work, and makes quite a lot of money by it, too. I knew she'd tell me the truth, and although I listened at first just in admiration of her clever talk, I soon began to see that there was something in it. Then she sent a man to explain things a little further, and the result is that I've got an endowment policy that will mature in twenty years, and then, if I'm living I can get the thousand dollars, and if I die, why, as I said before, Nan will be all the better off. It will give her a breathing space and some little luxuries, and won't make her remembrance of me any less tender.

No; I won't tell you what is the name of the company I've insured in, or you would consider this an advertisement, and it is not. And equally I refuse to say how old I'll be when the twenty years are up. I had to tell the insurance man my age, and the medical examiner, and put it down on paper, and that's enough. But I will not be much past middle age, and there'll be years enough between me and the allotted span to give me plenty of comfort out of that saved one or two thousand, whichever it may be.

I can give you the figures though, even if I do not name the company, and they are all ready to offer about the same, I suppose.

I've paid a trifle over thirty dollars, and that is the premium or tax I shall have to pay every year for twenty years, for one thousand dollars. At the end of that time there'll be between what I've paid and interest, somewhere about fourteen hundred dollars to my credit. I can then take out the four hundred and keep my policy of one thousand in without paying any more premiums, or keep it all in with what they call a bonus addition of two or three hundred, making my policy nearly double, or draw out all the money I've put in plus the profits and spend it as I like. I think there's another option, but forget what it is.

Anyway, I'm simply banking my money and getting interest on it for twenty years, so I do not lose anything, while if I die next month even, there's a clear thousand dollars ready for Nan.

Now, what I really want to say, is this. Now that so many women are self-supporting, with mother or sisters or maybe little children to care for, or with the chance of long sickness and its expense coming before death, isn't it more comfortable to feel that these are in some measure provided for? And if a woman takes an endowment policy—and if she's earning anything much she should be able to pay thirty dollars a year, or half of it—why, when the twenty years are up, there she is, you see.

A Woman's Conference in St. John

Margaret Ellis Colhoun.

IN October of 1890, a congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women was held in Toronto, and those who attended that series of meetings will remember with pleasure the bright and notable women who spoke, and the clever, witty, yet earnest debates.

This Association which comprises both American and Canadian membership had not again assembled in Canada until the present autumn, when it held its annual gathering in St. John, N.B.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, one of the most notable and brilliant women of to-day, again presided. We are able to publish an interesting account of the conference—which indeed may be marked as the last held in Canada under the venerable Mrs. Howe's presidency—from the pen of Margaret Ellis Colhoun.—EDITOR.

The twenty-fourth congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, was held in St. John, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th. The meetings, which were under the auspices of the St. John Local Council of Women, through whose efforts the session was held in that city, took place in the Mechanics' Institute and were very largely attended.

The A.A.W. is an organization very well-known throughout the United States and Canada, a session a few years ago having been held in Toronto. Its members include the most prominent intellectual women of the time. Physicians, scientists and newspaper workers, lecturers, artists and novelists are among the professions represented by the women enlisted under the black and gold colors of the Association.

The Local Council had arranged for a reception to be tendered the A.A.W. on the evening of Sept 15th, and it was carried out with brilliant success. The large assembly rooms of the Institute were filled with an interesting and interested crowd of people all anxious to welcome Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney specially, and the A.A.W. generally.

Mayor Robertson in his opening address paid a loyal tribute to the womanly virtues of Queen Victoria; spoke of the inspiration Lady Aberdeen, President of the Woman's Council of Canada, had been to Canadian women; referred to the noble work of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and pointed with pride to St. John's own noble heroine, Madame de la Tour. Miss Francis Murray on behalf of the Council welcomed the visitors to St. John, regretting the sad circumstances that gave her the honor in place of the president, Lady Tilley.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was in remarkably good spirits and health during her entire visit to St. John, replied on behalf of the A.A.W. of which she is and has been president for twelve years. Among other kind things she said the society had long wished to come to St. John and were glad to meet with such a hearty reception; the name of St. John stood for peace, love and amity, and all that was best in the Christian religion. She spoke of the founding of the A.A.W. and its growth and advancement during the twenty-four years of its life; of the benefit these gatherings are, cementing as they do, different peoples into a closer bond of affection, with "one heart for humanity and one conscience for their sacred duty to it." The orchestra played as a fitting conclusion to Mrs. Howe's words, the music of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mrs. Cheney, and Miss Eastman of the A.A.W., spoke during the evening of the pleasure it gave

them to be in St. John, and of the heartiness of the greetings extended them by their sister Association. A beautifully decorated refreshment room was open during the evening where ices and conversation rounded into the entertainment.

The actual work of the Congress began on the afternoon of the 16th, when the meetings were formally opened by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who after referring to the changes recent years have wrought in the condition of woman, and instancing Margaret Fuller, Florence Nightengale, Francis Power Cobbe, Maria Mitchell, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning as resolute and independent advocates of true freedom and the higher culture, continued; "Mr. Emerson somewhere speaks of hitching one's wagon to a star, a simile which at first sight provokes a smile. But it is good and happy for us to link our common life to the sublimity which draws it ever upward. We of this Association are but a little group of women, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Our meeting is a very modest affair. But we come here in the name of freedom and of progress, and desire to represent the great lessons which the age has taught us, and which I will sum up in these words: Soundness of purpose, liberty of pursuit, unanimity of spirit. Hoping that our three days' conference, so kindly seconded by the ladies of your Council, may do something to advance these objects, I declare that the twenty-fourth Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women is open."

The papers read and discussed during the Session were "Housekeeping a Profession," by Mrs. Caroline A. Kennard; "The Bicycle as a Factor in Modern Life," by Miss Eva Chaning; "Literature as a Precursor to Reform," by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, a most scholarly exposition of the subject; "Rudimentary Art in Relation to High Art," by Miss Alice Fletcher. Miss Fletcher's womanly magnetism made her a favorite at once. She is the possessor of a remarkably sweet voice and holds her listener's attention as much by her "way of speech" as by what she is saying. "Her singing of an Indian love song," to quote Miss Eva Chaning "was one of the most charming things ever heard. It was like the warble of a bird."

"The Significance of Organization among Women" was the title of Miss Eastman's paper and was a vigorous review of women's clubs from the days of the village sewing circle to the associated charities of the present. "The use of Aesthetics" by Dr. Mary Moody; "Women as Guardians of Social Morals" by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "Waifs" by Mrs. Wolcott; and "Value of early habits of Observation of Nature to Women" by Mrs. Bray, whose life at the Light on Thatcher's Island gives her unusual opportunities for observation, completed the list of papers.

In addition to this it is to be remembered that a discussion by two or three of the ladies followed each paper, in which many unexpected points were made, and the benefit of different points of view given to the large audiences that characterized all the meetings. One afternoon was devoted to a symposium "International Amity; how may it be promoted," in which nearly all the ladies took part, and this was perhaps the most brilliant of the meetings.

Among the reports of the various societies, and from the different vice-presidents, that from Mrs. S. Drury O'Connor, vice-president for Canada was heard with interest.

The last session held on Friday evening, the 18th, was a noteworthy one. The hall was filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic assembly of men and women. At the conclusion of the discussion Mrs. Howe, in her happy cordial manner, told of the circumstances that led to the writing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and then recited that famous hymn with a vigor and ardor

that stirred every heart. Earlier in the Congress, when moved by a discussion, she had sprung to her feet and recited "Our Flag" with a depth of patriotic feeling unimagined possible by her listeners; and now again, after the reading of a lengthy paper and the close of three days of arduous presiding, her voice rang clear and silvery to the words of her poem.

Miss Fletcher graciously responded to a request that she again sing her Indian song, preceding it by a charming little account of how and when she heard it first.

Miss Chaning moved the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we, members of the A.A.W., desire to express to the ladies of the local council of St. John our heartiest thanks and warmest appreciation for the cordiality with which they have welcomed us to their picturesque city and their hospitable homes, and to the uniform kindness and courtesy which we have everywhere received. Those ladies stopping at the Aberdeen wish especially to thank the Alumnae of the Girls' High School for the fragrant flowers which greeted them upon their arrival at the hotel and have been daily renewed. We would also express our gratitude to the representatives of the press for the uniform courtesy with which they have treated us. It is with genuine delight that we shall look back upon our visit among these sisters who, although they live across the border line, are yet bound to us by the ties of a common race and a common country. It is our hope that this visit may be another strong link in the chain which shall bind together the hearts of all women of whatever nation, color, and religion in the common interests of educational progress," which were seconded by Mrs. Lily Lord Tift, secretary of the A.A.W., and carried. Dr. Stockton, M.M.P., expressed in well-chosen words the thanks of the people of St. John for the visit of the A.A.W., and the intellectual treat they had furnished. He was followed by Chief Justice Tuck who, after speaking in highest terms of the abilities of the ladies, moved a vote of thanks to the distinguished visitors. This was seconded by Mr. Ritchie, and carried by a standing vote. A return of thanks from Mrs. Howe, and the singing of the National Anthem led by Miss Fletcher closed the Twenty-fourth Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women.

So much for the actual work of the Congress, of the social side it is scarcely possible to say enough. The twenty ladies who represented the visiting Congress, while the guests of the Council, made many warm friends. They were so deeply interested in the city and its history, so anxious to visit its points of interest, and so grateful for the attentions it was a pleasure to bestow, that their visit must long remain a pleasant memory in St. John.

Through the kindness of the Natural History Association it was made possible for many of the ladies to attend a "field day" at Red Head, the home of Dr. Addy. The Fredericton delegates invited the A.A.W. to visit their city, which was accepted, the party making the trip by train and by boat. Those who came more closely in contact with the visitors were impressed by the charm and graciousness of their manner; by their utter unconsciousness of self, and the great desire to please, that animated one and all. Of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney who has passed her seventieth birthday a four-year-old child said, "She is a beautiful young lady;" while an enthusiastic young woman in response to a question from Mrs. Howe as to what she was going to be, said in tones of affection, "seventy and a grandmother."

The St. John Local Council of Women deserve warm praise for the part they played in ensuring the success of the Congress. Their arrangements were all quietly and perfectly carried out and spoke eloquently of the domestic, social and intellectual development of St. John women.

—MARGARET ELLIS COLHOUN.

For Young Canada.

* * Edited by Cousin Maud. * *

THANKSGIVING—when the day comes first be thankful you are Canadian boys and girls. Do you know, children, we do not half appreciate our country! We do not half appreciate our homes! We do not half appreciate our father and mother!

It is so natural to take blessings as a matter of course and grumble at trouble; say, children, let us make our New Year's resolution now and have it pretty well practiced by the first of January.

Let us take our little troubles as a matter of course and feel thankful for the blessings.

Any child who thinks he has no blessings in particular might ask himself how he would like to change places with a little Armenian boy.

I called on Dame Dot and her little ones one day lately and do not think I ever saw a room full of brighter, happier little people. Fair hair, dark curls, eyes blue, gray and brown, snub noses, straight noses—the owners were little tots of five, six and seven, no two alike—except for the happy face, each possessed one, and the little Dame looked as happy as they, she was one of them.

It was Friday afternoon and some of the girls had brought their dolls: there they sat, a whole row of them on a bench at the front of the room, demurely looking at the eager faces before them.

They were the subject of a very interesting discussion as I entered the room—the important question being "Why do not boys have dolls?"

The boys said "They would be ashamed of them and girls would laugh at them;" "They didn't like them and would rather play with other boys;" "They couldn't be bothered nursing them," etc.

The girls thought "Boys were too rough to play with dolls and would smash them;" "Their mothers did not buy them any;" "They couldn't sew and make doll dresses and hats and things;" and one little mite finished up by saying, "Well, boys are different to girls." Then Dame Dot asked, with a wise look: "Who takes most care of baby, mother or father?" and the whole question was summed up in the eager answer, "Mother."

The Brownies whispered to Cousin Maud a little November story, just for her children alone, and here it is:

The leaves had been frolicking all day with a brisk November wind. One particular little red maple leaf had been having no end of fun, and about dusk was blown by its playful friend (before he left for the night) upon the gravelled walk leading to a great house. Within a few inches of the red leaflet was a green burr which had fallen from a burr basket the children had made and carried into the house. "Oh, dear!" said the burr, "I am in hard luck, all my brothers and sisters are in where all is so cosy and warm, while I am left out in the cold!" and she grumbled so much that the little red leaf wished herself far enough away.

Presently the great house was a blaze of light and guests began to arrive, and before long the discontented burr caught in the hem of a beautiful gown and was carried into the house. Soon it found itself embedded in the wool of a soft carpet.

Here it lay all night snug and happy, but in the morning a housemaid found it and tossed it into the burning grate.

The little red leaf felt glad when its grumbling friend had gone, but half wished it could have followed into the beautiful house.

The next day, before its friend the wind had taken it off for its daily romp, one of the children found it, and exclaiming "What a beautiful leaf!" took it into the house and pressed it between the leaves of her favorite book.

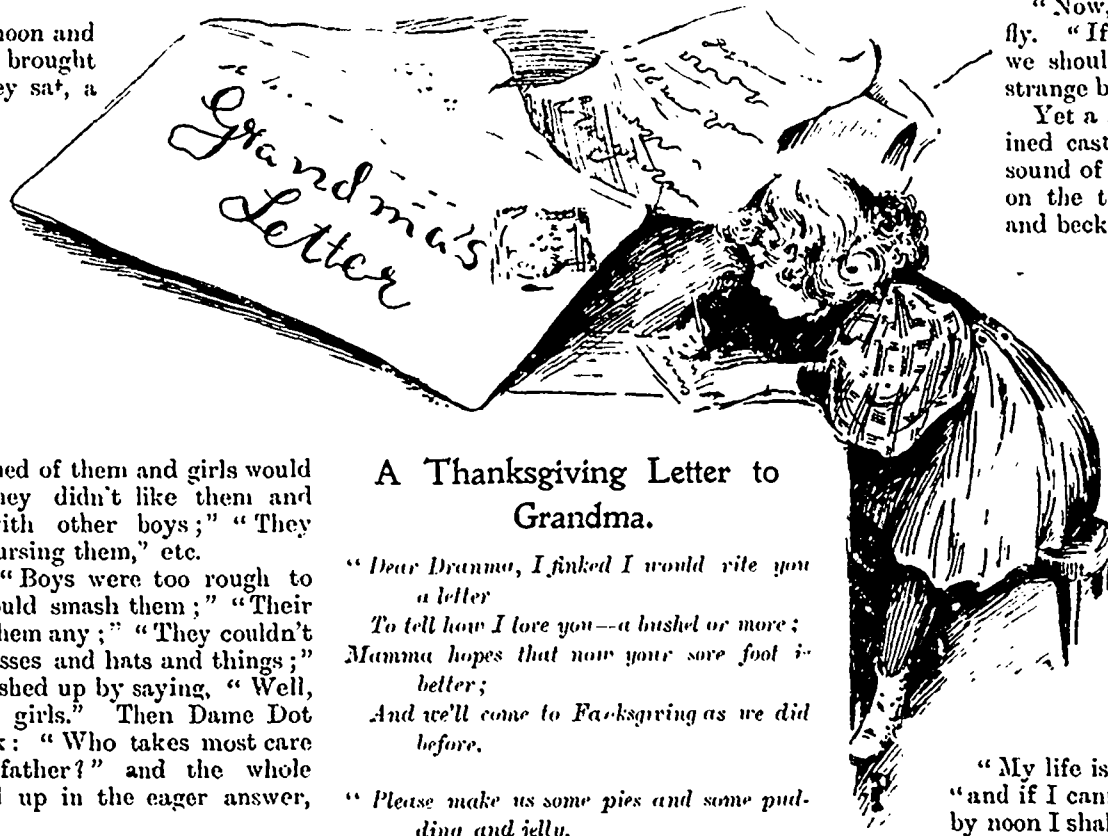
Now, we are going to have a little bit more of the story we began last month.



MIMI AND THE BUTTERFLY.

She laid herself down as directed by her charge, who perched in the leaves above her, and the great branch soon floated down the river.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" cried Mimi, clasping her little hands as the blue sky peeped down at her through the moving foliage, and the water murmured a soft lullaby close to her ears. "This is better than the robes of State and the golden chair, and Madam Stiff-and-prim, and Mrs. Straight-lace." So all the summer morning Mimi slept among the leaves, and the Butterfly watched her with diamond-bright eyes. But



A Thanksgiving Letter to Grandma.

"Dear Grandma, I finked I would rite you a letter

To tell how I love you—a bushel or more;
Mamma hopes that now your sore foot is better;

And we'll come to Facksgiving as we did before.

"Please make us some pies and some pudding and jelly,

A turkey wit stuffing and onions, and then
Please don't you forget that I like stuffing smelly
Of sage. From your 'fectionate Minnie. Amen."

And grandma, dear soul, as she pors o'er the letter,
With a smile on her lips and such mist in her eyes
That she wipes off her glasses to see through them better,
Plans out a whole shelfful of puddings and pies—

Of tarts and of cookies: of custards and jelly;
A goodly battalion of gingerbread men;
And last, but not least, a fat turkey cooked "smelly"
Of sage, for the youngster who wrote her "Amen."



when the evening shadows began to fall and the dew drops hung on the lilies by the riverside, Mimi grew weary.

"Have we almost reached the mountain, Butterfly!"

"We can only reach it by patience and perseverance," said the purple-winged Butterfly.

And when it grew dark, and the stars began to shine on the clear surface of the water, there was a great commotion in the woods, a huge, brown owl made her appearance in the hazel bushes along the shore.

"Come, Princess Mimi! Come, pretty Butterfly!" said the Owl, trying to soften her croaking voice into melodious accents. "my cottage is but a little way off, and the supper of wood-stew berries and wild honey is all prepared, and the little white pillows are ready for your tired heads!"

"I am weary and hungry, Butterfly," said Mimi pleadingly, "and this good Owl is very hospitable. Let us rest in her cottage, just this one night."

"Dear Mimi," answered the Butterfly, "if you stop, we are lost!"

So Mimi went bravely on in spite of hunger and weariness, and the Owl charged into a bent, hideous, old woman, with a crooked stick, who shook her fist at them and chattered angrily—the Grey Witch of the Mountains.

"Now, do you no see!" said the Butterfly. "If we had yielded to her persuasions, we should have been transformed into some strange beasts or birds."

Yet a little farther on there was an illumined castle by the shores, with the merry sound of music within, and children sitting on the threshold, who held out their arms and beckoned smilingly to Mimi.

"Surely, Butterfly, we may stop here," she cried, springing towards the merry scene.

"Not for the world!" cried the Butterfly—and as Mimi drew back the castle became a lightning-blasted pine, with a few glow-worms beaming about it, and the children were only a row of toadstools growing by the water's edge!

When at length the morning dawned the Butterfly's burnished wings were damp with dew, and the diamond eyes were dim, and she drooped sadly.

"Dear Butterfly, what is the matter?" said Mimi, taking the little thing in her hands.

"My life is drawing to a close," said the insect, "and if I cannot reach the Enchanted Fountain by noon I shall fall once more into the power of the Grey Witch! There lies the mountain, close at hand now, Mimi carry me up the heights till you come to the Lake where the Island is! But, Mimi, remember as you value life and liberty, not to stop, neither turn to the right nor to the left!"

Mimi took the little creature tenderly up and commenced the long ascent.

"Oh, Butterfly," she said when she had walked a few steps, "there are such dewy, red cherries hanging on the trees—I should like a few for my breakfast." And then she remembered what the Butterfly had told her, and hastened resolutely away from the temptation!

(To be Continued).

The editor asks me to draw the attention of my children to an interesting account of the lives of the Indian children, written by a lady who lives in Alberta, away in the North-West, where as you know there are many "Red-men;" and their children play, and learn, and grow, as you do. I should like you to write and tell me whether you would like to change places with them, and why; and I will publish your little letters if you would like it. You will find the story on page six.



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A MAD PRANK

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XII. Continued.

“I DON'T know what else you could say, I'm sure,” disconsolately. “And I can't help thinking that I shouldn't have done it. Diana was very angry with me.”

“I am very glad you did it,” says Ker, with sudden earnestness. “It has made us friends much more quickly. It has taken the chill out of our introduction. Don't you see?”

“Yes, perhaps so.” She has seated herself in one of the chairs, and now leans forward to speak to him more earnestly.

She had so arranged her housemaid's gown as to have the sleeves tucked up to the shoulder, as though about to go in at once for a severe scrubbing match. This lets her lovely naked arms be seen in all their beauty. She rests them on her knees now and looks up at Ker.

“Do you know I never know what to say to a partner when first introduced to him?”

“I remember what you first said to me.”

“So do I. It was ‘forgive me.’”

“No, it wasn't. It was ‘A glass of water, sir!’”

Hilary blushes hotly. “That was not an introduction at all.”

“And was the other?”

“No. After all,” with a little embarrassed laugh, “I don't think you have ever been introduced to me.”

“We must get your sister to do it to-morrow. I may call to-morrow!”

“I hope you will come to luncheon. Diana will be very glad to see you.”

“And you?”

“I shall be very glad, too.”

“Thank you. I suppose Diana wouldn't allow me to be butler to-morrow?”

“Certainly not,” laughing and looking a little confused.

“I'll ask her, however. It would do me good to wait on you *this* time.”

Hilary lifts her eyes to his. “I wish,” begins she. “Mr. Ker, I wish you would forget all about that stupid prank of mine.”

She is looking lovely with this new earnestness within her shining eyes, with this soft touch of shyness on her beautiful lips.

Ker drops into the chair beside her. “I'll do anything you wish,” says he in a low tone, “if you will call me Fred.”

“Fred! is that your name? Oh! I couldn't call you Fred. It would be impossible.” She rises quickly to her feet. “Why, it is only a week ago since first I saw you.”

Hilary grows crimson. What is he going to say?

“My! My!” stammers she. Her glance has grown cold. She is intensely angry with him, partly because of her unlucky blush, partly because he has been the author of it.

“Your cousin,” answers Ker softly. If he had been going to say something else, her sudden touch of hauteur has prevented him.

“The next dance is beginning,” says Hilary, still with her manner distinctly changed. “Mrs. Dyson-Moore will be waiting for you.” She moves toward the door of the ball-room. Ker follows her.

“You will give me another later on?”

“I am afraid not. My card is quite full.”

“Then, till to-morrow,” says he, in differently as it seems to her.

“I shall tell Diana you are coming.”

“Our dance, Miss Burroughs,” says a gay Hussar at this moment.

CHAPTER XIII.

“The brain is like an oven, hot and dry. Which bakes all fancies, low and high.”

“Good heavens, Hilary! Here's Miss Kinsella!” says Diana, in the hurried, subdued voice we all know, when destruction is descending upon us. She pounces upon her work a flick for the youngest darling—and makes a rapid flight from the window where she has been sitting, into the middle of the room. It is more a movement of impulse than anything else.

“That means two hours!” says Hilary tragically, stopping short in her arrangement of the flowers in the vases.

“And he is coming at once. You told him the hour.”

“He knows it. I say Di,” with a sudden gleam of hope, “let us say we are out.”

“Too late. I saw her, and she saw me, as she came up the avenue.” Hilary falls back in her chair.

At this moment a loud rat-a-tat tat is heard at the hall-door.

“I suppose there is no safe and sure way of murdering any one,” says Hilary gloomily.

Here the door is thrown open, and Miss Kinsella enters, with all the signs of storm about her, followed by Clifford, who had met her just outside.

“I came in thus early, no dear Mrs. Clifford,” cries the old maid, “because I felt I must speak to you.”

Hilary's heart stands still for a moment. Is it anything about her? About that luncheon—or Ker?

“About what, Miss Kinsella?” asks Diana anxiously.

“Why, about Pether!”

Hilary's heart gives a quick rebound. She comes quickly forward. She takes

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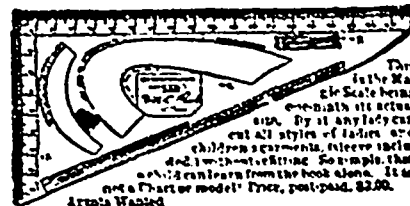
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old Miss Kinsella's hand, and positively beams upon her, to Diana's intense astonishment.

"Tell us!" cries Hilary.

"Well, Pether ye know me nephew, Pether Kinsella - ye saw him last night? eh? ye did now, didn't ye?"

"Diana, I hope you will be able to say yes to that," says Clifford solemnly. "This, I must inform you, is a most important case."

"Yes, yes, of course we saw him," says Hilary enthusiastically. She is feeling so obliged to this old bore. "He was a sort of Scot, wasn't he?"

"A Highland chieftain," says Clifford, correcting her severely. "Of the very first water!"

"Ye're right! Ye're right!" cries old Miss Kinsella, her curls vibrating with excitement. "A Highland chief he was, an' lovely he looked! I couldn't take me eyes off him all night. A matther, me dear, that made him a thrille mad. You know he will have his little flirtatious ways sometimes!"

"We know! we know!" says Clifford sadly.

"Flirtatious, but not indecent," says Miss Kinsella, blushing a bright orange. "Well, an' what will you think, me dear Mrs. Clifford, when I tell ye that they put him down in the list of characters for Mrs. McIntyre's fancy-dress ball, as—— Here she breaks down and dissolves into tears.

"Oh! Miss Kinsella, what is it?" asks Diana tenderly. "There now, don't distress yourself."

"I must begin at the beginning, me dear, if I'm to make you understand it. When me nephew, Peter Kinsella, arrived at the hall door, that jackanapes of a footman they have was standing just inside it, with a pencil and paper in his hand, an' had the impudence to ask Pether about his character!" "His character?"

"Yes, me dear. His character! An' you all know what me nephew Pether is! A reg'lar snowdrop!"

Here she pauses to wipe her eyes, which gives Hilary a chance of retiring behind the *Irish Times*.

"Dear Miss Kinsella," says Diana, gently, "I think the man must have wished to know what costume your nephew was wearing, with a view to putting it in our daily paper, perhaps in the *Gentleman*, or some other society paper."

"Yes, me dear. So it seems now, but at first me nephew Pether couldn't understand what he was at, an' you know what a spirit he has, quite blood thirsty when his honor is called in question!"

"But the man explained?"

"He did, me dear. But Pether was so flabbergasted by that time, that he couldn't remember what he was, so he told the man that he had 'no character,' and that the 'mistress knew him well!'"

Here Hilary gives way, and bursts into a peal of laughter, followed by Diana, who has been growing hysterical.

"Miss Kinsella, I hope you will pardon this reprehensible merriment on the part of my wife and my sister," says Clifford solemnly. "No doubt hysteria has a good deal to do with it. No one could hear your harrowing tale without being deeply moved. As for me——" Here, his voice beginning

to shake treacherously, he subsides behind his handkerchief. "When I think of Mrs. McIntyre's face when she heard that," says he. "Such an aspersion on her character!"

"Oh, but, me dear, there's worse to come," says Miss Kinsella, tearfully, rather pleased with the sensation she is so evidently creating. "It seems that that scamp of a footman gave me nephew Pether's message straight to Mrs. McIntyre this morning, when she was looking over her list. An' now I hear they're going to take revenge on me poor nephew, and are goin' to put him in all the papers as 'Thady, ye gander.' As if," here Miss Kinsella begins to sob wildly, "Pether would go anywhere without his breeches!"

"It's frightful," says Clifford, who ought to be ashamed of himself.

"You know the old lines, don't ye, Mrs. Clifford, me dear!"

"Oh, Thady, ye gander,
 Ye're like a Highlander,
 For want o' yer breeches,
 For want o' yer breeches!"

The old lady chants them in a shaking voice.

"They sound sadly familiar," says Clifford. Both Hilary and Diana are beyond speech.

"Oh! to think o' me spotless Pether being so treated," goes on Miss Kinsella, distractedly. "Mrs. Clifford, me dear, you're a great friend of Mrs. McIntyre's. I came to ask would you go up to her and beg me nephew Pether off! You could explain to her, me dear, that he never meant it." Inspiration seizes on Diana.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says she. "I'll give you a little note and you must take it direct to Mrs. McIntyre yourself. You know you are a great favorite of hers, and she can refuse you nothing. I'll just explain the case, and you can do the rest."

"You couldn't come with me, me dear!"

"I could," says Diana thoughtfully,

"but I know I should spoil matters. You, who are so eloquent, dear Miss Kinsella, require no advocate."

The old maid brightens up perceptibly, and gives her head an airy little shake. "Eloquent! Yes, she has felt that all her life. But it is pleasant to see the fact acknowledged at last."

(To be Continued.)

MALTINE WITH COCA WINE FEEDS THE NERVES.

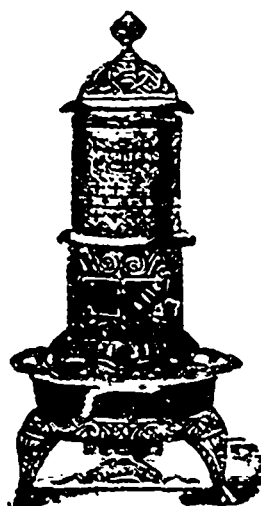
Are you all run down! Are you tired in body! weary in mind! Does lassitude burden and unfit you for mental or physical labor! Does sleeplessness rob you of mental force! make your days a weariness and night a torment! In brief, is life rapidly becoming a burden to you! Thousands are living in this miserable condition while relief from this worst of mental and physical conditions may be speedily obtained by the use of Maltine with Coca Wine. It is a real tonic, for it builds up the body, gives strength and vigor to the nerves, supplies pure, rich blood, restores appetite, and adds wonderfully to the digestive power of the stomach. Maltine with Coca Wine renews every fibre of the body, gives mental activity. Maltine with Coca Wine is a builder—builds nerve, builds muscle, builds bone. It gives vim and nerve. It braces, not as a stimulating agent; it braces because it cures. That is what you need. All druggists sell it.

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The size shown in the illustration stands 31 inches high and is guaranteed to satisfactorily heat a room from 12 to 15 feet square.

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WHOLESALE CANADIAN AGENTS,

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THE BERLIN KIRMES.

Continued from page 1.

large and interesting number of curios, the collection of drinking mugs and German plates alone being well worth seeing. Here, too, was the largest of the grandfather clocks to be found in the Kirmes. This was a huge musical affair, with weight cupboard big enough to hide in, and a barrel organ interior which being duly wound set a miniature German band in motion. There were several good-cheer inns where variety of substantial viands were provided, the hearty national instinct being duly set forth on a motto which we discovered on a German porcelain tablet or bread board in the spinning room. Freely translated it runs thus: "From bread alone we cannot live, we must have ham and sausage also."

So the Coffee Garden, the Mill, the Crown Inn were all prepared to make comfortable the inner man, and one could make a meal American, English, or in true German fashion, as taste inclined.

The Crown Inn, for instance, was purely national, and quite an attractive place. Upon the walls were fine colored portraits—loans of the three sovereigns, old Kaiser Wilhelm, the beloved Crown Prince Fritz, and the present young emperor. On either side were Bismarck and Von Moltke. In one corner stood a Strasburg clock, brought from Germany in 1773, when that great Dutch emigration came to Pennsylvania. Various amusing and typical proverbs hung here and there:

Wer trinkt ohne Durst und isst ohne Hunger stirbt dest junger.

Who drinks without thirst and eats without hunger dies therefore the younger.

Another equally expressive: Arbeit gern und sei nicht faul: Kein gebraten Taub fleucht dir ins Maul.

Work willingly and be not lazy: roast pigeon does not fly into your mouth.

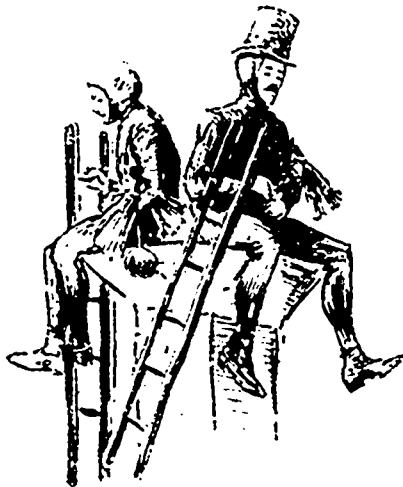
While yet a third gave the wise advice:—A man who does not understand fun should not go among people.

We had our five o'clock lunch at the Crown Inn—wener wurst, sauerkraut, kartoffel-salat and coffee, and enjoyed it immensely.

The 'Spinn Stude' was equally attractive and picturesque with its national atmosphere. Here were three or four dear elder German women, such heartsome fraus they looked, in their simple German peasant dress and close fitting caps, spinning at their wheels; near them sat a lace maker with her pillow, thread and bobbin; beyond were a few gay young frauleins knitting. The room was a correct portraiture of a German peasant

kitchen, with its big brick oven, the dresser hung with quaint rare porcelain and utensils, and the high small-paned window with its white short curtains and spotless shelf filled with healthy pot plants. Just such thrifty wholesome looking windows as one passes by the score in driving over Waterloo county roads. Some rare old-time drinking mugs were shown here—loaned by Mrs. Rumpel—whose quaint jolly designs and capacity were an epitome of the happy burgomaster life of ye olden days in the Fatherland.

The post office beside the flower booth did a merry business. All sorts of missives found their way into its boxes. Very few well-known visitors were allowed to depart without some kindly little message of greeting or adieu, penned by one or other of these hospitable German villagers, and duly delivered.

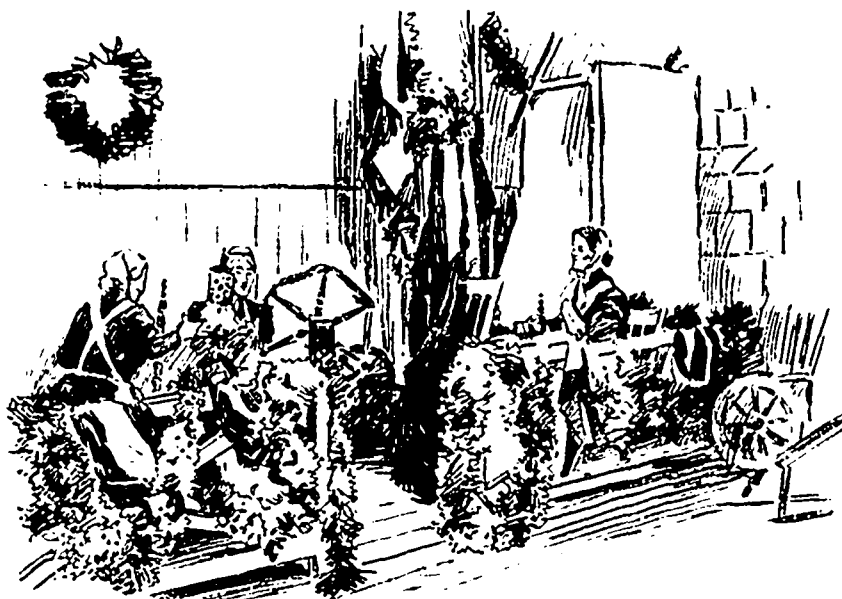


The 'Chimney' Sweep.

One touch, without which a Kirmes would certainly be incomplete, was the stork and his half-hidden nest. It is one of the pretty characteristics of Berlin, which perhaps its residents would hardly notice, but which falls charmingly upon the ear of an English visitor, that the arrival of a tiny new citizen is spoken of as "a stork's visit."

We might chat at length of many other details of this bright and most attractive Kirmes. Yet, after all, we must again emphasize the fact that atmosphere and environment are its greatest charm.

As we stand for one last glance down the pretty village street, and watch the gay procession of villagers in their many costumes, the spell of the Fatherland is strong upon us; for all around are German faces beaming with content. Upon our ears falls the deep German speech. The odor of appetizing hospitality, even to sauerkraut and wener wurst, adds pleasantly to the illusion. Nay, it is not an illusion, it is truly



Spinn Stude.

a Kirmes, which belongs to German citizens alone, and which it is theirs to make a national feature.

When this merry biennial fete again recurs, we expect to see even a larger enthusiasm and even greater profit as a result. Extensive excursions should be arranged, especial features, direct from the Fatherland secured, and a united effort put forth to make this bright Kirmes one of the fete seasons not merely of Berlin, nor Waterloo nor even Ontario, but of the Dominion.

THE PRETTY NEW DRESSES.

Each season seems to bring out more beautiful dress-materials, each a marvel of the weaver's art. The designers of fashions are not out-done and the continual varying of the bodice, sleeves and the skirts, is enough to make one pause in busiest hours and wonder when and where the supply of ideas will become exhausted. This season's materials are heavier than usual and with the miserable walking of fall and winter, Wakefield skirt binding is really the only thing which can save the skirts. The real Wakefield leather is now dyed through and through which prevents the colors fading or wearing away. Each and every yard is marked "Wakefield specially prepared leather patented" and as you walk along the streets you will notice the finest dresses bound with it. Unless you receive what you pay for, by seeing that each yard is marked "Wakefield" you cannot expect the best results.

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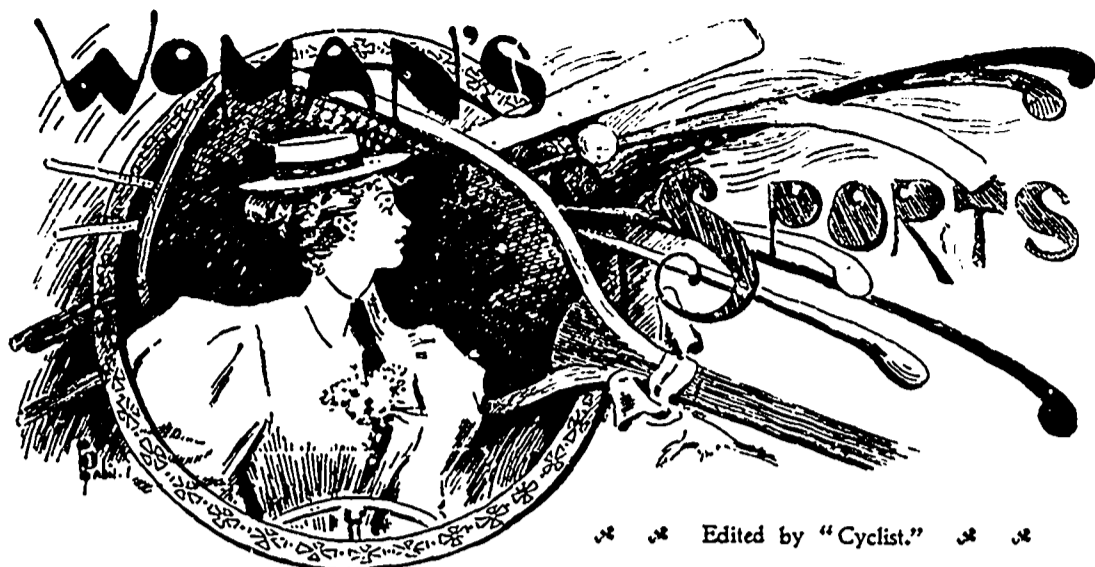
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The Village Street.



Edited by "Cyclist."

LAWN TENNIS.

Tennis may be said to be "out"; it is no longer the fashionable game, but has been largely supplanted by golf; while croquet is again returning into popularity.

Nevertheless there will be many lovers of tennis unwilling to give up their favorite game, and racquet, ball and net, will still find place wherever a stretch of lawn permits.

The advantage of golf is that it can be played over a stretch of ground in any park or suburban commons, while the tennis ground must be carefully prepared and kept. Golf is certainly the pedestrian's game, and especially suited for the autumn months.

The finals in the ladies' singles and mixed doubles in the Victoria lawn tennis tournament were played on Saturday, October 10th, resulting as follows:

Ladies' Singles.

Open to University of Toronto.

Miss J. M. Kerr beat Miss J. M. Johnston, 6-3, 1-6, 6-2.

Doubles.

Campbell and Love beat Treble and Johnston, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3.

Mixed Doubles.

Miss Johnston and W. Love beat Miss Clute and C. A. Campbell, 7-5, 7-5.

GOLF.

High Park is a charming place for golf, and on Saturday, October 10th, which was an ideal autumn day, a large number of enthusiastic players, chiefly from Parkdale, gathered on the links in the vicinity of the toboggan slide.

A portion of the refreshment stall in the picnic ground on the hill top has been reserved for the club house, where lockers and other conveniences have been arranged for the players.

The beauty of the day, together with the enthusiasm of the game made this opening meet a most successful one.

Miss Marie Macdonald of Dundas street carried off the first prize—a beautiful golf stick. Miss Bryan came in second, and her prize was a golf ball, while Miss Winnie Sherman who won third prize received a scoring book.

A number of the Rosedale club came over to join the game as guests. Afterward tea was served under the

presidency of Mesdames Lockie, Paterson and Dick.

The ladies of the Rosedale club are possessed with an enthusiasm that renders them regardless of the weather. In the match for the medal, extending through October, one day of pouring rain found them staunchly on the links, where they remained until the medal was secured by the captain, Miss Howard. Afterward a speedy retreat was made to the club house, where the old shooting jackets and blazers of the male members were found convenient attire while wet wraps were drying. A cheery fire and hot tea made the closing half hour a jolly one.

On Wednesday, 14th, the medal was won by Mrs. Dick. At the present writing two matches remain to be played, the results of which will be announced next month.

The handicap of the novices of this year will be removed next year as the players are growing sufficiently skilful to meet the older members on equal grounds. This will, of course, give added interest to the game, and fairer results.

Two friendly matches were played during the month by the Oakville and Rosedale clubs, at the alternate club grounds. As the former are but a new club, and have had but little practice, they were in each instance beaten by the Rosedale club.

The two respective captains, Miss Turner of the Oakville and Miss Howard of the Rosedale played against each other. The remaining ladies in the following order: Rosedale—Mrs. Dick, Miss Fuller, Mrs. McLaughlin, against the Misses Heaven, Appleby and Parish of Oakville.

High tea was served after the Rosedale match.

The Rosedale and Fern Hill clubs are anticipating a match early in November.

WHEELING.

October did not give sportswomen many fair days, but each one was seized and filled to the brim with delightful hours on the wheel. Many wheeling parties found a favorite run along the cinder track to Mimico, pausing at Nurse's Hotel, on the return,

for tea, and perhaps an impromptu dance in the hall, before remounting the wheels.

A happy method of pairing guests at a cycling party is to prepare two little baskets or platters of two-inch length baby ribbon of different colors. Each plate must contain the same number of ribbons and colors.

The ladies select their colors from one plate, after which the gentlemen choose

theirs, and then seek out the possessor of the corresponding color who becomes their companion for the trip. These little badges are then fastened upon the coat or jacket lappel.

The chainless bicycle is one of the satisfactory possibilities for the season of 1897.

The following amusing canard is clipped from the editorial columns of a New York daily:

"The anti-bicycle society has made its appearance and its headquarters are in Toronto. It has been christened the Pedestrians' Protective Association. Any person, male or female, who doesn't wheel is eligible for membership. When any one of its members is injured by a bicycle the association levies an assessment of ten cents a head on all of the other members. The money collected in that way is to be used in seeking to recover damages in court from the bicyclist involved.

"This indicates that either the bicyclists in Canada are reckless riders, or the people afoot are lacking in agility. Perhaps if the members of the Pedestrians' Protective Association would spend a few days in New York they would acquire more of the needful expertness in dodging wheels. Inhabitants of this town think nothing of keeping an eye on half a dozen scorchers and as many more wabblers all at one time, not to mention cable cars."

The following letter was written by the great novelist to a Mr. John Cundell of Hope street, Leith, the author of the "Historical Sketch of the Game of Golf." It was to this effect:

"SIR: I should esteem myself happy if I could add anything to the elaborate account of the game of golf which you were so good as to transmit to me, as I am still an admirer of that manly exercise, which in former days I occasionally practised. I should doubt much the assertion that the word 'golf' is derived from the verb 'to gowff,' or strike hard. On the contrary, I conceive the verb itself is derived from the game, and that 'to gowff' is to strike sharp and strong as in that amusement. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I should think the name golf is derived from the same Teutonic expression from which the Germans have 'colb,' a club, and

the Low Dutch 'kolff' which comes very near the sound of 'golf.' The exchange of the labial letter *b* for *f* is a very common transformation. If I am right, the game of golf will just signify the game of the club. I am, with the best wishes for the sport of the 'Gowff Club' in the field, and their conviviality in the club room, very much your and their obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, June 9, 1824."

ONE THING :::

that always troubles a house-keeper is the how and the where to get the right kind of

BUTTER

at the right price. Now, there is a place where the choicest butter made in the country can be had not occasionally, but all the time, and where the price is always reasonable. We have now a big shipment of very fine quality from the Ontario Government Dairy, at Guelph

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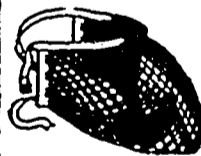
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Miss Repplier's Words.

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, the bril-
 liant essayist, author of "Points
 of View," "Essays in Idleness,"
 and other volumes of sparkling literary
 talk, addressed Soboros, the famous
 New York Woman's Club, at its opening
 meeting of the season in mid-October.
 Her topic was "Enforced Philanthropy,"
 and her entertaining and pithy remarks
 are well worth quoting for the benefit of
 our readers. They will be appreciated
 by many busy Canadian women, who are
 the constant victims of this "enforced
 philanthropy."

"Everybody," said Miss Repplier, in
 her clear voice, "has embodied one
 melancholy principle of philanthropy.
 We take from the farmer or the butcher
 to give to the tailor or the candle maker
 or someone else. We justify the pro-
 ceeding with some hollow civility about
 the farmer's well-known liberality and
 about the busiest people being always
 the ones to help others."

Miss Repplier gave an instance of a
 young newspaper woman who was in-
 veigled into doing a large amount of work
 for one of the "women's editions" which
 certain newspapers got out for some
 charity. She was hard worked at the
 best, this young woman. But she could
 not refuse the suave committee.

"And there," said Miss Repplier,
 "was that poor, jaded girl, robbed in the
 sacred name of charity of twelve hours of
 rest and recreation, without any more
 volition in the matter than the little
 Pardiggles had when their pocket money
 was contributed by their mother to the
 missionaries. This is not at all excep-
 tional. Think how the actor is asked to
 appear for the benefit of some burned
 out, or flooded out, or starved out com-
 munity. Think of the singer who is re-
 quested to sing in the same way. Fancy
 the sentiment of a business man or a sur-
 geon if he were asked to contribute a day's
 earnings. I have had said to me many
 times: 'We don't ask for your money, Miss
 Repplier. We don't want to make any
 real demands on your time, but if you
 will only write a little paper for us, just
 any kind of a little paper that won't take
 long.' It seems vain for me to explain
 that 'any kind' of a little paper, even the
 littlest of little papers, represents money,
 and more money than they would dream
 of asking me to contribute. Yet they do
 not intend to be unreasonable.

"The people who ask you to go to
 Kalamazoo, or Memphis, or Portland,
 Or., to address a meeting and offer to pay
 your expenses; the people who write and
 say that they are about to start a new
 magazine which cannot afford to pay its
 contributors, and will you kindly give
 them one of your sparkling essays for the
 first number? the people who have arti-
 cles to write on Greek comedy or Nor-
 wegian tragedy, know nothing about these
 subjects, and beg that you will kindly
 give them your original views—these

people are a class apart, numerous and
 very destructive, but not in my province
 to-day.

"There is an axiom among people that
 you must go to the busy woman if you
 want anything done. But the busy wo-
 man—if she be busy earning her bread
 —should be gently handled by her active-
 ly philanthropic sister. She is gonged
 into action by the forces that are within
 her and by the cruel pressure from with-
 out. So many hours of every day go to
 her regular duties, but there is always a
 little time left over for the children's
 hospital or the maternity hospital or the
 hospital for incurables; always a little
 time for the prevention of cruelty to ani-
 mals, or the anti-vivisection society;
 always a spare moment for the troubles
 of the Armonians or the Russians, or the
 Chinese; always a committee meeting at
 four o'clock, or a few words in behalf of
 a factory reform at five, or an entertain-
 ment for sailor women at half past eight;
 always flowers to be carried to the sick,
 or pictures to be hung on poor men's
 wall, or a course of reading to be arranged
 for girls living in the country. These
 things are good, but you are taking from
 the farmer to give to the candlemaker,
 when you exhaust the vitality of one
 woman to feed the vital forces of another.

"If we could eliminate from our lines
 the semi-benevolent and wholly worthless
 drawing room entertainments we should
 have more time and money for finer
 results. Winter after winter we buy
 tickets, and, what is infinitely worse, we
 sell them, for readings, recitals, lectures,
 talks that are of no real service or pleas-
 ure to anybody. Somebody comes to give
 six lectures on American art; somebody
 else to give readings from Shakespeare;
 somebody else to recite Mr. Browning's
 poetry; somebody else to read Molière's
 plays; somebody else to tell us about the
 Alaskan Indians, or the Salvation Army,
 or the French Academy, or the Spanish
 novelists, or sanitary plumbing, or free
 schools in Italy, or landscape gardening.
 Whether these endless lectures are for
 the benefit of charities or to start reforms
 or simply for the enrichment of the lec-
 turer, the same pressure is brought to

bear upon you. Even the buying of
 tickets is not sufficient. You must drag
 your tired body and sleepy brain to his
 pitiless lecture which you don't want to
 hear. The hostess likes to have 'the
 rooms seem full.'

"Sometimes, however, there is some-
 thing so original in these demands that
 one cannot but be fascinated by them. I
 received a letter from a young woman
 asking in what way to dispose of some
 cabinet photographs of Ibsen and Grieg
 at \$2 apiece for the benefit of a hospital
 in Christiania. I was so impressed by the
 novelty of the request that I bought one
 of the photographs, although I can scarce-
 ly think of anything I care less to have.
 A few days after, a friend told me that
 she had received a request for money to
 purchase luxuries for the French soldiers
 in Madagascar. She told me that she
 contributed. She thought she might
 never have another chance to send money
 to Madagascar."

Miss Repplier talked entertainingly for
 some time, and her final plea was not to
 "rob a worker in order to give to a
 beggar."

Madame Ireland

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 and looks. The making of the former lies with yourself, but if you have any
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Pneumatic tires were first invented by Mr. J. B. Dunlop nearly eight years ago, and the long practical experience of this company in the manufacture of tires has convinced them of the fact that a bicycle tire to be perfect, must be detachable, and must be made in such a way that in case of puncture, the injured part can be easily got at and repaired.

The Dunlop tire is composed of an inner tube and an outer cover, fastened to the rim by means of a tested wire, held on by inflation, while the rims themselves are made to stand a test of one hundred pounds to the inch. The Dunlop company has always aimed at turning out a good tire, regardless of trouble or expense, and has so far succeeded that it seems impossible to improve upon their present output. The inner tube is made of Para rubber, while the outer cover is composed of specially hardened stock, built upon South Sea Island cotton. This fabric is so soft and flexible, and yet so enormously strong in comparison to its weight, that it is particularly adapted to the manufacture of pneumatic tires.

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1896

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Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; Editorial matter to the Editor.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

A Word to Our Advertisers.

We purpose making our December issue a special holiday number, increased in size and filled with most entertaining articles, brightly illustrated, and appropriate to the season. We are assured that it will be one of the brightest of the December magazine issues, and will stand first as Canada's home and woman's paper.

As our advertising space for the Christmas Number is already well taken up, we urge upon those desiring preferred or increased space to make early application. We also advise those who wish to advertise specially in this number to communicate with the Business Department at once.

All advertisements for the Christmas Number should be in the JOURNAL Office by the 12th.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL reckons only a little more than a year of life, but its business has increased sufficiently to demand more commodious premises, and it has removed to the Globe Chambers, entrance 5 Melinda Street.

Our subscribers and advertisers will kindly note the change of address.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is an especially fitting and profitable magazine for lady agents to handle. We can assure any woman of a good weekly income in her own locality, without additional cost to herself. We give a liberal commission.

Women, at this season of the year, are often anxious to make pocket money. We guarantee them more, we guarantee a good weekly income.

Now, at the Christmas season, canvassing for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will prove especially profitable.

Try it.

Send a letter of inquiry or call to see the Business Manager, who will give you full details.

EDITORIAL.

First, and editorially, we congratulate our readers on the offer made by the Business Department (see page 33), concerning Ian Maclaren's new book, "Kate Cartogio." A delightful tale, and one we shall chat about in review next month.

It is an easy matter to secure three subscribers to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL; and therefore no woman need be without the book. This tender writer's other tales are included in the offer. Here is a chance for lovers of Ian Maclaren, who otherwise could not afford to buy his bonny books.

Were it not that all our departments are, as usual, full of good things. We might almost call the November issue of the JOURNAL our Kirmes number, since it contains the fullest and most attractive sketch yet published of the Berlin German foto.

The illustrations are from the pencil of our own artist, and the costumes were sketched from life.

The Berlin Kirmes bids fair to become a notable institution, and our article will prove of especial interest to Canadian readers.

It is not generally known that fine perfumes are being manufactured in our own country, and the account of a visit to a Toronto manufactory, entitled "Pleasant Perfumes," will have especial interest at this approaching season of gifts.

Hector Charlesworth, in Stageland, gives a readable talk on Vaudeville.

We regret that our bright series of British Columbia articles are interrupted by the sickness of the writer; but we publish in its place three interesting sketches, written by a resident in the North-West Territory.

We reproduce a most readable article from the pen of Bertram G. Goodhue, a London artist. Quebec has been the theme of many a pen and pencil, but it has been never more entertainingly touched than in this instance.

Our Fashion pages contain a seasonable talk concerning Furs, and a chat about Tartans and Plaids, while the Art Needlework page gives the very newest things in Fancy work.

Mrs. Jean Joy talks at length of potatoes and their uses. Mrs. Joy, who is Superintendent of Domestic Science in the School of Technology, writes exclusively for the JOURNAL.

Lilian Claxton continues her bright, short story.

In "Just You and I" Faith Fenton writes two effective sketches from life.

Music and Art are filled with interesting notes.

The Children are again taken into confidence by Cousin Maud.

Ian Maclaren on the platform is discussed by the Editor.

Every page is original in matter and illustration. The breeziest number yet issued.



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Answers to Correspondents.

FASHIONS.

A. B. - The narrow leather bolts are worn with cycling suits, especially with the Norfolk jacket, which seems to be the favorite cycling bodice this autumn. Through November the fur caperines will be worn with them by wheelwomen.

OUT OF TOWN. - I have made enquiries at the shoe shops and they tell me that pointed toes are going out a little, and the round toe coming into favor. Tan boots may be worn all winter, if sufficiently heavy; but since tan rubbers and overshoes are not yet invented, the black leather resumes sway with the first snow-fall.

FRIEND. - Muffs are coming again into vogue; with the short coats and caperines they are conveniently carried. They will be very large, whether in fur alone, or fur and velvet combined.

H. M. - The stiff felt hat is not much seen as yet, velvet and fancy braids, or silk covered toques will be more the season's dress hats. For morning, the felt walking hat will prevail throughout the season.

HOUSEHOLD.

MADAM. - If the grease spots do not disappear readily, try alcohol with a little salt dissolved in it. It has a very good effect on cloth and woolen materials.

K. MERTON. - If you desire any special recipe or directions in cooking, write to Mrs. Jean Joy, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL Office, and the answer will appear in this column next month.

LITERARY.

BUSY ONE. - I should think the most sensible way would be to write to the Daily Herald, Sydney, Australia, enclosing Australian stamp and addressed letter for reply. The Post Office would probably inform you where you may obtain the stamp.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M. A. writes: "In your last JOURNAL, October number, I see some one has mentioned 'Charles Auchester' as a good musical novel. Surely the correspondent means 'Charles Auchester,' by Elizabeth Sheppard."

The fault was ours. The title was unfamiliar; we held a council of three over the name as written by our courteous correspondent, and interpreted it, evidently incorrectly. We thank the writer for the correction.

On one evening of our visit to the Berlin Kirmes, the pretty Poste Madchen came up to us with a letter, duly sealed and addressed, which, upon opening, we found contained the following pretty greeting:

KIRMES, 1896.
BERLIN, ONT.,
October, 1896.

DEAR FAITH FENTON, - Kindly accept the hearty welcome of the girls of the "Flower Booth." They sincerely hope you may spend a few hours very pleasantly among these pretty German scenes.

Yours,
THE GIRLS OF THE FLOWER BOOTH.

Another interesting letter has reached us from a lady, a Montreal citizen by birth, now resident in Newersey, whose two young daughters are spending a year on the Continent. She kindly encloses the latest letters from her girls, who, at the time of writing, in early October, had just arrived in Paris. They are very bright and amusing, written with only the thought of parental perusal; and we are pleased to reproduce one of them.

HOTEL LAFOND, PARIS,
14 Rue de Tromville,
October 1st.

MOST BELOVED MOTHER, - Paris does not yield more than one pen, so I am laden. Your letters forwarded regularly from Drexel and Harjis have been a delight, tho' we really hadn't had a speck of time to answer till now. Most of our pressing shopping is done, and was, for the first time in my experience, enjoyable. Everything seemed so pretty and elegant after a winter of aesthetic starvation in beautiful Berlin.

My dear Mater it is very nice of you to persist in attributing talents to your's affectionately, in spite of all discouragement, and I should be delighted to study "illustration," but art is more than two months long, and we haven't the faintest acquaintance with that sort of thing and the people. There is an "art" student in the next room to us; her ideas are too comical for fiction. She condemns the Louvre because they have so many Reubens, and "she doesn't care for Reubens, and indeed," (impressively) "there are very few of Raphaels that really touch me." When asked what branch of art she is engaged in she says "LIFE!" and then adds, in a tone faint with superiority: "I don't care for anything else!" She is Chicago, pure sang. She knows what she knows and despises the other things.

Paris is such an enormous place. We have seen greater stretches of it this time, living out near the Arc de Triomphe. Everything is bristling with sticks and wires, the skeletons of the Tzar's illuminations. I don't expect we'll see a hair of his Imperial mustache, as people are paying from 1,000 frs. to 5,000 frs. for one fourth-story window on the Champs Elysees. The spot he is to step on on alighting from the train is marked in chalk, and you can imagine what people will give to get within staring distance of that spot.

Meanwhile, boats can't cross the Channel, and the Chicago girl giggles "I wonder what they're going to do to the Channel to get the Tzar across!" It's really quite a problem; since seasickness might upset all his ideas about alliances and brotherly love. The Merriams have started home and will probably have a rough time. We are glad now Papa isn't on the sea, it has been terrible.

We went to see Mlle. Klein but she is home in Alsace. We don't know what to do about a French teacher, I don't believe we shall ever learn French. It's so hard to get at things here, the place is so enormous and the people all so rich. Aren't the boys awful about cushions! We'll have to see what can be done. I saw a handsome piece of silk in the Bon Marche, white and gold, but it was \$19.50 a yard, so I guess we'll have to leave that a while.

Thanks very much for the autographs, we must begin hunting soon. I am much more afraid of Frenchmen than Germans, and most of all afraid of Americans.

Yours,
NELL.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE . . .

Interesting

AND UP TO DATE

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For November.

The Lady and the Flagon
A Story by Anthony Hope.

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9 Illustrations.

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A medicinal Chewing Gum, recommended by physicians for indigestion. Sold everywhere - take no substitute.

Ian Maclaren

On the Platform.

SO this is Ian Maclaren, this the man who has moved the world to a beautiful emotion; the wielder of that magic pen which has dropped laughter and tears; the creator of a poor little Scotch glen whose inhabitants have become beloved heart friends to a million people all the wide land over.

We gaze and gaze, with every sense absorbed in vision. We see not the man but the author; we hear not his words but the voices of those Scotch peasants. So near they are, as their creator stands before us, that it would seem a natural thing if they should step from behind the tall platform screens in answer to his voice—Burnbrae, Weelum Maclure, Margaret H. ve, Jamie Soutar and the others. They would need no introduction; we should recognize each one.

What must the concentrated gaze of so vast an audience be to the object of it—strongly compelling, surely. For in such instance it holds not a curiosity only—that indeed is the smallest factor—but a responsive regard. Ian Maclaren has no need to seek the sympathy of his audiences—that is his to the degree of a personal love, at the beginning; and were he ever so dull and dry, yet the people would endure him, and find excuses for him for Drumtochty's sake.

But Ian Maclaren is neither dull nor dry. He is a most genial conversationalist, one whom we instinctively desire to face across the fireside and to whom we would say, "Friend, this is our hour of communion. We pray thee speak to us"; being sure of the humor, the tenderness, the broad generous conceptions of life that would drop from his lips.

Very humorous lips are they; giving the face a whimsical expression, which indeed suggests at times a Dickens' illustration. It is the first suggestion we receive, as the author talks—that of a keen appreciation of humor, and an almost whimsical love of fun. The tender sentiment so apparent in the Drumtochty sketches, and "The Mind of the Master" is discovered rather in the rich modulations of a voice which holds untold reserves of inflection. The humor is revealed as he treats of the subject matter of his lecture; but even as we listen and laugh, we are aware of the power to thrill, and move to high emotions, which lies ever beneath.

Ian Maclaren's voice is English and his ordinary speech has just a touch of the burr. Yet, he can drop into the purest and most delightful Scotch.

One of the little things to note is, that he hardly credits his Canadian audiences with their full measure of understanding, as instanced at Massey Hall, when he frequently translated words from Scotch into English where no such translation was needed. English Canadians have read Drumtochty and listened to Jessie Alexander for nothing; and as for

Scotch Canadians, the language pulsos through them with every heart beat.

Ian Maclaren is a Grossmith of the lecture platform. His humor is as fine and dry, as intellectual, as that in the satirical musical monologues of the English entertainer. It is an amusing fact that his splendid Scotch audiences, true to their national trait, fail occasionally to appreciate his point, and, as the lecturer expresses it, with an enjoyable laugh, "take the joke into their serious consideration."

His nationality betrays itself not alone in the tongue touch, but in the quiet reserve and absence of mannerism upon the platform. Genial he certainly is—and a genial Scotchman (he is generally one tempered to mellowness by a few years of English residence) is rare enough to be a delight, and delightful enough to be rare—but he is neither tragic nor emotional.

The best part of his lecture, to many in his audience to whom he is first and always the author of Drumtochty, is the reading, be it brief or long, from his best known books. And, to his good judgment be it said, that he reads as a gentleman should, simply, naturally, quietly, as one who, picking up a volume, finds in it something worth voicing, and gives it to the friends gathered about him.

The author of Drumtochty impresses those who meet him as one worthy of so high an honor—and could we say more?

—FAITH FENTON.

MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER has a gift possessed by few platform readers, and which must be an invaluable aid in her profession, that of author-dramatist. She is able to take the humorous and pathetic incidents of daily life and resolve them into effective and enjoyable sketches.

Her "London, as seen from an Omnibus," and "Bargain Day," are instances of this.

Had Miss Alexander not chosen the platform she would have been a writer. She is an artist in both professions.

MR. FRANK YEIGH, is to be congratulated on the latest of his series of national picture lectures. "Our Empire" is not only entertaining from both a picturesque and literary standpoint, not only splendidly educative, but it is wholesomely stirring in the broad patriotic sentiment which we, as members of that Empire, should nurture and openly acknowledge.

Mr. Yeigh's lectures should be in demand for all Young People's Associations, whether they be of the church or state.

THE first recital of the season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was given at that institution last Monday evening, October 19th, by the faculty of the Conservatory School of Elocution, and proved an unqualified success. A fashionable audience filled the hall and received with appreciation the presentation of a programme which served in its rendering to display the talent of the performers, who showed a high order of histrionic ability.

The readers and impersonators were, Mr. H. A. Shaw, B.A., Principal of the School; Miss Nelly Berryman, Assistant Principal; Miss Ida Wingfield, Miss Gertrude Trotter and Mr. C. L. Roy Kenney. Miss May Kirkpatrick, pupil of Mr. Edward Fischer, contributed a piano solo, and Miss Maude Lane, Miss Ethel Lazier and Mrs. J. Walker, vocal pupils of Mr. Shaw, contributed selections.

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Ian Maclaren's NEW BOOK:

"Kate Carnegie."

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A Doctor of the Old School, with illustration	2 00
The Mind of the Master	\$1 25
The Upper Room	50

CANADIAN PUBLISHERS:

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY,

140, 142 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

LADIES AS STREET CAR CONDUCTORS.

A new departure in street railway practice was inaugurated recently, when, with the object of raising funds to assist in furnishing the new Y.M.C.A. building, about eighty good looking and fashionable ladies of the city arranged with the street car company to act in the capacity of conductors on a certain day, trusting to their charms to swell the receipts and realize a surplus for the purpose mentioned. On the day preceding the one on which they were to enter upon their duties, the ladies took practice trips over the lines, and made careful mental notes of the manner in which the conductors performed their duties.

It was arranged that the ladies should divide themselves into detachments, each detachment remaining on duty for two hours at a time. Much to everybody's surprise, especially as the morning of the day fixed for the experiment proved to be a wet one, every lady conductor reported for duty at the early hour at which the cars begin running. More than half of the preceding night had been spent in decorating the cars with bunting, and when the rain came, it destroyed the results of all the labor bestowed in this direction. Instead of giving way to discouragement, the ladies soon had the interior of the cars charmingly decorated with cut flowers.

In order that the company might not violate the clause in their agreement with the city which provides that at least two men shall be in charge of each car, the manager writes us that the company's own conductors had charge as on other days, the ladies merely collecting fares with the fare box and issuing transfer tickets. One young woman, however, is credited with having done all the work in conducting her car during several shifts. She collected fares, stopped and started the car to take on and let off passengers, registered the fares, made change and issued transfers, and also ran ahead of the car at the railway crossings.

The ladies are said to have refused to recognize passes, no matter by whom presented, and certain of the city officials who are accustomed to free transportation were told that they must either put up the amount of their fare in good coin of the realm or get off and walk. Having become unaccustomed to walking, they had recourse to the other alternative.

The ladies were in each instance accompanied by a chaperon. They wore as a uniform, bicycle skirt, blouse waist, sailor hat and badge. It is reported that some gentlemen, captivated by fair social favorites, got on certain cars at seven p.m. and remained there until eleven, willingly paying fresh fares every trip.

Among the many amusing incidents of the day, a local paper records the following: "One of the officials of the road saw a very funny thing on the Springbank line just before three o'clock in the afternoon. The conductor on the car in question (which was returning to the city) did not have a chaperon or any passengers on board, and the young woman was on the front platform taking instructions from the motorman. Seeing another car coming, and thinking that some of the officials might be aboard, the motorman tried to get the young woman to leave the controller, and the switch. This she would not do, and the motorman found to his surprise that she was on duty at all events, put his both arms about the girl and also held the mechanism governing the current. Passengers on the passing car caught a glimpse of the queer sight as the up car passed, the girl smiling saucily, and the motorman looking abashed at having to hold in his arms a bundle of charms in broad day light."

The London street railway is always in advance with new ideas; and the enter-

prising manager, Mr. O. E. A. Carr asserts that in this instance, notwithstanding unfavorable weather, the venture was very satisfactory, both to the Company and the Y.M.C.A. funds.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY.

The Reverend Principal Grant has written an interesting introduction to this new book of historic record—I had almost written historic romance, so entertainingly it reads—in which he says many good prefatory things. He speaks of John Galt as "too big a man for his masters."

"Perhaps the chief trouble with Galt, and the mainspring of their distrust, was that which constituted his happiness all through life. Man can have only one paradise on earth, but Galt aimed at having half a dozen simultaneously. He had so many irons in the fire that men doubted whether he could attend properly to the one in which they were interested. Besides, the average practical man is apt at all times to be sceptical of the business capacity of a novelist. Galt was poet, biographer, historian, critic, essayist, politician, as well as novelist."

Further on, in this brilliant introduction, the voice of the Principal is heard again in the national bugle call peculiarly his own.

"To-day, we could afford to pay a good price for a John Galt to lead and guide the colonization of our North West, but whether we would engage him if he were to do had is another question. The salary demanded might be obstacle enough. A railway willingly pays fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year for a first-class managing director. The Dominion, which spends millions annually on public works, grudges one-tenth of the sum to a responsible head, and ends by having no one responsible. A proposal to pay a competent head his market salary would destroy any Government. A High Commissioner in London is considered dear at \$10,000, and a Governor-General ruinous at \$50,000, though the one or the other is in a position to save or destroy not only millions but the honor of the country. What of that! Scores of politicians are ready at a moment's notice to undertake the job for half the money."

This clever record from the pens of the Misses Lizars has grown apace, so that the original three hundred pages has increased to over five hundred pages, and say the authors brightly, "It might have easily consisted of a thousand, so many and entertaining are the records."

With every page we turn, our interest in it increases, and our smiles also; for this volume of early Upper Canada records are merry with the sport and eccentricity of pioneer days, as well as with the strength of life lived close to nature.

The book is just ready to appear from the William Briggs Publishing Co. press, and will make a valuable and entertaining gift to Canadians everywhere.

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DISSOLVENE is a pure fluid endorsed by prominent physicians. It is absolutely effective, removing all trace of hair on the first application. It penetrates to the papilla and destroys the hair cell.

TO APPLY, simply soap on with a piece of cotton, leaving from three to five minutes, then wipe off and the hair will have disappeared. No knife, no cold cream, no scars or red marks, no danger, no horrible electric needle.

\$500 will be paid for any trace of acid, caustic or other poisonous substance injurious to the skin, found in this preparation. Our Circulars fully explain this wonderful discovery, and we will mail them free for the asking. Parties desiring agencies, write for terms. PRICE, TWO DOLLARS PER BOTTLE, alike to all. We will mail a small sample sufficient for trial for 25 cents. GET THE BEST.

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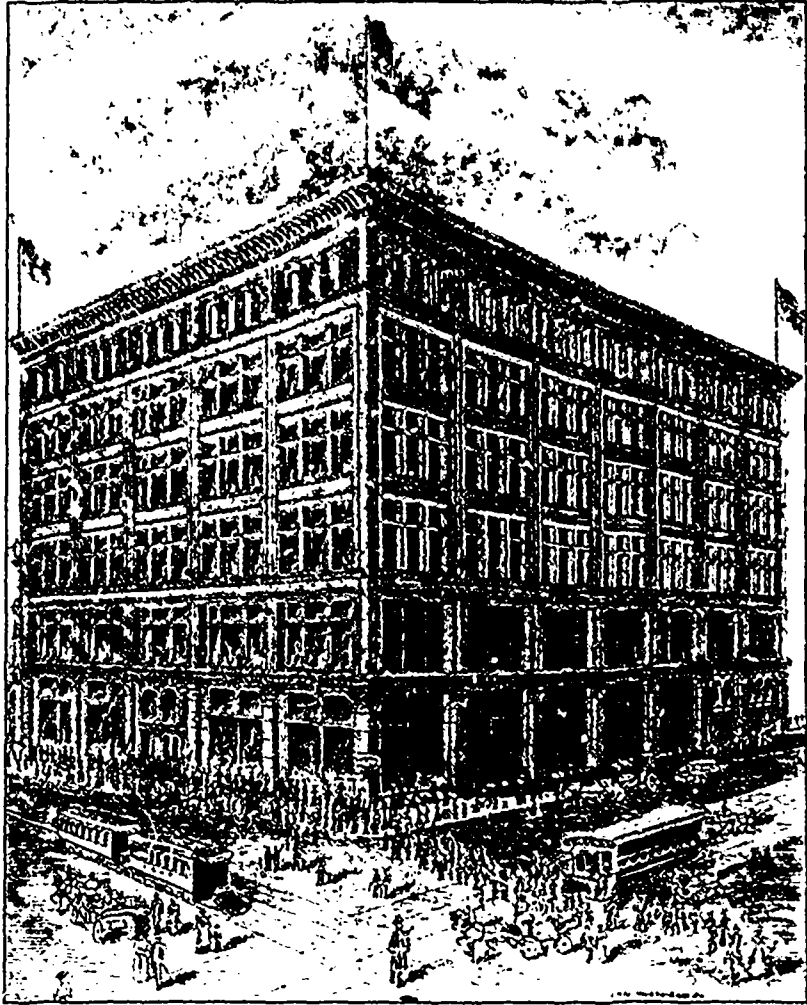
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Its service in the mailing department could hardly be more perfect, which means that any goods ordered by mail, will be found just as represented, orders filled exactly as given; care and promptness exercised in shipment.

You can learn about shopping by mail if you send name and address, when you will receive a copy of the Canadian Shopper's Handbook, 192 pages, beautifully illustrated.

❁ Fall Millinery ❁

We set the pace for fashion in headgear. Those who know what is newest should keep in closest touch with us. Visit the store whenever it is convenient, and when this cannot be done, never hesitate to write, and we will meet your wants in the matter of Millinery, as in everything else. The newest goods are all here.

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It is not necessary to say that the best and choicest in dress goods are to be found here—this has been the record of the Simpson store for a quarter of a century; nothing to equal its stocks in value, magnificence and variety. It is a simple fact that you save from 25 to 35 per cent on prices here.

- 8 lines Silk and Wool Fancies a special—at 65c.
- 6 lines French Fancies, in all-wool and silk and wool—a special—at..... 50c.
- 4 lines Beautiful Boucle Cloth, all the leading colors and new designs—a special—at 75c.
- 5 lines Scotch, English and German Tweeds, including snowflake, knicker and boucle, knicker stripes, shot effects, etc.—a special—at..... 50c.
- 46 in. Silk-finished Henrietta, over 60 shades, low price at 75c.—a special—at 50c.
- 8 lines Fancy Dress Goods, worth from 75c. to 85c.—a special—at..... 65c.
- 46 in. Silk-finished Henrietta, black, worth 70c., for..... 50c.
- Irish Frieze, some remarkable specials, at from..... 60c. to \$1.00

NEWEST IN SILKS.

Evening silks are suggestive of pleasant evenings that the season is fast bringing to us. Known as the leading silk store of Toronto, evening silks find a first place with us. The items that follow will interest because of the attractive character of the goods and the unusually low prices which we are able to quote at the outset of the season:

- 23 in. handsome White and Cream Broche, in the latest designs, at... \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00
- 21 in. Broches, 15 colorings, all silk, latest patterns, worth 75c., for..... 50c.
- 21 in. Duchesse Satins, in white, cream, and all leading evening shades, special at 50c.
- 22 in. Dresden Silks, for evening wear, very fine, all silk, reg \$1.00, for..... 50c.
- Fully 10,000 yds. India Silks, fine assortment of colors prices run from..... 25, 35, 50, 65, 75, 85c.
- 23 in. All-silk Duchesse, extra weight, a reg. \$2.00 grade, for..... 1.50
- Choice effects in Fancy striped, figured and Plain Taffetas..... 65c, 75c, 85c, 1.00
- 22 in. Pompadour Duchesse, beautiful flowered effects, special at..... 75c

NEWEST IN MANTLES.

Case upon case of new season coats, jackets and capes have gone into stock within the present month, making the display in the Mantle rooms not to be compared with the showing anywhere else. We have bought heavily in anticipation of what we believe will be the busiest Fall season in the history of this store. You could not make a mistake in selecting from any of the prices that follow:

- Ladies' self color Cheviot Cloth Jackets, brown, blue, black, double breasted, close neck, 4 buttons, velvet collar, reg. \$10.50, for..... \$7.75
- Ladies' Cheviot Cloth, black, brown, blue, fawn, double breasted, fancy lapel plate collar, reg. \$9.75, for..... 6.50
- Ladies' Black Cheviot Cloth, tight fitting, double breasted and lapels..... 8.00
- Ladies' fawn, grey or brown, fancy motled reversible cloth Golf Capes, with pleated back, reg. \$5.75, for..... 4.00
- Ladies' Fancy Plaid Cheviot Cloth Capes, reversible, with brown or green hood, reg. \$11.20, for..... 8.00
- Ladies' Brown Mixture Reversible Tweed Cloth Golf Capes, pleated back, tab, reg. \$5.50, for..... 3.75

We're a great Dry Goods Store—leading all others—yet every other want of the home is met. This is Canada's Great Modern Departmental Store, and you are not likely to write us for anything we cannot send you.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO.

S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN STS.
170, 172, 174, 176, 178 YONGE ST. 1 and 3 QUEEN ST. W.

(LIMITED)

TORONTO, ONT.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO., LTD.

.....3 King Street East.....

The Leading Silversmiths of Canada

The choicest of gifts are found in our stock. Everything is purchased with a view to obtaining goods that are not common and whatever the articles may be they will always be found reliable.

STERLING SILVERWARE for the dining table, for the toilet table, the writing table and personal adornment
BRONZES, the choicest French art can produce.

CLOCKS. French Porcelain, Onyx, Marble and Carriage Clocks.

LAMPS, the New Rochester's newest patterns.

CHAFING DISHES and KETTLES, with the celebrated Sternau lamp which requires no wick. * These dishes have solved the problem of luxurious living at a nominal cost. All who appreciate fine culinary effects will find our Chafing Dish a necessity

TEA-KETTLE RECIPES

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

Select three-quarters of a pound of good chocolate, break it into small pieces and dissolve by pouring upon it half a pint of boiling water. Stir well with a wooden spoon, and when the chocolate is thoroughly dissolved pour over it from the kettle one quart of boiling water. Use, if desired, a quart of milk instead of water. Let it cook well for ten minutes, sweeten to taste and then serve.

HOT MILK PUNCH.

A table-spoonful of pulverized sugar, one and a half wine-glass of spirits, fill the tumbler with hot milk, stirring slowly with spoon. Sometimes the ingredients are well shaken, and nutmeg sprinkled upon the surface. This drink is very nourishing and popular for convalescents.

GRAPE LEMONADE.

Take the juice of four large lemons, one pound of freshly crushed sweet grapes, and a cup of sugar. Pour over the mixture a pint and a half of boiling water, and let stand until cool. Strain and serve with cracked ice.

RASPBERRY LEMONADE.

To half a cupful of raspberry syrup add the juice of one lemon and two oranges. Pour on a pint of boiling water, let cool and serve.

ITALIAN LEMONADE.

Parse dozen lemons, press out juice in the peel, let it stand through night, add one pound loaf sugar, pint of sherry, 1 1/2 quart boiling water, whip these well, add pint of boiling milk and strain.



"Come let us quaff the cup."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—WORDSWORTH.

THOSE TEA-KETTLES ARE THE REALIZATION OF A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

OUR EBONY BRUSHES are imported direct from France and are stamped with our name as a guarantee of quality. Many houses rise and fall, but sixty years of steady business has proved our worth, whether you order by mail or by personal selection we guarantee everything we sell and if you order by mail and on arrival the goods are not fully up to your expectations we cheerfully refund your money.

TEA-KETTLE RECIPES

THE HIGH ART TEA.

They sip their tea. 'Tis black,
Real Russian Caravan, with just a
squeeze
Of lemon. All real Russian teas
Are served up thus, and do not lack
A dash of rum; while, as for cream—
"They'd laugh at you in Russia,"
says the host,
An Artist—(his atelier's a dream,
With raw silk drapery hung with
much *clat*.)
He never paints, 'tis true, but that's
a part
That only stands for what's *mechan-*
ical in Art.
Real Art is tea that comes in small
bricks from Herat,
And pretty girls—to worship as
their Tsar
The Studio-tea Artist with his
Samovar!
Roy L. McCardell, in Puck.

CLOVER TEA.

Take a handful of dried heads of sweet clover, crush them into fragments and pour on boiling water. Let stand for a few moments and the tea is ready to serve, sweetened or not, as desired. The clover heads may be secured at any drug store. This is a very soothing drink for persons suffering from digestive troubles.

VANILLA PUNCH.

Beat up one egg with two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Add four table-spoonfuls of milk and a dozen drops of vanilla extract. Fill up the cup with boiling water, stir thoroughly and serve.

BOUILLON.

One teaspoonful of beef extract dissolved in a cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful of port wine. Salt and pepper to taste.