

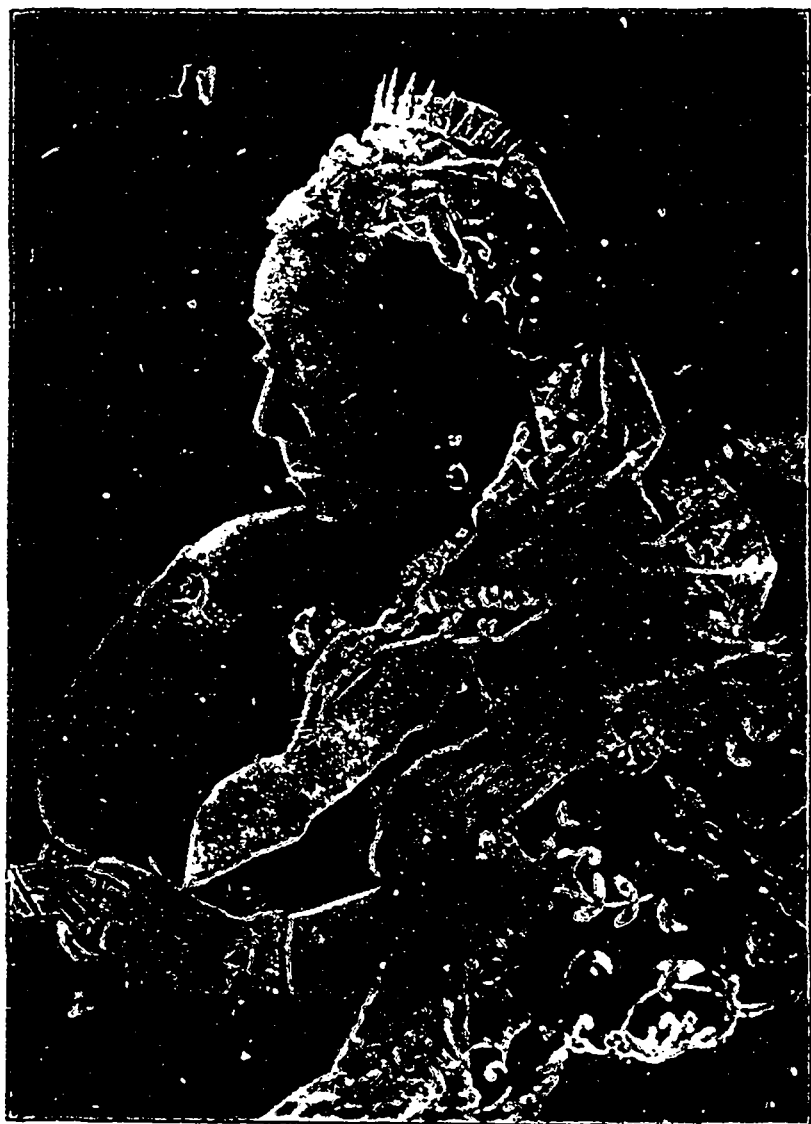
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Canadian Paper for Canadian Homes.

VOL. VII. NO. 11.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

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QUEEN VICTORIA

Born	-	-	-	-	-	May 24th, 1819
Commenced to Reign	-	-	-	-	-	June 20th, 1837
Crowned	-	-	-	-	-	June 28th, 1838
Married	-	-	-	-	-	February 10th, 1840
Widowed	-	-	-	-	-	December 14th, 1861
Died	-	-	-	-	-	January 22nd, 1901
Buried	-	-	-	-	-	February 2nd, 1901

A WOMAN'S TRIBUTE.

Colossal woman of an epoch past,
Your long eventful pilgrimage is done;
Yet shall the influence of your goodness last
When later centuries their course have run.

Imperial, not imperious, was your sway
More than an Empress, greater than a Queen,
The watchful world beheld in you alway
A virtuous woman of benignant mien.

Peace was your purpose, progress was your aim,
Fair Justice was your large soul's honored guest,
When War, relentless and relentless, came,
The tender heart broke in your woman's breast.

No implous lust for power deiled your mind,
Concerned with but the ultimate good of earth,
Because you lived, shall unborn rulers find
A nobler meaning in imperial birth.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



TENNYSON'S TRIBUTE.

Take, madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long.

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day;
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure: her life serene;
God gave her peace: her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who know the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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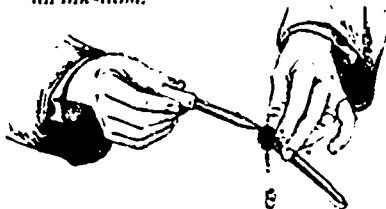
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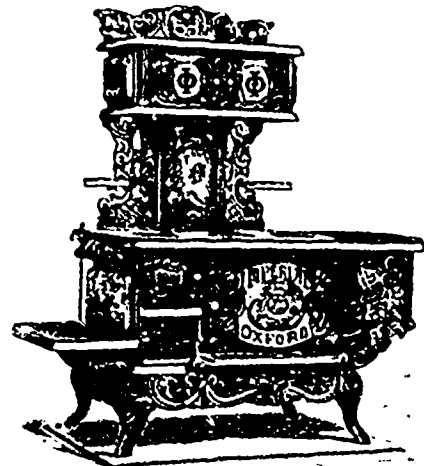
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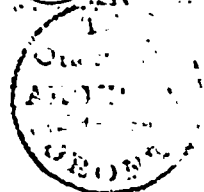
TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, CAN., FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 11.



Crowning an English King

Detailed Description of the Splendid Rites in Westminster Abbey.

Some Quaint Ceremonials of Ancient Origin The King Receives. Among Other Things, a Pair of Pine Gloves; and the Royal Sword is Redeemed by the Premier for One Hundred Shillings—A Gold Ingot Weighing a Pound and a Purse of Gold are "Properties" in the Royal Drama Personnel of the Dignitaries Taking Part in the Ceremony—The Master of Ceremonies Must Go Back Sixty-Four Years for the Latest Precedent.

Special for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By RICHARD ASHE.

sovereign proceeds thus in state, he is accompanied by the princes and princesses of the blood royal and attended by the high officers of state, household and military, and crack military organizations, the line being headed by the High Constable of Westminster, and including all the chief representatives of foreign powers, both resident and extraordinary. Among the organizations having a place in the line are the Life Guards, the Royal Bargemaster and his forty-eight Royal Watermen clad in their quaint ancient dress, boldly embroidered with the royal cipher, a detachment from the Royal Huntsmen in their leaf green livery, the Marshalmen led by the Knight Marshal, the Yeomen of the Guard as escorts to the state coach conveying



"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," there is certainly vouchsafed to us one scene, one stage-setting wherein stage-craft and splendor reach a

pinnacle of achievement—a coronation. And now the drama of the world is moving on to the time when it shall be right and proper for the stage-manager to call for the setting and the cast to play the coronation of Albert Edward as King of England, which will be probably the most magnificent ceremonial in modern history.

Precedents must go back sixty-four years to the June day when Victoria ascended to the throne of England, but when Edward VII. shall be crowned King there will be no chance of mishap or error, or deviation from the proper conduct of the function. For all the details of the scene are matters of ancient and absolute record. Each player has his own place, each his own part; some a few lines, some others only "business," as the stage knows it. It is a one-star play, with one actor who takes the centre of the stage by right and pride of birth, and all the others there in support.

The ceremony to be performed when King Edward is crowned, will differ from that by which Victoria was made Queen only in the substitution of the word "king" for that of "queen." Whether there is to be a coronation banquet is not yet known. There has been no such banquet since the reign of George IV. This is the only feature, and withal an important one, in which the last two coronations, that Great Britain has witnessed, those of William IV. and Victoria, have differed materially from those preceding them. So, aside from the question of the coronation banquet, what follows is an accurate description of the ceremony soon to be performed in Westminster Abbey.

In due course the scene shifts to Westminster Abbey. Before the arrival there of the

sovereign, the peers and peeresses, and those to whom tickets of admission have been issued, are conducted to the places assigned to them in the Abbey. In the Jerusalem Chamber, which adjoins the Deanery, the great officers of state assemble with the archbishop, the bishops and such peers as are appointed to be bearers of the glittering, jewelled regalia of the Crown. A minor ceremony takes place here, which is the delivery of the royal ensigns by the Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household to the Lord High Constable. When the latter has received them with appropriate ceremonies, he places them in the custody of the Lord Great Chamberlain of England. This does not end the travelling of the royal ensigns, for the Lord Great Chamberlain in turn delivers them to the peers designated to bear them in the coming function.

By this time the sovereign has begun his joyously attended passage from the palace to the Abbey. And this is when London sees him in his hour of greatest glory. As the



KING EDWARD VII.

the sovereign and his princess, the Coldstream Guards, the King's Own Rifles, the Horse Guards, and such other detachments of the military as the Empire may have at its disposal for the event.

Upon his arrival at Westminster, the sovereign is received at the entrance by the great officers of state and the noblemen designated as bearers of the royal regalia, and conducted in silence to the robing chamber. When the sovereign has been robed in a surcoat of crimson velvet, with a mantle and hood of the same material trimmed with ermine and bordered with deep gold lace, and the cap of state has been placed upon his head, he advances up the nave into the choir. The choristers immediately begin the anthem. The

The Patina, the Bible and the Chalice, borne by three Bishops.
The Sovereign walking between the Bishops of Durham, Bath and Wells, and having the Gentlemen-at-Arms on each side.
The Lord Chamberlain of the Household.
The Groom of the Robes.
The Master of the Horse.
The Captain-General of the Royal Archers.
The Captains of the Yeomen of the Guard and the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
The Keeper of the Privy Purse.
Officers of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Reaching the end of the choir the procession disbands, as it were, those forming it passing to the places in the Abbey appropriated for them according to their official position or to their rank in the peerage. The sovereign moves to the south side of the throne and passes to a chair of state named the Recognition Chair, where, for a few moments he gives himself up to private devotion upon the foldstool. The prayer ended, the sovereign takes his place in the Recognition Chair, the bishops standing on each side of him, the peers bearing the four ceremonial swords being on the right side. The peer carrying the sword of state has the position next the royal person.

The Lord Great Chamberlain and Lord High Constable, the other state dignitaries and the regalia-bearers stand on the left hand, the bearers nearest the royal seat. On this same side the three bishops, who have the Bible, chalice and patina, take up their places near the pulpit, and behind the royal person stand the Lord Chamberlain of the Household and the Groom of the Robes.

Now the actual ceremonies of the coronation are begun, the first office being the Recognition. At the conclusion of the anthem, which is sung during the procession and the taking of places, the Archbishop of Canterbury standing near

the sovereign says to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal standing respectively in the east, west, north and south sides of the Abbey:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

The sovereign stands while east, west, north and south respond in union. This is the Recognition. The sovereign then resumes his seat. The First Offering is the next part of the ceremony, the King passing immediately to the altar, where he offers to the archbishop an altar cloth of gold, which is laid on the altar. Then the King delivers an ingot of gold weighing one pound, which the archbishop takes and places in the oblation basin, repeating a moment later the prayer beginning, "O God, who dwellest in the high

and holy place." At its conclusion the King returns to the chair of state, and the peers who bore the regalia place them on the altar. Two bishops then read the litany, and the archbishop, assisted by a bishop, holds the communion service.

A short sermon by the Archbishop of York or the Bishop of London is then preached, and after it the oath is administered to the King. This is in the form of a question by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the course of it the King swears to govern his realm according to the laws "to uphold the Protestant Reformed religion" and to preserve the "rights, possessions and privileges of the clergy." A copy of this oath engraved on parchment is laid before the King, and to it he applies the royal sign manual. As the parchment leaves the royal hand the choir sings the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," the archbishop reading the first line. The hymn ended, the archbishop reads the prayer, "O Lord, Holy Father, who, by anointing with oil," etc., which is succeeded by the anthem, "Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet." With the commencement of the anthem the King proceeds to the altar, and there is disrobed and seated in St. Edward's chair, while four Knights of the Garter held above his head a richly embroidered canopy. When the King rises, the archbishop anoints the royal head and hands in the form of a cross, with consecrated oil.

The spurs of gold are presented to the King and the royal sword, having been laid prayerfully upon the altar, is placed in his hand with the words, "Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God." Here a quaint and ancient ceremony is performed. The King offers the sword upon the altar, and it is at once redeemed by the Prime Minister for one hundred shillings. As soon as he receives it, the Prime Minister draws the



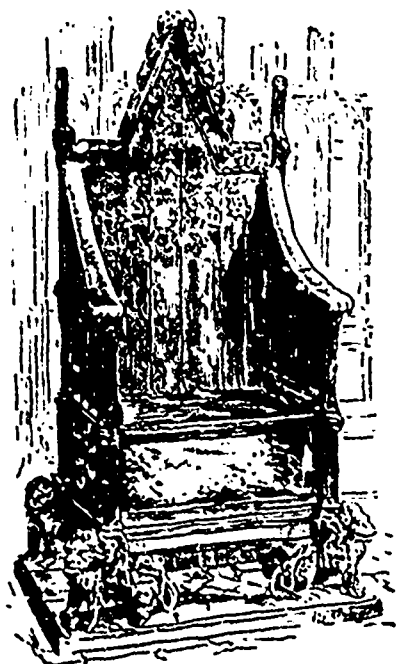
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



WESTMINSTER, WHERE THE CORONATION WAS HELD.

procession into the choir is formed in this order:

- The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.
- Officers of Arms.
- Controller and Treasurer of the Household.
- The Vice-Chamberlain and the Lord-Steward of the Household; the former attended by an officer who bears the ruby ring and sword for the offering.
- The Lord Privy Seal and the Lord President.
- The Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
- The Archbishop of Armagh.
- The Archbishop of York.
- The Lord High Chancellor.
- The Archbishop of Canterbury.
- The Princess of the Blood Royal.
- Portions of the Regalia borne by peers.
- The Usher of the Black Rod and the Deputy Garter.
- The Lord Great Chamberlain of England.
- The Princesses of the Blood Royal.
- The High Constables of Ireland and Scotland.
- The Sword of State borne by the Premier, between the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable of England.
- Other portions of the Regalia with the Lord High Steward bearing St. Edward's crown.



CORONATION CHAIR.

sword from its jewelled scabbard and bears it naked during the remainder of the coronation ceremonies.

The Dean of Westminster and the Lord Great Chamberlain then place about the King the imperial mantle or dalmatic robe of cloth of gold. Then the archbishop delivers the orb, the ruby ring is next put on and, another custom from out of the past, the Lord of the Manor of Worksop, presents His Majesty with a pair of rich gloves.

Although the sovereign is already heavily burdened, the two sceptres—the sceptre royal, or sceptre with the cross and the virge, and the sceptre with the dove—are successively placed in his hands. One represents "Kingly power and justice," the other "equity and mercy."

The actual crowning follows. The crown, which is usually formed according to the sovereign's taste in the matter, is consecrated by the archbishop who, assisted by the other bishops, places it on the royal head. This is a signal for all the peers and peeresses to put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and the kings of arms their crowns. Simultaneously the royal salute is fired and there is a loud blast of trumpets. And this is when waiting London learns that the King is crowned.

Next comes the presentation of the Bible, the pronouncing of the benediction by the archbishop, and the singing of the *Te Deum*, during which the King passes to the Recognition Chair. By the assistance of the archbishop and his bishops the monarch is placed on the Royal Throne and the exhortation, "Stand firm and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal dignity" is pronounced. The formula of the homage, another relic of the past, is repeated by the archbishop, then by the other lords spiritual, the royal dukes, and then the senior of each rank in the peerage for his own degree: each peer repeating after his premier, and successively touching the royal crown and kissing the sovereign's hand. The Treasurer of the Household at this juncture distributes the medals struck to commemorate the occasion.

The administration of the Holy Sacrament and the benediction conclude the ceremony, which takes several hours.

For a short time after this the King passes from view, being conducted to King Edward's chapel, where he exchanges the robe of state for the royal robe of purple velvet, which is trimmed with ermine and gold lace. The orb

and sceptre royal are then placed in the King's hands.

During the robing the heralds and officers of arms have reassembled the great personages in procession, and when the monarch has received his sceptre he is conducted out of the Abbey, and he returns to the palace in the same great state as in the triumphal progress to the Abbey.

Queen Victoria as a Child.

THERE are varied accounts as to how Queen Victoria first learned as a child of her probable accession to the throne, but all agree that it was not until she was twelve years old, that is, until the reign of William IV. began, that the fact became known to her. By that time her prospects were pretty well assured, unless an heir were born to the King and Queen Adelaide, who were married in 1818, and whose

he had set her to make a chart of the kings and queens, and that on her stopping at William IV., he said to her: "You have not put down the next heir," to which she replied: "I hardly like to put down myself."

A Coronation Incident.

THE day of the coronation, June 29th, 1838, was fine, without heat or rain. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the Peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoiled by being too crowded. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them, and, consequently, there was a continual difficulty, and the Queen never knew what to do next. She said to John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster:

"Pray tell me what to do, for they don't know," and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?"

"Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand."

"Am I?" she said, "it is very heavy."

When the ruby ring was to be put on, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. Lord Rollie, who was between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage, she said: "May I not get up and meet him?"

And then she rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.

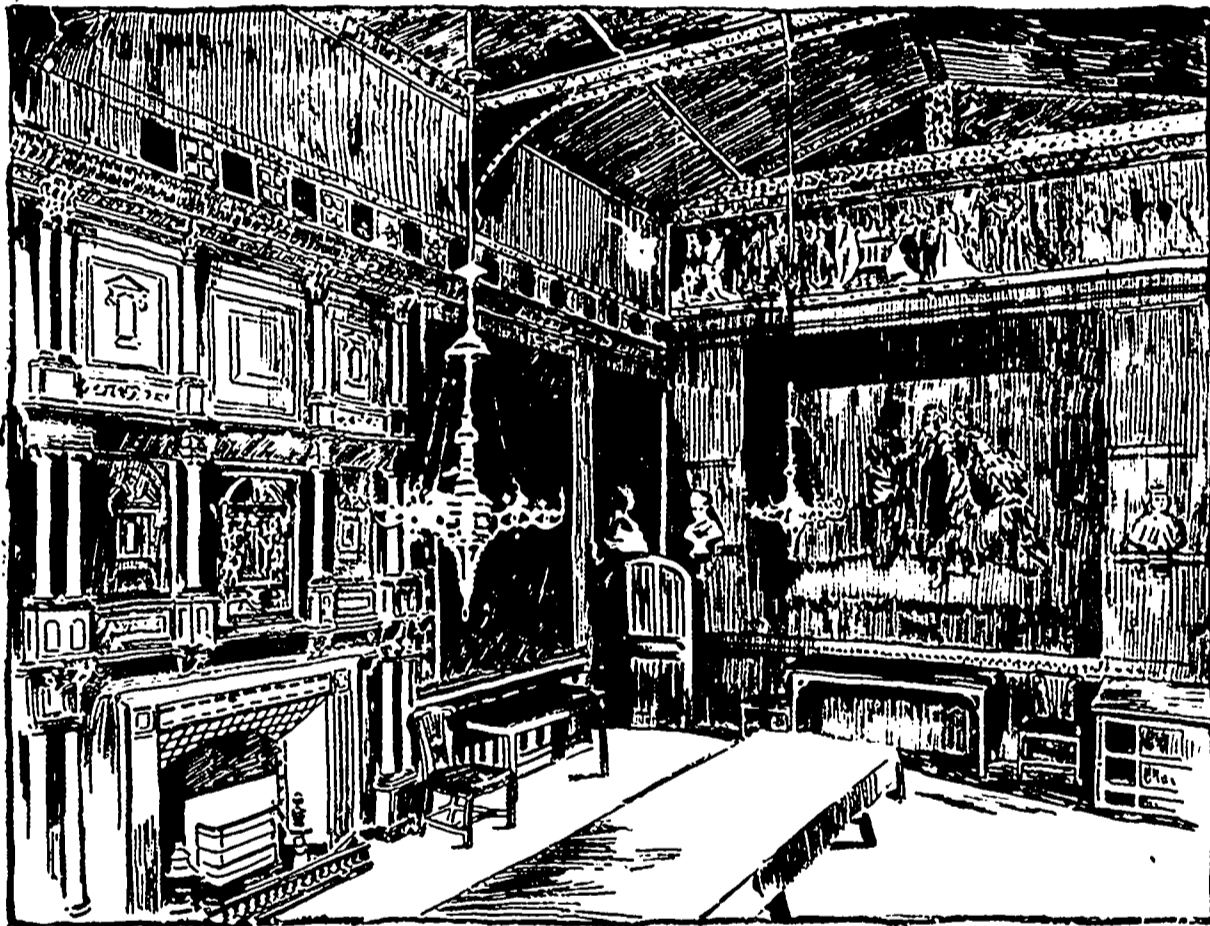
What Your Striving Does For Others.

If all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart, and brain!

But ever, in the wake of true achieving,
There shines this glowing trail:
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory nor the sorrow,
If thou dost miss the goal;
Undreamed-of lives, in many a far to-morrow,
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow
On, on, ambitious soul!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

two children, born in 1819 and 1820, had died, the first at birth and the second in three months.

It was current gossip at the time that Prince George of Cumberland, her cousin, and of her own age, described to her one day the unpleasant prospect before her of having to be a queen, enlarging on the discomforts of the position and throwing out dark hints of the untimely end of Mary, Queen of Scots. Another version is that the Princess Victoria was first told of the high position awaiting her by her mother. The Princess' governess, Baroness Lehzen, and her tutor, Rev. George Davys, both claim to have first informed her of her place in the succession. The Baroness, at the age of 84, in a letter to the Queen, recalls her story of how the genealogical tree was placed before the young Princess, who, in her astonishment at finding a new page in her book, said: "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." The Queen's tutor's story is that

Our Queen.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! Yes, from each loyal heart
Throughout the vast expanse of thy broad realm,
On which the sun ne'er sets, goes up the prayer
That God would save and bless our noble Queen.
'Tis not alone the might of the land,
Mighty in power, and wealth, and influence,
And noble lineage, and proud descent,
Who bask in royal smiles and circle round
Thy throne august, as planet round the sun,
From whose great heart goes up the earnest prayer;
But from the lowly ranks of daily toil
In all the lines of labor multiform,
Where mind, or muscle, or the two combined
In earnest effort wring the sweat-drops out;
From *these*, tho' stars of lesser magnitude,
(From social standpoint viewed) but heart as large
And sensibilities as keen as *those*,
Goes up to heaven the self-same ardent prayer.
How is it that throughout the wide domain
Of Great and Greater Britain, and the isles,
And kingdoms, states, and continents, whose fame
Of Britain's Queen has reached, she is revered,
And held by all the good in odor sweet?
It is as when you circling sun pursues
His annual journey through the zodiac,
And entering Aries, earthward turns and smiles;
And gentle spring through every nook and glen,
And sunny hill-side, and high mountain-top
Feels the glad thrill of joy that smile imparts;
And soon sweet incense rising through the air
Ascends in glad response to that sweet smile;
But not alone from roses many-hued,
And stately lilies, and carnations sweet,
And gorgeous floral gems of richest shade
And rarest perfume, born of crystal dew;
But from each lowly tenant of the vale
The meek-eyed daisy, primrose, violet,
Snow-drop, and daffodil, and buttercup,
And water-lily dancing on the wave.
Not these alone, but glad some vocal sounds
Of joy voiced birds from hedgerow, bush and dell,
And forest grand, and hum of insect life,
And rippling brook, and nature's myriad tongues
In rich glad melody express their joy.
And why this universal homage given
To our good Queen, by figure thus portrayed?
The secret lies in that deep love of hers
For all that's good, and pure, and lovable;
And not for these alone, but for the weak,
The suffering, the distressed, the sorrow stricken.
Her human heart, and human sympathy,
Touched by a spark from off the heavenly altar,
Glow forth in words and deeds of truest love,
Not to her people only, but *the race*.
Go back, and see her in her maidenhood,
'Ere regal crown adorned her queenly brow,
Gentle, and pure, and loving, she adorned
With graceful dignity her quiet sphere,
And doing all a daughter's duties well.
And what as wife, and mother? witness ye
Who long had access to the inner temple,
And knew the deep devotion of her heart,
And know it still, how brightly burned the flame
Of pure conjugal love, and holy joy;
And how her heart was riven at the loss
At once of Husband, Counsellor, and Friend,
And later loss of daughter, and of son,
And later still of grandson most beloved,
And other griefs which rent her widowed heart
(In all of which an Empire's tears were shed).
But her heart trusted in the living God,
And, like a bruised reed, or floweret crushed,
Gave sweeter notes and sweeter fragrance, too.
Witness the widows' hearths her feet have trod,
And humble dwellings of the sons of toil,
How she disdains false pride and arrogance:
Her *sympathy* is broad as human kind,
And reaches out to sorry-w everywhere,
To single hearts, or nations in their grief.
As Queen, she well has filled the British throne,
Guiding with wisdom the affairs of State,
(Aided by counsels of the wise and good),
And adding lustre to her lengthened reign,
A reign begun with prayer for help divine;
A reign which evil men essayed to end,
But were with Royal clemency forgiven.
'What is the secret of your nation's greatness?'
Was asked of Britain's Queen by foreign Prince,
Through his ambassador. In quick response
She sent a copy of the *Book of Books*,
As fitting answer to the enquiry.

Now she has laid her earthly crown aside
To wear the crown immortal, and we mourn—
For her vast Empire loved her to the end.

And the wide world pays reverence to her worth,
And still will love her memory ages hence.
May her successor show his right to reign
By righteous rule:—so may "God Save the King"
Find joyous utterance from all hearts and lips
Throughout the British Empire—and the world.
We mourn departed worth:—*Long live the King!*
ROSS JOHNSTON.

WHITBY, ONT.

Three Queen Stories.

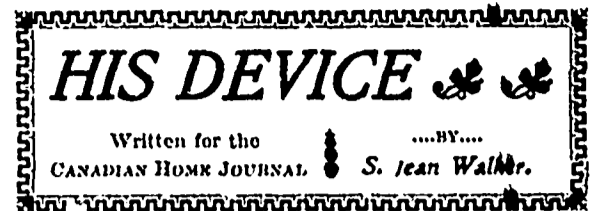
CROWNED QUEEN AFTER DEATH.—Inez, the dead wife of Pedro the Just, of Portugal, was seated upon a gorgeous throne, attired in royal robes, and crowned Queen of Portugal before an awed court summoned to witness the weird ceremony. Inez de Castro incurred the enmity of the old king of Portugal by a clandestine marriage with Don Pedro, the king's son. Her father-in-law brought about her assassination, but after Pedro succeeded to the throne, and to forestall Philip II. of Spain, who sought to prove Inez's marriage and issue illegal, and thus establish a claim to the throne of Portugal, the Portuguese ruler caused his dead consort's posthumous coronation.

A QUEEN WHO MARRIED HER BROTHERS.—At seventeen years of age, Cleopatra was married to her half-brother, Ptolemy Dionysus, who was then thirteen. This was because of the will of his father, who left him the throne on condition of the marriage with his sister. They reigned jointly, under the guardianship of the Romans, until Cleopatra became dissatisfied with her brother's attempt to gain sole power. She plotted against him, and obtaining the aid of Julius Cæsar, she brought about Ptolemy's death. Thereupon she married another brother, a boy of eleven, whom she later poisoned, assuming sole power 43 B.C. With her death (30 B.C.) ended the dynasty of Ptolemy in Egypt.

THE QUEEN WHO DRANK FROM HER FATHER'S SKULL.—The King of Lombardy, Albrino, after killing the German king, Cunimund, coerced the murdered king's daughter, Rosamond, to become his wife, and even went so far as to have her father's skull fashioned into a cup, from which poor Rosamond was forced to drink wine. The girl dissembled her feelings, but, waiting her opportunity, obtained the aid of two officers for her revenge. She admitted them to the king's apartment, where they assassinated him as he lay asleep in his bed, Rosamond afterward fleeing with one of the assassins to Ravenna.

The Cause of Sighing.

PROF. LUMSDEN says that sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expression following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. The remedy is to cease worrying. One may be anxious, but there is no rational reason for worrying. A little philosophy will banish worry at once. Worry will do no good; it will rob one of pleasures when blessings do come, as one will not be in a condition to enjoy them.—*Popular Science Monthly*.



He stood on a wooded hill, looking moodily across the river to where the McDonald farmhouse stood gleaming white among the trees.

In the adjoining field his plow rested in the unfinished furrow near a spreading maple, under whose welcome shade the horses rested and waited.

A peaceful, brooding calm was over all, and the stillness was broken only by the wild bird's melody, the monotonous hum of myriad bees, and the gentle murmur of the river; but nature in her early autumn beauty had no devotee that day in the sun-browned, stalwart man who stood there gazing across the river, unmindful of the picturesque scenery that stretched away like a vision of beauty before him.

In a moment his dark eyes brightened and the tense lines around his mouth broke into a smile as he stepped back quickly and stood in the friendly shadow of a fallen tree, still eagerly watching a young woman who had come out of the McDonald farmhouse, and hurried down the green slope to the river.

She had a book in her hand, but evidently did not purpose to read it on that side of the water, for she hastened to where a small boat was gently swaying on the current; then, freeing it from its fastenings, she took her book, and, stepping lightly into the boat, was soon rowing down and across the stream.

Creeping cautiously down the hillside, he covertly watched where she landed, and smiled meaningly when he saw her spring to the bank a few rods farther down, secure her boat from the pranks of the current, take her book, and go up the hillside into the woods.

The horses must have wondered what detained their young master that sultry September afternoon.

When he returned, he spoke softly, patted their necks with tender caress, unhitched them from the plow, and turned their heads homeward.

His mother, sewing by the window, was surprised when she saw him lead his horses to the watering-trough.

When he entered the kitchen, she asked anxiously, after waiting a moment hoping he might give her voluntarily the information she desired:

"Is anything wrong, Jack?"

"No, mother," he answered pleasantly, while a flush glowed on his sun-browned cheeks; "I am going down the road a piece to-night and so stopped early. I would like my supper before I go."

She vouchsafed no reply, for her heart was sore with a mother's jealousy and disappointment, while she said bitterly to herself: "He's after that city girl at McDonald's, when there are half a dozen good farmers' daughters who would jump at the chance of getting him; but he has taken the bit in his teeth, so I suppose we'll have to let him go. It is too bad when his father's heart is set on his marrying Miranda Adams, who'll have a hundred acres of land when her father dies."

She sighed heavily, and it was no wonder,

according to her way of thinking; for, only a few days before, when she had visited Mrs. Adams, Miranda had shown her six patchwork quilts and forty yards of feather-striped rag carpet that she had made herself. And as for butter-making, no one in the neighborhood could beat Miranda, while her pies, pickles and jellies were delicious. So the mother sighed heavily when she saw him drive down the lane, dressed in his best, going to meet that "city girl," who, when her vacation was over, would laugh at her country lover.

The son did not see things with his mother's worldly wisdom, for, when love becomes practical, romance ends.

He loved Jennie Cameron for the joy and gladness that radiated from her; for her goodness and womanly winsomeness.

He loved her and felt that she knew he did, yet, scheme as he might, he had never yet succeeded in telling her so. If he made the faintest approach towards the subject, she most deftly turned the conversation, or in some way mischievously outwitted him.

She was not to be easily won, but this only increased his determination to win her.

He had some determined purpose in view as he drove down the road until he came to the woods, where he stopped and tied his horse to a tree at the bottom of the hill, while he walked to the top, sat down by the road-side, watched and waited. His patience was at length rewarded, and a pleasant smile illumined his honest, manly face when he saw a young woman emerge quickly from the woods and hurry down the dusty highway. In a moment he was driving towards that figure that was like a gleam of white in the dusky shadows of twilight.

"Good evening, Miss Cameron," he said, quietly, stopping his horse as he came up to her.

She looked up with a smile, yet he was sure there were traces of tears on her face, and he mentally called himself a brute.

"Where in the world are you going?" he asked, with apparent, good-natured carelessness, as he sprang from his buggy and stood before her.

"I am going to uncle's." He noted a tremor in her voice when she spoke. "I rowed over this afternoon and went into the woods to read. I was so interested in the book that I took no note of time; but, when I went to return home, I found the current had taken the boat down stream. It seems strange, too, for I was sure I fastened it. I was so confused I lost my way in the woods, and have tramped twice as far as I should have done. If the new bridge were only finished, I should not have cared, but I was dismayed at the thought of walking three miles around by the old one."

"Oh, well, you'll not have to walk now; I'll drive you home."

He spoke in a careless, matter-of-fact way, and she thought, as they drove along scarcely exchanging a word, that he seemed strangely ungracious. She did not dream that his silence was due to the fact that he was mustering up his courage for what he had to say.

The silence at length became embarrassing, and she glanced furtively at his tense, stern face, and was at a loss how to break the restraint that she now intuitively felt was too pregnant with meaning to be broken by any trite remark.

At last he turned and met her glance, then spoke in a determined, deliberate way, as one who has a fixed purpose and will not be deterred from carrying it out.

"Jennie, I have something to say to you—something that you have kept me from saying—but to-night you shall listen. You have laughed at me long enough, but it was your woman's right, I suppose; but now I claim my right to speak. You cannot leave me, as you did a week ago, when you jumped into the boat and rowed away, leaving me sitting on the bank. I had a three-mile walk that night, while you had a good laugh at my expense, I suppose; but a man in love is long-suffering, and it's my opportunity to-night."

This was no timid, humble lover, but a man who was master of himself, and who, in his strong, true manhood, was not to be trifled with.

Her respect for him increased as her power over him seemed to diminish, yet she concealed her feelings by saying: "You are cruel to me to-night. You—you will make me hate you."

"You have forced me to what I am doing, and now you shall listen to what I have wanted to tell you for weeks. I don't think you hate me, Jennie, for I love you, and you know it. Will you be my wife? Decide before we reach your uncle's, for I shall never ask you again. It must be 'yes' or 'no' this time."

He touched his horse smartly with the whip, and away it went flying down the road. Soon a mile was covered, then a half mile. She looked at him, but there was no sign of wavering in his face. She touched his arm and said timidly, "Drive slower, Jack, I cannot think."

The horse was promptly brought to a walk, yet he did not speak. Then they turned and drove slowly and silently up the long avenue of maples that led to her uncle's.

In the dark shadows where the branches formed a canopy above them, she touched his arm again, and this time whispered with penitential sweetness, "I'm glad the boat was gone, Jack."

The trees are ever staunch friends to lovers, and never whisper the secrets entrusted to them, but surely they must have rustled their leaves with amusement when they heard Jack whisper, with a voice from which all sternness had vanished, while he held her close: "Forgive me, Jennie, for I sent the boat adrift myself."

Don't Run After "Society."

LET each of us endeavor to be the best fruit of our kind—not as large or as red as the fruit we see on some other vine or tree. Make the most of *yourself*—your character, your mind, your soul, your heart, your opportunities, and you will find your sphere in life. It is as absurd to say that only one kind of fruit is good fruit as that only one circle of people in a city or a country constitutes "good society." Wherever a coterie of cultured, well-mannered, well-clothed and well-behaved, bright-minded people congregate, there is good society. Make yourself one of these. Cultivate the morals, the graces, the charms and enough of the frivolities to lighten the serious side of a worthy character, bring out all of your best self. Do this for your own sake and out of compliment to your Creator. Then, if "society" seeks you, and you find it amusing, very well. But do not waste your strength in running after "society." You will never catch it if you do, and if by mere chance you should clutch hold of the fringe of its mantle, you would soon be snapped off like an intrusive moth.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Intellectual Friendship between Man and Woman

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By MRS. D. LESLIE BRIGGS.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance and in friendship burn.

ADAMSON.



THE pleasure and utility of association with cultured minds cannot be denied from any standpoint. The richest literature cannot replace the conversation of living men and women, as an aid to expression, and a quickener of thought. Bacon says truly that in converse with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when turned into words." The truth of this assertion is demonstrated by the ease with which a writer, who is a brilliant conversationalist, or public speaker, conveys his ideas so as to be readily understood by the average reader. A writer who does not habitually discourse, either in public or among friends, has not, I think I may safely say, the same lucidness of style. But when he (Bacon) further asserts that in talking with a friend "A man waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than a day's meditation," there are many who would not concur with him. The value of meditation, and the silent listening of the soul, can scarcely be over-estimated; for after all that can truthfully be said of the blessings and fruits of friendship, and interchange of thought, it still remains a fact that it is only through the independent working of the individual mind that the greatest thoughts and truths can be conceived or produced. The world's greatest thinkers and writers have been schooled in the art of mental independence, which might be briefly defined as seeking the truth from within and not from without. This is one aspect of the subject which it would not be wise to ignore, nor yet to enlarge upon in this article, the purpose of which is to speak more particularly of intellectual friendship between the sexes.

It is generally understood, I think, that the intellectual man usually regards the society of women as a mental relaxation, or pleasurable diversion from his arduous labor, and is generally attracted to them by the mere charm of their personality. If they are graceful and beautiful, men readily excuse, or ignore the absence of mental culture in women. There are also some women whose inherent, passionate love for the beautiful enables them to take a delight in the society of these most beautiful of all God's creations, but the intellectual woman soon feels wearied, and altogether out of her element in the society of women, however beautiful and charming, who can only converse on the most trivial subjects, such as dress, amusements and the chit chat of the day; and who are either embarrassed, or disposed to ridicule the efforts of the more cultured woman should she attempt to introduce any of the subjects of highest interest which are constantly discussed by men and women of culture. For this reason, the intellectual woman often feels an isolation that is intolerable, and is there-

fore attracted to the society of the opposite sex, for the companionship and conversation that is absolutely necessary—except in rare cases—to the cultured mind.

It is only fair to state, however, that the average man, whose reading is chiefly confined to the newspapers, is quite as destitute of well-balanced, or original ideas on subjects of current interest to the cultured class, as the average woman, although he may be better posted in news and local politics. It is true, however, that, although women are rapidly advancing, the number, as yet, is comparatively small who have the inclination, even if they have the opportunity, to pay the price of culture in time and toil. Not knowing the sweetness of its fruits, they are mostly content to leave them unbought and untasted. Therefore, as we have already intimated, the cultured woman in many instances, finds herself debarred from intellectual friendship with her own sex, and is necessarily dependent on the opposite sex for interchange of thought and mental stimulation.

A purely intellectual friendship is only possible on the higher plane; with those who to some extent at least—are living the intellectual life; and between whom the desire to acquire and communicate knowledge, constitutes a bond of intellectual pleasure and utility.

This is the most delightful of all friendships, while it lasts; but unless there is, on both sides, a constant endeavor to renew and enlarge the mind, by means of fresh knowledge, and new and original thought, it will naturally be of short duration. It would be amusing, if it were not so pathetic, to witness the abrupt termination of many friendships, which at the beginning promise unending delight in conversation on topics of mutual interest.

In every community there are a number of people who have a smattering of culture, and a few stock phrases on different subjects, but as there is no depth to their culture, a few conversations with a man or woman of this class will exhaust all that is communicable of their knowledge. There are comparatively few people in society whose reservoir of knowledge is sufficiently deep to sustain a prolonged friendship without some other basis of feeling, or bond of mutual interest.

The inexperienced can form no conception of the eager desire which is common to many intellectual people, for congenial companionship and profitable conversation. It is said of Madam de Stael that she would travel five hundred leagues to talk with a clever man whom she had never met; and that she obtained her literary material almost exclusively by means of conversation. She directed systematically the talk of the learned and brilliant men among whom she lived to the subject, which, for the moment, happened to occupy her thoughts, and made everybody talk who was likely to be of any use to her.

This eager desire for knowledge, and love of intellectual companionship, has been the source through which women have sometimes compromised their reputations, but such instances are of comparatively rare occurrence.

Hamerton, in a letter to a moralist who said that intellectual culture was not conducive to sexual morality, cites an instance, and in defence he says: "The idea of living with a person whose conversation is believed, at the time, to promise an increasing interest, is attractive in ways of which those who have no such wants can scarcely form a con-

ception. A most distinguished foreign writer of the female sex has made a succession of domestic arrangements which, if generally imitated by others, would be subversive of any conceivable system of morality; and yet it is clear in this case that the temptation was chiefly, if not entirely, intellectual. The successive companions of this remarkable woman were all of them men of exceptional intellectual power, and her motive for changing them was an unbridled intellectual curiosity." Continuing, Mr. Hamerton says: "This is a sort of immorality to which cultivated people are most exposed. It is dangerous to the well-being of a community, because it destroys the sense of security on which the idea of the family is founded. If we are to leave our wives when their conversation ceases to be interesting, the foundations of the home will be unsafe. If they are to abandon us, when we are dull, to go away with some livelier, more talkative companion, can we ever hope to retain them permanently?"

This is surely an extreme view of the subject, and in reply to the question, "Can we ever hope to retain them permanently?" one might safely reply, "Yes, certainly, if you make yourselves agreeable," otherwise one cannot say for sure.

Lord Byron was right, for once at least, when he said:

'Tis pity learned maidens ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation.

However, the first privilege and duty of married partners is to adapt themselves, so far as possible, to the moral and mental requirements of each other. It is not always possible to reach the same range of thought, or to be equally interested in the same pursuits; but it is always possible to exhibit a sympathetic interest, and to afford some aid and encouragement. But when a woman is frivolous, or cold and unsympathetic, and takes no interest in her husband's pursuits, an estrangement is inevitable; and on the other side, if a man habitually frowns when he finds his wife occupied with book, or paper and pen, and never fails on such occasions to remind her of missing buttons, and other neglected duties—whether real or imaginary—there is sure to be trouble.

Of all human relationships, that of sympathetic companionship between husband and wife is one of the most sacred; and no sacrifice—which does not involve retrogression—should be considered too great in order to gain and perpetuate this conjugal friendship, which will always prove to be a solace, and, to some extent, a substitute for the more passionate sentiment, which so often burns low, or dies out, after marriage.

One of the greatest obstacles to intellectual friendship between married partners, and the sexes in general, is due to the uncertain attitude of man towards woman, from an intellectual standpoint. The universal man has not, as yet, come to an at-one-ment as to what he requires of the universal woman. Some writers of the male sex deplore the absence of culture in women, while others ridicule the idea of their higher education. Professor Montegazza, a modern authority on this subject, says: "If woman becomes prominent in literature or science, she is offensive

to our mind. This happens naturally, and for the same reason that women despise timid, beardless men." Rider Haggard also speaks in tones of derision of "that sexless thing, a cultured woman." But, aside from all that has been said and written on the subject, it is apparent that there is, on the part of the majority of mankind, a desire to put restrictions on the education of woman. And yet there are some who attribute the cause of the rarity of friendship between the sexes, to be due to the empty-headedness of so many women, and profess to be indignant with their ignorance and frivolousness.

In face of so much contradictory evidence, it is difficult for women to know just what would best please the opposite sex. But when this question is authoritatively settled she will doubtless be able to rise (or fall) to the emergency; for it must be admitted that the ruling desire of woman is to gain the friendship and love of man; and, with few exceptions, she is willing to be whatever man most admires. It is therefore obvious that man's responsibility is commensurately great with woman's desire to please.

One recognized authority carries this idea of man's responsibility so far as to state that: "With exceptions so rare as to be practically of no importance to an argument, women do not, of themselves, undertake intellectual labor, unless they are urged to it by some powerful masculine influence."*

As to the truth of this statement, it would probably be difficult to obtain sufficient data, with which to either prove or disprove it. In any case it is worthy of consideration by those who are in favor of a higher intellectual standard for women.

It is a recognized fact, however, that cleverness or intellectuality is not the magnet by which women attract the lords of creation; although these attributes are useful for cementing purposes after an attachment is formed—providing, always, that they are unaccompanied with ostentation. As a rule, men do not object to cleverness, or even culture, in women, so long as they do not parade it, or seem to be conscious of any superiority. It is in understanding and being able to discourse, and sympathize with man that woman can best command his friendship and respect. To attempt to teach, or to betray a lack of faith in his superior knowledge, is as fatal to a woman's friendship with man, as a premature avowal of affection is to his love. Why this is so, cannot be explained on any better grounds than human nature.

It is possible, however, that at no distant day, to woman will be conceded the prerogative to influence and elevate man intellectually, as she has ever done morally and spiritually.

Heartsease—A Valentine.

From a sheltered corner in the garden beds,
These few purple pansies bravely raised their heads,
Emblems best befitting what thou art to me,
They the message-bearers of my love shall be.

Thirty golden summers with their wealth of flowers,
Thirty autumn harvests, dearest, have been ours,
Love that fears no winter still is ours to know,
And its blossoms linger 'mid life's falling snow.

Time's swift flight defying, love has not grown old,
This shall be the message that the pansies hold,
With these purple blossoms, heartsease of my life,
I, a gray-haired lover, greet thee, faithful wife.

LUCIA T. HARRINGTON.

* Intellectual Life.

* Hamerton.

Under the King's Bastion

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC

Serial Story written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.



E thought possibly he might turn her attention to himself from pique, for the party were leaving in a few days, and if he could change her opinion of Carleton, and hinder a meet-

ing between them, he was sure the latter would be too hurt and proud to ask for an explanation. Once away from Quebec, he flattered himself he could explain everything, even his devotion to Edith, and make her believe in his honesty of purpose. He awoke from his reverie to hear Aline asking him if he had seen anything of Mr. Sinclair: "He was to have been up here this evening," she was saying, absently, "and we have not seen him for three days."

"Oh," said Clifford, deliberately, "I dare say he has run up to Montreal to see his lady-love."

"His what?" asked Aline, incredulously.

"His lady-love; it seems he had one hidden away all the time. Pretty deep fellow, Sinclair. You may remember my telling you that he was not a lady's man, so I was amazed when he told me one evening that he was going to be married."

"When did he tell you?" said Aline, slowly.

"Oh, I forget exactly when. Wait—yes, it was on our trip up the Saguenay."

"The second evening?" Aline said quickly.

Freud appeared to meditate. "No," he answered, after reflection, "it was the first evening after he got on board at Riviere du Loup. He had had to stay behind to meet this girl on some early train. I believe," he went on, bravely inventing as he entangled himself more deeply in the maze.

Aline's eyes grew bright and hard, but she only said, with well-feigned indifference: "Indeed, Mr. Sinclair has never hinted such a thing to us, but then, of course, we are mere acquaintances." Then she changed the subject, and as soon as her aunt appeared, left the conversation to her, and retired early on pretence of a headache. Clifford left soon after, being afraid to approach the subject of money, as he might easily have done; and on his way home his doubts returned, and he was inclined to curse himself for a fool. If all the world is divided into "fools" or "knaves," he must certainly have belonged to one class or the other.

"I am sure it is all nonsense," he said, irresolutely, "and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll say I only did it to tease her, but won't Carleton Sinclair be furious?"

The poison he had cunningly distilled into Aline's ear was doing some work, though not altogether in the way he intended. She told herself she did not believe it, yet he had broken his promise to her that evening, after not seeing her for three days. And, surely, after that evening on the boat he should have said something more. His manner, when he made this appointment, had caused her to think he meant to say it this very evening. Could it be true? If so, she would never trust a man again. She certainly did not

like Clifford, but what could be his object in telling her a falsehood. Through all her despondency and perplexity, however, one thing was perfectly clear to her. Carleton might be bound to another girl, might even marry her (Aline shivered a little at the thought), but his love, she saw, had been given to herself, and nothing could rob her of the comfort of that fact.

Mrs. Fortescue was quite worried when Aline confided in her next day. Not only had she taken a strong liking to Carleton, but she was extremely fond of her pretty niece, and felt responsible for her happiness, so that she blamed herself unsparingly for not making every enquiry about the young man.

"I don't think it is true, my dear, though I presume Mr. Clifford has some reason for saying such a thing. I must take the first opportunity of finding out, and in the meantime, if you will be guided by me, you will not see him, even if he should be in town and should call."

Aline felt the advice was good, and remained in her room that evening, which happened to be Sunday, finding it very dull and miserable. Of course, Sinclair did not come, and she was forced to believe he really had gone out of town. Down in the sitting-room, one of those chance coincidences were taking place which occur oftener than we think in real life. A cheery little old gentleman, a new arrival, commenced a conversation with Mrs. Fortescue, and gave her a description of the Quebec of fifty years ago, for it appeared he was an old resident. Speaking of the changes he noticed on each recurring visit, he remarked that he scarcely knew any of the present generation of Quebecers—only occasionally he saw a face whose inherited features reminded him of the companions of his younger days. "All the old people are either dead or have long ago moved westward," he remarked, musingly. "My coming now is just to see my godson, a young Sinclair, whom I must look up to-morrow."

Mrs. Fortescue uttered an exclamation. "Is his Christian name Carleton?" said she.

"Just what it is," answered the old gentleman, beaming on her. "Now, I daresay you have run across him in this small place."

"Yes, I have met him, and he seems a very nice young man," said Mrs. Fortescue, guardedly.

"That he is, madam, as fine a lad as I know; and likely, from what I hear, to make his mark in the world."

"He seems clever," answered Mrs. Fortescue, and seizing the moment, added casually, "he is engaged to be married shortly, is he not?"

"Well, that is what I have come down to see him about now, to tell the truth. I have always laughed at him for not caring for woman's society, and told him he would soon be an old bachelor like myself, though not for the same reason," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, for he had loved Carleton's mother. "However, some time ago I received a letter from him, telling me he had fallen in love at last, and wishing to know if I thought he was justified in asking any girl to share his small means with him. Such rubbish. In my day, madam, young people married early, worked hard, and made small means do till they earned larger; but times are changed—times are changed," said the old man, testily.

"Then, I suppose, he lost no time in proposing?" enquired Mrs. Fortescue.

"I haven't heard from him since. I wrote him a line to give him my blessing, and tell him how pleased I was to see him so sensible, and then I went out to the Coast, and by this time he is probably engaged to her—married, in fact, for aught I know to the contrary. When these deliberate fellows once get started, there is no knowing where they will stop," he answered, nodding his head knowingly.

"Well, I think I can assure you he has not taken the final step," Mrs. Fortescue said, masking her anxiety. "What is the name of the young lady?"

Her new acquaintance ruminated for a moment and then said. "I am very stupid about names—never could remember a new one, though it was repeated often enough in the letter, too, I remember. I saw he had it badly. Stay, perhaps I have it here," fumbling in his pockets. "No, I haven't, either," he said, a second later, "it's in my valise, that's where it is. I'll look it up and tell you to-morrow, if you would like to know."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Fortescue, rising to say good-night, "I have a particular reason for asking," and she retired to her room with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The morning post brought Aline a note from Carleton, which she devoured with sparkling eyes. It ran:

"MY DEAR MISS ALINE.—Clifford will have told you, as I asked him, that I sprained my ankle slightly a few days ago, and thus was unable to keep my engagement with you yesterday. Let me make my own apologies now, and tell you how long the time has been since last Wednesday. I cannot believe that this is only Sunday. It seems weeks, at least, since I saw you. I wonder if you have thought again of that last evening on the Saguenay boat, and perhaps considered me presumptuous for saying what I did. I hope not, for your displeasure would be hard to bear. I think I shall be able to get up to the Chateau on Wednesday evening, and till then will you give me an occasional stray thought, and

Believe me to be,

Now and always,

Yours devotedly,

CARLETON SINCLAIR.

September 9, 1899.

Just before Aline received this note, Mrs. Fortescue was having another interview with the old gentleman. "Good-morning," he said briskly, coming into the drawing-room, where she sat with her work. "I am just setting off to discover the whereabouts of my godson; and, by-the-by, here is the letter, and the girl's name. Let me see"—adjusting his eye-glasses—"some new-fangled thing; plain Mary and Jane are not good enough now-a-days, it seems. Here it is—A-l-Aline, it looks like; Aline Darrell. Why, bless me, madam, anything the matter?" he enquired in astonishment, as Mrs. Fortescue rose suddenly, and began to shake his hand vigorously, while his glasses fell off his nose and the letter found a resting-place on the carpet.

"Excuse my impetuosity, my dear sir," said Mrs. Fortescue, laughing. "If you will just sit down a moment I will explain everything."

And half an hour later Aline found them there, was duly presented, and informed, as the kindly shrewd eyes looked at her approvingly, that this was Mr. Sinclair's godfather, of whom she had heard him speak. She blushed with surprise, and looked so altogether charming that old Mr. Stanton gave her a place in his heart at once; and then hearing the news in Aline's note, he

hurried off to see his godson and rejoice his heart by warm praises of the girl he had chosen. After he had gone, and Mrs. Fortescue had explained developments up to date to Aline, and they had wondered what Fred Clifford meant or had hoped to gain by his insinuations, Mrs. Fortescue said, fondly, "My dear, some day, perhaps, Mr. Stanton will show you that letter, but I'm afraid it will not have a good effect on your vanity."

Several war vessels were to arrive in the harbor that morning on their usual autumn cruise, and a number of people began flocking to the Terrace about the hour they were expected. Edith, Aline, and Hugh Graham secured seats in one of the pavilions, and prepared to level their opera-glasses at the first sign of a mast round St. Joseph Point. In a little while they were joined by Mr. Stanton, who gave Aline, in a low voice, particulars of Carleton's accident, adding a few sly remarks, which made the girl feel she had formed an interesting subject of conversation between them that morning. Then he turned to Graham, and a discussion sprang up as to the loyalty of the French-Canadians, especially in this the oldest Province.

"We don't believe, down South, that they are loyal, you know," said Graham. "We think they are waiting till they are strong enough to carry through a general uprising, and in the meantime are pressing westward to make the thing more complete."

"And what would they expect to gain by it, if they did? They would, of course, do a lot of damage, but there would be no object in getting themselves crushed in the end. Only those utterly ignorant of the conditions of life in Canada could imagine such a mad attempt. Their only chance of success would be an alliance with you, if Canada and the States were at war, a likely enough thing to happen before the next Peace Conference, but they would lose everything they care about then, and have their individual life entirely crushed out. However, I am not one of those who believe in the theory of widespread disloyalty. I contend that the French-Canadians have proved themselves loyal in the past, and will again, should the need arise."

"But are they not devoted to the memory of their own mother-land?" asked Hugh Graham.

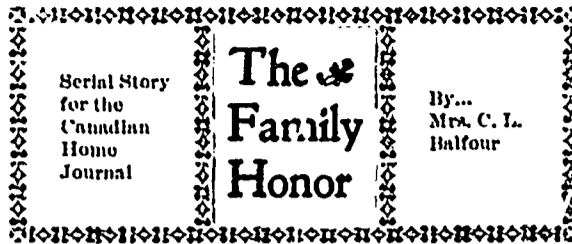
"Yes, they are; but it is the France of a hundred years ago. You forget that these people are descendants of monarchists, and have had no connection with the republic. I doubt if any of the educated class would return under the rule of the unstable French government, especially after the disgraceful proceedings in that country, which have disgusted the whole world this year (1899), and which caused one of the French-Canadian clergy to 'thank God he was no longer beneath the flag where such injustice was possible.' The French-Canadians, too, are passionately fond of Canada, as you would know if you heard them singing their national airs. Most of our patriotic songs, indeed, are written and sung in French in this Province."

(To be continued.)

A Valentine.

Till death doth part / Ah, more, dear wife,
A greater love I give and crave,
That crosses not when ends this life,
But lives in faith beyond the grave.

G. W. CURRIE.



CHAPTER X.—Continued.



OR were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwicke to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her, and if so, asking as a favor if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favorite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:

"SIR,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U.S. I shall not for the future take any responsibility as to the children, whose interests I and my late wife attended to far better than could be demanded of us. You will, no doubt, receive a communication from Scotland from parties who, as I understand, mean to claim the children; but I know no particulars, and you must not any further look to me. Mrs. Johnston considers that I have been very ill paid for the trouble I have taken, and which my former wife's family led me to incur. The address that you had better write to in Scotland is, Mr. A. Burke, Deacon MacLacklan's Land, near Coat Bridge, Glasgow.

Yours,
J. JOHNSTON."

The remittance which generally came about a fortnight or three weeks after the usual quarter day was not sent: and, small and inadequate as it was, its being withheld, even for a time, increased the pressure on the fast failing resources of Mr. Hope. It was incumbent on him to tell Norry, at all events, the purport of the letter. Hitherto a delicacy as to dwelling on details that might be felt as humiliating to the children, or laudatory of the kindness of those who had of late years protected them, had kept both Mr. Hope and Marian from referring to the past. Both had also repressed any romantic thoughts, such as isolated children sometimes encourage. This latter had not been difficult. The orphans were so kindly cared for, that they craved for no other home relations. A haunting memory of a dwelling where strife and blows, dirt and drink had been their portion, still troubled their dreams, and made the name of Canada hateful to them—ay, even to see it on the map gave them a cold chill, and revived

recollections of neglect and suffering. Little Mysie bore on her feet the scars and seams of frost as indelibly as if they had been burns; and she knew that before she was brought over to England by Mrs. Hope, she was for months a helpless cripple. So all that past was allowed to be shut away in the distance. An ocean rolled between it and the present—an ocean that in no sense did the children wish to cross.

When, therefore, Mr. Hope called Norry into the little room or book closet that opened out of his bedroom, and was dignified with the name of study, and put the letter he had received into the boy's hand, there was rather a sense of indignant alarm than curiosity as he read it.

"Trouble!" cried the boy, laying down the letter—"responsibility! We have not him to thank that we are alive. If the man in Scotland is like Johnston, I shall not care to know him."

"But if he has a claim—the right of a blood relation?"

"He surely gave up any such claim when he let us go to Canada with these Johnstons."

"I don't think you did go with them. I rather believe, though I am not clear about it, you were brought out by people called Burke, and left with the Johnstons."

"Yes, sir; but if so, we were left uncared for. I can recollect how it was with me and poor Mysie, who was crippled, when Mamma Hope rescued us. Why, father, I remember hearing you say once that you could have got us protected by the law, and that Johnston's fear of the indignation of his neighbors enabled you to get and keep possession of us."

"True, my boy; but you are aware that the sum allowed must have come from some one interested in you; and small as it is, its payment at regular intervals shows that it is sent from people not unaccustomed to arrange money transactions. I am rather glad of the address of these Scottish people. It removes a fear that has harassed me of late, as to whether Johnston has told his correspondents where you are."

"What did it matter to them?" said the youth, gloomily.

"It mattered to me. I could be in no sense an accomplice in keeping any one, who had a right to know, in ignorance of your whereabouts. Besides, those who have given the little help hitherto, might afford you more aid."

"I would rather work, sir, for myself."

"Yes; but there's Mysie."

"I may be able to take care of my sister."

"Yes, if you are put in a way to do so."

"Does no one work out a way?"

"Doubtless some do. By God's help all things are possible. But it's not the way to succeed in life to begin by wilfully casting off aid that one may have a right to. Your parents would not be entirely without kindred."

"If they were honest folk, that's enough. Haven't I heard you quote Robert Nichols' lines?—

"I ask not of his lineage,
I ask not of his name;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim."

"Ah, Norry! that's more poetic than heraldic."

"But it's true, sir."

"Nevertheless, my boy, I shall write to Scotland."

CHAPTER XI.—THE PACKMAN.

"Something weird, not good to see,
Has to my threshold come:
A raven on a blighted tree,
Is croaking near my home." ANON.

While these matters were occupying the attention of the Kensington household, the Austwicke woods were putting on their full autumnal splendor, and the little fairy, whose coming had drawn into a tangle the frail thread of her Aunt Honor's intentions, was enjoying their sylvan beauty like a wood nymph. Thus day by day passed, and found the lady of the Chace undecided as to her course, and therefore at times uncomfortable.

A state of doubt, with a restless conscience, is trying, yet the days sped fast enough; for what lonely life could resist the charm of having a companion who combined all that was winning in the grace of childhood with all that was fascinating in the intelligence of riper years? Whether the stately Miss Honoria was won to the woods by the little creature whom she loved, and gratified by allowing her to send presents of superabundant game, and who in her turn tripped daily at her aunt's side, uttering in the sweetest voice the prettiest fancies about the country sights and sounds, which she enjoyed with the keenest zest—so that it was her errand to see the tints one day, or to watch the sunset another, or to gather ferns on a third—always the staid lady of forty-five found herself allured forth by the little dryad. And at evening, when the logs were put on the old-fashioned hearths that no modern fire-grate in any room in the old Hall had been permitted to displace, and "True," as her aunt called her, was making the lengthening nights pleasant with her bird-like warblings, or even more musical poetic readings, time sped on; and the northern journey, for which the portmanteau had been packed, was more distant than ever from becoming a reality.

Perhaps, when people are undecided exactly as to what course to take, they are glad of an interruption that postpones the necessity for action.

To resort to writing, as a substitute for more active effort, had more than once occurred to Miss Austwicke; for when she retired to her chamber, then her unfulfilled promise troubled her, and every night saw a resolution formed that every morning dissipated.

Several times had Gertrude asked her aunt about the uncle whom she had never seen, and whose death seemed, to her young imagination, so sad.

"To land only to die! To come home only to find a grave!" was her comment, that would no doubt have been enlarged on, but her fine tact told her it was distasteful to her aunt. However, as Gertrude was a great letter-writer, she sent pages of feelings and fancies on the subject to her parents, who, if they read her epistles—which is doubtful—were more likely to be amused than affected; certainly Mrs. Basil made no pretence to great kindred sympathies. She regulated the degree of her emotion as a well-bred person should, and resented, as a culpable eccentricity, Captain Austwicke coming unexpectedly from India. Still, neither parent checked "the child," as they called her, for writing as she did. "True was a clever creature, and, with pen or tongue, would have her say." Moreover, they quite approved her having gone to the Chace. Some idea that Miss Austwicke

might be induced to ask for Gertrude *en permanence* had occurred to the young lady's mamma, who was far more interested about her three great comely boys than her tiny daughter, pretty and clever as she was. All the love that Mrs. Basil had ever felt for her feminine offspring had been concentrated on a sister, three years the junior of Gertrude, who inherited so completely the features of the maternal ancestry—was a Dunoon in complexion, growth, high-cheek bones included—that, while she lived, little True had been quite cast into the shade. But the mother's idol was broken, while as yet unblemished by the influence of favoritism. A baby boy, the third son, came soon after to soothe the mother; and as this, the youngest, was now seven years old, Gertrude had a certain consideration, as the only daughter of the family, none but her mother retaining any unpleasant recollections in connection with the child. It was not likely Mrs. Basil Austwicke could entirely forget that the autumn which first gave little Gertrude to her arms had been a time of such danger to her own health that she had been obliged, by her physician's advice, to resort to a milder climate, and had wintered in Madeira, taking her eldest boy with her, and leaving her baby, Gertrude, in the charge of an old and valued Scottish nurse—a circumstance to which some observers, and it may be the child herself, attributed a certain kind of indefinite coldness felt, rather than outwardly shown, between daughter and mother. Nothing would have shocked Gertrude more than any comment on this coldness—she shut out the thought from her mind; but the very effort that she made, when at home for the holidays, to win her mother's approval, and the long, enthusiastic letters she wrote when away from them, differed from the sweet, unconscious trust of undoubting filial love.

On the same October evening that Mr. Hope was pondering the future with apprehension for others more than himself, the echoes of Austwicke Chace were resounding to the measured tread of a man carrying a pack. He was a thin, bronzed, elderly man, with what is called a "wizened face." His scanty, ash-colored hair, flecked with grey, that blew about freely, was the only thing that looked free about that countenance, for his features were all pinched together, as if to economize space; and the puckered skin round his mouth and eyes, which drew them up to the smallest compass, seemed meant to impose caution in the one case, and to increase keenness in the other: though, as the small, peering eyes were as restless as they were furtive, and the man had a habit of passing the back of his hand across his lips when he was speaking, it was not easy to get a view of these features. The voice, like the man's skin, was dry and hard: and from his brown leggings and rusty fustian garb to the summit of his wrinkled forehead, the words that best indicated his look were those by which he was often called, "Old Leathery."

As this personage came down the wooded glade that led to the open Chace, he saw before him two ladies—the elder sauntering leisurely, the younger flitting about among the heathery knolls, and, making little runs and circuits, tripping back again, with head aside like a bird. The man stepped behind a large tree, put down his pack, and laying the back of one hand across his screwed-up mouth, arched the other over his sharp eyes, and

scanned them unobserved. He lingered a while as the ladies, whom our readers recognize for Miss Austwicke and little True, quickened their pace homeward. They walked so completely along the setting sunbeams' track, that he could trace their figures darkly flecking the brightness until they entered the grounds of the Hall, and then, shouldering his pack, he started off at a quick pace by a short cut, and went to the back entrance round by the stables, and thence across a yard to the door of the servants' hall.

A believer in the Eastern superstition of the Evil Eye might have been pardoned for a feeling of fear, if he had seen this man's stealthy approach, his wily glance all around, and then the gathering up of his puckered visage into an obsequious leer, as he softly lifted the latch. What but evil could such a visitor bring?

CHAPTER XII.—GOSSIP.

"The hawk poised himself for a sudden spring,
While the strutting sparrows kept twittering." ANON.

Gubbins was seated in the servants' hall, yawning a little over the old newspaper that he was drowsily spelling out. The entrance of the stranger startled him; but, seeing the pack, in a half slumbrous voice the old butler growled out, "No, no, you're too late wi' your pack; I lets no one inner doors arter—"

"Late! 'tis no fault o' mine. Blame the rail, and not me, my good sir. My good friend—I've reason to call you so—I'd have stayed at the station hotel, or gone on direct to Winchester; but I thowt Mistress Martin, or maybe yourself wad be glad to see the very best goods I've had this one whiles."

"Martin's in mourning; but you can come in. I didn't at first just chance on who you was; you've been a precious long while away from these parts. Why you looks much the same—Old Leathery by name, and Old Leathery by natur'; and no offence—no offence!"

The ancient butler, chuckled out a hearty plethoric laugh as he invited the packman in, who, sidling along and letting his pack down, said, insinuatingly, "You don't look much the same; you look wonderfully better."

"Ay, ay! you and I, maybe, 'll last out a good fewish of the young ans, thof they're that up in the stirrups, a many on 'em there's no keeping 'em in their pleaces. But they hant done yet with the likes o' you and I."

"No, no; not they, sir," said the packman, giving his mouth a back-handed wipe, and peering all round the hall. "And so good Mistress Martin is in mourning—no near friend?"

"Wus nor that—that is, I don't know as she've any own friends; it's one o' the family—the best on 'em's gone. Leastways, between you and I and the post, and to go no further, I may say so. Muster Edmund was always outlandish, and I doubt Muster De Lacy, his son, be the same, and Muster Basil's nought of a country gentleman; but the captain was a Haustwicke every bone on him. He'd a been the one to kep' up the old place, if so be as he'd been born at the right time. He oughter a been the hare. But there comes Martin. I say yere's a pretty go, Mistress M.; a strange gentleman's a wanting of you."

(To be continued.)

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EDITOR'S CORNER.

Queen Victoria. THE end has come—eighty-three years on earth—sixty-three years as Queen. The Rev. Armstrong Black beautifully expressed it in his memorial address when he said, "That momentous word 'Farowell' must at last be spoken." Lived so long—been so active during this long life—that her people had almost concluded that there was no such thing as the passing of Victoria—forgetting that she had already passed the allotted span of man's life. Not in the annals of the world's history is there recorded an event that has caused so profound sorrow and widespread comment as the death of England's beloved Queen. It was a remarkable life—a woman reigning for sixty-three years over the world's greatest Empire—reigning with a degree of success that is the marvel of the world's historians.

Queen and Woman. BUT more than Queen—Victoria was a woman, with all the pure instincts of womanhood—with all the innate sympathy common to her sex—and here was found her greatest power and influence. She exercised a woman's grace and tact so as to command the respect, in a supreme degree, not alone of her own people, but of the people of all nations—a queenly woman. The words that she uttered when, as a girl, she was informed that she was Queen of England, have been her talisman her long life through. Then she said, when the news was broken to her, "I will be good," and amid all the temptations and difficulties and troubles that surround a throne, and surely that of the greatest Empire in the world, she remained good to the last—never forgetting that she was Queen, always able to

cope with the great national questions that came before her—always remembering that she was a woman and exercising a woman's influence.

Queen and Mother. IN an increasingly beautiful sense Victoria was not only a woman, but she was also Queen and mother. She ruled over the nation as she ruled over her own household—as mother of her people; and this motherly instinct and sympathy is what brought her so close to the great millions of her subjects. She possessed none of the spirit of the aristocrat. Her sympathies were ever with the people, and nowhere did she shine to greater advantage than in some of the little simple but kindly and motherly acts bestowed upon her near neighbors and those with whom she daily came in contact. It was this mother-heart that caused her own heart to bleed as the trials of the South Africa war bore heavily upon her. What she was as mother is beautifully reflected in the life and character of the entire Royal family—men and women who have lived lives and exerted an influence that does not always go with royalty.

King Edward VII. It is a grand thing to be well born. This cannot be said, however, at all times, even of royalty, but in the present case it can with truth be said that King Edward VII. was well born. He ascends the throne at sixty years of age with all the sympathy that comes from his people through their love to his late mother. His address to his people on his ascension to the throne is an appreciative and frank admission of his intention to follow in the footsteps of his good mother. He will not go astray if her ideals influence him in his duties as Imperial ruler of the great British Empire. King Edward is credited with being possessed of a large degree of that common sense which undoubtedly was a ruling influence with Queen Victoria. It was not that she was a genius, but she was possessed of that plain, practical common-sense that will carry most people through great troubles when brilliant flashes of intellect only lead to bewilderment. Aliens abroad, and crackers within the British lines, may take a pessimistic view of the passing of Victoria, but the feeling that has been brought out by her death, extending to every section of the British domains, would seem to augur increased success for the future of the British Empire. Never were the people of this great nation, at home and across the seas, so united as they are to-day, so strongly allied to the great Mother-land. It is safe to say that England to-day, under King Edward VII., enters upon an era of prosperity and growth that will add still greater lustre to this world's greatest of nations.

Life.

FORENOON and afternoon and night,—forenoon
And afternoon and night,—forenoon,—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yes, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

E. R. SHILL

It is not until men find themselves assailed by a strong wish that they perceive how very still and small, almost inaudible, the still small voice can be.—*Oraigie.*

Letters to the Publisher.

Our Prizes and Premiums win Prizes from Ocean to Ocean.

WE have reason to be gratified at the number and character of the letters received commending the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and the many hundreds of prizes and premiums that are going out from this office from week to week and received by subscribers. We might easily cover the reading space of an entire issue in this way, and then the "half had not been told." To the letters of last month we add the following:

TOTTENHAM, ONT., Feb. 4, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Just received pictures of Queen and son. It is very pretty, indeed.

Yours truly,

MONA HAMMEL.

MINNESOTA, MAN., Jan. 31, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your gloves. Thank you very much. The fit is perfect. A fine premium.

Yours truly,

MRS. W. SHAVER.

89 GLEN ROSEDALE,

TORONTO, Feb. 4, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., City.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the pretty blouse set and thank you so much for them.

Sincerely yours,

CAROLYN JARVIS.

UTTER MELBOURNE, ONT., Jan. 28, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I return my thanks for the nice blouse set you sent me, also Queen's portrait. It is a real beauty. I like the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Yours, etc.,

EMMA CULL.

ORILLIA, ONT., Jan. 28, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—The paper and watch arrived safely. Thanks.

Yours truly,

E. TURNER.

METHVEN, MAN., Jan. 29, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your book and cuff studs, for which I am obliged.

Yours respectfully,

HERBERT BARWICK.

ORHAWA, ONT., Jan. 31, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the cuff buttons all right, and also the HOME JOURNAL. Both are very nice.

Yours,

T. J. PARKER.

JAMINGTON, ONT., Feb. 4, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the book given by you for the post card competition, and I most heartily thank you for it.

Yours,

JEAN D. SNELL.

PARRY SOUND, ONT., Feb. 6, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the cheque, and also the general prize some time before. Please accept thanks.

Yours truly,

M. E. APPELBE.

DUNSVILLE, JAN. 7, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter and also the watch for answering your puzzle, and will say that I was much pleased with the present.

Yours with thanks.

(Miss) MARY NICKOLSON.

December 29, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I have received the watch and am satisfied with it. I thank you very much for it, and I will try and do the best I can to get a few more subscribers, and I hope you will have a happy new year.
Yours truly, CHARLES ENNRICH.

EAST LINTON, Dec. 21, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I write to let you know that I received the prizes to-night, and also the general prize some time ago. I am getting the JOURNAL regularly and am very well pleased with it. Wishing you success, I remain,
Yours truly, DEBRA TARTER.

BELLE RIVER, Jan. 3, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your HOME JOURNAL and the prize. I am very satisfied with it.
MME. LOUIS DUCHARME.

LINDEN VALLEY, Jan. 2, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I received the shirt waist set and think they are very nice. With many thanks, and I am highly pleased with the JOURNAL.
Yours truly, (Miss) F. A. JEWELL.

PICKERING, Jan. 5, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Publishers.

I received the box of Odorama and the lady's blouse set all O.K. Am well pleased with them. Also the JOURNAL. Wishing you every success with your paper,
Gratefully yours, MINNIE HANCOCK.

Perfumes of Queens and Empresses.

THANKS to an assiduous French journalist, the world now knows the perfumes which the queens and empresses of Europe prefer.

Young Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, uses nothing but eau de cologne and English soap of white heliotrope.

The Empress of Russia has on her dressing table only the following French essences: Jonquil, jasmine, franjipani, violet, creme duchesse and lavender water.

The Empress of Germany prefers the perfume of new mown hay to any other.

The Dowager Queen of Italy shows her patriotism by invariably using Palermo soap and Roman cream.

The Empress Frederick, like Queen Wilhelmina, thinks that there is no perfume in the world which equals that of the best eau de cologne.

Queen Alexandra is more eclectic. Not a perfume, cream, dentifrice or toilet set is put on the market which is not carefully examined for her by a specialist. Otherwise he has no preference, but, like the bee, flits from flower to flower.

Queen Victoria's choice of perfumes was made long ago, and future historians will cite as a notable example of courtesy the fact that for half a century she remained faithful to patchouli.

The Leper.

THE treatment of lepers is a subject which always appeals to the humane. Mr. Stapleton, writing to the *Temple Magazine* on Mission work among lepers, makes the following appalling statements: "India has about half a million, China probably as many, and Japan two hundred thousand registered cases. The moment leprosy appears in a man, woman, or child, banishment is irrevocably decreed. There is no pity or compassion, for lepers young or old, are turned adrift as unclean things on the highways and byways, and are dependent for subsistence on the casual doles of food thrown to them. In India the leper loses caste, which is regarded the worst doom.

In Japan he is treated with the greatest cruelty. The same is true in China. The leper there is often put to death by fire without compunction, and religion has not a ray of hope for him in the next world."

Sara Wray.

A Worker in the Slums.—One Possessed of Exceptional Gifts as a Public Speaker.

PERHAPS no woman has stood on a Canadian platform in many years who so thoroughly won the appreciation and sympathy of her audience as Miss Sara Wray, who spent some ten days in Toronto during the present season as the guest of the Canadian Temperance League, addressing two immense audiences in Massey Hall, and speaking from various other platforms throughout the city.

Miss Wray was born in Otley, Yorkshire, England, and owing to the death of her father spent the years of her childhood in the home of her grandparents. Being the only daughter, everything was done to increase her enjoyment and advantages of education and social position. As a member of the Church of England, she was confirmed at the age of fourteen. But a deeper religious im-



SARA WRAY.

pression was made on her mind, when, one evening, hearing sweet singing in the street, her attention and curiosity were aroused, and mixing with the crowd of onlookers, she found it was a Salvation Army meeting. She was influenced by the speaking of a young girl of the army, and from that time on she became deeply impressed with the thought that she was called upon to help others.

Her first attempt at public speaking was but a few broken words. She has always been of a retiring and modest disposition. She entered a public training home for some time, and after that engaged in slum work in Whitechapel, the famous and notorious resort for outlaws. In company with a young friend, they settled down there for work, and visited hour after hour "thieves' kitchens," houses of infamy, garrets and dives of every description.

Illustrating the character of the people among whom these young girls worked, Miss Wray tells the following story of her experience: "Just after nightfall one day, they stepped down and entered a low cellar. Knocking at the door a gruff voice answered, 'Come in.' They did so and found themselves in an old, dilapidated room, containing only one table and two chairs. Two desperate-looking men sat at the table. The girls spoke of the love of God, and the men became much annoyed. Suddenly one of them arose, saying,

'Did anyone see you come in?' 'No,' said the girl, without thinking. 'Then no one will be the wiser if you never go out.' So saying, he knocked on the floor with his heel and disclosed a trap-door. The courage of the girls wavered for a moment, but Miss Wray seemed to hear the assuring words, 'Fear not,' and immediately exclaimed, 'You dare not put a finger on us, God wouldn't let you.' He quailed, and flinging the door open, said, 'Go, while you are safe.' They gladly obeyed the command, and lost no time in getting out on the street."

In 1890, Miss Wray visited the United States and engaged in gospel work there, where she has labored to a large extent ever since, visiting the old country about every two years. In New York she was for some time associated with Col. Hadley, who was then superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Mission. She is at present engaged with Miss Agnew in the management of a mission on Eighth Avenue, New York.

Miss Wray has good Quaker blood in her veins, a maternal ancestor being "accredited minister," which somewhat accounts for her quiet but intense spiritual fervor and love for souls.

Victoria's Tears.

THE following verses, written by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning on "Victoria's Tears" on learning the news of her accession to the throne of England, are very beautiful, particularly in the note of prophecy in the last verse which has been fulfilled during the last few days:

"O maiden! heir of kings!
A King has left his place,
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory from the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!"
She heard and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls,
They reined her hundred steeds,
They shouted at her palace gate
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town!
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked up, and hearkening, did not weep.
Alone she wept
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while her heralds played the part,
For nation shouts to drown,
She heard through all her beating heart
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

"God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own,—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yes! wept, to wear its crown!"

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown!

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

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A LITTLE RAG DOLL.

Words by CHARLIE REIN.

Music by STILL HARCOURT

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Two little girls met
2. "My little doll will

in the park, On a summer's day, Each one had a lit-tle doll, And went there
shut horeyes, The rich girls spoke in haste, "And my doll will say mam - ma, When I squeeze her

just to play One was dressed in tattered clothes, Her slender arms were brown,
ti - ny waist All her clothes are made of silk, Her eyes are pret - ty blue,

The oth - er, dressed in sat - in With rich la - ces on her gown. "See the dol - ly
Pray tell me what can your poor lit - tle ragged dol - ly do?" "My doll cannot

pa - pa bought!" The rich man's daughter said "Don't you think she's pretty, With her
shut her eyes," The oth - er one re - plied "I can't make her cry a bit For

love - ly, golden head? The oth - er brought her dol - ly out, With sor - row then did
I have oft - en tried But mam - ma, who is now up there With an - gels in the

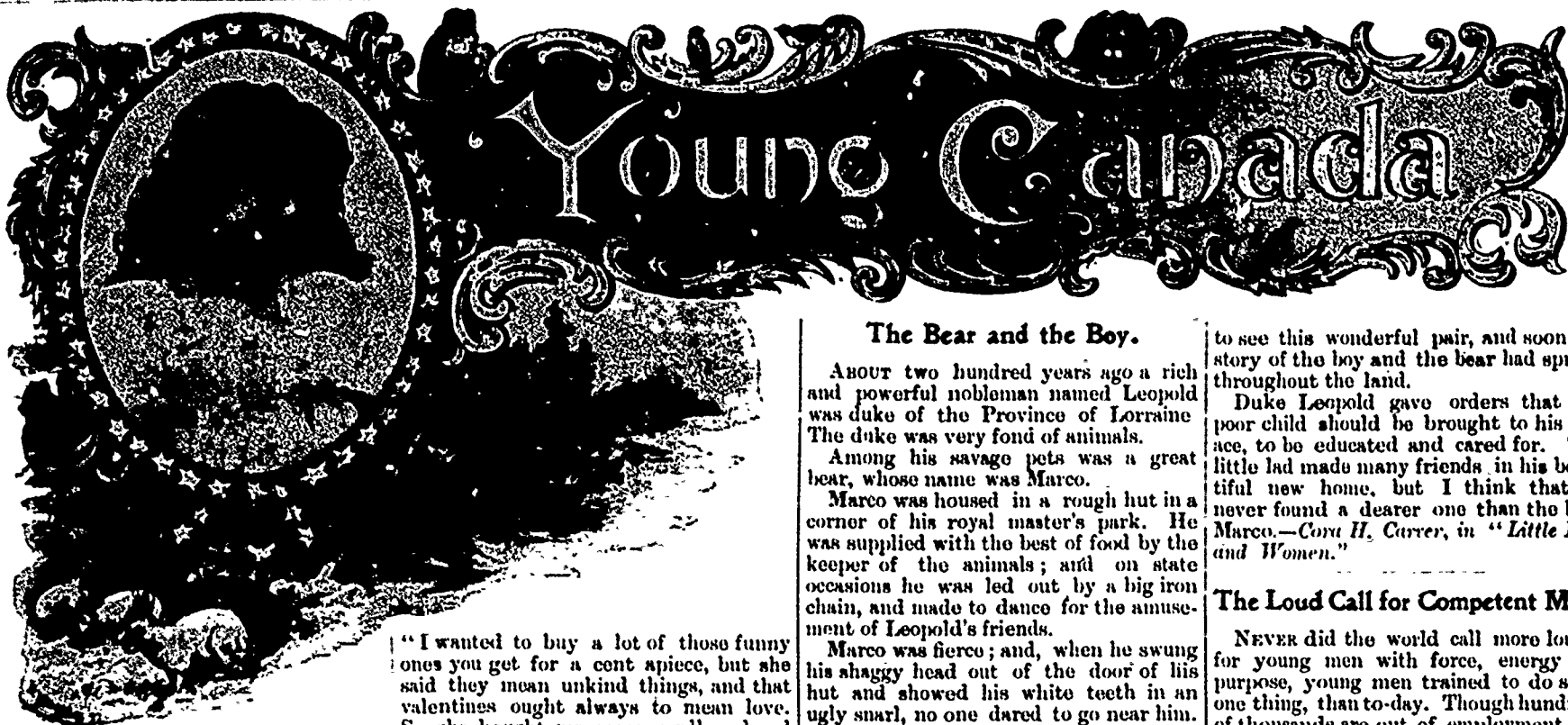
say: "My lit - tle doll is rag - ged, Since mam - ma went a - way!"
sky Gave me this rag - ged doll so I'll love her till I die!"

Refrain.

"Your lit - tle doll has golden curls, And dressed so ve - ry fine But I don't like your

dol - ly Near as well as I do mine Ev - en if your dolly's eyes Are such a

pret - ty blue I love my lit - tle rag - ged doll, And I would not trade with you"



Magical Neatness.

TOMMY TINKER'S little feet
Had been trained to be so neat
(Strange the story is to tell)
That they wiped themselves off well
When they came in from the street!

Tommy Tinker's big straw hat,
With its brim so broad and flat,
Quickly jumped upon the shelf,
Yes, it put away itself!
Now, what do you think of that?
Next, his overcoat so spry
Off this little boy did fly;
And a glance around it took
Till it found a handy hook,—
Then, it hung itself up high!

Could you teach your coat and hat
To be orderly like that?
Could you train your little feet,
Like this Tommy's, to be neat—
Never to forget the mat!

—Also Dean, in "Kindergarten Review."

Teddy's Valentine.

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

TOM held up to the children's view a comic valentine, on which was a picture of a boy with a hump on his shoulders. All the boys laughed, although one of them said softly:

"But he might not like it, Tom."
"Pshaw!" replied the boy; "he'll think it funny. Besides, nobody else in town is hump-backed. It must have been made for Teddy."

Then he folded it up carefully and put it into an envelope addressed to "Master Teddy Simonds, City."

A few minutes later he was on his way home, whistling merrily. While passing the stone house on the corner he heard a tap at the window. Looking up he saw Teddy Simonds, who beckoned for him to come in.

Going into the house, and into the little boy's room, he found his friend working busily away with brush and paints.

"Oh, Tom," said the crippled lad, "it will soon be dark, and my valentines are not near ready! Will you address the envelopes for me? Here they are, and a list of names."

But Tom wanted, first, to examine his little playmate's work.

"Who taught you how to paint all these flowers and hearts and—and—things?" he asked.

"Mamma," replied Teddy, proudly.

"I wanted to buy a lot of those funny ones you get for a cent apiece, but she said they mean unkind things, and that valentines ought always to mean love. So she bought me some cardboard and water-colors, and showed me how to make these. I am glad she did, for it is so nice to send pretty ones that mean love."

When Tom finished addressing the envelopes he put the valentines into them and sealed them up. He was to mail them at the office, and so put them into his pocket. Though he did not know it, they were close beside the one he had bought for Teddy, but of which he was now ashamed.

Presently an idea came to him, and: "Oh, Teddy," he cried, "let's play I am the carrier, and I'll go to all the houses, leaving valentines. Then you can sit at the window and see me—by the electric lights—dodging from house to house."

"'Twill be just jolly!" and Teddy clapped his hands gleefully.

"Then I'll leave them, and come back after dark."

And Tom did not notice, when he took them from his pocket, that the valentine addressed to Teddy was on the very top.

But no sooner was he gone than the little cripple saw it, and his eyes sparkled. "A valentine for me!" he whispered joyously.

But before he could open it, someone ran into the room and snatched it from his hand. 'Twas Tom, who had found out his mistake, and had come back for his valentine.

"You must not see this," he said, gently. "I'm going to take it back, and get one that means love—for I do love you, Teddy!"—Selected.

One Chap who always Gets There.

IT is not so much brilliancy of intellect and versatility of resource, as persistency of effort and constancy of purpose, that give success. When we see a young man that labor cannot weary, whom drudgery cannot disgust or dishearten, who meets reverses with an erect, unflinching bearing, we know that he will win. There is no keeping him down.—O. S. Marden.

What "Bobs" Never Does.

NEVER smokes. Never has patience with those who drink to excess. Never uses an oath. Never parades his piety. Never foresees it on those around him. Never forgets a name or face. Never passes a comrade. Never forgets to thank those who serve him. Never omits to return a salute, and never, by any chance, neglects to give praise where praise is due.

The Bear and the Boy.

ABOUT two hundred years ago a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopold was duke of the Province of Lorraine. The duke was very fond of animals.

Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big iron chain, and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

Marco was fierce; and, when he swung his shaggy head out of the door of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco, having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled back into the farthest corner of his hut and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the "falling-off" point, when he heard a sound at the house door. He started up; and what should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold!

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this new comer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl.

Then a strange thing happened,—so strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into the shaggy face, cried joyfully: "Why, you are the duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Won't you be my friend? I need one so much!"

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That hand meant, "I love you." Marco had never been loved in all of his rough, bearish life,—at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forest, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little lad to lie down beside him, warmed by his furry coat; and together they slept through the night.

In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper untouched; and instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, he stayed to watch the bear.

Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food; but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again, and hid behind a tree, to see what would happen next. In a moment, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch him out of harm's way; but the boy had already thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the hut

to see this wonderful pair, and soon the story of the boy and the bear had spread throughout the land.

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in his beautiful new home, but I think that he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco.—Corra H. Carter, in "Little Men and Women."

The Loud Call for Competent Men.

NEVER did the world call more loudly for young men with force, energy and purpose, young men trained to do some one thing, than to-day. Though hundreds of thousands are out of employment, yet never before was it so hard to get a good employee for almost any position as to-day.—Success.

Two Celebrated Men's Mottoes.

WHEN Russell Sage was asked for the secret of success, he said: "The secret of success is to keep your credit good." When old Commodore Vanderbilt was asked for his secret of success, his answer was: "Keep your mouth shut."

The Plaintive Kettle.

"I don't feel well," the Kettle sighed. The Pot responded, "Eh? Then doubtless that's the reason, marm, You do not sing to-day."

"But what's amiss?" The Kettle sobbed. "Why, sir, you're surely blind, Or you'd have noticed that the cook Is shockingly unkind."

"I watched her make a cake just now— If I'd a pair of legs, I'd run away! oh, dear! oh, dear! How she did beat the eggs!"

"Nor was that all—remember, please, 'Tis truth I tell to you— For with my own two eyes I saw Her stone the raisins, too!"

"And afterwards—a dreadful sight!— I felt inclined to scream!— The cruel creature took a fork And soundly whipped the cream!"

"Now can you wonder that my nerves Have rather given way! Although I'm at the boiling point, I cannot sing to-day?"

FELIX LEIGH.

It's a poor piece of mince pie that doesn't make you wish you hadn't eaten it.

A FUNSTER was once banteringly asked to make a pun upon the syllables "di-do-dum." He sat buried in thought for some minutes, and then produced the following:

"When Dido found Aeneas did not come, She mourned in silence and was Di-do-dum(b)."

AUNTIE, "Whom do you love best?" DOLLY, "Mamma." AUNTIE, "Who next?" DOLLY, "Baby." FATHER (from the back-ground), "And when does daddy come in?" DOLLY, "About two in the morning!"

REBECCA'S REMORSE.

By JAMES PAYN.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)

(Concluded.)

Rebecca was wonderfully calm and resigned, and after a few words of sympathy which perhaps had better not have been said, for I could see they tried her firmness, I spoke of what was necessary. Of course I took upon myself all the arrangements of the funeral, but I had to ask her a question about the death certificate.

"I do not know your sister's married name," I said.

"She was never married," was the unexpected reply.

My eye wandered interrogatively to the wedding ring upon that delicate finger, on which the needle had left no trace. It had, indeed, done little work of any kind. But Rebecca only shook her head.

"Then I will give your sister's maiden name, Bent."

"She was not my sister, sir. She was no relative at all. Put down Lester."

"No relative? Then, indeed, Rebecca, you may say you have done your duty to your neighbor."



She feebly stretched her arms toward her. "My duty!" she answered with bitter scorn and throwing up her great, gaunt hands. "It was I who murdered her."

It was not till some days afterward, when Lucy had been laid to rest in the cemetery, that I heard from Rebecca what she believed to be the story of her crime. It was exaggerated, emotional, and I am very sure represented the case only as it appeared to a mind full of remorse and self reproach.

I prefer, for truth's sake as well as hers, to give the facts as they would have struck an unprejudiced observer.

Lucy Lester was the daughter of a tradesman well to do and who made his money honestly enough, but he was a Puritan and of the strictest sect of the Pharisees. His wife had died when Lucy was still a child, and she was brought up in an atmosphere of gloom and dullness very unsuited to her character, which was at once frivolous and egotistic. Her beauty, of which she was only too conscious, was pronounced by the formal society with whom she mixed to be a snare (as, indeed, it proved to be), and every amusement to which she naturally inclined was sternly forbidden her. Rebecca, who had been her nurse and when she grew up became her maid, sympathized with her young mistress, to whom she was also genuinely attached, and made common cause with her against her persecutors, as she called them though they included her parents. She was very thrifty and kept

Lucy "short" as to pin money, and Rebecca who, as she told me (for she spared herself in nothing), was "very greedy of gain," on a very low scale of wages. It was a sad and rather sordid story of severity and repression met by duplicity and intrigue. What redeemed it was the disinterested though exaggerated fealty of Rebecca, which would have borne comparison with that of feudal times. Except for her singular beauty, there was nothing admirable in Lucy, who indeed was proud, selfish and exacting, but in Rebecca's eyes she was perfection and a martyr, fit for a prince, but with no choice of suitors save of a commonplace and unworthy kind, and who, never having seen a stage play, had no notion of the desirability of making a friend of the maid of their mistresses.

Presently, however, a lover appeared of quite another stamp, but unhappily a clandestine lover. Mr. Power was one of her father's customers, a gentleman, as was understood, of good position and who at all events gave large orders, which were punctually paid for. While calling on Mr. Lester on business he chanced to catch sight of Lucy and became at once enamored of her beauty. Without the simplicity which is the safeguard of her sex, she was absolutely ignorant of that world with which she panted to mingle. The man's air of fashion made as much way with her as his protestations, and unfortunately the lavishness which a man of his stamp displays when bent on such a design was taken by Rebecca as the sign of a generous nature. Without knowing them (as I think) to be exactly bribes, she took his bribes.

With one word to her master she could probably have saved his daughter, but she did not feel she was in danger. Even a word of warning to Lucy herself might not have been thrown away, but she did not give it. On the contrary, urged by many considerations—dislike of her master and his surroundings, willingness to please her darling and confidence in Power's professions—she assisted him to elope with her. I am afraid there was even a time when Lucy shrank from the audacity of that design and but for Rebecca would have abandoned it, but it was because she was herself deceived. Indeed at the last, when Lucy had lost her head as well as her heart and would have risked all for love, Rebecca stepped in and insisted upon being present at the marriage ceremony. It was a barren precaution, though poor Lucy might afterward have used it as a weapon of revenge if she had had the heart for revenge, for in a few weeks she discovered that he whom she had believed to be her husband was a married man. In that brief space she had lost all, fortune, friends and home, for her father closed his doors against her, and the unhappy girl found herself thrown on her own resources, which consisted only of a scanty wardrobe and a few jewels. Then, like a wounded tigress, she turned upon Rebecca with, "It is you who have been my ruin!"

The fury that might reasonably have been poured on her deceiver seemed quenched in the very catastrophe he had caused, as flame deserts the blackened ruin. So far as he was concerned, the crime of which she had been the victim was so overwhelming that in place of indignation she felt only wretchedness and despair. Too weak to seek relief in self destruction she yet desired to hide herself from her fellow creatures and especially to be seen no more of men.

What remained to her of vitality took the form of passionate reproach of her late ally and assistant, and not a word

did Rebecca say in her own defense.

Instead of leaving her young mistress to a fate only too easy to be foreseen, she devoted herself with penitence and remorse to smooth the rough road she must needs travel for the future.

Effort of her own Lucy never made and accepted the other's services not only as her due, but as but a small installment of the obligation she had incurred in having given her such bad advice. That she had not forgiven her she made very plain even, as has been shown, up to the last moment of her life, but Rebecca never thought herself hardly used.

"There was nothing I could do, as you may believe," she said, "that deserved thanks. It was owing to me that my poor dear mistress, so young, so beautiful, so tender, had fallen into the hands of a villain, and, unit as she was to bear hardships, was compelled to live upon a crust. Was it to my credit that these hands, which had taken his bribes, provided the crust?"

If Miss Lucy had complained, she said she could have better borne the consciousness of her crime, but after that first outbreak she kept silence—a cold, reproachful silence that for years had shilled the other's very heart. All she stipulated for was to be alone, not to be spoken to, not to be seen, and even when her illness had become severe it was only on Rebecca's promise to obtain professional advice without the doctor's presence that the sick girl had permitted her to apply to me.

This was the story of Rebecca's remorse.

I did what I could to reason with the poor woman by pointing out how penance atones for wrong, but if I had not been so fortunate as to obtain for her Lucy's deathbed forgiveness she would certainly never have forgiven herself. As it was, she was in some degree comforted. I got her a situation in the country with some friends of mine, where she was greatly esteemed and remained for years. She always took a day or two's holiday in the summer. No one knew where she spent it, for she had no friends, but at that same time whoever visited an east end cemetery would have found on Lucy Lester's grave fresh flowers.

THE END.

Too Generous.

Landlady—Mr. Granger did not drink his tea.

Synnex—No; Granger is not the man to impose upon weakness.—Boston Transcript.

Master of the Situation.

In the days of slavery Abram was a great favorite with his master, whom he had served as a valet from his youth. At his master's death his mistress wanted him many privileges, and at the period of emancipation he resisted every temptation to leave the old plantation. In the exercise of his privileges he became obnoxious to the other negroes, and their frequent complaints excited remonstrance on the part of his mistress. But Abram pursued his own way in spite of expeustulation. Finally his interference with her own plans exhausted the patience of his mistress, who determined to dismiss him.

"Abram," said she one day to him in a very kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and I have decided that we must part"—But before she concluded her remarks Abram exclaimed:

"Law, mistis, whar you gwine? You ain't gwine git no bettah p'intashun Jan dis. Take ole Abe's advise, mistis en stay right whar you is."—Exchange.

HARRY'S CORDIAL.

By HENRY HERMAN.

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(Concluded.)

"I sent yow an the others to fetch food, an yew bring me stones. My poor goll is dyin in thar. Thar's bin no food in this house nigh on a week now. I've b'iled the bark of the cottonwoods an eaten it, as if I was a hoss. Day an day an night an night I've wraited an said to myself: 'Painter Harry will live through it all. Painter Harry will bring me meat for my goll, acos he loves her. Painter Harry will save my Nellie, if he'll reach my doorstep to die on it.' An yew've come back alone, an yew've left oven yew'r rifle on the road, an yew bring me this filthy gold. Can yew eat gold? Can yew eat it? Speak, if yew're not dumb. Take it out of my sight. Away with it!"

He grasped a feeble handful of the shining fragments and flung them into the fire, where they rang against the hard baked clay of the chimney. Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands, and his low moans filled the room as with calls of gaunt death.

The young man stood there, with his dark, pain stretched face clouded by the old man's accusation. With slow and diffident step he stole toward him and laid one of his blood stained hands gently on his shoulder.

"Don't speak so hard, Daddy Hays," he said, with a heartbreaking quiet. "We found nuthin that we could bring on oursel es, but we found this. There's bushels whar this comes from, an when the wind slows down it'll pay fetchin. I didn't think I'd live through it, an I'm nigh dead myself, but the instant minnit I can use my limbs I'll take that rifle an start out ag'in. I can't go out with these things on. I'd die on the road, an thar'll be pieces of my skin comin away with 'om as it is. But cheer up, Daddy. Nellie won't die, if Painter Harry kin save her, an I will save her still."

The old man remained dumb in his grief and doubt, while Harry, with agonized efforts, stripped off his ice covered clothing. In the corner by the fireside hung a striped Navajo blanket and a couple of mountaineer's buckskin shirts and trousers. Harry strapped the blanket around his waist and tied strips of fresh rag around his wounded and bleeding limbs. Then he sat down by the fire, facing Hays.

"An Nellie?" he asked at last. "Whar is she?"

Daddy Hays looked up. "In thar," he replied—"dead, maybe. I ain't had the courage to look this hour past."

"She ain't had nuthin to eat—for how long now?" inquired the young man, a feverish determination gleaming in his eye.

"She ain't touched food for more than eight an forty hours now."

"May I go an look at her?"

"Go!"

The young man strapped the blanket a little more tightly and wiped the dripping moisture from his dark hair and beard. In the fitful Rembrandtesque light thrown by the hearth fire his wiry form, all brawny muscle and sinew, flashed now and then like polished bronze. He might have been a model for Tubal Cain as he stood there, naked to the waist and barefooted, with his blanket reaching the ground like a workman's gown of mythological days and with his long, dark beard streaming around his manly face.

With slow and muffled footfall he stepped to the dark blue blanket which served as a hanging between the two rooms. The chimneys of the two compartments of the hut were built back to back, and a cherry wood fire was burning in the inner room. As he dropped the hanging blanket and paused for a moment in the half gloom Harry could barely distinguish his surroundings by the aid of the suncary, yellow, flickering flames of the logs. At the farther end stood a rough, low couch covered with buffalo skins, and upon its rich, deep brown shone the white face of a woman who had been beautiful before the agony of hunger had dragged the rounded cheeks into lined and angular forms and had sucked the blood from the cherry red lips. The big gray blue eyes looked nearly black in the dim light, and they stared vacantly. The fingers, white and worn to the bone, lay upon the bearskin which covered her, like wax models of dead hands.

The young man approached the bed as a repentant pilgrim of old might have drawn nigh to the shrine of the enskied saint whose intercession he craved. He looked at her, and his brawny limbs trembled and shook as in a palsy while he pictured to himself the lovely, loving and lovable girl whom he had hoped to call his own and whom the hand of heaven had thus sorely stricken. She moved not on her couch, nor whispered a word, nor drew a breath. But for the slight movement of the bosom and for the barely perceptible tremor of the lips she might have been dead already. The big eyes stared, and Harry thought they stared at him and chided him softly, not harshly. The gaze cut through his heartstrings like a red hot dagger, and he rushed from the room.

"She is dyin!" he cried in his agony. "Ain't thar nuthin at all to eat in the place—nuthin—nor a drink o' whisky—nuthin, nuthin?"

His searching glance traveled around the room unavailingly. The shelves were bare.

"Thar ain't a morsel nor a drop, and thar hasn't bin these two days," answered the old man, with a choking voice.

"An she'll die," Harry cried, "if she'll get no food?"

"Yes, die," echoed the pioneer—"die, like Joe an Bill an Dick—an yow an I will follow her."

The young man flew at the cupboard and flung the dishes and plates and bottles and cups and jugs it contained on the floor in a clattering confusion. He dived into every nook; he ransacked every corner; he swept the boards for possible crumbs and turned the bottles for any nourishing drops they might contain. Not a mite, not a atom of food, not a drop of liquor, was there.

Then he took down the rifle which hung on a peg on the wall, and, half naked as he was, he opened the door and walked out into the slush and the snow. The wind, even in its weakened forces, was icy and cut him like a thousand whips. He walked all round the house, but no living thing, no bird or game of any kind, was to be seen, nothing anywhere but the great white pad of snow and the dark brown of the rocks and trees below and the endless gray sky above.

Shivering and trembling, he returned to the hut and closed the door against the glacial blast.

"It ain't no use," he said bitterly. "I knowed it warn't no use, but I thought I'd try."

He sat down for a few minutes in a silent tremor, with his elbows upon the

table and his head upon his hands.

On a sudden he jumped up like one mad. His eyes glowed as with an inspiration that might have been holy.

"By the livin' God," he cried, "yow shall not die, my Nell, my darlin Nell! Yow shall not die of hunger while Painter Harry is alive—no—no—no! Thank God an his mercy that I've thought of it afore it warn't too late."

"What do yow mean? What are yow goin to do?" Hays demanded, looking at him with feverish eyes.

"Don't ask," Harry replied. He gasped for breath between each sentence. "I'll save her, but don't ask. Let me—and say nuthin."

"But I'm dyin, too," whined the old man. "I'm goin blind, an—I'm—help, help!"

The voice became fainter, and the pioneer's wasted form slid from his seat and rolled sideways on the floor.

Harry bent over him and looked into the starving man's face.

Then he rose slowly and haggardly. His lids were tightly closed, and he bit his lip.

"She first," he said after a slight pause. "My darlin first. I'll save him afterward."

He went to the table and opened the drawer.

As he felt about there for a knife his left hand touched the little piles of golden ore that lay on the table.

With a furious sweep of the hand he sent them flying on the floor.

"Gold!" he cried. "Gold! All the gold in the world ain't worth a crust of bread."

CHAPTER II.

Painter Harry selected the sharpest and the most pointed of the knives he found in the table drawer and took from the shelf, whereon it stood, a big drinking cup made from the horn of a buffalo. Then he gathered up a few strips of the rags he had left lying near by, and after glancing for a brief second at the motionless figure of the old frontiersman he raised the blue blanket curtain and stepped into the inner room.

The girl was lying white and silent as before, with a deathlike, peaceful smile wreathing her parted lips.

Harry stole to the couch and looked into the girl's eyes. A merest gleam of a heartbreak recognition flickered there, like a stray and feeble sunbeam, and vanished. The young man dropped on one knee by the side of his dying bride and, grasping her cold and humid hand, covered it with his kisses.

"Oh, my God," he cried in the terror of his heart, "grant that it may not be too late—grant that it may not be too late!"

He took the knife he had brought, and with one swift and desperate movement cut a great gash in his left arm. The steaming blood spurted over his face and chest, but he dashed the horn cup to the wound with a lightninglike swing, and the hot fluid gushed into it. He felt his face grow red and white by turns, and a strong tremor filled his frame, but he kept a tight hold of the horn until he knew that his blood was trickling into it more and more slowly. Then he satisfied himself that the cup was nearly full to the brim, though his head swam and the walls and the couch and the girl upon it appeared to him to turn round in a hazy whirl. He crept to the couch side with the love of a life beaming in his dark eyes. Gently, tenderly, as a woman might have done, he inserted his right arm beneath the girl's shoulders, and, raising her drooping head with a solicitous care, he held with his left the cup to her lips, though he felt the blood still flowing from his arm in a warm stream. The

half open lips admitted a few drops; then the head sank back as a gasping thrill pervaded the slender frame. Harry softly pressed the cup again to his love's lips, and a few more drops passed.

Then he waited a dozen seconds, while his sight grew dimmer and his temples throbbed as in fever. Again he placed the cup to the white lips, and he was happy to see a few more drops of his life's blood rushing to save her whom he loved so well.

Time after time during the next hour he repeated his work of mercy until at last the glassy eyes brightened with the signs of reviving life and a dim smile beamed there. The cold figure seemed to warm into pulsating vigor, the bosom heaved in more visible evenness, and at last a sigh, long drawn, escaped from it.

Then Harry on a sudden felt all around him grow dark. His wounded arm burned as in a raging fever, and he swayed as he knelt by his Nellie's couch.

"I've done what I could," he muttered. "Goodby, Nellie. Goodby, darlin. Goodby, goodby!"

He stretched out a wildly fumbling hand and fell face foremost on the floor.

The sun of a bright winter morning glowed, an orb of red fire, on a horizon of silver, which graduated westward into a pale, steely blue.

Around the hut where Painter Harry lay horses neighed and pawed the snowy ground, while the air was astir with cheery human voices.

A score of Uncle Sam's dragoons, unrecognizable as soldiers under the oddest and most varied assortment of fur clothing, tramped up and down by the tethered horses, swinging their arms and stamping their feet to keep their limbs warm in the keen and biting brisk atmosphere.



Raising her drooping head with solicitous care.

Within three or four men, two of them in the uniform of officers of the United States cavalry, were busy attending to the needs of poor Nellie, who sat, pale and shamefaced, on her couch, looking with frightened gazelle eyes at her lover, whose wounds one of the men was dressing.

"A fine fellow that, doctor!" exclaimed a boisterous lieutenant of dragoons. "I wonder how he came by that gash in the arm. The place is swimming in blood. Is he all right?"

"Right as rain," the surgeon replied. "He hasn't poisoned his constitution with whisky of late. He'll be up and doing in a day or two."

"And the old man?" asked the officer. "There's life in the old dog for many a day to come yet. But don't you go

and feed him with rancid pork and molasses. A stomach that's been starving for a week or two can't stand that."

The story of Painter Harry's cordial is told to this day by many a pioneer's fireside out west.

The gold which Harry discovered at such an awful cost did not ruffle the even tenor of his and Nellie's homely lives.

THE END.

FIVE YEARS.

By OPIE READ.

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CHAPTER I.

"You are a pretty looking thing to talk about marrying, Charles. Oh, you are a fine specimen of matrimonial achievement! Marry my daughter! Why, both of you would starve in less than a year. You are 18 years old and able to support a wife, eh? Eighteen years old indeed! Why, sir, when I was of that age, I no more thought of marrying than I thought of swallowing a tenpenny nail."

"It was probably because you had never loved any one," the young fellow replied, looking down with an embarrassed air.

"Loved any one!" The old gentleman blew his nose. "Loved any one at 18! Why, sir, if my father had awakened in the middle of the night and the belief that I was in love with some one had entered his mind, he would have hopped out of bed, seized a board and fanned me until I would have thought the 10th of January was the 4th of July. Loved any one! Why don't you call up the dogs and go out and catch some rabbits? Is that your top string hanging out of your pocket? Only your handkerchief? Excuse me. My eyesight is not so good as it used to be, but my judgment is a thundering sight better. Love at 18! Charles, of course you are always welcome at my house, and I don't want to hurry you off, but, confound it, go home!"

"Then you say I shall not marry Ermance?"

"Not at the present writing, whose few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing, Charles. I don't know what may occur in the future, but I am pretty sure of what is happening now."

"Will you let us be engaged, then?"

"Oh, yes; be engaged as much as you please!"

"May heaven bless you, sir."

"Now, here, young man! You are not on the stage. The fellow who used to be so good at saying 'May heaven bless you, sir,' is now working on a flatboat."

"But I desire to thank you for your great kindness."

"Yes; that's all right."

"Ermance and I can see each other daily?"

"Well, hardly. You must understand now that I want no lovemaking round here. I have a touch of rheumatism and can't stand it. I am somewhat peculiar about my own affairs, which eccentricity I hope to be joined. If you agree to go away and remain five years, why, at the end of that time you may come back and marry the girl. Do you agree?"

"I suppose I must."

"Well, run along, then."

"I don't like for you to talk to me as though I were a child."

"As though you were a child, eh? Well, run along now! Ermance is out in the garden somewhere giggling. Find her, plight your troth and hurry away."

At the end of five years come back. Rather severe probably, but it is the best trade we can make under the circumstances. Don't look exactly right to deal thus in connubial futures—there, now, don't blubber! Why, you are swelling up like a toad. Shut the door. That's right. Run along."

The above conversation occurred between Colonel Epimenides Harleyman, a well known planter and ex-member of the Arkansas senate, and young Charles Wexall, son of a neighboring clergyman. Ermance, the young lady in question, was a half frolicsome, half sedate girl. Strange as it may seem, she was not beautiful. She had a thick mass of yellow hair, so luxuriant that her father often referred to her head as a patch of jute. She was a sudden kind of girl—sudden in all of her movements, sudden in her exclamations. There seemed to be nothing premeditated about her.

CHAPTER II.

If the sound of footsteps could convey an impression of sorrow, any one hearing Charles as he slowly strode along the garden walk must have thought he was on his way to peer under the rosebush where his last hope was buried. Turning a clump of lilac



"Say!" exclaimed the colonel. bushes, he saw Ermance swinging on the limb of an apple tree. Springing lightly to the ground, she ran to meet him.

"Oh, you look so sad!" she exclaimed. "Ermance, I am sad."

"What did pa say? I've caught a beau," she broke off, plucking a dead branch of rosebush from her skirt.

"What didn't he say? He said everything discouraging. He said that if we want to marry each other we must part for five years."

"Five years!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes.

"Yes, five years," he repeated sorrowfully.

"But how can we part for five years if we are always together? There's a measuring worm on your sleeve. Oh, you are going to get a new coat!"

"Ermance, this is serious. Of course we can't part if we are always together, but we shall not be together. He says that I must go away."

"Go away! He was joking. Oh, your hat is all covered with spider webs! You must have been up in the garret."

"I am going away, Ermance, and have come to tell you goodbye," he said, drawing her to him. "Will you love me all these years?" Her head sank on his breast. "After all, we are but children. At the end of five years I will

come back and claim you. Goodby." He kissed her.

"Say!" exclaimed the colonel. The lovers started. "I forgot to insert a very necessary clause. You are not to write to each other. There, that's enough. I've got a touch of rheumatism, understand. Goodby, Charles."

"I am not gone yet, sir." "Shut the garden gate as you go out, Charles."

"I tell you that I am not gone." "Take care of yourself." The young man turned away, and the colonel continued, "Never fear; she'll be true to you."

"God bless you, sir." "Never mind. The fellow who used to say that so well fell out of the stable loft and killed himself. Ermance, don't blubber. Remember my rheumatism."

CHAPTER III.

Five years do not elapse every day, but they elapse every five years. Along dreary time of anxious and waiting hearts, if they be anxious and waiting, but anxiety has been known to wear away, and what was once painful waiting sometimes becomes a condition of easy endurance. Charles returned. He had seen much of the world and had collected a few dollars.

"So you have a lover at home, eh?" a miner had said to him.

"Yes, a sort of lover," he replied. "A good enough country girl, easily surprised and somewhat verdant. I used to think a great deal of her, but I was a boy, you know."

"Your old lover will soon be home, won't he, Ermance?" a young lady asked of the girl whose head resembled a patch of jute.

"I suppose so, but why do you refer to him as my lover?"

"Why, I thought that you were engaged!"

"Oh we were in a childish sort of way, but I have put that all aside. Father had more sense than both of us."

Charles did not rush over to the colonel's immediately after returning. Ermance, when she heard that he had returned, went away on a visit. The young man felt ashamed of himself. He knew not what excuse to make, but one day grasping all the courage within reach, he went over to the colonel's, wondering as he went how he could have been so foolish years ago.

"Why, my dear sir," exclaimed the colonel, "I am glad to see you. You've got enough beard to disguise an ordinary man, but you are not ordinary. Little above fair to middlin, as the cotton niggers say."

"I'm glad to see you again, colonel. How's your rheumatism?"

"It got well immediately after that garden scene."

"Foolish children," replied Charles.

"Well, I should say so," replied the colonel.

"How is, er—Miss Harleyman?"

"Quite well, I believe. She went over to Ralston's a few days ago. I sent the buggy after her this morning. I hear her now. Yes, my rheumatism is all right. First rate, for—Ermance, here a minute. Do you know this gentleman?"

"I think so," replied the young lady, advancing without embarrassment and extending her hand. "How is your health, Mr. Wexall?"

"Never better, thank you."

"Well," said the colonel, "you must excuse me, as I have business out on the farm. Ermance, our friend must stay to dinner."

An awkward silence followed. Charles knew not what to say nor how to say it; Ermance was embarrassed because she

knew not how to express the nothing which she had to say.

"Have you been at home all the time since I saw you last?" Charles asked, after making several efforts to break the silence.

"Oh, no; I spent three years at a seminary."

"Enjoyed yourself pretty well, I suppose?"

"Very much. I soon became interested in my studies."

Another embarrassing silence. "Ermance—I suppose I may call you by that"—

"Of course. We were children together."

"So we were, and foolish children, too, doubtless."

"Yes," she replied, without hesitation. "Father was wiser than we."

The situation was no longer awkward. "I thought I loved you, Ermance."

"And I thought that I loved you."

"Childish fancy. You don't know what a heavy weight you have lifted from my mind. I don't love you."

"Charles," she replied, her eyes shining with fervent light, "you make me happy. I have long regretted our engagement, and to know that a perfect understanding is painless to you thrills me. Let us be friends. Here's father."

"Ah, hah!" said the old gentleman.

"Found that some one else had attended to my business. Are you folks still engaged?"

"No," replied Charles. "We are friends, but not lovers."

"Ah, hah!" said the old man, "suppose I had allowed you to marry? Don't you see that a man sometimes has more sense than a boy? Now you and Ermance are friends. If you had married five years ago, you would now in all probability be enemies. Well, Charles, you need feel no hesitancy in remaining to dinner. We generally have something lying around, and you may come over and eat when you feel like it. Why, Ermance, I never saw you so happy."

CHAPTER IV.

Neighborly visits were kept up between the Harleymans and Wexalls. Charles and Ermance rarely referred to their childish freak of affection, and when they did so it was merely to congratulate themselves. "How many marriages result in disaster," said Charles, one evening as he and Ermance walked in the garden. "Five years ago I thought that your father was the cruellest of men; now I think he is one of the wisest."

"Yes, he is undoubtedly a man of fine sense."

"Did he ever say anything, during my absence, to dissuade you from our purpose?"

"No; he always spoke in a way directly opposite. Often, at night, when I went into the library to attend upon his wants—an office which none but I could discharge, he would stroke my hair while I sat on the footstool and tell me of the duties of a wife—how I should always love you and how noble you were. He never made fun of me, and at first, when I used to sit alone, and—and—weep, he would come to me and tell me how I was loved, and how happy I should be for having won a heart so—so—unchangeable."

"Ermance, this is the spot where we stood five years ago."

"Yes. How chill the air is."

"I think there will be frost tonight," he replied. "By the way, my dear friend, I am going back to the mines. I long to meet those strong and simple fellows. I have become strangely attached to them."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow."

"Then I know there will be frost tonight."

He caught her in his arms. The yellow hair fell over his shoulder. "Angel, I cannot help loving you. I have struggled, but in vain. Let us go to your father."

CHAPTER V.

"Come in," said the old gentleman, looking up from a mass of paper. "I tell you, Charles, to make anything out of this cotton business requires close figuring. I ought to have made \$12,000 last year, but I didn't—young man, let me tell you that I didn't."

"How much did you make?"

"Only \$11,800, Charles. Bad crop year. Sit down, both of you. You remind me of pictures hung in front of a museum."

"Colonel, I have decided to go back to the mines."

"Yes, well, of course. When a man once forms a liking for that kind of life, it is almost impossible to break him of it. Yes, of course."



"Come in," said the old gentleman.

"But if he were to remain away five years the attachment would be broken, wouldn't it, father?" asked Ermance, looking slyly at Charles.

"Well, dog my cats, I don't know," replied the old gentleman, shoving back his chair. "It would seem so, though, eh? Well, blow me up! What put the five years proposition into your head, girl?"

"Nothing, only I thought that—that"

"Look here, is that the way for friends to do? Put their arms around each other? Well, dog my cats, if she hasn't got her jute patch all over his face! Let me get out of here before I have rheumatism so bad I can't hobble."

"Wait, colonel. We are engaged again. It was impossible for us not to love!"

"We couldn't help it, father."

"And," continued Charles, "we have decided to marry at once."

"Of course," said the old gentleman, wiping his eyes. "Of course. Bad cotton year, Charles—of course—well, dog my cats!"

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Tincture myrrh and capsicum compound in twice the quantity of glycerin and water to dilute it according to the age and strength of the patient and the severity of the case will cure almost any case of diphtheria. It should be thoroughly sprayed into the throat as frequently as the case requires night and day. Use a milk diet and keep the patient at an even temperature.

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

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The roar of nearby battle and the hissing of flying missiles overhead rendered the voices of the men indistinct and mercifully swallowed up some uncalled-for oaths and ribald jests. Suddenly the darkness in the sunken road was softened and illumined by a red reflection from burning stacks and farm buildings on the invisible field.

The groups of men under the shelving banks, the long artillery train and the trees overhead took on the lurid hue of a dragon's grotto in a play, while the bank which shut off the view of the fire was lighted by a more than noonday brilliance against the fierce conflagration. The brightest light streamed across the very apex of the hill through which the road had been cut. The jagged stone wall was nearly leveled with the earth. Not a tree or bush broke the lighted expanse, in the very midst of which appeared the silhouetted figure of a man with head bent forward and hands clasped. His broken cap strap tumbled below his chin, and his haversack, crowned by an inverted tin cup, was hitched up into an absurd hump on his back. At the man's feet, a bare earthen mound rose against the line of the broken wall, and something that looked from below like a crooked root growing out of the side of the mound seemed to grasp the red light of the flaming stacks. Around the dark figure the minie balls and fragments of shell whined like a jerky harp.

"There ain't no flies on Henry," mumbled a wheel driver through a mouthful of hard tack.

"Come down from there, Price," cried the captain, who had walked back on the road, attracted by the light.

There was not the slightest movement in the bent figure.

"Price!" roared the captain.

Henry Price sank slowly to his knees and pressed his face to the red twisted root. The action of the man crouching

up the bank and clutch the clothing of the oblivious man and drag him over the declivity. The two came down together out of the glare into the dull red light of the cut, followed by a drift of pebbles and dirt.

Henry Price scrambled to his feet without resenting the action of the sergeant or so much as noticing the presence of the captain. He took off his old cap and drew his hand across his damp forehead. His words were not addressed to the crowd about him, but rather to his own guilty conscience.

"It's my work. I did it."

"Did what, Henry?" asked the captain, laying his hand kindly on Price's shoulder.

The stricken man appreciated the friendliness of the action and recognized the presence of his commanding officer. He was eager to speak.

"It's my brother up there. I killed him. I've been waiting a year to find out for certain. I did it." Price threw up his arms with a gesture of despair. The light streamed down on to his ghastly upturned face and marked it with the color of blood.

In an instant he recovered himself.

"Listen, captain!" he exclaimed eagerly. "It was this way: He was in the southern army, Jim was. My regiment formed in this cut in the other battle. We were ordered up to the top of this very bank. As I came to the top—right there, captain—a soldier rushed in above me. Our guns went off together. That soldier was Jim. I saw his face as he fell. My God, I can never forget his look, captain. I was near enough to catch him in my arms, but my foot slipped, and I fell back into the road. I was mad to climb up again, but the rebs charged with a yell through the cut and swept us out. I hoped it was only a wound, but now I know the truth, Captain Sanderson—I did it." Poor Price was an abject picture of misery as he uttered the final three words, standing dry eyed in the red road. "You see," he continued, pointing upward, "Jim lay just there where he fell, until the burial party found him—and they didn't half do their work. Look, captain, that's his skeleton hand thrust out of his grave—Jim's hand, with the gray sleeve beaten into the dirt by the rain."

"My dear fellow," said the captain, "there is no certainty that it is your brother."

"Don't I know?" said Price, with a hopeless expression of conviction. "Jim lost his forefinger fooling with a gun when we were boys together. The very same finger is gone from that hand up there."

"I killed my brother!"

Price resented almost angrily the sort of sympathy that tried to throw doubt upon the identity of the remains. Several of the men who climbed up under the shelter of the bank to where they could get a near view of the mound in the fierce light of the conflagration reported the exact condition of the skeleton hand. The index finger was certainly wanting, and a rag of gray sleeve, beaten down and rotted by the rain, lay about the opening in the soil.

The only consolation that remained to the stricken and contrite brother was the sad duty of reburial and the erection of some object to mark the place. But for the restraint put upon him Price would have gone instantly about this work regardless of the scathing fire that swept the strangely lighted and exposed mound on the crest of the hill. He unhooked a shovel from one of the caissons and leaped impatiently on it awaiting his opportunity, but the final desperate struggle in the light of the

burning buildings necessitated the hasty withdrawal of the battery from its cramped and defenseless position, and when quiet settled at last over the field Henry Price was separated from the sunken road by two lines of pickets, and morning found the battery a long distance from Groveton crossroads.

Soon after dawn Price presented himself before the captain at the roadside. His face was haggard and his appearance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. He was received with all the respect and sympathy due to the brother of Jim.

"This is my last battle," he said. "I have had a warning. There's Jim back on the hill, half buried, and I shan't live to reach him. Promise me one thing, captain—after the fighting is over have him decently buried."

"Don't be silly," said the captain.

"Promise me, sir," said Price.

"If we hold the ground," said the captain, "I'll have everything done that you wish; but pluck up heart, my man. You'll live to grow gray hairs yet."

"My hours are numbered," said Price. "I am resigned to my fate now that I have your promise that you will look after Jim."

The captain was a kind hearted man, and the despondency of Jim's brother touched him. "Go back to the forge," he said, "and stop there. We'll cheat fate of its victim."

"That's not my style!" exclaimed Price, and he turned away from the interview with the indignation of a man whose courage had been impugned.

Before another night every extra duty man had taken a number at the guns. In the ragged garden of a burning house Henry Price stepped eagerly into a vacant place alongside a hot gun and put out his left hand to have the buckskin thongs of the blackened thumbstall knotted about his wrist.

"I reckon my time has come," he said, looking across at the man with the lanyard and glancing down at the boy whose place he had taken. "It might better have been me than Dick."

There was little time for talk in the midst of the fierce work that ensued in the neglected garden until the opposing battery was silent. When the firing did cease, the sooty cannoners threw themselves down on the trampled weeds, except Henry Price, who walked about on the blackened and smoking turf before the muzzle of the gun, every movement of his nervous figure uttering the dumb accusation, "I did it." Every comrade knew that he was in the desperate mood which impels men eagerly to court death in some forlorn hope.

Henry Price was impatient of inaction and incapable of rest. When the battery blazed away again, puncturing the dun smoke with red flashes, and the return shells plowed the old garden between the hot guns, the tense excitement and the hard work filled him with grim satisfaction. When the man in front of him fell, he caught the grimy sponge and wielded it fiercely, glad to be uncovered, as if he had come that much nearer his fate. Once he fell himself as he sprang backward to give the gun an opportunity to bark, but it was only a tangle of trampled rosebushes that caught his heel instead of a message of forgetfulness.

In front of the tangled garden the fields sloped away for a mile into a broad valley, made up of pasture and grainfield and fenceless roads, away to the dark woods beyond the red railroad embankment. In the early darkness of that wild night Henry Price was half mad to shoulder a musket and get down

into the line of his old regiment somewhere in the thunder of rifles that rolled over the valley.

The lines of stars pursuing each other fascinated him. His old regiment was somewhere in the action.

There was forgetfulness down there, and, for him, back on the hill, only the torture of memory. The long battle might end in that fierce conflict. He counted himself as a dead man. Why not have it over at once? He could wrench a gun from stiffened fingers and help himself to a cartridge box without asking. An irrefragable impulse impelled him to plunge into that fiery vortex as a moth flies into a lighted candle. He ran down the hill through the pasture. Nobody noticed the passing of a shadow into the darkness. The men in the battery were too intent on the vast display of pyrotechnics.

By 9 o'clock the roar of musketry had slackened to an occasional volley which was prolonged by a few scattering shots, a little flurry of stars, a spark here, a flash there, until silence and darkness settled on the valley.

Some time in the night Henry Price came back up the hill in the mood of a man on whom a slight has been put. In his heart he envied the dead and dying lying between the pickets in the dark valley. Because he had come out unscathed he knew that there was another day of the battle before him. In his highly wrought condition he was unable to rest. Others slept as if nothing had happened. Even the patient horses dozed in swaying lines against the film of smoke that overhung the charred timbers of the house and started in their dreams to breathe heavily, creaking a saddle here and rattling a headstall there.

Henry Price was neither glad nor sorry to see the rosy light of morning. Perhaps even then he saw only the red gloom of the sunken road as he stretched his stiffened limbs and muttered: "It was my work. I did it."

His physical strength sustained him wonderfully in the rough work of the day that followed, during which the stubborn lines were forced back from ridge to ridge until the third evening found the whole army in orderly retreat. Through it all Henry had kept his post at the muzzle of the gun. He showed no sign of weariness. He seemed dazed rather than tired. After two sleepless nights and two such eventful days it may reasonably be doubted if he was capable of subdividing the time that had passed since the dawn of his horrible self conviction in the glare of the burning farm buildings.

He had lost nothing of the presentiment that he was fighting his last battle, and when the battery made its final stand in the afterglow of the sunset, before leaving the field that was already lost, he sponged and rammed in a mechanical way and sprang outside the wheel like a well drilled automaton.

The hour was upon him. Every inch of his body was numb with the expectation of a blow. His scalp and his extremities were cold. He was a doomed man set against a wall, awaiting the sure volley, only the file of riflemen was not yet told off and there remained to him the merciful relief of activity.

When his quick eye caught the dribble of gray figures running and dodging through the hollows of the next field, multiplying among the scrubby cedars and swarming behind the stone wall, he recognized his grim executioners. He heard the cries for double canister, and laughed as he drove the two tin cylinders into the black throat of the gun. A little patter of bullets peppered the wheels, and some muffs of dust lead-

(Continued on page 22.)



The silhouetted figure of a man.

over the mound was so strange and his position so perilous that the captain's anger gave way to a feeling of pity which was half admiration for the fellow's insensibility to danger. He looked on for one irresolute moment, and then ordered a sergeant to bring Price down. This was not such a hazardous duty as might at first seem, for the man commissioned officer had but to land-

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(Continued from page 21.)

ed up from the ground as the gray men sprang over the wall.

He stood there at his post in the white smoke as the old guns thundered by half battery and swept the field with alternate volleys of iron balls. As the torn and baffled regiment fell back the cannoners leaped on the wheels with yells of defiance—all except Henry Price. His plight was not noticed at first in the wild excitement followed by the sweep of galloping limbers, but in replacing the equipments he was found on the ground, grasping the rammer staff in his blackened hands.

"I expected it," he gasped, and as he released the staff he clutched at his wet and soiled shirt front. "It hurts me to breathe. Don't touch me—I'm done for!"

There was no surgeon at hand, but in spite of his remonstrances he was lifted on to a limber chest and supported there by a comrade as the victorious battery left the field. He was resigned to his fate. He had no desire to live. It was the vengeance of God demanded by that skeleton hand extended from the shallow grave by the roadside. One memorable night had intervened between the night of his conviction and the night of his expiation. Was there a mysterious fatality about the number three?

He spoke in broken sentences, for the road was rough and the heavy gun carriage, drawn by six powerful horses, rumbled relentlessly over the stones, only swerving once with the column to avoid the blue forms which suddenly appeared in great numbers lying amazingly still on the hillside.

It was dusk when the battery floundered through the run above the wreck of the old stone bridge, and the wounded man on the limber was tossed like a leaf as the heavy wheels ground over ammunition chests and boxes of bread which had been shaken from the wagon trains in the hurried retreat.

The companion who had supported Henry thus far managed to keep him upright on the folds of the big canvas that cushioned the limber chest, but the jolting was too much for him. At a sign from the sergeant deaf Spence, who was huge and good natured, dismounted, and having placed Price in the saddle walked like a great, faithful dog at his side.

"It's no use, Spence, lugging a dead man along with the march," said Henry. "For God's sake, lay me in the fence corner there and leave me to my fate." He stretched out his open hand as he spoke toward the place that he coveted on a bank by the roadside.

"I'll bet ye do," said Spence, clawing a piece of navy plug from the bottom of his pocket. "Take a big chaw, Henry. I knowed ye wanted it."

Henry waved the proffered tobacco away with disgust, and despairing of making himself understood by the deaf man rested his eyes resignedly on the long line of drivers swaying and tossing in front, until their bobbing heads were lost in the dust and gloom of the advance. He noticed languidly the parallel battery sharing the road with his own and the shadowy lines of infantry marching rapidly, in the fields at either side, with a soothing, rhythmical clatter of loose equipments, their bayonets catching an occasional glint of moonlight. He was swept along in the irresistible swirl of the current, for the sky itself seemed to be retreating with the defeated army. The scurrying clouds, flying before the light wind, were chasing each other in ragged, desultory battalions above the hurrying columns, as if they were racing with

the jaded men or fleeing in affright from the ghastly scenes on the great battlefield.

He felt no pain from his wound, but a great weariness came over him.

As they passed over the brow of a hill he saw a dark mass of figures in the neighboring field, intermingling like objects in a swirling eddy, crowded to one side by the strong flowing current. Then he saw the dark lines of teams streaking the slope beyond and knew that the shadowy men were planting guns to cover the retreat.

The big deaf man was lumbering heavily at his side with one hand on the horse's bridle. The drivers were swaying in their saddles and nodding strangely over the creaking collars. A bowing cap came in contact with the neck of a horse and fell off into the road. The drowsy heat, the rumble of the carriages and the tramp of many feet had their effect on the wounded man, who was no longer conscious of the stifling dust or of the rank smell of the damp fields mingled with the salty odor of the galled teams. He was not disturbed by the occasional halts, when the men slid down to the ground and slept with their heads on the saddles, or by the extra scrambling and clatter of hoofs when a general and staff with headquarters flags and cavalry escort hurried by to the front.

It may be that he was dreaming of Jim and that his vision had brought him to the death scene, when he lurched and would have fallen but for the strong arm of Spence, which put him back into the saddle and remained with a precautionary curve around his back.

The deaf man muttered an oath at his own drowsiness. He had been munching hard bread at the moment to keep himself awake. When the column halted, they were close to a little stream where the road dipped between two hills. The smell of the water reminded Spence that he was thirsty, and he led the horse up the bed of the rivulet until they were out of the crowd, with the intention of taking a drink. Instead of doing so, he sat down on the ground and was overcome in a twinkling by the demon of sleep he had been fighting so long. The horse put down his head and drank through his gurgling bits and then betook himself to cropping the grass which grew conveniently at a level with his shoulder.

In good time Henry Price, unsupported, toppled over on the side toward the bank, but with the instinct of a soldier who had slept in the saddle before he clasped the horse about the neck and let himself easily to the ground. To breathe out his life undisturbed was the one boon he had craved from his deaf keeper, who now muttered in his sleep more oblivious than ever. It was not so painful to be shot or so dreadful to die as he had believed, and with this grateful thought which he half shaped into a prayer of thanksgiving Henry Price lapsed into unconsciousness.

The drowsy columns moved on, lurching and dozing through the close August night, trampling the dust of the road with blistered feet and beating parallel paths in the fields. As the hours passed the flying clouds thickened into a blackness that obscured the moon, and then came the warm rain to make the march and the steaming clothing of the soldiers heavier than ever.

The two men by the rivulet were not disturbed by the rain, until the horse gave a tug at the bridle, which woke the deaf man, who sat up and shook himself. He remembered that his comrade was wounded. He feared that he was dead. There was no longer any

moving infantry in the fields, and on the road only a few spectral figures drifting across a break in the clouds and further discernible in the darkness by swathings of white.

"Great heads," muttered the deaf man. "Them fellers ain't givin up like Henry an layin out on the damp ground to catch cold a purpose."

He crept over to the body under the tree and groped about in a scared way for a hand. The hand was encouragingly



He would have fallen but for the strong arm of Spence.

warm, and he pulled at the limp arm, at the same time calling the sleeper by name.

Henry Price groaned and opened his eyes on to the brow of the hill over which they had come. Its black rim cut sharply against the sky, which was beginning to clear.

"Who are you that disturbs me?" he asked. He was evidently in some doubt as to which world he was resuming consciousness in.

"Wake up, Henry," replied the deaf man, who was vaguely conscious that his comrade had spoken. "I'll put you on the horse and we'll fetch up with the battery by mornin'."

The sound of voices on the bank of the stream arrested the steps of a tall soldier who was hurrying along the road.

"What are you fellers doin in there?" he cried. "The devil will be after you afore long if you don't git up and move on."

"I'm well enough where I am," replied Henry. "Go on yourself."

"What kind of an idiot be you anyway?" growled the strange soldier, striding over into the company of the two men and the horse.

He had a bandage about his head which was stained with blood, but he carried his gun with a jaunty swing and appeared to have no uneasiness about his own ability to get away from the devil, whenever it pleased him to proceed.

"Say, what's the matter with you anyway?" the strange soldier continued, looking down at Price and touching him with the butt of his gun. "Hurt?"

"I'm shot through the lungs," said Henry. "I've got to die, and I don't want to be bumped along on a horse"—

"Sorry," said the stranger. "What's the other feller got to say about it?"

"He's deaf," said Henry, with a deep groan, as he tried to shift his position. Spence came a step nearer to the tall soldier in order to make a closer examination of his bandage. "Got plugged in the head, didn't ye, strange?"

"Stranger be blanked," returned the tall soldier. "My name's Smith." He motioned Spence to one side and addressed himself to Price. "If you're shot through the lungs, you better be set up on end, young feller. You'll breathe easier that way. We can't all



With a quick leap he fastened his grip on Jim's collar.

of us get off with a scratch like I did. Come, now!" he continued, straddling Price's body and lifting him by the shoulders. "It won't hurt but a minute and you'll feel a heap better."

Henry winced with pain and sat back against the tree with a groan.

"Had it dressed?"

"No, no!" said Henry, with a gurgling in his speech. "It's no use. It's all up with me."

"Bleedin inside," said Smith. "I see. Mebby it can't be helped, but it certainly goes ag'in my grain to leave you here to die—Sh! Hold your tongues, boys; there's somethin comin on the road."

Smith caught Spence by the arm and held up a warning finger. At the same moment a mass of figures rose above the brow of the hill, and two guns of the cavalry with mounted cannoners came dashing down the slope with din of galloping hoofs, jingling sabers and clattering tools, through which the heavy breathing of the horses could be distinctly heard. A scramble down the hill, a double rumble over the bridge and presently only the babbling of the brook above an undercurrent of rapidly retreating sound.

The rush of the flying section quickened the pulses of the three men, and the heavy silence that followed was eloquent of peril, imminent if undefined. The horse, which had been frightened at first, sidled against the deaf man and threw up his head with an appealing whinny that was prolonged in a succession of hoarse bleatings in his throat and chest.

A heavy sigh came from the ground where Price was lying. "Save yourselves, comrades," he said. "It's a dying man against two useful lives. The country needs"—Here his words ended in a gurgling cough.

"I believe you, young feller," said Smith, swinging his rifle to his shoulder and shoving up the bandage on one side of his head. He had forgotten for the moment that the clotted rag was not a cap, and the effect on his expression was grotesque in the extreme. "You boys better get a move on ye," he said as he started for the road.

There was another rumble of wheels and the shifting and turning of a sur-

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suing section on the brow of the hill. This time the black figures were swallowed up among the trees on the ridge directly overhanging Price and the deaf man. Smith dropped the butt of his gun to the ground with an oath and came back on his toes, listening to the voices up above him and to the trampling in the timber. When he heard the gun trails fall on the hollow ground with a rattle of chains, followed by the scrambling of teams and the bumping of wheels over obstacles, he squatted down in his tracks without speaking, and the deaf man, observing his action, lay down by his side, keeping a hold on the bridle reins.

The lid of a limber chest creaked and fell with a bang. Somebody in authority swore frightfully. The twigs cracked under running feet, and the rammer heads beat on the shells like striking blows with a wooden mallet in a barrel.

One gunner cried, "Ready—fire!" There was a rushing overhead like the passing of a giant rocket, but this was nothing to the strange vision that appeared to the eyes of the three men by the brook.

A hail of light enveloped the gun and showed the four numbers "broken back" outside the wheels. The arms of the gunner were extended above his head like a letter Y. No. 1 with the sponge, No. 3 over opposite, the man with the thumbstall and the man with the lanyard, which was still writhing like a snake above his head, flashed out for an instant, revealing distinctly their solemn faces, and as the light faded they sprang on the wheels to roll the gun up from its recoil. Smith uttered a low exclamation of surprise

as the struggling figures melted into the darkness, but Henry Price bounded from the ground like a rubber ball and yelled at the top of his voice, "Jim, Jim Price!" Even the deaf man heard him and understood.

Henry's call was answered promptly by a voice from the hill.

"Is that you, Hank? Well, well!" And with the last word there was the crash of a body through the bushes, which made it plain that Jim was coming with leaps and bounds for an interview.

Such amazing activity in a dying man, coupled with the surprising events which had preceded and were following it, struck Smith and Spence dumb. They could only stare open mouthed at the dancing figure before them, uttering inarticulate sounds of joy which served to guide Jim through the brush to his brother.

The other gun was fired at the instant Jim burst on the scene, so that he seemed to be swept out of the darkness by the undercurrent of the shell that rushed through the night overhead.

"Doggone it!" exclaimed Jim, shaking Henry's hand limply and experimentally, as though he doubted if it were real flesh and blood. "I thought I killed you when you rolled down that bank."

"Jim," said Henry, "I've tried my best to get killed for three days because I thought I'd murdered you, and here you turn up fat and sassy with not so much as 'thank you.'"

"You're another," cried Jim. "Sound as a nut and niggeratin to the last."

"I'm shot through the lungs," said Henry.

"You are? You ain't!" cried Jim. "Let me feel of you." And he began fumbling about Henry's breast. "You fool, there ain't a scratch on you. You always had too much imagination.

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Come, smartly, here's the ball rollin' about in the slack of your shirt above your belt."

"The duce!" said Henry. "I ain't wounded!"

"Strike me dead," cried Smith, projecting himself into view with the gory bandage cocked over his right eye.

Jim had believed that he was alone with his brother, and at the appearance of such a menacing third party he took a precautionary step backward.

"How are they at home, sonny? How's mother's rheumatics?"

"Come and see!" cried Henry, and with a quick leap he fastened his grip on Jim's collar. At the same moment the flying section which had passed so recently opened fire from the opposite hill in reply to the Confederate guns. For a space the darkness overhead was streaked with burning fuses and between the shrieking of the shells and the roar of the guns Smith was unable to catch a word of the argument that was passing between the brothers, who were flopping about the ground like two chickens with their heads chopped off. As nature became exhausted, the two combatants rested in each other's arms, making an occasional spasmodic flop and then subsiding.

"I always was your match, Jim Price," gasped Henry, "and now I ain't wounded—like I thought I was—I'll send you home to mother—if it takes!"

What the proviso was did not appear, for Henry's jerky sentence was swallowed up in the rush of two shells trailing fire overhead, and the whites of Jim's eyes looked bloodshot in the light of the guns.

Henry never relaxed his grip on his brother until the firing ceased, and then he handed his prisoner over to Smith and deaf Spence, who tossed him on the back of the horse. Jim was too exhausted to talk at first, but before the party had proceeded far on the road he began to remonstrate against such unbrotherly treatment.

"Now you shut up, Jim," said Henry. "If you know what I've been through in the last three days on account of you, you'd know I'm fond of you. I'm a little beat myself, but there are some things I want you to explain to my captain."

Mascagni's Visit to Verdi.

In a Florentine musical paper, La Scena Illustrata, Mascagni tells the story of a visit which he paid to Verdi with his wife and children. Verdi was installed in his favorite suit of rooms at the Hotel Milano. He loves children, and before long he had the bimbi perched upon his knee. Mascagni had come to Milan to conduct some orchestral concerts at La Scala, and he had a great deal to say about his programmes and his novelties.

The old man listened with interest to his descriptions of works by Scandinavian and Slavonic composers, which are rarely heard in Italy, particularly those of Svendsen and Tschaiowsky. After a time Mascagni heard him murmur, as if talking to himself, "Who would have thought in any time that people like that would know how to compose music!"

Remarkable Absence of Mind.

It is not an uncommon thing for one to devote himself to a foreign language, so that he dreams in it, but cases are probably rare in which men have even for a moment forgotten that they spoke their own tongue. One such case is related.

It is said that Frederick Horner, an

Englishman, who spent his time in adapting plays from the French for the English stage, was dining once in an English hotel, when, after he had eaten, he was seized with a desire to smoke. He called the waiter, and said to him:

"Put on fumer ici!"

The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said.

Horner looked the picture of despair. "Then for pity's sake send me some one who does!" he exclaimed.

Seasonable Costumes.

TAILOR-MADE coats and skirts are again fashionable for ordinary wear during the earlier part of the day. There is very little difference in the style of the coats; the backs are tight-fitting, but the fronts are made to set somewhat loosely in order that an elaborately trimmed blouse may be worn beneath. The collar and lapels of all the newest coats are machine-stitched in the most artistic manner, and this class of work is of course too difficult for the amateur dressmaker to attempt, almost any sewing machine establishment will, however, undertake to do stitching of this kind for a small outlay.

Sack back reefers are very popular this season, as they can be quickly and easily made at home, and there is no more useful garment than a loose-fitting coat of this description for everyday wear; and as it still continues to be fashionable to have the skirt made of a different material to the coat, the cost of an ordinary costume is inconsiderable if made at home.

About 2 1/2 yards of French coating serge or two yards of beaver cloth would be sufficient to make a reefer, and 3 yards of frieze homespun or Scotch tweed would make a useful skirt that could be worn with any kind of flannel blouse; and, now that the winter sales are on, suitable fabrics can be purchased for considerably less than their original value.

Some Recipes.

BANANA FRITTERS. Three bananas, two shredded wheat biscuits rolled, or half a cupful of granulated wheat-shred, half a pint of milk, three eggs, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of entire wheat flour. Beat the eggs till very light, add the rolled shredded wheat biscuit, half a cup of entire wheat flour, a little salt, and the milk a little at a time. Peel and cut the bananas into pieces an inch in length. Stir into a batter, and then drop from a spoon into hot fat. Cook till a nice brown. Prepare apples or any kind of fruit in the same way. Serve with sweet sauce.

SHREDDED WHEAT CHEESE BALLS. One half a cup of grated cheese, one quarter cup of shredded wheat biscuit rolled very fine, or granulated wheat shred, whites of two eggs beaten light, salt and pepper to taste. Mix, and form into balls, and roll lightly in rolled and sifted shredded wheat biscuit crumbs, and fry in hot fat. Use old English or Worcester County dairy cheese.

SQUASH BREAD. Dissolve one cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth cup of lukewarm water, add one cup of scalded milk (cooled), one third cup of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar and two cups of steamed or baked and sifted Hubbard squash. Then stir in flour to make a smooth thick batter that will stay up in shape after you stop stirring. Cover the bowl and set it in a pan of water as hot as you can bear your hand in. Let it rise about one hour, or until it is light and puffy. Then flour it into a long, round roll, let it rise again in the pan, and when light bake in a quick oven. Or it may be shaped in small rolls or loaves and baked when well risen.

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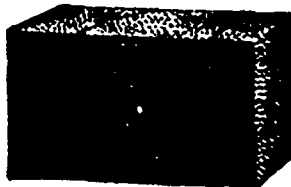
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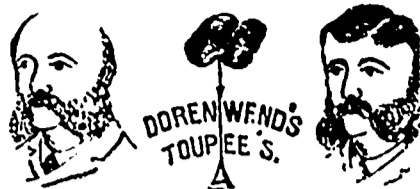
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The Field of Art

It is a curious but a true thing that Rome, of all capitals, is the most indifferent to art in any of its manifestations. Those that make up grand opera can alone be excepted. The Eternal City seems to have forgotten that she was the elegant amateur of classic art; the mother of its medieval splendor and the centre of its modern phase until displaced by Paris. The struggle between the Quirinal and the Vatican has apparently absorbed public interest to the exclusion of everything less vital. Ignored by those who should be its patrons, the *Societa degli Amatori di Belle Arti* has been languishing for years on the verge of dissolution. It is a survival of the days of Story and "The Marble Faun." The local artists, discouraged, have been forced to send their productions to foreign exhibitions, and such appreciation as they have gained there, though encouraging, personally, could not very well increase the prosperity of the *Societa*. For the past two years, however, things have been picking up a little through the efforts of the president of the *Societa*, Count San Martino. A man of vast social influence, as well as a painter of no mean ability, he has been throwing all the weight of his authority toward the rehabilitation of the *Societa*. The last exposition in the *Via Nazionale* was a vast improvement on its predecessors. Yet it could not be judged like the salon or any other gathering of paintings and sculpture with which we are familiar. It was neither representative nor characteristic. Both terms are too broad. It was simply Roman. And no one not steeped in Roman traditions should attempt to judge it. Turin, Venice, Florence, and the other ex-capitals would have been expected to be represented in what was, by right of location and priority of organization, the leading artistic association in Italy. They were not. Each has its own local circle of painters, and a jealousy dating to the days of independent petty states keeps them away from Rome. It is a lamentable fact that united Italy should be so envious within herself, for the sum total of her scattered galleries is pitiable, and no incentive is given to foreign artists to patronize them, which would increase their strength. One can hardly imagine the exhibitions of Paris, London and Brussels with their contingent of Russian, Hungarian and American contributors.

One of the most remarkable features about Britain's Royal Family is the number of its members who can rank as accomplished amateur artists. Amongst the more talented were Her Majesty the Queen, King Edward VII., the Dowager Empress of Germany, and the Duchess of Argyll have all shown strong talent in this direction. From her early girlhood

the Queen was passionately fond of drawing and painting, and the late Prince Consort being also a very accomplished artist, it will readily be understood that after their marriage their Majesties' mutual love for art afforded great pleasure to both of them. In fact, the Queen has often been heard to remark that the little outdoor sketching expeditions, when she and the late Prince Albert sketched for hours together, were some of the happiest times of Her Majesty's life. King Edward VII. inherited great artistic ability from his royal father and mother, and as a young man gave proofs that he was really a clever artist, although he has not indulged in his favorite pastime for years. The Dowager Empress of Germany—or, as she was then, Princess Royal—was her father's favorite pupil, and under his tuition became an accomplished artist. If some miracle had happened whereby the Princess had been obliged to earn her own living, she would certainly have done so in a very able manner in the artistic world, for she has painted landscapes and portraits of genuine professional merit; and for many years, while Crown Princess of Germany, she had a beautiful studio in her palace at Potsdam, where she painted family portraits, groups, and decorated porcelain, besides modelling in clay and wax, at which she is also an adept. The artistic ability of the Duchess of Argyll—Princess Louise—is too well known to Canadians to need mention here. In addition to her skill as a modeller and sculptor, however, she is also skilled as a painter, especially in water-colors, and is moreover a famous designer of art needlework.

Progress is being made in the movement for the establishment of an Art Museum in Toronto. The promoters will ask incorporation under the name of "The Art Museum of Toronto." A prospectus has been issued, with the following influential signatures: Hon. G. W. Allan, Jas. Bain, jr., Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Frank Darling, R. Y. Ellis, J. W. Flavelle, Edward Gurney, S. H. Jones, E. F. B. Johnston, J. Loudon, C. D. Massey, James Mavor, Jas. P. Murray, Frederic Nicholls, Edward B. Osler, G. A. Reid, B. E. Walker, D. R. Wilkie.

The purposes of the Association are set forth as follows:—

The cultivation and advancement of the fine and applied arts by means of the establishment and maintenance of a building or buildings devoted to and used for and in connection with such arts, the holding of exhibitions therein, the use thereof by artists and others for art purposes, the acquiring of works of art for a permanent gallery or museum, the education and training of those desirous of applying themselves to art studies, and, generally, by any lawful means, to encourage, promote and further art interests in the Province of Ontario, and for these purposes to acquire and hold land, buy or erect buildings, and furnish, equip, and maintain same.

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Donors of \$5,000 and upwards are to be entitled founders, and donors of \$1,000 are to have their names inscribed on the walls of the museum. The payment of \$250 is to constitute a life membership. The fee for annual membership is to be \$10 for a layman and \$5 for any member of a recognized art body or any bona fide art student.

Music Notes

In the Massey Music Hall series the next great event following Madame Sembrich's appearance will be the coming of the Leipsic Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Hans Winderstein. This great organization, which is the first philharmonic orchestra to cross the Atlantic, will give their first concert in New York on March 1st, and will appear in Massey Hall on the afternoon and evening of March 15th. Associated with them will be the two great pianists, Silvinski, the famous Pole, and Tossell, the greatest of Italian virtuosi.

MADAME ALBANI, with a company of English artists, will pay a farewell visit to Canada this spring, and will tour from Halifax to Victoria. There will be a great interest in Toronto over the final appearance of the great Canadian-born artist of the time. Madame Albani was a favorite singer with the late Queen, and she received the very high distinction of being asked by King Edward VII. to sing at the funeral service in St. George's chapel, Windsor.

THE annual concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club takes place at Massey Hall on the 26th inst. Some especially interesting numbers have been prepared by the club, under the direction of Mr. Tripp.

AN organ recital of exceptional merit, illustrating the excellent work being done in this department at the Conservatory of Music, was held in the music hall on Thursday evening, February 7th, when a programme embracing many styles of organ music was presented by a number of talented pupils of the institution. The teachers represented were: Mr. A. S. Vogt, Dr. Albert Ham, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. Arthur Blakeley, and Miss Sara E. Dallas, Mus. Bac. F.T.C.M., and the pupils taking part were Mr. Arthur Oliver, Mr. Percy W. Owens, Mr. Fred Race, Miss Nettie Forster, Mr. Matland Thomson, Miss Emma Adrain, Mr. J. Dickenson, Mr. Wilbur Grant, Miss Annie Scott, Miss Ethel Dever. Among the compositions rendered were Best's splendid arrangement of Meyerbeer's Schiller Festival March, Boellmann's Prayer and Finale from Suite Gothique, Guilman's Torch light March, Bach's Fuge in F major, and Lemmen's March Pontificale, and numbers by Saint-Saens, Dubois, Lemare, and Dudley Buck. The playing of the various pupils was characterized by a clear technique and an admirable command of the resources of the organ.

THE following story is told of Paderewski, which, it is said, accounts for the pianist's hatred of Berlin. His cordial antipathy to Berlin as a

UNRIVALLED FOR PURITY AND BRILLIANCY OF TONE BEAUTY OF DESIGN, THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP.

musical centre is well known, and for several years even the most extraordinary offers have failed to win his consent to an appearance in the German capital. Besides several well-founded reasons for these refusals, I may mention two incidents in connection with his last appearance there. After playing his own concerto with the orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, he was repeatedly recalled, and eventually had to respond with an encore, for which he selected a piece by Chopin. The conductor was the late Dr. Von Bulow, who manifestly resented the ovation accorded to Paderewski, and was further dissatisfied by the selection of a Chopin number for an encore. Anyhow, he remained on the platform throughout the performance and kept up an incessant sequence of sneezes, which many put down to voluntary flat. On leaving the concert hall, the distinguished pianist, feeling a little sore after this experience, hailed a cab and jumped in, the driver rather noisily calling out, "Where too?" Before the golden-maned Paderewski had time to reply, one of the crowd of bystanders shouted, "To the barber's!"

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 20, 1892 G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

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FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Review for February.

DAME FASHION does not exactly hiber-nate during mid-winter, but she decidedly retires from active work and leaves the field to bewildered womankind.

For a few weeks to come there will be no change in sleeves, nor skirts nor hats. The jackets purchased in December may continue to be worn with the proud consciousness that they are still in style. In fact, it is safe to predict that peace and quiet will reign in the fashion world until the horizon is disturbed by the shadow of Easter styles.

But of these, not a nerve-racking whisper as yet. And after a month or so of sartorial rest the sigh of relief will be changed into a murmur of expectancy. The thrall of the dressmaker will be welcomed, and the Easter gown will be the important consideration.

The death of Queen Victoria will necessarily give a prominence to black and purple, and a more sombre style will mark all costumes of the opening spring days.

Over-Worked Common Sense.

WHEN it was finally decided this past fall that short skirts were to be the fashion, womankind proudly raised her composite head and said, henceforth the terms woman and common-sense will be synonymous. Men looked puzzled, but glad, and women of every size, stature and avoirdupois made haste to abbreviate their garments and step into the view of a somewhat cold, unfeeling world. Feet and ankles that had been hidden from sight for a half century were ruthlessly brought to light. And more badly-dressed feet, awkward ankles and bow-legs were revealed than were ever dreamed of in any philosophy. Oh, Horatio!

Short skirts are now being worn on bright as well as rainy days, indoors as well as on the street, for carriage as well as train car. And the question arises as to how much of this is common-sense, and how much a blind following after a new fashion whim.

The women who for several years past have been wearing short skirts in stormy weather, into dusty offices, for mountain tramps and travelling, knew them to be a blessing, but these women—who organized the "Rainy-Day-Skirt Club"—do not over-work their common-sense. They remember that there is such a thing as art and the value of graceful lines, and when an opportune time arrives out comes the long skirt with its pretty folds and graceful sweep, and with it the attitude of mind that forgets dirty offices, muddy streets and the commercial stress of life.

Short skirts, by all means, my wise women friends, not as an over-used temporary fad, but as a practical, permanent, and limited article of feminine wearing apparel.

Fashionable Garments.

SKIRTS continue to be shaped without fulness at the hips and flare gracefully around the bottom. Circular or gathered flounces characterize many of the newest modes. A new five-gored skirt may be made with a sweep or in round length, with the conventional or decided dip at the top, and with or without a gathered flounce around the bottom; and the fulness at the back may be disposed in an inverted box-plait or gathers.

A waist or bodice that is particularly suited to stout ladies is made with two under-arm gores, and the fronts turn back in revers, revealing a vest. The sleeves may be plain or fancy. The mode suggests an association of contrasting fabrics.

Military collars are fashionable adjuncts for waists and bodices, and an especially attractive example, known as the Aiglon collar, is in standing style with projecting ends, either lapped or flared. A standing collar, that may be closed at the centre of the front or back or at the side, is another pleasing type.

Box-plaited skirts are admirably adapted to slender, graceful figures, and this style is exemplified in a skirt with short sweep, the box-plaited skirt being hung over a five-gored foundation. The dip at the top may be decided or conventional.

The distinctive features of a new waist or bodice are the round yoke and circular bertha having a fanciful outline at the lower edge. The fronts slightly blouse, and the scanty fulness in the back is secured at the waist-line. Elbow or full length sleeves may be used, or over and under-sleeves may lend an air of distinction to the mode.

A whole back and becomingly bloused fronts characterize an approved shirt-waist that may be made with or without a fitted lining or bust-stay. The sleeves are in regulation shirt style, finished with straight wrist-bands. The collar is removable.

The Eton jacket remains in popular favor, and variations of the mode are eagerly sought. An example of unusual attractiveness is particularly distinguished by a vest and an Aiglon collar. The mode may be made with or without a centre-back seam, with sleeves belled or straight-around at the wrist, and gathered, box-plaited or dart-fitted at the top.

A ripple habit back characterizes a new five-gored skirt that may be in sweep or round length. One or two circular flounces may be arranged around the bottom, or they may be omitted entirely; and the dip at the top may be moderate or decided.

Two-seam sleeves for jackets and coats may be box-plaited, gathered or dart-fitted at the top and may be in bell shape or straight-around at the wrist.

A shawl collar is the point of interest in a slightly double-breasted jacket with sleeves that may be box-plaited, gathered or dart-fitted at the top.

A stylish seven-gored skirt with ripple

habit back may be made in sweep length, with or without a tucked circular flounce, from beneath which the skirt may be cut away, or in round length without the flounce. The dip at the top may be decided or moderate.

Shield sleeves are the novel and practical features in a new corset-cover of approved shaping.

A graduated circular flounce at the sides and back, from beneath which the skirt may be cut away, distinguishes a three-piece skirt with an inverted box-plait at the back. The front-gore forms a panel. The mode may be made with the decided or conventional dip at the top and in sweep or round length.

Another jacket of approved style has a fly-closing and automobile back. The sleeves may be dart-fitted, gathered or box-plaited at the top and straight-around or in bell shape at the wrist. Hip pockets and a left breast pocket with laps are other interesting items.

A new two-piece costume consists of a slightly-flared five-gored skirt, which may be made with a graceful sweep or in round length, and of which the ripple habit back is a distinctive feature, and a blouse Eton jacket that may have a centre-back seam, if preferred, and bishop or two-seam sleeves to be box-plaited, gathered, or dart-fitted at the top.

A sailor-collar, that may be shaped in two different styles, and a removable shield are features of an unusually attractive blouse waist or bodice that may be



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made with or without the fitted lining. The sleeves are in the fashionable blouse bishop style.

German Lace in Crochet.

CHAIN 13 stitches.

1. One treble in fifth stitch of chain. *Chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble in next. Repeat from * 3 times, cut the thread and tie securely.

2. Chain 12, fasten with slip stitch in the top of the last treble made in preceding row; * under this chain make 1 single 15 trebles, fasten the last treble in the fifth stitch of chain (counting from beginning of chain). Chain 12, † fasten this chain under the end treble. Repeat from * to † 15 times. Arrange the treble clusters so that there will be 5 in each end space, and 3 on each side—16 in all.

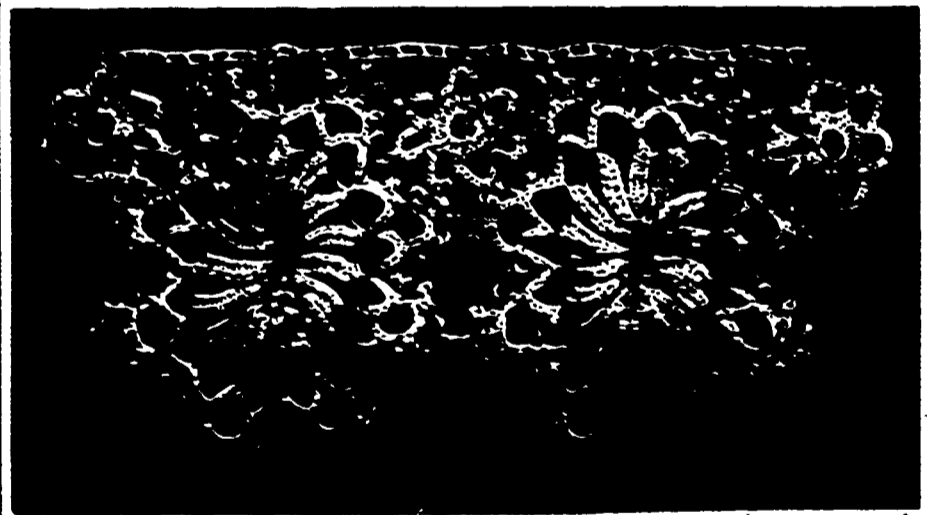
slip stitch in fourth stitch for a picot. Chain 1. Repeat from * twice, miss 1 picot and join to the next. Now make 4 picots of chain 7, fasten 3 in the next 3 indents, and the fourth in the first picot of next outer scallop. Repeat from first * all around.

Join the rosettes as seen in the illustration.

SMALL WHEELS.

Make a chain of 11 stitches and join.

1. Work 29 trebles in the ring.
2. Chain 10, miss 3 trebles, 1 treble in next. Repeat from beginning of row.
3. Make 13 singles under each chain loop. Join the wheels to the rosettes



GERMAN LACE DESIGN IN CROCHET.

Join the last treble of this row to the first stitch of the first chain 12.

3. Chain 10 and fasten in the top of the last treble of next cluster of trebles. Repeat from beginning of row.

4. Make 17 singles under chain 10, 8 singles under next chain loop. Chain 10, turn back and fasten in the eighth single of previous loop; under this loop make * 3 singles, 1 picot. Repeat from * 2 times, 3 singles; work eight singles in the next half loop. Repeat from beginning of row.

5. Chain 7, turn back and slip stitch in fourth stitch for a picot. Chain 3, fasten in the joining of outer scallop; make another picot and fasten in the first picot of the outer scallop, * then chain 6,

while making them, or with needle and thread after they are made.

HEADING.

Fasten the thread in the upper scallop of wheel. Chain 15, miss 1 picot, slip stitch in next. Chain 10, miss 2 picots, fasten in next. Chain 3, fasten in next picot. Chain 10, miss 1 picot, slip stitch in next. Chain 12, fasten in scallop. Chain 12, miss 1 picot, fasten in next. Chain 10, miss 1 picot, slip stitch in next, and so continue to the end of row. Work back with chain 1 spaces.

This is a handsome lace when completed, and its uses will readily suggest themselves to the worker.—J. R. Mackintosh.

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New surgical instruments operated by electric motors are coming into use. The most wonderful is an electric saw, which cuts through bone and tissue with lightning speed. This machine has already found an extensive use in larger hospitals, and has proved of value in severe operations, where the shock attending the use of the slower-acting handsaw would have frequently proved fatal to the patient.

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Don't neglect your house drains nor the drainage about your house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar and drains that carry off the refuse without letting in foul gases, half the battle for good health is won.

Don't let your wells or springs be infected by drainage or from other causes. Pure drinking water is indispensable for health at home or anywhere.

Don't keep the sun out of your living and sleeping rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe and for our bodily well being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels, and with the exercise of a little common sense in various emergencies colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offence we should soon find a way to prevent them.

Helping the Drunkard.

HON. L. S. COFFIN, author and President of the Railroad Temperance Association, President of the Railroad Employees' Home, and active in other ways in the fight against the liquor traffic, sent the following letter to a private individual in Toronto:

"I have the utmost confidence in the Fittz Cure for Alcoholism. I have seen it tried a great many times. I have never known it to fail. Have never known of a case of bad results following. It is the only scientific cure I know of. The Gold cure has done a great deal of good, but so often bad results follow. I only wish I could make my recommendation a thousand-fold stronger. I have no personal interest in the cure whatever, but in my work among R. R. men have found it a great help where a man's crave for liquor has gotten beyond his will-power to stop. This takes all the desire for drink away and restores the stomach and the digestive organs to their normal state, and, in fact, puts the victim of rum back to the condition he was in before he ever drank. I shall be very glad, indeed, if I can be of any help in your good work to save your friends and shall be pleased to learn of the result of your efforts." Fort Toyo, Iowa.

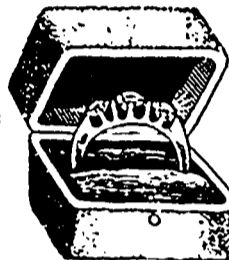
Mr. H. C. Dixon, of Toronto, whose advertisement appears in another column, is Canadian agent for the Fittz Cure.

When Wanting the

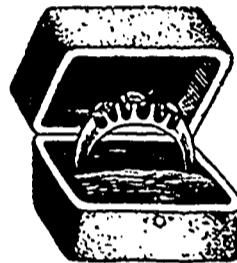
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OFFICIAL CALENDAR

OF THE

ONTARIO

Education Department

FOR THE YEAR 1901.

- FEBRUARY: 6. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education. [H.S. Act, Sec. 13 (1).] MARCH: 1. Inspectors' Annual Reports to Department, due. [P.S. Act, Sec. 83 (5).] Annual Reports from High School Boards to Department, due. (This includes the Financial Statement.) [H.S. Act, Sec. 14 (10).] Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due. Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk. [S.S. Act, Sec. 42 (1).] 29. Night Schools close (Session 1900-1901) Reg. 16.

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O'er man, the weaker,
The means are plain:
Would you be able
Vain man to rule,

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Let be your school.
You need no ballot
To win your part;
Just tickle his palate—
You touch his heart

Unselfish Mother—Selfish Child.

SOME of us mothers are all the time improving our own characters at the expense of those of our children; is this fair to them? We are so aggressively unselfish that we almost compel them to grow up exacting. The old proverb about unselfish mothers making selfish children has more truth than a little in it. I think it is more important to teach children to be unselfish and cheerfully helpful than any book-lesson or handicraft going. It may be well to wait on one's husband sometimes when he is very tired, but why find the children's hats and school-books for them every morning? Why give up the scarce dainty you need yourself when ailing to a greedy child? You wrong him more than yourself by so doing, and yet we all of us do similar things every day. I have small admiration for the woman who makes a door-mat of herself, either for her husband or her children; and she will find that they have far less respect for her than if she taught them to consider her comfort, at least equally with their own.

It is, of course, much more trouble, in the beginning, to teach a child to do anything than to do it one's self. She who is painstaking enough to do the former will not only reap her own reward later, but do her child incalculable good. My mother used to say that she did not care how often we all had to turn out of our own bedrooms, bag and baggage, at half an hour's notice, to make room for some unexpected guests; she said it was such good training for us.

When her boys went off to boarding-school, though they were under twelve, she made them feel responsible for packing their own trunks. Unknown to them she would, of course, always repack them afterwards; but the habit of method and orderliness thus early acquired has remained with them through life. Surely her daughters-in-law will arise and call her blessed. —*Luis Carpenter.*

Keep Out of a Rut.

"THE secret, I think, of giving a family what they like to eat," says a young housewife in an exchange, "is not to keep a dish going till they are tired of it. I believe in changing the morning cereal often, dropping a favorite dessert after a few times, and not having a boarding house regularity in the bill of fare. This cannot be done if the housekeeper leaves the catering to the girl in the kitchen. Women don't like the bother of deciding what they shall have meal after meal. A housekeeper who enjoys the marketing and the catering will provide the variety people like."

How to Hang a Picture.

Too little attention is generally given to the hanging of pictures. The traditional way is usually adhered to, the pictures being so hung as to tip forward at various angles with the wall. This alone disturbs the eye, and when shadows are cast from the pictures on to the wall they are unpleasantly obtrusive. Pictures should be hung as nearly vertical—flat against the wall—as possible. The best effect is given by using two hooks, so that two vertical lines of wire appear instead of the triangular piece resulting when but one hook is used. Where pictures are thus hung vertically in a room the walls retain their quiet, architectural appearance, and the effect is restful. —*Good Housekeeping.*

Parsnips.

TO THE woman without a cellar, a goodly supply of vegetables that may be left in the garden all winter and drawn upon as needed is a boon indeed. Among this class of roots, writes Emma Hays Brown, in the *Ladies' World*, the parsnip is perhaps the most satisfactory for all round use. Its flavor is improved by the action of the frost, and is therefore at its best when a succulent, nutritious vegetable is most relished, and alas, usually highest priced in the markets.

In March, the parsnips not consumed during the winter should be pulled and covered with fresh earth; thus stored they will remain good throughout April and May. This precaution prevents second growth, which would render them unfit for use.

In order to attract attention to this deserving but unappreciated vegetable, I shall give a few of the many ways in which it may be served. Not every cook knows that parsnips are an excellent seasoning for soups. To one quart of soup stock allow

one well-cleaned parsnip cut into slices, lay several slices over one another, and cut into small, narrow strips; add to the stock and simmer until tender, and serve without straining. A spoonful of Chili sauce blends nicely with the flavor of the parsnip, as do also chopped parsley and onion.

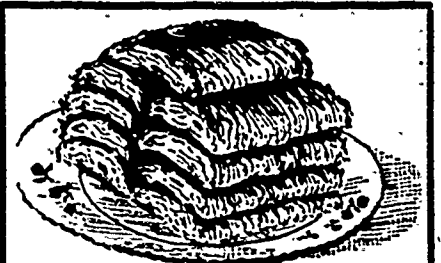
ESCALLOPED PARSNIPS.—Mash one pint of boiled parsnips. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk. Mix thoroughly, place on the fire and bring to the boiling point, turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and brown in the oven. This gives us a new way of utilizing cold parsnips, as well as a very appetizing dish.

PARSNIPS STEWED IN MILK.—Cut cold boiled parsnips in slices lengthwise, put into milk with a little butter, pepper and salt, and stew a few minutes; then thicken with a little flour rubbed smoothly in a little water or milk. This dish to many minds is superior to oyster plant with white sauce.

PARSNIP STEW.—Cut one pound of beef or veal into small pieces, add half a pound of pork cut into slices; place in a saucepan and cover with water; wash, scrape, and slice seven medium sized parsnips, add to the meat, also half a dozen Irish potatoes cut in halves. Cover close and cook for half an hour or until all are tender. Add a small bit of butter, pepper and dredge in a little flour; cook a few minutes longer and serve hot.

STEAMED PARSNIPS.—Scrape nicely and split lengthwise. Wash in cold water, and put on to cook in a steamer over boiling water. When done enough to insert a fork, put into a meat pan. Season with salt and pepper. Turn over them a bowl of ham or pork drippings. Put them in the oven and bake brown.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Boil until tender and slice them in long thin slices, dip into a batter made as for pancakes, and fry in hot lard until brown, adding salt and pepper to suit the taste.



SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT
A Nutritious Food for the Strong and Healthful.

"We have used Shredded Wheat in our family since it first appeared on the market and find it by far the most satisfactory, as a breakfast cereal, of anything we ever tried. More recently we have been using it as the foundation of many other meals, following the admirable recipes as given in the 'Vital Question,' and the result is not only appetizing but perceptibly advantageous to the general health of the family. We cannot find language too emphatic to express our high opinion of Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a convenient, economical, and satisfying food." —*W. H. Brock, Athol, Mass.*

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

EARN THIS WATCH

Send for a photograph of the watch. These photos are full cabinet size and are in the very finest style of photographic art. Every person would like to have a good portrait of Her Majesty. This makes our photographs easy to sell. Write and we will send you the watch, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome pocket watch, with ornamental case, bow, mirror, and second hands and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable and with care will last ten years. Write to-day. The Home Art Co., Box 8, Toronto.

CUTLER'S Medicated Air Inhaler

Is the greatest discovery of the 19th Century! Has no equal for the cure of Catarrh and Lung Disease. Mail, \$1.12.

W. H. SMITH & Co., Props., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

Klondike Knitter.

YOU CAN MAKE 12 TO 20 PAIRS PER DAY

ATTACHMENTS

YOU CAN GET 10, 15, & 20¢ PER PAIR.

ORDER WITH BALANCE IN CASH.

SEND TO US

ALL FOR \$20.00

AGENTS WANTED

FREE CATALOGUE

For Power Knitting Machines and Visible Writing Typewriters, write us. (Cut out, send to us. Send for Catalogue. No. 63.)

BAKED PARSNIPS.—Served by this method an invalid may partake of this vegetable, when fried parsnips would be out of the question. Wash, scrape and slice, drop into boiling water sufficient to just cover them. When tender, remove to a buttered baking dish, and pour over them a half-pint of the water in which they were cooked; baste often, until the liquid is absorbed and the parsnips delicately browned. Serve very hot.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES.—Boil in water with a little salt until perfectly tender. When cold, scrape off the skin and mash them, and to each cupful of the parsnip add a half cupful of bread crumbs, a beaten egg and salt and pepper to taste. Flour the hands and make in balls, brown in hot butter and lard, equal parts, and serve hot. These are nice as an entree or as a breakfast dish.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Scrape and grate raw parsnips on a coarse grater; to two cupfuls of the grated parsnip add a cupful of milk, two eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour to make the mixture of the consistency of batter. Drop from a spoon in hot lard and fry.

CREAMED PARSNIPS.—Boil tender, scrape, and cut into slices a third of an inch thick. Put over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt, and a little minced parsley. Shake until the mixture boils. Dish the parsnips, add to the sauce three tablespoonfuls of cream in which has been stirred a quarter of a spoonful of flour. Boil once and pour over the parsnips.

PARSNIPS IN SALADS.—Cold boiled parsnips chopped and added to a vegetable salad improve it more than one would suspect. An acceptable relish can be made as follows: Chop beets, potatoes, carrots and parsnips, or whatever vegetables you have on hand; peas, beans and shall beans are good but not indispensable. This is the great advantage of a vegetable salad: no one vegetable is indispensable, while all are welcome adjuncts. Place the chopped vegetables in a salad bowl, mix well, pour over a mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with sprigs of parsley. You will now have a dish that will encourage you to repeat your culinary experiment.

In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men
His right arm shall shield thee then.
LONGFELLOW.

A Famous Face Specialist.

The large and constantly growing business built up by Madame La Belle, the famous face specialist, since her arrival in Toronto less than a year ago, is a direct compliment to her ability in her own particular line. Her large experience in the fashionable centres of Europe and the big cities of the neighboring Republic, have proved a decided boon to the ladies of Toronto and other parts of Canada—for her customers include many outside as well as within Toronto. The removal of freckles without pain or injury to the skin is perhaps her great specialty, though she is equally successful in the removal of wrinkles, superfluous hair and other undesirable imperfections. Her handsome parlors at 111-113 King Street West are open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

COWAN'S
Hygienic COCOA
Royal Navy CHOCOLATE
are the favorites with most people.
Buy COWAN'S, the Best and Purest.

Motto: "Love Thy Land."
THE
Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.
OFFICERS:
Patron, Her Excellency The Countess of Minto.
Hon. President, Lady Laurier.
President, Mrs. Geo. E. Foster.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. O'Connor.
Treasurer, Mrs. T. Ahearn.
Cor. Secretary, Miss F. G. Kenny.

In Memoriam.

The Women of Ottawa Pay Tribute to Queen Victoria—Eloquent Address by Mrs. Geo. E. Foster—A Poem by W. Wilfrid Campbell.

Official Report of the Corresponding Secretary.

THE regular meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society for the month of January, was held on the second Friday, at 4 o'clock, in the Y.M.C.A. hall. There was a good attendance of members. After the reading of the minutes, of the correspondence, and the reports of the Executive and the various committees, Mrs. O. J. Jolliffe read the paper for the day, entitled, "An Historical Sketch of Fitzroy Township in the County of Carleton," one of the most interesting papers presented during the year. An unusually interesting discussion followed, in which an old resident of the township took part, recalling some experiences of forty years ago—the meeting adjourned shortly after five.

A memorial meeting in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was held on Friday afternoon, February 1st, at 4 o'clock, in the customary Y.M.C.A. hall. It was a memorable occasion in the history of our society. Never had there been so large an attendance, the seating capacity of the hall being insufficient. The platform and the walls were draped in black and flags, the Queen's portrait shrouded in purple and black was on the right of the platform, and the table was laden with white narcissus. Looking down on the audience the sight was an impressive one, the black clothing and the sorrowful faces speaking eloquently of the real grief of Canadian women. Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, the president, opened the meeting with a short address, which perfectly expressed the feeling of the hour, and delivered, as it was, by a voice hardly steady under the emotion which the speaker could not control, visibly affected every woman present. She said: "We are met here to-day to do reverence to the memory of our beloved Queen. Our Queen whom we call dead, but who lives more truly than during all the years of her earthly reign. As a Women's Historical Society, we revere the memory of one who more than any other sovereign has moulded history to a remarkable degree, and the radiance of whose life will illumine its pages for all years to come. We have honored Victoria as woman, wife, mother and Queen. Through all the trials and triumphs that came to her in these different stages of her life she was ever grand and good. Tender in her sympathy, true in her friendship, faithful in her love, caring always for the welfare of her subjects; no wonder she was so loved, no wonder she is so honored. Among all her subjects, none loved her more than little children who never saw her, and it is touching to read that one of the last acts of Her Majesty was to give an order respecting the memorial sent her by the children of Canada. A little boy, son of a French lady, one of our members, said on the morning of the day

on which the Queen died, 'Mamma, I did not forget to pray for the Queen this morning, nor for the poor princess who could not come to her.' This is the spirit of sympathy, of affection in all our homes, and we but voice the thought uppermost in all hearts to-day when we say, 'If love could have kept her, Victoria had not died.' Not long ago, we sent of our bravest and best to a distant land. There Canadians fought for their Queen, and their life-blood drenched the heated sands or was poured out on the rugged hills of South Africa. Here and there Canadian women, pressing down their grief, still talked of the dear old flag, and still said, though with faltering voice, 'God Save the Queen.' Canadian hearts beat very close to the heart of the Mother Country in those days of sacrifice and struggle, of conquest and of death. In the opening days of this new century an enemy has crept through castle walls, an enemy that could not be fought with gun or sword, 'the last enemy that shall be destroyed.' Death but touched the frail body, and while millions who would have died for the Queen stood dumb and helpless, even while they wanted, the mortal sank. Victoria passed on and the nations of the world sat down and lamented. Last year, amid the clash of arms and smoke of battle, we said, 'Britain's cause is our cause, Britain's Queen is our Queen, our hearts are one.' To-day, sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow, we reach out hands to the Mother Land and say, 'Britain's grief is our grief, Britain's Queen was our Queen, our hearts are one.'

Mrs. Arthur McConnell played on the heavily draped piano Beethoven's funeral march. Mrs. Whitley, of Melbourne, Australia, sang "Eternal Rest." Then followed the reading of a paper, "A Eulogy of the Queen, wise, just, tender," presented by Mrs. W. Wilfrid Campbell. It was an eloquent paper, concluded by the reading of a noble poem, not yet published, by W. Wilfrid Campbell, our Canadian poet, of whom we are justly so proud, on the death of the Queen, one of the finest which has come from his pen.

Among other things she said, "When Victoria came to the throne, in 1837, the colonies, though numerous and widely scattered, were in a very different position, both in importance and in their relation to the Empire, from what they are to-day. The reign opened inauspiciously in Canada, but we have been wisely permitted to work out our own fate, secure in the protection of the Mother Country, and participating in that feeling of confidence which under her reign steadily increased throughout the Empire, and of which the largest factor was undoubtedly affection and respect for the sovereign, and which culminated in that glorious and spontaneous burst of loyalty throughout the Empire, which it was her privilege to see before her death. Moderation and freedom for all classes have characterized the reign. Through the years, we as a colony have grown to large stature and our powers have developed, though only recently have we awakened to a realization of our responsibilities as a part of the Empire. In the past we have thought much of our rights and privileges, little of our responsibilities and obligations. The time has now come when these have to be considered first, when our interest, must be widened until they are one with those of the Empire of which we are no small portion.

It is to be hoped that the spirit aroused by the recent crisis in the Empire is an indication of a broader national spirit and a promise of still wider growth. It is to be hoped that we shall not forget to inculcate in our children the great principles and the traditions which underlie our constitution, and which have been handed down to us through a past from which we cannot, if we would, separate ourselves without losing our iden-

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

Delightful after Bathing. A luxury after shaving. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all irritations of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration.

Get Mennen's. (The original) A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders which are liable to do harm.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)

BERNARD MENNEN CO.
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FREE

We give this beautiful little tin of Mennen's Toilet Powder, with a magnificent illustration, for sending only 10 packages of Sweetened Condensed Milk. Each package contains a splendid mixture of the most fragrant and delicious, full-colored Malted Milk advertisement, and we will forward the same, with the money, and the beautiful tin, to you, carefully packed in a velvet lined box. Write today, as the reason for the mailing is short.

Need Supply Co.,
Toronto, Canada.

ity and casting from us the best that is in us.

Justice is not always done to our sovereigns. While it was formerly the custom to deal with history only through the kings, now it has become rather the fashion to regard their influence only from the standpoint of their weaknesses or vices, ignoring their good parts, so that we are really unconsciously distorting them by studying them merely from the republican standpoint. Yet from whatever standpoint, whatever allowances be made, for the age, circumstances or environment, Victoria the Great, the Good, the Just, stands pre-eminent among those royal characters whose names have adorned the pages of history. I speak dispassionately. There is a finality about the question which leaves no room for passion or dispute. Hers were all those qualities which constituted the greatness of her predecessors, but tempered by wise moderation and unmarred by weakness or vices.

Mrs. Gwynne moved, seconded by Lady Ritchie, a resolution of sympathy on behalf of the Society, addressed to the Governor-General, which was adopted by a standing vote.

This most interesting and memorable meeting was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King," as an expression of the continued loyalty of Canadian women to the son of the good Queen."

S. F.

A Scotch clergyman, named Fraser, claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F.

The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747 for supporting the Young Pretender. The letters, engraved under the regulator, were shown to stand for *Sons, Fast*, and the case was laughed out of court.



Acadiensis.

The first going is the title of a new and attractive quarterly, the first number of which we have just received from the publisher's hands.

Acadia is a title now recognized by the scientific world as applying to the territory embraced within the area of the Maritime Provinces, including a small portion of the Province of Quebec and the State of Maine, immediately adjacent.

The object of the magazine appears to be mainly historical, but other topics of interest are dealt with.

We wish the Acadian Society every success in their new enterprise, and trust that the magazine may long continue to promote the interests of Acadia in particular, and Canada at large.

The Strenuous Man of Europe.

First of a series, it is announced by the publishers of The World's Work, of articles on "Europe as the New Century Sees It," by Mr. Sydney Brooks, is "Germany Under a Strenuous Emperor," in the February number.

"The outside world saw in him and continued for many years to see in him only a prancing German edition of Harry Hotspur, dashing, wilful, with an instinct for flashy and mopportune display, and terribly fond of beating the war-drum--not at all the sort of Prince whose accession to the dominant throne of Europe could be hailed by foreign powers with warmth.

The world watched his manifold changes with laughter, amazement and half scandalized applause. William the Traveller, William the Orator, William passionately propounding the doctrine of divine right, William scolding his nobles and citizen subjects and glorifying his army, William devising new uniforms and court dresses, William 'dashing to pieces all who oppose me,' William the Colonizer, William building a fleet, William painting pictures, William dismissing Bismarck and becoming in truth William the Second to None, in all his characters he amused, mystified, shocked, or disturbed the wondering world.

But we have grown used to the Kaiser now. The world has come to see the man beneath the trappings. He is laughed at no longer--a man who can live down laughter can live down anything, or if we are forced to an occasional smile, it embraces not the man, but only some old way he has of displaying himself. I have always thought that those amazing 'mailed fist' speeches at Kiel, followed by the seizure of Kiao-chow, were typical of the Imperial methods. First the bombast and dramatics and inflated rhetoric that beguiled the whole world with merri-

ment, and then the sharp and supreme stroke of policy that brought its merri- ment to a sudden stop. It was a coup worthy of the man who has studied statesmanship under Bismarck, strategy under Moltke, and craft of kings under William."

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

The book of the moment just now in England is unquestionably "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." The place in social and literary discussion occupied a year ago by "Red Pottage" is now entirely taken by these absorbing and mysterious letters. A writer in The Sketch says: "I find that the ladies as a rule incline to the 'fict' theory, whereas men readers generally take the opposite side and rejoice in the discovery of a new and brilliant novelist."

The London Daily Mail says that the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" is the most discussed literary question of the day. If you go to a dinner party you are sure to be asked: "Who wrote 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters'?" And then if you are clever, you call attention to the nearest stranger--beautiful woman preferred--and say: "I am told that yonder lady wrote it."

The Novel of the Hour.

There is a weird fascination about the East and its peoples. It is an attraction like that which draws superstitious men into a spiritual seance in dim-lit or utterly darkened rooms. It may be uncanny, but it is unmistakable--positive. Man feels it urging, and he moves whither it wills.

But there is more in the East than its magic--than its mystery--more than the sensuous glamor. Beneath the radiant surface of this river of life, deep down under the picturesque, is going on a struggle of streams flowing east and flowing west, forcing each other into fierce whirls wherever the waters meet in resistance. Only those who have studied the depths are aware of its turbulent possibilities, of its grave dangers.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has recently drawn our attention to India: Mrs. Steel, who knows India like a native--better even--for she has gone down into the river, and made journeys with both streams.

No more vivid picture of Eastern life has been thrown upon canvas, over, per-

haps, than "The Hosts of the Lord"--her newest production, issued from the press of the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

Touching lightly here and there upon the problem of races, but not presuming to offer a solution, Mrs. Steel has made for us a story, strong, and wondrously interesting, wherein she traces the lives of several people who somehow insist on making themselves liked, in the face of many failings--perhaps because of them. She has made even the life of a missionary interesting, romantic; in this proving the strength and richness of her imagination.

A New Sheldon Book.

The Fleming H. Revell Co., of Toronto, have published a new book by Charles M. Sheldon, entitled "Edward Blake; College Student," that is likely to enlist a wide range of readers, including young men and women. Like the author's other books it is told that this story was first read as a sermon-story to Mr. Sheldon's Sunday evening congregation in the Central Church, Topeka, Kansas. As the title indicates, it is a story of college life, and was written with special reference to the students of a local college, who make up the majority of the young people in Mr. Sheldon's church. The aim is to give to college life everywhere some added inspiration for ideal learning. The insight into College life, reflected in the incidents narrated, may surprise parents and others interested in the education of the young, but that these things should be told is better for all concerned. It is a book with a purpose, and the story is well told and readable.

The River Town.

There the sailor trolls a song, There the sea-gull dips her wing, There the wind is clear and strong, There the waters break and swing. ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A Suggestion for the Toronto Industrial.

Recent observations indicate that schools in connection with great Expositions are likely to be features of the future. Chautauqua will contribute to this experiment to some extent during

AGENTS WANTED

FOR OUR NEW WORK

Beautiful Life and Illustrious Reign of Queen Victoria

The book is not yet completed, but will be shortly; all the events of her Majesty's life and reign, and a full account of her last moments, death, burial, etc., will be given. This will be a reliable work, well written, beautifully illustrated, well bound, and the price remarkably low for a royal octavo book, only \$1.50; send in your name and order for an outfit; which is now being prepared as speedily as possible, and the same will be sent to you in order as received; no charge for outfit if you mean business; freight paid; no territory assigned; don't wait to think about it or someone will get ahead of you.

WILLIAM BRIGGS Methodist Book and Publishing House TORONTO

AIR RIFLE FREE advertisement with image of a rifle and descriptive text.

the coming summer. In view of the proximity of the Pan-American Exposition (being distant but two hours' ride) and because of the fact that many people will doubtless make Chautauqua their headquarters and from there visit Buffalo, a number of lectures on the Pan-American Exposition will be given at Chautauqua in 1901. Those who are specially fitted to explain the plan of the Exposition will give these lectures. The hearty co-operation of the Pan-American authorities has been secured and it is believed that important suggestions and instructions will be given the visitors.

100 Ladies' Visiting Cards. 25c

Printed latest copperplate Script, post free. Gentlemen's same rate. Write plainly. Card case and 100 printed cards, 40c. Wm. R. Adams, Stationer and Printer, Toronto.

SPECIAL ARTICLES for LADIES

and gentlemen, particularly those contemplating marriage. Send 25c for sample and important information. EXCEL-LENT SPECIALTY CO. 414, New Market St.

SILK advertisement with image of a woman and descriptive text.

AGENTS WANTED

For THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, including "More Leaves from the Journal of the Life in the Highlands," written by Her Majesty herself; book 7 1/2 in. x 10 in.; nearly 700 pages; about 100 engravings, several from Her Majesty's own book, with autographs attached. Three authors, namely, Her Majesty Queen Victoria; John Coulter, the celebrated historian, from London, England; and John A. Cooper, editor of "The Canadian Magazine," Toronto. Price only \$1.75; prospectus free to canvassers; credit given. Apply THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Guelph, Ontario.

AGENTS WANTED

"The Life of Queen Victoria"

Distinguished authorship; over 100 magnificent illustrations; nearly 600 pages; price only \$1.75.

Greatest Money-Making Opportunity Ever Offered.

\$10.00 per day made easily. OUTFIT FREE; 10 cents for postage. Address the...

John E. Winston Co.,

157 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.

SAVING MEN FROM DRINK

If those who really desire to give up the Drink Habit will try the cure that the Rev. H. C. Dixon represents in Canada, they will find it successful. Taken at home--absolutely safe--is not excelled in the world.

The Sons of Temperance of Massachusetts, through the Hon. Charles Dennis, wrote, "After careful examination, have adopted the cure as a State cure and voted to purchase 1,000 treatments to use in its work of reforming drinking men."

The Grand Secretary of Independent Order of Good Templars, in U.S., wrote, "I have carefully examined the cure, and say it is a perfect cure."

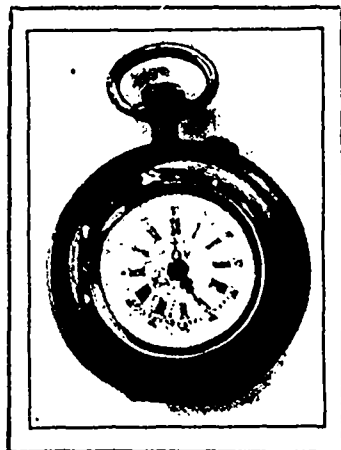
Hon. N. E. Martin, Concord, says, "I have known more than a score of men who have taken the treatment, and in every instance a perfect cure was effected."

Hon. L. S. Coffin, "I only wish I could make my recommendation a thousand-fold stronger."

Address in confidence, Rev. H. C. Dixon, 15 Toronto Street, Toronto.

Openings for a few Agents.

New Century Offer



BEAUTIFUL
GUN METAL
WATCH

Sold regularly \$3.00
... at **\$3.00**

Canadian Home Journal for 15 months—regular subscription price, \$1.00 a year—and one of these watches for \$2.50. In other words, over \$4.00 in value for \$2.50.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO, CAN.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

Ladies' and Gents' Wigs and Toupees, Head Coverings, Latest Styles Ladies' Fronts, Bangs, Fringes, Chignons, and an Immense Stock of Fine Hair Switches

will be sold REGARDLESS OF COST, as OUR LEASE IS UP BY JUNE, when we shall make complete alterations and renovations of our premises, hence every article in Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments in real Shell, Jet, Amber, Brillants, as well as Toilet Articles, will have to go regardless of cost.

Ladies' Ready-Made Wigs, so as to fit any head, reduced from \$40.00 to \$20.00; from \$25.00 to \$17.50; from \$20.00 to \$14.00
Gents' Wigs and Toupees, reduced from \$30.00 to \$20.00; from \$25.00 to \$17.50; from \$20.00 to \$14.00.
Ladies' Fashionable Bangs, reduced from \$10.00 to \$6.50; from \$8.00 to \$5.00

FULL-SIZE SWITCHES

16 inch long, hair, \$2.50, reduced to \$1.50
18 inch long, hair, \$3.00, reduced to \$2.00
20 inch long, hair, \$4.00, reduced to \$2.50
22 inch long, hair, \$5.00, reduced to \$3.25
24 inch long, hair, \$7.00, reduced to \$4.50
26 inch long, hair, \$9.00, reduced to \$6.00



Hair Ornaments are also reduced below cost. Send your order at once. These reduced prices to apply only on ready-made Goods. Hair Goods made to order full price will be charged.



Marguerite Style. Reduced from \$12.00 to \$8.00
" " \$8.00 to \$5.00
" " \$5.00 to \$3.00



ARMAND'S LATEST STYLE OF BANG Latest Front. Reduced from \$8.00 to \$5.00
to \$3.00
Reduced from \$1.50 to \$2.00



PARIS FAVORITE STYLE. Reduced from \$12.00 to \$7.50.



ARMAND'S PARTED COINTESS STYLE. Reduced from \$7 to \$5.50
" " \$5 to \$3.50

These Prices will hold good from March 1st to April 1st, 1901
MAIL ORDERS Promptly Attended to.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.
441 YONGE ST. (Cor. Carlton) TORONTO.

When writing please mention this Journal



Dr. Arnold's Advice to Parents.

FATHERS, you are responsible for the follies of your sons. To you is entrusted the duty of so guiding them that they will avoid these follies which in after years may cast a slur upon you. Do not tell them they are sinning, but tell them they are abusing their bodies, and show them the benefits of health, which is, after all, better than being left heir to millions. Tell them the result of indiscretions which place them finally in an asylum, or give them a broken down nervous system, which is a veritable hell on earth.

MOTHERS, yours is a more solemn duty. I would ask you to make companions of your daughters. Talk to them plainly. Show them the benefit of health and a good constitution. If you hear them complaining of stomach pains about their monthly periods; if their periods are irregular or suppressed; if you notice their ankles swollen; if they complain of palpitation, dizziness or faintness; if you see them pale, with dark rings around their eyes, the eyeballs yellow, and pale lips and gums, you will know that these germs are at work in your daughter's system; that they are sapping the nutritious elements from her blood and making it watery and thin. Go then and get **Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills**, give them to her for a month or more, and you will never regret it, as the cure of this disease is assured by the Toxin treatment.

HERE IS PROOF:

HAMILTON, ONT., Nov. 7th, 1898.

I am 46 years old, have six children, and always had good health until two years ago. Then the Change of Life came on. My grandmother my mother and an aunt had died during this most critical period, and I felt greatly alarmed. Backache tender, bearing-down pains, shortness of breath, extreme bloating, dizzy spells accompanied by most intense itching on the top of my head, made my life a burden. I also had inflammation of the bladder, which caused the most agonizing pain. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills. They had cured her in a time of similar trouble. I bought a supply and used them. In two months I was myself again, strong, robust and vigorous; not a trace of pain remained. I have used Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills off and on ever since, and feel as well as when I was twenty. I most highly recommend Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills to every woman who suffers from any of the complaints peculiar to our sex.

MRS. M. E. BRADWELL.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., Jan. 17th, 1900.

ARNOLD CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED,
Toronto.

DEAR SIRS, I cannot but thank you for the great kindness you have conferred upon me by sending so promptly the pills which I ordered from you some time ago. I am so much better that I intend keeping right on with them for some time. The swelling has gone out of my hands and feet, the dizzy spells and faintness, which so often came over me, are entirely gone. I have none of those distressing headaches with black spots in front of my eyes. I sleep so much better and have got back my old appetite once more. I am truly thankful to you.

Yours faithfully,

MRS. JAMES KETCHESON.

Miss Alice Burns.

75 D'Arcy St

HERE IS HEALTH FREE

For all who have
Weak Lungs

This is a Positive Cure for
all Throat and Lung
Troubles, also

CONSUMPTION

These Four Remedies

Represent a New system of treatment for the weak and for those suffering from Consumption, wasting diseases or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it.

Its efficacy is explained as simply as possible below.

By the new system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, all the requirements of the sick body are supplied by the **Four** remedies constituting his Special Treatment, known as **The Slocum System**.

Whatever your disease, one or more of these four preparations will be of benefit to you.

According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free medicine, you may take **one**, or any **two**, or **three**, or all **four**, in combination.

A cure is **certain** if the simple directions are followed.

The Remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, bronchitis, catarrh, CONSUMPTION, and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy in the upbuilding of **weak systems**, in purifying the blood, **making flesh**, and restoring to weak, sallow people, vigorous and healthy constitutions. The basis of the entire System is a flesh building,



nerve and tissue-renewing **food**. Every invalid and sick person needs strength. This food gives it. Many people get the complete system for the sake of the **Emulsion** of Cod Liver Oil, which they themselves need, & it give away the other three preparations to their friends.

The second article is a **Tonic**. It is good for weak, thin, dyspeptic, nervous people, for those who have no appetite, who need bracing up.

Thousands take only the Emulsion and the tonic.

The third preparation is an antiseptic Balm or Jelly. **It cures catarrh**. It helps all irritation of the nose, throat and mucous membranes. It gives **immediate relief**.

Thousands of our readers need the **OxoJell** Cure for Catarrh without any of the other articles.

The fourth article is an **Expectorant**, Cough and Cold Cure. Can positively be relied upon. Is absolutely safe for children, goes to the very root of the trouble, and not merely alleviates, but **Cures**.

The four preparations form a panoply of **Strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

NO CHARGE FOR TREATMENT

You or your sick friends may have a **FREE** course of Treatment. Simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL Co., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

When writing for them always mention **CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL**.

Persons in Canada, seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers, will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.