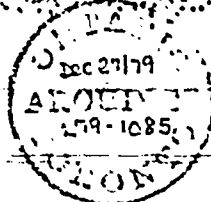


CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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No. 1.

SUGGESTIONS FOR Lovers of Flowers.

An Ornamental Trellis.



VERY pretty and suitable trellis may be made of a board eight feet long and one foot wide. Take a carpenter's rip-saw and saw the board lengthwise into strips one inch wide.

sawing through one-half of the length of the board, leaving the remaining half solid. Spread the strips out fan-shape. Upon one face of the board tack a narrow strip at the base, then tack strips at intervals, each strip being enough longer than the preceding one to give the trellis the desired "flare."

The strips will give strength to the trellis, and prevent it spreading too much. A pretty arch is given to the top by tacking a barrel hoop to the upper ends. Use wire nails to avoid splitting the wood. Give the trellis a coat of paint. Set it in the ground about two feet. Train the vine on both sides of the trellis. The effect will be one that affords much beauty.—*Mary B. Kerch.*

Things to Do in April.

THE garden beds can be spaded up as soon as the frost is out of the ground. But do not attempt to put them in shape for seed. Leave the clods, just as you throw them up, exposed to the action of the elements. In a little while, if the weather is bright and warm, they will part with superfluous moisture and be ready to crumble into mellowness under the touch of hoe or rake. It never pays to work the soil when it is full of water.

Shrubs, with the exception of the lilac and others which bloom early in the season from buds of last year's formation, should be well pruned as soon as growth begins, so that you can tell the condition of the branches. Thin out thick ones, and cut away all weak wood. As far as possible remove the old growth, and leave the younger branches, as these have the greatest vitality. Shorten the branches of roses, cutting back to a strong branch bud. If any branches are partly killed by exposure, cut them back to live, healthy wood. Manure

all shrubs and plants well, especially roses. This is important, as they will need to be fed well early in the season, while getting ready for June flowering.

Many plants can be started to advantage this month in the sheltered beds, or cheap hotbeds constructed by making a frame of boards banked about well and covered with sash. Use horse manure for banking, and put five or six inches of it in the bed before filling in with the fine soil in which seeds are to be sown. As soon as the seedlings appear, begin to ventilate. Do this carefully. Lift the sash only a little at first, and do this during the middle of the day. As the plants develop and gain strength, and the weather becomes warmer, open the sash more and more. It is very important that this should be done if healthy plants are wanted.

Clean up about the yard. Aim to have everything connected with the garden in apple-pie order. Neatness is quite as essential as anything else in bringing about the desired result in gardening operations. A slovenly kept garden will never please.

Plants in the window-garden ought to receive careful attention now. Many of them will be in their flowering prime. Keep them watered well, avoid the use of artificial heat as far as possible, and give them fresh air every day in liberal quantity. Those which have completed

their flowering period can be cut back, and cuttings made of what is taken off for next winter's use, or for use in the summer garden. In case one has old plants or plants too large for the windows in which they are kept, it is well to start new ones. The old ones can be planted out in the garden, where they will give good returns in flowers during the season.

Do not put your house plants out of doors this month, as I have known some persons to. Even if a sheltered place is given them, they will not be safe from injury by frosty nights.

Do not neglect insect-infested plants because the season for their rest is near at hand.



Remember that no plant can remain healthy if infested with insects, and aim always to reduce this source of danger to the minimum. Give your palms, oleanders and oranges a thorough washing with fir-tree oil soapsuds before putting them out of doors, on the verandah, for the summer, and it will be an easy matter to keep them free from insects throughout the season.

The Hardy Flower Garden.

The First Spring Bloomers.

By the time the rose bushes are uncovered and pruned, and the garden and yard put in neat condition, the crocuses have bloomed and gone, and the hyacinths and tulips have begun to make a brave show, with colonies here and there of narcissus, jonquils and primroses.



THE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

Courtesy of J. A. Summers.

The crocuses I plant in the lawn, as they do not look well springing from the bare ground. A hundred, planted about three inches apart each way, give a good account of themselves. I simply thrust the trowel into the ground, tuck in a crocus corm, press the sod back with my foot, and go on to the next.

As for tulips and hyacinths, I know of no better place than in the Japanese anemone beds. They will have bloomed and ripened their bulbs by the time they would be overgrown by the anemones.

Here one may say that the tulips finally get too deep in the ground to bloom, if not lifted and re-set. Yes, but they are not worth the trouble, since they will do well for three years, undisturbed. And they are so cheap by the hundred that it is really less expense to get a new lot every two or three years, to say nothing of the delights of better blooms and newer varieties.

Bulb beds are sorry things, unless properly managed, and I do not advise anyone to give them much thought. Better consider where bulbs may be used in connection with other plants, which will follow them, as in the case of the anemone. I have also found it satisfactory to plant dwarf nasturtiums, Drummond phlox, begonia Erfordii, and many small rooting annuals in the bulb beds.

The hardy bulbs must, of course, be planted in the fall, and may be moved every year except such touch-me-nots as narcissus and camassia esculentum, and chionodoxa. These should be left to themselves for a series of years. — *Rev. E. W. Collesper*

When Sending Flowers.

THERE are few pleasures in life sweeter than that given a friend when you send her a box or a nosegay of flowers, and certainly that pleasure is very reflective, bringing much joy to the giver as well. Simple, old-fashioned flowers are as dear, possibly dearer, to the heart of the flower lover as are orchids or French roses. A welcome evidence of your thoughtfulness for your friend who is going or coming, who confesses to another birthday, who is an enforced stay-at-home, or who is alone with sorrow, will be a bunch of fresh violets, or of mignonette, or of daisies, or of bachelor's buttons (those beautifully blue, dear old flowers); or you might send a box of merry-faced pansies, or a pot of lilies of the valley, or a coarse basket filled with wild flowers and ferns. But to give your offering a distinctly personal, a poetical flavor, tuck a little note down in the heart of the gift—just some kind little wish for her, or a pretty-rhymed praise of the flowers you send. This will take only an additional minute, but it is this particular little bit of thoughtfulness that will give the personality to your gift, that will free it from all evidences of a gift carelessly, hastily sent.

Home Gardening.

IN a certain city, Social Settlement workers have successfully awakened interest in the culture of flowers among their neighborhood people. By individual efforts, says the *Outlook*, they justified their belief that, if each household performed its part, not only orderliness and cleanliness, but also beauty, would assert their supremacy over the disorder and dirt characteristic of many crowded city neighborhoods. A year ago these workers conceived the capital idea of extending their endeavor, and reaching through the public school children all the crowded neighborhoods



AUGUSTA VICTORIA WHITE EVER-BLOOMING GARDEN ROSE.
Courtesy of J. A. Summers.

of the city. The plan adopted was to supply penny packages of easily grown flowering annuals, to be sold to such pupils as wished to purchase them. The teachers gave short talks upon the preparation of soil, the effects of sunshine and shade upon plants, and the proper times for watering. Enthusiasm was manifested in many ways, and the consequent flower shows held in several buildings through-

out the city gave evidence that at least three-quarters of the plantings were successful. Even where the children were not successful no discouragement was expressed. But the greatest good accomplished was in the efforts of children to make others happy with the flowers.

Exercise for Women.

DAILY exercise in the open air should be made a matter of conscience, for there is nothing like a walk to straighten out the tangles in one's heart and brain, and to woo sweet sleep.

In addition to the employment of external means, there are others which it will also be necessary to observe in order to obtain a clear complexion. Not only the general rules of health must be followed, but one must avoid heavy and indigestible articles of food. Fruit should be eaten abundantly. Salads of cresses,



BOSTON IVY.

Courtesy of J. A. Summers.

horseradish and lettuce, while in season, should form a part of at least one meal a day.

These are not new things, yet women have to be told them at least once or twice a year, to keep them before their minds. Youth is prone to laugh, and say that age is always harping on something; but when the eye begins to lose its lustre, the complexion its freshness, and wrinkles make an unwelcome appearance in the face, the remedies are soon in demand.

Women must not think it a waste of time to strive for beauty, as they cannot have a more powerful assistant in making a success of life. Intellectual women who have been lacking in this particular have realized this. Madame de Stael, one of the most brilliant women of her day, said that she would willingly give up all of her intellectual gifts if she could but have the beauty of Madame Recamier. Beauty is a gift, but not necessarily a fatal one, as so many people think, and wise indeed is the woman who strives for the preservation of her physical charms.—*Maude C. Munz-Miller.*

PATIENCE, accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affliction!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is God-like.
LONGFELLOW.

Utilizing the Opportunity.

VISITOR (shrieking for help)—"Oh, please come and kill this snake that's crawled up my skirt." Summer Resort Reporter—"Allow me, madam. With your permission I'll keep it and spring a sensation next week."

His Easter Gift

Written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By S. JEAN WALKER.

"WONDER if it is because to-day is Good Friday that my sketch, which I had planned to be humorous, should be serious and develop into a sermon in spite of all my efforts to the contrary? Am I tired, homesick, despondent, or is it—?"

She was interrupted in her soliloquy by a servant with a message that Mr. Fordyce was in the parlor, and would she "spare him a few minutes of her time."

Her face brightened perceptibly when she heard this, for his conversation always rested and cheered her. It was to him that she owed much of her success as a writer. Over two years ago she had come to the city poor and friendless, and offered some of her literary wares to the magazine of which he was editor. He saw by the writings submitted for his criticism that she had wonderful literary ability, and from his conversation with her later, that she did not realize what gifted powers she possessed. He assumed a protective care over her from the first. It was rather unprecedented that he should, yet he became her friend, counsellor and guide. He criticized her work, directed and stimulated her energies, until he became so essential to her that she rested contentedly in his great, strong friendship, and was surely attaining a high place in the line of successful authorship. He seemed by some strange intuition to have a key to her character, to understand every varying mood and deal correctly with each one as it came.

As she entered the parlor of her boarding-house he observed the half sad look in her brown eyes, that were always a true index of her feelings; yet she welcomed him pleasantly, saying as she sat down in the chair he moved forward for her: "Have you called to tell me to write no more for your magazine or to suggest some new line of work? I warn you, I am in a very contradictory mood to-day."

"I called for neither of those reasons, and am not afraid of your warning," he replied, with an inscrutable smile. Then asked, "What are you writing now?"

"A magazine article which I intended should be humorous, but it will not arrange itself satisfactorily. It is developing into a sermon, so I am quite annoyed with it."

"Don't be," he said, soothingly. "Let it be a sermon. It may be a message you have to give, or a lesson you have to teach."

"Your old theory again. You make writers have a heavy responsibility," she said, half irritably.

"I would certainly have them believe so, then write accordingly," he said thoughtfully, yet amused by her slight petulance. "But I did not call to talk about magazine articles, nor yet on a writer's responsibility. Are you not curious to know my errand?"

"I am, indeed. Yet it must be something pleasant, for I have never had a disagreeable visit from you," she frankly replied.

"Thank you," he answered gravely. "Your kindness gives me courage." Then with his

characteristic straightforwardness said: "I came to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife?" she echoed. "I could never be that."

She had risen in her excitement, and now sat down again wearily, as if the whole matter were disposed of and nothing more need be said.

"I think you could, if you care for me," he said persuasively. "Do you, Marjorie? I feel assured we would be very happy together, for I love you dearly. You are the only woman I have ever wished to make my wife."

As he spoke, the eager, tender pleading of his voice seemed to vibrate through her being, touching the very inner recesses of her heart. She was mute with astonishment. This grand, intellectual giant, this man of world-wide reputation asking for her love. Surely it was an exaggerated dream. No, there he sat with the intensity of his love, the earnest desire of his life changing his whole aspect.

He came closer to her, but did not touch her. She was not his yet, and was too sacred in his eyes to be touched with the faintest degree of familiarity. "You are confused. I have been too sudden. You were not prepared for the transition of my friendship into love. I shall give you until Monday to consider your answer." He bent above her until his lips touched her hair, no more, then whispered low, "God grant, dear, it may be favorable."

She did no magazine work that day, nor yet on the following one. Her mind was in a most chaotic state. She endeavored to reason calmly with her heart, reflecting on the past and all he had been to her, then trying to realize what her future would be without his counsel and protection. Then, as if summing up the whole, said wearily: "I cannot do without his friendship, yet I dare not become his wife and give him only that, for he is worthy the best love of a woman's heart. I wish I could more fully understand him, and myself too. What is it I want, I wonder?"

She was early at church on Sunday morning, and sitting there she recollected that Mr. Fordyce had told her a few weeks before that his mother had promised to visit him at Easter. He had said nothing about it on Friday, but then another thought was engrossing his mind. She hoped his mother would be with him to-day, for then he would not walk home with her as usual. Somehow she did not care to meet him with the restraint of his unanswered question between them. Presently, as if in answer to her thoughts, she saw him enter the church with his aged mother on his arm, whom he guided to a pew with gentle, chivalrous devotion; then deftly assisted her to remove some outer wrap, his whole bearing indicating the most devoted love and honor.

Marjorie watched him with a tender glow in her eyes, in a way she had never dreamed of doing before, and breathed low her thoughts: "My loving, tender-hearted genius, you are not all intellect. My brave, true knight, I have no fear now."

A few of the violets he had sent her the previous evening were fastened on her coat. She looked down at them and whispered, as if they were his messengers, a faint, glad "Yes."

A peaceful, satisfying calm replaced the vague restlessness that had troubled her, and she felt her heart thrill with hope and joy.

As she listened to the beautiful, expressive Easter service, her soul rose with thanksgiving to the risen Christ for the blessing that had come into her life.

After the service she sought to hurry home to muse over the wonderful revelation that had come to her, but many friends and acquaintances detained her with words of kind greeting. When at length she reached the steps she saw Mr. Fordyce assisting his mother to his carriage, then arranging her to his entire satisfaction, he whispered something which caused a smile of loving sympathy in answer. He bade the coachman drive on, then he came directly to the side of the woman he loved so well. He greeted her with his same old friendliness of manner, while his eyes noted the violets on her coat and considered it a good omen. A sudden impulse prompted her to give him his answer, yet at the thought of it she felt a shy restraint creeping over her, and knew that she would have to tell him at once or very soon she would be unable to do so at all.

"Mr. Fordyce," she said very timidly, "you know you gave me until Monday to answer you."

"Yes, but it is not Monday yet," he said, gently looking down at her with a world of love in his eyes.

"I am ready to tell you now, and I always like to get through with a duty as soon as I can." A wild fear took possession of him. Her answer would not be a favorable one, and he dimly felt how barren his life would be without this fair, winsome woman, who had crept unknowingly to herself into his great loving heart, and built there a throne on which she would reign forever.

Her voice seemed to come to him from a distance as she said: "The answer came to me like a revelation this morning. It was your tender, reverential, loving care of your mother that took the veil from my eyes. Oh, help me say it." She looked at him pleadingly. He had helped her often before, why could he not now? His very silence urged her on. "I—love—you with all my heart."

Easter Sunday morning on a crowded street was a strange place for such a declaration, but love has ever laughed at obstacles and found way to surmount them, and will to the end of time.

His answer was like a prayer, benediction and *Te Deum* gloriously blended and mingled into one. "God bless you, my brave, womanly darling. I thank Him I have won you, my precious Easter gift."

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The Pioneer.

His chest and arms are hairy, his hands are brown and rough,
His countenance is rugged, his muscles large and tough.
His home is in the clearing, which he himself has made
By hewing, burning, digging; the price of all full paid
In honest thought and labor in winter rain and snow,
And scorching summer noontide with axe and saw and hoe.

He who fells the giant Douglas while he sweats from every pore;
He who turns the virgin furrow where no man has ploughed before;

He who reaps the golden grain
Where the elk and moose have lain
He it is who adds to empire, by the grace of one loaf more.
L. R. FITZ G. C.

An Affair of Wheels

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
By CAPTAIN J. W. FULLER.



GEOFFREY HOULDING sat gazing out of the window as the short autumn afternoon was fast waning into even. Here he had been sitting idly musing for the past hour or

more, scarce noting the various objects which flitted into and out of the narrow boundaries of his view, and now was sunk into a pleasing reverie, the progress of which we will endeavor to follow.

Back he went in fancy to the day when he had first looked upon the face of his beloved Margaret. 'Twas but a short three years since, and yet as he looked back it seemed as though a great gulf yawned between that past and this present, and that the man who had played his part in those days was another being altogether than the one who now sat here looking out into the gathering gloom. How vividly he could recall all the circumstances—every word and gesture. It was as though the whole scene was being enacted before him, in which that other being—clothed in remarkable semblance of himself—played his part and partook of his feelings and impulses.

What a contrast that afternoon was to this, though the same season of the year! One of those brilliant days in late October with which we are often blessed, when the sun from out a cloudless sky shines forth in all his glory, warm enough to infuse a glow into all nature after the slight nip of frost during the night preceding, yet not hot enough to enervate; indeed, in the more shaded nooks a bare hint of coolness in the air is at once noticeable, which, however, quickly flees from whence the genial shafts of the sun could exert their influence; a clear, bright bracing day, the ideal wheeling weather of our more northern climes; the time when Nature seems to hesitate upon the threshold of a sterner season, and to express her reluctance in a last brilliant display of all her brighter charms.

As he wheeled along the quiet country road that memorable Saturday afternoon, contentment had taken possession of his heart, and he fairly drank in the beauties of the scene in deep draughts. Here, the dull brown of the fallow field; there, the fresh greenness of the new grass brought up by the fall rains; and anon the tiny sprouts of the winter wheat just peeping forth and giving whole fields the exquisite effect of delicate shading from darker to lighter tints, as the sprouts were above or just breaking the surface of the soil. Also the beautiful variety in the coloring of the patches of woodland; the sturdy oaks with their darker tinted leaves, the stately pines in unchanging sameness, the elms, the hickory, the walnut and butternut, the maple and beech, each with its turning leaves presenting a profusion of color which the most brilliant kaleidoscope could not pretend to equal; while along the rail fences, the thorn-apple, the wild plum, the blackberry, and the hazel bush, with—save, perhaps, the latter—little to show of their late fruitful profusion, formed natural hedges in perfect keeping with the sturdier growth of the forest. Even the

flitting of the swarms of innumerable tiny green flies, as they gambolled in the glorious sunshine and incidentally developed ambitions to explore one's eyes and throat, or the threads of spiders' weaving which continually brushed one's face, seemed but to put the touch of completeness upon the delightful day; and a feeling of exhilaration which made the blood course quickly through the veins, could be resisted by no healthy human animal.

Houlding had wheeled some twenty miles upon that Saturday afternoon, his solitude (for he had chosen to ride alone) adding to his enjoyment; and now, as the evening shadows were beginning to lengthen, he leisurely pursued his homeward way in the direction of the city, which was several miles distant, while a quiet satisfaction and at-peace-with-all-the-world contentment had entire possession of his bosom. Easily coasting down the gentle slope of a long grade of the roadway, he was all at once startled out of his quiet musings by a piercing scream, and turning saw a vision of feminine distress bearing down upon him with great rapidity.

At a glance he took in the situation. The left pedal of the fair cyclist's wheel had come in contact with some obstruction in the roadway, and been broken off short; then in the excitement of this vexatious accident the rider had lost control of the right pedal also; and now, all unwillingly, she was coasting rapidly down the hill at—to her—an alarming rate of speed, while the quickly revolving shank of the broken pedal threatened at every turn to draw in the skirts of the grey riding habit so perilously near, with results that might prove serious. On she came, straight for the easy-going wheelman ahead, with every prospect of making a double spill then and there, or, if he escaped, there could be no question but that she at any rate would come to grief before reaching the foot of the hill.

He at once obeyed the natural impulse to get out of harm's way, and drew off toward the side of the road; then a desire to release the unfortunate young lady from her perilous plight came uppermost, and his plan of action was quickly decided upon. Drawing warily near the path once more, increasing his speed as he did so, just as the runaway wheel came alongside, he stretched out his hand and secured a firm grip of the centre of the handlebars. For a moment or two he still further increased his own speed, then commenced to gradually exert a backward pressure upon his pedals until by the time they had reached the foot of the hill he had both wheels under perfect control and shortly brought them to a standstill. As he did so the fair rider, who until now had borne herself bravely through the trying ordeal, tumbled off her wheel, and but for her rescuer's convenient arms would have fallen in a heap upon the road. He half carried her to the roadside and laid her upon the grassy bank, then looked helplessly about for water; but with a brave effort the shaken girl pulled herself together, and blushing vividly at finding herself in the arms of a stranger, said, brokenly:

"I—I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for your—your skill and—and bravery in rescuing me from serious injury. How can I ever thank you?"

"No thanks are necessary, my dear young lady," gallantly responded he. "It was but a little thing to do, and no skill was necessary. Your own pluck in staying with your wheel

so determinedly was what saved you, rather than what little I did."

"Oh, no! I was not plucky in the least. To tell the truth, I was desperately afraid, and wanted to jump off; but just knew that I would fall and scrape my face through the loose gravel of the road. Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it."

"I see. You were such a coward that you were ready to hang on until the death. Well! all I have to say is that that's a new kind of cowardice to me. However, you are well out of it, anyway. Your wheel seems to have gotten the worst of the scrape."

"Oh, that unfortunate wheel!" she responded, gazing ruefully at the disabled machine. "I suppose I shall have to walk the remainder of the way. Is it very far to town?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of three miles, I should say."

"Is it that far, really?" she questioned in blank dismay. "And is there no other way of getting back but walking?"

"I'm afraid not. Unless you would care to ride my wheel, which, of course, is at your service, or," he added slyly, with just the suspicion of a smile playing about the corners of his mouth, "unless I carry you?"

"No, thank you,"—and he was quite entranced with her rosy blushes—"I'm afraid I've trespassed upon your good nature more than enough already in that fashion. But come; I must be starting if I'm to get home before dark. You, I suppose, will ride on?"

Not choosing to answer this last most unnecessary question, he picked up the fallen wheels, and guiding one with either hand stepped off toward the city, and she perforce did likewise. For several minutes they walked along in silence, until Geoffrey, in an effort to resume conversation, enquired, quite gravely:

"You are fond of wheeling?"

For answer she broke into a silvery laugh.

"There, you are quite conventional, and, really, I am again deeply grateful; for nothing, you know—or I suppose you don't. Men are so densely ignorant in some things,—braces up shaken feminine nerves and helps a woman get her 'grip' back so quickly after she has lost it, as the necessity of being conventional. So, to be very decorous in my reply: yes, I am very fond of wheeling, but—and now I feel shaky again—in moderation. I draw the line at coasting and such recklessness—tho' for the future." And again she broke into that silvery laugh which so charmed her companion.



BOSTON FRUN.

Courtesy of J. A. Simmers.

"I am indeed pleased to be of such service to you. I was not aware that my question would act as a nerve tonic. Really, my powers of conversation must be more brilliant than I ever imagined. But here comes a horse and buggy with but a single occupant. Shall I crave the boon of a lift for you into the city, while I follow after with the wheels?"

Although he put the question quite nonchalantly, Geoffrey could not but feel that he would be very much disappointed did she assent to this very reasonable proposition, and he was secretly much gratified at her prompt rejoinder.

"No, sir. I may be a coward and a poor walker, but I'm hardly mean enough to ride off in that fashion and leave you to wrestle with my broken machine. It surely cannot be very much farther now? You are not tired of me for a companion, I hope?"

"No, decidedly not," was the emphatic reply. "But if you are unused to walking, I'm afraid you'll suffer from your decision."

"I'll take the risk," she responded lightly. "And now, sir, I'm going to be conventional. Are you fond of poetry, Mr. — ah —?"

"Geoffrey Holding, at your service, ma'am," he prompted, taking off his cap, with an elaborate bow.

"Thank you, Mr. Houlding, are you fond of poetry?"

"Well, yes, Miss — ah —, Miss —?"

"Margaret Morton, sir, at *your* service," came quickly, accompanied with a low courtesy. "And who may your favorite author be?"

"That I scarce can say. There are many things to admire in Longfellow; and then, again, Whittier is so interesting. I think on the whole that I am rather partial to the latter. Throughout so much of his writings there is such a throbbing of intense love of liberty, that he appeals to all liberty-loving people."

"Good!" she commented, "Whittier is my favorite, for that and other reasons. His 'Snow Bound' is such a delightful poem."

Thus chatting gaily, they continued their tramp, and were so interested that almost before they realized it, they were upon the streets of the city, and stopping before the door of what Miss Morton announced was her father's residence. She once more strove to express her thanks for the service Geoffrey had rendered her.

"Don't mention it again, I pray you," he said. "But may I presume to call, to assure myself that no harm has come to you from the mishap?"

After a momentary hesitation, she answered: "Thank you, yes. Mother would be disappointed had she not the opportunity of adding her thanks to mine. We are usually to be found at home on Tuesday evenings."

The following Tuesday evening Houlding took advantage of this permission, and the acquaintance thus accidentally begun strengthened into a comradeship, which continued to grow throughout that fall and winter, during which they met on a number of occasions at the homes of mutual friends; and he also gladly accepted Mrs. Morton's cordial invitations to spend one or two evenings quietly at her house. Further, on two or three red-letter dates he was permitted to be the escort of mother and daughter to evening concerts. Then in the spring when wheel days were come again, Margaret and himself quite frequently went for a spin together. Through-

out, however, their intercourse had been strictly conventional, and Margaret invariably deftly turned any remark which might have been construed as bordering in the slightest upon sentiment.

It was on one of the pleasantest of June afternoons, that having had a brisk run for several miles into the open country, they had dismounted for a rest by the roadside, not far from the scene of their first encounter, she seated upon a large stone, and he reclining carelessly upon the grassy sward beside her. In the course of the desultory conversation they were carrying on, poetry was incidentally mentioned, and Geoffrey asked:

"Are you fond of Tennyson, Miss Morton?"

"Yes, I must confess that I am very fond of his writings."

"Indeed. Then have we another failing—or should I call it such?—in common. What do you admire most of his productions, 'In Memoriam'?"

"No. His lighter periods please me better. His 'Idylls of the King' are more to my liking."

"I have a partiality to that portion of his writings likewise, and, indeed, latterly there has been one in particular of his stories which seems to haunt me."

"Which may that be pray?"

"'Tis the story of 'Gareth and Lynette,' which persistently runs through my thoughts, and though I feel anything but a gay cavalier and knight-errant, yet do I oftentimes think of you as Lynette and myself as Gareth."

A faint flush mounted to her cheeks as she asked, lightly:

"How is this, Sir Knight? I certainly had not for a moment imagined that your practical mind was given to such flights of fancy."

"Ay; that's just it," he returned seriously.

"You do not think me capable of any sentiment, and in that do most assuredly resemble Lynette, who had naught but ridicule for her 'knave-knight.' My resemblance to Gareth, I must confess, is slight, especially as regards his nobler qualities; but in being treated as a joke I seem to be his fellow, for whenever I strive to approach the subject which is nearest my heart, I find that I am being laughed at. Proceed in spite of it, however, I now will, though I may be forfeiting the pleasure of your society forever by so doing. I love you, Margaret, with my whole heart, and it seems to me that I have loved you from that very day when first we walked along this road together, last October. I own at once that I am neither brilliant nor rich: but such as I am and have I lay willingly at your feet, and run the risk of being called 'knave-knight' for my pains. Oh, Margaret! can you not try to love me a little?"

Her face was still flushed a little, but otherwise she seemed quite cool and collected, in contrast to his excitement. She made no reply for a moment or two, but continued to gaze over his shoulder down the road. Presently she said:

"Your words do me great honor, sir; but it would probably be better for us to be strictly conventional, especially upon a public thoroughfare. There is a wheeling party approaching now. They, like ourselves, are taking advantage of this ideal afternoon for a spin."

These words, and more than the words, the attitude of the girl, brought despair into Geoffrey's heart; but with an effort he pulled himself together and strove to meet her upon

the ground that she had chosen, though he could not conceal a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he replied:

"Yes, and probably they hold us but indifferent wheelers to pass our time here when we might be enjoying the exercise. Shall we ride on?"

"Presently, if you wish. You are quite fond of wheeling, are you not, Mr. Houlding?"

Inwardly chafing at her light talk, Geoffrey still determined to maintain his part, so responded:

"Yes, very. And you?"

"Well, sir, as I had occasion to inform you once before, somewhere very near here, I am, in moderation, and—and," turning her laughing eyes and blushing face toward him as the last of the party went by, "in connection with the remarks you were making a few moments since, if you wish it very much, I shall be most happy to try a tandem."

He looked at her in amazement for a moment, unable to realize the happiness those bantering words conveyed, and then—well, as the last rider of the throng which had just passed happened to glance back she saw something that was not exactly conventional.

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Mother's Hand.

THERE is something strange and tragic
In the touch of mother's hand.
Sorrow disappears like magic
With the touch of mother's hand.
I have often wondered why
Care and pain so quickly fly
With the touch of mother's hand.

It can smooth the ruffled places,
The touch of mother's hand,
It can clear our troubled faces,
The touch of mother's hand.
Oh, it is gentle, soft, caressing
As it falls in heavenly blessing,
Mother's soothing hand.

Let it lead you all the way,
The touch of mother's hand;
Let it be your guide and stay,
The touch of mother's hand.
To its gentle counsel bend,
You will find no other friend
Like the touch of mother's hand.

When the wrinkles gather there,
On that dear hand,
Cherish it with tender care,
Dear mother's hand.
It was her great love for you
In the years she led you through,
Traced those lines on mother's hand.

When at last you bid farewell
To the touch of mother's hand,
How you'll miss it none can tell,
Mother's patient, loving hand.
Still 'twill guide your lonely way
Till you rest in endless day
With the touch of mother's hand.

HELEN OWEN.

Laugh Thrice a Day.

It has been said that we grow in face as we grow in thought, and that our faces are mirrors of our souls, but do we ever stop to think that our faces affect our souls also? And if they affect our souls they also affect our health, for health is, to a greater or less extent, controlled by the mind and soul.

It is a fact, as we have found out, that a woe-begone expression will drive every one away from us. Even fortune deserts us.



CHAPTER XIII. — Continued.



MISS AUSTWICKE, turning the chair round, against which she had been standing, sunk into it as if she feared that otherwise she should fall, and all but groaned aloud, for clear and distinct there rose the dying words to her memory, and smote her, "Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood."

"It's an honorable name," pursued the man, relentlessly, "and I'm sure I've proved for years that I'd do anything in reason that a man who's had great losses could to save it from a stain—a public stain; and, certainly, I'm bound to say the lassie was deceived in the first place, she was led to think herself married. I was one of the witnesses who signed my name, and it was bitter to me to find I'd been led to put 'Burke' to any such transaction, and my sister, Mrs. Johnston, and her husband."

"You have yourself called him a cheat," interposed Miss Austwicke, with a desire to inculpate some one.

"Yes, who knows but it was helping to hide this piece of business first taught him? Anyway, unless all comes out something must be done."

"I'm willing to help the—the innocent." Her white lips quivered as she spoke the last words, for now was not she guilty? Yet how could she own the truth, the horrible truth, that her brother was really married to such a woman as this man described? Surely her brother could not have known, when he told her to do justice, what had become of the mother of these children. She strained her memory for any recollection of what he had told her about this miserable wife. But he had so little time, death was so near, that she was left merely with a promise on her conscience which she wanted to temporize in keeping so as to make pride and principle combine. Truth is an unyielding metal: we cannot safely bend it to serve our purposes. We may break it, and so wound ourselves and others; and that was what Miss Austwicke was doing.

Yes, indeed; rather than all should come out—rather than her brother Basil and his caustic wife should know, in any way, of this tarnish on the family honor—she would draw on her own slender resources. Perhaps to Burke the most interesting and pertinent question Miss Austwicke had put in all the interview she uttered now:

"Pray, of what amount are the claims you have on my late brother, and where, do you say, are these children?"

"Oh, madam, as to my whole claims, that I have vouchers for, I'll not press them entire. A hundred pounds will be a composition for my losses in that Canada voyage and residence, which, beyond all question, ruined me and killed my poor wife, and —"

"But how came my brother not to settle that at once?"

"Why, he left it till his return."

"But he had no estate to look forward to."
"Oh, he had his income. He always said he'd do justice."

Miss Austwicke winced at the words. It was in the power of this low man, with his grating voice and wizened face, to scathe her like a keen east wind. It was a relief to interrupt him by repeating the inquiry—

"And these children?"

"I'm not just sure of the address. I doubt they'll take a deal of seeking, though a friend of mine thinks he knows where Johnston sent most of his London letters to."

"A friend of yours? Of course you do not mention my—that is, Captain Austwicke's name. Unless I am sure of this of course I can have nothing—"

"Give yourself no concern on that head. I've a deep sense of honor myself, as a Burke, madam. It's the grief of my life that I was led into this, and my family corrupted by it; and I'd die rather than let it be known, make you sure of that."

He clenched his hands as if holding something tight from all the world, and pressed them on his chest as he spoke.

Miss Austwicke drew out her purse; there was a ten-pound note, two sovereigns, and some silver in it. She took the note from the rest and said—

"I must think over what you have told me, and consider what must be done in this matter. I give you this on account. I'm not prepared to promise that I will, or can, make good your losses; but find the children. You say they are in England—London, I think you said. Well, I will see them for myself. I am willing to help them, and to—to reward fidelity—that is to say, diligence."

Her proud heart swelled and nearly choked her utterance as she spoke thus confidentially and gave the retaining fee to this ally of her brother's—and now of hers.

As with cringing bows he went out she was ready to dash her head against the carved oak of the high old chimney-piece, she so resented the humiliation. Ah, if she had but thought of her duty to God as highly as of her station in society, she would have cleared her eyes unclouded of the film of pride, and seen clearly the meanness of all crooked ways, and the danger of the edge tools, low and base, with which she was unwittingly playing—too! she was sharpening for her own destruction.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONSCIENCE VS. HONOR.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
SHAKESPEARE.

Great as the contrasts in human condition are every day, they present themselves most prominently on that day which good George Herbert calls

"The couch of time—care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light."

How differently rises the sun of that day to the thoughtful, pious sons and daughters of toil, and to the rich worldling!—to the spirits who are glad to go as loving children to a Father's house, and those who are weary of the services, or never enter the portals consecrated to praise and prayer! How different, too, the measure of enjoyment both in the assemblies of worshippers, and from the calm face of Nature, on that sweet returning

day! to some there is all fulness, to others mere vacuity.

As Miss Austwicke and her niece sat side by side in the carved and curtained old pew under the painted window, which had in its arabesque border a blazonry of the Austwicke crest—great as the outward contrast was between the tall, rigid form, and face becoming daily more severe in outline and expression, and the little soft, dimpled creature, whose silky ringlets fell caressingly round her white throat, and shaded her delicate cheek, and who, kneeling in the colored light that streamed through the window, might be taken for a pictured angel draped in prismatic radiance—great as this contrast was, yet, if we use our clairvoyant privilege, and look into the hearts of each, still greater was the difference. Gertrude was all gentle peace and humble gratitude. To her the sacred service was full of comfort and instruction. She did not think, poor child! of criticizing the sermon. To her it was a message of truth, to be received reverently. Her young heart was open to the sweet influences of holy light, and the refreshing dews of the heavenly blessing. Little did she know of the uneasy throbbing, the absent, bewildered spirit near her, anxious and troubled about many things, commanding an outward rigidity that passed for calm, yet entering upon that fatal task of endeavoring to reconcile what is opposite—to make right bend to expediency; still with a lofty scorn of what, in a worldly phrase, she called "dishonorable," a proud abstract estimate of truth—not so much from religious obligation as from a belief that it was like ancestry and blood, a something that belonged to the race. Why did Mr. Nugent invariably select such texts as were displeasing to Miss Austwicke? What did he mean by annoying her with what she called his prosing on "All things are naked and open with Him with whom we have to do"? How tranquilly little True's dark eyes were raised to the preacher, while Miss Austwicke felt glad that her veil fell down over her face, for she was half conscious of knitting her brow and setting her lips as if to numb some inward pang. How long and tedious! Would he never have done? Why did he not apply the lesson to the common people—to her servants, who were present, sitting respectably in a row at the back? They, of course, should be warned of falsehood and gossiping and dishonesty. Such faults low people were all prone to. But all this talk of secret sins, of self-deception, of pride that wraps itself in a mantle of isolation before man, only to appear in filthy rags before God—what could Mr. Nugent mean?

She was so perturbed that on returning home she took refuge in her room on the plea, by no means pretended, of indisposition; and so it fell out that Gertrude had an afternoon to herself in the library, and sought out among some treasures of old divinity for further elucidations of Mr. Nugent's subject, and came to an exactly different conclusion from her aunt as to his merits as a preacher. What the elder lady called Puritanical and pragmatic, Gertrude considered faithful and earnest.

Some consciousness that there was this difference of estimate kept each lady, when they met, from naming the curate, and had, indeed, prevented Gertrude having the pleasure she coveted of something more than a mere bowing acquaintance with Miss Nugent, the

pleasant-looking sister who presided over the clergyman's home.

While the Sabbath hours passed thus at Austwicke, our acquaintance the packman was ruminating in a little lodging he had hired at a beer-shop at Millbrook, near Southampton. He was busy, seemingly, with pencil and paper, making calculations, sighing often as he did so, as if his reckoning would not come right; and repeating in a muttering voice one sentence over and over, "A dead loss, I doubt—a matter of thirty or forty pound a year—gone—clean gone."

His meal was as frugal as ever tavern furnished—bread and cheese and a draught of milk. The people of the house seemed to know him, for they let him have his refreshments in a little gable bedroom, out of the way of all intruders. He looked at his watch, a large tortoise-shell antiquity in careful preservation, anxiously, and then out of the window to mark the day's decline. The company of his own thoughts seemed pleasant rather than otherwise, for he refused a light, saying to the servant girl, with a grin that relaxed the tight puckers of his mouth, "One of the richest men in London, my lassie, said there was no need o' candle to talk by; and if he an' his friend could do their talking in the dark, I'm weel able to do my thinking likewise."

They stared at him in profound awe—for, poorly as he was clad, and fared, the people of the house entertained a belief that Old Leathery was very rich: and to that there was added a hope that, as he was eccentric, he might befriend them ultimately. The wily old man's talk, when he came to take up his abode, had led them to some such conclusion. He had told them several tales that they were fond of retailing to their customers, to give zest to their ale: How once a benevolent London lady had given a dinner on Sundays to a crossing-sweeper; and how when the sweeper died he left all his savings, some hundreds, to the lady. How Peter Blundell, the famous Tiverton carrier of olden times, made a great fortune, and in his will remembered every innkeeper that had ever, in his frequent journeys, been kind to him; so that, constructing their own theory about the real circumstances of their annual guest, notwithstanding his constant plea of poverty, and having plenty of that selfishness which so often blinds its possessor, they allowed Old Leathery to take his ease in the inn, much to his own satisfaction, and, as they hoped, to their future benefit.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

AN English farmer, asked to tell the secret of his luck with land, remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul."

Under the King's Bastion
A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC
Serial Story written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XIX.



ARLETON had spent six lonely days confined to a chair placed in the window, so that if by some lucky chance Aline might pass, he should see her. On the day he telephoned to Clifford, he received a letter from his step-mother, full of reproaches, which did not brighten his spirits. After sitting still all through another day, thinking of Aline, and wishing every time a step passed his door, that someone would come in with a message from her, he at last had quite an attack of the blues, rather an unusual thing for him, for he had the equable temperament of a perfectly healthy mental and physical condition. He had not heard a word from Clifford or any of them, and some vague misgiving seized him on Sunday evening, perhaps an electric current in sympathetic communication between himself and Aline. He chafed at the loss of the beautiful which meant so much to him, and then he suddenly recollected Mrs. Fortescue had spoken of going home on the fifteenth of September, and this was the tenth. Perhaps something had happened to hasten their going, they might have already left! And he tied helpless in his room! Surely they would not have gone without a word of farewell! And at this point he managed to work himself up to quite a pitch of nervousness.

Then the idea struck him to write to her, and straightway he composed three or four letters, which he impatiently consigned to

the waste-paper basket. Finally he dispatched the one we have read, and then thought it very ill-expressed when too late. It was with heartfelt delight, therefore, that he had met his godfather on Monday morning, and poured out his heart for an hour about Aline. Mrs. Fortescue had begged Mr. Stanton not to mention Clifford's duplicity, at least not for the present, and the old man would have cut his hand off sooner than betray Aline, but still he managed to give Carleton an immense amount of comfort, and left him whistling variations of operatic airs, mingled with sundry hymn tunes.

Tuesday morning he could limp about his room a little, and after a second visit from his godfather, who brought him a book from Aline, and a little scented note in which she said she had not known of his accident, and hoped so much he was better, he felt almost able to dance a hornpipe. The note he read and re-read, and finally put carefully away in the pocket nearest to his heart.

To return to Clifford's half-hearted interest in Aline. He could not bring himself to believe she was the heiress, but at the same time he could not tear himself away from the vicinity of the attractive five thousand, and temptation lured him to the Frontenac on Monday and Tuesday evenings, but he found none of the party "at home" (which was the strict truth). And he left the hotel, using, I am sorry to say, distinctly bad language.

On Wednesday morning the girls were busy packing their numerous photographs and sketches, besides all the souvenirs they had picked up here and there. Only two days more remained to them, and these were to be spent in a last walk in the city, which, to one of them, had become very dear. Coming home late in the afternoon, Aline lingered a moment to watch the sun set over the misty hills, putting on the beautiful purple of early autumn, and was much annoyed when Clifford joined her. He could not help noticing her cold greeting, but having a never-failing fund of assurance, he insisted upon pressing her hand tenderly, and looked at her so expressively that she thought with irritation, "surely he is not trying to make love to me now," and was in such haste to leave him that she scarcely heard him say he was coming to see her later in the evening.

Soon after dinner Sinclair arrived, using a stick, but disdaining to be considered an invalid. He met Aline in the presence of the others, of course, and if he held her hand longer than necessary, no one appeared to notice it, and no one had a right to enquire what their eyes said.

Several acquaintances from home had arrived that evening at the Chateau, on their way to fishing grounds on the Lake St. John District, and for some time the group remained unbroken.

Carleton was at his best, and Aline heard him for the first time, talking among other men, and saw with a feeling of pride how respectfully his opinions were listened to by much older men, and with what clearness and fluency he expressed them. The conversation turned at last on Queen Victoria.

"Your Queen is an extremely fine woman," said one man, "but she is only a figure-head."



MADAME ALBANI, THE WORLD-FAMED CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA. BORN IN QUEBEC.

"I beg your pardon," answered Carleton, "no one person in the nineteenth century has had such influence, direct, and indirect, not only on her ministers, and her own country, but on the world at large. Over and over again the Government have deferred to her, not because she is an autocrat, but because experience had proved her immense wisdom and wide knowledge of diplomacy were seldom at fault. The wars she has prevented, the progress in civilization she has made possible will never be fully understood. It will be a black day for the world when she closes her unprecedented reign, and as for the Empire, one can scarcely imagine what it will do without her."

"She is certainly the most remarkable and tactful ruler the world has seen," said another, "but do you think loyalty to the throne in the abstract is as strong as ever in these democratic days."

"That, of course, is a matter of opinion which time alone can decide." Carleton replied, "but if England ever elects to have another form of government, it will be because of the gracious life of the Queen, holy, I had almost said. As woman, wife, mother, and sovereign, she has set up such a standard that it will be difficult for succeeding monarchs to approach it, and yet, having had such a 'figure head,' as you call her, for sixty-two years, the nation will not tolerate a ruler who should come very far short of this ideal."

"Certainly you are loyal over here," remarked a third speaker. "I had no idea of the depth of Colonial feeling till I travelled through the country in 1897, during the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Not a child but wore some little flag or souvenir ornament, and I have seen the congregations sing, 'God Save the Queen,' with heart and soul, many who had never seen her, with tears in their eyes."

"Yes, loyalty is the air we breathe. We Canadians 'abide by our mother's house,'" said old Mr. Stanton, "and 'the little old lady in black,' as we sometimes call her, with no irreverence, is as living a personality as though we saw her daily. I don't know whether you have heard that her birthday is to be kept a perpetual holiday in Canada, under the name of Victoria Day. Nor can you wonder at this loyalty, for her noble character, her blameless life, her love for her sailors and soldiers, and her deep sympathy for any form of distress among her subjects, have endeared her to all classes and creeds, from the Indian or African native who worship her as the 'Great White Queen,' to the little cockney urchin who says 'Er Majesty, 'eaven bless'er.'"

"The Queen ought to hear you," said Aline, speaking for the first time. "My father was English, you know, and took me to London when I was a child, and I remember one day being told I was going to see the greatest and best woman in the world, and when she drove along the street, people cheering and bowing on every side, she smiled so sweetly on them all that I loved her at once, and American as I am, have always revered her since."

"Yes, poets, statesmen, writers, the heads of the churches, her fellow-sovereigns, and all the greatest and best men and women who have lived during her wonderful reign, and have closest opportunities of knowing her inner life, have all testified their admiration and love in unqualified terms," said Mr.

Stanton. "I often think the petitions we read day after day in our prayer-books ought to be changed to thanksgivings that every prayer has been so absolutely and marvellously fulfilled. If I hear an ignoramus occasionally utter a slighting remark about the Queen's qualities of heart or head, it makes me perfectly rabid. I long to put such criminals (for it is a crime) back into the reigns of the Second Charles or Fourth George, and let them get a thorough understanding of the difference that a bad sovereign can make to the country, to cure them of their cavilling, and make them sadder, but wiser individuals. I was reading to-day a little incident which is worthy to rank beside the thousands of kind acts which have beautified every hour of the Queen's life—a life devoted entirely, since the death of her beloved husband, to her country and people. She was in a military hospital, decorating some soldiers who had been wounded in one of the late battles. Darghai or Omdurman, and as she pinned the Victoria Cross on the breast of one stalwart fellow who had won it by an act of conspicuous bravery, he was so overcome that he suddenly burst into tears, and the Queen laid her hand gently on his head, spoke a few words which were full reward for all his danger and suffering, and then passed on, blessing and being blessed. No wonder we love her! And the old gentleman brought his eulogium to an end by rising abruptly, and looking out of the window."

Presently the band struck up in the Pavilion, and the groups dispersed to wander in twos and threes on the Terrace. Carleton turned to Aline, and said in a masterful tone she had never heard before: "Come up to your favorite seat under the King's Bastion; I have something to say to you." And without a word she obediently put on her hat, and they went, "both of them together," up the steep Glacis to the "Point."

CHAPTER XX.

Slowly, and almost in silence, they climbed the grassy slope. Slowly, because Carleton was still lame, slowly, because there was no need for haste; slowly also, because certain things lose an indefinite charm by the rude touch of speech:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Once Aline paused, with head bent forward a little and gazed long on the darkening city below her, while Carleton stood silently at her side. The hills in the distance had faded away into infinity, the bright lights of Levis marked the other shore, and between swung the frigates, outlined by their signal lanterns, and now and again a mellow bugle call floated across the water. The lamps of the Lower Town twinkled in the half gloom, a swarm of people hustled along the Terrace under the illuminated Chateau, and from the city an electric glare shot up into the sky.

Aline knew that up there, under the King's Bastion, she was going to sign away her freedom. She would do it voluntarily—gladly. And yet—and yet!—her girlhood days had been very happy, she could look back on them all with pleasure, and now she stood at the parting of the ways.

Perhaps every girl feels thus at some time before her marriage, no matter how much she may be capable of losing, as the brook hesi-

tates and curls itself backward, even while taking the final leap into the unknown river. With a man it is different. He always gains something in marriage and need not—most frequently does not—give up any of his former life. It is to him merely an "episode" in his career, of more or less importance. But for a woman there is no return. She gives herself, and with the gift her life, even in the happiest circumstances, passes beyond her control.

Something of all this stole dimly upon the girl as her eyes dwelt on the landscape without heeding it. A mood enthralled her of which a poet wrote:

"'Tis as much akin to sorrow,
As the morrow
Holdeth thought of yesterday."

Then roused from her reverie by the magnetic influence of Carleton's presence, she moved on again, and set her face toward the days that were to be, and then when they stood at last up above the throng half way 'twixt earth and sky, Aline's heart beat quickly, and she began to talk fast and gaily of the scene below, as women will play with assured happiness, and hinder, if but for a moment, the declaration from a man's lips.

"I can't understand," said she, "how people who belong to Quebec can prefer other cities, remarkable only for the number of the population, the size of the stores, the number of factory chimneys, or the export of pork (like the old man who was talking of Chicago this evening). It is something to live in a place which reminds one every day of great deeds done in the past. If those who go away really lose interest in Quebec, it must mean a lowering of their whole nature. It seems to me Quebecers ought to have very elevated instincts from having around them so much that is noble in nature, and inspiring in history. Are you *all* finer characters here than elsewhere?" she asked humorously, looking at Carleton.

But the question was forgotten, and if unanswered neither of them thought of it again, for Aline felt her unresisting hands taken in a firm clasp, and a manly voice said with a tremor of earnestness: "Aline—dearest—will you come to live in Quebec—with me. I love you so much, dear, that I cannot do without you. Can you care for me enough to marry me?"

"I think you know I do," she answered softly.

"I have never felt sure of you, and I can scarcely believe now that I am such a happy fellow. Are you quite sure you care? You see you have known me such a short time," he enquired anxiously.

"Exactly the same length of time to a minute, that you have known me," she retorted, smiling.

"Ah! but darling, think of the difference between us. And I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Do you remember you were trying to find the Chien d'Or?"

Aline remembered, and then, before he was quite convinced that it was all reality, she had to repeat after him a sentence which he composed for her, something like this: "Carleton—dear—I love you," and she said it so sweetly that he was fain to reward her as warmly as he knew how. And so hand in hand they drifted off into the lover's talk, which is in its general outlines a universal language all the world over, consisting chiefly

of three pronouns and the present tense of a single verb, thus: "I love, you love, we love." When they folded their pinions and alighted on *terra firma* once more, the band was playing "Just one Girl," and the loud report of the 9.30 gun nearly caused Aline to fall into the river, from which catastrophe, however, Carleton's restraining arm saved her. "I wish everyone could be as happy as we are," he said presently. "Do you think your cousin cares for Clifford?"

"No, she does not indeed," answered Aline.

"Well, dear, as I am going to be her cousin too, I have a right to take an interest in her affairs, and I am very glad, for do you know I have fancied he cares a good deal more for her money than for herself."

"Her money," repeated Aline.

"Yes, he found out in some way that she was an heiress, and though I know he admires her greatly, I think the money weighed down the scale."

Aline was silent, revolving things in her mind, and gaining a hazy perception of the whole chain of events, though some links she could not connect then.

"Well," she remarked at last, "Mr. Clifford is not likely to get the money, or Edith either, for she is engaged to Hugh Graham, whom you met to-night. They were to have been married last year, but her brother was killed at Santiago, so the wedding was postponed, and in the winter Hugh had such a severe illness that the doctors thought he would never be strong again. Her parents have been much opposed to the marriage on that account, and Edith was so worried that we persuaded her to come away with us at the last minute. However, Hugh is quite well now, and will soon claim her, I expect."

"I must congratulate him, he is getting an awfully nice girl," said Carleton, adding fondly, "and I am glad you are not an heiress, dear."

"What would you have done if I had been?" said Aline, looking curiously at the strong dimly-visible profile close to her, and laying her hand on the rough coat sleeve. "I suppose you would have stood on your dignity, and actually jilted me," and she laughed happily.

"Well, I'm afraid I should not have had the courage to give you up, if we were once engaged, but nothing would have induced me to propose to a girl with a fortune," he returned, and stood up, gravely lifting his hat, as the strains of "God Save the Queen" floated up to them once more. And as the anthem died away, these two came down from the height, and a little later Mrs. Fortescue was affectionately clasping Carleton's hand, and Edith was whispering teasing remarks in Aline's ear, while old Mr. Stanton hovered round and demanded a kiss from his god-son's betrothed.

Into the midst of this group suddenly came Clifford, who had been searching for Aline on the Terrace. One glance at Carleton convinced him the game was up, and he would have beaten a hasty retreat, but Aline caught sight of him, and intentionally intercepted him. She had generously refrained as yet from telling Carleton of Clifford's conduct. She wanted to settle her own score with him.

"Won't you wish me happiness, Mr. Clifford," she said prettily; "I am an engaged young lady."

"Indeed, allow me to offer my best wishes," said he stiffly, continuing to draw back, for

he was sure Carleton must know all, and he was rather a coward. But Aline had another word or two to say to him.

"And do you know it is quite a joke," she went on sweetly. "Mr. Sinclair seems to be under the impression that Edith has a fortune, and that I am a pauper. I wonder what he will say when he finds out his mistake."

"Are you then the heiress?" said Clifford, in a stifled tone.

"Why, yes, of course. There seems to have been a mistake all round. I am sorry I don't look my part better."

"You may be sure Sinclair knew it all the time," said Clifford, savagely.

"Oh, no, he didn't, for even *you*, Mr. Clifford, thought it was Edith, did you not? Carleton don't know yet, for I shall not let auntie tell him till to-morrow. And what made you *forget* to tell me about his sprained ankle the other day? Your mind must have been occupied by some great idea to let it escape your memory, especially when I asked you how he was."

Firing a random shot, which she saw made him wince, she was about to say good-evening, but he detained her.

"But—but—" he gasped, helplessly, "the name—your name isn't Edith!"

"What has that to do with it? However, my name *is* Edith—my second name; but no one ever calls me that, except, indeed, my aunt's friend, Mr. Willing."

Light broke in upon Clifford's floundering intellect. He saw at last how he had deceived himself from start to finish, when a few enquiries would have made everything plain at once. Under his breath he said "D—n!" with which monosyllable he made his exit, and therewith disappears from the narrative.

It is always a little sad to leave a place where one has had a pleasant visit. We wonder if we shall ever come back again, and under what circumstances. We think of the spots we should like to have seen once more, of the things we meant to have done, and of the unexpected that has happened since we came. In Aline's case no unhappy incidents marred the memory of her summer trip. Looking back upon it, she could scarcely realize she was the girl who, three short months ago, had seen the dock of Quebec looming up in the distance. She was already coming to regard it as her future home, and looking forward to her return as a happy bride. And as she caught the last glimpse of Carleton's tall figure on the station platform, and gently caressed the new ring on her finger, she felt glad she was not saying "farewell," but "Aufwiederschen." Then the train, steaming swiftly along, bore them out of sight of the gray old "Sentinel City," ever keeping faithful watch and ward at the eastern outpost of the vast Dominion.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
Like the rocks that round them throng."

THE END.

The Largest Wedding in the World.

THE largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began, says an exchange took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties

possible, he decreed a wedding festival. You could never guess how many people he ordered to be married. Alexander was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius, 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and 10,000 of his soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,202 people married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were one hundred gorgeous chambers for the hundred bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude. A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places.

Do not imagine that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple, the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example.

Biscuit Crumbs from Windsor.

MISS EMILY SARTAIN, the daughter of the late John Sartain, artist, and herself the head of the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia, tells a little incident of a visit to Queen Victoria.

Miss Sartain was a member of the International Council of Women, and they were invited to meet the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Queen met them in the driveway. The women were lined up on either side of the road, and the carriage of Queen Victoria passed slowly through the line, the Queen bowing to right and left. After the royal carriage passed out of the gate the Countess of Aberdeen invited the women, in the Queen's name, into Windsor Castle to have tea. Long tables were spread in St. George's Gallery, with biscuits, fruit and fancy cakes, and hot tea was served.

Miss Sartain remembered her aunt, who was living with her in Philadelphia, but who was born before the English Queen, and had gone to school at Windsor. So she decided to put one of the little English biscuits into her pocket, and send it to her aunt in America.

She slipped the little wafer into the pocket of her skirt, and hurried, with a friend, to catch a train for London—then down sat Miss Sartain on the biscuit, never once thinking of such a thing as a back pocket and its contents.

Not till midnight did she remember the biscuit, then diving into her pocket, she found nothing but crumbs!

Miss Sartain gathered the crumbs together, wrapped them in tissue paper, and mailed them to America. And the aunt swallowed them loyally and said, "God Save the Queen!"

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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EDITOR'S CORNER.

Welcome, THE inspiration that comes from Spring! the new season is by no means a matter of sentiment. Spring is welcome to everyone after the pent-up experience of a long winter. As the winter draws to a close we are apt to think it the longest and most tedious winter we have known. Memory is very short in matters of this kind, but the winter, whether a matter of fact or imagination, is always long enough. It is a wise provision of Providence that there should be these changes in the seasons, bringing with them new life and energy and fresh plans that take us each out of a rut. Even at this writing—and we are into April—the storm windows remain on and the March winds have dragged themselves into the Month of Showers. But a little patience and Spring will be with us, for the Master Hand has planned these things wisely and well, and the most despondent need not despair. The buds will burst out into new life, and this new life will make itself felt in the lives of everyone. Welcome, Spring!

Woman's Influence. A CORRESPONDENT down by the sea has written us a kindly letter, commending the position of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL touching the proposal of the women of Toronto to present to returning soldiers a punch bowl and cups. Our correspondent charitably concludes that the suggestion has been the outcome of thoughtlessness rather than intent; but this is just one of the cases where careful thought should be exercised. We have to say to our correspondent that the HOME JOURNAL will ever aim to take a wholesome, helpful

view of all questions that touch the home—and what touches the home touches the nation at its most vital point. It is a common-placism, but most true, that pure and healthy homes assured and a pure and healthy citizenship follows. This is work in which the Editor's Corner may start the suggestion and set the pace, but it rests with each individual reader to do his or her part in his and her own sphere—be it large or small.

The Craze for Wealth. WITH combines and trusts obtruding themselves at every turn, it is not surprising that the better instincts of a large majority of the people are made subordinate to the almighty dollar. First, wealth—money made however made—and then all other things are supposed to follow—a reversal of the teachings of the Good Book, that first something higher, and then shall be added to these all other things. It is a case of putting emphasis again on the old adage, not that money is the root of all evil, but that the love of it leads to many evils, and not least to the destruction of the higher elements of character and the crushing out of the best spirit of home life—for art and literature and travel, and the more simple but delightful forms of true happiness, have little swing when the larger share of thought is given to the mere matter of money-making.

Battles Nearer Home. THE morning paper still reminds us that South African hostilities are far from ended; and whilst it is only as it were yesterday since we welcomed home our boys in khaki, it is just another yesterday since there left our shores Canadian boys to join the Baden-Powell Police—a continuance of the defensive against the Boers. But the South African war as a war is over, and it does not command our thoughts as was the case some months ago. The khaki is being thrown off for the clothing of plain citizenship, and our young men are settling down again to their daily avocations. The military spirit is yet in the air, and sometimes we think that this military spirit runs much in the one rut, our people forgetting that there are Africans at home to be subdued. We find the enemy, it may be, within ourselves, or within the community in which we live. Perhaps it is a personal habit that has taken hold of us and will conquer us more surely than Kitchener is conquering the Boers. It may be a giant evil in our midst that it will soon so keep the nation within its grasp that, despite a constant calling out of reserves, the enemy will remain the conqueror. We may well ask, as a soldier did of Wellington before entering upon the dreadful task, "Give me a grasp of your conquering hand," for a Conquering Hand is needed to subdue the enemy of our own home. Fired by the battles of the South African veldt, and possessed of the experience of the actual fighting there done, now let the guns be turned upon some of these home enemies!

Day by Day.

"I DON'T believe I can ever make much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One

has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get that great pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens don't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them."

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Woman's Work.

LIGHT is growing steadily on woman's work, in so far as domestic work is beginning to be looked on not as drudgery, but as a part of the sphere to which woman belongs primarily, and possibly altogether; for although some say unmarried women have no husbands or children, therefore they are free to go into any sphere they can and support themselves, surely she does not wish to separate herself from her class. If home is woman's sphere, then it is so whether she is married or single; in fact, it is the single women who have time and strength to make the home what it should be. One might as well say because a man has no wife and family to support he should not work in the office or shop.

Modesty, sweet attractive grace, contemplation, etc., are some of the virtues of women *par excellence*, and these have to be done violence to before women can face the world in shop or office. As for her ability to discharge public duties no one doubts it, but I think it is not her place, unless under exceptional circumstances. Consequently, let the twentieth century woman try to elevate her sex by encouraging in every way the development of her talents in womanly industries, making her employees in the home happy by taking an interest in their work and paying them properly for it. In seven or eight cases out of ten I think the housework is despised because it is not well enough paid. Custom is to grudge money on housework, the idea being that anyone is fit for it.

Let us all try, in the twentieth century, to go back to civilization, making home woman's sphere (a very complex one it is if properly done), and leave the offices for our boys.

A question occurs here to me: Is not the teaching of girls woman's work, and would it not be well to give our women their own sphere instead of having our girls taught by men? That women are fit for it no one doubts. Well, then, let us have our educational institutions governed entirely by women for women, and have a School Board of women to look after them. That, surely, is common sense, and would take some women out of offices, for they could teach all the subjects necessary to the proper management of the home, and girls could be trained to cook and sew and wash, and sing and play musical instruments. Why should our servants not have their mental faculties and spiritual needs developed? The cost in many cases could easily be met by saving off our own nodding plumes and bicycle costumes and dinner luxuries, and our homes and our children would feel the benefit of having refined beings around them.

A. C. M.

PUBLISHER'S TALKS.

And Every Reader Interested.

THE census competition continues to enlist wide interest among readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and many are taking advantage of the proposition to renew their subscriptions for another term. The question is asked again, How long will the competition remain open? We can say with certainty until June 1st, but it is not likely beyond that. The census is proving a heavier job than perhaps was at first expected, and even after the enumerators have got through their first task of filling their schedules as a result of calling upon the individual, there will be heavy work to follow in tabulating and making up the results. As far as it is possible we are glad to give data on which readers may make their estimates. At the same time it is understood that we assume no responsibility for the calculations made by anyone. Each must exercise their own judgment in figuring up the census. Such data as is contained in the paragraph that follows from a well-known Canadian writer is no exception.

THE following extract from an article, entitled "Half a Century's Progress," by John Reade, F.R.S.Can., in the April *Canadian Magazine*, will be interesting data to those who are endeavoring to estimate the population of Canada as it will be revealed by the census now being taken. Mr. Reade is a Canadian writer of wide information and authority:—"The population of Upper Canada in 1851 was 952,004; that of Lower Canada, 390,261; that of New Brunswick, 193,800; that of Nova Scotia, 276,854; that of Prince Edward Island (probably) about 65,000. As to the rest of actual Canada, it may be stated in 1849 Assiniboia had a population of 5,391; in 1856, of 6,691. Manitoba's population in 1870 (exclusive of Indians) was 12,228. In 1861 Vancouver Island had a population of 3,024, of whom 2,350 belonged to the town of Victoria or its vicinity. In 1870 British Columbia had a white population of 10,588. In 1874 the population was estimated to be 15,000, thus distributed: Whites, 11,500; Chinese, 3,000; Blacks, 300; Kanakers (Hawaiians), 200. For years the population of British Columbia was like Sambo's chicken—it moved about so much that it could not be counted. The figures above given enable us, however, to estimate the population of all the provinces and territories in 1851, Indians included, as something less than 2,500,000. In 1871 the population was 3,635,024; in 1881, 4,324,810; in 1891, 4,833,239. At the coming census it will probably range from 6,125,000 to 6,250,000. It is not likely to exceed the latter figure."

THIS month we are sending out another batch of notices and premium lists to subscribers whose subscriptions are about to expire. We have to thank readers for the ready response that has been made to notices already

sent out, though everyone is not taking advantage of our double premium offer—that is, an additional premium when payment is made within thirty days of receipt of notice. The post card—a second reminder—that is going out to these, calls for a speedy reply if each would be benefited by the generosity that, as publishers, we are aiming to exercise in dealing with readers.

ONE of our newest premiums is a valuable book of about 175 pages, entitled "How to be Pretty though Plain." This is of special value to every lady reader. It is written by a lady, Mrs. Humphry, one who has made a world-wide reputation for herself as a writer on subjects that interest women. It is a practical book, well written, printed on good paper, and in every way attractively gotten up. The recipes contained within its pages, dealing with various matters of interest to women, make it one of those books that every woman will want to keep within easy reach. We bought a special edition of the work or it never could be supplied gratuitously as a premium. Binders are now busy completing the edition, and those who have already selected it as a premium will receive copies without delay.

HERE is another new premium—words and music of "The Canadian Volunteer," one of the popular military songs of the day, full sheet music and published at 25c. It has been sung in all the leading opera houses of the country and been endorsed by artists like Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the Scottish singer, and others. We have made arrangements with the author for a limited edition for distribution among our readers, and a copy will be sent free to any new subscriber who sends us 50c. for seven months' subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, or old subscribers, by sending 50c., may extend their subscription for the seven months, and also receive this piece of music without any extra charge.

A Woman's Constancy.

NEAR Falun, in Sweden, a peasant woman lately died at a very advanced age, in whose life occurred a stranger, sadder episode than often falls to human lot.

Old Marta, as every one of recent times called her, was a village beauty in her far distant youth, and had a lover named Olaf. The best Swedish copper comes from Falun, and Olaf was one of the hundreds of sturdy young fellows who worked in the mines. He and Marta were to be married on a certain festival of St. Lucia. Two days previous to this great event Olaf started on the trip down into the mine which should be his last before his wedding.

In the black miner's dress—often these poor fellows' burial clothes as well—Olaf in the early, dark morning, called out, joyfully, as he passed under Marta's window, "Don't forget Thursday!" As if the radiant, happy girl was likely to forget her wedding-day!

Then her lover went down into the black mouth of the mine, and never again saw the light of day. In one of the cruel, frequent accidents that jeopardize miners, he was swal-

lowed up, and it became useless to attempt the recovery of his poor, lifeless body.

Marta, in dumb, tearless grief, finished stitch by stitch a black silk handkerchief with a red border which she was hemming for a wedding gift to her lover, and carefully laid it away in lavender with her bridal clothes. Years passed, but she never had a word or smile for the score of young fellows any one of whom would gladly have taken poor Olaf's place. Half a lifetime, half a century spun its long length away. Startling events occurred in the great world outside—the cruel Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, in Russia the emancipation of the serfs, the terrible Civil War in America, the triumph of Germany over France. All these things troubled little the miners digging in the darkness at Falun, and to Marta, faithful through all her long life to the lover of her youth, they mattered not at all.

The time came when a new opening was needed in the mine; digging down in the dark burrow, the men came upon the dead body of a young miner lying in the refuse and vitriol water. The vitriol had preserved form, features and clothing so perfectly that the young man appeared to have died but yesterday, or to have fallen asleep at his work.

They carried him up to the light of day, but no one recognized him. Fifty odd years weed out most of the friends who could remember us if, after that interval, we were to return from the dead. At last Marta, a shrunken old woman upward of seventy, leaning on a crutch, came forward and looked down on the fresh, youthful, dead face. With a cry of joy she threw herself on the lifeless body.

"He is my lover—my Olaf, whom I have bewailed for more than fifty years, and the good God lets me see him once more in the bloom of his youth before my old eyes close on this world!"

Few there were present who looked dry-eyed upon this touching scene. In her lover's coffin the wayworn old woman laid the handkerchief bordered with red which she as a girl had worked for him, and beside his open grave she said, in a voice that seemed to have recovered the sweetness of youth, "Sleep well, my only beloved, till I come."

She lived nearly a score of years longer, and in her hoary age, when other senses were dull and dead, the memory of her lost love still burned like a star in the dark night.—*Rachel Carver.*

An Autograph.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was once asked by a woman who was arranging for a fair in St. Stephen's Church, Pittsfield, for his autograph for the fair. With delicate humor, Holmes wrote a letter in return on a two-page piece of paper, and inclosed a \$1.00 bill. On the first page were these lines:

"Fair lady, whoso'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care.
And hush, oh, hush thy beating heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

Turning the page the \$1.00 bill appeared, pinned to the second page, and beneath the bill were these additional lines:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the (1) thou lovest well,
And naught (0) can make thee love it better."

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DREAMING OF LOVE.

Words and Music by
WILLARD SPENSER.

Waltz Tempo.

BONNIE.
con espress.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Love, love love, dreaming of love

so true, ———— Hip - py heart, what say the flow'rs he

gave you, he gave you? "I love you!" Ah let me dream 'tis true.

La, la, la, la, la, la. Why do I sing? Joyseems to bring him near. —

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Hearts should know no fear. Ah, he

rall

con espress

loves me yes' La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Soft ly I sigh La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

f cresc *pp dolce*

Hap-py am I. Hap-py am I, Love reigns on high, Ah, yes!

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

pp dolce *f* *f cresc* *f* *ff*

Love, love, love dreaming of love so true.

p

p *mf*

Hap py heart what say the flow'rs he gave you he gave you?

ff

BONNIE
 "I love you" Ah! let my dream come true! Guide me, stars, that shine a -

AUNTIE CRAEB & SOPRANO.
 "I love you, Ah! let my dream come true! Guide me, stars, that shine a -

TENORS

BASSES.
 "He loves you" Ah! let her dream come true! Guide her stars, that shine a -

bove. I'm dream dream-ing Ah! of love

bove, She's dream dream-ing of love,

OR BUNNIE



The Adventures of Jacques and Jean Lenoir.

JACQUES LENOIR and his son, Jean, lived a retired life on a farm near the village of Grand Pré. They tilled their land in summer and were *coureurs-des-bois* in winter. They knew the country from the Bay of Fundy to the borders of New York State, and were famed throughout the region for their daring exploits. The Governor of Quebec had often desired their valuable services against the Indians, but as Jacques was what would be called at the present time an honorary chief among the Indians, this was out of the question. If he should be out in the forest and needed shelter, the first Indian wigwam he came to would receive him "with open arms." His son, Jean, was highly respected among the Indians also. It is not with much surprise, then, that we learn of the clever and adroit Abenakis joining the side of the French through their influence.

Jacques and Jean, like all the other men of Grand Pré, attended church on the eventful day of September 5th, 1775, and were made prisoners. The British commander did not know that he had such noted captives, or probably he would have sent them to London. Instead of this they were deported to Louisiana along with many others.

They were not going to remain there long, however. Disguising themselves as Indians—which was not very difficult for them to do, since they were skilled in all the Indian crafts—and building a light canoe, and placing on it all the necessaries for such a voyage, including numerous little trinkets for the Indians, they started north via the Mississippi river. They slept by day, and travelled by night as noiselessly as possible, and in this way succeeded in reaching the first French outpost of Fort Fond du Lac, without much trouble. However, they knew that a party would be sent in pursuit of them, and so they wasted no time at Fond du Lac. They told the Governor of the fort to detain their pursuers as long as possible, but not to tell them anything false, for fear it might lead to serious trouble with the English. They got an old Indian at the fort to draw them a map of the great Mississippi, and having amply rewarded him for his pains, they continued on their course. The next French outpost was one hundred and sixty miles farther up the river, and they hoped to reach it in a week. One day, as they were lying snug in a thicket, they

saw a large canoe with six men and two women in it going down stream. The occupants were singing an old Acadian boat song, and the two Frenchmen on the bank could hardly restrain themselves from joining in the chorus. At last, the song over, one of the boatmen proposed a halt, which all the others agreed to. Jacques knew by his voice he was no other than Charles Perrin, of Grand Pré, and he called out, "We are the *coureurs-des-bois* of Grand Pré, welcome to friends in the lonely forest." The occupants of the canoe, uttering a cry of delight, replied, "Happy we are to meet friends on our course which is as lonely as Canada's plains."

It was a merry group which sat under the forest's protection that evening and talked as only the French can talk. Charles Perrin told Jacques and Jean that Evangeline Bellefontaine was seeking Gabriel Lajeunesse all over the English colonies. Jacques then told the party, that he and his son had fled from Louisiana and were returning to Acadia to occupy their old Canadian home. He asked Charles and his companions to return with them, but Charles said they could not, as they were going to take possession of a rice farm, which they had purchased. After Jacques had warned Charles and his companions to tell their pursuers nothing but the truth, and to delay them as long as possible, the circle broke up. Those going down stream sought repose, while Jacques and Jean, who travelled only by night, launched their canoe and soon widened the distance between themselves and their friends.

Just as morning was breaking, Jean heard the hoot of an owl and, by the way it was given, knew that one Kickapoo Indian was announcing their approach to another. Jean immediately answered it correctly, and before long saw a slight ripple on the water and the head of an Indian appear. Jean gave a Kickapoo welcome, and having made satisfactory advances, the Indian was induced to come into their canoe. Jacques and Jean showed their moccasins to him, and as soon as the Indian saw these he became communicative. The two Frenchmen enriched him by giving him a hatchet and a string of beads for his squaw. The Indian told Jacques, that there were many enemies up stream, and that they had better strike into the forest at the next fork. The Canadians exchanged their canoe with the Indian for a rough map of the country through which they were to pass, and at the next fork they parted.

One day, as they were going through the forest as noiselessly as possible, they became aware that they were being pursued by a large party. By a clever piece of woodcraft, they managed to get in the

rear of their pursuers. Their pursuers knew not that they were on the scent of the two greatest *coureurs-des-bois* in existence, or they would have followed them with more determination. The next day the two *coureurs-des-bois* decided to catch a glimpse of their pursuers. So they branched off and left the path clear. In a quarter of an hour, they saw the pursuers going in single file behind Telawatchan, a famous Indian warrior and a deadly rival of the Lenoirs. After awhile they beheld the Indians coming back to pick up the trail, but for once Telawatchan had been out-manœuvred. Nevertheless Telawatchan and his followers pursued the Lenoirs for three days, and until the latter reached a friendly tribe of Indians and were safe from harm. Telawatchan was very much enraged when he heard who had baffled him, and vowed revenge on all Canadians from that hour.

Meanwhile the pursuers from Louisiana had been delayed both at Fort Fond du Lac and by the Acadians going down the Mississippi, so that by the time they were once more on the track of the escaped ones the latter were among friends in New York State. The Lenoirs remained a month among their friends, had more titles conferred upon them, and finally reached the place which had once been Grand Pré. They found their homes razed to the ground. Several families had returned to the land of their delight, and the English Government, yielding to persuasion, allowed these unfortunates to remain unmolested. Thus once more Grand Pré became the home of "the happy Acadian."—Thomas F. Hall, in "The Canadian Boy."

Trained Dogs.

PARISIAN thieves are clever, else some of them would not have trained a dog to be a useful accomplice. He was a mastiff, and his trick was to go bounding up against old gentlemen in the street.

Naturally, the average old gentleman is not steady enough upon his feet to stand against four feet or so of mastiff, and the dog would, as a rule, bring his victim to the ground.

Then a "lady" and "gentleman" would step forward, and with profuse apologies assist the fallen man to his feet. At the same time they would ease him of his watch, and of any other valuable he might happen to have about him.

Training can do much with a dog. A writer in *Chambers' Journal* tells of the successful efforts of a dog owner whom he knew, to train a dog to abstain from barking. It took three years to accomplish the task, and at the end the owner flattered himself that in his non-barking dog he had a novelty.

In some Japanese cities that dog would have been prized, for there is a quaint Japanese law in force there which makes the owner of a night-barker liable to arrest, and the penalty of a year's work for the benefit of the neighbors who have been disturbed.

The non-barker, however, was not so great a novelty as his trainer believed. The writer in *Chambers' Journal* asserts that there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the Australian, the Egyptian shepherd dog, and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

A Scholar's Pets.

If the following illustration of animal instinct is less remarkable than one given in a zoology class by a student, who said he knew a fellow who had a sister who had a "tame jelly-fish that would sit up and beg," it is not without interest, for it concerns two intelligent dogs, once the property of Prof. Max Müller. Says the *London Telegraph*:

Max Müller's dogs were quite as notorious a part of Oxford as himself. He had two dachshunds, one black and tan, called Waldmann, another red, called Mäuerl, own brother to Geist, Matthew Arnold's dog, for whom the poet wrote a splendid epitaph.

They were generally well behaved, but they were not above making incursions into the gardens in Professor Müller's neighborhood; and even the aristocratic Mäuerl was sometimes seen with his head in an odoriferous garbage barrel.

However, their master thought he might even be able to prove that his dachshunds could distinguish colors. He had one basket for his black and tan dachshund, Waldmann, and another for his red dachshund, Mäuerl. The black dog looked best, Professor Müller thought, on a red pillow, and the red dog on a blue one. In these two baskets they slept for years. When their master said, "Blue bed," Mäuerl would go into his; when he said, "Red bed," Waldmann would jump into his. They never mistook one for the other.

One day Mrs. Müller was sitting in the drawing-room when Waldmann came in evidently much disturbed. She asked him if he wanted to go out, to have dinner, to have water. No, it was none of these; but he kept running to the door, then waiting and looking back. At last Mrs. Müller got up and followed him, and he led her to the dining room.

There, in the red bed, lay a new dachshund just brought from Germany, and Mäuerl was in his own blue bed. "Waldy" stood between, looking first at one, then at the other, evidently saying, "And where, I ask, am I?"

The new dog was driven out, and then Waldmann got in quite content.

A Wish.

SHINE, little sunbeams, blow, welcome breeze,

Drop from the clouds, gentle showers,
We're longing for rain-ws and leaves on
the trees.

And baby is watching for flowers.

—Anna M. Pratt.

LITTLE MURIEL learned in her lesson that "Yarmouth is celebrated for the curing of herrings." "Oh, how funny it must be," she exclaimed, "to see the little sick herrings sitting round getting better!"

A PAROCHIAL teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, asked a member of one of his younger classes to give him an example of a verb.—"Man," replied the boy quite readily.—"How so, my child?" inquired his master.—"Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses *being, doing, suffering*, and if that be true, *man* is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."

A CLERICAL ERROR

By FRANCOIS LYNDE.

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(Continued.)

"Oho! I see. That makes it bad. What's the old man got against you anyway, Rod?"

"Nothing against me. It's my father. Three or four years ago, when father was running the 291, they had a pretty spiteful tiff and father quit and went over to the East and West. Since that time the master mechanic has had no use for any of us."

"Who was to blame?"

"I never knew. They're both rather peppery, and I guess it was six of one and a half dozen of the other. But that doesn't help me out of my bucket of hot water. What am I going to do? That's what I'd like to know."

The conductor opened his watch and appeared to be making a reflective computation.

"I've got a scheme, but I don't know as it's worth much. He registered out 45 minutes behind us. If he doubles our schedule—which he'll hardly dare to do on this tight iron—he can't catch us before we make Brownsville, can he?"

"I should say not; but what of that?"

"Just go a little mite easy. I'm coming to the scheme pretty quick now. At Brownsville we meet the way freight, and Jack Benson's running it. Happen to know Jack?"

"I ought to. He was father's fireman."

"Just so. Now, if I was you, which it's mighty lucky for me I ain't, and a good friend of mine was running that way freight, I bet you big money something would happen down at this end of the Brownsville yard that'd hold that there wild engine another 45 minutes or so. What!"

"Tom, you're a tramp! Jack will do it, if it costs him his job. You'll give me time at Brownsville to get a word with him?"

"Sure thing. But you don't want anybody to see you talking to him—it's got to be a straight out accident, you know with nobody to blame."

"I know," replied the young rascal, with a nod of intelligence. "Trust me for that. Hello! This is La Vaca. Let's go see what the wires have to say."

They went out together, leaving me with a new responsibility. Here was a bold conspiracy to obstruct the railway company's business, possibly to involve an innocent person or perhaps more than one in trouble. Was it not my duty to interfere at all hazards? I confess I have little regard for intermeddlers of any sort, and this was certainly no affair of mine. Nevertheless, I compromised on a resolve to expostulate with the young man himself before we should reach Brownsville, and in the eddy of that determination resumed my book and the interrupted train of thought.

Now, it is a student's weakness to be unconscious of the lapse of time, and, after what seemed to me a very short interval indeed, my young Romeo entered the smoking room alone. Here, thought I, is my chance to reprehend the young knave, and I was about to do so when he forestalled me.

"This is Father Penburton, I believe," he began affably, producing a cigar case. "Will you join me?"

"Thank you, I do not smoke," I replied as severely as might be.

"No! But you won't mind my smoking, will you?"

"Certainly not. I wish I might as readily absolve you of your weightier offenses."

"Meaning?"—his eyebrows went up in well affected surprise.

"Meaning your reckless defiance of the proprieties in eloping with that sweet young girl in yonder—that and your plot to delay her anxious parent," said I sternly.

His smile was more than half a grimace. "You don't know the circumstances, father. If you did, you wouldn't blame us much. And as to the plot—well, that was rather a shabby trick to play on the old gentleman, but it's too late to repent of that now."

"Too late? How? What do you mean?"

"Why, it's a matter of history, so to speak. We managed among us to delay him nearly an hour at Brownsville, but he is after us again now at the rate of a mile a minute."

"Do you mean to tell me that we have already passed Brownsville?" I demanded, unable to believe that my abstraction had been so profound.

"Rather better than an hour ago. This is Jornada," with a wave of his hand toward the station at which the train was then pausing.

The minor transgression being unpreventable, I was about to attack the major, when a brakeman came in and handed the young man a telegram upon which the ink was not yet dry. The lighted cigar fell from his fingers as he read and would assuredly have burned a hole in the carpet had I not promptly set my foot upon it.

"Great murder, but that does settle it!" he groaned.

"The way of the transgressor"—I began, but he broke in as one who hears not.

"Say, Father Penburton, can a priest of the Catholic church marry a pair of heretics at a pinch?"

The question seemed singularly irrelevant, but I answered it to the best of my knowledge and belief.

"I know of no rule forbidding it. Why do you ask?"

"Read that," he said tragically thrusting the message into my hand. "If you can't help us out, we're done for, world without end!"

I read

To Alan Roderick, on Train No. 7: Everything O. K. as ordered except the minister. He is out at Reservation. Have sent cow puncher after him on best broncho in town, but am afraid he can't reach before 7 o'clock. Shall I get justice peace? Answer.

It was signed "Hardwicke," and there was a footnote in brackets—evidently a bit of extraneous information added by the receiving operator at Jornada.

Bosty is overhauling you right. He passed Ormsbee five minutes ago, running like the wild Irishman. He'd beat you 15 minutes into Lavarock if he could get by you.

"What have I to do with this?" said I, indicating the message.

"Why, I thought—that is, I didn't know but you'd—well, you see, Father Penburton, we've got to have a minister of some sort some way. It's no use talking about a justice of the peace to Eleanor. She won't listen a minute to that. But she might consent to be married by a Catholic priest. She is what we call pretty high church, you know."

"Still I do not understand. I am not a justice of the peace nor yet a priest of the Romish confessional."

"You're not? Why, Graffo said you were, and your—er"—he roko down and finished rather tamely. "I thought you looked like one."

"Which one?" I asked, trying to be as severe as the occasion demanded. "The magistrate or the priest?"

"Don't hit me when I'm down," he pleaded. "I meant the priest, of course."

"Ah! I suppose I should be flattered, but I am not."

He sat twiddling his watch chain nervously while he tried to frame the crucial question.

"Then may I ask, Would you mind telling me what kind of a—a minister you are?" he stammered finally.

"I am a clergyman of the church of which Miss Bostwick seems by your admission to be a communicant," said I.

"Oh, thank goodness!" he exclaimed, jumping up to grasp my hand effusively. "Two young fools for luck every time! You'll help us out, won't you?"

It was my opportunity, and I used it unsparingly.

"Not by any manner of means; quite the contrary, I shall do everything in my power to prevent the consummation of this unhappy affair." (My colleague before referred to insists that my indignation was merely an outburst of pique at being again mistaken for a Romanist, but the charge is too trivial to refute.) "I shall go at once to the young lady to try if I may dissuade her while it is yet time to withdraw."

He dropped my hand and sat down again. It was a coup de grace, but he was manly enough to hide the wound.

"Do it," he said, hardily. "Go and try it, if you like, and I'll give you a clear field. But you are the most mistaken person on this train, Mr. Penburton, if you'll allow me to say it. You are going on general principles in an exceptional case. I do hope you may have the pleasure of meeting Miss Bostwick's father some time when he isn't feeling well. You'll forgive us then."

I went at once to the young woman, introduced myself, and labored with her as her own pastor might, but all to no purpose. She would say no word against her father, but she was quite unapproachable on the question at issue.



I labored with her as her own pastor might.

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Penburton," she said, finally. "We are not school children, and we know quite well what we are about. I am sorry it had to be, but there was no other way."

"But don't you see, Miss Bostwick, your plans have failed already! The clergyman who was to have met you at Lavarock is out of reach."

"How do you know that?" she queried, with rising emotion.

"Your—a—your companion has just received a telegram to that effect," said I.

"Merciful heaven! What shall we do? But you will help us, will you not, dear Mr. Penburton?" she pleaded, laying her hand on my arm. "You can't refuse now, I am sure."

I confess frankly that the necessity was most trying, but I could do no otherwise and be blameless.

"You are very hard. I hope you won't be sorry for it some day," she murmured, and at the sight of the upspringing tears I was fain to beat a somewhat hasty retreat to the smoking department.

My young scapegrace was still awaiting me, puffing tranquilly at a fresh cigar.

"No go?" he said nonchalantly.

"I regret to say that my counsels were rejected," I replied with more severity in my manner than was in my heart.

"I thought they would be. And now I hope you will reconsider your—ah, excuse me!"

The train was slowing into a desolate little prairie station, and he dashed out unceremoniously. I followed presently to get a breath of fresh air and to stretch my legs on the wind-swept platform. I saw young Roderick in excited converse with the conductor and the station agent and was directed by their gestures to look back over the long straight reach of track to the southwest. Far away on the horizon I made out a small black cloud, which I took to be the smoke from the pursuing engine. In a moment of abstraction I walked to the end of the platform to get a better view. It was a most foolish thing to do, and I had speedy cause to regret it. When I turned again, what was my horror to behold the train once more in motion.

I presume I should have known better than to make a most undignified attempt to overtake it, but I did not, and when I returned from the breathless and altogether unhopeful chase the station agent was smiling broadly. Then he took a second look at me and doffed his cap.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," he said with the unmistakable Milesian accent, "but wan man always does be laughin like a fool whin another's chasin a thrain."

"Never mind that," I said shortly. "How am I going to get to Lavarock? I must get there in time for the west bound train."

"That's easier said than done, your reverence. There'll be no thrain till tomorrow."

"Nevertheless I must go," I repeated, unreasonably enough, I confess, but I was thinking only of getting back to my parish.

My man looked up at the plume of smoke blackening the southern horizon. "I have it," he said suddenly, slapping his thigh, "if your reverence'll not mind bein shook up a thrife on an engine."

He darted into the station, and presently the red arm of the semaphore swung out over the track with a faint clatter as from subterranean machinery. Five minutes later the pursuing locomotive thundered up with a shriek and a roar and stopped palpitant under the outstretched signal. A short, thick-set man, coatless, hatless and begrimed with coal dust and oil until he was scarcely recognizable, sprang to the platform and rushed violently at my friend the station agent.

"What in blank are you stopping me for, you blankety blank?" I omit here and elsewhere the shocking expletives with which his every sentence was garnished.

My man stood his ground bravely. "General orders, Mr. Bostwick, d'ye see? The time card say tin minutes between thrains, and you're less than that behind No. 7 this blessed second."

The man of wrath consigned the time card and all things appertaining thereto to the nether depths of an indescribable perdition with a horrifying accompaniment of profanity. But my good friend, the young Irishman, was still undaunted.

"Beg pardon, sorr, but now you're stopped here's his reverence the holy father goin to Lavarock and was wan minute too late for No. 7. If you wouldn't mind—it's purgatory that'll be yawnin for the best of us, and some day maybe you'll be wantin him to"—

The angry man turned upon me with an oath between his teeth, but he swallowed it in what I took to be some small measure of deference for the cloth—the Roman Catholic cloth.

"Oh, you're one of the Paulist Fathers, I suppose! Well, climb aboard, and I'll get you to Lavarock. A priest more or less won't make any difference."

It was ungracious enough and most humiliating to be obliged to sail under false colors. But there was no alternative. I obeyed, not without trepidation, since the adventure promised to be most tenuous, and took my seat on the side where there seemed to be the least amount of machinery. The fireman was shoveling coal into the boiler in frenzied haste, but he desisted at a shout from his superior.

"Johnnie, hand me down that oil can—lively now!"

The article in demand was quickly forthcoming, and I leaned out of the window to see what was to be done. There was no one on my side of the huge machine, but even as I looked the station agent ran around from the rear, lifted the lid of an iron box projecting beyond one of the wheels, poured a handful of sand into the receptacle, and disappeared as quickly as he had come. It struck me at the time as being a singular proceeding, but while I was still speculating upon its probable utility the great locomotive lunged forward, and the chase recommenced.

For the first mile the onrush of the huge iron monster was pleasantly exhilarating, but before many minutes had passed I began to wish myself, first in my cozy study, and a little later anywhere in the universe so I might be safely out of the mass of shrieking machinery hurled onward faster and faster and ever faster by the soot begrimed ruffian, who seemed bent on accomplishing not only his own destruction, but that of the unfortunate fireman and myself as well. It was a hideous experience.

When the uproar was most deafening, and the promise of speedy deliverance by death seemed each instant about to be fulfilled, I chanced to look outward and backward and my horror was increased tenfold by the appalling sight of flames bursting apparently from one of the fast flying wheels. At the imminent risk of my life I got upon my feet and crept across to the side of the madman.

"Sir," said I, shouting at the top of my voice, "we are about to be consumed. This locomotive is afire!"

Thrusting me aside, he craned his neck out of the window which had lately been mine, sprang back with an oath, which resounded above the din of the machinery, and brought the shuddering monster to a stand. Then he leaped to the ground, yelling frantic orders to the fireman.

"Bucket of water! Quick, you imp of hades! That's it. More—more yet. Now get your tools and pack this box. Lively! Get a move! Here, give me that hook! Now then! More wastel

More oil—more yet!"

The conflagration was staid at length, and once more the terrible race was resumed. Five miles farther on the flaming wheel stopped us again, and when this had occurred a third and a fourth time I began to suspect that the handful of sand was in some manner accountable for it. Yet I dared not for my life so much as suggest this to the infuriated blackamoor, whose wrath mounted higher and grew more ungovernable with each fresh hindrance. More than once we came in sight of the train ahead, but as often as we did so the smoking machinery brought us to a stand, evoking new and more dreadful maledictions from the madman, cursings measured only by the comparative meagerness of his vocabulary.

Fortunately for my sanity, which was fast lapsing in the struggle for outward calm, the end came at length, and I stepped down from the hissing monster at the Lavarock platform, thankful to my finger tips that I was yet in the land of the living. We arrived but a few moments behind the train, and I caught a glimpse of my young scapegrace in earnest consultation with the agent, Hardwicke, as I passed the cab stand.

I walked into the hotel waiting room, meaning to go to supper with the other passengers, but I was not to escape so easily. It seems that Hardwicke, whether from malice or misunderstanding I have never been able to learn, made haste to tell the angry father that I was the clergyman who was to marry the runaways. If I had known this at the time, I might have been more charitable. Truly, it must have been a little less than maddening to reflect that he had unwittingly furthered the plans of the young fugitives by bringing me to Lavarock. But of this I knew nothing at the time, and when he shouldered through the throng in the waiting room and grasped my arm roughly I was pardonably annoyed.

"So you're the helper on this job, are you?" he shouted, and all ad sundry gaped to look and listen. "Nice business for a man of your age and a minister of the gospel, marrying runaway children! Worked me by setting up for a Catholic priest, too, didn't you? By heaven, sir, if I'd known it, I'd have pitched you out of the cab window, neck and heels, minister or no minister."

"You are the most unreasonable person I have ever had the misfortune to meet, sir," said I, looking at him fairly in the eyes. "I had no intention of deceiving you."

"Intentions be hanged!" he blustered. "What the dence do you suppose I care about your intentions? I say they shan't be married without my consent, and, by heaven, sir, I'd like to see 'em do it!"

It was more than was meet, and I gave him his answer hotly and in kind.

"One moment, sir, if you please"—he was turning away—"I was on the train with these young people, and I not only refused to aid them, but said what I might to turn them from their purpose. But since I have had the very questionable pleasure of meeting you I will say frankly that I shall be glad to assist them if they still desire it."

For an instant I thought he was going to strike me, but if he had any such intention he abandoned it when the crowd parted to admit the two young rebels to the little circle in which we were standing. They were in the last ditch and, knowing this, had the courage of despair, but of the twain I fancied the young woman was the more self possessed.

"I'll take you at your word, Mr. Penburton," said the young man promptly, handing me a folded paper and ignoring the angry blackamoor as best he might. "You wish me to marry you and this young woman?" said I, glancing at the license.

"Yes."

"Here and now?"

He looked over his shoulder at the throng of curious onlookers as one who would have purchased privacy at a price, but he did not hesitate.

"Yes, here and now, if you please. We shan't lack witnesses anyway."

"It shall be as you desire," I said gravely, and when I had found my book I began.

"Dearly beloved"—

The men in the crowd uncovered reverently, and even the man of wrath stepped back and bowed his head. As the exhortation proceeded, however, he looked up again with a malicious twinkle in his eyes.

"Into this holy estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"My daughter is not of age. I forbid it!" said the father, with unnecessary vehemence.

A murmur of protest ran through the crowd, and I rebuked him promptly.

"Your objection, sir, is as ill timed as it is ineffectual. You know the law of this particular commonwealth, and you will oblige me by not again interrupting this ceremony."

Then came a diversion wholly unexpected and most embarrassing. The young woman bit her lip, burst into tears, and flung herself suddenly into her father's arms.

"Oh, poppa—I c-can't do it!" she sobbed, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I—I thought I could, but I can't. Please take me away—quick!"



"Oh, poppa—I c-can't do it!"

It was most embarrassing, as I have said, and my young Romeo blushed like a girl and made a hollow pretense of trying to look as if it was a part of the programme. The father grinned triumphantly and addressed himself to me.

"You see, it wasn't so blessed ineffectual after all. I said this young jackanapes here shouldn't marry my daughter without my consent, and I say it yet—I've come 120 miles on a wild engine to be in time to say it. Now, then, if you're entirely satisfied in your own mind that I am master in my household, you may go ahead with your job and finish it—and I'll give the bride away."

If the cacophonous blast from one of the locomotives outside which punctuated the sentence had been an explosion of dynamite the effect of this declaration could scarcely have been more startling. Two or three cowboys on the outskirts of the throng were moved to cheer lustily, but of those most nearly concerned the young man was the first to recover his presence of mind. Taking Mrs. Bostwick's hand, he looked up at me and said very modestly.

"I think maybe we're safe to go on now—that is, if you can make out to find the place again."

I take no shame in saying that I had to fight a sharp battle for equanimity, but, having won it, I went on with the ceremony with what shreds and fragments of dignity I could collect upon the spur of the moment.

At the proper question the bride's father played his part, apparently without a single thought of his superficial unfitness, though those who were nearest smiled in spite of themselves, and I could see that my young scapegrace was grinding his teeth to keep down the unseemly desire to laugh outright at his father-in-law's personal appearance.

When the ceremony was concluded, the man of machinery took matters in hand with hearty brusquerie.

"Now, Hardwicke, you tell Tony to get up a nice little hot supper for four—no, make it six, and go get your wife and join us. You two"—to the young rebels—"can take Dr. Penburton up stairs with you while I wash up. Between you you've managed to give me a (qualified) hard afternoon of it, but you didn't get much the best of the old man, after all. Now, then, clear out, and I'll go rinse a little of this gudgeon grease off."

The waiting room was clearing for the departure of the west bound train, and I began to make my excuses.

"No, you don't," said the blackamoor good naturedly. "If you're obliged to get to Carbonoro tonight, I'll send you over on a special engine, but you've got to stay and grace this marriage feast whether or no. You owe me that much for getting you here alive."

I yielded, not altogether reluctantly, it must be confessed, but I declined the special engine. I had had quite enough of that species of journeying to last me a lifetime.

On the stairs I overtook the runaways, and Roderick was saying:

"Well, all's well that ends that way, I suppose, but I'll have to admit I feel a bit aged, don't you, Ellie? When you throw up your hands and went over to the enemy, I wanted to drop through the floor. Whatever made you go back on me at the last moment that way?"

She smiled archly and slipped her arm two inches farther in his. "You're not particularly averse to this evening, are you, Alan, dear?" she said lightly. "You mustn't forget that I know your father-in-law a great deal better than you do."

Roderick stopped short and put his hands on her shoulders. "Look me in the eye and say that again," he commanded. "Do you mean to tell me—but I don't believe it. If I did, I'd go into politics tomorrow and make you a Mrs. Ambassador—that's what I'd do."

But to this day I believe he is not quite sore.

THE END

Measures.

Not what we get, but what we give,
Is the right measure of how we live.
Not what we say, but what we do, [true,
Is the test that tells if life's com rings

TWO OF A TRADE

By ROBERT BARR.

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If a man finds himself enduring a night journey on an American railway train, there are two or three things he may do to make life worth living. If he has \$2 to spare, with 25 cents extra for the porter in the morning, he may enrich the Pullman company to the extent of the \$2 and thus get a berth in the sleeping car. This is a good way to spend \$2, and if you are on a line where train robbers are epidemic you are just that much ahead, for what the company gets you may depend the train robbers never see, and so you have the comfort of the berth and the satisfaction of knowing that your money has been divided between two sets of plunderers. Of the two I like the company the better, for it certainly gives you something for the money, while the others give you nothing but bad language, with perhaps an ounce of lead thrown in.

If you haven't the \$2 to spare, there are still three things left for you to do. You may sit bolt upright in your seat, or you may turn the back of the opposite seat over and stretch your weary legs across the chasm, or you may try to lie down on one seat, which you will find to be practically impossible unless you are as short of stature as you are short of cash. Entering a smoking car at night on a through express you will find men in all these three attitudes, doing the best they can with the weary hours that are ahead of them until daylight breaks.

The smoking car on the night express of the Texas, Belmont and Crucifer Air line was well filled with men of all descriptions, most of whom were endeavoring to get some sleep in one or other of the three attitudes above alluded to. There was only one sleeping car on the train at the rear. In front of that came two ordinary cars, then the smoker, the luggage car, the car of the American Express company, and in front of all the engine. On the train were two very anxious men, and they sat on camp stools near the big safe in the express car, fully armed, knowing that in that safe were gold packages amounting to over \$200,000 moving east from California. These two men at least made no attempt to sleep, but listened without saying much to the express grinding on through the night, the whistles of the engine breaking through the continuous roar with an occasional long toot followed by two short ones. It was now midnight, and in two hours the train would reach Belmont. After that the two guards of the safe would feel easier in their minds. They were at present going through a wild country where anything might happen, although they hoped that the secret of the safe had been well kept. It is astonishing how news leaks out and how quickly it travels when large sums of money are being transported across the plains.

In the forward end of the smoking car four bearded men sat opposite each other playing euchre. They were rough looking citizens, who might have been cowboys or anything else. The conductor looked askance at them as he collected the money for their ride, for none of them had tickets, but they paid their fares without trouble, and that in itself was a boon, for the conductor expected some dispute from the look of them. Three others had come on at the next station and were now watching

the game. There were a few more passengers in the car who might have been suspected of belonging to the same gang, if gang it was, but no sign of recognition passed between the card players and the others, who were apparently trying to get some sleep.

"I don't half like the looks of that crowd," said the conductor to the brakeman, after he had collected the tickets and the fares.

"What's the matter with them?" asked the brakeman, who was chewing tobacco, taking a bit from a black plug as he spoke. "They seem quiet enough." The brakeman appeared to be himself about as rough a customer as any of the card players, and so perhaps had a feeling of comradeship for them.

"That's just it. They're too darned quiet," replied the conductor. "If they were real cowboys, playing a real game, there would have been a row before this, sure. That tall, black whiskered man's been looking at his watch a good deal lately, and 's been trying to peek through the window 's if he wanted to know just where we were. I don't like the look of it."

"Think they're going to hold us up?" inquired the brakeman, with a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Why, there ain't \$50 on the whole train, is there? How many people in the sleeper?"

"Not more'n half a dozen. Still, there may be some rich cuss on board we don't know anything about. These chaps may be on to him."

"Well," drawled the brakeman, with some deliberation. "I give the T., B. and C. company notice that when the firing begins I crawl under a seat. I don't take no lead in mine for \$55 a month."

The conductor made no reply to this heroic declaration, for at that moment the engine gave a long whistle, and through the entire train ran the shudder of the quickly applied airbrake. The two trainmen hurried to the outside platform, and the conductor, hanging on by the iron stanchion rods, leaned forward, peering along the side of the slowing train, and saw in the darkness far ahead down the line the waving of a red lantern—the signal of danger.

When the train came to a standstill, there appeared on each side of the engine shadowy forms that seemed to have risen from the black earth. In response to a curt command the engineer and stoker fired, threw up their hands and remained in that position standing out readily against the glare of the engine fires. A masked man with a seven shooter in his hand entered each door of the smoker, and instantly most of the now wide awake passengers got under the seats, not all of them however. The tall, black bearded man who had been one of the card players rose hastily to his feet, letting the bits of pasteboard flutter unheeded to the floor. He cursed loudly and energetically, using the most fearful language with a dexterity and ease that instantly commanded the respectful admiration of the masked men at each end of the car, who both paid him the immediate compliment of turning the muzzles of their weapons upon him.

"Throw up your hands!" they cried simultaneously.

"Throw up nothing!" cried the man in a tone of the utmost contempt, although he forbore to make any motion that might indicate he possessed a gun himself. "Do you know who you're chinning? I'm Steve Mannies!"

"The devil you are!" cried one of the masked men, lowering the point of his revolver.

"Same thing," replied Steve, who was justly proud of his well earned



"Do you know who you're chinning?" reputation, being known far and wide as the most industrious and capable train robber in all Texas, a quick firing and straight shooting, ruthless desperado, afraid of nothing, least of all the law.

"Who's running this show?" demanded Mannies. "Who's your boss?"

"We're Captain Snike's gang," replied the other with deference.

"I might 'a' known it," cried Steve, with unconcealed derision. "It's just like his Sunday school picnic way of holding up a train. I'm going out to have a talk with him."

The masked man made no attempt to stop Steve and his followers as they poured out of the car into the surrounding darkness.

"What are you about there?" yelled a voice from near the engine. "Don't let these men leave the car."

"It's Steve Mannies and his boys!" shouted back the masked man in excuse.

Although the surprised Captain Snike merely mentioned the lower regions, there was a tremor in his voice which showed that the unexpected meeting with so named a man as Steve was not one of unalloyed pleasure.

"See here, captain," roared the angry desperado, "what's the meaning of this? What are you doing on my territory? Can't I take care of these here trains, or has there been any complaint on the part of the T., B. and C. company that I'm not looking after them close enough? What in thunder's the reason of your being out so late at night anyhow? Some of you boys'll catch cold first thing you know."

"Why, hang it, Steve," said the captain in tones of apology, "I didn't know you were in this locality at all. You see, nobody's heard from you for a month, and we thought perhaps you had struck for California. We did, sure. But I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll divide square and fair."

"Divide nothing!" cried Steve. "The train's mine, and you've no business here at all. Still, there's nothing mean about me, and I like to encourage amateurs. If you want the passengers, you kin have 'em. You go through 'em and then git."

"We don't want no passengers—not tonight we don't," demurred the captain. "We got news from Frisco and thought nobody else was on to it. We're after the safe, and that's what's the matter with this crowd."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you, but

that safe's mine. We had news from Frisco too. Did you think we were off on our vacation?"

"Won't you divide?" appealed the captain. "There ought to be enough to go round."

"Nary a divide," said Steve determinedly. "The safe's ours and has been ever since we got on the express. We've got dynamite in a bag to blow her open, and we'd 'a' been through and away by this time if you hadn't chipped into the game when you weren't wanted."

At this juncture one of the express messengers with a genius for doing the right thing at the psychological moment fired at Steve, dimly seen through the radiance from the car windows, and missed him, of course, but winged one of the gang who stood near, who instantly whipped out his gun with an oath and blazed away in the direction the shot came from. Each side thought the other had broken the underwood truce and had fired first. Both gangs had been on the alert for that very thing, and every man had his finger on a trigger. In two seconds the biggest fight that part of Texas had ever seen was on, and the black darkness was fitfully spotted with the crimson spitting of revolvers. Cries of rage and pain showed that some at least of the bullets were finding their billets.

The conductor, crouching along the offside of the train, stole up to the engine and said in a hoarse whisper to the driver, who still stood dazed with his hands on his head.

"For God's sake, John, pull out quick!"

"Ain't they covering me?" asked the frightened engineer in a trembling voice.

"No, you're all safe. They're fighting like cats and dogs. Get a move on you."

"But the track's bound to be torn up ahead."

"We'll have to risk that, John. Anything's better than this. Pull yourself together and clap on all the steam she'll stand," said the conductor, climbing beside the engineer.

The engine gave three stentorian puffs, so long that both conductor and engineer trembled with apprehension lest he sound would be heard by the combatants above the roar of the fusillade; then the train glided almost noiselessly away into the darkness.

When the firing slackened off a bit, the voice of Captain Snike from behind a bush made itself heard.

"Put up your guns!" he yelled. "What's the use of this nonsense? Somebody will get hurt with all this carelessness. Stop your pack of fools, Steve!"

"Stop yours!" roared Steve. "You began it, you lunkhead."

"We didn't. You fired first."

"You . . . liar!" cried the thoroughly exasperated Steve. "One of your men fired at me and hit Bill Simmons. I never see such foolish shooting in my life before. You fellows couldn't hit the Nevada mountains."

"You're not much better. Well, Steve, seeing it's you, we'll go through the passengers while you blow up the safe."

In answer to this there was a torrent of profanity from Steve that startled both gangs with its comprehensive terseness. The smoke had now partially cleared away. Steve stood between the rails looking eastward at the two rear lights winking maliciously at him a mile off.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Steve, more in sorrow than in anger, his stock of malediction running dry when a realization of the joke fate had played

upon him became more and more apparent. "While our love feast was going on, blow me if these tenderfeet didn't steal our train with my dynamite on board! This is what comes of your interference, captain. There goes nearly a quarter of a million of good sound money to some bloated capitalist in the east who had no more right to it than you had, and between the two of you I'm robbed of my own. Hang me if I don't turn farmer and take up 100 acres of land to grow turnips on!"

The Streets of Gibraltar.

In Gibraltar fans old and new, silk and laces, are the principal staples of the native trade. Streets are thronged with Spanish, English, East Indians and Moors. Follow these last across the narrow strait to their homes, and you are in a different world. From Gibraltar to Tangier takes you back centuries. But these centuries do meet in Tangier, where Europeans jostle orientals, and the scarlet uniform of Tommy Atkins appears amid a group of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, whose profession flourishes as of yore.

The first sound that smote the ear of our traveler from this part of the world was the strain of a hand organ grinding "Sweet Marie," and only a step beyond a performance by native musicians carried one into the very heart of Africa. The fish in the markets of Algiers make one think of the fishes which the princess fried in "Arabian Nights." Such gorgeous colors were never seen, nor such queer assortment of remarkable creatures. Their gold and silver scales and their rainbow hues light up the dark old arches of the market places, and literally all's fish that comes to the net of the Algerian fisherman. Limpets, snails, mussels, horse-shoe crabs, toadfish, sea anemones—in fact all things that come from salt water—are bought and eaten, principally by the French population.—Donahoe's Magazine.

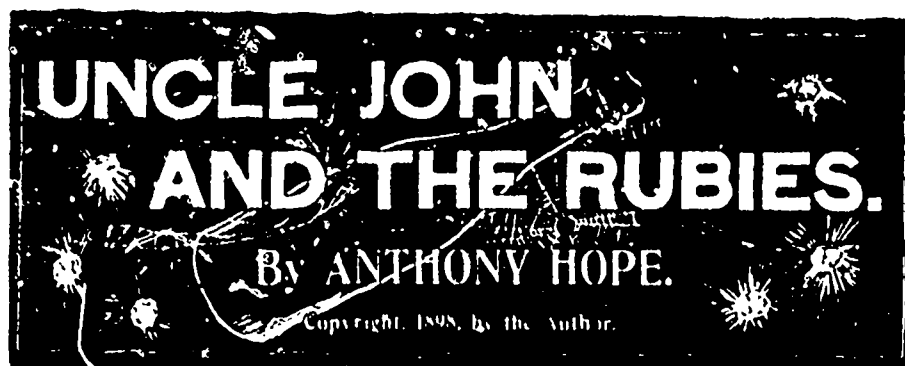
France and Colonizing.

The French cannot colonize, and they know it. Their population is, to put it moderately, stagnant. In 50 years' time the laws of nature will have reduced them to the rank of a second rate power, unless they meanwhile adopt and act upon the device. "Liberte, Egalite, Maternite." Meanwhile they have of a surplus population to be employed in colonization. Their colonies are not even self supporting. Leaving out Algeria, they cost the republic 100,000,000 francs a year.

And concerning Algeria, one of the few Frenchmen who regard these questions in the light of plain facts, G. Garreau, writing in the *Siecle* a few days ago, makes the painful confession:

"During well nigh 70 years we have failed to make Algeria pay. Have we even striven to make it? During 20 years we have been pursuing Ahmadou or Samory. What have we done with the Sudan? We have contributed to depopulate it, we have made waste, directly or indirectly, immense territories, on which a rich population formerly lived; we have extended the desert instead of reclaiming it. Our soldiers have labored so well that they successfully thwarted all useful beginnings and blocked the road to the pioneers of our commerce."—*Contemporary Review*

TO PRESERVE THE FLOWERS OF A NOSE GAY.—Let a spoonful of charcoal powder be added to the water, and the flowers will last as long as they would on the plant, without any need of changing the water, or taking any trouble at all.



There may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew versus Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the two families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen concerned lived and where their successors flourish to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India, Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the maharajah of Nuggatabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The maharajah favored both. The Merridews maintained that Uncle John was the first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him, and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly. Both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John faced the situation boldly and declared that he had refused the rubies. We, his family, dutifully accepted his version and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when Sir George discovered, at the moment he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven posthaste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop, and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover, so Sir George de-

clared, the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip disposed of, the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock and not the field of honor was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park—to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked. Uncle John himself superintended their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced, the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000, the colonel gave the money to charity, and Sir George Marston, mounting his horse outside Westminster hall, observed loudly:

"By —, he stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for awhile and then forgot the whole affair, but the Marstons did not forget it and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurled scorn at one another across the space that divided us, we were bitter opponents in all public affairs and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions. My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indian Elephant.

A train of circumstances now began which had fair to repeat the moving tragedy of Verona in one corner of the world, I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the hounds one day I came upon a young lady who had suffered a fall, fortunately without personal injury, and was vainly pursuing her horse across a sticky plow. I caught the horse and led him to his mistress. To my surprise, I found myself in the presence of Miss Sylvia Marston, who had walked by me with a stony face half a hundred times at county balls and suchlike social gath-

erings. She drew back with a sort of horror on her extremely pretty face. I dismounted and stood ready to help her into the saddle.

"My groom is somewhere," said she, looking around the landscape.

"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies," said I. The truth is that in each of the half hundred occasions I have referred to I had regretted that the feud forbade acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself. I was eager to assuage the feud as far as she and I were concerned.

My remark produced an extremely haughty expression on the lady's face. I stood patiently by the horses. The absurdity of the position at last struck my companion. She accepted my assistance, although grudgingly. I mounted with all haste and rode beside her. We were hopelessly out of the run, and Miss Marston turned homeward. I did the same. For two or three miles our way would be the same. For some minutes we were silent. Then Miss Marston observed, with a sidelong glance:

"I wonder you can be so obstinate about them."

"The verdict of the jury"—I began.

"Oh, do let the jury alone!" she interrupted impatiently.

I tried another tack.

"I saw you at the ball the other night," I remarked.

"Did you? I didn't see you."

"I perceived that you were quite convinced of that."

"Well, then, I did see you, but how could I—well, you know, pa was at my elbow."

I was encouraged by this speech, and quite reasonably.

"It's a horrid bore, isn't it?" I ventured to suggest.

"What?"

"Why, the feud."

"Oh!"

After this there was silence again till we reached the spot where our roads diverged. I reined up my horse and lifted my hat. Miss Marston looked up suddenly.

"Thank you so much! Yes, it is rather a bore, isn't it?" And with a little laugh and a little blush she trotted off. Moreover, she looked over her shoulder once before a turn of the road hid her from my sight.

"It's a confounded bore!" said I to myself as I rode away alone.

My father was a very firm man. I am not Sir Matthew Marston's son, and I do not scruple to describe him as an obstinate man, but in this world the people who say "Yes" generally beat the people who say "No;" hence comes progress or decadence, which you will, and, although both Sir Matthew and my father insisted that the acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself should not continue, the acquaintance did continue. We met on hunting and also when we were not hunting anything except one another. The truth is that we had laid our heads together (only metaphorically, I am sorry to say) and determined that the moment for an amnesty had arrived. It was 40 years or more since the colonel had—or had not—stolen the maharajah's rubies. Many auns had gone down on the wrath of both families. A treaty must be made. The Marstons must agree to say no more about the crime; the Merridews must consent to forgive the false accusation. The maharajah's rubies had vanished from the earth. Their evil deeds must live after them no longer. Sylvia and I agreed on all these points one morning in the woods among the primroses.

"Of course, though, the colonel took them," said Sylvia by way of closing the discussion.

"Nothing of the sort!" said I, rather

emphatically.

Sylvia sprang away from me. A beautiful, stormy color flooded her cheeks.

"You say," she exclaimed indignantly, "that you—that you—that you—that you—well, that you care for me, and yet!"

"The colonel certainly took them!" I cried hastily.

"Of course he did!" said Sylvia, with a radiant smile.

I assumed a most aggrieved expression.

"You profess," said I plaintively, "to have—to have—to have—well, to have some pity on me, and yet!"

"He didn't take them!" cried Sylvia impulsively.

That matter seemed to be settled quite satisfactorily, and we passed into another.

"How dare I tell papa?" asked Sylvia apprehensively.

"Well, I shall have a row with the governor," I reflected ruefully.

"Horrid old rubies! I wish they were at the bottom of the sea!" said Sylvia.

"I wish they were round your neck," said I.

"How can you, Mr. Merridew?" murmured Sylvia.

"I could say a great deal more than that!" I cried. But she would not let me.

Now, as I went home from this interview I was, I protest, more filled with regrets that the maharajah's rubies could not adorn and be adorned by Sylvia's neck than with apprehensions as to the effect my communication might have upon my father. Whether Colonel Merridew had stolen them or not became a subordinate question. The great problem was, Where were they? Why were they not round Sylvia's neck? I suffered a sense of personal loss hardly less acute than the emotion that had brought Sir George Marston posthaste to the colonel's house 40 years before. I was so engrossed with this aspect of the case that, as my father and I sat over our cigarettes after dinner, I exclaimed inadvertently:

"How splendidly they'd have suited her, by Jove!"

Whenever anybody in our family spoke of "they" or "them" without further identification he was understood to refer to the maharajah's rubies.

"Whom would they have suited?" asked my father.

"Why, Sylvia Marston," I said.

When you have an awkward disclosure to make, there is nothing like committing yourself to it at once by an irremediable discretion. It blocks the way back and clears the way forward. My mention of Sylvia Marston defined the position with absolute clearness.

"What's Sylvia Marston to you?" asked my father scornfully.

"The whole world and more!" I answered fervently.

My father rang the bell for coffee. When it had been served, he remarked:

"I think you had better take a run on the continent for a few months. Or what do you say to India? My Uncle John!"

"Mind you, I don't believe he took them," I interrupted.

"If you did, I shouldn't be sitting at the same table with you," observed my father.

"But she's the most charming girl I ever saw," I remarked, returning to the real point.

"I don't follow the connection of your thoughts," said my father.

There are one or two points that deserve mention here. The Marston property was a very nice one. Combined with ours, it would make a first class estate. Sir Matthew had no son, and Syl-

via was his only daughter. To be personally opposed in everything by a neighbor is vexatious. My father was not really a convinced Home Ruler and had only appeared on platforms in that interest because Sir George was such a strong Unionist. Finally the duchess had said that her patience was exhausted with the squabbles of the Merridews and the Marstons and that, for her part, she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblov castle was proverbial.

"If," said my father at the end of a long discussion, "the man (he meant Sir Matthew Marston) will make an absolute and unreserved apology and withdraw all imputations on Uncle John's memory, I shall be willing to consider the matter."

"You might as well," I protested, "ask him to eat the rubies."

"I believe old Sir George did," answered my father grimly.

I must pass over the next two or three months briefly. Thwarted love ran its usual course. Sylvia (whose interview with Sir Matthew had been even more uncomfortable than mine with my father) peaked and pined and was sent to stay with an aunt at Cheltenham. She returned worse than ever. I went to Paris, where I enjoyed myself very well, but I came back inconsolable. Sylvia's health was gravely endangered. I displayed an alarming inability to settle down to anything. We used to meet every day in highest exultation and part every day in deepest woe. We talked of



"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies."

death and elopement alternately and treated our fathers with despairing and most exasperating dutifulness. The month of June found ourselves and our affections exactly where we and they had been in March.

A daughter is, I take it, harder to resist than a son. It was for this reason, and not because Sir Matthew was in any degree less stubborn than my father, that the first overtures came from the Marstons.

Sylvia was brimming over with delight when she met me one morning.

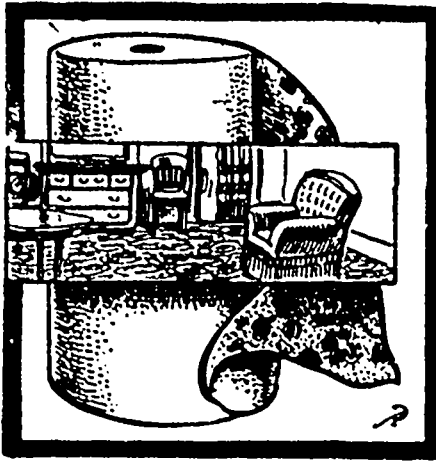
"Papa is ready to be reconciled!" she cried. "Oh, Jack, isn't it delightful?"

"What, will he apologize?" I asked eagerly as I caught her hand.

"Yes," she said, with smiling lips and dancing eyes, "he'll admit that nothing has occurred to prove Colonel Merridew's guilt if your father will admit that every sane man must have thought that Colonel Merridew was guilty."

"Hum!" said I doubtfully. "I'll tell my father."

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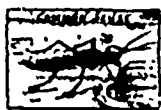


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Beware of worthless imitations.

Remember this paper.

My father received my report in a somewhat hostile spirit. At first he was inclined to find a new insult in it, and I had great difficulty in bringing him to a more reasonable view. His suggestion at last was—and I could obtain no better terms from him—that Sir Matthew should admit that nothing had occurred to suggest Colonel Merridow's guilt, but at the same time it was conceivable that a sane man might have thought Colonel Merridow guilty.

When I next met Sylvia, I communicated my father's suggested modification of the terms of peace. I explained that it covered a real and most material concession.

"Papa will never agree to that," said she sorrowfully, and no more he did.

Negotiations and pourparlers continued. Sylvia grew thinner. I became absent and distraught in manner. After a month Sir Matthew forwarded fresh terms. They were as follows: Although Colonel Merridow may not have stolen the maharajah's rubies, yet every reasonable man would naturally have concluded that he had stolen the rubies. My father objected to this and proposed to substitute, "Although Colonel Merridow did not steal the maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man might not improbably think that he had stolen the rubies."

Sylvia and I built hopes on this last formula, but Sir Matthew unhappily objected to it. Matters came to a standstill again, and no progress was made until the vicar, having heard of the matter (indeed by now it was common property and excited great interest in the neighborhood), offered his services as mediator. He said that he was a peacemaker by virtue of his office and that he hoped to be able to draw up a statement of the case which would be palatable to both parties. Sir Matthew and my father gladly accepted his friendly offices, and the vicar withdrew to elaborate his eirenicon.

The vicar was a man of great intellectual subtlety, which he found very few opportunities of exercising. Therefore he enjoyed his new function extremely and was very busy riding to and fro between our house and the Marstons'. Sylvia and I grew impatient, but the vicar assured us that the result of hurrying matters would be an irreparable rupture. We were obliged to submit and waited as resignedly as we could until the terms of peace should be finally settled. At last the welcome news came that the vicar, lying awake on Sunday night, had suddenly struck on a form of words to which both parties could subscribe with satisfaction and without loss of self respect. I called on the vicar before breakfast on Monday morning. He greeted me with evident pleasure.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I think I have managed it this time." And he hummed a light hearted tune.

"What is the form of statement?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe in the good news of his success.

"Why, this," answered the vicar. "Although there was no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridow stole the maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well have supposed that Colonel Merridow did steal the maharajah's rubies."

"That seems—er—very fair and equal," said I, after a moment's consideration.

"I think so, my dear young friend," said the vicar complacently. "I imagine that it will put an end to all trouble between your worthy father and Sir Matthew."

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"I'm sure it must," I agreed.

"I have modeled it," pursued the vicar, holding out the piece of paper to me and regarding it lovingly—"I have modeled the form of it on"—

"on the Thirty nine Articles," I suggested thoughtlessly.

"Not at all," said the vicar sharply. "On parliamentary apologies."

As may be supposed, Sylvia and I spent a day of feverish suspense, mitigated only by one another's company. The vicar rode first to Sir Matthew's. He reached there at 12:30 and remained to luncheon. Starting again at 3 (evidently Sir Matthew had been hard to move), he reached my father's at 4:30 and was closeted with him until 7 o'clock. I had parted with Sylvia about 6 and came to dinner. My father was then alone. I looked at him, but had not the nerve to ask him any questions. Presently he came and patted me on the shoulder.

"I have made a great sacrifice for your sake, my boy," said he. "Sir Matthew Marston and his daughter will dine here tomorrow." And he flung himself into a chair.

"Hurrah!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The vicar is coming also," pursued my father, with a sigh, and he looked up at Uncle John's portrait, which hung over the mantelpiece. "I hope I have not done wrong," he added, seeming to ask the colonel's pardon in case any slight had been put upon his hallowed memory. The colonel smiled down upon us peacefully, seeming to enjoy the prospect of the glass of wine which he held between his fingers and was represented as being about to drink.

"It's a wonderfully characteristic portrait of dear old Uncle John," said my father, sighing again.

Now, reconciliations are extremely wholesome and desirable things. In this case, indeed, a reconciliation was an absolutely essential and necessary thing, since the happiness of Sylvia and myself entirely depended upon it, but it cannot, in my opinion, be maintained that they are in themselves cheerful functions. After all, they are funerals of quarrels, and men love their quarrels. The dinner held to seal the peace between Sir Matthew and my father was not enjoyable, considered purely as an entertainment. Both gentlemen were stiff and distant, Sylvia was shy, I embarrassed. The vicar bore the whole brunt of conversation. In fact, there were great difficulties. It was impossible to touch on the subject of the maharajah's rubies, and yet we were all thinking of the rubies and of nothing else. At last my father, in despair, took the bull by the horns. He was always in favor of a bold course, as Uncle John had been, he said.

"Over the mantelpiece," said he, turning to his guest, with a rather forced smile, "you will observe, Sir Matthew, a portrait of the late Colonel Merridew. It is considered an extremely good likeness."

Sir Matthew examined the colonel through his eyeglasses with a critical stare.

"It looks," said he, "very like what I have always supposed Colonel Merridew to have been—indeed exactly like."

My father frowned heavily. Sir Matthew's speech was open to unfavorable interpretation.

"You mean," interposed the vicar, "a man of courage and decision? Yes, yes, indeed, the face looks like the face of just such a man."

"Poor Uncle John!" sighed my father. "His last years were imbittered by the unfounded aspersions"—

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Mat-

thew politely, but very stiffly.

"By the unfounded but very natural



"I think I have managed it this time." accusations," suggested the vicar hastily.

"To which he was subjected," pursued my father.

"Or—er—may we not say, exposed himself?" asked Sir Matthew.

"In fact, which were brought against him—wrongly, but most naturally," suggested the vicar.

Matters looked as unpromising as they well could. Sylvia was on the point of bursting into tears, and my thoughts had again turned to an elopement. My father rose suddenly and held out his hand to Sir Matthew. Again he had decided on the bold course.

"Let us say no more about it," he cried generously.

"With all my heart!" cried Sir Matthew, springing up and gripping his hand.

The vicar's eyes beamed through his spectacles. I believe that I touched Sylvia's foot under the table.

"We will," pursued my father, "remember only one thing about the colonel, and that is that one bottle remains of the famous old pipe of port that he laid down. In that, Sir Matthew, let us bury all unkindness."

"My dear sir, I ask no better," cried Sir Matthew.

The heavens brightened, or was it Sylvia's eyes? The butler alone looked perturbed. Three butlers had lost their situations in our household for handling the colonel's port in a manner that lacked heart and tenderness. "I cannot bear a callous butler," my father used to say.

"Fetch," said my father, "the last bottle of the colonel's port, a decanter, a corkscrew, a funnel, a piece of muslin and a napkin. I will decant Sir Matthew's wine myself."

"Sir Matthew's wine!" Could there have been a more delicate compliment?

"The colonel," my father continued, "purchased this wine himself, brought it home himself and, I believe, bottled a large portion of it with his own hands."

"He could not have been better employed," said Sir Matthew cordially. But I think there was a latent hint that the colonel had sometimes been much worse employed.

Dawson appeared with the bottle. He carried it as though it had been a baby, combining the love of a mother, the pride of a nurse and the uneasy care of a bachelor.

(To be continued.)

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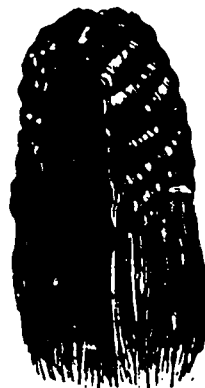
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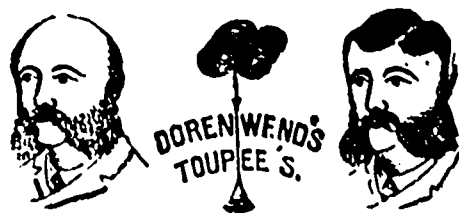
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The Field of Art

THE story of the "National Tribute" to Professor Ruskin is told in the April number of the *Magazine of Art*. Never (says the writer) did the general feeling of reverent admiration and affectionate esteem with which the late John Ruskin was regarded, find fuller and happier expression than on the occasion of the attainment of his eightieth birthday, on the 8th of February, 1898. Occasional tributes, of a special nature and of a more or less public character, had been offered, it is true, to the genius of Coniston at various times, but never were such appreciative addresses presented to him as those which so signally commemorated the last anniversary, as it proved, of the day on which he was born. Of the four formal addresses of congratulation presented on the occasion, the principal one was of such significance and comprehensive importance as to render it a document of an almost national character. It consists of twenty-four leaves of vellum, each page having, as already stated, an illuminated border bearing the miniatures, emblems, and numerous other typical devices associated with the constituent bodies concerned in the presentation, and specially connected with Mr. Ruskin's life-work. While these minutely-studied subjects would be recognizable at a glance by Mr. Ruskin himself, it is probable that they would not be so readily discerned by anyone who is not intimately acquainted with the representative subjects in which he over took the keenest delight. It will, therefore, be well that any such particulars should be explained as the reader proceeds with the examination of the pages. The first page preceding the address bears the Ruskin coat-of-arms and crest (as supplied from the College of Arms) elaborately emblazoned, with helmet, sword and buckler. The arms comprise a silver chevron bearing three cross crosslets fitché, gules, between six silver spear-heads on a sable shield, three in chief and three in base. The crest consists of a boar's head, gules, charged with two golden cross-crosslets fitché on the neck; and the motto is "Age quod agis."

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The World of Music

In the villa of St. Agatha, near Bassetto in Italy, stood, for many years, an old spinet. It had no strings left, its lid was lost and its keyboard was likened by one who saw it to a jaw with long and worn-out teeth. On the removal of one of the jacks the following inscription was discovered:

"I, Stephen Cavaletti, made these jacks anew and covered them with leather and fitted the pedals; and these, together with the jacks, I give gratis, seeing the good disposition of the boy, Giuseppe Verdi, for learning to play the instrument, which is of itself reward enough to me for my trouble."

This spinet emeritus was purchased in 1820 by Carlo Verdi, an innkeeper of Le Roncole in the Duchy of Parma, Italy, for his seven-year-old son. The passion of the child for the grinding organs that occasionally passed through the village was evidently the cause of this extravagance, which, from a practical point of view, may have been a premature purchase, as it is said that the child's anger at not being able to reproduce, one day, certain chords, that, to his delight, he had discovered the day before, was vented on the instrument itself with a hammer. This incident evidently accounts for the necessary repairing done by Stephen Cavaletti, but the boy received from his father a blow that he never forgot, and the spinet was thereafter treated with greater respect. He succeeded in gaining so definite a knowledge of music and, through determination and perseverance, made such a reputation as a musician, that at ten years of age he was appointed organist in his native town at a little over seven dollars a year, to which he added about twelve dollars for playing at weddings and funerals. About this time he began his schooling at Bassetto, which has been called "the Weimar of the Duchy of Parma," and consequently he was soon well launched on a prosperous musical career. Here, too, he fell in love with Margherita Barezzi, whom he married in 1836, her father, a man of wealth, appreciating the genuine worth of a talented though poor son-in-law. The entire Philharmonic Society of the town attended the wedding, and there were many manifestations of pride in the young man of twenty-three, who, under instructors at Milan, had made a promising start in the art of composition. In 1838, Verdi moved with his family to Milan, and on November 17th, 1839, his first opera, "Oberto Conte di S. Bonifacio" was successfully produced. His second opera, "Un Giorno di Regno," proved a failure, but the third, "Nabucco," first given in 1842, established his fame. Of the operas produced during the next ten years, "Eranani" lived longest. He was now the favorite composer of the operatic world; but along with his successes came domestic afflictions in the death of his two sons and his wife in quick succession, leaving Verdi alone. He turned to his work for consolation, and the world was made richer through his efforts to absorb himself in matters outside of his immediate personal life. He produced many musical masterpieces—"Attila," "Un Ballo in Maschero," "Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Rigoletto" being among those which for twenty years were heard with enthusiasm, and whose very titles

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bring recollections to many people living to-day, of most delightful evenings with Carolino Richings Bernard, Zeldia Soquin, Campbell, Castle, and, later, with Campanini, Clara Louise Kellogg, and Patti. His last opera to win international favor was "Aida," which was first produced at Cairo, December 27, 1871, having been ordered by the Khedive of Egypt, the contract giving \$20,000 to the composer.

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FASHION SUGGESTIONS

The Spring Season Skirt.

If there is any garment that resents the ravages of reform measures in its own particular field, says Mathilde Verlet, in the *Labor Monthly*, it is the skirt: for spreading out about the feet and touching all around is its distinguishing feature, whether you will have it or not. Your short street skirt simply ruins you for wearing the long skirt, and then again the long skirt makes you question the appearance of the dear, short skirt you have learned to love, and so it's dissatisfaction all around. But the long skirt is a thing of grace and beauty, and no mistake. Smooth it must be over the hips—oh, so smooth—and then spread it must in a regular fan below the knees; stiff enough to hold its place, and yet not stiff at all—all of which means that it must be made of firmly woven cloth, and hang over a foundation skirt of silk. The high tan skirts, broadcloths in biscuit color, are the preferred materials for these skirts, and they may be worn with shirt waists of silk, linen or mull, and be appropriate for all occasions.

The wash-linen skirt of the corded paper should be laundered before making, if the best results are to be of a permanent nature. However, a turned-under tuck at the top of the skirt ruffle is the method approved by many women, and is to be recommended. The wash skirt made with seven gores holds its shape better than any other, and the circular ruffle is by far the best style of trimming, particularly for muslins. The latter are tucked lengthwise over the hips or are gathered over a close-fitting yoke.

A Tailor-Made Suit.

The tailor made suit is a mere matter of fact. It is something every woman must have, and this acknowledged, it no longer dominates every gown in her wardrobe. Be it ever so plain, it still stands for itself for the art that must always be recognized in utility. The light suit is more the mode this season than it has ever been before. Biscuit-colored cloth, combined with a little white broadcloth and a little finish of gold braid and then a few pearl buttons to carry the white garniture into the tan, is one of the prettiest combinations of the new season. The long skirt is rounded up a little at the bottom of the side seams to show a simulated underskirt of the white cloth. Then the vest and collar and cuffs are of the broadcloth braided a bit in the gold braid. The white cloth of the vest appears again at the back in a full basque back, the biscuit cloth extending only to the waist line, and so it turned out to be only a baler after all.

The New Sleeves.

Well is it to say "the new sleeves," for sleeves are indeed new. The dress maker does all sorts of things to sleeves. She increases them in size, or she flares them over the hand, or she makes them tight at the elbow and puffed at the wristband, or she lets them flow, or she cuts them off at the elbow and puffs a dainty undersleeve from beneath. The sleeve is certainly the distinguishing feature of every waist, and it may be anything but plain—anything but high on the shoulder. Cut your waist long on the shoulder, dear lady, and if you have not very narrow shoulders, then rejoice. The shoulder seam of the sleeve has descended six inch or two, and the quantity

effects of our great-grandmother's time are with us again.

So the new sleeves are nothing if not picturesque, with their puffs and lace frills in flowing effects. With due—no—undue attention to the sleeves of your summer muslins and silks, the waist you make yourself is sure to pass muster. Where the sleeve is double, the undersleeve is longer, and the upper arm is shorter than ever. Therefore the trimming of the upper part of the sleeve produces the long shoulder effect. Very pretty will be the effect of a bertha on your summer gowns.

The Shirt-Waist.

The disappearance of the linen cuff on the shirt-waist was almost like a knell—for it suggested the disappearance of the waist which every woman has learned to depend upon as she depends on a tailor-made suit. Last year's waist had a semi-soft flare cuff over the hand. This year's waist has a regular wristband, starched, buttoned on the inside of the waist instead of the outside, and the sleeve itself is filled into the band with a noticeable puff—and is the regulation bishop sleeve. As for the shirt-waist, it may be very plain, pulled in just a little at the front next the plait, bagging some in front and quite plain in the back. This is, in the case of the plain shirt waist, made in any one of the substantial cotton fabrics. As for the lawns, mulls, dimities and wash silks, they may be just as fancy as you wish. Stripes, not plaids, are the prevailing fancy. In some of the waists the sleeve is cut Raglan fashion, that is, there is no shoulder seam, the upper part of the sleeve extending up to the collar.

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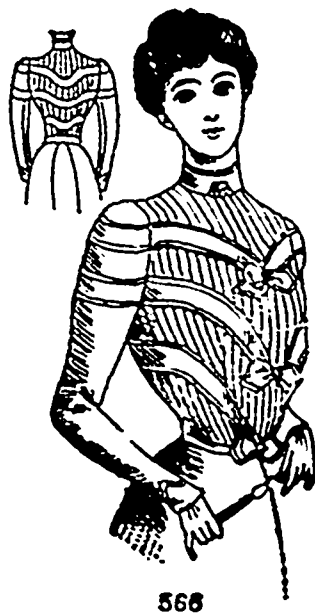
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
PATTERN DEPT. MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO

and for the smartest gowns are replacing tweeds. For new colors in imported gowns are strawberry red, mauve, pale soft blues and mousy shades of fawn and gray.



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Ladies' Tucked Waist, No. 566.

A SIMPLE style of waist, very pretty for the dainty flannels and light cloths that are now so popular for separate waists, to wear with any skirt. This waist is a perfectly plain model, made of tucked blue silk and wool goods, and the style is made its own by the curved straps of material, or satin, as preferred, that are stitched on over it. Any plain colored

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Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

goods will make a neat waist in this style, and the waist may be striped or figured with the straps plain if preferred. Five yards of goods will be required. Pattern supplied in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. Pattern, 10 cents, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



Ladies' Blazer Coat, No. 537.

This stylish and dressy little coat is cut in blazer effect. Two yards of cloth and five of silk for lining, etc., will be required. Patterns in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. Pattern, 10 cents, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



Matinee Jacket, No. 555.

A Dainty garment for morning home wear. Five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Pattern supplied in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. Pattern, 10 cents, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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Is the sword of the Spirit:
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is
Greater than anger
Is love that subdueth.**

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The Charm of Beauty.

ANY woman who wants a pretty neck must forswear high, stiff collars, which discolor the neck, and also make the flesh flabby. The neck should be worn without anything about it as much as possible. To remove stains where the neck is marked, showing where the collar leaves off, there is nothing better than a very weak solution of peroxide of hydrogen. To keep the neck white and firm, the preparation of cold cream, made from mutton suet and tincture of benzoin, is of first value. Stains from cloth or ribbons, which sometimes annoy one, may be removed from the skin by using half a lemon as one would use soap—incidentally it may be mentioned that occasional use of lemon in place of soap is beneficial, and also bleaching. Massage will be found helpful wherever the muscles are weak, by toning them up, and most physical imperfections are due to muscles which are not what they should be. Any remedy which is really good and safe works slowly, but she who knows her faults and wills to overcome them, needs only to follow these simple rules persistently to find that certain forms of beauty are largely a matter of determination.

**OFFICIAL CALENDAR
OF THE
ONTARIO
Education Department**

FOR THE YEAR 1901.

MAY:

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine and Agriculture begin.
- Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.
3. Arbor Day.
23. Notice by candidates for the Public School Leaving, Junior Leaving, Senior Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Specialist, Commercial Diploma, and Kindergarten Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
- Empire Day (first school day before 24th May).
24. Queen's Birthday (Friday).
27. Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins.
- Inspectors to report number of candidates for the Public School Leaving, High School Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Diploma, Commercial Specialists, and Kindergarten Examinations to Department.
31. Close of Session of Ontario Normal College.
- Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections.

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SPECIAL ARTICLES for LADIES

CORN KILLER. A positive cure for hard or soft corns. Price 2 cents (silver). R. H. STURDY Co., Lock Box 322, Cumberland Mills, Maine.



Systematic Spring Cleaning.

By CONSTANCE FULLER McINTYRE.

THE men folk of certain families look upon the perennial spring cleaning as a species of prolonged and aggravated "washing day," which stands in their minds, for general discomfort, not only in unpunctual meals carelessly prepared, but in the simultaneous upheaval of the sitting-room and other comfortable nooks in the home. But we are rapidly progressing, if we have not already fully attained thereto as yet, toward a more methodical fashion of managing these matters, greatly minimizing, if not altogether doing away with, the need of enduring any discomfort, even if the housekeeper be scantily provided with extra help during the process of spring cleaning.

Though many housewives prefer to do the whole house as quickly as possible, every room being more or less dismantled at the same time, there is a good deal to be said in favor of a gradual accomplishing of the work. A lady I knew used to take one room at a time, waiting sometimes two or three days, as convenient, before attacking another room. In this manner she managed her spring house-cleaning with efficiency and thoroughness, and with very little discomfort to the family.

Cleaning the Parlor.

In many houses the parlor is perhaps one of the biggest jobs in house-cleaning, because of the many pictures, curios and fragile ornaments, almost priceless to the possessor as mementos of friendship and travel, which if broken can never be replaced. These call for special and personal attention, there being very few servants who, even if they had the time, could be trusted to lean them. They should, of course, be all removed from the room before the carpet is taken up, together with all the furniture, which should be thoroughly beaten and dusted before it is removed, unless it be a heavy piano, which should be well covered over.

Cleaning Painted Woodwork.

LIGHT colored painted woodwork should be dusted lightly with a brush. The great secret in cleaning paint successfully is to do it very quickly and use only a little water, rinsing it as soon as you can in clear water, and letting it dry quickly. The water used may have a little gold dust or similar cleansing agent dissolved in it. Black painted woodwork can be very easily cleaned and brightened by rubbing with a rag dipped in either kerosene or oil and turpentine. This

could also be applied to light paint work if very dirty. The hinges of creaking doors should also be attended to at this time, the defect being easily remedied by applying a feather dipped in oil. This will also ease a stiff lock or door handle.

Furniture Polish.

A GOOD polish for varnished furniture is equal parts of vinegar, sweet oil and spirits of turpentine: the furniture may be washed first with warm water and soap. The little white spots which come on varnished furniture may be removed by holding a hot dinner plate over them for a few moments. For unvarnished furniture of dark wood a coarser oil, mixed with turpentine, does very well; besides improving the appearance and cleansing it, it also preserves the wood and strengthens it. Chippendale or inlaid mosaic furniture should be frequently cleaned with oil, which preserves it from cracking and keeps the inlaid parts from becoming loose and protruding. Anyone who is fortunate enough to possess olive-wood tables or boxes should have them frequently wiped over with olive oil. Canoe chair bottoms may be not only cleansed but made more springy and elastic by washing with hot water, using, if they are dirty, soap also. The chair should be turned upside down and well soaked. Dry it out in the wind and sunshine, and it will be as firm and nice as when new, unless it is broken or injured in any way.

Cleaning Floors and Carpets.

It is much easier to spring-clean a room with a carpet square than one completely covered with carpet, though the latter method gives least trouble during the rest of the year. Stained borders to floors, or even entire hallways stained a dark oak color, require constant attention to be kept nice, and are, moreover, really rather expensive, requiring, to present a nice appearance, to be so often wiped over with linseed oil and turpentine, or kerosene. Carpets are brightened and the colors wonderfully renovated by being sprinkled with salt before sweeping. A more thorough method of cleansing them is, after having them thoroughly beaten and freed from all dust and grit, to secure them with tacks and scour quickly with a new broom in soft water to which oxgall has been added in the ratio of a pint to three gallons.

Exterminating Insects.

ALL insect life is more prolific in hot countries, and therefore it behoves the good housewife in the bright spring days

to use preventive measures, always more satisfactory than remedial ones. One of the best insect exterminators known is alum water. Put the alum in hot water and boil it until dissolved; then apply with a brush to all cracks or lurking-places, of the pests. Ants, cockroaches, bed-bugs and other creeping things are killed in this way, and, not being poison, it has not the disadvantage of being in any way dangerous to use where children are playing about. Little red ants, it is said, will not travel over wool, so that a piece of flannel laid on a pantry shelf will keep them away; branches of sweet fern scattered around will also help in this. A good way to catch them is to sprinkle sugar on a sponge, and when it is full of ants drop it into boiling water. A few drops of oil of lavender sprinkled about a bed is a good thing to keep off fleas. Hellebore, sprinkled over the floor at night where cockroaches are troublesome, will kill those who eat it, and their dead bodies may be swept up in the morning.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit Chocolate Jelly.

One-third box Cox's gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cake Baker's chocolate, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Shredded Wheat Biscuit crumbs or Granulated Wheat-Shred, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream whipped, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Put the gelatine to soften in cold water, dissolve in boiling water and strain. Put the milk, Shredded Wheat Biscuit crumbs, and chocolate to scald, and cook ten minutes after the milk is scalded. Then add the sugar, salt, and egg, beaten together, and cook three minutes. Take from the fire, stir in the gelatine and flavor, last stir in gently the whipped cream and pour into a mould wet and cooled in cold water, and set away to harden in a cold place. Serve with cream and sugar.

WHEN the bait is worth more than the fish it is time to stop fishing.

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- Beans—Wax or Butter Dwarf.
- Beans—Pole Butter.
- Beet—Best Round.
- Beet—Best Long.
- Borecole, or Kail.
- Carrot—Shorthorn.
- Carrot—Long Orange.
- Cabbage—Late Flat.
- Cabbage—Long Keeper.
- Cauliflower—Main Crop.
- Cucumber—For Slicing.
- Cucumber—For Pickle.
- Corn—Early.
- Corn—Late.
- Celery—White Choicest.
- Celery—Red Early.
- Cress—Curled.
- Lettuce—Curly.
- Lettuce—Heading.
- Leek—Large Flag.
- Muskmelon—Earliest and Best.
- Watermelon—Sweetest.
- Citron—For Preserve.
- Onion—Large Yellow.
- Onion—Best Red.
- Onion—Large White.
- Onion—White Pickling.
- Pepper—Long Red.
- Parsnip—Best Long.
- Parsley—For Garnishing.
- Pumpkin—For Pie.
- Peas—Dwarf Early.
- Peas—Medium Early.
- Peas—Sugar.
- Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.
- Radish—Long Summer.
- Radish—Round Summer.
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- Squash—Summer Marrow.
- Squash—Winter Keeping.
- Tobacco—Hardest kind.
- Tomato—Early Large Red.
- Tomato—Yellow Plum.
- Tomato—For Preserve.
- Turnip—White, for Garden.
- Turnip—Yellow, for Garden.
- Turnip—Swede, for Garden.
- Sage.
- Summer Savory.

FLOWERS

- Alyssum—Sweet.
- Aster—Tall, Mixture.
- Aster—Dwarf, Mixture.
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- Bartonla—Golden.
- Calendula, or English Marigold.
- Callopais—Mixed.
- Canary Bird—Climber.
- Candytuft—Best Colors Mixed.
- Candytuft—Fragrant White.
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- Scarlet Runner Beans.
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- Verbena—Mammoth, Mixed.
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Canada's Premier Seed House.

She Noddit to Me!

(A Favorite with the Queen.)

The following little poem, "She Noddit to Me," was published about sixteen years ago in the *Aberdeen Journal*. The poem pleased the Queen so much that she ordered a copy of the northern paper to be sent to her regularly.

I'm but an auld body
Livin' up in Doesido,
In a two-room'd bit hoosie
Wi' a roofa' beside.
Wi' a coo and my grumpy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prooder noo
Since she noddit to me.

I'm nae sae far past wi't,
I'm gio trig and hale—
Can plant twa-three tawties
An' look after my kail;
An' when oor Queen passos
I'm oot to see,
Gin by luck she nicht notice
An' noddit to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
An' the blinds were aye doen,
Till last week the time
O' her veesit cam roon'
I waved my bit apron
As brisk's I could dae,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae ease to freit—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither ye see—
An' maybe she kent o't
When she noddit to me!

A True Lady Must be Unselfish.

To be a lady, a girl, in the first place, must be truly unselfish. No one who is greedy for her own advantage, self-seeking in all her contact with others, can attain the gentleness, the courtesy, the loveliness of manner, which are the very essence of ladyhood. One of the proudest ways of speaking of a lady is to call her a *gentlewoman*, and that means, in our day, some one in sympathy with every pure and good and delicate thought, whose manner is kind and conciliating, whose voice is gentle, who is thoughtful of others.

In old English days and in the early use of the English language, a lady was the wife or daughter of a man of title and aristocratic birth; to-day, in our country, the highest meaning of the title is that such or such a young woman is in sympathy with all that is elevated and improving; is sternly determined not to have any connection with what is "loud" or vulgar, keeps aloof from coarse and unworthy companions, and guards herself and her home from every low and doubtful pleasure or amusement, even though these may have the sanction of both fashion and popularity.

Wives, Show This to Husbands.

A SUNSHINY husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and mending basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tone and the cordial of companionship with a

husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.

Apologies, with a Coupon Attachment.

A TEACHER in one of our public schools who had been much annoyed by truancy, has recently been stringent in enforcing the rule that her scholars, on their return to school after an absence, must bring her a note stating in full the cause of such absence, the note to be in writing of a parent or guardian. The following is a note brought by one of her pupils after two weeks' absence:

"Louisa was absent monday, please excuse her.

"Louisa was absent toosday, she had a sore throte.

"Louisa was absent wensday, she had a sore throte.

"Louisa was absent thursday, she had a sore throte.

"Louisa was absent friday, she had a sore throte and could not chew her food.

"Read this over again for the next week."

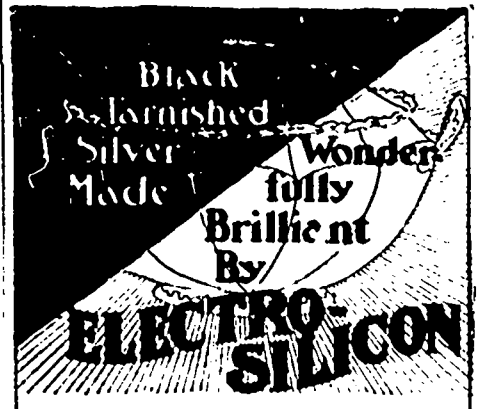
Growing Importance of Electricity as a Motor Power.

For a short time there was considerable discussion as to the relative importance of electricity, compressed air and gasoline as the motive power for the infinite variety of modern horseless conveyances, and large sums were expended by the manufacturers in testing these different forces as to their speed, economy and the simplicity of machinery required. Constructors of horseless vehicles, both in this country and in Europe, have spared no amount of time and expense in arriving at the conclusion that, from every point of view, electricity has won over all forces that have ever been brought to bear in moving the world's new mechanical schemes. It is clean, free from odors of any kind, and economical. It has, however, one disadvantage, which the electricians are earnestly struggling to overcome, and that is the weight of the storage battery, which necessitates a heavily constructed vehicle, and a necessary waste of the electrical force in propelling the mechanism of the running gear.

A Church in a Railway Train.

Not the least remarkable feature of the new Trans-Siberian Railway are the cars fitted up as churches which accompany the trains on their long journey of nearly 4,000 miles across Northern Asia from St. Petersburg.

Besides the priests, a pope, or some cleric specially nominated by the Holy Synod, travels about from station to station in each of these church cars. The numerous windows in the church on wheels are all very elaborately designed, each exhibiting the pointed arch so characteristic of ecclesiastical architecture. In the interior of the car is an ikonostasis, or wall of sacred pictures, and the whole of the interior is fitted up in very costly fashion. Over the entrance provided for the congregation, which is called the Imperial Door, is placed a picture of the Annunciation, as is customary in every sacred



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ary of the Greek Church. At one end of the car a minute belfry is fitted with two very sweetly-toned bells, which tingle merrily as the train winds its way across the snowy solitudes of Siberia.

The Virtues of the Apple.

THE apple, says Dr. G. R. Searles, is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up; but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of a couple of ripe and juicy apples just before the hour for going to bed.

COLD WATER FOR STAINS. Cold water can do no harm to any material that is washable. It will often remove stains better than any other agent, and should be given the first chance, unless in a case where it is known that it is not so good as some other agent. It should always be used for blood stains, meat juices, white of egg, or other albuminous substances.

Stamps

3 Peru, 6 1/2 Heligoland, 15c; 14 Roman States, 5c; 9 Paris Exposition, 10c; 5 Pan American, 10c; 4 Spain, 1c; 20 Japan, 15c; 20 Russian, 1c; 20 Sweden, 15c; 20 Australia, 14c; 1,000 Foreign, 25c; 1,000 Canada, 25c. Lists free and copy *Canadian Philatelic Magazine*.
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In the Palace of the King.

A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.

By Marion Crawford, author of "Via Crucis." The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying; love is sighing,
Come for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee.
From song, "In Old Madrid."

The girl who sang and the girl who waited was none other than Dolores de Mendoza, renowned throughout Madrid for her great beauty, and the envy of other court ladies in that she was the chosen of Don Juan of Austria, younger brother of King Philip the Second of Spain.

There was a sadness in her beautiful gray eyes as she sang; but it was not the sadness of grief, only the key to a very dear secret—her love for the princely Don John. This was her woman's secret, this the story's secret, and this its final glorious revelation.

Behold the man she loved! "All in dazzling white—white velvet, white silk, white lace, white shoes, the most faultless vision of young and manly grace that ever glided through a woman's dream."

And wonder not that she loved him; for what so full of charm to a blue-vened lady as such a knightly gentleman, noble in heart and soul, and exquisite in appearance! How the white velvet must have appealed to her as a symbol of gentleness, truth and grace!

This love was deep from the beginning, and needed not opposition to make permanent, yet the lovers faced a stern barrier in the proud old soldier, Mendoza Dolores' father who very well knew that a more illustrious marriage would be sought for Don John than a union with the daughter of a poor retainer.

Listen to this, ye women of the twentieth century, and ask yourselves if Dolores were not justified in refusing an easy compliance with her father's request.

"Then promise me that you will never see Don John of Austria again; that you will forget that you ever loved him; that you will put him altogether out of your thoughts, and that you will obediently accept the marriage I shall make for you."

This was the signal for civil war—for an open fight in the Mendoza family, and it was then that Dolores and her blind sister, Inez, combined their wits against their father. It was a pathetic struggle, for there was much justice on both sides; the younger fighting for the ardent and hopeful love of youth, the older for honor, but honor only as he saw it—a traditional honor, which would permit a man to be cruel to his family if thereby he could exalt his king.

In this case the royal master was King Philip, who throughout this story is painted in very ugly colors—sickly yellow and grim black, character always black, and skin always jaundiced, two very unlovely attributes, appealing neither to man nor to a woman. But the artist-author may have made Philip thus, that Don John might be the more resplendent in relief, for there were fools and fools in Spain as elsewhere.

Philip was thoroughly disliked by the people; Don John they loved, and would at any moment have hailed with gladness as their ruler. Philip knew this, and had therefore a deep and sullen hatred for his brother. How he brought the always gentle Don John to a quarrel, and

even to the sword's point, is well told by the wonderful Crawford pen; and chapter xviii, relating the interview between Dolores and the king, is one of the most dramatic scenes ever conceived. The excitement is keen. Dolores rises to an exalted height when she ordains herself Philip's accuser:

"I am not asking anything of Your Majesty; I am dictating terms to my lover's murderer!"

Literary Notes.

The World's Work, which makes the teaching of the gospel of work, progress and success, its evident mission, closes its first volume with the best number it has yet put forth. The striking feature of this month's number is a remarkable article about Andrew Carnegie—of particular interest at a moment when he is startling the world with his benefactions. Nothing like this sketch in completeness and conciseness has ever been printed about Mr. Carnegie. J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab, and Archbishop Ireland are made the subjects of that sort of intimate personal appreciation which *The World's Work* has been doing so well.

Current History, published in Boston, begins its eleventh volume in the March number by enlarging its pages to regular magazine size, and appearing in an entirely new and more attractive form. In its reading matter the reputation of this magazine for reliability is fully sustained, while its interest is increased by fuller discussion of important topics and greater variety of illustration. It still, however, faithfully serves its original purpose of a periodical summary of contemporary history, all-embracing in scope, free from offensive political or religious bias, conveniently arranged for reference purposes, full of suggestions as to other sources of information, abounding in useful maps and portraits, and forming a necessary supplement not only to all encyclopedias and other reference works, but even to the daily and weekly newspapers.

The Easter number of the *Chautauquan* carries a striking cover design in colors, and a frontispiece of exquisite prose, entitled "The Easter Hope." The

GOD AND THE CITY

By THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. POTTER BISHOP OF NEW YORK

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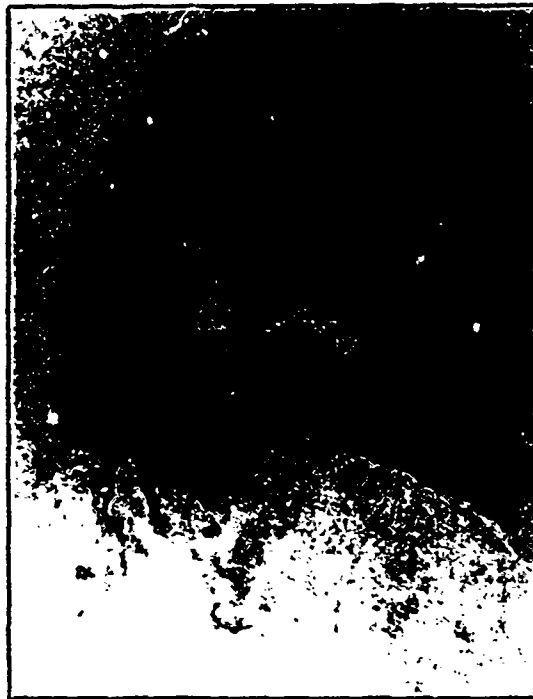
second article on "Russian Women," by Isabel F. Hapgood, the well-known translator of Tolstoi's writings, appears in this issue. Her account of pioneer work by women, particularly in the professions, will be entirely new to many people who have imagined that Russia is not the place to look for the really advanced woman. The article is profusely illustrated with photographs of famous Russian women and Russia's educational institutions.

Ottawa Letter.

Annual Meeting of the Woman's Historical Society of Ottawa. Mrs. (Hon.) Geo. E. Foster Unanimously Re-elected President.

Special to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

THE annual meeting of the Woman's Historical Society of Ottawa, Ontario, was held on the evening of the 29th of March, 1901, in the lecture hall of the Y.M.C.A., which was prettily decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers, and crowded with members and friends



Mrs. Geo. E. Foster.

of the Society. The early part of the evening was devoted to business, and the officers elected for the year are as follows: Patroness, Her Excellency the Countess of Minto; Honorary President, Lady Laurier; President, Mrs. (Hon.) G. E. Foster; Vice-Presidents, Lady Ritchie, Lady Bourinot, Lady Davies, Lady Strong, Lady Grant, Mrs. Gwynne, Madame Pigeon, Mrs. Ellis, Madame Sulte, Mrs. Friel, Mrs. Goodeve, Madame Girouard, Mrs. King, Mrs. Dawson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles O'Connor; Treasurer, Mrs. Ahearn; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gertrude Kenny; Executive, Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Alexander Burritt, Mrs. John Lorne MacDougall, Mrs. Costigan, Madame La Lievre, Mrs. W. W. Campbell, Mrs. H. A. Bate and Madame La Mothe; Committee to Collect Memoirs of Early Settlers, Mrs. Ellis, Madame Pigeon, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. J. L. MacDougall, Mrs. George Newcombe, Miss Northwood and Miss Masson; Scrap-book Committee, Mrs. J. A. Gemmill, Miss Horsey, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Miss Almon, Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Masson; Committee to Arrange for Papers, Mrs. J. L. MacDougall and Mrs. Frank MacDougall; Librarian, Miss Horsey. Conveners of committees are included in the Executive.

Mrs. Foster was re-elected unanimously, all standing in recognition of her ability. Miss Kenny, in her very interesting report, stated the receipt of a letter from

Captain Graham, conveying the King's thanks for the message of condolence sent him by the Society; also, that a hand-book had been issued containing the papers read before the Society in 1899-1900. This suggested the advisability of the work, for the compilation of the second volume being begun at once. That a book-case be bought, that next year a series of lectures on historical or social subjects be given, that, when the new library is built, application be made for two rooms in it for the use of the Society, and that a press committee be appointed, with Mrs. Philip Treacy Kirwan as convener.

Mrs. O'Connor reported that membership had increased, and was now 187. Eight general meetings and one special had been held.

Mrs. Ahearn reported that owing to the heavy expense of printing the hand-book, which is now selling for twenty-five cents to members, and fifty cents to the general public, the Society finds itself, for the first time, slightly in debt; but, if the book sells well, and other matters are satisfactorily arranged, there will be a balance on hand.

Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. MacDougall and Miss Horsey reported good work done by their committees in the collecting of memoirs, keeping of scrap-books, etc.

Through the generosity of Lady Davies the Society is now in the possession of scrap-books.

About 8.30 the public part of the meeting began with the entrance of Her Excellency, who, with her usual interest in woman's work, had consented to be present. She was accompanied by Captain Bell. The Hon. Richard Dohell presided, and told a most interesting story of one of the early missionaries. Hon. M. E. Bernier then followed with a paper on "Two Voyageurs," which was listened to with the closest attention. The Hon. G. E. Foster then addressed the audience at some length, congratulating the Society on its choice of work, and urging all present to cultivate the national spirit which was growing in Canada stronger every

day. His patriotic words were most fitting and much appreciated, especially when he spoke in glowing terms of the Canadian boys who enlisted for service in South Africa.

Mr. Foster moved a vote of thanks to Lady Minto for her constant interest in the Society. The chairman, speakers and vocalists: Miss Ben Susan, of Australia, and Mr. Hawken, who delighted the audience with their singing, were similarly honored; and then, with the singing of God Save the King, this most successful meeting ended. SARAH KIRWAN.

Cutting the Wedding Cake.

Why is it the duty of the bride to cut the wedding cake? Wives nowadays don't do the carving, and the cake would be better and more easily cut by the experienced butler or confectioner's head man. The fact is that the original Roman marriage was effected by the simple process of the bride and bridegroom breaking a cake of bread and eating it together. This developed into the bride cake, and the bride cut it because it was the duty of the woman to prepare food for the man. Young brides of to-day, who would think it the height of ill-luck not to cut their own wedding-cake, are probably not in the least aware of what they are symbolically pledging themselves to; but they had better bear in mind that, if they wish to keep the brute in a good temper, they must not forget to feed him.