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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Queen could have abdicated ten years ago with less protest from her subjects than would be made now.

It may be due to their pride in her length of reign, or to the rapid growth of the Imperial idea during the past decade, but certainly an intense appreciation of their Monarch both as Woman and Regnant is the dominant characteristics of Britishers of to-day.

Her reign is defined upon the darker background of earlier British history like a magnificent cameo, which the chisel of each added year serves to make more clear. And these latest days have brought before the British nation vistas of such wondrous empiric possibilities and the beginnings of such splendid empiric realizations, that the least of her subjects grows to larger manhood by the contemplation of them.

To dissociate the Queen from the great things of her reign were impossible; and it is with deeper understanding of what nationhood and monarchy may mean, that her millions of subjects in this sixtieth year protest against her abdication, exalt their aged ruler, and exult in every fresh utterance of "God Save our Queen."

How shall we fully celebrate this The Queen's Year, as *Punch* has so aptly termed it? In every kingdom and colony, in every city and town, all over our great world-girdling Empire, there is the stir of preparation.

But whatever may be done in the coming months, whatever of good or gayety shall be bestowed, nothing shall surpass the magnificent empiric celebration of January 11th, most notable day of this year, of many years, it may be most notable day in the history of two nations.

Could anything be finer or more fitting, than that in this Queen's Year, a treaty of General Arbitration should be signed between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

It has come so quickly, it has passed so quietly, that many of us fail to gauge its value or note its full significance. Yet it marks an epoch not merely in the history of two nations, but of the world. For however experimental it may be in this its earliest stage, yet this treaty lifts upon the world's horizon the first lighting of millennial dawn.

That statesman was correct who said that the signing of this treaty is a matter for thanksgiving, national and religious, rather than political. It is a movement rising above politics into Providence.

ONE happy method of duly celebrating the Queen's Year in two colonies would be by bringing Newfoundland into Confederation.

England's oldest colony should not stand away from her close-lying sister colonies any longer. She needs Canada for development, for fraternity, for the strength that exists in union, for the community of imperial interests and sympathy. More especially is this the case now that her completed railway from east to west island coast will be our connecting link in the first Atlantic trip.

Confederation with the Dominion will open an era of development and prosperity in Newfoundland. It would be welcomed by Canada

as a consummation of her territorial bounds, and mark most fitly the year we celebrate.

THERE is yet another large and imperial way by which we may commemorate this Queen's Year.

While we have plenty and are in health India is starving from famine and stricken with a mortal plague.

Surely in toil or fray, under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say, "Of no mean city am I."

Thus Kipling sings of Bombay. Yet now this beautiful city is a place of desolation. Streets are deserted, bazaars are closed, dirges incessant and cemeteries filled. The country places are full of refugees, who fleeing the plague, are dying of starvation because they have nothing to support them.

The Queen's Year should be a bounty year. India is a sister colony, part of us empirically. Therefore, rather than money spent in flags and flowers, let it go to supply the wants of the suffering thousands, and ease them as far as may be, of their pain.

Canada's past great wheat harvests—the full yield of her young prairies—is it not given for this? The most acceptable Queen's Year offering to Her Majesty to-day would be a generous portion in grain and money for her India—our India also.

THE publication of the British blue book shows us that Lord Salisbury and his government have been far from inactive during the past few months, concerning the condition of Armenia.

It was late action, too late indeed, to prevent most fearful deeds, yet we may surely conclude that it has been effective.

The Czar's impressive message forwarded in early January to the Sultan appears to have had restraining effect upon the Turkish monarch. The Czar's good advice, couched in a velvet speech, but capable of iron interpretation, recommended the latter monarch to "seriously consider" the remonstrances of the great powers, regarding reforms in the Turkish Empire, or otherwise be exposed to "the gravest consequences."

If Czar and British Prime Minister, are to gether sufficient to hold the Sultan in check, it appears criminal indeed that their interference should have been so long delayed.

THE action of the editor of one of the London dailies in sending staff commissioners to all the chief British colonies to write upon their resources and circumstances with a view of making them more widely known, is heartily commendable, and one that might be followed with advantage by the large colonial dailies.

The peoples of Great Britain require introducing to each other, or being introduced, they need a closer acquaintanceship. Such a commissioner would write from his own point of view, which would be that of the people among whom he dwells, hence the desirability of each colony having its own.

The action referred to is that of an Imperialist. The strength of the Imperial idea is in its broadening and uplifting of national ideals.

ONE of the New York police magistrates, who speaks out of a wide experience, answers thus in reply to a question concerning the chief cause of drunkenness.

"The chief cause in this country is, without the slightest doubt, the custom of treating. That custom has produced more drunkards, ruined more homes, blasted more lives, and sent more men to drunkards' graves than any other custom that the mind of man ever conceived. There is probably more liquor, of one kind or another, drunk per capita in Germany than in any other country on the globe, and yet the percentage of drunkenness is far and away less than it is in this country. In Germany treating is unknown. The result is that a man drinks at any one time only as much as he really wants. When a number of men come together in a drinking place in this country most of them drink not only more than they need, but more than any one of the party wants. When it shall come to be considered in this country a mark of good fellowship and good breeding for each member of a drinking party to pay for what he himself drinks, and no more, then you will see much less public intoxication than now."

IN CANADA.

THIS last decade of the century is not an age of petty politics, but of large national and international problems, of which Canada has her share.

There is not a small problem before Canada to-day, but there are great ones, with great issues.

In connection with England comes the question of Imperial unity in all its phases; with the United States is the matter of tariff adjustment, and the Deep Waterways—a most important international project. Within our own borders there is the issue between Church and State in Quebec, the mining revelations, the colonial trade possibilities, immigration, new railways with their opening of undiscovered lands, the fast Atlantic service,—these are large issues to be dealt with not in any petty fashion, from the standpoint of personal or party gain, but from a broad national standpoint, that of the statesman.

IN view of this, it is good that the man standing at the head of Canadian affairs is a statesman, one capable of taking the large view and of abiding by it.

However varied opinions may be of the rights or wrongs of the Manitoba school question, there can be but one view concerning the liberty that belongs to Canadians, both Catholic and Protestant, to vote and speak as they will.

The clergy of Quebec by their futile attempts at despotism are alienating the sympathies of both Catholics and Protestants. It is too late to-day, to intimidate Canadians of either faith.

THE circular sent out by the so called Patriotic Vigilance Committee in early January, was a bag a bov intended to frighten the timid and inflate the fillibuster. To make it the subject of lengthy editorials, and a cause of recrimination between the two political parties, was doing it to much honor—yet our big party dailies made this mistake. A few brief lines at the most, among the locals, should have dismissed it from public consideration.

The "maintenance of the honor of the British Flag" does not rest in the hands of "a few citizens"—especially such citizens. Let us be thankful for it.

It was probably a second imaginative Jacobite

plot, gotten up by a second Sentimental Tommy who thus "found a way" of exercising his gift of romance and enjoying the effect created.

It might be said just here, that the suggested change in the election law, alleged to emanate from a provoked Cabinet official, making it a criminal offence for any clergyman to attempt to exert political influence, either from the pulpit or by confidential or private visit—would be almost tolerable in view of the conduct of certain ill advised ministers, both Catholics and Protestants, during the past year.

THE burning of the Ursuline convent at Roberval, with its accompanying loss of life, is one of the sorry records of the month.

It was the writer's privilege to visit the convent a few years ago, and gain personal knowledge of its value as an educational factor in that far northern district. The pleasant chat with the nuns is well remembered.

They belonged originally to the Ursuline convent in Quebec city, which being a cloistered sisterhood, knows nothing of the outside world, therefore their journey of two hundred miles to Roberval, when the convent was established in 1881, was to this gentle sisterhood a life event. They talked of it still, at the time of our visit, eleven years later, with wondering words and gentle laughter.

And those whose smiles were brightest and speech most merry, perished on that recent winter morning when fire consumed the grey stone convent by the little northern lake.

A RAILWAY to James' Bay will be almost as much of a novelty, and as full of delightful possibilities as a trip to the moon. We know so little of the great stretch of country north of us, that there is room for heroic imaginings, and our feelings regarding it are a good deal like those of the small boy, in whose unknown "anything may happen almost."

For this reason and apart from the commercial aspect, the movement toward building this railway will be watched with more interest than that of one whose prospectus leads, it thro' more familiar territory.

Our national dreams are becoming realized at a rather breathless rate, when an Excursion Trip to James' Bay is a bill-board probability of two or three summers hence.

The Island Railway and bridge scheme is very attractive and desirable, but it could wait a season—our street pavements cannot.

The condition of miles upon miles of Toronto's streets is almost a theme for laughter, were it not for the graver aspect—that of the danger to life involved.

Between the local improvement system and the protests of burdened tax-payers, the problem of our city pavements is a difficult one. But something must be done, and immediately, since in their present condition, which every rainfall aggravates, they are a serious menace.

We should demand that our city fathers let the Island Railway, Gas Company fight, Queen's Year Jubilee and every other interest, be in abeyance, if need be, in order to give instant and undivided attention to our city pavements.

And, in the meantime, until some satisfactory solution be devised, let Mr. Keating's advice be acted upon—to tear up the old cedar blocks upon streets declared dangerous, where the owners have refused to renew, and to leave the roads in their original condition.

A DAILY paper recently had a timely editorial upon the noise and dust in the street cars.

The institution of the electric motor has its advantages, but it has also its evils, and this of noise is not the least of them. The rattle, clamor

jar and grind of a light-weight motor car is something to be felt rather than described. The tax it takes upon a strong physique is sufficiently great, but to weary frame and nerves it is a torture. Nervous people of both sexes shrink from the lightly loaded electric car, and with good reasons.

It is safe to venture the assertion that if easier and smoother running were possible, if the windows lost their rattle, and the brakes their grinding jar, and the shriek and clamor could be reduced to a minimum, the increase in patronage would more than meet the outlay incurred to obtain these conditions.

As it is one of the chief attractions of the bicycle is its noiselessness.



Women Mining Investors.

IF men alone were engaging in this active field of enterprise, the subject of mining would hardly find a place in our columns. But careful inquiry shows that Canadian women are rapidly becoming interested in mining prospects, and investing in this direction.

It is impossible to discover to what extent our women have already invested in Canadian gold mines, since many of them—it may be the majority—have done so under cover of husband, father or brother. But a sufficient number have invested, quite independently, to justify the inference of a marked feminine interest in mining affairs.

This interest is likely to increase with the months, since the mining promoters look forward to June as the season when developing work will show best results, and the mining movement generally, be at its most active stage.

Toronto is naturally the commercial head of our mining interests, both provincial and of the far west; and it is in the city offices of the leading mining brokers that the most reliable information is obtained concerning Canadian mining affairs.

One may spend an interesting hour in any of these offices. Human nature in many phases presents itself there, but all with one aspiration—the desire to make money.

We do not propose enlarging upon the ethics of mining speculation or that aspect of human nature to be seen in a broker's office—interesting as the subject might be; but rather to mention a few points personally gathered from our chief mining men, that may be of value to Canadian women who have invested or intend to invest in gold mines.

"We have a large number of women investors," said one well known gentleman, "chiefly widows and unmarried ladies who wish to add to their incomes. As a rule they come or write frankly for advice concerning the best investments, and we give it with a greater sense of responsibility than when the applicants are men, since naturally no man of any principle likes to feel that a woman has lost money through following his advice."

"If a woman living in the country desires to invest, what course would you suggest?"

"If she prefers acting independently, or has no clear headed man friend to consult, she should first study the pamphlets of the various mining companies and look especially at the directorates. The larger I deal in mines the more importance I attach to the personnel of the directing board. Let her consider the names of the brokers also; a good company employ brokers of good standing."

"Having selected her company and broker, it would be better to write direct to the head office, unless she has personal acquaintance and confidence in a local agent. Many of the latter are not really well informed concerning mining matters; and again they get largest commission on the least sure investments, and it is natural that they should urge those claims which yield them most profit."

"Any woman investing should scatter her money a little. Invest some in a mine or mine already developed and sure of return, and not all in a prospectus. Again she should take surer of slower risks. If she is satisfied with the broker or manager, it would be safe for her to take his advice, even when he suggests an investment that means slower returns than others she might purchase."

"We frequently get letters from women," said another broker, "enclosing smaller or larger amount of money and asking us to 'invest it to the best advantage.' We cannot take this responsibility, and all such moneys are returned unless the sender names the stock which they wish to purchase."

"We find Ontario women investing largely; we have done little for Quebec women thus far. Many of them are doing so for and in the name of their children."

"One of the difficulties we have in dealing with women, especially by letter, is that they are inclined to think a mine is a mine, whether developed or not and that all mining investments are alike. And again they are disposed to be either too trusting or too suspicious. A woman in investing should neither leave the entire responsibility upon the broker, nor yet go to the other extreme and beset him with sixteen pages of crossed note paper queries." The speaker sighed here, as though out of some personal experience.

"This only happens though, with the uninitiated woman," he continued, "a very little instruction is sufficient for the majority of our women customers; we find as a rule that when compelled to act independently, they do so with caution and good judgment."

"My advice to intending women investors is pretty much what it is to men, except that she should go more slowly until her knowledge of mining technique is assured:

Look to the directorships of the companies, whether in the matter of real mines, or those yet undeveloped. See that the names upon the directing boards are those of good men, not names with handles or several after letters, but well known and reliable business men, who cannot afford to lose either money or reputation. If it be a new company, prefer a pooled stock, and one started at a fairly good price; and be prepared to hold your stock for eighteen months or two years before selling."

"It is better for a woman to invest in high, or in low priced stocks?"

"That depends on whether she wishes to go into legitimate mining, or to gamble. The former she may hold with comparative surety of moderate if not high profit; the latter she must sell as quickly as possible, if she would avoid loss."

"Buying mining stocks to sell and buy and sell again, is simply gambling, for there is no intention of development, and in the end some one must lose; and if a woman wants to gamble, she had better take wheat stocks."

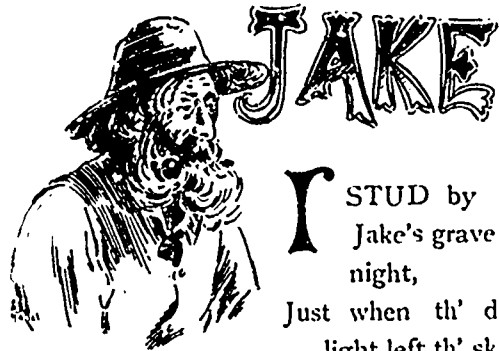
"There is one other point; no one—no woman especially—should put any money into mining investments that she is not prepared to lose."

"Remember, I am not condemning women mining investors. With ordinary precautions they have as good chance of making safe investments as men. But they should confine themselves largely to legitimate companies, who are working or preparing to work their claims—which means a high priced stock. The low priced stocks mean rapid sale or loss."

The advice tendered by Mr. Charlton, M. P., upon his recent return from Rossland, fitly follows upon the words of these gentlemen:

Be wary, be not over-credulous, require proofs invest your money in mining stocks as you would in a farm, in promissory notes or in a bank deposit, with reasonable assurance that the investment rests upon good security and is safe.

FAITH FENTON.



I STUD by ole
Jake's grave to-
night,
Just when th' day-
light left th' sky ;

An' leetle baby-birds woke up,
To twitter out a lullaby.

I thort as I stud gazin' down,
If him a-sleepin thar might wake ;
He'd look a smilin' up at me
An' say, " You ain't fergot ole Jake."

Thet like as not us two 'ud sit,
Down under this great spreadin' tree ;
I'd tell my sorrows all 't him,
An' he 'ud try 't comfort me.



I stud by ole Jake's grave to-night ;
'Till twilight crept o'er lan' an' hill ;
Big diamond stars blinked from the sky,
An' droppin' soft the night dew fell.

An' as I stud a han' tetchd mine,
A well-remembered voice spoke low ;
An' my poor heart beat wild an' found
Th' happy youth of long ago.

It may have been th' prayer I said,
Leastways I know th' angels guessed
Heow much I wanted Jake, so they
Sent him 't give this ole heart rest.

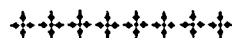
He sleeps out underneath th' flowers,
I toil along life's path, an' take
Sumtimes, when I grow hungry like,
Fer love, a long, long talk with Jake.



It ain't in words our talkin's done,
But grass, an' flowers, an' hummin' bee
Jest whisper things from my ole heart,
An' Jake, he answers back to me.

It won't be very long, I guess,
Afore us two ole men 'll be
Together fer all time, an' then
Jake, he won't have ter comfort me.

A. P. MCKISHNIE.



FEEL like a fool sometimes, when she
Speaks low and soft an' looks at me,
Out of them big grey eyes o' hern ;
U'd give a dollar fer ter turn
And walk away, but I'll allow
I can't dew nothin', enyhow ;
'Cept answer her 'ith yes, er no,
When she asts. " Ah! the folks well, Joe?"

It may seem kinder strange tew you,
Thet me a standin' six foot two
U'd tremble like I was afraid,
Of this same leetle grey-eyed maid ;
But somehow, Gosh! I feel so queer
An' shakey like, when she is near,
I'd give a dollar for ter stan'
'N face the music like a man.



Long time ago this gal an' me
Was good a friends as you could see
Mos' enywhar, as han'-in-han'
We'd roam across th' medder-lan'.
An' I u'd pluck th' whitest bud,
Er sweetest clover-top I could ;
An' pin it at her throat, while she
Stud sorter smilin' up at me.

La sakes! I wasen' scarish then,
Not one bit scarish, even when
Aroun' my neck her arms u'd steal,
An' when warm lips on mine I'd feel,

When a sweet voice low whispered, " Joe."
O, durn it! I was happy though ;
Yes, happy days, but I allow
She's mos' forgot 'em all by now.

Jest 'tother day she said,—thet she
U'd like tu walk agin 'ith me
Across the medder-lan', an' so
I hung my head an' said, I'd go.
Th' same ole blossoms smiled their love ;
Th' same blue sky smiled from above ;
All jest th' same as 't uster be,
'Cept this wee grey-eyed gal an' me.

We sot down on th' stile ter rest,
An' watched the sunbeams kiss the west,
Day creepin' out, an' twilight still
A creepin' over vale an' hill.
We sot an' watched till bye an' bye,
Day's las' smile crept from out th' sky ;
An' then she whispered sof an' low,
" Why need our world be shadowed, Joe?"



I told her what I thort ; thet He,
Th' ruler of th' land an' sea,
Saw thet th' old world needed rest ;
And'—wall, He orter know whats best
For it an' us ; an' them grey eyes,
Looked inter mine 'ith mild surprise ;
Tears in' em too, because,—wall, she
Felt sorry fer th' likes o' me.

I've thort to-day, an' I allow,
I've acted foolish enyhow ;
Thet when she ast me this you know,
" Why need our world be shaded, Joe?"
Thet maybe' wall, thet maybe she,
Was really feelin' sorry, see?
Seems queer tu me I didn' learn
Thet world meant only mine and hern.

Neow look here! I'm goin' ter hrow
This back'ardness right off, 'n go
Across ter thet same stile, an' when,
Them big grey eyes met mine agin,
I'm goin' ter ast her sunthin' ; an'
Ef we come back hand clasped in hand ;
Jest tell yourselves, this gal and me
Ar' 'xac'ly what we uster be.

A. P. MCKISHNIE.



IN her new volume of poems entitled "A Winter Swallow," Edith Thomas concludes a sonnet entitled "Sunset," thus:—

Give me a window opening on the west,
And the full splendor of the setting sun,
There let me stand and gaze, and think no more
If I be poor, or old, or all unblest,
And when my sands of life are quite outrun,
May my soul follow through the day's wide door.

Concerning J. M. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy," which we discussed in our page last month, not a few critics are disposed to view it as a revelation of things that should be held too sacred for publication, and assert that the author has shown lack of delicate reserve.

Those who speak thus, do so out of a very natural first impulse, one which every reader must feel. But might not a similar accusation be made against St. John, who revealed the sacred scene and speech at that Last Supper, or St. Luke for unveiling an Incarnation, or St. Matthew a Gethsemane Agony.

May we not, in this case, apply holy words and say, "This has been told for a memorial of her." For a surety no more beautiful memorial has ever been upraised than this of Margaret Ogilvy by her son.

And in delicate literary beauty all other works of the gifted author are as dust beside it.

This month our book is "Chapters From a Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

There is not much need to say introductory words about the author. Surely there are few women who have not read "Gates Ajar," even if they are unfamiliar with "The Story of Avis," "A Madonna of the Tubs," and "Men, Women and Ghosts." Yet two recollections come to me always, with the author's name. The first is of a sunny sitting-room in a rambling country parsonage. Between the two big southern windows is a book case on the floor in front of it sits a little girl of twelve, with a feather duster beside her, and a small blue covered book entitled "Gates Ajar," in her lap. Some one enters the room, but she neither hears nor sees, until a severe voice asks, "Have you finished dusting?" Then the little volume is taken from her with the words, "I do not consider this book fit or safe reading for you," and it is put on the topmost shelf, while the child looks hungrily up after it. It was her introduction into the New Theology, although she did not realize the fact for many years.

The second recollection is much later. The child is a young woman now, standing in a fascinating apartment in Park Street, Boston—the private office of Mr. Houghton, head of the great publishing house.

The genial face of the tall, kindly, old gentleman is smiling as she bends enchanted over the autographed portraits of noted authors that adorn walls, tables and mantel.

"That is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps" he says, as she pauses before one unusual mystic face, and then laughs amusedly at the eager, awed questionings of his guest.

"O yes, I know her well. She is a woman of unusual personality, remarkable in many ways," he answers.

Then his talk drifts to other famous writers; but his visitor's eyes are intent upon that one woman's face.

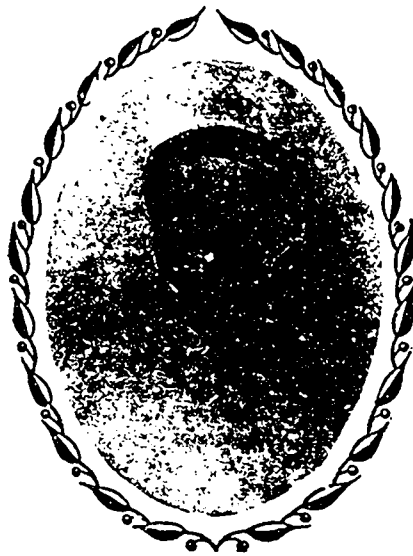
"Chapters from a Life" is a delightful book, both in literary finish and material. How could it be otherwise when it is of her own life that the author writes, in her own inimitable fashion?

Not a detailed autobiography does she give us, but only "chapters" from a full and tense woman's life; and reading these, we who are like-minded, can in some measure fill in the silences and fine reserve which she maintains concerning many relationships.

And as we read these Chapters, we grow to understand this tense woman writer, in whom, as she says, "the grandfather who belonged to the underground railway, and the grandfather of the German lexicon must have contended; for the reformer's blood and the student's blood have always had an uncomfortable time of it, together, in my veins."

Miss Phelps' (it is not easy to call her Mrs. Ward) literary abilities, she asserts, "all belong my ancestors."

It is humbling to feel that whatever may be "worth mentioning" in my life is no affair of mine, but falls under the beautiful and terrible law by which dead men and women, whose blood bounds in our being, control our destinies.



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

And looking back into the dimness of early childhood, she gives us sufficient glimpse of these ancestors to make clear the possible complexity and tenseness of her own nature.

Andover life—its theology, its college decorum, its people are touched upon in light, yet most kindly recollection, the lectures, concerts and anniversaries, the weekly prayer meeting in the lecture-room,

Its chief usefulness was as a training school for theological students, whose early efforts at public exhibition (poor fellows!) quaveringly besought their professors to grow in grace and admonished the families of the Faculty circle to repent.

Very amusing is her description of "tea-parties— theological of course—where the students came to tea in alphabetical order," and also of feminine triumphs, legends of which were handed breathlessly down among Andover daughters.

The maiden laides of Andover, always, I fancied, regarded each other with a peculiar sense of peace. Each know—and know that the rest know—that it was (to use an Andover phraseology) not of predestination or foreordination, but of free will absolute, that an Andover girl passed thro' life alone for the proportion of masculine society was almost Western in its munificence.

The severe theology of Andover, the author

touches very gently in the chapter entitled "School Life."

I was taught that God is Love, and Christ His Son our Saviour; that the important thing in a woman's life was to be that kind of a woman, for which there is really, I think, no better word than Christian, and that the only road to this end was to be trodden by way of character. I was taught that I should speak the truth, say my prayers and consider other people; it was a wholesome, right-minded, invigorating training and I have lived to bless it many troubled years.

One longs to linger over each chapter; of the war time; of the influences that induced "Gates Ajar"—a book leaping forth from a young girl's heart, out of her fresh, strong sympathy for other women, yet that roused a theological world fearful for its pet doctrines. Many are the amusing incidents connected with its great popularity, many are the sorrowful ones also; but space is not given us in which to tell them, yet the author writes:—

For many years I was snowed under by those mourner's letters. In truth they have not ceased entirely yet, though, of course, their visits are now irregular; for the book will soon be thirty years old.

It was a singular experience for a girl of twenty-one.

Two or three of the Chapters are given over to brief personal recollections of eminent litterateurs, whom it has been Miss Phelps' delightful lot to count as friends, and she gives us little etchings of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Phillips Brooks and others, which serve to enrich our knowledge of them.

Of Gloucester—for twenty years her summer home, and made memorable by her story of "Jack," "The Old Maid's Paradise," and "A Singular Life,"—the author writes in loving, lingering detail. Here it is evident the most strenuous and sweetest portion of her life has been passed; here she has suffered, loved and labored and here therefore her heart is enchained.

Perhaps the climatic Chapter in this most interesting glimpse of Miss Phelps' life is that entitled "Shut In" the record in delicate suggestion of her own physical disabilities, and by implication of the sufferings and solemn limitations of invalid writers at large. It is a chapter written out of a deep inherent tragedy of nerves, and worthy of most thoughtful reading by the physically robust.

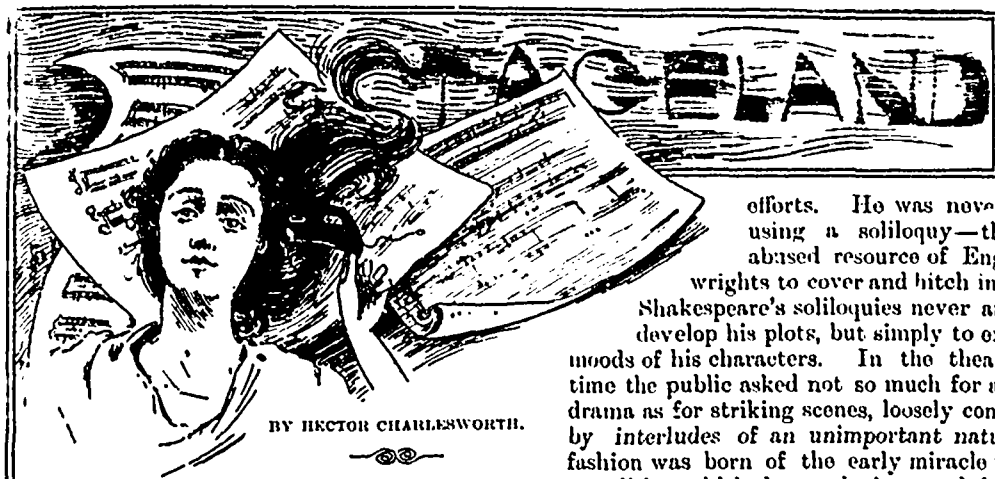
"No truly sensitive man," said Longfellow once to me "can be perfectly well." He might have added that one of the cruellest problems of life is to make the perfectly well understand that he is not perfectly sensitive, and therefore may be disqualified from the comprehension of those who are. . . . Ideally speaking, the robust mind in the robust body ought to be the keenest as well as the finest in the world. In point of fact it often partakes too much of its own muscle; the nerve of perception is bedded a little too deep in the fibre.

In the closing Chapters Miss Phelps discusses literary art; but in the last few pages she turns again, and with an evident breath of deep delight, to her new home, which is the old home, the Gloucester cottage. Not an Old Maid's Paradise now, since Mr. Ward came into her life, but yet the same house moved bodily from the sea rocks to an inland farm that gives the sea only in vista, and that surrounds the famous author—the most intense combination of woman and author since Mrs. Browning died—with rolling hills, wood and valley; yet gives to her the salt sea breeze.

In this shelter of snow and silence we spend eager winters, for our hardest work is done between October and June. Life seems to grow busier as middle age strikes step with one. I wonder is this always so?

But we care only to push on steadily wishing less for cessation and toil than for strength to keep at it; and wisdom to make it worthy of the idea of labor and of life which we believe to be the most precious gift of Heaven to any human soul.

"Chapters from a Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston; Fleming, Revel Company, Toronto.



BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

SOME years ago critics used to say that a play dramatized from a novel was foredoomed to failure. The reasons adduced were chiefly to the effect that as it is impossible to comprise all the incidents of a popular book in dramatic form, and as every reader forms his own ideals of the characters in the work, a play founded on the same theme was sure to disappoint the public. For these very reasons, which are undoubtedly logical, the practice which thirty years ago was very general, was for some years dropped altogether. The critics had their justification in the fact that about the worst plays in the English language are those adapted from Dicken's novels, from Washington Irving's sketches and from other standard works. Within the last season or two, however, the practice of dramatizing novels has been revived with amazing financial success, and the critics have been given the lie. The list includes Du Maurier's amazingly successful fiction, "Trilby," which, having been read in nearly every home, was put upon the stage and made a tremendous financial hit. Then there was the "Prisoner of Zenda," a sentimental satire which made a fortune for its author as a book, and is now bringing in thousands as a play. The latest essay in this direction is a dramatization of Stanley J. Weyman's romance, "Under the Red Robe," which recently took in \$11,000 in one week at the Empire Theatre in New York. Mr. Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," has likewise been put into dramatic form for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and though it has not been a success in New York, the actor has not yet decided to drop it. Maurice Barrymore in his present venture as a star is using a play founded on one of Besant and Rice's early successes, "Ready Money Mortiboy," and the piece is said to be successful. This is only a partial list of the dramatized novels of the day. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" is also soon to be seen on the stage.

The fact of the matter is that it is all a question of art. If a play is a well constructed, interesting piece, it does not matter whether it is founded on a novel or not, or whether it expresses all the popular elements of the book. The reason critics were prejudiced against the practice was because no English dramatist thought it worth his while to observe any rules of technique in making a play. He thought that because Shakespeare's dramas were loosely built it was a mark of genius in a dramatist to pay no attention whatever to the unities of time and place. Therefore, in dramatizing a novel he would simply hash up a few sections of it in various scenes and trust to Providence and a few soliloquies to enable his audience to follow the story. In truth, taking into consideration the stage resources of the Elizabethan period, and the early ideals of the English drama, Shakespeare was a thorough modernizer in the matter of construction. If he had written in the nineteenth century, he would have been as careful in his methods as Henrik Ibsen or any of the multitude of French technical

efforts. He was never guilty of using a soliloquy—that much abused resource of English playwrights to cover and hitch in the story. Shakespeare's soliloquies never are used to develop his plots, but simply to express the moods of his characters. In the theatre of his time the public asked not so much for a complete drama as for striking scenes, loosely connected by interludes of an unimportant nature. This fashion was born of the early miracle plays and moralities, which the monks invented for the edification of the masses in the middle ages.

Shakespeare was the first to definitely conceive a drama unified by a continuous development of character. The individual scenes were constructed with marvellous dramatic insight, and the interludes that joined them were illumined with such poetic utterances as the world has never equalled. He sent the drama leaping onward with mighty bounds, but his successors failed to appreciate the progressive spirit of the man, and continued for centuries to hark back to the archaic defects which Shakespeare inherited, and which he strove, so far as his environment would let him, to abolish. At last, however, within the past decade or two, the artistic spirit has triumphed and now the English dramatist no longer considers it a mark of superiority to ignore the unities. The French, always in the van in artistic matters, have taught us our lesson, and there is, therefore, no reason why a dramatization of a novel should not be sane and logical in its action.

As a matter of fact a great many of the most celebrated plays of the century have either been dramatized from novels, or had novels written from them. "Camillo" is the most notable instance, but most of the elder Dumas' best romances are still played in acceptable dramatic form. Alphonse Daudet's works are usually written both as plays and as novels, and the list is very vast. If the English dramatists had been as painstaking and artistic as the French playwrights, we would have most of Dicken's characters, obviously fine for dramatic treatment, on the stage to-day, just as are "D'Artagnan" and the "Count of Monte Christo." The novels which have been chosen for theatrical treatment of late years, have not in every instance been the best of the day, but a careful technical treatment has made them noted stage successes. Another reason why they have succeeded, is because, with the exception of A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, most of the brilliant romancers of to-day prefer to work in the literary field. The stage has therefore become at a loss for new ideas. The average of playwrights treat the old dramatic themes over and over again, and therefore the world of fiction is a rich source of new ideas to the writer for the stage, and managers are realizing the fact. It is worthy of note that most of Shakespeare's plays are dramatized from the imaginative literature of his day. Tales, ballads, histories, old biographies, native and in translation, furnished the themes which his pen made immortal.

If it cannot plume itself on many great modern plays in our language—either of English or American origin—the stage of to-day can boast of a great deal of exquisite acting in unpretentious quarters. I have lately seen several instances of delightfully artistic work among the travelling companies that follow their vagabond course through the provinces. As charming a company of comedians as it has ever been my pleasure to see paid Toronto a Christmas visit. Mr. Arthur

Bourchier, who stands at the head of the organization, got part of his schooling with Mr. Austin Daly and acquired something of the celebrated manager's ability to present a comedy in a spirit of rippling mirth, absolutely refined and sunshiny. "The Queen's Proctor" an adaptation of Sardou's ever graceful and charming "Divorcens" and "The Chili Widow" a less important adaptation from a farce by a minor Parisian dramatist were the two plays, and never were slender themes more deliciously treated by actors and actresses. Both would have been dull in the hands of inartistic actors, but with the assistance of Mr. Bourchier's company they became exquisite. The magnetism, aplomb, and humor of Mr. Arthur Bouchie; combined with absolute and unpretentious gentility, gave rare grace to the piece; while his wife Miss Violet Vanbrugh has a romantic force in her acting combined with an abundance of humor and grace. Then there was her sister Miss Irene Vanbrugh, a girl with a roguish mobile face and laughing eyes, that cast a little spell over the light things she attempts. The company also included three comedians, who possessed the art of impressing one with the absolute truthfulness of the portrayals of ordinary humanity, and at the same time of rousing more fun than any ordinary individuals could. Such humor is something of a marvel,—the humor that plays upon humanity like sunlight and never seems to distort it. These men were Mr. Win. Blakely, who in "The Chili Widow," represented a doddering, tattling plump old Englishman; Mr. W. G. Elliott, who plays a spare conscientious and almost ridiculously proud young clerk in the same piece, and a chattering little Italian fop in "The Queen's Proctor"; and Mr. Mark Kinghorne, who played a solemn and canny Scotchman in both pieces. The latter could have walked out of Stevenson's or Barrie's pages, so unspcakably droll and human was he, while Mr. Blakely is a man with a voice more humorous and resourceful than John Hare's. Mr. Elliott also has methods in utterance strangely like Mr. Hare's, with an original comic genius of his own. Taken altogether, Mr. Bourchier's organization presented the finest variety of humorous talent ever seen on a Toronto stage. Playgoers may well regret having missed a taste of them.

Mr. Jas. A. Herne, whose "Shore Acres" has met with a marvellous success on a second visit, presents his play in precisely the same manner as Mr. Bourchier. Nothing could be more dissimilar from English social and official life than the atmosphere of rural New England, so that resemblances in detail would be impossible, but in spirit the artistic aim is identical. The absolute humanity that characterizes the acting and the dialogue of "Shore Acres," the manner in which Herne instils into his actors the necessity of preserving the atmosphere of the play, the sympathy and grace with which they do it, men, women and children altogether—are responsible for the great artistic and popular success of the piece. Rural life has been tackled in a common and maudlin spirit by other authors and managers, but Mr. Herne was the first man to realize that subtlety and a refined spirit could be applied to a rural drama. To mention "Shore Acres" as akin to "The Old Homestead" would be ridiculous. It is life, whereas the earlier piece is an unimaginative and commonplace bit of pathos. Mr. Herne's actors are not essentially brilliant, but they are inspired by a brilliant man. Mr. Herne is a graceful and sympathetic comedian, but he is more eminent as a skillful teacher. To my mind the most difficult task and the best executed one is that accomplished by Robert Fischer as the hardened bitter, yet very human, old farmer Martin Berry, and Miss Grace Gayler Clark is a picture of motherliness, cheer and humor.



A Cree Reception.

Christmas Among the Indians in the Far North-West.

BY KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.



CIRCUMSTANCES cause people to spend Christmas in many strange ways, and the one just past, which I spent on an Indian reservation in our Canadian North-West, was the most singular in my experience.

It was glorious weather, mild for that far northern clime, and the landscape all around us—hills, lake and wood—was a veritable fairyland. On the ground lay the glistening, spotless, untrodden snow; and fences, buildings, bushes, tall pine and scrub, all were covered with soft feathery frost-work, fine as lace, brilliant as diamonds. Never was maiden bride so daintily dressed, never was wedding cake so curiously iced, never was elfin web so cunningly woven, and upon all shone the frosty sunlight in supernal radiance, such as our eastern provinces dream not of.

And when the sun set behind the hills in a blaze of wondrous color, the white world, an idealized Christmas world, was flooded with a mystical glowing light, and the sky burned with a fire from the infinite, unspeakable in its glory.

The Indians do not observe Christmas day with any degree of ceremony, although New Year is always kept by them as a feast, and great preparations are made to do it honor. They usually dance out the old year and dance in the new, keeping up the revel from sundown till dawn, and on New Year's day they receive and pay visits and make great festivities.

We were therefore very much surprised to receive formal notification on Christmas eve, that the Indians were going to call upon us on Christmas.

The word came through the "old man," there is always one "old man" *par excellence* in every band, and it was given with the solemn dignity that the case demanded. It was intended as a compliment, a mark of extreme favor, and as such it was accepted, with due thanks.

It would involve work, but we went about our preparations for their entertainment with a good deal of excitement and much studying of ways and means. When people live twenty long miles from anywhere, it is impossible to borrow dishes or get extra help, and if they have not what is wanted in the house, they do as we did, go without.

For our afternoon tea we could not even have our usual help, because the squaws who were our washee-washee and scrubber on ordinary occasions, and the brave who did our chores, would join their respective kindred and be among our guests.

We used up all the fruit nuts and peel made ready for our own Christmas pudding in making cakes for the reception, and we were obliged to work off our family Santa Claus before retiring, in order to save time next day.

Christmas dinner was timed perilously soon after breakfast that we might be ready in good season, but alas, for our calculations, the turkey was barely carved when a knock was heard at the door; we hastily threw a cover over the feast and composed ourselves to "receive."

Our guests all came to the back door and knocked, (on common occasions they enter without warning), and it did not disturb their equanimity a particle to have to be marshalled through kitchen and dining-room before they could be seated in state in the parlor.

Only an archway divided the two rooms, but with true politeness our callers ignored the fact, patent to sight and smell, that they had disturbed us at our meal; and we, of course, behaved as if

we had been seated with folded hands waiting for them.

After the first-comers left we scrambled through dinner as best we could, and in another interval were able to clear away.

They gave us very little rest for the balance of the afternoon, coming by families, by twos and threes, by whole sleigh loads in the case of those who lived farthest away.

They all entered gravely and shook hands, wishing us "Melly Kismas," shyly. Poor pagans, few of them had any idea of why Christmas is a happy time to us, or what the day signifies!

They all came in their best blankets with their hair profusely oiled, slicked and braided.

The majority of our visitors were Crees and almost all were purely pagan. There were a few Sioux who have married Cree women and joined the band to which their wives belong, as in their custom.

The Sioux are much handsomer than the Crees, possess finer features, are better developed physically and seem mentally of a higher type. They think more of their appearance, too, and in our honor had donned their bead-worked leggings and moccasins, only worn on great occasions, and were lavishly painted; whereas the Crees were not painted at all.

Among the Sioux braves I have an especial favorite. Wee-chee-hun, who, by the way, has a most romantic history.



He came with his pretty Cree wife and two children, and was a sight to appal the timid with his gorgeous decorations. He had bright red patches on each bronze cheek, a band around his classic brow close to the raven hair, and a strip down the parting, besides crescents above both eagle eyes.

No bronze statue of Jupiter was ever more nobly proportioned, or more instinct with lithe grace than my red-skin hero, and no Apollo could ever have had more purely classical features.

He comes at times to borrow hay, with all the grandeur of a Greek god.

Our callers numbered over sixty, not counting papooses in arms, and there were lots of them.

They looked around at everything with the curiosity and pleasure of children, not intrusively, but with warm interest, and their admiration of our stuffed birds was intense.

When only a few were present they would walk about and inspect the household treasures closely, but when we were crowded they stayed quietly where they were placed.

They talked very little to each other, only an occasional word, and they did not laugh much, except when we would misinterpret what they said.

I asked Kah weechy-may tah may nat if he would have more tea. I took his "no" for "yes,"

brought him another cup, and when I handed it to him he looked so comical, and they all had a hearty laugh. There were twenty in the room at that time.

If conversation languished a little it was simply because our visitors spoke no English and were Cree.

At a Toronto five o'clock tea one might easily see more examples of maladroitness in managing cup and saucer than our wild Indians showed over their tea and cake.

They have a grave self-possession that is admirable, and yet they are such children, so readily beguiled, so easily amused, so simple minded!

They behaved beautifully. The parents or grandparents kept the children beside them, and there was perfect order. They were so polite, hardly any of them would take more than one cup of tea, and one piece of cake, and nothing was either broken or spilled.

After eating they would rarely stay more than ten or fifteen minutes, that appearing to be the limit for a call, according to Indian etiquette.

I would hold the papooses when there were not more than two armsful, while their mothers took their tea, and I fed the children with milk and cake.

The children interest me, poor, shy, little half-starved mites, and I love the cute papooses tied up like balls in their tight moss bags. They are so sweet and good.

A bale of Christmas gifts sent from Toronto friends had arrived a few days before, enabling us to gladden the hearts of our younger guests by giving away such things as were "frivolous." They are so thankful for clothing and needful articles, but oh, how delighted they are with trash.

We pinned some gaudy bug and butterfly brooches into the neck-bands of the young squaws, and to the mothers with babes we gave bright ribbons, laces and flowers and patches of fancy silk; they were all charmed.

Wee-chee-hun's little daughter received a toy frying-pan (given away by a thrice-blessed stove dealer at Toronto Exhibition and sent in the bale), and her fawn-like eyes almost bulged out with joy.

A fancy box went to a little girl, and her twin brother howled quite like a white child because he had none. We hunted him up a pill box, minus the pills, and he was quite content.

I treasure up every little box and carry them in my pocket to give to the dusky children I meet in my walks. They never have a doll or a toy, poor little souls, and a paste-board box means measureless fun to them. They so love anything to play with—a wooden box that they can drag around for a wagon makes them as happy as kings.

Our last callers were three young girls, who were charming for awhile, but they did not know when to go. We fed them, talked our few Cree words with them, showed them photographs and other treasures, but still they stayed. The other members of the family basely deserted me—they sauntered off in different directions and did not come back.

I was left alone with those Indian maidens who spoke not to each other, nor to me, nor did they giggle.

I'd have given anything for just one giggle!

An inspiration came to me. I gave them the mammoth Christmas numbers of the *New York World* and *Herald* and they spread them out on the floor, got down on all fours and looked at the pictures entranced.

They looked at them long after they were tired, I am very sure. They were dying to go, but did not know how. I wanted them gone but knew as little how to send them. At length they went.

Our last visitors reminded me more of the boredom of civilization than any we had, but on the whole our Indian reception was as pleasant as it was unique.

Armenian Refugees.

By Faith Fenton.

THE arrival of a score of Armenian refugees in Canada has given a keener edge to our interest in their cause, and brought us into closer realization of the sufferings of these inoffensive people.

Our hearts were hot within us during those past months of massacre, our patriotic pride stood humbled before the inaction of Christian empires, yet here and now, as we look upon these refugees, both indignation and humility are increased tenfold. That such a people as this, intelligent, refined, self-respecting, the equals in feature, form and intellect, of any who walk our city streets to-day—that these gentle-mannered men and women should be thus treated—we stand appalled before the magnitude of the outrage, and the horror of it, awe, and we pale before the magnitude of our own criminal inaction.

Ah, well, of what use are words! The mightiest of Avengers has surely marked our delay, and the time of retribution's all come.

In a recent visit to Boston, as delegate to the executive meeting of the National Council, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings visited the Armenian refugees in that city, and her account of them, given in an informal chat with the writer, will be of interest to our readers.

"I had no thought of visiting them," said the lady, "indeed I was hardly aware of their presence in the city, but my attention was drawn to the fact in an interesting manner.

"The last evening of executive meetings had come and nearly passed. Our Council work was finished, and those of us who were guests at the hotel had returned there, feeling relieved from responsibility and inclined to be merry. Some one in the group of ladies proposed supper, and we went down into the dining room.

"Presently a waiter came to me with a calling-card bearing a name I did not recognize.

"It was eleven o'clock, and a little surprised at so late a caller I went up into the drawing room. A sweet-faced woman stepped forward to meet me."

"I shall not apologize for coming at so late an hour," she said, "since I am a Canadian you will grant me the privilege. I want you to come with me to-morrow to see our Armenian refugees, I know you will be interested, and you will tell what you see on returning to Canada. They are such splendid people, and I do so want our country to have some of them. We need agriculturalists, we need, Oh, such a lot of people out in that big North-West, and these Armenians are so fine a class, and there are thousands there who are starving—the sweet-faced woman was almost breathless with her eager utterance."

"Of course I promised to go; I was only too pleased to have the opportunity. Afterward I discovered and was proud of the fact—that the three ladies who have chiefly interested themselves in the Armenian refugees in Boston are Canadians. Mrs. Tynan of New Brunswick, and Mesdames Todd and Heard both from Prince Edward Island.

"These three ladies are wintering in Boston, and they have given time, thought, and money to the cause of these poor refugees, giving them daily lessons in English, and surrounding them with the warmth of human care and kindness. I was proud to hear of their work.

"We visited the Armenians not once, but several times before leaving Boston, and I only wish all Canada could have seen them also. It was a visit to remember.

"There was some difficulty concerning their standing, as perhaps you read. They were un-

fortunately shipped from Marseilles as 'assisted emigrants,' and upon arriving at Ellis Isle were detained, and came very nearly being sent back.

"Finally a guarantee bond of \$25,000 was demanded by the American government before permitting them to land. The W.C.T.U. offered to guarantee the amount, so also I believe did one of the New York papers, *Herald* or *Tribune*. But societies or companies would not or could not be recognized, and then an individual bondsman came forward—Mr. Gulesian, a native of Armenia.

"Mr. Gulesian came to Boston some thirteen years ago, and soon acquired wealth. There were four hundred refugees in all, and he brought one hundred of them to Boston, and gave them temporary accommodation in a flat in his large warehouse, which was fitted up for the purpose. The W.C.T.U. became responsible for fifty, and at the time of my visit in December, there were only thirty-five remaining, who had not found employment."

"What was your impression of them" queried her listener.

"Look at this, and this" answered the lady, picking up some photographs, "and tell me what your own impression of such faces would be. See, here they are gathered for Thanksgiving dinner in the

and Italian. It was pathetic to see these refined, intelligent men bending each day over their primers, and reading their lessons in English, spelling out the words as docile as a child.

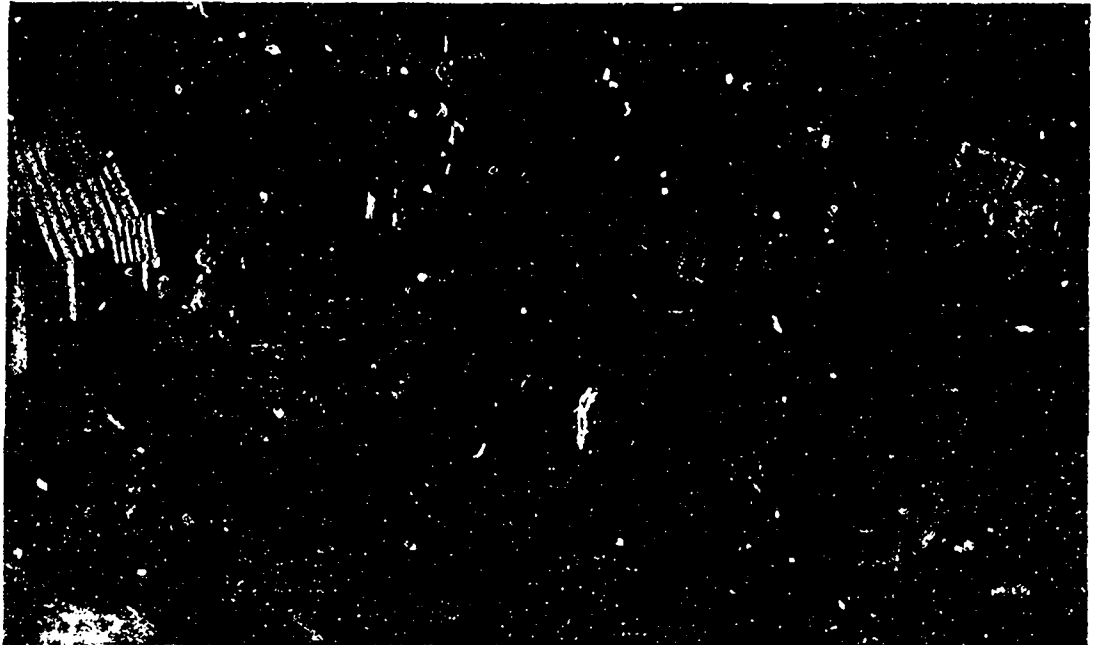
"Looking at them thus in the heart of a Christian city amid the peace of a sunny morning hour, and realizing the outrages they had endured for their faith's—our faith's sake, made our hearts thrill, and blurred our vision.

"I have spoken of their gentleness, but I think also these refugees seemed a little dazed. They moved and spoke at times like men dreaming. Is it much wonder, in view of what they have passed through. The wonder is that they have retained their senses in any degree.

"Yet they rouse always to respond to our questions, and talk not only intelligently, but with evidence of culture. Their confidence in England, yet unshaken, is most touching. 'She will surely interfere, she will help,' they say, their dark meet eyes looking trustfully into ours.

"Oh, the pity of it that such a trust should with so tardy response!

"Of the refugees brought to Boston—farmers, merchants, high class artisans, such as book binder, rug weaver, silversmith, etc., and a number of students and college professors constituted the chief



ARMENIAN REFUGEES AT THANKSGIVING DINNER.

big warehouse flat. Do you note the fine features and gentle expressions."

"They might be college students, or business men of our own city," was the prompt answer.

"Yet that young man saw his father beheaded; and that one witnessed both sister and mother killed. This gentle-faced man told me he did not know whether one of his family remained alive; and this one saw two sisters, father and brother all massacred; and this bright little boy in the foreground was rolled on board ship in a barrel to escape detection. He was badly bruised, poor little chap, but thankful to escape with his life.

"All of these refugees left directly after the massacre in Constantinople. Not openly, of course, but by stealth. There were no women with them; they could not get away, a few have arrived since, however.

"One man I talked with escaped by floating down a stream, keeping well under water and using a little pipe-stem to breathe through.

"They are so gentle and attractive in speech; there is nothing fierce or revengeful about them. One was showing me some Eastern pictures and came to one of the Sultan. He passed it quickly over, saying only 'no good.'

"They seemed to be nearly all educated men and good linguists, many of them spoke both French

and Italian. It was pathetic to see these refined, intelligent men bending each day over their primers, and reading their lessons in English, spelling out the words as docile as a child.

"Do you notice in the photograph a motto stretched across the rear of the flat? Can you read it? 'We thank God for a land of freedom.' The refugees put that up themselves on the eve of Thanksgiving day. Think what it must have meant to them.

"But, perhaps, the finest trait of these brave people—martyrs for their faith, was shown in an incident that occurred during one of my morning visits.

"Mr. Gulesian wanted an Armenian Bible for reference concerning some little point of our conversation. 'Perhaps some of these men will have one' he said. He asked for one, and *eighteen* were instantly produced.

"These men had escaped by stealth, barely with their lives, and with no clothing, save that they wore upon their persons—destitute, robbed of every possession, fleeing by night and darkness, yet eighteen out of thirty five brought every man his Bible across the sea."

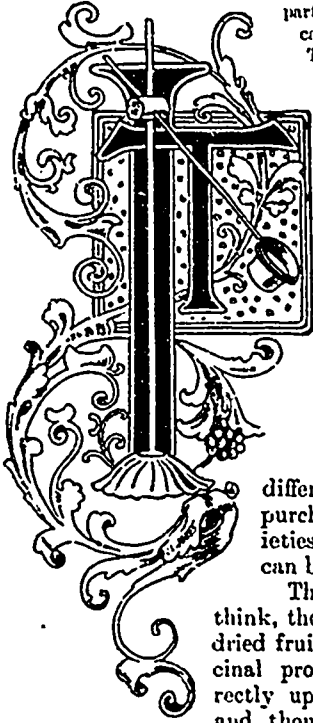
FAITH FENTON.



IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. JEAN JOY.

Principal of Domestic Science Department in Toronto Technical School, and Pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.



IS at this season of the year that we begin to appreciate the various kinds of dried fruits from California and France, with which our stores are so plentifully supplied.

If for any untoward reason our supply of home-made preserves begins to dwindle, what a relief to think of the many different kinds that can be purchased, and also the varieties of ways in which they can be prepared for use.

The homely prune is, I think, the most useful of all the dried fruits, having certain medicinal properties which act directly upon the nervous system, and, though very generally despised, can be made into many healthful as well as appetizing dishes. Simply stewed they make a very refreshing dish, but care must be taken to do this properly. In the first place wash them very thoroughly, as they have necessarily passed through many hands before reaching your kitchen. Then put them to soak for about eight hours, when they will become swollen to their natural size. Put them into a saucepan with enough water to cover them nicely and add a little sugar and some lemon juice. The prunes should then be cooked very slowly and have very little liquid when done. Serve them with a good rich cream and they will not be disdained.

Another way, which is also very nice but rather more elaborate, is to take three-quarters of a pound of French prunes, put them to soak in plenty of cold water for two or three hours, drain them and put in a saucepan with one cup of water, one-quarter of a pound of fruit sugar, two dozen of blanched almonds and a small piece of stick cinnamon. Cover the pan and put over the back of the fire, where the fruit will just simmer for one hour. At the end of that time remove the cinnamon and add a good teaspoonful of butter, again cover and cook slowly for another half an hour. Take from the fire and stir in a wine-glassful of sherry. Four the prunes into the dish in which they are to be served, and let them become cold, when served have whipped cream with them.

Many people object to the wine and in that case here is still another way in which they may be prepared.

Soak one pound of large, nice prunes over night. In the morning drain them and put into a saucepan with about a cup and a half of water, cook very slowly until the fruit is tender, then take the prunes up with a skimmer and place them in the dish in which they are to be served. If the water in the saucepan has boiled away very much add enough to make about a cupful in all, then add the very thin outer yellow rind of a lemon (the thick white skin would add a very bitter flavor, so be careful not to use it) and also the strained juice of the lemon. Sweeten to taste, about three tablespoonful of sugar will be sufficient, then bring this to boil and add one-quarter of an ounce of gelatine, and when this has entirely dissolved remove the lemon peel and pour the

liquid over the prunes. This is usually an acceptable dish, particularly if whipped cream is served with it.

Prune bread pudding is also another very nice dish and very easily prepared. Soak one pint of stale bread crumbs in one quart of milk for two hours, then beat them until very fine with a fork. Beat two eggs light and add three tablespoonful of sugar and one saltspoon of salt. Mix with the crumbs and milk, stir in a generous cup of prunes pitted and cut in quarters. Turn into a slow oven and bake for forty-five minutes.

Serve with a sauce made as follows:—

Beat the yolk until it is very light, then stir in two tablespoonful of sherry and half-a-cup of powdered sugar. When these are well-mixed add four tablespoonful of whipped cream, and lastly the well beaten white of egg, when it is ready to serve.

Another nice prune pudding to be eaten hot is made as follows:—Take half-a-pound of nice prunes, and after washing and soaking them, stew them in about a cup and a half of water until they are tender, which will take about half an hour. Then remove from the fire and strain all the juice off them, remove the stones and chop the prunes as fine as possible then add a scant half cup of sugar, and when it is well mixed with the fruit add the well-beaten whites of two eggs pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake for about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Another pudding made in much the same way is prune meringue pudding, the only difference being that there are the whites of five eggs used instead of two, and it should be baked for twenty to twenty-five minutes in a slow oven, then eaten cold with a boiled custard.

The first of these two puddings is the simplest and nicest. English cookery books when giving recipes for these two puddings give instructions that the prunes are to be rubbed through a sieve, but that takes a long time to do, and they are almost as nice without; so that in this case "the game is not worth the candle."

Another excellent pudding is called prune puff. Mix half a cup of butter with two tablespoonful of granulated sugar and the yolks of two eggs. When they are thoroughly beaten together, add one cup of sweet milk and about two cups of flour, to which two teaspoonful of baking powder has been added, and stir all well together. Have a large cupful of nice fresh prunes ready cut into quarters. Butter a pudding dish, and put in the latter a layer of batter, then sprinkle over a layer of the prepared prunes, alternate, until all the materials are used. Place the dish in a steamer and steam two hours without lifting the cover. Serve hot with any nice sauce.

Prunes in wine jelly:—Take two heaping cups of good prunes, wash them well, soak and then put them into a saucepan with one pint of water. Cook slowly until the fruit is tender. Remove them from the water they were cooked in and take out the stones. If the water should have boiled away add enough fresh to make the original quantity (one pint), add three-quarters of a cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon to the water in which the prunes were cooked, bring to the boil and add half an ounce of sheet gelatine. When this is quite dissolved add one wine-glass of sherry and half a tablespoonful of brandy. Put the stoned prunes back in the mixture, and when it begins to get cold and thicken, pour into a mould and set in a cold place to harden. Turn the jelly out upon a nice dish and serve either with whipped cream or custard.

Fresh prunes pitted, cut into pieces and stirred into a thick custard are nice to put between layers of cake. Large fresh prunes make a nice after-dinner

sweet. Make openings in the side with a sharp pointed knife, and remove the stones, fill the space with a blanched almond and roll the prunes in powdered sugar.

The following is a suggestion for a 14th of February menu, written on heart shaped card:—

Consomme St. Valentine
Heart.
Beets. Potatoes (mashed).
Salad of Love Apple.
Love in a Cottage.

The soups are ordinary consomme with the ordinary custard for garnishing, cut in heart shapes; then either a beef heart or, what would be much prettier, a lamb's heart might be provided for each person, which, when stuffed and well cooked, somewhat resembles pigeon in flavor. Love apples is the old-fashioned name for tomatoes. For dessert make an ordinary cottage pudding and stamp out the portions with a heart-shaped cutter.

This is, of course, all very simple, but might be made quite elaborate, and is quite a pretty idea, I think.

We give recipes for various kinds of tarts, which aid largely in supplying the table with delicacies in the months when the fruit jars are nearly empty and fresh fruit is not in:—

Cheese Tarts

One cupful of curd drained dry, yolks of two eggs, three cupfuls of sweet cream, one half cupful of dried currants—washed and re-dried, a pinch of salt and pepper; sweeten to taste. When baked, ice with the stiffly frothed whites of eggs. Sit them in a hot oven two minutes.

Snow Tartlets.

Bake the paste shell, keeping them as white as possible; heap as full as possible with whipped cream, sprinkle with cocoanut or almonds grated. Or, lay a teaspoonful of stiff red jelly on each tart.

To make the whipped cream, take one pint of rich, sweet cream, as cold as possible; sweeten and flavor to suit taste; whip to a stiff froth with an egg-beater.

Lemon Tarts.

Peel and grate a good lemon, add two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, yolk of one egg, one cup of cold water, in which has been well-mixed a dessertspoonful of corn-starch; stir well together; cook in a new tin or porcelain pan; stir until it is a smooth jelly. This is good between layers of a cake. Fill the tart shells, ice with the white of one egg whipped to a froth with a spoonful of sugar, and set them in a hot oven one minute.

Apple Tarts.

Line round patties with paste; in each one place the half of a tart peeled apple (use those only you are sure bakes quickly), a tablespoonful of sweet cream, butter size of hickory nut, tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of nutmeg. Put core side of apple down, and sugar, etc., on top. Bake until the apples are soft.

Cranberries.

Wash one quart of berries, drain them, add one pint of cold water, boil (closely covered) just ten minutes. Add one pint of granulated sugar, boil just ten minutes longer, keeping them covered. This jelly perfectly when cold, strained or otherwise. Cook in porcelain and stir with a wooden spoon. A metal destroys the bright color of the berries. The cranberry tart can be made of this, with strips of puff-paste laid across forming a diamond. It should be thick and the cranberry should be strained.



Art Needlework

THE most popular lace work to-day is the Battenberg. It is preferred for its strength and service. A novelty, and a very charming one, is to embroider one or two small flowers upon the lace in careless effect.

A charming handkerchief of this lace has a single rosebud, or one or two violets lying lightly with stem upon the linen centre and petals upon the lace. The effect is of a blossom dropped by chance upon the bit of lace.

In such an instance the embroidery is flat, but otherwise the tendency is toward raised embroidery. The jewel work is very popular,

"Couching silk" is a very soft twisted cord of silk used for laying on, to produce raised effects.

Fancy scrim of various colors, with drawn border for insertion of ribbon, is much used for cushions and covers. It may be embroidered in long stitch with a free design, or may be used plain. This material washes well.

Denham is still very popular for art needlework.

A new material is the Algerian cloth—an all linen material, not unlike the denham but much superior to it, and of a silky rich effect.

Another art cloth, used largely in conjunction with the denham, is a soft cream material of canvas strand, but finer and softer than any canvas cloth.

We show a quarter section of a tea cloth made in the newest designs and colors. The centre is of reddish brown denham, the remainder, of the cream art cloth spoken of in the preceding paragraph. The embroidery slightly raised is in long stitch, in terra cotta silks of conventionalized lotus flower design. The border is of terra cotta linen fringe.

The cloth is handsome and not costly, indeed one of the features of the present tea cloth is their inexpensiveness.

Gold tinsel cord is much used to outline the



embroidery design. It gives almost an applique effect.

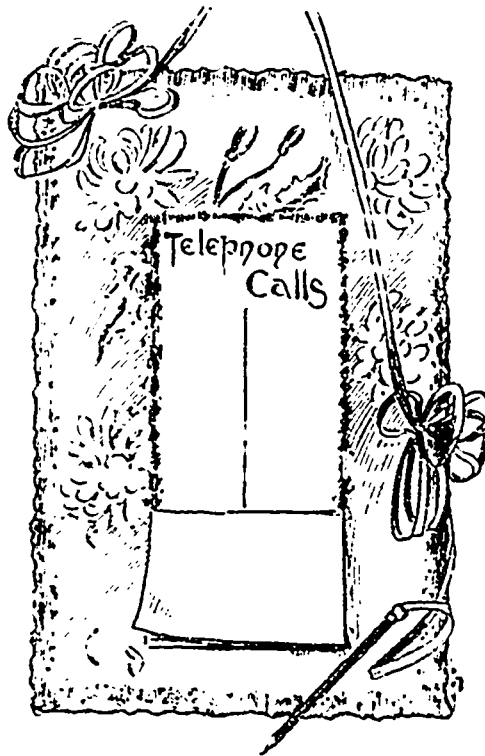
A pretty toilet cover is wrought entirely in couching silk, outlined with the gold tinsel cord. Anything thus worked cannot be washed, of course.

A simple, yet useful novelty is the Telephone Card, which we illustrate.

A card of large calendar size is given with an effective handpainted border around a rectangular centre. The upper half is for the telephone numbers of familiar friends, or numbers often called up. The lower half is fitted with a pad of blank paper for messages.

It is easily made, a pretty ornament, and certainly useful.

A dainty little watch case is made of two pieces of cardboard covered with yellow silk fastened together at the base with loose puff of the silk,



and finished with yellow silk cord. The motto painted on is "You sleep, I watch."

This is intended to be liming at the bedside, within easy reach of the hand; and where bedroom clocks are not tolerated, is both pretty and useful.

Knitted baby jackets are now nearly yoke shaped at the neck. The sleeves also are tiny bishop-shaped affairs.

Children's knitted shirts are also made with yokes.

A lady contributes the following list as the very least supply of house linen a bride needs—that is in a small household consisting of husband, wife, and a single domestic.—

Six pair sheets—three pairs cotton and three pairs linen, twelve linen pillow cases, twelve Huckaback towels, six fine damask towels, six large bath towels, eight toilet covers, two counterpanes, three breakfast cloths, three dinner cloths, two five-o'clock tea cloths, twelve dinner napkins, twelve small breakfast napkins, three sideboard cloths, three tray cloths. For servant's use. Three pairs cotton sheets, four cotton pillow cases, six towels, three toilet covers, one colored counterpane, three kitchen tablecloths, three roller towels, two hearth cloths, twelve glass cloths, twelve kitchen cloths, twelve dusters, four

or five large dusting sheets.

Taking each item in succession, cotton twill sheets are warmest for winter, and linen are undeniably coolest for summer use. Linen pillow-cases are the most comfortable. Huckaback towels are for general use, while fine damask towels are best for the face. Bath towels are more economical when large.



I have mentioned eight toilet covers—always supposing there is a dressing-table and chest of drawers to be covered in both dressing room and bedroom. However, four may be sufficient, if this is not the case.

Separate breakfast and dinner cloths I always advise, as any tea stains will entirely spoil the appearance of the dinner cloth, and the use of a different cloth for the two meals will be found an economy in the end.

A DAINY PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.

One could not have a better reminder of an absent friend than a good photograph, and much as one might wish to have it ever *en evidence*, the wear and tear of time would soon tell upon it, so unless one can have photograph frames for all cherished photographs, it would be advisable to devise some other mode of caring for them. Very useful photograph cases made of leather can always be bought, but a more dainty and inexpensive one could be of home manufacture, if one were willing to spend a little time upon it. Such a one could be made of pink or blue linen, one side of which having the word "Photographs" embroidered upon it in outline stitch with white Japan outline silk, while the other should have a fine spray of flowers or some small flowers scattered about with careless grace, and this should be embroidered with a fine thread of white Japan floss. This embroidered linen should consist of two pieces, eight-and-one-half inches long by five and one-half inches wide, each of which is fastened over a piece of stout card board, having an interlining consisting of a layer or two of cotton batting plentifully sprinkled with rose sachet powder. These two pieces of card board must be covered on the other side also, with plain pink or blue linen, no embroidery being necessary, as it will form the inside of the photograph case, after which they should be fastened together by means of brass rings seven-eighths of an inch in diameter which have been previously covered by crocheting over them white twisted embroidery silk. These rings are first sewn together, and then sewn on each side to the photograph case proper. Pink or blue ribbon (according to the color of the linen chosen) about one inch wide should be drawn loosely through the rings, all the way around the holder, excepting at the top opening, where a separate piece half a yard long should be sewn in the centre of one side, to assist in removing the photographs from the holder.

A very pretty photograph holder could be made as above, substituting white grass bleached Belgian linen for the pink or blue. This should have violets scattered over the outer covering, which should be embroidered in the natural shades of the flower with Spanish floss. Violet sachet powder should be used to sprinkle over the interlining, while violet ribbon should be selected for drawing through the violet crocheted rings. The same idea could be carried out with very good results by using figured china silk, when embroidery could be entirely dispensed with.

KENMORE.



Fig. 2

FEBRUARY is the "between" month. Winter styles are not out, nor spring ones in. Women of moderate means are not usually given to renewing their wardrobes during the few weeks preceding Lent. Consequently there is little to tell that is new in fashion.

But Easter will be late this year, away in mid-April, and winter gowns will want refreshing if not duplicating, if they are to remain presentable during the anti-Lent gayeties.

A fashionable modiste tells us that a late Easter is a boon to her craft. "We shall be called upon for any number of fresh blouses about the first of February," she says. "Or else we shall be devising a score of ways in which to re-trim and garnish the gowns of the early season."

The leading modistes refuse to commit themselves to any definite opinions concerning spring styles. "We shall know in March," they declare. Yet it has been possible to beguile them into a suggestion of probabilities.

The plain skirt is slowly retreating before the foundation skirt and the slightly trimmed skirt. Many of the new spring skirts will be made on silk foundation, with the material gored to fit. For sufficiently slender figures the gathered skirt with yoke about two inches from waist will be in fashion.

"This fashion is pretty for light materials, and will certainly be largely in vogue during the coming summer," asserted a leading modiste, "but now that women have been educated up to the plain skirt, I doubt whether any form of trimmed skirt will remain long in favor."

"You consider the plain skirt an educational advance then?"

"Certainly," she replied. "There is none other so graceful and expressive."

The walking skirt is decidedly short length. Our dressmakers have sent out quite a number of bicycle-length skirts for winter and early spring walking gowns.

Different bicycles demand different lengths of skirt. Some wheels permit a skirt several inches longer than others. The longest measure may be easily and comfortably adopted for the winter walking skirt. Evening skirts are round and just escaping the floor, or with slight train.

As the skirt becomes trimmed the bodice will become plain. This will be a necessary sequence. Therefore, we may look forward to a banishment of the elaborate and richly garnished bodice in the near future.

Again, with the reduction of sleeves, there is coming a revival of hip-padding to make the waist look small. The large sleeve had this effect to an admirable degree. But since that is going and the trimmed and gathered skirt coming in, why there is nothing for it, from an artistic standpoint, than to reduce the bodice to a sweet simplicity, and pad the hips.



Fig. 4.

For all the hygienic and physiological lectures of the woman's to-day, has failed to reconcile her to any appearance of well developed waist.

A reader of this department took me to task last month for saying that bustles were being revived. I must repeat the statement. All the best modistes during the past few months have sent out their skirts with small crescent-shaped pads inserted below the band at the back. This is emphatically the revival of the bustle. Every woman does not require a pad, but in such instances, three small rolls made of horse-hair and set in each godet, sets the dress out nicely at the back.

But in the meantime, and for the present, the bodice beautiful is more beautiful than at any former time. Its glitter of tints and textures, lovely embroideries, beading and laces, are probably its swan song. I have never seen such bewitching high waists as those turned out during the present season. And the bolero, which appears in every variety, has considerably enlarged the scope for artistic results.

Zouave or bolero effects in lace or ribbon and insertion, together with fresh velvet or silk for girdle and collar, will make a worn bodice fresh again, which is desirable in February.



Fig. 1.

Velvet has not moved as rapidly into favor in Canadian cities as it has across the line, where its popularity for wraps, trimmings and skirts is a feature of the season. Nevertheless, not a few velvet gowns have been sent out from our best establishments.

One especially dainty, is of violet velvet with bolero bolero of the velvet edged with narrow clutchilla fur, and bodice front of mousseline de soie sparsely embroidered with small violets.

It is probable that velvet gowns will be la mode next winter.

We are howing some charming bodices this month.

One that especially caught my fancy (Fig. 1) is a blouse, remarkable for its rich simplicity. It is easy to imagine how well it becomes the golden-haired beauty for whom it is intended.

The material is a black moire antique silk, as shimmering as satin. The material is tucked in deep one-and-one quarter inch tucks before it is made up. The tucks run horizontally, front and back, extending half way up the armhole. The plain material above forms a pretty yoke. The bodice is only slightly gathered at the waist in front and back. The sleeves have the tucks from the shoulder down, they become mutton leg below

the elbow, widening at the wrist and shaping over the hand. They are cut up to admit lace garnishing. A jabot of cream lace extends down the front from black velvet crush collar to belt of the same. The belt is finished with a pretty velvet bow. Small rhinestone buttons in groups of threes, with buckles at throat and wrist complete an effect royally rich and simple.

In Fig. 2 we illustrate a graceful bodice of apple-green dresden-striped silk, with bolero formed of lace and narrow black velvet ribbon, with deep falling edge of lace. This bolero is a good suggestion for refurbishing a bodice that is somewhat worn.

Black satin and silk are much in vogue again, both as fitting bodice and blouse. In Fig. 3 we show an effective waist designed for a little matron. The satin is combined with an emerald green. The bodice is close-fitting, and has a narrow-shaped skirt or ripple faced with the green. This little skirt is in two pieces, and shaped in points. It does not meet in front but extends in flat-shaped piece over the hips and meets in points which join and form a full ripple at the centre of the back.

The front has a V of green satin, with large butterfly bow of the satin, lined to set stiffly, extending over the bust below and reaching almost to the waist line.

The bow is covered loosely with a rich honiton lace which is carried over the edge to the inner side and brought down to the waist line in a V, so that both bodice front and bow is covered with the lace. The effect of this arrangement of the lace is difficult to give in illustration.

Three lines of jet beading garnish the yoke V, and extend to the butterfly jet clasp in the bow centre. The bodice edge is finished with jet beading and ornament, and jet trimming depending in loops from a yoke outline, garnish the back. The sleeve is a drooping shoulder puff, and coat-sleeve arm slightly wrinkled.

A lovely little bodice (Fig. 4) hardly finished when I looked at it, is of pale green Dresden silk, with pink flower. The simply gathered front is relieved by crush collar and belt of green mirror velvet; while a zouave effect of mousseline de soie cream lace gives a most delicate finish to the bodice front. This was intended to renew a gown of black crepon so the sleeves and skirt were of the crepon. Otherwise the idea could be carried out charmingly with sleeves of the Dresden silk.

A simple yet pretty little bodice is one designed for a dark-eyed Toronto girl (Fig. 5). The material is an electric blue poplin. The bodice has full front and short rounded bolero pieces. Three rows of narrow black ribbon velvet are vandyked across the front and carried over the bolero to the sleeve seam. The trimming is repeated on the collar and sleeve cuff. It is not new, but certainly a pretty revival.

Here is a suggestion given our pages by one of Toronto's leading modistes for a young girl—one quite up to the season's demands.

A white organdie muslin made over any shade of silk. Cut the muslin skirt the



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.

same shape as the silk foundation, since few can take the full gathered skirt. Tack the muslin to foundation at the lower part of the hem to keep it from sliding.

Make the bodice a baby waist and trim with satin ribbon; having sash to harmonize with loops, and ends coming nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

A design of honiton work appliued on the waist yoke and then cut out showing the silk beneath, is also an additional finish.

* * *

As we stated last month, red is much to the fore for outdoor costumes. The season has been so mild that the fur-trimmed cloth costume has unusual opportunities. We show in Fig. 6 an effective skating or walking costume. The coat is very piquant and graceful. The suit is of dark green cloth. The coat, to which we especially draw attention, is close fitting and single-breasted. It sets in two box plaits at the back. It is effectively garnished with braid, the yoke being well defined, and an especially pretty back effect being given by the braid. Sleeves, collar and front are furnished with a narrow border of Persian lamb. The collar is cut in sections and sets well up at the back, giving a graceful neck.

* * *

Braid promises to be greatly in evidence for spring costumes.

* * *

A second skating suit we show (Fig. 7) is of dark crimson cloth with sable fur border. This, of course, is expensive, but good fur is like good lace—once bought it can be used for many seasons and is practically cheaper than any imitation article.

The corselet belts are growing narrower.

* * *

The crush collar is preferred to the plain one which has been struggling for precedence.



Fig. 6.

The very latest bodices show the soft crush collar with the lace garnishing very full and high at the back, low and flat at the front, yet extending entirely around. The collar front is not left devoid of lace.

* * *

Corselet border of small flowers are pretty fancy for evening dress. They help to freshen an old bodice.

* * *

The pronounced style just now for house dress is the very patrician effect obtained by deep white linen collar and cuffs, the latter turning over and deep also. The tie is short, or simply a loose knotted ribbon bow. Bishop sleeves and plain tailor made bodice harmonize best with these severe yet artistic finishings.

* * *

The mutton-leg sleeve with the flaring cuff is the latest fashion.

* * *

Very elegant and useful things in fashion are the lace collars, collarettes, and various modes of decorating the collar band, which add so much to the appearance of a gown, and a variety of neckwear is shown, all of which is quite up to date. Wired tabs of velvet and satin are set in on the edge of the collar with a lace frill, and loops of ribbon are used in the same way. Bows of velvet ribbon trim another collar of shot silk, and a stock collar of plaid silk, with a narrow linen one folding over the edge, is worn with skirt waists of plain color.

* * *

The woman who possesses a quantity of old lace has a treasure this season, for fashion requires a very lavish use of real lace. Lace we must have, and if we cannot have real there are lovely imitations not to be ignored; Italian point, rose point, Brussels, Honiton, Mechlin, point Anglais, and Flemish laces are all worn.

Lace boleros, and jabots are a prominent feature of gowns in general, whether they are cloth, silk, or velvet, and lace berthas have come into fashion again for evening dresses. A frill of velvet, satin, or chiffon is added underneath to give the shoulders the broad effect, and the lace is caught up with small bunches of artificial flowers, or with rosettes of ribbon.

* * *

Neck ruffs of lace, fur, and feathers are a conspicuous part of millinery this season, and they are vastly becoming as well as necessary to preserve the proportions with the large hats.

* * *

Sashes without loops are being introduced: but two long ends sewn into the waist or falling straight from a belt are not pretty, nor likely to receive large favor.

* * *

The woman who suffers from the plain stiff collar of abnormal height, which dressmakers have been introducing lately as a fashionable demand, will be relieved to know that the crush collar is still in order, and is being put on the most artistic bodices sent out this month.

* * *

Ribbons in plain colors, either satin or taffeta, are a good investment if they chance to be among the bargains, for there is every prospect that they will be very much used in trimming our summer gowns, and two shades of one color are the special fad just at present. It is an easy matter to imagine how effective this harmony of color will be on dainty thin dresses, especially white; and on colored organdies, white ribbon combined with a color will make a pretty variety.

* * *

Among the other suggestions for summer gowns is the fancy for tiny tucks, and those who desire to make up their thin gowns in January can safely make use of this fashion without any fear of getting in too many, especially on the bodice and sleeves, which are both tucked round or up and down loops or otherwise. Groups of three or

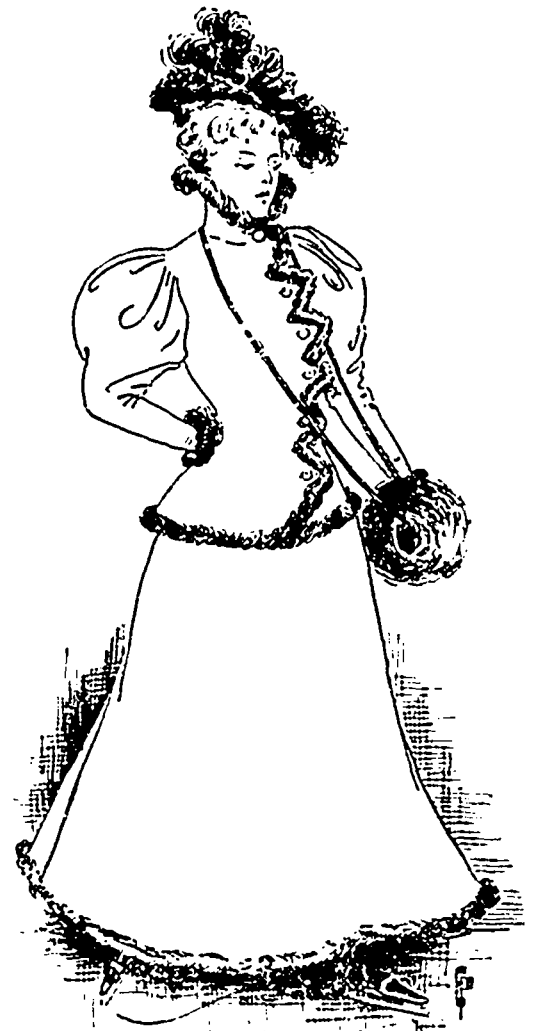


Fig. 7.

five tucks across with a frill of narrow Valenciennes on the edge of one is not a new method of making thin waists; but it is very pretty, and will be good style in the coming season.

* * *

Gray, in its most extreme drab tint, is a fashionable color for cloth gowns this season, but it should be chosen warily, as it is very trying to to any but the pink and white complexion. But this is the season for wearing unbecoming colors—which are often favorite ones—since the elaborate decorations used in the bodice quite overshadow any ill effects which the main color would otherwise produce. So it really does not matter so much what the color of the gown is, for it is the color effect in the combination of trimming that count.

* * *

The new skirts are works of art in the perfection of fit which is required to bring them up to date, the godets are still there, on a much smaller scale, and very carefully fastened with elastic to keep them in place. The fullness is drawn well to the back with very little flare at the side, and the fit over the hips should be perfect. A crinoline facing is sometimes put in between the lining and the outside, but the absence of any stiff underlining even at the bottom is a feature of some of the latest gowns, which of course are lined throughout with crisp taffeta silk and worn over a taffeta petticoat with many ruffles. With cambric linings a crinoline or haircloth facing is almost a necessity to make the skirt look firm and well finished at the bottom.

* * *

Braiding is perhaps the most popular skirt trimming for cloth gowns, and it is put in graduated widths and wavy lines from the hem to the knee, and in various scroll designs, pointing down from the waist or up from the bottom in different lengths.

MADAM.



Alexander Muir.

By FaithFent on.

SOME day his voice will be silent and the genial face will be missing from our midst; his place shall know him no more—then, as is the way of all men, we shall rightly estimate the measure of his work.

Nay, hardly so soon. Twenty, forty, fifty years to come, when Canada stands in the foremost rank of the nations, and the strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever" shall ring out from the jubilant voices of millions of fresh young sons

and daughters—then there will be a few white-haired and bowed mayhap, who, searching back through the years, shall proudly relate their personal memories of the author of Canada's national song.

To-day he is a familiar figure in our city streets, and we pass him with careless if kindly recognition, to-morrow, mayhap, we shall treasure his lightest remembered word; while in a jubilee of years we shall leave his portrait or autograph as a valued heirloom to our children. Is it not so?

Let us talk in a homely way about him, giving just a brief pen picture of the man who has a right to be prouder than a premier, since he has written Canada's song of songs—the song of the nation.

It is the afternoon of a clear January day, as we mount the steps of Gladstone Avenue School—one of the large public schools of Toronto—and opening a door find ourselves in a room full of young people of both sexes. They are accustomed to visitors evidently, for they continue busy at work, and take little notice of our intrusion. At the top of the room stands a tall sturdy and most genial old gentleman, who smiles at us benevolently, and as he extends his hands in hearty English greeting, we realize that we are face to face with the author of "The Maple Leaf."

'Old,' we have said, yet the word is restricted. The genial face is old only as Mr. Pickwick's might have been. The head is large and round. The lightly silvered hair curls in whimsical little rings, which roll well back from a benevolent forehead—time has compelled their retreat but they mean to be merry over it. The blue eyes and bushy brows, the ruddy, plump, jolly, clean-shaven face, the merry smile about the mouth, and a pair of spectacles that are frequently pushed half way up the forehead, all go to make a jovial Pickwickian ensemble. Only—a big "only" this—Mr. Muir is Scotch by birth, Canadian by adoption, and English alone in big-heartedness and intense Imperial sentiment.

As for age in years, he tells us presently, in the course of our chat, that he was brought to Canada "a baby in arms," in 1834. But the sonorous voice, sturdy physique and ruddy visage declare a most hale sixty-two.

It is four o'clock and the pupils are ready to go home, but they remain a little to sing a few songs for us. "The Maple Leaf Forever" first, then "Canada Forever," Mr. Muir's latest production, and "Canada, Land of the Maple Tree," a spirited and melodious patriotic song, which is, perhaps, not as well-known as it should be. This last song is markedly Imperial in sentiment, and is in marked harmony with the present trend of Canadian feeling.

The chorus runs thus:

We're Britons born, are Britons still,
And Britons aye shall be,
The Union Jack, the flag we love,
Shall guard our Maple tree.

And herein lies a pretty association. A first copy of the song was sent to Sir John A. Macdonald, who replied in his kindly way that the refrain should become his life motto.

A few months afterwards the great statesman died; but not until, in that last election campaign, he had made the words suggested by Mr. Muir's second song forever memorable in Canada's history.

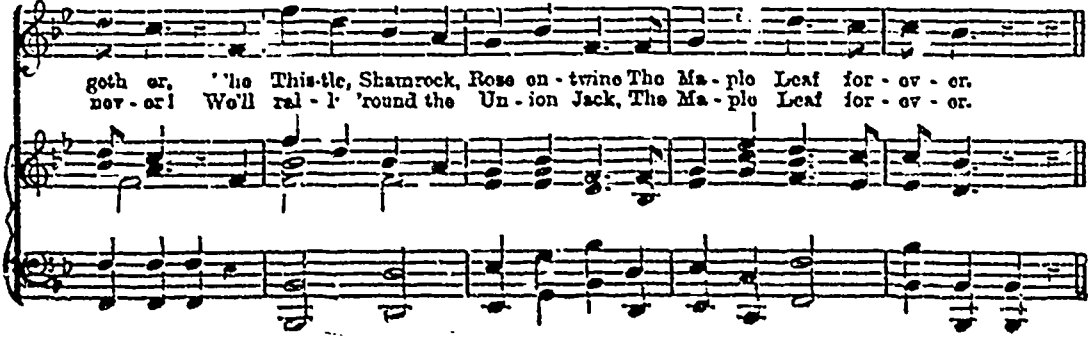
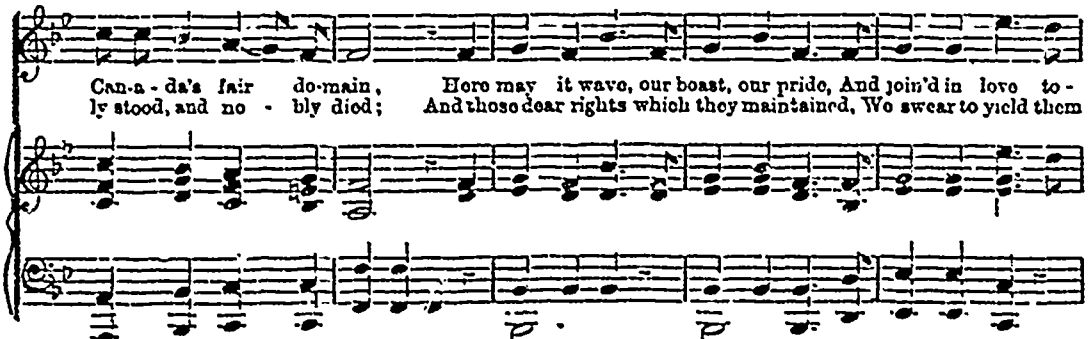
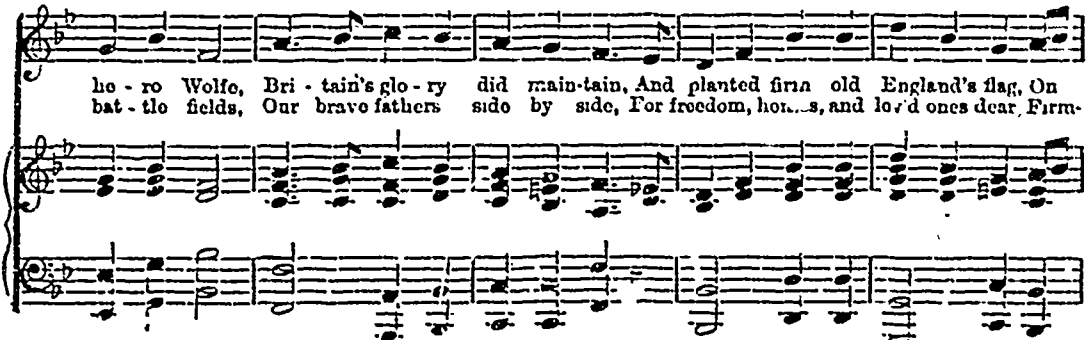
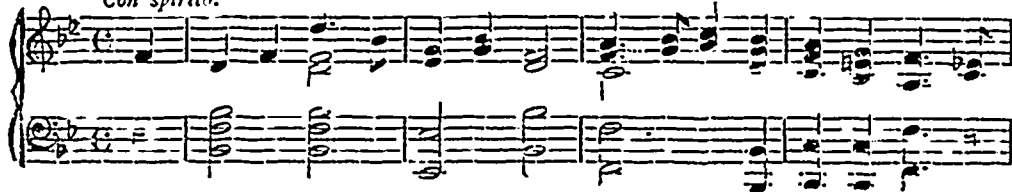
The Maple Leaf, Our Emblem Dear.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF CANADA.

Words and Music by ALEX. MUIR, J.A.

Con spirito.



thus by two most notable incidents Mr. Muir stands our chief of patriot poets.

It is worth while to sit for a little season in the school room, and watch the boys and girls in their early teens singing heartily and proudly the songs written by their master and teacher. He leads them himself, with tuning fork and a few sonorous opening notes, and as they sing he keeps time with his hand, sometimes accentuating with a beat of the foot.

The entire absence of pomposity, the simple directness of manner, the frank delight and pleasure in his songs and their success, the absence of a false pride, the presence of a very true and delightful one, the pleasedness, the cheerful con-

tent, the jollity and a great soft-heartedness, which we of harder natures cannot understand, and for which he is constantly apologizing in half shame-faced way—make the author of Canada's national song a man to be both smiled at and loved.

For it is a great thing to have written a nation's one song, something to be proud of beyond words. Yet this dear author is only pleased and full of wonder that his country should thus have accepted it.

He has made no profit out of its enormous sale, indeed, he was beguiled into paying thirty dollars for a first publication, and he has received no return beyond a trifle.

It seems - it is—an absurd fact, but Canada's national song has cost its author exactly twenty-six dollars, chiefly, perhaps, because he has been poet, patriot, philanthropist—what you will—but not a keen business man.

Probably though, in the years to come, Canadians will hold him in higher reverence because of it. He is not the first singer of a nation's songs who has gone unrewarded in material ways.

The young people were dismissed presently, and passed out with courteous adieux. Mr. Muir's pupils are noticeably well trained in courtesy, and in the larger factor in good citizenship, patriotism; then, while the twilight gathered, we sat chatting in the vacant school room.

The genial poet-patriot spoke of his visit to Halifax in ninety-five, and of his surprise at his warm welcome there, of a later visit, made last August to Quebec, and his vivid impressions of the dear old city.

"I had never seen Quebec before," he said, "and we stood, a party of French and English-Canadians, about Wolfe's Monument and sang the national anthem, and then 'The Maple Leaf.' They made me make a speech, and I shall remember always how thrilling that scene and moment were to me. It had been one of my life dreams to some day stand upon the Plains of Abraham, and at last it was fulfilled."

Mr. Muir is especially pleased with the knowledge that our French confederates have accepted the song, and that it has been translated into their language. Only a few months ago, a party of French gentlemen from Quebec, coming up to Toronto on business, sang 'The Maple Leaf,' when by chance they met Mr. Muir, while one, Mr. Eric Dorion, fastened a tiny maple leaf in enamel a gold, upon the lapel of the author's coat.

He wears that little gift always and values it beyond words, because it came from our French brethren.

He told us also how the song came to be written, a familiar tale to many, yet worth repeating.

In October, 1867, Mr. Muir was walking with a friend in Leslie's nursery, Toronto. The crimson maple leaves were fluttering earthward in the gentle wind of a golden autumn day. One little leaf lodged upon his coat sleeve. He shook it lightly off, as he imagined, but presently found it still clinging to the cloth. Mr. Muir, smiling, drew his friend's attention to the little leaf's tenacity, and as he lifted it from his sleeve the latter said: "Why not write a song about the maple leaf?"

In less than two hours the poem was completed. On the following day, when playing with his children he repeated to them the verses he had written. His wife suggested that he should set them to music, and he did so.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since that October day when those two men walked beneath the maples, and to-day Mr. Muir is famous, while his song voices the united patriotic impulse of the Canadian people.

On mountain heights, over rolling prairies and down by the sea, in English, French and German tongue, from ocean to ocean of Canadian soil, and heart to heart of Canada's birth-children, the song is lifted. Nay, further: in foreign lands, great cities and places of lonely exile, in far-off Hong Kong, in dusty Johannesburg, in the midway Pacific Isles, wherever and whenever Canadians gather together, that song swells up, sometimes with sobs, sometimes with happy smile, but always with heartsome cry, "The Maple Leaf Forever!"

The twilight deepened, the genial face of the famous author shone through the gloom, and talk and sentiment were abruptly routed by the whisk of the janitor's brushes.

FAITH FENTON.

1ST TENOR.

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God

2ND TENOR.

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God

BASS.

save our Queen, and hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

save our Queen, and hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

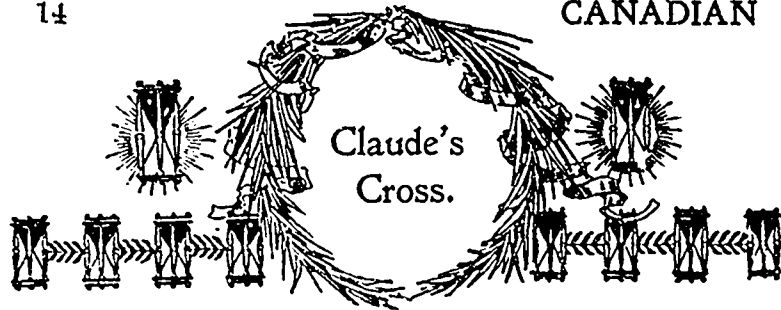
3. In Autumn time our emblem dear
Dons its tints of crimson hue;
Our blood would dye it deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred rights our fathers won,
To foemen we deliver,
We'll fighting die, our battle cry,
"The Maple Leaf for ever!"

CHORUS.

4. God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign;
Our Union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS.

5. On Merry England's far famed land;
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland overmore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
"Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!



By Maud Tisdale.

CLAUDE was just six years old when he first started out to look for the Cross. The others had begun life at the early age of four, but Claude was the baby, so perhaps was somewhat spoiled.

Dick was the oldest, and had married a scavenger's daughter, whose father had taken him as partner in his profession. Then there followed half a dozen girls of all ages and sizes. Three of them had died; the other three were drifting in vice and crime. Claude brought up the rear.

Claude's mother took in washing and his father carted around the clothes. Every pay-day both parents went off on a drunk which generally lasted till the next one; so Claude, the baby, was left pretty much to his own devices; but he was quite happy and contented as long as he had a crust to chew, and enough water to stir up the sand along the roadside for mud pies. Once, for that purpose, he took a pint of beer which his father had set aside for his dinner, but as that was a sad episode in his baby life, we will say nothing more about it.

It was one day when he was making mud-pies that a lady passing spoke to Claude. There never was such a lady, "all pink and white," as afterwards told the "old woman," his mother. The lady was a Sunday school teacher, and finally with the help of a shining big penny induced Claude to come the next Sunday to the school that was just around the corner. She said something about him dropping his penny in the plate when it was passed around—that is, if he wanted to. Claude didn't want to; but the next Sunday he started off for the school.

He liked it, so went again.

The pink-and-white lady told him "s'ange stories:—about a boy who wouldn't swear, nor tell lies, nor steal, nor punch other fellow's heads, and always took a shine to low down codgers; and when he grew to be a Man went around liftin' crosses from folks and carryin' them, until one day he was 'rested—was made to carry a big Cross for himself, and then was hung on it. But after, he went away to a fine place where he's King now and wears a crown. Also how he, Claude, must find and carry a cross for himself, then some day he'd have a crown too.

That was how Claude told the Sunday-school story to the old woman.

Claude went to Sunday-school for three Sundays in succession, then he guessed he knew all the pink and white lady knew, so started off one morning to look for his Cross. He didn't have much to begin with,—two marbles a spool-top, and a knife with a broken blade.

When he came home at the close of the first day, his mother asked him if he had found the Cross. He hadn't, he said, as he shook his queer little head, but added quickly that he had found "nough fer the hinge."

The "hinge" consisted of five marbles, a big glass alley, and a knife with a whole blade; there was a crack in the handle though.

You see as Claude went to Sunday-school only three times he had some very confused ideas about the Cross.

His little six year old head was both imaginative and shrewd; and he wove some strange fancies about the story which he had learned so imperfectly. He wouldn't have been surprised to have found a cross in some out of the way corner waiting to be carried to Calvary. Yet he

hardly expected his own cross to come to him at once. He imagined rather that he must make it, finding the material when and as he could, so the more he gained in barter out of the other boys, the nearer he drew to the object of his desire.

His religious teaching at home had certainly been very lax, indeed, the old woman had never before heard the story of the Cross; but she used to sing hymns when she was drunk.

These hymns Claude never forgot and even remembered his mother with a certain sort of affection for trilling them. He used to sing them on the street; perhaps that was why he sold his papers so much quicker than his pals did theirs. He had a really sweet voice and the most wonderful eyes,—deep blue and of a lovely shining that yet held a sparkle. And that sparkle lit them into a blaze in moments of excitement. Again his face never lost its innocence, even when he poured upon some offender a whole volley of street language. He didn't think the street language wicked—you see he was brought up to it. Then Claude's hair was very fair and wavy—that yellow hair that almost every baby has, but which so soon darkens. His hair never changed; and his eyes changed only once. We will come



to that. He used to play "gully, gully—how many?" and he never lost a marble. Perhaps he had a way of doing it. When his pockets were full to overflowing he sold his marbles, and with the pennies bought a broom. Finally he became a full-fledged crossing sweeper and the most popular boy on the street.

Yet never for a day even, did Claude lose sight of the Cross. He was always collecting for it—parts of the whole. In his quiet little way he would at times make a confidant of the old woman, telling her of the many rusty nails he had found for it, which he meant to polish some day. He didn't always go home to the old woman now; he rather preferred loafing around with other boys, spending his nights in funny out-of-the-way corners and lanes; since there wasn't much attraction for him at home. Still, whenever he had anything new to tell about the Cross he would always let his mother know. He thought somehow that she was interested in it. Perhaps she was in some durable way.

CHAPTER II.

The years has passed and Claude was eighteen. No miracle of good fortune had been wrought in

his life. He had grown up amid his sorry surroundings, a fair faced lad, imaginative as of old, passionate in temper, but kind and strangely pure in heart, and still the favorite of his vicinity.

His childish idea concerning the Cross had vanished with the years, of course. The rusty nails, hinges and bits of wood were gone. Yet there remained a vague reverence, almost a superstition about the word. He saw shining crosses on church spires. Once a florist employed him to carry a box to a house, Claude watched him pack the box, and it held a cross made of white flowers. There was a picture too—Claude saw it several times in shop windows,—of a woman holding on to a cross, in the midst of darkness and stormy water. He liked that picture, and wondered a great deal about it. Manhood was stirring in the boy, and that cross with its clinging figure had an attraction for him. But he never said anything about it—that is to anyone but the old woman, who sometimes used to joke him in maudlin way, yet always listened. Claude's father had been dead for several years, so his mother had more money for her own use, and consequently more drunks.

It was three months since he had seen his mother, so one day he went home to her.

"Hello, old woman," said Claude.

"Got that there cross yet?" asked the old woman.

"No, but I've found the side-piece," said Claude.

The old woman was tipsier than ever and she began the harsh croon

"O, Cross I'll cling to thee
I'll cling to thee
I'll cling to thee
O, Cross I'll cling to thee."

She sang it over and over.

"Isn't them words nice Claude?" she said at last, turning her pale drawn face and expressionless blood-shot eyes towards her son.

"Yes, they be, old woman; and that's the piece I've found—the clingin' piece; an' I say, old woman, she's a beauty."

The clinging piece of Claude's cross was Nellie.

Now Nellie was one of the wickedest little street-arabs in the whole city, yet Claude thought her an angel. He had never had much to do with girls in his own rank of life. He didn't care for them as a rule; they were noisy and rough, and they laughed at Claude, and preferred a bolder type of admirer.

Nellie's father was quite a respectable rag vendor, while her mother was a highly respectable char-woman. Thus Nellie had every advantage for a girl of her class. She was sent to a Sunday-school regularly for years; she had attended day school for several months. She could even write her own name, and might have been anything almost—that is, she might have been a char-woman like her mother, or else a factory-girl; or she might have learnt to sew and been a "lady."

But Nellie said she didn't want to be a lady, nor a factory girl, nor a char-woman; all she wanted was to be her own mistress, and walk the streets, and "sass" the policemen; and this she did to perfection. Nellie also enjoyed notoriety which she found several times in the police court.

She was a pretty girl and remarkably clean. Her eyes were black;





her hair was long and straight and black, and her cheeks and lips were scarlet. She never allowed her face to be dirty, perhaps because she knew it was pretty and that dirt marred it. Her clothes were always in rags, but the rags were clean.

Poor little Nellie! She was clean and she was pretty, but there, alas! her virtues came to an end. She was a thief, and the man she stole from chiefly was a

benefactor of her father's. It was he who bought the vendor's rags, giving him always a few cents more than they were worth. He was a little man, old and white-haired, with a heart full of pity for every poor unfortunate. He kept a second-hand clothes shop; also he sold little trinkets, such as hair pins, plated brooches and rings, and celluloid bracelets. It was these—the hair pins and the bracelets—that Nellie's soul craved, not for her own adornment but to sell to school children on the streets, and the money she got for them she hid faithfully away in a battered mustard-tin that stood on a corner-shelf in the kitchen. This money she was hoarding for a very felicitous event, for Nellie was going to be married, and as Ted, her young man, at the present period of this history, was stowed comfortably away in some gaol, Nellie had to do the furnishing of the shanty, and she was agreeable.

It was at this interesting period of Nellie's career that she first met Claude, and from the moment Claude saw her and her beauty she was to him the one woman of his heart.

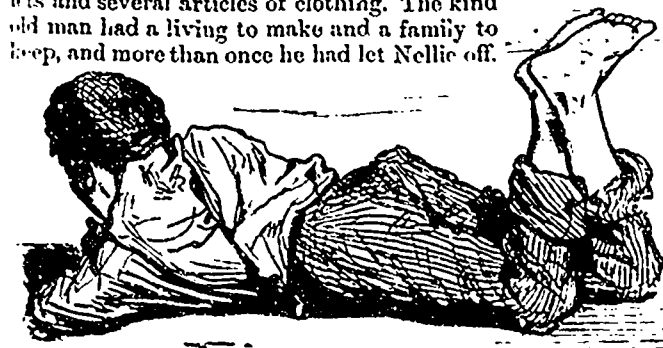
Claude was good. Everything in his life was against him. He was born of drunken parents. Dick's reputation was more than shady, that of his sister was still worse—and certainly the street is not conducive to a good moral training.

But Claude was good, he hadn't one vice, and had but one fault, and that was his temper. It was sudden and blinding as a flash of lightning, but there was never any thunder afterwards. All was over with the flash.

Once a little girl on the street stuck out her tongue at him. He was singing a hymn about the Cross at the time. He stopped, turned around quickly, and without a moment's warning struck the girl a sound blow on her ear. The instant he struck her he was sorry and tried to make friends. He said he was not angry because she stuck out her tongue at him, but because she did it when he was singing about the Cross. Then with all his spare coppers he bought the girl a hood, a warm scarlet one. It was in the winter time. He chose scarlet because of Nellie's cheeks and lips. After that the little girl and Claude were firm friends.

CHAPTER III.

Nellie was at her old tricks again. She couldn't resist a package of hair pins, a pair of red bracelets and several articles of clothing. The kind old man had a living to make and a family to keep, and more than once he had let Nellie off.



Her parents were respectable, he said, and for their sake, as well as her own, he tried to overlook the girl's wrongdoings. But this was the last straw—if she hadn't touched the clothing the old man would have once more washed the matter up. Then other people came to lodge complaints against Nellie. She was arrested and had to appear in court. But the old man was the chief witness in the case.

His voice wavered and trembled, and tears were in his eyes as he spoke against the girl.

It was the first time Claude was ever in a police-court, the place never had any fascination for him as it had for the other boys.

Nellie was quickly disposed of—a three months sentence. Then the girl was led away.

It was that—the three months—that cut like a knife into Claude's heart, it turned his blood to fire, his breath came quickly and his eyes dilated. All the lovely soft shining was lost in a blaze. They were wonderful to look upon, but at that moment they were the eyes of a madman.

His Nellie, his beautiful Nellie, Nellie who brought the Cross so much nearer to him, Nellie



drooping and fading away like some fair blossom in a prison cell; his innocent Nellie! Claude raved. You see he believed in her, believed with all his strength, and heart and soul—for such is love!

Claude did not know that Nellie had a lover other than himself; he never dreamed that Nellie laughed at him, and at his Cross and his odd ways, when in disreputable places with her companions. He never guessed this, and perhaps it was well.

He was still sitting in his seat, and scarcely noticed the people moving and talking around him; until mechanically he raised his eyes, where they rested on the little old man, who, with his white head bowed, was passing out into the street. Then he arose and followed, blinded by his mad passion.

On the roadside was a stone—not such a very large one, but it was an ugly-looking thing, with several sharp juts in it. Claude's hand trembled as he stooped to pick up the stone; but it faltered only for an instant. His aim was sure, and the stone struck the old man on the temple. He was an old man, and the stone was ugly, and the temple is a frail spot. He fell heavily to the ground, and never recovered consciousness. At nightfall he was

dead. Claude was soon surrounded, he didn't protest nor declare his innocence, as others would have done, for his passion had suddenly subsided, but he quietly allowed himself to be handcuffed and taken away.



Remember, it was not Claude in his right senses who killed the man. Our Claude—the Claude of the Cross—would not knowingly hurt the lowest of God's creatures—not because he knew much about God, but because he had a heart of kindness, and because he was good.

He was sentenced to be hanged. He paled a little when he heard it first, but that was all.

The prison days went by neither slow nor swift, but in vague unreality.

Claude drooped and paled in the close confinement of his prison cell, but the shining had returned to his deep blue eyes. He spoke and looked like one in a dream. The gaoler, who loved him, hoped that he would die before the awful day would dawn, and it seemed for a while that he would—then he rallied, and the day broke.

They were erecting the gallows, and Claude could hear the sounds of the hammering. He dragged himself across to the little window and peered out between the bars. The gaoler tried to draw him back, it was a gruesome sight for anyone.

With his fevered vision he caught just a glimpse of the wooden structure. Then he threw his head back and clasped his hands together. The gaoler stooped over him and heard his whisperings.

"The Cross! The Cross!"

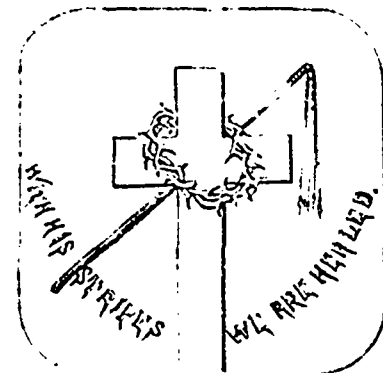
Nellie had been out of gaol for some months, so had found time, with the help of the mustard-tin, to stock her shanty. On the first of October she was to be married; and on the first of October—poor Claude!

The day came around, and after the wedding they had a little celebration—that is to say, Ted got drunk, and Nellie was in the same condition as Ted. Nellie was sitting on a stool, and Ted was lying on the floor with his head in Nellie's lap, and his feet perched upon a chair in front of him. They were both singing—hymns perhaps. People sing hymns when they are drunk, somehow.

Someone pushed open the door, and threw a piece of paper in the girl's lap. She picked it up and looked at it. There was writing on it. She didn't quite understand it at first. After a while it was clear, and then she laughed and held the paper that Ted might read it also.

There were only a few words:

"Good bye, Nellie. I've found the Cross. CLAUDE."





* * Edited by THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN * * *

NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

THE EXECUTIVE Committee of the National Council of Women opened their year's work with an important meeting at Ottawa on January 15th. Official communications will be addressed to the Presidents of Local Councils and National Societies concerning the conclusion arrived at. In addition to this, those Councils who could not be personally represented will receive a description of the meeting from the ladies who kindly undertook to act as their substitutes. The following is a list of the ladies who were present:

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, President; Madame Laurier, Lady Thompson, Vice-Presidents; Lady Caron, Madame Forget, Provincial Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. C. Scott, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Hoodless, Treasurer.

Local Councils.—Toronto, Miss Mowat; Hamilton, Mrs. Sanford; Montreal, Mrs. Geo. Drummond; Ottawa, Lady Ritchie; London, Mrs. S. E. Dawson; Winnipeg, Mrs. Bronson; Quebec, Lady Joly de Lotbiniere; Kingston, Mrs. Asa Gordon; St. John, Mrs. Blair. Halifax, Mrs. or Miss Borden; Yarmouth, Mrs. Thorburn, West Algoma, Mrs. Robertson; Victoria, Miss Scott; Vancouver, Mrs. Major; East Kootenay, Mrs. Griffin; Regina, Mrs. Maclean; Vernon, Mrs. Hewett; Calgary, Mrs. R. W. Scott; Brandon, Mrs. Sifton; Rat Portage, Mrs. F. Macdougall.

Nationally Organized Societies.—Women's Art Association, Mrs. Saunders; Girls' Friendly Society of Canada, Mrs. Tilton; Women's Enfranchisement Association, Mrs. O. C. Edwards; Dominion Order of the King's Daughters, Mrs. Ami, The Aberdeen Association, Mrs. Lake (morning), Miss Scarth (afternoon).

MISS MOWAT was unfortunately prevented from being present to represent Toronto by indisposition and at the last moment Mrs. Blair, who was to have represented St. John, was also called away. Mrs. Saunders, of the Art Association, was also unavoidably detained. It will be noticed that on this occasion there was in most cases a local connection between the substitutes and the districts they represented, which was found to be a very advantageous circumstance. This is one of the reasons which disposes the majority of the Executive to think that in future the meetings of the Executive had better take place at Ottawa, where ladies having local connections with all parts of the Dominion can be more easily found than elsewhere.

THREE decisions of moment were arrived at, and the first of these was embodied in a resolution appointing a Sub-Committee to consider the best plan of worthily commemorating the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. It was unanimously decided that an address should be prepared for presentation to the Queen, but, in addition to this, it was felt that it would be in consonance with the expressed wishes of Her Majesty, if this memorable year could be associated with the inauguration of an order of trained devoted women, who should be specially prepared for ministering to the needs of the sick and suffering in the isolated and sparsely settled districts of Canada. Much careful consideration will be needed to evolve a practical plan to meet the object in view, and the Local Councils will be asked to give their most earnest attention to the subject. All are agreed that the need for some such scheme is great; and if it can be carried out in connection with the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, it would most fittingly be remembered as one more gracious influence of blessing emanating from the beneficent reign of Queen Victoria.

THE Sub-Committee to consider the subject consists of the officers (ex-officio) and of Mrs. Drummond, Madame Forget (Regina), Mrs. Bronson, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Sifton.

THE second resolution was arrived at after reading a letter of Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere to the Executive representing the terrible sufferings of our fellow-subjects in India from famine and plague, and asking if the National Council of Women of Canada would not bear its part in endeavoring to collect funds to relieve the distress arising from failure of crops, from which failure the people of Canada have in some measure profited.

It was resolved to ask Local Councils to request ministers of all denominations to set apart a collection for this object, and in addition to issue an appeal through the newspapers, if the Local Councils approve of this course.

THE third decision was the convening of a Conference of the Local Councils of Ontario, to consider the advisability of petitioning the Provincial Government to make certain amendments to the Act regulating shop employees, which will extend to workers in shops and houses of protection given to factory-workers. A report on the subject was submitted by the Toronto Local Council to the Executive, dealing with various alterations in the law which were recommended, and asking for a Con-

ference of the Local Councils of Ontario on as early a date as possible, so that a petition might be sent to the Provincial Legislature when the session meets on February 11th.

THE Executive, being of opinion that the alterations recommended were in harmony with the opinions expressed at the last meeting of the National Council, decided to adopt the recommendation that a Conference be convened, and commissioned their secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, to write to the Vice-President for Ontario, Mrs. Frank Gibbs, requesting her to convene the Conference and to acquaint the Ontario Councils of its objects, and asking such to appoint two delegates to attend. The place of meeting is to be at Toronto, and the Local Council of that city will make all necessary arrangements and communicate these to the Local Councils at an early date. Another subject for discussion will be brought forward at this Conference by the London Local Council, who desire to see another method adopted in the election of women to boards of school trustees. The conclusions of the Conference on this subject will be reported to the Executive at their next meeting.

WHILE speaking of this subject, we desire to record our great regret at the failure of the women candidates for the board of school trustees of London by just one vote. We feel confident that many, many ratepayers will deeply deplore this result.

RAT PORTAGE LOCAL COUNCIL.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen having accepted invitation of the Rat Portage Women's Council, on Tuesday, December 15th, paid Rat Portage a visit. They were met at the station by the officers of the Council, and others of the Reception Committee.

Carriages were in waiting, and according to a pre-arranged programme, their Excellencies, their daughter the Lady Marjorie, their little son, and Captain Sinclair, accompanied by the officers of the Council, the Reception Committee, and the Mayor of Rat Portage, were driven to St. Joseph's Academy, Tunnel Island, where they were most loyally welcomed by the nuns and young lady boarders.

This convent is in charge of the "Faithful Companions of Jesus" a community of recent establishment in this country, but who rank high in Great Britain, and on the Continent as teachers even of the daughters of noble and of royal houses.

Luncheon was served in the pleasant study hall of the convent, after which the distinguished party were conducted to the salon, where the young ladies presented an address to Lord and Lady Aberdeen, followed by a Convent Musicales.

His Excellency's reply to the address had in it the cordial encouragement, the unmistakable kindness of a voice heard "on a bright May morning long ago" when, on a similar occasion, Lord Dufferin, his eyes moist with tears, thanked the pupils of a certain Montreal academy for that most pathetic song, his own mother's composition.

From the academy their Excellencies were driven to the Music Hall, where all the school children of the town were gathered—their parents with them—to hear her Excellency, who had been requested to speak on "Band of Mercy" work.

Lady Aberdeen's discourse upon the claims of dumb animals, their worth, their helplessness, their affection to mankind, their capacity to

and their affliction in noble bosoms, and their gratitude to the merciful, was deeply convincing.

Her Excellency cited many historical instances in support of her argument, and among them that of Alexander the Great and his steed Bucephalus. Her Excellency kindly rendered a few remarks on the same subject, accompanied by some very practical hints to "the small boy," bespoke for the children a school holiday, and then requesting the boys to do their best, as leader guided them in the giving of "three hearty British cheers"! Her Excellency will have concluded that the climate of Rat Portage is to an extreme degree, conducive to lung power!

Mrs McKay, president of the Council, and Mr Barnes, Mayor of the town, on behalf of the Council, the children, and the citizens generally, first welcomed, and later thanked their Excellencies for the good done us by their visit to Rat Portage.

His Excellency and members of the Vice-Regal party left the hall before the special session of the Executive Committee of the R. P. Women's Council at which her Excellency presided.

The "Band of Mercy" audience having given place, her Excellency as president of the National Council of Women of Canada, took in review the various subjects embraced in the verbatim report of the last General Council, held at Montreal.

Her Excellency's general and particular treatment of the various subjects evolved always this desideratum—the sympathy of womankind for each other, the assisting of our sisters to appreciate the possibilities of life, and our aiding one another to become helpful and efficient daughters, wives, mothers, and members of society.

Her Excellency with much interest entered with us into the discussion of local questions viz:—The building and endowing of the Rat Portage General Hospital,—with suggestions as to making our womanly usefulness practicable; the advisability of sending capable, all-round women, the middle-aged or widows, to the settlements outlying Rat Portage, where upon general requirements they might obviate the necessity of doctors and of regularly trained nurses. The urgency of reading circles which would be instructive to all, and with self-sacrificing effort on the part of some would reach and benefit the very busy wives and mothers.

Her Excellency touched upon a world wide necessity, that of women doing more book reading, so as to become more companionable to their husbands.

When her Excellency referred to the approaching Jubilee Year of Her Majesty the Queen, and to the opportunities afforded thereby to the women of Rat Portage, as to those of other places, to testify their appreciation and gratitude by way of memorial, every heart beat in ready response to the suggestion, coming as it were from a true daughter of our gracious, motherly, noble-minded, Grand Old Queen!

Her Excellency, after bestowing upon us hours of weary mental and physical effort, with best wishes bade us "good-bye."

A. POBINSON,

Cor. Sec. R. P. W. C.

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VICTORIA LOCAL COUNCIL.

The members of the Victoria Local Council during the month of November, looked eagerly forward to the promised visit of Her Excellency, Lady Aberdeen, anticipating fresh inspiration and instruction from our leader. Nor were we doomed to disappointment for the result far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

It is almost needless to write that we received Her Excellency with great enthusiasm, and that the crowded audience that assembled listened with the deepest attention to the address given by Her Excellency.

Want of space forbids my giving the address in detail, but our local papers published the same in full. Sufficient to state that the work of the Women's Council was so clearly set forth that many who had heretofore had, no sympathy with the Women's Council were led to completely change their opinion, and declare that their aims and objects were noble and could not fail to prove a blessing to humanity. At the close of the meeting in moving and supporting a vote of thanks to Her Excellency, his Lordship Bishop Perrin, the Mayor and Rev. Dr. Campbell, paid glowing tribute to the energy and zeal of our noble and exalted leader. On the afternoon of the following day the Executive of Victoria Council together with representatives from Vancouver and Vernon—by the kind invitation of Miss Perrin, of Bishop's Close—met Her Excellency in conference, as a result of which committees were appointed to secure suitable accommodation for the insane while awaiting medical advice, and one in regard to police matrons. Many valuable suggestions were made by Her Excellency, and much useful information given. All present felt that it had been "good to be there," and felt the elevating influence of Her Excellency's presence and example. At the close a very pleasant time was spent over the ever refreshing tea and coffee, hospitably dispensed by Miss Perrin (than whom Victoria Local Council does not possess a more energetic worker.) All felt that the hour of parting had come to soon, but we consoled ourselves in the secret recesses of our hearts, with the hope that this would not be Her Excellency's final visit to Victoria.

I had almost forgotten to mention what to us is one of the most important features of our work, viz:—The Friendly Help Association. In the morning of the first day Her Excellency visited the rooms of the Association—meeting with the ladies who have charge of this most useful and helpful part of our work. The rooms two in number are in the market building, and placed at one disposal by the Mayor of the city—who in every way renders assistance to the ladies. One of the members has drawn a plan of the city, indicating by colored lines the different districts appertaining to the lady visitors—these are regularly visited, and in this way all needy cases are brought under the notice of the Association.

Her Excellency evinced the deepest interest, in every detail, and in the course of the evening address spoke in the highest terms of commendation of the work of what is commonly known here as the Friendly Help.

BRITISH COLUMBIA REPORT OF FIRST PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE.

By a Vancouver Delegate.

In connection with the first Provincial Conference of the Council of Women of British Columbia held at Victoria on Friday and Saturday, December 27th and 28th, Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, president of the National Council of Women of Canada, addressed a largely attended public meeting, full particulars of which have already appeared in several local papers.

On Saturday afternoon at two o'clock the Conference was held at Bishop's Close. Her Excellency, Lady Aberdeen, being present an address of welcome on behalf of the Victoria Council was read by Mrs. Scaife, who was good enough to also include the delegates Mrs. Cochrane of Vernon and myself, in her kindly words of greeting, and regretted that other delegates were unable to attend.

On motion of Miss Perrin, Provincial Vice-President of the National Council, Her Excellency consented to preside. The meeting then opened in the usual way, with silent prayer. A letter was read by Mrs. Baker from Mrs. A. E. B. Davie expressing regret, that owing to illness she was unable to attend the Conference and asking the Women's Council to take steps in the matter of urging upon the authorities the necessity of pro-

viding proper accommodation for the insane, pending their removal to the Provincial Asylum. She also called attention to the importance of registering their names on the voter's list, and urged them to use their franchise in the coming civic elections.

The following resolution was moved and carried:—"That, whereas the National Council of Women of Canada at their last annual meeting decided to take steps in the matter of the treatment of the insane, and whereas the necessity of taking immediate action in this matter has been forcibly brought to our notice through recent events in this city; therefore be it resolved that this Provincial Conference ask the Local Councils of this Province to appoint sub-committees to draw up a petition to urge upon the proper authorities the necessity of establishing proper accommodations in the various parts of this Province for insane patients pending their removal to the lunatic asylum."

The following committee was appointed to ascertain the best mode of procedure and to draw up a petition; Mrs. Scaife, Miss Perrin and Mrs. Gordon Grant.

In compliance with Lady Aberdeen's request your delegate agreed to ask our Council to form a sub-committee to co-operate with the Victoria Committee, which it is hoped will be done to-day.

It was moved and carried that provision for incurables, and also for the destitute in our Province be also taken up as a Provincial work committee was formed to enquire into the best way to proceed.

It was moved and carried that the Provincial Conference petition the Provincial Legislature to empower the employing of police matrons throughout the Provincial jails, and urge upon the Local Councils the necessity of taking steps to secure the appointment of police matrons in police stations.

Several questions asked her Excellency were clearly explained by her. In regard to delegates voting at the annual meeting, she replied "each society can give its delegate discretionary power if they so choose." To question two replied, "resolutions or amendments cannot be altered at an annual meeting, but may be withdrawn." And to question three explained that, it was customary for societies organized by the Women's Council to become separate societies as soon as strong enough, and to affiliate with the Women's Council.

A very valuable resume of the work planned by the National Council was then given, the various subjects being fully explained and their importance made clear, all of which was listened to with intense interest.

At the request of Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Day gave an account of the work accomplished by the reading circles in Victoria.

It was moved and carried that Mrs. Day be asked to act as Provincial Secretary for the reading circles of the Province.

A unanimous vote of thanks was given Her Excellency for her very great kindness in coming so far west to help us in our council work, which was feelingly responded to.

Miss Perrin then invited Her Excellency and the delegates present to partake of refreshments before adjourning; and although the time was far spent, almost all remained to enjoy half an hour's social intercourse.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

SARA A. McLAGAN,
Delegate to Provincial
Council.

VANCOUVER,
Nov. 28, 1896.



Music Notes

BY AMATEUR.



Edith J. Miller

If we mistake not the little town of Portage la Prairie will some day find itself made famous, by reason of one of its young daughters. If Miss Edith Miller fulfills her exceptional promise to the full—she has already done so in fair portion—she will bestow upon the prairie town the honor of having sent forth into the musical world at large one

of its finest and most attractive vocal artistes.

At the present early stage in her career, Miss Miller has accomplished much. But she gives magnificent promise of greater things, and the day is not far off when, health and study continued, she will take place beside, if not rival, Madame Vander Veer Green, who is one of the leading contraltos of to-day. These are strong words, but they are written advisedly. Miss Miller has many advantages, she is young and a remarkably handsome girl, with large, grey eyes and black arched brows, a bright expression and fine coloring. Her voice is a rarely rich contralto, resonant, deep, yet sweet. She has the power of a superb physique, and, best of all, she has temperament. Her tones are full of dramatic suggestion. She has not her equal in Toronto, I doubt whether she has her equal in Canada to-day.

The dear parents, Portage la Prairie, and the great Canadian West are good to her—very good, she says—but such a voice is God-given, and one small town may not possess it exclusively. So two years ago Miss Miller came east, and studied at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. She sang as leading voice in Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, and after a year of industry was able to go abroad for a season. She studied for six months in London and made acquaintance with many of the leaders in musical circles, then went to Paris and became a pupil first of Randegger, and afterwards of the famous Marchesi.

She remained abroad a year, and before returning was fortunate to meet Colonel Mapleson, the famous impresario.

"I did not want to return," she confesses frankly, "but expenses abroad are heavy and money will not last forever, so I have returned to Canada to earn more, and then I hope to be able to go back and continue my studies."

Miss Miller was fortunate in securing private lessons from Marchesi, which the famous teacher is not always willing to grant. She also has received several letters from Col. Mapleson, one of which she kindly permits us to copy:

DEAR MISS MILLER,—Since seeing you I have been asked to recommend a handsome young contralto, with a fine voice, for a Concert Tour of the French and English watering places, such as Trouville, Brighton, St. Leonard, etc. I immediately thought of you, and but for the fact that you are leaving Europe I should and could have got you the engagement.

However, you are going home to a certain success, for I am sure directly the Canadian and American concert managers and critics hear the immense progress which you have made by twelve [months

hard work under the best teachers here, they will realize that you are the prima donna contralto of your country.

With every good wish for safe voyage.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

HENRY MAPLESON.

In another letter he says, "If you were remaining I would arrange for you to sing at some of the leading concerts in Paris and London."

This is high encouragement for our young singer. But those who have the privilege of hearing her will realize that it is honestly spoken.

Since her return to Canada, a few months ago, Miss Miller has been visiting her parents at La Prairie, and also touring through various north-western towns and cities. "They have been very good to me," she says.

Miss Miller came to Toronto a few weeks ago, and for a few months desires concert engagements. There is little doubt but that she will be in much demand. It is long since a more promising debut has been made upon the stage than that of Miss Miller at St. George's Hall, on the evening of Jan. 16th.

This Canadian girl looked faultless in her handsome gracious youth, and sang delightfully. She has been endowed by nature with many charms, not the least of which is a simple unaffected manner; and as the rich alto notes swelled from her beautiful throat, and her magnetic temperament thrilled them with life, the possibilities that await her stirred the brilliant critical audience to enthusiasm.

Miss Miller's tone and articulation show marked indications of her year abroad. She lacks only the smooth sustained touch and evenness that will come with a fuller maturity and greater self-confidence.

Voice, temperament, magnetism, plus a beautiful attractive personality, all these this young lady possesses, and it is enough to begin with.

In the many numbers upon the programme, Miss Miller gave her audience opportunity to test her voice to the full.

It is a dramatic voice, and dramatic temperament. In opera Miss Miller would be a magnificent success. But her preference at present is for the concert platform.

Her rendering of "My Heart is Weary" (Nadeshela), was, perhaps, her finest effort. Both tone and expression in this were beyond criticism.

Haudel's "Hymn, Hasto thy Torch Prepare," showed her ability in execution, and was also excellent.

"O, for a day in Spring," a song by Stern, was the first number on the programme, and charmingly rendered. Towards the close the young artiste sang a number of ballads, closing with Somervelt's pretty "Shepherd's Cradle Song."

Miss Miller sang twelve selections in all, and the unbroken enjoyment of the audience, their instant response to her sway, were, after all, the best evidence of the success of the recital, the best promise of the future that awaits her.

In chatting about her season abroad, Miss Miller states that she found warm friends in Mr. and Mrs. Watkin Mills, who live in a cosy home at Putney.

She also saw much of Miss Florence Brimson, who is still in Paris, and who is known by her stage name, Madam Toronto. Miss Brimson and Miss Miller were looked upon as the two leading Canadian students and prima donnas.

Madam Toronto finds Paris engagements profitable, and has no present intention of returning.

While with Marchesi, Miss Miller was also presented to Madam Melba. The superb Australian cantatrice and her former teacher are warm friends. Every day, whether at home or away on tour, Melba sends beautiful flowers to Marchesi, and they stand upon her piano.

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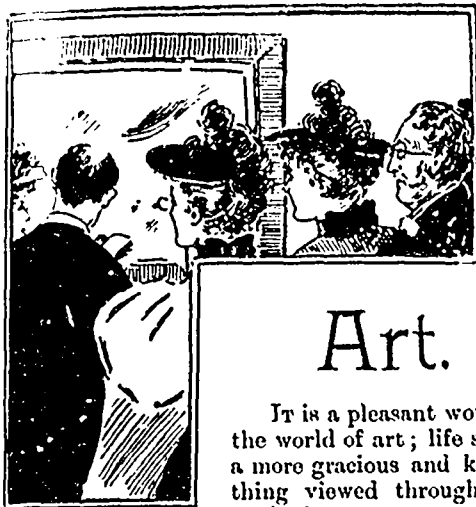
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Art.

It is a pleasant world—the world of art; life seems a more gracious and kindly thing viewed through the studio lense.

Is it the close companionship with nature, in all her sunny moods, that touches the artist to a larger and gentler view; is it the big free breath of all outdoors that makes him liberal? We know not—but this we recognize, that the finest artist is kin to all that is highest in nature—and something of her sweetest enters into him.

That is rather a roundabout way of saying that studios are about the pleasantest places I know wherein to while away a winter hour; and those who once became aware of the fact appreciate Studio Day to the full.

It is a revelation to discover the many charming "places of pictures" in our city, charming not alone in the artistic arrangements, the curio corners and picture-hung walls; but also in the personality of their owners.

The artist, usually, has travelled much, and with open eyes. He carries about him a breath of foreign places, and his few words are color-full, chosen, as it were, by his brush, to bring scenes before us.

He has the easy indifference to appearances that comes of extended travel or devotion to work; and he usually seems to have absorbed something of nature's fairest elements—sunshine, sea breeze, free leaping waves, wide reaching horizons, and translucent skies, daisy fields and hillsides, hidden placid pools and furzy commons—one sees them all reflected in the brown or deep blue eyes of the artist.

We had a brief half hour in the studio of Mr. and Mrs. Reid one day this month—just such a studio as we have described and just such artists—only Toronto has many more which we shall chat about in turn.

Our talk was chiefly of Spain, where Mr. and Mrs. Reid spent six happy months of wandering last year.

Madrid City has no artistic value in scenery or architecture, so the lady asserts, but the Madrid gallery is valuable in its Velasquez paintings. Our artists were fortunate in being able to bring back some striking copies of Velasquez originals—the only ones in Toronto.

They are chiefly heads, remarkable for their virility. One "Æsop" a Velasquez study from some superb old Spanish model, is a splendid head, full of character and instinct with a certain fierce vigor.

A larger study—a dwarf and dog—is both strong and fascinating. Velasquez painted many dwarfs—they appear to have been Court favorites in his time—some of his studies in this direction are repellant in their realism. This copy by Mr. Reid is the softest; a dwarf—not mis-shapen, yet with fully developed man's face and child stature, stands beside a tall fine mastiff. The dwarf is in Court costume; the coloring is good.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid spent most of their time in Granada, painting various bits of the Alhambra.

The vivid coloring and deep shadows give these studies a touch of unreality to Canadians; we have nothing in our own nature world that resembles them.

A Velasquez portrait done at Julien's by Mr. Reid is studied with renewed interest in view of the fine copies of his work by which it is surrounded.

Here and there upon the walls are Mrs. Reid's realistic blossoms—yellow and white daisies—whose fidelity to nature no other Canadian artist can surpass—jars of roses and clusters of carnations. They give a touch of tropical luxuriance to the rooms.

We chatted a little about the summer home of these happy Toronto artists in the Catskills, at Oteora, an Indian word translated, "Hills of the Sky," situated a trifle over one hundred miles from New York, and over two thousand feet above sea level.

Recognizing our literary instinct, Mrs. Reid chatted about the literary coterie of Oteora. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the well known editor of St. Nicholas, has a cottage there; and literary celebrities come and go all summer. Mrs. Dodge is a grandmother, and well advanced in years, but a most charming woman to meet, simple in speech, unaffected, kindly. She has been connected with the famous juvenile magazine for over twenty-four years. She suffers much from rheumatism now. Her sub-editor is a young man, who was an intimate friend of her dead son. A close affection exists between the two, and he comes at the close of each week, through the summer months, to spend Sunday with her.



Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hutton have also a cottage at Oteora, together with many other writers of established name.

As we bade adieu to the pretty studio and its bright hostess, a little unframed painting caught our eye—just a bit of hill top level with trees peering triumphantly over, giving hint of their steep climb; further off a wave of hills and beyond them a yet higher range, its purple heights banked mirtly against the sky. Just a bit of unframed canvas—but that was the picture that stayed with us as we came out into the winter's day again.

A number of young women artists have their studios down town, and to those who learn the way many cosy chats and restful half-hours await, in picturesque little apartments with their fair sky-lighting.

Miss Gertrude E. Spurr, studio, 9 Toronto st., is an English girl who has been only six or seven years in this country, yet she is well-known and well-liked among her fellow artists. She is an indefatigable worker and spends many hours each day in her studio, alone with her art but never lonely.

Miss Spurr has a preference for landscape work, and her studio walls hold several charming little studies of Humber scenes. She has also done many sketches about Doon and Haliburton, one bit of hill path bestrewn with rocks and showing an old barn, especially took our fancy.

Another little Humber sketch showed good free touch and color, while a miniature scene taken

from the station house window at Doon, quite captivate us with its excellent perspective and coloring.

Miss Spurr is rather fond of painting birds, although she does not indulge herself much in this direction, yet the one expression of this which we saw upon her walls—a dead partridge with delicious softness of ruffled plumage and delicate coloring—was excellent.

This young lady is showing decided advance in softness of tone and freedom of touch. We look for excellent work from her as she develops.

English industrial art may be proud of the remarkable results it is producing in Berlin. On all hands English fashions are quite the rage here. Look where you will you will see English furniture of the Clippendale pattern, English cretonnes, English velveteens, and English wall-papers. In Berlin we welcome this healthy sign, as giving promise of an improvement in taste, especially in all that concerns the interior of our houses. For if we are incapable of developing an independent, characteristic style of our own, it is in every way well that a style should be adapted, not from far-off times, when everything to do with comfort was different from what it is to-day, but from a country where the art of delicate living is thoroughly understood, and where the necessities of the age are truly appreciated, as is the case in England.

Art is no more inevitably present in a picture than in a door knocker. Examples of each exist which may be fairly held to be within the sacred bounds, but the mass of pictures, like the mass of door-knockers, are merely evidence of craft and skilled workmanship more or less good, which would be more truly described as manufactured products than as art.

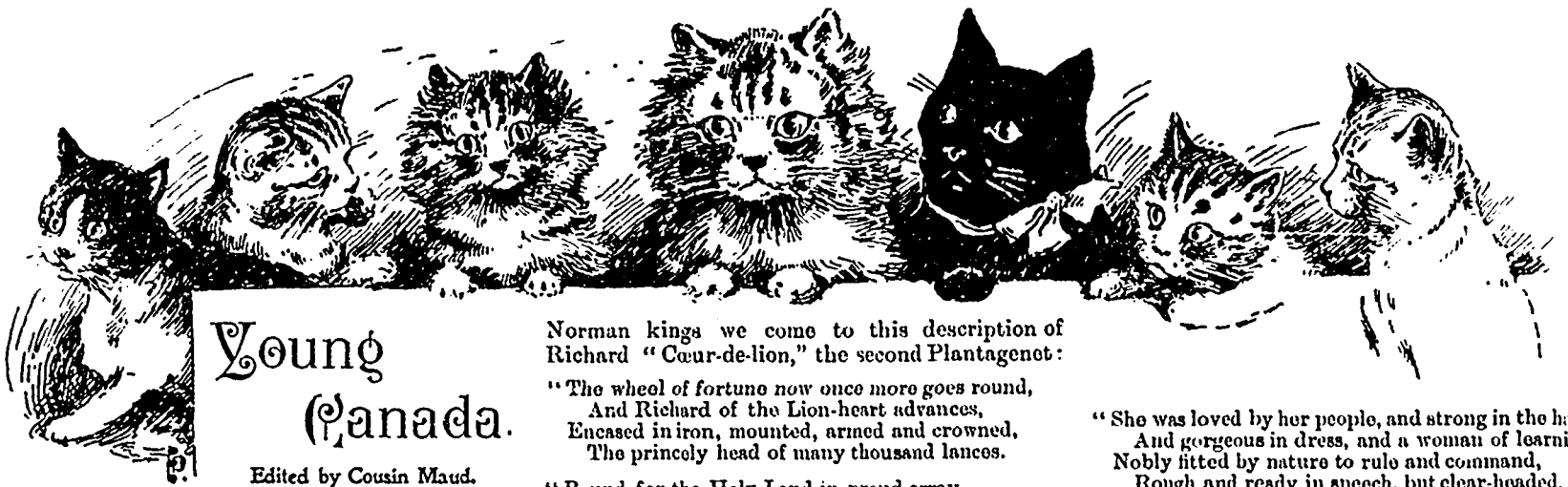
In the kingdom of art are many mansions, and the taste of individuals trained, or untrained, must needs find some more satisfying than others. But to those who feel the beauty that rises to "the level of every day's most quiet need," and forsaking tragedy, or epigram, find the commonplace holds as much worth valuing as the abnormal—such who look below the surface of things recognise in the work of modern Holland a great school albeit one working in limited ways.

If the true test of a picture be the time you can live opposite to it without being wearied, then indeed the Romanticists have a chance of being ranked even higher than their already accredited position. For you know more grow weary of such pictures as these than of Nature herself.

It would be interesting, if one had time and space, to follow the evolution, say, of a young artist who made up his mind to keep to the right or turn to the left. We are constantly being moulded by our environment, and the wind, the rain, and the sun help in the shaping of artists as surely as they help in the shaping of mountains and valleys.

FUNNY THINGS COME TO PASS.

Perhaps the idea of wearing wooden socks might seem ridiculous, but it's just what some people in Germany are doing, and very nice socks they are too. The wood is reduced to a long silky fibre and made into a yarn, out of which the socks are knit, making a warmer, more durable and just as soft protection as woollen ones. In a similar way the pure spruce fibre is made into the interlining called Fibre Chamois, which provides for clothing an absolute protection against raw air and cold winds, because it is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, keeping in the natural heat and keeping out every breath of cold. This fabric has also been made waterproof, so that the rain never penetrates it, and is so light in weight and inexpensive that a layer of it provides the acme of comfort for all outdoor clothing.



Young Canada.

Edited by Cousin Maud.

OUR Editor gave me a book this week about which she has asked me to chat with my little friends.

It is a book of rhymes of the kings and queens of England, from the time of the Norman Conquest, by Mary Leslie, and I am charmed with it—perhaps the more so because it is the outcome of the happy thought of a Canadian woman. This little work will be a boon to young students of history, as Miss Leslie has succeeded in giving a personality to each ruler, thus making them real people instead of “meaningless names.” She has given a short sketch of each, with the important events of the reign in bright little verses, and at the close of each are directions for reference and further reading. As the author herself modestly says, her work is not, strictly speaking, poetry, but who ever considered “Mother Goose” a poet, yet how these homely old rhymes do cling to our memories. In dressing up dry historical facts in such catchy little jingles, Miss Leslie has done much to make the study attractive and create a desire for wider reading. The book is well illustrated, showing the costumes and principal characters of each period. Surely Miss Leslie knows the way to a child’s heart. Rhymes and pictures! Does not that sound interesting? And not to the little ones only, I saw a boy of no small size so taken with these same rhymes that he almost forgot to eat his supper.

Let me give you the first two verses of the preface:—

“Towers, turrets and churches are rich in old stories,
Every inch of the land is classical ground,
Thirty-six sovereigns, their sins and their glories,
Their sorrows, their triumphs, are here to be found.

“Their goodness, their badness, their loves and their blunders,
Have passed, and in passing have left a deep mark,
In structures and pictures and battles and wonders,
Tales for the daylight and songs for the dark.”

The only king the author talks about before the Conquest is Alfred the Great. Alfred, “Whose candles set the world aglow.”

Alfred, “The scholar, soldier, king
Who made his rude harp ring
To liberty and sweet love in days of yore!”

Alfred the Great, indeed, how could he be passed over?

Do we not get a good idea of the harsh, stern rule of William I. from this:

“‘Conqueror’ we call him; he ruled in a passion,
Planting great forests and burning down towns,
When the king’s curfew rang out in rude fashion,
The clergy and people shook under their gowns.

Imagine having to put out lights and fires early each evening, especially in this cold winter of ours!

With very few happy rhymes for any of the

Norman kings we come to this description of Richard “Cœur-de-lion,” the second Plantagenet:

“The wheel of fortune now once more goes round,
And Richard of the Lion-heart advances,
Encased in iron, mounted, armed and crowned,
The princely head of many thousand lances.

“Bound for the Holy Land in proud array
To wrest our Saviour’s tomb from heathen hand;
Not any other sovereign of his day
Appears so martial, splendid, brave and grand.”

Do we not admire him although his mission proved so rash and misguided?

The author has a happy faculty of showing up the good in each period and lightly passing over the evil—except to show where good came out of evil, as in the case of the *Magna Charta*.

Did you children ever pause to think that a great many things we consider necessities have not always been in use? Just think, handkerchiefs and carpets were not known in England until after 1236, and it was not until the reign of Queen Mary that knitted stockings were made.

In speaking of Henry the Third’s wife—a French girl—Miss Leslie tells us:

“She introduced handkerchiefs for the court noses,
Loved romances and music through all her long day;
Brought peacocks to England, and carpets, and roses,
And was brilliant and merry and bonnie and gay.”

The world all sighed over the fate of the two little princes who were smothered in the tower, and most of us have shed tears over the sad death of the “Babes in the Woods,” but I wonder how many of us know that the first was the origin of the latter?

Here it is, listen:

“A satire called ‘The Children in the Wood,’
Was written when the little princes died,
Published without a name, with pictures rude,
Thousands of people since have smiled and sighed

“O’er this sad story. The author is unknown,
For anger at King Richard caused the rhyme,
And no man in his day would dare to own
A tale which holds its own in spite of time.”

We have always looked upon Henry the Eighth as a regular old Blue beard (I wonder was he the origin of that tale?) but somehow he seems to have been a favorite for all his cruelty. Here is what the rhyme says:

“‘Bluff Hal,’ as they called him, although greatly feared,
Was not hated in his day, as we might suppose,
Whenever he went abroad he was cheered,
From the very beginning of his reign to its close.

“We may study King Henry again and again,
And feel much disgust and distaste and more wonder,
There are crimes upon crimes in his wicked reign,
But scarcely through all a political blunder.”

It is clearly seen a king can be neither “Grit” nor “Tory,” just think, not one “political blunder.”

Queen Elizabeth, who we never feel sure whether we like or dislike, she was such a contradiction, is well described in the following two stanzas:

“She was not a nice woman and given to swearing,
She broke with the Spaniard and bullied the Pope,
But she was ambitious, courageous and daring,
And asserted herself as the Protestant hope.

“She was loved by her people, and strong in the hand,
And gorgeous in dress, and a woman of learning;
Nobly fitted by nature to rule and command,
Rough and ready in speech, but clear-headed, discerning.”

Full justice is done the important reign of Queen Bess. You remember during this time several great men lived and worked, and are living still in their works. And so on through all the kings and queens, some good, some bad, some indifferent, but we realize afresh, as we come to the closing pages, that best of all, noblest and purest, doing the best for her God, and the best for her people, is our own dear Queen Victoria.

“Our Queen! I’m sure a person foreign born,
Can hardly understand our heart’s whole might,
When we sing “God Save the Queen” in early morn
Or in the still and solemn hour of night.”

Let us each take a lesson from this:

“And she keeps all her appointments to the minute,
She never let her lowest subject wait
When she said she would see him. There’s a great deal in it;
It is not a common virtue let me state.

“Her life is by far the noblest story
Of royal womanhood we have ever seen,
In her ‘hoary head is a crown of glory,’
Above the royal crown. “God Save the Queen.”

My very little friends, who are not yet old enough to read history, will think I have entirely forgotten them, but not so. Here is a wee story for you:

Deep down in the earth, under our great city, live wicked fairies.

Their home is like a great cave with long passages running north and south, east and west, and across one another.

“And do these creatures stay in their underground home?”

By no means, they continually come up to earth through doors which men have opened for them, right in our streets, and they come up in swarms. These little imps are so small, that you or I might meet thousands of them and never see one.

Yet others have seen them, but through magic glasses.

Well, one day some of these wicked little fairies made up their minds to leave their dark home and come up into the sunlight and see what mischief they could do; so, coming to one of the openings in a nice street, up they flew.

At that very time a dear little boy called Willie, who was playing in the street, spied the opening and got down on his hands and knees to peep in, so the little imps sailed right into his throat.

Now, these wicked little fairies have the power of multiplying, that is, each one can turn himself into a hundred more.

That night Willie was taken very ill and in a day or two died—killed by the wicked fairies.

Now, children, this is a true story, these fairies really exist and they actually kill people.

Who will be clever to tell me their true names, who it is has seen them oftenest, and the name of the magic glasses.

Cousin Maud.

***A Plea to Teachers.**

BY MRS. BOOMER.

Although only a mere member, just a private in the ranks of the London Local Branch of the National Council of the Women of Canada, I am always glad when an opportunity is afforded me to say a few words in regard to it. Its aims and objects even in spite of its having given good and sufficient proof of their very real practical value, are still somewhat misconstrued, and many even of those whose societies are affiliated with it do not realize its full meaning to themselves. They fail to recognize in it a very real channel of influence—influence flowing out from themselves, as well as influence imparted to themselves, by their having joined hands for the commonweal. The Council needs no justification from me. It has come to stay, to fill "a distinctive place in our national life"; but how large a place depends much upon the hearty and intelligent co-operation of its members, and it is this intelligent and hearty co-operation on the part of the teachers of our public schools that I would venture most earnestly to invite.

Perhaps there is no subject which has been more frequently brought up at the meetings of the National Council, or which has been more thoroughly weighed and discussed, than that of the education of Canada. The latest recognition has been given to the immense importance of the subject, stress being laid upon the absolute necessity of laying a firm and sure foundation, if the structure of the future was to be of any real value, and not a mere house of cards; of the need of a very careful training of the sapling, if the sturdy oak was to be its crowning glory. Of all the associations affiliated with the National Council, none are in closer touch with its aims than those of the educational centres of our land, no individual members conceded a more honored position than the teachers of our young. The Council, while recognizing the immense value of the free education afforded to nearly every child born within the wide Dominion of Canada, realizes how much of result depends upon the teacher. If the teacher be well-bred, intelligent and broad in her views, she will try in every way to elevate her pupils, not alone intellectually, through books, but what is of greater value still in character, she will eschew cramming, realizing that her responsibility does not stop at mere book learning, however important that may be, but that to her is committed, caring their tenderest and most susceptible years, the training which may make or mar their future lives; and it is because the National Council knows how much the future of Canada depends, humanly speaking, upon the faithful realization of their immense individual responsibility upon the part of the teachers in our public schools, that it desires to welcome amongst the ranks of its earnest workers the teachers of the Dominion

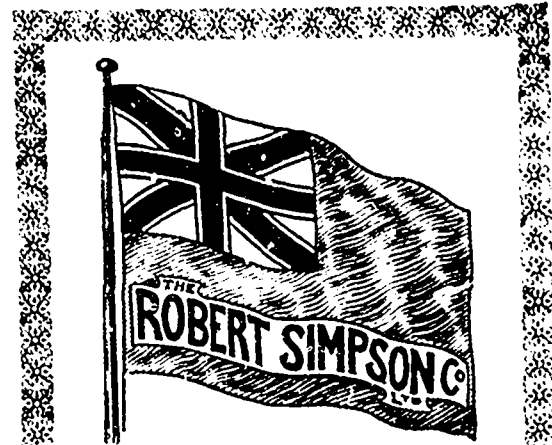
I rejoice to know that the Teachers' Association of London has affiliated with our Local Branch; but will you forgive me if I venture to urge upon you a heartier co-operation, a more frequent and fuller attendance at our public meetings, and a more earnest and thorough enquiry into our aims and objects. Don't judge us by hearsay. See if you would not find much to interest you, to broaden your views, by contact with workers in other spheres while you would help to broaden ours by telling of your experiences in your own especial field of honored labor. There are so many of you who are already workers amongst the various philanthropic and other mutual help associations, also affiliated to the National Council, and know what you have gained intellectually, morally and religiously by such membership. You attend the meetings of those bodies, and you know all about them and what they are trying to accomplish, and because you know all about it you are the more willing and more efficient helpers. Treat the National Council in the same spirit of fairness; never let us meet without a full and complete representation from our association. Do not think from this that we are ungrateful for the recognition or the representation you have already accorded to the Council. Our Local Board has no more interested or intelligent members than Mrs. Gahan and Miss Mackenzie.

If you could glance over the subjects for discussion on the agenda of each of our annual public meetings, you would recognize how much, how very much, the

National Council has in common with your own special life work. I will take just a very few at random "Training of children," "How to retain home influences over growing boys and girls," "Difficult children and how to understand them," "Manual and industrial training—especially for girls," "Social knowledge," "household arts form part of the public school curriculum for girls," "Co-operation between parents and teachers," "The influence and place of an educated mother in the training of her children," "How to provide good reading for children, and how to protect them from deteriorating literature," "Amusements, entertainments, and the parents' duty in regard to them," "Teaching of hygiene and physical education," "Reading clubs," "Home lessons," etc.; whilst the fact that the teaching of the public schools should be one of the most important factors in "fostering in the minds and hearts of the young a spirit of national enthusiasm, a love for Canada, a pride in its wonderful resources, and a living belief in its great future," was emphasized by the hearty and unanimous passing of a resolution "that the National Council should seek in every legitimate and judicious way to assist the educational departments in every effort they may make to attain that most desirable end."

It was my great pleasure and privilege to read at the first annual meeting of the National Council at Ottawa a most admirable paper on "The Early Training of Children," by Miss Laidlaw. It would have cheered the heart of every teacher among you if you could have seen the wrapt attention accorded to that paper, and heard the enthusiastic applause with which many of its excellent points were greeted.

I would ask you, then, to strengthen this bond by heartily co-operating with the Council, as it is the earnest desire of the Council to co-operate with you. Remember that you on your side have exceptional opportunities for influencing others, from the very recognition given to you as educated women, and the position which by virtue of that education you hold in the community, whilst, on the other side, the receptive side, you have all the advantages of belonging to a society which brings you into closer relationship with workers in different spheres, with all the encouragement, mutual sympathy and help such a relationship cannot fail to afford. This union with others opens up wider avenues of usefulness, fuller and freer opportunities for loving ministry; and whilst it seeks to know nothing of one's political bias, nor asks of one to which church you belong, it does ask us to adopt as our own the golden rule, which is the motto of the National Council, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and thus, by God's constraining grace, we shall have the comforting assurance that whilst we are at least striving to do His will, we shall have His blessing upon whatever we may undertake in His name or in whatever field of labor to which He in His good providence may have appointed us. H. A. B.



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Address given at the Teachers' Association, London, Ont., November 27, 1896.

A MAD PRANK

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

JIM and Diana have gone to speed the old lawyer on his journey. They had begged him to spend a month, a night, a week, a day even, with them, so thankful were they for his intelligence, but all to no effect. Sadly they follow him to the door, sorry in that they can show no gratitude beyond words to the man who has delivered poor dear Hilary from her hateful dilemma. And she has been so good all through, poor darling, so anxious to do what was right (only because they had asked her), it was but an hour ago indeed that she had rebelled. She had found the task to hard for her. Now the task is at an end. Won't she be delighted!

Meantime they have left the study, — and Hilary and Ker face to face.

A deadly silence ensues, quiet reigns within this room. Ker is looking out of the window, and Hilary is trifling with a book or two on the table. She had told herself she ought to go, but still—only two words must be spoken. One should bid even the worst people adieu when one has spent an hour or so with them. One should never be rude.

"What a fortunate turn things have taken," says she, moving the books about a little indiscriminately.

"Very."

He comes back from the window, and faces her from the other side of the table.

"Yes. We are free." Her air is quite as cold as before, yet somehow he knows that there is a change in it, a subtle change.

"Entirely free."

"I'm so glad," says Hilary, with careful dignity. "Because, once having decided that a marriage between us would be madness, I felt that perhaps I was doing you an injustice."

"It is too good of you to trouble yourself so much about me."

"I was troubled myself, too; or perhaps, I should not have thought so much—about you. You see, my refusal to marry you meant your losing a great deal of money."

"I am not so wedded to money as you seem to imagine."

"I did not accuse you of that. I," indignantly, "only accused you of being willing to marry me without loving me."

"And what did that mean?" He almost laughs at the absurdity of her reasoning. And in truth she has lost herself a little. She makes a petulant movement, and wisely turns the conversation.

"You are going back to India, then?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"As soon as ever I can," icily. Then, with a sudden touch of anger: "Why do

you ask me? Surely you, who have arranged my movements, are the one who must know most about them."

"I?" she looks up. "I to arrange your movements?"

"Yes, you!" He goes up to her and looks her deliberately in the face. "Will you tell me you are not sending me back to India?"

"What are you saying?" says she, with an attempt at hauteur that fails her. To her horror she knows that she is trembling. "Who am I, that I should arrange your movements?"

"That is beside the question; though," with a quick look at her, "I could answer you. Will you tell me that you did not refuse me?"

"Ah! There was nothing to refuse!"

"There was me."

"You, but not your love."

"Both! Both! I swear it. I swear it now, Hilary, with a clear conscience, when there is nothing to prevent your believing it. I love you. There is no girl on earth like you, I think. I love you—speak to me!"

But Hilary cannot speak. She makes a very brave struggle, and then, suddenly, like any silly baby, her hands go up to her eyes and, to her everlasting shame, she knows that she has burst into tears.

Dear and blessed tears. They tell him all things.

Suddenly she feels herself caught in his arms. Her cheek is pressed to his. His love, on fire by reason of those tears, has now declared itself; that love, which he had half decided, has carried him past control. Like a tide it rushes on, sweeping away all obstacles, dashing straight to the goal of its desires.

Hilary, in the midst of this whirl, loses herself a little. Instinctively she clings to him. From the very first she had felt a certain sympathy with Ker. Now she knows she loves him.

"Now what was it all about?" asks Ker five minutes later. "I think you needn't have been so very hard on me, just because I happened to be a bit late."

"Oh, no. We won't talk about it any more," says Hilary, smiling at him it is true, but letting a little sigh escape her.

"Yes we will though. I can see by your eyes it is not all right yet."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Fred. I," blushing hotly, "didn't like to think you had found Mrs. Dyson-Moore more attractive than me."

"Mrs. Dyson-Moore! Heavens and earth! a thousand Mrs. Dyson-Moore's wouldn't have kept me from you. Why, I wasn't within a mile of her all day."

"Not," faltering, "with her? Then where—?"

"I was in Cork, and that beastly train was of course slow. And—"

"Oh, Fred!" she springs to her feet. "Oh, what must you think of me?"

"I needn't tell you," laughing, "you know. I went up to Cork to get you this—" He puts his hand in his pocket. "Why?—Where? Oh, here it is!"

He pulls out a little case, opens it, and taking her hand, slips an exquisite diamond ring upon her engaged finger.

Hilary looks at him, and then, impulsively going nearer to him, lifts her head and kisses him.

"I oughtn't to take it. I oughtn't really," says she dojectedly. "I'm not worthy of it. All the time you were thinking of me, I—"

"You were thinking of me, too."

"Yes, but how?"

"Never mind, you were thinking of me. That's the great point."

"I certainly was doing that—with a vengeance! What a lovely, darling ring! Do you know, Fred, I never had a ring in all my life before."

"I'm glad of that," says Ker in a low tone. "I'm glad my first gift to you has not been forestalled."

"Your first!" she pauses, and quite a distressed change grows on her face.

"Oh, not your first! Fred—my florin! That was your first! Oh! how could you throw it away like that! Do you think we shall be able to find it again?"

"If not," laughing, "I can give you another."

"Oh, no. That or no other. I'm sure I know the spot where it fell, I—"

She stops short, and colors violently. "You what?" He takes her hands and presses his lips to her palms. Perhaps he knows what is coming.

"I watched where it fell; I meant to go back and pick it up," says she bravely, but blushing until the tears came into her eyes.

"What? Even when you thought I was going away forever?" "Yes."

"Not a bit of it," says Ker, closing his arms around her. "I'll tell you what you thought—what you knew—that nothing on earth would induce me to go away, so long as a shred of chance remained to me that you would still relent and marry me!"

"I didn't know that. No indeed. I felt sure you didn't care—that you would go!"

"Well, you know now!"

"Yes, and I wonder at it," says she, still in an extremely abashed frame of mind, "considering how bad I have been to you all along."

"I am a wronged man; I acknowledge that," says Ker. "As there was to be an alteration in the will, I wish all the money had been left to me."

"How greedy of you!"

"Not at all. Greediness has nothing to do with it. But such a will would have enabled me to prove to you the truth of some words I said to you to-day. Do you remember them? You asked me if I would marry you if you had not a penny in the world, and when I said 'Yes,' you wouldn't believe me."

PERRIN'S GLOVES

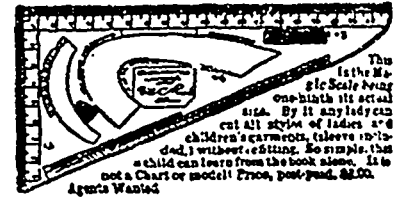
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"How could I?" reproachfully.
 "But I said it."
 "Yes—but in a tone."
 "I meant it, however," says he earnestly. "Though I can't prove it. You have still a penny!"
 "No. No. Only a half-penny now," says she with a delightful little glance. "And you have the other half. It is like the old broken sixpence! Why," laughing, though a little shyly, "we must be lovers."
 "For life!" says he, in a low tone. He draws her to him.
 Meantime Diana and her husband, in the morning room, are discussing the late turn of affairs with great spirit.
 "It is the most fortunate thing that could have happened for Hilary, anyway," says Jim.
 "Yes. I always felt—I always know her engagement with him would come to nothing."
 "So did I," with disgust. "And after all it was a most confounded will!"
 "You see, Hilary is not the sort of girl to marry without love."
 "I think any girl who could do it—"
 "Oh, Jim, but I rather think you advised her to do it at first."
 "Not I. It was you who advised her. In my opinion the girl who could bring herself to marry a man simply for money's sake ought to get the sack—"
 "My dear Jim! how dreadfully vulgar! That is what the servants say when—well—when one gives them warning—the sack, you know."
 "And the bawstring, I was about to add, when"—with dignity—"I was interrupted. Really, Diana, the head of the house ought sometimes to be shown the consideration that—"
 "Oh, bother!" says Diana, most irreverently. "Let us talk about Hilary. Do you know, Jim, I am even now rather sorry that she won't marry Mr. Ker."
 "Of course. She would be twice as well off then as she is at present. Women are never satisfied."
 "And this from you!" says Diana, tragically. "But look here, Jim. I really think only for Mrs. Dyson-Moore she might have married him."
 "You think she liked him then?"
 "Well, I don't know. But that woman spoiled it all, however it was. She kept him away from Hilary to-day. There is no doubt about that. And at the McIntyres' dance you must have noticed how she flirted with him."
 "She'd flirt with a broomstick."
 "Nobody would mind a broomstick. The thing is that Hilary objected to her flirting with Mr. Ker."
 "I think the question is whether Ker objected!"
 "Nonsense. I'm sure—I'm positive the Fred is all he ought to be."
 "Then the sooner we buy him a postcard at the public expense, and place him on it, the sooner we shall be doing a public duty. All he ought to be! Diana! how many times have you told me I was wrong I ought to be! And that familiar application. Fred! I object to it."

"Oh, Jim, dearest, I wish you would be serious, if only for five minutes. Somehow, I had set my heart on this marriage; and now, because of this odious Mrs. Dyson-Moore, it is all over. She has made some mischief—"
 "She's sure to be in it where mischief is brewing," says Clifford, with conviction. "Anyway, it is all over now, and I, for one, in perfectly certain Hilary wouldn't have looked at him. Girls are such fools!"
 "Well," sighing, "perhaps so. She certainly treated him very cavalierly."
 "Don't make yourself miserable over it, Di. From all I saw I think they hated each other."
 "Yes, yes, I suppose so."
 "They'd have led a most awful life!"
 "It would have killed darling Hilary!"
 "Or Ker! Man—brute as he is—has been known to die of ill-treatment. To my thinking, they are both well out of it!"
 "Yes; it would never have done."
 At this moment the door is pushed slowly open, and Hilary's charming head appears. Another head is looking in over hers. It is Ker's.
 Mr. and Mrs. Clifford grow paralyzed.
 "Di—may we come in?" Hilary's voice is shy—her face is one soft, sweet blush. "I—er," with a charming glance behind, "want to tell you—that—"
 "That we are going to be married," says Ker, in the frankest, clearest way.
 "Oh," says Diana, a little faintly—then she conquers her weakness, and suddenly finds herself embracing Hilary with extreme warmth.
 "I am glad," says she, giving her hands to Ker, who, however, appears dissatisfied with them, as he stoops and kisses her cheek. "And so is Jim. We always desired this delightful solution of the—difficulty—and now, when there is no difficulty, it is all the more delightful. In fact, Jim and I were just now saying—"
 She catches Jim's eye, and breaks down ignominiously. What had they just been saying?
 "Yes, it is a great surprise. No wonder Diana is overwhelmed," says Jim. "She was about to say we were just dwelling on—the—" he pauses ominously, and Diana's knees grow weak, "on the happiness that would be yours if you made up your minds to spend your lives together." His tone is sweetness and light itself.
 "Dear old Jim!" says Hilary, affectionately. She had not seen that Diana is growing apoplectic. Presently she carries away her new possession with her for a stroll through the garden, and Diana and Jim remain once more face to face and alone.
 "Who'd have thought it?" says Diana, solemnly. "But, after all, I'm sure they will be happy! Hilary is such a darling, and he seems so delightful, so kind; frank, I call him!"
 "Frank! Nonsense, Diana. It isn't five minutes ago since you called him Fred!"

At this they both give way to subdued but uncontrollable laughter.
 It was such a relief.
 THE END.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

WE quote an amusing instance of inappropriate metaphor taken from H. T. Hasting's essay on "The Inspiration of the Bible."

"Every little while somebody blows up the Bible, but when it comes down it always lights on its feet and runs faster than ever through the world."

A crisp and readable book of short stories and sketches is that entitled "A Gentleman vagabond" by F. Hopkinson Smith. These have appeared at different times in various magazines, as is the manner of them, and are now collected under the title of the first sketch. "A Gentleman Vagabond" suggests the inevitable Colonel Carter in type, but the mendacious Major Slocomb whose picturesque personality is the theme of the sketch wins our amusement and indulgence only, without the love which we gave the former dear and simple gentleman.

"A Knight of the Legion of Honor," and "The Lady of Lucerne" are both little outline stories, in which the novelty of foreign experience and the touch of human nature combine to charm the reader. "Baader" is an amusing portrait of a French courier, and "Brock-away's Hulk" is dramatic.

But the best of the collection are "Jonathan" and "Another Dog."

The author has an outdoor touch, which puts him at his best when portraying nature or the simple personalities that are in close kinship with nature.

"Jonathan" recalls "Fishin' Jemie." It is less of a story than that lovely little tale, and more of a sketch; nay it is hardly that, but "only Jonathan" as the writer says; yet if Jonathan were realized upon the stage the lovable old hero in "Shore Acres" would pale before him. Here is the manner in which the author introduces him:

"He was so ugly—outside I mean; long and lank, flat-chested, shrunken, round-shouldered, stooping when he walked; body like a plank, arms and legs like split rails, feet immense, hands like paddles, head set on a neck screwy as a picked chicken's, hair badly put on and in patches, some about his head, some around his jaws, some under his chin in a half moon,—a good deal on the back of his hands and on his chest. Nature had hewn him in the rough and had left him with every axe-mark showing."

"Another Dog" is a delicious little interpretation of the mind of one dog—fanciful it may be, yet written in such observation and sympathy that we believe every word of it.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith earns our gratitude for the impetus he gives to all that is humane. His book is to be commended as one that will delightfully fill our leisure hour.

"The Seal Skin Cape" is an entertaining novel by Ralph Bolderwood, the Australian writer. It deals with the ad-

"A Gentleman Vagabond" by F. Hopkinson Smith. Macmillan & Co., London, Copp Clark, Toronto.

"The Seal Skin Cape" by Ralph Bolderwood, Macmillan & Co., Copp Clark, Toronto.

ventures of a fabulously wealthy Australian, who goes abroad with his family and happens to be "doing" the Upper Nile, at the time of the rising in which Gordon lost his life. Wealth and war combine to give the writer large scope for adventure, and he takes happy advantage of this to give his readers interesting descriptions of the East and much information concerning the Egyptian problem.

All book reviewers will be interested in the outcome of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's suit against Mr. Stead of the *Review of Reviews* for publishing a review of her new novel "Sir George Tressiday," with extracts from the book so copious and lengthy that the author considers it an infringement upon her copyright.

The decision of the court in this test case will define just how much a reviewer may quote of any work under his hands.

Justice to the author should prevent any reviewer from quoting enough to give the reader a knowledge of the book, so that he has no need to purchase a copy. Anything as extensive as a lengthy summary or abridgment is taking unfair advantage of the author and publisher.

Quotations should be given simply as "tasters" to woo or warn the public, or to justify any detail of criticism; but not to give inclusive knowledge of the book.

Rev. Dr. Rand, of McMaster University, has in the press of William Briggs a volume of poems to be entitled, "At Minas Basin and Other Poems." Before coming to Toronto to take the principalship of McMaster University Dr. Rand's home had been in the storied land of Evangeline, and much of his verse had at once its subject and its inspiration amid the romantic surroundings of the "shores of the Basin of Minas," where "to the northward Blomidon rose" and "the mists of the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley." Dr. Rand is well-known, by his contributions to the magazines, to write graceful and polished verse, and we may expect this forthcoming collection will give him high rank among our Canadian bards.

There is matter for congratulation in the large number of valuable contributions to Canadian historical literature issued within the last three years. Of recent works Bourinot's "Canada," Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," the Lizars sisters' "In the Days of the Canada Company," are particularly notable. We are glad to learn that a local history that is more than local in interest, a comprehensive history of the "County of Annapolis," Nova Scotia, is about to be issued by William Briggs. This work was undertaken by the late W. A. Calneek, a writer of considerable repute, who, unfortunately, died before he had finished it. After the lapse of some years, Judge Sarary, of Annapolis Royal, took up the story where its author had left it, and has now brought it to completion. Perhaps no part of Canada is more interesting to the student of history than this grand old county which dates its settlement back to the beginning of the seven-

teen century, when Champlain and De Mont visited it and built a fort on a site within six miles of the present town of Annapolis Royal.

What memories cluster about the remains of old Fort Royal! And what antiquity, too, for this young country,—built as it was, when Oliver Cromwell was a boy of seven, not dreaming of the part he should play in the drama of life. No town in all North America has been the scene of more stirring events extending over a longer period of time. In both of the gentlemen to whose hand successively has fallen the compilation of the records of the county, these have found capable and sympathetic narrators. The work will comprise some 650 large pages, and is sure to prove a mine of interest to the reader.

The mystery that has onshrouded the great section of our North-west, lying between Great Slave and Athabasca Lakes and Hudson's Bay, and known as the "Barron Lands," has been pierced, and the silence of those great solitudes broken by the echoes of the white man's rifle, through the enterprise and adventure of two intrepid Canadians, Messrs J. B. and J. W. Tyrrell, of Hamilton, who made a journey extending, in all, over some 3,200 miles in canoes and on snowshoes. Of this great journey 800 miles lay through the heart of a wilderness never before trodden by the foot of a white man. The adventures and hardships of the travellers are narrated by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, who enriches the narrative with a wealth of information concerning the animal life of the country, its nomadic inhabitants, etc. Mr. Arthur Heming, the well-known artist and explorer, has been engaged to illustrate the book, which will be issued in the best style of the enterprising publisher, Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto.

Miss FitzGibbon has received from Lord Edmond Pelham Clinton, Private Secretary to the Queen, a letter conveying Her Majesty's acceptance of a copy of the Cabot Calendar, which Her Majesty found "very interesting."

Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, whose pen has signally enriched the literature of Canada, has in press a historical novel of the seventeenth century entitled, "The Forge in the Forest; being the story of the Acadian Ranger, Jen de Mer, Seigneur de Briart, and how he crossed the Black Abbi, and of his adventures in a strange fellowship." A formidable title, indeed, but a story, we may be sure, full of life and force, and in the exquisite literary style of our poet-novelist.

BOOKS RECEIVED.
"Three Boys in the wild North-West," by Egerton R. Young, Briggs' Publishing Company.

REVIEWER.
How dear is eyesight to everyone, yet few realize the penalties of neglecting it. "My Optician," as Mr. N. M. Devaan, of 159 Yonge Street, is familiarly known, has made optics and the testing of sight his life study, and is able to fit glasses to any eye professionally, also to give needed advice with regard to the eyes.

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Woman's Sports.

By Cyclist.

NOTHING now is shown thus far in improvements on ladies' cycles. The wooden wheel is attracting attention. It is graceful and pretty when new, but whether it would look as well after a few months wear, is questionable.

The discussion about saddles still continues. The general tendency among the saddle makers is to make the new seats wider and shorter, and to raise the rider above the horn of the saddle, and away from its centre line, by adding pads to the sides of the seat or cutting away the horn and centre.

Large as is the variety of saddles, no one can inspect them intelligently without becoming convinced that not a single one of these styles has been made without there being a distinct object to be accomplished. The experienced rider and the saddle maker agree that the saddle is the one part of the bicycle, which must be especially adapted to each rider. The saddle which gives perfect comfort and ease to one rider, will not do for another at all, and again, a saddle which suits one style of riding will not answer for a person of the same build riding in a different style. There are in this year's varieties long saddles and short saddles, hard saddles and soft saddles, and saddles with springs under them, and others without.

There has been much talk of wheels without chains. If these could be successfully used, it would certainly be an advantage to ladies, who are in constant danger, by reason of their skirts; but it seems safe to say now that the wheel makers, with but one or two exceptions, will devote themselves, for the coming year, at least, to making as good wheels as they know how to make on the old lines, and that those who are about to put out chainless wheels will make the experiment very cautiously.

Felt pedals are suggested as preferable to rubber. The narrow fancy pedal with its open work and points, however pleasing to the eye, does not suit a lady who has ridden long enough to understand something about her wheel; she prefers a plain pedal.

Grips and pedals made of solid felt were shown and favorably commented upon in England. These were spoken of here among dealers a year ago, but they are not to be found in the market. The felt pedal is said to combine all the advantages of both the rat-trap and rubber pedals. It is just a square of half felt with the bearings set into it.

Although there was much talk about the new wheels; especially the

ladies'. Women are not expected to scorch, and back pedalling should be a sufficient check for them.

One of the important problems, in connection with the growing use of the wheel by women, is as to its effect upon their health. Dr. Skene, an eminent physician and famous surgeon of New York, in a recent interview upon the subject, said, "A certain amount of pleasure and healthful exercise may be obtained by a certain class of women in moderate bicycle riding. If a girl or woman is of such an indolent disposition that she will not take exercise enough of any kind to keep her in health, but takes to a bicycle, she will be greatly improved thereby, both mentally and physically. Such a one is not at all likely to injure herself by overdoing."

"There is still another class who find the bicycle beneficial. I refer to those whose duties keep them indoors and mostly sitting, and who still have time for out-of-door exercise and cannot keep horses. Such people find the wheel a great convenience and help. Again, those who are active, ambitious and can indulge in all the rational exercise may devote a little time to bicycling with pleasure and profit.

"Considered as an occupation, recreation or exercise for mature women it is capable of doing much harm, and is evidently much abused. Excluding those already referred to, who have nothing to do and not much inclination to do, bicycling, like any other occupation is useful and beneficial.

"But for those whose duties in life tax their energy and strength to the fullest extent, bicycling is simply an overtaxation. I have seen so many women who were overdoing mentally and physically, later advised to ride a bicycle as a recreation. One who is mentally or physically tired or exhausted is never rested by violent or even active muscular exercise.

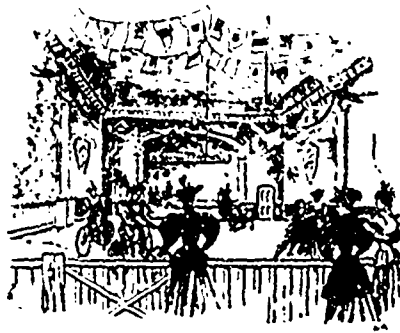
"How absurd it is, then, to advise one to take a ride before or after a day's work that in itself is all that she is able to do. The greatest objection to the bicycle is that it is abused by being overdone. The most difficult lesson to learn is to take everything in moderation."

Doctor—The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world.

PATIENT—But I can't afford to ride a bicycle.

Doctor—O, you don't need to ride one; just dodge them.—New York Herald.

The Dowager Queen of Portugal is a thoroughly good marksman, as well as being very fond of sport. When at her country home near Caldas, she will amuse herself for hours by shooting from a high window at bottles thrown for her into the sea, and she very rarely misses her aim.



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given, and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

ORDERS TO DISCONTINUE should always be sent direct to us by letter or postal card. Do not return a paper with something written on the margin. To do so is contrary to law, and unintelligible to the publishers.

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JOANNA E. WOOD.

The following interesting sketch of Joanna E. Wood, the Canadian author is reproduced from the Buffalo Express. It is from the pen of another young Canadian writer Honora S. Howard.

Lack of nationality in her work and in her personal characteristics inclines us to place the author of "The Untempered Wind" among the cosmopolites. Of Scottish birth, Canadian education and American literary training, she is a person of such wide sympathies that no other classification would readily suggest itself.

While she was yet an infant, her parents came to this country and chose for their home a picturesque spot on the Heights at Queenston overlooking Niagara River. Here Miss Wood's childhood was spent and no doubt the splendid natural environments among which she was reared played no small part in forming the future writer. Her education was received at the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, a school which in its sixty-nine years of existence has trained scores of those who are now Canada's best known men and women.

To write was Miss Wood's ambition from her earliest years, and very thorough has been her preparation for her chosen work. So thorough that it was only after much study and hard reading that she thought of giving her writings to the public. For a long time they were shown only to her elder brother, who had been her constant critic. In fact, it is to him that Miss Wood ascribes her subsequent success, for in spite of his severity with her literary faults, it is to him that she owes all her stimulus and inspiration. But life, even more than books, she has studied in a most systematic way. Frequent trips to Europe have formed part of her training, while each winter she takes up her residence in some centre of social or literary life; sometimes she has chosen New York, oftener Boston, and this winter Philadelphia is her temporary home. Her literary work and study are varied by numbers of social duties, for Miss Wood has hosts of friends. Last winter she did no writing, but threw herself heartily into the social life of that gayest of cities, Paris, chiefly for the purpose of bringing herself more in touch with French literature through a better knowledge of the people. In London, too, she had every opportunity of seeing the best of English life, while the purpose of her last visit to Scotland was to collect material for a story of the mining district.

Miss Wood has always been a strong opponent of the tradition that writing women must be dowdy and severe looking. She frankly confesses a fondness for smart gowns, dainty surroundings and all feminine frivolities. Though she has advanced most unconventional theories in her writings, yet she is by no means a "new woman," in any of the popular acceptations of the term. She has no desire to vote, is not an upholder of the rational dress movement and has even declared that she will never ride a bicycle.

As a disciple of the realistic school, Miss Wood has no sympathy with the righteousness that condemns the erring while putting forth no hand to help. Writers, above all others, she holds, must be tolerant and charitable; illiberal censoriousness should be no part of those who must live near to humanity before they can interpret it aright. Her own favorite authors in the order of preference give precedence to the poets. Miss Wood always declares that there is a great gap between Shakespeare and the others who arrange themselves in her mind thus: Shelley, Keats, Byron, Burns, Rossetti, Swinburne and Browning; then Thackeray, Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Barrie. Among women writers George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Mary Russel Mitford appeal to her most warmly.

At present Miss Wood is working at a story of the New-England hills, and when this is finished, she hopes to begin the Scottish tale for which she so long been collecting material.

HONORA S. HOWARD.

CANADA, LAND OF THE MAPLE TREE.

BY ALEXANDER MUIR.

God bless thee Canada our home,
Land of the Maple Tree;
There is no land in all the world,
We love so well as thee!
Britannia's crown has many gems
Of wealth and beauty rare;
Among them all, thou reign'st supreme;
The fairest of the fair!

CHORUS—

We're Britons born, and Britons still,
And Britons aye shall be;
The Union Jack, the flag we love,
Shall guard our Maple Tree.

Here England's Rose blooms sweet and fair,
As in its native land;
And Scotia's Thistle waves its head
Majestic great and grand;
And Ireland's Shamrock sings its song,
Of love and mirth with glee;
The three entwined grow fresh and strong
Around our Maple Tree.

No foreign power shall o'er us rule,
Our liberties onthrall;
Fair British play shall hold the away,
With equal rights to all.

*No other flag shall e'er displace
The grand old Union Jack;
Should foes assail, our Lion's Paw
Will hurl the invaders back.

In our loved land, so vast, so grand,
That spans from sea to sea,
Millions unborn, shall find a home
Beneath our Maple Tree.
Three cheers for Britain's Empire vast,
Three cheers for Canada,
Three cheers for our beloved Queen,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

*As this song was composed during the time of the Equal Right's movement, the following four lines took the place of the four lines commencing "No other flag, etc."

No other race shall e'er displace
The sons from Britain sprung,
Our schools shall teach our noble speech,
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

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FRIENDLY WORD TO MOTHERS.

Many of people write to tell us that the best reading in the newspapers is (and has long been) the series of articles of which this is one. We appreciate the comment, and try to deserve it. It is not that we are wise above all the rest of mankind; but because we say our say in plain English and in a friendly, helpful spirit towards everybody. And it is in this spirit that we now say to all the women in England who are mothers of growing children, that they ought to be more watchful of those children, especially in all matters that concern their health. Too many of the young people of this country are ill—quite too many. And death is too busy among them. There are too many short graves in the churchyards. Come, come now, let's have a bit of a talk about it. And let one good mother speak first.

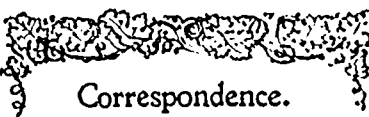
"In November, 1893," she writes, "one of my daughters took cold, which threw her into a low, weak state of health. She grew to be very despondent, listless and altogether out of sorts. She refused her food, saying she didn't want it, that she had no appetite. Still she ate something, as of necessity, but did not relish it, and it gave her no strength. Then she would be troubled with giddiness and a rush of blood to the head. At times her head was so bad she was not able to move about, and took no interest in anything. We were in hopes that the ailment would wear off, seeing that she was young, and that she would soon be herself again.

"Instead of that she seemed to get worse, and complained of great weakness. In this strait we consulted a doctor, who treated her for a time, yet none of his medicines appeared to reach the source of her disease. For six months she remained in this condition. We knew not what further to do, and waited with a natural anxiety for any turn for the better or worse.

"Well, I got a supply of Seigel's Syrup from Mr. J. V. Lewis' Stores, Blackwood, and after having taken it for only a few days, my daughter experienced great relief; and by the continued use of it for a few weeks, she fully regained her health. Since then she has been as strong and well as before the illness came upon her. Seeing what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done in this case, I used it for another daughter who suffered from indigestion and rheumatism with the best results.

"Out of my knowledge of the merits of this remedy I would strongly recommend it to all women, especially to those who are at a critical age, and liable to illnesses which may so easily prove more serious than at first feared. In hope my words may reach and be of use to others, you have my consent to the publication of the hasty letter. (Signed) M. E. Davies, Blackwood, Newport, Monmouthshire, November 28, 1894."

It is not really needful to add anything to what Mrs. Davies has said. We may, perhaps, venture to say that, in all probability, her daughter's complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia, with resulting nervous prostration—actually set in before she took the cold to which Mrs. Davies attributes the attack. At least in the great majority of such cases that is the order of events. Let mothers look more closely into the subject and then say what they think. One thing, nevertheless, is clear: and can be acted upon. Parents can place a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house, whether they need it to-day or not. They can give the young people a dose on the signs of anything wrong. Simple common sense and slack attention. Dear Mother, how many vacant places they fill in our homes.



Correspondence.

FASHIONS.

A. B.—You are safe in buying an organdie muslin. A large number of the dancing gowns this season are organdies, and they will be largely worn in the summer.

F. F.—The newest sleeve is leg 'o mutton, with gathered full at shoulder (see fig. 1 in our fashion page). Others preferred by some are close fitting to the shoulder puff, which is drooping or caught up in bow effect.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. S. C.—We give this month in our prune recipes something that will meet your request. There are other dried fruits which we may discuss next month.

M. F., Lindsay—Possibly you have been using your voice too freely in talking, or you may have been sitting in a room where there is too much tobacco smoke. A weak throat cannot stand irritation, and both of these things act as irritants.

LITERARY.

VALENCIA.—Our question column was light last month, and was, therefore, deferred until this month.

(1) THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, in common with any other magazine, accepts "amateur" contributions, if they are good. We hardly understand what interpretation you place upon the word "amateur." Literally it means one who enters into any work for the love of it, and who is not paid. In literature there should be no "amateurs," in this sense; and as far as we know there are none. If by "amateur" you mean a new and untried writer, that again makes no difference to editor or publisher, who accept purely on the merits of the article, or, if well known, the name of the writer.

(2) Study the magazine to which you send your manuscript. That will give you the best idea of its requirements.

(3) Certainly, although I always advise young writers to use their own names. Nom de plumes are relics of a by-gone era in literature, when Grub Street conceptions of writers prevailed. Unless a writer is ashamed of his work, or pur poses writing down below the level of his best, he does better to sign and gain the advantage that may come in the future of owning a name recognized and respected in literature.

(4) Yes. If accepted.

BICYCLING.

KATIE S., Vancouver, B.C.—You should have a magnificent cycling ground in that splendid park. I cannot help you much, it comes only with practice, but here is a bit of rhyme, clipped from a New York paper which may help you

HOW A WOMAN SHOULD MOUNT.

To mount the wheel with perfect grace, First see the pedals are in place; Next, The right the centre half around, The left the nearest to the ground. Draw back the wheel a little, thus, To give it proper impetus. Your hands upon the handle bar Should be as dainty touches are. Then press with right foot till you see The inside pedal rising right Describes the circle, sinks from sight;

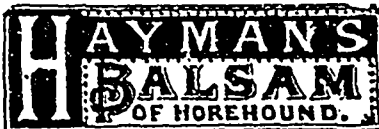
But ere it meets your foot once more You're mounted and the lesson's o'er.

Everybody has heard of Sunlight Soap, but in order to induce more people to use it the proprietors are offering \$1,025 in bicycles and watches, ten Stearn's bicycles at \$100 a piece and twenty-five gold watches worth \$25 each to those who win in the competition being offered, of which particulars will be found in their advertisement on page 24.

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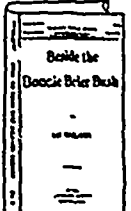
We have had a number of word contests in the past and prizes have been awarded fairly. The owner of every winning list has received prizes, and all testify to the square dealing of Mr. Plummer. In entering this contest you are sure of getting the money to which your list entitles you. We first adopted these word contests this season. We have given away \$200 in prizes to more than 100 winners. If you do you will be more than a good winner. We will give you \$500 in gold. Here they are: \$500—Dr. E. H. M. Sell, 137 W. 94th St., New York City; \$100—Miss M. Louisa Allen, Upper Village, Marlon, Mass.; \$50—E. H. Hurt, West Winfield, N. Y.; \$100—Mrs. O. H. Coulidge, 83 Maple St., Rutland, Vt.; \$50—Mrs. Eally Burt, West Winfield, N. Y. This is our largest and best contest. We give

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How Biscuits are Made

Those great warehouses down by the railways and wharves in this city, as every other, are full of a splendid interest which we are slow to discover, because they make no show. The outsides, dusty, bale-piled and grim, neither invite us nor suggest the wonderful things within. Only the manufacturers and perhaps the buyers know.

Sometimes a busy journalist in his searchings for copy wanders in, and straightway realizes how much there is of real entertainment hidden behind our factory walls, waiting only a pen to tell it. Eyes are better than a pen, one look is worth a thousand words. But since eyes cannot be everywhere, the pen of the writer must be spectacles for thousands.

It happened one day this month that we took a little journey through the Toronto Biscuit & Confectionery Co., and for the first time saw how biscuits are made—not the soft, hot biscuits of the home oven, but those crisp affairs of every variety that are sent out by boxes in tens of thousands all through the country.

Soda, tea, arrowroot, abernethy, crack-nells, oyster, fruit biscuits, gems and sweet fancy biscuits in every variety—we saw them being turned out in pansful, until white bins heaped to overflow with their crisp hot fragrance.

The kitchen of the company is a most interesting place, a little torrid, perhaps, by reason of the big oven, and noisy with wheels, but spotlessly clean and fragrant.

Here biscuit making is carried out just as the bread making is in the housewife's kitchen, only machinery takes the place of hands, and everything is on an enormous scale.

Here are half a dozen wooden mixing bowls, with the creamy, yellow sponge slowly rising—very important stage is this "setting the sponge," so the chef tells us; the biscuits are made or marred here. The bowls are as large as deep, wooden bath-tubs in which several little folks could splash about. They are of unpainted white wood, and spotless as scouring can make them. "The flour-dusted mass of sponge looks delightfully comfortable within them, somehow.

Near at hand are the mixing or kneading machines. Human fists, however willing, could never work such masses, so here are revolving beaters that work and toss the dough about right heartily.

Not far away are other machines, huge rolling pins, that revolve and roll the dough out, as rapidly and as thick as desired, and beside it—part of it, indeed—is a cutter which cuts the rolled pastry into biscuit shape and stamps them. Rather a remarkable and intricate machine this—the dough en masse at one end, passing smoothly over rollers, under cutters, brush, and stamper, and coming out

at the other end, a tray of stamped biscuits, ready to pop in the big oven and joining.

It takes several men to assist that dough on its various stages through the machine. Being soft and sticky it is apt to cling.

How hot it is beside the oven—such an oven. Picture a ferris wheel, with great trays in the place of boxes, and a huge, open coal fire far down beneath. Picture this wheel closely encased in a brick house of its own with one long, open slit for window, and you have the oven in this biscuit kitchen. The fire glows, the wheel moves round, each tray stops a moment at the window, receives its quota of trays full of biscuits, then resumes its slow, even way. One revolution about this thrilling, glowing coal and the biscuits are done. It is a fascination to watch it.

As tray after tray is lifted off they are tossed into big baskets, or boxes, and carried by sliding elevator away up to an upper storey, and there we presently followed them.

This is the packing room: elevated bins piled with the soda biscuits, warm from the oven, crisp and deliciously fragrant, run lengthwise down the room, while a score of young girls stand at tables rapidly packing them into boxes. It gives some idea of the demand for sodas to know that in this factory alone twenty barrels of flour per day is used for soda biscuits.

We have said no word concerning the sweet fancy biscuits, yet their manner of making is of especial interest also. Smaller machines are used for these—one like an automatic press, that presses the dough down from a cylinder into dies of varied shapes. Then sharp iron teeth, wired together, come swiftly along and cut off the jumbles, ladies' fingers, bars, or whatever shape is designed.

The more expensive biscuits, such as those with icing, jelly, or marsh mallow, are each finished separately by girls whose special work it is. In the "corderoy," for instance, a new variety of sweet biscuit at present popular, the surface is first covered with jam, then lines of soft marsh mallow are traced down by light-pouring from a spoon, and last, while yet soft, it is strewn with shredded cocoanut.

This individual work, of course, adds materially to the cost of the biscuit.

After our visit to the biscuit department we visited others where candies and jams are made—but that is another story.

COMMON SENSE APPLIED TO BICYCLE TIRES.

Common sense is a much talked of quality and as the old saw says, gets its name by a paradox because it is so "uncommon." It is really astonishing that some people are lacking in the common sense or practical judgment which would enable them to distinguish between different things and choose the one which gives most benefit. Take bicycle tires—the vital part of wheeling comfort, and you will find people who travel around on tires of such a wonderful and peculiar construction that, in order to be prepared for possible accidents or contingencies on the road, they must carry a bag full of implements as well as a book of instruction; for the tools are so many and their uses so involved, that life is almost too short for any one but a skilled mechanic to understand them thoroughly. And yet these people think they are having a good time! Well, "Ignorance may be bliss," but surely only of a negative and poor variety in such a case.

In contrast, Dunlop tires appeal to your best common sense in every detail. The principle on which they are made is so simple and natural that it takes your fancy at once. There is nothing involved or complicated, you understand the whole thing at a glance, and the perfect ease with which these tires may be handled in taking them off a wheel for repairs, or replacing them, appeals forcibly to any one who has ever tried to wrestle with other tires.

No other tools than the hands are needed to repair a puncture, any body's hands, even those of the daintiest lady can accomplish it speedily and successfully. Think of the comfort gained by being able to ride along freely, unhindered by any burdensome tools and yet secure in the knowledge that if the sometimes inevitable puncture should occur, a halt of a very few minutes will be enough for you to make everything right. Add to this the fact that Dunlop tires are unequalled for resilience and durability, and it is easy to see why they are the popular favorites all over the world. They cost a little more than some others, but are worth the difference many times over because of their genuine worth and durability.

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