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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

WE place the recent further advance in the direction of establishing a Board of International Arbitration as one of the chief events of the month, since it is a movement fraught with such far-reaching and momentous consequences, not merely to the Anglo-American races, but to every nation upon the globe.

That the movement should have advanced far enough, first, to assemble a Congress of Peace in Washington during May for the sole purpose of promoting it; and second, to bring an influential deputation of representative English gentlemen to wait upon Lord Salisbury in the later days of June with purpose of directly interviewing the Premier upon the question,—shows how largely the highest sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon people reaches out toward a condition of international relationship, which but a few years ago would have been viewed as a chimerical ideal, but is now already a possibility.

The establishment of such a board would be the first fair harbinger of millennial dawn.

THE note received by His Atrocious Majesty the Sultan, warning him of the certainty of losing the 'good will' of the powers if he permits the continuance of the Cretan barbarities, sounds decidedly farcical in view of the past and present condition of Armenia.

Let us hope that the term is used in an official sense, one that conveys some definite warning; since there is surely none in the civilised world, either as nations or individuals, who to-day hold 'good will' toward such a ruler.

Of the four leaders of the Johannesburg revolt, three signed a document pledging themselves to abstain from interference in politics, and were permitted to remain in the Transvaal; the fourth—Col. Rhodes—refused to sign, and was banished for life.

The demand of the Government was just and reasonable; yet one cannot help admiring the man who preferred banishment to being denuded of those rights of citizenship which are the full measure of manhood.

ONLY last month it was ours to comment on the sad series of many catastrophes, each involving heavy loss of life. June continues the grievous list:—in northern Japan, where ten thousand went down into a yawning earth; in the shipwreck off Brittany coast, where three hundred women and children sank, sleeping; and in the explosion of an American pleasure steamer which sent twenty citizens to a cruel death.

These sweeps of disaster which recur at periodic intervals, startle us with a haunting sense of the mystery of life, and the Power that controls it.

IN the heat of the election campaign, the rapid movement toward the unification of the British Empire is hardly receiving the share of attention from the press and people which so great a project demands. Mr. E. B. Osler, who was one of the delegates at the recent Chambers of Commerce Congress, speaks not one word too emphatic when he declares it "the most important gathering of its kind ever held in the history of the Empire."

There must have been a fine inspiration in this assembly of practical, large-viewed business men, gathered from all points of the Empire for the sole object of considering how the commercial solidification of the Empire may be accomplished.

It is only another phase of the impulse which on Britain's side has recently commanded that henceforth in all official documents the colonies shall no more be included under the term 'foreign countries.'

That Canada's strong empiric enterprise has been recognised and appreciated by the Mother Country was evidenced at the Congress in unmistakable terms.

The final decision that at the request of the colonies the British Government should appoint a commission to discuss the policy of preferential trade, is most gratifying and acceptable, and a big step forward in the direction of Imperial Federation.

THE various June ministerial conferences have shown each in their own line certain interesting phases, truly indicative of denominational features.

Dr. Langtry's protest, which has already become almost celebrated, may be passed amusedly as the honest utterance of an ecclesiastical Rip Van Winkle; but the grave error of the Synod lay in permitting Principal Sheraton to withdraw a motion that without doubt expresses the sentiment of the majority of Anglican clergymen of to-day.

The motion should have been pressed and passed, and the broad Christian sentiment of the Synod placed upon record; whatever of discussion there may have been would have done good rather than harm.

THE Methodist Conference, assembled in Hamilton, may have intended only a gentle wit when its greetings to its brother conference in Winnipeg took the form of the Bible verse:

Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

The fact that it was received by the latter with laughter bears out the inference.

Yet the question arises whether what might be harmless in the privacy of individual speech remains so when exercised in public way.

That a body of ministers should so deliberately apply the words of Holy Writ that the interpretation causes it to be received with

laughter, seems hardly fit, in the eyes of a world which, however cynical it may be, yet looks upon the pulpit to hold the Bible for all reverent uses.

THE General Assembly, which was the largest and most important of all the ministerial gatherings, did a large amount of fine official work.

Apart from this, the most important pronouncements were those dealt with by Principal Cavan:—first, the report of the Committee on Church Union; on a proposition from the Methodist Church concerning the proposed appointment of a federal court to be composed of representatives of various Churches, with the object of securing co-operation and preventing the overlapping of church work in newer fields.

The big advancement toward Church Union in the establishment of such a court is obvious, and herein lies the importance of the Assembly's approval of the recommendation.

CONCERNING the Manitoba School question, there is no doubt that Principal Cavan's resolution was one worthy of the Church to which he belongs; in its clearness of thought, decision and moderation of tone; while his masterly speech in support of the same was one of the best expositions and elucidations of the case that has yet been uttered.

One of the Rev. Principal's most admirable points was that, while his words were definite in statement, they were yet free from party bias. He recognises, what all other ministerial pronouncers upon the question have yet apparently failed to see,—that there are distinctly two sides to this question—one might almost say two rights involved;—and his suggested solution takes cognizance of this.

In adopting Principal Cavan's resolution and endorsing his thoughtful exposition, the General Assembly has placed itself on record as the one ministerial body which has fully grasped the situation and ably dealt with the same.

THE incident of Prof. Goldwin Smith and the proposed LL.D. honours,—which the gentleman himself definitely settled,—is one of those questions concerning which directly opposite views may be taken by excellent people.

That the introduction of politics into the sphere of letters is not desirable, we all admit; but the point upon which the question hinges is whether an ardent advocacy of annexation with a foreign power, an urging of transference of national allegiance, however worthy the motive,—can be viewed merely as a matter of politics.

Does it not go deeper? Is it not the infringement of an unwritten law of citizenship, which we instinctively recognise and demand in those whom we delight to honour? And is not this instinctive feeling the cause of the protest on the part of many?



This series has thus far contained sketches of Countesses of Aberdeen, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. C. Patterson, Lady Chapleau, Madam Laurier, Mrs. Mackintosh, Lady Galt, Lady Tupper, and Mrs. George Foster.

EVERY home worthy of the name possesses its own peculiar atmosphere, an undefinable envelopment, of which the guest of ordinary sensibility becomes instantly aware upon crossing its threshold.

And this atmosphere—this home breath—varies as the individual. Indeed, it is the outcome of the spiritual aspiration; the theosophical *aura* of the inmates of the home. They, themselves, are unconscious of it; it is their natural environment. But the quality of it is as perceptible to the guest as is that of any new physical atmosphere.

In one home we breathe instantly the frank worldliness of good-natured wealth; in another the wholesome air of kindly domesticity. We choke with the gassy uncertainties of a home of shams; or grow torpid in the sluggish atmosphere of intellectual inertia.

But where the spiritual is supreme, where mind and soul are alive; where the inmates of a home realise that 'the kingdom' is truly within, and, consciously or unconsciously, live from this heart centre; then, indeed, the atmosphere becomes pregnant with high thought and a quick sympathy, which stirs whatever there may be of noble purpose, in even the passing guest.

* * *

Such a home rises in vision before me as I look at the portrait of Mrs. George Foster, mistress of 'Maplecroft,' Ottawa, and wife of Canada's clever Minister of Finance.

'Maplecroft,' is a cool, old-fashioned stone mansion, situated in Ottawa's older—and, possibly, less fashionable—portion. Concerning the latter fact, I do not know. But memory recalls it just now, as I saw it on a recent June evening,—standing back a little from the street, with glorious old trees in front of it; tempting, lazily be-cushioned hammocks swinging beneath the large, old-fashioned porch; soft green lawn, and a hospitable open door, revealing a depth of cool summer quiet.

Even in giving this slight impression of the exterior of 'Maplecroft,' I have unconsciously revealed the salient points of the inner life,—simplicity, quietness, hospitality.

Here the wayfaring guest—of whatever rank—is sure to find welcome, sincere; hospitality, generous; the repose that bespeaks culture;—and enveloping all, an unassuming simpleness that is very charming.

* * *

The mistress of 'Maplecroft' is a little lady of distinguished appearance;—the refined, nervous face, accentuated by the soft, short curls of

silvery-grey; the gentle tones; the thoughtful speech; the retiring manner,—all unite to make her attractive to strangers; who, if they be of keen perception, may guess something of the intense nervous temperament, and the intellectual gifts that lie beneath the modest, almost shy bearing. Yet M.s. Foster is best loved by those who



MRS. GEORGE FOSTER.

know her most intimately,—the poor, who receive her many charities; and the small inner circle of friends.

During the session, and, indeed, throughout the year, 'Maplecroft' contributes its full share to the social amenities that grace official life. And none of Ottawa's social leaders entertain with more of kindness and grace; no receptions and dinners are more enjoyable than those given by the wife of the Minister of Finance.

In the brilliant official functions of the Capital, Mrs. Foster moves with manner so unassuming, that strangers rarely suspect either her high social position or yet her exceptional personality.

As hostess among many guests, she is still the same, moving among them so quietly that they are almost unconscious of her presence.

Yet not one goes away without feeling that he or she has received the courtesy of a special welcome,—and a personal sympathy.

But it is rather with the two or three,—in the closer intimacies of friendships, and the thoughtful talk of the twilight hour,—that the mistress of 'Maplecroft' is at her best.

* * *

An incorrect impression prevails that Mrs. Foster is an American. She is a Canadian by birth, and by many years of living; although, as a young girl, she received part of her education in New York State.

She is naturally very talented, and her several gifts were thoroughly cultivated. She is a good musician; and her marked literary ability is well known. Many of her writings are very beautiful,—the pathetic strain that pervades them, the isolated 'inner vision,' suggesting the style of Father Ryan, whose tender musical poem, "The Valley of Silence," is familiar to us all.

She is fond of reading, and her favourite poets are Longfellow and Mrs. Browning.

Looking into the nervous face, and understanding something of the strong imaginative temperament it reveals, it is easy to conceive a resemblance between the clear-visioned prophetess-poet and the lady of our sketch, whose keen sympathy and intuitive powers make her almost clairvoyant.

Besides these artistic gifts, she is an accomplished linguist in French and German, and it is a common pastime for Mr. and Mrs. Foster to spend a spare hour conversing in these languages.

* * *

Both are fond of flowers. At the back of the house extends a large garden, and here, when wearied of statistics, the Minister of Finance finds relaxation, by taking spade, hoe and rake, throwing off his coat, and with it the cares of his onerous office, and turning up the fresh brown earth, planting or pruning.

The flowers are not the only pets; certain dear little foreign birds, the tiniest of winged songsters, chirp cheerily in the window sunshine; while one or two favourite dogs find a happy life at 'Maplecroft.'

It is almost an ideal home; for its mistress, with all these gifts of heart and intellect, is also an excellent house-keeper, who plans with a kindly unselfishness for the comfort of those about her. And her magnetism of sympathy and clear intuition places her instantly *en rapport* with those whom she desires to serve.

Her silence and reserve arises often from excess of sympathy. She literally 'feels together,' and suffers with and for her friends.

The Minister of Finance shares many of the qualities belonging to his wife, albeit he adds thereto the stronger masculine nature and attributes.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster are distinctly in close sympathy with each other, and in all aims and purposes; and it is from a simple, yet always uplifting home living, that this important Cabinet official goes forth into the larger and more turbulent life of the Canadian political arena.

* * *

This is 'Maplecroft' and the mistress thereof, in as far as the pen of an impressionist may outline. And this is the home of one of Canada's most clever politicians—the present Minister of Finance.

FAITH FENTON.



STAGELAND.

IN these days when the popular actress 'lives on velvet,' as the phrase goes, is belauded, travels in private cars, has her diamonds stolen, and attracts almost as much public attention as an empress, it is interesting to look back on some of the earlier women of the stage and learn something of their vicissitudes, talents and shortcomings. It will be found that in those days when the stage performer was far more of an outcast than he is to-day, there were women who lived honest, painstaking lives, and were admirable examples for some of the modern petted celebrities.

* * *

The earliest actress of any prominence on the English stage was Mrs. Betterton, who died a very old woman in 1712, and was the wife of the first great English tragedian. It is not certainly known, but it is considered very probable, that she was the first regular actress to tread the boards in England. She was pronounced great because of her beautiful performances of Shakespeare's female characters.

It is one of the most marvellous things about Shakespeare that he created those exquisite women of his for men to perform, and was not prevented by the consciousness of this fact from giving them those divine feminine characteristics that will delight the world forever. Certainly Mrs. Betterton contributed to the public appreciation of the great dramatist in no mean way, in first showing the British public the glorious stage possibilities of those characters of his. *Lady Macbeth* was her greatest rôle, and though little is known of her, it is pleasant to record that that little paints her as a devoted and faithful wife through many years of hard labour.

* * *

Coming later and departing earlier was the jolly little singer, dancer and comedienne, Nelly Gwynne, immortalised by the dying words of King Charles II., 'Don't let poor Nelly starve.' Certainly, the King, who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, abated a little of his folly when he made this request for the little red-haired sinner, who had been true to him always, and who gave back to the poor

the wealth that was ground out of them for the King's pleasures. Her fame, alas! rests on other claims than those of her art, and she probably was no great actress, but just a sprightly, good-hearted little singer, whose head was not altogether turned by the King's favour.

* * *

If you have read Charles Read's whole-souled novel, 'Peg Woffington' (of whom more anon), you remember the esteem which Mrs. Ann Bracegirdle is represented as having won in the early days. Her purity won her the name of the Diana of the stage, and she was a woman whom the poor blessed when they saw her, and who, according to all authorities, richly deserved their benedictions. She lived from 1663 to 1748,—saw the downfall of the Stuarts and the rising of the House of Hanover, the wars and revolutions by which this was brought about; and she acted on a stage that was in many things vile,—so vile that the

lines in the plays were enough to befoul a less earnest woman's soul. Her chief charm lay in the lighter drama, and her dark brown hair and eyebrows, her sparkling black eye, her fresh, rich complexion, gave her the appearance of a joyous, sparkling creature whenever she appeared. She inspired the best authors to write for her, and won their love into the bargain, and she is the woman of whom it was said that she had as many lovers as she had men in her audiences. According to the merry practices of the time she many times narrowly escaped abduction by some of her less scrupulous admirers, and once indeed was only saved through the rising of the London populace in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

* * *

Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, possibly the greatest actress of that epoch, first introduced the fashion of extravagant dressing on the stage, in which she has been followed by many less eminent performers of these days. In one old piece she appeared as Queen Elizabeth at her coronation, and managed to procure the robes of James II.'s Queen. She overcame many crudities, and in her early days gave no promise of the fame she afterwards achieved, according to that good old gossip, Colley Cibber. Her father was a gentleman,—a colonel in the army, who had formerly practised as a barrister. She took to the stage in 1700 because she was without means. Unlike most of the famous women of those days when beauty was prized so much, she was not beautiful, but rather a slubby creature, and seems to have been a great *Lady Macbeth*. Unhappily, she does not appear to have been as exemplary in her ways as some of her contemporaries of less genteel origin.

* * *

Anyone who has ever seen Ellen Terry's exquisite impersonation of *Nance Oldfield* will like to learn something of the woman who was Charles Reade's inspiration. Henry Fielding said that her "ravishing perfections" were so much the admiration of every eye and every ear, that they would remain in the memory of many when the plays she acted were forgotten. And old Cibber pronounces her tall, beautiful in action and aspect with a face as benevolent as her heart. Once when a discarded suitor rose in the pit to ungallantly hiss her, she looked at

him with such withering contempt and remarked, "Poor creature," that the boor was glad to slink down under the seat and out of sight. With such powers of scorn it is not wonderful that she became a great tragedienne, but unluckily her advantages of birth and education did not make her wholly circumspect in her ways.

* * *

Dr. Johnson pronounced Kitty Clive the best actress he ever saw, one who at her best excelled Garrick, and a better romp than any he ever saw in nature; while the genial Tate Wilkinson found her a mixture of combustibles—passionate, cross, vulgar,—yet sensible, very sensible, and as a comic actress, a diamond of the first water. She appears to have been ugly, but a veritable goddess of mirth, and the wits of the middle portions of the last century were never tired of singing her praises. With those times, however, the name of Peg Woffington is for ever associated as its greatest actress. Her genius for comedy was remarkable, but many seem to have regarded the Irish girl as a great tragedienne as well. She had a demure, pensive face that lit up with a very fire of delight in comedy. Her dark eyes, and her dark curls, which, strange to say, she wore without powder, won her the reputation of being the most beautiful woman who ever graced the boards. Anyone who has read Charles Reade's novel, must have fallen in love with the ideal character there presented, and although the real Peg was probably less angel, still the way in which Garrick, whom she loved very dearly, absolutely pined her, gives a tragic side to the life of this little genius whom all the world fêted.

* * *

We pass over with a word Mrs. Abingdon, whom Garrick pronounced silly and false, and yet who rose from the position of barmaid to have great ladies running after her for points on dress, and to study her wonderful distinction of manner. She was Sheridan's choice for the original of *Lady Teazle*, and this speaks volumes for her talents. The real genius who followed her was Mrs. Siddons, the greatest of them all, a woman on whom volumes have been written. There never was a better stage figure. Her height, above the middle size, her figure charming and of delicious roundness, a beautifully formed face, lit by eyes that pierced into the very souls of her auditors,—constituted her endowments. The face, too, was wonderfully mobile, so that there was no emotion that was not perfectly expressed on it, and yet it was never overcharged with expression, according to the best judges. There are actresses who can look so terribly fierce, so fearfully wrought up, that the scene becomes exaggerated; but this divine barn-stormer, who afterwards became the world's greatest actress, preserved the perfect classic medium. This actress brings us into the present century. Her wonderful performances of *Lady Macbeth* and other great rôles, her genuine goodness all through life, her powers of mind,—these have made her immortal. And when the actresses of to-day reflect that all through her youth she played in barns, travelled in the rain and storm along muddy roads, and had to go without a meal sometimes, they must thank their stars that though we do not pet genius so much nowadays, or regard it as so wonderful a thing, yet the way for its expression is much better paved than it was one hundred years ago.

THE PROMPTER.

* * *

It is about time that a summer theatre was instituted in Toronto. There is reason why our theatres should close promptly at the end of May or thereabout, and remain shrouded in dusky gloom until early September. But surely there is room in Toronto for an airy roof garden.

AUDREY.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



IT is our whim to make belief that we require light fiction for summer months,—*vers de societe* and love stories of the lightest. Nothing pleases us more than when the doctor declares that we require complete rest,—“a month in the country, and no reading, mind you, except the very lightest.”

Wise doctor! He knows something of human nature, and how it loves a pretence of excuse.

I think the “no reading” is better without that after clause; since no thistle-blow of fiction is as wholesome as the pretty

natural fluff that floats airily under summer skies.

“No reading” is an excellent dictum for those who may have the lovely literature of nature spread before them,—in lake and river, forest, field, and the chasing shadowy cloud-land,—yet even these are wedded to their books, and must at least preserve the form of reading.

Nevertheless, I object to this ‘light literature’ theory. One book worth the reading, even though the pages be turned but slowly, is worth a score of effervescent tales, be they ever so harmless.

* * *

And books worth reading are not necessarily stupid or yet heavy. Naturally, few of us want a Robert Elsmere, or even Ian Maclaren’s “Mind of the Master” for midsummer days; yet here is a book upon my desk, of especial interest to Canadians, that is altogether enjoyable, and is neither heavy nor dull.

Gilbert Parker’s “Seats of the Mighty” is one of the best our clever novelist has written,—and that is saying much. “A Romance of Old Quebec” he terms it, and a delightful romance it is.

Dear old Quebec,—quaint historic treasure-house of our modern land! How vividly Mr. Parker brings its fascinating days of French rule before us; and how charmingly he weaves the pretty romance attaching to that sturdy, honest British soldier, Robert Moray, and brave-hearted, yet womanly little Alixe.

The *Bookman* declares Mr. Parker to be a Canadian Bret Harte minus the humour, but plus a certain spiritual distinction; yet I think, in this work at least, he ranks rather with such writers as the Robert C. Blackmore and Stanley Weyman. Certainly his Robert Moray suggests both the cumbersome, good-hearted John in “Lorna Doone,” and “The Gentleman of France”; yet neither of these books show the analysis of character, the ‘spiritual distinction’ betrayed in the portraiture of Doltaire.

I doubt whether any modern author has created a more complex character, or yet given more subtle delineation of the same.

Whether Doltaire be purely a fictitious personage, or whether there is historic ground for the character, I know not. Bigot, De Vaudreuil, Mountcalm, Saunders, Lobiniere,—these we hold in our country’s history; but this inimitable Doltaire,—peasant and prince, devil

and philosopher, courteous to kingliness, cruel unto torture, whether he be constructed from a shadowy name, or purely fictional,—is clothed upon by the artist with a reality that brings him to the foreground,—the one strong, tense, dramatic figure in a dramatic epoch of our country’s history.

Kirby’s “Chien D’Or” has, up to the present, been the one historic romance of Quebec City; but henceforth “The Seats of the Mighty” will take first rank as the book of enchantment which all shall conjure with, who, in time to come, shall walk within the walls of Canada’s Ancient Capital.

One is strongly tempted to quote the many vivid, descriptive bits, did space but permit; the portraiture of General Wolfe, for instance:—

The melancholy line of his figure . . . his straight red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge, and the chin falling from an affectionate sort of mouth; his tall, straggling frame, and far from athletic shoulders . . . that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will and heroism lived; a bright furnace of daring resolves which gave England her sound desire.

There are also little philosophies and epigrams,—thought breeders for the reader, that give a reflective charm to this book,—while the spiritual touch gives distinct refinement.

But after once meeting with Gilbert Parker, one could never imagine other than refined work coming from his pen.

It is a book to be most heartily recommended as one of the pleasant and profitable outputs of the season.

And not its least attraction lies in its illustrations and maps of old Quebec.

“The Seats of the Mighty,” a Romance of Old Quebec, by Gilbert Parker. Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

* * *

We turn now to another type of book, yet still of Canada and from a Canadian pen. This is a tale of the North-West in the sixties and seventies, told by the Rev. John McDougall, who has spent all the years of his life in pioneer mission work in that vast country. “Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe,” which is just issued, is a sequel to a volume by the same author published last year and entitled “Forest, Lake and Prairie.”

Neither of these volumes make pretension to great literary merit; they do not claim to be artistic, but they are full of vigour. The breezy strength and simplicity of the wild North-West as it was seventy years ago is in them; and as simple records of pioneer adventure in the Canadian territory, now so mightily redeemed, their pages are full of interest.

The earlier volume describes the boy life of the author, when, on the appointment of his father to an Indian mission station at Norway House, Hudson Bay, he began at early age to endure the hardness and undergo the stirring adventures of the early missionaries.

The later volume is more finished in style, and carries on the record of the boy into manhood,—a splendid, strong manhood, which he spends in mission work beside the great Saskatchewan and out upon the plains.

Although written by a missionary, the recital is healthily free from “preaching.”

The honour and power of mission work is wrought in very certainly throughout the pages, yet quite incidentally. The book is, what it aims to be, a simple record of stirring out-of-doors adventure,—a most wholesome and inspiring record of wholesome and purposeful living.

I have read no books better fitted to inspire our Canadian boys with a healthy interest in their own undiscovered country; nor any more calculated to put into our growing youth the strong, sturdy, self-reliant spirit of a real man-

hood, an heroic muscular Christianity.

The volume is nicely bound, and suitably illustrated by J. E. MacLaughlin.

“Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe,” by Rev. John MacDougall. Briggs Pub. Co., Toronto.

* * *

Marion Crawford’s books are always attractive, but perhaps never more so than in the lovely laziness of summer time, when his picturesque word paintings of sunny Italy harmonise so well with our spirit of *dolce-far-niente*. We do not like Mr. Crawford out of Italy, any more than we enjoy Kipling out of India. They each need their environment in order to paint at their best.

In “Adam Johnstone’s Son,” the author has his favourite setting of Italian skies and seas; all, also, of those little cynical philosophies that woo the reader to amusement or thought:

“Every woman knows the calendar of her own face. The lines are years; the streaks are months, perhaps, or weeks, or hours. . . . This little wrinkle came one day with a doubt. The hair is worn away, as though by a crown that was not golden. . . .

People often speak of dead people with a sort of faint look of uncertain beauty,—the same which many think appropriate to the singing of hymns. . . .

A proportion of the stone-throwing Pharisees owe their immaculate reputation to their conspicuous lack of attraction. They stand in a place apart. . . . and secretly wish that they ever had the chance of being as bad as we are, without being found out. But the great army of the pure in heart are mixed with us sinners in the fight. . . .

You may know the Pharisee by his intimate knowledge of the sins he has never committed. . . .

Very piquant cynicisms and philosophies are these, and Mr. Crawford gives us not a few such.

Yet I do not like this latest novel, although written with all of the author’s customary charm. It is strained somewhat. The situation is repellant even to grotesqueness. It may be a Continental possibility, even a probability, yet we shrink from it as an offence to good taste, if from no higher reason.

It is not a healthy tale, nor one to lift us higher, although it possesses all of society tone and form.

“Adam Johnstone’s Son,” by Marion Crawford. McMillan & Co., London. Copp Clark, Toronto.

* * *

When the author of “Donovan”—our favourite Edna Lyle—undertakes to write a story for children, we may be sure it will be worth the reading.

“How the Children Raised the Wind” is a charming little story, simply and prettily told. The little daughter and son of a minister; noted “daddy’s” anxiety concerning the debt on the new church building, and devised a naive and utterly childish plan,—founded on their street experiences,—by which to increase the fund.

Fay could dance; Mowgli could play his organette; Poodle (their dog) could carry a collecting basket around his neck with “Pity the Poor Church” on it; and thus equipped, they started off on a vacation afternoon to collect pennies.

The experiences of the little ones, and the successful issue of their venture, are charmingly told.

Altogether, the story gives a delightful hour to children, while elder folk smile a tender amusement over its clear-typed pages.

“How the Children Raised the Wind,” by Edna Lyle. Clarke & Co., Fleet St., London. Briggs, Toronto.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.—“Varied Occupations in String Work,” by Louisa Walker. McMillan & Co., New York. Copp Clark, Toronto.

REVIEWER.

Summer Songs.

BY MAUD TISDALE.

A letter came to me one day a year or two ago, from an Ontario country place, asking me how the writer should begin literary work. It was a bright little letter—full of girlish confidences; and I answered it with whatever of advice my own experience had given me.

Other letters came, giving me glimpses of the home life—with father and uncles to tease and love and make happy this seventeen year old girl; glimpses too, of the free country life she lived.

Then for many months there was silence.

One early spring day, of the present year, a pretty young girl was ushered into my study. I rose to greet her, and discovered in her my little friend of two years before.

"How is the writing coming on?" I asked presently.

"I haven't been doing any work lately," she confessed, "But I've been scribbling verses. I have copied some into this book—if you care to look at them when you have time," she said shyly.

We finished our chat and she went away.

One day, a week or two later, I picked up the little yellow covered exercise book, and opened it, with expectation of finding only the usual immature, sentimental verse of a young girl. My eyes opened widely with the first few irregular lines. I read on amusedly, interestedly.

It hardly seemed possible that such bright dialect verse could come from the pen of this pretty young girl. "Why," I said surprisedly, "if this little maid will only cultivate her gift, Lake Simcoe's eastern shore will give Canada its Whitcomb Riley." I think our readers will agree with me.—EDITOR.

.....

Up at the Landin'.

FIRST o' July—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand in
Summer time. An' the river,—
Say, don't it count tho'?

Where the lunge splash an' quiver
Big dimples like inter the water,—
Till I almost ha' thought
Twas Bess a-pokin' fun at me;
An' under a pink bonnet, I sorter
See her face all beamin' an' smilin',
A-talkin' to another feller, not dreamin' o' me,—
An' my blood a-bilin'.

Picnic day,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand, an'
Bess was there lookin' jest sweet;
Her pink bonnet bobbin',
Her yeller head noddin',
Her white dress a-flutterin', an' she a-dancin'. An'
Say, it was Heaven jest watchin' her feet,
As she tripp'd to the tune o' the old fiddler's air;
But somehow or nuther I seem'd a-dreamin',
Jest catch'd sight o' Bess' face beamin',
An' a feller twistin' curls in her yeller hair.
An' say, weren't she a-smilin',—
Gosh! an' my blood was bilin'.

Picnic day,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand, an'
The sun gone down,
An' I a-rowin' Bess on the river.
I weren't a-speakin' tho', not that I wasn't willin';
So onct I stol'd a glance at her
An' I sorter saw a quiver
Round them sweet lips o' hers
A pucker'd-like fer trillin':
Gosh! I couldn't hold in no longer,
But jest blurt'd out all my heart's bilin'.
An' when I dared to look agin, shinin' through tears,
Was Bess' blue eyes
With love a-smilin'.

First o' July,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand in
Summer time. An' the river,
Say, don't it count tho'
With Bess at my side! Her yeller hair flowin',
And I scarce a-rowin',—jest let the boat glide.
The sun had gone a-wooin'
The clouds a down the river,
And the moon was kinder sneakin'
To see what we was doin',—
But I guess it didn't see much.—Jest a miss
In a boat on the river
With me,—an' a kiss!

"Skitters!"

SUMMER'S cum all right—skitters' here agin,
Don't you hear 'em singin'—
Above your head, right in a bunch?
Why, the air is ringin'!
I'd like to sweep 'em down;—yet, no,
I love the skitter;
You see my wife was Flossy Brown,
An' orct,—one bit her.

Two years ago Sunday, coming along the water,
The skitters singin';
I first met ole Brown's darter,
Her hat a-swinging,
Curly hair an' big black eyes.
Pretty? well I guess!
Thought she'd make a mash on me
In her Sunday best.

How it happened?—Well—can't exactly mind,
But she was saucy,
A-tipped her nose, an' blinked her eye;
Then it bit Flossy—
Right on her lips too—ruby red,
Poor Flossy Brown!
It raised a lump, an' then I said,—that I
Could send it down.



MISS MAUD TISDALE.

'Oh, how,' sez she, an' a 'wisht' sez I,
'A whisper, pretty Flossy';
So she bent her head, and she laughed so sweet.
Oh, she was awful saucy!
But she puckered her lips, she shook them curls,—
An'—er—what? kiss her?
Well, say,—look here,—if you want ter know,
Just ask that skitter!

Homestick.

JUST feel sorter queer to-night;
You don't believe it?
A blamed cow-bell, too, t'was caused it,
A tinkle-tinkle;
An' some pink clovers,—
The first I seen since I left home—
Made my eyes twinkle;
Not tha' I grieve it.

'Twas in the woods; it first felt queer—
I mean the lump
That jest riz up an' felt like to choke me.
Big blubberin' idgit!
I herd them bells a-far-off ringin';
Made me think o' the kid at home,—an' Nan,
An' kinder idgit.
Say, I'm a chump!

What's she doin' now, I wonder?
The kid's in bed;
Blest ef she haven't got out her needles
A knittin', knittin'
For her ole man;
An' she's thinkin'—'bout me now—and then the kid—
Her thoughts flittin'—

Why the last star's out!
Well my prayer's said.

Shadows.

MY river has caught of the sunset to-night,
As slowly it wends to the sea,
Rich crimson and old, soft purple and grey,
That fades, as I watch, into shadows. Ah me!
Shadows,—shadows,—no light is left,
Only shadows and river and me.

Sadly the river flows, sadder am I,
Saddest the shadows to see;
By their darkness they torture my grief-stricken soul,
And reflect back its sorrows. Ah me!
Shadows,—shadows,—no light is left,
Only shadows and river and me.

Syringa.

PEACE, pale syringa, with your star-like eyes,
Peace, flower of death;
Along the evening breeze is floating sweet
The perfume of your breath.

Pale, cold syringa, with your shroud-like leaves
That chill the soul,
For every leaf-like fluttering in the breeze
Reckons a toll.

Your perfume brought the sorrow back to-night,
The heart-break and the pain,
I dreamed the wound might heal, but now I know
'Twill evermore remain.

Pale, cold syringa-blossom—yet how sweet;
I touch my lips to you;
The tears are starting now that failed before.
If she but knew!

We made a wreath of your white wax-like leaves
To lay upon her breast;
The flowers she ever
loved in life should pay
Their honour to her rest.

Peace, pale syringa, with
your star-like eyes,
Peace, flower of love;
You brought the pain
again, but it will cease
In heaven above.

Sing a Song of Daisies.

SING a song of daisies,
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads,
Up and down they go.
Daisies, ever merry,
Daisies, ever bright,
In the breezes tossing,
Dancing with delight.
See their little bright heads
Fringed in silken hoods,
Showering dainty petals,
Show their golden snoods,
Once, they say, the daisy
Was a sunlight ray,
Till it pierced a cloudlet,
And tumbled, earth-ward way!
So their little gold heads
Are of sunbeams riven,
And their hoods are cloudlets—
Promises of heaven.
Thus, they're ever smiling,
Cheering as they go,—
Scatter all our heart-aches,
Chase away our woe.
So sing a song of daisies,
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads
Up and down they go;

GOWNS FOR JULY.

[Inquiries made to this department will be answered on page 25].

THE midsummer girl may be fashionable in a delightfully picturesque way with delicate-figured muslins, falling plain and full over tinted silks; with lace ruffles and drooping leghorn hats.



A summer girl of 1896, apart from her bicycling suit, may attire herself in the softest and quaintest effects, until she looks as though she were a portrait of Mistress Dorothy Quincy stepped from her frame. The woman of this happy summer has wardrobe possibilities

to become more bewilderingly complex than ever, since three distinct types of femininity, each with a dozen variations, are hers to assume—in costume, and the manner that goes always with the dress.

The bicycle or athletic woman, with her freedom of easy gowning blazer or blouse, short skirt, gaiter, knock-about,—anything unconventional.

The tailor-made madam,—conventionality personified, in trim, perfectly-fitting suit—every detail in stiff harmony, and manner of English hauteur.

The picturesque lady of graciousness,—in her dainty Dresden muslin, lace ruffles, and drooping, soft-plumed hat.

Fair madam of this fair summer becomes a trinity of temptation to puzzled man.

* * *

Skirts are plain and nine gore—that goes almost without the saying.

Muslins are made over silk or sateen. These muslins are very full; gathered at the waist,—gored slightly in front, and fall free to the feet. Dressmakers usually ask for twelve yards of the muslin and seven of the sateen.

* * *

We show this month one stuff gown, one grass linen, and two dainty muslins.

No. 2 is of black Sicilian,—a material coarser than alpaca, and resembling a fine canvas. It is very durable, and newer than either lustre or alpaca.

The skirt is plain and lined with muslin instead of canvas,—the former being less inclined to crush, and giving softer effect.

The waist has the popular surplice front, and is pointed both in front and back. A ripple four inches deep is set about the bodice edge, beginning at side darts and continuing around the back.

A pointed yoke front of white crêpe is let in at the shoulder. Shaped pieces of the Sicilian extend from the shoulders to a little below the bust,—these are covered with jet.

The bodice back is quite plain. The sleeve is coat shape and shaped to a point on outside. The drooping shoulder puff is fitted around this point, which gives a caught-up effect.

Flare cuffs lined with white crepon and edged with jet, and white crepon collar, also jetted, finish the gown, which was shown by Simpson.

* * *

We illustrate in No. 1 a pretty organdie muslin, in rosebud design made over pink silk.

The plain skirt is finished with deep hem. The gathered waist is simply made and finished with a charming adjustable collar. The collar is of deep, rich, cream lace, and is made on foundation of gauze, which permits the pink tint of the muslin to show through.

The new wrinkled sleeve—the Bernhardt effect as it is called—is shown in this dress.

The effect is produced in various ways by different modistes. In this instance it is done by drawing strings in the under and upper seam, fastening on the inside beneath the puff. For washing gowns this is excellent.

* * *

A dainty white-dotted grass linen, made by Mrs. Bishop for a pretty young Toronto belle, has a foundation throughout of pale blue silk of delicate tint. The silk skirt is, of course, plain. The linen skirt is in Spanish mode, close gored to below the hips, and then deep flounce effect to the hem.

The flounce is headed by band of linen insertion, showing blue silk beneath. The base of skirt is finished with deep hem, headed by tucks.

The bodice front is trimmed with three parallel bands of inch wide insertion.

A bishop sleeve shirred horizontally to the elbow gives the wrinkled effect. Cuffs and stock collar are of blue silk ribbon, finished with bows; white a wide blue sash heading to hem of the skirt complete a delightful and daintily girlish costume.

* * *

The same modiste sent out a delicate muslin (4) for another pretty society girl. The muslin is a creamy white organdie, with design of pale green vari-tinted roses. It is made over cream sateen.

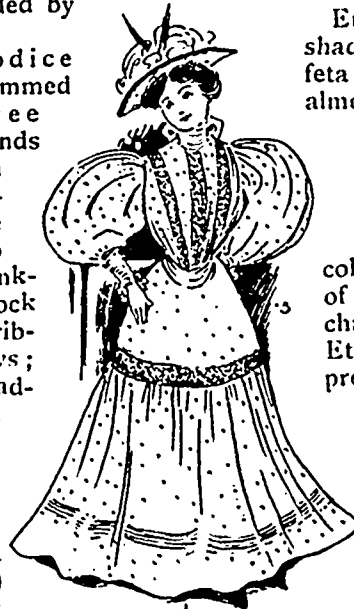
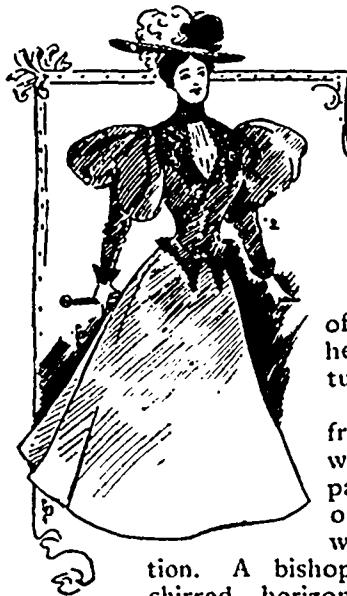
The bodice has a surplice front, the outer folds being edged with wide valenciennes lace, and is finished with a deep sailor collar, made of alternating muslin and insertion, and edged with the lace.

The caterpillar sleeve (which is another name for the new wrinkled sleeve) was effected in this instance by shirrings running the length of the arm to the elbow. The sleeve finishes in a point over the hand.

* * *

A remarkably pretty effect in black and white has been secured in a black organdie dotted with snow flake spots.

The bodice is made in genuine Swiss corsage style without the laces. The corsage is edged throughout with narrow black valenciennes.



The yoke is composed of the tucked muslin and white valenciennes insertion in alternate stripes.

The tucks are arranged to bring the white dots close together and well up,—which with the alternating insertion is especially artistic and dainty.

The sleeves are made with gathering shirrings, which draw up and produce pretty epaulet effect upon the shoulder.

* * *

In all the latest wool and taffeta silk gowns, the diminution in size of sleeves and fulness of skirts is very decided, but in all the thin gowns the skirts are still very full, with plenty of decoration in the way of insertions of lace.

* * *

The old fashion of tucks has been revived in the muslin and batiste gowns, and one pretty dress of mauve spotted muslin has three one-inch tucks around the skirt, commencing fully four or five inches from the bottom, and each one headed by a quilling of narrow lace edging. Insertions of lace trim the seams, and green ribbon forms the belt and collar. The bodice has a band of insertion down the middle of the front and back, and the material, which is tucked, is arranged on either side so that the tucks slant to the side seams with pretty effect, and narrow lace edges each one.

* * *

It does not matter so much what the material is this season so long as it is transparent enough to show the lining through, and all the dainty pineapple fabrics, together with canvas, grenadines, and crêpe de chine are equally popular.

* * *

Embroidered India mulls, in white or the pale shades of pink or blue, made over lawn or taffeta silks, form very pretty gowns, which are almost, if not quite, as effective as the more perishable chiffon.

* * *

The coat and skirt gown of butchers' blue linen, faced on the edge with butter-coloured batiste caught with crosswise lines of tiny gold buttons set in at intervals, is a charming summer dress. The coat with an Eton front and a basque frill in the back is pretty for this, worn with a white tulle vest and a gold belt.

* * *

The lavish and artistic use of lace this season makes the simplest dresses attractive, and lace vests, collars, revers, and frills add charm to many a gown which has little else to recommend it. Old-fashioned lace sacques are brought out and utilised for waists over white or a colour, and the old-time Irish crochet, sometimes called "imitation Irish point," is revived again for bodices, collars, and zouave jackets.



MIDSUMMER MILLINERY.

THIS month we are putting away Dresden ribbons and using that airiest and most becoming of summer materials—tulle.

It appears on all the July hats and bonnets, chiefly in box plaits about crown or brim, or as a shirred underlining.

It is not a durable material; but freshness is the one needful effect for summer days, and tulle is easily replaced at slight expense.

* * *

Flowers are in vogue for the midsummer months,—not heavy masses of blossoms—but delicate summer blooms—or one large perfect spray.

Single flowers have never been larger than during the present season, and, although all kinds of blossoms are used, perhaps the rose still holds preference.

Miss Paynter—to whom thanks are due for our sketches this month—showed me a box of exquisite, full-blossomed French roses, loose curling, and of richest tints; one spray of flame colour in changing tints being especially effective. One such flower will stamp the fine finish of a hat.

There is nothing tells more in a hat than the quality of flowers used in the trimming; yet the present pretty fashion of half veiling the flowers in tulle, permits a commoner quality of flower to be used successfully.

* * *

In straws, leghorn is the fashion for dress purposes. Some charming leghorns have brims finished with a lacey fancy straw weaving. Shirred hats formed on wire frames are made for weddings and dress occasions, but the leghorn is in preference.

Rustic straw comes second in popularity. Some pretty shapes are shown in this especially durable material.

* * *

In No. 1 we sketch a lovely midsummer picture hat of leghorn, with round crown and shaped brim. A band of heliotrope passementerie over white silk encircles the crown. Three cream Prince of Wales feathers, three-quarter length, stand erect at left toward the back. A bow of broad, white satin ribbon on the left is brought over the brim and caught up at the side. A double box plaiting of white tulle lies on the edge of the broad brim, giving a charming effect of softness. Between the ostrich plumes and bow at the back are two crush roses, heliotrope and green in colour.

* * *

Another dainty dress hat (No. 4) might be termed a study in lilacs. It is of white chip, with brim finished in open lace effect in the straw. It is trimmed upon the brim and about the crown with white tulle, plaited and in loose knots, which lightly veil sprays of lovely lilacs in white and lilac tints. The blossoms are delicious in their soft natural effects. The tulle is caught up loosely at one side and finished with a feathery white osprey. Two clusters of the lilacs with knot of tulle rest upon the hair at the back.

* * *

A charming morning hat (No. 2) is of rustic straw, of the popular low sailor shape, worn over the face and turned up at the back. The yellow effect given by the straw is accentuated throughout the trimming. The hat is double box plaiting of yellow dotted net. A tall yellow thistle nods erect at one side, with a cluster of yellow and purple pansies and grasses at its base. Clusters of yellow primroses and net rest upon the hair at the back. The brim is laced with shirring of tulle.



No. 3 might be termed a dryad effect, since it carries a delightful suggestion of wood nymphs in its tones of soft brown. It is a le sailor, with brim a trifle wider than usual, is of brown rustic straw. A full frill of brown accordeon-plaited silk gauze is gathered about the crown and extends to edge of brim. Slightly veiled by the gauze and lying all about the brim are white and golden brown chrysanthemums. A bow and erect ends of golden brown satin ribbon gives the requisite erect touch. The brim is faced with shirring of soft brown tulle.

* * *

The sailor hat appears in two shapes this season—the pretty rustic straw, which we have just described, with wide brim and low crown; and the fine straw with a decidedly narrow brim and high crown, which is frequently shaped in tan fashion.

In No. 5 we show a stylish high-crown sailor, fit for bicycling or general travel. It is of fine black straw with shaped tan crown, and is trimmed only with ribbon band and two white quills. This hat is not unbecoming, and is decidedly modish as well as serviceable.

* * *

Quills are the favourite finish for bicycling hats.

* * *

A charming little hat suitable for costume in mourning, is of black rough straw with narrow brim and shaped semi-oval tan crown. It is trimmed about the crown with soft accordeon plaited silk, a rosette of the same and black quills. At one side are sprays of jetted elderberry blossoms.

A French effect comes in the rosettes of deep purple tulle, which rest upon the hair at either side of the back. It is curious how this touch of sombre colour accentuates the effect intended.

* * *

Tulle of two colours, puffed all round the crown in front to almost cover the brim, is a very effective decoration on the shade hats of rough soft straw, and white lace combined with tulle and flowers or with plumes and a touch of black velvet makes a very pretty trimming.

* * *

Roses, lilacs, clover, coloured tulle, and black velvet are the favourite trimmings for large hats; but bows of taffeta ribbon in light tints are also used.

* * *

For some inexplicable reason, Alpine hats are on the list of fashionable headgear once more, and an occasional woman has the courage or enough disregard for her good looks to appear in one; but if she could be once convinced of their extremely unbecoming qualities, they would be soon banished, never to bob up again.

* * *

Pink is the prevailing colour in much of the summer millinery, and pink straw hats, pink roses, and pink tulle abound. Another popular colour is green, in all the divers shades imaginable, and pale lime-green straw trimmed with blue or purple is one of the picturesque effects commonly seen this season.

* * *

The sailor hats of the season have higher crowns than in the past, and there are soft visions of laces and roses which overflow in streamers of white lace to twist beneath the throat and waken envy.

* * *

Tan, in all the varying shades, is still a popular colour, both for hat straws and canvas gowns.

MADAM.

BLOUSES AND LINGERIE.

FLOWERED muslins are made up into blouse waists for summer wear, with odd skirts, and the shirred sleeve, with frills over the top and a lace collar. White muslin, dotted with blue, pink or yellow, and trimmed with cream lace, is very effectively made up into this sort of waist.



A novelty in blouses is the bandana handkerchief blouse. They are new to Toronto, but several society women have seized upon the few yet shown. They are startling, yet rather picturesque, for the tall and slender brunette who can afford bizarre effects.

They are made of the large bandana kerchief, with large spots and flaring Oriental border.

In No. 1 we sketch one shown: six kerchiefs make the blouse. These are of lawn, yellow ground, with black spots and deep scarlet border in plain and Oriental stripes.

Four kerchiefs compose the bodice. The borders are brought to centre of front and back, and also around the lower edge.

The sleeves are made of one kerchief each. The border comes on inner side of sleeve, forming a trimming at under part of shoulder and wrist.

These bandana blouses are a fashionable fad in the States.

No. 2 illustrates a pretty blouse of electric blue striped summer silk. It shows a very pretty recent fashion of finishing with deep velvet cuffs and collar. In this instance they are of electric blue.

These velvet cuffs and collar are adjustable, and may be worn with any blouse. They are, however, especially effective with muslins and summer silks.

I saw a pink daintily-figured muslin blouse simply made with bishop sleeves. Deep cuffs and collar of black velvet formed effective finish.

The belt or waistband may also be of the velvet, if preferred.

These velvet finishings are easily made; any woman may have two or three sets, and in conjunction with the white linen, give pleasant variety to her blouse outfit. It should always be remembered though that the linen finish is best suited to print and linen blouses, the velvet to muslins and light silks.

The up-to-date American girl now wears the blouse over the skirt, instead of tucking it beneath. This will banish deep belts and permit the narrow jewelled affair to become popular.

It is not as graceful a fashion, since it detracts from a pretty figure; but it is certainly more comfortable and does away with that ungainly skirt-sagging, and open placket.

Lace and insertion is the fashionable trimming for midsummer gowns. The Valenciennes lace is in especial favour.

Insertions of lace, set in crosswise, up and down, in squares, points or diagonally, are one of the distinctive features of trimming thin dresses this season, and any variation of design is in order.

Bows of ribbon harmonizing with the foundation skirt in color, are much used to finish the organdie gowns. Wide sashes reaching to the hem of skirt are also a feature.

Pretty wide ruffles for the skirt are made by tucking the lawn up and down in groups to within a few inches of the edge, which is trimmed with insertion and lace.

Yoke effects in thin gowns are as popular as ever, and stripes of lace insertion set in the fulness below make a very pretty waist, with a frill of lace around the yoke.

White buckskin shoes are the popular thing with white gowns, and pipeclay used as a polish will keep them in their pristine freshness.

Knife plaiting has come around again. Narrow ruffles of this sort appear on skirts, up and down the edges of the box plaits on the waists, and the batiste blouse has a basque made of a double frill of knife plaiting.

Some of the leading dressmakers are directing their efforts for change in fashion toward the dreaded bustle, and some of the newest gowns are padded on the hips and at the back.

White and turquoise is a fashionable combination for the bridesmaid gowns, white muslin over white silk, with a turquoise blue silk sash and collar, and a lace trimmed fichu makes a lovely gown.

BATHING SUITS.

Of course very little bathing is indulged in before August, by women at least. The Canadian waters, either of the lakes or seaside, are too cold to make bathing in July advisable, unless a woman be unusually robust.

The sea that washes the shores of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, only reaches safe temperature for a delicate woman in August. Nevertheless, though the Canadian bathing season be brief, so invigorating is the pastime, that every woman who can should indulge in it; and a bathing costume should be an essential of the summer travelling wardrobe.

We are apt to scoff at the elaborate and befrilled costume, yet after all the bathing suit is a conspicuous costume, since one of the amusements in summer is to watch the bathers and comment on their appearance, and of course it should have style, individuality, and some evidence of taste.

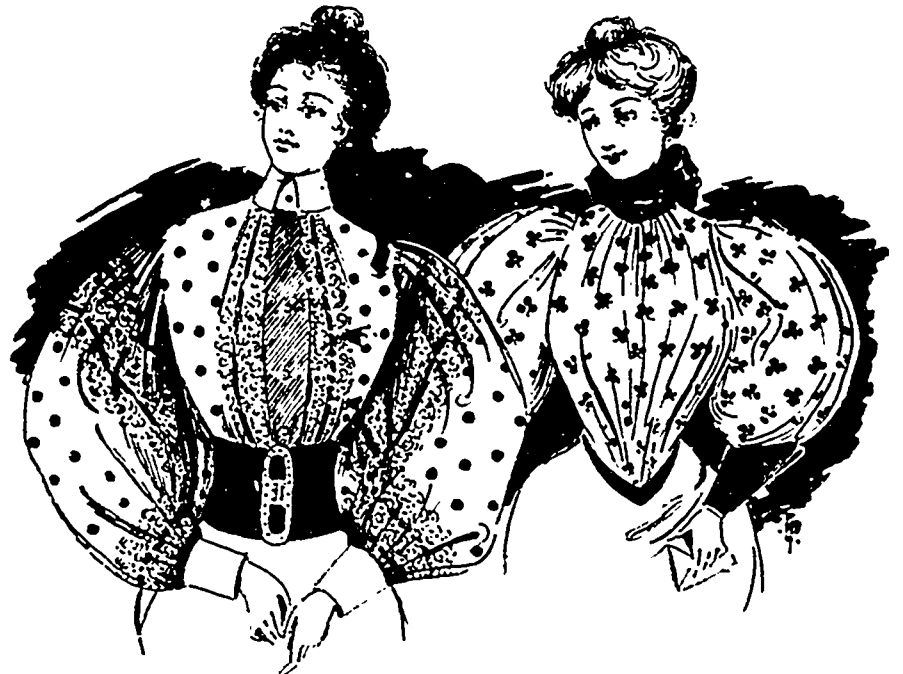
Mohair is one of the popular materials this

season, with the ever useful serge and the plain and spotted flannels; but cravanette, a fine waterproof material, Persian lainage, surah, and China silk in various colours are all in use for this purpose.

Bloomers of black surah are worn with white flannel costumes, and with black stockings and a black surah necktie. This is a very desirable suit. The prevailing style of waist is the blouse made with belt, and either a yoke or a broad collar.

Yokes of embroidery are very pretty for the white flannel bathing dress, with a band of the same trimming around the skirt. Sleeves are made with the short puff, and any little detail of fashion in dress gowns which can be utilised in these simple dresses is employed with good effect.

Bathing skirts are cut circular, straight, or slightly gored and gathered or plaited in box plaits around the waist. Pale green cravanette trimmed with white was one of the prettiest bathing suits at Orchard Beach last season, and pale blue with embroidered yoke of white and a band of embroidery on the edge of the skirt



was also a dainty costume. Dark blue serge trimmed with ecru lace is very effective with a white serge vest and sash. Leather belts are worn sometimes, but they do not seem very practical and add nothing to the beauty of a costume.

The bloomers, which are always a part of every well-made suit, are usually of the same material as the skirt.

Broad collars are the usual supplement to the blouse waist, and these are often made of some contrasting colour and material.

Bath robes of Turkish towelling trimmed with braid are very useful additions to the bathing outfit, especially with the bloomer costume which has no skirt, and is occasionally, but not generally worn.

Navy blue surah makes a pretty suit, with white trimmings, but mohair is perhaps the most desirable of all, as it sheds the water and does not cling and seem so heavy as the wool materials. Sandals strapped across the instep with braid or ribbon are a pretty protection for the feet, and bright silk handkerchiefs tied around the head, with two ends spreading out in front, are much more becoming than the conventional bathing cap.

MADAM.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.

"THIS makes yer feel like livin'." I overheard the words and turned amusedly to note the speaker,—a blunt featured good natured looking girl, wearing a white gauze veil and flower-bedecked hat. Her eyes were ashine, her lips parted, showing strong irregular teeth, her reddened hands rubbed restlessly together in sympathetic excitement with the stirring unconventional scene.

A flare of flags, a fantasy of costume; bands, babies and banners; singing, hand clapping, volleys of amens and fervent exclamatives; a pavilion thronged with poke bonnets and scarlet jer eys, galleries tiered to the roof with faces, and over all, the pale yellow of a late June twilight.

"I tell you this is livin'";—again the words reached me, with reiterated emphasis; but whatever more may have followed was lost in the renewed blare of trumpets, waving handkerchiefs, and "bless-the-Lord's" which greeted the appearance upon the platform of a tall slender young woman, in the conventional Army dress.

She stood among the gaily-gowned soldiers, — who had attired themselves in costumes especially unique to do honor to the occasion, — flushing, smiling a little within the depths of the big bonnet; yet holding herself with a certain pathetic gravity, until the vociferous plaudits quieted into stillness, and she was permitted to receive and answer the more formal address of welcome from Canada's Salvation Army. For the slender young woman was Miss Eva Booth, the youngest child of a remarkable family, and the new Canadian commander of a most remarkable religious organization.

Having met many members of the Booth family and remembering the strong personalities of each; moreover realizing to some extent what an unusual position this young woman will occupy in our country,—I studied her interestedly on this first evening of her arrival in Canada, with

view of discovering what possibilities lay within her.

As she stood so slenderly, in her close fitting garb, I marked her resemblance to her father.

She is like him in the large nose, the firm predominant chin, the square perceptive brow, the tall spare form: with rounded shoulders. This youngest daughter of the general's is her father feminized and spiritualized, plus a certain tender sweetness probably inherited from the saintly mother.

It is a characterful face indicative of keen perception, determination, good judgment,—yet it is also essentially womanly in the appealing brown eyes and sensitive lips. The charm of Miss Booth's personality is upon her audience before she speaks a word, whether it consists of one or a thousand; but one recognizes that it is a double charm—of leader and woman combined.

She is not eloquent;—but she has all the fervor and impassion peculiar to the daughters of this exceptional family. Her voice has the musical English softness, while words, tone, and gesture are exceeding womanly.

Very simply she stood before this army of toiling soldiers,—men and women of the underworld, as their furrowed faces and labor-worn hands showed,—and in the spirit and faith of a veritable Joan of Arc announced herself, not boastingly but in all sincerity, as their "God-appointed leader."

It was marvellous to hear it; and yet more marvellous that with the hearing came a conviction to those who listened that she spoke not only what she believed, but what is true.

"My people," she said, "my Canadian people, given into my care for a little season. I do not know you yet, but already I love you with the especial affection we have for our own. I love you; I will bear the responsibilities of caring for you, as best I may,—and you will love me and help me. Before God I accept this charge."

And thus this young gentle-voiced woman took command of eleven thousand Canadian soldiers. And this command means much more than spiritual oversight. It means control and management of the financial affairs, charge and guidance of social relationships, and the greater spiritual responsibility of one who is practically the head of this "church of the underworld."

This, also, over a body of people, who are vowed to a voluntary obedience and devotion to their leader, which is unequalled by any other religious body.

A day or two later we sat chatting together in Miss Booth's private office at the Army Headquarters. She was wearied with the exertion attendant upon her installation and suffering from a severe cold caught in crossing the ocean; but the attractive personality endered even under this disadvantage.

The same combined with executive strength, beauty of earnestness, thoughtful judgment, modest speech, and mark of high resolve;—it was all there, but with it also a brightness and certain natural joyousness that enhanced the womanly charm.

We chatted for an hour in easy confidence,—of Miss Booth's life as a child, of her work during the past four years as commander of the London soldiers. There are twenty-one thousand in that great city, and they are truly

of the underworld.

It was the prettiest point in our conversation when she turned to me and said wistfully, "They tell me that here—in Canada—I shall find no 'Ragged Jackets' among our soldiers. Is it true? It seems to me I could not live without having 'Ragged Jackets' to help."

"If 'ragged jacket,' signifies extreme destitution and vice, I'm afraid you will not find many in Canada;—at least I—of course—I am glad you will not," I answered smiling. "We are very respectable, in a general way. But you will find plenty of non-church goers among the working people." I hastened to add, as her face fell a little.

"Why" she asked.

"Oh, because patched garments, and old shoes are rendered more distinctly shabby beside crimson cushions and stained windows." I answered lightly.

We spoke of the recent secession of the American Booth's, and to my query whether these sudden orders of removal were not arbitrary but unwise, Miss Booth answered, with deep unquestioning conviction, that obedience to authority is the first vow of the organization, and indeed, that the existence and success of the army depended upon it.

"The sons and daughters of the General must be as amenable to authority as any other officers. And it is an understood thing that these charges are given only for a time. Twenty-three other officers received their orders of transference at the same time. It was impossible to make exception in any one case, for we all alike were loath to leave the charges that had been ours for years, and that we had come to love," said Miss Booth.

She told me something of her London experiences,—how she had worked her way up in the ranks, gaining training and experience—not only in rescue work but also in matters of executive control. Like the humblest officer, in the smallest outlying district, she had endured poverty, meagre fare, rough hard work,—all in the discipline of the army. "The first lesson we are taught is to endure hardness as good soldiers," she said.

I sat watching the sweet face, young, yet so characterful; I noted the slender, almost attenuated figure, then suddenly asked a last question.

"Miss Booth,—these are great responsibilities for a woman. Do you not sometimes wish that they had not been placed upon you? Do you not often long for the simple sheltered home life whose four walls hold all of a woman's care and love?"

"Sometimes—when I note the lines in my forehead—and realize how care-free and young other women of my age are, I sigh a little" she said with sweet womanliness. "But" and the brown eyes shone, "the passion of my being is in my work,—and the joy of it is so great that,—oh" she cried with sudden break and outreaching gesture, "I do hope that Canada will be good to me; for I am alone—away from father and friends."

It was not melodrama,—none of the Booths are given to that, unless it be the high-strung La Marechal. It was simply a natural and unstudied yearning of a home-sick woman.

There was a moment's silence in the little office, then she lifted her eyes. "No, not alone" she said sweetly. And presently, smiling, "as for home life, I have three dear little adopted children. They were waifs and strays, but now they are all my own. You must come and see them some day."

"She'll do." I said in underbreath, as I left her. "She will command the love of her soldiers. And Canada will be good to her, or I do not know my country."

FAITH FLINTON.



CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

JUST as he comes to the clump of rhododendrons that hide the house from view, he sees a charming, little figure running toward him. *Such* a figure. Not of fun certainly—though fun is quick in it, especially in the eyes and mouth, if veiled. A lovely thing she seems to him, all life, and that at its sweetest—with her soft hair flying loosely round her brow and her lips a little parted.

"Your stick, sir," cries she demurely, as she comes up to him. He had stopped on seeing her, as if studying the strange charms that belong to this strangest of all strange parlour-maids.

"Thank you," says Ker. He takes the stick mechanically, as if not thinking of it, and then says suddenly: "I think it was you who gave me that glass of water last night."

His tone is cold, even severe.

"Yes, sir," returns the maid respectfully. "And it was you," with a little glance at him from under the long lashes, "who gave me"—hesitatingly and fumbling in her pocket—"this!"

She has brought out the memorable florin, and is now holding it up between her thumb and forefinger.

"Well?" says Ker.

"I have been thinking, sir," gazing with evident sadness at the florin, "that a glass of water is not worth two shillings."

An idiotic sense of gladness suddenly overcomes Ker. After all—even in spite of that scene in the shrubberies—she must be a good girl, an honest girl, one whose conscience forbids her to take more than her due. Such extreme delicacy of conscience is not common with her class. *Her* class! He is roused from his reveries by the good girl.

"Will you take it back, sir?" She is holding out the florin to him.

"Nonsense!" says Ker, colouring furiously.

"Then I may keep it?"

"Of course," frowning.

"Forever?"

"Forever and ever," says he, laughing now in spite of himself.

"Well, I shall," says the counterfeit Bridget.

"If only," with a sentimental sigh, and downcast eyes, "to remember!"

"To remember what?"

"Ah! never mind."

"But I do mind," says Ker, who has somehow forgotten for the moment that monstrous episode in the shrubberies.

"I'm sorry for that," placidly. "Well," with a respectful smile, "I shall keep it, sir, anyway—forever."

"Did anyone ever keep a two-shilling piece forever?" asks Ker, with some amusement.

"I shall!" says Bridget sweetly. "I'll make a hole in it, and hang it round my neck."

"That's very good of you," says Ker. "I shall like to think I was the giver of it."

All at once he pulls himself together. Memory has supplied him with a picture! Once again he sees this girl—the siren—with her arm in Clifford's, and her face uplifted to his in evident confidence. He can almost *hear* the light laughter with which she and he disappeared into the shrubbery. He can almost hear, too, he tells himself, with a return of his former indignation, the weeping of poor, pretty, faith-

ful Diana, when the truth, as eventually no doubt it will be, is laid bare to her.

"Look here," says he sternly, turning to the 'siren,' "I think I saw you just now, out there," pointing in the direction of the laurel-walks.

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you."

"Perhaps I was gathering laurel-leaves, sir, for cook to put in the milk?"

"No, you were not," says Ker shortly, "you were talking to—your master!"

"Oh—I—"

She grows crimson so crimson, so undeniably embarrassed, that Ker for the second feels his heart stop beating. Yet why should it stop? This girl! She is guilty then! This hot blush must be one of shame. And yet to blush at all, is not that a sign of grace? It horrifies him to find presently that he is even at this last hour striving to condone the culprit's fault.

As a fact, Hilary is completely taken aback by his attack. She had not anticipated it. When laughing with Jim over the absurd situations at luncheon it had not occurred to either her or him that they could be seen from the drawing-room window. They had thought of Ker as being engaged with Diana. Hilary had really run out to get some laurel-leaves to put into the milk that is to make the children's rice for supper, and had there met Jim on his way to the farm that lay beyond the mill over there. They could not resist a hurried laugh over the luncheon, and so had been—discovered.

Her embarrassment, after a moment, gives way to other feelings. Having run lightly in her mind over the facts of the case, as they must seem to Ker, an overpowering sense of mirth makes her its slave. What had he thought? that she was flirting with Jim—poor old Jim—behind the mistress' back?

It seems too funny for anything.

With a view to having her amusement, she pulls out her handkerchief and buries her face in it. To Ker it seems that she is crying through fear, no doubt, he tells himself contemptuously. He feels no pity for her, that absolute untruth about the picking of the laurel-leaves for the cook has disgusted him. It was too *ready* a lie! He watches her as she stands with the handkerchief pressed against her eyes. A very pretty handkerchief of the very finest cambric.

"Poor Diana's, of course," he tells himself.

At this moment 'Bridget' glances at him from behind her shield.

"I hope you won't tell the mistress, sir," says she, in woebegone tones.

"*Is*—Why should I tell her?" says Ker, indignantly. "What I think so scandalous is, that there should be anything to tell her."

"Yes, sir."

She has gone behind the handkerchief again, and her shoulders are shaking. Evidently she is crying *hard*.

"To me," says Ker, a little softened by this evidence of contrition, "your mistress seems both good and kind."

"Oh, yes, she is, sir; she is, indeed. You can't think *how* kind."

"Then I think it abominable of you," spoken sternly, "to betray her in that sort of way."

"I won't do it again, sir. I won't, indeed!"

Her voice is quite stifled now. She is plainly in floods of tears. Ker begins to feel quite sorry for the poor, misguided girl. No doubt Clifford is greatly in fault. This pretty creature has only wanted one word from a friend—a real friend—to show her the iniquity of her ways, and waken her to a sense of her ingratitude toward a kind mistress.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," says he, "and—" He pauses. Somehow Diana's sad fate recurs to him again. How is she to be defended against a bad husband, and this so evidently easily-led girl? "I wish," says

he, impulsively, "that you would *try* to be a good girl."

"I'll try," says Bridget, who now seems suffocating.

"That's right," says Ker, heartily.

"And you won't tell missus, sir?"

"You know that," says he, a little stiffly. Is she only desirous, after all, of getting off scot-free? Her face, now open to his inspection, the handkerchief having been lowered, helps to this idea. It is just as it was before it went behind the flag of distress, lovely, bright, pale-pink.

"I'd like to shake hands with you over that, sir."

The lovely parlour-maid holds out her hand to him and perforce he feels that he must take it.

What a very white and delicate hand! He looks at it as it lies within his own.

"Never does a stroke of work if she can help it evidently. Leaves all to poor Diana, decides he.

He rests his eyes on hers.

"It seems to me, Bridget, that you are not a very industrious girl," says he, austere.

"But why, sir?"

"Your hands. Look at your hands."

Bridget looks at them. She spreads them abroad, indeed, as if examining the offending members with great interest.

"Are they too white, sir?" asks she, at last.

"Much too white."

"You," thoughtfully, "would like them to be *broken*?" She holds them up before Ker's eyes. They look pale as paper in the sunlight.

"I don't know what I want," says Ker, angrily. He turns upon his heel, and leaves her.

CHAPTER IX.

"She hath a heart as sound as a bell, and her tongue is the clapper. For what her heart thinks her tongue speaks."

"WHAT a time you have been!" cries Diana, meeting her upon the door-steps and drawing her into the breakfast-room. "You saw him?"

"Yes."

"You spoke to him?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"You—?"

"Were scolded by him!"

Hilary drops into a chair.

"Scolded by him?"

"Actually scolded!"

"I don't believe a word of it," says Diana, who, as a rule, is really the most polite creature in the world.

"Well, you may. He scolded me terribly. So terribly, that I still tremble beneath the wrath of his denunciations. I don't think, Di, I could live out my life with a man whose eloquence lay that way."

"I wish you'd explain," says Diana, anxiously.

"And yet," continues Hilary, following out her own late train of thought as if not hearing her sister, "I *would* like to marry him, if only—for revenge!"

"Nonsense, Hilary! I believe you are laughing. I—Why, what did he say to you?"

"Oh, you shall hear. I hope you'll like it. It's actionable, I think. You should be the one to prosecute."

"I?"

"Yes—he"—here Hilary's voice grows almost unintelligible with laughter. "he accused me of making love to—"

"Who?"

"Jim!"

"Good Heavens! The man is mad," says Diana.

(To be continued.)

General



But ye are come unto the General Assembly and church of the first born, and to spirits of just men made perfect.

One doesn't mean to be irreverent,—but the text fits altogether too well to put aside. Indeed, as we look down upon this company of grave and reverend seigneurs, we are

sure that St. Paul had this especial conference in prophetic view when he spoke,—and shaped his words to duly rebuke the irresponsibles in the gallery,—although, I believe, the Anglicans claim 'first-born' rights, and still relegate grave Presbyterian conferences into the fine obscurity of 'dissenting societies.' While, if I remember aright, this General Assembly ruthlessly put by the claims to perfection, made several years ago by some of its members, and decided that 'just men,' even Presbyterians, are not 'made perfect' in this world.

Yet, I should think, this solemn annual gathering ought to baptise the reverend fathers into one perfection,—that of patience.

* * *

We chose to be 'irresponsibles' during those past days of the Assembly,—to watch from the gallery, think our own thoughts, and study the faces of this body of men, who represent so much of the solid strength of Canada; mayhap to gather strength by contact, and go out from among them armed with sufficient fragments of Calvinistic theology, not only to resist all onslaughts upon our faith, but to bristle with bits of the Shorter Catechism and Westminster Confession.

Scottish-Canadian divines, in session assembled, generally delight themselves in three topics,—church statistics, theology, and politics, with an occasional bit of humour thrown in as a piquance,—and we usually know where to find them in any one of these.

In statistics they favour economy, and revel in finely-tabulated details. The various reports of the Presbyterian Church are fearfully and wonderfully wrought.

In theology they stand strong guard over the sterner doctrines, even while delighting in an occasional metaphysical lance tilting.

In politics,—well, after their endorsement of Principal Cavan's fine pronouncement upon the Manitoba school question, we may consider them about right; albeit, unfortunately, Presbyterian divines are not all Principal Cavan's.

As for humour,—did ever an outsider sound the full depth at which the real Scotch humour may be found? The well wherein it lies is deep indeed, which, possibly, accounts for its brackishness.

But aye, it is worth while when it does come, as Barrie and Ian Maclaren have testified.

We began as 'irresponsibles' when we stood for a preliminary moment in the church vestibule, one fair June afternoon, with sketch book and note-book. The artist was delaying a moment to sharpen a pencil; the writer was glancing out into the cool rustling tree depths. Groups of ministerial delegates chatted in the corridor or passed in and out; while the opened crimson inner doors gave view of the sober session scene.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired a courteous ministerial usher, coming forward, as he noticed our delay.

"No, thank you. We have just come to get a few minister's heads," answered the writer, pleasantly.

The funny lifting of the usher's face and widening of his eyes, and the pause and surprised turn of the nearest group, brought a realisation of the Blue-Beardish nature of the reply, and the laughter of the irresponsibles was contagious enough to affect their proposed victims, so that the sound of it rippled through the open doors and down the aisles, causing even the mask-like face of the moderator to lift in inquiry.

After such a beginning, it was nothing to discover that a pencil, borrowed, somewhat timidly, of an unusually saintly-looking delegate seated near, was redolent with the odour of stale tobacco. And it was equally in place for the artist to comment naively about a well-known and prominent divine—"that's a handsome man, but isn't he wicked-looking."

"Wicked-looking," gasped her companion. "Why, he's very holy. Indeed, he makes a sort of—specialty—of sanctification..."

"I don't think we are in a proper frame of mind," commented the artist severely; "we had better come for their heads another day."

And the writer meekly followed her out, protesting that the June unshine was to blame.

* * *

Because of that splendid sketch in the *Westminster*, the gallery took especial interest in Dr. Robertson, the retiring moderator. He resembles Principal Grant not a little in appearance, there is the same shrewdness, equal diplomatic skill, also a similar force and persistency of determination,—which in a man of the world might be called obstinacy.

Oddly enough also, a glance at his face suggests General Booth, while he certainly carries many of the qualities of this man of organisation,—even to that of the fighter.

It is to men of this stamp,—muscular, abstemious, determined, tireless, devoted,—one realises it all at a glance,—that the Presbyterian Church of Canada owes its stability and its firm advance to-day.

And there are many of them within its bounds. Dr. Robertson is but a type. Products of oatmeal, the Psalms and the Shorter Catechism, we are wont to assert; but also descendants of the Covenanters and inheritants of cave and hill-side housings. Is it much to marvel that the qualities endure?

What a perfection of organisation belongs to the Presbyterian Church! Scotchmen are not given to wasting—even energy; and so they organise. Elderships, managing boards, committees, sessions, synods, presbyteries, assemblies, pan-presbyteries,—and somewhere away back of these exists the individual member.

It does sound rather formidable;—and gives one a sense of being crushed between the mighty wheels of a vast officialism.

We drew a deep breath of relief at the thought of being only gallery onlookers—and out of it.

We lifted our eyes to the half opened, yellow stained window,—we forgot to listen to the sober reports of committees and presbyteries; we threw off the oppression of organisation

and sent our spirits out to rest amid the fluttering leaves, that played with careless joyousness against the yellow glass; while a bird swung airily upon one slender spray, and all the bit of framed outer world was bathed in the opalescent light of a June twilight.

In the perfection of organisation may lie the perfection of individual freedom; and yet, methinks the bird and the fluttering leaves have the best of it.

And, sometimes, it is given to the gallery onlooker to wonder whether the danger to this great, grand Presbyterianism in Canada is not just in this:—the fulness of organisation at the possible sacrifice of the individual—the advance of officialism to the detriment of spiritual life.

* * *

But being irresponsibles, we turned from the grave problem to lighter things. We recorded the 'Macs' in the roll call, until our breaths and pencils gave out. They began with the Halifax delegates and came thick and fast all along the line, until at Winnipeg the supply came to an end, and the clerk had to ring the changes all over again, from that city on to the Pacific coast. True, an occasional 'Hugh Gourlie,' 'Douglas Graham,' or 'Archibald Fife' crept in by way of variety, but they did not interfere materially with the bonnie procession of Macs.

We tried to say 'sederunt' with the true and correct accent of one to Presbyterianism born. It is the shibboleth of the Scotch theologian, as 'diocesan,' correctly intoned, is of the Anglican.

We searched for all Drumtochty, and found every one, *Drumseugh*, that 'shacklin' cratur; *Jarvie Souiar*, several *Burnbraes*, and not a few *Carmichaels* and *Dr. Davidsons*. But we chose no *William Maclure*. There were none sufficient to compare with our conception of this ungainly, magnificent doctor of the old school. And anyway, he would be incomplete without *Jess*,—and although we might have discerned more than one resemblance to a four-footed equine,—it is too long-eared to typify faithful, intelligent *Jess*.

We lifted our eyes to the gallery level and found *Mrs. McFayden*—the 'sermon-taster'—bending keenly over and taking in not merely the debates, but the debaters; not one detail of the dry statistics failed her blessed economical spirit; not one point in the theological tilt escaped her.

Wholesome *Jean Burnbrae* was there also, with air of one not understanding, yet duly respectful; practical *Leesbeth* and fresh-faced *Lily Grant*.

Margel Howe, the sweetest of all Drumtochty women, we searched for many times; but found her type at last—in the late afternoon of one fairest June day. She had 'slipped in' quietly, and bent over the galley—her grey eyes seriously intent; her sweet lips curving in a tender smile.

She was simply gowned in black, with an old-fashioned brooch, holding a lock of dark hair, fastened at her throat.

The yellow light from the stained window haloed the grey hair and glorified the lined face, yet the grey eyes never lifted; and we knew that this was an unbereaved *Margel Howe*, and that somewhere down among those black-coated delegates sat her *Geordie*.

* * *

Ah, blessedly strong Scotch folk,—what would Canada do without you, who are its savour—pungent, of a truth, but wholesome! Abide by your doctrines, we pray you; hold close to your Shorter Catechism and Westminster Confession; abate not one jot of your stern belief; uphold the call of conscience; stand firm, as the hills that sheltered your covenanting ancestors; that in you at least the spiritually perplexed shall find a rock of faith—and be at peace.

FAITH FENTON.

An Eloquent Address

By Mrs. Geo. Drummond.

The following address upon the aims and influence of the women of to-day, was delivered by Mrs. George Drummond before the National Council of Canadian Women, held in Montreal in May.

We are glad to be able to reproduce it in full for the benefit and pleasure of our readers.

"YOUR Excellencies, and ladies and gentlemen:—I am happy, indeed, to second the vote of thanks proposed by His Excellency, the Governor-General, to the speakers of this evening, for the inspiration of their most kind and encouraging words. They have evidently learnt that the great secret of help is encouragement, not criticism, not even good advice, but the stimulus of confidence and approval. Not that, as a Council, we deprecate criticism, nor resent it should it sometimes be blame. No, but just criticism will help us, and unkind or misjudged criticism will not hurt us just in proportion to the faith that is in us, and that faith will neither faint nor fail while the leaders of our nation, in Church and State, believe in us. And now, at the close of this meeting, I would ask permission to say a few words to those who doubt, or who have doubted, the worth, perhaps even the worthiness, of our Women's Council.

"Three years have gone by since the inauguration of the Council, and you have heard to-night the summing up of our accounts for the time that is past. How do we and this movement stand at the close of the account? As every man shall be judged according to his works, so let our Council be judged, and let our right and our might at the end of the account be one and the same.

"You have heard that the Local Councils study to meet as best they can the more pressing needs in their respective communities. These needs vary in each locality, according to size and age and other conditions. But there are certain broader needs, which are found, not here or there, but in almost every place where human beings form themselves into a society; there are questions which force themselves upon all thinking men and women of to-day, social questions, labor questions; hard problems many of them; so hard, that weary thinkers could find it in their hearts to say, 'These things are too hard for us. Let us fall asleep and wake when the riddles are solved.'

"It may seem to some of you that if these riddles are too hard for men, women need not attempt their solution, but may well be content to restrict their attention to problems of the family and the home.

"But we do believe that as the world is made of men and women, so must its problems be met and its sorrows resolved by the combined thought and action of men and women. We believe that so awful in its reality is the tie that binds us all together, high and low, rich and poor, sinner and saint, that the woman whose knowledge and sympathy go never beyond her own, who has never realised her share of responsibility to the world that is without, is unfit to guide and guard the family and the home.

"With this belief, and with the earnest desire to do our part, we have turned our attention to some of the graver difficulties that beset the social and industrial life of to-day, and we gratefully acknowledge that in all our study and endeavour we have had the sympathy and co-operation of able and thoughtful men.

It may seem to some of you that we women, unless, indeed, we obtain the suffrage, can exer-

cise no authority and but little influence in matters such as these. But I believe that the woman's influence, even when exercised only from within, is greater and more far-reaching

than she knows, and that she can do much when rightly informed to prepare public opinion, to suggest and to enforce the best and wisest social measures. And here let me touch for a moment on the political question. It is assumed in some quarters that as a Council we are pledged to woman's suffrage. This is not so, although we have the honour to number some advocates of woman's suffrage and a society for the political enfranchisement of women within our ranks. But on this point, as on all others, there is perfect liberty of opinion, and while party spirit and party action are excluded by the fundamental principle of our Council, all parties are represented within it, so that, from the conflict of different minds, truth may be struck out for all to follow. Whilst some of us believe that woman's suffrage holds the potentiality of much good to the women and the world, others ask that woman be trained to work inwardly upon the spirit of the time, rather than that they should enter the political arena. In whichever way we make our influence felt, we believe that on the whole it will be a beneficial one, not because women are better than men (oh! foolish comparison!) but because, as I have said, only their combined judgment can solve the problems of this complex world, because, as a modern thinker and man of science has said, 'The hope of our future civilisation lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life.'

"The very faults of which you accuse us as unfitting us to hold any measure of political power, are indices of certain moral perceptions in the woman's nature, which, when our sense of proportion has been trained by experience, will supplement and complete the judgment of the man. It is said, for instance, that it is only the absurdly feminine mind that, in judging of a man's fitness for great public responsibilities, would take into account his private life, and the manner in which he discharges the commonplace domestic relations. In illustration, I may quote the familiar tale of the man and wife who were overheard discussing the qualifications of their cook. The wife was assured of her respectability and unimpeachable moral character; the husband confounded her moral character, and enquired if she could cook beans. The story points the laugh at the wife, but the fact is that both were right as far as they went, but the wife was wrong in stopping short at the morality, the husband in considering only the culinary qualifications. It needed both to ensure competency. No amount of morality would cook a good dinner; but, on the other hand, the moral inaptitude might some day make any dinner at all a matter of uncertainty. So I think that this feminine censorship of the private and domestic virtues serves to bring into clearer recognition the fact that 'character' is even greater than 'intellect' in determining the progress and ultimate standing of the individual and the nation, that as the foundation of our prosperity must be laid in pure domestic life, in integrity and in uprightness, so should these qualities rank highest in our estimate of those who fill the highest posts in the nation.

"Again, you may hear it said that women would be meddling in public affairs, that in their clamour for immediate and far-reaching 'reform' they would retard, rather than help, that progress which must be largely left to tendency and time. True, that only experience can teach the sobering lesson of limitation, as

well as the hopeful one that the tendency of all things is to progress and perfection. But true also that it is a spurious faith that would make this general tendency an excuse for less earnest and strenuous effort on the part of the individual. True, also, that it is a culpable lack of faith that would justify its policy of non-interference on the theory of the Roman philosopher, 'Men will continue to do the same things though we burst,' or, in modern phrase, on the principle that 'every man has a right to go to the devil if he likes.' As no man has the right to do a wrong, nor can go to the devil without taking others with him, so no man's effort to leave the world better than he found it is wholly thrown away upon the world.

"And so what you may call our faults of judgment are only, as all faults are, the other side of virtue or faulty as virtues carried to excess, which need but to be tempered by experience and balanced by the judgment of the man to show their right side again, and assert their true function and character.

"This then is our contention—not for supremacy of place and rule. No, we tender our thanks to that anonymous man who, awaking to this fact, has expressed it in the popular form of the toast, 'Woman, once our superior, now our equal.' For the age of that worship, when men burnt incense to our charms, was also the time of our deepest degradation. May the days of that idolatry never return.

"Nor do we ask for a vain and spurious liberty, a liberty that would violate the most tender and beautiful traditions of our womanhood, and set us free to yield all that make us most distinctively women.

"No, the freedom that we ask and the dignity that we seek are quite other than these, the dignity of service, God's service and the world's, and the freedom to use and to develop for that service in all their plenitude those varied gifts of mind and character which God has given us.

"The days of struggle and transition are passing away; the time of self-assertion, of foolish contrast and comparison, of worse than foolish recrimination, is rapidly emerging into that fuller day, when we shall all clearly understand that, as the dual runs through nature, each thing being but a half and suggesting another thing to make it whole, so is it with the man and the woman, who also in their perfect union are the type and expression of that unity which is the ultimate principle of all things.

"And touching upon this word 'unity' we do indeed strike the keynote of our Council, that unity which is the pre-supposition and the goal of science, of philosophy, of theology, is also the ruling idea of our Council, and the mark towards which it strives.

"Unity of aim, transcending all difference of thought and of opinion!

"Unity of standard, replacing for ever that divided ideal which, in proclaiming purity to the woman, but to the man truth and honour and strength, does in effect make the man less manly and the woman less womanly, and proves its fallacy by causing half the sins and miseries of life.

"Unity of life whereby it shall no longer be falsely divided into secular and religious, sacred and profane, but shall in all its parts be inspired by the consciousness of a Divine purpose.

"A unity transcending all difference, comprehending all peoples, and nations, and tongues, in whose infinite embrace all shall at last be harmonised and reconciled.

"This is the Council idea, this the principle that inspires it, and the end towards which it strives."



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

OUR chief endeavour this month will be to keep as cool as possible, but this will prove a hopeless task if we have to work over a coal range. There are, however, few houses to-day in which some other apparatus for cooking is not to be found. For surely women are foolish or even thoughtless in a house where there is not either a gas, coal oil or gasoline stove for hot weather cooking. Any one of these will soon save its original cost if only in the time, strength and comfort of the housekeeper or cook.

* * *

I think we all agree with Jenny Wren that "Cherry pie is very good." It is at all events if made by the following recipe:

CHERRY PIE.

Crust, one cup sifted flour, one teaspoonful sugar, two tablespoonsful butter, one tablespoonful lard, one-third cup cold water. Sift the flour and sugar into a chopping bowl, add butter and lard, mince with a chopping knife until it looks like fine meal. Then mix into a soft dough with cold water, ice cold if possible. Flour the board and pin lightly to prevent sticking, and roll out. Take one and a half pounds cherries, pick off the stalks, and put them with two tablespoonsful of moist sugar into a deep pie dish, just capable of holding them, with a small cup placed upside down in the midst. Put a border of the crust around the flare of the dish, then lay on the cover, and ornament the edges. Bake in a brisk oven for thirty or forty minutes. Strew finely sifted sugar over and serve hot or cold.

It is more economical to make two or three pies at a time, however, as the trim-

mings from one can be utilised in making the second, and so on. Unless meant for family use, never make the pies in very large dishes, but have them as deep as possible. I have found that a few currants added to the foregoing recipe adds a very piquant flavour.

* * *

RASPBERRY FOAM.

One cup of berries, half a cup of sugar, white of one egg. Pick over the berries that they may be quite free from leaves, stalks, etc., then put them with the other ingredients into a bowl, crush the fruit with a silver fork then beat steadily for half an hour. This is a very economical dish, as it may be made from the fruit that is 'left over'; also it makes a very small quantity of fruit go a long way, and is simply delicious, so soft and velvety. People not knowing, almost invariably think it is made with whipped cream. Almost any fruit can be used in this manner. Bananas, pears, peaches, strawberries and currants are especially nice.

* * *

FROZEN PUDDING.

One quart milk, one large tablespoonful arrowroot, two cups sugar, one and a half teaspoonsful salt, three cups cream, four eggs (whites), half a pound French fruit, two ounces pistachio nuts one teaspoonful vanilla, colour and flavour to taste. Scald the milk in a double boiler. Mix the arrowroot, sugar and salt thoroughly, turn them into the boiling milk and stir constantly until it thickens and is smooth. Cook for twenty minutes. Let this mixture become thoroughly cold, then add the well-beaten cream and the eggs beaten light, but not stiff. Add the vanilla, using enough to give a strong flavour, and if you like, colour it all a delicate tint of yellow, pink or green with colour paste. Turn into the freezer, stir in the French fruit and nuts. Have the fruit—cherries, apricots and green plums, cut into small pieces and the nuts blanched and cut in strips.

When the mixture is quite stiff pack into a melon mould, put the cover on and butter around the edge on the cover so that no water can soak through. And it may be as well to wrap the mould in paper, before packing it away to ripen in a pail or tub of crushed ice and salt. If you have no mould just leave the mixture in the freezer, removing the dasher and when ripened,—which takes from three to six hours—the pudding can be turned out just the round shape of the freezer. This pudding may be made with fresh fruit instead of the canned.

* * *

Physiologists tells us that the human organism throws off about five pints of water daily,—in perspiration, vapor from the lungs, exertions, etc., and a considerable amount is required in the body to carry on the various processes of the system. In hot weather large quantities are required because of the excessive waste, and to help in cooling the body. So I think a few hints concerning

some healthful drinks may not be amiss this month.

I do not think that we Canadians have the reputation acquired by our cousins across the border of drinking abnormal quantities of ice water and other cold drinks; but still we are too prone to follow their example in this respect.

It is not easy to control one's self when hot and thirsty; but a small quantity of cool liquid sipped slowly is really more refreshing than a large amount swallowed hurriedly.

It is much better to have our beverages cooled by standing them on ice, rather than adding ice to them, since the latter may have been cut from small ponds or other impure sources. It used to be thought that the process of freezing eliminated impurities in such waters, but that has been proved a fallacy—and the ice is as objectionable as the water would have been.

* * *

What are the best summer drinks? Well water—pure water—distilled if possible, or at any rate filtered, and cooled by being put on the ice—is the best of all. Then comes the standard beverages—milk, tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate—only served cold instead of hot. Although, if one be exhausted from heat or fatigue, there is no 'pick me up' like a glass of hot milk. It is a mild yet effective stimulant, which has no evil consequences.

Many people who cannot ordinarily drink milk, find that a milk-shake agrees with them perfectly. This is because the milk is so thoroughly aerated in the shaking—a process which renders it more digestible.

Many other beverages are rendered more digestible, besides being improved in flavour, if well shaken. For the same reason, therefore, a 'shaker' should be in every well regulated pantry. Not the elaborate ones to be seen in 'temperance bars,' but the plain, old-fashioned sort, made in the shape of a large tumbler. The lemonade, milk, or whatever is to be shaken is put into a stout glass with the necessary sugar and some very finely cracked ice. Then the shaker is turned over the glass like a cover and given a smart thump to make it keep its place firmly, then the whole is inverted and shaken violently for about a minute. Distilled or boiled water may be aerated in this manner.

* * *

Another good summer beverage made from milk is sweet koumiss. One quart of perfectly fresh milk; one-fifth of a two cent cake of Fleischman's yeast; one tablespoonful of sugar. Dissolve the yeast in a little water and mix it with the sugar and milk, put the mixture into strong bottles—beer bottles will do—cork with tightly-fitting stoppers and tie down securely with stout twine. Ferment the koumiss mixture, etc., twelve hours in a temperature of 70° Fahr.—that is the same degree of heat that is required for raising bread. Great care is necessary in opening the bottles that the contents are not forced all over the room. Use a champagne-tap, or punch the cork with a large darning-needle, to let some of the gas escape.

This receipt is one of Miss Boland's and she recommends it highly for an article of sick diet, especially for the many forms of indigestion and for nausea. It is a practically predigested milk—and containing both carbonic acid and a small quantity of alcohol—both of which have a tonic effect. People sometimes object to koumiss because of the odor which is not agreeable to every one, but it leaves such a very pleasant after taste in the mouth that one who has once taken a glass of it will not be likely to refuse a second offer.



SOME hundred and odd miles from London there stands a peaceful cathedral city. It is a quiet, old-world place, with narrow rambling streets, and solid comfortable roomy houses, shut within their pleasant gardens, on its outskirts. In itself it is scarcely picturesque enough to delay the passing tourist, its great attraction being its splendid "House of God," standing in its midst like a magnificent jewel in a rough setting. In the wake of the precincts runs a sleepy old river, and along the banks of it, by a narrow footpath, one can get out into the country, with its stretches of fertile meadow-land spreading for miles and miles away.

It was the time of the Trinity Ordinations, and all the ecclesiastical gardens were still gay with spring flowers. The city itself was unwontedly lively. Its favourite canon was in residence, and its still more beloved bishop was at home after a somewhat lengthy absence. The narrow High Street was thronged with a student population and with the friends thereof—fathers and mothers and sisters for the most part, who had come to see their dear ones take upon them the solemn vows of their Order, and to wish the lads "God-speed" in their new and holy calling. Birds of passage all these, but the old town liked anything that stirred not too rudely its habitual slumbers, and made them very kindly welcome within its boundaries.

The dreaded period of the examinations was just over, and though the formal lists were not yet out, it was pretty well known with all but mathematical certainty who were likely to have done well, and who, alas! had failed. Pending official declarations, the candidates, successful or otherwise, were in fairly good spirits, the unlucky ones not too hopelessly crushed; while those who felt they had passed safely through the ordeal were much absorbed in meeting and quartering their rapidly arriving friends, and doing the honours of the place to their 'people.'

Very various were the types of faces passing along the streets. Here a lad, the centre of a proud family group, there a solitary wanderer, who had neither friends nor associates to share his triumph or failure. Now the boyish face and bright blue eyes of some young fellow up for deacon's orders, still with the charm of boyhood clinging about him, though he would nearly have died of grief had he been told so. There a young curate in the correctest of clerical garb, with a couple of girl sisters hanging on his arm, who saw in him one of the coming lights of the nineteenth century church.

Outside the town the soft May sunlight was lighting up the cathedral meadows and turning to a golden flood the drowsy river rippling

lazily along between its grassy banks, so slow and calm in its scarcely perceptible motion that it was difficult to believe how it could rage and swell with royal anger in the winter, spreading out like a lake over the frost-bitten fields and working endless havoc in the canons' gardens.

It was a perfect evening, one of those days that seem to be dropped down to us straight out of heaven; yet to Austin Selby, pacing along by his companion's side in the narrow pathway by the river, it was one of the hardest days in a life that had hitherto known more of trouble than of pleasure.

They made a strange contrast, these two; the learned and world-renowned bishop and the unknown rejected candidate; and indeed it was with equal surprise that they found themselves in each other's company. But the bishop taking his afternoon walk, and thinking over his next theological treatise, and the young man striving to fight out his battle with disappointment and despair, had accidentally, as our faithless phrase goes, encountered each other, and somehow found themselves drawn into conversation.

The bishop was not a man given to standing upon ceremony. With all the stately dignity which he knew so well how to assume on occasion, in the ordinary affairs of life he was apt to act abruptly and on the impulse of the moment; and there were those who found in his very unconventionality his chiefest charm. In the present instance one glance from the keen old eyes into those troubled young ones had been sufficient to make him forget his beloved treatise for the moment, and to set him to work to find some balm for the intolerable hurt, and that with the tender skill which made him so truly to all his clergy a "Father in God."

His companion was no match for his cleverness, and, bit by bit, the narrator scarcely knowing how much of himself or his history he was revealing, the bishop got at the whole story, and found therein much food for meditation.

Austin Selby was the son of a poor country clergyman, and all his life had known what it was to live in the midst of a perpetual struggle to make ends meet. That his son should follow his own calling had been the one ambition of his father's life; and in the boy himself it was an inborn vocation to which he turned with all the wistful ambitions of youth.

To this end, with incredible struggles and self-sacrifice, Mr. Selby had succeeded in sending his son to college; but during his first year the great financial crash came, involving the Selbys with so many others in the worldly ruin, and in their case bringing death and desolation in its train. Philip Selby never recovered the overthrow of his hopes, and died of what we are sometimes sceptically inclined to call an 'impossible' complaint, but which is none the less a sad reality—a broken heart. And his son found himself at barely twenty at the end of his career, with all his hopes and dreams fading into nothingness, and with an ailing mother and several younger brothers and sisters who looked to him alone for support and protection.

As he turned his back on his college for the last time, Selby knew something of the meaning of the bitterness of life, although he was but little more than a boy.

Fortunately, neither he nor his sister Patience, who was a year or two his senior, had much time to think about themselves in the innumerable and pressing claims that came upon them. A distant relative offered the young man a post in his bank; the appointment was fairly well paid, and he accepted it with thankfulness, and in due course tried to settle down and to forget his old dreams of wider life and more definite service in the intricacies of the business which he detested, yet strove so loyally to do well.

After a while the struggle grew easier, he had a curious feeling at times as if he had lost a limb or a sense, and should go through life in consequence maimed or dumb; but he strove to put the past into the background, and no one seeing him, if grave yet uniformly cheerful and unselfish, could have guessed what he had gone through; no one except his elder sister, to whom he was all in all.

To Patience Selby the knowledge of her brother's sacrifice was more than she could bear.

The little money that had been rescued from their late disasters he insisted on settling on his mother and sisters, refusing almost angrily their entreaties that he should take it and finish his college course. His mother grieved silently, but Patience would not give up hope, and began to plot and plan against her brother's peace. She would not let him do this thing. Herself a clever musician, and well-known in their own neighbourhood, she had soon more work and pupils than she could well undertake, and she began to save diligently.

One day when Austin had laughingly accused her of becoming a regular miser, she unfolded to him her plan, of which she had as yet dared to speak to no one. This was no less than that in the course of a year or two he should take their mutual savings, go through a theological college, getting if not the best training, the best that could be had, and thus finally realize their great ambition and enter the priesthood.

At first he would not hear of it, but she would give him no rest, and the old hopes came back with a rush at the first glimpse of a possibility, oversweeping all their strongholds of opposition. To both it meant years of stinting and hard work, during which it was Patience who kept a fearless heart and would hear no word of giving up when her brother shrank from involving her in the necessary sacrifices.

They accomplished their end at last, although Selby was nearly six-and-twenty before the requisite means were within their grasp. Everything looked bright and hopeful, a tiny unexpected legacy had smoothed matters at home, an old friend of his father's had offered to take the young man as his deacon as soon as he was ordained, while his kinsman at the bank was so far touched by the efforts of the two young people—though he looked upon their wishes as utter folly—that he promised to take Austin back into the bank on the unheard-of possibility of his failing. "For it's as well to have two strings to your bow, with a young family like yours at your heels," he said, somewhat grimly, "in case you shouldn't prove the genius that Patience thinks you."

And the ex-clerk acquiesced ruefully and was grateful, though he hoped with all his might that he had done with cash-books and ledgers for ever!

For a time all went well, but towards the end of his term things began to look blacker. Never very strong, an inopportune attack of illness threw him back and broke in upon his time. He began to work too soon, and worked too hard, got over-strained and anxious, found his brains cloudy and confused, yet dared not give himself the much-needed rest.

The examinations loomed before him like dark on-coming clouds, pregnant with impending disaster.

(To be continued.)



[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of the department is anxious to come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in so far as possible.]

"Is there a cross word that tries to be said?
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,
And that will make you forget it."

* * *

OUR STORY.

One lovely summer evening, just after sundown, Fairy Silversheen sat in her bower, lightly swaying on the branch of a rose tree and fanning herself with a white lily petal. It was rather early for evening callers, so she was somewhat surprised to see a brown caterpillar coming towards her. "Good evening, Fuzzywig, I'm glad to see you; where have you been this long time? How are you?"

"I'm well enough, Silversheen, thank you," answered her visitor with a half-drawn sigh.

"Why, what is the trouble? You seem terribly downcast, Fuzzywig; is there anything I can do for you?"

"O, Silversheen, why am I so ugly?"

"For shame, old boy! You are getting vain. Why should you sigh for beauty? 'Handsome is as handsome does,' they say."

"Yes, yes, I know all that, and I try to do my best, but it is like this: Since I was here to see you last time I moved to the garden of the great stone house yonder. A day or two after I had settled in a big rose tree, a lady came to live at the house. It had been her home before she married, so, as her husband died lately, she has come back and brought her little girl with her.

"All this I heard John, the gardener, tell a friend the other day.

"The child's name is Elsie, and she is the sweetest thing I ever saw; long, golden hair and blue eyes; she is prettier than the flowers, Silversheen. The garden is so much brighter since she came. Everybody loves her. She is so gentle that even the birds trust her, and go every day to eat the crumbs she spreads for them. I love her, too, Silversheen, but she is afraid of me.

"I had been contented to watch her at a distance until to-day.

"She sat in the grass playing with the kitten, and I just ventured to crawl up on the edge of her dress. She jumped up with affright and ran screaming to John, who said, 'Don't cry, Miss Elsie, that is only a caterpillar,' and he picked me off and tossed me away into the shrubbery. Oh, why did he not kill me?" finished poor Fuzzywig.

"If that is all your trouble, my friend, I am glad to be able to comfort you. Have patience and you will yet be more beautiful than you ever dreamed."

Then the fairy told him how that next year he would be changed to a butterfly; how all

winter he would sleep a long dreamless sleep, and awake in the spring a new creature.

Fuzzywig went home with such a light heart that he felt he could almost fly, even without the beautiful wings promised by Silversheen.

For the rest of the summer he was satisfied to watch Elsie at a distance, and was more than happy when he heard her claim his rose tree as hers.

He now had a new mission in life. It was a 'bad year' for roses, as some little worm ate the buds before they opened; but on Elsie's bush the flowers were perfect. Poor Fuzzywig chased away all other worms, and, for himself, he was content to dine in the apple tree. No one knew the reason that particular bush escaped the pest. Elsie said it was because the worms would not eat *her* roses.

* * *

In the early autumn, Fuzzywig spun himself into a cozy white nest, which looked smooth and white as an egg, and in some mysterious way fastened it to a leaf in the topmost branch of his rose tree home. Here he slept all winter, quite unconscious of the cold winds that tessed him about, or the snow that lay piled white and high over everything.

One day Elsie spied the clump of withered leaves and wanted them taken off her bush, but her mamma pointed out to her the tiny white chrysalis, and told her of the little life within waiting for the wonderful change. She told her thus was papa sleeping, and thus would they both sleep a long, dreamless sleep, waiting for the call to a new existence.

* * *

Summer came at last, and one fine day, after a warm rain, Fuzzywig burst his prison walls and flew out, an ugly caterpillar no longer. Elsie clapped her hands with joy when she first saw him, and said he was her butterfly because he came to his new life in her rose-bush.

They soon became playmates, and many a gay chase he led her along the old garden paths.

Fuzzywig seldom went far from the house, and not for a long while did he spare time to visit his old friend Silversheen. She congratulated him on his beautiful wings, and told him she was glad he spent his time giving pleasure to another.

* * *

A day came when they no longer played together in the garden, and Fuzzywig was lost without his little playmate.

After passing two or three lonely days he ventured up to the house to seek her, and finding a window open, flew in. On a bed, white and still, lay little Elsie, and her mamma knelt at her side quietly weeping. Fuzzywig fluttered a moment or two around the child and then flew out of the window. As the mother watched the butterfly a look of bright hope shone through her tears, and she smiled, for she remembered her talk with Elsie about the chrysalis, and realised her little one had made the 'wonderful change.'

I shall give my other little friends the pleasure of reading another letter from the 'far West,' and wish each one could have a whiff of the sweet grass and flowers enclosed:—

QU'APPELLE STATION,
May 17th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

I thought you would like to hear about my trip to the Fort Qu'Appelle Lakes; they are twenty-four miles from Qu'Appelle, and are in the valley. We go from here almost every spring and fall duck shooting. There were six of our party,—three of the older members of the family and my niece and nephew and myself. We started on the 27th of April and came back the 9th of May. We have a small house there and also a boat, and right across to the other point are the Indians' tents. We went over in the boat one evening, and we saw one old squaw baking bread for supper; she was baking it in a frying-pan, and the pan had ashes in. In the same tent there was a boy about eighteen years of age. He had had consumption, but he said he was getting better. He could talk English very well. He had a brother in Regina who had written him a letter, but he could not read it, so I read it for him. His brother's name is Samuel Moore. He was going to school in Regina. There was an old Indian who brought some maple sugar over to exchange for tea (his name was Jim LaMack.) In the valley there are some very steep hills, but we had great fun climbing them, and we would play house on the large stones, and pretend other ladies were on some of the other stones. The first week or part of the second week we did not get a duck, but the three last days we got sixty-four. The dog we had would not go in for a duck, so we had to get them with the boat. In the evenings we would have nice, long boat rides. Cousin Maud, I pressed a few violets and buttercups I found here and will send them to you, because you love flowers so much.

Yours truly, EDNA TALBOT.

* * *

DAME DOT'S SCHOOL.

One of Dame Dot's little ones is going to "say" this piece at the closing exercises, which the Dame found in *St. Nicholas*:—

I studied my tables over and over and backward and forward too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head;
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile you'll learn it by heart," she said.
So I took my favourite Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.
Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud,
But I wish I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered "Mary Ann!"

COUSIN MAUD.



What has been done and what we hope to do.

WE think that we cannot better gather up the results of the annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada at Montreal and place before all our members the work that has been specially remitted to them during the coming year, than by printing the following memorandum, which has been addressed by the President to the presidents of Local Councils and national societies.

If our individual members, and, in particular, our members of local Executives, would ponder over the various matters brought before them for consideration during the summer months, making inquiries and reading up the different subjects which interest them in as far as they can, it would greatly conduce to the progress of the work which we have undertaken next winter.

I have much pleasure in reporting to the presidents of the Local Councils and federated national societies, and through them to their Councils, that the third annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada has been successful in every way. The delegates will doubtless convey to their respective Councils or Societies their own impressions, but I think that you will all agree that the representatives of our various provinces and organisations have been able to get into touch with one another on this occasion in a way which must make a vast difference to all our future work. I shall not attempt to forestall their account of the details of our annual meetings and conferences, but will merely gather together an epitome of the decisions arrived at and the suggestions made which will affect the work of our Local Councils throughout the country.

I. ELECTION OF NEW VICE-PRESIDENTS.—As you are aware, all the National officers who have served before were re-nominated. Mrs. Taylor, vice-president for Manitoba, did not, however, desire to be re-elected, and as she had signified this to the Winnipeg Local Council, they had nominated in her place Mrs. Bryce, wife of Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, the well-known author. Mrs. Bryce was therefore unanimously elected.

In the case of the North-west Territories, where no vice-president had been elected before, two ladies were nominated for the post,—Mrs. Loughheed, by Calgary, and Madame Forget, by Regina. In consideration of the great distances which have to be travelled in the North-west, it was decided that a vice-president should be appointed for each territory, and thus Mrs. Loughheed has been elected vice-president for Alberta and Madame Forget for Assiniboia. Just before the meeting of the Council, Mrs. McDonnell, our esteemed vice-president for Ontario, sent in her resignation, thinking that a younger woman might be able to do the necessary organising work better than she could, and as she would not be prevailed upon to reconsider her decision, the Executive consulted the delegates of Ontario present at the Council, and on their unanimous recommendation elected Mrs. Frank Gibbs, Port Arthur, to fill the position for which she is so eminently fitted.

II. REPORTS OF SUB-COMMITTEES.—The three reports from the three sub-committees on (1) Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, on (2) Literature, and (3) The Length of Working Hours for Women and Children, of which copies were submitted to the Local Councils and national societies, have all been adopted as they stand, with the exception of one addition to that on the length of working hours. The amendment of the London Local Council to the effect that the Provincial Legislature of Ontario be asked to extend the provisions of the Factory Act to workshops employing under five persons, was carried.

The adoption of these three reports carries with it a considerable amount of responsibility for all who are

connected with our Council, throughout the country, and I wish to point out a few prominent features in each. Copies of the reports themselves can be had from Messrs. Lovell at 25 cents a dozen or at 3 cents each, and it is earnestly hoped that members of the Council will purchase copies for themselves and that Local Councils will circulate them.

(1) The Report on the Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children

When you receive the verbatim report you will see how earnest was the discussion on this subject. Whilst feeling that an advance had been made in the direction of the changes desired in the law, whilst acknowledging our gratitude to the Minister of Justice for his sympathetic response to our requests and his endeavours to meet our wishes as far as possible, it was felt that we must not cease our efforts to obtain our object, nor allow our vigilance to be relaxed.

The changes that were contemplated in the Criminal Law were not passed in consequence of the circumstances which attended the closing of last Parliamentary session, and the Executive will understand that it is their duty to press the matter on the next Government. Executives of Local Councils are requested to keep a watchful eye upon all cases of women and children in their districts which demand protection and the amendment of the law. They are also reminded of the closing paragraphs of the report in which the importance of a woman of experience and discretion being in court when women offenders are brought up for trial; the need of supporting the good work done by Rescue Homes and Shelters is also strongly urged. Before leaving the subject I must convey the strongly expressed opinion of the Council of the great need of inculcating on every mother throughout the land the duty of seeing that her own children are early taught in the right spirit certain physiological facts, which otherwise they may learn from impure sources. The following books and booklets were recommended for this purpose:

"A SONG OF LIFE," by Miss Margaret Warner Morley. McClury, Chicago; 40 cents.

"THE STORY OF THE PLANTS," by Grant Allan. Appleton, New York; 40 cents.

"A FATHER'S ADVICE," by E. P. Miller, M.D. 41 West 23rd street, New York.

"A MOTHER'S ADVICE," by Mrs. E. P. Miller. 41 West 23rd street, New York; 10 cents each.

"TRUE MANHOOD," by Marion Harland.

"HOME LEAFLETS FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS." W. C. T. U., 180 Arlington street, Cleveland, Ohio; 25 cents per 100.

It might well be of advantage, if private meetings of mothers could be arranged for in connection with the Local Councils, when a paper which was written for our conference on "How Mothers Can Best Teach Their Children the Necessary Elements of Physiology" can be re-read, and when some quiet, helpful discussion might ensue. The little books—"A Father's Advice" and "A Mother's Advice," by E. P. Miller, were given to each member of the Executive attending the meeting on Saturday, May 16th. These booklets, which, of course, must be used carefully, are very wisely worded and guard against a form of temptation which seems not to be sufficiently realised by parents.

(2) The Report on the Spread of Impure Literature.

I trust that this report will be very widely read and remembered and acted upon. The Executive will, of course, again bring before the Government the necessity of amending the law regarding the sale, manufacture and circulation of the deteriorating literature complained of; but the Local Councils have it in their power to do far more in regard to the whole subject than any Legislature; they must, as they value the welfare of their country, make it clear to the parents within the scope of their influence, that the warning given concerning the effects of circulating deteriorating literature and papers is not a needless one, and that it is constantly reappearing in new forms. They must ask that whenever there are traces of this literature it

should be sent to the local president; and for the present I will ask the local presidents to send on such matter to me in sealed envelopes, in order that the fact of their circulation may be brought before the proper authorities and steps taken for its suppression in such a way as His Excellency may deem best. But the great matter which Local Councils have to consider is how they can promote the sale of good, healthy literature and help to develop a taste for the same.

In a former letter it has been suggested that each Local Council should form a Standing Committee to take charge of the whole of this subject, acting at the same time as a Press Committee for the Local Council. We are hoping that many of our Local Councils may be able to aid in the formation of local libraries, home reading circles, or in any other efforts which will attain our object.

I append an abstract from a memorandum kindly sent me by the Minister of Education for Ontario on the facilities for establishing public libraries in that province, and pointing out certain amendments to the Act lately passed which bear on this question, and which will make it comparatively easy to have a library in every locality.

The series of penny poets, penny novels and penny children's books, now being issued by the "Review of Reviews" offices, was brought before the Executive. Sample copies can be obtained if desired, and it will be a good thing if each Local Council would persuade the local booksellers to keep a supply of these books. If reading circles were formed which took some of these as their books, it would promote their sale. On all points bearing on this subject I shall be glad to give any information in my power; the report itself can be obtained for distribution at 25 cents a dozen copies, and I hope you may be able to order some for circulation amongst your members. In any case, I trust that the local newspapers may be persuaded to publish the report.

(3) The Report of the Sub-Committee on Length of Working Hours.

This report involves the re-formation of the sub-committees on this subject by all Local Councils situated in districts where women and children are employed in factories, workshops and stores. The committee to be appointed should not be a large one, and should be composed of women who have some interest in the subject and who will be able to work at it as thoroughly as possible. All facts should be sifted, and no statements should be made which cannot absolutely be verified, and the personal opinions and experiences of both employers and employed should be sought, as well as those of the representatives of Trades Councils where any such exist. Again let me say that I shall be most ready to give any assistance in my power to the sub-committee of any Local Council desiring it on this subject.

In addition, however, to those inquiries, I trust that the recommendations in the report will not be lost sight of, and that social, improvement and benefit clubs for working girls and women will be formed wherever possible by members of our Councils who are ready to come into touch with the workers as sisters, and who desire to work out with them some solution of the difficulties which at present surround the conditions of their lives.

An effort to obtain earlier closing of shops and weekly half-holidays for assistants in stores should not be lost sight of, nor the personal consideration for working women which is urged on every member of our Council and which can be carried out in so many different ways. I am sure that Miss Derick, Montreal, will gladly give any information regarding the working of a successful Girls' Club and Lunch Room in Montreal. The following publications regarding the work carried out in New York are most useful:

Annual Reports of the various Associations of Working Girls.

Circulars of information used by the clubs.

Also the following leaflets:

- No. 1. How to Start a Working Girl's Club.
- No. 2. Forms of By-laws.
- No. 3. Suggestions for Club Workers.
- No. 4. Responsibilities of Membership in a Society.
- No. 5. Responsibilities and Opportunities of a Society.
- No. 6. Reasons for Advancing the Principle of Self-Support.
- No. 7. Arguments for Self-Government.
- No. 8. Small Clubs.

The above can be obtained by addressing Miss Grace Dodge, first director, 262 Madison avenue, New York City, or Miss Virginia Potter, secretary, 134 Lexington avenue, New York.

Miss Maude Stanley has also written on the same subject from practical experience in England, and the records of the work of the Women's Industrial Council in England, of the Council of Trades in Scotland, and of the Recreative Evening Rooms, etc., might be helpful. Dr. Stanley Coit's book on "Neighbourhood Guilds" is also full of suggestions. Although there may be difficulties attending the formation of such clubs, particularly in the smaller cities, there is no doubt that they can be made a most important factor on the well-being and protection of the lives of our working women.

III. RESOLUTIONS.—I enclose a list of those carried at our Council. You will probably have by you a copy of the agenda which was sent to you before the meeting.

No. 1 (Amendments to Constitution) was lost.

No. 2 and 3 were carried as mere formal amendments to the standing orders making their meaning clearer.

No. 4, proposed by the Ottawa Local Council, providing that resolutions unsuitable or undesirable for pre-entation to the Council should be declined, if a two-thirds majority of the National Council so advised, was carried, with the amendment providing that the votes of the absent members must be a personal one or in writing from the *actual* members of the Executive.

You will understand that a standing order to the same effect will be added to the standing orders recommended to the Local Councils, and I think you will find it useful. If we were to be always pledged to put down on the agenda every resolution sent in, a time might come when we might be very much misjudged by the newspapers and others taking quite a wrong impression of our work from our preliminary agenda, although the particular resolution might be thrown out altogether. It was suggested at the Council that if it was still feared that this provision might place too much power in the hands of the Executive, it could be arranged that the Council or society whose resolution had been declined should have liberty to bring up the subject directly before the Council, on a vote of the Council to this effect. If this be desired, doubtless the subject will be brought up again next year.

The other resolutions suggested further subjects of inquiry by the Local Councils:

(a) That a scheme may be drawn up whereby medical aid and nursing may be provided for outlying districts in Canada.

(b) An inquiry into the preventable causes of the present increase of insanity and an effort to spread the knowledge of the same by means of lectures or informal talks, or by inducing Boards of Health to publish and circulate information on the subject. The reports published in lunatic asylums in the different provinces can be studied as regards the figures on the subject, and also various recommendations. It was shown to the Council that the 'argers' number of patients in Ontario were drawn from the classes of farmers' labourers, domestic servants and housekeepers.

(c) Importance of bringing before Boards of Health and other local authorities the necessity of the proper care of children's eyes and teeth in schools. (It may be mentioned that the Hamilton Local Council has already taken action in this matter as regards the teeth, with very successful results).

(d) The investigation of the effect of the importation of pauper children on the social condition of Canada. The verbatim report will show that very contrary statements of opinion were made regarding the effect of this immigration, the official inquiry from the Department of Interior bringing out the fact that a very small percentage of such imported children are found making any appearance in police courts, and that great care is taken in their medical inspection before they leave England. On the other hand, letters were read from presidents of asylums and others giving a very strong opinion in the contrary direction as regards health. This will be a most important inquiry, and one that should be taken up with great impartiality and a determination to take no statements for granted without investigation of the actual facts. I ought to add that the Deputy Minister of the Interior, A. M. Burgess, Esq., makes a request to me which I pass on, and which I hope will be remembered if any cases of complaint occur in any district where we have a Local Council. It is to the effect that he will be glad if any complaints concerning any of these children can be sent to him direct with all possible details, and he will then cause investigation to be made and when necessary send an agent personally for this purpose.

(e) The promotion and establishment by Local Councils of public baths and wash-houses in all large industrial centres.

(f) The formation of reading circles in connection with the Canadian branch of the National Home Reading Union. Papers giving all advice regarding the formation of such circles will be sent on application to Miss Skelton, secretary of the Canadian branch, 183 Mansfield street, Montreal.

(g) A resolution was adopted at the French evening meeting asking the Provincial Government of Quebec to take means to encourage the culture of purity of French in the study of that language in the schools.

(h) The resolution recommending that application to Local Legislatures for courses in Normal Schools for instruction in manual arts for teachers was also carried. All Local Councils should remember to impress on their members that they can do much to ripen public opinion in this matter. The Conference on Education, which was mainly devoted to this subject, will be reported at length in the verbatim report, and will be found very interesting.

(i) A resolution was passed condemning the excessive hours of work in factories and workshops, undertaking that the Council shall endeavour to obtain their reduction.

(j) The final resolution accepting the invitation from Halifax to hold the annual meeting there next June, was carried most heartily. I may mention that the Quebec representatives who courteously moved that the invitation to Halifax should be accepted, did so on the understanding that they should have the first claim for '98. Mrs. Archibald, vice-president for Nova Scotia and president for Halifax, made all delegates feel that their reception at Halifax would be most warm and enthusiastic. It was suggested that arrangements might be made for a National Council excursion by steamer from Port Arthur, but whether this can be carried out remains to be seen.

It will be understood that it is not by any means incumbent upon all Local Councils to take up each and all of the subjects referred to. Some matters have a special importance and interest for one place, some for another, and we are sure that the various lines of work will be found full of interest and will provide both for local districts and for the country at large.

I have still a few items of interest to refer to:

(1) At our last meeting of Executive it was decided to accept Miss Faith Fenton's courteous offer on behalf of the proprietors of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to the effect that two pages of this monthly journal should be set apart for the reception of official and reliable information of the work in connection with the National Council or of any of the Local Councils and federated national societies. The two pages are to be under the supervision of an editor appointed by the Executive, and the matter for each month must be received by this editor by the 10th of the preceding month. The inclusion of this information does not preclude the printing of news of the work of the Council in other newspapers. The Executive felt that this plan would have very many advantages for our Council, and will, it is hoped, bring our Local Councils more into touch with one another's work.

A wish was expressed by some of our Executive that we should have an organ of our own. This no doubt would be very pleasant and most helpful, and we hope that the way for this may soon open, but we cannot see our way to accept such a large responsibility at present. We have only made the arrangement with Miss Faith Fenton for a year, and have liberty to bring it to a termination at a month's notice, the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL having the same liberty. I have offered in the meantime to act as editor of these two pages, and I shall look to the Executives of the Local Councils and national societies to appoint either a sub-committee or some lady who will undertake to send me whatever information they desire to have included in the monthly issue by the 10th of the preceding month, addressed to me at Government House, Ottawa.

It will be understood, of course, that the reports can be but brief,—a brief little account of some meeting or some work accomplished or of some need will be acceptable, and this coupled with copies of all newspaper notices that appear will enable me, I hope, to carry on the work for the present. It is proposed that one page should generally be devoted to reports of the work and the other to addresses and papers, information, etc., bearing on the work and objects of the Council.

We hope that the members of the National Council—and we must remember that this includes *all* members of Local Councils and affiliated societies throughout the country—will support this new venture by taking the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

(2) Historical Exhibition of 1897. The presidents of the Local Councils will remember my bringing this subject before them and asking if they would approve of our taking part in such an exhibition. As the promoters are not yet in a position to know what their financial resources would be until the meeting of the next Parliament, we have deemed it wiser to leave the whole matter in the hands of a committee who will report to the Executive later on if it seems desirable that we should go forward in this matter.

(3) National Sanitarium for Consumptive Patients. A letter from Mr. Gage, which will explain itself, has been forwarded to the presidents of Local Councils. If the representatives of this national effort to provide for the sufferers from consumption appeal for support and co-operation to any of our Local Councils or branches of our national societies, I have no doubt that they will receive all help and consideration possible.

(4) Three more suggestions were made which I must not forget to mention. One that it might be well for Local Councils to set apart a special fund for the expenses of a delegate to the annual meeting, which could be added to by degrees, and for which entertainments might be held. It seems so important that all Councils should be represented personally whenever possible, that this suggestion might well be seriously considered.

The other suggestion was, that during our next meeting a section should be set apart for delegates and members of Executive to meet together and talk over the practical working of our constitution and of any difficulties which have occurred in connection therewith. This we shall keep in view, and one difficulty has been brought up more than once during this conference. It was suggested in some quarters that it was not suitable that provincial matters should be discussed by the National Council, much less taken up by them personally. On the other hand, it was urged that one of the great influences of our National Council was to bring together the people of different provinces and to let them understand and know what the difficulties and needs and laws of the sister provinces are, thus getting a common public feeling throughout the country on the subjects affecting our social welfare. I think this argument was admitted to be very forcible, more especially as it was remembered how closely linked together our various Local Councils are. If the Local Councils of one province were to take up a particular line of action regarding some subject and the Local Councils of another province took up a diametrically opposite position it would not conduce either to a harmonious understanding or to common progress. I think possibly that a solution might be found by Local Councils submitting their provincial needs as at present to the National Council, and letting them there be discussed and resolutions be passed concerning them, and then that these resolutions might be conveyed to the Provincial Legislatures through the provincial vice-presidents, who are Dominion officers, while at the same time having intimate connection with the work in their own provinces. These vice-presidents might deem it also advisable to have additional resolutions in the same sense passed by the Local Councils of their own province, and all might be sent in together. I submit this for consideration. It is not a matter which presses, but it was agreed that for this year we should request Local Councils to take no definite action regarding approaches to their Legislature without acquainting the Executive. The presidents of Local Councils might correspond with me if any such action is contemplated. So much work in various directions is already being recommended this year to the Local Councils that I fancy they will find their hands too full as it is.

The third suggestion is that each Local Council should endeavour to ascertain the number of women represented by its affiliated societies, and that federated national societies should also report on the same subject, so that we should know how many women we approximately represent.

(5) Verbatim Report. We hope that the verbatim reports will be in the hands of the subscribers within three months, and that, therefore, they will be a real help to the Councils in beginning their work next winter. It is most important that this report should be circulated, as it is one of the means which unites us together as a body and gives accurate information of our proceedings, besides containing much useful information in the papers contributed by the different writers. They will be sold at \$1 each, and we hope that an effort will be made to secure orders for these reports, as the financial responsibility incurred by printing it is a serious one, and the Council lost very considerably by it last year. We hope also that our Local Councils will endeavour also to obtain annual patrons for the National Council as well as for the Local Councils.

The Council has fully justified its existence, and is becoming a real power in the land, but its right development will always need considerable organising, and it requires a steady income to support this and the necessary printing expenses.

I trust the length of this memorandum will not alarm our friends, but I think it best at once to communicate the results of our deliberations, so that our Executives and our individual members of Council may have time to think over and gather information regarding the different subjects referred to during the summer before the work begins again.

(Signed) President,

Isabel Aberdeen

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LECTURES AND PRACTICAL CLASS WORK

Designed for teachers and students of music.
Private lessons given also in rudimentary work.

Conservatory Calendar and Summer School Prospectus sent free.

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It isn't necessary to enforce your demand for **EVER-READY DRESS STAYS**, for if a dealer will not supply you just step into the next store where your wants will be promptly filled.

See the name on each stay and get just the color wanted. Saten and Satin.

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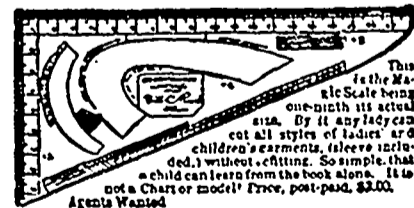
Beg to announce that they are prepared to take orders for making

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And solicit your esteemed patronage.

Orders for Children's Summer Frocks should be placed early in order to avoid the press of work before vacation.

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THE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET.

The best Health Restorer ever discovered. A fine medicine for all impurities and a tonic for the system. Works wonders in Headaches, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Liver, Kidney, Skin and Menstrual troubles. They leave no bad effects. No family should be without them. They are a family medicine. Chest, 25 cents, 5 boxes for \$1, postpaid. Try our **Hypophosphorin**, specified in LaGrippe, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, etc., 50 cents, postpaid.

D. L. THOMPSON,
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Send for Pamphlet.

THEY ARE GROWING IN FAVOUR.

Manager Garland, of the American Dunlop Tire Co., feels highly gratified at the manner in which "Dunlops" are winning their way among the rank and file of riders. As a consequence, the output of the Dunlop factory in Toronto for '96 is already larger than that reached during the whole of '95. This result is doubtless to be laid to the fact that no expense that experience can suggest is spared to make the tires as mechanically perfect as possible. The fabric used in the construction of the covers is so closely woven that it is very difficult to puncture, and this resistance is increased through the unstinted use of rubber, adding at the same time a degree of resiliency the equal of which, experts acknowledge, no other pneumatic possesses.

In proof of this may be pointed out the long array of records held by the Dunlop tire. With mighty few exceptions all the English and French cracks use them, and witness the tallies recently established over there—Tom Linton's hour record of 30 miles and 214 yards (better than a two-minute clip throughout), and Hurst's 50 miles in 1.43.42 1-5.

BEAUTY HINTS.

If your face is thin, dry and wrinkled, do not use hot water to wash it with; or if it is oily, no amount of cold water will cleanse it. The best thing is to consult a dermatologist as to the treatment your complexion requires. The Misses Moote & High, of 41 Carlton street, will start you in the right direction. They have lotions, salves, creams, skin purifiers and skin shrinkers to remove wrinkles, and everything, it seems, to make one beautiful.

Their parlours are cheery, freshly furnished apartments, with no nasty odours infesting the curtains and closed windows. A little yellow songster, the Misses Moote and High's favourite, sings and trills its loudest from its gilded cage in the big coloured glass window in the waiting room, giving an air of cheerfulness to the place. They accomplish a great many of their operations by means of electricity. One instrument is a fine steel needle attached to the battery, by the means of which they remove superfluous hairs almost painlessly, not alone from the surface, for a hair, like a tooth, has a root sometimes half an inch deep. One hundred and twenty of these can be removed in an hour, Miss High tells us, as she holds up her little tweezers with a coarse little hair grasped in its teeth, that she has just extracted from a mole on the cheek of a patient.

Confucius admonished his followers: "Be good and courteous to all, even to the stranger from other lands. 'If he say unto thee that he thirsteth give him a cup of warm tea, without money and without price.' He should have added, 'Give him 'Salada Ceylon Tea,' as it is so pure."

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.

CAN HEART FAILURE BE PREVENTED?

Startling and brief the announcement, "Sudden Death Caused by Heart Failure." Such is the stereotyped announcement of coroners, juries and reporters arousing the forebodings of those victims of indigestion and mal-nutrition, who so frequently disturb themselves upon the manifestation, in palpitation or fluttering, of functional disturbances of the heart; symptoms which they are foolishly prone to accept as the signs of an incurable, and speedily fatal, malady. Maltine with Coca Wine is potent in restoring conditions that no longer render possible such alarmingly disturbing symptoms. Maltine with Coca Wine, through its remedial influence upon the nervous system, soothes into calmness the disorganised nerves. The heart, in response to increased nerve force, no longer plunges and beats as if determined to break.

Maltine with Coca Wine has long been recognised as the most pleasant and efficient remedy for all those functional derangements that find manifestation in lassitude, sleeplessness, despondency and loss of appetite and digestive power. A nerve tonic, a body-builder, a nutrient and digestive agent of inestimable value. All druggists sell it.

This is to certify that I am more than well pleased with the Common Sense Ear Drums received of you especially for protection in windy, cold and changeable weather, for they admirably protect the sensitive ear drum from the sudden charges of draft as well as improve the hearing. E. G. Chamberlain, Parkhill, Ont., exporter of raw furs and gensing root, January 10th, 1896.

NEW YORK SCHOOL.

Cutting, Fitting and Making taught systematically. Latest French Styles. - **WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM TAILOR SYSTEM** furnished on 1st. Satisfaction guaranteed. Factory instructions by mail to pupils who cannot attend School. Hundreds are learning. Ladies and gentlemen. Assistants wanted. Ask for circular. **W. SPAULDING,** Mgr. for Canada, 490 Queen W., Toronto.

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Recently enlarged by the addition of the Frances Hall, and provided with every modern comfort in the shape of steam heating, electric lighting, bath rooms, etc. Universally acknowledged by all who have seen it to be the largest, most elegant, and best equipped college for women in Canada. In educational work it stands unequalled, being the only Ladies' College in the country taking up a regular university course. Full Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial branches. Will reopen January 7th, 1897. Send for Calendar to Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph. D., Principal.

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125 Bimcoe St., TORONTO.

In order to introduce Peach Bloom, will send a large bottle of their celebrated preparation to any address, and also give a year's subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL on receipt of \$1.00. The price of Peach Bloom alone until recently has been \$1.00. This article should be on every lady's toilet table. (Read our other advertisement further on)

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CLEARING SALE.

Now is a chance to buy shoes at prices not heard of before. We are closing out our stock of shoes in our retail store before the 30th of April. All must be sold. All our special lines at net wholesale cost for "cash."



If you want first-class goods, goods that will fit and wear, goods that will pay to buy, this is a chance to get them. All our stock must be sold, as our lease expires on the above date.

Any comments on the excellence of our goods is unnecessary, as the public know all about them. For years they have bought them and worn them and have had satisfaction.

Call early before the sizes get broken, for they will not be replaced.

THE J. D. KING CO., LTD.
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FASHIONABLE

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Gowns, Blouses, Silk Under-skirts, Bicycle and Riding Costumes.

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Over Ellis' Jewellery Store.

Call and inspect the latest fashions

GET YOUR SPECTACLES

Telescopes, Microscopes and Opera Glasses from a strictly optical institute.

"My Optician," 159 Yonge St.



MONTREAL NOTES.

THE first annual exhibition of the Women's Art Association, Montreal Branch, which closed recently, proved very successful in several respects. Considerable interest was evoked; the attendance was very fair, and the receipts satisfactory. It served also to prove what our women artists are capable of doing, and suggested an idea of independence which could not fail to be appreciated by the opposite sex, though there was not, nor is there now, any intention to create a spirit of rivalry in that direction; the study of art is too earnest for even such a thought. The exhibition served also to bring the objects of the association before the public and point out the advantages to be derived from membership.

The display was excellent in a degree, but it would have been better had the advertising and price of admission been kept within the modest range which, we are sure, the exhibition was intended to cover. When one sees something of this kind freely advertised in the papers and heralded by a special poster on every street car throughout the city, he expects something more than the ordinary for his twenty-five cents; and following so soon upon the magnificent showing of the Royal Academy, it was all the more noticeable and apt to create a bad impression. The collection was composed of forty-nine oils and forty-four water colours; the names of forty artists being represented, fourteen of whom were from Montreal and twelve from Toronto. Without doubt the gems of the collection were the works of Miss M. A. Bell. These works we believe arrived too late for the Royal Academy and it was a pleasure to have the opportunity of seeing them here. The pictures were not large, but the graceful attitudes, combined with excellent color tone in "Mother and Child" and also in "By the Firelight"—a maiden sitting by the old hearth with her head resting on her hand—were irresistible.

Mrs. McCaig's large picture, "The Last Load"—a large ox cart in the centre of the field receiving the last sheaves—which, by the way, was priced out of reason, was good, but did not attract as much attention as her "Hauling Seaweed"—a lovely brown stretch of seashore, with fine atmospheric effect.

Miss Holden's now celebrated pictures, "The Hour of Service" and "I was an Hungered," so much admired at the Academy, were hung but to poor advantage.

Mrs. Watts' four pictures did not do her justice. This artist is capable

of much better work. The hall was not at all suitable for such an exhibition, especially for late-comers in the afternoon, and yet it was very noticeable to what better advantage Miss Plimsoll's "Shore, North Holland,"

was shown than in the Academy, where, it will be remembered, it hung in the hallway, and actually represented nothing. Here, with the full light from the opposite window, it revealed remarkably fine perspective and true values, in a long dreary grey line of shore, sea and sky, illustrating the necessity of good light for the proper showing of a picture.

Among the water colours, Miss MacDonnell's scenes among the old streets of Quebec, attracted much attention. These quaint old tumble-down shanties are extremely picturesque and Miss MacDonnell is very successful in pointing it out to us. We wish some of our artists would look about Montreal; they would find some streets, quaint enough for the brush, and that would create a surprise.

"Old French House," by Miss Ashton Phillips, is a pretty little scene; the quaint old structure with its garden and trees stands out in strong colouring, wonderful for so small a picture.

Miss Sanborn's "Trees in Autumn" was much admired, as indeed are all of this lady's pictures.

During the last week of the exhibition, visitors were able to view the posters, the result of *Waterproof Textile* competition, and kindly loaned for the occasion.

Poster painting is a craze, it can scarcely be called art, yet the hand of an artist is necessary to make a success of the drawing; as for colouring—it is simply extravagant effect. Unfortunately no names were furnished for we curious ones, but one of the prettiest cards was the work of a Toronto lady,—three little maidens dancing a quickstep across the floor. Another by a Montreal lady, but, unfortunately for her chances, turned the wrong way—a lady walking down the street revealing only the back of a brilliant grass-green skirt and black umbrella.

Some designs were very elaborate, others very simple; these last are what are wanted, but for the information of those offering their designs for sale or competition we advise them to study closely what has now come to be the "Art of Advertising." A good strong effect is absolutely necessary, and nearly all were good in this respect, some much better than the prize winner; but they were deficient as advertisements. Note the prize winner,—a rich yellow background, two ladies in black evening dress, one at either end, gracefully holding between them a long scroll with the advertisement well brought out.

Ladies will find in poster designing a wide field for original thought and fascinating work.

* * *
Miss Plimsoll's pictures, about forty in number, are on exhibition at the Art Gallery. XMAN.

"Use Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colours."

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My Mamma won't use any but "Claws" Shears and Scissors, they work so nice and cut so easy and are for sale by all first-class dealers.

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GUARANTEED PURE AND TO CONTAIN NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS

The Twin Bar
WITH ITS
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Less Labor | Greater Comfort

If you wish your Linen
White as Snow

Sunlight Soap will make it so.

Books for Wrappers | For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVY BROS., Ltd., 25 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

A 1/2 PAN WATER COLOR

is a small thing, but it lasts an artist a very long time, and so a good artist gets the very best he can, and the beautiful permanent color makes him cry for joy. This beautiful color is made by Winsor & Newton, of London. They are the artist's friends.

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When you buy a

CRAWFORD

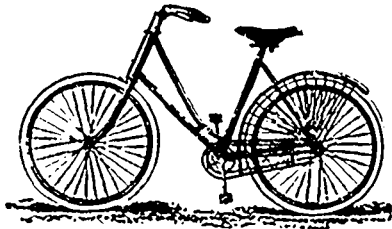
....or....

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You Always Have Satisfaction.

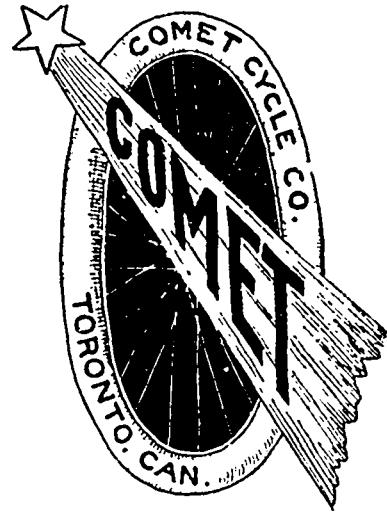
BUT when we tell you
you that these
wheels have tires fitted
with our

Short Stop Puncture Filler



which repairs punctures while you ride, you will easily appreciate the fact that our wheels are worth more than others although they cost less. No need to walk home; you can simply laugh at punctures. Call and see them. **PRICES, \$55 TO \$100.**

E. C. Hill & Co., ..183.. **Toronto**
Yonge St.,



If you see this name on your bicycle you will know it is the best.

"Dayton"

bicycles—

Elegant
and
good.

Send for Catalogue.

J. & J. Taylor
Toronto Safe Works
TORONTO

Sole
Canadian
Agents.



Do You Play ?



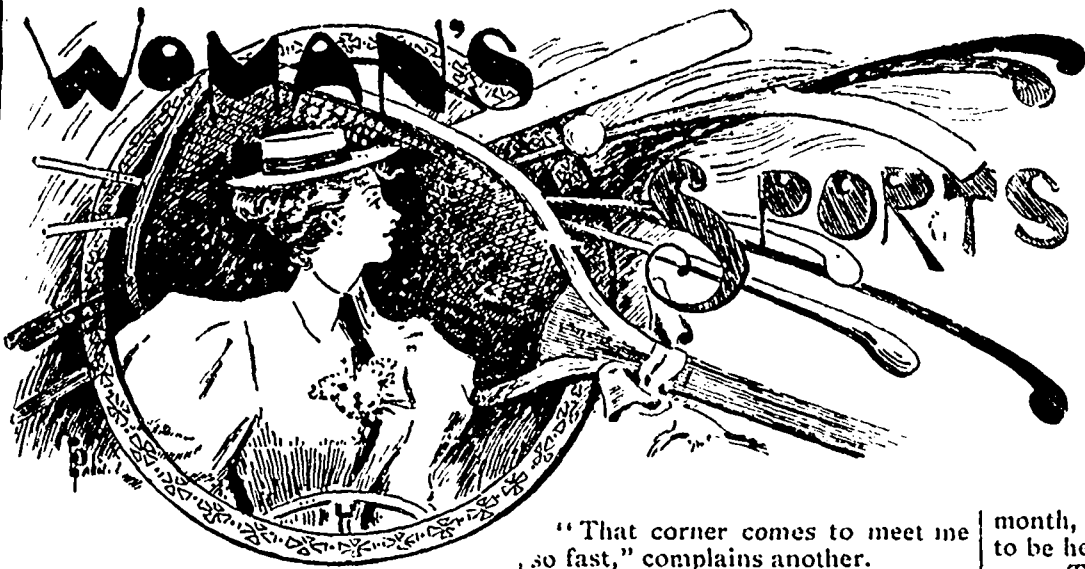
If not, you should start at once, because you might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and all the best people play

...Golf or Tennis...

Besides, it will do you good—you will feel better and look better if you take lots of healthy exercise.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

THE **JOHN GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORP'N**
81 YONGE ST., TORONTO LIMITED.



THE present bicycle mania is interfering with many summer sports, but possibly the boat houses are suffering most.

I was out at the Humber on several bright Saturday afternoons of June, and the pretty rounding river is almost deserted. The gay boat loads, the light canoes and row boats, that were found upon its surface thick as lillies in a pond in past years, have diminished to a solitary craft here and there upon the rippling water.

On Toronto bay the big ferries have full space to move and puff from city to Island without danger of running down innumerable and gayly-reckless small craft. It is the motor man who grows grey-haired with watchful anxiety now, rather than the ferry captain.

The present condition of things will pass, of course, and boating resume its summer sway; but in the meantime the change is remarkable.

One of the up-to-date sights I saw one recent evening, on a city street, was a father and mother—both within the thirties, and three bright little children varying in age from three to seven or eight. The father guided a lady's wheel. Presently they came to a stretch of asphalt road, paused beneath a boulevard tree, the young wife was helped into the saddle, and away she went—a trifle unsteadily, while father and baby boy ran merrily along the pavement, and the remaining little folks gave happy chase alongside "mother" on her wheel.

Some of the daily scenes in the practice schools are very amusing to an onlooker.

"You said I could ride out on the street," remarks one stout lady aggrievedly to her teacher, "I went out yesterday, and I heard a street car coming from somewhere, and I ran right up a lane and into an ash barrel."

"Pete, catch me, catch me—I'm going to fall!" calls a nervous rider. Pete promptly goes to her rescue, and having set the rider on her feet, admonishes her in this wise:

"Course you'll fall s'long as I'm there to catch you. Now, next time I'll let you fall—mind that." (Pete is only half-way through his teens, and beyond all sentiment.)

"That corner comes to meet me so fast," complains another.

"Because you're afraid of it—that's why. Just you chase it instead of lettin' it chase you," says Pete, who is something of a philosopher.

One woman who has reached the first stages of 'going alone' is riding with grim face and set lips that murmur something occasionally. "I just say 'I've got to stay on—I've got to stay on, I've got to, got to, got to,'" she explains on dismounting, breathless but triumphant.

The grave aspect of this new sport for women in Canada is, that in spite of repeated warnings, beginners will overdo themselves, riding too long and too hard, and suffering many accidents through imperfect knowledge.

The Island Aquatic Association promise an interesting series of water games for the summer. Among them will be the ladies' tandem canoe races, ladies' single sculls, and lady and gentleman's tandem races. There will also be swimming races for ladies. Training will go on actively for these until about the third week in August, when the association will hold its usual carnival at Centre Island for the entertainment of their many friends of Island and town. Much credit is due the young officials of the club for their efforts of former years.

The Toronto Golf Club invited their Rosedale confreres to Fern Hill on Thursday, June 4th, to play a friendly match. Nine holes were played, after which a delightful little lunch was served at the club house. Then followed the play of the remaining nine holes, making a game of eighteen. The Torontos were victorious, though much pluck was exhibited by the Rosedales in attempting to play the older club, as the former is composed chiefly of beginners.

A great improvement in play was shown by the Rosedales at the return match, although the Torontos were again victorious. Afternoon tea was served at the pretty club house grounds after the game.

A pretty pin of red enamel and gold has been designed, to mark the medal winners in the Rosedale club, throughout the present season.

Matches are played every two weeks. The maker of three lowest scores out of five matches will permanently own the medal. At the first fortnightly, Misses Scott and Shanklin came out tie. Three extra heats were played, when Miss Shanklin secured the medal.

At the last fortnightly Miss E. Scott won and held the medal.

The Rosedales will play a foresome game on the first Saturday of each month, for a special medal which is to be held for the month by the winner. This club is fortunate in including both ladies and gentlemen among its members.

The Toronto Athletic Club has been the scene during the last two or three weeks of two very charming tennis teas. Mrs. Goldwin Smith inaugurated the lawn tennis season on Wednesday, the 27th May, by giving a large tea and "At Home" at the Athletic Club to members of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club and their friends; and on the 10th June, Mrs. John I. Davidson and Mrs. Cameron gave another, at which most of the well-known fashionables of Toronto were present. Both afternoons were most successful, not only from a tennis point of view, but also from the society side of the question. It is almost decided to hold a large tennis tournament at the beginning of July. This is certain to be a drawing card, as the Canadian championships take place at Niagara-on-the-Lake the second week in July, and several players of well-known ability will be sure to take in the tournament here if it can be arranged to hold it the week after.

The spring championships of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, and bicycle races under the auspices of the Toronto Athletic Club, are to be held at the Rosedale grounds on Saturday, 20th June, and they will be some of the best sports ever witnessed in Toronto, as all the best athletes and bicyclists of the Dominion have signified their intention to compete in the different events on that day.

The 'Varsity tennis tournament opened on Monday, June 8th, on 'Varsity grounds; the score closed on Saturday 13th. The club contains about twenty-four ladies amongst its members. The games were mixed, both ladies' singles and mixed doubles were played.

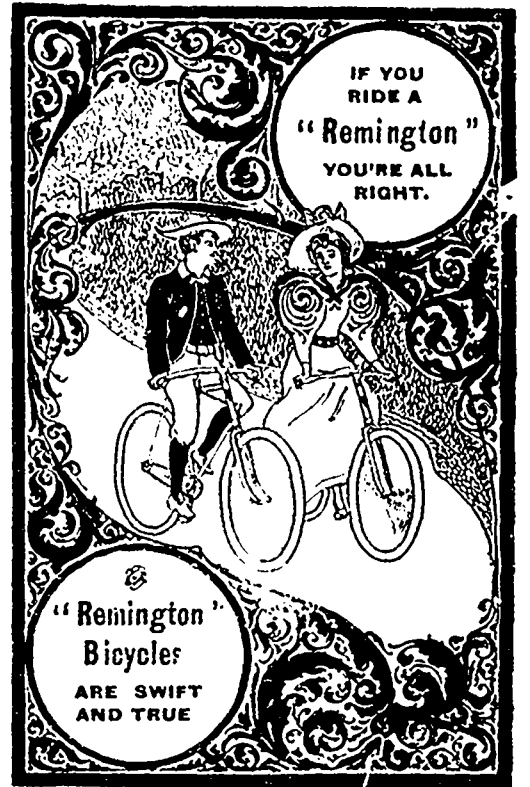
LADIES' SINGLES.

Miss Skinner beat Miss Crane, 6-1, 6-1.
Miss Graham beat Miss Wilson, 6-3, 8-6.
Miss Skinner beat Miss Graham, 6-1, 6-2.
Miss Clute beat Miss J. Johnston, 6-0, 6-2.
Miss Clute beat Miss Skinner, 10-8, 6-0.

Miss Seath beat Miss Hinch, 6-2, 7-9, 6-4.
Miss N. Kerr beat Miss H. Johnston, 6-3, 6-2.
Miss N. Kerr beat Miss Seath, 6-2, 6-0.
Miss I. Kerr beat Miss Ryckman, 6-0, 6-1.
Miss N. Kerr beat Miss I. Kerr, 6-4, 6-3.
Miss N. Kerr beat Miss Clute, 6-0, 6-1.
Championship won by Miss Nan Kerr, '95.

MIXED DOUBLES.

Miss Ryckman and Mr. Harris beat Miss Evans and Mr. Young, 6-4, 6-1.
Miss Clute and Mr. Campbell beat Miss Skinner and Mr. Treble, 6-0, 6-2.
Miss N. Kerr and Mr. Hendry beat Miss Graham and Mr. Stratton, 6-3, 6-3.
Miss H. Johnston and Mr. Scott beat Miss Hinch and Mr. Burns, 7-5, 6-4.
Miss Clute and Mr. Campbell beat Miss N. Kerr and Mr. Hendry, 6-2, 5-7, 6-2.
Miss Clute and Mr. Campbell beat Miss Ryckman and Mr. Harris, 6-1, 6-3.



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on a wheel, when you can buy a

REMINGTON

Time-tested and true. For

\$100.

The "Remington" represents the highest excellence of construction, design and workmanship ever put into a wheel.

It is the "wheel of wheels."

McDonald & Willson,

187 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Agents for "Remington," "Columbia," and "N. & W. Special."

Miss J. Johnston and Mr. McGillivray beat Miss Crane and Mr. Lefroy, 6-0, 3-6, 6-2.

Miss J. Kerr and Mr. Johnston beat Miss Seath and Mr. Pearson, 9-11, 6-4, 7-5.

Miss J. Johnston and Mr. McGillivray beat Miss H. Johnston and Mr. Scott, 6-4, 6-1.

Miss J. Johnston and Mr. McGillivray beat Miss J. Kerr and Mr. Johnston, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3.

Miss Clute and Mr. Campbell beat Miss J. Johnston and Mr. McGillivray, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.

FINALS.

Championship won by Miss Clute and Mr. Campbell.

Championship among the men for medals was won by Mr. Harris.

The Argonaut at-home, to be held on the 27th of this month, is looked forward to by the youth and beauty of Toronto with pleasure. The ladies, though not participants in the sports, always through the roof and balconies of the club-house, to watch the result of the races and don such pretty yachting costumes, adorned with the club's blues, that they go a long way to heighten the interest of the day, while the dancing and refreshments between the races make the Argonaut at-home a gala day,—more especially to those who have athletic brothers or friends, whom they expect to be the heroes of the hour when the prizes are distributed amid clap and cheers.

An English woman coasting down the steep hill above Dover lost control of her bicycle and ran into a regiment of volunteers recently, but a serious accident was avoided by her colliding first with the big drum.

Sir John Bridge, who is investigating Dr. Jameson's case, has judiciously made a valuable suggestion to bicycle makers: "Human ingenuity is very great, and I cannot help thinking it would be an excellent thing if some one would invent a bicycle that could not, under any circumstances, be ridden at more than eight miles an hour, and that no one should be allowed to ride any other."

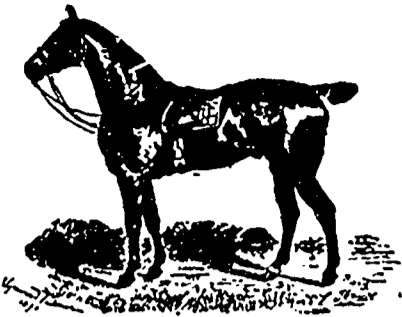
CYCLIST.

46 Wellington Ave.,
Toronto, March 26, '96.

C. B. Miller,

Dear Sir,—Please send one of your little books to my friend, Borden St., city. I have advised her to try a pair of your "Ear Drums," as mine are a great benefit to me, and perfectly comfortable. I think she will be sure to take my advice, but I know she would like to see your pamphlet before doing so. I could not give her mine, as I had already lent it to another deaf friend. I have been deaf for forty-five years, caused by scarlet fever, but your Drums have helped me greatly. I shall take much pleasure in recommending them to any one affected like myself.

Yours, etc.,
MRS. HARRIETT DOANE.



TORONTO HORSE EXCHANGE

We always have on hand a large number of first-class Horses including well-matched pairs, both in the Carriage and Cob classes. We have largest stock in Canada to select from.

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TEABERRY FOR THE HARMLESS CLEANSING TEETH
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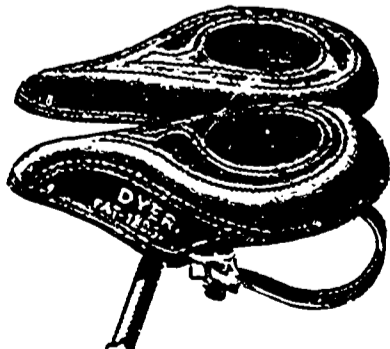
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For Beauty, Lightness and Durability it has no equal. Our Ladies' Bicycle is a Poem. CALL AND EXAMINE.

118 BAY ST. and 391 YONGE ST.

Automatic Bicycle Saddle Co'y,

22 YONGE ST. ARCADE, TORONTO.



This Cut Shows One Side Tilted as in use.

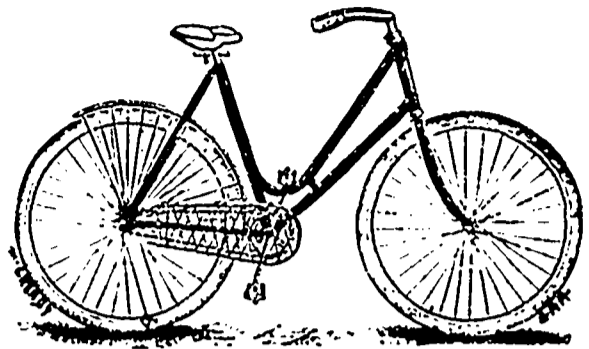
Price \$4.50

Does Away with all Centre Bearing.

The Dyer '96 Automatic Saddle

IT MOVES WITH THE MOTION OF THE LEG
MADE TO FIT ANY WHEEL.

"Just a little better than the best."



The McCready

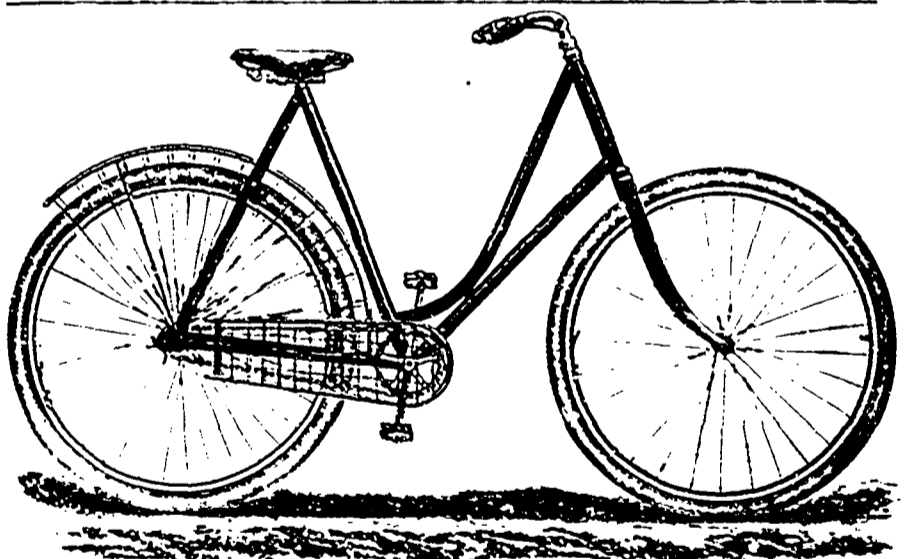
An up-to-date wheel—built on honor—built of the best materials

that can be produced. The frames are best cold-drawn seamless steel tubes. The bearings are from the best selected high-grade tool steel, highly polished, carefully tempered and perfectly dust-proof. Fitted with the celebrated Fauber One-Piece Crank Axle. The most comfortable and easiest-running ladies' wheel in the market to-day, and best judges say so. Our handsome catalogue tells you all about McCready Wheels.

The R. A. McCREADY CO., Ltd.

TEMPORARY PREMISES:

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"WANDERER"

The Ladies' Favorite

Every lady who sees the "Wanderer" pronounces it the prettiest wheel in Toronto. It's LIGHT, but STRONG, COMFORTABLE and EASY-RUNNING. Ladies, we will be delighted to have you call and examine this wheel. It is made of the best material throughout, and is all we claim for it, viz.:—THE BEST.

Wanderer Cycle Co.,

Manufacturers of "High Grade Wheels" only.
"Chain" and "Chainless."

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Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. . . .

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Yours faithfully,
HERWARD SPENCER & CO.



Madame Ireland, the Hair Specialist, will carry n business, after April 15th, at 174 Jarvis Street.



Does the Heat affect your Head during the hot summer months?



X=ODE

INHALER

A PRODUCT OF ELECTRICITY

FIGHTS AND OVERCOMES THE EFFECTS THAT HEAT HAS UPON THE HEAD, ALSO CURES, AND CURES QUICK, ALL AFFLICTIONS OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

Such Diseases as Catarrh, Asthma, Coughs, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Cold in the Head, Headaches, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and similar diseases yield to its influence with marvellous rapidity.

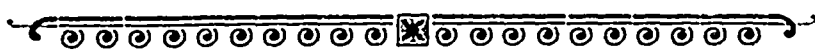
A SIMPLE INHALATION DOES THE WORK.

TRIAL SIZE INHALERS, 15c. ——— LARGE SIZE INHALERS, \$1.00.
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Every Drop

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COFFEE IS DELICIOUS

Put up in 1-2, 1 and 2 pound tins only. NEVER IN BULK.....
TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED
ALL GROCERS KEEP IT



EVERY LADY DESIRES TO BE BEAUTIFUL. Many would be more beautiful, but from some slight defect their charms are destroyed. Superfluous Hair mars more faces than any other cause. To remove this blemish has been until recently a painful and dangerous operation, requiring much skill and practice, oftentimes resulting in horrible accidents, and everlasting scars and disfigurement. Science has at last discovered a wonderful remedy which positively removes hairy growth from the face, neck, arms, moles, or any other part of the body without the slightest pain or injury.

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

To apply, simply sop on with a piece of cotton, leaving from three to five minutes, then wipe off and the hair will have disappeared. No knife, no cold cream, no scars or red marks, no danger, no horrible electric needle.

\$500 will be paid for any trace of acid, caustic, or other poisonous substance injurious to the skin, found in this preparation. Our Circulars fully explain this wonderful discovery, and we will mail them free for the asking. Parties desiring agencies, write for terms.

Price, Two Dollars per bottle, alike to all. We will mail a small sample sufficient for trial for 25 cents. **GET THE BEST.**

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I have much pleasure in intimating  
that I have received from the publishers,  
L. Michau, 54 Rue de Richelieu, Twenty  
colored Plates of Ball and Evening Dresses  
also Dinner, Street and Carriage Dresses.

An early call to inspect the above New  
Styles will be mutually agreeable and inter-  
esting to my patrons and

Yours faithfully, MISS PATON.

P.S.—Terms moderate. No trouble to show goods.  
Work and Fit Guaranteed.

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Ladies fine Silk and  
Wool, best Paragon  
frames, \$1.00, 1.25,  
1.50, reg. \$1.25, 1.50,  
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Ladies Fine Parasols,  
very fine quality, clear-  
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Gents best English Al-  
pacas, 37c.

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Gents best Austr. Par-  
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Gents fine Storm Silk  
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Gents extra fine Storm Silk, Paragon frames, ster-  
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Mail Orders filled promptly—Money refunded if not  
satisfactory

**EAST & CO.,**  
Mitchell & Messer, Mantr. 200 YONGE ST.

### FRESH FUN.

Misers are not generally musical,  
but they all exult in the power of  
their deep chest notes.

Fishing—"What is to fish?" he  
repeated. "Oh, you just sit and sit  
all day long." "And then?" "And  
then you lie."

A coloured man, past middle-age,  
but active and polite of manner,  
approached the captain of one of the  
lake boats.

"I un'stan'," he said, "dat you  
all's is lookin' foh er man ter he'p  
out on you all's boat."

"Yes. Have you ever had any  
experience on the water?"

"No, suh. I dist come ter dis  
p: ht er de country, an' I ain' much  
on navigatin'. But I's a pow'ful  
good cook, an' I reckon I kin cook  
dist ez good on watah ez I kin on  
land, ef I gits de chance."

"Well, I guess we can give you a  
place, if that's the case. We'll have  
your abilities tested to-morrow, and  
if you suit, you can come along."

"Thanky, suh. Thanky berry  
much, indeed. But dah is dist one  
question dat I'd like fur ter ask yer."

"What is it?"

"Hab yoh boat got two masts oh  
three masts?"

"It has three masts; but I don't  
see how that can concern you."

"Hit doan seem ter concern me  
none, suh. But ef yoh boat wus er  
two-master, suh, I couldn't go wif  
yer, much ez I needs de sitivation."

"Why not?"

"Case de Good Book done per-  
vent it, suh. I'se done yeard de  
minister read it over an' over agin,  
dat no man kin serve two masters,  
an' ef yoh ship wus er two-master,  
suh, I'd er hatter han' in mer resig-  
nation befoh I done got hired."

The man in the bicycle suit laughed  
heartily.

"Very funny," he said.

"What?" asked the man with a  
large section of skin gone from his  
nose.

"Why, these 'Don'ts' for bicy-  
clists," replied the man in the bicycle  
suit.

"Let's see them," said the man  
who was short of skin.

The man in the bicycle suit handed  
him the paper.

"The best one isn't there," said  
the man with the fantastic nose,  
shortly. "If it was the rest wouldn't  
be necessary."


"What do you consider the best  
one?" asked the man with the  
bicycle suit.

"Don't ride," answered the man  
whose nose stood in need of graft-  
ing, and then he carefully put a large  
piece of court plaster where it would  
do the most good.

She—When they hear you are  
going to be married, dear, won't  
they raise your salary?  
He I am afraid not, darling;  
they have heard it so often before.

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**HAVE YOU?  
IF NOT, WILL YOU?**

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DELICIOUS  
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Nasmith's Chocolates and Bon-Bons are un-  
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| Proof against warm air and dampness, and retains its effect for days, often weeks. A boon to ladies at this season. A 25 cent bottle given ten times its price in Comfort and Satisfaction. | Far superior to any ordinary dye. It produces fine, natural shades, without greenish tints. Is harmless and will not rub off. Anyone can apply it. 8 Colors. 3 Sizes, \$1 \$2, \$3 With Full Directions. | A tonic which acts direct upon the Follicles and Scalp, reviving nature's flagging energies and restoring a beautiful and bountiful growth, besides restoring it to its natural color. A fine Dressing and should be on every toilet table. |

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CATALOGUES FREE

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ent is the purest and best. We are the only thoroughly trained  
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**BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP**

So if you have anything which mars you such as Wrinkles, Freckles, Acne, Eczema, Sallowiness, Hollow Cheeks, Blackheads, Pimples, Mothpatches, etc., we can remove it giving you entire satisfaction. Patients treated by mail.

**CLEAR THE FACE**

Of that SUPERFLUOUS HAIR by having it removed permanently and always satisfactorily by ELECTROLYSIS, the only cure endorsed by physicians. Beware of depilatories. Send stamp for pamphlets on "HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS."

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Phone 1848 41 CARLTON ST., TORONTO

## HAIR TREATMENT

Is your Hair weak, faded, falling out, or getting grey? If so, consult **BARNES, THE HAIR DOCTOR**, and take a course of thorough treatment. He guarantees to promote and strengthen the weakest hair to a strong and healthy growth. If you have dandruff, scurvy or itching humors at the roots, try **BARNES' DANDRUFF CURE** and **HAIR GROWER**. It prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, grey or wire, and preserves its luxuriance and color; it keeps the scalp cool, moist, and healthy; cures itching humors; thoroughly removes dandruff, as well as forcing up the weak hair roots and stimulating the vessels and tissues which supply the hair into nutrition, and adds the oil which keeps the shafts **soft, lustrous and silky**. No other preparation will do as much as **BARNES' DANDRUFF CURE** and **HAIR GROWER**.

Ladies Hair Cutting, Singing, Shampooing and Dressing contracts for Ladies schools out of town, for week-days and photos

**F. BARNES, 413 Spadina Ave.** PHONE 2348





**THE KENSINGTON DAIRY**

Tel. 3901 463 Yonge St., Toronto

Headquarters for Fine Dairy Products.

Specialties:

Milk, Cream and Ice Cream.

Order a trial bottle of Park Farm Milk.

The Kensington Dairy Co., the leading dairy establishment of Toronto, will give all their customers an order which entitles them to a year's subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL on buying \$5 worth of milk or cream tickets.



**CLEAR COMPLEXION**

Ladies who are acknowledged leaders in society and admired for their tastefully arranged Toilet all use PEACH BLOOM SKIN FOOD.

It removes Blotches, Freckles, Tan Livermarks, Pimples and Black heads. Prevents Wrinkles, oily conditions of the Skin. Chapped Hands and Lips. Price 50c. If not at Druggists, telephone 2027. Will deliver bottle within city limits. If you are at a distance get a friend to join you and enclose \$1. for two large bottles. Address, Peach Bloom Drug Co.,

cor. Simcoe and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

**SUMMER SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION**

ORATORY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE AT GRIMSBY PARK, ONT.

Monday, July 6th, to Friday, Aug. 7th.

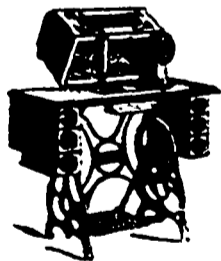
Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A.,

Miss Nellie Perryman, Principals.

**Courses of Studies:**

- I. Course for beginners in voice culture and vocal expression.
- II. Special eclectic course for advanced work on repertoire for public readers & entertainers.
- III. Special professional course for clergymen, lawyers and other public speakers.
- IV. Course of exercises for physical culture.

For circular giving full particulars apply to H. N. Shaw, Conservatory of Music, Toronto.



**RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE**

Newest Design. Just put on the market. Elegant light running and best attachments. Adapted for all kinds of work and fully guaranteed. Be sure and see the Drop Cabinet before buying.

Toronto Agency, 358 YONGE ST.

By sending in \$1 for a year's subscription before the 1st of September you can get a coupon which will be accepted for five dollars (\$5) by the New Raymond Sewing Machine Co., 216 Yonge St., Toronto, in payment for one of their latest style machines.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

**GOVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL**

When required to harden the Nipples, use GOVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 25c. in stamps to C. J. GOVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**FASHION QUERRIES.**

**A. M. C.**—Sateen or any good glaze material does very nicely for the foundation skirt where either organdie or grass linen is the over material. The silk is certainly richer, and the soft sound of it adds materially to the impression of richness; but to buy new silk for lining is a luxury many of us cannot afford.

**KATIE C.**—A small silk umbrella and one parasol is quite enough for the ordinary girl's summer wardrobe. In such case buy a soft parasol with shirred and lace finish, for dress. The umbrella will answer for morning gowns.

**A KINGSTON FRIEND.**—In Toronto the blouse with skirt finish is just coming in. It is worn with a narrow belt of tan leather or white military.

**BEGINNER.**—Bicycle skirts should not exceed 3/4 yards in width. Six inches from the ground is an ordinary length. A large number of wheelwomen are having old skirts cut down for daily use on the wheel. Even a woman bicyclist cannot be always on dress parade.

**ABOUT BOOKS.**

**TEACHER.**—I can heartily recommend both 'Titus' and 'Stephen' as books for your library. No, they are not dry; but have a vivid colouring and bright atmosphere. I found them most attractive, and disposed to put one in mood reverent and thoughtful, yet not in the least morbid.

**A. F. C.**—I heartily approve of your idea of a Canadian shelf in your little library. Only we are discovering so many good writers among us lately that the list will exhaust your purse if you purchase all at once.

I should suggest in the short story line, E. W. Thomson's 'Old Man Savarin,' Gilbert Parker's 'Pierre and His People,' F. Clifford Smith's 'Lover in Homespun,' just issued by Briggs.

'Earth's Enigmas,' by Chas. D. Roberts, and 'In the Village of Viger,' by Duncan Campbell Scott, are new books of short sketches by Canadian writers, which I have not yet read, but which are highly commended.

As for our Canadian poets, we have at least half a dozen whose poems should be upon your shelf.—Lampton, Carmen, Roberts, Scott, Campbell,—these are a few names.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**C. K.**—A housekeeper tells me that the reason your tumblers look cloudy is probably because after using them for milk you have plunged them into hot water without first rinsing in cold. The heat drives the milk in and gives this cloudy appearance.

**MARY F., Toronto.**—Summer cottages should have only simple furnishings, bamboo in cane wood, chintz curtains and linen-covered cushions. Have plenty of rugs and cushions.

For bedroom finish, the crepe paper is serviceable and attractive. It makes any chamber look dainty. A dressing table made of plain pine and covered first with canton flannel and over it the crepe paper, with flounced edge; mirror curtained with the crepe, and bows of the paper used liberally for the curtains, is a really effective garnishing for any summer home.

**HOUSEKEEPER.**—I do not know any effective remedy for water bugs when they have once established, but it is said that these insects dislike the cucumber, and if the peelings of cucumbers are scattered at night around the pipes and places where bugs are seen, they will disappear.

**AMATEUR.**—Our space is usually much crowded, and we have little room for special articles; but we are always open to receive bright personal sketches, or a good short story.

**STAMP DEPARTMENT.**

[We will be pleased to answer any questions which readers of this journal may send. To benefit all in the aim of this department.]

Last month we chronicled the new issue of Greece, to celebrate the Olympian games. The stamps are printed; the four lower values being small, and the others large, being either oblong or rectangular in shape. Design and colours are as follows:—1c., brown, Wrestlers; 2c., rose, Wrestlers; 5c., violet, The Disc Thrower of Mepon; 10c., grey, ditto; 20c., red-brown, Vase with Minerva; 25c., red, Four-horse Chariot; 40c., violet, Vase with Minerva; 60c., black, Four-horse Chariot; 1d., blue, Stadium at Athens; 2d., brown, The Hermes of Praxiteles; 5d., green, The Victory of Tausanias; 10d., brown, The Aeropropolis of Athens. The set are very attractive.

No other country in the world is so free from unnecessary issues or exempt from the money-grabbing tendency of making money out of collectors as in Canada. When the pence issues and 8 cent registered stamps were withdrawn from circulation, the Government destroyed the remainder. Many countries have made thousands of dollars by selling such remainders. It would be a good thing were a few issue of stamps to appear in Canada, the present 1, 2 and 3 cent values having now done duty for the past quarter century.

Any one beginning new in stamp collecting cannot do better than buy a packet of 1000 different stamps, which can be bought at prices ranging from \$6.00 to \$10.00. Were these stamps bought singly off sheets they would cost the buyer about \$40.00. With such a beginning one can buy from sheets, and if he carefully chooses his copies of stamps, and in after years sells his collection, he will, in every case, receive more than the original cost, and in addition have enjoyed the pleasure of hunting stamps to complete his sets, etc. Collecting is much like book hunting, and usually appeals to people of a studious nature. In the young collector, you will, in 99 cases out of 100, find a boy or girl smarter than all the others in school or elsewhere. Collecting fascinates, trains the memory, and observation, and with the knowledge learned of countries from where stamps are issued, it can readily be seen what a field is open to anyone.



**POSTAGE STAMPS**

Brazil, 15 var., 25c; Portugal, 12 var., 15c; Mexico, 15 var., 25c; Serbia, 14 var., 20c; Canada, 20 var., 25c; Newfoundland, 4 var., 10c; Great Britain (jubilee set), 12 var., 8c; packets foreign post cards, 25; 15 rare issues, India, Egypt, etc., 50c; 50 postage stamps, 10c; stamp album, holds 2,500 stamps, illustrated, 50c; Corea, 3 var., 10c; Japan, 10 var., 10c; Samoa, 8 var., 15c. Price list free. Old stamps bought. WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto, Canada.



We Appeal to the Ladies

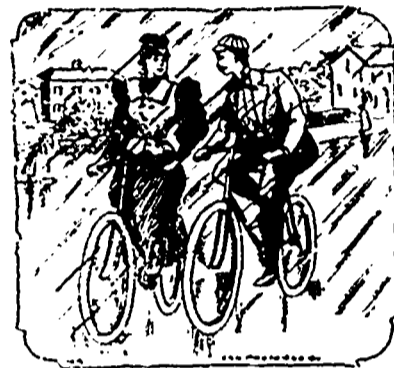
If it is not easier and nicer to cook on a clean range? The proper caper is

**"SCIENTIFIC" STOVE ENAMEL**

'Tis the BRIGHTEST, SLACKEST, QUICKEST, BEST.

Once Used, Always Used.

Ask Your Grocer for it.



27 CENTS

**MAIL ORDERS**

Send above amount and receive by return mail one package of

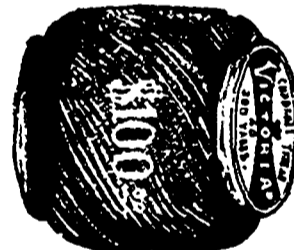
**ROUGH ON RAIN**

The only preparation which will effectually render ordinary clothing rainproof. Full directions on each package.

PREPARED BY

**R. W. HANNAH,**

78 Colborne St., TORONTO.



The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada, and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as below). Lady returning the largest number of spool labels \$20.00, lady returning next largest number \$17.50, \$15.00, \$12.50, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The spool must be used between May 1st, 1896, and Jan. 1st, 1897, and labels sent to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P.Q., not later than Jan. 1st, 1897. If your leader does not keep this line of goods, send eight cents in stamps to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P.Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

**THE CASSINETTE INFANTS' OUTFITS**

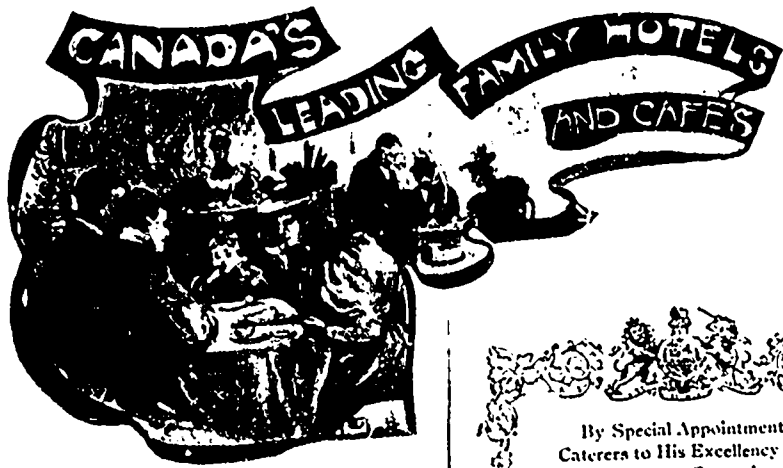
Silk and Muslin Hats, Caps, in Latest Styles, also Ferris Good Sense Corset Waivers.

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BUY YOUR WEDDING FLOWERS AT

**Slight's**

Lovely Floral Tributes BY TELEGRAPH. Ten Rose Bunches, Bloom all Summer, 60c. City Nurseries, 411 Yonge St. Also Union Station, TORONTO.



**RESTAURANT and GRILL ROOM.**

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR LADIES. All classes Catering on short notice.

COR. LEADER LANE AND WELLINGTON ST. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Prop.



**Restaurant,** 66 & 68 Yonge St.

**Catering Establishment,** 447 Yonge St.

**THE ARLINGTON HOTEL,** TORONTO, ONTARIO.  
First-class Family Hotel.  
Elegantly Furnished Rooms en Suite.  
Cor. King and John Sts., Toronto.  
W. HAVILL, Man.

**THE ELLIOTT,** TORONTO.  
Cor. Church and Shuter Sts., TORONTO.  
OPP. METROPOLITAN SQ.  
An especially fine hotel on account of superior location, pleasant and healthy surroundings, modern conveniences.  
TRY IT WHEN VISITING THE CITY.

**THE JOHN EATON** Departmental Cafe.  
(FOURTH FLOOR—TAKE ELEVATOR.)  
Temperance and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.  
Brightest, largest, coolest, lunch room in the city, and less to pay, than anywhere.

**SEND TO-DAY.**

Ladies and gentlemen, be alive to your own interest. There has recently been discovered, and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this excellent remedy boys raise an excellent moustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair, have it immediately by use of this "Hair Grower." We also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of "Whitening" for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this "Whitening" the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per bottle, and the "Face Whitening" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to

**R. & J. RYAN,** OTTAWA, ONT.  
2-4 Division Street.

P.S. We take P.O. stamps same as cash, but parties ordering by mail will confer a favor by ordering \$1 worth, as it will require this amount of the postage to accomplish either purpose. Agents wanted.

By Special Appointment Caterers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

**Wedding Cakes**

from Webb's are made for people who want the best. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides, and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings. They are made in all the modern styles and shapes, and are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue and price list on application.

**THE HARRY WEBB CO., LTD.** TORONTO.

**WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER..**

If you wish to spend a week or the entire summer at a place where **Rest and Recreation, Good Boating, Bathing and Fishing** can be had; or if you wish to rent or buy a **Summer Cottage**, or require **Hotel or Cottage** accommodation at a first-class resort on

**LAKES HURON, ERIE, ONTARIO, GEORGIAN BAY or the MUSKOKA and MIDLAND LAKES of CANADA,**

write at once to the Secretary

**CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT ASSOCIATION,** TORONTO. Mention this Advt.

**For Pearly Teeth**  
CHEW **Somerville's Pepsin Gum**

A medicinal Chewing Gum, recommended by physicians for indigestion; 5c. per bar. Sold everywhere—take no substitute.

**WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.**

*The Bobcaygeon Independent, June 12th:*  
"The Canadian Home Journal is a monthly, edited and published by Faith Fenton, of Toronto. It is a journal by a woman, for women, and is a production entirely creditable to Canada. It is no advertising lake made up of old plate matter but is throughout cleverly written and edited by its talented editor. Among its many departments is one for the National Council of Women, which will be supervised by Her Excellency, Countess Aberdeen, who is President of the Council."

*The Orono News, June 11th:*  
"The June number of the Canadian Home Journal, an illustrated magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian women, came to hand and is full of very interesting reading. Among its contents are "In Stage-land;" "People We Meet;" "A June Chat by the Editor"—Faith Fenton;—and other excellent articles. \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents."

*Dufferin Post, Orangeville, June 11th:*  
"The National Council of Women of Canada at their recent annual conference held in Montreal accepted a department in the Canadian Home Journal. This department will be controlled and supervised by Her Excellency, the President, and other chief officers of the Council, and will contain all reliable official information concerning the work of this great organization of Canadian women. The many women's societies which are affiliated with the Council will be interested in knowing this."

*Kincardine Review, Oct. 4th, 1895:*  
"NEW CANADIAN JOURNAL. — A new magazine published in the interests of Canadian homes and Canadian women has appeared in the Home Journal, a bright Toronto monthly.

"Canadian women of to-day demand in their reading a wider range of subject and greater depth of thought than they did ten years ago. They are interested not alone in problems of the household and questions of sentiment, but in national affairs, in drama, music, books, athletics and the topics of the day. They also desire to know what others of their sex are doing, and especially what is being accomplished by Canadian women in artistic or philanthropic lines.

"The fact that Faith Fenton, so long associated with the Toronto Empire, will assume the editorship of the Home Journal will be sufficient guarantee of excellence. \$1 a year."

*Daily Times, Moncton, N.B., Nov. 5:*  
"The Canadian Home Journal, published at Toronto, and edited by Faith Fenton, is for sale by Mr. S. T. Hall, picture framer and stationer. The Home Journal is an illustrated magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian women."

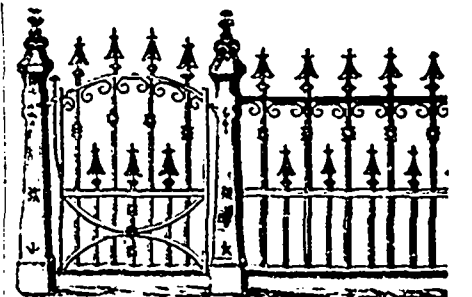
ASK YOUR MUSIC DEALER FOR THE NEW AND PRETTY SONG "Fair Canada."  
Price, 25c. PUBLISHED BY **WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,** 158 Yonge Street, TORONTO.



**LADIES!**

AT ONCE rid your eyes of BEAUTY-MARRING DEFECTS and DETRIMENTAL FACIAL DISFIGUREMENTS, such as PIMPLES, BLACK-HEADS, FRECKLES, Yellow or MUDDY SKIN, Moth, WRINKLES, VULGAR REDNESS, SUN-BURN, ACNE, ECZEMA, whether on FACE, NECK, ARMS or BODY, by using the only true remedy, DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP which bear the indorsement of THOUSANDS of LEADING PHYSICIANS throughout the CIVILIZED WORLD. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS are the ONLY GENUINE ARSENIC WAFERS MADE; FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP IS THE ONLY MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP in the WORLD. They are prepared under the personal supervision of their discoverer, JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D. 2c. Worthless imitations abound, Shun them as you would the deadly Cobra de Capello. Ask for "DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP." Take NONE other! WAFERS by mail \$1; six boxes for \$4. Soap 50c. Can also be had of the druggists in every city throughout Canada. WHEN ORDERING by mail address H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Trade supplied by Lyman Bros. & Co., Canadian Agents, 71 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.



Protect and beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 71 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building). Joseph Lea, Manager.



**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**  
Moles, Warts and all Facial Blemishes Permanently removed by **Electrolysis...**

**C. B. FOSTER** THE FORUM, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

**"Parlor Lectures to Ladies."** A full course of Parlor Lectures to Ladies on HEALTH and BEAUTY delivered in U.S. by the world renowned lady physician, Dr. Sarah Wells, a brilliant up-to-date work—pure and enabling giving much wholesome advice and many valuable recipes of special importance and interest to every woman of culture. This handsome, illustrated book post-paid for one dollar.  
**ONTARIO SUPPLY CO.,** 77 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO.  
AGENTS FOR CANADA.



CANADA'S LEADING RETAIL HEADQUARTERS.

# An Inspiration

THE Fascination of Low Prices is the inspiration of retail business

Knowing this, how silly it would be to let you find any of our prices above the market. If you catch any of our folks in the blunder of a price that is too high, just tell us. If you ask for something that ought to be here and is not, tell us that too. Thus make us your debtors. This store runs on the best sort of co-operation—responsive sentiment.

## FINE MUSLINS and WASH GOODS.

NEVER were there so many dainty things in Muslins and Wash Goods as this year, and never were prices so astonishingly low.

485 pieces Crumb's English Prints, beautiful goods, entirely new, wide widths, absolutely fast colors, regularly sold for 12½c. For quick sale . . . 8½c.  
 120 Pieces Moire Crystal in the tastiest effects, regularly worth 12½c., for immediate sale . . . 7½c.  
 220 Pieces Dress Duck, all the newest effects, never sold less than 10c., now, 5c.  
 98 Pieces Gingham—a perfect wonder—large and small effects for almost any taste, regularly sold for 12½c.; for present sale . . . 6½c.

### GROCERIES FOR CAMPERS.

SEND for our catalogue of pure foods for use of campers and cottagers. We pay special attention to the wants of those who are summering at the Island, Muskoka, Niagara or elsewhere.

- Salmon—Royal, per tin . . . . . 10c.
- Clark's cooked Corned Beef, 1 lb. tin . . . . . 12½c.
- Clark's cooked Compressed Ham, 1 lb. tin . . . . . 25c.
- Clark's cooked Lunch Tongue, 1 lb. tin . . . . . 25c.
- Aylmer cooked Lunch Tongue, 1 lb. tin . . . . . 30c.

### ART FANCY WORK.

EVERY lady is interested in the best kind of fancy work, and they find it here. Let us tell of some tinted art goods.

- Table Covers 36 x 36, cream ground, colored flowers, each for . . . . . 25c.
- Cushion Covers, 22 x 22, fancy cream ground coloured flowers, each for . . . . . 25c.
- Laundry Bags, white with coloured design, each . . . . . 35c.
- Linen D'Oylies, embroidered with white cotton, and cut out sizes 7 x 7 special each . . . . . 12½c.

### SPECIALS in COTTONS and LINENS.

LET us draw special attention to Fruit of the Loom, one of the finest lines of Cottons manufactured. We could not sell it at 10 cents if the goods had been bought in the regular way.

- 70 in. Bleached Table Linens, reg. 80c. for . . . . . 60c.
- 18 in. Turkish Towelling, reg. 12½c. for . . . . . 10c.
- 36 in. American Cotton, Fruit of the Loom, reg. 15c., for . . . . . 10c.
- 36 in. Factory Cotton, heavy, reg. 7c. for . . . . . 5c.

### BLACK and WHITE MUSLINS.

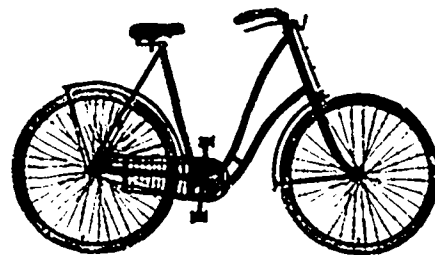
THESE goods are the very tastiest, and whilst light and suited for the summer season, hardly anything is more dressy.

- Special showing in all black muslins, with open work stripes, new patterns for . . . . . 15c.
- All Black Lawns, Dimities, Jaconet Duchess, from . . . . . 12½ to 20c.
- Black Lawn with coloured flower, reg. 20c. for . . . . . 12½c.
- Black with white, or white with black Dimities, fast colors, new patterns, for . . . . . 12½c.

### CAMPERS' BLANKETS.

HURRYING off for the summer vacation do not forget the importance of sufficient bedding.

- American Cotton Blankets, 10/4 in grey, fawn and white, for . . . . . 68c.
- Grey Wool Blankets, 8 lbs. 68 x 86 reg. \$2.90, for . . . . . \$2.40.
- Special white Cotton Blankets, for . . . . . 1.50.
- Special white Cotton filled summer comforters, in assorted muslin covers, special summer weight, reg. \$1.50, for . . . . . 1.18



WOLFF-AMERICAN BICYCLE.

Best in the World. \$100.

### MAIL ORDERS.

If a visitor to Toronto, for a short or long period, do not miss this store. It is a treat to walk through its wide aisles, for there is no store architecturally that will compare with this. It is the coolest store on the hottest summer day, and it is a delight to visit it. If out of town and unable to come to the store, make every use of our Mail Order Department and send for copy of Canadian Shopper's Handbook. 192 pages, FREE on receipt of name and address.

# THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., Ltd.

S. W. cor. YONGE AND QUEEN STS. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge S.; 1 and 3 Queen St. W.

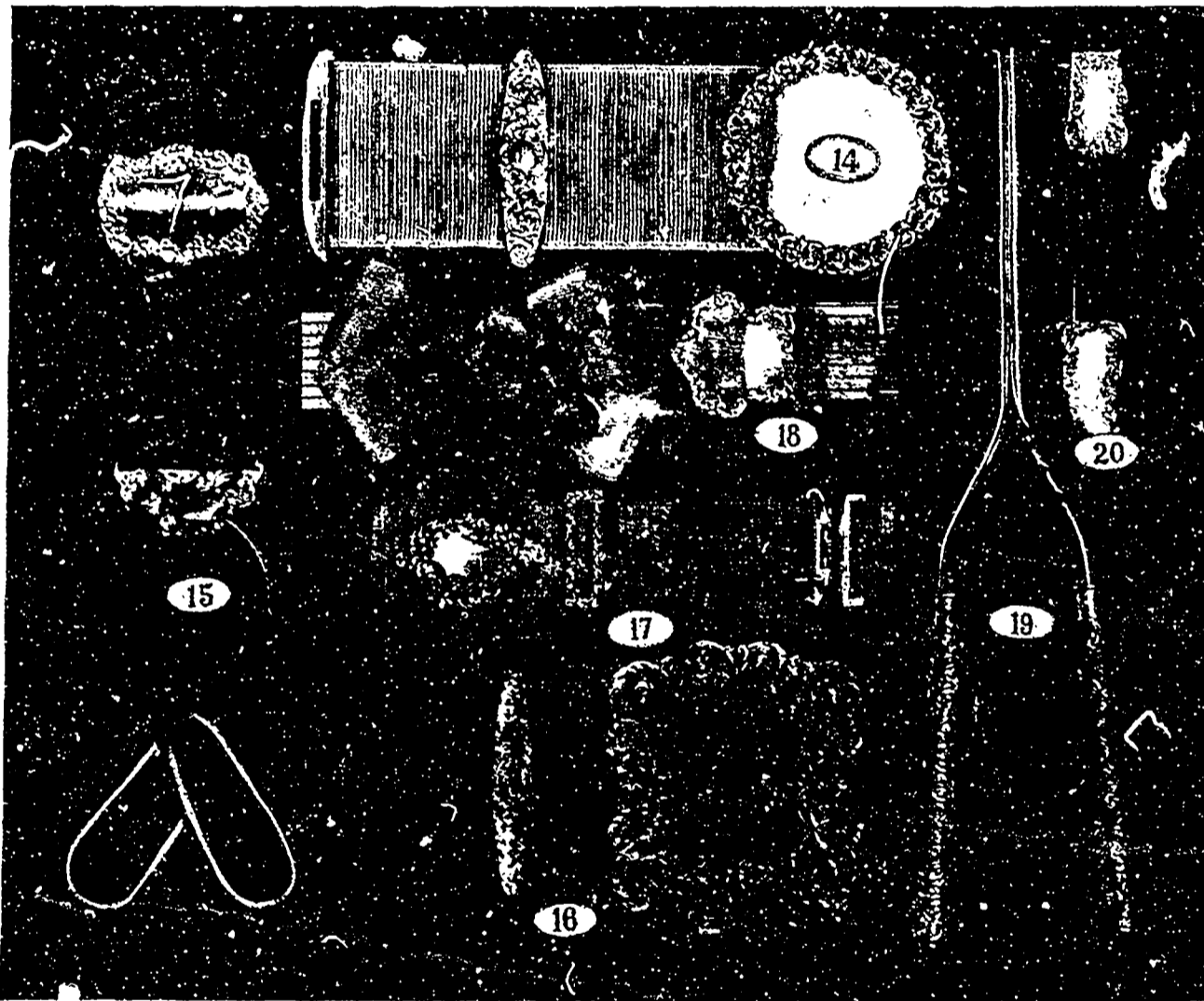
# THE J. E. ELLIS CO., LTD.

INCORPORATED CAPITAL  
\$100 000.00.

3 King Street East,  
TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED  
1836.

## STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES.



Sterling Silver Mounted Belts, with silk or leather band - - - - \$1.25 to \$5.00  
Sterling Silver Mounted Suspenders - - - - 8.00  
Sterling Silver Mounted Sleeve Holders - - - - 2.50  
Sterling Silver Mounted Curling Tongs - - - - 5.00  
Sterling Silver Mounted Side Combs - - - - 35c.  
Sterling Silver Coat Hanger - - - - 75c. and \$1.00  
Sterling Silver Key Rings.

Sterling Silver Mounted Congo Canes, \$1.00 to \$10.00  
Sterling Silver Mounted Emery Balls - - - - 75c.  
Sterling Silver Tooth Picks - - - - \$1.50  
Sterling Silver Mounted Garters - - - - 2.50  
Sterling Silver Belt Pins - - - - 20c  
Sterling Silver Blouse Sets - - - - 50c  
Composed of one pair of links, three studs and one collar button.  
Sterling Silver Scarf Holders - - - - 25c

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT will ensure prompt delivery, and if any goods are not found satisfactory, money will be cheerfully refunded.

Hundreds of ..  
Sterling Silver  
Novelties. . . .

50 YEARS  
IN BUSINESS is a sure guarantee  
of correct prices and quality of  
goods.