

JUNE, 1892.

# The Canadian QUEEN



FASHION

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CULTURE

DEVOTED TO

## CANADIAN HOMES

PUBLISHED BY

# THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

## TORONTO, ONT.



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**Thanks.**

PHILA., PA., May 10th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept apology for not before acknowledging receipt of special prize of Diamond Ring on account of illness. Have shown it to my friends and all admire it and THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Yours truly,  
MRS. BURGE.

TOLEDO, OHIO, May 11, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I received your lucky ten or special prize, I think it very pretty and have shown it to a great many friends who think it very pretty.

Yours, with thanks,  
MISS K. NESBIT.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 8th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Ring which reached me safely. Thanking you for the same I remain,

Yours truly,  
BESSIE DUNBAR.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 10, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I have received the prize awarded me, Silver Biscuit Jar. Thanking you for the same I am,

Yours respectfully,  
ANNA E. SCHRYVER.

LANCASTER, N. Y., May 7th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my thanks for the pretty Card Receiver, my prize in the problem contest, which was received on Saturday. With best wishes for the success of your entertaining magazine,

Yours truly,  
A. E. THATCHER.

RIPPEY, IOWA, May 10th, 1892.

GENTS:—I received your prize on April 30th, and it proves very satisfactory; think it well worth the trouble, therefore accept my thanks.

Yours truly,  
MRS. ISAAC SIMPSON.

CLEVELAND, O., May 8th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The Card Receiver came safely to hand yesterday. It was greatly admired by my friends to whom I showed it. They could scarcely credit my having received it as a prize. Thanking you very much,

I am sincerely,  
M. E. MCARTHUR.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., May 7th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Received Berry Dish in good condition. Am well pleased with it; have shown it to a number of my friends and they think it very nice. I think THE QUEEN a very good magazine and those I have shown it to are of the same opinion.

Respectfully,  
Mrs. J. E. Colket.

CENTRAL FALLS, R. I., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the Card Receiver, which I got to-day. I am well pleased with it, it is very pretty. Wishing THE QUEEN every success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
JANE NIXON.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 6th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Your Ring received, many thanks for same.

Very respectfully,  
EUGENIA ANTHONY.

WORCESTER, MASS., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Greatly pleased with silver prizes of Cream and Sugar Service, elegant glass Berry Dish on stand and Card Receiver, the last for merit in Mother-in-law Problem.

CHARLES PHILLIPS HUNT.

MONTREAL, QUE., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the Silver Service sent me a week ago, which is very pretty. I wish THE QUEEN every success,

Yours truly,  
LULU HOWES.

OSBORNE, MAY 4th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the pretty Cracker Jar which came to hand a short time ago. I am very much pleased with it and feel greatly obliged.

Yours truly,  
MRS. H. S. ALLEN.

NORWAY, ME., May 9th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my hearty thanks for the very pretty Diamond Ring awarded to me in the Moses prize problem. This ring is admired by all my friends. Your method of advertising THE QUEEN is unequalled, and I feel that your paper cannot fail to meet the success which it so well deserves.

Yours very truly,  
FRANCES MARY KNOWLAND.



**FAT FOLKS**  
using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poisons and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

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And other Organs in fair order at from \$50 to \$90—all slightly used.

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Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7½ Octave—our regular selling price for which is \$350 with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this Paper.

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OFFICE OF FORD PILL CO.

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GENTLEMEN:—Our advertisement has appeared in THE QUEEN for three months, and the returns have been very satisfactory. We will take the same space for one year, beginning with the June number, at forty cents per line, less the 25 per cent. discount allowed on yearly contracts.

Yours truly,

THE FORD PILL CO.

T. J. FORD,  
Manager.

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REGISTERED.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by THE QUEEN PUBLISHING Co., at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. V.

TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE, 1892.

No. 6.

Written for THE QUEEN

## TRUTHS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

### CHAPTER II.

LET us go back to the Middle Ages and look at the times in a secular light. After the long night, the break of dawn brings in feudalism; and later morning, chivalry. Feudalism arose in the ninth and tenth centuries. It was a necessity of that age, and had its advantages. It resulted in a more peaceful state of society. The peasant could cultivate his land free from molestation, though he was bound to render services in war. He was not led on distant expeditions. He was not exposed to the ambition of military leaders. For war on a large scale was impossible under the Feudal system. They were not subject to rigid discipline. They were simply an armed rabble, like the forces in our civil war.

In the intervals of war the peasant enjoyed the rude pleasures of his home. He grew up with strong attachments, loyalty to his master and to his country. He became honest, industrious, and frugal. He was contented with rural fetes and village holidays. He had no luxuries and no craving for them. Measured by our time he led a very unambitious life.

We should think that excitement, pleasure and knowledge would make people happy, since they stimulate the intellectual powers, but, on the contrary, they seem to produce unrest and cravings which are never satisfied.

It is to be doubted whether the daughters of the obscure poor are any happier with their piano, cheap literature, and smatterings of science learned in Normal Schools, since they have learned to despise their unlettered parents and surroundings, with aspirations that can never be realized, than were the Feudal peasants.

Civilization would often seem a bitter mockery, stimulating the cravings of the soul, but not satisfying them. It is this that gives rise to nihilism and communism. It is not the laboring poor that are the instigators and leaders in their dreadful outrages; but was bred and born in the continental universities of Europe.

Among the restless and ambitious spirits that are envious of those in power, and under the cloak of patriotism and liberty, are always seeking to overthrow the powers that be,

in order to realize their own visions of elevation. The charge, the slaughter, the cries of the wounded, the ruin of cities, the misery they contain, are nothing to these bloodhounds, who would lap up the blood to reach the goal of their ambitions.

Overturning a government never benefits the poor; it is only the principal actors who are the gainers. It is not the poor who complain or use violence were it not for these fiends.

Under the influence of Feudalism arose chivalry; and though it may have been sentimental, it was civilizing. It gave rise to new virtues, that took a coloring from Christianity; and would have been well for us had it descended to this matter of fact age.

Chivalry bound together the barons of Europe, those armed and mailed warriors, who fought on horseback. Hence the name "Cheval," (French for horse). These knights learned to treat each other with courtesy and generosity in battle or misfortune, for they all belonged to the superior order of knights. There was no higher distinction than that of a gentleman. The poorest knight was as highly honored as the richest. Gallantry and an unblemished reputation were the conditions of social rank.

The great patrimony of a knight was his horse, his armor and his valor. He was bound to succor the defenceless. He was required to abstain from all mean pursuits; his word was seldom broken, and his promises were held sacred.

If pride of rank was generated among these gentlemen, so was scorn of lies and baseness. If chivalry condemned anything it was selfishness, treachery and hypocrisy. Under the influence of chivalry, the rude baron was transformed into a courteous gentleman.

But the greatest glory of chivalry was its respect for woman. Nothing better attests this than their devotion to woman in a Feudal castle, where she exercised a proper restraint. She was the presiding genius of the castle; she was made regent of kingdoms, heir of crowns, manager of vast estates. She had the supreme management of her household, and was consulted in every matter of importance. She did not have to assert her rights as women do now

The lady of a baronial hall deemed it an insult to be addressed in language of gallantry. She disdained the attentions of the most potent prince, if his addresses were not honorable. Nor would she bestow her love upon one of whom she was not proud. She would not marry a coward or a braggart, even if he were the owner of ten thousand acres. She was as tender and compassionate as she was heroic. We read of few divorces in the Feudal ages, separations or desertions. These belong to the improvements of our day.

But what caused this veneration, unknown in ancient or modern times. It was based on the noble qualities and domestic virtues which their lives engendered. They were always employed in what were imperative duties; they gloried in their unsullied names. Their characters were above suspicion. They were discreet, self-relying and free from excitements; though the Feudal castle was not dull. It was full of strangers, minstrels, bards, pedlars and priests. They could gratify their social wants and attain friendships, and although they knew nothing of fashionable life, they laid the foundation of that courtly grace and dignity of manner which some of the later day women try to imitate. But how could we compare their lives with the fashionable women of the present? And, although various courts of Europe are conducted with propriety, the state of society there is well described in "Ouida's Moths." And bringing the lines from London and Paris to New York, what a contrast are the lives of the 400 fools; for high breeding never asserts itself. It takes its place naturally and tacitly, led by a snob who tries to saddle himself onto some far off aristocracy. They are a fair specimen of the Roman women with the exception of running about Europe hunting up husbands for their daughters. Like good traders, we are judges of old ware, and despise anything new more than a Howard would. Mrs. M— has outstripped them all in securing a Collona for her daughter. Life has a good thing where an American girl returns from Europe, and another expresses surprise at her coming back unengaged. She replies that all the cheap dukes were gone. And nothing less would satisfy her. They go about pushing themselves into society, who have only the advantages of rank. For the Americans who have sprung from the poor emigrating classes of Europe are willing to buy up any impecunious lord, that they may pose as "My Lady." Of course these people are not respected by the best of European society—the elegant and benevolent. Even the light, fashionable set that receive them on account of their money are laughing at them in their sleeves. How can they help it when one of their number scours the city of New York with an unprincipled divorced rake to get married, and finds that no respectable clergyman would perform the ceremony. They were obliged to be united by a civil magistrate, and it answered their purpose just as well. It was not the rite she evidently cared for, it was to be called "Your Grace." And they were a well matched pair. As to family, he was no better than she. His great ancestor had nothing to recommend him but his fearlessness, which he evinced in appropriating the public funds, as well as on the battle field. And in his greatest victories the laurels were shared by the gallant Prince Eugene.

His rise from a humble position was attributable to the influence of a lewd woman, his sister, a mistress of the Duke of York. From the time of "Old Sarah," his wife, who ruled him as she did her mistress, the queen, they have been a

self-asserting domineering lot. It is a name as unsavory as that of Cumming to the house of Stuart, from which the reigning family derives the crown.

As soon as some vulgar man becomes a millionaire, his daughters are sent to a fashionable school, his sons to college. They get ladies' maids for the girls, with whom they know not what to do, as an English girl said, who had engaged herself to one of them in that capacity. Then they start for Europe, and if they do not form one of the colonies in the various cities, return, aping their manners and style of living. The boys affect the tone and appearance of an English swell, but unlike Sothern's English fool, L— D—y, it is impossible to make them gentlemen. The women do not give up visions of rank, and in every way try to imitate in miniature, and do remarkably well for amateurs.

Some who wish to make a handle out of this "Baccarat" scandal should come here, where, in our provincial cities, those who follow in the wake of fashion, allow gambling in their houses. It is hard to tell whether Europe is contaminating us or we are contaminating them. As far as England is concerned with her ideas of blue blood, one would think there was danger of its paling before long with its marriages among second-class actresses and Americans, although English ladies are chary of such alliances, and the better class of nobility.

Some of our best women married into English families in days gone by, when there were still some of the old colonial dignity left among the few families that remained. But in the fast, pert manners of this age one will occasionally meet Baltimore and Albany ladies who, like Miss Van V— inherit the stately grace and winning charm of their grandmothers.

After the Revolution and the withdrawal of the refined Tory element, society underwent a change in manners and feelings toward the British; and forty years ago, we made a poor showing to strangers from abroad. We were certainly subjects for comment, both in our tastes and manner of living. The people had devoted themselves to trade exclusively, and the influx of French refugees had not been advantageous to us. Like all new and ignorant people, we were very indignant at the truths related of us by Dickens and others. But D— did not spare his own country any more than ours. And it was amusing, years later, to hear those who had attacked him relating to his "Notes on America," laud him on his return to read to us. I heard G. W. C. place him above every other author, living or dead; and I felt like arising in my seat to argue the case, when comparing "Scott's women" disparagingly with Dickens' for naturalness, and held up Dickens' Dora as a sample of womanhood. He did not remember that Scott described women of other days, and I believe there are some noble women now, who could rival Jenny Deans in love and heroism. I believe he was right in giving Dickens the credit (of) for "Dora's" naturalness, for she is a perfect specimen of the fools of the present day.

When steamboat communication facilitated travel, the bitterness toward England began to disappear, and we began to see that it was possible to learn something new from the civilized countries of Europe, and commenced to imitate them as we had taken tone and color from our French visitors. And although we have learned some polite usages, we have also learned much that is morally bad.

Forty years ago respectable families, rich and poor, spent

their evenings together with music, readings and fancy work, and if not attending lectures or the theater, or occasionally a party or a ball, retired at 10 o'clock; even those dropping in to spend the evening were expected to depart at that time.

There were no club houses in those primitive days. Those are an importation from Europe and the curse of domestic and moral life.

Those palaces, libraries and colleges for the poor that the rich are making such a display of, are all these going to help the poor win their bread or love their home? It would be far better if these bosses of the poor laborers, would spend half their money paying them living rates, and knowing that their homes were comfortable and pleasant; the other half finding work for the unemployed; of course, this method would not sound their praises with so much eclat as erecting a handsome building. But it would be more charitable and the people could find their own amusements without being paupers.

There are some with influence and wealth who take this view, like Mr. J. D. R., who treats his employees like fellow-men and pays them liberally. One of the humblest of these told me that they all swore by him, that he never had any strikes. He only expressed the general sentiment, for he had never seen Mr. R. Nor does this distributor of wealth give so largely to great charitable institutions, but is constantly doing good privately as is also his wife and family, who do not belong to the 400. They have not time for such a life. They are searching the haunts of the oppressed and poor, their purses in their hands providing for their needs. And there are many others in the city of New York who are doing the same; ladies who would grace any court in Europe like Mrs. M. S. D. and Mrs. W. C., who give their sympathy and money to the most unfortunate of the poor, those who have fallen from affluence; and other noble women who are using their best energies for the alleviation of their suffering

[TO BE CONTINUED].

## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

It is a marvel to those who value beauty in women above all other gifts, that so many really plain girls marry, while an equal number of beauties are left to "wither on the stem." Nothing is more common than to hear expressions of wonder why Miss Laura is so long in marrying, "a pretty girl like that," who ought obviously, simply on account of her prettiness, to have had offers innumerable, and one, at least, which could not be refused. The astonishment is almost natural, and it is even shared by many men who ought by this time, if lessons in love and matrimony were not forever new, to have found out how little the god Hymen, and the goddess Juno, generally care for mere outward show. So true is this, indeed, that if a list be made out on a sort of competition principle, and it were possible to observe by the aid of it the relative age at which plain and pretty girls marry, it may be asserted almost with certainty that the palm in the race would be carried off by the former. The plain girl, if she marries at all, marries a man who really admires her, and is not merely ambitious of securing her as an ornament or a feather in his cap. Of course, beauty is a great advantage at the start; but, unfortunately, it is generally accompanied by vanity, and vanity brings egotism. A man soon tires of the inane talk of an acknowledged belle who loves to boast

sisterhood. The king's daughters are among them, and there is no end to the good they are doing in their truly Christian work. Such as these compare in virtue with the women of the feudal age. I have one young lady in my mind, who is unselfishly devoted to her family, kind to those in distress, very sweet of disposition, unless some tale of wrong called forth the indignant spirit of her Scottish race, when her beautiful gray eyes would flash, and her tall, graceful figure assume the dignity of a young duchess; but her greatest charm, (although the daughter of a millionaire) is her unassuming modesty; though travelled and cultured, she does not wish to be called a society girl. In her charities, she is like her mother, who never let her left hand know what her right hand did. I have been with her on little jaunts around the city of A— where she lived. I remember going, one winter's day to Troy in a stage which was uncovered. Opposite us was a poor woman with a babe. The woman and child were both thinly clad, and the child moaned and cried with the cold. It embarrassed the mother, who seemed to stand in awe of the well-dressed passengers. My friend, Mrs. — gave the shawl she had on her arm, and told the woman to wrap the child in it, and nurse it. Her kindly yet imperative voice reassured the woman; and she soon silenced the child, and apologized for bringing it out on so cold a day, by informing us that she had learned that she could get work in T—. And I noticed that my friend took a large bill slyly from her purse, and when we were all getting out, slipped it in her hand, getting away before the woman could recover from her surprise.

While with her in N. Y. and other places, I have known about the same thing to occur. And yet people have said, although the head of the house was so liberal in public donations, the women folks seldom subscribed largely. No, they were constantly doing good to those who had suffered reverses, to the very poor, and to the sick.

of her conquests, and quite plainly displays her wondrous admiration of self, and turns with relief to the plainer girl, who has little or at least less vanity. She is also more conscious that she should have some ability to talk and think. Being on her mettle, she takes an amount of trouble to make herself agreeable that can never be expected from a belle; and being less used to flattery and professions of love at first sight, she is much more likely to weigh fairly the real merits of any man who tries to please her. For the same reason she is more disposed to sympathize with the feelings and aspirations of others besides herself, and thus to enchain the affections of men who think a good deal of themselves. Men are as often vain as women, and much more often egotistical, and they not unfrequently consider it the chief duty of a wife to listen and agree. Her individuality should be merged in her husband's, but she must not rival him in any way. Add to this that the shaft of love, when it is inspired by the plain girl, comes with redoubled force, because the wounded man is often quite unsuspecting of his danger. In talking to an acknowledged beauty he feels—conceited wretch that he is—that he has his life in his hand, whereas, in his interviews with the less attractive damsel, he is generally off his guard. It is thus that in matrimony, as in other races, the tortoise often beats the hare.

## SUMMER BOARDING.

HERE are so many things to think of when looking for board out of town, that it is a good plan to begin some weeks beforehand and make a memorandum of the points to be considered. Of first importance is the healthiness of the locality, especially if it be a farm. Many people have an idea that all country places must be healthy, because it is the country, but this is a mistake. If the house stands in a hollow, with the surrounding land sloping toward it, the farm buildings, stable, pig-pen, etc., on higher ground, depend upon it miasma is lurking there; don't be tempted by the shade and the coolness to go there, even for a few weeks. It were better to stay in the middle of the city. If the house be perched high and dry, with no disagreeable surroundings, find out where the drinking water comes from. If the pump is in the kitchen, as is often the case, see where the drainage goes. If you are not satisfied that the well is free from all house drainage, do not imperil your life, or that of your children, by being obliged to drink that water.

Wherever you go, be it mountain, seashore or farm, do not consent on any terms to take a room near the closets. Many cases of typhoid and other fevers, occurring after persons have returned from some of the noted summer resorts, have been directly traceable to the foul air emanating from the closets. It is wise to make inquiries about a physician, his practice, standing, and nearness to your contemplated boarding-house. Learn the facilities for church going if you intend to stay many weeks. See if there is any convenient way of having your clothes laundered, and make sure of this. Do not be satisfied with the answer "Oh, I guess Betty Jones would do it for you," but see Betty Jones and learn her charges. If she says "I guess I can do it to accommodate you," tell her you want a positive answer; remind her that you are not asking a favor, you are trying to make a bargain; you want work done and expect to pay for it. Of one thing you may be certain, you will have to pay, and pay well. People who work to "accommodate" others, always charge high; but it is extremely unpleasant, not to say inconvenient, to be away from home without any clean clothes, and it is almost impossible to take with you a supply for more than two weeks, especially if you have children.

See that you have in your rooms all conveniences for the toilet; a bowl and pitcher and soap dish you will probably find, but rarely a mug or tumbler, and more rarely still, especially in a farm house, a receptacle for waste water. If there should be one, you will have to stipulate that it be emptied, and your pitcher filled with fresh water twice a day. In all first-class hotels and boarding-houses this is done as a matter of course, but in lesser places, especially farmhouses, it is almost unheard of. If occasionally a jar or pail for waste water happens to be in the room, it is often left standing until in sheer desperation the boarder empties it herself. I should advise against this. I know from experience that this is a bad plan unless one prefers to do such work. These little niceties and refinements of city life are not always understood nor appreciated among the farmers, where, as a rule, the whole family, including the hired help, wash at the pump and use one common towel. I have heard a farmer's wife say of her boarders, "If them city folks use sech a lot o' water, let 'em empty it theirselves." It is best to have all such doubtful points definitely settled beforehand; and you

can, in a quiet, ladylike way, intimate that you have been accustomed to have such offices performed for you, and you expect it to be done and are willing to pay for it. If such arrangements are not made before engaging the rooms, or if you are not willing to pay for the service, you must not complain, but take things as you find them.

It is a good plan to take with you a bottle of carbohc acid, or some other disinfectant, to use in the pails, etc., after they have been emptied. Such work is often carelessly done, even in places where you would expect better things; they are often not rinsed, never scalded, consequently are not only very offensive, but extremely unhealthy.

You had better see also if there are any towel racks, pegs, or even nails for drying towels; otherwise you may walk around with your damp towel in your hand, not liking to hang it either on your bed, or your bureau (if you are fortunate enough to have one in your room), or on the back of the only chair. See also if there are any hooks or pegs where you can hang your dresses, unless you like to live in a trunk. Of course no one expects to find in a farmhouse all the conveniences and comforts of home; but just these little things add so much to your comfort or discomfort, and they cost so little that I am sure any landlady would provide them if it were suggested to her.

Soap, of course, you will take with you, and extra towels. The towels provided in country boarding-houses are usually small, and there are seldom enough; indeed, in some country houses they consider two of these little towels a week a liberal supply for each person.

Provide yourself also with a convenient box containing simple remedies, such as nitre, camphor, ginger, arnica, ammonia, quinine, etc., and do not forget mustard and some thin pieces of old linen. Country stores are apt to be a long way off, and, though they are supposed to keep everything, they are apt to be "just out" of whatever you happen to want, though they "have ordered some, and it will be here in a few days." This is almost unavoidable for many reasons; many articles deteriorate seriously if kept a long time, especially drugs, for which, in the country, there is no steady demand; whereas, in the city, it is no trouble to get them fresh and carry them with you wherever you may go. Sewing materials, such as cotton, silk, tape, needles, buttons, etc., should also be carried in your trunk, as well as paper, pens, ink and stamps. Ink is such an ugly thing to carry that I did not take any with me the first summer we went to a farmhouse, thinking I should be able to buy a bottle at the country store, but there was none to be had; neither did I find any at the "Springs," where we went afterwards. Since then, a traveller's inkstand or a fountain pen goes wherever I go. Several yards of cheap mosquito netting, with a hammer and paper of tacks, will add to your comfort by keeping the flies out of your room, even though there may be no trouble from mosquitoes.

Above all, because you are "going to a farm," do not leave "good manners" at home. True gentlemen and women are so always and everywhere, and rudeness and ill-breeding are just as offensive in the country as in the city. If "country ways" offend you, remember your "city notions" may be equally offensive. If you remark audibly about the coarseness of the table linen, sneer at the steel forks, tin spoons and thick china, you will not be regarded as a super-

ior being who never saw such things, but will be set down as a pretentious snob who, very likely, has no better thing at home. Remember, if you do not like or cannot put up with your accommodations, you are not compelled to stay: but while you do remain, "be kind, be courteous." Don't ignore your landlady or her helpers, but bid them as hearty a good-morning or good-night as you do your fellow-boarders. Take particular pains to talk to the country people; you may be surprised to find them quite as intelligent and well read as yourself, though lacking polish. I have seen people who considered themselves very intellectual, astonished to find that the farmer and his wife could talk intelligently on every subject broached. Books, papers and magazines have flooded the country; the Chautauqua movement has penetrated farm, woodland, mining districts and lumber camps; and now the University Extension is spreading rapidly, and the people hungry for knowledge are thronging every avenue of learning. I was surprised this summer to find at one of the Chautauqua Assemblies, the majority of the graduates and students were from the farms and small towns. So in

the near future we may expect the differences between country ways and city ways to disappear entirely. Already farm-houses are heated by huge furnaces in the cellars, have bathrooms with hot and cold water, and other conveniences. Decorated dinner sets, and plated silver have taken the place of ironstone and steel. Plates are changed for the dessert, and knives and spoons provided for sugar bowl and butter-dish. This is the case in some instances; more will follow, until by and by city people may find, when they go to board in the country, the comforts, conveniences and refinements to which they have been accustomed at home. A small alcohol stove or lamp, with little cups or saucepans for heating liquids, and a large flask of alcohol should find a place in your trunk. In fact one should be in every medicine-closet whether at home or abroad.

These are a few suggestions; doubtless you will think of others equally important, and after one or two seasons spent on a farm, you will know just what to take with you, and where to go for rest, quiet and pure air.

MRS. GRAYSON.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## ONE NIGHT'S VISION.

BY LULU A. TROSS.

When all weary drudge is over,  
And all toilers are at rest,  
When fair day, in all her glory,  
Sleeps upon her lover's breast—  
Then's the hour that Night's weird phantoms  
Creep into the tired brain,  
With the thousand faint air-voices  
That attend in ghostly reign.

And I list with ears scarce hearing  
To the many sounds around,  
Till one voice that drowns the others  
Holds me in a chain, spellbound,  
And the face that one is with it  
Floats before my mental gaze,  
To entice me in Love's meshes,  
Grasp me in Love's fond embrace.

And that face is like the starlight  
Glimmering 'neath some dusky wave,  
Casts a shadow fairer, purer,  
Than the real o'er which we rave,  
Like red rose-leaves crushed and dying  
On a mound of fleecy snow,  
Is the flush her fair cheek tinting  
In a constant ebb and flow.

And her eyes are dark and shining,  
With a gleam of sunset gold,  
Lurking in their mellow sweetness  
Is a longing yet untold,  
Those wide twin-stars speak deep volumes,  
Yet each page is ever new,  
Now there lurks a softening shadow,  
Tells of passion, tender, true.

Ah, I love those tell-tale witches,  
With their ever-varying charm,  
Even the memory of their sweetness  
Seems to keep my soul from harm.  
Now some gracious rush of memory  
Seems to sway her gentle heart,  
See the soul-life in those jewels,  
That sweet, solemn, tender dart?

Those lips of molten ruby—  
They seem to have lived for prayer,  
Yet my warm lips have touched them,  
Touched, burned, and lingered there.  
That head with its shimmering glory,  
Its cloud of dusky hair—  
My hands have fashioned garlands,  
And laid them lightly there.

Yes, even the snow-white rose-buds  
Breathe low the lover's vow,  
And jealously slip downward  
To kiss her fairy brow.  
How white the wax leaves glisten,  
How pure the purple veins,  
Like clear blue rivers running  
Through wide snow-covered plains.

How near to me she seemeth,  
My dainty, perished flower,  
And with a glad heart joyously,  
I thank God for this hour.  
A sigh I heave, and waken,  
My angel-phantom's fled,  
Ah, why not live in dreams forever,  
In dreams, with our well-loved dead?

## KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

**V**ISITORS to the picturesque remains of Kirkstall—a fragment of the monastic splendour of the twelfth century—will be surprised at the change which has recently been effected in its outward appearance. The Corporation of Leeds, to which the ruins of the abbey now belong, decided to have them repaired. For this purpose the ivy has been pulled from the walls, and the walls are being pointed with new mortar. How far the restoration is to be carried does not appear; at all events, the commencement of the same has provoked much and not altogether favourable comment.

The abbey was founded in 1157 by Henry de Lacy for the Cistercian order, and is situated in a beautiful vale, watered

by Henry VIII. and Edward VI. in exchange to Archbishop Crammer and his heirs. They were by this prelate settled on his younger son, but how the whole so soon afterwards passed out of his family is not recorded. That this did happen, however, is certain, for in the twenty-sixth year of Elizabeth we find the property granted by the Queen to Edward Downynge and Peter Asheton, and their heirs, forever.

At a later period the site and demesnes of Kirkstall, together with the adjoining manor of Bramley, were purchased by the Savilles of Howley, and since then they have passed, by marriage, with the other estates of the family, through the



KIRKSTALL ABBEY, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE PRESENT RESTORATION.

by the river Aire. The strict rules of the Cistercians, enjoining simplicity of life and dress, extended also to their architecture, and their abbeys were for the most part large and well built but not richly ornamented. Kirkstall, however, was erected when the order was already beginning to construe their rules more liberally, and the abbey was of a richer type than was usual in the earlier Cistercian houses. Enclosed by a loop of the Aire, and well sheltered by hills and woods, the situation of Kirkstall conformed with another rule of the Cistercians, which bade them choose for their house a secluded spot separated from the busy haunts of men.

The dissolution of the monastery in 1539 made an end to the active and useful influence of the monks in the neighborhood. The site, with some of the circumjacent estates, were

Duke of Montague, to the Earls of Cardigan, and the ruins, with part of the grounds, have lately come into the possession of the Corporation of Leeds. The abbey has been for a long time in a state of sad decay. The gateway has been walled up, and converted into a farmhouse, the roof of the aisle is entirely gone; the tower, built in the time of Henry VIII. remained entire till Jan. 27, 1779, when three sides of it were blown down, and only the fourth remains with part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory. There is a staircase to one of the turrets, from which the monks of Kirkstall feasted their eyes with the charming scenery around. The former gardens of the monastery have been converted into pleasure grounds, and are connected with Leeds by tramway and railway.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## SAINTS AND BUTTERFLIES.

By LELAH R. BENTON.

## CHAPTER VII.

Clothes lines and Butterfly luncheons.

**N**YLE did not sink into a lingering brain fever or yet leave the city the next day after the end of her dreams. She was not constructed like the generality of novel heroines. She was a nineteenth century girl and though she had to confess to herself that her heart was very sore, she picked up the thread of her life again in a very practical, matter of fact way. The Somers household was in no way darkened by sad looks or pale cheeks in her case and Mary nor her mother ever dreamed that she had more than a commonplace interest in the Mr. De Vere who occupied their front room.

Nyle was restless however, living under the same roof with one whom she had liked better than any other man she had ever seen. Liked, mind—she would not allow a stronger term and we will not use it. And one day when Mary announced that their roomers had both given up their rooms, she felt glad because it would now be no longer necessary to avoid encountering them. Other roomers came soon, but they were nothing to her and she came and went as she pleased. Mary and she often went up the avenues for walks and looked at the houses of the millionaires and the fine ladies going in and coming out. One day, Nyle gave Mary a piece of information that was quite wonderful to her. "Did you know, Mary, that this beautiful house called Flutterby Terrace, which we so often stroll by, was occupied last year by a namesake of mine? Miss Nyle Fairgrieve, one of fashion's queens. Moreover, they say, she and I were twins in our looks. Let us go to Camera & Camera's and ask if they have a photo of her, so we can prove the truth of the assertion.

They did so and the gentleman who attended to them on their entrance into the studio, addressed Nyle at once as Miss Fairgrieve, thus proving the reported resemblance to be *bona fide*, before they saw the picture. Mary exclaimed when she looked at it. Nyle smiled complacently and said "It is a very good photo of yours truly, isn't it. I only need a satin gown and a necklace of moonstones to be the genuine personage."

"Suppose you were," Mary said, enviously. "What a good time you would have. I don't envy anyone the privilege of wearing fine clothes and dining on the dainties of the season everyday, but I do wish I could be in their place for the sake of escaping the eternal rounds of dish-washing, sweeping and making of beds, don't you?"

Nyle assented, laughing.

"That is an advantage, but think of the greater one of having time and money to do good with. Too many do not improve their opportunities. Sometimes, however, they do not realize them. I would try and be inspired with a Henry George spirit and do something with my money that would help the poor."

And she straightway went up to her room for a little pamphlet on "Poverty and Christianity" by Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., and read it over for the seventh time that week.

"I tell you!" she declared, to her sympathetic listeners,

"The world is getting over-run with two classes—the immensely wealthy and the wretchedly poor. Something must be done."

"And the question is," she wrote to Cecil, that night, "Can I do it. I have come to the conclusion that I can." Here followed sentences that would spoil our story were we to repeat them. Suffice it to say, they related to matters only known to Cecil and the writer. "So," we read further on, "You must tell auntie I am thinking of taking the part of my namesake, Nyle Fairgrieve, last year's leader of society, and you are going to supply the funds. One thing more. Tell Clarence Herbert that I wish to see him. Does this mean I am thinking of marrying him after all? I will just tell you this much. I shall decide one way or the other. In a month from now you will be addressing your letters either to Mrs. Clarence Herbert, The Crest, Avenue Place, or to Nyle Fairgrieve, Flutterby Terrace."

Still, even after writing this letter, Nyle hesitated in her decision to change her condition. Hesitated, and hecitated. Till one evening as she was walking up past a quiet row of cottages on a retired street, she saw something that made her rush home and after a brief bitter half hour with the past, enter into final arrangements to tread the boards before new footlights. It was only a common domestic scene she had witnessed. A young man helping a young woman tie a clothes line! Absurdly practical thing to make Nyle's eyes burn so with tears. But the thought that *she* might have been the girl helping Audrey De Vere with a refractory clothes line made her heartsick and weary.

She did not however choose the refuge of Avenue Place. Though when the owner of that beautiful home came to her upon Cecil's delivery of the message sent, he pleaded very eloquently for her acceptance of it—and him. "I have wanted you so long, Nyle," he told her, gloomily, "I would not leave any means untried that would help me win you."

That was exactly what Nyle was wanting to hear him say, that she might say appropriately to him what she had to say.

"I believe you," she said, looking full at him with superbly scornful eyes. "I believe you and I mark your methods as not only thoroughly, but unscrupulously earnest. Why did you tell me Audrey De Vere was married. He was not—then. It makes no difference to me now. But you know it did then. I cannot abide such means in the game of love and marriage. I sent for you merely to tell you this before we said farewell. It is said now and we part."

She left him to go away, abashed and humbled, and he went.

He went away from the city and away from the vicinity of the city. Nyle was glad when she read his name in the Parisian's list of passengers for Europe. "He will not be here to discover the Flower Garden and Mayville to my society friends," she said to Cecil when they met by appointment one day, in a city hotel. "And mind that you, when we meet, do not divulge anything."

"But where has the Nyle Fairgrieve of society been this last twelve months? People will ask you," her cousin reminded her.

"Trust me for that deception," Nyle said; then suddenly, "This is a horrible piece of deception, isn't it, Cecil?"

Cecil did not look conscience stricken at this speech. Both girls laughed, even when Nyle added, "I suppose auntie thinks it is awful. I think I will run down and talk it over with her."

"Do you know," Cecil echoed, gravely now. "I think you'd better."

"I will!" decided Nyle and so she did with the result that she came away again with her aunt's blessing on her scheme! While, wonderful to relate, Cecil shared in the kisses Miss Bronson had to bestow. "We will be good friends now," the two left in Mayville decided and Nyle in her new home was glad to hear this.

Possibly you would like a few details given of Nyle's debut in the little scheme decided on.

"I don't like that word 'scheme,'" Cecil had said once.

"Might as well call a spade a spade!" Nyle returned.

"Yes, when it *is* a spade—but when it's not—" Cecil left the objection unfinished and shook her head perplexedly. Nyle laughed merrily. What was this heroine of ours? A hypocrite—verily a brave one at all events as a week later she ran up the steps of a great house next to Flutterby Terrace and rang the bell confidently. If she was nervous she did not show it as she was ushered into the drawing-room and went forward, a tall, slender, stylish figure, clad in dress and cape of fawn with Fedora hat to match, and put out both hands with a gesture of pleasure that, if acted, was a surprise in histrionic art.

"Are you glad to see me back?" she asked in an even, musical voice.

"Glad!" exclaimed the girl who rushed forward, a volume of azure silk rustling behind her, "Glad is not the word. I am tremendously delighted. What a whim to run off to Europe and then back again in such a mysterious, secret fashion!"

"Do let me have a chance at her, Muriel," complained an older girl, also clad in a stupendous tea-gown, of the loveliest lemon hue, darkened artistically by rich black lace. "You are monopolizing her."

After the osculatory performance had ceased Nyle looked critically at the gorgeous toilets of the Misses King. "You are having a five o'clock!" she decided.

"Oh no! it's a butterfly luncheon!" Muriel told her. "You are away behind the times. Five o'clocks are old. Even a luncheon like this is a little antiquated. Next week we are giving a rose breakfast."

"Delightful girl that you are!" praised Cecilia King, giving Nyle another hug. "You have come back just in time to give us some real Parisian pointers on the decorations." Nyle flushed and disengaged herself. "Don't ask me for Parisian pointers—or any sort of pointers. I am tired of it all. Let me go up to your rooms and see you finish your toilet. For I see you are not quite ready to receive yet," touching the low collar of the girl's gown.

"Why, where have you been, that you do not know that necks unadorned are now adorned the most. Fichus and pleatings and stiff collars are nowhere. A band of black velvet and a diamond stud in it under the chin are all the rage just now. But *you*—you must—or are you too tired to be present at our gaiety this afternoon?"

"I will go home and see if I have anything to wear," Nyle said, turning to go. "How much time have I?"

"Oh if you burst upon the scene in an hour, you will be in time for the ice-cream. Can you get ready in that time?"

"I'll try," Nyle promised and she ran away, to the house next the Kings, "Flutterby Terrace," as if she had lived there all her life.

The girls did not know she had not been there at all yet and she did not think it necessary to tell them. If she had, probably one, or both would have wanted to accompany her and help her unpack her trunks and this she did not want—as she had no luggage at all. Beside she must conjure up something to wear at the Butterfly luncheon. With no baggage, how was this to be done? Why, of course, the Nyle Fairgrieve of last season must have left some clothes in her wardrobe when she went away for her European trip. And Nyle, with a few diplomatic strokes, got rid of her servants, "who were all so glad to see her again" and went rummaging in this same wardrobe.

She laughed softly as she took out one after another of the now unstylish gowns but also smiled with satisfaction over the knowledge that she had been taught by Aunt Bronson the useful accomplishment of "making over" the most impossible freaks of last year's fashion into the very latest ones.

Behold, her an hour later arrayed in a tea-gown, beautiful for its coquettish puffs and drapings and yet simple and sweet as a morning-glory in the pale, pure pink and white of its combined materials. To be sure two dresses had been torn to pieces and another more or less maimed to get out the tea-gown, but what was that when one is booked for a butterfly luncheon. To be sure, the latest gowns for afternoon receptions did not have such puffings about the train and the sleeves were not so tight now as they "used to be," but Nyle went into the drawing-room of her friends' house with brave confidence in the fact that "everybody knew she had just returned from Paris and would be sure to have her gowns fashioned by Worth." There *were* remarks about those sleeves and the elaborateness of the Watteau pleat but when Nyle had openly declared she preferred the American styles any day to the Parisian and should have her dresses remodeled at once, all was serene as the surface of a mirror. And when Nyle found herself once more alone, she had reason to say, "I and my gown were a grand success."

Assuredly, she was. What a gay life she led for the next two weeks. She too gave her rose breakfasts, her Germans, her Minuets, her literary evenings, never failing once to hide the maid of Mayville life under the character of the society star.

She often stole away to see Mary Somers, who had been made a partner in the secret. And whenever she came away she said to herself, "I will begin at once to cut off my social connections. I *will not* be a mere woman of the world."

But it was hard and week after week found her in the giddy whirl of fashion. She had had an object in view in controlling the money she was supplied with. Our Nyle was an "Anti-poverty" society woman. She had not read Henry George's and Dr. McGlynn's pamphlets for idle amusement. She did not study the different theories for the elevation of the masses without intentions of profiting by them. And she only needed a little more intensity of love for the work to bring her conclusions into action, to put her depth of feeling into practical manifestation. Human nature's love of self over-ruled her mind too, and made her weak and tardy in the matter of really beginning in any way to do good with her money instead of lavishing it on herself. It is so easy to

think nobly, but so hard to act so. But one day Nyle did do something in the matter though at first the very beginning looked like failure. She had first to go through an experience she had thought was never going to come to her. The experience of courtship and marriage, the story of which will be continued in our next, by your leave.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cobweb parties and Anti-Poverty theories.

"I do declare upon an affidavit  
Romances I ne'er read like what I've seen.  
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,  
Would some believe that such a tale had been!"—BYRON.

"It is the unexpected that happens in this world," some one says, and surely Nyle would have endorsed this saying, had she been asked what she thought when Audrey De Vere was thrown in her way again. And it seemed so little use now, too, that it was a pity perhaps to have the meeting occur, for Nyle's heart *had* been given to him from the first. It was at a cobweb party that they met, on a landing of the stairs among the feathery palm trees set there while both were assiduously following up their "muchly-mixed-with-minor-matters" strings.

You have heard of these parties, have you not? where a number of hidden prizes are attached to strings which wind in and out around the room and out into halls and other rooms, through chairs and over pictures till the ends are fastened up in a May-pole-like canopy to some central point. When the guests have arrived each one is given an end and they must follow up their line to the end to secure the prize. The young man who was nearest Nyle, to her great regret, seemed to be obliged to work near her, and it was not long before their strings crossed and they had to confront each other. There was a painful flush on Nyle's face and it was reflected on Audrey De Vere's.

"I never expected to see you here," Audrey exclaimed, and Nyle uttered, "Neither did I!" in an incoherent way that made both smile.

"I don't go into society now at all," he supplemented. "Miss Atherton's brother is responsible for my appearance here to-night. I could not say no to such an old friend."

"It is hard to refuse an old friend," Nyle said, awkwardly. Oh, why couldn't she think of something to say that would put them both at ease. But she could not.

"I suppose you like society?"

"Oh, yes! very much!" Dear! dear! how cool her tone was.

He gave her a look of reproach, flushed and turned away. She knew he thought her unwilling to have any conversation with him. A new thought assailed her then. Did he know how it was that she was here? She spoke hurriedly:

"Mr. De Vere! You have not mentioned to anyone that you knew me in Mayville?"

"No!" he told her. How the tones of his voice vibrated through her whole being. She wished he would look at her once with the tender eyes of yore and then she would be willing to die. How it come over her now. Oh, the magnetic presence of the man we love.

"No, I have not told anyone," he said again, turning back to disengage the line that was tangled with hers. "Do you not wish me to?"

"Please!" she said, in low tones and flushing scarlet.

"I will not then." And he gave her the glance that made

her heart throb, and, at the same time, pain so. "This will never do!" she told herself. "He is a married man."

Just at that moment a book which had been balanced on on the top of a curtain pole came tumbling about their heads and it was discovered that it was attached to Nyle's line.

"Here is my prize!" Audrey heralded at the same time, alighting on a souvenir of velvet and satin made up into a pretty penwiper, the examination of which caused a little merriment which eased their strained relations.

"My book is by Henry George!" exclaimed his companion with delighted surprise. "Who could have been so thoughtful?"

"Do you read Henry George?"

"Do I read him? Yes! And every one of his colleagues. I wish I could find someone to talk to about his principles, but all my friends laugh at me and my proposed private Anti-poverty society."

"Do you really? Let's sit here and begin at once. I am ready to talk till dawn about it. Do you remember our old talks?"

Did she remember them? Good heavens! It was beginning to be an impossibility to forget them. She felt it was dangerous to remain with him another moment. She stepped down a few steps, away from him.

"Oh, it would—you know—well," she got out at last. "Married people should not sit on the stairs and carry on prolonged conversations. Let us go down in the drawing-room."

"I forgot!" he said, with a sigh. And they went down. That was all this time. But they met again. And this time it was at a "literary evening" in the parlors of Flutterby Terrace itself.

"You may bring any friend you please, Mr. Coleby!" Nyle had told an acquaintance, and lo! he had brought Audrey De Vere. And such an Audrey De Vere! How handsome and aristocratic he did look! She had never seen him so thoroughly the self-possessed gentleman, born to the purple that he seemed to-night, as he moved about, unobtrusively conspicuous though consciously revelling in finding himself again in the old haunts of the upper ten. And what a strange, happy smile he wore. Once when Nyle caught his eyes, she felt afraid of the expression she saw. And her fear embodied itself in her manner when he at last found opportunity to tell her the cause of his smiles.

"I heard something to-day that has given me cause for great happiness. When I met you at the cobweb party I thought it was Mrs. Herbert I was meeting—indeed, you said—"

"Mrs. Herbert!" exclaimed Nyle, flushing, of course. "Did he tell you—he is a rascal!"

"I believe he is. But he has not yet succeeded in separating us. I am so glad, Nyle—"

"Why, what do you mean?" the girl said, looking at him in cold surprise. What was he, any way? Must she have her higher opinions of him once more disproved? Was he a married flirt? She would not encourage him, however. And she added, "Of course it is nice to have mistakes rectified any time. But that does not warrant you in using my first name so familiarly. We can be friends, of course—but not the friends of three months ago."

Audrey looked down. He was more than discomposed. He felt keenly the facts that he was only a book-keeper now, she a moneyed girl.

"You are kind to remind me," he said, bitterly. "But I never dreamed that you could, with an accession to fortune, become like the rest. Why, I thought you were an Anti-Poverty Society champion."

"Oh, it is not that!" she said, earnestly. "I do not look down upon you." Then suddenly, as she thought of it, she commenced a new line of conversation. "By the way, were you not surprised at my elevation to my present position? What do you think—do you know anything about it?" She was very curious and seemed absorbed in the interest of his expected answer.

"I did not know what to think to-day after I heard you were not Mrs. Herbert. But it was Gay who enlightened me on both subjects. I know how it comes you are here."

What a wave of color dyed Nyle's face. She bit her lip, but could not say anything for want of the right thing to say. Afterwards she said to herself many, many times, "What a hypocrite, what a sham, what an adventuress I must seem in his eyes. That look he gave me was almost unfathomable, but it must have meant that though he would keep what Gay told him to himself, he could not think well of me."

"Mr. De Vere can give you something in the line of programme, if you like," Mr. Coleby whispered to his hostess, presently. "He has a fine talent for oratory, and argues well on that pet theory of yours."

"Is that so?" Nyle answered, wondering how a speech in favor of land tax would suit her company. "It would really be a treat to show them that I am in earnest about this question. And then Mr. De Vere would see by my putting him on the programme that I do not look upon him with the favor of a superior in rank."

You see, she was anxious, after all, be he a married flirt or not, that he should not be angry with her. She thought she knew herself, but she really had a very great deal to learn yet about her own motives and feelings. And she was very proud, indeed, of him, in an unconscious way, when he accepted her call upon him, and rose to make "a few remarks" on the "condition of society," which resolved themselves into a most masterly piece of eloquence and reason burning with Henry George's best ideas and full of "rights of unborn generations."

"I am afraid I have made enemies for you to-night," he apologized when he was going away. "I should not have spoken on such a subject to capitalists and millionaires."

"I wish the impression *would* be lasting," she replied. "But it won't. They are hardened and hear these things only to laugh at them. It is a slow way of getting the thin edge of the wedge in, this telling them about it. It needs some *doing*."

"Yes," he agreed. "It needs action. If one moneyed person would make a sacrifice in the right line, it would look like success."

Nyle remembered these words. Pondered over them, dreamed of them, cried over them. Because she did not want to do the sacrificing. After all, this luxury, this wealth, was more to her than she thought. And she hesitated—and kept giving her dinners and receptions and soirees, and dreaming noble things, not doing them. The more she realized that the time was ripe for action, if she had ever meant to make any, the more she realized that she was incapable of the necessary unselfishness and heroism to do what she had dreamed of doing. Ah, we are such heroes and

heroines in thought, such cowards in action, so ready to plan sacrificial work, so loth to engage in it. Nyle could read and re-read, and had done so, the arousing utterances of Edward McGlynn and Hugh Pentecost, the pamphlets published by the Anti-Poverty Society, the "Social Problems" of Henry George, could listen for hours to lectures on the elevation of the masses and the alleviation of all distress, could even go home and cry a little over the pictured woes of the oppressed poor, but not yet had she arrived at the identical moment of resolution necessary to convert her plans into action. And putting off from day to day the carrying out of her dreams, the impression of duty to be done faded and she grew indifferent, at last, in the whirl of social engagements she allowed herself to be drawn into.

"Butterfly is no name for me!" she wrote to Cecil, regretfully. "I am the most perfect specimen of ephemera extant. I am doing nothing all the day long but flit in the sunshine and lie in the roses and lilies of life."

Cecil went to town shortly after receiving that letter. She went to Flutterby Terrace and found her cousin occupied in doing nothing in her boudoir, clad in an exquisite morning gown of rose pink, with silken rosettes and quaint figured silk ruffles making a Kate Greenaway picture of her.

"You lazy, idle, darling!" was Cecil's greeting. "You are indeed getting good for nothing! Reading novels and eating confectionery when you might be out doing charity work. Really, Nyle, you surprise me by your late conduct. You were so different in Mayville!"

"I know it!" Nyle admitted, putting her book down. "I tell you, it's the poison of society's allurements that has got into my veins. Oh! Cecil, never, never be a leader in the beau monde! Don't let Gay get rich enough to transplant you to city life. It will be the death of me yet."

"Why don't you cut it then?"

"What is the use of doing that? It will cut me soon!"

"Where is Audrey De Vere, Nyle? He told Gay he had met you."

"He is living in the city. Is head over heels in Anti-Poverty work, too. Oh, he is good now, I tell you. He is the saint now, I the butterfly."

"Nyle, he loves you still."

Nyle sprang up and looked at Cecil in flushed anger. She was going to speak sharply, but changed her mind. "You need not tell me that!" she said, brokenly. "It would be of no use now. He could not have loved me much, however, when he could forget so soon and marry another."

Cecil was about to reply with a perplexed intonation matching her expression when a strange occurrence took place. The girls thought afterward that they would not have been more surprised if the ghosts of dead generations had trooped into the room, the one who entered being a most unexpected visitor, and one who came with white lips and anguished voice to tell them news of a most distressing character.

## CHAPTER IX.

A duet of weddings.

"Audrey is dying! Oh, Miss Fairgrieve, will you come to him and let him have one last word with you. He begged me so hard to come to you."

Those were the words uttered by the trembling girl who had entered so unceremoniously into Nyle's private rooms, and she was so exhausted with emotion that she sank into a chair and put her hand over her heart, as she looked be-

seemingly at Nyle, whose color came and went in painful intensity.

"You ask me to go to Audrey?" she said slowly, doubtfully.

"Has he been ill long?" Cecil thought to ask, as she went forward. "I had not heard a word, Miss De Vere!"

"He has not been ill!" the girl gasped. "He was brought home—accident." And then she fainted away.

Nyle reeled also. Miss De Vere! she grasped her sinking self with a superhuman effort of will-power and rallied. "Cecil!" she uttered, in low, strained tones. "Who is this girl?"

Cecil glanced at her in surprise, while all the time she worked over the unconscious form. "This is Audrey's sister," she said. "Did you not know? Are you going to him? Do you know where they live?"

"Yes, I know!" Nyle said, and she rang the bell for a servant to bring restoratives. She stayed to help lift her to a more comfortable position and then she went to Audrey. It was only a few moment's drive in a cab drawn by swift horses, but it seemed long, long to the girl whose love was not to be restrained longer from lawful enjoyment of communion with its object. How full of tangles had their acquaintanceship been. The last one was unravelled now, however, she hoped, and she was to possess the happiness she had thought was denied her.

"My darling!" she whispered, her eyes exquisitely tender in the dewy emotions of their expression, and her sweet lips quivering as she bent over the bed where lay the man of all men, to her, the dearest. "Audrey, my love!" she said softly again, and his eyes unclosed, those magnetic eyes whose look could so unnerve her. There was nothing more said. No explanations, no surprised questions. They read in silence the story in each other's eyes, and the future was written for them. Audrey was not, indeed, able to speak, but it was unnecessary.

Audrey did not die, of course. He recovered very rapidly, the accident he had met with being less serious than supposed. He recovered and took his place in the world again, and his engagement ring shone on Nyle's finger. The story of his estrangement from all of his family, but Grace, in their false pride over his taking the humble situation of book-keeper, rather than "keep up appearances" at the expense of their creditors, was briefly told, and Nyle wondered no longer about the circumstances of her mistake. Grace had become independent, too, and sought to keep near her brother, without burdening him with her support. When they met by accident and took up house together, they had tried to cultivate the society of their parents and brothers and sisters, but the family living in High Square and the family in Lowe Street were divided by a deep chasm.

"Never mind!" Nyle said, as soon as she had been told of this, "When Audrey and I are married, we will show them."

But Grace, her sister-in-law to be, raised wet eyes and whispered, "No, no! We must never wound them!"

"They have wounded you!" Nyle returned. But even Audrey said, "No, we must just go our way quietly and not show any resentment. Besides, Nyle," he added very tenderly but very gravely, "When you and I are married, we shall not be in a position to raise our heads very high above anyone. I am only a book-keeper, you know."

Nyle flushed. She opened her lips to speak, but closed

them again. Audrey took her in his arms and kissed the pink cheeks. He looked deep into her eyes and said, "Will you marry me the day Cecil and Gay are married? On the 6th of October? Say yes, darling."

She said it. And when he was gone burst into tears and cried out, "Oh, must I lose it all? Must I give it all up? I did not know it was so dear to me."

What was our Flower Garden maid coming to? Was she regretting her decision to become a poor man's bride? Certainly, it looked like it, when she told Cecil a few days after that she did not want to be married on the 6th of October and go into a cottage. Those were her very words! "I don't want to, Cecil!" she repeated, piteously.

"Well, why don't you tell him!" was all the comfort she got. It was no wonder if her cousin thought her a most fickle, unstable little goose.

"I believe I will!" Nyle decided. And Cecil said:

"Of course, tell him. You mustn't let such a little thing as telling him how you view the situation bother you."

"He will hate me! He said he could never love a down-right butterfly."

"Well!" Cecil laughed. "He speaks riddles. He is willing to tolerate you, and I am sure you're a most frivolous specimen."

"How shall I ever make a cake? Or bread! Dear me, Cecil, I *must* tell him."

And she set about it the next time she saw him. Not, perhaps, in just the way you might think was in good taste, but in a way very much to the point if you really understood what she was talking about. She took a kiss from him with no decided unwillingness, and stole an arm around his neck. Strange way to act if she was going to break her engagement.

"Audrey, love!" she said, "I don't want to give up my money. Let me tell you how I can keep it. Let me tell you about how I came to get it in the first place."

"Do you think I do not know?" he interrupted her. "I do. But you must give it all up before you come to me. I have seen what effect money has on you—Nyle; you were a much better girl when you were in Mayville. I wish you to go back to that pure, Christian life. Say you will be my penniless bride."

She laid her head on his breast and was so still his face gloomed.

"Is it possible you hesitate?" he asked, disappointedly.

"Yes," she whispered, "I hesitate. Because you do not know the story aright. We may marry and keep the money I now control without—"

"You cannot come to me a wealthy bride and make me happy, darling. I am so thoroughly sick of the miseries of wealth, the shams of society—all the thousand and one phases of life in a brown stone front, that I long for a little cottage where we could hide ourselves from the glare and the rush of the world. Dearest, I would not marry you if I thought you would still cling to society. I want my pure, sweet girl of the Mayville life, not the begemmed queen of Flutterby Terrace."

"But think what good we could do with money. Together, we could do so much for the furtherance of Anti-Poverty society schemes."

Audrey looked down into the depths of his beloved's eyes.

"I have seen you in two conditions of life, Nyle!" he said, slowly. "I have noted your character under the shadow of

moderate means and in the gaslight effects of prosperity. And I have seen that you are but human. Your will is not as strong as you think. Your tendencies are towards the fleshpots of Egypt, your nature cries out for an indulgence of its taste for excitement, luxury, pleasure. But deprived of these things, the necessity of bearing the loss becomes a strong power for good and brings out in you your latent nobility. I am testing you most severely by asking you to exchange the position of leader of the beau monde in this city for that of a housekeeper. I am presumptuous, maybe. But you can take your choice. I will not have as my wife Miss Fairgrieve as she is, but only as she was." "Take her, love," whispered his Flower garden girl, "she is waiting."

And the question was settled thus, Audrey thought.

Through Cecil's and Nyle's machinations, however, it was settled differently, in reality.

"It can still be kept a secret," Nyle said, "if you will not mind."

"Mind?" Cecil answered. "It's nothing to me. I hope though it will come out all right. It must come out some day you know."

"Yes, but it need not for some time."

"What's this must come out some time," Audrey interrupted just here, coming up to them. They were all spending an evening at his house, Grace proving to be a charming hostess, while the cosiness of the little home was very congenial to their growing tastes for domestic comfort and pleasures.

"Nyle is wondering whether you will apply for a divorce or commit suicide when you have lived a week with a poor ignorant little housekeeper like her," Cecil glibly answered.

"I think Nyle's anxieties over her success in that line are unwarranted. Who ever saw a maiden brought up in the country unable to cook. If it were you now, I shouldn't be so surprised. You can't make a cake now, can you?"

"Indeed, she can," his sister interrupted. "She made the cake we had for tea to-night, also the scones and the omelet.

Gay looked very proud and pleased and Nyle cast a glance at her cousin that would have been envious if it had not been so comically helpless.

"Never mind, you'll learn," consoled Cecil taking the pretty hands in hers.

"She knows now!" asserted Audrey, taking the hands away, into his own.

"No, I don't, Audrey!" Nyle denied, as they left the others and turned apart. "I am afraid Aunt Bronson did not teach me as much as you think."

"Well, don't worry! I am not marrying you for the way you can cook a beefsteak or sweep a floor."

"What are you marrying me for, Audrey?" looking into his eyes.

"For your dear self."

That's the invariable reason a man gives as we propose to demonstrate before we get through, marriage is never so much a failure as when a woman has no other accomplishments than to please her husband's eye and heart by sweet looks and winning manner. Combined with these attractions, the ability to set a good table and keep a house in

apple pie order, is indispensable, let engaged young people indifferently disregard this as they may. Nyle knew this. She was very much in love, but she recognized the truth of the afore mentioned arguments enough to steal many an hour out of her busy days for the practice of cuisine lessons under the eye of Grace De Vere. Cecil, the heiress, often made a third in these kitchen soirees, and the other two found her advice invaluable, Grace wondering at the fact but Nyle taking it without other remarks than ones of gladness.

"Cecil and I are exceptions to the general rule," she often said, however with a bright little wink at her cousin. "In novels it's the beggar maid that outdoes the rich girl in household accomplishments, but we reverse the case and prove that truth is stranger than fiction."

Merry happy days those were before the weddings. Days that for pure unalloyed happiness were hardly to be equalled in the after days even. Grace was not to live with her brother and sister-in-law after the wedding. That was agreed upon in a unanimous silence. It was not discussed pro and con by every one, but simply accepted by all.

Each of them knew that a young married couple are happiest left entirely to themselves and Grace announced her intention of going home to live if—

"Ay, if!" Audrey remarked, briefly.

Grace did not answer in words. A sigh told that she knew there was an "if" in the way. But she set about removing the "if," at once. The disappointment that followed upon her efforts fell upon Audrey and his bride also. Meanwhile the wedding preparations were hurried on, the two brides having unblushingly decided that they would be married on the 30th of September instead of October the 6th as first proposed. The bridegrooms were nothing loth to consent and so it came about the heiress of the Esmond estates retained her fortune by acceding to the provisions of the will that left it to her.

The questions that Nyle expected her husband to ask about the part she had played for the last few months were asked—with reproachful comments.

"I knew you despised me for this bit of usurpation," she answered him. "But Audrey, I robbed no one of anything. The money I used came regularly from Cecil's bankers."

"I knew that! I was sure of it! I could not have gone on loving you if I had thought you were doing more than amuse yourself. But, dearest, the real Nyle Fairgrieve—it is very perplexing! When she returns from her seclusion in Europe, there will be a tremendous time of explanations!"

"The multitudines will never need the pacifying you are thinking of. Miss Fairgrieve never intends to return. She is content to find all the society she needs in her husband's home. I will never experience any trouble from my masquerade."

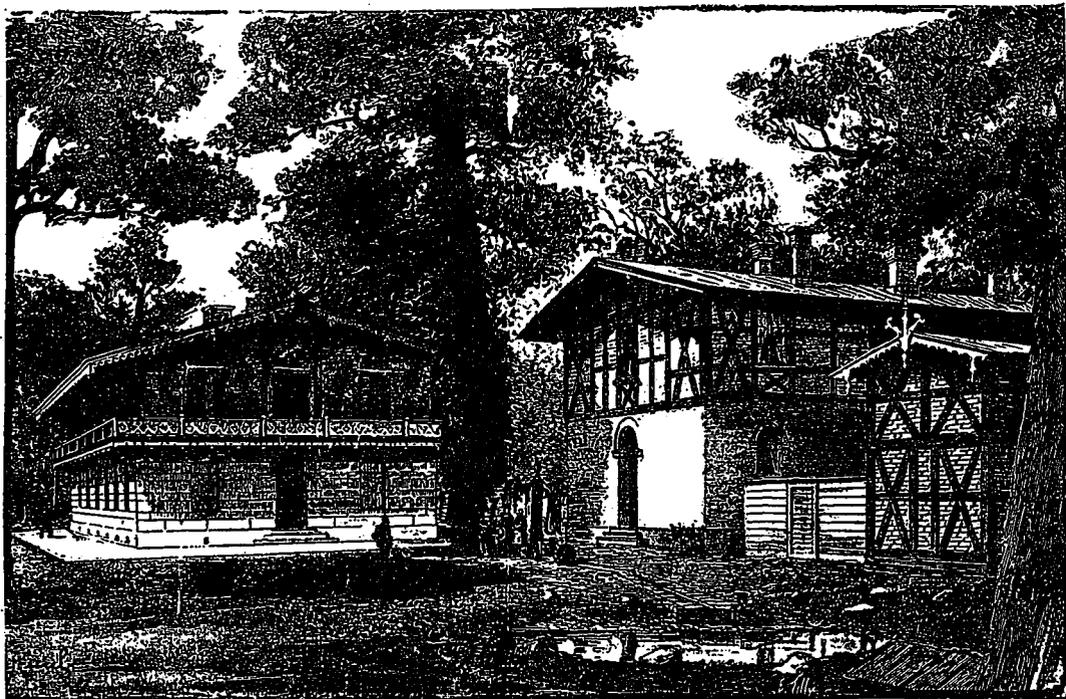
"You are a precious little fraud!" her lover exclaimed. "Fearfully and wonderfully made! But with all your faults I love thee still!"

He had yet to discover, however, the real depth of meaning in the title he had given her. He probably realized the extent of her "preciousness," but the future was to unveil the "little fraud" in colors he had not dreamed of. Well, on with the—tale!

## HUBERTUSSTOCK CASTLE.

✚ HIS favorite hunting seat of the Prussian Monarchs, where the Emperor William recently spent some time, to recover from an attack of influenza, is situated in the province of Brandenburg, ten to twelve miles from Berlin. The buildings, as they appear in our illustration, were erected only about thirty years ago, in the Swiss chalet style. The front side of the Royal pavilion is ornamented above the balcony, which runs round the

building, with trophies of the chase, some splendidly antlered stags' heads amongst them. The interior can accommodate about thirty guests, and most of the Crowned Heads and Royal Princes were at one time or the other invited to Hubertusstock to take part in the hunting parties, for which the place was famous, especially in the lifetime of the old Emperor William. In the surrounding pine and birch forests red deer abound, and are strictly preserved.



HUBERTUSSTOCK, THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S HUNTING LODGE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## ANTICIPATION.

By SISTER ELLEN.

Once almost fainting 'neath the noontide heat,  
 As on I trudged with slow, reluctant feet,  
 A passing breeze swept over cheek and brow  
 And bro't relief; I cannot tell you how  
 Or why, but wafted on its silent wing  
 Came vision soft of a refreshing spring  
 Half hidden in the rocks; of shady bowers  
 A velvet sward and nodding, sweet wild flowers.  
 No more the tiresome path seemed lone and drear,  
 For rising grandly like a mirage clear  
 That vision fair of stream and sylvan shade  
 In a sweet foretaste all my toil repaid.  
 With strength renewed I sped the way along  
 With joyful heart and lips that breathed a song,  
 The haven reached at last seemed scarce more fair

Than the fond hopes that lured my footsteps there.  
 Even so a heart o'erwheared in the strife  
 With helpless longing for a nobler life  
 May catch sometime a passing meed of balm  
 Wafted afar from Heaven's mysterious calm.  
 Song could not utter, nor the spirit teach  
 Its peace profound in any form of speech,  
 Yet 'tis abiding, and it lifts the soul  
 Beyond the ravages of time's control,  
 Brings a sweet foretaste of the joys in store  
 When earth and its vain cares shall vex no more.  
 Until at last the weary traveller shall see  
 The mighty bulwarks of eternity,  
 And looking backward o'er life's pathway know  
 Its transient gleam was heaven begun below.

Written for THE QUEEN.

## STORY OF A PICTURE.

By CATHERINE SEYMOUR.

GOOD old Jonathan Grimes; he was a gentleman of the old school, and sacred to him was the memory of wigs, knickerbockers, silk stockings and silver buckled shoes. Modern improvements in the line of dress were entirely disregarded by him, and a conspicuous figure he cut in his "old time toggerly," as the boys disrespectfully called his costume.

Notwithstanding his antiquated notions, Colonel Grimes stood high in the esteem of his neighbors, and the young folks looked on him as a kind of prodigy; for hadn't he carried a musket all through the war of 1812, and who had a better right to the title of colonel than the man who had been breveted one for gallantry on the field of action?

Then besides, Colonel Grimes was said to be possessed of a large fortune, which was continually increasing, as the little tobacco store he kept was the only one in town and was always filled with customers, and the only question which seemed to trouble his friends was, "Who'll he leave it to?" for Jonathan had never married and, as far as people knew, had no living relatives.

But one day something happened which settled the question without delay, and this is what it was: a sweet faced young girl of eighteen years; large, pathetic, brown eyes pretty nose and demure mouth, disclosing, when open, two rows of pearly teeth. A lovely complexion, and crowning all a wealth of golden hair coiled loosely on the back of the head and falling in soft tresses over the forehead. Add to that a slight, trim figure and you have beautiful Janie Joyce, for beautiful she certainly was. Very little more than that, however, was known of her; for to all inquirers Jonathan made the only reply, "Daughter of an old friend, who appointed me her guardian," and you might as well question the wall and expect an answer as hope to get any more out of Jonathan concerning his fair young ward, who was just as reticent concerning herself, and who was immediately pronounced an heiress.

Everyone grew fond of Janie, the old Colonel seemed to live for her alone, while all the young men of the village pressed their suits, which were very speedily repressed, with one exception; Hugh Manderson was like Janie, an orphan, but unlike her was homeless and poor. He was a fine looking and manly young fellow, but he was not strong, and on that account found it harder to bear the hard knocks a poor man always receives from the world. He had met Janie through the medium of a friend, and it was very soon a case of mutual love.

After the first meeting things ran smoothly until Janie was convinced of the fact that she could be happy with no other companion in life than Hugh; and Hugh was happily conscious that he could really have Janie for his wife if—but stop right there, as poor Hugh had to stop, for that "If" was an immense river which he saw no way to cross to the land of happiness on the other side.

The position he had by splendid good fortune obtained in one of the largest business houses in the town, and which had been the cause of all his hopes and plans, he lost through an attack of sickness; and thus it was that all his high flown hopes were laid low and that he spoke so sorrowfully as to cause Janie to sit down and cry heartily, after he

had gone, in which state her old guardian found her and anxiously inquired the cause of her tears.

"What has happened, pet? What has happened to make my little darling thus miserable?" and he laid his withered hand tenderly on the sunny tresses as he spoke.

"N—nothing much," sobbed Janie, looking up through her tears, half frightened, for she had never told her kind old friend of her love for young Manderson, and did not know exactly how he would like it if she did so now; but she was spared further anxiety, as to her great surprise the old man said:

"Nothing the matter with Hugh, I hope, is there, dear? But I'm inclined to think there must be, for I am sure I don't know what could cause my pet such distress, unless it is something concerning her lover."

At this Janie could contain herself no longer, but springing up and embracing the good old man she exclaimed, "It is, it is, but I didn't know you knew we—we—"

"Loved each other, but I did, pet, and I am really getting impatient, for I thought it would be all settled by this time," and he kissed the tear-stained cheek as Janie tightly squeezed his hand, unable otherwise to express her gratitude for his kindness.

"But tell me, dear, exactly what the trouble is, it may not be beyond mending."

"You know Hugh has been sick for the last week, and yesterday when he went back to business he found his place filled by another man, without them even notifying him, as he did them when he took sick; wasn't it mean?"

"It was indeed, dear, but it is the way of the world, and besides Hugh should not give up like that, he should look for something else."

"He has been to every place in town, but says he can find nothing, even with all his splendid recommendations, and he's such a man; he threatened to go away and look for something, and he wouldn't even listen to me when I told him to wait, that something would come, and that I would willingly wait as long as was necessary, but he said he would never marry any woman until he was able to support her; that there was no chance for him here; that I had better try and forget all about him, and—." Here Janie broke down again completely, and even her kind old guardian had tears in his eyes as he said:

"It is too bad, pet, but I admire Hugh all the more for it, and I am going to try and arrange the matter, so don't grieve, it will all come right yet, I know." Thus speaking he left her, and Janie, scarcely daring to hope, yet having great confidence in "Uncle Jonathan," as she called him, stepped out of the low window onto the porch and, throwing herself full length on the hammock, thought and thought until weary and troubled, she fell asleep and dreamed sweet dreams of her childhood and of the gentle mother she had scarcely known ere she lost her.

It was a beautiful day, the sun shone its brightest, the birds sung their sweetest and nature wore her loveliest garb and chatted merrily in the voice of the silvery stream, in which direction old Jonathan traced his feeble steps on his way to the plain little cottage where young Manderson made his home with good widow Morse, and where he expected to

find him. But just as the murmuring stream caught his eye so did the object of his search, for Hugh was half reclining under a large maple tree, moodily pulling apart the inoffensive daisies, with his eyes set on the distant horizon and obvious to everything else about him.

So engrossed was he that he did not hear the approaching footsteps, and old Jonathan had ample time to inspect him, and to say over and over again to himself what he had often said before, "Just the man for Janie, exactly the man for her." He had always thought Hugh handsome, but he was struck by him now; the breeze toyed with his wavy brown hair which curled over his broad, white forehead, and the pensive blue eyes plainly spoke his thoughts. He moved slightly as the old man drew near, and catching sight of him arose and returned the latter's hearty greeting.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," and Jonathan drew a long breath as he sat down, "and I want you to do something for Janie and me."

At her name Hugh eagerly started and asked anxiously, "What is it?"

"It is this; I am old, very old, nigh on to eighty; and I don't expect to be here much longer. I am perfectly willing to go when my times comes, but I don't want to leave dear little Janie all alone in the world, as she would be now if it wasn't for me. The store pays so well I hate to give it up, but I'm getting too old to 'tend to it any more. Now, I think you love Janie, I know she does you, and I thought if you did and married her, I'd give you the store and our little cottage as a wedding present, and you'd be doing me a favor because I'd be sure Janie was safe; and, well you can just ask Janie how much you'd be doing for her."

During all this strange proposal Hugh stood by, the picture of surprise and delight; so surprised was he in fact that he could not answer except to say, "It is too much, too much, but I hope I'll live to show my gratitude," when he broke down and cried like a child, and with delicate courtesy the old man pressed his hand saying, "Thank you, my boy, thank you," and quietly withdrew.

Need I tell you how Janie covered his wrinkled face with tears and kisses when he told her the good news, and how Hugh could never do enough to save the feeble steps, and in every way to show his heartfelt gratitude to his benefactor, or how the old man lived to see their first baby named after him? The last words he heard on earth being, "Donatan Dimes Mandson," as baby prattled on his knee when the angel of death stole softly up and carried away the noble spirit of dear old Jonathan to his well earned reward, leaving all those who had ever known him to deeply mourn their loss; and the two whose whole life's happiness he had caused, with a void in their hearts which nothing could fill.

And that is the story of the large picture before me representing the dear old man seated in an old-fashioned arm-chair, with one of his wrinkled hands resting on the golden head of the young mother kneeling beside him, the other holding his chubby namesake; and leaning against the back of the chair stands the father, a look of contentment and happiness on his face which I have not words to describe.

And just as the story was related to me by my bearded friend, once the smiling baby, have I recorded it. But, saving him, all of the little group are now in the better world, and naught of them remains but memories which cluster round the picture, in numerous and inseparable companionship.

## NEW GAME PLAYED WITH LETTERS.

A new game, which affords a good deal of amusement to many people, and also imparts considerable instruction to the young in the formation of words, is played in the following manner, with the letters of the alphabet: Half a dozen sets of all the letters of the alphabet are provided, each letter on a small piece of pasteboard or wood. One player then gathers all the letters before him on the table and the other players sit around the table as at cards. The player who has all the letters then turns them face downward and proceeds to deal them out, one by one, to the others, beginning with the player sitting at his right hand and continuing around the table in order.

As he deals a letter out he turns its face up so that all may see it is an "n" for instance. The next player gets an "o," suppose, and he quickly sees that his letter, joined to the "n" received by the first player, will form the word "no." He announces the fact and claims the "n." This is surrendered to him and he forms the word "no" on the table in front of him, and must leave it there undisturbed until some other player gets a letter which, added to the word "no," will form some other word.

Suppose, for instance, that the third letter dealt out is a "w." Then the owner of the "w" may claim the word "now," and adding his "w" to it make it "now." The fourth letter up may be a "y," and the owner of "now" breathes a sigh of relief as he thinks he will hold on to his word for a little while anyway, for the "now" and the "y" don't seem to make anything. Perhaps seven letters follow, out of which no combination can be made which will spell a correct

word, until some one gets an "s." This letter, in connection with "now" will spell "snow," but if the lucky owner of the "s" is sharp enough he will also claim the "y" from his other rival, and spell "snowy."

The examples given here are sample words, as they show more clearly to young minds how the game may be played easily, but when a number of letters have been dealt out the most skillful spellers may find scope for their abilities, and many are the combinations which will escape the notice of all who are gathered around the table, for a time, until some one discovers them, as if by accident, and then the wonder will be that they were not seen before.

One player may not claim from another any letter or letters which have been worked up into a word without taking that whole word and using it all, though its letters may be entirely transposed, to make a different word. The range of words may wander over half a dozen languages, if the players so agree, and then the game becomes difficult enough for a Boston blue-stocking or a college professor.

The winner of the game is the player who has the most complete words spread out on the table in front of him when the dealer has turned up the last letter he has in his pile. Long words count no more than short words, and if two players "tie" they set to work breaking up their long words into short ones, and this disposes of the tie nine times out of ten. For a large number of players a large number is, of course, required, but two people will often play the game for half an hour before exhausting a half dozen complete alphabets.

## Fashion Notes.

"And even while Fashion's brightest are decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."—GOLDSMITH.

### HOUSE DRESS.

This elegant house dress is made of wash-leather coloured faced cloth, with a full unboned bodice gathered in to the waist under a band of black satin ribbon, which passes under the arms and ties in the centre of the back in an erect bow with long ends. The zouave jacket to be worn over this is of white lace, and the plain skirt is edged with a black chenille ruche, and lined with black satin *merveilleux*.

### SUMMER FASHIONS.

Now that spring has come and gone, summer has burst in upon us with a bound, and with the gayest of colors, both in dress fabrics and in millinery.

All the young girls will wear dresses with a good deal of color in them, and the misses' hats are all aglow with bright-hued ribbons, feathers, and flowers.

And the dresses—especially those for the young girls—are to be very, very simple. It seems that there is little or no change in the styles of making up the gingham, sateens, challies, and other wash dresses. Most of them are made

with little yokes, and gathered in at the waist with a belt or sash ribbon.

### SOME SMART AFTERNOON DRESSES.

A very sweet idea is carried out in these challies and soft wash goods. It is having them made with a baby waist, with a lace or an embroidered yoke. The sleeve is made with a long, full puff to the elbow, having a deep cuff to match the yoke. The skirt is a plain gathered one, having a small ruffle at the bottom. Usually a ribbon girdle accompanies this little toilet, with long ribbon ends.

But I'll tell you what looks very jaunty: it is one of those ladies' outing belts, which greatly resemble the Fauntleroy sashes which the gentlemen wear with tennis and boating-suits.

They come in all colors, and are usually made up in surah.

These are girdle-shaped in front, and they are being used so much nowadays. Girls, if you haven't at least one dress made with a two-pointed girdle, get one, or else procure one of these outing sashes at once.

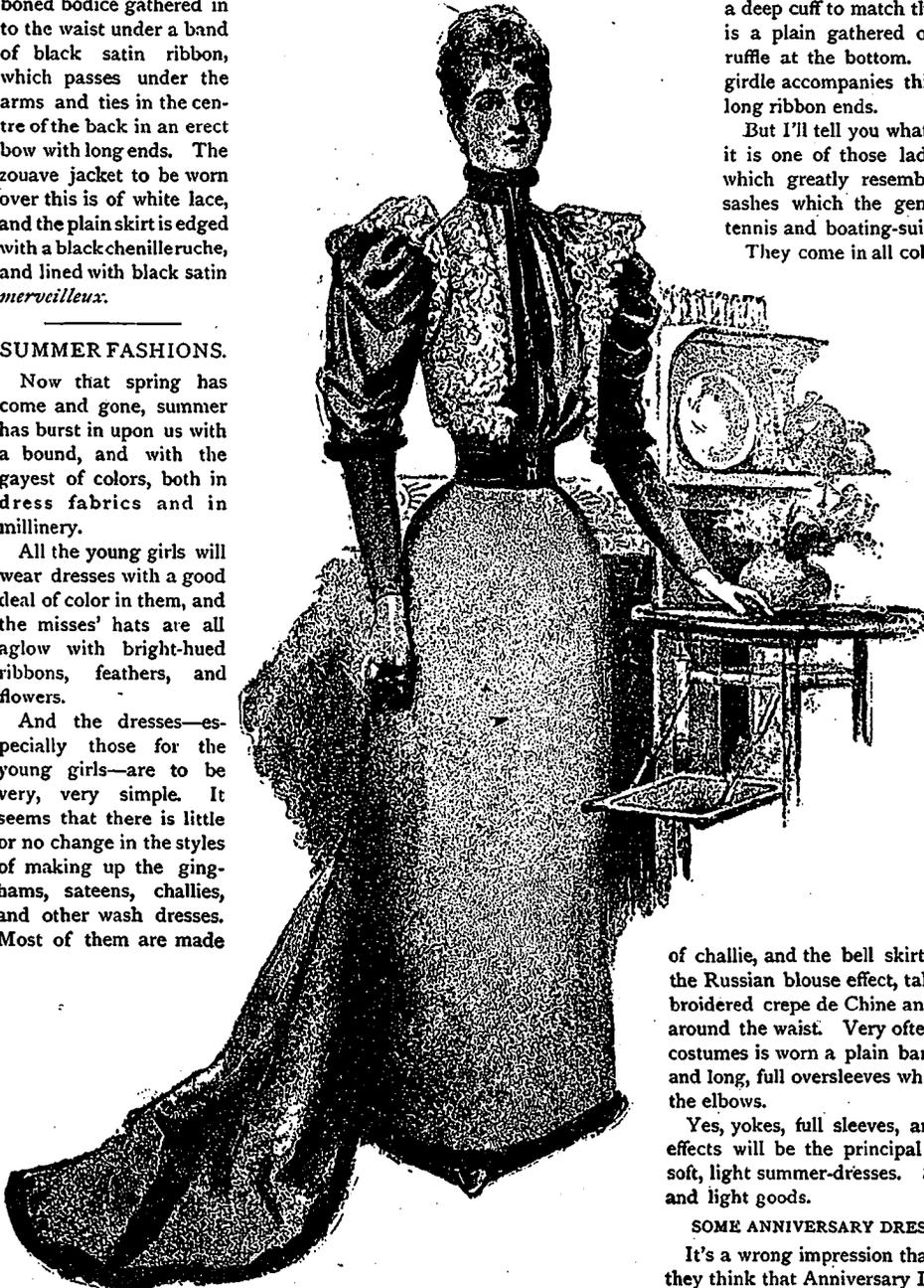
Another real cute way of making up a natty summer costume is to have the entire front of the waist made in puffed crepe de Chine, the puffs running lengthwise, and about two inches wide. The back and sleeves may be

of challie, and the bell skirt, and as if to give the Russian blouse effect, take some broad embroidered crepe de Chine and gather it full all around the waist. Very often with one of these costumes is worn a plain band, or link girdle, and long, full oversleeves which reach nearly to the elbows.

Yes, yokes, full sleeves, and Russian blouse effects will be the principal features in all the soft, light summer-dresses. So much for wash and light goods.

### SOME ANNIVERSARY DRESSES AND HATS.

It's a wrong impression that people get when they think that Anniversary Day is for children only. You can see more beautiful young girls than you ever thought of.



HOUSE DRESS.

One very elaborate anniversary dress, worn by a young lady, was of white Siciliene trimmed with Canton crepe and white satin ribbons, ornamented with crystal and gold sequins. She wore with this white gloves and a white chip hat. By the way, this was

A CHARMING SUMMER HAT.

It was a broad white chip hat, with an open-work edge in yellow. The hat was bent and crumpled up into a most beautiful and becoming shape. It was trimmed with wide white gauze ribbon, which had a handsome fancy yellow edge. This ribbon was made into two fancy bows which rested on the side and crown of the hat, and three handsome white plumes were perched in among the many loops and ends of the ribbon. Two fine white lace streamers hung down in the back.

Embroidery was not so popular last season as it was the previous years, but now it is showing signs of becoming very much so.

White cashmeres, Henriettas, wool crepons, Bedford cords, India silks, and surahs, laces and nets, will all be used for anniversary dresses.

Every girl, at this time, is puzzling her head as to what to buy, and how to have her dresses made, and what tints are to be most worn.

A FEW OF THE PRETTY SHADES.

Tans are still favorites, and are shown in every imaginable shade, from yellow to gray or green.

And, speaking of green, have you seen any of the new odd light tints? Among the pretty new shades is the one called lizard green. Pretty green tints come in all goods with woolen threads, from challies and crepons to cashmeres.

The Bedford cords, I think, and the fancy weaves with satiny surfaces are about the prettiest goods we see just now. And then the colored Bengalines are brought out with some beautiful effects. They are used mostly for trimming and yokes for dark wool dresses. Peau de soie is utilized in some very elegant wedding-gowns, as also is white corded silk.

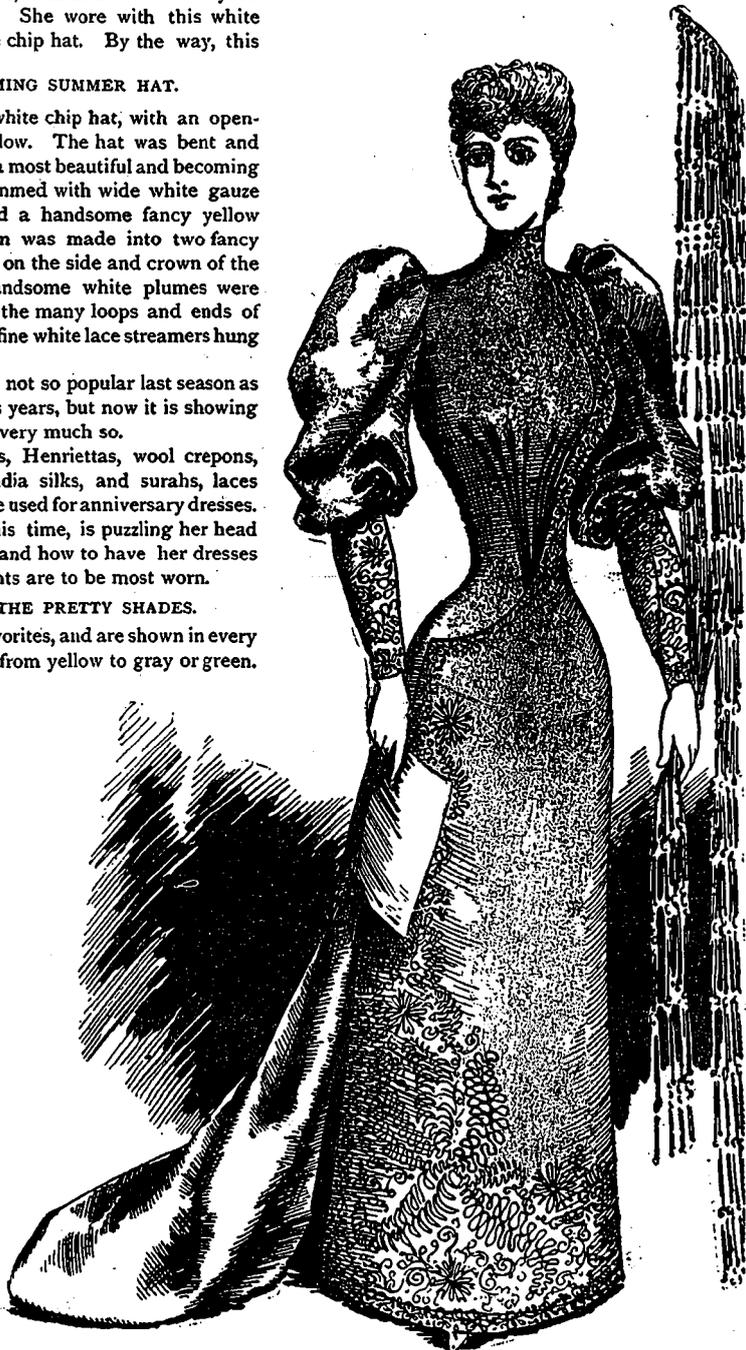
Lace, which is very much in vogue at the present moment, is more often used plain than full, as it thus shows off more effectively over the colored materials under it.

The lace-corselets and plas-trons are probably the prettiest dispositions made of the odd guipure laces and point de gene.

Another dress, which was made in chocolat-au-lait cloth; was very simply but prettily made. It had a tight-fitting bodice which opened over a silk vest, which narrowed toward the waist. Green-and-gold embroidery is the only other trimming on the sides of the bodice; and a narrow line of the same follows the edge of the bodice. The sleeves are plain and high on the shoulder, having embroidered cuffs; while the skirt is made bell shape, being trimmed with a band of the green-and-gold embroidery.

GOWN.

Costume, in fine heliotrope cloth, Princess shape, fastening at the side. The lower part of the skirt is embroidered with heliotrope cord and gold thread, and the side of the



PRINCESS GOWN.

Princess gown is trimmed with shaded silk passementerie. Russian sleeves. Long gauntlets braided, to match the skirt.

## BOATING DRESS.

In navy Scotch cheviot, trimmed with a broad white braid having a heading of two rows of narrow braid. Long jacket, ornamented to correspond. A blouse front of crimson Surah, smocked in white. Felt sailor hat.

## ABOUT MILLINERY.

"In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;  
In the spring a young girl's fancy  
Turns to hats, and flow'rs, and glove."

And no wonder. Did you ever see so many beautiful creations as are exhibited at present? And the last month's hats have shown us something about real summer. Some of these are simple, others elaborate, and others are beautiful without being either. Some are expensive and some are not, but the latter are few and far between. You have heard what a poet once wrote in jest:

"'Twas a pretty Easter bonnet  
With a bunch of flowers upon it,  
And a pair of ribbon streamers  
About two yards long.  
But the bill was such a whopper,  
That the maiden's angry popper  
Talked about it in a manner  
That was really very wrong."

One pretty summer hat is a graceful white Panama, turned flatly over from the back, and ornamented with a scarf of light-blue crepe de Chine and a high bunch of pink roses.

A very dainty hat was worn by a New York maid a day or two ago. Any girl can imagine how pretty and fetching it was when I tell her that the entire brim was composed of lilies of the valley, their delicate green stalks projecting over the edge, and the small white blossoms clustering thickly on top. A high bow of white gros grain ribbon was on top, with long ends, which reached below the waist, falling at the back.

Another pretty idea is a Panama flat with a lace barb and a cluster of pale-pink chrysanthemums in the back. In the front is a large chrysanthemum of bright green, which, you know, is the present fad in London and Paris. Any one, then, who has no bright green buds or flowers on her hats is not considered in the swim.

Hats and bonnets will be worn to match the dress this season. They will be made in nets, crepes, laces, and gauzes.

A handsome afternoon hat is made in white point de gene. It has a low crown and a half-wide brim. The whole thing is made on a wire frame. It is all lace, and the edges of the crown and brim are finished off with artificial stems and thorns. A simple bow of lace and a bunch of wild roses are placed at the back.

Another beautiful sea-side hat was a large crumpled white Leghorn, with a very broad red satin bow in front. A long fancy pin was thrust through the ribbon. A bunch of dainty red flowers and long crepe strings to match finished the effect at the back.

And still another pretty one is a broad white chip with a fancy edge. It is turned up at the back, and has two red silk streamers, which, by the way, are finished off at the top with a rosette and fancy Rhinestone buckle. At one side of the front is an upright red silk bow, and at the other side is a tall double Princess of Wales feather, which is mixed red and white. The hat is faced with three tiny narrow rows of velvet, and altogether the hat looks charming, jaunty, and very dressy. But then gray is having such a run just now in all the millinery parlors.

A very picturesque hat was seen in gray fancy straw. It was faced with gray crepe, and had a broad gray satin bow directly in front, with a bright gold pin thrust through it. In the back was another smaller bunch of ribbon and two very long gray satin streamers. At the top of them, where they were fastened to the hat, was a dainty bunch of violets and a gold buckle. This hat was set off by the effect of the whole suit worn with it—pale gray dress, coat and gloves, all matching the ribbon on the hat.

And, by the way, to those who like small hats, toques, and turbans, I would say that there are some of the prettiest, nattiest, and most bewitching shapes this season that I have ever seen.

The Tam O'Shanter effects and the little baker designs are just sweet.

There are all-black ones for those who like black; bright ones for those who admire bright colors; and quiet-shaded ones for those who like unpretentious ones; and yet they are all very pretty and extremely stylish.



BOATING DRESS.

## Home Decoration.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home,  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."—BYRON.

### TABLE MAT.

This small mat is of dark mahogany cloth, with a border of linked crocheted rings. The corner rings are bronze in color, and six inches in circumference; next on both sides comes one of dark olive green five inches in circumference, then one in light mahogany four inches in circumference then come the smallest two at the middle of each side, which are sage green and three inches in circumference. Thin brass wire curtain rings, if the right sizes are obtainable, are good to use; but if not, a stiff cord foundation will answer almost equally well.

For the silk or crewel covering of the rings crochet first a close row of single crochet around the ring (for a single crochet, having a loop on the needle, insert and pull the thread through, then pull the thread through the two loops now on the needle); at the end of the first row turn the work, and for the second row work a single into the back mesh of every single in the last row; turn again, and for the third row work with a double thread of Japanese gold a slip stitch on every single in the last row (for a slip stitch insert and pull the thread through the ring, and at the same time through the loop on the needle).

Before beginning each succeeding ring, link it into the preceding one, excepting the two small rings at the middle of each side, which are tacked together. For the drops on the rings, which are each in the same color as the ring, make a chain of four stitches, and close into a loop with a slip stitch; around the loop work 8 wound crochet; for each of the wound crochet wind the thread 10 times loosely around the needle, insert the needle at the centre and pull a loop through; then pull a loop through all the loops and coils on the needle, 1 chain; catch the tops of all the wound crochet together at the centre, and fasten on the tassels.

A NEW design for a sofa-pillow is to have it gathered at one end, and that end turned over and faced with green velvet, and outlined and finished to represent a begonia leaf. It is quite unique and pretty.

A NOVEL idea for cretonne table-cloths is to finish them with a fall of effective cream lace; and tie each corner with a piece of broad ribbon finished off with a bow. The corner of the cloth is to be spread out, for fashion, below the bow. The ribbon should harmonize with the cretonne.

A HANDSOME tea table-cloth may be made of fine linen and decorated with outline figures. The cloth is about two-yards long, one yard wide, and each end is divided by a border into three sections of squares, and the centre of each one filled with a design taken from an orange-tree; blossoms, fruits, and leaves are to be beautifully mingled. The long edge of the cloth is to be decorated with a skilfully treated inch-wide conventional border made up of old style letters and plant forms, part of which are taken from the orange-tree, and forming the motto, one line being on a side:

"TAKE ONLY SUCH ART  
AS LEAVE A FRIENDLY WARMTH."

The ends of the cloth are to be finished by raveling fringe to the depth of five inches.

FOR a glove satchet of plaited ribbon, the ribbon should be one inch wide, and may be blue and pale pink, or any other combination of two shades. Five strips of ribbon of the darkest shade, measuring thirteen inches long, are placed side by side, they may be fixed on a board by strong pins; the lighter ribbon is cut into strands seven inches long; these are passed in and out the strands on the board, and are fixed by pins. When all the ribbon is interlaced, sew the ends all around firmly with a needle and cotton; a piece of the darkest

ribbon binds the edges, and is fixed by two rows of steel beads. To make up the satchet, take a piece of quilted satin thirteen inches long and fourteen wide; cover the outside with a piece of satin; turn in the edges, and sew them neatly; fold exactly in half; place the plaited ribbon on the top, and sew it; finish the edges with beaded fringe; put a bow at each corner, and two ends of ribbon in the front tie the satchet with. A handkerchief case could be made to match.

AN exceedingly good thing is shown in wall paper frieze. The design gives a shelf effect with a little colonial railing about it, relieved here and there by a realistic figure or plaque pattern on the shelf. This comes in an eighteen-inch-wide frieze and in a variety of colorings, so that it can be applied to almost any wall paper. It is pretty and inexpensive.

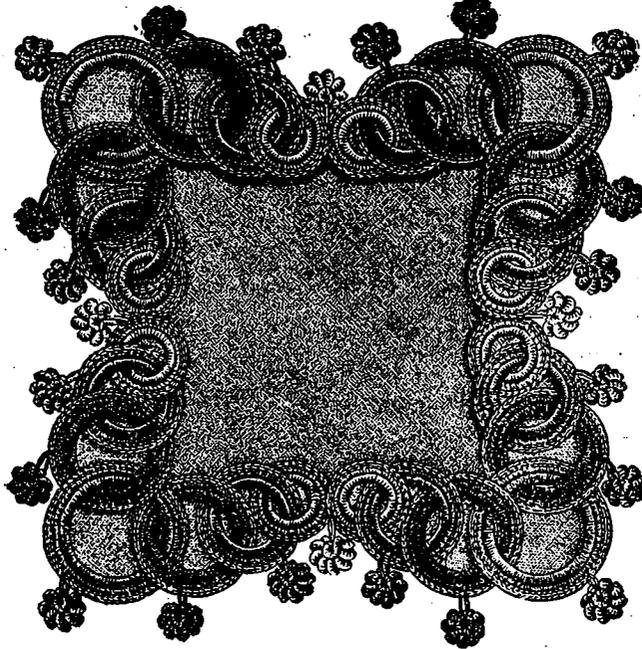


TABLE MAT.



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CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

## The Editor at Leisure.

### CHANGE OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

WITH this issue THE CANADIAN QUEEN passes into new hands and under new business management. The gentlemen who have established this publication and given it the largest circulation of any published in Canada are, for personal reasons, retiring from business, and have sold their interest in THE QUEEN to the undersigned, who is now the sole proprietor of this publication. In the future this magazine will be advanced solely upon its merits. As a representative of Canadian family publications it must hold its position solely by the interest which its readers take in the literary excellence of its contents. We solicit the good-will and co-operation of its friends in the past, and hope that every reader will take an active interest in advancing its progress under its new management. We shall do our best to make it worthy of your patronage and support.

Sincerely,

THOMAS J. FORD.

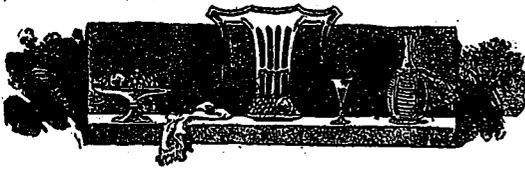
### MAKE BELIEVE.

THE art of making believe is one of the easiest and earliest acquisitions of the young of the human species. One might rather say, with due reference to facts, that it is an intuition, so soon does the childish imagination begin to veil prosaic circumstances with a pretty net-work of fancy. The little boy who rides a cane is delighted with his mimic steed, although he knows full well that he is only "playing horse," and that he neither has a real, true pony, nor its substitute, the spirited rocker. His wee sister clasps the most shapeless improvisation of a doll in her chubby arms, and with maternal instinct croons to the bundle of rags or the knotted handkerchief. As they grow older these small people often cast aside their costly manufactured toys for some plaything of their own devising, and the doll-house is neglected for the rude construction in the fence corner furnished with various sizes of stones, and graced with a table service of shells or the broken bits of china which little girls always manage to pick up somewhere.

All healthy children find great pleasure in pretending, and their invention is ever fertile. They make a world for themselves, and enjoy their own creations. To some grown-up consciences, unduly sensitive perhaps, all these divagations and diversions seem to trouble the clear waters of that deep well in which Truth makes her abode; and in order to ensure perfect adhesion to the noblest of virtues, they would repress everything which is not as rigidly exact as the multiplication table. The make-believe of childhood is not untruthfulness, nor even remotely connected with it. It is the glorious, happy faculty of transmuting dull ore into pure gold, of seeing beauty where none exists, and, best of all, creating a state of contentment with one's surroundings. By-and-by all this is given up but too readily, for the right sort of make-believe is a plant which should grow and blossom in every home garden. When we are ill or tired or cross it does good to our own souls, and certainly adds to the comfort of others, if we have courage enough to repress the disagreeables and *play* that we are happier and more amiable than we really feel. It is not hypocrisy, but Christian courtesy, to give a kindly greeting to the unwelcome guest, who perhaps is only doing her duty in making the visit with which we could so easily dispense; and if we assume an interest, even the dullest talker may reward our attention and give us food for thought.

Castle-building is a pretty but perilous variation of make-believe. Aerial architecture may easily be carried to ruinous excess, and the unfortunate visionary wake to reality amid the ruins of his only stock in trade, like the vender of glass in the *Arabian Nights*, and the coquettish milkmaid of our earliest readings. That is carrying make-believe too far, and naturally brings it into disfavor with the practical world.

There is a wrong side to this happy faculty, and a blurred, knotty, tangled reverse it certainly is. When the pleasant quality which smooths hard places by its harmless deceptions undertakes too much, and lending itself to shams, produces poor, flimsy work, it ceases to be a good fairy, and becomes intolerably naughty. One can, however, be thorough, true as steel, and honest as light, yet make believe in the right way, enjoying and conferring enjoyment.



## Etiquette.

### THE AFTERNOON TEA.

Every woman who makes any social pretensions whatever gives a tea or a series of teas, more or less elaborate, according to her means and place. For this English importation "tea" is an elastic affair, and may mean a simple cup of the beverage that cheers, or be extended to a banquet almost elaborate enough to be served at a reception. The two new things to serve in addition to the old favorites are "coffee-tea," which is not what it suggests—a mixture of the two beverages—but a decoction brewed of the leaves of the coffee-plant, as tea is made; and coffee frappe, a frozen mixture served from a punch-bowl in little dishes prepared especially for it.

A pretty arrangement for an elaborate tea is to have one table where the tea is poured in its pretty cups. Sliced lemon and biscuits are passed by an equally pretty maiden, who is dressed in happy harmony with the colors of her table. Another table for chocolate, decked in a different color, is presided over by another girl, and at the third the frappe is served by the third of the trio of Graces. A little table near is covered with a cloth and supplied with fancy cakes, salted almonds, preserved ginger, bonbons and biscuits, and the ladies help themselves to these dainties as they stand about chatting over their cups of tea. Every wise hostess knows that a well-trained maid or man is an absolute necessity at these functions, for the modern Hebe who presides over the feast is not so faithful a cup-bearer as was her prototype of Olympian fame.

### SOCIAL NICETIES.

Many small amenities which the unaccustomed regard as among the fads of fashionable life, altogether whimsical and absurd, will really be found established upon reason, if once looked into with any scrutiny, which illustrates this theory as follows:

Where the loud-speaking woman is stamped as vulgar, for example, it is not only because the association connects her loud voice with the fish-women of Billingsgate, but because the loud voice is unsuited to dwelling-rooms, hurts the ears of the hearers, allows every one to know all the speaker's business, and often that of other people, and betrays, if not a coarse nature, at least an untrained and uncultivated manner, while, bad as it is within doors, it acts a greatly worse part without, where it attracts attention and invites insults; but, without and within, it is unwomanly, and it being generally admitted that the part of refinement, good-breeding, and good feeling is to excite as little remark as possible upon the street, the loud tone is then at once recognized as a vulgarity.

As much contempt is showered upon the system of visiting cards as upon anything else in the line of social niceties, but when it is remembered that the card represents the individual, as the bank-bill represents the gold coin, it will be seen that the card is sent out as an embassy and plays a useful part in social diplomacy. Bit of pasteboard as it is, it pays compliments, acknowledges attentions, serves in place of its owner, invites, declines, apologizes, and does the work of a

factotum so well that, like beauty, it has its own excuse for being. And if we looked into the matter still more at length, without doubt we would find that in almost every instance the thing criticised is a valuable usage.

### VISITING.

It seems that ultra-fashionable people entirely ignore visiting. They give and accept invitations for special occasions, but never call to see a friend unless the visit is expected. Young ladies who have been finished at New York boarding-schools are held responsible for this change in social intercourse, which practically cuts off all association except with those who entertain. Afternoon teas are supposed to take the place of calls. The young *debutante* has a large ball or party given for her by her parents. People who wish to know her must invite her to some other entertainment in return. No mere visit will be returned. This is formulating society as a business with a vengeance, but it relieves the young *debutantes* from all obligations except the reciprocity of an occasional party. It is argued that society is so large a circle that one reception a year will pay off all debts, and if the invitations are properly distributed, keep the gay demoiselle supplied with festivities to her heart's content for the whole season. The old-fashioned party-call is entirely ignored. Strangers visiting friends in one city who are entertained by the friends of their friends, leave without even acknowledging their civility by a visit. The friends they have been staying with liquidate that in their annual reception. People who are invited to teas and do not attend send their cards by mail on the day of the tea, which means that if they ever give a tea, they will invite the first tea-giver in return.

A lady, whose daughter had just made her *debut* in society, was asked why the young lady never returned the calls made upon her by her mother's friends. She replied: "Oh, Zara never does that. She thinks it a great waste of time to go to see people who have no interest for her whatever."

Young men are complained of as equally remiss. One lady gave a ball last winter and invited four hundred young men, the majority of whom attended the ball, but, out of the four hundred, only four young men made a party-call upon the hostess.

But one will naturally ask of the class who give themselves dispensation from the hitherto established forms of politeness: "Who are their companions? Where are their associates? Surely they must have some sort of a social association apart from organized festivities?" It is said not. The art of conversation is not cultivated, and wealth being the only essential to this style of society, it is only available for that which will give evidence of the possession of money.

A very large remnant of cultured and educated people have a different code; They still exchange civilities on the basis of mutual agreeability and common sense; at least the elders do; but the young people, as they grow up, seem to float off into interest, educational, religious, or benevolent, and in another direction lose the social instinct—young men less than young women. It is a fact that young men of the present day incline more to the cordial manners of domesticity than young women.

A young man does not insist upon grandeur as an accessory of his diversion. A young woman, on the contrary, if she cannot do a thing in the very best style, will not do it at all. Is this because young women want to be more important than young men, or that young men realize their own importance, and therefore need not assert it?

## Household Information.

### WATERING PLANTS.

The subject of watering plants that are bedded out is one that is frequently agitated, and yet it is often done in a very thoughtless manner, and by those who exercise good judgment in other things. My attention was called to this fact today in a forcible manner, as I looked across the street, where one of my neighbors was watering her plants that stood in the hot, blazing sun, at noontime, and with ice-cold water fresh from the well. She poured it upon them copiously. I could not help shivering in sympathy with the poor helpless things that were receiving such an impromptu bath when heated, as they most assuredly were, as well as the soil about them.

It is not wise to water our plants in such a manner with the sun directly upon them, for it not only mars the beauty of the foliage, but it shocks the tender rootlets and greatly injures them. Just think for a moment, dear reader, what a shock it would be to our system should someone deluge us with ice water when we were heated excessively! I believe that one such bath would make us more careful about outraging the laws of nature when watering our plants.

The best time to water plants is in the evening. The moisture arising gradually from the soil during the night will be absorbed by the leaves, while the limited evaporation will enable the plants to draw an abundance of nourishment from the soil. If watered in the morning, or at noon, the plants will not receive full benefit of the moisture, for the sun dries off the soil so quickly. But I would have you bear in mind that I never sacrifice my plants for the sake of a theory; if I find them suffering with thirst at midday I water them, but I am very careful not to wet the foliage. I apply it close to the roots, and have the water warm, never cold. If it is the same temperature as the soil about the roots of the plants, it will not injure them. Experience has taught me that it does not matter so much when we water our plants as the how of doing it. Still, ordinarily I would recommend showering them at evening; if well water is used it should be pumped up in the morning, where it can stand in the sun, and by evening it will be warm enough to give them a bath. It requires no more time or labor to pump or draw the water in the morning than it does at night, but the difference to the plants is very, very great. If a tub filled with water can be set near the garden beds a force pump may be used to good advantage.

These things may seem of little consequence, but should our warm weather and drought continue, you will have an opportunity to test them, and experience will soon teach you that there is a right way and a wrong way to water plants.

### HOW TO TREAT CURRANTS.

The cleaning of currants is often a laborious task. So many stones, sticks and refuse matter of various kinds are found in currants that many good housekeepers refuse to use them. It is very difficult, if it is possible, to find anything that will give the same flavor to a pudding or cake as currants. This fruit has a certain acid richness which is very different from the sweet flavor of a good raisin. The little acid, seedless sultana raisin does not approach a currant in flavor; it has a crude acid, because it is cured when the

grape is in an immature state, before the seed has formed, and consequently it has no richness and fruitiness of flavor. The best way to clean currants is to rub a cup of flour into every pound of currants. The flour must be rubbed into the currants thoroughly so as to separate the individual currants. The currants must then be rubbed through a coarse sieve. The last sifting will carry with it most of the fine stems. Pick out any stones or larger stems and immerse the currants in the colander in plenty of cold water, rubbing them well under the water. This will cause any small stems to float. Take out the currants, handful by handful, dry them in a dry towel, spread them on boards or in the bottom of large dripping pans and set them in the closet of the stove under the oven to dry. There are many old-fashioned fruit cakes that owe their whole character to currants, no raisins being used.

### DON'T MEND YOUR GLOVES WITH SILK.

It is a very common habit, but a great mistake, to mend gloves with silk, as the silk will cut the kid more than fine cotton thread, thus showing the mend far more plainly. For the same reason, it will not hold the edges of the kid so firmly, but instead will cut through in time. You will notice that all kid gloves are sewed with cotton thread. The manufacturers understand the difference in the material and use the most satisfactory. Thread of all shades, especially put up in twists for glove mending, can be bought for a trifle. If a glove is badly torn or ripped, try to match its color with a bit of silk. Lay this under the torn part and baste it carefully down in small stitches that do not show on the right side. Then draw the rip up as carefully as you can, taking up very little of the kid as you do so. Neat glove mending is a nice art, and worthy the consideration of every economical woman.

### THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

Parents, teach your children to observe and draw their own conclusions.

The habit of observation, and the power of discrimination, while they may be, and no doubt are, in most cases innate, are likewise, too, things that require cultivation for their best development.

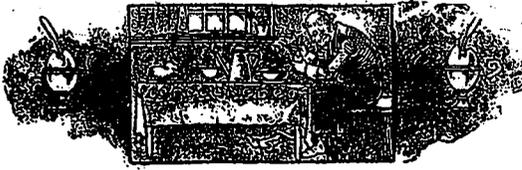
Do not decide every little thing for your children till they are grown up, and then lose your patience because they seem to lack judgment.

It is well, too, to habituate them to recite in clear, concise terms, any little incident which may have happened.

Wilkie Collins, in his "Armada," gives an excellent idea on this subject. Among Miss Gwilt's earliest recollections was the fact that her mother was accustomed to take her by the hand, walk with her rapidly around the block, and immediately upon her entrance into the house, oblige her to tell, with equal rapidity and clearness, all that she had observed in this race of four blocks.

Another idea, proved to be advantageous, is to have children close their eyes, turn round once or twice, and immediately upon opening their eyes describe, as accurately as possible, the object upon which their glance has fallen.

Do it in what way seems best to you, but teach your children to be observant, and to form good, honest opinions and judgment from what they observe. You are conferring on them a great boon by this course.



## Cooking.

### FRITTERS AND PANCAKES.

Who does not love a tasty fritter, sweet as well as savory? Yet how often are they sent up to table barely fit to eat? The charm of fritter cooking is its simplicity.

Much depends on the mixing of a good batter, on cooking the fritters in plenty of boiling fat, or oil, or lard, and in draining them carefully on paper, blotting-paper being *par excellence* the best for this purpose. Below will be found a few recipes for fritters and pancakes, which, as we are now in our pancake season, may perhaps prove acceptable.

For light fritters, a deeper pan than an ordinary frying-pan is better, thus allowing at least two inches of fat when melted to fry in. This pan should be thoroughly clean and dry. Before attempting to fry your batter, ascertain that your fat is boiling hot by throwing into it a dice of bread. If this frizzes and produces air bubbles, your fritter may go into its hot bath.

**FRITTER BATTER NO. 1.**—Beat up the yolks of two eggs with one and a half tablespoonfuls of brandy, one ditto of salad oil, and four or five of cold water; next put in by degrees three tablespoonfuls of good dry flour. If for a savory, add a salt-spoon of salt; if otherwise, add pounded sugar to taste. Make this into a very smooth paste, and beat it for ten minutes. If too thick, add a little more water; it should cover the spoon when it is lifted out with a coating the eighth of an inch thick. Next beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them in the last thing. Half of this will make enough for a small dish for two or three people.

**FRITTER BATTER NO. 2.**—Beat one tablespoonful of brandy and one of salad oil together, add the yolk of an egg, enough flour to make a thick paste; then thin it out with water to the consistency required, adding the whipped white at the finish. Either of these will make very good pancake fritters with the addition of sugar, and served with sugar sprinkled over; and those who like batter short and crisp will appreciate them more than their brother, the stouter and more substantial pancake.

**PANCAKE BATTER NO. 1.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs; next mix in quite smoothly four tablespoonfuls of flour; when no lumps are visible, add half a pint of milk and a pinch of salt; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add just before frying. The batter is better mixed an hour before it is required for use.

**PANCAKE BATTER NO. 2.**—Mix four ounces of flour with three ounces of pounded loaf sugar, add four yolks of eggs, a pint of milk and cream mixed, or only new milk and a small pinch of salt; mix thoroughly, then add the beaten whites of the eggs.

The pancakes made with batter No. 2 are rich and light. For frying them, just cover the bottom of your pan with butter previously melted, then put in enough batter to cover

the bottom of the pan, fry lightly on both sides a pale brown; pile one on the other, sift sugar over, and send to table with lemon-juice in a small silver jug.

**PANCAKES A LA CELESTINE.**—Prepare as above, and as each is fried spread apricot jam over it, roll up, and place in a baking sheet in the oven; when sufficient are ready, shake sifted sugar over, glaze them with a red-hot salamander, and serve quite hot. Two more eggs added to these will make them more creamy.

**PLAIN PANCAKES.**—Take some batter made as No. 1, have a good clear fire, a clean frying-pan, well rubbed round with butter or lard; let it get quite hot, then put in enough batter to cover the pan with a thin coating all over; shake the pan, loosen the batter with a knife round the edge, brown nicely, and toss it over, and fry the other side; cut in two, sprinkle sifted sugar over, roll lightly, and keep warm until the others are fried. Place neatly on a hot dish and serve. Sugar, cut orange and lemon may be served with them.

All fruit fritters can be made with the fritter batters Nos. 1 and 2. Many fruits make most delicious fritters; even orange fritters are not to be despised, although apricots, pineapples and peach-apple are more appreciated.

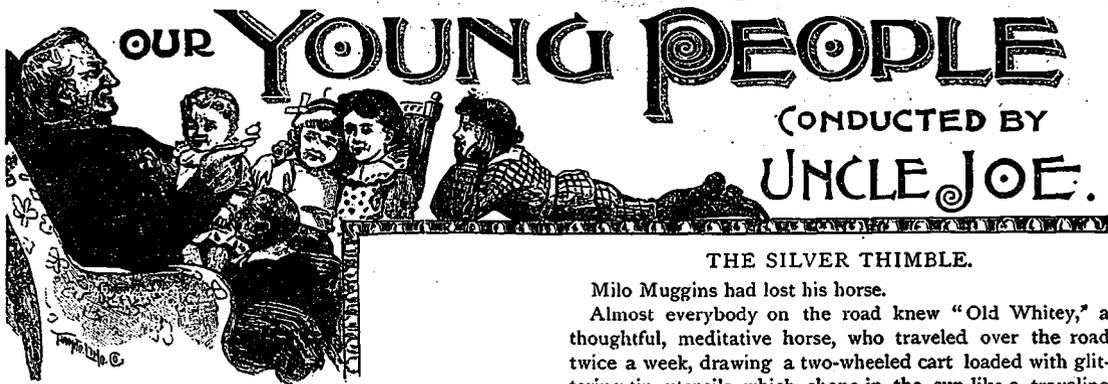
**APRICOT FRITTERS.**—Slice the fruit, carefully taking out the stone, or if the tinned fruits or bottled ones are used, the apricots must be carefully drained and then cut. Lay the pieces in a soup-plate, dust over them sifted sugar, and sprinkle brandy or liqueur; leave for an hour, then turn the pieces, dust again with sugar and liqueur; repeat this again later, then dip each piece in your fritter batter, and fry a golden-brown in a bath of boiling fat or oil. Drain well, and serve hot with a little sugar over. Should there be any brandy or juice on the plate, it can be mixed into the batter.

**PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.**—Proceed as above, only make a marinade composed of rum and sugar, instead of brandy, as the flavor of the pine amalgamates best with rum; the slices of pine being harder, are best left for a longer period to soak in the rum and sugar; say, four or five hours.

**APPLE FRITTERS.**—Peel and slice good Canadian apples, lay them in a soup-plate, dust over with sugar and some lemon-juice; leave to stand, turning and adding more sugar juice if required, about two hours. The core should be carefully taken out with a cutter. Dip in the batter and fry in plenty of boiling lard. Drain well, and serve in a ring with cut paper under, and sugar dusted over.

**ORANGE FRITTERS.**—Peel the orange with a very sharp knife, getting off all the white, cut in slices carefully, take out all pips without breaking the slices. Put the pieces into a soup-plate, dust sugar well over, and shake in a spoonful of brandy. Leave for an hour, turn, and repeat the sugar and brandy, and leave again for an hour. Dip each slice into the batter and fry a golden-brown. Drain, and serve hot. All fritters and pancakes must be carefully made one by one, and kept hot until all are ready for serving.

**OYSTER FRITTERS.**—Take some fresh oysters, free them carefully from the shell, put them on a clean plate, sprinkle them with the juice of a lemon, a little pepper, salt, cayenne, a few cloves, and a little sliced onion, should the flavor be liked; let them remain in this three or four hours turning occasionally. Dip each oyster in fritter batter No. 1 or 2, and fry it carefully in boiling fat. Drain, and serve hot. This makes an inviting and tasty entree.



The charms of youth at once are seen and past;  
And nature says, "They are too smart to last."  
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid:  
Be gay; too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

—MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

#### THE GOBLIN.

IN the black, hollow hole  
Of the old oak-tree,  
With his housekeeper owl,  
All alone lives he.  
There he loves to pore  
On the lore  
Written over the dry, brown leaves  
That whirl about his eaves.

In his mouse-skin gown  
That the good owl pierced,  
And a cap on his crown  
With bird's-down fleeced,  
And a squirrel-tail wound  
His neck twice around,  
And in shoes of rat leather,  
He fears no rough weather.

And he gossips with the owl  
Of the faring of the trees,  
Of night clear or foul,  
Of tidings in the breeze;  
Taking now and then a sup  
From tables set with acorn cup,  
A small shell white,  
With fox-fire for his warmth and light.

In his lichen chair he sits,  
With feet on puff-ball stool,  
While the owl spins or knits  
Her carded thistle-wool.  
Then the giggling fairy folk  
Venture to the goblin's oak;  
They whisper and peep  
Round his chimney-hole deep,  
And poke sly acorns down  
To rap him on the crown.

His head he thrusts out  
To stare in wild ado,  
While the owl whirls about,  
And shouts, "Whit-tu-who!"  
But the fairy folk have run,  
Sneaking with fun,  
Hiding under toad-stools,  
Creeping under stones,  
Giggling, and shaking  
Their dry little bones;  
Then when all again is still,  
They hop and hoot with laughter shrill,  
And fit away below the hill.

#### THE SILVER THIMBLE.

Milo Muggins had lost his horse.

Almost everybody on the road knew "Old Whitey," a thoughtful, meditative horse, who traveled over the road twice a week, drawing a two-wheeled cart loaded with glittering tin utensils, which shone in the sun like a traveling silver mine. Milo Muggins had only one leg, and Whitey had four—but between them both they contrived to earn a decent, although plain livelihood. All the little children would pull clover-blossoms and bunches of juicy grass to feed Whitey while their mothers were bargaining for tin pans and dippers and watering-pots, and Whitey never grew cross, no matter whether they pulled his tail, or hung on his neck, or climbed up his legs. Whitey loved the children, and the children loved him, so that there was a general lamentation when the news of his death was spread abroad.

And it was rather a tragic end that he came to, too. Mrs. Muggins was very much troubled with rats and mice about the house, and she did not like cats; so that one day when he was purchasing his stock of tinware in the city, he bought a little rat poison into the bargain.

"Now be careful of it," said the druggist. "There's enough poison there to kill a dozen men."

"Oh, there ain't any danger," said Milo Muggins. "We haven't got any children around, and I guess the grown people know enough to take care of themselves."

And Mrs. Muggins put the poison on an old cracked platter, mixed with a little bran, and left it on the barn floor. And the wind-blew the barn-door open, and old Whitey wandered in, out of his pasture, and eat up all the bran, by moonlight, like a greedy quadruped as he was. The next morning, at five o'clock, when Milo Muggins came out to harness his horse and get ready for his day's work, there lay old Whitey on the floor as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, if you know exactly how dead that is.

The Mugginses were in great distress about this piece of bad luck, for Milo could not get about much, because he had lost a leg ten years ago in Deacon Smith's saw-mill, and selling tinware was his only means of support. And that was how it happened that the children in Miss Putnam's school were preparing for a Penny Fair in the basement of the school, to make a little money to help the poor old man out of his troubles.

"Every child is to bring ten cents to buy material," said Julia Howitt, who got the thing up. "And we will meet twice a week at one another's houses to make pretty things to sell."

Grace Kipp hung down her head. The Kipp family were almost as poor as Milo Muggins himself, and she had no money, nor did she know of any means of obtaining any.

"I can't bring any ten cents," said she. "But—"

"Then you needn't come," contemptuously interrupted Julia.

"But I want to help poor old Mr. Muggins, too," pleaded Grace.

"Well, nobody can be a member of a Fair who isn't willing to contribute toward the material," said Julia, shortly.

The other little girls looked at one another, and whispered that it was very funny. If Grace Kipp really wanted to help, she could certainly manage to rake and scrape so small a sum as ten cents somewhere, they thought. They could not understand, in their inexperience, how it was that some people find it almost impossible to spare even so small a sum as ten cents from the daily necessities of life.

"I have got nothing of my own," said Grace, turning the matter over in her mind, "except a silver thimble that my cousin Pepton gave me for being punctual at Sunday-school a whole year. Could you sell a silver thimble, do you think?"

"Nonsense," said Julia. "Don't tease. At a Fair you want only fancy articles. Pin-cushions, you know, and pen-wipers, and perfume-bottles, and such things that you can't understand about."

So Grace went away, ready to cry.

But Ellen Elmer, one of the big girls, who was studying algebra in the window-seat saw her melancholy face, and called to her to ask what the matter was.

"Never mind, Gracie," she said, when the story had been explained to her; "I know all about Julia Howitt. She is a proud, disagreeable little minx, and we'll show her that she is not the queen of the created world."

Grace laughed at this idea.

"But how?" said she.

"We'll sell the silver thimble, and give the proceeds to old Milo Muggins," said Ellen, with a nod of her head.

"But nobody wants to buy a silver thimble," sighed Grace.

"But we'll manage so that they shall want to buy it," said Ellen, cheerfully.

"Let me see—to-day is Thursday. Saturday is a holiday. Come to my house with the thimble on Saturday morning, and I'll settle the question."

"Oh!" cried Grace, "will you buy the thimble?"

"I?" said Ellen. "Certainly not. I haven't the money to spare; and if I had, I shouldn't know what to do with a thimble three sizes too small for me."

"I didn't think of that," said Grace, humbly.

"All that is required of you is to do as you are told," said Ellen, laughing, "and ask no questions."

Early on Saturday morning Grace Kipp presented herself, with the silver thimble neatly packed away in its little paste-board box. Ellen was in the kitchen, making cake, when she entered.

"You are just the girl that I wanted to see," said she. "Do you see this cake?"

"Yes," said Grace.

"Do you know what is in it?"

"Flour," said Grace, eying the mass which Ellen's smooth, white hands were deftly stirring and mixing. "And eggs—and sugar."

"What else?"

"Citron, and raisins, and Zante currants."

"Right," said Ellen. "Now, give me your thimble."

Grace obeyed, much wondering what was to come next—and, to her amazement, Ellen Elmer tossed it into the cake. The next moment it had vanished among the delicious ingredients in the great pan.

"There," said Ellen, smiling at her puzzled face; "now I shall put it in the oven and bake it."

"What, my thimble?" cried Grace.

"Not your thimble, but the cake," said Ellen. "And when it is baked through and through, I shall frost it all over, until it looks like a mountain of snow. And then I shall cut it into twenty slices, and number each slice. And when mamma's friends come here to the Sewing Circle next Wednesday, I will sell the slices to them at twenty-five cents a slice. And whoever gets the silver thimble in her slice will give it to her little daughter, if she has one; and if she hasn't to somebody else's little daughter."

"Twenty-five cents a slice for twenty slices," cried Grace, who was a pretty good scholar in mental arithmetic; "why, that is five dollars!"



IN THE MEADOWS.

"You are right," said Ellen, who had, by this time, put her cake into the oven, and was wiping her hands on a clean towel by the dresser. "And you shall contribute the five dollars toward Milo Muggins' new horse, and we will show Julia Howitt that there are more ways of making money than one."

So the little girls held their Fair. It was not exactly a success, and yet they did very well. There were so many pin-cushions, and pen-wipers, and book-marks, and kettle-holders, that a goodly portion of them remained unsold. But they made four dollars out of their Fair,

which, Julia Howett said, was doing remarkably well for little girls. The boys also were not idle. They had what they called a "Benefit Base-Ball Match," which brought in four dollars more. Squire Dallas contributed enough to make it ten dollars.

"Now, if we had any way of raising five dollars more," said Julia, "we could buy Mr. Hayward's sorrel horse, Steady. He says he has no more use for him, and he is just the horse to suit Milo Muggins; and we girls have the refusal of him at fifteen dollars."

Now was Grace Kipp's turn. She came forward, blushing with modest pleasure and pride, with a shining gold-piece in her hand.

"Here are five dollars," she said, "for Milo Muggins."

Julia Howett and the other girls stared incredulously at her. They could hardly believe their own eyes.

"Five dollars!" echoed Julia. "Why, where did you get five dollars, Grace Kipp?"

"From my silver thimble," said Grace. "Ellen Elmer baked it in a Thimble Cake, and sold it to the ladies at the Sewing Circle. And Mrs. Graham got the slice with the

thimble in it; and it is in Alice Graham's little work-box now."

Julia was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"Well, I couldn't have believed it. You are a good little thing, after all, Grace Kipp, and you've done the best of any of us, with the help of the silver thimble that we despised so heartily."

And, after that, Grace was a great favorite in the school circles, for little girls appreciate success as much as grown people.

And old Milo Muggins bought Mr. Hayward's sorrel horse, Steady, and is driving him around the country to this day, in a sober, jog-trot sort of way, with a load of new shining tins behind him.

But he says—he never shall buy any more rat poison.

### LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall, there he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and enquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one: but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looks fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removed one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him at the Sunday school.

"Oh, ma'am! I'm so bad!"

She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engine has not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "O! she lives here;" then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about until he finds what he sought. She had fainted—is dying, perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away muttering, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

O, friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

### THE LOAN OF A NICKEL.

*The New York World* relates the following touching story: So much has been said recently about rich men giving to poor boys, that it is pleasing and novel to tell this true tale of a poor boy showing charity to a rich man. One night, not long ago, Gen. Wager Swayne was going up town on a Fourth Avenue car. He tucked his crutches under his arm to investigate his pockets, and found that he had no money. "I suppose I shall have to get off," he said to the conductor. The conductor said he supposed he would. Then up spoke a voice from the bottom of the car. It belonged to a very small one-legged newsboy, who had to depend on crutches as Gen. Swayne did.

"There's a pair of us," said the small boy kindly. "I'll lend you a nickel to pay for your ride."

This offer touched the General's heart, for it was plain that a desire to spare his pride had led the newsboy to call it a loan. He said to himself that some time he would pay the five cents back with interest. He asked the boy's address. The latter gave it, but told him it didn't matter. When Mrs. Swayne, at her husband's request, drove to the address of the newsboy, who had pitied her husband, she found that he was dead. The debt could not be paid to him, but he had left a widowed mother and some little brothers and sisters, just exactly as though he had lived in a book. Those bereaved ones have since had occasion repeatedly to congratulate themselves on the five-cent investment made by their dead relative.



A PET DOG.

### MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Keep step with anyone you walk with.

Never play with knife, fork, or spoon.

Always knock at any private room door.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Hat lifted in saying "good-by!" or "how do you do?"

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders. Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or acknowledging a favor.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door until ladies pass.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older persons.

Hat off the minute you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

BOSTON, MASS., May 20, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received the beautiful Gold Watch awarded me in one of your competitions and thank you very much for the same. Shall take much pleasure in exhibiting it to my friends.

Yours truly,  
A. W. ROBINSON.

CLINTON, ONT., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the Diamond Ring which I received to-day. Wishing your journal every success, I remain,

Yours gratefully,  
M. COUCH.

CORNWALL, ONT., May 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the five o'clock Tea Service which I have received. I think it very nice.

Yours truly,  
JAS. RIDYARD.

TORONTO, ONT., May 22nd, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the handsome Diamond Ring which I received a few days ago. I have shown it to a great many of my friends and they all think it very pretty. Wishing your magazine every success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
MRS. C. KEMP.

MAISONNEUVE, QUE., May 21, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for Silver Card Receiver which I received a few days ago. Some of my friends have already seen it and admired it very much. Wishing your magazine every success,

Very truly yours,  
EVA BENNETT.

MONTREAL, QUE., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I have this day received the prize awarded me as one of the lucky five. Am very much pleased with it and the way of doing business, which is satisfactory in every way. I have this afternoon been exhibiting it to my friends and they are all much pleased with it.

Yours truly,  
IVER TARALDSEN.

RUTLAND, VT., May 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks for the Ring you sent me. It is very pretty. With best wishes for the paper I remain,

Yours truly,  
LUCY A. HEYMAN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 17th May, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your prize in the late (March) competition, a handsome Silver Card Receiver, which has been shown to a large number of my friends and will I trust be the means of enlarging your subscription list. My absence from the city prevented an earlier acknowledgment. With many thanks, I am,

Yours truly,  
JOHN B. ANDREWS.

GLASGOW, KY., May 10th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I received the Ring awarded me as a prize as one of the lucky five. I have shown it to quite a number of my friends who unite with me in thinking it very pretty. I am very much obliged to you for it. Wishing THE QUEEN much success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
MAY DINKELSPPEL.

HAMILTON, ONT., May 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the elegant Silver Tea Service which I received a few days ago as a prize in your competition. They are very nice indeed. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
MISS THURSA BRAUND.

HAMILTON, ONT., May 20th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—One of the Lucky Five prizes awarded me arrived on Tuesday. I have shown it to twelve or fifteen people and they with me pronounce it exquisite.

JEANIE CLARK.

EVANSVILLE, IND., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful Diamond Ring which you sent me as a lucky five prize. It has been so much admired, and I am very proud of it. I wish THE QUEEN and all connected with it every success imaginable. Thanking you, I remain,

Truly,  
MISS ALICE A. BAIRD.

MILFORD, MICH., May 9th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I have received the Biscuit Jar and return many thanks.

MRS. G. E. KINGSLEY.

MONTREAL, QUE., May 20th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—The Silver Tea Service which came to hand yesterday is much admired for its tasteful substantial appearance by all who have seen it; thanking you for so promptly sending this handsome prize and wishing you all success, I am,

Yours truly,  
J. WALLACE.

TRURO, N. S., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks for the Ring, which I received a short time ago. I think it very pretty.

Yours truly,  
MABEL E. BISHOP.

TALBOTTON, GA., May 5th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept many thanks for the handsome Berry Dish which I received a few days ago. I have shown it to several of my friends and they agree with me in thinking it very beautiful. Wishing THE QUEEN every success,

I am respectfully,  
MRS. ANNA BLANTON.

OTTAWA, ONT., May 19th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The special extra prize awarded to me as one of the five whose application is received first each day at THE QUEEN office, reached me safely on Tuesday the 17th inst. This prize, consisting of a lovely little five o'clock Silver Tea Service has been much admired by all to whom I have shown it. Please accept many thanks for sending me such a handsome souvenir of your pleasant and instructive magazine, which I think is really worth more than the subscription price.

Yours respectfully,  
A. MILLER.

MERRILL, WIS., May 17th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks for the Diamond Ring sent me as a special prize. I have shown it to a great many friends and they all think it very pretty. Wishing your journal every success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
MRS. F. D. JONES.

FORT SASKATCHEWAN, N. W. T., May 4th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the two prizes lately sent me by express for which please accept best thanks. Wishing all success to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, I am

Yours truly,  
C. H. CONNOR.

PARIS, ONT., May 19th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful Silver Tea Service which I received yesterday. Wishing THE QUEEN the success it so richly deserves, I am,

Yours gratefully,  
MRS. D. C. MCKAY.

ALLEGHENY, PA., May 7, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Have just received the Diamond Ring which you awarded me and think it is very pretty. Will show it to my friends and thereby gain some new subscribers to your valuable magazine.

Yours truly,  
SARAH E. ELLIS.

WIARTON, ONT., May 9th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Your present for my correct answer for January problem in the form of a Card Receiver came duly to hand. I am very much pleased with it and thank you for your promptness; my friends think it very nice. I should have written you sooner, but owing to sickness in our family I had put it off from day to day, but better late than never.

I remain, yours very truly,  
EVA SIMON.

TORONTO, ONT., May 25th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Received the Tea Service all O. K. I was very pleased with same. I also wish to state that your dealings with me have been all that you advertised.

Yours truly,  
AGNES WEBB.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt to-day of a beautiful Diamond Ring given me as a prize by THE QUEEN, which I think is one of the best literary journals of the 19th century.

Respectfully,  
M. JOSIE JONES.

TORONTO ASYLUM, May 11th, 1892.

KIND SIR:—I received the Silver Cake Basket that THE QUEEN awarded me on the 9th of May and my acquaintances and myself think it is pretty. Wishing THE QUEEN'S earthly cup is still full of blessings.

Sincerely truly,  
MISS MARIA JOSEPHINE MERRIAM.

N. Y. C., NEW YORK, May 8th 1892.

SIR:—It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of the Diamond Ring awarded me in your Moses prize contest. With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,  
M. A. CAROLAN.

BAGDAD, FLA., May 7th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the Berry Dish and am very much pleased with it; have shown it to a few of my friends. Will endeavor to get you subscriptions to THE QUEEN.

Respectfully yours,  
MRS. OTTO STUBER.

SARNIA, ONT., May 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly accept my thanks for Tea Set received this week. I am well pleased with the same and will do all that I can to secure you subscriptions for your valuable journal. I have shown tea set to my friends, and they all tell the one story, namely, that they are something handsome.

Yours truly,  
MRS. C. TANCOCK.

DAYTON, O., May 9th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received my silver Card Receiver this eve, I am very much pleased with it and thank you very much. I wish you every success. I remain,

Yours truly,  
KATIE FREES.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 7th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to express my thanks for a very unique Diamond Ring. It is greatly admired by numerous friends. My friends, who have received several copies of the magazine, pronounce it a very fine journal, and I find it a first-class magazine in every respect.

Sincerely,  
META WELLERS.

WILMINGTON, DEL., May 7th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful prize you sent me. It has already been very much admired by my friends. I think THE QUEEN is one of the best monthly magazines published and I wish it every success. Shall take great pleasure in showing the paper to my friends.

Yours truly,  
LAURA B. MORGAN.

WOODBURGE, ONT., May 18th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Your five o'clock Tea Service to hand and am well pleased with it. I have shown it to the most of my friends, who think it very handsome and which is worthy of being acknowledged.

Yours, etc.,  
ANNIE NYE.

LUNENBURG, N. S., May 13th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of special daily prize, a genuine Diamond Ring, for which please accept my thanks. Have shown it to a number of my friends, who think it very pretty. Like your journal very much and wish it every success.

Yours respectfully,  
IDA L. SILVER.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., May 18th, 1892.

SIR:—Please accept thanks for the Five o'clock Tea Service you sent to me as special prize. It is very much admired by myself and friends. Wishing your journal every success.

Yours truly,  
E. A. BOTT.

PENDER ISLAND, B. C., May 13th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I received the Card Receiver and think it is very pretty, and I am much obliged to you for the same.

Yours truly,  
MRS. N. GUNNER.

TORONTO, ONT., May 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received the Diamond Ring this morning and am very pleased with it. I am much pleased with the numbers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN which I have seen.

Yours truly,  
ALICE S. WAND.

CLEVELAND, O., May 13th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The special prize which was awarded me arrived safely. Please accept my thanks for the prize.

Respectfully,  
MISS N. WILLIAMS.

NASHWAUKSIS, N. B., May 18th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to announce with thanks the Silver Card Receiver which came to hand the other day.

Yours etc.,  
W. L. MCFARLANE.

**EXQUISITE NOVELTIES**

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**Fancy Work!!**

**ROYAL CANADIAN SACHETS.**

ARBUTUS.

INDIA LILAC.

PEAU D'ESPAGNE.

RUSSIA LEATHER.



Free Samples mailed to any lady in Canada sending her address.

Lyman, Sons & Co., - Montreal, Can.

**A**

Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, especially so in the case of ladies.

**VAN-DAL-INE.** Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair-follicle.

**SMOOTH**

**NO** { Arsonic. Irritation. Emollient. Humbug.

**FACE**

Perfectly harmless. Wonderfully effective.

Sold by reliable druggists - - - Price 50 cts.

Sample FREE on receipt of two 3c-stamps.

Agents Wanted.

**The Berlin Chemical Co.,**  
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**Art Goods, Books,**

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**Cutlery, Guns,**

**Athletic Requisites, Bicycles.**

This book is mailed postpaid to any one remitting 50 cents. It will pay you to secure a copy.

**\$3** WILL BUY A BOYS RELIABLE WATCH, stem wind; mailed postpaid upon receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.,**  
89 King Street West, TORONTO.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., May 9th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the Ring awarded me and thank you very much for same. I have shown it to a number of my friends. Wishing your magazine every success,

I remain,  
MRS. DOOLEY.

WINNIPEG, MAN., April 30th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The very pretty Biscuit Jar which was my Lucky Ten prize arrived this afternoon. Please accept my thanks for it. I am very much pleased with it, and shall take pleasure showing it to my friends.

Yours truly,  
MISS F. BASKERVILLE.

SALT SPRINGS, ONT., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Received prizes awarded me in February competition; think them very nice and thank you for them.

Yours truly,  
MRS. THOS. HARRISON.

INWOOD, ONT., May 19th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the very pretty Ring you sent me as a prize for correct answer to problem. Wishing THE CANADIAN QUEEN all success.

Very truly yours,  
INA GAMBLE.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the Card Receiver, which I received a short time ago. I wish THE QUEEN success. I am pleased with the magazine. I remain,

Yours truly,  
Patrick Sullivan.

OLIVET, OSAGE CO., KAN., May 17th, 1892

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your pretty Berry Dish which is at hand. Received it about the 31st of April in good shape. Was well pleased with it and to know you were so honest in your way of doing business. Please excuse my delay in acknowledgment of my lucky ten premium. I have shown it to about twenty of my friends; they all think it real nice. With kind regards and best wishes for the success of your paper.

MRS. EMMA TUSK.

HAMILTON, May 23, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I have great pleasure in sending you this note of thanks for your beautiful Tea Service which I received from you one day last week as a special prize. I have shown it to about ten of my friends already and they were all delighted with it.

Yours respectfully,  
MISS BELLA BROWN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 19th, '92

GENTLEMEN:—I received from the American Express Co. box containing Nut Bowl for which please accept thanks.

Yours truly,  
A. R. ALDEN.

SLEEPY EYE, MINN., May 23, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received my Berry Dish lately and I had so much fun with it and my neighbor and friends tell me it is so pretty and I think myself it is pretty too. I am very much obliged for your sending.

Yours truly,  
MARTHA PENNING.

OAK LAWN, MORRISTON, N. J., May 23, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The Diamond Ring which was awarded to me as an additional prize was received and I thank you very much for it, as it is very pretty

Believe me, yours truly,  
ELIZABETH FARRELLY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 18th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge your Diamond Ring which you sent me as an extra prize for answering your puzzle Gentleman Visiting Patient in Hospital; it is indeed a beautiful Ring and pleases me very much. Wishing THE QUEEN every success.

Respectfully,  
THOMAS BLONG.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your letter awarding prize of Cake Basket or Bon Bon Dish which is very nice. I like the book; think it is such a good size to handle or to bind and will send \$1 for continuation of my own yearly subscription and \$2.50 for packing cake basket as soon as I receive the other prize of Ring which was won for being first of five opened on a certain day.

Yours respectfully,  
MRS. JOHN M. CLARK.

ST. CHARLES, MINN., May 16th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received your Berry Dish; think it very nice and also am pleased with your magazine.

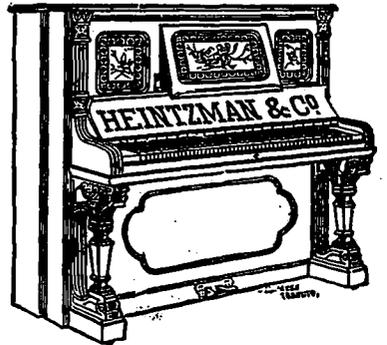
Yours,  
MRS. J. C. ROBERTSON.

ASK FOR  
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LAVENDER SALTS**  
(REG'D.)



The delightful and ever popular Smelling Salts and agreeable deodorizer. Appreciated everywhere as a most refreshing luxury. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—Le Follet.  
Genuine only in Crown stoppered bottles as shown. Sold everywhere. Made only by the CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177 New Bond Street, London, England.  
Reject spurious imitations which cause disappointment to the purchaser. 6c

**Heintzman & Co.**  
Pianos



Pronounced by all musicians to be the LEADING

PIANO.

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FACTORY TORONTO JUNCTION

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In South Dakota will be opened to settlement on or about April 15th, 1892. This reservation comprises some of the choicest lands in Dakota for farming and sheep-raising purposes. For detailed information address W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.; or, A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

**25 CENTS** (silver) for my new design BUTTER DISH, triple plated on white metal. Mailed to any address, neatly packed, on receipt of price. Send at once, you will not regret it.  
E. WRIGLEY, 1018 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. 6c

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C. R. JENNE, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
In your reply mention THE QUEEN.

For 60cts. we will send by mail one of our famous Rug and Embroidering Machines with 3 sized needles and picture catalogue of Rug and Embroidery Patterns. P.S.—Retail price of machine \$1.10.  
E. ROSE & CO., Toledo, O. 3c

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**WOMEN** Broome's Pepperysal and Thary Pills. Never fail. Always sure. Sealed \$1.00. Bivens & Oastman, Sole U.S. Agts. 57 Washington St. Boston. 4-93

**A WOMAN HATER.**



This man is indeed an unfortunate being. In a moment of weakness he has committed bigamy and married four wives. Their faces can be found in the above picture by careful study. The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the first person who can make out the four wives' faces; to the second will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to each of the next three a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (16 yards in any color); to each of the next five a **Gold Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every person competing must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the four wives' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each and enclose same with ten Canadian three cent stamps or fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of **FORD'S PRIZE PILLS**, (which will be sent post-paid and duty free). The person whose envelope is postmarked first will be awarded first prize and the others in order of merit. The person sending the last correct answer will also be given an elegant **Gold Watch** of fine workmanship and a first-class timekeeper; to the next to the last a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to each of the next three to the last a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (16 yards in any color); to each of the next five to the last a **Gold Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit, counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers) in this prize picture contest. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in the prominent daily papers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise **Ford's Prize Pills**, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar-coated, do not gripe** very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post-paid. When you answer this picture puzzle kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in, and do not fail to enclose 30 cents for one box of **Ford's Prize Pills**. This is necessary if you desire your answer counted for prize. Address **THE FORD PILL COMPANY**, Wellington St. Toronto, Can.

OTTAWA, ONT., May 16th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Diamond Ring and Silver Card Receiver and to thank you for them. I have shown them to several of my friends and shall continue to do so. Wishing THE QUEEN every success. Very truly yours,

JESSIE O'NEILL

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 19th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I received your two prizes in due time for which I wish to return my sincere thanks. I am very much pleased with the Berry Dish and also the Card Case and as this was the first time I have been lucky enough to draw a prize I feel very much elated.

CLARA MORRISON.

**CANADA'S FAVORITE ORGAN.**

**G. W. CORNWALL & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**HIGH CLASS PARLOR AND CHAPEL ORGANS.**

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PARTICULARS.



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PARTICULARS.

**Factory and Head Office, Huntingdon, Quebec, Canada.**

Catalogue and Price List will be mailed free on application.

Kindly state, when writing, the name of paper in which you saw our advertisement.

**Acknowledgments.**

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, May 28th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with great pleasure that I beg to acknowledge the receipt on the 26th inst. of a Mason & Risch Upright Piano, the same having been awarded me as first prize in your April prize competition. I may add that the instrument gives every satisfaction and far exceeds my expectation. Its beauty of tone, elasticity of touch and perfection of finish, have been specially commented upon by all who have tried, or heard it, and they have been numerous. Please accept my sincere thanks for upright treatment, and best wishes for future success, and believe me

Yours very truly,  
J. F. FAULKNER.

ROXBURY, MASS., May 26th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Since writing you last, I have received the Fruit Dish, and my sister has received her Cracker Jar. Both are just what we wished, and we shall take much pleasure in showing them to our friends. I cannot understand why the Silver Card Receiver was not sent along with my fruit dish. Or is that to come later? Shall be pleased to know when it will arrive.

Yours truly,  
MISS ANNIE F. CHURCHILL.

ROXBURY, MASS., May 28th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—The other silver prize arrived yesterday. Please accept my thanks for same. I think it very nice.

Yours truly,  
ANNIE F. CHURCHILL.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received the prize Card Receiver in due time and am very much pleased with it. With best wishes for the future prosperity of THE QUEEN, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
JESSIE E. HEMLE.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., May 18th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—The five o'clock Tea Service arrived yesterday; thanks to your prompt and thorough way of doing business. All who have seen the service think it very pretty. We like your book very much and wish it every success in future.

Yours truly,  
MIRIAM WITHROE.

AGNES, QUE., May 26th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Received to-day the five o'clock Tea Service, with which I am well pleased.

Yours etc.,  
WM. F. DUNCAN.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 25th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received the prize awarded to me and was very much pleased with it and will take much pleasure in showing it to my friends.

Yours truly,  
MRS. NELLIE THOMAS.

MONTREAL, QUE., May 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The lucky five prize you awarded me came safely last Friday. It is quite pretty. Wishing THE QUEEN every success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
L. S. MOLSON.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 28th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly accept thanks for the very for the very pretty Card Receiver, which arrived safely to me on the 26th inst. I am very much pleased with it, and all who have seen it are also. Wishing THE QUEEN every success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
GRACE R. GARDNER.

TORONTO, ONT., May 29th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the Silver Card Receiver which I received all right. I think it is very nice. All my friends admire it; also I like reading THE CANADIAN QUEEN and wish it all success.

Yours respectfully,  
MAGGIE J. ANDERSON.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received your handsome present, the Card Receiver, and am very thankful for it. Everyone that sees it thinks it beautiful and speaks very highly of it. Thanking you again,

I am respectfully,  
IVA NEWTON.

SUDBURY, ONT., May 23rd, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Received prize and thank it very nice. Have put it on exhibition, also the Ring which I won some time ago. Am well pleased with both and will do all I can to advertise your paper with which I am also pleased.

Yours truly,  
S. B. YEFY.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 25th, '92.

SIR:—The Silver Tea Service awarded me in last month's competition to hand, for which accept my sincerest thanks. I have showed it to several of my friends who agree with me that it is very handsome. Wishing THE CANADIAN QUEEN every success,

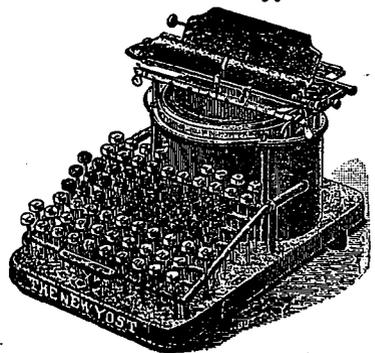
I am yours truly,  
F. MACRAE.

**RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURED**  
 Also Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Numbness, Blood Disorders and other constitutional disabilities resulting from Excess, Impaired Circulation and sluggish Liver, by wearing **DR. BRIDGMAN'S MAGNETIC RING**, which is a quick and positive antidote for these painful troubles as thousands testify. Price \$1.00, highly nickel-plated, for \$2.50 for gold-plated. It makes a handsome finger ring. Made in all sizes. A silver Magnetometer accompanies each ring to test its power by. Send strip of paper with order showing size, and remit price to **THE A. BRIDGMAN CO., 373 Broadway, New York**, who will mail it, guaranteeing satisfaction. Send for interesting pamphlet. **Of all Druggists. Take only Dr. Bridgman's.**



**FORD'S PRIZE PILLS.**  
 TRADE MARK REGISTERED.  
 Cure Biliousness.  
 Cure Constipation.  
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 Of Leading Druggists, 25 Cents.

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No Ribbon,  
 Permanent Alignment,  
 Beautiful Work,  
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 Thoroughly Durable.  
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**FAT SOLVED**  
 Mrs. N. J. Hay, Bellefonte, Pa., writes: "When I began my treatment I was so exhausted by ailments that I could not work. The second evening figures show the result of 3 months' treatment. I now feel like a new being. Lits and pains all gone. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp included. **PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.** Harmless. No Starving. Send 6c in stamps for particulars to **DR. D. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO.**



**Walker's PURE CANDY**  
 Sent to any address. Enclose from \$1 for sample Box to Headquarters.  
 254 St. James St., Montreal.

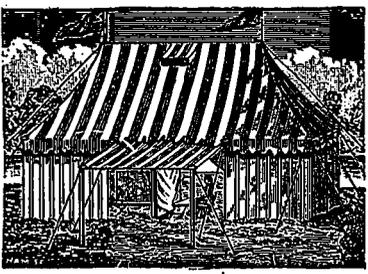


**NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT**

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of **Queen's Anti-Hairino, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.** Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of **LADIES** who have been annoyed with hair on their **FACE, NECK, AND ARMS** attest its merits. **GENTLEMEN** who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in **Queen's Anti-Hairino** which does away with Shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of **Queen's Anti-Hairino** \$1. per bottle, sent in safely mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address **QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O.** You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$500 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

**SPECIAL**—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of **Queen's Anti-Hairino**, we will present with a **SILK DRESS**, 16 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.  
 Home References.—The Lytle Safe & Lock Co., 245-150 Water St., J. D. Park & Sons Co., our Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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 MANUFACTURER OF  
**TENTS, AWNINGS AND FLAGS,**



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 Horse and Wagon Covers, Life Preservers.  
 Tents to rent. Different Grades of Canvas always on hand.  
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**W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, N. Y.**

MONTREAL, QUE., May 19th, 1892.  
 GENTLEMEN:—I received your parcel, per Canadian Express, containing the Silver Tea Service and am very much pleased with it. I shall have much pleasure in showing it to my friends. I have no doubt it will be an encouragement for them to solve some of your problems and increase the sale of your paper, **THE QUEEN.**  
 Yours respectfully,  
**G. POTTER.**

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Our "Big 5" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 P. M. and arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo the second morning, being but *one day out*, and this fast and popular train goes through Omaha.  
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 Our Colorado service is made perfect by this new **"ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED"** and the **"BIG 5,"** and gives to the travelling public two **PLACES DAILY.** Manitou passengers should consult the map and time tables of our line, to fully appreciate the advantages in time saved by taking this route, when on their summer vacation.  
**JOHN SEBASTIAN,**  
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**LADIES** Mail 7c stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust 5 inches, by using **"Emma's Bust Developer."** Guaranteed. 24 page illustrated catalogue for 6 cents. **EMMA T. HILLET RAZAR,** 274 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. Mention this paper.

BUFFALO, N. D., May 6th, 1892.  
 DEAR SIR:—I received the Berry Dish and am very much pleased with it. My friends who have seen it admire it very much. Please accept my thanks.  
 Yours,  
**ADA MILLER.**

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Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to THOS. RIDGEDALE, D. P. A., Wis. Cen. Lines, Toronto, Ont., or JAR. C. FOND, General Passenger Agent and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. 12-92

TORRESDALE, PA., May 7th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The special prize of genuine Diamond Ring in a solid gold setting which you awarded me, has been received. You desired my opinion of your journal and of your method of dealing with your patrons. I think THE CANADIAN QUEEN an interesting little journal. Please accept my thanks for sending the same.

Respectfully,  
MARY PARRY.



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NEW YORK, N. Y., May 8th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the elegant Diamond Ring awarded me as a special prize in the Moses Problem Contest. I think it very pretty, and will do all I can to promote the success of your valuable publication. Again thanking you, I am,

Respectfully,  
Mrs. E. A. Hussey.

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## A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.



This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of PEARLFOAM, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome Gold Watch to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of solid GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian or fifteen two-cent U.S. postage stamps for one package of Pearlfoam, before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked first which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the first prize, the balance in order as received. For the LAST correct answer we will also give a handsome Gold Watch; to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing 6 pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce Pearlfoam. Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to Pearlfoam, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of \$100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used Pearlfoam cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearlfoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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