

# CANADIAN

# HOME JOURNAL

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## In the Glow.

By Meriani.

**S**TANDING in my lofty room, looking through the partly frosted glass down upon the alluring shining ice covering the harbor below the hill, everything without cried to me, "Come away, come away for a skate in the keen bright air," and my brother, uniting his voice with the many voices of the wind, called me also away from my reverie.

What an enticing surface the glossy ice presented, and how we wheeled and whirled and curved upon it while the laughing blood made merry in our veins.

With one backward glance at the dear home upon the hill, we vanished out of the harbor and clung along the northern shore of the bay, that we might add to the pleasures of the glistening ice, the sight of overhanging trees and rocks, and view closely the pretty little falls here and there making their way over the high banks, gurgling beneath frozen coverings and sometime bursting through the icy shell which tried vainly to bind them.

In and out of pretty coves we went, and on rounding one point we saw two youthful figures skating towards us.

Hand in hand these two were gliding. She a slight girl with crisp sun-lit hair waving about fur-covered shoulders, and caught here and there with frost crystals, — a pure face bright with health, and sweet eyes lifted to the face above her. And the way the youth looked down from his greater height into her fair face, told the pretty love tale, without a word.

We gave them a nod of a greeting and passed on unwilling to disturb so pretty a winter idyl. We carelessly followed their tracks upon the ice, easily discernible along the unfrequented shore; and they led us unto a beautiful frozen fall among cedars, before which the lovers had passed, and here their tracks came close together. The cedar leaves on either side were coated thickly with frozen foam. I went ashore and gathered several sprays, but they proved ephemeral, for the morning following I had nothing left of the waxen things but the green cedar leaves; the mild air in my study being death to their white beauty.

In the next cove, from over the height came

prancing, two merry falls, sparkling and glaring at the top where the sun caught them. After gazing I know not how long, I was recalled to the present by my brother's voice suggesting tea time so we turned reluctantly from the beauty and skated homeward.

And now everything was transformed in the red glow. The eastern slope, scarcely touched with snow, looked like bronze velvet, and excepting that here and there was a patch of white, the scene might have been mistaken for an October one. As the sun sank lower the glow grew richer,

the rocks our youth and maiden were again to be seen. They had loitered about the coves and were late returning.

### Victoria Club Carnival.

The carnival given by the Victoria Skating Club in February was the most brilliant ice function that has taken place for many seasons.

Toronto is not a city of winter carnivals; these gayeties belong rather to Montreal and Quebec, where the weather is more reliable.

Who, of those fortunate enough to attend, will forget Quebec's carnival of three winters ago? It stands out among memory's pictures, as vividly as does that wonderful summer carnival — the beautiful White City of Chicago. The snow-piled fortress hill, the grey old houses, the tin roofs ashine with ice, the hilly roadways down which pedestrians slipped and rolled as best they might; the wild east wind and gusty blinding snow storm; the ice statues, gay toboggans, and glittering ice palace — the rollicking glistening picturesque wintriness of it all is something long to be remembered.

And then the skating carnival — how vividly it was recalled by the pretty scene at the Victoria rink, — the crowded galleries, the gay music, the mass of color, and kaleidoscope of graceful swinging movement.

First came the march — a delightful marshalling, and then the seductive waltzes, — the Victoria Club can certainly boast of finished skaters, — and afterwards came the gay motley that makes time and

place truly carnival and realistic.

The costumes were most effective. "Two Little Girls in Blue" — as bonnie as Canada's little maidens may be — chattered with a shroud but amiable Uncle Sam. A "Christmas Tree" — a dark eyed beauty, all in soft white, with a wee shapely evergreen for coiffure; swept by under the care of *le militaires*, a sardonic Mephisto took care of a little "Red Witch" all wound with serpents; an unusually energetic Policeman arrested every one in turn, and Folly danced delightfully.

The glitter and gayety, color and soft sound wove themselves in to the sweet meshes of the music, — and the night was an epitome of fairest winter mirth.



until the limbs of the already golden willows, bordering pretty points, seemed to have been dipped in a sea of red, and frozen a magical glistening color, while upon one height a picturesque grey old castle with out-lying dusky pines, gave added touch of artistic grace.

We were not yet done with pictures for on entering the harbor we saw an iceboat, its white sails reddened, and boys chasing each other, their steel skates gleaming, while overhead sailing in its haughty height, a great grey eagle caught the sun upon his wings.

We loosened our skates and climbed our own dear hill, and looking from a lofty south-western window saw the crossed wires above the village hanging from building to pole and from pole to building again, like a giant spider web frosted with reddened dew; while beneath climbing up



### Teachers' Salaries.

THE question of teachers' salaries in the Toronto public schools comes up with unfailing regularity upon the election of every new School Board, until it is looked upon as a wolf cry by the parties concerned.

In the present instance, however, it seems to have reached an acute stage which may indicate action in the early future.

The question is an exceedingly difficult one. The present method of grading salaries is not perfect; indeed it is open to grave defects, but whether any of the methods of reform proposed would be an improvement is extremely problematic. Under the present system a teacher is paid by length of service—except she be a principal—and without regard to merit. But it must be remembered that her salary is commensurate with a very moderate merit only.

A teacher—any teacher in the Toronto public schools, be she good or indifferent, and of course a certain standard of merit is insisted upon—must be in the employ of the board for fifteen years before she receives the maximum salary of twelve dollars per week; and after that if she teaches fifteen years more her salary remains the same.

There are very few young men of equal social and educational standing who would be content to be told on entering a business firm that if they served faithfully for fifteen years they would reach an income of \$12 per week, and there remain.

The chief weakness of the present system is not that it pays too much to poor teachers, whose work it is worth a place in our schools at all is surely worth eight or ten dollars per week, but that it shuts the chief stimulus from experienced teachers, who, beginning work at eighteen or twenty, are in the prime of their value and vigor at thirty-five.

Regarding the system proposed, the insuperable difficulty is that of correctly gauging a teacher's merit from reports, especially reports made by the principal.

With all due acknowledgments to the sincere and able principals in the Toronto schools, it is a fact well known by trustees, inspectors, as well as by the teaching staff, that there are teachers in the schools to-day who are in advance of many of the principals in method, discipline, teaching ability, and power of character.

Are the principals in a position to report correctly concerning these?

Again, the routine of school life is prejudicial in effect upon many men. They grow narrow, petty, dogmatic. There are constant little frictions and jars occurring between teachers and such principals which prevent fair or just views of each other.

Again, can the principals report justly in such a case?

These are not suppositions but facts, and must be borne in mind in the endeavor to adopt an equitable salary scheme.

If the inspectors only are called upon to do the reporting: there are two inspectors and about six hundred classes. Making six visits per day, they would see each teacher about four times in the year.

Would that be sufficient to enable them to gauge the teacher's work with sufficient degree of fineness to decide whether she should have \$24 (the yearly rate of increase) added to or taken from her slender salary?

We have no plan to propose, but are simply indicating points to be most carefully guarded.

And there is one thing to remember: the teacher's best guarantee of worth lies in his or her character. It is that which will educate her pupils and lead them out and up; it is that which will influence them toward the things which are true and lovely and of good report.

Let the school board devise some measure, if it can, that will gauge the character of the teachers, and the question of \$25, less or more, will disappear.

### Women Miners.

IN mine promoting and developing, and also in mine brokerage, women of good business ability may prove equally as successful as in investment.

\* \* \*

During the month of February we have had a woman mining broker in Toronto in the person of Miss Leigh Spencer.

Miss Spencer has an office in Nanaimo, B.C., and is well known throughout the mining country as an authoritative and successful broker. She came east early in February to dispose of mining stocks, and will visit Montreal and probably Ottawa before her return.

Miss Spencer combines a genial and marked personality with exceptional business ability. She is largely interested in a number of mines, and may be considered an authority upon the subject.

Naturally, she has a number of women among her clientele.

"I usually advise women to invest in developed properties," she says, "a list of which can always be found in the papers. Prospecting companies are a greater risk.

"I do not care to sell women low-priced stocks. One came to me recently and wanted to invest \$100 in three-cent stocks. Her sole idea was to get as many shares as she could for the money. I told her I hadn't any to sell her, and gave her some advice on the point, but she went away to find three-cent stocks of any kind. But if a woman is silly enough to offer herself for plucking in this manner, she must not be surprised to find herself shorn.

"Although I have hundreds of women come to me desiring to invest, I neither solicit their custom nor in any way urge the investment. They invariably have sought me voluntarily in person or by letter. Men brokers are usually able to say the same thing.

"A clear headed business woman is perfectly capable of going into mining in any department. And it is nothing new that she should handle stocks well.

"I am personally acquainted with an English lady of means who has entire control of a very valuable property in the Slocan district. She intends employing a practical foreman and will develop the property herself, with the financial assistance of two or three other Englishmen. She has also invested profitably in city property in B.C., and is a silent partner in a paying enterprise other than mining in the same province.

"I am also acquainted with another woman who by a fortunate investment of \$120 some time ago in the Kootenay, has now a property worth \$17,000, from which she draws dividends at regular intervals.

"This of course is an exceptional case. But that women of good business tact can secure valuable mining properties is proved by a recent instance of a woman I know out West. Her husband being incapacitated by ill-health, she turned her attention to mining matters and secured a valuable property, the sale of which is now being negotiated at a large figure in England.

"My advice to a woman investor may be summed up in a few words:—

"Let her make up her mind what she can afford to lose, that is, what she can lose without crippling her resources.

"If she has men friends of good business standing let her consult them.

"Let her look to the standing of her broker and directorate.

"If the advertisements of a company are very flaring and extensive, if the officers are salaried, if expenditure is lavish, women would be wise to remember that these moneys come out of the shareholders' pockets. Companies that are solid and desirous of developing, husband their resources.

"If a woman investor selects a good company

and reputable broker, and scatters her money, she is not likely to lose even if she does not make a profit. But if she is really anxious not to lose, it is wise to sell half her stock when it doubles in price and recoup her expense, leaving the remainder invested."

Miss Spencer believes that the mining boom is only beginning. A residence of several years in the mining districts of British Columbia has wrought in her a belief that the mining resources of that country are practically untouched as yet.

It is not a question whether women should invest or not. They are investing more extensively every week. This month a large number of letters have been received by Toronto brokers from women in the United States who desire to invest.

After careful note we are able to assert that brokers of good standing use their best judgment in advising women investors.

### Victorian Order of Home Helpers.

IN accordance with Her Majesty's expressed desire, the various schemes adopted throughout the Empire to commemorate her sixtieth year of reign will take philanthropic form.

While many municipalities will devise a local memorial, it seems eminently fitting that a national memorial should also be raised in each kingdom and colony of the Empire—one worthy of the splendid event we celebrate, and also fitting tribute to the tender womanliness that belongs to our most gracious Sovereign Lady.

The scheme devised by the Countess of Aberdeen, and which is explained in detail on another page, is one that combines both these characteristics, and as such is worthy of being adopted as the national scheme of Canada.

A somewhat similar work is carried on in a small way in Toronto in the Nursing at Home Mission, and those who have practical knowledge of its value to the sick poor, realize best the splendid possibilities of such a work on a larger scale, and in our sparsely populated districts.

Next to our heroic pioneers themselves, only those who have travelled in the new lands of Canada realize the vast need of such aid.

It is not our purpose to go into detail concerning this need. But one strong reason may be urged to make this a national scheme—that in the establishment of such a nursing order and its effective working, pioneer life would lose half its terrors, and many families be thereby induced to move into the great waiting places of our country.

Concerning the cost of the scheme: If it be accepted as a national scheme endorsed by Parliament, there will be no difficulty in raising the million dollars required, since every municipality will contribute its share. If an erroneous impression prevail that this splendid scheme is the fad of a few, the fund will be difficult to raise.

There should be a clear and definite understanding concerning it. No other proposal approaching it in suitability has been brought before the Canadian people. It should be accepted heartily and with rejoicing, inasmuch as it is for our own to aid our own. Yet it is also in many ways a fit memorial to lay at the feet of our Queen.

We might suggest here that the name chosen is somewhat cumbersome and lacks euphony. There is much in a name, especially in questions of popular appeal the 'Victorian Order of Nurses' would probably define the purpose of the scheme more clearly and be more easily understood by the people than the 'Victorian Order of Home Helpers.'



Miss Clara Brett Martin.

By Faith Fenton.

**F**EBRUARY 2nd of 1897, should be viewed as one of the red letter days in the calendar of Canadian women, since it marked the admission to the Canadian bar of the first woman lawyer, in the person of Miss Clara Brett Martin.

It was a very brief ceremony, so brief and simple that it attracted little attention, and few were present to witness it. Only an ordinary meeting of benchers consisting of perhaps a dozen well known lawyers, in one of the Osgoode Hall courts; only a couple of candidates to be formally "called" to the bar; a few formal oaths to be taken and a book to be signed, that was all. The ceremony had been repeated a hundred times in the past, until it had become commonplace; but on this day it was marked by an unprecedented event—one of the candidates was a woman.

She stood, a tall and slender Portia, in black gown and white tie, with fair uncovered head; she recited the oaths clearly, and affixed her signature with steady hand, then walked quietly out, a fully credentialled lawyer, qualified to practice and plead at the Ontario bar.

A simple ceremony of a truth, but it marked the victorious close of a long struggle against prejudice and selfishness; it signalled another barrier down, and another profession open to Canadian women.

It is six years since Miss Martin having taken her B.A. degree notified the benchers of her desire to enter as a law student. Naturally these conservative gentlemen were considerably disturbed at this unusual request. They took nine months to consider the matter, and then notified the young lady that they had not the power to grant her request, since the regulations did not admit the enrolment of women.

Nothing daunted, Miss Martin began working among the members of the Ontario Parliament, and succeeded so far in enlisting their sympathies that in 1892 a bill permitting benchers to admit women was brought in, fought fiercely over, and carried by majority of one.

Next came the difficulty of finding a firm that would take her as articled clerk; that was accomplished in 1893, when she entered the office of Messrs. Mulock, Miller, Crowther & Montgomery.

Then followed three years of struggle and annoyances too petty to be put on record, but none the less real.

The young woman student resolutely endured and closed her lips upon all complaining; but from the male students themselves we have gathered something of what she has borne, in sneers, in lack of courtesy, if not actual rudeness; in the unnecessary emphasis upon certain lecture points; in the thousand ways that men can make a woman suffer who stands among them alone. In those three years she met with courtesy from the true gentlemen, as a woman always does; but there were others, who resented her entrance into law as one poaching on choice preserves, and these were something less than kind.

But the bill of 1892 permitted women to practice as solicitors only, which would limit their work and prevent them from pleading before a judge in high or county courts. Miss Martin desired full barristership. The Legislature had grown somewhat broader minded in the intervening time, and upon being again approached, a majority of thirty-seven authorized the benchers to call women to the bar as full-fledged barristers.

Miss Martin was ready, but the benchers were

not. They postponed, they delayed, they discussed and argued behind closed doors.

Sir Oliver Mowat was won over, and gave her his strong influence; Hon. A. S. Hardy followed. Miss Martin enlisted the active service of many sympathizers; and influence was brought to bear upon the benchers through influential clients. Her case came up seven times during the last six months of the year. Rather interesting those star-chamber discussions must have been. Benchers, unwilling to commit themselves, and equally unwilling to offend profitable clients, failed to attend.

When a question reaches a point necessitating the absence of opponents from its discussion, the cause may be considered won.

It was fulfilled in this instance, and Miss Martin's choicest Christmas gift was the notification received in late December, 1896, that she could present herself to be formally admitted to the Ontario bar on February second.

"What apology does Miss Martin offer for de-

women into the field of medicine, it were the height of inconsistency to debar her from entering law on plea of sex.

Again it were equally absurd to argue that there is no demand for her in the profession. The supply will in this instance create the demand. And a woman is needed wherever she can make a place for herself. There is plenty of room for woman in law, for the whole law as it affects women is her field. Miss Martin purposes making an especial study of law as it relates to woman, concerning her individual responsibilities, her estates, her children, her citizenship.

And yet again there is almost as great a need of consulting woman lawyers as consulting woman physicians. A lawyer must receive confidences, must advise and act for his clients, and in many instances a woman clothed with legal authority can do this for other women better than one of the opposite sex. The confidences she receives will be less reserved, her advice and action, therefore, more assured.

Concerning that bogie that has so disturbed the male legal fraternity—the vision of a woman pleading in court; could anything be more fitting than that one woman should plead the cause of another, guarding her interests, defending her name, and doing her utmost to obtain justice, or it may be mercy?

It is a beautiful vision to some of us, who believe that with the entrance of women into the public courts the atmosphere thereof will become purified, and a more wholesome air obtain, even in a breach of promise case.

Miss Martin is an attractive and earnest woman, with youth, sincerity and an indomitable perseverance and splendid brain to help her in this chosen path of work, which she is the first of her sex to tread in Canada. Her steps are sure to be well planted, her pace steadily advancing, and others will follow more easily in the way she has so bravely opened.

It is not merely the duty, but the privilege of Canadian women to give her every support possible, by their endorsement, influence and patronage, and the legal work belonging to Canadian women's organizations should be placed in her hands.

The firm of Shilton, Wallbridge & Co., are to be congratulated on their clear-sightedness in securing Miss Martin, since they can now claim to be the only Canadian law firm that contains a duly qualified woman as an active member. It is now entitled Shilton, Wallbridge & Martin.

Although only called to the bar on Feb. 2nd., Miss Martin appeared in her first case—one in commercial law—on Feb. 23rd, before Judge Morson, and won for her client, which she may take as an omen of her future career.

The best sacrifice a woman can make during Lent is the sacrifice of evil passions, malice, cruelty and jealousy. And to do this she should fill her days with sympathy and service of the poor, the outcast and the sinful.

Lent brings fruit when it is accepted as a time for meditation, for the celebration of the life of Christ and its striking events and when it brings consecration to loftier ideas.

Dr. Eaton recommends the following little poem as good food for Lenten meditation.

"No; 'tis a fast to dote  
Thy sheaf of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soul.  
It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate;  
To circumsise thy life,  
To show a heart grief-ent  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin,  
And that's to keep thy Lent."



Miss Clara Brett Martin.

siring to enter law?" asked one of the benchers, severely during the earlier discussions.

No apology whatever, most august sir, but the right of a clear vocation.

"I would rather read and study law than do anything else in the world," she remarked, in the course of a quiet chat that took place after her admission. "I chose it because I like it, because it invites me as nothing else does. That perhaps has been the source of my persistent efforts."

To accept women in medicine and refuse them in law on the ground of sex difficulties, is absurd.

What unpleasant moral and material conditions have the latter to encounter, as compared with the former? Besides, a woman lawyer has choice in the matter of accepting or rejecting cases; a woman physician has little or none. She must go where she is called, for she deals with the issues of life and death.

A woman lawyer has no need to conduct a breach of promise case, but a woman physician must deal with the sad results of such cases whether she chooses or not. Having admitted



## Among Our Books.

MATINS.



As the gleam of yellow arrests the mind's eye, so such a volume as "Matins," by Frances Sherman, arrests the attention of the literary world; for the glint of pure gold shines in a majority of the fifty little poems given by this young poet as his first work to the public.

The attitude of the writer towards nature and humanity, the easy sweep of measure, the simple yet picturesque style, the free, descriptive touch and fine choice of phrase, and higher still, that nameless something which all true poets must have—the high inner vision that contains, even while it transcends, human passion; these are the presences in "Matins" which give us pause, and make us recognize that Canada has indeed another young poet of large possibilities.

We have neither room nor inclination for extended criticism, but quote a few of the choice bits that have given us pleasure.

Here are lines culled from one of the longer poems, a lovely little thing, entitled "The Rain," descriptive of the effect of spring rain upon the frozen river:

See where the shores even now were firmly bound  
The slowly widening water showeth black,  
As from the fields and meadows all around  
Come rushing over the dark and snowless ground  
The foaming streams!  
Beneath the ice the shoulders of the tide  
Lift, and from shore to shore, a thin blue crack  
Starts, and the dark, long-hidden water gleams,  
Glad to be free.  
And now the uneven rift is growing wide;  
The breaking ice is fast becoming gray.

And this of rain in autumn:

Have ye not lain awake the long night through  
And listened to the falling of the rain  
On fallen leaves, withered and brown and dead?  
Have none of you,  
Hearing its ceaseless sound, been comforted  
And made forgetful of the day's live pain?

Here are stanzas in "The Builder" worthy of Browning:

Here, moreover, thou shalt find  
Strange, delightful, far-brought things:  
Dulcimers, whose tightened strings,  
Once, dead women loved to touch;  
(Deeming they could mimic much  
Of the music of the wind.)

Heavy candlesticks of brass;  
Chess-men carved of ivory;  
Mass-books written perfectly  
By some patient monk of old;  
Flacons wrought of thick, red gold,  
Set with gems and colored glass.

We must content ourselves with one other,  
"The Foreigner," which we give in full:

He walked by me with open eyes,  
And wondered that I loved it so;  
Above us stretched the gray, gray skies:  
Behind us, foot-prints on the snow.

"Matins," by Frances Sherman; Copeland & Day, Boston, William Briggs, Toronto.  
"Women Who Win," by William Thayer; T. Nelson & Sons, London, Copp, Clark, Toronto.  
"Phroso," by Anthony Hope. Copp, Clark, Toronto.

The branches of each silent tree  
Bent downward for the snow's hard weight  
Was pressing on them heavily;  
They had not known the sun of late.

(Except when it was afternoon,  
And then a sickly sun peered in  
A little while; it vanished soon  
And then they were as they had been.)

There was no sound (I thought I heard  
The axe of some man far away)  
There was no sound of bee, or bird,  
Or chattering squirrel at its play.

And so he wondered I was glad.  
—There was one thing he could not see;  
Beneath the look these dead things had  
I saw Spring eyes agaze at me.

## WOMEN WHO WIN.

Our woman's book of the month is entitled "Women who Win," a companion volume to "Men who Win," and by the same author, William M. Thayer.

"Women who Win" is a group of readable and chatty sketches of the early lives of fifteen well-known and representative women, among whom are our own Queen Victoria, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Florence Nightingale, Frances Power Crabbe, Clara Barton, Elizabeth Fry and Frances Willard.

The sketches are written with the view of showing the formative influences upon each life, the inherited traits, early environments and experiences which combined to make these women winners in their chosen vocations. Without any especial pretension to literary style, the author has made each sketch interesting by his judicious selection of material, and although the life histories of many of these women are as familiar tales in the literary world, yet we find ourselves turning the pages and reading them with renewed interest.

One thing worthy of note is the number whose early years were passed in straitened circumstances. Over and over again do these sketches prove that hardship and self-denial are the great soul-developing factors, and that the inheritance of poverty is better than riches to the intellectually gifted.

Mrs. Stowe wrote to add to her husband's extremely limited income; Dorothea Dix, the philanthropist, taught to assist her brothers and sisters; Louisa Alcott's heroic struggles with privation are sadly fresh in our memories; Jenny Lind's mother was unable to educate her child; Lucy Stone picked berries and chestnuts and sold them to lay up money for an education; Miss Willard taught and became self-supporting at an early age; thus the list continues.

There are a few exceptions—notably Britain's Sovereign—women who have won, not wealth, since that was theirs at first, but blessing and honor, through exalted character and work. But chiefly, these successful women's lives have begun in the self-denial, if not the privation, engendered by poverty.

The book with its readable brief biographies of famous women—some of whom are living presences, while others have passed so recently that we hear still the sweep of their garments—is stimulative for women and girls.

Yet as we close the volume and glance again at the title, a vision arises of the thousands and tens of thousands of "women who have won," whose epitaph, as pronounced by the world, has been "Failure."

Let us not mistake. These women whose names have become as household words are not the only Women who Win. It has been possible to measure something of their achievement, that is all.

The women who have won in the past, the women who are winning to-day, may be found in obscure homes and far away places. Their names may never be known outside the home walls; they may be all unlettered, even unloved; their lives may appear a pitiful waste, yet by heroic self-

denial, by holy sacrifice, by patient endurance and steadfast hope and love, these women also are conquerors; these are, in the grandest sense, women who win.

PHROSO.

A warp of romance woven with the sunshiny threads of the ridiculous, "Phroso" is as beneficial medicinally as a sea voyage or a ride over prairie stretches. There is spring, vigor, valor, sparkle, the activity of a healthy manliness on every page.

The author does not want to describe things; he takes the surroundings, the mental conditions, the whereases and wherefores, for granted, and drops into action with the first page. He does no character sketching either—in deliberate words. Yet the characters are sharply defined; they remain with us as distinct and amusing personalities after we lay down the book.

Then there is the crisp dialogue, the resource and the play of graceful humor; but it were late now to begin to analyze Anthony Hope.

Phroso opens with an amusing situation, one worthy of Hope—or Stockton and Haggard combined.

Lord Wheatley, a typical and enjoyable young Englishman, gratifies a long cherished whim, and buys an island from an impoverished Lord. The island is under control of the Turkish Government, and is situated in the Mediterranean.

'In fact, my dear Lord Wheatley,' said old Mason to me when I called on him in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 'the whole affair is settled. I congratulate you on having got just what was your whim. You are over a hundred miles from the nearest land—Rhodes, you see,' (he had a map before me) 'you are off the steamship track . . . You will have to fetch your letters.'

'I shouldn't think of doing such a thing,' I answered indignantly.

'Then you'll only get them once in three months. Neopalia is extremely rugged and picturesque. It is nine miles long and five broad; it grows cotton, wine, oil, and a little corn. The people are quite unsophisticated but very good hearted.'

'And,' said I, 'there are only three hundred and seventy of them, all told. I really think I shall do very well there.'

A day or two later Lord Wheatley meets the Turkish ambassador, in a London drawing room.

'You are the purchaser of Neopalia, aren't you?' he asked. 'The matter came before me officially.'

'Well, I'm sure I hope you'll settle in it comfortably.'

'Oh, I shall be all right, I know the Greeks very well, you see—been there a lot, and of course I talk the tongue because I spent two years hunting antiquities in the Morea and some of the islands.'

The Pasha stroked his beard, as he observed in a calm tone,

'The last time a Stefanopoulos (old lords of the island) tried to sell Neopalia, the people killed him, and turned the purchaser adrift in an open boat, with nothing on but his shirt.'

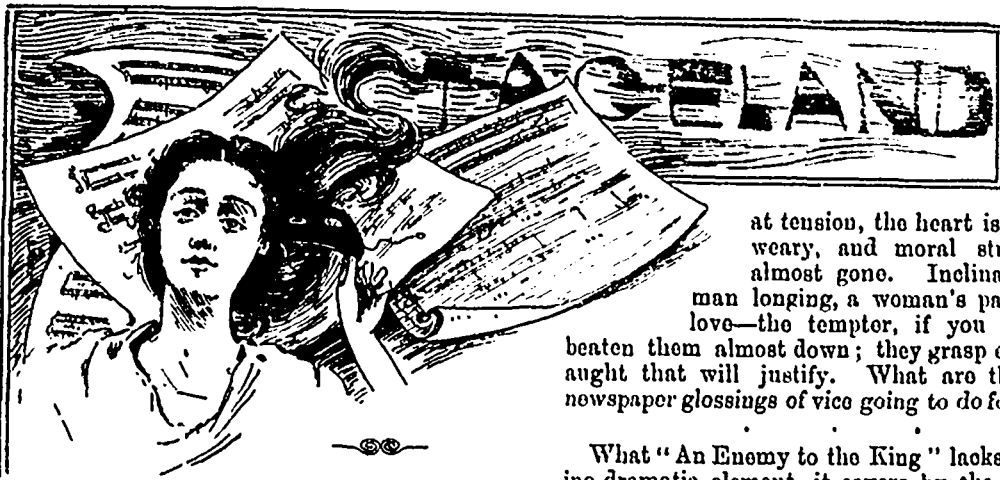
'Good heavens! Was that recently?'

'No! Two hundred years ago. But it's a conservative part of the world, you know,' and His Excellency smiled.

A sense of absurdity that gives humorous edge to the complicated situations, arises from the contrast between these two up-to-date young Englishmen with the London society atmosphere still lingering about them, and the two-hundred-years-ago mode of existence into which they are suddenly set down.

Yet another appealing touch is the note of patriotism woven incidentally into the thread of the tale. It is Englishman against Greek; British valor against Turkish craft, and British fair play throughout, until that last stirring, merry scene of the boat race, which it is difficult to read without throwing up our caps in a hearty hurrah. The Lady Phroso was worthy of the race, and of her dear lord, which is perhaps the highest compliment to be paid her. Anthony Hope's heroines are charming.

REVIEWER.



ON AN ACTRESS.

"Aye, she played rarely, though it had been played  
A hundred times, and some of more renown  
Have played it worse; but she bewitched the town  
Dowered with ethereal loveliness she swayed  
All hearts to love, while music lent soft aid;  
She moved, she spoke, and when she would, drew  
down  
Laughter unquenchable, the player's crown,  
Symbol that all her frolic rule obeyed.  
Aye, she played rarely; but myself who know  
What grief had gripped her in its chill embrace,  
Could hear dumb weeping in her words, and through  
Her every pose the anguished soul could trace,  
And pierce the frippery of art unto  
The pallor shining in her perfect face."

Yvette Guilbert has come and gone, and the cities she visited are the purer and saner by her departure.

Those who went to hear her are responsible only to themselves, or rather to that highest self which is the conscience of each. But the press which bestowed upon her columns of laudation holds a larger and graver responsibility, since its influence is unmeasured, and none can tell where its utterances shall fall, nor who shall weigh them.

There are many aspects possible anent this question of press responsibility; it contains germ matter for endless debates; but the issue in the case instanced is plain.

Yvette Guilbert is an artiste, and one of exceptional temperament—that goes almost without the saying, since otherwise she could neither have secured nor held public attention to the extent she has done.

Singers of indecent songs may be heard in New York at any time—if one goes low enough in search of them. Guilbert differed in that her songs were more indecent, and were sung with more artistic finish than any previously heard there—that was all.

Cover it as you will with fascinating verbiage, the fact remains that this French girl came from Paris halls, and made her reputation in New York by singing songs that even that city disallowed for their indecency, vulgarity and repulsiveness. That she sang them artistically was sufficient condonation in Paris; but in New York, for many months after her first appearance, it was considered *risque* for reputable women to attend her recitals.

The great city got used to it after a while; the Parisienne had imitators by the score who sang her songs, without her art, and New York simply shrugged. Yvette Guilbert has helped to lower even New York's lowest permissible standard.

Vice is never so dangerous as when it loses its grossness, and evil is never so insidious as when wrought in the tapestry of picturesque words.

Out in the country place, in village and town, there are women fighting silent inner battles—terrible battles—with honor and home sanctity urging on the one side, with a passion of love on the other. They have fought until every nerve is

at tension, the heart is sore and weary, and moral strength is almost gone. Inclination, human longing, a woman's passion for love—the temptor, if you will—has beaten them almost down; they grasp eagerly at aught that will justify. What are the pretty newspaper glossings of vice going to do for these?

What "An Enemy to the King" lacks in genuine dramatic element, it covers by the exquisite beauty of its scenic effects. Criticism is lulled in æsthetic content. The senses are absorbed in superb sunsets, purple shadows, the yellow glories of autumn leaves, soft trailing vines, sweet singing birds, exquisite forest scenes beneath sunlight and nightfall—an enchantment of natural beauty, in the absorption of which the weakness of the play is quite forgotten or overlooked. "By distracting people's attention, you can hoodwink them completely," says Miss Dougall's philosophic burglar in "Beggars All," and the truth holds good upon the stage, as elsewhere.

One of the best touches in the play is revealed incidentally by that charming actress, Mary Hampton. Her role of Mille. de Variora is that of a brave girl, a heroine, indeed. But the splendid courage that enables her, in the climactic act, to face death fearlessly, falters and vanishes before the toad that obtrudes itself upon the interview between her and her lover in the forest's depths. She takes refuge on a stump; and the lover's promise that he will kill the obtruder in return for a smile from his lady, wins, after repeated entreaties, a very wan and fictitious smile indeed.

To be vanquished by a toad, to face death in love-loyalty—it is a woman in truth.

James A. Herne, whose 'Uncle Nat' in 'Shore Acres,' has captured the hearts of the theatre-going public, recently lectured, or rather talked, to a charmed audience, from a Congregational pulpit, in a city across the line.

Among other interesting things, he asserted that the most sublime play he had ever seen was "The Passion," in which James O'Neil impersonated Christ.

This was the play, it will be remembered, which was produced in San Francisco, but prohibited from the New York stage, by the Mayor of that city.

There is a natural repugnance to the thought of the sacred drama becoming a theme for the stage, at least inasmuch as it involves the impersonation of the Divine Man as a central role; yet were it possible to have this holy play played holily, and approached reverently by both actors and audience, it is doubtful whether it could be surpassed as a spiritual force and impressment.

And such artists as James Herne, with his lofty conceptions, dignity of purpose, and finely sweet ideals, leads us to believe in the possibility.

Never had the gay finale of the first act of "Martha" a more tragic ending than that given it on the evening of February 11th, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, when Armand Castelmarty, the basso, fell upon the stage dead, as the curtain dropped to an applauding house.

Mons. Castelmarty played the role of *Tristano*, an old beau; who, as those familiar with the pretty little opera will remember, comes to the village fair in company with *Lady Enrichetta* and *Nancy*, and is tormented and laughed at by the village maidens.

Tristano acted and sang as excellently as usual—only excellence is tolerated at the Metropolitan Opera House. At the close of the act they danced about him in a teasing crowd; the old beau grasped his hair, forced his way through the maidens and fell, as though exhausted, upon a table which stood at the side of the stage. The curtain fell for the close of the scene, amid great applause at the basso's good acting; and at the moment of its dropping Castelmarty rose from the table and fell in the centre of the stage—dead.

At the opening of the second act it was announced that Mons. Castelmarty had been taken ill, and that an under-study had taken his place. The music rippled on; the maidens danced; the rich voices of de Reszke, Mantelli and Mario Engle rang out the sparkling music; the house sparkled and glittered, laughed and applauded. If the footlights looked a trifle dim to misty eyes upon the stage, if the merry choruses were caught here and there with a sob, those who listened were none the wiser; while within the little dressing room beyond the stage wings, the most brilliant singers in the opera world to-day bowed over their voiceless confre.

Some charming and informal evenings not known to the general public are those given by the recital and dramatic class conducted by Mr. H. Shaw, the well known teacher of expression.

Mr. Shaw leased the Bickford homestead last autumn, and during the past season the handsome and lofty drawing rooms have witnessed many pretty and interesting bits of private theatricals.

On one or two evenings of each week the students assemble to rehearse some portions of the various plays assigned them, and amid kindly laughter over natural mistakes and falterings, and much earnestness of purpose, some good and effective work is done.

On one such evening, for instance, the final scene from the "Merchant of Venice," a scene from the "Scarlet Letter," and one from "Pygmalion and Galatea," were rehearsed. Each scene was in different stages of preparation, and in the hands of students more or less advanced, which added to the interest.

The first was excellently rendered, a young Shylock and Portia doing work that would be accorded recognition on a public stage; the second was even more interesting, since in it Mr. Shaw, who possesses marked histrionic talent, assumed the role of Arthur Dimmesdale. The last scene revealed a splendid comedy gift in one little woman, but being a first rehearsal, ended in confusion, much laughter, and a provoked prompter.

At the close of each scene, Mr. Shaw gave profitable, pointed and brilliant little criticisms of the various roles—which were in themselves a revelation.

Mr. Shaw has an extensive acquaintance in the theatrical world, and frequently a member of some company at the Grand will come up after the play, his experiences adding to the interest of the evening.

On the evening in question it was Mr. Abbey, of the Roland Reed company—a prince of story tellers.

FAITH FENTON.



## The Ram Lamb.

By Adeline M. Teskey.

"**T**HAT there thing's no use," said Jake Bender roughly, giving an apparently lifeless lamb, which was stretched on the ground one cold April morning in a field adjoining the barnyard, a punch with his coarse boot, at the same time picking up clods to forcibly drive away the mother-sheep which was standing protectingly near her helpless young.

This remark was addressed to his wife who was standing near him with a shawl over her head and around her shoulders, she was out milking.

Jane Bender stood gazing down at the still breathing lamb as her husband walked into the barnyard shoving the reluctant old mother sheep before him. Something in its forlorn appearance touched her, and stooping she gathered it into her arms, wrapped it warmly around with her thread-bare shawl, and started for the house.

To a superficial observer Jane Bender was not a beautiful sight as she strode across the corner of the stubble-field, a short cut toward home. She bent forward as she walked, her skirt was short to "git quit o' the mud," her cow-hide boots, their laces tied in a large bow-knot at the top of each boot, were plainly visible beneath the short skirt, and her faded shawl, which enfolded the shivering lamb, was drawn tightly down around a thin weather-beaten face. But the fact was she was more like an angel at that moment than most women—if angels are ministering spirits. Her husband coming out of the barn, seeing the lamb gone; looked after her and said angrily, "There she be agin, wastin' her time over that there half-dead lamb, which aint no good fur nothin'. I oughter know! She be always a-coddlin' over some lame hen, or sick chicken, or—or somethin'!" While she, as she looked down at the lamb in her arms with a great tenderness in her eyes, said to herself: "Ho be gittin' harder 'nd harder every day. . . . If I had tuk Silas Mawer he'd had a kind heart." And she heaved a little sigh for the lover she had discarded years before, when her choice fell upon Jake Bender.

She went on with the lamb to the house, and placed it carefully on an old piece of blanket behind the stove. Then she warmed some milk, and put a couple of teaspoonfuls down the lamb's throat, and went on to strain her milk.

When Jake came in he gave a contemptuous look at the lamb behind the stove saying, "that there thing aint good fur nothin', I oughter know," and he would have given it another punch with his big boots, if his wife had not anticipated him and protected it with her hand.

After a few hours of warmth and nourishment the lamb was persuaded to open its eyes on the world again, by noon it could raise its head, and by night it could stand on its feet. In two or three days Jane considered it well enough to take back to the old sheep. But, strange to relate, the maternal instincts of the latter seemed to have taken flight, and she refused to own her offspring. So the lamb was thrown completely upon the tender mercies of its benefactor. Jane carried it back to the house, and, under the constant protest and scorn of Jake, began a daily attendance upon it. It grew in beauty,



and when it was two months old Jane christened it Dandy.

About this time, Jake seeing he had not succeeded in stopping his wife, and hating to be thwarted, threatened to kill Dandy, as spring lamb brought a high price.

Jane was aghast at the proposition; for the lamb by this time had become a pet, and for fear her husband would carry his threat into execution some morning before she was up, found an old padlock and fastened the small pen in which Dandy was kept, and carried the key on a twist string around her neck.

During the summer, by some happy chance, a prize-list of Canada's great industrial fair fell into Jane's hand. She was looking through it when her eyes fell on the following: "Best Ram Lamb fifteen dollars." That instant she conceived the idea of taking Dandy to the fair.

There could not be a better surely than he. Why should he not win the fifteen dollars?

She would tell Jake nothing about it, but would at once begin to save up money from her eggs and butter, to pay expenses.

As the time drew near, Jake, one evening when he was at a neighbor's, heard a whisper of what his wife intended doing. He cogitated about it as he walked home. "She wont do it when the time comes," he said aloud, after some meditation, "She's too skury. She never went anywhere alone in her life, let alone Toronto. An' I wont go with her," and he chuckled triumphantly at the thought. "She aint a-goin' to come it over me that that there lamb is good fur anything. I said once fur all 'that there lamb aint good fur nothin', an' I oughter know.' But he waited in vain for his wife to ask him to go.

It was with much quaking of heart that Jane Bender began to make preparations to take the lamb to the Fair herself, but she was buoyed up all the time by the determination to let Jake see that Dandy was good for something.

Dandy was a little unmanageable at times, as all pet lambs of the male persuasion are apt to be, and Jane was obliged to go herself, and lead him by a cord, for not a step would he walk for anyone else.

On the afternoon of the last day of entry she had the satisfaction of seeing him proud and haughty standing within one of the fair ground's pens.

He was a beauty, and she did not see how the judges could fail to see it. She had washed him to almost spotless whiteness, and tied a blue ribbon around his neck.

He was a saucy, petted fellow, and had a manner of holding up his head and looking fearlessly at the people, which gave him quite an air of superiority beside the other sheep who were huddled in groups, looking frightened and drooping.

The sheep had to be in September 3rd, but were not judged until September 7th.

Jane spent every intervening day on the fair-ground, most of the time looking at Dandy; her nights she spent with Almiry Jones, a niece who lived in the city. She carried her lunch with her, and sat on some retired seat in the grounds, timid and scared, and munched the bread and butter Almiry gave her, with some of her own home-made cheese.

She was away eating her lunch when the judges went around, and when she came back to see Dandy he proudly bore the red ticket tied to his blue ribbon.

It was the proudest moment of Jane's life, she would have jumped up and down for joy, old and all as she was, if it hadn't been there were so many men around.

As it was, as soon as their backs were turned, she contented herself with giving Dandy a good hug through his bars, while she whispered in his ears, "I alwus knew it."

The next day the vanquished Jake received the following postal card, the first Jane ever wrote:—

"Mister Jacob Bender,—Dandy's tuk the first prize.

"JANE BENDER."

## The Black Patti.

IT seemed at first glance as though an ebony statue had come to life, and was moving down the hotel parlor with the graceful undulating carriage peculiar to Southern women, for the Black Patti had chosen on this morning of my call to give emphasis to her color by robing entirely in black clinging gown of soft dull fabric, a little cape with silken throat ruffings; hair a heavy dusky black with slightest touch of curl, coiled closely about a prettily-shaped head; lustrous eyes, and skin deeply and frankly dark;—it was certainly effective in its accentuation, and a marked contrast to her appearance on the evening previous. Then she stood before the footlights in the Toronto Opera House, in a modern Parisian gown of white satin, in whose faultlessly fitting bodice shone a few beautiful jewels; the dusky face was paled with stage "make-up," and the plump arms concealed by long silken gloves. As far as gowning was concerned she might have been the real Patti



The Black Patti.

or Albani. Yet I liked the Black Patti of the black robe and the morning, best.

We were old friends and we chatted pleasantly together. Madam Jones has a modest and attractive personality.

It is over four years since the prima donna paid her first visit to Canada and Toronto, and she has spent most of the long interval abroad in London, Paris, in Germany, and in Italy also. In each place her songs were rendered in the language of the country.

She met with most cordial receptions everywhere, but her especial favor is given to Paris. "If I were rich," she says, "I would go to live in Paris always. It is so bright, so delightful."

Madam Jones is a native of Virginia, although her present home is in Providence, R. I. She is happily married, and her husband, a quiet and pleasant young mulatto gentleman, travels with her.

She is only twenty-seven years old, although she has been singing ever since she was a child.

"My voice is inherited, I think," she said. "Both my father and mother were sweet singers."

It is a voice clear and powerful, with extensive range. The low notes are very sweet, although the higher ones ring somewhat hard. The articulation is perfect. But greater than these is the dramatic temperament suggested rather than revealed beneath a quiet, concert exterior.

Madam Jones has a splendid collection of medals and jewels given her by her own people, especially during a South American trip made just before coming to Canada four years ago.

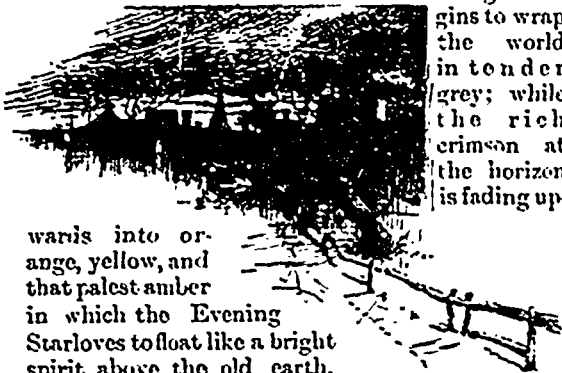




**W**HEN Autumn casts her gorgeous robes one by one, and the trees are left stripped and untrammelled to fight the winter blasts, as a ship hauls in her canvas at the approach of a tempest, she does not leave the trees thus bereft wholly without charm. Rising erect and graceful against the deep blue of the sky with its great soft white clouds, there is something inexpressibly lovely about them; something that we did not get when summer was at its height, and they were clad in the cool delicious green which is so grateful to the eye, when the streets lie palpitating in the glare and heat of noonday; something we did not get when they cast their weird shimmering lights and shadows upon the pavements while the moon drenched them with light and the gentle winds stirred restlessly in the leaves.

Now we see the delicate lines and curves which mean so much in nature; the branches and twigs to which the myriad leaves clung through wind and shower, making shelter for little feathered creatures and insects who fluttered away with the leaves. They are like beautiful human forms; clad after the custom of mortals, they are a delight to the eye with their hidden though suggested lines; but lovely and pure as God made them, they are the supreme work of His hands. And next to this love for the "human form divine" surely comes our admiration for trees, those forest people "with green heads" which make the world so fair a place for mortals to dwell in.

And just at this season, when at evening the sun has dropped "below the verge," and before twilight begins to wrap the world in tender grey; while the rich crimson at the horizon is fading up-



wards into orange, yellow, and that palest amber in which the Evening Star loves to float like a bright spirit above the old earth, there is no more beautiful sight in life than the trees in their naked loveliness against this background of exquisite color. And this delight is ours, evening after evening, without money and without price.

It is only to step out into our streets—and our westward streets—and follow their long lines that vanish into the sunset, against which tower or spire or dome stands out in dark beauty; the trees, with every branch and twig traced in lovely detail, take on a new sorcery; indeed, the things which we regard as utterly prosaic in the broad search light of day become enchanted. The old city dump carts rumbling along, their big red wheels and blue boxes toned down with sprinklings of ashes and drawn by heavy horses, whose harness is lit here and there with bits of brass; the trolley, cyclop-like, rushing past with clang and flash; these things surely become unreal, mysterious, picturesque things at twilight. Even the telegraph poles with their tall crosses succumb to the magic and the street becomes a *via rinatium*.

As we pass further on, the colors fade in the far west and the electric light leaps mysteriously and silently from one great globe to another—the

Evening Star throbs and glows at the approach of darkness and the lesser stars begin to "swarm like bees," there is a sound of many feet on the pavements, the toilers going home; voices fall clearly and softly on the still air and Night restful and calm falls carressingly upon the weary old earth; and the trees like sentinels keep watch with the stars.



—NEMO.

### HOW WE KILLED THE RAT.

By Florence Stuart Garston.

**O**UR house had long been infested with rats. We had poisoned them, caught them in traps, and, in fact, tried every known manner of exterminating them, still they courageously refused to leave us.

One old fellow of immense size and remarkable boldness, just lived in our kitchen, ate our provisions, and ran across our feet, until he became known to all as *the rat*.

The audacity he exhibited was surprising. If discovered in the pantry gnawing a choice cake left thoughtlessly uncovered, he would look calmly at us out of glittering black eyes, nor attempt to run, unless we made a dash at him—which the female portion of the household never did. We generally called for father or rushed for the hired man, and by the time either arrived the old fellow was gone.

It is my belief that he knew the names of every one in the household, and regulated his movements accordingly.

If we opened a door suddenly at night, we saw his eyes gleaming from some dark corner; once we found him coiled in mother's wooden rocker.

Jenny called him the Ancient Mariner, which fitted him and his effect upon us so well that it was generally adopted.

All efforts to catch or to kill him proved futile, and we began to feel that this was a plague that we were obliged to endure.

One evening, however, our youngest sister came running in. "Oh, mother," she cried, "come quick; the rat is in the bag of flour in the pantry." Whereupon we all rushed to the spot in eager haste.

Father was away and there was only mother and we three girls at home, so before we entered the pantry it was thought better to decide on some plan of action, lest we scare the rat and let him escape. First we decided that the flour which was in the bag would have to be sacrificed. There was not very much, but "enough for a good batch of bread," said mother, mournfully. "However, he's in it now, so it will have to be thrown out, anyway."

"Well," said Jenny, the discoverer, "he won't be in it."

"No," said mother, "that's true. One of you girls go in and gather up the mouth of the bag and hold it tight, till I get something to hit it with."

"Go on, Jenny," said I, "you found him." But Jenny flatly refused.

"Well, Mary, you go."

"I won't," said Mary, "you know I'm scared to death of rats; go yourself, if you are so mighty brave."

"Girls," said mother, "one of you go at once and hold that bag. Do you suppose that rat is going to sit there all day waiting to be caught?"

So, as neither of the others showed any signs of relenting, I pushed the door open gently and peeped in.

Sure enough, there he was. Although it was getting dusk, I could see his huge body bulging out one side of the bag.

I cautiously reached out and gathered it into my hands, when he gave a lunge over to the other side. Jenny gave a scream and, slamming the door shut, held it fast.

"You little coward," I called, "open that door this minute. You would not care if he ate me alive, so long as you were safe yourself."

Jenny opened the door, and, though she looked rather ashamed, did not venture inside until she had glanced into every corner.

By this time mother had hunted up the hammer, which was, she said, the only thing she felt sure was hard enough to kill him with one blow.

"For," she said, "I don't want to torture the poor thing. I'd like to kill it the first time I hit it. Here, suppose you hit it and let me hold the bag."

We were about to make the exchange when Mary broke in, "Look here, if you go changing around like that you'll let it out; you had better tie a string around the mouth of the bag, for he's sure to run up that way when you go to hit him."

I hadn't thought of that possibility and was very glad of the suggestion, though of course I did not say so.

Mary was soon on hand with about five yards of good stout string, we used it all and tied it



in a good many knots. Then we were ready for the execution.

"Better light a lamp, Jenny."

"Now then, all ready; hit hard, mother."

"Yes, for goodness' sake don't miss him."

Mother raised her arm to strike, then drew back. "Dear me," she said, "the handle to the hammer seems so short, I have to get so near it, to the rat, I mean," she added.

"Better take a stick of wood," said Jenny. So off she went to the woodshed to find one. She brought back the longest one she could find, a regular saw-log in size.

"It's funny he keeps so still," said Jenny.

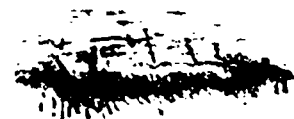
"Stupid, he's too frightened to move," said Mary.

"Now, girls," said mother, "get out of the way, put the lamp where I'll get a good strong light, and," to me, "whatever you do, don't let go of the end of the bag."

She gathered all her strength, raised the stick as high as possible and it fell with a force which ought to have killed an ox.

There was a crash and a shriek from the girls, and mother had literally smashed to atoms our old blue tea cup, which someone had used to dip up flour, and dropped into the bag.

FLORENCE STUART GARSTON.



## IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. JEAN JOY.

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## Papers on Housekeeping.

Bread—"The Staff of Life."

BY BELLE BROCK.

**N**O conscientious housekeeper should be contented until her household is furnished with the very best bread her circumstances will permit. Much of the bread one finds in hotels, boarding houses and private families to-day, if not always positively bad bread, can be called, at best, only fair; and, indeed, too often what is intended to be the "staff of life" resembles more nearly the "spear of death." But in these days of improved milling processes and compressed yeast there is seldom any excuse for poor bread.

It is said that a decided improvement in bread-making in some parts of America dates from the Centennial Exposition, where Vienna bread was exhibited and Vienna methods demonstrated.

Let us consider briefly materials and methods necessary for good plain bread.

**MATERIALS.**—The best bread requires only good flour, good yeast, sweet milk or water, or both, and salt. French bread is mixed with water alone. Vienna bread is mixed with milk and water in equal proportions, and several varieties of bread are mixed with milk alone. Bread mixed with water alone is tougher and sweeter, and will keep moist longer than bread mixed with milk and water or with milk alone.

Comparatively good bread can be made with liquid yeast or even with dry yeast cakes, if fresh and sweet, but the best quality of bread can be made only with compressed yeast.

Some say that as long as compressed yeast remains firm and has an alcoholic smell it can be depended upon to give better results than dry yeast cakes or liquid yeast. But the fresher it can be had the better it is for bread-making, and in localities where it is readily attainable housekeepers should always get it as fresh as possible.

For the benefit of those who cannot get the compressed yeast I will give a rule from one of the newest cook books for making good liquid yeast, which is said to have been thoroughly tested.

**LIQUID YEAST.**—Steep an eighth of an ounce of pressed, or a small handful of loose, hops in a quart of boiling water for about five minutes. Strain the boiling infusion upon half a pint of flour, stirred to a smooth paste with a little cold water, mix well, let boil a minute, add a tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, set aside till lukewarm, then stir in two half-ounce cakes of compressed yeast dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, or a gill of good liquid yeast. Let stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, cover closely and set in a cool place.

Freezing or intense heat will kill the yeast plant. Yeast made according to this method will keep sweet two or three weeks and can be used any time during that period for mixing bread or for starting a fresh supply of yeast. Reserve a portion for the next rising in a small jar by itself, as opening the jar often causes the yeast to lose its strength. Always shake or stir well before using. Yeast is good when it is foamy or full of beads, has a brisk pungent odor and a good deal of snap or vim. It is poor when it has an acid odor and looks watery, or has a thin film over the top.

With good flour potatoes in bread are unnecessary, and the use of them increases the labor of making bread.

A difference of opinion exists about the use of any shortening in bread. If used in more than very small quantities it certainly interferes with

the action of the yeast. But some claim that a very little is useful to make the bread less tough, and therefore more easily penetrated by the digestive fluids. Those who use shortening probably know that butter tastes best, drippings are cheapest and that lard makes whiter bread than either of the others. The shortening may be rubbed into the flour, but it is better to melt it in the warmed wetting. Rolls, rusks and buns which are usually shortened more than loaf bread should have the butter added at the last kneading.

Some bread makers approve of using sugar in bread, though in very small quantities, giving as the reason for its use that flour in its natural state contains sugar which is changed in fermentation, therefore they would use just enough sugar to restore the natural sweetness, but not enough to give a really sweet taste. Other bread makers contend that sugar destroys the fine flavor of good flour.

**FLOUR.**—There are many tests for flour, but the surest test is to buy a small quantity at first and make it into dough; then, if satisfactory, purchase whatever amount is required, and buy this same brand as long as it proves of uniform quality. The same brand may vary in quality from year to year. If it feels damp, clammy or sticky and gradually forms into lumps or cakes, it is not the best. Good flour holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and retains the impression of the fingers and even the marks of the skin much longer than poor flour.

I believe there is no valid reason why fine white flour as made to-day by the newest processes is not the best for family use. Graham flour is generally acknowledged to consist, in many cases, of poor flour mixed with bran, and any flour containing much of the indigestible bran causes irritation of the digestive organs; all the food is hurried through the alimentary canal before digestion is complete or all the nutriment can be absorbed, and thus is neither economical nor healthful. Graham flour should, therefore, be sifted for ordinary purposes.

The finest white flours contain all the best elements of the wheat berry without any admixture of pulverized wood-fibre and bran coating, and, all things considered, the very finest patent flour holds the leading place both hygienically and economically among cereal foods or grain products.

The best approved methods of bread making will be given in the next article on this subject, which will contain recipes for Vienna bread and quick process bread, and show cuts of a new kneading board and a new bread pan.

\* \* \*  
ABOUT THE POTATO.

The potato should be treated as carefully as many higher-priced vegetables. It has many varieties. Some potatoes need to be boiled quickly, others slowly, some with plenty of water, others with a little; some are best baked, some steamed. It has been said with truth that "the boiling of a potato is the test of a good cook."

Every land has its favorite mode of cooking this vegetable. The French excel in the art of frying potatoes; in the boiling of them there is none so clever as the Irish woman. For a roasted potato an English hearth takes the prize.

It is said that more nutriment is gained from potatoes when they are cooked with their skins on, that a greater amount of potash and other salts will be found in them than if they had been pared before cooking. If potatoes are old and withered, put them to cook in cold water, but if fresh and firm, let them be cooked in boiling salted water. Boil potatoes steadily, but not rapidly, so the outside surface will break and give them a rough appearance when they are to be served as a plain boiled potato.

\* \* \*  
To bake creamed potatoes:

Put over the fire in a saucepan a generous half spoonful of butter and stir into it one tablespoon-

ful of flour. Gradually add half a cup of well-seasoned white stock and three-quarters of a cup of cream or rich milk and season with salt and pepper. Meanwhile cut one pound of boiled potatoes into slices or cubes, and stir them carefully into the creamed dressing. Butter a shallow baking dish and put in the prepared potatoes, cover the top with a layer of grated cheese and sprinkle some stale bread crumbs over the whole. Bake in a hot oven about ten minutes or long enough to brown the crumbs and melt the cheese.

\* \* \*

For lyonnaise potatoes:

Place a spider over the fire containing two level tablespoonfuls of butter. When it is melted stir in a heaping teaspoonful of chopped onion and let it cook until slightly colored before adding two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes cut in cubes. Lightly toss the potatoes until they have absorbed the butter and taken on some color. Sprinkle the potatoes with salt and pepper, and some chopped parsley. Serve very hot. The juice of part of a lemon may be used in place of the parsley.

A nice way to serve potatoes for a dinner is as follows: Take one quart of mashed potatoes, and two tablespoonfuls of cream, and beat until light. Stir in two beaten eggs and season with pepper and salt and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Thickly butter the inside of a basin or plain mould, cut a cooked carrot into slices, and then in some fancy shapes, as diamonds, rings, or circles. Arrange them around the mould, and sprinkle the rest of the mould with sifted stale bread crumbs. Fill the mould with the prepared potatoes, place in a hot oven, and bake until they are a nice brown. Let the mould stand a few moments after it is taken from the oven before turning the potatoes out upon a hot dish to serve.

Scalloped potatoes may be made with raw or cold boiled potatoes:

When using raw potatoes slice them very thin and put a layer in the bottom of a well-buttered earthen baking dish. Dredge the potatoes lightly with flour and sprinkle with salt and pepper and bits of butter. Continue this until the dish is filled nearly to the top; then turn in all the milk the dish will hold, cover with a plate, place in a moderate oven and bake about an hour and a half, or until the potatoes are thoroughly cooked. Remove the cover the last twenty minutes and allow the top to brown. When using cold boiled potatoes prepare them in a dish as the raw ones are prepared; turn over them a generous cup of cream or rich milk and cover the top with fine bread crumbs or cracker dust. Place in a rather brisk oven and bake for about half an hour. Scalloped potatoes may be flavored with a little onion juice or chopped parsley if desired.

\* \* \*

Flour is one of the cooking materials that frequently receives no thought as to where it shall be kept. Many houses are not provided with a store closet, and a barrel of flour is put in a corner of the kitchen, behind an outside door "to have it out of the way and not fill up the pantry." Dampness affects flour, making it close and heavy; besides, flour will absorb the odor of many things as quickly as butter; so if one wishes to be sure of good and light bread and cakes one of the first things to do is to "fill up the pantry." Make feet of four small pieces of wood for the barrel to stand upon, thus allowing the air to circulate around all parts of the barrel.

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Cauliflower Salad.

**S**OAK, trim and boil the cauliflower. Drain very dry and set away till quite cold. Pick the flowers apart and cut the stalks into slices, keeping them by themselves. Mix with the stalks one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and the same quantity of onion to one quart of the cauliflower. Arrange in a deep salad bowl with the flowers on top, pour over a boiled salad dressing and garnish with overlapping slices of lemon and a few sprigs of parsley.

## Art Needlework.

WE illustrate this month some especially dainty things in silk embroidery on linen. It is unfortunate that we cannot reproduce the articles in their original colorings, for the design is carried out in exquisite shades. The silks used are the Hemaway.

The design is pansy blossom leaves and stem. Thirteen different shades of silk are used, including the greens for stem and leaves.

The tea cosy has a puffing of pale green silk, it might be even more dainty if made up in one of the shades of purple that blend through the pansies. The border of the linen is scalloped and button-holed in white cordinet silk, the jewels in filo, also white.

The raised effect in the curled-up flower leaves is produced by a padding of cotton floss. The centre, that is the heart of the pansy, is of purple—not very dark, and shading outwards to paler tints. In the same way the yellow in the flower is so delicately shaded that we can scarcely see when it first blends into white.

The centre piece is also very beautiful, and the same design is again carried out for the corners of a tablecloth. Naturally these delicate pansy table linens suggest a "pansy tea," which could be carried out with a few of the real flowers, daintily arranged.

Some one suggests at this point that violet icing on the cake is easily obtained by the diamond dyes, and when lightly used is not hurtful.

Exceedingly pretty silk affairs are now made to cover unsightly pots holding growing plants or bowls containing flowers. They are bags cut in melon shape, of two shades of silk. The pieces or divisions of the melon are alternately in light and medium shades. Leave one end of the melon unsewed to the depth of about three inches. Wire these points and face them with dark silk on the light and light silk on the dark strips. Fasten a little tassel or ball to each pointed end. After the plant pot is placed in this silk receptacle, bend each point outward in a graceful curve. Shades of green chameleon silks with little gilt tassels make a very pretty combination and look well with all flowers.

The latest candle shades for decorating tables are of soft white chiffon. The material is put on very full or accordion pleated, each edge being finished with a narrow lace ruche or tiny Tom Thumb fringe, also in white. The fulness is drawn in at the top with white baby ribbons and a full



bow with ends. Little sprays of paper or muslin flowers to match the color of the table decorations are fastened to these dainty shades when in use. They may be ornamented with green vines or fine leaves if desired.

## Three Pretty Bed-Rooms.

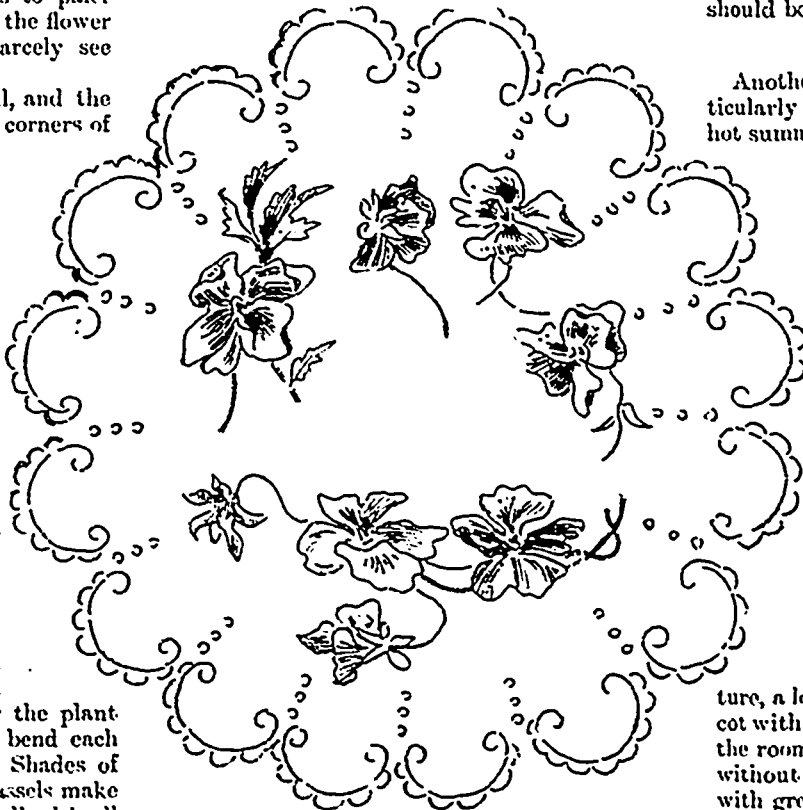
By Kenmore.

A VERY pretty room for a newly-made bride, or for a young girl with dainty habits, could be had for very little expense by paying attention to a few important items of detail.

In the first place, one's favorite color should predominate, and the very atmosphere should be suggestive of the habits and tastes of the fair occupant.

Nothing could be more charming for this purpose than blue and white. The bed should be enamelled in white, having brass knobs and finishings, while the dressing-table, wash-stand, chairs and table should be of wood enamelled in white.

The paper on the wall could be plain, with a fancy frieze or border, or it could be white, having



upon it blue scrolls or sprays of forget-me-nots. The carpet should also be in harmony, while a few choice pictures consisting of water-color sketches or photographs framed in white, would add much to the general effect and quaintness of the room.

If the room is of generous proportions one might add a small light screen, the woodwork of which should be painted white, the panels consisting of art muslin or silk according to taste; and also a lounge, which could be covered neatly with art cretonne in the blue shades. Several large, soft cushions should be strewn about with careless grace, for one cannot have too many of these luxuries. One could be simply covered with a blue art sateen having a wide double frill about the edges, another could be made of blue denim, having a conventional pattern upon it embroidered effectively in white Turkish gloss, while yet another could be covered with fine white linen, and it could be embroidered with several shades of blue Turkish floss.

The dressing table could be covered with dotted muslin having a double frill of the same about the edges, while, if one were willing to expend upon it a little time and labor, these small dots could be converted into forget-me-nots by embroidering



the dot with blue Japan floss and filling in the centre with yellow floss, thus enhancing its beauty considerably. This cover should have under it a slip of blue sateen, with a pinked frill about the edges. This same idea could be carried out to great advantage with regard to the wash-stand cover, table cover, pillow shams, and even the bed-spread.

The window curtains should also be of white dotted muslin, and these could be looped back with blue ribbons, ending in a bow or rosette, or with white cord and tassels. The *tout ensemble* should be very beautiful.

### A GREEN AND WHITE ROOM.

Another pretty bed-room, which would be particularly acceptable and appropriate during the hot summer months, could be decorated with green and white. This combination of colors seems, at once, suggestive of coolness, and is restful and refreshing to the eye.

The furniture should consist of some light wood, such as the lovely "prima vera," or white mahogany, bird's-eye maple, or the curly birch, according to taste, the last two mentioned being much less expensive than the first.

The walls should be papered or tinted in neutral shades of green, and the woodwork of the room should be painted in the same shades.

For the floor a creamy colored China or Japanese matting should be selected instead of the ever-faithful Brussels carpet, and two or three green and white rugs should be scattered about to give an air of coziness to the room.

In addition to the usual bedroom furniture, a lounge of home manufacture consisting of a cot with a mattress, would be a great acquisition to the room, provided it is large enough to contain it without overcrowding. This should be covered with green denim which should be slightly decorated with white Japan outline silk, or the heavier rope silk, and upon this should rest two pillows of generous proportions, one being covered with green denim the same shade, having a double frill about the edges, while the other should have a cover of white duck embroidered in green.

The windows should have sash curtains of white dotted Swiss, and should be fastened back with green ribbons, while the outer curtains should harmonize with the covering for the lounge and be made of green denim.

The coverings for the toilet table and wash-stand should be made of white muslin with a lining of green sateen or inexpensive silk, or they could consist of white linen, having sprays of maiden hair ferns embroidered in two or three shades of green Spanish floss, while the splashers should consist of green denim.

### A MAJOLICA BED-ROOM.

A perfect gem of a bed-room is occupied by a cultured and refined young girl who has just completed her education abroad. While it might interest many to hear of such a dainty apartment one might be apt to heave a sigh that such loveliness, appealing as it does to the sense of beauty, is reserved only for the fortunate few who are possessed of a bountiful share of 'his world's goods.

The walls are covered with a Frenchy looking paper of a satin finish, having upon it pink rosebuds arranged with "artistic stiffness," if one might be permitted to so express it. This proves to be a lovely background for a few well-chosen pictures framed in white.

The small, single bed is brass, with some white enamel decorations, having for its outer covering a most elaborate counterpane or bedspread composed of some rich white washing material, the entire surface of which is embroidered in scrolls and conventional designs with white rope silk. This is the work of the fair occupant of the room, and it reflect much credit upon her patience and industry, not to speak of her artistic taste. This counterpane hangs well down on each side of the bed and is finished by a border of deep lace with insertion.

The woodwork of the room is painted in white and pink, while the centre panel of the closet door consists of a long mirror where one might see one's self from head to foot; opposite this mirror-panels stands the little English dressing-table which is enamelled in white and pink and upon it is a lovely set of fine white linen having rosebuds embroidered upon it with pink Japan floss, the edges of which are finished by a frill of deep lace having an underlying frill of pink silk; and upon this exquisite little dressing-table stands all the dainty paraphernalia pertaining to a young girl's toilet, in sterling silver, such as brush, comb, clothes-brush, scissors, puff-box, curling irons, etc., together with a hand-painted candle-stick, holding a white candle with a pink shade.

The wash-stand corresponds with the dressing-table, and contains a china toilet set of a pink hue, and before it stands a dainty screen the woodwork of which is white and the panels consist of pink art sateen. At each window is a tiny window-seat upholstered with pink art cretonne, having upon it a pillow covered with the same material. A little white rocking chair with a cushion-seat to match the window-seat, is not far distant, as, also a little table enamelled in white, and having upon it a lovely white cover with a rosebud pattern, embroidered in Japan outline silk in the natural colors of the flower.

A silver frame with "sweetheart's face" beaming forth is a suitable ornament for such a table.

A little book-shelf containing the occupant's favorite authors has a curtain of the same art cretonne, while at the door is hung a portiere, consisting of a rice curtain of small pink beads.

This lovely *bijou* nest is nothing more nor less than a veritable bower of beauty, the rosebud idea predominating.

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Shopping bags are in again, and the most fashionable ones are beaded.

A very stylish one is hand crocheted, of black silk net, and is beaded either in jet or steel. It has an extension silver top, gilded, and some are embellished with jewels. One large amethyst in the top sets off a black bag to perfection. The opera glass bag has a solid bottom, while the shopping bag is sewed together at the bottom. It is suspended from the waist by a chain or carried in the hand, and easily holds a small pocketbook, handkerchief, and memorandum or engagement book, and is very handy. One is beaded in fleur-de-lis, another in a flower pattern and another in a mosaic pattern.

A new inexpensive shopping bag is of ample proportions, and is made of black satin. It is decorated with a bow knot design in gold cord and violet colored spangles and finished with two chic black satin ribbon bows on either side. It is carried by ribbon, or worn at the side.

Wheelwomen will hail a new bicycle chatelaine bag with joy. It is so designed that a woman can easily open it without dismounting or falling off, for it has a rather solid slanting top, and opens on one side instead of on top.

## TORONTO GOWNS

### THE COMING STYLES.

It is really little use writing of anything else since March is practically a dead month for the fashion that *has been*, while nothing is in the matter of new styles.

The modistes are all away in the late February and early March days, in Paris, London and New York, unearthing the modes that *will be* when April skies grow blue and May blossoms peep out.

Madam la mode does not care to give her secrets away too early, since, being capricious, she may change her mind, but it is possible to "find a way" of getting little hints and glimpses of what she is preparing for the new season.

### IN FABRICS.

First, concerning fabrics: For spring costumes the light weight woollens of smooth texture will be in demand for costumes, and this spring the suit complete will be in the ascendant. Drap d'ete, cashmeres and canvas effects are also to be favored.

Corduroy is anticipated for cycling suits. Frieze also is being made up for this purpose.

Some exquisite velvet costumes have appeared this season and the material is still being made up. It will be worn well into spring and promises to be even more fashionable next winter.

In silks, surah promises to take the place of the stiffer taffeta of past months. Surah makes a good appearance at moderate cost, and soft weaves are to be markedly the vogue. The taffeta will take second place therefore, but changeable taffeta is still likely to be used for foundation. Moire also might be accepted as in good fashion.

\* \* \*

But the weaves par excellence for the spring and summer season is etamine, or open-meshed fabrics. Ottoman effects, mohairs, grenadines and sheer effects generally. Many novelties in etamine fabrics will be shown—one has a roughened surface of knotted effects.

As long as color foundations are in fashion—and as we stated last month—the foundation skirt will be the popular style, during the coming six months—open-meshed fabrics will be to the fore.

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One of the pronounced novelties in dress goods has a color foundation combined with the fabric, for instance, black grenadine woven over and attached to a silk-and-wool background of green heliotrope, or brown.

Checks, coverts and whipcords are in etamine weaves.

It follows, therefore, that a season of mohairs and grenadines is upon us, with organdies and gauzy fabrics for hot months.

It may be in place to mention here that the favorite skirt facelining is French elastic canvas, which retains its elasticity like first quality grass cloth.

A silk finished organdie lining is also shown, which serves to take the place of the more expensive real silk.



Fig. 3

### COLORS.

The spring months will be a season of violets and greens. In fact a purple craze promises, if it is not already upon us.

The first two months of the year have come to be considered the months of violets, and the pretty purples are reproduced in ribbons and silk trimmings.

A word of warning is always necessary at the violet season—that this dainty little blossom and its delicate tint requires delicate or rich accessories. Violets tucked into soft seal or velvet street coat, violets half buried in foamy lisse of evening gown, violet ribbon shimmering in creamy lace—the effect is charming. But a bunch of cheap artificials pinned upon the smooth surface coat, or the imitation fur, violets thrust upon dark blue rough surface friezes—that is an incongruity.

\* \* \*

A lovely effect was to be seen on King street in the early February days, in a street costume of velvet with collar and cuffs of chinchilla fur, above which appeared the bodice crush neck band of satin ribbon of an enchanting shade between violet and purple. The ribbon loops at the back set up well above the soft grey fur. The color was repeated in the black velvet picture hat in violets and ribbon.

\* \* \*

Next to the violet comes the green, always a favorite color, but especially so this season. Next comes grey, and following after in order of favor are cadet, navy, brown and tans.

Blue—the new shade is called maletot or royal blue—is being brought forward as especially suitable for the Queen's Year.



Fig. 3

### SKIRTS AND COATS.

The advance spring costumes are showing tailor-made suits with skirts fitted closely over the hips, and fulness at the bottom, made either with triple box plait, compact side plaits or gathered back.

Thus far the bodices going with them seem to be divided into two decided modes, the short-skirted coat and the bolero jacket.

In the modifications and trimming of these two lines will be doubtless found considerable novelty, and a fairly fashionable range.

\* \* \*

The bolero in innumerable phases will appear in spring costumes. Zouaves and boleros with chemisettes promise for the summer.

Complete walking suits will be in favor for spring in preference to separate dresses and coats. The latter when separate will be plain rather than ornate style.

Short straight jackets are shown for the spring, and will probably be more in favor than the tight-fitting ones since they may make the jacket suit with shirt waist which will again be in vogue. The straight short jackets are cut with one side piece, the tight fitting ones with two. The former have no seam down the back; the latter also are often made without.

If the jacket fronts cross over it is yet not enough to be termed double-breasted.

\* \* \*

A new shape for a spring jacket is a short, erect vest or jacket hardly reaching below the waist. It is cut up some little way where in a fitted garment the darts would be placed.

When this shape is tailor made a single breast pocket is added.





Fig. 1. Fig. 1.

is good, but not otherwise.

Loose blouse vest fronts cut a little longer than the waist and confined by a belt, are also inclined to regain their popularity.

The high coat collars are coming down a trifle with the season. Rolled and flat collars also close fitting collars and cravats will also be in vogue.

The sleeve modification is as yet more noticeable in costume than in coats, but in the former the fulness has come to be a puffed shoulder bit that hardly does more than enclose the arm.

In the chic street costume worn by Isadore Rush as the female detective in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," the sleeves of the fawn costume coat were perfectly plain—the ordinary coat sleeve in fact.

Pelerine bodice sleeves are to be seen (semicircular pieces of material which form natural folds) falling a little below the elbow.

Cashmere and light weight ladies cloth will be the favorite fabric for early spring costumes.

Later on denim, duck and pique will be in vogue for the jacket suit to be worn with the cotton shirt waist. These suits will be trimmed with braiding, both cotton soutache and wide braid trimming.

The linen collar and masculine tie going with this suit will make our society girls decidedly jaunty, if not mannish.

A novelty is a heavy red canvas or duck fabric, intended for jacket suits to be trimmed with braiding. It has not reached Canadian counters yet, but probably will.

We show a charming gown of black silk velvet (fig. 3) turned out in February from a fashionable establishment, intended for wear during antelenten and lenten weeks.

The skirt is plain, of course; close fitting over the hips and gathered at the back to fall in three plaits, which set out well by reason of stiff lining.

The bodice is a simple round waist fastened up the back with small close set jet buttons. The front of the bodice is slightly gathered in the centre and arranged to form a soft box plait. The sides and back are close fitting.

A band of white satin, four and one-half inches deep, crosses the front and is trimmed with bands of narrow black ribbon velvet, each finished in the centre with bow of the ribbon caught with small rhinestone ornament. The belt, point-



An Organ, etc.

Sometimes one front is wider than the other and the vest is fastened by a single button near the collar.

Other short vests are made tight with short basque skirts, rolling collar and high gauntlet cuffs. These jaunty affairs are fastened with frogs or olive shaped buttons.

Patelot sacques are being introduced, when worn [open] over a pretty blouse the effect

ed, is of white satin trimmed to correspond. The sleeves are tight fitting relieved at the shoulder with bows consisting of three wide loops of the velvet fabric. At the wrist the sleeves are plain, and shaped with point which falls over the back of the hand. The collar is high and has two bishop tabs on either side at the back. Both collar and wrists are finished with white silk chiffon.

A low second bodice accompanies the gown. A most artistic affair, with front and Elizabethan epaulet collar of the velvet embroidered in fine jet beading. This embroidery is done by hand.

Both the bodices are perfect in simplicity, softness and richness, the effects to be sought in velvets; and more important still, shapeliness was retained by perfect fitting.

In figs. 1 and 2 we show two of the advanced spring costumes of ladies cloth.

The first has the army coat which promises to be fashionable. The cloth is the new tint of purple, trimmed with black soutache braid. The vest—or mess jacket, as it really is, in shape—is very stylish. The fastenings in front are invisible. But the jacket front should be lined with some



A Tucked Summer Gown.

pretty silk to wear open over a shirt waist or soft vest front in warm days.

The second, fig. 2, is of dark green cloth, with "army coat" bodice or basque. It is trimmed with black tubular braid, and finished in front with graduating frogs and loops.

The sleeves are close fitting with circular epaulets. Both the back of the bodice and skirt front are trimmed with the braid to correspond.

A very pretty dress suit is of bronze brown ladies cloth. The skirt is plain. The bodice has a front of brown accordion plaited chiffon over cream satin. Bolero, belt and collar are of bronze velvet braided with gold sequin braid.

The collar is finished both top and bottom with full plaiting of cream chiffon.

NOVELTIES.

Diivinity is used for the newest night robes. It is trimmed with Mechlin lace.

One is afraid to mention much about hats yet; but on the continent picture hats of the Rembrandt, Louis XV. and Directoire periods are pronounced for the summer season.

A peep at some New York shapes brought over to Canada early shows that high crowns are pro-

bable, and that Java hats are likely to be favorites for general walking purposes.

In ribbons striped effects and gauzes take the place of plain ribbons, except indeed the moire, which is always choice.

Narrow fancy belts are quite as popular as ever, and the latest novelty is of white leather, with clasps of gold and turquoise. The belt clasps are all more ornate than ever, being studded with rhinestones, imitation jewels and pearls, and fashioned in rococo designs of both enamelled and plain gold.

The usefulness of the old-fashioned Chantilly shawl is revived again, and it is to be worn for gowns mounted over black satin. This sort of lace dress, with a touch of color at the neck and belt, can be made very attractive, and the use of something which has been stowed away for years is always a satisfaction.

Jordings are a feature of the new dress models, and small cords, two or three close together, are set in around the bodice of a foulard gown an inch and a half apart. The material gathers on these cords just enough to give a soft, pretty effect.

To tie broad ribbon over the coat and below the turned-up storm collar, finishing with bow at the back, is a pretty fancy for March and April—one that will continue between the seasons.

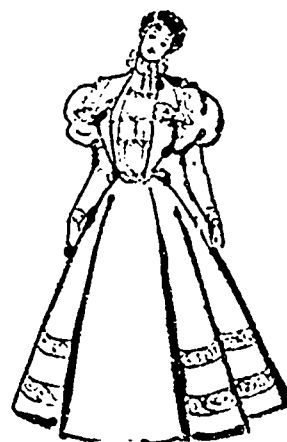
The use of baby ribbon in satin, gros grain, and velvet is a feature of fashion which will develop greater possibilities later on, and a surprisingly pretty and mysterious effect is produced by gathering it on one edge. For example, a brown cloth bolero, elegantly trimmed with arabesques of cream embroidery, has a finish on the edge of one row of baby ribbon and one of cream white gros grain baby ribbon gathered to form tiny frills, set on close together, the white over the brown—a very simple trimming, but the effect is away beyond any previous illustrations of the beauties of such narrow ribbon.

The downfall of fancy waists, unlike the skirt, is not yet, if conclusions can be drawn from the many indications of their continued popularity. They are certainly shown in greater variety than ever by the dressmakers who import their models and by the stores, and they are made up in new and pretty materials, which render them more attractive than any we have seen before.

Many fancy buttons are also used as a trimming. More fancy waists are made of alternate rows of lace insertion and velvet, satin, or moire ribbon an inch and a half wide, running around or up and down, as is most becoming, and they are fastened on the shoulder and under the arm, or opened a little on one side of the front and fastened with a jabot of lace.

If a woman would have the latest elegance in silk petticoats she must avoid the rustling kind and wear dainty, soft brocaded silkskirts, ruffled with silk crepe.

Taffeta silk hats are the latest cry in millinery. The silk is doubled and shirred for the brim. The crown is one high puff, and the trimming consists of black feathers, black velvet, and a fancy ornament.



A Pique Suit.

# My crazy Aunt



By Julian Durham.

I, Adolphus Montgomery Vane, am, or rather was, the unfortunate possessor of an absolutely crazy Aunt! With her began and ended

all my hopes of affluence in this world, and to her alone I owe the bitterest disappointment which has crowned my life. Was she my evil genius, or only the maddest relative with which a man was ever cursed? Ah well! Peace to her bones! She can do me no further injury now. Her sardonic smile, her snarling laugh can haunt me no longer, for she and I played at a game of chance long years ago, and I—lost. There it all ended, and the magnificent aspirations of my stupendous mind, the anticipatory delights of fame and fortune which encircled me with their roseate hues, all were wrecked in an instant, shattered and sunk in the *malstrom* of an aged relative's folly.

Dear, dear, me! As I count the seasons which have come and gone since that cold November afternoon, when I stood at my Aunt's bedside for the last time, and watched the grey hue of death steal slowly over her features, I realize that I am forty-nine; but I do not look it. Oh no! Thanks to a few touches (very slight touches) of modern art, I can pass any day for twenty-nine, and then, too, I comfort myself with the truism that until a man reaches the age of fifty, he is distinctly on the upward slope of life, and not only looks, but is in reality, just as young as he feels.

Now as it happens I really am rather a good-looking fellow, only now my Aunt never could see it; but then she was a very disagreeable sort of person, in fact one of those peculiar individuals who are calculated to inspire one naturally with a shuddering aversion. She was queer, very queer, and the worst part of it was that she invariably made other people suffer by her eccentricities.

Alas! I was destined to be her favorite victim, and at the time of which I am writing, being only about twenty-two, was just at that particular age when a man feels supremely sensitive to ridicule, and most reasonably objects to spending much of his time in the society of an aged spinster "crank"; but my cracked relative, it must be remembered, was enormously rich, and I, presumably her heir; herein lay the secret of my meek submission to her exacting tyranny.

One day she invited me (I should rather say commanded me), to visit her for a few weeks, and rack my brains as I would I could find no reasonable excuse for declining her invitation. All my college duties were over for the summer, and during the next two months there was no one who had any claim whatsoever upon my society, so accordingly I arrived one balmy July afternoon at Halstead Hall, dutifully pecked at my Aunt's withered cheek, and swallowed a cup of beastly cold tea without any sugar in it (I always take four lumps), fell over the poodle, trod on the tail of Aunt Jemima's gown, and wound up by winking at the pretty maid who took my valise from me in the passage; but being surprised in this last act by my relative, who fixed her cold green eye upon me in stern disapproval, I fled upstairs to my room, and took refuge in the strictest solitude.

Did I say solitude? Ah, no, I was in perhaps interesting but very stuffy (or should I say stuffed) society. Animals to the right of me, animals to the left of me. Ye gods and little fishes! It was a perfect menagerie. My Aunt be it known had a mania for natural history, and had filled her house with specimens of rare and curious birds

and beasts; some were stuffed, some mere skeletons, but all were so lifelike in their attitudes, that I received many an unpleasant shock from them. In the hall was a Hipogriff (I do not exactly know what a Hipogriff is, but my Aunt seemed to think a great deal of this particular skeleton), and I distinctly remember upon one memorable occasion putting a pipe between its decayed teeth, and a tam-o'-shanter upon its mediæval brow; really it looked quite rakish when thus adorned; but I could not bring Aunt Jemima to a proper sense of the ludicrous, where this pet of hers was concerned, and consequently I fell into dire disgrace for trifling with the appearance of the precious Hipogriff.

There were some very peculiar looking specimens in this museum, many of them real freaks of nature. One alligator looked as if it had sprained its ankles, whilst a rattlesnake had been so unevenly stuffed that it presented a very curious snarled appearance. I fancy that I now know exactly how Noah must have felt in the Ark. I wonder if he knows how deep is my sympathy for him. I really have the fellow-feeling for that man which makes us "wonderous kind."

The days passed, and somehow I managed in the most miraculous way to steer clear of all dangers. I admired the new acquisitions amongst the pets, and even worked up a fine show of interest in Gobo the monkey (a live one), which shared the post of prime favorite with a large green and grey parrot; but such is the perversity of human nature, that after two weeks of peaceful harmony, the spirit of mischief awoke within me, and oh dear! it makes the tears run down my cheeks



with laughter even now, as I think of all that happened.

One afternoon my Aunt announced her intention of going for a drive, and asked me to accompany her.

"Dear Aunt," I replied, "I fear I must deny myself the pleasure, having some most important letters to write." This I said with such an air of cheerful candor, that the poor old soul swallowed it wholesale, and drove off to the neighboring town, leaving me free to follow my own devices.

Strolling around the garden, and enjoying (as only a lazy man can), the sense of utter idleness, together with a cigarette, my eyes suddenly fell on Gobo, who was so tame that he was allowed to roam about the grounds unchained. In an instant an idea came to me, and without waiting to consider the consequences of my reckless escapade, I caught hold of Master Gobo and carried him quietly up to my Aunt's *boudoir*. The room was empty, and no maid being anywhere in sight, my operations began. First of all I fastened around the monkey's waist a green and white checked skirt, over this I pinned a plaid shawl, which my Aunt was particularly fond of, about the animal's shoulders; then having ransacked another cup-

board, and found a bonnet, a gorgeous erection of fruit and flowers which on Gobo's head proved a veritable crown to my labors, I took the half terrified animal in my arms and decended to the drawing-room, there placing him in Aunt Jemima's special easy chair.

The effect was superb—a few finishing touches and it would be sublime. Snatching up her spectacles I placed them upon his nose, pushed a foot-stool under the edge of the flowing skirt, and then stepped back a few paces to admire my *chef d'œuvre*.



Clang! clang! went the bell. Footsteps approached the door. Horrors of horrors! It was my Aunt who had returned fully an hour before her usual time, and now stood like an avenging fury brandishing her parasol at my devoted head.

"Dear Aunt," I gasped, and then the ludicrous side of the situation struck me so forcibly that I throw myself into the nearest chair, and laughed till I could laugh no longer. The likeness between Gobo in his present attire, and Aunt Jemima was inimitable.

"Abandoned young man! My precious Gobo," screamed the enraged old lady, "leave my presence sir, how dare you to play such pranks as these?"

I fled from the room as if pursued by all the fiends of Hades, and finished up my hilarious outburst in the back kitchen garden, where I passed the remainder of the day serenely amidst the gooseberry bushes.

This was really the last time that I ever willingly played off a practical joke on any member of the menagerie, for it certainly was not my fault that on arising one morning from my bed, I discovered therein the mangled remains of a tame lizard, on the top of which I had calmly slumbered all night. If the lizard chose to insist on sleeping with me in a bed which was only guaranteed to hold one, well—it was his own lookout if he got the worst of it, and paid for his temerity with his life.

A subdued but perpetual warfare was constantly raging betwixt me and the parrot, a hasty tempered sort of fowl, with a large stock of sarcastic speeches always on hand. Occasionally when the bird used a big, big d— (by the way, why do parrots invariably swear like troopers?) the grim horror depicted on my Aunt's face would plunge me into such convulsions of silent mirth, that once or twice I nearly strangled myself in my wild endeavors to preserve an unconcerned demeanor; but save on these rare occasions when the parrot caused me this mild diversion, I simply hated, loathed, nay absolutely abominated that fiendish bird.

It pecked at my fingers, made derisive remarks to me, and screamed with rage whenever I appeared upon the scene, but perhaps this was because I gave it a rasin full of cayenne pepper, for it is strange how very vindictive parrots can be. Sometimes my Aunt would smile a sort of smile which reminded me of funerals with a dash of vinegar, her face wearing the expression of one who is passing through a field of rotting cabbage, and in snarling tones she would say: "Adolphus, I beg you will respect the aged bird." Once I forgot that it was *apropos* of the parrot, and now of herself she made this remark, and in all innocence replied: "Yes dear Aunt, I shall always respect you in everything," and strange to say she was offended somehow at this, most unreasonably so I thought.

They tell me I was a sad dog in those days, a very sad dog—perhaps I was; but I am even a sadder and a wiser one to-day, for now I positive-

ly dote on all the parrots belonging to the aged spinsters of my acquaintance. Alas! if I had only done so in the days of my youth, how different would have been my fate.

At last my Aunt Jemima died. How she managed to hold on to life so long, has ever been a mystery to me, but on this point she was, as in everything else, inconsiderate toward other people. I attended her funeral, and as heir apparent tried to wear a becoming expression of grief. Once or twice I fancied that the old family lawyer looked at me with a pitying eye, half warning, half sorrowful, as if to say, "young man, beware;" but as far as I could see there was nothing to beware of, not even the customary dog, for Pompey, my Aunt's black poodle, wore a huge crape bow under his chin, and was too much engaged in trying to bite it off to pay attention to anything else.

What a solemn convaleit was, which sat in a stiff circle round the dining-room table in Halstead Hall, an hour after the funeral was over. The party consisted of all the relatives of my deceased Aunt, I, in the post of honor at one end, and Mr. Budge, the lawyer, at the other. Of course there were the usual number of cousins, some near, some very distant, so distant indeed that they were hardly cousins at all; and truth to tell most of them had but small expectations, and agreed in looking on me as the inheritor of the greater part of our relative's money. It was one of the proudest moments of my life. There was I, Adolphus Montgomery Vane, about to become the possessor of ten thousand a year and Halstead Hall. My bosom swelled with pride and I smiled condescendingly upon those around me, as one who is conscious of his superiority.

"Ahem," Mr. Budge was cleaning his throat preparatory to the important duty of reading the will. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, rising to his feet, "I am about to read you part of the last will and testament of my deceased client, Miss Jemima Vane, and considering the extremely unusual circumstances attending this will, I think it best to say a few words beforehand."

A hush which was almost painful in its intensity fell on us all, only broken by the thin voice of the lawyer as he continued:

"This will, which I now hold in my hand, is a perfectly legal document, and was executed in my presence and that of two other witnesses about three months ago by Miss Vane, who was at that time in the full possession of all her faculties, and though the conditions of it are most unusual, I may almost say unparalleled, still it is my duty to see that they are carried out to the letter, and I can only trust that Providence will watch over Mr. Adolphus Vane and save him from the fate which may at any moment overtake him."

As the old man finished speaking, I felt the beads of cold perspiration standing out on my forehead. Was I to be disinherited after all? No, no, again Mr. Budge's voice sounded through the rooms as he proceeded to read from the paper.

"I, Jemima Vane, do hereby declare that my last Will and Testament shall not be read for the space of one year after my decease. I desire that my nephew Adolphus Montgomery Vane shall reside at Halstead Hall during that year, in the position of master, and that my lawyer Mr. Budge shall pay to him the full yearly income of my estate, and I desire that on the first anniversary of my death my will shall be read in the presence of all my relations. I appoint Mr. Budge trustee of my estate until such times as my will shall be fully carried out, and I request him to pay the following legacies out of the moneys which I have invested in stocks."

Then followed lists of bequests to relatives and old servants, nobody was forgotten.

I sat like one stunned. What did it all mean? Was this some diabolical scheme to raise my hopes to the highest pitch, only to dash them down again, or was it just a harmless freak on the part of my Aunt? It was a regular enigma, with apparently no key to it, so I decided to put all thought of the future aside, enjoy the temporary good fortune which had befallen me, and trouble my head no further about the will.

What a year that was. Looking back on it now it seems like a feverish dream, some fantastic vision of an excited brain. I lived every moment of that year, I kept open house, I gambled, I drank, I—oh shade of Aunt Jemima! had what the Americans call "a real good time of it." Halstead Hall became a different place, all the doors and windows were thrown wide open to admit the blessed sunshine and everywhere a new order of things replaced the old.

The live stock were bestowed as presents on whoever would take them, and the stuffed animals and skeletons I ordered to be destroyed. Gobo was given to a small cousin, and Pompey died of either grief at his mistress' death, or from gormandizing on young chickens, it was never clearly proven which. Then came the question what was to be done with Polly? No one seemed



to want her, so for a few days she stayed in her cage, and was looked after by the house-keeper; but I soon got tired of her perpetual noise, and her remarks irritated me to such a degree that sometimes I could have strangled her with my own fingers.

One night things came to a climax. I was awakened from an unusually heavy sleep by hearing sounds which apparently proceeded from the lower part of the house, so jumping out of bed, I quickly put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and cautiously opened my door. Yes, there was someone moving about downstairs,—should I ring for the butler,—but no, that would arouse the whole house, so hastily snatching up the poker I started down the passage, and listened again. This time I distinctly heard the sound of silver rattling, and instantly the certainty that it was a burglar forced itself upon me.

Down the stairs I crept, my woolen slippers making no sound on the thick carpet, gingerly I stole up to the dining-room door and peeped in—all was black as pitch—I could see nothing; only a slight rustle betrayed the whereabouts of the robber.

"Here! Wilkins! James!" I roared, "Help!" and making a rush for the corner of the room whence the sounds proceeded, I grabbed at something which I could faintly distinguish moving near the sideboard.

Scarcely had I done so, when a violent pain in my fingers caused me to give a howl of agony, and immediately a voice I knew but too well screamed: "Ha, ha, Polly want a cracker," as the odious bird perched upon my head, fixing its claws firmly into my hair. It was at this identical moment, that the servants, alarmed at my outcries, came flocking into the room with lamps, just in time to behold their lord and master arrayed in distinct undress, his feet encased in woolen shoes, a poker in his hand, and a bird like the celebrated raven "perched and sitting" on his head, standing in the middle of the dining-room, for no ostensible reason whatsoever, at the unearthly hour of three o'clock in the morning.

What a fool I felt to be sure. It was just like a scene out of a melodrama,—"The Haunted Man or the Parrot's Curse"—it only needed the "blue light" and "rolling thunder" to complete the situation.

Well, that settled the fate of the parrot. The next day hearing that some distant cousins of mine, the Sympersons were going to emigrate to America, I requested them as a special favor, to take Polly away, far across the foaming billows, from whence she should never return. The small Sympersons, (there were only eleven of them), seemed overjoyed at the possession of such a "lovely bird" as they called her, so Polly went to a new home across the wide Atlantic, and I at length was left in peace.

The year of waiting passed, and on the appointed day, the family again met to settle the affairs of Aunt Jemima. All who had been at the first gathering were present, except the Sympersons, who by that time were comfortably settled in their American home. Mr. Budge, looking just the same as he had done the year before, was seated in the large leathern arm-chair, and as I sat opposite to him, I fancied I saw again that pitying expression pass across his features; but my mind was too fully occupied with its own thoughts to be very observant of other people. I was literally trembling with excitement. Was I to be the happy possessor of Halstead Hall and ten thousand a year, or not? That was the question.

Mr. Budge rose, I grasped the arms of my chair, and with dilated eyes, and shaking limbs watched him as he unfolded the document which contained my fate.

Slowly and distinctly the words reached my ears, falling like lumps of ice on my fevered imagination.

"I, Jemima Vane give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, my house Halstead Hall and adjoining lands, all shares, debentures and stocks, all cash, moneys, in short everything of which I do possessed, (with the exception of some minor legacies,) to the person who shall have cared for and given a home to my parrot Polly, during the year succeeding my death.

Witness my hand this second day of August, 1865. (Signed) JEMIMA VANE.

Witnessed by  
JAMES WILSON  
AND  
ROBERT GORDON.

The little Sympersons gambol on the lawn of Halstead Hall, and I, Adolphus Montgomery Vane am their impecunious relative.

Fool, fool that I was,—but who could have foreseen such an extraordinary event. Surely no man was ever before cursed with such a crazy Aunt.

JULIAN DURHAM.



## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Edited by Cousin Maud.

I WAS calling upon two old ladies, sisters, one day not long ago, who live together in a cozy little home. Before I finished my call, as usual, the conversation turned upon the weather. They found the winter "so tedious" they told me and longed for the warm days again.

"Winter will soon be over," I cheerfully remarked. "next week will bring the first spring month."

"Spring," echoed one in dismay, "why March is the most disagreeable month of the year."

"How I dread March," said the other, "the cold raw winds, ugh, I can almost feel them now! How they penetrate every corner!" and she drew her fleecy wraps more closely together and looked miserable in anticipation.

I said a few kind words in favor of this poor abused month; spoke of it as a time of promise; hinted at it being only the short darkness before the dawn of the fairest season of the year, and rose to take my leave.

That evening as I sat beside my own bright grate fire I fell to musing.

I was thinking of the good time folks wasted in grumbling about the weather; thinking of a saying I had often heard from a dear old friend: "That if people had the making of it we should have queer weather."

Years ago she had cured me of this bad habit of grumbling. I had said to her one very disagreeable, rainy day, "What a dreadful day!" and her quiet remark "I am thankful for any, my child," taught a lesson not yet forgotten.

As I sat thus, thinking and watching the bright coals that evening, the Brownies, or somebody as mysterious, brought me this little fancy, and I will tell it to you, my dear children:

Mother Year stood in the midst of her ten children. Two others, her eldest sons, January and February, she had sent to earth in the, and now it was about time for noisy, boisterous March to go.

He had packed his thirty-one days and strapped them across his sturdy shoulders and looked eager for his journey. His mother was speaking to him these parting words, "You have the hardest mission of all, my son, the great piles of snow still lay thick upon earth, these have all to be melted away, and it will take days and days of wind and rain to do this, and soften and cleanse the frost-bound soil underneath. You will often feel discouraged, for when you have everything in good order and your days grow bright and mild as April, that little rogue Jack Frost will come along and freeze up tight again the brooklets you have set so merrily running, or a great snow storm will rage and partly undo your hard work.

"The earth folk will not be glad to see you, even if you start off with some of your warmest days, you will hear on one side 'March has come in like a lamb but he will go out like a lion,' or 'it is lovely weather but we'll pay for this.'"

"The people will grumble, my son, but the trees and the little flower roots will welcome you, for they know more than most men that without your snowing and blowing the warm sun of April might shine in rain."

"But, mother," protested March, with a troubled look, "why could I not accomplish all this work with sunny days, and warm winds and soft rains?"

"My boy," said Mother Year, "these things

are ordered aright. Were you to go to the earth in the way you say the flowers and fruit blossoms would be tempted out before their time, Jack Frost would pounce upon them and think of the result.

"Go my son, brave March, so long as you do your duty, the opinion of the world matters little."

COUSIN MAUD.

### Children's Games of Fifty Years Ago.

By Mrs. Wheeler.

LADY QUEEN ANNE.

WE will imagine five little girls engaged in this play, and their names may be Fanny, Lucy, Mary, Ellen and Jane. A ball or pin-cushion or something of the kind having been procured, Fanny leaves the room or hides her face in a corner that she may not see what is going on, while her companions range themselves in a row; each concealing both hands under her frock or apron. The ball has been given to Ellen, but all the others must likewise keep their hands, under cover, as if they had it. When all is ready, Fanny is desired to come forward, and advancing in front of the row, she addresses anyone she pleases, for instance, Lucy, in the following words:—

"Lady Queen Anne she sits in the sun  
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun,  
She sends you three letters, and prays you'll read one."

LUCY. "I cannot read one  
Unless I read all."

FANNY. "Then, pray, Miss Lucy  
Deliver the ball."

Lucy, not being the one who has the ball, displays her empty hands; and Fanny finding that she has guessed wrong retires, and comes back again as soon as she is called. She then addresses Mary in the same words, "Lady Queen Anne, etc.," but she is still mistaken, as Mary has not the ball.

Next time Fanny accosts Ellen, and finds she is now right; Ellen producing the ball from under her apron.

Ellen now goes out, and Fanny takes her place in the row. Sometimes the real holder of the ball happens to be the first person addressed.

BUFF SAYS BUFF TO ALL HIS MEN.

This game, like many others, is merely a way of collecting forfeits. The company are seated in a circle; one holds a little stick in her hand, and says:—

Buff says buff to all his men,  
And I say buff to you again;  
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,  
But carries his face  
With a very good face,  
And passes his stick to the very next place."

As she concludes she holds the stick to the one next her, who takes it and repeats the same, and so on in succession. Those who laugh or smile while saying it must pay a forfeit.

THE BELLS OF LONDON.

This should be played in a field or in some place where there is no danger of being hurt by falling.

The two tallest of the company join their hands and raise them high above their heads, while the others, each folding the skirt of the one before her, walk under in procession. The two that are holding up their hands sing the following rhymes:—

Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's;  
Brickdust and tiles,  
Say the bells of St. Giles;  
You owe me five farthings  
Say the bells of St. Martin's;

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey;  
When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch;  
When will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney;  
I do not know,  
Says the great bell of Bow."

At the last line they suddenly lower their arms, and endeavor to catch one of those that are passing under. Having each previously fixed on a name, for instance, one Nutmeg, the other Cinnamon, they ask their captive, which she chooses, Nutmeg or Cinnamon. Accordingly she answers, she is put behind one or the other. When all have been caught and placed behind, those at each end join hands, so as to encircle the two in the middle; and they must wind round them till they get closer and closer. The rhyme, "Oranges and lemons, etc.," is then repeated; and at the words, "Great bell of Bow," those in the centre must give a sudden push, and extricate themselves by throwing down all the rest.

THE PRUSSIAN EXERCISE.

All the children kneel down in a row, except one who personates the captain, and who ought to be a smart girl, and well acquainted with the play, which is more diverting when all the others are ignorant of it, except the one at the head of the line. If the corporal, as this one is called, does not know the play, the captain must take her aside and inform her of the manner of concluding it.

When all are ready, the captain stands in front of the line, and gives the word of command, telling them always to do something that has a diverting or ludicrous effect when done by the whole company at the same moment.

For instance: the captain gives the word to cough, and they must all cough as loudly as possible. They may be ordered to pull their own hair; to pull their own noses; to slap their own cheeks; to clap their hands together; to laugh; or do any ridiculous thing.

All, however, must be done at once, and by the whole line, the corporal setting the example. Finally the captain orders them to "present." Each then projects forward one arm, holding it out straight before her. The next command is to "fire." Upon which the corporal gives her next neighbor a sudden push, which causes her to fall against the next, and in this manner the whole line is thrown down side-ways, one tumbling on another. This is rather a boisterous play, but it can be made very laughable, and there need be no fear of the children getting hurt if they play on the grass, or in a hay-field, or if they take the precaution of laying cushions, pillows, or something soft at the end of the line, to receive the one who falls last; she being in the most danger.

THE LAWYER.

This must be played by an odd number, as seven, nine, eleven, thirteen, that there may be one to personate the lawyer after all the others have arranged themselves in pairs.

The company must be seated in two rows, facing each other, each girl taking for a partner the one opposite. She who performs the lawyer walks slowly between the lines, addressing a question to whichever she pleases. This question must not be answered by the one to whom it is addressed, but the reply must be made by her partner. If she inadvertently answers for herself, she must pay a forfeit; so also must her partner, if she forgets or neglects to answer for her companion.





BETWEEN THE WINTER AND THE SPRING.

BETWEEN the Winter and the Spring  
 One came to me at dead of night :  
 I heard him roll as any might,  
 Although his lips, murmuring,  
 Made no sweet sounds for my delight ;  
 Also, I know him, though long days  
 (It seemed) had fallen across my ways  
 Since I had felt his comforting.

It was quite dark, but I could see  
 His hair was yellow as the sun ;  
 And his soft garments, every one,  
 Were white as angels' throats may be ;  
 And as some man whose pain is done  
 At last, and peace is surely his,  
 His eyes were perfect with great bliss  
 And seemed so glad to look at me.

I knew that he had come to bring  
 The change that I was waiting for,  
 And, as he crossed my rush-strown floor,  
 I had no thought of questioning ;  
 And then he kissed me, o'er and o'er,  
 Upon the eyes ; so I fell  
 Asleep unrightened,—knowing well  
 That morning would fulfil the Spring.

And when they came at early morn  
 And found that I at last was dead,  
 Some two or three knelt by my bed  
 And prayed for one they deemed forlorn ;  
 But he they wept for only said  
 (Thinking of when the old days were),  
 "Alas that God had need of her  
 The very morning Spring was born !"  
 —Francis Sherman, in "Matins."

...As We Go...

By Maud Tisdale.

ALL the morning the snow has been falling fast and thick. The trees outside my window are bending down with the weight of it, and the little pathway from the garden gate is quite obliterated. The world is beautiful. The snow so soft and white, and clinging, shrouds every imperfection. Perhaps it is this semblance to a shroud that makes the winter time in the country seem so still and peaceful. Too still, too peaceful ! A sweet little bird—which winter winds have failed to drive away—is chirping on one of the snow-laden boughs as merrily as if it scented spring already in the air. Spring ? With the snow still softly falling, and the pathway to the garden one long white snow-bank ? Poor, silly little bird !

It is such a quaint old garden that the very thought of it brings spring.—The apple blossoms waving over the little rustic summer-house, and the dear old-fashioned lilac filling all the air with its perfume. Oh, there's nothing like it, nothing. Even now one sniffs the roses—gorgeous !

But the snow—will it never cease ? And there are bells—merry bells with a laugh to blend, away off in a distance.

A quiet snowy afternoon. We were tired of reading, tired of staying indoors. What could we do ? Skating ? That was done for—the lake was one vast field of snow. Walking ? Impossible, where skirts are concerned. Driving ? The very thing. So away sped two cavaliers to order the horses and a sleigh full of robes—and bells, dozens of bells, ropes of bells. We were not long



in getting ready, and were soon tucked snugly in the sleigh—a John Gilpin party with four instead of six "precious souls to dash through thick and thin."

Smack went the whip, the runners sled.  
 Were never folks so mad !

Our own little village we quite scorned. Away we fled—down hill and up ; past church yards and spook-groves, and along the edge of a bush where once a man was foully murdered, and his restless spirit still wanders there each night-fall, seeking and crying for avengement. Full fifteen miles we flew along before we pulled up, and unwound ourselves from out the robes. Fifteen miles of swift driving in the frosty air, and tea-time has come. Anyone would be hungry. We were ravenous. The way-side inn was warm and comfortable and the tea delightful. So was the girl who waited on the table—this the youth whispered to me as he slyly winked at the pretty girl. So were the pickles, so was everything—even the plum jam, which as the youth assured me, would come after the turkey. It was all delightful ; and the organ in the little sitting-room up stairs, on which we could drum away to our hearts' content completed the charm.

Afterwards, we pulled up our chairs around the log-fire and told stories, ghost stories, till we could hear the chains rattling, and feel the eeriness about us, and were almost frightened into art, and studied the wonderful prints in the little sitting-room with keenest enjoyment—the fair lady, and the dark jealous lady, and the disturbing Adonis were all there. Fish and fruit were also served upon the walls in the very latest fashion ; while the menu card of a famous banquet once held in this little inn, was framed elaborately and hung over the organ where no one could fail to read it. We were loathe to leave, but the hours were flying, and the horses were waiting, and the bells were jingling, so we hurried out into the winter night, and were soon speeding homeward again.

In a room, whose windows opened upon a far garden, a little boy lay dying ; it was June, and the roses were in their first bloom. It seemed hard to die in June, and the little room in which the boy lay was close and hot ; while from the open window came the delicious fragrance of the roses. The child buried his head in the pillows, and tearfully begged his mother to take away the roses—they choked him so.

"But there are no roses in the room, dearest," said the mother—"out... in the garden, but not here, my child." "Then take them away from the garden ; tear them up or I will die. Oh, mother, tear them up !" The delirious child rose in the bed and gasped for breath, but the only air that was in the room was filled with the perfume of the roses. "I will close the window, sweet," said the mother, as she kissed the little white forehead, and the wan, colorless cheeks, and the pale, pale lips. She closed the window, but the air soon became torrid in the summer heat.

"Snow," cried the child, "mother, make it snow—oh, make it snow, and I will get better. Make it snow, and make the bells jingle, and take away the roses, oh, take away the roses !" In his

great agony the child screamed, and fell back, unconscious, among the pillows.

The door was opened softly, and the doctor came into the room ; he noticed the closed window and the heavy breathing of the dying child. The mother explained, hurriedly, disjointedly, of the child's delirium. The doctor stooped over the bed and opened out the child's hot, clenched hand, and felt the galloping pulse. He shook his head sadly. "He will regain consciousness presently—we must humor him. I think the roses had better be taken away," was all he said. Next to her boy, the woman loved her roses better than anything in the world. A little dry sob prevented her from answering the doctor, but she bowed assent, and passed out of the room. Her face was white and set when she entered again.

"I have told them to take away the roses,—leaves, roots, everything ; and to bury them—deep in the lake,—deep" she repeatedly wildly.

The child was murmuring—the doctor and the mother hurried to the bedside.

"Bells, mother, merry bells !"

"Ah, the bells—we must have them," said the doctor, "you watch the child and I will see to them."

So the mother sat by the bed, and crooned some old lullaby, unconscious of sound or sense. The window had been pushed open again, but the blind was drawn and flapped in the light summer air.

Presently, in the distance, a peal of bells were heard—rippling bells, whose soft tones were borne upon the June breezes ; and with the dying order of the roses were wafted by the flapping curtain through the silent sick-room.

The child moved restlessly on his pillows, then opened his eyes, and, with a faint smile, beckoned his mother to bend nearer him.

"I have been dreaming, mother, dear," he whispered, "I dreamed that it was summer-time, and that your lovely roses were choking me to death. You would like to die that way, my mother—you love the roses so. But it was dreadful, and I was suffocating, surely suffocating, by thousands and thousands of roses that were piled upon me. I must have nearly died, mother, for I remember no more, till I awoke just now and heard the sleigh-bells and know that it was winter, and that the roses were just a dream.

"Mother," he paused and struggled a little for breath, "mother, it was such a real dream that, even now, I seem to smell the roses. How merry those bells are—someone must be coming here, mother, to ask how your little boy is. Mother," and he paused again, "what you go and tell them, when they ask about me, that I will never be better—not now ; perhaps, if they had come sooner and I had heard the bells ; but the dream, mother, the dream will kill me."

The woman could not answer—her face was buried in the pillows, that he might not see her crying.

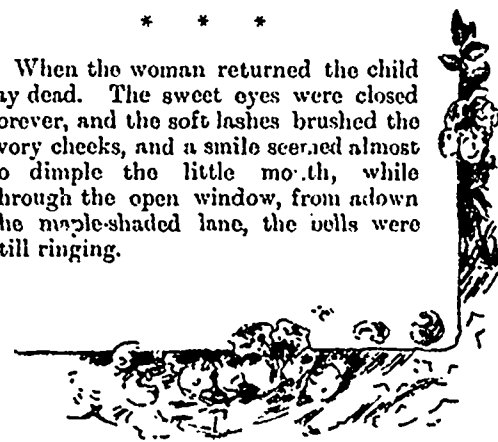
"Will you tell them, mother," he asked again ?

"I—will—my—sweet," the mother spoke between her sobs.

"Go then, mother, dear."

\* \* \*

When the woman returned the child lay dead. The sweet eyes were closed forever, and the soft lashes brushed the ivory cheeks, and a smile seered almost to dimple the little mouth, while through the open window, from adown the maple-shaded lane, the bells were still ringing.





Edited by THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

#### NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

THE last month has brought us a large number of reports of annual meetings of Local Councils and we cannot hope to find space for the record of them all. Vancouver, Halifax, East Kootenay, Regina, Calgary, West Algoma, Brandon, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, all give us cheering accounts of the interest manifested. The net results of these meetings is to produce a feeling of great encouragement.

Many of the objects attempted have doubtless not yet been effected, but there has been a steady advance all along the line. Many subjects of real moment to the country have been taken into serious consideration and very materially advanced by the action of various Councils.

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to be discouraged if some needed reform is not brought about as soon as it is tackled. But such rapid results are not to be expected nor indeed desired. Beneficial changes in laws and customs are far more likely to be effectual and permanent if they are made after public thought and opinion has been allowed time to be educated and to refer and become convinced concerning their desirability. Frequent discussions, therefore, at our Executives and public meetings, distribution of literature and public criticism in the newspapers all do good, although they may seem to be hampering at the time.

THE inclusion of women on Boards of School Trustees, has been one of the subjects much in pre-eminence of late in our Council work. Victoria rejoices in having obtained the election of her second woman school trustee in the person of Mrs. Jenkins, who is correspondent for the Council with this Journal.

Vancouver is actively pursuing a campaign to get its charter amended so that women may sit on the Board. London lost her woman school trustee by one vote, and Halifax has not yet been able to attain to her desires.

Let us rejoice over what has been accomplished and expect still more next year.

IN regard to manual instruction, especially as regards the teaching of cooking and sewing, much has been done. To begin with, regulations concerning manual training in public schools have been adopted by the Ontario Government at the instance of the Minister of Education, the Hon. G. W. Ross, always a good friend of the National Council.

Then notice the letter from Mrs. Hoodless, written on our request, which we publish, and also the description of the work going on at the Ottawa School of Domestic Science, in the direction of training fully qualified teachers under Miss Galletly from Scotland, whose certificates and testimonials are of the highest order. This lady has had much experience in teaching in schools in Scotland, and knows exactly what is possible and what is required.

Local Councils who desire to have a teacher ready for such work in their own neighborhood, could not do better than send a student to Ottawa for training. Mrs. Edwards of the Young Women's Christian Association, will be delighted to give all information both concerning the school and also regarding lodging and boarding arrangements for such students.

A systematic grade of instruction in sewing is also being adopted in the Hamilton schools. We understand that Halifax is to get its much wished for School of Cookery, but we cannot at present give details of the arrangements.

THE Indian Famine Fund has received the sympathetic attention of several of our Councils, but in most cases the contributions have been given in through the General Fund which has received such noble-hearted help throughout Canada. The Winnipeg Local Council has however contributed \$500 in addition to the generous \$5,000 contribution from the city of Winnipeg.

BUT the item of Council news which overshadows all others is the adoption of a national scheme for commemorating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, which on being recommended to the country has been received with a wonderful amount of favorable unanimity. It has been submitted to the Local Councils, some of whom have already reported enthusiastically in its favor, but all of whom promise their support. It was launched officially at a meeting held at Ottawa on February 10th, when a resolution was unanimously passed on the motion of the Premier that a fund be opened for the establishment of a "Victorian Order of Home Helpers." The main features of the proposed order are explained in a letter which appears in another part of the Journal.

VERY early this year it became manifest to the officers of the National Council of Women that the women of this country were not going to be

behind hand in the desire to commemorate in a manner worthy of our Queen, this true year of Jubilee for the British Empire. It is difficult to realize all that the Victorian era has meant to the empire—indeed to the world—but assuredly no section of Her Majesty's subjects have more cause to sing the praises of this glorious epoch than the members of Her Majesty's own sex.

THE new possibilities and opportunities which have opened out before women's lives during the Queen's reign are infinite, and for many of them we are indebted to the direct influence of our Sovereign herself, who in her own person also has been able to prove to the world that a woman can pursue higher studies and have an intimate knowledge and grasp of the affairs of state whilst at the same time being a model of all womanly, wifely and motherly virtues and charm. And so it is with heart and voice that her daughters all over her vast domains rise up to-day to hail her as blessed, and seek to do something in her honor which will make their descendants realize how it was that Queen Victoria was not only revered as Queen and Empress but beloved as a mother.

AND it was doubtless with a feeling of gratification that the National Council found itself appealed to for guidance by women from all parts of the country as to what form this national effort should take.

We had two main objects to keep in view. We had to consider (1) what form of commemoration would most gratify Her Majesty personally and act as the fittest expression of her Canadian daughters' loving and grateful loyalty. (2) How we could most widely and most vividly found a memorial of the Queen's loving care and interest in the welfare of her subjects but especially of the poor and suffering, which would appeal to the hearts of all the dwellers in the Dominion.

WE believe that both of these objects are met by our scheme, and it therefore only remains for us to go about the collection of the fund. If it is to do honor to the Queen and form a lasting memorial of her, every one of her Canadian subjects should contribute, even though be only a very small sum, and this should be the aim steadily kept in view before all our collectors:—a universal collection in honor of the Queen to carry out a purpose which will both please her and bring comfort and consolation to thousands of sufferers in this our own country!

THERE have been some changes of officers made at these annual meetings. To the regret of all, Mrs. Drummond has obeyed the three year rule of office of the Montreal Council, and has retired from an office which she filled with such exceptional ability and earnestness. She was elected first past president, and it is good to know that neither the Local nor National Council will be deprived of her services. Mrs. Cox was elected as her successor.

Lady Reid having retired from the Presidency of the Vancouver Council on account of absence and want of health, her resignation and that of her daughter, Miss Geraldine Reid, were regretfully accepted. Mrs. Beecher, our kind and able

vice-president becomes president, Miss Fagan, corresponding secretary, Miss Keith-Loidger, recording secretary and Mrs. S. M. Brown, treasurer. At Regina Madame Forget replaces Mrs. Padden as president, and at Calgary Mrs. Allan becomes corresponding secretary.

\* \* \*

LET us urge on our members once more the necessity for disposing of the Annual Report which contains an epitome of all our work, many valuable speeches and papers. It is really a necessity to those who care about the work of the Council, and it is a good bargain for a dollar. Please send orders to Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, 44 Dewson Street, Toronto, as soon as possible.

\* \* \*

ALL resolutions for the annual meeting must be received by March 14th, and the next executive will be held at Ottawa towards the latter end of March.

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#### BRANDON LOCAL COUNCIL.

Report of the first annual meeting of the Local Council of Women held in Brandon on January 27, 1897, in the Y.M.C.A parlors.

The following affiliated societies were present through their representatives. The W. C. T. U., Y.W.C.T.U., Willing Workers, (Presbyterian), W.F.M.S., (Presbyterian), Ladies' Aid Society, (Congregational), Ladies' Aid Society, (St. Matthew's), Teacher's Association, Indian Industrial School, Roman Catholic Ladies' and Hospital Aid Society.

The president, Mrs. McEwen, having taken the chair, the meeting was opened with silent prayer, next came roll-call and reading of minutes. The president spoke impressively of the object of this convocation of women, that in this way all denominations and classes of women might be able to render mutual help in relieving evils which press heavily upon the defenceless members of every community. No incentives to jealousy can exist in this Council while there is scope for every one's talents—such diversity being a bond of union. The Brandon Council is preparing a petition to the local legislature asking for power to ring the Curfew bell. Our federated societies were asked to send in statistics on insanity in our province, its causes, and suggestions as to its prevention; also plans for medical aid and nursing in isolated districts; also information as to the benefits or otherwise of the bringing in of pauper children to our country.

Reports were read from two Presbyterian Societies, the Willing Workers and W.F.M.S, the Hospital Aid Society, the W.C.T.U., the Indian Industrial School, and the Salvation Army, a member of which body attended by request of the executive. These reports were listened to with gratified interest, and a proposition that a promenade concert should be held in aid of the Y.M.C.A. library fund was agreed to, and a committee named to make arrangements. Nomination papers from the societies were examined by the corresponding secretary, and it was found that the old executive was re-elected for 1897.

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#### VICTORIA LOCAL COUNCIL.

The Local Council of Women of Victoria and Vancouver Island at their last meeting discussed in review the various matters of public concern in which it has played a part during the initial year of its organization, and entered upon the second year of its existence with increased confidence in itself, in the practical nature of its work, and in its power to accomplish needful reforms. Mrs. James Baker, the president, occupied the chair, and briefly addressed the large number of ladies present at the opening, afterwards calling

for the reports of the various officers and affiliated societies, which were read and adopted with many expressions of satisfaction. That of the treasurer showed a balance of \$25.15 remaining to the credit of the Council, all liabilities of the year having been discharged; while the secretary in her resume of the year's work noted that three important petitions had originated with and had been presented by the Council during 1896—one urging the necessity of employing a matron when female prisoners are dealt with at city police headquarters; a second asking for the amendment of the Married Woman's Property Act; and the third requesting that scientific temperance instruction be given in the public schools of the province. Practical and satisfactory results had been achieved by these petitions, while more recently—in fact during the past month—the Council has taken up the necessity for suitable provision being made by the city for the temporary care of insane patients pending their removal to Westminster for asylum treatment. The letter in this regard was considered by the Victoria board of aldermen less than one week ago, and already a communication in reply has been received from Mayor Beaven, in which he stated that a cell would be padded and otherwise prepared for use in such cases, at the city police station, other essentials also being provided as suggested.

The number of resolutions was very large, and we regret that space prevents our giving them in full. They emphasized the need of enforcing of the compulsory law regarding the education of children, and favored a "curfew bell" by-law. They urged the introduction of manual training into the public schools, and deprecated the evil of boys of tender age smoking.

The chief discussion however arose upon a Sabbath Observance resolution to petition the municipal council to enact a by-law for closing tobacco and fruit stores and barber shops on Sunday.

The desirability of this action was challenged by the delegates of the Hebrew Ladies' Association, but after a spirited discussion the resolution was adopted. Two resolutions furthering the temperance movement also passed.

Several interesting papers were read and the deliberations of the meeting throughout were marked by earnestness and vitality.

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#### VANCOUVER LOCAL COUNCIL.

The annual meeting of the Local Council of Women was held on Tuesday, Feb. 2nd.

The president, Mrs. Beecher, read an interesting resume of the work and aims of the Council.

The recording secretary, Mrs. Ledger, gave a brief summary of the work of the past year. It was hoped that we should have for the coming year, women as school trustees in Vancouver. The question was earnestly discussed at our meetings and much done for the furtherance of that object, but on making further enquiries it was found that the School Act, which we trusted should give us this privilege, did not extend to Vancouver. We could go no further in this matter until a special act was passed in the Legislature. This, we are assured, will be brought forward as soon as possible by a good friend to the cause, Col. Baker. A committee has also been appointed to interview the City Council on this subject. The Vancouver Woman's Home was closed in April, as the funds were exhausted and it was deemed inadvisable to make a further appeal for subscriptions for that object in view of the existence of a similar home in Victoria, which is in receipt of a government grant. The furniture was stored at the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Home, and finally, on August 1st, the executive decided to give the same to that institution, provided the board agree to carry on a rescue and preventive work.

The treasurer, Mrs. McLagan, reported receipts, \$151.35; disbursements, \$137.71; leaving a balance of \$13.64 in the treasury.

At the evening session a number of most interesting papers were read on "Our Motto," "Concentration," and "Reading Circles." The meeting throughout was most successful in stimulating public interest in the Council's work and aims.

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#### TORONTO LOCAL COUNCIL.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Toronto Local Council of Women was held in the amphitheatre of the Educational Department on February 3rd. There were two sessions, one in the afternoon, at which business of a routine character was transacted, and one in the evening, at which a number of addresses were given, notably one by Hon. Geo. W. Ross on "Manual Training." Both sessions were presided over by Mrs. Dickson, while Miss Cartwright, the now secretary, recorded the proceedings. The treasurer's statement, which was the first report submitted in the afternoon, showed that the total receipts, including a balance from last year of \$41.63, amounted to \$58.17. The expenditure was \$25.26, leaving a balance to the good of \$32.91.

Mrs. Dickson stated that during the interval since the last meeting the committees had met with great regularity, and much encouragement had been received in the prosecution of the work. She outlined a programme which would be carried out during the next few months under the auspices of the Council, and this programme included a lecture by Dr. Clark on "Insanity: its Prevention and Cure," to be delivered during the present month.

Interesting reports were received from various affiliated organizations.

Miss Lowe, the convener of the committee on the importation of pauper children, reported the work which was being accomplished by that body.

Miss McGaw reported the progress of the Industrial Room, which is accomplishing much good and furnishing needed work to the mothers of many families.

The report from the Women's Christian Temperance Union was delivered by Mrs. Bascom, who stated that in addition to the ordinary work pursued by the union, two new departments had been started.

Mrs. Dignum reported for the Toronto Women's Arts Association of Canada, and pointed out what had been accomplished in the way of educational advancement by that organization.

Mrs. Tilley of London spoke of the work done by the union of that city, which had made a special effort to get women on the board of the London schools.

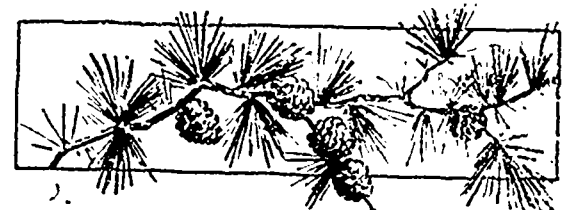
Miss Cayley spoke for the committee which had the question of public baths under consideration.

Mrs. Curzon described the progress of the reading circles and the good work accomplished by them.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings gave a detailed report of the recent meeting at Ottawa of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women, and outlined the project which the Committee proposed for the commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen.

The evening session was largely attended. Miss Hart, Mrs. Rowand of Quebec, Miss Cartwright and Mrs. Torrington spoke on varied points of interest, while Hon. G. W. Ross gave an admirable and effective address on manual training. The sessions were most successful.

Reports of Schools of Domestic Science in Ottawa and Hamilton, referred to in editorial notes, also of West Algona Local Council have been received, but are held over for lack of space until next month.



## Music Notes.

BY AMATEUR.

IN the weeks which have elapsed since our last issue, the chief musical events have been two concerts by Toronto societies—that of the Mendelssohn Choir in late January, and of the Male Chorus Club in mid-February.

Although the daily and weekly press have pronounced upon these excellent entertainments, there still remains to the monthly journal the not unpleasant task of voicing the memories that linger with the audience after first impressions and present sound and sense have vanished.

For after all, it is that which remains with us which is our gain: the resonance, the passionate delivery, the beautiful face and form, the high pure note, the fine expressive shading the deep strength of tone, sometimes even a look or gesture—these are the details which singly or in combination write upon our hearts their indelible imprint, and as the days and weeks elapse, we discover what our memories are, and therefore what has been our chief impress and our enjoyment at such events.

In the matter of chorus work, the Mendelssohn choir had the advantage, inasmuch as the 'full humanity of parts'—both male and female voices—gave greater scope for expressive work.

It is difficult to conceive of finer work in shading and expression than that done under Mr. Vogt's conduct. From the first motette—Gounod's arrangement of that plaintive 137th Psalm—to the merry descriptive absurdity, 'Humpty-Dumpty,' the chorus renditions were a delight.

A certain joyous freshness of voice and style was one of the pleasantest features of the chorus; while carefully noting their conductor they sang under no constraint, but lightly, joyously, as though each measure sprang to the lips from involuntary impulse; and this trait was marked throughout—the closing choruses were as brightly and easily rendered as were the first.

The programme was excellently chosen; the range from strong to sweet, from grave to gay, from mirth to majestic measures, presenting a choice variety.

Mlle. Verlet with a faultless little form and pleasing presence, and a soprano sweet and clear—yet failed to capture her audience, because she lacked temperament. Her notes were faultily faultless, missing only the greatest gift—that humanity, which betrays itself not in an outward expression, but in a pervasive warmth and depth. Canada has sweet woman voices, not yet so perfectly trained perhaps; but promising a splendid fulness, which such a voice as Verlet's can never reach.

Miss Aus der Ohe was a delight. She approached her instrument caressingly. Her first touches lingered upon the keys, and presently the sweet-mannered German lady and the piano had it all between them. She did not 'execute' or 'perform,' but wooed the silent instrument with her slender fingers; and it answered her many moods in instant and beautiful response.

Aus der Ohe won from her piano that which Verlet failed to give forth in those clear bell-like notes—humanity.

Yet the chorus renderings stood first and above the solo successes. Mr. Vogt is to be congratulated, even as he deserves our thanks.

A house fully as brilliant as that which greeted the Mendelssohn Choir, assembled for the concert of the Male Chorus Club, held two weeks later.

Under the careful leadership of Walter H. Robinson, this organization of well-trained men's

voices gave their large and critical audience a delightful evening. The range of music for such a chorus is naturally more limited than in one of mixed voices; but within that range Mr. Robinson secured fine effects.

The choruses were marked with a finished restraint, smooth delivery and good shading.

This was especially noticeable in Lachner's 'Hymn to Music,' which was perhaps the best rendered selection. Cooke's 'Strike the Lyre' was also given with fine promptness.

It was a pleasure to see this choir of men singers without music and without accompaniment, responsive only but instantly to the little white-gleaming baton in the hand of the slender young conductor. The voices rising, falling, blending in such perfect unison of melody.

Perhaps the best evidence of the chorus' successes might be found in the openly-expressed regret that the Club had not appropriated a few more numbers, leaving less to the over-generous soloist.

Mr. Bispham, the baritone, made the mistake of singing too much and too often. Nine songs plus one or two encores on a limited programme, is a tax upon the loyalty of the audience to even an exceptional singer.

And Mr. Bispham is not exceptional. He has a genial and attractive personality that suggests actor or lecturer rather than singer. His manner and method are essentially English, and his voice well attuned to ballad music. When we pronounce him a graceful and finished ballad singer, with voice fitted for the drawing room or after dinner song rather than the concert hall—with charm of manner, easy delivery, good articulation, and carefully guarded tone—we have said all. This gentleman may have been suffering from cold, or for some purpose been restraining his voice, but on that evening he showed neither power nor range, consequently, pleasant as those sweet old ballads were, nine numbers were twice too many.

But Herr Gregorowitsch won us altogether. A genius among violinists is he, and the most magic of instruments he little fairy in his finger hold. A young man of no marked personality beyond a pale reserve,—a little man with a little instrument, but such sweetness of sound, such rushes of liquid melody, those two showered upon us, that we were spell-bound beneath it. Gregorowitsch might have played all night and we would not have grown weary.

Gregorowitsch is a genius, and his little bit of brown curved wood is enchanted.

Among the new music is a minuet, 'Auf Wiedersehen,' by Mary O'Hara,—a melodious musical composition with German motif. It has several changes which show effective harmonies, and responds to an expressive interpretation. It is not too difficult, and makes a charming ripple for that pretty dance.

'Red Roses' is a new song for mezzo-soprano or alto voice. The words are by Chas. D. Bingham; the music by W. O. Forsyth. The plaintive music gives full expression to the sentiment, and deserves interpretation by singers possessing the genuine artistic temperament. The song is a pretty and effective love melody of good composition and should be popular. It is dedicated to Miss Beverley Robinson.

Alone in my bower I am dreaming,  
All careless of time in its flight;  
Dreaming of blushing red roses,  
Red roses you sent me to-night.  
Entwined in their depths I found hidden  
A story so old yet so new;  
'Twas only 'I love you,' but somehow  
I know that dear story is true.

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THE satisfactory sale of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's paintings show that the finished work of this familiar artist is appreciated by Canadian art patrons. The perfect atmosphere, soft tone and limpid effects he obtains make his water colors a very real delight.

Both in subjects and size his pictures are suitable for home walls, and one or two of them light a room into beauty, while they breathe a very spirit of rest into the onlooker.

In the hundred pictures which hung for sale, the average standard was so high it would be impossible to distinguish between them with any fairness. But, Mr. O'Brien's waters and skies are his most excellent efforts.

Lovely little sunset scenes, soft floating clouds, ethery limitless blues, far-off horizons, pellucid waters, or gently washing waves, jutting woodland points, with their foliage of curving trunk and boughs dipping to the lake—all that we know and love of Canadian unpruned summer beauty—this is caught and given to us for delight by Mr. O'Brien's poetic pencil

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The annual Canadian art exhibitions begin with that of the Academy, which opens in Ottawa on March 9th.

The number of pictures sent by each artist must necessarily be limited, consequently the matter of choice is difficult. But in each case it will be selection from the best.

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The Royal Canadian Academy exhibition is a Dominion one, that of the O.S.A. is of course provincial, as far as Ontario artists are concerned the same pictures will appear at both.

\* \* \*

After the Ottawa exhibition comes that held in Montreal, and in April the O.S.A. exhibit in Toronto, which gives promise of being unusually good.

\* \* \*

Toronto artists have all suffered from the business depression of the past two or three years, and the month has seen several auction sales of paintings by well-known local artists.

Such a sale cannot be the most satisfactory or agreeable method of disposing of his work to the artist, but it gives opportunities to art patrons whose purses are not commensurate with their tastes in this direction.

\* \* \*

Mr. Boulton's collection of water colors which was on exhibition at Matthew's gallery during early February gave pleasure to lovers of low tones.

This artist keeps large, so the purples, greens and greys that give cool fresh effects, but rarely strong or distinct ones. His pictures are pensive rather than vigorous.

Possibly the best thing, artistically viewed, was "Chateau de Chillon," which Byron has made immortal.

The background of mountain outline is very good. Mr. Boulton seems to have an especial gift for hill painting—the sweep, the irregular yet soft and flexible outline, the suggestion of strength, are all well expressed.

"The Fountain of Villeneuve" charmed us chiefly by its background of sky and delightful old steep roofs. Bits of Villeneuve streets recalled our own Quebec—it is Canada's old-time city, the type of much that is continental in architecture.

"Portchester Castle" showed good atmosphere and much strength of treatment.

"Tregwainton Cairn, Cornwall," showed a charming background of rocky hill curving in gracious outline to the blue water, turning its soft side to the foreground all clad in furze and mossy growth, while winding down its side and reaching into the broad fore-front showed a grass-grown river channel, sharply defined by its paler green. A pretty thing this for lovers of cool restful effects.

Among the smaller paintings were two views of a bridge, one in sunshine, the other in shadow.

\* \* \*

In our studio rambles, we surprised that very pleasant and likable artist, Mr. Manly, one recent day, as he stood in the centre of his work-room, trying to decide which two of four large pictures should go to the academy.

This artist does the lonely bits of moorland, pasture and hay fields which so delight our eyes.



Moonlight Landscape, Ontario. By W. E. Atkinson.

The "Heart of the Moorland," a hill-set ravine, all a tangle of furze and ferns, and pale tinted heather, with a foreground of stream and stones—will surely be selected; together with one of a low-lying hay meadow, whose tall grasses seemed to sway while we looked.

In smaller paintings two charming little subjects—a bit of Canadian pasture land, with a little group of ewes and lambs—a very breath of Spring; and a simple sunset scene entitled, "Lingering Lights," will also be chosen.

\* \* \*

McGillivray Knowles, the well-known artist, has charming studio and reception rooms at Yonge street, where both he and his picturesque wife are at home to their friends each Friday, as well as on studio days during the winter months.

Mr. Knowles, since his return from England where he studied under the famous Hubert Herkomer, has made rapid advance in his chosen profession.

At the time of our visit, we found him working upon a study in color and lighting—the subject being three women engaged over a bit of fancy work under a crimson-shaded electric light. The play of crimson light upon the faces and hair, gave the picture a glowing effect that touched the whole studio with warmth. Several choice portrait and head-studies were upon the walls. But, perhaps, the most charming thing in the studio was quite a small picture, an imaginative study entitled, "Autumn," a beautiful maiden figure, nude, save for the gossamer mist blown lightly about her form, with a wealth of reddish auburn hair all caught by the autumn wind, and tossed breezily out from a background of red-tinted trees.

Another remarkably good bit of work is "An Egyptian Type," for which Mrs. Knowles has served as a perfect model.

Mr. Knowles is a deep student and lover of his art, and a most interesting talker.

"The work of the artist," he says, "is to reveal to the ordinary observer something he would otherwise not have noticed.

"I do not care whether my work is realistic or imaginative; but only inasmuch as it reveals to you hidden things, is it a success."

"Do you prefer the approval of the unknowing public, or the all knowing art critic?"

"If by art critics you mean brother artists," he answers: "I certainly prefer their words of praise to that of an indiscriminating public.

Truly we cannot afford to ignore our public, since we work for them; but our work is to educate, as well as to please. The public often prefer an artist's worst work, in preference to that which is better, merely because the subject pleases them; fellow artists understand the value of the study, seeing both its virtues and faults."

\* \* \*

The great army of women artists feel a certain amount of disappointment at the manner in which their claims are persistently ignored by the Royal Academy. The names of three ladies have long been upon the list of candidates for the associateship, and that of a fourth—one of the most eminent painters of her sex—was added to it a few days ago. Yet to none of these did the ungallant academicians give one single vote, and there seems but little hope than any woman artist of our time will follow in the footsteps of Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser, and take her seat among the forty. It may be not generally known, however, that Lady Butler, while the fame of "The Roll Call" was still fresh in the public mind, was once within two votes of being elected an associate. The artist who defeated her by this narrow majority was Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

\* \* \*

"Another Rosa Bonheur," Miss Kemp-Beach of Bournemouth, England, is called. She is already regarded as one of the best painters of the horse that the century has seen.

BLACK AND WHITE.



## A GIRL'S DAY AT QUEEN'S.

BY A STUDENT.

It is whispered in college circles that when the two pioneers of women's higher education in Queen's, first clicked their high-heeled shoes



along the corridors that hitherto had known masculine tread alone, they were waited upon by a delegation of enquirers and catechised as follows: "Can you sew on buttons?" "Can you make good bread?" "Can you do all kinds of housework?" etc. The sterner sex evidently considered that, until these accomplishments were mastered, women's place was at least, not at Queen's. That the catechised were able to give satisfactory answers we infer from the fact that they continued their studies in peace, and demonstrated the ability of their sex to hold their own in the educational arena, one of them carrying off the gold medal. They have been succeeded by large numbers of Canada's fairest and most clever women, who have come from all over the Dominion, from British Columbia in the far west to Nova Scotia in the east, and even our American cousins occasionally cross the border for a course in Queen's.

That the trite saying, "There is no royal road to learning!" holds good at Queen's, a glance at the curriculum suffices to prove. Every day, from eight o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening, the professors in Arts, Theology and Medicine are busy with their classes,—even Saturday, that holiday for most students, brings its work in the shape of a junior Latin class, known in student vernacular as "The Grind."

One day's work of a girl in the freshman year—1900, otherwise known as the "Naughty Naughts"—may be of interest to the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. This particular girl is pursuing a special course in English which necessitates attendance upon seventeen lectures a week, the subjects taken up being junior and senior history, junior, senior, and honor English including Anglo-Saxon.

The first lecture of this course for to-day (Wednesday) is at ten a.m. A brisk walk down Gordon and Union streets, in company with our student, brings us to the foot-ball campus, across which we hasten, in daring disregard of the notice to trespassers, past the new gymnasium, the School of Mining and science hall, on the right, and medical hall on the left, to the back entrance by which the majority of the students enter.

Up the broad flight of stairs branching right and left, from the first landing of which a bust of the late Dr. Williamson looks down from its pedestal, we pass to the girls' waiting-room where outdoor wraps are doffed and the red-bound black gown is donned, and our student is ready for work. The tinkle of electric bells gives the signal for action and we join the group of students in the English room, with its lovely view of the St. Lawrence and the islands.

The professor, Rev. G. Ferguson, is at his desk, and for a moment every head is bowed, as he invokes the blessing of the Source of all knowledge upon the exercises of the day. A kind and genial gentleman is the professor, whose locks have grown silvery in the service of his Master and of Queen's. His extensive travels in the Holy Lands and on the continent of Europe, enable him by many a word-picture to brighten what to some at least would otherwise be an uninteresting study, that of mediæval history. Flying pens transfer the lecture to the various notebooks for future reference. The bell tinkles, writing ceases, and we bid adieu to the English room for a few hours.

At this season of the year the probability is that the next two hours will be spent in the

round-topped building at the Union street entrance that bears the alluring sign, "Kingston Skating Rink."

Two o'clock in the afternoon finds us in the Junior Philosophy room on the first floor, where the Senior English class meets, having overflowed the class-room upstairs. While we await the arrival of the professor our ears will probably be charmed (?) by the deep voices of the male students singing such familiar college songs as "Litoria," "Michael Roy," etc., or Queen's University's own particular song,

"On the old Ontario strand, my boys,  
Where Queen's for evermore shall stand,  
Has she not stood, since the time of the flood,  
On the old Ontario strand."

Woe unto the bashful girl who chances to be a little late, for she is certain to be treated to a full chorus of "Hop along, sister Mary," accompanied by a steady tramping of feet, until she sinks into her seat with something of the same feeling with which the Indians hailed Alabama.

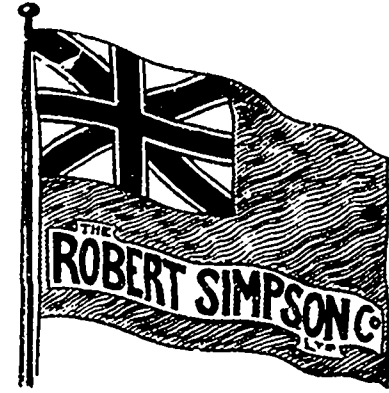
But a familiar tread is heard, and silence reigns as Professor Cappon passes down the room to his desk. The professor is a firmly-built muscular Scotchman, with the unmistakable stamp of a man thoroughly at home in the realm of books. With a rather cool reserve of manner that keeps even the most presuming at a distance, he has yet a personal magnetism, which, combined with his perfect mastery of his subject, makes it an undeniable pleasure to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel of Queen's. From the study of Shakespeare's play "King Richard III.," the class has passed on to the study of the development of English poetry in general, the subject for this afternoon being the origin and development of the sonnet, which the professor handles in his usual masterly way, his rapidly given ideas requiring a swift pen and a retentive memory on the part of the student in order to get satisfactory notes.

The honor English lecture that follows is delivered in the English room, and this afternoon, consists of a criticism of Emerson's "Literary Ethics."

The students of this class were witnesses one afternoon to an amusing incident, which proved that the professor can enjoy a joke at his own expense. As it is but natural to suppose, it is extremely unpleasant to have the students entering the class-room after the lecture has begun, and on this particular day the professor had been especially annoyed by it. Finally he expressed his displeasure in good round terms, when, in the middle of his speech, "ting-a-ling" went the electric bell—he had begun his lecture ahead of time. The shout of laughter and stamping of feet that followed was apparently enjoyed by no one more than by the professor himself.

Once a fortnight the next hour is taken up by the Lavana, the girls' branch of the Alma Mater Society. The Lavana is now under the leadership of the vice-president, the president having gone to brighten a Methodist parsonage with her presence.

From five to six o'clock as many of the girls as feel so inclined, receive instructions in physical culture and military drill, from Sergt. Major Morgans of the Royal Military College. The club-swinging, wand exercises and marching, besides giving ease and grace of carriage, healthfully develop the muscles and also the appetite, which makes the order to dismiss a welcome one. After tea, study, receptions, or religious services will usually finish the day of a girl in Queen's.



The...  
Old  
And the  
New

We are entering March with all evidences of spring gathering about us. Where there are still some lines in heavier goods to be sold, and we make prices tempting enough to sell them, our thoughts are of the spring season, and new goods are commencing to arrive. Our store news of this month will be of the old and the new, though mainly the new, for we look into the future and not backwards.

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# Woman's Sports.

By Cyclist.

## HOW TO KEEP A BICYCLE.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

There is about as much art in taking care of one's machine as in putting it to rights when it needs it. Care is half the battle, and it well repays itself by results. The first point in connection with a cycle is to decide where to keep it, and this is not always a perfectly easy matter.

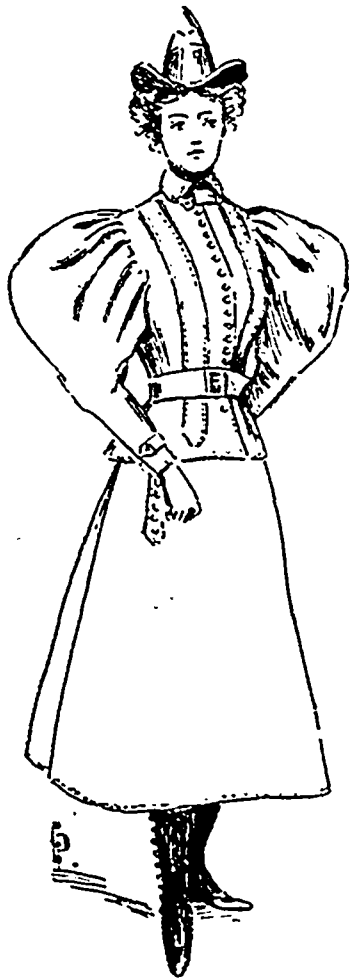
Where a tricycle is in question the matter has complications. It is necessary to have a width of gate and doorway not always to be obtained in limited town accommodation. It takes up an amount of room which cannot always be conveniently spared, and its storage becomes an anxious question. The bicycle is far more easily provided for. It can pass through the very narrowest door or passage, it can lean up against a wall without taking up much room, and it does not often require a whole shed or outbuilding for its storage, as the three-wheeler frequently does. But in a small town house, with no room for a shed outside, and only a straight passage from the front door to the back regions, it sometimes becomes a subject for serious consideration: What is to be done with even a bicycle?

An ingenious cyclist has conceived the idea of having stout hooks driven into his passage wall, high up, upon which his bicycle is hung by means of two cords and a pulley. When the cycle has attained its elevated position, above people's heads and out of harm's way, he lets fall two curtains of green art serge, with heavy ball fringes, which entirely hide the cycle from sight, and keep it free from dust and damp, this idea is so simple, and so ingenious, that I commend it to the notice of those of my readers who may have little house room for their bicycles.

But, wherever a cycle is kept, the chief point to observe is that that spot should be dry. Damp is the bitterest foe of the cyclist, and does more harm to his or her machine than any other enemy. Rust creeps in before one dreams of it, and such damage may be done in a few days as can never be set right. Put your

cycle, therefore, where it is dry and snug, and you will save yourself many a pang of regret.

If you are uncertain about the dryness of your storage, and have to leave the cycle without care for a week or two during the winter, you should smear over the bright parts with vaseline, which must be applied in the following manner: Provide yourself with a wide mouthed bottle of vaseline and a bit of old flannel. Smear the flannel well over with the contents of the bottle, and pass it lightly over all the plated parts of your machine. You must not neglect a single nut or screw-head. This will preserve the plat-



ing from rust entirely, and when you want to use the machine again, you have only to rub off the vaseline with a soft clean cloth, polish up the metal with a leather, and your cycle will be in shining condition once more.

When paraffin is used for cleaning clogged bearings, great care must be used that it does not get upon the tires; which it is apt to injure. When a machine is standing idle for a week or two, it is as well to empty the tires of almost all air. The same should be done for the pneumatic saddle, if one is used. There is a curious necessity for rest among inanimate as well as animate objects, and relief from constant tension and strain does even air-tubes good.

There is as much care needed when riding a bicycle as in storing it. Riders who treat their machines with rough indifference soon take off the fine edge of their perfection. Never ride over freshly-metalled roads, which will both puncture your tires and shake your machine. Never jar the cycle up against a curb or a gate in dismounting; avoid sudden sharp twists and violent jerks.

When a bicycle is at its best its running is smooth, easy, and regular. But to attain that perfection it has to be adjusted with care and nicety. It is extraordinary how slight a twist or jar may injure its smooth running, and leave it damaged to the end of its days. This is one great reason why one should never learn to ride on a perfectly new machine, and why one should steel one's heart against ever lending a good bicycle to a beginner.

One of the best ways of taking care of a machine is to keep it cleaned regularly; when mud is allowed to cake upon it, it cannot be removed without a quantity of dry dust being set in motion. This sifts invisibly into the bearings of the cycle, and the fine grit thus deposited in time rubs down the bearings, and removes their perfect roundness of surface. As soon as this happens, the running of the machine is spoiled, and the result will at once be felt by the rider. Therefore, mud should always be removed while still wet. Dry mud is also apt to scratch the fine enamel, and to leave either mud or dust on the polished surface is perilously likely to dull and deface it. A well cleaned machine will last good nearly to the end of its days, and will look well, and be a credit to its owner, even after its frame has grown shaky and its bearings worn.

There is a fad in some people's mind about reducing weight on a machine to the extent of doing away with a gear-case and making laced cords serve to keep the frock off the chain. It is a great mistake in my opinion. Those of us who remember pre-gear-case days, and recall our conscientious blackleading of our chains, can only marvel that anyone should be so rash as to court the same miseries that once were ours. An uncased gear in muddy weather is a thing to inspire one with despair. If the case be of leather or papier mache it is so light that it would be absurd to quarrel with its weight, and give it up on that account.

So important has woman become in the hunting field that the manufacturers have had to pay special attention to weapons for her use. The guns must not be so heavy as those for men. The coming of smokeless powders and long slender bullets fired from six or seven pound rifles has put women on a footing beside men, for the new rifles will kill anything.

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# Canadian Women

The appointment of the Countess of Aberdeen to deliver the inaugural lecture at the May commencement of Chicago University, may be interpreted directly as a recognition of Her Excellency's platform ability, and her high standing among workers in social and economic reforms; and indirectly, as a graceful acknowledgement and furtherance of the entente cordiale and co-operation toward which the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are moving in these first months of the Queen's Year.

The Montreal Woman's Club has come nearly to the close of a session that has proved the most interesting and profitable yet experienced. The monthly club lectures have proved a source of great profit and interest to the members.

Mrs. Robert Reid president of the Montreal Woman's Club, and Miss Reid left in February for a Mediterranean trip.

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Society, organized in the Montreal haoring district, Point St. Charles, is an interesting gathering which fully realizes its name. Men and women are equally acceptable as speakers, and during the past season some very bright and practical addresses have been given by Canadian women.

Tue-day, February 2nd will be memorable in the annals of Canadian women's progress, as the day upon which the first Canadian woman lawyer, Miss Clara Brett Martin, was formally called to the bar. A sketch of the lady is found in the present number.

The United States alien labor law thus far only discriminates against "male aliens." But enquiries have recently been made concerning the number of Canadian women employed as nurses, teachers, milliners, modistes, etc. in the Republic, and it is alleged that effort will be made to compel them to become naturalized citizens.

Miss McVitty, the young lady who has served for many years and under a succession of mayors as stenographer and private secretary to Toronto's chief magistrate has been transferred to another department, and a male secretary and office assistant been appointed in her place.

Mrs. Tytler, an elderly lady, and widow of Col. Tytler, of the Bengal army, has been delivering one or two interesting addresses in Ottawa and Montreal on India and the famine.

Miss Alice Ashworth, of the Toronto Mail and Empire staff, has sold to the publishing house of Frederic Warne & Co. a collection of short stories for very

young children. The books will be illustrated and brought out later on in the year, probably in time for the Christmas trade.

Miss Jessie Alexander, the well known Canadian reciter, whose devotion to her profession during the past few years has somewhat taxed her physically, purposes closing an unusually full season early in April, and then intends to go abroad, first to London and then the continent, spending at least six months in rest and enjoyment.

Mrs. Ada Marien Hughes, wife of our popular inspector of Toronto public schools and a leader in Canadian kindergarten work, lectured in Niagara Falls on February 9th.

Miss Valance Berryman, of Toronto, a clever young Canadian writer of short stories, left in early February for a six months' trip to England and the continent. Miss Berryman goes first to Edinburgh; she will be present in London during the Jubilee celebration, and will write descriptive sketches of the brilliant ceremonies, for various papers.

Miss Clara Brett Martin, the newly-appointed woman barrister, has entered into partnership with the law firm of Shilton, Wallbridge & Company. The new firm will be Shilton, Wallbridge & Martin.

Canadian women will, doubtless, heartily endorse the action of the women of the United States in urging, by means of petition sent to all persons in authority, a hearty co-operation in bringing every influence to bear to obtain ratification of the Arbitration Treaty.

As a colony of Great Britain, who stands ready to accept, Canada has no active part to perform. But Canadian women can and do give all that magnetic influence of sympathy and response that unconsciously inclines the hearts of men toward the thing desired.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Local Council in London, on Feb. 11th, the desirability of petitioning the Provincial Government to make woman representation on the public school boards compulsory was discussed, and a resolution to that effect adopted. The following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. Broomer; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Galan, Mrs. (Rev.) G. B. Sage, Mrs. Shanley; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. (Rev.) E. N. English; Recording Secretary, Miss D. M. McDonald; Treasurer, Miss A. E. Mackenzie.

Francis E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, and Hannah Whitehall Smith,

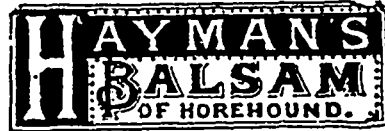
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the author of that widely-read devotional book, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," will visit Toronto, to take part in the great World's W.C.T.U. Convention in October next.

An influential deputation of the Women's Local Councils of Ontario waited upon the Ontario Government on Feb. 15th, asking for amended legislation to the Shops Act, in order to protect shop girls in similar manner as the Factory Act protects factory girls.

A public meeting was held in Ottawa, on Feb. 10th, to formally inaugurate the scheme of the Victorian Order of Home Helpers; by which it is suggested that Canada commemorates the Queen's Jubilee. The scheme was explained by the Countess of Aberdeen, endorsed and supported by His Excellency, Premier Laurier and other members of the Cabinet.

The "Victoria Free Dispensary," for the sick, indigent women of Toronto, is a Diamond Jubilee scheme conceived by the Women's Medical College, a movement having for its aim the free treatment of poor women by women physicians only. The students are soliciting subscriptions from Toronto ladies with much success.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Women's Art Association of Canada will open in Robert's art galleries, 79 King street west, on March 1st.

It now appears that Miss Flora Shaw, the writer of the series of colonial articles in the *London Times*, is responsible for hastening the Johannesburg raid. Miss Shaw, it will be remembered, passed through Canada on her *Times*' mission three years ago.

WOMEN ABROAD.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher whose recent accident and serious after-illness gave rise to the report that she was dying, has a remarkable constitution and her family are looking forward to her recovery.

Queen Lilliwokalani has established herself for the present in Washington, very much to her own comfort, and apparently somewhat to the discomfort of the outgoing and incoming Presidents.

That Her Dusky Majesty does not mean to be ignored, and that she still regards herself as Queen of the Hawaiian Isles suffering an illegal dethronement, is evident.

Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross League has offered to go to Cuba to relieve the destitution and suffering there. Her offer has been accepted by the Spanish Government. She is ready to leave when funds are raised.

The first Congress of Mothers, which met in Washington on February 17th, 18th, 19th, proved most successful.

Mrs. Cleveland who is generally rather shy of women's gatherings, approves heartily of this newest woman's organization, and gave the delegates a private reception at White House.

It is asserted in a book published in Germany last month that the present Empress of Germany takes an active interest in Cabinet politics. She is a strong, sensible and healthy, and her influence is likely to be on the side of prudence and common sense.

It is not unlikely that the coming session of the Kansas Senate will be opened by a woman chaplain. The Rev. Frances E. Brandt is a candidate for the office of chaplain, and the newspapers of that State say that her chances are good. If she is successful, Miss Brandt's name will go on record as the first woman chaplain of a legislature body.

Eugene Field's daughter, Mary French Field, made her debut before a New York drawing room audience on February 18th, as reader and interpreter of her father's poems. Better than any other woman in the world—except her mother, who was with her last night—she understands the undertones and the stiller voices in her father's stanzas. Moreover, whether by pure sympathy or by a skill so simple that it had no outward flourish to announce itself she made her audience understand the finer, the more delicate ways in which the words she read appealed to her. Her recital was most successful.

The passage of the second reading of the Woman's franchise bill in the British Parliament on February 3rd, is a notable event in the history of the movement. The third reading of a bill is usually merely a matter of form; and although it may be delayed another year, yet the fight is practically over and the cause won. The movement has five times suffered defeat in the United States during the past month. A woman's suffrage bill was brought up in the Nebraska Legislature on February 8th, and defeated by a motion of indefinite postponement, carried by a vote of 56 to 30. A similar bill was lost in the Nevada Legislature by a vote of 15 to 5; and in Delaware on February 16th by a vote of 17 nays to 7 yeas. In Boston and Oklahoma Legislatures the bill also suffered defeat on February 18th.

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BOOK NOTICES, REVIEWS, ETC.

It was hardly to be expected that the successor of Professor Swing, the late noted heterodox divine of Chicago, would prove a commonplace individual, yet he might have been much less gifted than this, his first published book, shows.

'A Man's Value to Society' at once sets the seal of literary ability upon the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, and gives him rank among successful authors.

The book is dedicated briefly 'To My Wife, in recognition of her helpfulness, loyalty and devotion'; and this is sufficient excuse—if one were needed—for discussing it at some length in the pages of a home and woman's paper.

The sub-title gives an index of the character and purpose of the book: 'Studies in Self-Culture and Character,' and we venture to assert that never were such studies written with greater vigor and lucidity. Each chapter, philosophical and ethical as it is in character, is never for a moment dull or heavy, but brightened by wealth of illustration, and enriched by rhetorical beauty. What Ian Maclaren has done in 'The Mind of the Master' to lead us into higher conceptions of Divinity, Newell Dwight Hillis has accomplished, perhaps with greater solidity, in dealing with the moral and spiritual nature of men.

To quote with any success from such a book is impossible, since in every page the philosophy is wise enough, the illustration rich enough, to have individual setting; nor is it easy to make choice of chapters since all are good.

'The Elements of Worth in the Individual,' 'Character,' 'Aspirations and Ideals,' 'Physical Basis of Character,' 'The Imagination,' 'Enthusiasm of Friendship,' 'The Science of Living with Men,'—these are a few of the chapter titles which may give some idea of the trend and motive of the book, but none of the entertaining and wise manner of their treatment.

It is a book to be placed in the hands of all thoughtful readers, especially perhaps into the hands of men—and yet more especially those of young men, who, starting out in life, meet at every corner temptations, difficulties and disillusion, which need a store of wisdom and spiritual strength to combat.

There is nothing of weak cant about the book, nor even dreaminess. It is robust in the practical strength that is a strong man's delight, yet it blends in wonderful way the grand truths of a large Christianity with the wisdom of the centuries, and clothes the happy result in choice and attractive phrasing.

It is a book for mothers to buy for

'Mollie Melville,' by E. Everett Green, \$1.25, T. Nelson & Sons, London, Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.

'A Man's Value to Society,' by Newell Dwight Hillis, \$1.25, Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.

their sons, and sisters for brothers; one to be read by husband and wife together in the quiet and thoughtful moments when they desire to measure life truly.

Again, it is a book for that quiet hour—yours or mine—when withdrawn from the world and its low standards, we would build up and strengthen our ideals.

Here are a few of the many quotable bits:

'Strangely enough some are unwilling to have ascended progressively from an animal, but quite willing to come up directly from the clod.'

'Scholars perceive that matter has fulfilled its mission, now that dust stands erect, throbbing in a thinking brain and beating in a glowing heart.'

'Success means that the heart sings while the hand works.'

'He who has one strong faculty, the using of which would give delight and success, and who passes it by to use a weaker faculty, is doomed to mediocrity and heart breaking failure.'

'As there is sediment in the bottom of a glass of impure water, so there is mud in the bottom of a bad man's life.'

Quite a pretty and bright story for girls is Mollie Melville by E. Everett Green. The characters are all attractive, while Mollie and her cousin Barbara are charming young girls, amid pure and refined surroundings. There are several pretty love affairs wrought in together with sufficient adventure to keep it interesting. The tale runs easily, and is as free from any of the grief and sordid aspects of life as the thoughts and fancies of a young girl should be. The book is well bound and illustrated, making an altogether charming gift book for a young daughter or girl friend of fair sixteen.

A valuable little brochure has been written by H. Spencer Howell of Galt, Ont., entitled 'The Union Jack'—a short history of our national flag, for the children of our public schools. In a brief four pages it gives the origin and history of the British ensign, with description of the various naval flags; and also details the designs of ten Canadian flags—the Canadian ensign, those of the Governor General and Lieutenant Governors.

The author is generously sending copies of the brochure to every public school in the province; and it should be among the reference volumes in every library.

A SINGING MOUSE.

BY W. T. D.

Several years ago the writer heard a strange noise near some water pipes in a storeroom, and at first thought that one of them had broken and that a little stream was gurgling between the walls. Later this gurgling sound was discovered to be produced by a mouse, which after a few days was captured in one of the ordinary traps made to secure these little

rodents alive. When the mouse was removed from the trap she was permitted to run about a small room, and it was noticed that the harder she ran the more she sang. On other occasions the mouse was let out in the same room, and she could always be made to sing simply by causing her to run rapidly and become more or less excited. When eating or gnawing her wooden cage the singing was also particularly loud, and was evidently produced by exertion of any kind.

Eleven days after her capture this tuneful mouse gave birth to two young, and it was noticed that it was just previous to, and for some time after their birth, that the mouse sang most continuously. By the middle of December the young gave their mother considerable anxiety. They were the size of respectable peanuts, and old enough to get out of the nest and go sprawling about the cage, and their mother was obliged to pick them up and carry them into the nest again. This exertion caused her to keep up a constant singing, and she no doubt lost her temper, too, for on December 21st she ate about one-half of one of her offspring, commencing at its head. The one devoured was the more backward of the two, and the lively youngster ensconced himself at the other end of the cage, furthest away from his kind mother.

These two mice, mother and son, were not very good specimens of their kind. An abundant food supply in time bettered their condition, but they were at first of poor appearance—bags of bones. The singing mouse gave birth in time to fourteen more young, divided into four litters, but the details mentioned in connection with the first family, were repeated with slight variations. It was discovered one morning that this musical rodent had devoured her spouse, and having broken up the family, she was removed to a bottle of alcohol, where she remains.

It is evident that it was not happy feelings that made this mouse sing. She was evidently diseased, and violent exertion caused her to make the pleasant gurgling sound which has been called singing. When she was weakest and anxious over her babies she also sang a great deal, and often when she was poked out of her cotton nest she would cover at the opposite end of the cage and the involuntary song would commence.

Reference to the writings of various naturalists who have had singing mice also shows their captives sang while exerting themselves, while running about the cage, turning the wheel, or eating.

The writer of this has also had a second singing mouse that exhibited all the characteristics mentioned in the above instances, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it is rather an asthmatic affection and not happy choice that causes these little rodents to raise their voices in song.

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New Poems

AIR CASTLES.

I sit alone to-night and dream  
In the fire-light's fitful flare,  
And gazing in the glowing grate  
I see reflected there,  
Through fancy's fairy vistas,  
My castles in the air.

In distant stately splendor  
Stands fame's imperial fane:  
What would we not surrender  
Her treasured stores to gain?  
From walls with jewels gleaming,  
From halls with beauty beaming,  
Sound voices ever seeming  
To call us to attain.

The heights of Castle Learning  
Are gained through many scars.  
But when with ardor burning,  
We beat against her bars,  
She grants to our endeavor  
Laurels, that fading never  
Abide with us forever,  
Enduring as the stars.

I sit alone to-night and dream  
In the firelight's fitful flare.  
Ye gracious fates, but grant, I pray,  
The will to do and dare;  
That I may put foundation 'neath  
My castles in the air.

—Ernest Neal Lyon.

THE MOVERS.

PARTING was over at last, and all the  
go d-byes had been spoken;  
Up the long hillside the white-tented  
wagon moved slowly,  
Bearing the mother and children, while  
onward before them the father  
Trudged with his gun on his arm and the  
faithful house dog beside him,  
Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sor-  
rowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in  
its dewy awaking;  
Like a great flower, afar on the crest of  
the eastern woodland,  
Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the  
beautiful valley,  
Dim with its dew and shadow, and bright  
with its dream of a river.  
Looked to the western hills, and shone  
on the humble procession,  
Paining with splendor the children's eyes,  
and the heart of the mother.

Beauty and fragrance and song filled the  
air like a palpable presence,  
Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves  
and the flowers in the wild wood,  
Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in  
the aisles of the forest,  
Glad of the spring, and of love, and of  
morning, the wild birds were singing;  
Jays to each other called harshly, then  
mellowly fluted together;  
Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as  
his plumage.

Pensively piped the querulous quails their  
greetings unfrequent,  
While, on the meadow elm, the meadow  
lark gushed forth in music,  
Rapt, exultant, and shaken with the  
great joy of his singing;  
Over the river, loud chattering, aloft in  
the air, the kingfisher  
Hung ere he dropped, like a bolt, in the  
water beneath him;  
Gossiping, out of the bank flew myriad  
twittering swallows;  
And in the boughs of the sycamore  
quarrelled and clamored the black-  
birds.

Never for these things a moment halted  
the movers, but onward  
Up the long hillside the white-tented  
wagon moved slowly,

Till, on the summit that overlooked all  
the beautiful valley,  
Trombling and spent, the horses came to  
a standstill unbidden.  
Then from the wagon the mother in sil-  
ence got down with her children,  
Came and stood by the father, and rested  
her hand on his shoulder.  
Long together they gazed on the beautiful  
valley before them;  
Looked on the well-known fields that  
stretched away to the woodlands,  
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed  
the milk-white crest of the dogwood,  
Snow of wild plums in bloom, and crim-  
son tints of the rosebud;  
Looked on the pasture fields, where the  
cattle were lazily grazing,  
Softly and sweet, and then came the faint,  
far notes of the cow bells;  
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with  
their elder and blackberry borders;  
Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea,  
with its billows of blossoms;  
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange  
and all unfamiliar,  
Like as the faces of friends when the word  
of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on  
the little log cabin,  
Home for so many years, now home no  
longer forever,  
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent  
rapture of anguish.  
Upon the morning air no column of smoke  
from the chimney  
Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading  
and brightening ever;  
Shut was the door where yesterday morn-  
ing the children were playing;  
Lit with a gleam of the sun, the window  
stared up at them blindly;  
Cold was the hearthstone now, and the  
place was forsaken and empty.

Empty? Ah, no, no! but haunted by  
thronging and tenderest fancies,  
Sad recollections of all that had ever  
been, of sorrow or gladness,  
Once more they sat in the glow of the  
wide red fire in the winter;  
Once more they sat by the door in the cool  
of the still summer evening;  
Once more the mother seemed to be sing-  
ing her babe there to slumber;  
Once more the father beheld her weep  
o'er the child that was dying;  
Once more the place was peopled by all  
the Past's sorrow and gladness!  
Neither might speak for the thoughts that  
came crowding their hearts so,  
Till, in their ignorant sorrow, aloud the  
children lamented;  
Then was the spell of silence dissolved,  
and the father and mother  
Burst into tears and embraced, and turn-  
ed their dim eyes to the westward.

—William Dean Howells.

WITH A WHITE ROSE.

THE nightingale sang to the rose,  
In a land so far away  
From this dreary world of drifting snows  
That none can find it to-day.

And he sang of love, of love, of love,  
And the song rang up on high;  
And he sang of love until the angels above  
Loaned listening out of the sky.

And the one who told me the story  
Said never a lover knows  
Of the height and passion and glory  
Of the love that was told to the rose.

But this white rose, O maiden!  
The secret has told to me,  
And I send it, heavily laden  
With my heart's love, unto thee.

—By Grace Shoup.

A HOME-THRUST.

"Be constant, constant," in the spring  
he urged;  
And when the season in full summer  
merged;  
And when the dry leaf fluttered from the  
tree,  
"Be constant" and "be constant," still  
his plea.

Her simple heart with tender zeal sought  
long  
How it might free her questioned faith  
from wrong:  
Twofold her sorrow; ever grieving more  
That he she loved Doubt's chafing burden  
bore.

But, failing all the blameless arts it knew,  
The simple heart from simple subtle  
grew:  
"Thou art inconstant—thou! else wouldst  
thou trust  
The soul that leaned on thee!" Home  
went the thrust.

From A Winter Swallow.

NAN.

I know a maid, a dear little maid;  
If you know her, you'd woo her,  
I'm sadly afraid;  
So I think it as well  
Her name not to tell,  
Except that she's sometimes called "Nan."

She has a hand, a soft little hand;  
Did you feel it, you'd steal it,  
I quite understand;  
So I think as well  
To reveal not the spell  
That lurks in the fingers of Nan.

Bright are her eyes, her clear hazel eyes;  
If their dance should entrance you  
I'd feel no surprise;  
So I think it as well  
The whole truth to tell;  
She's my own baby daughter, my Nan.  
—By Cora Stuart Wheeler.

A PRAYER FOR SUBTLETY.

Weak as I am, I have not prayed for  
power  
As they who, right or wrong, would fain  
be felt;  
But unto Heaven daily have I knelt,  
That gentlest subtlety be in my dower,  
Such as, of old, made false Duessa cover  
Such, as of old, obdurate stone could  
melt,  
And set those spirits free who long had  
dwelt,  
Devoid of hope, in some enchanter's  
tower.

So might I draw the stray lamb from its  
fold,  
The traveller lure away from ambushed  
harm;  
But most of all (since woman's heart I  
bear)  
When from the Sirens' reef sweet voices  
flow,  
Might I, with sweeter tones, in counter-  
charm,  
Save great Ulysses from the watery snare.  
—Edith Thomas.

AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBAND-  
MAN

From C. D. Robert's New Book.

His fields he had to leave,  
His orchards cool and dim;  
The clods he used to cleave  
Now cover him.

But the green growing things  
Loan kindly to his sleep—  
White roots and wandering strings.  
Closor they creep.

Because he loved them long  
And with them bore his part,  
Tenderly now they throng  
About his heart.

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THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL  
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## AN INTERRUPTED ERRAND.

One winter day, five years ago, a woman left her house with the definite purpose in her mind to visit and consult a doctor who lived not far away. She never reached his house. Why not? She shall tell you that herself. The story begins ten years ago, in July, 1884.

"At that time," she says, "I began to feel strangely tired and heavy, without being able to assign a reason for it. The life and ambition seemed to be gone out of me. There was a foul taste in my mouth, and my tongue, as I held it out before the glass, looked like a piece of brown leather. My meals had no attraction for me; I had no desire to eat; and what little I coaxed myself to swallow only hurt and distressed me.

"Presently I began to heave up wind or gas and to spit up a fluid as sour as vinegar. I had an alarming pain in my left side, and my heart beat and fluttered like a frightened bird in a cage. I almost believed it would jump out of its place.

"This went on for a time, and then I got to have trouble to breathe. In truth, I had fairly to fight for my breath. I often choked and gasped as one does with some impediment in the throat. And I was spitting up phlegm all day long. My chest was sore with heaving and straining. This continued until I imagined my lungs must be nearly torn to pieces and gone. It was so like consumption that many thought it must be that dreadful and deadly disease.

"In the course of events my breathing grew worse and worse, so that I had to be helped upstairs. And I was too weak to dress and undress myself. Year after year it was so, until my strength was almost wholly gone. To make the short journey across the room I was obliged to support myself by the table and chairs. I saw one doctor after another, who gave me medicines and recommended poultices and plasters; but nothing did me any good.

"One doctor, after examining me, said, 'Mrs. Ryder, you have got no pulse, you won't stay here much longer.'

"Yet I am here, and I will tell you how it came about. On the 2nd day of January, 1891, whilst on my way to see a doctor at Wigan, I was taken so bad that I had to stop and rest in a shop. I could scarcely breathe, and was so ill I knew not where to go or what to do. A gentleman was in the shop who, seeing how ill I was, spoke to me and said he came from Pemberton. Then he told how his wife, after she had been given up by the doctors, had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"This intelligence made me change my mind. Instead of going to the doctor, as I had set out to do, I went to Mr. Kellet's, the chemist in Market Place and bought a bottle of this medicine.

"When I had taken it for a few days my symptoms were all improved; my breathing was easier, and my food agreed with me. And, to be short, not long afterwards I was once more able to do my own housework. I could eat anything, and nothing troubled me. I am a living witness to the virtue of Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Mary Ryder, 150, Preston Road, Standish, near Wigan, August 17th, 1894."

"Ah, yes; now we see. It is a strange world we live in. Man proposes and God disposes. We never know when we start on an errand how we shall end it. How fortunate for Mrs. Ryder that she was compelled to stop and rest in that shop. Otherwise she might have died of indigestion and dyspepsia, the disease from which she suffered. The same fearful symptoms—how familiar they are—and yet how often this disease is mistaken for consumption. Before you adopt that hypothesis try Seigel's Syrup. The chances are you will soon be cured, as this lady was.

## PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

BY JANE KINGSFORD.

**H**OUSEKEEPERS are commonly creatures of tradition. We are apt to think it more important to "do as mother did" than to stop and consider whether there be not a better way. Filial regard and the home training given to girls combine to make women conservative and timid about trying anything new in the household. Mother used a wooden table in the kitchen on which meat, fruit and vegetables were prepared for cooking, and on which dough was made for bread and pastry. The soft wood absorbed fat and juices, and only constant scrubbing prevented the table from swarming with bacteria. Poor mother! She never heard of bacteria, but she knew the table had to be scrubbed. It makes my heart ache to think of the unnecessary labor that was done in mother's kitchen. A slate-top table for vegetables and a marble-top table for mixing dough would save scrubbing. Stone and marble can be sterilized quickly with hot water and wiped dry and be chemically clean with little labor. Mother used an iron spoon. A wooden spoon is better, because quiet and peace are something even in the kitchen.

If we could be a little more open-minded about domestic matters, housekeeping would be easier and home life happier. The progressive housekeeper will not sacrifice the health or comfort of her family, but she will save time, labor, temper and nerves by keeping her mind open to things science is continually placing in her hands.

I have been looking about among the new apartment houses in New York, and I find the architects believe that some of us are progressive housekeepers. I find hot water is delivered free into every kitchen, day and night, because it is cheaper to maintain one fire in the cellar than forty fires in forty kitchens. Hot water being provided, every kitchen has a gas range to avoid the carrying of coal up and ashes down. In the parlors and other rooms there is in the fireplace a neat veil or screen of white asbestos. A match gives a great sheet of glowing white fire, warming and ventilating the room perfectly. An asbestos glow-fire may not be as poetical as the old hickory log mother had, but the house-mother has more time to keep up her reading.

The progressive housekeeper goes a step farther. Under the electric lamp in the children's nursery is a little marble shelf. On the shelf stands a flat disk of iron with a twisted wire from the electric light. By turning the button on the lamp the disk soon becomes hot, and a little kettle placed upon it soon gives hot water for use in sickness, or to warm baby's milk, or warm a cup of bouillon for the invalid. It is a tiny electric stove without fire, light or smoke. It is literally black heat.

If we investigate the matter a little further, we find the coffee urn, the chafing-dish, the flat-iron each provided with an electric heater, and the same

current that lights the room may boil the eggs, toast the bread and cook the griddle cakes, and all without lighting a match or seeing a flame. In the invalid's room the electric current from an ordinary electric lamp may warm the bed or pillow and do all the work of a hot-water bag without its uncertainty and inconvenience. Of course this is the most costly cooking we can have. It would be extravagant to use electricity to cook for a large family. It might be the highest economy in a sick room, where precision, neatness and time are worth more than a high-price heat.

Not long ago I called on friends and found the family at lunch. I hesitated about staying, but my friend insisted that I stay, saying, "The cook is away, but that makes no difference." I entered the elegant dining-room, and found the table spread for a hot lunch. Judge of my surprise when my hostess opened a door in a beautiful cabinet and exhibited a tiny gas kitchen sunk in the wall. The little closet was lined with zinc, and was fitted with a little gas stove and supplied with shelves and hooks for the cooking utensils. A hole in the wall served for a chimney to carry off the heat and odor of cooking, and here my progressive housekeeper could get up a hot lunch even if the cook was away.

After lunch I was shown another bit of progressive housekeeping. The flat roof of the house was covered with brick and surrounded by a wire netting. In one portion of the roof was an iron arbor with glass sides for a shelter from the rain, and here, high above the street, safe from harm, the progressive young people had a beautiful out-of-door playground. The house-mother could send them all up there and know they were happy and safe while she was free for other things.

Progressive housekeeping means a willingness to accept new ideas, a willingness to do old things in new ways. It is not confined to the kitchen or pantry. Further investigation shows many new fields in which the housekeeper may save time, labor, money and nerves if she be only willing to try something new. "Mother's way" was very good—for mother. There are better ways now.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
OTTAWA, February 15, 1897.

SIR:—At a public meeting held in Ottawa on Wednesday, February 10th, at the instance of the National Council of Women of Canada, under the presidency of His Excellency the Governor-General, the following resolution was unanimously passed, having been moved by the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, and seconded by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior:—

"That this meeting heartily approves of the general character of the scheme described as the "Victorian Order of Home Helpers" as a mode of commemoration by the Dominion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and that a fund be opened for the carrying out thereof."

The need that exists in country and remote districts throughout the Dominion for the services of trained practical women as district nurses seems to be universally admitted, and there appears to be a very general consensus of opinion that a better national scheme could be devised for commemorating Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee than the establishment on a permanent footing of a Victorian Order of public servants whose patriotic mission it would be to meet this want.

All candidates for this Order will have to undergo an examination and be practically tested as to their fitness for the work which they are to undertake.

The standard for this examination and the tests to be undergone will be prescribed by medical men and others who understand the need which has to be met. It is proposed that the co-operation of various hospitals and medical men in different parts of Canada be invited in carrying out this examination so that there may be convenient centres for all candidates.

Already such co-operation has been heartily promised in several centres.

The examination will especially bear on the three following points:—

- (1) A practical knowledge of midwifery, sufficient to attain a prescribed certificate.
- (2) A practical knowledge of first aid to the injured, and of simple nursing.
- (3) A general knowledge of home-keeping, simple home sanitation, with the ability of preparing suitable food for invalids.

It is proposed that no person under twenty-eight or thirty years of age should be admitted into the Order, and when admitted, an undertaking should be given to continue the work, providing health does not prevent it, for a period of at least three years. A uniform will be provided, and a badge which may take the form of the St. Andrew's Cross with the letters V. R.

Trained nurses who may desire to enter the Order will be made very welcome. They will have to pass the examination and be personally approved by the Committee.

Women who have already lived in these country districts, and who are respected and have the confidence of their neighbors, would be preferable to any others, in many instances, and it would be well to encourage parishes and townships to

choose some one whom they know and send her down to one of the centres where the necessary training could be given. Arrangements will be made whereby candidates can be enabled to obtain the necessary training.

Districts wanting to secure the services of a Home Helper will be required to raise a certain sum towards her maintenance, which they would undertake to give yearly to the Central Committee during her residence, or to provide suitable board and lodging for her and means of conveyance. On application to the Central Committee, a suitable Helper will be selected for the district applying, and a grant would be given towards her expenses to meet the sum raised by the district and her salary would be paid by the Central Committee.

It may be mentioned that the scheme has been most favorably received by the medical men to whom it has been mentioned, and their valuable co-operation in carrying on this work will be anxiously sought for in all districts affected by this plan.

All arrangements should be made so that it should be considered an honor to belong to this Order, and that the members of it should be regarded as public servants.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen having thought it but right to acquaint Her Majesty's Secretary with the project that was being planned by the National Council, has received the following telegram from Sir Arthur Bigge:—

OSBORNE.

"In reply to your telegram, the Queen has refrained from expressing approval of any particular scheme for commemorating the Diamond Jubilee, though of course any project for the relief of the sufferings of the sick in Canada will be assured of Her Majesty's sincere sympathy."

(Signed) BIGGE.

It is proposed therefore to open a fund for establishing such an Order of Home Helpers in Canada. Not less than a million dollars should be raised to make the scheme effective. This would mean but a contribution of \$1 from every family in the Dominion.

The Bank of Montreal has kindly undertaken to receive subscriptions for the Victorian Order of Home Helpers in Canada at any of its branches.

The Local Councils of Women will undertake the collection wherever they are formed, with the co-operation of others, and it is hoped that committees for the purpose will be organized in all districts, and Mrs. Edward Griffin, Russell House, Ottawa, has kindly consented to act as secretary-treasurer.

Allow me to express the hope that you will bring before your readers the institution of this fund as a means whereby a suitable national commemoration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee may be carried out by the people of the whole Dominion unitedly and in a manner which will both be in accordance with the known wishes of the Queen and be of permanent benefit to all parts of the country.

It will of course be observed that the carrying out of this scheme need in no way interfere with any local forms of commemoration which may be contemplated.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
ISABEL ABERDEEN.

**WEAK LUNGS,**

Emaciation, weakness, and that fatal disposition to take cold easily, thus adding little by little to the strain upon the already overburdened body. How many afflicted are trusting to cough mixtures, mustard and poultices for safety? Fatal error. Not by these, but by adding to the nutritive power of the body and the increased strength and vitality which increased nutrition affords, can you hope to obtain relief. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites combines the excellencies of a medicine, a food, and a digestive agency of unexampled power. The full remedial value of the cod liver oil, rendered palatable and of easy digestion, is combined with the nutritive values of wheat, oats and barley. This in itself would render Maltine and Cod Liver Oil of greater value than any emulsion. But it possesses a further quality of inestimable value in its property of increasing the solubility of fat-forming, heat-producing, starchy foods, just the elements required for the upbuilding of the emaciated. This you may easily demonstrate by a short trial of this unrivalled preparation.

**A PUNCTURE—AND NOT A MAN IN SIGHT!**

There are all kinds of girls and all kinds of tires, but any kind of girl with the right kind of tire need not be distressed at discovering a puncture miles from home, even though there be neither a man nor a repair shop in sight. Dunlop tires are noted the world over for their magnificent simplicity of construction and the ease with which they can be taken off and put on the wheel in times of need.

They are especially suited for ladies because the only tools needed for their successful manipulation are your hands. Fat hands, thin hands, number fives or number sevens, dainty or sunburnt, young or old hands any pair of hands, can quickly and easily do the deed. It is all so delightfully simple, the outer casing is removed from one side of the rim by a few deft touches of the fingers, and then you have the inner tube right before your eyes where no smallest imperfection can hide from you. A rubber patch and a dab of cement will do the rest in a twinkling and then the other casing is quickly slipped into position, the tire re-inflated, and you're off as good as new again.

The quickest of all quick repairs are made in Dunlop tires, and the surest too, for in them there is no guess work, no working in the dark, no absurdity of making a hole larger before you mend it!

With a scrap of rubber and a bit of cement, which can be carried in even a woman's pocket without taking up noticeable space, you are ready for anything and can't possibly be "stuck" or forced to walk a few miles because of an unsuspected nail or piece of glass which has lurked in your way.

Then again, though punctures are always possible, their probability is reduced to a minimum with Dunlops, because these popular tires are made of the very finest material, carefully tested and will withstand an immense amount of rough usage. They are fully guaranteed and will provide you with the same of "tire" satisfaction.

**FOR CRACKED OR SORE NIPPLES**

USE

**Covernton's Nipple Oil**

When required to harden the Nipples, use Covernton's Nipple Oil. Price 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 3c. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Meury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

## CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the  
Interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY

FANN FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Home Journal Publishing Co.  
(LIMITED.)

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RECEIPTS.—We send Post Card acknowledgments of all subscriptions received. In case of magazine not being received, we urge the necessity of notifying the Business Manager promptly.

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

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

Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; Editorial matter to the Editor.

## BUSINESS.

Friends of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL can double our subscription list before next issue by each one sending us the name of a friend who would like to take it. Will you not ask your neighbor? Every additional dollar means an improvement in the paper.

Subscriptions continue to come in rapidly, but as we do not wish anyone to go to any trouble without acknowledgment of their kindness, we will send any lady who introduces a subscriber, a set of the famous "Claus" serrated knives, the set consists of bread, cake and paring knives, or a pair of "Claus" scissors, six or seven inches long. They will be sent direct from the "Claus" factory. These knives and scissors no lady can afford to be without.

It would occupy too much space to do more than express hearty thanks to those who have, during the past month, written in praise of the JOURNAL. Its whole tone, its high literary merit, its illustrations, its advertisements, all receive their share of commendation, and no effort is being spared in any department of the JOURNAL to increase its usefulness and popularity.

Ladies! you can render the greatest assistance by mentioning the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL when replying to advertisements. Do not fail to do this in every case. The advertisements are for you to read, and when you want anything do not hesitate to write for particulars. It is a pleasure for advertisers to answer inquiries about their goods.

## EDITORIAL.

The March issue of our magazine is as usual full of good things of especial interest to Canadian women.

Editorially we discuss three important current topics—Teachers' Salaries, Women in Mining, and the proposed establishment of a national Nursing Order—all of which involve the interests of Canadian women to a large extent.

Under 'People we Meet,' we present a sketch of the student career of Miss Clara Brett Martin; also a gossip about Black Patti.

This number also contains three bright and amusing short stories by Canadian writers.

In Fashions, assured points concerning the coming summer styles in fabrics and make-up are given. The information comes directly from Canadian importers and modistes, and may be relied upon.

Stageland is bright and gossipy concerning people before the footlights.

The Housekeeping page contains an important article on bread-making, contributed by a Canadian girl at present studying under Mrs. Rorer of Philadelphia, the famous cooking teacher.

Art Needlework, Book Chat, Art and Music Notes, Children's Page, Woman's Sports, and the many other interesting departments are full of bright and original matter.

The National Council page contains an interesting resume of the various Local Council reports.

We are able to say again this month that the March number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is unequalled by any other in interest to Canadian women.

## SATISFACTORY CHAPERONAGE.

I rowed with Doris in my boat  
Far from the city's noise;  
And found a pleasant spot to float  
Where leaves and lilies poise  
Upon the little waves that creep  
To rock the drowsy birds to sleep.

We talked, but we were not alone  
Which seemed to disconcert us;  
Aunt Josie was our chaperon,  
But little did she hurt us,  
For when I looked, I found her deep  
In calm, unchaperoning sleep.

The chance was far too good to miss  
And, Doris being willing,  
I backward leaned and took a kiss  
That set my pulses thrilling;  
When lo! I saw Aunt Josie peep:  
The wretch had only feigned her sleep!

But Doris sat with downcast eyes  
Nor dreamed we were discovered,  
While just a hint of mild surprise  
O'er Aunt Josie's face hovered;  
And then she winked to show she'd keep  
My secret, and again feigned sleep!  
—Elis Parker Butler.

## ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Look to your directorate is the warning given to women who purpose investing in mines, by their wisest friends.

The directorate of the Canada Mutual Mining and Development Co. has such names on its board as Dr. Landerkin, M.P., Henry Cargill, M.P., Major Sam Hughes, M.P., Dr. Oronhyatekha, head of the Independent Foresters, Rev. Alex. McGillivray and Frank C. Burr,—men whose names are above reproach, and whose positions inspire public confidence.

Among the shareholders are men who are known throughout Canada.

Hon. G. B. Smith, the great dry-goods importing merchant; James Seargeant, Dr. Hamill, Dr. G. H. Clemens, Sylvester Moyer, LL.D; Andrew Laidlaw, Galt; Dr. L.B. Clemens, Berlin; Henry Parker and Dr. David Jamieson, Durham; H. M. Johnson and son, Stratford; Messrs. Brown and Hemming, Port Hope; J. W. Scott, banker and mayor of Listowel; Dr. Wm. A. Hall, Chatham; R. H. Ahn, Rat Portage. These are but a few of many names representing equally substantial business men.

This Company is of limited liability, and incorporates all the best features of older companies as well as valuable new advantages.

Its purpose is to own and operate in all mineral belts that the company may select. It already owns the "Minnie" and "Beaconsfield" mines in Rossland, "Little Giant," and a group of properties in Trail district, and is in active search for others.

This Company is formed on a substantial basis—not merely to operate during the boom—but to continue in developing the properties they purchase. The stock is selling at ten cents.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men—  
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen.

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The mine is situated  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Rat Portage and is on the famous Scramble vein.

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MAJOR HARSTON, Toronto.

It was discovered in 1894 by Mr. Wallace, a well-known mining expert, whose reputation at the Ontario Bureau of Mines is of the highest. In his letter, dated October 20th, 1894, he thus speaks of Location 118D (Princess Mine).

"When work has been done will prove a perfect **BONANZA GOLD PROPERTY**. I am prepared to **STAKE MY MINING REPUTATION** on the result."

## REPORTS.

Mr. Z. J. S. WILLIAMS, M.E., who has been employed and sent out to Canada by the great mining firm of John Taylor & Sons, 6 Queen street place, London, Eng., says:

"The ore in these veins is perfectly free milling. . . I have seldom had the pleasure of examining a property that shows such promise of lasting success as this does."

Mr. S. V. HALSTEAD, of Rat Portage, says:

"It is a continuation of the Scramble Vein. . . There is nothing found in the country greater than the Scramble."

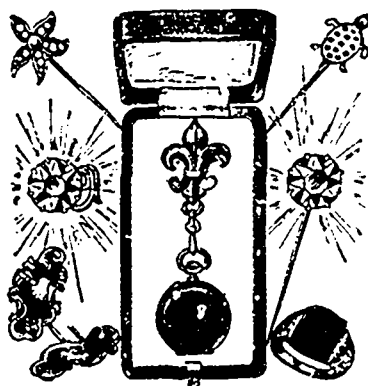
**THOMAS SHORTISS, Sec.-Treas., Room 8, - - 71 Bay Street, TORONTO.**

25 cents a share in a \$500,000 Company is cheaper than 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents a share in a \$200,000 Company.



### GOOD JEWELRY

Will add an air of refinement and elegance to any costume. It makes a man look prosperous, and it makes a woman look prettier. Money put into poor jewelry is money wasted—money put into good jewelry is money well invested.



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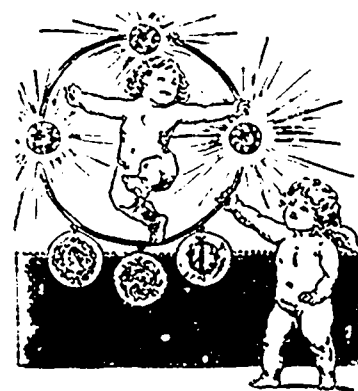
On your girl; on your boy. Let them start the New Year with a brisk little timekeeper. There will be fewer tardy marks—for broken appointments.

We'll sell you the watch—we would be glad to have you look at the stock whether you buy or not.



### IN BUYING

Silverware you should exercise a little judgment. Remember all is not gold that glitters and some dealers are willing to handle inferior goods that look "just as nice," but they won't stand any wear. You can find the trade mark of every reputable silver manufacturer stamped on all our goods and the prices are just as reasonable in proportion to the quality we keep.



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We excel, being direct importers you can buy us cheaply from us as you can in London or Paris. We manufacture our own mountings and produce original and unique designs.

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are made, but in whatever garment purchased will be found

**The Finest Material**

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Every Seam Inside is Over-sewn.  
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**Every Lady**

Who understands what really constitutes a fine article in underwear now buys the

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The Manufacturers, for nine years, have aimed only at one point to make the

**Best Article = = =**

Of the Kind sold in the Dominion.

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A Special Weight and Style of Neck or Sleeve for every season or requirement.

**THE HEALTH BRAND**

Simply insures the

**Best Article on Every Point**

FOR ANY NEED.

\* \* \*

A Gusset under the Arm in every

**"HEALTH BRAND" VEST**

**The Spring Gowns**

ARE COMING

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WITH WHAT SHALL THEY  
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With the most **STYLISH**, Practical, Durable, and most certain dust defier now on the market

**Feder's Brush Skirt Protector**

The World's most celebrated dressmakers use and recommend it. The most fashionably costumed people wear it.

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Every first class store will have it, and if not yet in stock will procure it for you by writing to

The Sole Manufacturers and Selling Agents for the Dominion



Words of Praise from  
 New York City Dressmakers

\* \* \* For \* \* \*

**FEDERS' BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR**

"I consider Feder's Brush Skirt Protector a very good thing. Before I could get it I used the best velvetten bindings on the market, but the objection to velvetten is that once it gets wet it is ruined. With velvetten bindings I was compelled to use featherbone, but this is not necessary with Feder's Brush Skirt Protector, since it gives a complete finish to the bottom of all skirts and lasts as long as the dress."—**MRS. TUCK**, 32 East 125th Street.

"I prefer Feder's Brush Skirt Protector for its durability above all other articles for a similar purpose on the market."—**MRS. GARYS**, 315 Fifth Avenue.

"It is the only perfect dress edging."—**M. JACOBSEN**, 327 Fifth Ave.

"It sheds the dust, cleans easily and makes a perfect skirt finish."—**G. ALBERT**, 322 West 59th Street.

"Nothing has given me the satisfaction that Feder's Brush Skirt Protector has."—**S. COOPER**, 88 Fifth Avenue.

"I have given Feder's Brush Skirt Protector a good test and now use it altogether."—**MRS. THOMSON**, 235 West 23d Street.

"Feder's Brush Skirt Protector finishes a skirt nicely and is everlasting."—**BENIGNO & VOIGT**, 125 Fifth Avenue.

"We use Feder's Brush Skirt Protector on our tailor-made gowns and find it gives perfect satisfaction."—**CHORAL & PAUL**, 104 East 59th Street.

"I find Feder's Brush Skirt Protector very substantial, and it highly pleases my customers."—**MRS. J. STEWART**, 167 West 23d Street.

"I find Feder's Brush Skirt Protector gives equal satisfaction on silk or cloth gowns and therefore will use it altogether."—**Mrs. D. CUMINGS**, 163 Madison Avenue.

"As I find Feder's Brush Skirt Protector more satisfactory than anything on the market, I shall use it on all my custom-made dresses."—**E. VAUGHAN**, 212 West 12d Street.

"I find Feder's Brush Skirt Protector gives better satisfaction the longer it is worn, and therefore will use it altogether."—**MRS. BERT**, 313 West 31st Street.

"If I can always get Feder's Brush Skirt Protector will not use velvetten, as the latter is positively vulgar on skirts."—**MRS. DE VRIES**, 340 West 59th Street.

**HERMANN H. WOLFF & CO.,**

**170 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL**