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Armenia.

How long, O ye halting lands! how long
Shall the Ottoman Gorgon rage
In fanatic hate that is only strong
Till ye throw down the battle-gage?

Ye have prayers and pence, and pence and prayers
For the wretches who on ye cry,
But never a sword to smite the slayers
Of those who for conscience die!

Nay, never a nation of all the earth,
With its armed hosts, dare stir
From its slothful sleep, or its dance of mirth,
Towards Armenia's sepulchre.

O Britain! thy sons have for conscience died,
Thy fleets are an ocean grove:
Flash forth the lightnings thy steel walls hide.
Till they fall like the bolts of Jove!

An avenging God, in His just design,
Hath now in His dials up stored
A wrath for those nations that rest supine
Whilst His witnesses fall by the sword!

G. Duncan MacCall.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

If brilliancy were the criterion of the importance of national events, then certainly the coronation of the Czar would stand first in the records borne by the past month.

The natural trend of the race is toward ceremonial pomp. Humanity, even in its highest development, is more or less impressed by richness and exclusiveness of ritual, while its effect upon the lower classes has been a matter of history.

That this characteristic may be of use in the government, as well as development, of national life at early stages, sacred history has shown, in the magnificence, awe and mystery with which the Temple services were enveloped. Yet happy is the nation who has passed the need of the outward signs, and learned obedience to the invisible.

It was a magnificent massing of ceremony and wealth that in its very form and glitter held a touch of the barbaric.

In nations wholly civilised, the impressiveness of mitre and cloth of gold has yielded, not entirely but largely, to the greater force of mental attainments and character.

The Head of All the Russias reigns over an empire that is yet semi-barbaric in development; and the august spectacle served duly its purpose of emphasising the sacred-

ness and majesty of absolute monarchy in the person of this slender young Czar.

There are none who envy him his position, despite the flash of crown jewels, the rising incense and homage

Yet greater than these might have been his on that august day—a gem lit with the tears of a thankful people, the incense and homage of grateful hearts,—had the Head of All the Russias come to the rescue of an outraged people, and commanded that Armenia be left inviolate and at peace.

CATASTROPHES involving great loss of life come, as do many other forms of disaster, in cycles or periods of swift recurrence.

Within a few closing days of May we have to record three on our own continent,—that in Buffalo, through the falling of a building; the greater one near Victoria, B.C., through the yielding of a bridge; and the greatest of all in the appalling effects of a cyclone.

The first two, humanly speaking, might have been prevented; the last must be looked upon as one of those fearful visitations which, by some immutable law, are permitted to do their deadly work.

The strength of the hills,—of the hidden forces of nature,—is an awful strength in its resistless might, its brutal disregard of all created life. It hurls the rocks, crushes the great trees, swells the vast rivers, and beats out the life-blood of animated things. How shall we who are so impotent stand against this blind fury of natural force?

There is only one hope,—one stronghold. "The strength of the hills is His also."

SINCE the above paragraphs were written,—before even the ink has dried,—comes the news of that fourth great calamity of the month, and the most appalling of all;—when, in full view of the participants in this barbaric splendour, occurred the maddest, saddest scene that the decade can show,—that of a half million mob of the starved Russian masses assembled for feasting, and presently fighting in wild death struggle, crushing the warm life each from each in their uncontrollable fear.

The pomp of wealth,—the passion of poverty; the flash of jewels,—the wild, fear-filled eyes; the crown of the sovereign,—the crucifix of the serf.

Shall mankind ever learn its lesson? And who is sufficient for these things?

The latest despatch from Cape Town regarding the possibility of a closer union between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, recalls to the writer a recent conversation held with a resident burgher of the former, who was last month on a visit to Canada.

The gentleman in question is a Scotchman, a minister of the Presbyterian church, who has been six years in charge of a Church at Harrisburg, in the Orange Free State.

"A number of Englishmen have become burghers or citizens of the State," he said, "which is in alliance with the Transvaal. This alliance was made an issue at the last presidential election.

"In event of war with the British,—and, of course, our alliance would compel us to aid the Transvaal,—it would be brother against brother.

"For this reason many of the burghers of the Orange Free State are strongly opposed to the alliance. I hardly think it will endure beyond the next election. The trouble in Johannesburg has helped our citizens to see matters in a new light; and we object to being plunged into a war which is not ours."

THIS gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Porteous, speaks highly of the Boers, many of whom are members of his church. He asserts that, although conservative, they are yet progressive. The school system is national, and the English language is taught and spoken by the young people. The Boers are not only willing, but eager that their children should receive an English education. Presbyterianism is the State religion; the Reformed Dutch Church being similar in government.

Mr. Porteous sympathises largely with the Dutch in the recent Transvaal trouble.

President Krüger, he asserts, is an illiterate, although not unkindly man, and a skillful diplomatist, who has some fine men among his advisers. The general impression, he declares, is that a good understanding exists between the British Secretary of State and the President, and that all difficulties will be smoothed over.

As a non-prejudiced observer, and one whose position and residence in the Orange Free State gives him opportunity of dispassionate conclusion, the words of this gentleman are worthy of consideration.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S purpose in regard to South Africa is made very clear in his speech in the House of Commons early in May:

"The object of our policy in South Africa is to preserve our position as the paramount State; and, secondly, to engender union and concord between the two races there. The prosperity and happiness of South Africa are dependent upon the realisation of the same state of things we attained in Canada, where two races less closely allied than the English and the Dutch work, fight, and live side by side in perfect peace and good will."

The Colonial Secretary has evidently never been in Canada during an election campaign.

THE appointment of the Princess of Battenberg to the governorship of the Isle of Wight is possibly a nominal honour; yet, if

her Royal Highness resemble her royal mother, she will make of her office a vital thing.

There is no reason why a woman should not be governor of a kingdom, a colony, or any other territory, since she who efficiently governs a home, is equal to governing a larger domain. Emerson asserts that a drawing-room is only "a section of infinite space"; and we may infer that a kingdom is but a larger section.

We are accustomed to surprises in this tenth decade of the nineteenth century, whether they come from the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.

In this instance it is from the first named direction that we are to expect the unusual.

The King of Norway begs that we will be on the look-out for a balloon which he is sending to the North Pole, with an exploring party on board—or rather in air.

We have some justification for star gazing now, which lovers might use to advantage. And again, the small boy should have his kite ready, as any day we may see a great inflated ball sailing high above us, with which the His Majesty requests that we endeavour to communicate.

The balloonists have the advantage over us in the matter of communication, since their sandbags may descend upon our heads at unexpected and inconvenient seasons. We have only kites; still, if we made the latter of the present campaign literature, they might fly high enough to reach the aeronauts. Certainly we will oblige the King of Norway, but we shall demand indemnity for any damage done by descending sandbags.

THE new trial accorded to Marie Barberi, who was condemned to death in New York for the murder of her lover, proves again the unwillingness on the part of the law to carry out its extreme penalty in the case of a woman.

In this instance the guilt was clearly proven, and although public sympathy, from moral causes, was on the girl's side, the murder was of deliberate and full intent, the verdict clear. Yet, although the death sentence was passed in July of last year, its execution has been deferred, and now a new trial will, in all probability, secure a verdict of manslaughter,—thus ensuring her escape from the death sentence.

Every year it becomes more difficult to secure the pronouncement, much less the execution, of such sentence upon a woman.

The reasons for the existence of this sentiment are worth inquiring into.

THE Anti-Suffrage Association of Women organised in New York a year ago, issued its first annual report in May. The report shows a membership of 1,406, and the organisation of several auxiliaries and branches.

There is no doubt that a very large number of women will be found ready to join in this movement, since it is easier to accept present conditions than struggle toward development.

Yet there is equally little doubt that this movement has come too late to stay the tide of thought in the direction of woman's suffrage.

Lord Salisbury's recent pronouncement in its favour is only a further instance of how prominent men of the day,—leaders in the world's action, as well as in its thought,—are coming to regard it from the first and highest standpoint of simple right.

IN CANADA.

Our Geological Survey department has begun its season's field work, and the members of Dr. Dawson's staff are out on various exploring expeditions; perhaps the most interesting of which will be that conducted by Mr. A. P. Lowe in the Labrador Peninsula. Mr. Lowe's discoveries in this region last season were of unusual interest. He found that the larger part of the hitherto supposed peninsula is a great island, containing upward of 150,000 square miles, and separated from the mainland by a great river navigable for two hundred miles from its mouth to a lake over forty miles long and remarkably deep. Such a discovery gives us some conception of the vastness of that great northern region.

Canada is vaster, greater, fuller of possibilities in every way than we realise.

That explorations are perilous and full of hardship goes without the saying. We are not always conscious of what we owe to this branch of the Civil Service.

Yet when the British Association for the Advancement of Science assemblies in Toronto next year, we have men to meet and confer with them whose names rank among the foremost scientists of to-day.

An interesting question will come up before the Ontario Law Society on June 5th concerning the case of Miss Clara Brett Martin. Miss Martin is a young Toronto lady, who has just finished writing on her final law examinations.

A year ago the Ontario Legislature decided to allow ladies to practice as barristers, subject to the consent of the Law Society.

Miss Martin is the first woman in Canada to make application for admission. She has fought her way against great odds, and deserves successful issue of her work.

It is to be hoped that the Law Society will prove sufficiently in touch with the spirit of the age to grant Miss Martin's application.

THE report of the alleged revival of Fenianism in Great Britain, which savours somewhat of a newspaper 'scare,' suggests an incident which occurred at one of the meetings of the present election campaign—that held in the Toronto Pavilion in favour of Mr. Coatsworth.

The audience, which was good-natured enough, but certainly more turbulent than fair play permitted, refused to give the ex-M.P. a hearing. They sang, shouted and groaned, and sang again. A young man in the gallery was especially vociferous in inarticulate yells.

"Give the man a chance" remonstrated a fair-minded listener. "Let's hear what he has to say for himself."

"Give him a chance? Not much. He's a Fenian—that's what he is;—a Fenian." And the young man went off into a series of fresh whoops.

"How do you know he's a Fenian?" queried the second man, surprisedly.

"Didn't he vote for the Remedial Bill; they're all Fenians that do that. Who-o-p! down with Coatsworth!"

Which goes to prove the utter unreasonableness of some men, as well as the evil effects of stirring up sectarian strife among the masses.

The report that Manitobans are becoming sufficiently tired of this School Question to interrupt those who touch upon it with irreverent calls of 'chestnut' shows that our sturdy North-western confrères are in wholesome condition of mind and body.

We are all tired of it. And none so much as the politicians themselves. There is no doubt that the political parties would fain drop it; since both realise that outside of Ontario it is not a vital issue in the campaign.

The real issue is the fiscal policy—and that will be the chief factor in deciding the elections.

It was given to the writer to be present at a recent political gathering in Montreal where the audience were almost entirely English-speaking and Protestant.

A favourable reference to the Remedial Bill by one of the speakers brought forth a storm of applause.

"There speaks the Protestant voice of Quebec," commented one of Montreal's best known journalists. "Remember they are in the minority in Quebec, and, therefore, have fellow-feeling with the Manitoba minority."

On the same evening, one week later, the writer heard the Protestant voice of Toronto speak quite as emphatically in opposition.

All of which goes to show how much depends upon the point of view, and what conflicting sentiments it is the difficult task of a Canadian politician to harmonise during the present campaign.

THE question arises whether this continual belittling of numerical strength of the various political demonstrations held by either party, is not too picayune for a metropolitan press.

The Conservative press report rousing demonstrations in Winnipeg;—the Reform press immediately spend money, time and space in securing and publishing credentialed statements that the demonstrations were little short of fiascos. The Reform press assert that Hon. Mr. Laurier and his aides receive ovations in Ontario West; the Conservative press publish solemn assurances to the contrary; while the ever-ready kodak is wrought upon to prove that Mr. McCarthy's procession in Owen Sound is *non est*.

Since the general public place no reliance on these statements on either side, is it worth while to make them? Again, is the numerical strength of a meeting any true indication of the public feeling?

A Montreal correspondent touched the truth when he wrote, concerning the demonstrations in that city, that Mr. Laurier had a large demonstration; Sir Charles Tupper a larger; but if Mr. D'Alton McCarthy were to hold one, no doubt his would be the largest of all, but that he (the writer) would not care to be present to witness it.

ONE of the unpleasantnesses in connection with civic positions is the yearly overhauling of the salary bill.

Newly-elected municipal officers, anxious to taste the sweets of power, seize upon the departmental estimates, and instantly attack the salaries.

That these should be considered, and, if need be, revised, at stated periods, is reasonable. But that every year they should be made a subject of discussion,—and that every year our city employees should be kept for weeks in suspense as to whether from fifty to five hundred dollars is to be taken from their income, at the caprice of men who know nothing of the worth of their services,—is outrageous.

The civic salary list should be subject to revision not oftener than once in five years. That would give the officials and their families breathing space in which to realise just how many dollars they have each year to call their own.



RUSKIN sets it down as a principle for all the arts, that only the best possible, under the circumstances, is truly excellent; and, perhaps, this is the reason why grand opera, in the smaller cities of this country, has been a thing of the past. Opera cannot stand the racket of travel and speculation, and the various vicissitudes which beset the itinerant attractions which alone visit the smaller cities. It only flourishes when domesticated in a home of its own, and with a certain amount of peace and quietness. Perhaps this is more or less true of all theatrical attractions; but it is true to such a degree of grand opera, that nowadays we seldom or never see it in our provincial cities. The reasons for this are economic. It costs so much to produce any good work in even a moderate style; the vicissitudes of the road play such havoc with the human voice; the clientele to which appeal can be made, is so limited in a new country like this, where people are not concerned with art in its integrity,—that any attempt to produce the great works with a road company must be pitiful indeed. Recently the only grand opera company on the road—the Marie Tavyary organisation—visited us, and afforded ample proof of all that I have set down here.

* * *

People cannot enjoy what is good in any art without certain sacrifices in the cause thereof. They cannot expect that benevolent managers will come along with the best that the land affords, in the way of musical talent, and ask them to come and see it for the payment of a small sum which will go toward recompensing the philanthropist. We can never have good opera until we are sufficiently ambitious to wish to own a share in it ourselves. It is not necessary for us to spend millions, as they have done in New York on the Metropolitan Opera House productions. It is possible to achieve excellence in a much less ambitious way. Every little city in Germany and in Italy has its opera, where the national works are sung with an enthusiasm which makes up in a great measure for the lack of world-famous talent in the productions. These permanent opera houses exist because the people of these cities have enough love for what is beautiful in music to make sacrifices, and keep it always with them.

It is one of the hopes cherished by great socialists like Sir Henry Irving, and humble socialists like myself, that the stream of tendency—which has already given us such notable socialistic blessings as a common school system, a common postal service, and a common water supply,—will some day bring us to a stage where we shall have municipal theatres and municipal opera houses, and municipal bands of players and singers; instead of the pitiful enterprises we now enjoy, which live from hand to mouth on the

caprices of the public, and the gambling instincts of managers. Until then, we might as well give up all hope of decent and artistic grand opera in provincial cities of Ontario.

* * *

I suppose we are, in a way, a music-loving community here in Toronto. People are constantly telling me so, and we do manage to support a number of excellent artists, as well as a changing band of musical mountebanks, from year to year. When e'er I take my walks abroad, I hear a piano in nearly every house, giving forth a Sousa march from the depths of its agonised soul; and I am sure if everyone who loves the melodies of "Faust," for instance, could be persuaded to pay, say half-a-dollar, for the privilege of hearing the great work, we could afford the grandest production of Gounod's masterpiece ever heard,—provided we had a hall big enough to hold the audience. Even under ordinary circumstances, at ordinary theatrical rates, something rather excellent, if not very magnificent, could be heard quite frequently in Toronto, if people would consent to fill the theatre at every performance. The difficulty is, that people here are not enthusiastic about music because it is beautiful, but rather as an advertisement for themselves.

* * *

It is quite possible that the desire to see something artistic, may be one of the reasons why Torontonians turn out in large numbers to see a famous artist occasionally; but, on the whole, they go to the theatre just as they go to the horse show, to advertise themselves. It is only when a singer, or an actor, has acquired a notoriety greater than his art, that they consider the chances of self-advertisement sufficient to warrant attendance. Another consideration—and a weighty one—in this community, is the fact that more than half the lovers of music disapprove of the vehicle for which most of the grandest music in the world was written. Opposition to the theatre is not yet dead, even though it be illogical. A vast number of people can quite reconcile their consciences to hearing a lady and gentleman, in evening dress, sing the "Du Miserere" number from "Il Trovatore," on a concert platform; or are even delighted when, at a band concert, the trombonist goes up to the gallery and impersonates the troubadour in his lower warbling to the cornetist, who imitates *Leonora*, on the stage below. But they would be horrified if the troubadour were singing from a handsome stage tower, in the doublet and hose of grand opera; and if *Leonora* endeavoured to really present the emotions of the distraught girl. Such is the inconsistency of human kind. All is vanity, indeed!—just as the good people I am writing of, believe.

* * *

Goodness knows, the old-fashioned is ridiculous enough, and suffers grotesquely if the presentation is poor. The romantic movement seems very tawdry nowadays, and though the old melodies of "Lucia," "Il Trovatore," or "Der Freischütz," are sweet enough to the ear, they are harmonies out of a chaos of incongruities. High-falutin' sen-

timents and mad idealism are good enough to inspire children with; but the inspiration of realism has played havoc with the old school, and what once seemed sublime, now has tottered into the realm of the ridiculous. The modern opera, like "Carmen," or "Cavalleria Rusticana," seems so clear and lucid, and logical, compared to the old operas, whose sentiments are so high that you can never hope to find out what they mean. Music is the art of suggestion, no doubt; it becomes mere trickery when it attempts to become the art of painting, however; and what we ask of the composer nowadays is, that he be realistic, at I suggest something that is tangible and true. One is sorry to see the old operas on the wane, nevertheless, and feels keenly the depletion of music in the theatre, which strikes us from all sides. But it is a matter you can only sigh over, and do nothing else to remedy. THE PROMPTER.

* * *

In "The Henrietta" which was presented at the Grand in mid-May, we have another of those wholesome plays of the class of "Shore Acres" and "A Pair of Spectacles," in the matter not only of excellent presentation, but of elevating influence.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to compare "The Henrietta" with either of these, since the plot and *motif* were in each instance entirely unlike,—yet, we are referring rather to effects, and certainly the lesson pressed home in "The Henrietta" is as necessary to the business world of to-day, as that taught by the genial old optimist which the comedian Hare so finely personates.

To those who know Wall Street, even only as spectators; who have looked down from the gallery into the arena where tumult reigns, and watched the white, strained faces of the men as they rush from one stock indicator to another,—this stage story of Wall Street, this glimpse behind other scenes than those of painted canvas, comes with a special impressment. Not that the drama is all tragedy; so much is it lightened by the woven thread of comedy that we turn away from the dropped curtain with the all's-well-that-ends-well smile upon our faces;—and only when we are out under the stars does the terror and truth of that realistic death scene, in the third act, come upon us.

The cast was exceptionally good. Stuart Robson, as *Bertie Vanalstyne*, a New York Anglo-maniac, yet, with the inherited paternal vein of Wall Street shrewdness, creates a most successful rôle of the Dundreary type. The old Wall Street speculator and the opulent widow were equally clever impersonations.

Yet, I think, that perhaps the vision that will remain longest in the memory of all who witnessed the play, is that of the dead face of the young speculator, when, with the passing of his last breath, he sat facing the audience for full thirty seconds before the falling of the curtain.

Those staring, fixed eyes, the pinched nostrils,—the drawn, pallid face, the hands thrown out with rigid fingers outstretched;—it was awful.

And yet, from a dramatic standpoint, it was magnificent acting. AUDREY.



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

MY eyes were delighting in the superb old tapestry that hung beside the fireplace in the drawing-room of Sir Donald Smith's beautiful Montreal home, when a woman's step paced across the polished floor, and I rose to receive the kindly greeting of Lady Tupper.

It was my first meeting with one who, as the wife of one of Canada's chiefest officials, whose life for half a century has been entwined in the political history of our Dominion, must occupy a large place in our regard; and my glance was full of interest.

A handsome and stately lady of elder years is Lady Tupper, with classic face, snowy hair and grave, grey eyes that look thoughtfully yet kindly out from keen, perceptive brows. I perceived instantly that here is well-defined character, determination and unusual executive ability, an excellent judgment, also, with a big benevolence and much gentle charity.

It is the face of a clever woman, yet one splendidly motherly.

Lady Tupper has a gentle voice, a thoughtful speech, a manner simple and womanly. Very pleasant was our little talk together in the shaded drawing-room.

She is fond of pictures, and for a few moments our words concerned the beautiful masterpieces that hung about us, which topic presently brought us to speak of London. As wife of the Canadian High Commissioner, Lady Tupper's pretty English home was always the centre of a large and gracious hospitality; but of this she said nothing.

"One has opportunity of seeing such beautiful pictures in London," she said. "It is the centre of art, as of music and literature. One can live quietly in London—that is, in comparative retirement,—and yet have the best of everything. I like London life very much. It is fascinating."

"It must have been quite a wrench to leave London and return to Canada," I remarked.

"Yes; in twelve years one grows to feel at home, and it is rather a break-up. Yet I am not sorry to come. We always purposed returning to spend the closing years of our lives with our children in Canada.

"That is what a full and complete life means, I think," added the lady, musingly. To be with one's children and children's

children until the end. Not that I ever meant my husband to return to active political life," she continued, with half smile, half sigh. "I had hoped that all that was over—for him.

"Canadian winters suit me better than English ones, and my ideal life would be to remain in Canada and journey across once



LADY TUPPER, SEN.

a year to spend two or three months in London."

* * *

Since their return from London Sir Charles and Lady Tupper have been the guests of their son and daughter-in-law in their cosy Ottawa home.

The past winter, which is the first Lady Tupper has spent in Canada for many years, proved rather trying, and she was confined much to the house, but with returning health came returning energy, and our brief chat came during her day's pause in Montreal before leaving for England, where she has gone to supervise the closing up of her London home.

"When we left," she said, "we only expected to be absent six weeks; and there is

much to pack up. The Canadian High Commissioner's residence in London is partially furnished, and someone is needed who can distinguish between our private possessions and those belonging to the residence."

"Will you live in Ottawa, Lady Tupper?"

"That depends," she answered, with a smile. "But we shall live in Canada, anyway."

"Ottawa must seem crude in comparison with London," I remarked, with a dreadful disrespect toward Canada's capital.

"Ottawa is wonderfully improved," said the lady. "You would realise its growth if you had known it as I did when the Parliament buildings were first erected. Of course, it will always be essentially official in civic and social life. But London is also changing much in this direction. The official element now constitutes a large factor in London society, and it is representative of many social grades. I think it is well that it is so.

Society needs the constantly fresh infusion of brains and character in order to retain its savour."

* * *

Lady Tupper is very retiring, almost too much so, her children, who know and admire her ability, think. She is a perfect housekeeper, a good manager, and devoted to her children and grandchildren. She is also an excellent correspondent, as her many friends can testify. "Her exceptional beauty would always be marked, but her sweetness and motherliness and kind ways are more of the kind that get into hearts than into newspapers," writes an admiring friend.

Thus it is that Lady Tupper has lived through the years of her high social position, fulfilling all its claims, yet ever retiring, and devoted to her family,—an idolised wife, a beloved mother.

* * *

Before our chat ended we touched lightly on matters political.

"I do not like leaving my husband just now," she remarked. "Indeed, I much dislike leaving him, and having a stretch of ocean between us. But I can hardly help it. Thus far he seems to be bearing the campaign work wonderfully well, and, of course, our children will take all possible care of him. Sir Charles never did spare himself, and never will, I am afraid.

"Yes," she continued presently, looking thoughtfully out upon the lawn, with its white blossoming trees, "political life is hard; but it is rendered harder by the false statements made and circulated by opponents. If a politician had only the truth to contend with, it would be easy for him, and certainly happier for his family. But these false and malicious statements do hurt—even the wife of as old a politician as Sir Charles."

Again came the little half-sighing smile. "Anxious about results in the elections? Oh, no," she said, except in as far as my husband's health is concerned.

"If we succeed, it shall be good; if not, we must believe that the success of our opponents is also for some wise and good purpose,"—which was altogether a lovely, womanly way of regarding the matter.

FAITH FENTON.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



THAT the blue stocking bug-a-boo yet lingers in the conception of some is made evident by an amusing incident which occurred recently in the experience of the writer while staying at a large hotel in — well, it doesn't really matter which of our Canadian cities.

On entering the dining-hall one morning, the writer paused at a table to speak a few words to a new arrival, — a woman remarkable for her mass of beautiful hair, which exists in perpetual disarrangement—then proceeded to her own seat. Presently a second guest of the house leaned over her shoulder and whispered:

"Who is the lady to whom you spoke just now?"

"That is the writer of —" was the answer. "She comes of a well-known literary family and is a clever journalist."

"Oh!" answered the lady, in a tone irresistibly funny in its serious satisfaction. "I thought she was something of that kind because of her hair."

* * *

One of the new books that comes to us this month is "Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross," by Florence M. Kingsley. "Stephen" is a sequel to "Titus," and both are well worth the reading.

It is always a question with many,—especially those who hold the Bible to be verbally inspired,—in how far it is permissible to imaginatively connect the incidents and fill in the ellipses, with the purpose of bringing those wonderful three years of Christ-life more vividly before the modern thought of the twentieth century.

Again, to the deeply imaginative mind, the Bible narrative, as it stands, is so picturesque, so potent, a fragment so mightily dramatic, that to piece it with our own futilities were as unfilling as to set the diamond in clay.

Yet the Christian world has moved a long way from orientalism in these nineteen centuries; and any tale that, while touching reverently the words and deeds of Christ, in no wise adding to or maltreating them, shall yet in simple natural manner render more familiar to us the times and manners,—nay, even that shall make more real the people who came in touch with Him,—may prove both entertaining and profitable.

Only, it is well to draw distinction between two classes of such writings.

There are tales that are written for dramatic effect only;—that, like the "Ecce Homo," add to the agony, pile up the tears and the suffering, dwell upon the purple tortures, lead the thought a-riot in sensuous passion of pain, and cry 'Behold!'

The second class are written for our reverent learning, and, like that wonderful painting by Gilbert Max, "The Raising of Jairus'

Daughter," represent the Master to us as one infinitely thoughtful, calmly beautiful in tenderness and help.

It is hardly necessary to state which of these are to be commended.

"Titus" and "Stephen" are of the latter class. They send their readers to the Bible instead of taking its place; which, after all, is, perhaps, the supreme test. These stories have the charm of building for us a very sweet character about which the Bible tells us all too little.

In the earlier book *Stephen* appears as a deformed child, who is healed by Christ. In the latter, he has grown to young manhood, and works with the Apostles,—a second John in gentleness and purity.

Historically, "Stephen" deals with the days immediately following the Crucifixion, the very earliest gathering of the bereft and sore-hearted handful of followers, and the persecutions that they endured from the priests.

From a literary point of view, the charm of the book lies largely in that it follows



FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

closely on Scriptural lines in all dialogue; that the narrative is set forth in simplest Saxon, and that the atmosphere is clear, the colouring well toned.

The adventures of the two orphan children form an innocent yet effective connecting thread throughout the pretty tale.

"Stephen, A Soldier of the Cross," by Miss Florence Kingsley. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

* * *

A attractive volume of short stories comes to us from the pen of a new Canadian writer, F. Clifford Smith. That these are chiefly tales whose scenes are laid in our new land, adds naturally to their interest for us.

With E. W. Thomson's finished and dramatic sketches and the romantic vigour of Gilbert Parker as our present high standards of Canadian colouring, it is difficult to deal with any book of similar method and purpose without making unfair comparison. Yet, in the present instance the author, while not yet reaching the master art of these men, touches it very nearly.

"A Lover in Homespun,"—the volume is so named from the initial story,—is a bright and entertaining book, each of whose dozen tales are most readable, while several of them, notably "Le Loup Garou," "The Faith that Removes Mountains," and "A

Prairie Episode," are equal to the best work of the writers whom we have mentioned.

The author deals largely with French-Canadian life, its simple domesticities and beliefs. "A Lover in Homespun" is a simple French-Canadian love story, very prettily told.

In "Le Loup Garou," one of the strongest and most touching tales in the volume, the author founds his sketch upon the strange superstition which yet lingers largely among the French habitant,—that if seven years pass without confession the Church forsakes the neglectful one, and he is seized upon by the devil, who changes him into the dreadful loup garou. But if it is possible to draw blood from the beast, the victim will be released from the curse and restored to manhood again.

The scene where a dear old mother kills a great baying hound in belief that she was redeeming her wayward son is worth quoting:

"See, Baptiste," she said, standing erect and pointing to the dog; "the curse has fallen as I feared it would. The devil has turned our Pierre into a hound and the beast is coming this way." . . .

She made a weird picture as she stood in the open poor, with her thin, white hair streaming about her face, and grasping the knife which glittered in the moonlight.

The huge animal was now only a field away. Separating the field from the road was a stone wall.

. . . She ran and crouched behind the portion of the wall over which the animal must jump. . . .

She sprang to her feet just as the dog rose into the air. She was exactly in front of it. The beast uttered a howl of terror as the strange apparition so unexpectedly rose up before it. Bravely she seized with her left hand one of the paws of the animal, and, as it fell, the knife in her right hand was buried deep in the shoulder of the dog. The enraged animal turned and buried its teeth in her arm. She did not feel the bite; the crisis had passed—the unnatural strength deserted her.

Just as unconsciousness was dimming her eyes she saw a man towering above her. . . . A voice that she knew and loved so well called "Mother, mother." She opened her eyes wearily and looked into the face of the man, and a smile passed over her face.

"My Pierre, my son," she murmured; "I said I would release you." Her lips grew very white and her head fell back upon his shoulder.

"A Prairie Episode" is a tale of the Northwest worthy of Bret Harte. Several sketches deal vividly with scenes and incidents in the building of the C. P. R. across the great stretch of prairie; and with the life of the railway men and train despatchers during the early days of its operation.

There is not a poor story in the book; all are readable, and several touch high dramatic work.

Canada has another writer to be proud of.

"A Lover in Homespun," Ly F. Clifford Smith. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

* * *

One of the most earnest discussions that took place during the recent conference of the National Council of Women was upon the topic of how best to teach needful physiological facts to children and young people, and in connection with the subject a number of books were recommended by one and another of the members of the Council.

These recommendations were personal, and therefore of value to all mothers, who are often sorely puzzled how to deal with the questionings of young people in the manner that is at once both wise and sweet and uplifting.

"A Song of Life," by Miss M. Morley, McClure Pub. Co., Chicago, was spoken of as one of the best in its purity and beauty of thought.

"A Mother's Advice;" "A Father's Advice," by E. P. Miller.

"Schoolboy Morality," by Elliot Stock. Paternoster Row.

"Mother's Talk with the Children," a series issued by W. C. T. U., Chicago.

REVIEWER.

PEOPLE WE



RACHEL FOSTER AVERY.

WOMEN.

IF I were to head this article "A Woman Suffragist," there are yet those in our midst who would conjure up a vision,—dark and big and beetle-browed, with strident voice given to fierce denunciation.

So I shall omit the title, and ask you in stead to glance at the face which looks out from the top of our page in greeting.

It is not a flattering likeness; woodcuts rarely are. But when I endeavoured to secure the photograph from which it was taken,—the only one Mrs. Avery happened to have with her,—the *Montreal Star* informed me confidentially that it was so pretty a picture that one of the staff made off with it,—which goes to prove that a 'woman suffragist born,' as Mrs. Avery would say, may yet prove sufficiently charming in appearance to—well, have her photograph carried off by the tyrant man.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery was one of the American visitors to the National Council Conference, held in Montreal in mid-May. She charmed everyone with her pleasant womanly way, and made as many converts to her belief as her words were able to reach.

She has right on her side—of course, we all know that, although we are not all willing to make frank acknowledgment of the fact. If the women who secretly believed that woman's suffrage was a just and right measure would openly declare the same, those who advocate it would not only be considerably surprised, but much encouraged. But a large number have not the courage of their convictions in this matter, and, again, many women, while acknowledging its justice, are not yet prepared to go as far as its champions, in declaring it to be the pivotal measure upon which all other reforms hinge.

But it is coming, as all apostles of social reform see, and such sweet, moderate advocates as Mrs. Avery are doing more than anyone else to hasten its coming.

* * *

Mrs. Avery is yet a young woman. Thirty-five, perhaps, one would say; thirty-seven she asserts with frank sweetness. A certain tender, young motherliness is so essentially hers in speech and look—in very atmosphere—that by association, as she spoke, my thought leaped to Jean Ingelow's maternity song,—so joyous in its tender brooding. You will remember how it begins:

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-cups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately
and tall!

When the wind wakes how they
rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-
buds slender and small.

Here's two bonny boys, and here's
mother's own lasses
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and butter-
cups,

Mother shall thread them a
daisy chain;

Sing them a song of the pretty
hedge-sparrow

That loved her brown little
ones, loved them full fain:

Sing "Heart thou art wide, tho'
the house be but narrow,"

Sing once, and sing it again.

Mrs. Avery is a woman of independent means. She has a charming home in Philadelphia, and is the mother of three children,—the eldest a little adopted daughter of eight or nine, Miriam, by name, whom she took to be 'her very own,' as she phrased it, two years before her marriage.

"Miriam taught me," she said, "that it was possible to combine home-life with a judicious amount of public work; else, I think, I should never have married. I think my husband recognises this, and is especially grateful to the child," she concluded, smiling. "Anyway, he is devoted to her."

Mrs. Avery is a most persuasive speaker. Because of her natural manner, free from all oratorical effects; her evident sincerity; because also of the thoughtful moderation, the 'sweet reasonableness' of her words, she wins her hearers to admiration and conviction. It is a persuasiveness of character and personality, as well as of logic.

During the conference in question, she took part in the Council discussions on several topics;—her words concerning the confidential relations between child and mother will bear fruit in the home life of every woman who listened to her.

* * *

We met one afternoon at a five o'clock tea,—one of those pleasant hospitalities that the Montreal women were continually devising for the entertainment of their guests between the busy conference sessions.

I coaxed her into a little personal chat. "Yes," she said, "I was born into woman suffrage. My mother was a Sunday-school pupil of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. When I was twelve years old, the first suffrage organisation was formed in my mother's house, and the first woman's rights convention was held in our city. I used to get some dreadful valentines in those days," she laughed.

"My mother knew Lucretia Mott well," she continued. "When I was seventeen I became acquainted with Miss Anthony, and she has been one of the strongest and sweetest controlling influences in my life ever since."

It was pleasant to hear this younger woman speak in such enthusiastic terms of the staunch veteran in the fight—the famous woman whose name is continental in association with this one cause. It was pretty, too, at this moment when I lifted my eyes to note the scene.

Mrs. Avery sat in a low easy chair, toying with a posy of yellow roses; she spoke in low, quiet tone; but attracted by her words or personality, a knot of bright Canadian women had gathered about us, their faces, lit by the yellow sunshine glowing through the

western windows, turned intent toward her, while from beyond the portiere came the tinkle of tea cups and the soft speech of other guests.

"Where is Miss Anthony now?" some one inquired. "Is she well?"

"Quite well, and engaged heart and soul in the California campaign. That is pretty good for a woman of seventy-six; isn't it?" answered Mrs. Avery.

"We have three banner States now, as perhaps you know. We hope soon to add California. The Republicans have put a straight suffrage plank in their platform. This is Republican year, and we are sure to go in. But to make assurance more sure, Miss Anthony, Mrs. May Sewell, and one or two other of our leaders have gone out to work it up."

"I have read and studied a great deal concerning the development of home life, she said later, "and I am willing to take up any new thing that seems good, for my children's sake."

Those three little children are evidently very dear, and very watchfully tended. Their clever young mother will talk of them with as simple fondness as though she cared not one whit for woman's suffrage. Or is it perhaps because she so loves these little daughters, that for their sakes, she cares the more?

FAITH FENTON.

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THE MUSICAL EDUCATION OF OUR PEOPLE.

[Synopsis of paper read by Mrs. F. H. Torrington at National Council Conference.]

IN the distribution of talent God knows no distinction between high and low-born humanity. The brightest gems are sometimes found in the most unlikely places, and often "in a wooden house a golden room is found"; sometimes we find the natural voice (the first requisite of a singer) amongst the opulent class, but far more frequently, in the ranks of the poor of our race. Instances of the discovery of extraordinary voices among the Italians, with scant clothing and bare feet,—organ grinders, coachmen, quarry men, colliers and the like, who, being assisted, rise to prominence in the artistic world,—are too numerous to require more than a passing allusion.

The love of music is part of our nature, it knows no nationality or creed, no difference in rank, condition or class. If we are enjoined to cultivate God-given talent, and are held responsible for doing so by our Maker, then this duty is clearly before all. The helpless cannot help themselves, and assistance is implied from some quarter or other. In recent years various agencies have been set in motion to ameliorate the condition of the helpless, alleviate poverty and distress, to raise to a higher level the desires and tastes of our less favoured fellow-creatures,—and it is now being realised more than ever, that music can be made to serve as a material aid to such a desirable end. For, being a healthy amusement and recreation, it cultivates and refines tastes, and the love for it having been once felt, a lasting and inspiring influence for good, to the individual, and community, accrues.

Any casual observer must have noticed how the influence of music is felt—by the tired soldier on the long and weary march,—by the crowd who are caught by the strains of a military band, which at once joins in the march, or quickstep, to the rhythm of the music,—and who has not seen the eye of the Scotch man, or woman, kindle as the sound of the bagpipes at the head of a regiment of Highlanders has marched past?—while it is

a common and everyday matter for even the children in the streets to be seen following the itinerant musician of 'The Handle' type, and who are also caught by the ethereal music of the German band. Suffice it to say, that love for music may be said to be universal (even in stolid old England, and let us also say her colonial branches). The tremendous strides in musical development made in England of late years, and the public demand for institutions where music is taught, such as the Royal Academy, and the Royal College of Music, in higher branches, and more in line with what we are striving after—viz., taking hold of the middle and lower classes,—is done to a great extent by the largest music school in the world—the Guildhall School of Music, which is under the auspices of the corporation of London, an example, which, if followed by our Canadian corporations, would do wonders for the recreation of our people.

Vocal music is taught, to a necessarily limited extent, in our Public Schools, and a slight musical knowledge is gained thereby, but music is not given enough real attention, nor treated in such a serious manner as to affect materially the musical education of our young people. Could the study of musical instruments be introduced, then indeed, musical education would show actual progress, for in order to play any instrument, one *must* understand the elements of music; and the knowledge once obtained proves a source of profit and pleasure ever after.

The study of the violin, and other orchestral instruments, by boys and girls is becoming general, and many amateur orchestral organisations are being formed throughout the British Empire.

We are not dealing with this subject from a "tramp class" point of view, but from the point of what can be done to keep our honest but poor people above the possibility of sinking to that level. It would be well to analyse the circumstances of the individuals who are so unfortunate in the battle of life, that they gradually fall instead of rise in the social scale, and it will be found that in such lives music is absent,—not that they are not susceptible to its influences when they come within its radius, rather the contrary, for it is generally under the influence of the hymn, and the music associated with it, that the sentiment of the words strikes home to the heart of the unfortunate. And one of the very first things a reclaimed soul wants to do is to sing in praise and thankfulness,—thus showing that in our natures, one and all, rich and poor alike, music is a source of solace and uplifting for the best elements of which our nature is composed.

One of the first consequences of the study of music, is that the mind is, for the time, so absorbed as to be drawn away from the contemplation of anything else, and the taste for music, once implanted, becomes a permanent influence for good. All who are fortunate in their surroundings, know and feel the pleasure that is derived from listening to good music, and that the more it is listened to, the greater the desire becomes to hear more, and if possible higher forms of its development; thus demonstrating clearly the fact of the upward tendency upon the minds of the educated and fortune-favoured. If this class is so influenced, surely it is a strong argument for placing their less fortunate fellow-creatures within the uplifting influence and effect of music.

The study of instrumental music introduced into our schools on a comprehensive and effective plan, would be an inestimable boon to the new generation of our young country. Under the present school system numbers of children are brought forward from the schools to illustrate what they are doing in vocal music; but taking things as they actually exist, the practical results, in so far as musical education goes, show that comparatively little has been accomplished.

Then, again, for combined effect, numbers must come together. This is comparatively easy in the large cities, but what becomes of the portion of our population residing outside of these centres, so far as musical influence goes? Apply a portion of the money provided for music in our Public Schools to musical instruments, and what must result? A far greater amount of musical knowledge apart from the actual playing of an instrument; and when it is acquired every child goes home—whether in city or country—provided with the skill and ability, not only to improve him or herself, but to incite others to learn to play, and to add to the recreation in family circle and community.

Proof of how rapidly the taste for orchestral music spreads and the useful purposes to which it may be applied has been shown in one of our Canadian cities during the past few years. Originating in an Orchestral School, which was organised with a view to promote the study of orchestral instruments and to afford orchestral training free, it has so succeeded that the professional ranks are supplemented, and orchestras are now found accompanying the music in the Sunday Schools of all denominations throughout the city. This Orchestral School is made up of young school girls and boys and many who are engaged during the day at various trades. An annual concert is given, at which young soloists from the Public Schools are brought out as evidence of what may be accomplished by school children, and an object lesson is thus provided—the young people take part in the public performances. The fathers, mothers and friends attend to see and hear their children, and through this means a material interest is awakened in music, and incalculable good is effected.

A country's amusements very largely indicate the characteristics of the people; and, therefore, as it is being shown that music can be learnt up to the required state of efficiency by the very young, why should it not be made to form part of the regular education in the schools throughout the country? We do not argue against vocal music being taught, but what a grand thing it would be if at the public exhibitions of our schools the songs of the school children could be accompanied orchestrally by school children also. This would educate our children in music beyond anything we can imagine, and the results would be, not merely to a locality, but to the interest of the country at large.

It must be conceded that the influence of music is only for good. Then place it within the reach of every child in Canada, a new interest to them would thus be created; and as all admit the tendency of music to draw in the right direction, let us give every chance to our young people to so form their habits that music will become part of their very being. A feasible plan may be easily outlined for the working out of the ideas involved in providing for the musical education of the young people of Canada through the medium of the Public Schools on the lines suggested.

R. TORRINGTON.



i.

A mocking, crimson rosebud,
Perfumed and warm and glowing,
Sits, slender, on a swinging bough o'erhead;
The sun with passion woos it,
The sweetest birds adore it,
And more than all I love this rosebud red.

ii.

When o'er my narrow pathway
It flings its fragrant perfume,
And haunts me with the scorning of its smile;
I love its crimsoned fervour,
Its daring beauty charms me,
Whose every prickle probes its deepest wile.

iii.

And when I long to pluck it,
And lay it on my bosom
And keep it mine, and shield it from every harm,
The winds of Fate o'ertake it
To fling it far above me,
And lose to me the beauty and the charm.

iv.

But I shall wait, full hoping
Till Time, the great transformer,
Has blown its beauty to a perfect rose;
When weary of the sunshine,
And full of day's long sweetness,
It gives itself to every wind that blows.

v.

Ah, then, the fitful breezes
May probe my friends at parting,
And from my sweetheart blossom of the past
May drop me one full petal,
To be the crimson promise
That what I long for shall be mine at last.

Galt, Ont.

A. W.

JUST YOU AND I.

SOMETHING—a little business purpose—took me out early one morning, down through the city streets.

The country comes to the city only through the earliest hours of the day. It steals softly in upon us after midnight, when the rush and clamour is stilled. It brings its cool breezes, its sweet fresh air, its purity and leisure. They creep up from out the great wide spaces where they dwell, and the peace of their broods over us until, with the returning dawn, we waken into a world other than that in which we laid down. So utterly fresh and pure it is that even the birds are betrayed into a make-belief, and sing right joyously as they perch in the boughs of the boulevard trees.

This is the mystery of the early morning, when the night hours and night hearts are swept by a cool, sweet influence that comes, we hardly know how, and vanishes, we know not where.

The watchers can tell of it who have sat beside the sick one. They tremble as the cool breath bears in upon them, and in the mystic moments of the day-birth, turn involuntarily to bend over the couch, as those conscious of some unseen yet potent spell.

The sufferer feels it and ceases his tossing to pass into a restoring sleep, or mayhap with a little restful sigh into peace eternal.

The workman, the busy little woman of

the factory or shop, are conscious of it—when on wheel, afoot, or by trolley they hasten to the places of their labours; catching as they go the sweet, pure breath of the quiet, softly-sunny streets, and hearing the bird songs.

The robins were calling clearly this morning, "Come out! Come out! Come out!" over and over again they whistled the tempting invitation. And my thought leaped to the beautiful country places which it has been mine to enjoy for a few brief days this month. I recalled the blossoming trees, the pretty winding river, the wild flowers—veritable May blossoms swinging on slender stems, flecking the green banks with their delicate tints, and the drives along the country roads, with all the prosperous beauty of Ontario Province to gaze upon.

I have a passion for driving, not dashing about in the city heat, with the hard ring of the asphalt beating in weary ears, not spinning along behind swift racers who need tension of nerve to control them;—but with

a quiet, even-tempered creature under rein, and miles of pretty country road outstretching before one;—it is a delight.

We had such 'pleasurings,' as the New England phrase is, during certain of these past May days. Sometimes it was in the morning, when behind patient 'Tom,' well trained to women's vagaries, we followed the pretty river, all laughing in the morning sunshine, or climbed the environing hills by shaded roadways, whose banks were bestrewn with violets.

Sometimes it was after early dinner, when the evening wind blew cool, and we had our 'nightcap' hour along the level roads, noting the pretty home scenes of family groups gathered about farm house or cottage gate; watching the yellow flush fade and the first stars twinkle out of the blue-black night sky; and talking as friends will, under the influence of time or place.

Or again, it was a day's journey from town to town—with miles of splendid farms continuous between, and vistas of beautiful rolling upland revealing itself here and there before our gaze.

To drive thus through the heart of Western Ontario, is to realise in some little measure what a splendid, sturdy, substantial heart it is.

And O! the sweet peace of it,—this life of country and small centres.

* * *

Going direct from the freshness and beauty, it was my lot to pass to a May-week in Montreal, and to spend that week as a hotel guest in the very centre of traffic;—great depots on either side of us, trolleys running in every direction, convent bells ringing over the way,—and the jar and rattle, bang and shouts peculiar to French-Canadian carts and drivers, rising always to my windows.

My room was on the fourth flat,—a cosy little apartment. In my rare spare moments I used to sit upon the window seat and look out over a wilderness of roofs, getting odd glimpses into bits of quaint gardens hedged in by high brick walls and containing one or two fine old trees,—relics of the days when Canada's busy commercial city could afford to have breathing space about each steep-roofed residence.

The noise never ceased. In the day time it was one long clang and clamour; through the night we turned on our pillows in disturbed dreams, to waken in the full recurring tide of it.

How it contrasted with the fair country peace from which I had come! How I longed again for the still nights fresh with pure breeze and fragrant with flower perfumes. How my weary ears rebelled against the clamour and jar of the streets, and listened if perchance they might hear, instead, the musical tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil that roused me so sweetly in country mornings.

* * *

O! these whistling robins are wise when they call us to 'come out.'

Out into the splendour of the June days, with their flood of sunshine;—out into the fragrance of the June roses; out under the glory of June skies, and into the fulness of June vitality.

Aye, little whistling birds! we who live far too much within closed doors shall pay heed to your joyous call; and leaving the narrow confines of limitations visible and invisible we shall 'come out,'—into the great breadth of beauty and purity and sweetness that environs us and—in these fair summer days—be at peace.

FAITH FENTON.

JUNE MILLINERY.

THE fancy straws of early spring are giving way to more durable straws, fit for travelling, wheeling and the dusty roadways; this of course for the serviceable hat. In dress hats fine chip and a few dainty tulle hats are already in evidence.

* * *

Tulle is one of the most fashionable trimmings; very few of the June hats are furnished without a bow or knot of this perishable yet airy material.

* * *

Wings and quills are quite the thing for the June hat; while a pretty combination of piquancy and softness is attained by slightly veiling the wings or quills with tulle.

* * *

Grasses of various kinds are to the fore for June trimmings, either bushed beneath the hat brim or worn as aigrettes; some of the latter are very feathery and graceful in effect.

* * *

Our cuts this month are taken directly from one of the leading Toronto houses, and illustrate some especially dainty creations.

No. 1 is a biscuit-coloured chip, with all round broad brim, tilting over the face and caught up at the back in the prevailing mode. It is trimmed with two double box-frills of accordion-plaited black tulle, one extending to edge of brim, the other reaching above and concealing the crown. Three white wings set up at the back of the hat on the top, extending the full width of brim, giving a jaunty effect, which is added to by an osprey of heliotrope and white. At the back is a large bow of heliotrope velvet, resting on the hair, and extending out on either side. This is a very stylish afternoon hat.

* * *

Another somewhat similar in shape and trimming, but suitable for bridal or lawn parties, is of white chip trimmed in similar manner with white tulle and a delicate white osprey. White wings lie flat upon the top of the crown, fastened with pearl ornaments. Two white wings enclosing white crush roses form the trimming at the back. The effect is particularly dainty.



In No. 2 we show a very neat and effective little turban of black fancy straw. The turned-up brim is in ripples and has

pointed effect at back and front. The brim is finished with rosette of the straw at the side. The trimming consists of a wired tulle bow brought up to a level with three white quill feathers jettied with black. The tulle is carried down along the side and fastened at the back. This turban is very becoming and suitable either for semi-mourning or the modish black and white costume.

* * *

No. 3 is one of the new panamas—an English walking shape with roll brim. It is trimmed with black Italian grass (a fancy straw braid) brought to a knot in front. On either side of the knot are two natural parrot wings. The back of the hat has the parrot-head peering from a spray of green apple leaves; two large black poppies rest on the hair on either side.

The trimming is not gay, but very stylish in result.

* * *

Another, a brown panama (No 4), is a broad brim shaped in front, lifted and rolled at the back.

The trimming is of cream duchess lace set full around and falling to edge of the brim. A large



and handsome pearl ornament adorns the front. Two brown pheasant's wings lie flat on the crown; a handsome black osprey and green French rose finish the front effect. Beneath the rolled brim, at the back, is a great bunch of marsh grass, extending out on either side and clasped with a rhinestone.

* * *

No. 5 is a lovely carriage hat of cream-coloured chip. The trimming is set well back about the crown, leaving only a twist of tulle, corn colour and white, about the crown in front. The crown is covered with iridescent passementerie. Large soft rosettes of corn colour and white tulle rest on either side. Three clusters of white hydrangea blossoms extend across the back, with erect osprey of crêpe corn. Two black poppies rest upon the hair, beneath the brim.

Panamas are 'in' in sailor shapes, and are trimmed with mixed



(5) flowers all around the crown.

* * *

Fruit trimmings are shown for June, in strawberries and currants.

* * *

A pretty child's hat of white chip is trimmed with a band of Italian (or Raphael) grass, and has a small blackbird caught in knots of white tulle.

* * *

Tulle and ribbon ties, brought from the back and bowed under the chin, are again in fashion.

* * *

Veiling flowers, birds and wings, with tulle, is one of the novelties in trimming methods.

* * *

Some very pretty fancies in sleeves are being shown. Muslin sleeves are puffed endlessly with very charming effect. A new style is very long, with coarse shirring on the outside, alternated with lace. The plain full sleeve is not so much worn.

* * *

Where lace is considered too extravagant, it is gratifying to know that simple ribbon trimming is as much in vogue as ever. And whatever the age of the wearer, the style of ribbon trimming is much the same. A wide taffeta sash, bows on the shoulder, stock collar and bows on the skirt, are about all that is necessary. Madras linen gowns, which are too dull in colour to be becoming to many complexions, almost require trimming of this sort of a colour to match the silk lining.

* * *

Lace is scattered broadcast over the summer gowns. All the filmy patterns that women have been hoarding for years have been brought out this spring to meet the demands of organdies and linens and lawns.

No one can deny that the result is exceedingly pretty. Lace was used most effectively on one of the neat summer taffetas in shaded greens. There were falls of deep lace from the collar and from beneath the shoulder epaulets, while the front panel of the skirt, which was exquisitely embroidered in apple blossoms, was outlined by jabots extending the entire length. The final touch was given this dainty costume by the sprays of apple blossoms which were embroidered here and there upon the bodice.

MADAM.

SUMMER GOWNS.

[Special attention will be paid to any questions asked or information desired by readers of this department.]

SUMMER gowns are being made with the godet skirt, bishop sleeves, embroidered bodice, stock collar with lace frill or lappel, and ribbon sash. These are not stereotyped details, but the chief components of the lighter gowns.

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Where the dress material is too soft to admit of stiffening, it is made over silk, sateen, cambric, or any suitable underlining. For instance, the popular grass linen must be made over silk, if you would be absolutely up-to-date.

There was a time when silk was the dress material *par excellence*. Now it is the proper thing to use as lining. Imagine a lovely silk being used as foundation material,—yet thus has fashion decreed.

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In our first sketch (No. 1) our artist illustrates a delicate biscuit-colour batiste (seen in one of our leading establishments), very soft and almost transparent. It is made over *écru glacé* silk. The skirt falls straight over the silk, and is finished at the bottom with border of insertion and lace to match. The bodice (baby waist) is made entirely of rows of insertion, with embroidered yoke. The sleeve is bishop shape and finished with frill of the batiste lace, which reaches only to the wrist. Our best modistes do not recommend the inconvenient frill over the hand for summer wear. The dress is finished with stock collar of Dresden ribbon and narrow sash of the same reaching to the bottom of the skirt.

The entire result is simple, cool, and softly summery.

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No. 2 is a very handsome grass linen costume, made for a tall, blue-eyed daughter of one of our Senators.

The foundation throughout skirt and bodice is of corn-flower blue *glacé* silk. The skirt is godet, and trimmed with a deep insertion of the grass linen lace, set in points. The silk shows with charming effect as the full folds move with the motion of the wearer. The blouse bodice is of 'all over' linen embroidery. It is full in front, and fastens behind so skilfully that the opening is concealed. The bishop sleeves are of plain linen, with a band of insertion through the sleeve. The cuffs are pointed to correspond with the skirt trimming. The blue silk shows through the embroidery and insertion of skirt and bodice by hint and veiled suggestion, with charming results in tone. A piquant and stylish touch is given by belt and stock collar of rich white satin ribbon, ending each in large bows at the back. The collar has soft white lace above it.

This dress would serve as a model for all other linens.

Where the silk foundation is too expensive—as is the case with many of us—sateen or fine alpaca may be used with good effect.

* * *

Closer linens are made up without linings. The blazer coat is still *la mode* for stiff linens and brilliances; but it is being superseded by the blouse and skirt *en costume*.

Skirts and blouses will compose the summer costume in prints, linens and brilliances, rather than the tweed skirt and light blouse of last season.

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Stock collars and belts of the Dresden ribbon are adjustable. They alternate with the white linen collar and cuffs, also adjustable to make variety in the blouse finish.

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Our third cut illustrates an effective spring suit of cotton covert cloth shown at Walker's.



These suits are tailor-made, and are both serviceable and jaunty. This one is of fawn mixture; the skirt moderately ripple. The coat is neatly finished with double seams throughout. It has a prettily rounded front, sets well on the hips, and is finished with breast and side pockets. It may be buttoned in front or left open, showing vest or blouse. Vests of scarlet, blue, or brown figured brillante, with dickey and four-in-hand, make this suit a stylish tailor-made. The sleeves are plaited in full at the shoulder to permit a comfortable fitting over full-sleeved blouses. These ready-made suits are of excellent value. They are especially fitted for summer travel and wheeling.

* * *

Batiste promises to be one of the favourite materials for summer gowns this year. Pretty petticoats are shown in this material, trimmed with yellowish soft lace or embroidery. They are worn with muslin or any fluffy summer gowns.

* * *

For vests worn with the Louis xv. coats mousseline de soie and crêpes are popular. A woman possessing such a costume can make several vest fronts, and give variety to her gown.

Narrow Valenciennes insertion and lace is much in favour for vest trimming.

A fluffy puff or drapery is used to veil the tightness of the new sleeve, which will be worn only in stuff goods. In light materials the bishop sleeve holds sway.

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A pretty novelty for sleeves or corsages is to arrange ribbons lengthwise and sew them together with lace insertings or bands of tulle.

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Another novelty is the sash made of black lace tied into a bow at the back of the corsage, with long, square ends falling down the entire length of the skirt.

* * *

Skirts for the summer gowns are much trimmed. The sight of a plain, unadorned muslin skirt has proved rather too much for the feminine love of decoration to endure.

* * *

Dainty organdies are given the overskirt effect by the curving lace flounces which cover the entire skirt. While the plain parallel flounces are not so new, they are often seen.

* * *

The ready-made suits are lovely this year—varied in colour and design, leather bound or trimmed, studded with small buttons, belted prettily, and made in dozens of ways, the costume bids fair to become individualised at last.

* * *

Yellow is a favourite colour among the daintiest summer gowns, possibly from the fact that discerning customers have at last discovered that yellow is almost the only colour equally becoming to women of fair and dark complexions. It is often used, however, in peculiarly odd combinations. Yellow, violet and rose is a not altogether unhappy combination

affected in some of the Parisian costumes, the effect being very novel.

* * *

Persian designs are very commonly seen among the thin as among the heavier materials. Such designs, however, are more effective when used in combination than when employed in the main material of a gown. Persian embroideries or ribbons brighten up a gown wonderfully, while a soft clinging white gown is given an air of its own by a deep Persian border to the skirt and a wide hat to match.

* * *

A clever Canadian girl has devised an entirely new means for adding to her attractiveness. The latest addition to her outfit is a hood, wonderfully wrought of frills and furbelows, with which she will protect herself from chilly breezes and keep her hair in curl on damp summer evenings. Moonlight sails and drives will offer excellent opportunities for the display of these novel affairs, which promise to be as useful as they are becoming. MADAM.

PRETTY PARASOLS.

PARASOLS are now regarded as part of the costume, and as much time is spent in selecting them as is bestowed on gown or hat. Years ago it was deemed sufficient to have a fine black silk sunshade, which often answered the double purpose of protecting from sun and rain; but now, for dress effects, the parasol is looked upon as the finishing touch to a perfect costume.

* * *

For driving purposes it is quite the thing to have hat trimming and parasol of the same shade or harmonising tints; while in morning costumes blouse and parasol are of the same material.

* * *

The return of linen and holland suits for the present season, brings the plain silk parasols again into vogue. A parasol of scarlet silk is especially harmonious with the linen blouse and scarlet tie.

Likewise the blue and brown, in plain covers, are in demand.

* * *

Women do not yet realise how much of

This, of course, is a parasol for afternoon or carriage costume.

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We show in No. 3 another costume parasol of white silk, trimmed with deep lace, which is caught up in cascade points. The lace is outlined with narrow white satin ribbon, each point being accentuated with small bows. The top is hidden in the meshes of a white satin bow.

Another, similar in style, substitutes chiffon for the lace, the chiffon being brought up in points and finished with applied lace. The chiffon effects are delightfully soft.

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No. 4 is also of white silk, with deep flounce of black duchess lace, relieved with two rows of narrow Valenciennes insertion. A heading of narrow Valenciennes laces finishes the top of the flounce. The point is finished with gathering of the lace.

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In No. 5 we show a plainer effect in pale green taffeta silk, with flounce of the same. The flounce heading shows a facing of brown silk. A broad lace insertion of same shade over brown silk encircles the flounce. The top is ivory-pointed.

THE MOTIVE OF THE PARASOL.

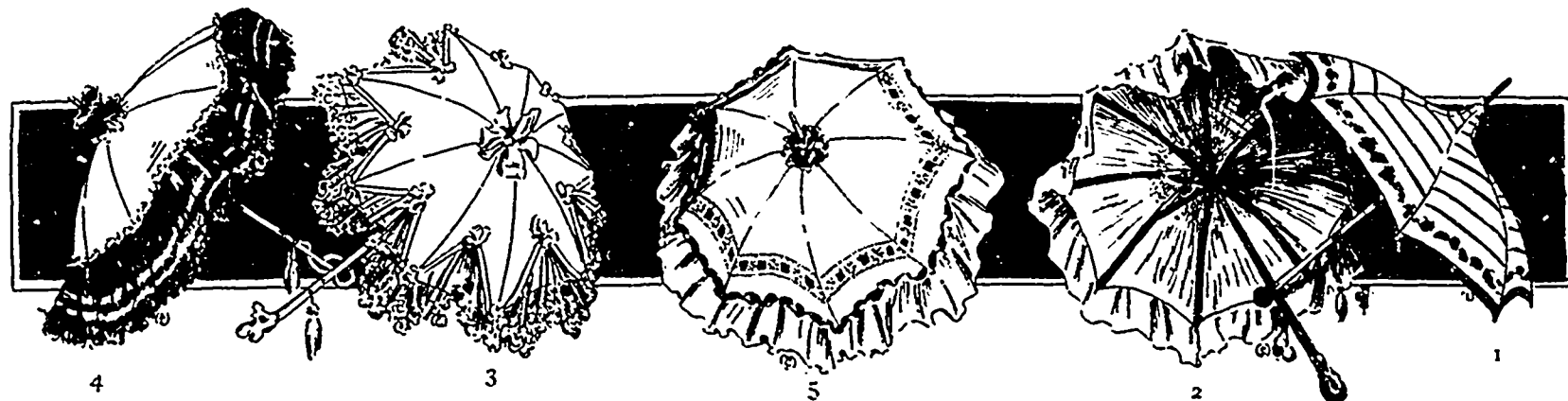
"Dear me, no! Of course, a parasol is a sunshade primarily," said the pretty girl. "But it has half a dozen secondary uses, as every woman knows.

"A parasol is as effective a weapon in coquetry as a fan. If the history of the pretty things are ever written, it will be found that they have been some of the best arrows in Cupid's quiver.

"For instance, a girl who goes forth in summer-time prepared for conquest, looks well to her stock of sunshades. She has the stiff *chic* affairs of coloured silk,—crimson, blue, violet,—with steeple top and knobby handle. These go with the tailor-made suits, stiff dicker's and ties; and complete a very up-to-date costume.

"Oh, yes; such a sunshade may be saucy, piquant, stylish, independent,—it may accentuate a dozen charming effects;—and should be used chiefly in the morning, when independence and athleticism is the thing.

"Then she lays in a supply of soft, fluffy things; all lace and shirring. These are for afternoon walks and the evening sunset. A woman's face becomes wonderfully bewitching when nested, as it were, in a cup of soft fluffings; while the lace flounce, falling loozely, frames it about.



effect in softness or severity, as well as in colour, is given by the parasol. The selection may add to or take away from their age by ten years.

* * *

The parasols are rather larger this year, while the 'steeple tops' are the novelty in style. These tops have pointed effect and extend from four to six inches beyond the silk. They are effective, but make the parasol in the hands of a careless woman rather a dangerous weapon.

* * *

In No. 1 we show one of the newest styles in white brocade silk, with parallel lines of black. The border is Dresden design in pink tints. The interior has ribs covered in white.

These Dresden borders are shown in many styles, and the parasol is much in vogue with costumes having Dresden ribbon collars and sashes.

* * *

No. 2 is of cream taffeta silk, shirred over a plain foundation of stiff muslin. The shirring shows through the muslin and gives soft interior effect. The shirring is gathered within four inches of the top and brought up in loose knot about the point. A deep, full flounce of the silk finishes the cover.

Inside, the ribs are faced with narrow black silk ribbon, which, with the soft shirring, gives pretty interior effect in black and white. The rustic handle is finished with knot of white silk pom-poms.

This is a costume parasol and may be reproduced in many colours.

* * *

Of the more expensive parasols, shot effects are shown. The New York parasols are plain, with brass rod stems and frames. A pretty one in fawn had its only touch of colour in the pink parrot-head which formed the base of the handle.

* * *

An exquisite one in bronze silk has a Dresden border. Another is of opal-tinted silk.

* * *

Blouse and parasol alike is the latest fad for morning costume.

* * *

Plain white parasols may be made very dressy by ruchings of white mull, which give a charming fluffiness.

This effect may be carried out also in other colours. A Toronto girl achieved wonderful results last season with two plain parasols costing fifty cents each.

The one she trimmed with lace; the second with knots of baby ribbon and one or two leaf sprays.

* * *

Pale women should avoid blue shades on parasols. Fawns and greys are trying to poor complexions.

A woman with colour should never use a scarlet parasol.

MADAM.

Thanks due to Simpson.

"Use such a framing? Of course she can.

"She must study colour also; crimson lining when she is a little weary or pale,—it gives a glow; violet when she has a fair skin and soft flush; creamy white for the dainty lawn gown. Why,"—the pretty girl grew tragic—"I have positively seen a plain woman made almost handsome by the colouring and style of her parasol; while the shock of a pretty woman with ruddy face looking out from the depths of a crimson silk sunshade, is awful."

"What about those of us who carry only the most black silks, which serve the double purpose of protection from rain and sun?" asked the quiet girl.

"Oh, well," answered the pretty girl, "I was speaking of women who have some regard for effects. But remember this, that a black sunshade is awfully trying. It emphasises pallor and deadens colour; one doesn't choose a funereal background in order to look one's best—not as a rule. It does very well for statuesque effects. But even a woman of the fair, willowy and golden type, clad in clinging black, should use a fluffy white parasol if she would secure the real French effect.

"I tell you what you may do, though," concluded the pretty girl, graciously. "If you will use black, you may tie a knot of violet or scarlet ribbon far up the handle inside. It would give the touch of tone."

M.

Blue hyacinths veiled with green tulle, give quite a novel, yet artistic, effect.

Hotch Potch.

They may rave of their maigres and turtle and bisque,
Of tomato or oyster, I'm willing to risk
A very large bet, that for peasant or knight,
No soup quite comes up to thy compound delight—
Hotch Potch!

As the old Scottish dame to Her Majesty said,
'There's everything 'intill' the garden has bred,
Parsley, carrot and turnip, and barley as well,
While the secret 'leeks' out of thy rai shing smell!'
Hotch Potch!

You may vary the mixture with cabbage and peas,
And a dash of tomato gives color to please
The taste of the eye! Three senses appraise
Thy intrinsic perfections! No need for X rays—
Hotch Potch!

Either mutton or beef you can choose for your stock,
Tho' at veal or at chicken no chef ought to mock;
I'll back Scotia's soup, with its heart-stirring savours,
Against foreign decoctions! Long life to thy flavour,
Hotch Potch!

But I cannot conclude this little soup song
(Tho' risking to boil it a trifle too long!)
Without boasting a bit of the men who have fed
And grown great in thy strength, nobly flanked by
oat bread—
Hotch Potch!

In religion and arms, in defence and assault,
The sons of old Scotland have never cried "halt!"
"To the front," is their watchword at home or abroad;
They have led where'er civilisation has trod!
Tho' nurtured on soup, they are never found in it,
(Have patience! my yarn will wind up in a minute,
It is hard from a hobby horse nimbly to vault!)
Take my boast and my soup with a good grain of salt!
For we can't all be Scotch,
Tho' we feed on "Hotch Potch!"

A. JEWELL.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

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

THE festal rites of May Day are common to many nations and countries, and are, I suppose, the natural expression of rejoicing in the renewal of beauty and fertility in the outdoor world. Among many of the quaint fancies of earlier days, that of seeking May dew as a cosmetic is perhaps the most widely known; and, though we may not literally use the dew upon our faces, do we not all revel in early rising these beautiful fresh, bright May mornings? They, however, unfortunately bring trials to many of us,—moving to some, and house-cleaning to all. And, perhaps, a few remarks upon the latter subject would not be amiss.

* * *

For one thing, clean your cellar *first*, as upon it, more than any other place, depends the health of the household at this season of the year. Decayed vegetables and fruit, old clothes and rags, useless patent medicine bottles and bottles of all sorts, with old boxes and tins,—these, with the aid of damp and musty atmosphere, can develop bacteria with a facility unequalled by the best gelatine of the scientist. Therefore, let us be sanitary and make a clearance of all these things, and give our cellars a good coat of lime wash. Let us arrange that the boxes for the vegetables should be slightly raised from the floor, to allow of ventilation and keep them from any mould or dampness. It is also a good plan to sprinkle the cellar floor with copious water occasionally, after having given it the usual weekly sweeping, and there will be none of the nasty odours, which are supposed to belong to this part of the house.

* * *

You are probably putting away your furs and heavy winter garments just now, so I will tell you what is a good and simple preventive of moths, what is more than a preventive, as it is a 'germicide,' and boxes and cupboards thus infested can be rid of them effectually by being thoroughly washed out with a solution of bichloride of mercury. Before folding and putting away your furs, shake them well, then dip a whisk into the solution and sprinkle and brush well; then hang in the sun until dry before putting away. The bichloride is a deadly poison, so great care must be taken in its use, and it is well not to have children about when it is being used,

since, being a colourless solution, they might be apt to taste it, which would be fatal.

* * *

At this season of the year, when the warm weather is approaching, we will find it better to cut off from our diet some of the fats we have needed for fuel during the cold weather. We can substitute eggs and fish for meat; but unless we have access to a city market and a full purse, it is difficult to have much variety in vegetables. Lettuce is good and sold at a reasonable price, and it is well to have it as often as possible, as it contains salts which are very valuable to the system. Rhubarb, also, is a reasonable price; so I will give you some recipes for salads, and also for some various ways of cooking 'pie-plant,' as our American cousins call rhubarb.

* * *

SALAD A LA COLUMBINE.

Soften two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one-half cup of water. Cook for a few minutes one-half can of tomatoes, one-half teaspoonful salt, a little pepper, and one teaspoonful sugar; strain through a sieve; add the gelatine; pour into a mould, and when cold, serve on a bed of shredded lettuce with boiled dressing.

* * *

BOILED DRESSING.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter; stir in one tablespoonful of flour; add two tablespoonfuls sugar; cook until it thickens. Remove from the stove and add one-half teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and mustard, and a pinch of cayenne, mixed together. Heat one-half cupful of milk; add yolk of one egg slightly beaten; cook over boiling water until it thickens. Remove from the stove, and stir the vinegar sauce in gradually.

* * *

BANANA AND LETTUCE SALAD.

Put into a small bowl the yolk of one egg, one saltspoonful salt, and half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar; stir in oil slowly till one cup has been used, adding two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, as needed, to thin it. Colour a teaspoonful of the dressing with a tiny bit of prepared green-colour paste, and then stir this into the whole, using only enough to give a pale tint of green. Just before serving add two tablespoonfuls of thick-whipped cream. Cut five bananas twice lengthwise, and then each piece into four. Put two small lettuce leaves together to form a cup. Lay several pieces of banana on the lettuce, and cover with the dressing. Arrange these portions on a flat dish—not in a salad bowl—and garnish with the tiny centre leaves.

Because mustard has a tendency to lump,

many recipes for salad dressings, etc., call for made mustard. This cannot be measured as accurately as the dry substance, and, if the latter is sifted with the salt required, there will be no difficulty about blending it smoothly into the sauce.

* * *

TAPIOCA FRUIT PUDDING.

Cook one cupful of pearl tapioca in one quart of water until clear; add one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and one-half cupful sugar. Peel and slice three oranges very thin, and also three bananas; sprinkle one tablespoonful of lemon juice over the bananas. Add first the oranges and then the bananas to the tapioca. Pour into a mould wet in cold water, and set away to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

* * *

BAKED RHUBARB.

Cut the rhubarb in pieces about an inch long; put in a baking dish in layers, with an equal weight of sugar. Cover closely and bake.

* * *

RHUBARB FOOL.

Press a quart of rhubarb through a granite-ware cullender; add juice of a lemon; sweeten one-half cup thick cream and whip to a stiff froth. When ready to serve, mix the cream with the strained rhubarb, and serve either in custard glasses or in one large glass dish.

* * *

The following recipe for Vassar pie, amused me very much. It was sent me by a pupil in the Ottawa School of Cookery, but appeared first in an American paper, the *Chicago News*, I believe:

VASSAR PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali.
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casine, ma—
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half an ohm:
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral drops, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine.
But give me the sterilised water first,
And the oleomargarine—
And the phosphate, too, for now I think
The new type writer's quit—
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his hair a bit.



THE appreciation of art is a matter of education,—it is a faculty developed by study, and passed on as are all other gifts—a beautiful inheritance from generation to generation.

But that many of us still lack that education was proved by the comparatively small attendance at the annual exhibition of the O. S. C. A. on May 5th and the succeeding week, although the event had been heralded by an attractively ugly poster of most orthodox design for several weeks in advance.

Among the best efforts shown this season I should place "The Pastoral Symphony," by E. Wylly Grier, and his portrait of "Jessie" with its pretty colouring. Atkinson's delightful landscapes, marine pieces by Knowles, Challoner's studies in figures and faces, and W. Smith's "North Sea Breakers," Mr. C. M. Manly's "Corner on York Street," and F. M. Bell-Smith's "Mountain Peaks" were also of high merit.

"The Pastoral Symphony" was my pet picture. A group of musicians seated in the open air, one graceful girl standing in the foreground with face turned away, but music in every line of her supple form, the sheep slowly ascending the grassy hill, browsing as they go.

Looking on the scene such a restfulness creeps over one; everything about it seems opposed to bustle and worry.

One can almost hear the violins sing out their gladness for the blessed peace of evening.

"In the Heart of the City" Mr. Manly has immortalised a corner of York Street. One would scarcely dream of finding in that locality material for such a picture. Truly, artists have a second sight. The figures were excellent.

"The Peaks of the Selkirks" and "Cathedral Mountain" showed well the masterly brush of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith.

Sir F. A. Verner's buffalo pictures were characteristic.

The colouring in W. D. Blatchly's "Glow of Autumn" and "The Spring on the Hill" was good.

The "Basket Maker of the Apennines," by C. J. Way, was also a charming study.

* * *

To come back to the oils. G. A. Reid's work was not up to his usual standard. Mr. Reid has given us such great pictures, one could not help feeling that in "Among the Daisies," "Sunflowers" and "Blossoms," he has not done himself justice.

"Old Stage Day," by W. E. Atkinson, was a charming bit of colouring, and reminded one of the old slow-going times of which grandmothers tell.

A little gem in oils was a view on the Thames by F. McG. Knowles, and was certainly deserving of a more conspicuous position than fell to its lot.

"Emancipation Oak" is a fine painting of a grand tree that has become historical, for it was after a conversation with Mr. Pitt at the root of it that Wilberforce resolved to give notice of motion in the House of Commons of his intention to bring about the abolition of the slave trade.

We were disappointed in finding no picture from the hand of L. R. O'Brien among the water colours; his view on the Hudson in oils being his only contribution.

Sherwood's portrait painting was good, but he was rather unfortunate in not securing a very picturesque model for his "Little Newsboy."

Chas. A. Jeffreys, formerly a Toronto boy, and at present in New York, contributed some exceedingly good little water colours in his own particularly strong style.

A badly framed but very attractive little sunset picture, by W. Cantwell, hung on the east wall.

Another comparatively new contributor was William Robins. His picture, "Lidal Beach," was exquisite.

Miss Hagerty shows some pictures which were most effective in treatment.

Quite worthy of all the praise bestowed was the miniature painting on ivory by Madam Louise Van der Linde. The group consisted of a portrait of Mrs. Howard Chandler, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, one of Baby Van der Linde, and another face not named.

Madam Van der Linde's work was characterised by exquisite colouring and a delicacy of touch that prove the artist.

It is strange that this was the only collection in this branch of art, as miniature portrait painting has again become so popular.

A head, by F. S. Chailoner, also "A Sewing Lesson," were admired for their beautiful colouring and clearness of tone. His interiors were sketches of Mr. George Reid's home in the Catskills.

"The Ministry of Love," by J. I. Foster, was one of the most speaking pictures shown,—a little invalid, still hardly able to sit up in bed, receiving a visit from a friend who has brought him a gift. The pleased expression just chasing away anxiety from the mother's face was well brought out.

We hear on all sides that Canada has no history, but surely, with such picture painters as Wylly Grier, Reid, Manly, Martin, Bell-Smith, O'Brien, Blatchly, and many others, the same cry cannot be raised about art. And yet, how many of those who are able financially, are loyal to this home talent? How few pictures by our own artists bring a good price? Truly it is the old story of a prophet receiving little honour in his own country.

BLACK AND WHITE.

MONTREAL NOTES.

It is a fact, perhaps not much thought about, but a fact all the same, that painting is not so well known and understood among the great mass of the people as her sister art—music. Nearly every house possesses a piano or other instrument, of which, generally speaking, one or two members of the family have sufficient knowledge to demonstrate in part its worth. Comparatively few possess a paint-box, and painting lags behind.

* * *

Even where we do find the paint-box, and among those professing to know something about drawing and colouring, the vast majority of amateur painters do not reach in ratio the standard acquired by amateur musicians. Many amateur musicians perform extremely well; many amateur painters produce very poor work, and, alas! think it is good.

* * *

The public, too, are ready to accept poor pictures, applaud and pass favourable com-

ment upon them. The same public, quick to detect discord in the harmony of music, utterly fail to detect discord in the harmony of colour. Why? A lack of education of the art of drawing and painting. Many refined people crowd to music halls time and again, but never enter an art gallery. Many think, because they cannot paint, they cannot judge of a picture; yet they will judge of music, although unable to play or sing.

* * *

We have those, too, who are ready to condemn all kinds of painting. Overlound conversation in the art galleries reveals discussion about values, light and shade, harmony, etc., from many who do not know the artist's meaning of the phrase. One rejects this picture because it is not the *kind* of picture he likes; another fails to see *any* beauty in this one at all. It is more education of the art of painting rather than *in* the art of painting that is required; more contact with the artist's works, to study and understand their meaning and delight in them. Such education would produce a more enthusiastic and sympathetic public, one that would raise the standard of amateur art and be more gratifying to professional art as well. It would be an incentive to the ambition of many, who at present are quite content to live in blissful ignorance with the great majority, who know no better.

* * *

The pictures to be found in any of our public galleries will supply sufficient food for thought to anyone desiring it. These works may not be just to our fancy, but they have been placed there by responsible critics who have declared them to be of certain merit; let us find out where this merit lies and enjoy what the artist tries to tell us. True, many good souls enter the galleries and flit from picture to picture, enjoying the colour, and the stories they tell, rejecting a few, but pleased with the whole, and come away happy and contented, ready to repeat the visit. We must not begrudge them their joyous spirits; like the butterfly they wing their way and often bring sunshine to our path. But such never raised a high standard seriously in any walk of life.

* * *

With a criticising public ready to find out the merits or demerits of a picture, the amateur artist will be more careful of the work he puts out for inspection. There must be a higher aim than the hunting out of some highly coloured chromo which appears to please the eye, the hurried mixing of all sorts of tints to produce the required shade, and the ultimate completion of a huge canvas that will astonish the folk at home. True, there are many excellent colour studies in print; some are reproductions from the sketches of noted artists, and chromolithography is now in a high state of perfection. A student need not be above using these, but let him use them for what they are intended—a study. They serve to make one more acquainted and familiar with his colour. Walking through the galleries of Europe, one frequently runs across student copyists seated with canvas and brush before some picture of note, but the amateur should be careful not to become a slave to it; nature itself is the mark for all artists.

* * *

Canada has produced many good artists of whom we are justly proud; let us have more from the ranks of our amateurs.

XMAN.



By Norah Lee Anderson
(PUPIL IN HELLMUTH COLLEGE).

"THERE are a great many ups and downs in life," the Colonel remarked sententiously, as he slowly stirred his lemonade, and looked, with his habitually beaming face, at the man opposite him.

"And more downs than ups," the man added glumly, and, as though his lemonade had suddenly turned as sour and unpalatable as he had found the world, he pushed it slowly from him, and began drumming on the table before him.

The Colonel finished his glass, and, with much smacking of his big, good-natured mouth, remarked how much he had enjoyed it. Enjoy it,—of course he did. The Colonel enjoyed everything. One could tell that from his hearty, smiling face. His friends never questioned whether his life had been of such smoothness as to merit that continual happy expression—in fact, they questioned nothing about the Colonel; they accepted him and liked him just as he was. If he had met with rebuffs and misfortunes, no one knew it; for he never aired his wrongs, but always told of the fortunate things that had happened to him. He was never either apologising or seeking redress; for the Colonel, you must know, never gave offence, nor was he ever offended. If there were sighs and a heavy heart behind that cheerful exterior, no one was any the wiser; and if ever the ghost of a shadow was noticed on his face, it would be forgotten a moment later as he laughingly told his choicest joke or sang fresh snatches from the latest comic opera.

But the man opposite him was still drumming on the table when the Colonel interrupted him with:

"You shouldn't try to persuade yourself that life is such a gloomy thing. I know it isn't the fashion nowadays to be happy, or cheerful, either; but, believe me, you would enjoy it infinitely more than that shrug-of-the-shoulders, skeptical indifference that the world is assuming."

"You must know, Colonel," the man opposite broke in abruptly, "that you could not be a competent judge in this: the world has treated you kindly; you have no cause to complain; you have never had any trouble."

"Well, perhaps not," the Colonel conceded graciously; and for a long time there was a silence between them, broken only by the sounds of life that came from the street outside and the rattling of glasses on a table at the other end of the room.

home surroundings,—and—and a sweet-heart"—here the Colonel faltered and his voice trembled slightly—"taking with him only the impetuosity and feverish hope that generally make life pleasant for the young,—and also the picture of a smiling face,—to go, as did the youth in the fairy stories, to seek his fortune. But the elves and the genii never attended him. They must have forgotten," the Colonel added, with a smile; "for he was forsaken quite, and the world struck him blow after blow, and spit at him, and trampled him down, until he returned, faint and weary, to the home he had left.

"The home he had left! That had passed away. The old home was sold; the mother and the father were dead. All was changed. The sweetheart,—she, too, was changed."

The Colonel's voice trembled perceptibly, the corners of his mouth twitched downward, and he shaded his eyes with his hand.

"It was a girlhood fancy that she had outgrown," she said," the Colonel continued in a soft, low voice. "She chose the proper course; my friend realises that now. But there was a blackness in his heart and a bitterness in his soul that took a heavy chastening to remove.

"He did not know how much he really loved this dear little woman until the trial came that proved it all. Her brother, whom she loved very greatly, had committed a crime. My friend knew that her tender young heart would be crushed if anything should happen to this brother. He did all he could to save him, until the worst came and he found there was no other alternative: he proved her brother innocent by confessing that he was guilty. For ten long years he was in the Penitentiary."

The Colonel nodded and covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out some dreadful vision that memory forced upon him. For a moment he sat thus; then continued:

"When he had served the sentence and was released, he walked forth into a new world, so greatly was it all changed for him. Her brother was dead, and the dear little lady was married. And he—my friend;—ah, I scarcely know him now, the transformation was so complete, in fact, there is only one thing that remains to tell me that he is the same, and that is the picture of the woman he loved. I have it with me now; may I show it to you?"

The Colonel thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a little old-fashioned daguerrotype, and handed it reverently across the

table. The man took it and looked at it, and started; then holding it so the light might fall more directly upon it, he gazed eagerly, intently at the sweet face. Yes, there could be no mistake; the sweet young girl with the old-fashioned ringlets and the old-fashioned gown and the soft, tender eyes that looked out from the little black case, was the face of his own wife.

Slowly he rose, and silently walked around the little table, and grasped the Colonel's hand and shook it long and hard. There were no words passed between them; but they both understood.

Then the Colonel picked up the little picture and placed it tenderly in his pocket; and resuming his bright, good-natured smile, he linked his arm in his friend's, and they passed up the street together as he said, in his old, cheerful voice:

"There's a comedy on at The Grand tonight. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

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Grimsby Park will be made a sort of Chautauqua this summer, in one department at least. Starting Monday, July 6, a School of Elocution and Physical Culture will be conducted by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., and Miss Nellie Berryman, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music School of Elocution. Several courses have been provided that will doubtless prove of great value to clergymen and other public speakers, as well as elocutionists. This will afford an excellent opportunity of combining recreation and rest with interesting study at this charming resort.

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DOES THE HEAT AFFECT YOUR HEAD DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS?

A long time before X-Rays came into prominence, experiments were being made with a substance called X-ODE. It is a product of Electricity, which forms on asbestos while being electrically treated in a solution. One of the most surprising features of this new discovery is the greatest penetrating powers and wonderful effect upon the head and throat. It will be some consolation for the public to know that there is at last a means to fight and overcome the effects that heat has upon the head during the hot summer months. X-ODE is put up in the form of an inhaler. It is perfectly harmless and can be used by anyone. When inhaled through the nose or mouth it penetrates every crevice of the Head, Nose and Throat, and one experiences a sensation unlike anything they have ever experienced before. The first inhalation causes a sharp and penetrating sensation, which gradually gives way to a soothing and healing effect. It kills the minute germs of disease, heals the mucous surfaces, and increases the breathing capacity. The remarkable cures that were effected in such quick time when it first was introduced in New York City, is well known. Long-standing diseases of the head and throat, such as Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Coughs, La Grippe, Sore Throat, Headaches and similar diseases were cured in almost incredible time. X-ODE Inhalers are being placed on the market by the X-ODE Co., of 19 Union Square, New York City, at the moderate price of \$1.00, and, to give everyone a chance to test its merits, they are sending trial size inhalers to all parts of the United States and Canada by mail, for 15 cents. The goods are put up in good form and you do not pay a lot for fancy work and nickel-plating. It is the stuff that does the work that you pay for only.



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

The sun's text is: "Begin the day
With shining purpose, anyway."

The rain's: "Let tears fall only where
They'll make the earth more bright and fair."

The wind says: "Let your voice be sweet,
And only pleasant things repeat."

The flowers whisper, hid apart:
"Show to the world a perfect heart"

* * *

OUR STORY.

Charlie Black was a sturdy lad of about ten, skilful in outdoor sports, and in every way quite a manly boy for his age.

At school he was a prime favourite and leader, and at home the delight of his parents and the pride of his little sister Ruth.

Charlie's father was 'well to do,' and he had everything, almost, a boy could wish for, his latest treasure being an air-gun.

With this he was quite proficient, and many a dead sparrow proved his eye to be true and his arm steady.

One afternoon he gave a wee victim to Ruth, who burst into tears when he laid the warm, limp little body on her hand. She buried it in her own garden, and as she filled up the tiny grave she could not help wishing it had not been her brother who had taken its happy little life. She made up her mind to ask him that night not to shoot any more birds.

She waited her chance, and with a great effort made her simple request; but all the answer she got was:

"Oh, you little baby! Why, there are so many sparrows, one now and then will never be missed; besides, everyone says they are a nuisance."

"Well, if I were a big, strong boy, I would not kill a little bird just for fun, if there were twice as many!" said Ruth, growing braver.

"Hear her! Why, Ruth, when you grow up, you will be decking your hats with pretty dead birds and wings. You won't feel sorry then for the poor little things."

Ruth declared she could never be so cruel, and repeated in a soft voice that was almost a whisper: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

Charlie went off whistling and thinking how soft girls were.

The next day he took his gun to the woods for some sport. After tramping a long distance and with very poor success,—he had brought down but one bird, and that a young robin just able to fly,—he stretched himself under a tree to rest, and had not been

there long when he fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

He dreamed that as he lay upon the grass, apparently from the tree above, flew down an immense bird. It was larger and stronger-looking than any eagle Charlie had ever seen or read about, and as it stood and looked fiercely upon him, he began to feel a little bit frightened, and was not at all surprised when it spoke to him.

Its voice was harsh and terrible, and Charlie trembled at the first few words.

"Charlie Black, you are a cruel boy, and I am here to punish you! You have only one chance to save your life! Make a bird and bring it here this time to-morrow night, or I shall take you and tear you limb from limb and feed you to my young."

Charlie pleaded for mercy, and declared he could never perform such an impossible task; but the monster was firm.

"You little thought of mercy when you took the life of yon robin. Come, take the bird, restore its life, and you shall be free."

With tears, Charlie begged to be forgiven. He realised now how wicked he had been, and promised never to kill anything again for pleasure, and the bird relented somewhat.

"Well, since you seem to feel so penitent, I shall give you one more chance. Make me a common earth-worm, give it life, and bring it to this tree to-morrow night. Do you remember the one you cut up the other day with the spade, just to see how small a piece would wriggle?"

Charlie remembered, and felt even more ashamed of himself, and tried to beg off again, declaring that this, too, was impossible; but the bird insisted on his trying.

"Men do such wonderful things nowadays, maybe you can get some help."

With these words it flew off, and Charlie thought he got up and started at his difficult task. He knew where there was some good soft clay out of which he had made marbles in the spring. With this clay he modelled an excellent form of a worm.

Then he remembered what the bird had said about getting help. So he wended his way to the house of an electrician, thinking that, as electricity had done such wonderful things, it could surely put life in a common earth-worm.

The man laughed at him. "Why, child, do you not know that no one can give life but God?"

He went to several wise men; but all gave him the same answer.

Heartsick and discouraged, Charlie went to keep his appointment with his tormentor: it seemed he could not help himself; something compelled him to go.

There the thing stood, under the tree, fierce-looking and terrible as ever.

"I see you have failed," it said, as Charlie approached in fear and trembling. "So

prepare to take the consequences! You have taken life wantonly, forgetting that the meanest insect receives its life from God, and has the same right to live that you have."

Charlie seemed speechless; he could move neither hand nor foot, and as the creature spread its huge wings and prepared to rise, it clutched him by the shoulders.

In an agony of fear he awoke, and you can imagine the relief he felt at the whole occurrence having been only a dream. But, even if it were merely a dream, it had this good effect: before going home that night, he went to the river and with all his strength flung the air-gun to the centre of it.

Charlie is now one of the best friends the birdies have, and nothing displeases him so much as to see boys engaged in the cruel sport in which he himself used to delight. He was seen the other day snatch a catapult from a boy several sizes bigger than himself and in his wrath tear the elastic from it, all the while giving the boy a lecture on the cruelty of bird-killing.

* * *

THE DANDELION.

THERE was a pretty dandelion,
With love y fluffy hair
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.
But oh! that pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and grey,
And, sad to say, her charming hair
Blew many miles away.

* * *

Here is a short story Jack-in-the-Pulpit once told his little listeners a number of years ago, when Cousin Maud was a small girl, in which he purposely made four mistakes of fact:

"One day a young thrush was resting on a post-and-rail fence, enjoying the cool morning air. Pretty soon a crow came hopping along the same fence, and the thrush quickly flew away. A beautiful pigeon that was calmly hopping around in a neighbouring door-yard, picking up crumbs, did not see the crow, or he, too, would have hastened to take his departure.

"Not so with a busy little sparrow in a maple tree on the other side of the field. He, too, saw the crow; but, not being in the least afraid, he soon sought the cool grass at the maple's roots, and walked about as unconcerned as possible.

"Soon he was joined by a fine young robin, and, strange to say, the crow, after eyeing them curiously for a moment as they walked about together, soared into the air, and was seen no more."

Are many readers of "Young Canada" observant enough to detect them? Write and tell me.

Cousin MAUD.



THE third annual conference of the National Council of Women of Canada was held in Montreal during the week beginning the 11th of May.

That it was a conference exceptionally successful in work and results, and that the uplifting influence of it, not merely upon the status of Canadian womanhood, but upon Canadian national life at large, may not be measured,—none who had the privilege of being present will gainsay.

To those who have watched the growth of the movement from its inception, three years ago, to the present time; who have seen something of the struggles it has undergone—in misconception without and friction within—the recent Montreal conference revealed one clear fact,—that the testing time has passed, that the way of the National Council is henceforth assured, and that, whatever changes in the personnel or conduct of the Council may come, the organisation will endure.

More than this,—year by year, by internal development, larger outreaching, and broadening ideals, it will increase in vigour until it becomes one of the most potent influences in the national development of our country.

* * *

It would be impossible, within the confines of this department, to attempt any detailed report of the proceedings and the work accomplished at the recent conference. The official business transacted for the further perfecting of the organisation was in itself worthy of record; while the papers read and debated should have full public reproduction, that they might be read by not merely every Canadian woman, but every man also.

We hope that during each month of the ensuing year this department of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, which will henceforth be under the complete control of the National Council, may find space for reproduction of many of the papers.

A feature of these papers or addresses was the amount of knowledge shown by the writer or speaker. Whether on the question of 'Woman Immigration,' of 'Associated Charities,' of 'Medical Aid in the Northwest,' of 'Manual Training,' of 'The Establishment of Public Baths,' of 'Women in Athletics,'—of many other topics demanding investigation and technical knowledge of the subjects,—the speakers might almost be considered specialists, each having given time and study to her special subject for many years. Time was, when we allotted such discussions to men alone, yet who should know and grasp these things which so closely affect womanhood and the home life better than the keepers of the home?

* * *

The conduct of the conference throughout bore some remarkable features to those who

have hitherto considered such gatherings the special province of men:—in the knowledge of official procedure and the conduct of business according to the recognised rules that govern public assemblies; in the absence of undue sentiment, and the marked prevalence of practicalities; and yet again in the strong current of earnestness that underlay the discussion of topics touching closely upon the purity, protection, and holier keeping of womanhood and childhood.

There were seasons during those busy sessional days when official business was discussed in matter-of-fact manner, yet with admirable skill. There were hours when lighter mood prevailed, and by reason of some happy topical discussion the laughter came. And there were times when the electric current of a passionate earnestness solemnised that gathering of representative women—flushing them not into sentimentality, but into a renewal of solemn purpose.

* * *

To say that this or any conference of women is educative is to say a little thing. Every conference worthy of the name must be this,—'bearing' thought 'together' and then carrying it out into the world. But the National Council of Women is educating not only its members, but the great outside public, who year by year are coming to better understand its purpose and work.

This is made palpable by the requests from outside organisations forwarded to the secretary during the past year and read by her at the recent conference: From the Dominion Trades and Labour Council expressing sympathy and appointing a delegate to attend the conference; from the Prison Reform Association asking for sympathy; from the promoters of the scheme of Consumptive Sanatoriums requesting support, and from the Historic Exhibition Committee, with like petition.

Such letters and petitions show that the outside world is beginning to realise the power of the National Council not merely in influence, but in investigation and in securing practical results.

For we must always remember,—and because of misunderstandings of the purpose of the Council that still exist, we cannot repeat it too often,—that the National Council of Women is not a propoganda, but rather an affiliation of all helpful propogandas,—a council representative of Canadian women's societies; an organisation of organisations, with its representative Executive and its annual parliament which is equally representative.

* * *

What a power lies in that word 'representative.'

The realisation of it came as we sat day by day in the recent conference. Each one

of these women spoke not for herself, but for a body of women, who, down by the Atlantic, out on the prairies, in the busy central cities, or beyond the great Rockies, were working together to uplift humanity,—by education, by benevolence, by culture, mental or physical, or by gentle ministrations.

Each paper read was the thought of many women, each voice that spake, that voted its 'nay' or 'aye,' was the voice of many women; and in this assemblage of delegates rang the sentiment and thought of a large proportion of Canadian womanhood from ocean to ocean.

A conference of organisations of like purpose is good; but such a conference as this is infinitely better in its stimulating friction and consequent broadening.

It is given unto the human mind, especially the mind of the social reformer, to believe that his or her shibboleth is the only correct and effectual password into the higher life. We narrow down even in our upliftings.

But in such a gathering as this National Council we are brought to see that truth is prismatic, flashing in many colours, yet always producing light.

The gentle little lady who has devoted herself to the labour problem, and who believes that in the solution of this alone lies the race regeneration, meets one who has worked heart and soul to securing woman's suffrage under like belief. The lovely lady of charities meets the earnest champion of prohibition; the young woman doctor, who is assured that the regeneration of the race depends upon its diet, comes in touch with one who believes that only the dissemination of good literature can accomplish this, or another who has devoted all her powers to educating the people by art or music; while the homekeeper and the King's Daughter move among all these,—each holding the thought that their way is the first and most effective for human uplifting—but discovering that it is not the only way.

Canadian women needed this Council, and, because it is a need which every year makes more clearly recognisable, it shall endure.

* * *

One of the revelations of the Council—and not the least—was the number of really clever, bright and sensible women who attended and took part in the discussions.

As the week advanced, and the representative members began to lose their first restraint and feel more at home, the discussions increased markedly in interest; not only was the knowledge shown about various topics remarkable, but the common sense, the practical view, the dispassion and moderation, together with the bright business tone prevalent, gave those who hearkened an enlarged conception of the ability of Canadian women.

When one considers that, as a whole, our women have not been accustomed to taking part in public gatherings, this is the more remarkable. And while there is no doubt that much of the success of this conference,—as of all the work of the National Council,—is due to the skilful, broad, yet gentle guidance of its president, the Countess of Aberdeen, and the executive work of its indefatigable secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cumming;—yet there remains the acknowledgment that these ladies were but guiding a wonderfully bright gathering of women; many of whom were hardly aware of their own power in this direction.

Canadian women, in the years to come, will reach a higher and more solid standing than that of their American sisters, in organised work; since, when the intolerance

which comes from past limitations has been brushed away, they will, out of their very conservatism, arrive at truer conclusions and achieve more lasting results.

* * *

To give a complete list of those in attendance would be impossible; as the hall was well filled at each session. But we subjoin a list of the delegates from various parts of the Dominion, so that those who were prevented from attending may see the names of some of our brightest Canadian women. That they are, even in this sense, only representatives, these ladies themselves will be the first to acknowledge.

OFFICERS.

President.—Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Vice-Pres. at Large.—Madame Laurier.

Vice-Pres. at Large.—Lady Thompson.

Vice-Pres. of Province.—Mrs. Archibald.

Corresponding Secretary.—Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.

Recording Secretary.—Mrs. H. C. Scott.

Treasurer.—Mrs. Hoodless.

TORONTO.—Mrs. Grant MacDonald, Mrs. Coad, Mrs. Torrington, Miss Cayley, Miss Hart, Miss Carty, Mrs. Dickson, Miss Fitzgibbon.

HAMILTON.—Mrs. Lyle, Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. Ballard, Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mrs. A. T. Freed, Mrs. Burns, Miss Malloch, Miss MacDonald.

MONTREAL.—Mrs. D. Ummond, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. Meldola de Sola, Mrs. Macnaughton, Mrs. J. F. Stevenson, Mrs. Cox, Madame Dandurand, Mrs. Peck, Miss Galt, Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Reid.

OTTAWA.—Mrs. O. C. Edwards, Mrs. Larmouth, Mrs. J. Wood, Miss Scott, Mrs. S. Dawson, Mrs. Herridge.

LONDON.—Mrs. English, Mrs. Boomer, Mrs. Macbeth, Miss Priddis, Miss Jarvis.

WINNIPEG.—Mrs. G. Bryce, Mrs. Parker, Miss Moore, Mrs. Aikins.

QUEBEC.—Madame Routhier, Madame Jules Tessier, Madame Grondin, Miss Stuart, Miss Rowand.

KINGSTON.—Miss Machar, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. H. Skinner, Mrs. D. Ross, Miss Sullivan.

ST. JOHN.—Mrs. R. Thompson, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Retallick, Miss Murray, Miss Peters.

HALIFAX.—Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Mackintosh, Miss Walshe, Mrs. J. W. Longiey, Mrs. C. D. Cory.

YARMOUTH.—Mrs. Thorburn (Ottawa), Mrs. Coad.

VICTORIA.—Miss Teresa F. Wilson.

VANCOUVER.—Mrs. R. Reid.

EAST KOOTENAY.—Miss Harris (Hamilton).

REGINA.—Mrs. Beneke, Madame Forget.

CALGARY.—Mademoiselle Barry.

BRANDON.—Mrs. McEwen.

RAT PORTAGE.—Mrs. McLean (Ottawa).

VERNON.—Mrs. George Dickson (Toronto).

WOMEN'S ART ASSOCIATION.—Mrs. Dignam, Miss M. Phillips, Miss M. C. McConnell.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mrs. S. D. Redpath, Mrs. Tilton (Ottawa), Miss L. Mudge.

DOMINION WOMEN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, Mrs. Scales, Mrs. George Campbell.

DOMINION ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.—Mrs. Tilley, Miss Jeanie Betterell, Mrs. Ami (Ottawa), Mrs. Burland.

ABERDEEN ASSOCIATION.—Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, Miss Griffin (Ottawa).

VISITORS.—(National Council of the United States America).—Mrs. Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. Foster Avery.

* * *

Concerning the papers and reports discussed, it is impossible to do more than make subjoined me. . . although we again express hope that they will appear from time to time in this department throughout the year; while the bright debates that followed each reading will be found in the verbatim report, the publication of which we shall announce at a later date.

PATRIOTISM.—"The importance of the National Council in fostering and developing the Patriotism of Canadian Women." By Mrs. Archibald, President Halifax Local Council.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.—"How Canadian Women can promote Canadian Literature." By Miss Hart, of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, Toronto.

EMIGRATION.—"Immigration of Women." By Mrs. John Cox, on behalf of the Women's Protective Immigration Society.

STUDY.—"Excess of Home Lessons for School Children and Length of School Hours." By Mrs. O. C. Edwards, Ottawa Local Council.

RECREATION.—"Recent Development of Athleticism amongst Women and Girls." (1) By Dr. Elizabeth Mitchell, Montreal Local Council. (2) By Mrs. Street, West Algoma Local Council.

TEMPERANCE.—"Food and Recreation to Intemperance." By Miss Harriott Olive, St. John Local Council.

CHARITY ORGANISATIONS.—"The Working of Associated Charities." By Miss Reid, Vancouver Local Council. "The Need of Charity Organisation Methods, and How to Adapt Them to Small Communities." By Mrs. Tilley, Dominion Order of the King's Daughters.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—"Industrial Sections of Agricultural Exhibitions and the part that Women can take in Making Them a Success." By Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria Local Council.

HUMOUR.—"Humour as it affects Character, its characteristics and what it does for us." By Mrs. Stevenson, Montreal Local Council.

READING.—"Home Reading Circles, and how to form them." By Miss Skelton, Montreal Local Council.

Submission and consideration of report of sub-committee on the better protection of women and children.

Paper on: "How Mothers Can Best Teach the Children the Necessary Elements of Physiology."

* * *

In addition to the papers read, the following were some of the important resolutions debated by the Council:

Proposed by the Vancouver Local Council: "That in view of the sufferings endured by women in the North-west Territories and in outlying districts of Canada from want of proper medical aid, the National Council of Women of Canada desires respectfully to ask the Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments to take the matter into their earnest consideration and to take steps to remedy the present state of things either by offering inducements to medical men and women and efficiently trained nurses to settle in those districts, or in any other way which they may see fit. And that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Premier and Minister of the Interior and to the Premiers of the provinces."

Proposed by the Executive: "That an effort be made by the National Council of Women of Canada to have some amendment made in the present law for the commitment of those of the insane and imbecile who are now treated like criminals and sent to jails, where a long time usually elapses before they can receive expert medical treatment, thus lessening the chance of their recovery."

Proposed by Executive: "That the National Council press upon the Local Councils the importance of bringing before Boards of Health or other local authorities, the proper care of the teeth of children in the Public Schools, and the necessity for some provision being made for free dentistry for the poor in connection with hospitals and otherwise where such does not already exist."

Proposed by the London Local Council: "That in view of the establishment of Children's Aid Societies in Canada the women of the National Council of Canada be asked to investigate the effect of the importation of pauper children on the social condition of Canada. There are now several old country agencies shipping children to Canada, and it is believed that in many cases they are productive of much evil in the communities where they are placed."

Proposed by the Montreal Local Council: "That the National Council of Women of Canada do recommend Local Councils to promote the establishment of public baths and wash-houses in all large industrial centres."

Sectional Conferences: The Dominion Order of the King's Daughters, at the American Presbyterian Church, 2.30 p.m. Addresses by Mrs. Lowe Dickinson and Mrs. Tilley.

The Dominion Women's Enfranchisement Association.

The Women's Protective Immigration Association, together with the Girls' Friendly Society at the Young Men's Christian Association building 2.30 p.m. Council Conference of Education.

Submission of Resolution re Manual Training. Art Conference. Under the management of the Women's Art Association of Canada.

This programme does not include the interesting evening meetings, when addresses were made by His Excellency, Hon. A. B. Dickey, Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, Mrs. George Drummond, of Montreal, Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Lowe Dickinson, of the United States, and others.

Nor yet does it make mention of a most interesting French evening, when Sir Alexander Lacoste, Hon. Judge Routhier, Dr. Louis Fréchet, Mademoiselles Barry and Angers, Madame Dandurand, and other well-known official and literary confrères addressed an interesting audience.

* * *

In our hasty and limited résumé of the work of the Council and its recent conference, very many points have been omitted or overlooked through a sheer over-abundance of material;—those who were in attendance will best realize this, and understand the reason,—since everyone felt that she had been given more than it was possible to carry away.

* * *

But a few words of acknowledgment should be made to the Montreal women, with whom rested the burden of receiving the visitors and providing for the comfortable conduct of the meetings. Their hospitality was perfect, not only in fulness, but in its systematic arrangements; and the visiting delegates came away with a glow of grateful admiration and kindness—feeling that these women of Canada's great commercial metropolis were friends indeed.

And in this connection a few words will be permitted about Mrs. George Drummond, the president of the Montreal Local Council, to whose efforts were largely due the success of the conference in matters of arrangement, and whose markedly gifted personality has done so much to advance the prosperity of the movement in Montreal.

Mrs. Drummond is one of those rarely gifted women of whom Canada may well be proud. Her gentleness, her modest bearing, her absolute simplicity and total absence of self-consciousness, her far-reaching breadth and thoughtfulness of vision, are in themselves magnetic; but when these are united with rare intellectuality and a grace and fulness of diction unusual in a woman, her charm and influence is irresistible.

Character, intellectuality, and rare gift of speech, all these are hers—yet greater than all, and pervading all, is an intense sweetness and womanliness.

Hers is indeed a rarely sweet personality, marvellous in its spiritual strength, its ethereal delicacy.

We realise how crude must be any outward expression of such an ideal womanhood; yet no report of the conference would be complete without reference to one who was a magnetic centre, second only to that of the Council's gracious President.

* * *

It may be, that, even after this reading, some will ask the purpose and work of this Council;—the conservatism of prejudice dies so hard.

Purpose? Look out into the fair fields of our Dominion! See the young homes with their environment of civic and national life! Look into the fairer field of the young Canadian heart,—beating yet purely and uncorruptly, thank God!—See its atmosphere of spiritual and mental development.

To elevate the environment of these dear homes; to keep unspotted and spiritualised these dear hearts;—this is the ultimate purpose and work of the National Council of Women of Canada.

F. F.



CHAPTER VII.

"The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations. To enjoy the present without any serious dependence upon the future."

HE refuses to stay to afternoon tea, however. Having waited until four o'clock, presumably on the chance of seeing the young woman who has been meted out to him as a bride, he rises abruptly.

"I fear there is no chance of my seeing your sister to-day?"

"I'm afraid not," says Diana with hesitation. "But if you will wait for tea—" she hesitates again. What she was going to say or hint was, that if he did wait, perhaps Hilary might then have come in from her supposed walk. But the hypocrisy is too much for her. And yet, would it have been a lie? If he does stay, most undoubtedly he will see her face to face.

"Thanks, I'm afraid I can't stay any longer," says Ker a little stiffly, to her intense relief. He looks at her for a moment, and then says shortly, "Have you a photograph of her?"

"A photograph of Hilary!" Diana's tone is faint. The ground seems to have opened up beneath her feet. She casts a terrified glance round her, to the table, the cabinet, the chimney-piece. If there should be one of Hilary's here, and he should notice the likeness!

A wave of thankfulness sweeps over her as she sees that the little stands on which Hilary used to smile, and look grave, and ponder over impossible baskets of flowers, have all been carefully removed.

"I think I ought to have one," says she uncertainly. "Upstairs, perhaps. If you will forgive me a moment—"

"Certainly," says Ker, who is looking at her with some surprise. Her evident discomposure has struck him. What kind of girl is this Hilary Burroughs? What mystery surrounds her? Yet Mrs. Dyson-Moore, when he had questioned her cautiously, had assured him she was pretty, charming, and all the rest of it.

Diana leaves the room hurriedly, glad of a chance of arranging her thoughts and her next lie, as she tells herself somewhat bitterly. Hilary had no right to lead her into this sort of thing. Why, if the children only knew! Good gracious! it would demoralise them forever. They would read *her* lectures for the future!

Ker, left to his own resources, moves mechanically toward the window. Why should Mrs. Clifford refuse to let him see a photograph of her sister? Is she ugly? *Nobody* could take Mrs. Dyson-Moore's opinion of anyone. She would probably call you ugly if you were pretty, just for spite, or pretty if you were—if you were—What a strange-looking parlourmaid. *She's* pretty, if you like! Odd he hadn't thought much about that last night, but he had remembered her when he had seen her again. Where on earth had Mrs. Clifford picked her up? He could swear she was never born a parlourmaid.

And by Jove! *There she is!*

There she is indeed! Out there in the garden, just where the shrubberies begin; with her charming head in delicate relief against

the green of the laurels behind it, with her lips apart, and her eyes smiling—and her arm tucked in the most unmistakably confidential fashion into the arm of—*her master!*

Ker stares, as if disbelieving his own senses. Is that Clifford, or one of the men? A groom, perhaps. There is, however, no mistaking Jim Clifford, the strong, kind, manly face, the broad shoulders, the goodly length of limb.

"Good Heavens! If his wife were to see him now," says Ker, in a horrified tone. Involuntarily he glances toward the door! If she should come back, and by some ill chance go to the window and look out—and—

He looks out again himself hurriedly. The 'guilty pair,' as he has already designated them, are now fast disappearing through the shrubbery. The last glance he gets of them tells him that they are both convulsed with laughter.

He has had but a short acquaintance with Clifford certainly, yet in that time he had learned to regard him as an essentially honest man, a thoroughly good fellow. So much for appearances. Never will he trust in them again. He would have staked his life on Clifford's probity, yet here he is holding a clandestine meeting with his own parlourmaid, in his own grounds! What a despicable hypocrite! Ker had noticed one or two little touches between him and his wife at luncheon, that had seemed to betray a thorough understanding between them—a thorough and lasting affection; and now, what is he to think of those delicate 'touches'?

He remembers now that there had been other 'touches' too, by no means 'delicate' apparently. That sudden up-springing of Clifford to help her to open that bottle of ale. His tone when he did so: "Go on. I'll do it!" It was a low tone, but familiar, terribly familiar.

Low, of course, for fear his wife should hear him. It suggested a confidential secret existing between them! A secret! Was it a *criminal* secret? The more than confidential walk through the shrubberies says 'yes' to this.

No doubt the assignation there had been arranged beforehand. This would account for Clifford's withdrawal from the drawing-room half an hour ago. He had muttered something to his wife on going, something about a visit to one of the farmers—but of course he was bound to make some excuse, to give an explanation, however vague, for his going.

Of course he knew that this would be a safe opportunity to meet that—that—beautiful girl!

Ker would have liked to apply some bad epithet here to the parlourmaid, but somehow it does not come to him. It all savours so strongly of a low intrigue, that that word strikes upon his brain, but it seems impossible to connect the word intrigue with her. Her face rises before him—the eyes so clear—the brow so open—the lovely, happy lips.

And yet, this evidence!

He pulls himself together angrily! Certainly something ought to be done! Diana should be told! But then, who is to tell her? Ker, with a sudden pang, acknowledges that it would be impossible for *him* to draw vengeance down upon the parlourmaid.

At this instant Diana returns.

"I'm so sorry," says she calmly. "But there is no photograph of Hilary to give you."

This is an ambiguous sentence. It might mean anything! "No photograph to give him." She evidently means to convey the idea that there is no one to give. But to Ker, now, with his suspicions thoroughly awakened, it conveys only the thought that

there may be many, but not one for him to see. He expresses a polite regret, says good-by to his hostess, and having been accompanied by her to the door in the friendliest fashion, leaves the house.

He had hardly gone one step beyond the hall door when Hilary thrusts her charming head out of the dining-room door.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The upper skies are palest blue,
Mottled with pearl and fretted snow.
With tattered fleece of inky hue
Close overhead the storm-clouds go."

"He's gone?" questions she.

"Thank Heaven! Oh, Hilary, what a day we've had!"

"And by nomeans 'cheap,'" says Hilary, who is hopelessly frivolous.

"No. No indeed! All I've suffered! I wouldn't do it again for anything. Hilary, I've counted them up, and I think I told him four *decided* lies. And the worst of it is, I think he suspects something."

"What makes you think that? Nonsense, Di! There was nothing. I'm sure I think I was the best parlourmaid you have had for years."

"Still, I'm sure he has found out something. His manner was quite changed before he left. A little stiff, and he kept looking at me in the strangest way. He asked for your photograph."

"What?"

"Yes. For your photograph. It was quite natural. Why shouldn't he ask for it? But when he did, I assure you my heart sank. I thought I should have fainted, but providentially some one had removed you."

"Don't talk as if you were an 'Irish invincible,'" says Hilary, with reproach. "I hope I shan't be removed in *their* way. As a fact I took all my photos out of the room myself. It occurred to me that he might see one of them."

"How you think of things!" says Diana with admiration. "Nevertheless," descending once more into the lowest depths, "where he went away he left us full of suspicions."

"Is that all he left us?" says Hilary with a disgusted air. She glances round her and at this moment her eyes fall upon the umbrella stand. "You have wronged him," cries she. "The noble creature! I knew he would leave us something *worth* having. Behold his stick!"

There it is! A good, serviceable-looking stick of cherry-wood, with a thin band of silver round the neck of it.

"How could he have forgotten it?" says Diana. "Did you ever hear of a man forgetting his stick before? His gloves, if you like, or—"

"His head?"

"Nonsense. He is going away for a week, and will want it. I suppose I had better send it over to the Dyson-Moores'."

"Why he can't be gone beyond the gate yet," says Hilary. "I'll run after him with it."

"Hilary, don't! No, you mustn't! Besides he must be gone quite beyond the gate, by this time. And besides—"

"I'll chance it!" says Hilary. She catches up the stick, darts like a modern Atalanta through the doorway, and is gone up the avenue before Diana has time to collect another argument.

She would probably not have overtaken him, however, but for the fact that, finding his hand empty, and therefore awkward, he had discovered the loss of his stick and was returning for it.

(To be continued.)



By Thomas Swift,
Ottawa.

(Continued.)
SUDDENLY an idea entered my mind, the horror of which made me shiver as with cold. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet and pacing about the room. "Surely my poor darling is not mad!—she the bonniest, healthiest, strongest specimen of young womanhood I had ever met."

Then an alternative seized upon me. Was she a sleep-walker, or, more correctly, a sleep-rider? That might account for everything. Between insanity and somnambulism I clung to the latter.

"My poor Elsie!" I said. "Our wedding must be hastened, and then there shall be no more midnight masquerading in bloomers."

Coming to this conclusion with regard to Elsie herself, my thoughts reverted to the alleged cause of her fright. "The thing was like the Devil," Elsie said. Why, those were the terms in which Harry Lester had described his 'horror.' That poor fellow's case was a sore puzzle to me, too. I was unable to make anything of it except as a freak of a too vivid imagination and of a too tense nervous organisation.

Under this fresh spur my mental activities were enormously quickened, and a new and startling coincidence evolved itself. The Thing that terrorised Elsie was on a bicycle, and my bicycle had been taken and returned only a few minutes before I found my love lying on the sidewalk, at no great distance from 301 Dallas Street. Thus, turning and twisting things in every conceivable way, I came to the conclusion that there was some uncanny agent at work, and that Providence had ordained me to be the instrument for the unravelling of this tangled web of mystery and terror into whose baneful influence two lives very dear to me had been drawn.

About eleven o'clock next morning I received the following note from Harry Lester:

"Better this morning, thanks to your visit. It seems that another medical man, Dr. Wilson, was called to one of the boarders in this house last night, and I e. too, like you, had his bicycle stolen from the door. His initials, J. W., were engraved on the head of the machine."

In a moment I was in the hall standing before the bicycle. It was a 'Rambler,' like my own, but on its head, to my utter confusion, I perceived the two engraven letters, J. W. I had innocently stolen another man's wheel. After sending the machine to its rightful owner, with a courteous note of explanation, I sat down to think the mysterious matter out in the light of this new and quite unexpected revelation.

CHAPTER II.

For the next few days things slid along in their usual grooves; the Thing, which I came to connect with the disappearance of my bicycle, occupying no inconsiderable share of my thoughts. On a wheel hired for the time I went my professional rounds. I made two calls of special interest. Elsie Tasker I found entirely like her dear self, bright and tender as any lover could wish,

but taciturn on one point, namely, what she chose to call her 'mad escapade.' Harry Lester I found much improved in health, due, as he expressed it, to the sense of security derived from sleeping with his window-shutters fastened. The results of these two visits were far from satisfactory, and I felt that I must know more if I was to be relieved from the perplexity of mind into which recent events had plunged me.

On the following Saturday morning, I had just seen a friend off at the Western Depôt, when, to my surprise, I beheld Elsie and her brother Jack wheeling their bicycles to the baggage-van of an out-going train. My suspicions were in arms and my mind made up at once, upon seeing brother and sister take seats in a first-class car.

Having ascertained that the bicycles were checked for West City, I purchased a ticket to the same place and entered a second-class car, determined to pursue the adventure to the end.

At West City I followed the pair in a hack to a leading hotel, and took up my quarters at another hotel opposite. From the office



"ELSIE WAS STANDING IN THE FULL LIGHT OF A CHANDELIER."

clerk I learned that some bicycle races of a novel character were to take place at three o'clock. He handed me a programme of the races.

A company of cyclists, in the interests of the enterprising firm of the 'Road Sir' bicycle, held the field against all comers riding other bicycles, and offered long odds. The important event of the day was a race between the lady champion of the company and an unknown,—the stakes being \$500 to \$50.

At two o'clock I followed the Taskers to the Bicycle Grounds, secured a seat on the grand-stand, and, amidst an immense crowd, awaited further developments.

It was an open track; smooth, firm, and perfect of its kind.

Out of the first five races, which were splendidly contested, four went to the Company.

Then came the event of the day.

I had little time for reflection; for, amidst much applause, the two contestants walked out into the sunshine to the starting point, which was just in front of me.

The Company's representative was dark-featured and handsome, and arrayed in bloomers. Of average height and good

figure, her strong though not very symmetrical limbs—they were too thick about the ankles, probably from much riding—gave evidence of great power and speed.

I dared to glance at the Unknown, who was completely covered with an opera cloak and hood, which, with a gasp, I recognised at once. The hood, slipped from its place and revealed the golden head and lovely face of Elsie Tasker. I can scarcely say what I had expected; but when the cloak fell into the attendant hands of Jack Tasker, I groaned in agony. There stood my love under the rude, admiring gaze of the multitude, dressed in a black velvet costume, trimmed with gold, that might have been worn by a page at the court of Louis XIV., a perfect specimen of female grace and loveliness, but, to my jealous eye, a woman unsexed. The dress of the girl beside her was modest in comparison. For a few moments, I believe I went mad; for, in obedience to the wild call of "Sit down!" I was jerked to my seat. Slowly recovering my senses, I watched the two riders mount and start, Elsie on the outside.

On they whirled with ever-increasing speed, rider and bicycle becoming more and more one and inseparable until they rounded the first turn, the Company leading by a length. Then, as they flew along the straight-stretch, the advantage of Elsie's costume was plainly discernible. There was sufficient wind to keep the flag waving lively from the pole, and this breeze was directly in the faces of the riders. It filled and expanded the Company's bloomers and wide sleeves, which became so much dead weight, whilst Elsie's figure seemed to cleave the air like a solid body. Cause and effect were clearly evident to the keen observer. Elsie, without more effort, closed the gap and steadily left her opponent one, then two, then, as they turned towards the home-stretch, three good lengths behind, but did not quicken her speed; so that, as they passed the grand-stand, the Company was perceptibly gaining on her.

The excitement was intense. My anger was all gone, absorbed in the wild desire for the triumph of my darling, misguided though she was. I glanced at her as she swept past. Her face was pale, but set almost unto cruelty; her lips were slightly apart, and eyes bright and fixed. I choked with pity and longing. Round into the stretch on the farther side they rushed wheel to wheel, and the Company this time was on her mettle. Slowly, but surely, Elsie again drew away and at the turn was leading, but only by a length. Was she flagging? Could she keep the pace?

"The Company wins!" shouted some. "She'll beat the Unknown on the home-stretch."

I started at the words. They expressed my own thought. They reached the bend, and the Company drew up. My eyes were riveted on Elsie. I saw her head turn quickly. Then her figure bent ever so little forward, and a new impetus was given to the wheels.

"The Unknown!" was now the cry from those who had detected the spurt. "The Company!" shouted others.

Down the home-stretch they came, swift, straight and steady, and, amidst the wild excitement of the shouting spectators, flew across the winning line, Elsie leading by three-quarters of a length. Now, had I followed the mad, but noble impulse of the moment, I should have leapt the barriers and clasped my love in my arms. Afterwards I was sorry that I did not do so. But the fact was, I felt myself a traitor to Elsie and to myself. I rushed from the grounds and returned home by the first train.

All that evening I was miserable, my

thoughts and emotions being in a tumult of conflict. Mad, Elsie was not. The race was planned with consummate skill and cleverly won. That she could yield to the desire for the common notoriety of a professional cyclist, I would not believe. What in heaven's name was it, then, that had induced her to overstep the bounds of maiden modesty and make a vulgar exhibition of—Pah! I turned sick at the thought of what my eyes had seen. Then the shameful secrecy of it. I could bear my bitterness no longer. So, at twelve o'clock at night, I mounted my wheel, resolved to ride myself into a calmer and better frame of mind. For more than a hour I rode madly, wildly, and found myself near the spot of Elsie's adventure. Suddenly there was a rushing sound and a hideous yell, and a horrible form flashed past me on a bicycle. It was the Thing. Horror gave place to set purpose. I would follow the Thing, be it man or devil. I bent forward and, with set teeth and straining eyes, flew after the demon-like phantom. I was gaining on it, when suddenly it swept round a corner and I saw it no more.

I returned to my rooms in dejection, misery and mystery, and rose the next morning peevish, irritable and unforgiving.

In the afternoon—it was Sunday—the following note was placed in my hands:

"I shall be at home all afternoon. Please come and see me.

"ELSIE."

I returned an answer which I regret to this day:

"I congratulate you on your victory at West City yesterday. Your costume was charming, but too scanty to be respectable.

"HAROLD."

That evening Jack Tasker came to my rooms, and very serious he looked.

"Harold Compton," said Jack, "will you be kind enough to explain the meaning of this?" And he handed me my own note to Elsie. The brutality of it made me wince. I tore it in pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

"I am ashamed of having written it. But what in the world possessed Elsie to do such a wild thing? I was there, you know, and saw it all."

"I'll tell you," Jack answered, and his boyish face flushed and his eyes sought the floor. "It was to save me, her wretched brother, from disgrace and a felon's cell."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, pacing the room in the bitterest remorse.

"I was out four hundred dollars at the bank, and—"

"That'll do, Jack," I roared, seeing the lad's anguish.

"Poor Elsie!" said Jack, presently; "I left her in tears, and—"

I seized my hat and exclaimed:

"Come along, Jack. Let us go to Elsie."

We reached the Tasker mansion and Jack opened the drawing-room door for me. I entered alone.

Elsie was standing in the full light of a chandelier, and the picture will remain with me to my dying day.

Clad in a rich trailing robe, the light gleaming on her golden hair, and a piteous expression of hope, fear and tender reproach playing over her beautiful features and haunting her tearful eyes, she stood, the perfect embodiment of all that is lovely and lovable in woman.

Overcome with love, pity and remorse, I bent my knee and kissed her hand, murmuring:

"Forgive me, Elsie, my darling."

"Nay; it is for me to ask forgiveness, Harold," she said, as I rose to my feet.

"It was a wild act, and it cost me a world of pain."

I kissed her tenderly as I replied:

"You are the sweetest and noblest girl I have ever known."

"The night you found me lying frightened to death, I had put on the costume to practise riding in it. It was my only way. Jack planned it all, except that. You see, he could not borrow the money, and he dared not tell father; and so I did it to save him—to save Jack," she ended simply.

On the following evening, Harry Lester, looking radiant, visited me.

"I have discovered the Thing—the Devil," he exclaimed, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I believe I also have seen it," I remarked.

I then informed him of my adventure.

"Yes, it's a monstrous ape over at the Zoodrome, not far from my boarding-house. The ugly-looking wretch rides a bicycle and performs all kinds of tricks on it. I was there on Saturday night and—didn't I stare?"

"Humph!" said I. "He must get loose in some way; and then he amuses himself by stealing bicycles and frightening folks out of their wits."

"Yes; but read this." And Harry handed me an evening paper and pointed to a heading.

"STRANGE ACCIDENT AND SINGULAR DISCOVERY
AT THE ZOODROME

"Early this morning one of the keepers at the Zoo was aroused from his slumbers by a great splashing and noise proceeding from the seal-pond. Upon investigating, he discovered that the hind-fappers of one of the seals had got entangled in the spokes of a bicycle, three of which, being broken, had pierced the animal's carcass. On dragging the pond, nine bicycles were hauled out. How the cycles came to be in the water is a mystery."

"Well!" I exclaimed. "That beats the Devil! I must take this to Elsie."

[THE END.]

A GREAT FEAT.

The bicycle run of "200 miles in one day," performed by Dr. W. N. Robertson, of Stratford, Ont., on the 3rd of June, was a remarkable exhibition of endurance in a purely amateur rider. The doctor's scientific training would, no doubt, prove an important factor in successfully engineering such a difficult operation, though (as will be seen by letter published in another column) he does not hesitate to award due credit for his performance to the agent he relied upon in his great effort. The doctor's testimony to the marvellously sustaining power of Maltine with Coca Wine is entirely spontaneous and unsolicited, and, therefore, of the highest value. His report will be read with interest by wheelmen generally, in view of his claim that Maltine with Coca Wine enabled him to "pedal comfortably for hours after the period that I should have been exhausted without it." Dr. Robertson tersely summarises the valuable action of Maltine with Coca Wine in those cases of enervation common among most "novices on the wheel," and affirms that "it is a wonderful heart-sustainer." This preparation may be had of all druggists, and may be relied upon as an agent of infinite value in nervous prostration and brain exhaustion resulting from undue strain upon the mental or physical energies.—*Daily Globe, July 6, 1895.*

For the convenience of the travelling public, Mr. H. Slight, the well-known florist, has opened an office at Union Depot, where a full stock of cut flowers, roses and plants may be obtained.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

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

New Zealand (Australia) recently offered prizes for a series of designs for a new issue of postage stamps. The prizes have now been awarded, and when the stamps are issued they are bound to win favour with collectors, as they consist of scenes in colours. They are as follows: 1d., view of Mt. Cook, the highest peak in New Zealand; 2d., keive bird and Maori canoe paddles crossed; 2½d., view of Milfred Sound; 3d., Mt. Earnslaw and Lake Walsatipu; 4d., mountain scene and cabbage tree in foreground; 5d., mountain, lake, cabbage tree and canoe; 6d., Maori whare or hut and lake scene; 8d., Mitre Peak, Milfred Sound; 1s., two birds on a branch; 2s., Mt. Egmont; 5s., the Pink Terraces, Rotorua (now destroyed). The acceptance of these designs brings to mind the long time our current Canada have been in use—since 1870 for the lower values. Were the Canadian Government to issue a new set, it would be welcomed everywhere.

At times it is difficult to tell whether a stamp is watermarked. The watermarks can, in most cases, be readily seen upon holding the stamp up to the light, or by pressing against a dark background. In early Australian issues most difficulty is found, and the best way is to drop a little benzine (deodorised preferred) on back of the stamp, and this will cause the watermark to appear. You must watch closely, as it disappears in a moment in some cases.

For the removal of dirt (oily or gummy substances) on postage stamps, common ether will be found excellent. Collectors who may possess such stamps will do well to try this method, as many stamps which at first sight appear to be poor can be materially improved by simply soaking in ether for about fifteen minutes. Then by applying a brush the removal of dirt is an easy matter.

The designs of the two new stamps which Japan is issuing to commemorate the recent war with China have been approved by the Emperor. One will bear the portrait of the late Marshal, Prince Arisugawa Taruhito, and the other, the late Lieutenant-General, Prince Kitashirakawa, commander of the Imperial Guards.

The British South Africa Chartered Company have issued a new set of stamps, the design being their coat-of-arms printed in two colours on white wove paper, and they present a handsome appearance. Set runs from ½d. to 1s.

Another new issue is that from Greece, celebrating the Olympian Games. Set consists of eight varieties, and represents works of art and views of Athens.

At present there are many forged Japanese stamps for sale, both used and unused.

POSTAGE STAMPS



Brazil, 15 var., 25c; Portugal, 13 var., 15c; Mexico, 15 var., 25c; Serbia, 14 var., 30; Canada, 20 var., 25c; Newfoundland, 5 var., 10; Great Britain (jubilee set), 12 var., 8c; packet 10 foreign post cards, 25; 15 rare issues, India, Egypt, etc., 50c; 50 postage stamps, 10c; stamp album, holds 2,500 stamps, illustrated, 25c; Korea, 3 var., 10c; Japan, 10 var., 10c; Samoa, 8 var., 15c. Price list

free. Old stamps bought. WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto, Canada.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY
FAITH FENTON.

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We apologise to our subscribers for the few days' delay in sending out the June number of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Our desire to be able to give a full report of that most important gathering,—the conference of the National Council of Canadian Women, held in Montreal during a late week in May,—must be our excuse, which, we are sure, all Canadian women will consider a sufficient one.

We are glad to be able to state that this number of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL contains a full synopsis of the work accomplished at this conference,—one of the most important and far-reaching gatherings of women that has ever assembled in Canada.

* * *

We are also pleased to announce that during the recent conference in Montreal the Executive of the National Council of Women accepted a department in THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. This department will be under the direct personal supervision and control of Her Excellency, the President, and other chief officers of the Council, and will contain all reliable official information concerning the work of this great organisation.

We hope also to be able to publish from time to time full synopses of the many fine papers read during the recent conference.

This month we call special attention not alone to the National Council department, but to the able paper by Mrs. F. H. Torrington on the subject of music in the Public Schools.

* * *

Another feature of this month's issue is a sketch of Lady Tupper, sen., by the Editor. In view of Lady Tupper's return to Canada, after a long ten years' experience in high social and official position in London, this sketch should prove of special interest.

* * *

The many departments of THE JOURNAL are up to the usual standard and full of interest.

* * *

Our Stage gossip, Household department and Children's page are conducted by the best specialists in these subjects. The fashion notes and cuts are obtained directly under the supervision of our artist from leading Toronto and Montreal establishments, and are absolutely original and reliable.

* * *

We aim to make our magazine essentially Canadian and one of the best and most interesting of Home Journals. While we do not shut out the interests of the larger world, yet we give first place to Canadian matters, and aim to make our paper a welcome guest at every Canadian fireside.

We call special attention to our subjoined premiums.

The scholarship offer is an especial inducement for any young man or woman who wish to take advantage of it. There are many girls anxious to perfect themselves in music and this offer is an exceptionally good one.

* * *

BICYCLES.—Every young girl wants a bicycle. Every man and woman also.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL offers a first-class bicycle of the best quality and whatever make you choose, to any one securing 200 subscriptions for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Only 200 subscriptions! easily obtained, since very little canvassing has been done for our magazine, and the field is practically untouched.

* * *

Agents for our magazine are asked to make returns weekly. We also urgently request city subscribers to notify the business office promptly—

1. If their magazine does not arrive.
2. If it is delivered in a damaged condition.

Complaints have reached the office concerning the torn or soiled condition of several magazines upon delivery. This is a fault of the mailing office, which we and they also are anxious to prevent. We can only do this by such cases being reported.

We have a clubbing list, which enables us to supply THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL together with many of the leading periodicals and newspapers in Canada and United States, such as *Harper's, Century, Scribner, Review of Reviews*, and other leading magazines, the *Globe, Hamilton Spectator, Kingston Whig, Montreal Witness* and other daily and weekly journals, at greatly reduced rates.

Send for our list. It will pay.

* * *

The Kensington Dairy company, 453 Yonge street,—the leading dairy establishment of Toronto—will send the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL for a year, free of charge, to all their customers who purchase \$5.00 worth of milk or cream tickets at their office. (See advertisement).

* * *

The Home Journal Publishing Company (Ltd.), have a contract with the Raymond Sewing Machine company, whereby we can save any of our subscribers \$5.00, who wish to purchase a first-class machine. (See their advertisement).

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Recently enlarged by the addition of the Frances Hall, and provided with every modern comfort in the shape of steam heating, electric lighting, bath rooms, etc. Universally acknowledged by all who have seen it to be the largest, most elegant, and best equipped college for women in Canada. In educational work it stands unequalled, being the only Ladies' College in the country taking up a regular university course. Full Conservatory of Music and Schools of Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial branches. Will reopen January 7th, 1896. Send for Calendar to Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph. D., Principal

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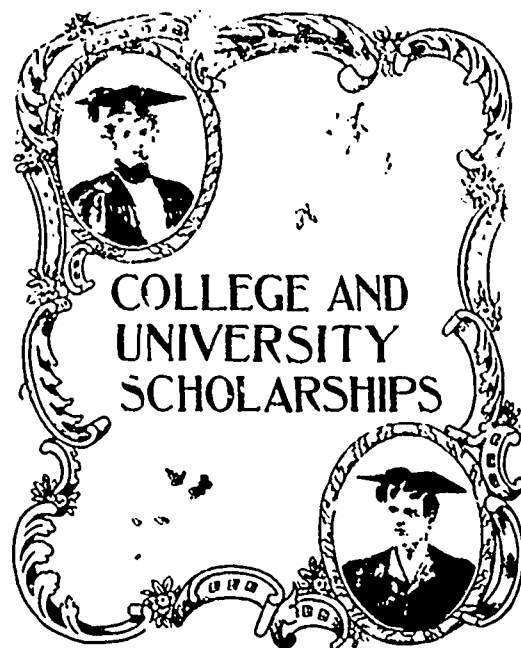
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THE HOME JOURNAL

Scholarship
...Announcement

A Grand Opportunity for the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada to Secure

FREE COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND, VOCAL or PIANOFORTE EDUCATION

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The Home Journal Publishing Company (Ltd.) have completed arrangements with the proprietors of the Wells Business College, one of the leading Commercial Educational Institutions of Toronto, which enables us to offer a three months' course of instruction in either the Commercial or Shorthand Departments of this successful College, free of charge, to every young lady or gentleman who will take the trouble to secure twenty (20) new subscribers for THE HOME JOURNAL, *Canada's Favorite Family Magazine*.

The Company has also entered into a contract with the Toronto Conservatory of Music whereby they can award a Scholarship for one year's instruction in either Vocal or Pianoforte Music to every person sending in fifty (50) subscribers for this publication. Regarding the Conservatory of Music, it is hardly necessary to state that it occupies the foremost position in Canada, and is so well known that the mere mention of its name is a guarantee of the highest musical excellence; its graduates always taking the highest positions in musical circles.

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Those who may not succeed in securing a list large enough to entitle them to any of the Scholarships, may claim twenty-five cents (cash) commission for each subscriber they have sent us.

Send us the names of subscribers as fast as secured, even if only three or four at a time; they will be credited to your account.

This is undoubtedly the most liberal offer ever made by the publishers of a Canadian periodical, and there is no reason why at least one person in each locality should not succeed in obtaining one of these scholarships. By adopting this plan we expect to add many thousands of new subscribers to our lists.

If you wish further information write the Business Manager.

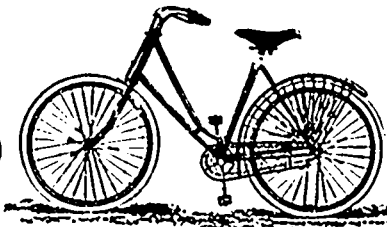
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,

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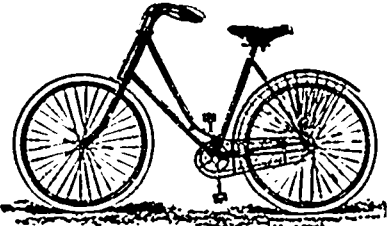
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weighing 23 and 25 lbs. and fitted with all up-to-date improvements, including oil-retaining dust-proof bearings, wood chain and dress guards, etc.

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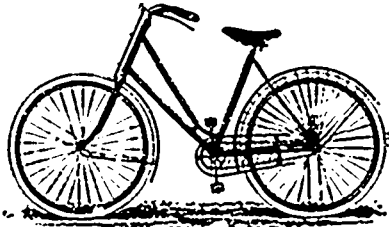


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The mate to our famous gents' “KING OF SCORCHERS”



This cycle has more useful improvements, and requires less care and attention, than any other

Insist upon the agent in your town showing you these, and if he will not, write direct for cash prices.

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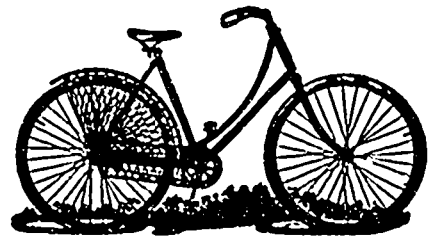
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Expert Bicyclists, whose knowledge of wheels and experience in riding makes them competent judges, pronounce the **CLEVELAND SWELL SPECIAL** the most satisfactory cycle on the market.

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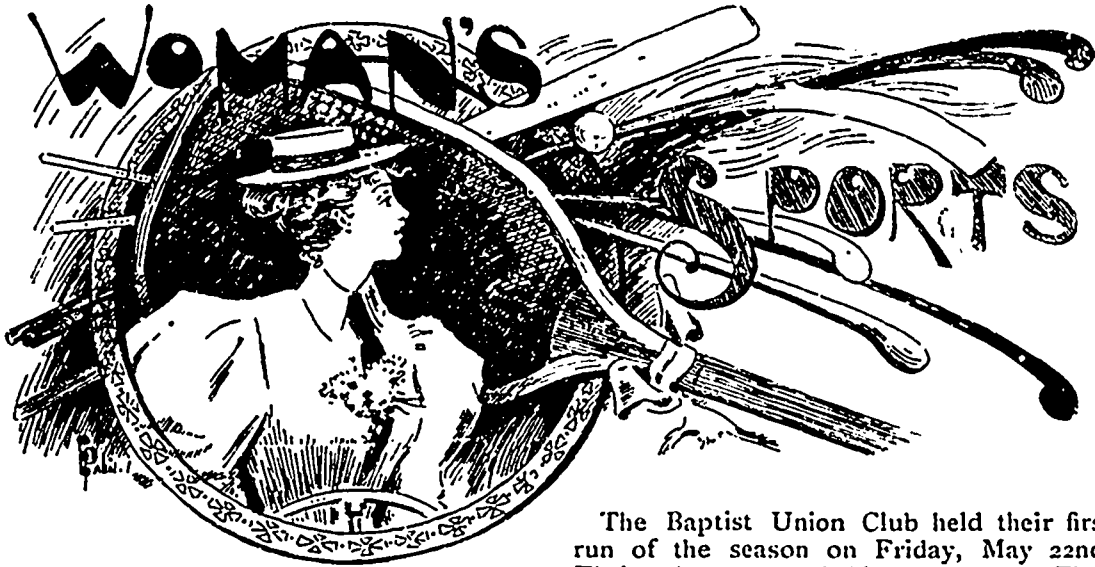
Besides, it will do you good—you will feel better and look better if you take lots of healthy exercise.

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THE JOHN GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORP'N

81 YONGE ST., TORONTO

LIMITED.



"Some love to roam
O'er the dark sea foam
Where the wild winds whistle free;
But a bright, cool day,
With a smooth highway,
And a spin on the wheel for me."

BICYCLING.

At a meeting of the Victoria Club, held on the 22nd, the following officers were elected: S. A. Jones, president; L. Lindsay, vice-president; secy.-treas., F. B. Johnston, and the committee as follows: A. E. Chadwick, W. Kavanagh, J. Gordon. Ladies' Day was fixed for Friday of each week and one Saturday in every month during the season. Bicycle parties, leaving the club house at 4.30 p.m., take pleasant runs out to some convenient hotel. The secretary's box of biscuits are much appreciated on these occasions. Ladies' Day will be formally inaugurated on the 29th. Small tables will be set out in the big rink and refreshments served on Ladies' Days. A bicycle ball game is generally the wind up; which is played with a tennis ball, thrown from one lady bicyclist to another in catch fashion. As they whirl around the rink, it is a pretty sight and creates great fun. One of the chief attractions is their gentlemanly secretary, whose tricks on his wheel are the admiration of the lady spectators, who long to go and do likewise.

The following officers were chosen at the re-organisation of the Y.W.C.G. Club in April: President, Miss A. S. Brown; captain, Miss Nettie Bennett; first lieutenant, Miss A. Simpson; second lieutenant, Miss Henry; secretary and treasurer, Miss Charlton; recording secretary, Miss A. M. Morton.

It was decided that the name of the club shall be the Guild Cycle Club, and that the membership shall be restricted to members of the Guild only. Committees on runs, membership and socials were formed.

The following were the runs made by the club during May: Thursday, May 9th, 7.45 p.m., Gerrard Street east to Pape, south to Queen, east to Norway and back via Queen Street. Saturday, May 16th, at 3 p.m., College to Bathurst, north to Davenport, thence to Weston, back via Junction and College Street. May 21st at 7.30 p.m., Yonge to King, west to Humber, back via King, Bathurst and College Streets. May 28th, at 7.30 p.m., College to St. George, north to McPherson Avenue, east to Roxborough Avenue, to Rosedale, then south via Jarvis Street.

The colours of the Guild Cycle Club are white, pale blue and navy. About thirty girls are members.

The Baptist Union Club held their first run of the season on Friday, May 22nd. Their colours are red, blue and green. They start always from the school house of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

The Carlton Epworth League Club re-organised this season on the 19th of May. Officers elected as follows: President, Mr. Acton; captain, Mr. Alf. Briggs; first lieutenant, Miss Minnie Brinster; second lieutenant, Mr. W. Hannah; secretary and treasurer, Miss F. Wibbers. The colours of this club are the Epworth colours, red and white, with blue added, making it a very loyal badge. Several very enjoyable runs have been made by the young people of this club, each Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the week, including Saturday afternoons.

The musical ride, which was so successful in April, was repeated at the Grenadiers' entertainment at the Armouries on May 27th, with even more pleasing and smooth effect. Miss Howard and Miss Seymour took the palm for steady bearing and fine carriage on the saddle.

Scorchers in the western cities, I hear, are caught in dog-fashion with a lasso attached to a net that envelops the scorching culprit, who is ever getting more dangerous and a greater nuisance as the bicycle population increases. The girl scorchers in New York who was locked up for the night should be a warning to women thus disposed.

GOLFING.

The 15th of April proved a charming day for the foresome that was played as the opening game of the season in the Rosedale grounds. Miss E. Scott received a bouquet of roses presented by the gentlemen as prize for the lowest score, and Dr. Scott, the winning gentleman, received a rosebud presented by the ladies. There were about thirty members playing in this match, and much interest and eagerness was exhibited in securing these floral prizes.

Every two weeks for seven continuous games, matches are to be played for a medal given by the president, Mr. McLaughlan, for the three lowest scores made. Another medal he has promised which is to be won week and week about by the ladies, at the matches which are played off every Saturday afternoon on their pretty grounds. To knock the 'puck' across the ravine is considered a lucky or well manipulated strike that several of the ladies boast of having achieved at the Rosedale links. The grounds are in reality only two miles around in a straight course from link to link, and the up and down dale, and across country on the soft grass, makes it seem only half the dis-



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Call and examine and become convinced, as we like to show all the good points to riders.

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REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS. TORONTO, ONT.



A MIS-HIT AT GOLF.

tance to an interested player. I tell this because I was told as a fact—from a non-player, of course—that nine miles were nothing to a golf lover.

An ordinary golf link covers about three miles—that is, taking a direct course: but when you have to follow your ball wherever it may drop, you add another four or six miles to the number mentioned. A good player ought to put his ball within a few feet of the spot he aims at, but a beginner never knows where it will pitch. The least pull on the club will bring it around to the right or left, and this has to be understood, and the right club used, as the case may need. Much depends on the way the club is gripped and the way he or she stands when playing.

A match on the 1st of July is likely to be arranged between the Torontos and the Rosedales, at the Fern Hill grounds.

A golf course has been laid out at High Park, north of Howard Lake, and several games have been played already. It is to be a public place; any club being allowed to play on it. A committee has not been arranged as yet. It is a capital ground, and most convenient for Parkdale golfers. I will write at a later period concerning matches, etc.

The Weston Tennis Club can boast of the ex-lady champion of Canada in Mrs. Smith (*nee* Miss Osborne) as a member, and with Mr. Percy Wilby as captain, an enthusiastic player, who won a medal at Niagara the year before last; and also N. Clarke Wallace as an honorary member. The members of the Ladies' Committee are as follows: Miss Holly, Mrs. (Dr.) Charlton, Miss Musson, and Miss Flemming. Miss Holly and Miss Musson played exceptionally good games. A bicycle club has been formed in connection, under the title of the Weston Lawn

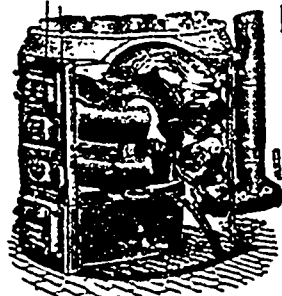
Tennis Bicycle Club. It consists of about twenty of the Tennis members. They are enjoying the beautiful weather and lovely spring verdure on their many jolly rides around the pretty Weston roads portrayed by many of our artists' brushes, Weston is known as a favourite sketching-ground.

So far as the lady golfers are concerned there is little doubt but that Lady Margaret Scott, the English lady champion, entirely outclasses the best Americans, and would give any of our amateur players all they could do

to beat her. She drives a long ball, her approaching is remarkably accurate, and she knows how to put that most effective, least conspicuous and most generally ignored of all the strokes of the game.

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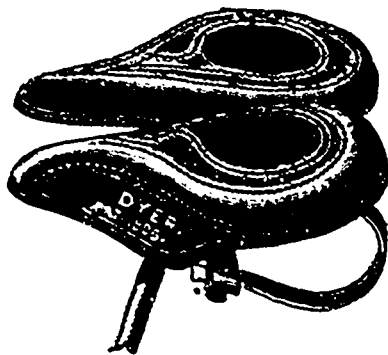
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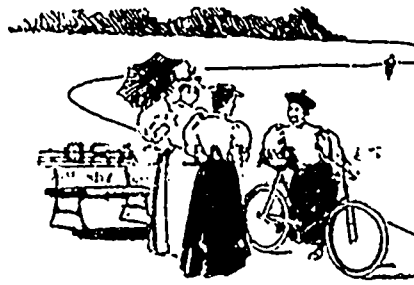
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Does Away with all Centre Bearing.

The Dyer '96 Automatic Saddle

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

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The Pleasure of Cycling

Is in the running of your wheel; the ease with which you ride.

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Please examine carefully the bearings in the

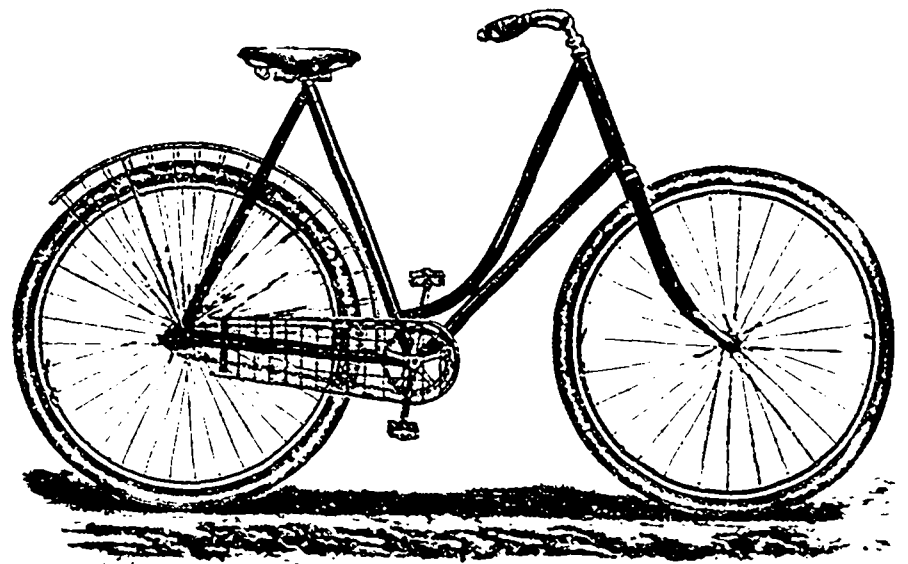
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Broad Every Way.

All operations of this store are on the broadest methods. It is not only that the building is the finest and largest in Canada, but there is a largeness about our methods like the largeness of the sea. The store is the people's store, and they recognize it as such.

QUICK SELLING IN DRESS GOODS.

As the season approaches with a store of this character, the strongest reasons prevail for making a quick clearing of the season's goods. Our rule is to carry over no old stocks, and thus our stocks are fresh all the time. To accomplish this end every thing in Dress goods has been reduced in price. Take a few out of many:

- Black**—11 in. figured Lustre, regular 40c. for..... 35c.
- 12 in. figured Brocade, summer weight, regular 50c., for 35c.
- 42 in. black and white silk stripe, regular 75c., for.... 50c.
- Colored**—11 in. all-wool Cheviot silk stripe, regular 50c., for..... 25c.
- 14 in. summer weight, knicker effect, regular 75c., for 35c.
- 11 in. Crepon effect, two toned in blue and fawn and all the newest shades, regular 65c., to clear at..... 35c.

UNUSUAL SELLING IN WASH GOODS.

The taste that marks everything in the way of Wash Goods this season is very remarkable. You can hardly think that so pretty patterns would be placed on cotton goods and then so little prices charged for them. Take the following prices as indicating what we mean:

- 220 pieces Crepe Grenadine, 31 in. wide, the newest fabric out, all colors, guaranteed washable, regular price 20c., for..... 10c.
- 72 pieces grass linen, so much in demand, regular price 17½c., for..... 10c.
- 400 pieces fine Scotch Ginghams, regular 12½c., for..... 8½c.
- 350 pieces Empire Challies, in dainty Dresden effects, regular 7½c., for. . . 3c.

CAMPERS' WANTS.

Everything furnished. Campers' beds and bedding. Coal oil stoves, and all camping utensils. Hammocks and all else.

VALUES IN HOUSEKEEPERS' LINENS

The store is not better than the worst bargain it gives, but such linen values are not often to be had even at Simpson's.

- 50 in. unbleached Table Linen, regular price 30c., for..... 22½c.
- 70 in. bleached Table Linen, regular price 90c., for..... 67½c.
- 5-S and 5-S pure linen Table Napkins, regular \$1.50 doz., for..... \$1.15
- 21x18 pure linen Bath Towels, striped, regular 50c., for..... 35c.

GROCERIES FOR HOME AND CAMP.

The best appointed grocery store in Canada is in the basement of this great store. Only pure foods. Cottagers and campers should leave their orders.

A choice Ceylon Tea 25c., worth 40c.

QUICK SELLING IN SILKS.

We have done an unusually large trade in Silks, and can be generous in getting down the volume of stocks of this season by greatly reduced prices. Here are some of these:

- 100 pieces fine pin stripe Blouse Silks, 22 in., all silk, over 30 choice colorings, including black and white, importation value 50c., special offering, 35c.
- 50 pieces black double warp Surah, extra weight, all silk, importation value 65c., for..... 50c.
- 40 pieces black all silk Peau de Soie, usually sold at 75c., special offering, 62½c.
- 25 pieces Lyons black silk Broche, heavy all silk, large and small designs, importation value \$2, special offering \$1.25

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A bicycle? Then buy the Eureka, the best, \$50.00, lady's or gentleman's. Hammock, croquet, balls, and all kinds of sports.

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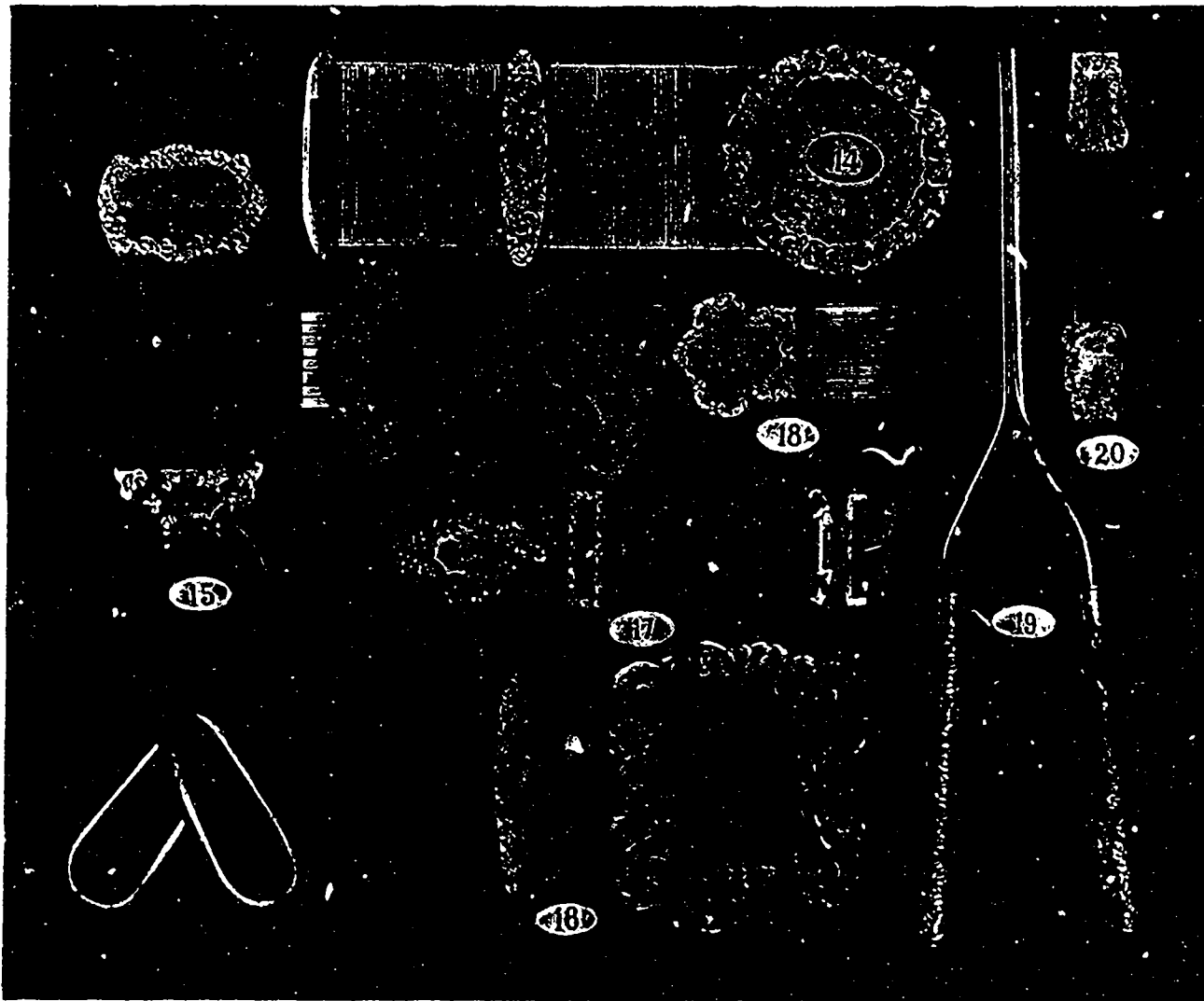
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Sterling Silver Mounted Side Combs - - - - 35c.
Sterling Silver Coat Hanger - - - - 75c. and \$1.00
Sterling Silver Key Rings.

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

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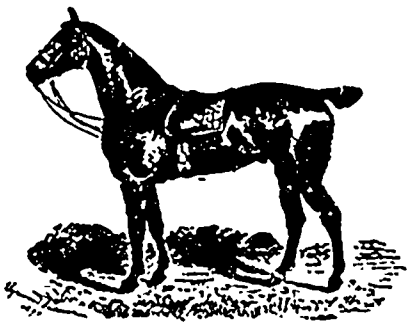
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Brightest, largest, coolest, lunch room in the city, and less to pay than anywhere.



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from Webb's are as good as the best men and the best material can make them. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings. They are made in all the modern styles and shapes, and are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue and estimates on application.
THE HARRY WEBB CO., LTD.,
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A PRINCE INDEED.

It all happened directly in front of one of the biggest business houses in the city, and those who witnessed it went away feeling as sensitive people do after they have heard a strong play with a good moral, or an inspired sermon that touches their hearts.

Against the curbstone there was drawn up a handsome turnout, the pair of three-quarter bred bangtails champing their bits and daintly striking the asphalt in their eagerness to get away. From the broad double doors came a strikingly handsome woman, her dark eyes shining and her fresh, patrician face gloriously crowned in rippling hair, white as the driven snow. With her came one of the proprietors, a magnificent looking man, handsome in every feature, possessing all the graces that come of gentle breeding and a kind heart. Gallantly he handed the beautiful woman into the carriage, and after closing the door extended his hand, leaned over the door and said:

"Now, dear, have Henry drive you to the island and around it. If business were only a little surer I would join you. But we want to keep those roses and that look of youth that you have never lost. Drive carefully Henry. Good-bye, Margaret, until dinner time."

This prince among merchants lifted his hat and as the horses went prancing away he fluttered his handkerchief in response to the hand that waved adieu from the carriage.

"Well done," chuckled a venerable acquaintance who was passing. "O, but you're a sly old dog. That fetching way of yours always did relegate us other fellows to the background. Goodness, but she's a stunner. You don't mind telling me who she is?"

"My wife, sir."

"A Maid Who Was Flirting With Me," by Belle McArthur, is a pretty, bright little waltz song with a catchy and taking air. It certainly ought not to fail in being the popular song of the day. The words are written by Frank Lawson.

A suitable song for tenor or soprano voice is "Mother's Eventide." The music by J. Lewis is well adapted to the words, which are written by Julia Arthur, and the accompaniment is flowing and melodious.

Hot milk is the newest panacea for all complexion ills. If the face be wrinkled, sallow, freckled, or otherwise afflicted, hot milk, say the enthusiasts over this new remedy, will produce a cure. Converts declare that the face, after being washed with milk at night, feels wonderfully refreshed, while the skin soon becomes very white and soft. Some even go so far as to pour a generous quantity of milk into the water for the bath, and claim that it is magical in removing fatigue.

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Claus's
My Mamma won't use any but "Claus's" Shears and Scissors, they work so nice and cut so easy and are for sale by all first-class dealers.
CLAUS'S SHEAR CO.
67 Adelaide E., TORONTO

There are soaps and soaps but only one

Sunlight Soap

which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter
Makes hearts lighter

Books for Wrappers | For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEWIS BROS., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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



We Appeal to the Ladies

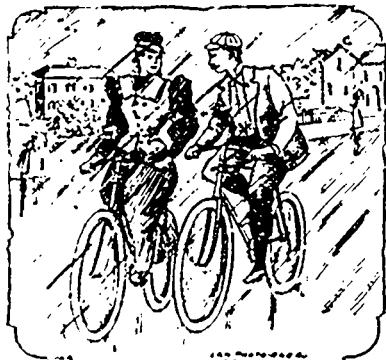
If it is not easier and nicer to cook on a clean range? The proper answer is

"SCIENTIFIC" STOVE ENAMEL

Is the **BRIGHTEST, BLACKEST, QUICKEST, BEST.**

Once Used, Always Used.

Ask Your Grocer for it.



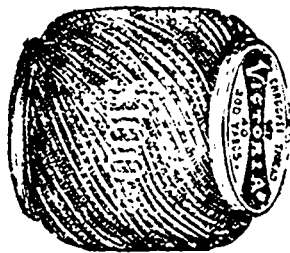
ROUGH ON RAIN

Will make your ordinary suit or bicycle costume perfectly **RAIN-PROOF**, without affecting the feel or appearance in the least. Very simple and easily applied. If your dealer has not got it, send me \$1.00 and I will send you a package by return mail, postpaid. A package is sufficient to **RAIN-PROOF** two suits. **ATTEND TO THIS NOW** and you need not fear being caught in the rain when out on a run or tour.

PREPARED BY

R. W. HANNAH,

78 Colborne St., TORONTO.



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

THE BASSINETTE INFANTS' OUTFITS

Silk and Muslin Hats, Caps, in Latest Styles, also Fris G. M. Sense Corset Waists.

TEL. 1206

11 KING ST. WEST

BUY YOUR WEDDING FLOWERS AT

Slight's

Lowest Floral Tributes by TELEGRAPH. Tea Rose Bushes, Bloom All Summer. 50c. City Nurseries, 411 Yongo St. Also Union Station, TORONTO.

FRESH FUN.

It was a Toronto mother and two bright Toronto youngsters. The young mother had been telling her little ones the sorrowful tale of the sufferings of the Christian Armenians with the laudable purpose of inspiring them with moral heroism and sympathy. The little five-year-old maid listened quietly, save for the widening of the big brown eyes and the deepening of the colour in her cheeks.

Suddenly her small foot came down with a stamp, and shaking the little head she exclaimed: "Oh Mother, I'm so glad I'm not a Christian!"

The young mother felt that in some way her laudable purpose had failed.

"It isn't," began the thin man, "that my children ask so many questions that make me mad." "No?" insinuated the man with the spring cough. "No," returned the thin man. "What then?" the man with the spring cough wanted to know. "It's because," the thin man explained, "they ask so many things that I don't know."

The man with the spring cough murmured that it was apt to be that way.

A PREFERENCE.

When it comes for selectin' a summer resort I somehow don't keer fur the prominent sort, Whur the bills is so long an' the dresses so short, Though they seem ter be liked, ez a rule. But whenever I'm restin' from work on the farm An' the clouds seems ter melt 'cause the sun is so warm, I puts fur the place thet'll ne'er lose its charm, Whur the shadows dip deep in the pool.

Thur ain't no plazzy; thur ain't no brass band, Ner nobody out promenadin' the sand; Ner people a-grabbin' the cash from yer hand Ez ye try ter keep up with the style. Bat the smooth velvet mo' whur the branches bend low Invites ye ter rest while the lazy hours go. An' ye says ter yerself that ye're lucky ter know Of a summer resort thet's wuth while.

"I see you don't know how to take a joke," said the contributor, with facetious bitterness, as the editor handed back his witticism. "Try me with one and see," replied the editor.

"Give me a straw!" shrieked a desperate voice. At first you took it to be somebody with a mint julep, but later you saw it was the drowning man.

When the straw was brought to him he clutched at it fiercely, then sank from sight.

"Alas!" cried he, as the

waves closed above his head, "why did I not call for a deal plank?"

This shows us how futile it is to follow the copy books.

"I hear Curry is a finished blacksmith."

"Yez, he finished day before yesterday."

"Eh—don't understand?"

"He tried to shoe a mule."

Mr. Gummey (reading from the morning paper). "Several hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine went off in the oil regions last night."

Mrs. Gummey—"When do they expect it back?"

ABOUT THE YOUNG DUCHESS.

There was some commotion in London newspaper circles over the report that the young Duchess of Marlborough had lost her pearls while going to or returning from the drawing-room at her presentation at court. The fact is her string of pearls broke while she was at the drawing-room, but, fortunately, only two were lost, and these were very small ones.

All the Vanderbilt jewels have been reset. The long rope, which Mrs. Vanderbilt used to wear looped around her neck and caught up with brooches on her dress, has been altered to a necklace with several rows. The Duke himself suggested that some other pearls should be set with diamond clasps as a tight-fitting collar for the throat.

The largest pearls of all, which are as large as marbles, have now flat diamonds set in between them. These also were worn at the drawing-room. In fact, the Duchess's neck was entirely covered with pearls. Not an inch of her neck was to be seen, which perhaps was intended, as she is still very thin.

She wore the diamond tiara which her father gave her as a wedding present.

She carried no flowers, although some were sent from Blenheim for the occasion, carrying only a large fan of pale grey and white ostrich feathers.

The Duchess had not "the entrée," and the state carriage, which is being built for her, is not yet completed, so she went to the drawing-room in rather an ordinary-looking carriage. She was fairly mobbed by people staring into her window.

The Duke went with her to the drawing-room, a rather unusual thing. As his mother, Lady Blandford, and his sisters went with them, they were quite a large family party.

At Lady Blandford's drawing-room tea afterwards, the Duchess looked very white indeed, but that was probably reaction after excitement, as she said she was very warm and nervous just before her presentation.

Something New!

THE EVER-READY

SEE THAT SHORT HUMP-LESS HOOK

HOOK AND EYE

USED once, always USED.

YOUR GARMENT WILL NOT GAP. THE EDGES OF IT NEED NOT LAP. IT IS CLOSED LIKE A SEAM. IS ABSOLUTELY SECURE AND WILL NOT UNFASTEN UNTIL YOU DISENGAGE THE HOOK AND EYE.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO., MANUFACTURERS. Windsor, Ont.

TEABERRY

FOR THE TEETH

PLEASANT AND HARMLESS TO USE

WOPESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO



IT HEATS.

The New York

Suvio

Fire Globe Gas Heater.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

FOR WARMING ROOMS WITH ORDINARY GAS FITTINGS

Every householder wants one. The heat of the gas flame is increased 500 per cent. Economical, efficient; pure radiant heat; no odor, no flue, no fittings. **PRICE, \$1.50 EACH.**

Canadian Agent,

J. HORROCKS, 487 Ontario St., Toronto.

SPECIAL—For a short time, in order to introduce the little wonder, the price will be \$1.00 each. Send for list of testimonials.

NEW YORK SCHOOL.

Cutting, Fitting and Making taught systemically. Latest French Styles. **WORLD'S FAIR PLEMIUM TAILOR SYSTEM** furnished on trial. Satisfactory instructions by mail to pupils who cannot attend school. Hundreds are learning—ladies and gentlemen. Assistants wanted. Ask for circular. **W. SPAULDING,** Mgr. for Canada, 491 Queen W., Toronto.



THE KENSINGTON DAIRY
 Tol. 3901 453 Yonge St., Toronto
 Headquarters for Fine Dairy Products.
 Specialties:
 Milk, Cream and Ice Cream.

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



CLEAR COMPLEXION

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

It removes Blisters, Freckles, Tan Livermarks, Pimples and Blackheads. Prevents Wrinkles, oily conditions of the Skin. Chapped Hands and Lips. Price 50c. It not at Drug-gists, telephone 207. Will deliver bottle within city limits. If you are at a distance get a friend to join you and enclose \$1. for two large bottles, address, Peach Bloom Drug Co., cor. Simcoe and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION

ORATORY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE AT GRIMSBY PARK, ONT.

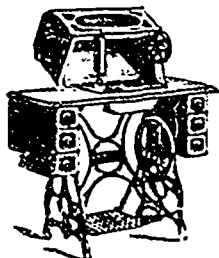
Monday, July 6th, to Friday, Aug. 7th.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A.,
 Miss Nellie Berryman, Principals.

Courses of Studies:

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

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



RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE

Newest Design. Just put on the market. Elegant light running and best attachments. Adapted for all kinds of work and fully guaranteed.

Be sure and see the Drop Cabinet before buying
 Toronto Agency,
 256 YONGE ST.

By sending in \$1 for a year's subscription before the 1st of September you can get a coupon which will be accepted for five dollars (\$5) by the New Raymond Sewing Machine Co., 256 Yonge St., Toronto, in payment for one of their latest style machines.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

COVERNTON'S HIPPLE OIL

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

THE O. J. C.

ONTARIO Jockey Club did not receive a generous proportion of the fine warm weather which has been ours in such exceptional degree this spring. Rain, wind and cool tempera-

ture had the effect of dampening enthusiasm and considerably lowering the gate receipts.

Yet it is astonishing how, even in the face of physical discomfort, the fascination of horse racing with its concomitant games of chance, will attract and enchain humanity. The interest of life lies largely in the strong elements of uncertainty which govern it all through the years.

When our possessions become assured, they at once lose their value.

So it was, that even on unpleasant days, the seats were filled with eager onlookers—whose small investments made them interested participants in the swift races. Beautifully dressed women pushed back the coquettish parasols and let the sun pour down, the wind beat, upon their faces, while with straining eyes they leaned to catch a glimpse of the jockeys' flying colours, as they gleamed on the far side of the track.

The small pools, which are the order of the day, and which indeed in a party of twenty come to no mean total at a quarter per head, together with the smaller wagers of gloves or bon-bons, gives sufficient excitement to the fair sex; and the fortunate ones who have drawn the names of the favourites from out the pool, experience as keen pleasure as the gamester who chinks his pile of gold.

It is a dubious pleasure;—yet here it is not ours to question the morality of it—even in the innocence of gloves or candies.

The gowns which—are always a feature of the races—were delicate affairs of soft tulle and iridescence, which the swiftly chasing sunshine and shade threw into charming colour effects.

Each season shows more artistic results in gowning;—the ideal of a rich simplicity being more nearly realised.

During the steeplechase the roof of the grand stand was thronged with ladies—who find the element of danger in this race most fascinating. Yet their interests are rather in the safety of the jockeys and the noble racers than in the finish of the race. With every hurdle passed and ditch covered, there is a sense of satisfaction; while the final incoming brings a sigh of relief not only entirely attributable to the success of the winning racer.

The absence of delays and the prompt starting of the horses, was a good feature. E. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CHARITY WORKER, St. John's, N. B.—I am sorry my reply to your question has been so long delayed. I do not know what the law is concerning the return of vagrants to the towns from which they claim to have come. I am under the impression that we cannot compel such a town to accept them; but that the mayor can provide them with passes, if they express a willingness to go.

KING'S DAUGHTER, Quebec.—I do not use your name; but this will doubtless reach you. Your question concerning the use of magazines and papers that have been laid aside is opportune. At the recent National Co.-acil meeting at Montreal, special request was made by the Aberdeen Association for children's literature for the North-west. The president of the Quebec Local Council, can direct you where to send any you may have.

COUNTRY READER.—We cannot recommend any special firms here; but our advertising columns will give you the names of reliable modistes. The fashion notes are gathered from month to month, and are taken from the best Canadian establishments. They are indicative of what is being worn by Canadian social leaders.

A. F. C.—The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is non-partisan and non-political. Its comments are merely those of an onlooker, who aims to make current events clear and of interest to the home.

A. E.—Black shoes are the least conspicuous for the wheel. It is better that they should be buttoned. Shoe laces or ribbons are apt to untie and catch in the pedals. Gaiters are neat, but will be generally abandoned in summer, on account of the warmth.

MRS. F.—Blackheads are largely caused by impurities of the blood. Eat lettuce, salads, and plenty of seasonable fruit. A face wash of lemon juice, followed by gentle rubbing with cold cream is effective outward treatment. Soft friction is a good tonic for the complexion at any time.

A. C. K.—(1.) Vaseline rubbed in, night and morning, will tend to darken and thicken the eyebrows. (2.) Let a competent hair-dresser examine your hair. We advertise one or two firms who are very skilful in treatment of falling hair.

E. P., Toronto, asks "whether Catherine Elsmere was justified in leaving her husband when he turned atheist." It is rather late in the day for Elmerian discussions; and it is so long since I read the book, that the circumstances in detail have slipped from my memory. Many rationalistic thinkers would object to the assertion that Robert Elsmere "turned atheist." But apart from that, I do not believe in wives leaving their husbands, except when the retention of their own self-respect demands such a course. In the present day it is difficult to conceive of religious differences separating a man and woman who really love each other.

FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND No. 73

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent, on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p. m., Tuesday, June the 2nd, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board,
S. C. WOOD,
 Toronto, April 22, 1906. Man. Director

CLEARING SALE.

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



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

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

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

THE J. D. KING CO., LTD.
 79 KING ST. EAST.

FASHIONABLE

Dresses



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

MISS K. BARBER,
 3 KING STREET E.

Over Ellis' Jewellery Store.

Call and inspect the latest fashions

GET YOUR SPECTACLES

Telescopes, Microscopes and Opera Glasses from a strictly optical Institute

"My Optician," 159 Yonge St.

**For Pearly
Teeth**

CHEW

**Somerville's
Pepsin Gum**

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

TELEPHONE, 2419.

DR. G. ADAMS SWANN

(GOLD MEDALLIST)

DENTIST

95 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

All dental operations rendered painless by Electrical Osmosis. Speciality—Crown and Bridge work.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and gentlemen, be alive to your own interest. There has recently been discovered, and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this excellent remedy boys raise an excellent moustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair, have it immediately by use of this "Hair Grower." We also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of "Whitening," for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this "Whitening" the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per bottle, and the "Face Whitening" 25 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent to any address on receipt or price. Address all orders to

R. & J. RYAN,

201 Division Street, OTTAWA, ONT.

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

THE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET.

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

Try our Hypophosphorin, specified in La Grippe, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, etc., 50 cents, postpaid.

D. L. THOMPSON,
Homeopathic Pharmacist, 304 Yonge St., TORONTO.
Send for Pamphlet.

THE PEACH BLOOM DRUG Co.

126 Simcoe St., TORONTO.

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

THE LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY.

18 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

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

Ladies' Silk Waists, Print Blouses,
Children's Frocks,
Fine Underwear,
Infants' Layettes, etc.

And solicit your esteemed patronage.

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



C. LEROY KENNEY.

We give this month a portrait of Mr. C. LeRoy Kenney, one of Toronto's latest aspirants for platform favor in the difficult field of character impersonation and monologue.

Mr. Kenney is a pupil of Mr. H. N. Shaw, principal of the elocution department in connection with the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Shaw's abilities as a teacher are guarantee that his aduates will reach a high standard in stage art, and Mr. Kenney's work fully carries out the expectation.

This young gentleman recently made his first appearance at the Toronto Conservatory of Music in monologue recital of Sheridan's famous comedy 'The Rivals.'

This difficult and exacting play, in which the widely varying characters demand impersonation, was carried through with a brilliancy and fidelity which would have done credit to any noted actor. Mr. Kenney's work was artistic in degree, and won for him the applauding approval of his audience.

We predict for this young gentleman a most successful career upon the stage.

DUNLOP TIRE DEVELOPMENT.

The recent Dunlop tire deals have provoked widespread excitement in English financial circles. Who, it may be asked, would have thought that the little band of, as they were then considered, optimists, who, in 1890, purchased stock in the company formed to push Dr. Dunlop's invention, would six years later have realised no less a figure than £12 5s. for their original £1 share. That is not the end of the thing either. The first deal, involving the sum of £3,000,000, was no sooner pushed through, than a week afterwards it was announced that the new company had decided to float stock to the tune of £5,000,000. Thus basing their profits on the transaction at £2,000,000. To pay dividends on this sum, it will require a profit of £170,000 per annum; but taking last year as a basis, when the old company netted over £300,000 clear of everything, it would seem that the investors in the stock are

going to be well recouped. The shares are consequently being eagerly gobbled up.

Although the Dunlop Tire Co. has had a wonderfully successful career in the past, its outlook for the future is even more roseate. Pneumatic tires for example, hitherto used only for bicycles, are now being adopted quite extensively for cabs, carts and other horse vehicles, and this branch of the air tire industry is only in its infancy. As its utility and luxuriosness are becoming appreciated by horse owners, it is only a matter of time when the metal tire will be relegated into obscurity. The Dunlop people therefore view the situation with complacency, for they claim that their tire with its simplicity of repair, will cause it to rank as the vehicle pneumatic of the future.



THE Belvidere

CARPET STRETCHER AND TACKER Draws your weight with the carpet. No marring base-board, pounding fingers or getting down on the knees. Operators stand in upright position to stretch and tack carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample prepaid on receipt of \$1.50. Every machine guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars, etc., to

E. A. GILL & CO.

105 QUEEN E. TORONTO

AGENTS WANTED

KENNY'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORER
A VALUABLE EAST INDIAN REMEDY

Positive: Cures Dandruff, Stops the Hair Falling Out, Preserves the Color, Promotes the Growth, and Prevents Early Baldness. For sale by Druggists and Departmental Stores; 50c. and \$1 per bottle, or six large bottles, \$5. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

JAB. KENNY, Mfr.,
395 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE



MISS K. C. MACDONALD

4 1/2 Shuter St., Toronto

General Agent for Ontario.

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Office, 39 Scott St. - TORONTO
Phones 217-5103.

ALL OUR ICE IS GUARANTEED PURE

and has been planed and housed in first-class condition. You can make no mistake sending your order to us. Mistakes in sending out Bay Ice will happen, as shown by the Police Court records last summer and this winter.

RATES AS USUAL.

Positively no Bay Ice handled by us at all for any purpose.

WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER

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

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

write at once to the Secretary

CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT ASSOCIATION, TORONTO. Mention this Advt.

Artists' Colors.

All artists want good colors. They want them brilliant, fine and durable. Winsor & Newton have been in contact with the best artists in the world for many years. Their colors are just right; their prices are just right. To use these colors is to insure a beautiful picture.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

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

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

3 TRIAL BOTTLES FREE

We are giving away free of all charge to sufferers from Catarrh and Catarrhal Discharges three trial bottles of the best remedy in the world for that disease. We do this to introduce it in all parts of Canada. A trial of this grand remedy has proved convincing to thousands of far minded men and women representing every walk in life, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, farmers and business men, who have been open to conviction, and now endorse our "Celebrated" remedy for the cure of all forms of Catarrh. We want every man to be his own judge. For this reason we are sending three trial bottles of this celebrated remedy, by mail absolutely free. A few days' use of it will convince the most sceptical. If you are a sufferer, write at once! This grand offer good for 30 days only. Address

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.

No. 2 COLLEGE STREET, - TORONTO, ONTARIO

CONSUMPTION

Asthma, Bronchitis
and Catarrh.

Treated in Air Tight Cabinet by inhalation of recognized germicide remedies, vaporized by steam process at

THE SANITARIUM

1363 KING ST. WEST - TORONTO
MARVELLOUS RECORD ALREADY

Send for Pamphlets. Hours of Medical Board, 12 to 3 p.m. Visitors always welcome.

Does This Interest You?

We have removed our business from 63½ King street west to more commodious premises at 81 King street west. We are the only well-known retail firm in Toronto doing business in Teas, Coffees and Cocons exclusively. We can assure you that our reputation as purveyors of high class products will in the future be adequately maintained, while our added space and conveniences will enable us to give even better satisfaction than heretofore. Mr. H. P. Mullens has recently been admitted as a member of the firm. We hope to receive your continued support, and will be glad to have your orders. We remain,

Yours faithfully,
HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.



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



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



X=ODE

INHALER

A PRODUCT OF ELECTRICITY

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

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