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## TWO ROYAL OLD MAIDS

SPECIAL FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The only Two Unwedded Princesses in Europe of Advanced Age are Queen Victoria's Granddaughters—The Prince of Wales Supports His Daughter in Her Resolve to Remain Single—The Romance of an Indian Prince that is Whispered Here and There at Court. . . . .



HERE are only two old maid princesses in Europe. Not very long ago the Empress of Germany succeeded in marrying off the last of her sisters, a lady verging upon twenty eight, and gossips say it is annoying to Queen Victoria that the only two royal spinsters left are her namesakes and her granddaughters.

The Queen, it is said, dislikes old maids as heartily as she dislikes cats, and does not take kindly to the unmarried state of the daughters of the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Seriously as the parents and grandparents may threaten and repine, there remains little or no possibility of the two spinsters finding mates. Princess Victoria of Wales reaches her thirty-second birthday in the spring, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will never see thirty again; and in spite of their deplorable, conspicuous and unnatural singleness, they are not the most unhappy of high-born ladies. They are fast friends and allies, and though they enjoy few of the same studies and pleasures, they are equally callous in their estimate of the world's and even grandmother's opinion, and equally determined to prove that the life of an unwedded princess is neither forlorn nor unprofitable.

It is an interesting fact that of all the royal household the Prince of Wales has afforded his daughter the most kindly countenance in maintaining her position. The Prince is nothing if not modern and liberal in his views. He believes in a woman making her life to please herself, and he has never come the high parental authority over the only one of his girls who preferred not to be forced into the bonds of matrimony merely for the sake of the conventionalities. Furthermore, it is whispered that the Prince was on her side when for the only time in her life she fell in love.

That event took place many years ago, when a famously rich, handsome, amiable and enlightened young Indian Prince visited

Queen Victoria. His gorgeous jewels, his charming manners, and his excellent pronunciation of the English language, created a great sensation on his appearance first at a garden party given at Buckingham Palace. He was then introduced to Princess Victoria, who was then far and away the best looking of the three sisters, and always the cleverest.

The young East Indian found her Royal Highness most attractive, and when he went to pay a visit to Sandringham he shortly found that the Princess was by no means indifferent to his admiration; that personally she was quite willing to make India her home, and privately her lover asked her hand in marriage. He pledged himself to make her his only wife, to conduct his domestic affairs on the European plan, and he was not refused point blank. He was told to go home and let the Princess's family think it over. He went, and died of the plague three days after reaching India.

The Princess well knew that her lover had been ordered home merely to afford her family time to put other obstacles than the seas between them. It would not have been tactful to refuse so honorable a proposal from a powerful Indian ruler; so when Providence intervened and cut the thread of the young man's life, the whole royal household breathed a sigh of mingled regret and relief. Very well the family knew that had he lived

Princess Victoria would have insisted and the Prince would have clamored, and the highest diplomacy and the severest pressure would have been required to balk Cupid of his victims.

What the Princess's grief was the public has never known, but she has never been very strong since. Shortly after the sad news from India she pleaded with her parents to let her study nursing at Netley Hospital. She refuses to even listen to any proposals to arrange a marriage between herself and any stout young German Duke, and she wears always a ruby ring of surpassing beauty. They say the ring was sent her by the Indian Prince just before he died, to be put upon her finger by one of his faithful servants who brought it to her with instructions to that effect.



VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

VICTORIA OF WALES.

Gossip has never associated the name of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein with any romance. She is a plain-faced girl, without any of her cousin's keen wits, but a good strong will of her own. She is devoted to her grandmother, is one of the Queen's constant attendants, and she is one of the few persons who cheerfully disagree with the sovereign lady on many points without vexing or disputing with her.

Princess Victoria sews, knits and cooks admirably; in short, is conversant with every household art, and having visited about among her relatives a good deal she has come to the sage conclusion that many of the diplomacy-made marriages among royalties are deplorably unhappy. "I could marry a farmer and make him a good wife," she has said to the Queen, "but I have none of the tastes or graces that would suit a spoiled, extravagant husband whom I don't love, so I don't think I will marry at all."

Perfectly amiably, but quite determinedly, she has stuck to her point. She evades court ceremonies as much as possible, but is adored by all her boy and girl cousins, reads aloud to the Queen, does quantities of serviceable, ugly fancy work, is her mother's hard-worked secretary, and one of the jolliest, most contented old maids in England.

E. F.

### Modern Jerusalem.

STUDIED from its thoroughfares, says Cleveland Moffett, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, Jerusalem looks for all the world like a huge rambling fortress, with fighting towers and dungeon depths. On either hand, instead of lines of houses, you have formidable and continuous walls pierced with low doors and body-wide stairs and iron-caged windows. You cannot tell where one house begins and another leaves off, nor whether a certain opening leads to roof or courtyard or dwelling room. There is indeed one way to tell, that is to push boldly in and up along stairs and passages and see what you can see.

Whatever else you fail to do in Jerusalem (and you are sure to neglect half the guide book admonitions) do not fail to study the streets from overhead—as many of them as possible. You can always find a viewpoint by a little searching. Take Christian Street about midday, when the sun lights both sides, and get your station on the arch near David Street, no matter if you have to do some clambering. Now look to the north, there where the greenish dome and white minaret rise. You see a straight way along the base of a high wall, window-pierced, with a lower wall on the other side, its stones old and grassgrown. Below, you see two lines of flimsy awnings, tipped down like the visor of a cap, to shelter the booths beneath from the white glare. You see donkeys, camels, sheep, peasants, soldiers, Greek priests, sisters of charity, tourists, pilgrims, Turks and all who live in Turkey, Syrians and all who visit Syria, veiled women, sheeted women and beggars (you will see them all if you wait a little), moving to and fro, now lost under the awnings, now coming into the open. You can follow them between two sombre archways, the one that you are on and another, yonder where a cross-wall stops your view. You can watch them until you tire.

## A Library that Costs Nothing

How a Clever Woman who Cannot Afford to Buy Books Keeps Up with the Current Topics of the Day.

Special for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

"HOW did you become so well informed?" one woman asked another with a little touch of justifiable envy in her voice. "You are a very busy house-keeper, with children to look after. You don't attend clubs, yet you seem to know about every man, woman or book of the day. I wish you would tell me the secret."

"Whatever information I have, my dear," was the answer, "has been gained through a clipping collection. Five years ago a friend of mine who worked on one of them told me how, in their offices, whole rooms were devoted to clippings from various magazines and papers, systematically catalogued and used for reference.

"The idea appealed to me as an excellent one for the private individual, especially for a woman like myself, who cannot afford to buy many books.

"We take two good newspapers, one which my husband prefers and one which is my choice. From time to time, when I am at leisure and perhaps too tired to do more exacting work, I clip these papers and sort the clippings, according to subject, into manilla envelopes."

"What variety of matter do you clip, may I ask?"

"Anything which is likely to have a more than passing interest. The life of some celebrated man or woman, or anecdotes concerning famous people; an interesting bit of statistics which one ought to have at command; an historical study; an account of a famous painting; natural history; wild birds; wild flowers—anything which seems worth while."

"What a good idea! I am all impatience to begin one myself at once. Do tell me about your system of cataloguing."

"I invented my own system, a very simple one. In a large public collection like that of a newspaper office it would be necessary to have an elaborated method, but any woman can invent one for her own use. I put each general subject, such as Birds, Cookery, England, Education, into large square envelopes, and arrange them on the shelf according to letters. Famous men and women I catalogue separately in small envelopes about six inches long and four wide.

"I have long since found my clippings of great value. The library has now grown to a size which renders it possible for me to refer to it as I would to any other library, if I had one at command. If I hear of a famous personage whose history has escaped my memory I take the next idle moment to consult my clippings and read a short sketch of his life and work. It is the same with history or science, upon which I become rusty. The chances are that I shall find an account of the point I need in the envelopes.

"It isn't by any means necessary to read all one clip. Clip an article if the subject interests or is likely to interest you. Tuck it away for future reference."

"And you clip papers only—no magazines?"

"Oh, yes. I clip magazines which I have bought for one article or story they contain and which I do not care to bind. All pamphlets that are sent to the house, unless they are devoted to advertising, I catalogue also. Pictures, too, if they are clear and seem faithful; with photographs on any interesting subjects.

"Simple as it is, a private library of this kind avoids that one supreme fault of the public one—dirty books, with the possibility of lurking disease germs.

"Beside the pleasure and the general information, I have had some very practical help from the clippings. I have one envelope filled with good cooking recipes clipped at different times. Another contains many new "wrinkles" in household science. Of course, one has to use judgment in selecting these, but with care it becomes a wonderful help."

### Kissing the Hands.

THE act of kissing the hands is almost as old as the hills. There are two kinds of kissing the hands.

The first is that of kissing the hand of a sovereign, while the second is familiar to lovers. Kissing a sovereign's hand was formerly generally done when soliciting a favor; now it is done as a mark of homage and respect.

But the second kind is the most interesting. It was the custom of the Greeks and Romans, and, in fact, of every heathen people, when entering a temple to kiss their hand to the object they adore. The young man of the twentieth century seems hardly more civilized than these ancients, for he also kisses his hand to the object he adores.

### Thoughtful Children.

MANY very young people possess the gift of diplomacy.

A clerk in a candy store says that one day a little girl came in, and laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' worth of candy.

"It's for my father," she explained. "It's his birthday, and I'm going to surprise him."

The clerk began to make a selection of sweets, when his customer objected.

"Don't give me that kind, give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for your father," the candy man remarked.

"Yes," replied the little girl, "I know; but when I give them to father, he'll say for me to keep 'em, 'cause I'm such a thoughtful little girl, and he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."

### Unique Post-Office Building.

AN ancient building, which rests on both sides of the boundary line separating Canada from Vermont, has the distinction of housing the post-offices of two countries. It is located in the town of Bebe Plain, half of which is in Canada and the other half in the United States. In one quarter of the building a young lady acts as postmistress for Uncle Sam, and in another room, located on the Canadian side, her father transacts the duties of a postmaster for the Province of Quebec. Standing in front of the office two men might shake hands while one was in Canada and the other in the United States.

**TIPSY**

..A Sketch..

Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME  
JOURNAL.

By ALICE C. THOMPSON



TIPSY was a small black and tan Dachshund, so fat that she merited the title of "roly-poly," yet pretty and graceful enough to attract attention anywhere.

At the age of eight she had suffered the loss of an eye in a cat-fight, but the experience had not taught her to avoid the feline race.

More brave than wise, she was off the instant she heard one, to give chase in a frenzy of excitement. That cat's cry was to her a clarion battle call. The enemy there! Let it be war to the death, and no quarter!

The mere mention of the word "cat" would make her prick up her pretty ears. It was all she knew of "the chase," and the blood of ancestors, who had, literally, known royal sport, flowed in her veins!

She had several accomplishments, such as jumping over one's interlaced hands, giving a paw to be shaken, and singing to the accompaniment of a human voice raised to a certain high and shrieky key. Between notes she would raise her little head to the ceiling as if seeking inspiration there. But she was most charming when she pretended to be "dead doggie," lying flat on her side, quite lifeless except for the single eye that watched with anxiety for the first sign of permission to come to life again. Then she would jump up in such haste that you felt sure that she said to herself, "There, that's over, and I'm glad of it!" As for begging, it came natural to her. She was in a supplicating attitude the larger part of the day, standing erect on her hind legs with her two short fore paws drooping in front—a quaint and irresistible figure. She begged for everything she wanted, and with almost uniform success. If she did not get it by begging she uttered a little grunt, or a succession of grunts, and that for water was not by any means to be mistaken with that for more covering or with the grunt that begged a walk. Judging the attempt by the result, it must be said that Topsy came very near to human speech.

She slept at night in a hatbox in a cupboard. Sometimes at the unseasonable hour of midnight, or in the dark and early morning, she arose, and, following the ineradicable instincts of her race, began to dig for herself a hole in her cushion. Of course this little habit was rather upsetting to the bedclothes! Finding that she was now uncovered, and being a little dog used to much attention, she announced as plainly as words could do that she had nothing on by giving one low and gentle grunt. It took her some time to learn that she could not be waited on at any hour she fancied to indulge in her little pastime. We had long and lively conversations about it.

"Go to sleep, Topsy."

"Umph"—meaning "But I tell you my covers are off."

"Stop that noise at once, Topsy."

"Umph"—"I don't think you can possibly understand that I have nothing on me at all."

"Topsy, if you don't stop that noise at once I shall whip you."

After a moment's pause, as if she had been considering the threat and had decided to brave it out, another grunt. "I'm not used to such treatment," it said, whimperingly.

"Very well, Topsy, I'm coming to whip you."

Very faint, almost like a whisper, and pitched in a pathetic minor key, yet one more.

"At least I'll have the last word," said Mrs. Topsy.

It was not denied her, and quiet reigned. I believe it was really a great satisfaction to her to think she had out-talked me. But sometimes when she took this treatment more to heart, she would continue for some time to give utterance to her wounded feelings in a series of gentle whines or short hiccoughs, that had the very human effect of uncontrollable sobbing.

She was ready to eat at any time, and though she seldom refused anything, she had her own favorite dishes. She would take hot bread made into dainty pills, but if it were offered in large pills would merely sniff at it and walk away. One day the temptation of a dish of turkey on the table and an empty room proved too much for her. She fell! But she completely gave herself away afterwards by the conscience-stricken air with which she came upstairs, not to mention the foolish heartiness with which she smacked her lips. On the few occasions, as on this, when it was thought necessary to punish her,



"Topsy."

she had her own original little way of disarming one. She would come obediently sidling-up till she reached the arbiter of her fate and would then roll over flat on her back, stretching four pathetic paws up to plead for mercy, and blinking solemnly as if to say, "Now whip me if you have the heart." And we seldom had.

In the morning when she first awoke, stretched herself, and came forth slowly from her cupboard, she would sometimes find the window open and a current of fresh air creeping down her too-susceptible little spine. For a moment she would stand, ears and eyes expectant, one little paw held up on tiptoe for a flight, yet giving you the opportunity to be reasonable and close the window. Otherwise she would patter quickly to the far corner beneath the bed, where she would stay in dignified silence till called from the room.

Topsy had been the mother of many children, none of whom equalled her in intelligence

or charm. Her case was truly that of the "survival of the fittest," for while several generations of puppies came and went without making much of a stir in the world, she remained always the dearest, cleverest, best.

Her obedience to a call was such that she would leave the cosiest corner to meet a whipping half way, or to make certain limited approaches to a bath. After being called we could guess by the sound of her reluctant feet in the hall at just what moment the victim first divined that a bath was in preparation. But during its progress she was meekness and obedience personified.

"Now you can go, Precious," was the final mandate of the "Order of the Bath," and "Precious," needing no second intimation, was off as fast as her short legs would carry her, to her dear, warm basket by the fire.

Somebody once compared a Dachshund to a cucumber set on four match ends! That is not complimentary, but it is rather apt. It was always a wonder to me how Topsy's very short legs could carry her over the ground so fast.

Marvellous also was her way of entering rooms, using her nose to open the door. One or two attempts to teach her to shut the door after her were unsuccessful. "Umph, umph," she said, indignantly. "The idea of expecting a person of my age to learn to close doors."

But to see Topsy mole-hunting was to see her character in epitomé. Pitching headlong at the irregular mound tossed up by the little animal, and beginning anywhere at all, she would work her way along, every muscle strained to its utmost. How tirelessly she scooped and scratched and grubbed! Every now and then her dirt-covered, hot little face would come up, while she took a hurried gasp of air, and then back she would go, snorting and puffing like an engine. When she came to a tuft of grass or roots she bit through them.

"I will get him sometime" she said. But in spite of energy and patience and determination she never caught up to him! Hot, dirty and tired she gave up the pursuit only when called, and it was renewed again and again with the same dauntless optimism. In two, or perhaps three days' time, she had dug, unaided, a trail that measured no less than forty-seven feet. Of course we are glad that the little mole was "not at home" when Mrs. Topsy called, but we could not see her "a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing," without feeling a lurking pity that so much hard work should have no result.

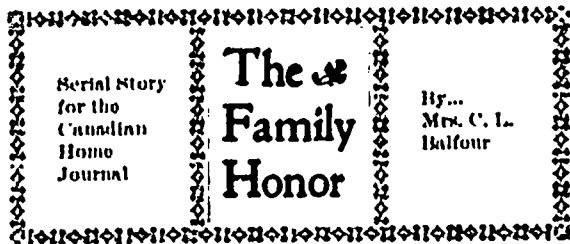
But why pity? If patience is indeed "trying for nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth," then someday Topsy and patience will have that little mole!

**The Jeweller.**

Oh, a right brave jeweller is he,  
Frosty January!  
He hangs with diamonds the great elm tree,  
Rich old January!  
He strings his pearls along the eaves,  
And when the sun the cold earth leaves  
He works all night while the children sleep,  
And the elves of frost come creep, creep, creep,  
And many a shining v'raith he weaves  
Gay old January!

MARY F. BUTTS.

NINE times out of ten when a man asks your opinion he is only looking for a chance to express his own.



## CHAPTER IX.—THE ORPHANS.

"Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

MRS. WINKLOW.



WHEN Mysie and Norry retired at their usual early hour, and left Mr. Hope and his daughter alone, the conversation, as they sat together for an hour or so before bed-time, turned very naturally on their circumstances, and led unintentionally to the mention of the brother and sister. The teaching that Mr. Hope had now left him would certainly not suffice to maintain the humble home in which he dwelt. His daughter was the most careful and industrious of household managers, but there must obviously be an income to manage, and if that fails the talent of thrift, however great it may be, must fail also.

Poor Marian Hope had, for a long time past, lived in some dread of what seemed now actually to have occurred. She had nursed her mother through an illness of two years, and, when death ended the long agony, there was left as a bitter addition to the sorrow a heavy debt necessarily incurred, which the honest pride of both father and daughter could not endure should remain. So Mr. Hope had walked, despite his lameness, many miles to his round of daily teaching, and had in the evenings done law copying when he could obtain it from the law stationers, and his daughter, besides dismissing their only servant and undertaking the work of the house, with occasional assistance from a charwoman, had toiled early on summer mornings, and late on winter nights, before or after the rest of the family were in bed, at embroidery, by which all that she had gained had been the means to keep her slender wardrobe in such a condition that it should neither shame her sense of propriety nor make demands on her father's failing income. And fail, indeed, it did most rapidly, particularly in this last year. Just as the payment of the doctor's bill for Mrs. Hope had given some respite to the cares of the survivors, the sources on which they depended seemed to be shut up against them. Marian believing, though she did not utter the painful thought, that her father's wan looks, infirmities, and threadbare dress over weighed, in the consideration of those who employed him, their knowledge of his talents and respect for his character.

It was a hard lesson for her to have to learn in her early womanhood, that a jaunty air and good broadcloth were by some—nay, by most—more valued than worth or talent. It brought with it a bitter sense of wrong and injustice that she had never before experienced.

As for Mr. Hope, despite his cheerful name, he was one of those who seemed born both to bear and dignify adversity. He had been in his youth in a Government office, that by some changes was reduced, he being one of the

clerks thrown out. He had saved from the grave which had taken many of his children one child, this daughter Marian, when the alteration in his position and prospects occurred. By the advice of a few friends, he employed the small sum of money that he possessed in emigrating to, and buying some land in Canada. If diligence would have done, in their new life, in the place of bone and muscle, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, might have succeeded; as it was, he met with the injury that ended in permanent lameness, and his wife contracted in that rigorous climate the pulmonary complaint that made her life one long disease; and it was in the hope of benefiting her health, or rather rescuing her from impending death, that eight years previously, they had returned to England poorer than they left it, bringing with them the two children, Norry and Mysie. Then Mr. Hope, by the recommendation of a friend who had known him in his earlier days, obtained employment as a teacher, for which his fine penmanship and mathematical skill fitted him. The education of the two children had been carried on by himself and his daughter. Therefore, when, after a long pause, as they sat alone in their parlor that night, his daughter said to him, "Was ever anything settled, father, about Norry and Mysie—as to any pursuit in life, I mean?" Mr. Hope sighed heavily, and replied—

"If I had known, my dear, all the anxiety that the charge would involve, I think I should have opposed your dear mother. But she was bent on it, and the poor things were certainly wretchedly neglected when they came to us."

"Indeed they were. Young as I then was not eleven, I think, father—I well recollect the little rough, unkempt things. Those must have been hard people—those Johnstons, father."

"They were rough people, child. I do not know that they were harder to the orphans than they would have been to children of their own. Johnston had been a schoolmaster in Scotland before he emigrated, and used to rule by force of hand more than brain; and his wife was just a maudlin slattern."

"He ill-used her as well as the children, I've heard mamma say."

"There were faults on both sides, doubtless; but the woman suffers most in such cases: I'm certain Johnston's wife did. What with hardships, and quarrels, and—"

"And whisky, father."

"Yes, and whisky, doubtless, she, like many more, did not live out half her days. I shall never forget going into their log hut and finding poor little Mysie lying fast asleep across the feet of the poor dead woman."

"Ah, yes, how that impressed poor dear mamma! She used often to say, 'We literally took her from death—though Norry was in a worse condition.'"

"Norry had been taken on tramp by Johnston, and a tavern-keeper had so pinched the little foot sore when of four years old, that he set the police on Johnson's track, just as the neighbors

came to me to write to him that his wife was dead."

"Did the neighbors think that the children were their own?"

"Yes, if they troubled themselves to think at all about them. Johnston was disliked as a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife as a drunkard. People avoided them; but your mother, Marian, was always drawn towards children."

"It was she that found out the children were not the Johnston's."

"Yes, she discovered it one day when she was giving Mrs. Johnston some little wraps she had made for the bairns. To her surprise the woman said, in a maudering way, 'Ah, we would get proper things for them if we were paid properly. But the money comes so irregularly.' And then, having said so much, she told the truth—not that, as far as I know, they had previously wanted to conceal it; but they had never contradicted people who took it for granted they were their own children. Acquiescing in a falsehood is much the same as telling one, to my mind. However, we had the truth at last. The children's name was Grant, the parents were dead, but some kinsman—uncle, I think—paid for them, when the Johnstons offered to take them; a trifle certainly, but enough to secure the Johnstons from any loss. Indeed, the money, well employed, might have been a help to Johnston; and it roused our indignation to think that the little ones were not better cared for than if they had been beggars. I was resolved to appeal to the magistrate of the district, and went to the cottage to see the state of the children for myself, when I found the end had come, as far as the miserable woman was concerned."

"Johnston was, I think, sincerely horrified when he was recalled to the scene his cottage presented. In a newly-settled place like Villenout, the rougher sort are often for taking the law into their own hands, and I think he was only too glad to make his escape, leaving the children with us. He obtained a situation afterwards in New Brunswick, to manage a farm—for which he was better fitted than for school-keeping; and I'll do him the justice to say, that the stipend for the children, he has always sent regularly—six pounds five shillings a quarter—ever since we took them. I forgave him a quarter or so that winter he was laid up with rheumatism; since then it has come regularly."

"But, father, that sum ought to have been increased as they grew older."



STONEY INDIAN CAMP, NEAR CANNORP, N. W. T.

From painting by F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



"Of course it ought, and I have written to that effect to Johnston. But he tells me that he can get no more; indeed, that now the children—the boy—should be put to earn his living."

"Wouldn't it be better, father, if you wrote to this uncle, or whoever he is?"

"I would willingly, my dear, if I know where to write."

"Did Mr. Johnston never tell you?"

"When the children came to us it was a time of such confusion with him that I am not surprised many things were forgotten. You and your dear mother, Marian, were concerned only to comfort and feed the poor things."

A flush of gratified as well as tender recollection was on Mr. Hope's cheek as he spoke of his dead wife. They were very simple and unworldly in all things, and the fact of having rescued Norry and Mysie from an infancy of neglect and a training of vice, was such a permanent consolation. That the calculation of the addition to the butcher's and baker's bill were never made until the long illness of Mrs. Hope and the increased requirements of a growing boy and girl had forced it on their attention. Then Mr. Hope had written to Johnston, and asked, for the first time, the name of the children's uncle. He received a letter with a Montreal postmark, in which Johnston said he had again moved, and could not be sure of his future abode; that he was equally uncertain as to the children's relative; indeed, afraid that if he was applied to he might withdraw his assistance altogether, as the children had no legal claim on him. But he concluded a list of vague excuses by saying that the same stipend hitherto paid should be forwarded from a lawyer at Montreal.

Marian fretted to herself over her father's increasing infirmities and decreasing income. That ominous, vague sentence, that conveys so much perplexity, was on her lips, "Something must be done, father."

"Yes, child, no doubt; so I've been thinking all day, and many days. Indeed, I have written this week to Montreal to inquire what occupation Norry's relation has thought of for him. Meanwhile, child, we have much to be thankful for."

As they thus spoke and looked at each other, there was a lambent gleam in their eyes, as if tears had started and been checked; and a little twitching about the father's lips compelled him to silence. He motioned with his hand towards a side-table, on which lay the family Bible. Marian understood the look, and fetching it, laid it before her father. He opened it, and finding the 103rd Psalm, pushed the volume towards his daughter, and leaning back in his chair covered his eyes with his hand.

Very sweet and low was the voice of Marian as she read out the words of praise and thanksgiving—that incense which, kindled by the Psalmist, has gone up through all generations, and as the last "Praise the Lord, oh, my soul!" fell from her lips, her father leaned on his crutch, and took up the hallowed strains in words whose fervent gratitude soared like a flame from the altar of a heart consecrated to all holy desire and loving trust.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE BASKET OF GAME.

"This world is full of beauty,  
As are other worlds above;  
And if we did our duty,  
It might be full of love."

GERALD MASSEY.

It is certain that the nervous organization of us poor mortals so far resembles a harp,

that it is very easily put out of tune, and requires its strings to be constantly kept at the right tension in order to give out the proper sound. It must be owned that the serenity which had been reached on the night before by Mr. Hope and Marian, yielded to depression when they rose the next morning to encounter the troubles of the day—which, sooth to say, were lying in wait for them in the shape of sundry bills in the letter-box, Norry having duly emptied it, and brought the contents to the breakfast-table. The feminine tact of Mysie, to say nothing of Marian, would have kept either of them from showing these until Mr. Hope had taken his frugal morning meal; but Norry, boy-like, was more direct, and he laid the bills down by the side of his master's bread and milk, as if there were no latent unpleasantness in their appearance.

"Bills!" sighed Mr. Hope, opening them one by one.

"They are only the Michaelmas bills, dear father. They are not, I think, very heavy this quarter: that is, I've tried to—"

"No doubt, child, you have been careful."

"Put them away now, dear papa. Hope—put them away," said the fresh voice of Mysie, coaxingly. "They'll keep you from enjoying your breakfast."

"Bitters are good for the appetite, Mysie. There, child, get your own meal."

"Bitter! why bitter?" said Norry, in a tone of inquiry—for it had never been the habit of the family to talk, or, it may be, even to think, of themselves as poor people. They were in the habit of giving their mite to others, and this, at all events to young inconsiderate minds, established a sense of competence. It is related in the biography of Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn-law Rhymer," that his parents had seven children, and an income less than a hundred a year, and yet that they never considered themselves poor people. However, in these last days at that old Kensington cottage, conviction had been gradually deepening on the minds of the brother and sister—suggested, it may be, from Marian's pensive looks—that there was trouble coming to the house of another kind than that which they had both witnessed—sickness and death—so that the inquiry as to the word "bitter" was silenced by a touch of Mysie's foot under the table, and remained unanswered, which threw a gloom over them all.

A loud ring at the bell came as a relief to the monotony of the breakfast table. Mysie, on whom devolved the answering of the door, ran off, and quickly returned, bringing the book of the delivery van to be signed for a hamper.

In all the eight years that Mr. Hope had lived in Binley Cottage no such arrival had been announced before, and it was no wonder that, when the book was signed and the door closed, the whole family grouped around and peered curiously into the basket. "A hare and four birds: who could have sent them?"

"Pretty birds!" said Mysie, looking at the fine plumage of one of the pheasants. "Are they so very nice to eat, that people take such a delight in killing them?"

"Oh, it's famous sport, shooting—capital!" said Norry, rather contemptuous of her pity.

Her father did not notice the words of the young people; a curious smile curved his lips as he muttered the lines—

"It's like sending me ruffles,  
When wanting a shirt."

And so he turned away, adding, "I'm afraid, Marian our unknown friends over-rate our cooking talents. What will you do with them?"

"I should like to— But no, that wouldn't do."

"What, Marian? Nay, no hesitating."

"To invite some one?" interposed Mysie, quickly.

"No, no, dear. Invite indeed—whom have we to invite? I should like to sell them."

"Sell them—sell a present!" said Norry, drawing up his head, and his great eyes flashing. "Why, Marian, that's not like you—that huckstering way of talking."

"A present! well, that makes them ours, and if they're ours, I suppose it's meant that we should do as we like with them. What does it matter whether we eat or sell them?"

"And pray, Norry, what do you mean by huckstering?" cried Mysie, indignantly.

"Don't be flying at me with that way you've got, Miss Mysie," replied Norry, turning, as he spoke, away from the hamper. "I thought it was rather a low kind of a notion, that's all."

"Not low, my boy," said Mr. Hope, gravely, laying his hand, while he spoke, on the lad's shoulder: "it was an honest thought of Marian's, and that can never be low or mean. If the sale of these luxuries will pay a bill that otherwise would have to wait, it will be better than our fawning Marian with unaccustomed cookery, or feasting on uncoveted dainties."

"Yes, father, that's what I meant. Our buttermilk and grocer is also a poulterer; I know he will take these of me."

Norry hung his head in confusion a moment, and then said, "Let me run, Marian, for you, and ask him. Do let me! I'm always bolting out something I don't exactly mean! I know I'm a stupid fellow, though I don't like Mysie being so ready to tell me so."

The boy's cap was on and he was away in a few minutes, carrying in his young mind some troubled thoughts, that, as he went along, began to shape themselves into distinctness. His errand, and Marian's anxiety, which, if it had existed before, he had never been so struck with, now revealed to him, with something of the force of a sudden discovery, that if Mr. Hope did not complain, and Marian smiled amid her ceaseless industry, it was not for lack of hidden causes of distress. It was a bitter moment, yet a turning-point in his whole history. He had been, hitherto, a fitful, careless boy, fond of, and clever in, many pursuits but without method or much diligence. Now, in less time than we have taken to write it, a conviction darted like an arrow through him that he must begin to work. Poverty often annihilates childhood. What the little toiling mortals who passed Norry in the road—the ragged and feeble recruits in the great army of labor—did from necessity or from fear he must do from gratitude. And to do it effectually he must work his mind harder, it might be, than any toiling urchin who was dragging at a truck, or groaning under a basket.

And so the hamper of game did far more than gratify the palate in Mr. Hope's house. Small as the sum was that its sale paid, it lightened Marian's cares awhile, and, if she had known it, transformed careless, erratic Norry into a thinker.

(To be continued.)

## NOW and THEN

Written for the  
CANADIAN  
HOME JOURNAL

By HON. FREEMAN  
TALBOT

Progress of the Century incidents and events witnessed by the writer during the past ninety years. Pioneer trials, toils, patience and triumphs in Western Canada, now Ontario. :: :: :: ::



IN my childhood days we had no steamboats on the great lakes or rivers, no plank, stone or gravel roads, no suspension or iron bridges, no tunnel under the St. Clair River for railway traffic between Canada and Michigan, no railroads, no street cars in cities propelled by either horse or electric power, no stage coaches, no daily mails, no post-office between Delaware and Burford, a distance of more than sixty miles, no envelopes, no postage-stamps, no steel pens, no telegraphs, no telephones, no female voters, no total abstinence society, no Mormons, no Adventists, no Christian Scientists.

A single letter in those days cost from fourpence halfpenny to one shilling and three pence, according to distance. We had no typewriters, no advocates of woman's rights. It was optional with the sender to pay the postage or not as he thought proper. If he paid, the post-master marked "paid" in red ink, if not paid, black ink was used. A single letter destined for Europe cost three shillings and ninepence.

In 1818 there was no newspaper published between Niagara and Detroit river, a distance of two hundred miles.

We had no hospitals for the sick, no institutions for the cure of the insane, no penitentiaries, no normal or model schools, no colleges or universities, no provincial or county fairs.

The tiller of the soil had no iron plough, no gang plough, no sulky plough. The plough of those days was all of wood, except the shear, the colter and the clevice, no harrow with more than from nine to sixteen teeth, working about six to eight feet of land. The harrow of to-day is constructed in four sections, contains one hundred and forty teeth and covers more than twenty feet of ground; with such a harrow a man with a four-horse team will harrow thoroughly from thirty to forty acres per day.

There was no corn planter, no cultivator; the hoe and the shovel plough cultivated the corn. There were no mowers, no self-binders; all grain was cut with the sickle or the cradle; with the one a man could cut half an acre of wheat in a day, while a good cradler would cut from two and a half to four acres, and one man would rake and bind after him.

All wheat in those days was threshed with a flail, threshing ten bushels was a good day's work and some days with a good wind he would have the wheat separated from the chaff. Fanning mills were unknown. No steam excavators, no steam printing presses, no bicycles, no platform scales. A steam threshing machine in use to-day will thresh from 1,600 to 2,000 bushels and deliver it to the farmer in sacks ready for the market. There were no elevators for the reception of wheat in those days, now there are from one to four in every town and village along the railroads, holding from 50,000 to 200,000 bushels of grain.

In those days a good cow might bring from nine to fourteen dollars, while a New England wooden clock cost twenty five dollars.

We had no steam grist or saw mills, no circular saws for cutting lumber, no roller mills. All grain was ground between the upper and nether mill stones.

We had no creameries, no cream-separators, no incubators, no cheese factories, no wire-fences, no six inch augers to bore post holes, no prepared sticks of dynamite to shatter the stumps. No experimental farms, no governmental agricultural expert to advise the farmer as to the best means of securing an independence.

The ordinary hunter or the sportsman had no breech-loading gun, no six-shooter, no revolver, no percussion caps, but the old flint locks did good service in those days.

### AS TO MECHANICS.

The house carpenter preparing to build selected his best-seasoned lumber and spent many days in cross cutting and ripping hundreds of pieces, intended for window-sash, doors, blinds and other trimmings. He performs no such work to-day. All window sash, blinds, doors, mouldings, and other decorations, are made in the great steam factories, and furnished to the carpenter at a rate much lower than he could make them. The stonemason, the bricklayer, the plasterer and the painter work with the same tools, the same materials, and in the same manner as did their grandfathers ages ago.

The tailor with his goose, yard stick, tape, chalk and sponge, sits or squats on his table, and makes just as good fitting garments as his grandsire had ever made.

The city shoe and boot maker no longer makes either a boot or shoe. From the time the leather is cut to the time the boot or shoe is boxed and ready for sale, from four to five

hands do each their allotted part of the work.

The blacksmith shop appears just as it did in bygone days. Most of the old-time tools are still used; still some of the best blacksmiths of the present time never made a horseshoe or a nail. The shoes and the nails are made in great factories and sold to the blacksmith by the pound in such quantities as they desire; the blacksmith heats the shoe and fits it to the horse's foot.

The cooper of old is known no longer. He made barrels by the dozen; they are now manufactured from ten to forty thousand in one day, where the great flouring mills of Canada and the United States are established. Butchers, bakers and tinsmiths, do their work very much as did their ancestors.

### PROFESSIONAL MEN.

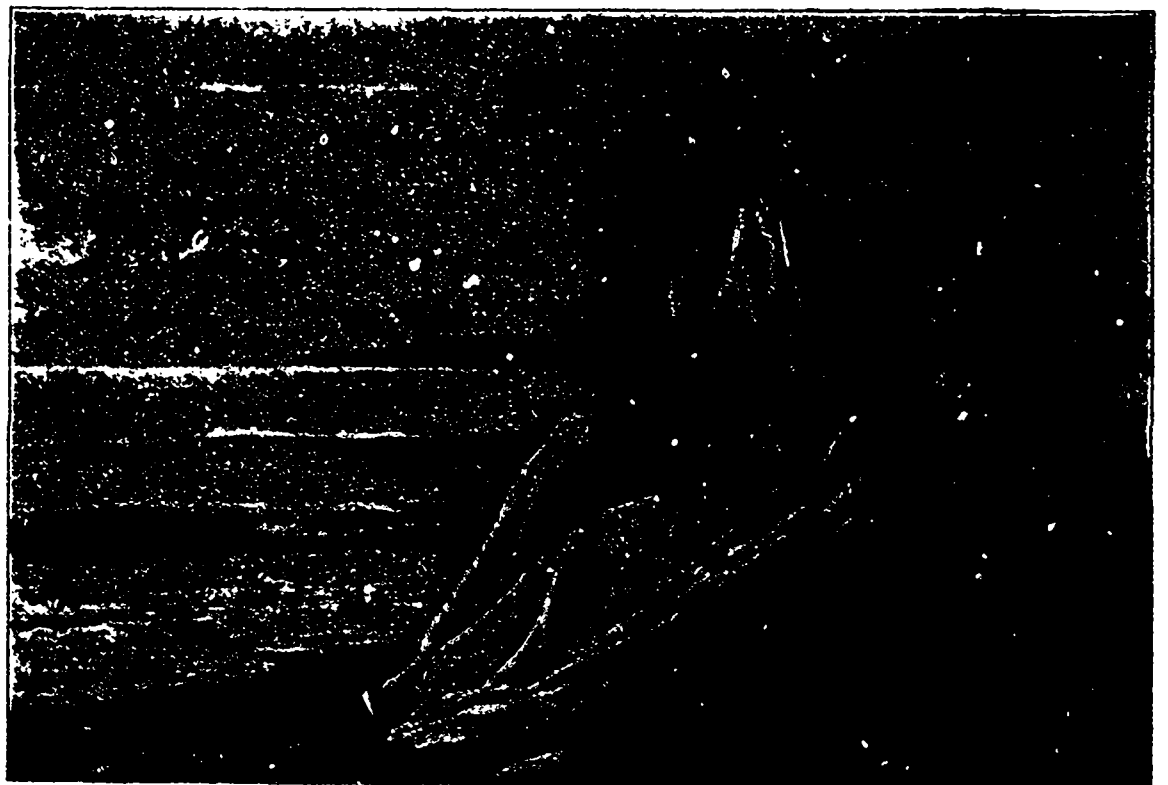
Judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers of the gospel, engineers, etc., etc., read the same books and use the same instruments that were used by their grandfathers a century ago. One great improvement, however, have the physicians adopted in the most severe surgical operations. Narcotics are administered to the patient, and a leg or an arm is severed from the body without pain or the knowledge of the patient.

Every thrifty housekeeper is to-day using scores of articles that their grandmothers had never heard of. Patent churns, washing machines, sewing machines, coal-oil lamps, electric light, steam-furnaces, hot-air furnaces, egg beaters, flatirons, indian-rubber goods, tapioca, cornstarch, spool-thread, pillow-shams, brass or iron rollers under all articles of heavy furniture. Steel instead of whalebone for ladies' corsets, wire-springs under mattresses for beds; canned fruit of every kind, canned fish and meats, daguerreotypes, photographs, baby carriages, oleomargarine, cottolene.

### THE PIONEER.

The reader will naturally ask, "How did the pioneer live and enjoy any of the comforts of life without the almost innumerable articles named above?"

Permit me to begin in a new township, say



WAITING.

London, in 1818. A free grant of a hundred acres of land in a wilderness, no road, no trail, but the blazed trees of the surveyor, to guide the settler to his intended home. From four to six men and a yoke of oxen from the township of Westminster were employed, engaged for a week; they took with them flour, pork, some bread, a few drawings of tea, and went forth to erect the new house. They took with them the necessary tools, axes, a crosscut saw, a hand-saw, a five-quarter auger, a frow, a square, an adze and a bit and brace. The logs were soon cut, the house, 24 x 16 feet, one storey high, in a week was finished. No lumber to be had in those days, plank were manufactured from some thrifty, straight-grained oak, white ash or basswood. These planks were lined and hewn to about six inches, the edges straightened, and when laid on the sleepers, any inequalities of thickness was reduced by the adze. The roof was covered with clapboards or long heavy shingles, made on the spot from a white-oak tree; a door was made of the same material as the floor, but very much lighter. The inside of the building was hewn down and had quite a finished appearance, the slight spaces between the logs were chinked and plastered with mortar, made from best clay available. Such houses were completed without a nail, a spike, or a single particle of iron. The chimney was to have been built after the family had moved in; good and safe chimneys were erected without either brick, stone or lime. The fire-place was made of well-worked yellow mortar about ten to twelve inches in thickness; the remainder of the chimney was built of mud and split sticks, and during many years I never knew but one house to be burned from a defective chimney. I have said nothing of the windows so far, as houses were frequently occupied weeks and months without a proper glazed window, as such could not be had nearer than St. Thomas, distant twenty-eight miles. The next week the house was occupied by father, mother and three small children, the parents rejoicing that for the first time in their lives, they were the undisputed owners of an estate that in a short time would no doubt become valuable.

Now the European pioneer begins an active life of constant labor. He had laid in a month's provisions for his family. It's now the first of November; instructed by older settlers he underbrushes some five acres, ready to be chopped during the winter. He had never before wielded an axe or felled a tree, but soon became rather an expert, and knew not only how to fall a tree but could tell exactly where the tree should fall. Before the last snows of April had gone, his chopping task was finished. He burned the brush, invited his neighbors to a logging bee. Sixteen active men responded to his call, and with four yoke of oxen the timber was piled in proper heaps, ready for burning. The heaps were all fired in the forenoon of one day; then for three days were the fires carefully watched, the ashes pushed under the still burning timbers until the last stick was consumed. The ashes were then carried to the leaches already prepared, to be converted into black salts.

What is black salts? the novice will ask. It is the father of potash, the grandfather of pearl ash, the great grandfather of salaratus, and the great great grandfather of soda, and a distant relation of baking-powder. From

one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds is made from the ashes of an acre of heavy timber, was always a *coveted cash* article by every country merchant and sold for from two to three dollars per hundred pounds. All went eventually to England, where it was used for bleaching and other purposes. Thus did the first pioneers acquire a cash capital to provide for the future wants of the family. When all means were exhausted the father left his little family, went into the long settled townships, Bayham, Malahide or Yarmouth and worked with the old farmers, to procure provisions, perhaps a cow, or a pair of two-year-old steers.

When the Welland Canal was first commenced most of our unmarried young men went to St. Catharines or Thorold and there found ready employment at \$12 per month. In the autumn they returned to their forest homes and spent the winter months in enlarging their betterments. About the first of May they were found again on the Welland Canal. Some brought home cows, others steers and still others sheep and little pigs, and absolute poverty was no longer threatened. The daily fare of almost every family for the first two years was corn bread, pork, mush, maple syrup, milk and butter, with potatoes galore.

My little "boughten" or imported tea, was used in those days. Good and healthy substitutes were made from cyprus, sage, sassafras and black currant leaves. The best coffee was made from peas, nicely browned. When peas were not on hand Indian corn and bread well toasted were used as substitutes. In a few short years two or three good cows, a yoke of oxen, from ten to thirty sheep, pigs, hens, ducks, geese and turkeys in abundance. Then did the early settlers live on the fat of the land. Clothing of every kind was costly, but prudent industry kept every member of family clothed with the most durable and substantial garments.

The big wheel for wool, the little wheel for flax, the reel, the swift, and the cards for wool, were found in most thrifty houses. The wool from six sheep and the flax grown on an acre of land, all manufactured at home, made flannel, linsey-woolsey, and tow-cloth sufficient for every demand for nearly two years. There were weavers in every settlement. They did their work well and took their pay either in money, produce, or a share of the manufactured goods.

Militia musters were held on the fourth of June. Every man was called out to train for a long summer's day, to be drilled by officers as ignorant of military tactics as the most stupid man in the ranks.

Two or three swords, a couple dozen old guns, some sticks and corn stocks, constituted the whole military outfit. A Scotch piper gave some good music, Ben Dayton with his drum and Tom Anderson with his fife, delighted the untrained militiamen. Those yearly musters became so unpopular, so ridiculous, and so useless that after 1838 we saw no more of them.

A great Reform convention in April, 1833, the first ever held in Canada to nominate candidates for parliamentary honors. The assemblage met in the schoolhouse on the north street of Westminster, was attended by hundreds of earnest, ardent Reformers. I, though not of that stripe, attended as a mere spectator. Amongst the leaders were the Halls, the Hales, the Fergusons, the Beltons, Scatchards,

Ellises, Morals, Andersons, Nortons, Loves, Johnstons, Hanveys, Goodhues, Shaws, Bedlows, Dones, Lawtons, Deckers, Smiths, Tiffins, Crows, Farleys, Caseys, Coynes, Odells, Parks, Morses, etc.

The meeting was well conducted and some excellent speeches made. Old George Lawton, of Yarmouth, an educated, eloquent speaker, was the great orator of the day. Other fairly good speeches were made and some very inferior ones. Thomas Park, of London, and Elias Moore, of Yarmouth, were nominated and triumphantly elected at the ensuing election.

County elections in those days lasted the entire week. Some voters came more than sixty miles to vote for their favorite candidates. The county of Middlesex in those days included all the territory that is now Middlesex, Oxford, Elgin, Huron, Perth and Bruce, a territory more than seventy miles square, extending from Lake Huron to Lake Erie, and from the town line of Zone to Burford. Any man who wished to become a member of parliament never sought a nomination from others. He nominated himself, visited some of the leading electors in the townships, went fearlessly to the polls, and was more frequently elected than defeated. The Government appointed a returning officer, who reigned supreme through the week—no ballots, no secret voting, a large open poll-book, each candidate having an active scrutineer, to prevent illegal voting. As the voter advanced to the poll, he was questioned as to his age, his citizenship, and his freehold. If all was right his vote was at once recorded. There was then no bribery, no perjury, no intimidation, but no man could vote unless he had a *bona fide* title to his estate which might be 100 acres or a mere town lot. Every evening we knew how the parties stood on the poll-book, and during the last two or three days of the week great exertions were made to bring in well known absent voters. Banners, music and parties of determined supporters of the different candidates would leave London early in the morning and go to Dunwich or Aldborough to bring in the voters. I've known a procession of more than twenty waggons well loaded with voters, with a band of music and banners flying; these men would march in a body and take possession of the polls, and the candidate who was twenty or thirty ahead last evening, would see that by noon the next day his competitor was twenty or thirty ahead of him.

#### MARRIAGES—THE PUBLISHMENT.

In the early days no dissenting minister was permitted by law to unite any parties in the bonds of holy wedlock. As we then had no Episcopal clergyman resident within fourteen miles, the magistrate officiated at all weddings. The intending bridegroom went to the squire and demanded a "publishment." This important document ran somewhat thus. "I, Ira Scofield, intend on the sixth day of May next, to unite in marriage, Mr. A. B., of London Township, to Miss C. D., of the Township of Lobo. You, and each of you, who read this document are demanded to come before me, at my office on Lot No. 4, in the Third Concession of London on or before the 1st day of May aforesaid and give some legal reason, if any there should be, why the aforesaid parties should not be joined in the holy bands of wedlock. Otherwise forever after hold your peace." The law required

this publication should be posted in three public places, on a mill-door, a distillery door, or a big tree at some of the cross roads.

We had then no cold storage, no asphalt streets, or sidewalks.

Just here my pen, as if guided by some secret spell, refuses to be confined to facts relative to older Canada and wings its way to far off Winnipeg, and points to the almost illimitable wheat fields, and innumerable elevators located between Fort Garry and the Rocky Mountains.

Qu'Appelle, Assn.

## Under the King's Bastion

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC

Serial Story written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)



UR voyager continued to gaze at the receding grandeur of the huge outlines, till they were lost to view round a point, and then they came down to ordinary levels, and were disgusted to find a party of men playing cards in the saloon, and some listless young ladies yawning over a sensational novel. During the afternoon a brief but violent thunderstorm broke over the river, and echoed and re-echoed from side to side, now like the crash of the artillery of the mighty geni of the river directed at their frail craft, now like the low rumble of some grand Eolian organ, played by invisible agencies.

Carleton and Aline found much to say to each other all afternoon, and incidentally he told her a good deal of his previous life, and she felt sincere sympathy for the lonely boyhood she could see he had spent, the only person who had taken any interest in him being a bachelor god-father, of whom he seemed very fond. And so they came again to Tadoussac, and plunged out into the open St. Lawrence, leaving behind them regretfully the sombre Saguenay and its fascinating retreats. Crossing the river they were much amused by seeing an enormous shoal of porpoises diving and flopping up again all round the boat, the gleaming white bodies tossing themselves above the surface for a moment, then rolling over into the deep again with a puff and a snort.

That evening Aline sat at the bow of the boat, grudging every moment that brought the trip nearer to its end. Yesterday morning these two days had stretched out interminably before her mind's eye—now, the hours simply took wings and would not be held back. Carleton had arranged a cosy nook for her with a cushion and a rug, and she felt his care and tenderness anticipating all her wishes. They had been talking of all sorts and conditions of things, and then suddenly a silence fell upon them, and they were content just to be together, they two alone, under the wavering moonlight. Almost unconsciously Aline said softly.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll."

Then Carleton looked at her, all his love in his honest eyes, could she have seen it, and she knew by the thrill that comes only once in life, that she need deceive herself no

longer—this stranger had become for better for worse the lord of her life, whom henceforth she delighted to honor. What Carleton would have said is uncertain, inasmuch as it was never uttered, for at that instant a piercing shriek startled every one on board, as a dark object was hurled from the upper deck into the shadowy river. A family among the passengers was to leave the vessel at Murray Bay, which would be reached in another half hour, and a noisy twelve-year-old boy, left to himself in the hurry of preparation, had lost his footing while climbing on the railing. Scarcely realizing what had happened Carleton and Aline sprang to their feet, and could only distinguish, amid the confusion, that someone had gone overboard. The young man instantly kicked away his shoes, and was pulling off his coat, when Aline said with shaking lips: "What are you going to do?" "Dive for him," he answered quickly. "I am a strong swimmer, and the moon is bright." Then he turned to the railing, but she caught his arm with a smothered cry: "Some one else," was on her lips, as she realized, with a gasp of fear, what this man was to her.

He turned, saw the terror in the girl's face, and gently disengaging her hand, said passionately: "Would you care, really, Aline?" and then was gone into the cold, deceitful depths. It had all occurred in a moment, and now Aline stood alone, rooted to the deck, unable to take her eyes from the spot where he had disappeared, and clasping tightly the coat which he had thrust into her hands. There the others found her, and the look on her face convinced Mrs. Fortescue that her niece had given her heart to the man now struggling beneath the waves, as the bystanders told her, for Aline herself was speechless.

Amid shouts, waving of lanterns and throwing of life-belts, the little group were almost jostled into the river themselves, and to Aline the agony seemed prolonged for hours. She did not hear Clifford say with light carelessness, as he strolled up with a cigar between his lips, "What did he do it for, anyway? Only one soul more in Paradise," but Edith did, and with haughty scorn moved away from him, and did not speak to him again that night.

Only a brief moment really elapsed, before Carleton rose, looking carefully round, and with a few vigorous strokes, grappled the boy, just sinking for the second time. Meanwhile the necessary orders had been given, and willing hands hauled the young man and his senseless burden on to the low freight deck. He escaped from the volley of praise and congratulation that assailed him, and was going to his state-room, after wringing out some of his dripping garments, when Mrs. Fortescue and Aline, who was still carrying his coat, met him. The latter clasped his wet hand in both of hers, and though she said nothing, her eyes were eloquent with feeling. "We are all proud of our friend," said Mrs. Fortescue, and Aline looked at her gratefully. "Now," she continued, interrupting his protests that there had been no danger, "if you are as sensible as I think you, you will go at once to bed. It is nearly ten o'clock, and I shall bring you a hot drink in a quarter of an hour, so I won't say good-night yet."

"I suppose I must obey orders," said Carleton with a lingering smile at Aline, as she gave him his coat and he retreated.

Aline was not given to hysterics, but now that the excitement was over, she trembled so much that Mrs. Fortescue promptly despatched both girls to their state-room, reminding them they were to land at six o'clock the next morning. Then she betook herself to Carleton's room, in time to hear outpourings of voluble thanks from the excited French parents of the boy, who had recovered under a doctor's hands, and would be none the worse for his exploit. Telling them they had better hasten, as the boat was about to reach Murray Bay, she managed to get them away, and Carleton laughingly thanked her, and swallowed quite gratefully the decoction she had prepared. After which she bade him good-night in motherly fashion, and, knowing instinctively he would hate to be "fussed over," she left him to close his eyes in drowsy contentment.

It was long, however, before sleep visited Aline's pillow. The scene she had witnessed rose again and again before her eyes, and through it all she heard his voice saying in tender accents: "Would you really care, Aline?"

Next morning he was on deck before any of them. His evening swim had only made him sleep well, he declared, and begged them not to mention the subject again. Clifford felt himself quite aggrieved, and made a few satirical remarks, which Mrs. Fortescue, however, quietly checked.

So ended their Saguenay trip—an eventful time for two of them at least.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was apparent, even to the unwilling eye of Clifford himself, that he was not gaining in Edith's favor, and he determined to put his luck to the test once for all, and make her listen to him, be the result what it might. Chance favored him a few days after their return from the Saguenay, for he found Edith alone, and as she had no valid reason for a refusal, she consented to go out to the Governor's Garden with him, having the feeling she might as well get the ordeal over. As soon as they were seated under the trees he began without his usual self-confidence: "You must know why I have brought you here, Miss Darrell. I have long wished to tell you that I love you."

"Please do not go on, Mr. Clifford," she said quietly. "I was afraid this would happen, and I have tried to avoid it, as you must have noticed. I am engaged already to be married." "Engaged!" almost shouted Clifford, aghast. "Why have you never told me?"

"My friends have not approved till quite lately, and I scarcely thought it was a matter of vital importance to you, for though you have done me the honor to propose to me, I cannot help feeling that your disappointment will not be irreparable."

Clifford was stunned, but he managed to say angrily: "You have all deceived me very well indeed; you knew I wanted to marry you, and you led me on—"

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Clifford. You know I never encouraged your attentions," said Edith, indignantly. "As I have told you, my engagement has only been a settled thing for a few weeks back; and if it had been of older date, was I to announce to every man I met, 'You must not fall in love with me, for I am not to be won'? We are all very grateful to you for your kindness



to us, but I have not received your attentions willingly, and have taken some trouble to prevent you from doing what you have to-day."

Seeing he had gone too far, Clifford, with no very good grace, tried to redeem his error by protestations of love and despair, which somehow rang falsely even in his own ears, and which she ended by saying decidedly: "I can hear no more, Mr. Clifford, and of course, I shall tell no one of what has passed between us. I am sorry you think you have cause to blame me;" and with a sigh of relief, she left him and returned to the Chateau.

At breakfast, some mornings later, Mrs. Clifford sat opposite her son, who, with a restless and moody air, read the morning paper, while he ate his meal. Presently she remarked that she was going to call on Mrs. Fortescue that day, and receiving no answer, continued as much to herself as to him: "I hope Miss Aline is going to make Carleton Sinclair happy. He deserves it, and will not waste her money any more than he has his own."

"What?" cried Fred, nearly springing out of his chair. "Her money! what do you mean, mother?"

"Well, she has money, hasn't she?" asked Mrs. Clifford, startled by his vehemence.

"Why, of course, not," replied Fred more quietly. "It is Miss Darrell who has the money—\$5,000 a year," he added savagely.

"Then I must have made a mistake," said Mrs. Clifford, looking puzzled, "but I have had the impression all along that Aline had a good deal of money, and that Edith was poor. In fact I seem to remember Edith telling me one day that she had been teaching music last year."

"Nonsense, anyone can see which of them has the money." And then, as Mrs. Clifford rose from the table, he began to think, as deeply as he was able, if the thing could be possible. He had been so absolutely certain about Edith, even without the testimony of Mr. Willing's letter, and then how could the latter have made a mistake? He found he had to turn all his preconceived ideas topsy-turvy under this new aspect of affairs. Oh, no! It was too absurd to believe, and yet—his position was precarious. He knew his proclivities for cards and dice had come to the ear of his manager, and on the previous day had received a curt intimation that, unless he was more attentive to business, his services were likely to be dispensed with. He had never needed money so badly, and those \$5,000 danced tauntingly before his eyes. What if there were still another chance? It would be worth trying at any rate, but how to work the sudden change of tactics surpassed even his fertile imagination. His mother passed on her way to market, and he said with as much carelessness as he could assume: "I say, mother, find out from Mrs. Fortescue to-day, will you, which of the girls really is the heiress? I had a bet with a fellow about it. He said he could tell that Edith Darrell had always had lots of money simply by looking at her, and I don't want to pay him if he is wrong."

He was preparing to go out himself when the telephone bell rang, and a man he knew slightly, and who boarded in the same house as Carleton, informed him that the latter had sprained his ankle, and wished Clifford to tell his friends at the Frontenac, that he would not be able to see them that evening. The

gallant Fred was struck by the news. Things had come to such a pass that no chance must be neglected, and it seemed as if a "special providence" (so he called it) was thrusting an advantage into his hands, if what he had heard that morning should prove to be true. He sat down and stared thoughtfully at the carpet for at least fifteen minutes, trying to arrange the details of the risky game he had half resolved to play, now that the stage was cleared for him; and then, lighting a cigar, he strolled leisurely down town, forgetting the old adage:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gee."

Mrs. Fortescue had been out when Mrs. Clifford called, so the latter had no further information to impart, but he had no time to lose, for Carleton's opportune sprain probably would not give him more than a week's free play, so trusting to Edith's promise that she would be silent, about his proposal, he repaired to the Frontenac as usual about eight o'clock. Edith was rather astonished to see him, and introduced him with some embarrassment to a Mr. Hugh Grahame—her lover, he at once guessed—who had arrived, unexpected, but not unwelcome, if Edith's blooming looks could be relied upon for witness. She could not understand why her rejected suitor had come, but seeing him doing the agreeable to Aline, she thought amusedly: "I suppose he wants to show me he is not heart-broken, which I knew before, anyway; or perhaps, though I won't have him, he thinks it will annoy me to see him consoling himself with someone else." Then she and her *fiancé* went off to the Terrace, and Fred proceeded to business, but could elicit no information, as he was too anxious, and not clever enough for detective work.

Aline was kind, for she thought the arrival of Grahame must have been a blow to him. He did not guess her heart had passed beyond her own keeping, not having paid much attention to Sinclair's wooing, nor considered him a likely man to attract a girl.

(To be con' aued.)

### A Jolly Tin Wedding.

OCCASIONALLY, when the mistress of a home has a spacious, spotless, well-appointed kitchen, she sets the table for the tin wedding supper there and gives the affair an old-fashioned spirit, such as one sees at a real country Thanksgiving. If you celebrate in this style, serve old-style dishes,—beans and brown bread, doughnuts, pie of every sort, cider, raised cake, pickles, buck-wheat cakes with maple syrup, lifted straight from the stove to the table, baked apples and coffee. Set style wholly aside for once. Serve the food on bright tin pie plates, the coffee in a tin pot, pouring it in tin mugs. Tin spoons and tin forks are the proper thing. Light the table with candles, set in tin candlesticks, and let the centrepiece be old-fashioned flowers set in a large tin pan. A dance to the rollicking old tunes that can be evoked by a country fiddler from his treasured violin, may round out a merry evening, with old country games interspersed between the Virginia reel and Thread the Needle. When it comes to the question of gifts for a tin wedding, my advice is to spend fifteen minutes in some big ten-cent store.—*Good House-keeping.*

### Ever a Song Somewhere.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a something sings away  
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above dark or fair,  
There is over a song that our hearts may hear,  
There is over a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a song somewhere.

There is over a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black, or the madday blue  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrup the whole night through.  
The buds may blow and the fruits may grow  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sero,  
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above dark or fair;  
There is over a song that our hearts may hear,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a song somewhere.

### How to Improve Our Intellects.

THERE is one thing we possess which cannot be taken from us. We carry it about with us at all times to be a comfort or discomfort to us as we will. I mean our intellect.

Although, to a certain extent, the cultivation of our minds is governed by others, yet how much depends on ourselves! With what different emotions a group of hearers will sit through a carefully prepared and instructive lecture! Here is one thinking "How much longer will he be?" Another, "I am afraid I will miss that At Home." A group of girls are comparing rings or gloves. Men are settling some weighty question of state on the sly. While a few—a very few, are taking in the intellectual food which is being spread before them.

So is it not through lack of cultivation that so many minds are incapable of seizing on good material? Teach yourself to make what you read and hear yours. This is done by thinking.

We must always be careful not to feed our minds more than they can digest. David Harum's idea that "a leetle too much is just right," will not do in this respect. If you find that you are gathering in too much for your mind to sift and store away in memory's granary, stop till the over supply has been used up.

A cultivated mind will repay you, and with interest, too. Thorough enjoyment of a good book is worth working for. I will say no more, but leave these few thoughts with you, trusting that they may be of some use.

F. B. P.

### Bernhardt on Beauty.

SARAH BERNHARDT says that writers on beauty often try to impress upon their readers that neither joy nor grief, neither laughter nor tears, should be permitted to mar the smoothness of the skin or the softness of the mouth's curves. They would have the face look like a waxen mask. There is, however, a happy medium between the expressionless, dull unwrinkled face and the face which is full of character, but wrinkled by uncontrolled temper and ungoverned moods. We should never try not to feel, but cultivate the self-control that subdues the manifestation of feeling in frowns or puckerings. Cultivate repose is her advice, if you desire to remain beautiful.

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Monthly Publication Devoted to the Interests of Canadian Women and Canadian Homes.

Official Organ of the Women's Canadian Historical Society and the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

EDITED BY

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.,  
Mali Building, Toronto, Can.

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**25 Cents** The Canadian Home Journal for four months—a trial trip to new subscribers. Every number contains two pages of music.

## EDITOR'S CORNER.

**New Century Welcome.** THE inspiration that comes with every new year comes with increased force as we write 1901, remembering that we have not alone entered a new year, but what is not the privilege of everyone, a new century also. The days that have gone by will be measured by the individual from many different standpoints. Each one has had his and her own troubles—each some measure of success. The century gone has been one so marked by events as to make it something for each of us to say that we have lived in such a century. The younger ones who will be spared to advance some reasonable distance into the new century can tell the story of the past with interest to their children and their grandchildren. It is true now, as at all times, that the mill cannot grind with the water that is past, and the events of the old century will only serve their most useful purpose by proving a stimulus to greater effort in the new century, and the new century will not have fully served its purpose unless it proves an inspiration to higher and better ideals—a more complete and perfect life in the years that will be spared to each one in the twentieth century.

**100 Years Ago.** A VOLUME might easily be written of the changes that have taken place within the century that has gone by. Some interesting talks have already appeared, taking a retrospect of these hundred years. It comes to only some to have been participants in the greater number of the hundred years that have gone by. One of these has sent us an interesting contribution for the present number of the CANADIAN

HOME JOURNAL. The article, "Now and Then," by the Hon. Freeman Talbot, who has lived through nearly all of the century, and now at ninety years of age has written with his own hand an article reviewing some of the changes of the century, will be read with interest by a large number of our readers. They only can appreciate what is meant who have lived within the closing twenty-five years of the old century—benefits not to be contrasted with the rude methods of the first twenty-five years, and even the first fifty years. The article is suggestive of the work that has been done in the ranks of life by those who have been the pioneers. We sometimes forget how much we owe to those valiant sappers and miners of early days who carved out the forest for us and made it possible that we should live as we do in these days, with all the advantages that have come with them.

**The Gift of Talking.** THIS is sometimes spoken of as a talking age when, with the number of democratic institutions in this country, everyone aspires to being a talker. In a sense this is true. There is a good deal of public talking—some think too much—and a recent writer in one of our magazines has indicated that there is a good deal of talking, like some of the firing in battle, where there is little ammunition in the gun. But whether this statement, regarding the evidence of talking in public is true or not, there would seem to be reason to believe that the old and happy art of social conversation is dying out. We have no conversationalists—or few of them—like those of the days of old. Thoughts and information are communicated to us through the public platform and from the pulpit and through the press, and to very little extent in that most charming of all ways as a result of social and family conversation. A correspondent urges as a movement for the new century a return of the old days of social conversation, and yearns for the growth of the individual conversationalist, who shall charm all who come within the range of his or her voice.

**Home Reading Union.** ANY movement that will help in the development of the intellectual faculties and the improvement of the taste within another century may well be welcomed. Such is an objective point with the National Home Reading Union, a Canadian organization that is aiming to spread its branches throughout all parts of the Dominion. The primary purpose is the promotion of reading, and not only of reading but of systematic reading of good books. In his recently published letters Matthew Arnold, in a letter of advice to a busy lady, strongly advised her to keep up her reading, even if she had only a very little time to give to it, and he continued to say: "Desultory reading is mere anodyne; regular reading is restoring and edifying." That sentiment might serve as a motto of the N. H. R. U., for it well expresses the result of carrying out this course of reading. A great many people read inferior and trashy books, not so much because they prefer them as because they lie more to their hands, are so much more easily got, and so much cheaper. They would be just as much interested in good books if they could get them as easily and cheaply, and many are prevented from reading better books from a lack of know-

ledge as to what is good and bad more than from actual bad taste. The saying, "Show me a man's friends and I will tell you what kind of a man he is," might be changed with equal truth to "Show me the books a man reads and I will tell you his character." The Home Reading Union aims to establish circles of reading, though when this is not convenient there may be the individual reader. The Union was started in Canada under the auspices of the National Council of Women, but it by no means excludes men, a course of reading being drawn up with just as much regard for the subjects likely to interest men as for those which are of interest to women; and in England, where the movement has made a good deal of headway, the names of a large number of men and boys are on the roll. The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL welcomes the movement, and has no doubt that Mrs. McKim, whose address is 37 Macgregor Street, Montreal, will gladly give more detailed information on receipt of application from any of our readers.

## A Guess at the Canadian Census.

\$10,000 in Cash to be Given Away.

WE ask the attention of the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to the full-page advertisement of the publishers on the last page of cover. Arrangements have been made with the Press Publishing Association, making it possible for our readers to be participants in the \$10,000 to be distributed in 1,000 cash prizes among those making the nearest guess or estimate of the population of the Dominion of Canada as shown by the official census of 1901, which will be taken April 1.

The proposition is one that will commend itself to the best class of readers. There need not be any hesitancy as regards financial guarantee. The statement of the president of the Central Savings Bank is evidence of the safety on this point. It is worth while everyone reading the announcement carefully, and when that is done we feel sure that there will be a large response.

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

## New Year's Wish.

MAY this new year be glad and bright,  
As when the day succeeds the night,  
When sunshine chases clouds away,  
And brightly beams the new-born day!  
So may new mercies crown thy life,  
And keep thy bosom free from strife;  
And may thy path with brighter ray,  
Shine more and more to perfect day.  
And when this year is growing old  
And autumn tints the leaves with gold,  
May you look back upon its days  
With grateful thanks and tuneful praise  
To Him who gave you life and love,  
And every blessing from above.  
And when on earth your years shall cease,  
May your life close in perfect peace;  
And when your work on earth is o'er,  
And you have reached that shining shore,  
You'll hear the Father's "Welcome home,"  
And hear your Saviour's glad "Well done."

J. A. P.

THERE will be no opportunity in that happy realm to learn or show the spirit of patience, forbearance, and long-suffering. If you are ever to learn these things you must learn them now.—Matthew Simpson.

Few men can keep good resolutions and a diary at the same time.

## Prize Winners.

Some 1,700 Individual Prizes Distributed by the Canadian Home Journal during the Past Month. Letters from some of the Recipients.

DURING the month of December the publishers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL awarded in prizes and premiums upwards of 1,700 individual articles—cash, watches, fountain pens, blouse sets, books, etc. From out of the hundreds of letters that have reached us we publish the following to illustrate the satisfaction at the character of our prizes and premiums, the fair and honorable methods adopted, and appreciation of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL as a family monthly:

628 ONTARIO STREET,  
TORONTO, Dec. 26, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.,

DEAR SIR,—I received the gold watch (first prize), given by you in answer to the "jumbled letter" competition, and think it is very fine indeed. It arrived in time to be a very acceptable Christmas present. I most heartily thank you for it and wish your Company a very prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,  
MUIZEL A. SPARKS.

RANELAGH, ONT., Jan. 1, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.,

Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—HOME JOURNAL is arriving all right so far. I was as much surprised as delighted to receive the fountain pen and find it both good and useful. Kindly accept my thanks for same.

Yours truly,  
ALICE E. JULL.

LINDSAY, Dec. 24, 1900.

MESSRS. J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

DEAR SIR,—I have received two copies of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and I like it very much, and also blouse set last week, and nickel-case watch to-day, for which accept thanks.

Yours respectfully,  
MRS. J. J. WETHERUP.

GANANOQUE, Dec. 24, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging your kind gift, the gun-metal watch. I take pleasure in speaking of the paper and two or three people have mentioned subscribing for it. Wishing you all the good luck for the new year, I will close, wishing you a Merry Christmas.

MRS. W. PARMENTER.

BALLINAFAD, ONT., Dec. 24, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.,

Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Mail Building, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received the HOME JOURNAL and blouse set, and to-day the watch, which I am more than pleased to get. Thanking you kindly for the same,

Yours truly,  
MARY CHAMBERS.

COLD BROOK STATION, N.S.,  
Dec. 24, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the fountain pen awarded to me in your special prize competition. I am writing this card with it. I also received the set of gent's cuff studs. I am receiving the JOURNAL regularly and am well pleased with it. Accept my thanks for the premiums. Trusting the new year will be a prosperous one for you, I am,

Yours truly,  
A. H. CROFT.

RUSSELL, Dec. 30, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.,

Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Mail Building, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I received your valuable premiums, lady's blouse set, for CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and find it a great deal better than represented. I also received the Odorama and also receiving the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Yours truly,  
(MISS) BERTHA L. FETTERLY.

GALT, Dec. 22, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

DEAR SIR,—I received the fountain pen in good condition and am pleased with it. Also got cuff buttons and am getting the JOURNAL regularly. With thanks.

Yours sincerely,  
JAS. MCKINLAY.

LANGLEY, B.C., Dec. 24, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.,

Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I received your premium, lady's blouse set, for which I thank you very much. I like the HOME JOURNAL, and think it is a nice paper.

Yours truly,  
ENID JOLLY.

STRATFORD, Jan. 2, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to receive the fountain pen in good condition. I also received the general prize, and the JOURNAL comes regularly.

Yours truly,  
KATE M. LOW.

GALT, Jan. 4, 1901.

EDITOR CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I have received one number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and I am quite pleased with it and also the premiums, and I am pleased with them, as are all that have seen them, and also the ring. I think it is lovely. Thanking you so much for them, I remain,

Yours truly,  
MRS. E. JEFFREY.

181 WILLIAM STREET,  
KINGSTON, Jan. 4, 1901.

J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to thank you for the cheque which I received on Christmas morning. I have received a copy regularly and am very much delighted with it. I am late in answering but I hope this will reach you all right.

I remain,  
KATHLEEN LANCELEY.

BRAMPTON, ONT., Jan. 5, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I received my prize watch and my buttons, and I think it is a good watch, and I thank you very much, and I wish you many subscribers for your JOURNAL. I remain,

Yours truly,  
WILLIE PLESTED.

VICTORIA ROAD, Jan 5, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the watch you sent me; also for the special prize previously received; also for your valuable HOME JOURNAL, which I have received promptly. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN W. MARSHALL.

SOOKE MILNE LANDING,  
VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL Co.,  
Mail Building.

GENTLEMEN,—I received ring and shirt waist set. They are very nice. The ring is beautiful. I thank you for same. It is much better than I expected. I receive the JOURNAL monthly. It is very nice and useful. I would not be without it.

Yours respectfully,  
MRS. W. B. CHARTERS.

ESQUESING, Jan. 5, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Your registered parcel containing watch received, for which accept my thanks. The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL amply repays the subscription without any of the other inducements you hold out to subscribers. Wishing the JOURNAL a prosperous year,

Yours truly,  
A. E. TRACY.

EVERETT, Dec. 24, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I received the watch to-day and was very much pleased with it. Don't know how you can afford to give such good presents free. I received a copy of the paper and like it fine. I remain,

Yours truly,  
LAURA JENKINS.

EDMONTON, Dec. 30, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing cheque for two dollars, being my share of the premiums offered by you in the competition for subscribers to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. Accept my thanks for same, and wishing you continued success as editor of the JOURNAL, I remain,

Yours truly,  
MARY RAE.

THE CEDARS,  
FIRE VALLEY, B.C., Dec. 29, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I received the links which you sent me, and was very much pleased with them. I think the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is a very interesting paper and enjoy reading it ever so much.

Yours truly,  
BERTIE TINGLEY.

KEEWATIN, Jan. 2, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON Co.

Accept my thanks for the premium, which reached me safely. I am much pleased with the magazine.

PEARL COWIE.

STRAFFORDVILLE, Dec. 29, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—We received the cuff buttons and also the tooth powder, and thanking you very much for the premium,

Yours truly,  
W. E. MARLATT.

## Moral Progress of the Century.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR,—That mankind, as a whole, has made great material progress during the one hundred years just ended no one will attempt to deny. That the moral progress is at least equally great no reasonable person can doubt, Mr. Stead and Miss Corelli to the contrary notwithstanding. No one who really believes that the powers of good are stronger than the powers of evil hesitates to say that the human race is moving slowly, indeed, but surely, towards perfection. Sometimes, it is true, the advance is so gradual that it is only by looking back over the distance travelled that we are able to see that any progress has been made.

This has not been the case with the nineteenth century, however. During its later years especially what a change has come over man's attitude and habit of thought toward his fellow-creatures, human and otherwise! The selfish desire to have ease oneself, to save oneself only, has died in a great measure, and the unselfish desire to help and save the race has been born.

Not only is the average man or woman less self-centred—therefore more God-like—than he or she was a hundred years ago, but there are fewer average people, and the average even among them is higher.

Certain classes of people who a century ago would never think of helping their less fortunate fellow-creatures beyond tossing a coin to a beggar perhaps, now give not only money but time and sympathy, even give up their personal comfort, in order that they may lighten the burden of someone else. Some do literally sell all that they have and give to the poor. Surely this is following in some degree the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth!

Both men and women feel their responsibilities toward each other as they never did before, and feeling them they try to act up to them.

The race is a long, long way from perfection yet. Many have not even started on the road. But the road is to be found, and the goal is there, though hidden perhaps, and we shall all reach it some day. To doubt that this is so is to doubt God.

SUBSCRIBER.

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# ONLY A ROSEBUD THAT SHE WORE IN HER HAIR.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by ANITA OWEN

*Andante.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a dynamic of *p* (piano), which then moves to *mf* (mezzo-forte) and finally *f* (forte). The music is in a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

1. On - ly a rose-bud cher-ished with re - gret,  
 2. Here in the gar-den by the lit - tle gate,  
 3. Oft - en I fan - cy at the close of day,

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is present in the piano part. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

Giv - en to me by one I can't for - get; I begged it of her,  
 Oft for my com-ing did she watch and wait; While stars shone tran - quil  
 That she is wait-ing at the gar - den way; Still in my mem - ry,

The third system concludes the piece with the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.



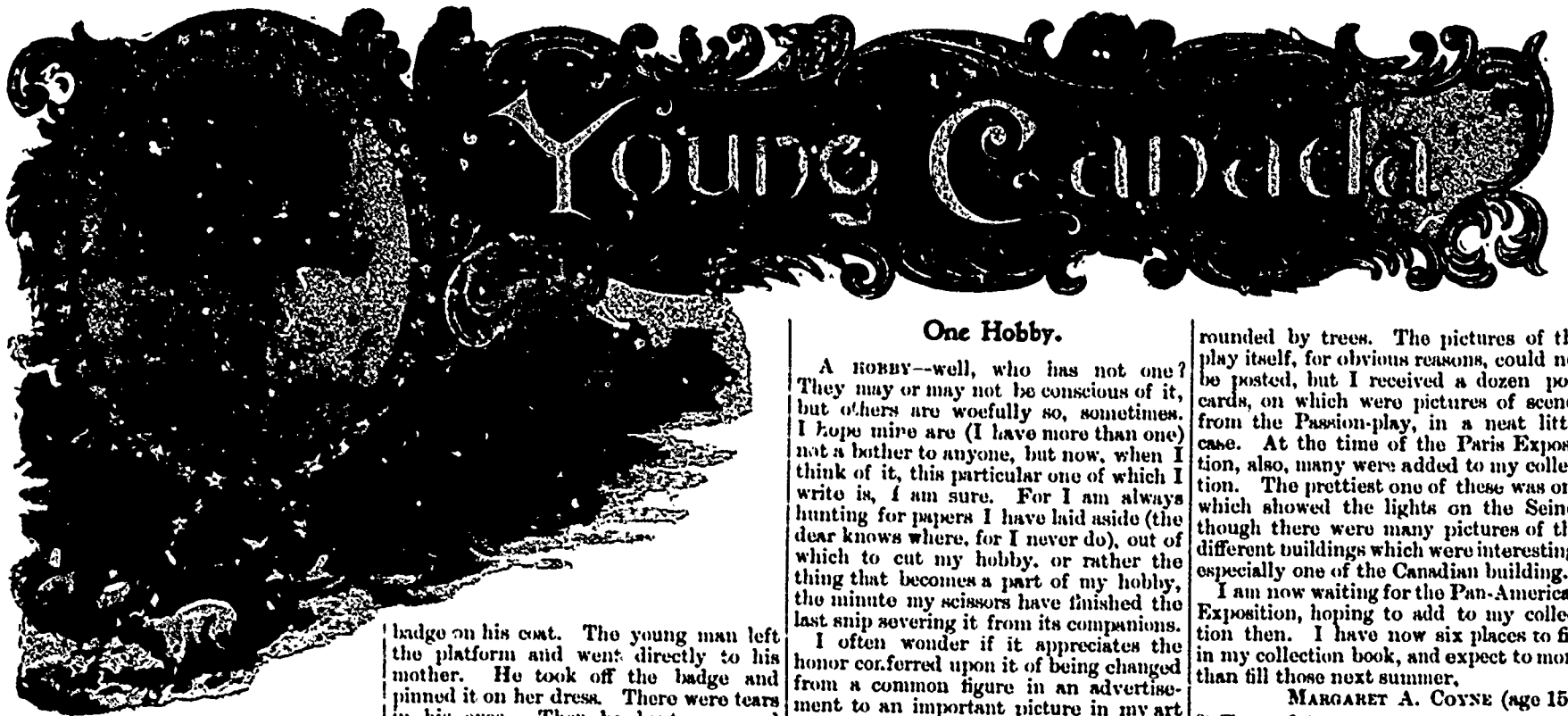
for I loved her so, When we were hap - py in the  
in the heav - ens blue, We told our vows and prom - ised  
her sweet face I see, Smil - ing, as when she gave this

*Refrain. With feeling.*

long a - go. On - ly a rose-bud, that she wore in her hair,  
to be true. rose to me.

On - ly a rose-bud, nothing more; ——— Peor fad - ed flow - er that she

left in my care, *rall.* On - ly a rose worn in her hair. *rall.*



### The Language of Stamps.

If a postage stamp be placed upside down on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, it means that the writer loves you. If crosswise on the same corner, "My heart belongs to another, and can never belong to you." Placed in the proper way on the same corner, "Good-bye for the present, dearest." If at right-angle on the left-hand top corner, "I hate you." The left-hand corner at the bottom, placed the same way, "I wish or desire your friendship, but nothing more." Left-hand bottom corner, upside down, "Write soon." If put on a line with the surname on the left-hand side, it means, "Accept my love." If upside down in the same position, "I am already engaged." If placed upside down in the right-hand corner, "My heart is another's; you must write no more." If put crosswise on the right-hand corner, it asks the delicate question, "Do you love me, dearest?" If on the right-hand side of the surname, proper way, it says, "I long to see you; write immediately." At the bottom right-hand corner, crosswise, "No." At the same place, upside down, "Yes." At the bottom right-hand corner, proper way, "Business correspondence."

### Proud of His Mother.

THERE are some young people who outgrow their fathers and mothers, along with other things that belonged to their childhood, but we are glad to think that the great majority of our readers belong to a different class. Mr. Moody was fond of telling a story of a young man who was prouder of his mother than of anything he had gained or done by his own efforts. There was once a boy in college, and he was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm for his mother to come. She replied that she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn out, and she had no money to buy new ones for that occasion. She had already turned her skirt twice, and it was ragged on both sides. The boy said come anyway. The poor old woman went in her best, which was not stylish. The Commencement was in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of his honors. He walked with her down the aisle to the centre of the church, and escorted her to one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes, and she burst out weeping for joy when her son pronounced the valedictory. The president pinned a

badge on his coat. The young man left the platform and went directly to his mother. He took off the badge and pinned it on her dress. There were tears in his eyes. Then he bent over and kissed her wrinkled face.

### Keep One Iron Hot.

I HAVE in mind two girls, writes Marguerite Brooks, in *Success*, who, although not college-trained, had unusual opportunities for culture and home study. One of them had learned, or rather acquired, a superficial knowledge of shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping, drawing, and painting on china, but had not really possessed herself, so to speak, of any one of those things. She is intelligent and widely read, and yet for nearly a year she has been trying in vain to get a position, even at six dollars a week, while she has the mortification of seeing others younger and less intelligent accepted in offices where she has been refused employment. They could say, with some measure of confidence, that they could do at least one thing well, while she, when questioned, gave timid, hesitating replies, and was obliged to confess that she was not master of any one of her crafts.

The other girl had studied telegraphy, penmanship, two or three foreign languages, had attended current literature classes and debating societies, and was broadly intelligent along general lines. But her penmanship was not good enough to recommend her as a copyist; her knowledge of telegraphy was not sufficiently thorough to get her work in an office; she could neither speak nor write any one of the three languages she had studied, nor could she conduct a debate or instruct a class in current literature.

You do not wonder, do you, that this young woman found no place among the world's busy, practical workers?

What I wish to impress upon you, girls, is, not to go out in life with the idea that you have so many irons in the fire that one or more will surely succeed. You must be certain that at least one of your irons is at white heat, or your high hope and ambition will end in disappointment and failure.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires!  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys  
And the more noble instinct that  
aspires. LONGFELLOW.

ONE little girl in the slum: "Wot d'yer say she died of?" The other little one: "Eating ice cream on top 'ot puddin'." First mentioned: "Lor! What a jolly death!"—*Exchange*.

### One Hobby.

A HOBBY—well, who has not one? They may or may not be conscious of it, but others are woefully so, sometimes. I hope mine are (I have more than one) not a bother to anyone, but now, when I think of it, this particular one of which I write is, I am sure. For I am always hunting for papers I have laid aside (the dear knows where, for I never do), out of which to cut my hobby, or rather the thing that becomes a part of my hobby, the minute my scissors have finished the last snip severing it from its companions.

I often wonder if it appreciates the honor conferred upon it of being changed from a common figure in an advertisement to an important picture in my art gallery—not a real art gallery, and, in fact, not a gallery at all, only a box, from whence I hope in the dim future to transfer it to a scrap-book. It is not every picture in an advertisement, mind you. Ah, no! perhaps only one in two or three days, and we take four papers a day, that is pretty enough.

They are those dainty, graceful, delicate creatures, a lovely little lady in the most exquisite evening dress, or in a bewitching street costume, with her dress blown in picturesque folds around her perfect figure, and her hair in little fascinating curls around her face. Then sometimes there chances to be a little scene, an interior or landscape. My hobby is economical, if anything is so, for most of them lead the owner into great extravagance.

GRACE FAIREAIRN (age 16).

126 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

### Fancy Post Card Collecting.

FOR a good many years, in fact, since I was quite little, my great fad has been to collect fancy post cards. On the side for the address they are like ordinary ones, but on the other side there is a picture, sometimes colored, of some place or scene. Down the side, or more often along the bottom, there is room for several lines of writing. Only those which are addressed to me go into my collection, and they must bear the post-mark of the place represented on the picture. I do not, as many do, paste the post cards on silk and make a screen of it, but I collect them merely for the collection. For this purpose I have a book which, on the outside looks like a large crest album, and inside like a photograph album, except that the pages are arranged so that both sides of the post-card are visible when it is slipped in like a photograph.

The first post card I got for my collection was from Chicago, at the time of the Columbian Exhibition. It was a colored picture of some of the buildings, with a few words in writing down the side. I was so enchanted with this, that I resolved to collect them. My collection did not make much progress, however, till a couple years ago, when friends travelling in Europe, knowing of my fad, sent me a great many. During the Passion-play at Oberammergau last spring I got several from a friend who was there. One was a picture of the place—a small old-fashioned village, nestled in the mountains. Another was a picture of the spot where the play was given, an outdoor place, sur-

rounded by trees. The pictures of the play itself, for obvious reasons, could not be posted, but I received a dozen post cards, on which were pictures of scenes from the Passion-play, in a neat little case. At the time of the Paris Exposition, also, many were added to my collection. The prettiest one of these was one which showed the lights on the Seine, though there were many pictures of the different buildings which were interesting, especially one of the Canadian building.

I am now waiting for the Pan-American Exposition, hoping to add to my collection then. I have now six places to fill in my collection book, and expect to more than fill those next summer.

MARGARET A. COYNE (age 15).

St. Thomas, Ont.

### Post Card Competition.

WE have been pleased to receive a considerable number of contributions in response to the post card competition announced in the November CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. We award the illustrated books for juveniles, as promised, to the following three children as sending the best and longest sentences with each word beginning with the same letter:

From ANNIE WALTON (age 11), Ottawa.—"Horrid Henry Henty hurt his head hitching his handsome pair, hit his horse, hammered his hand, hoed his hemlock hedge, hurried home hunting hapless hares, hacked his head, hugged happy Hester Henry, harrowed his healthy hogs, hung his helpless hen, helped Hattie Hester hunt handy handkerchiefs, harnessed his hardy horses."

From JEAN SNELL (age 11), James-town, Ont.—"Dr. David Davonal's darling dying daughter Daisy, discovered Dr. Don Dodd's dyspepsia drugs doing deadly deeds."

From GRACE PHILLIPS, Carleton Place, Ont.—"They told their troubles to those that talked to them till time to take tea."

### Something Each Day.

SOMETHING each day—a smile.  
It is not much to give,  
And the little gifts of life  
Make sweet the days we live.  
The world has weary hearts  
That we can bless and cheer,  
And a smile for every day  
Makes sunshine all the year.  
Something each day—a deed  
Of kindness and of good,  
To link in closer bonds  
All human brotherhood.  
Oh, thus the heavenly will  
We all may do while here;  
For a good deed every day  
Makes blessed all the year.  
—GEORGE COOPER.

CECIL: "What would you give to have such hair as mine?" JOANNIE: "I don't know. What did you give?"

THERE is a rough and bitter proverb: "As the old cock crows, the young cock learns"; and those who sow in small shams not unfrequently reap in large deceptions.

# THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE.

By **ROBERT BARR.**

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]  
(Concluded.)

"I thoroughly believe, Sandys, that old Grimwood has bribed you to place the girl here. Such a withered, ancient branch as he is will be the only man unaffected by her presence. It isn't fair to us youngsters who have to contend with his lifetime of villainy anyhow. I confess I don't want my mind distracted from the wheat quotations just at present."

"I shall give you every assistance to concentrate your mind on that subject, Howard."

"Thanks, old man. I'm infinitely obliged," replied Howard, with a laugh. "but who is she anyhow? We are bound to know sooner or later."

"She is one entitled to the respect and protection of every man here," said Sandys slowly. "She is the daughter of your old chief, Silas McClintoch."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say so!" cried the young man, sobering. "By Jove, there is a sort of poetic justice in her being here, this inferno which ruined the father now supporting the daughter."

"The Western Union will look to her support," returned the manager without enthusiasm.

"Quite so, and we help support the Western Union. The consumer always pays, you know. But I say, Sandys, I want you to introduce me to Miss McClintoch."

"I don't see the necessity. She is not here socially."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. We're all social equals, and it will do her no harm to have a friend on this side of the counter. You can't be always here, you know. Besides, if you don't introduce me properly I shall certainly introduce myself."

"Miss McClintoch has set out very bravely to earn her own living, and I don't want her interfered with."

"Exactly. I am earning my own living myself, and I not only won't interfere with her, but I will prevent others from doing so."

The manager looked keenly at the speaker for a moment, but met merely the clear gaze of a very honest pair of eyes. At that instant there was a wild rush to the center of the room, as if the human atoms had been caught in a sudden whirlpool, as indeed many of them were. They gesticulated and shouted all together. It seemed as if a madhouse had unexpectedly debouched its contents. Young Howard wavered a moment, seemingly drawn by some unseen force to plunge into the madstrom. Then his gaze wandered toward the telegraph office, where he saw the girl standing with wide open eyes looking at the turmoil, while Johnnie Fielders was quite evidently explaining that there was no danger and that it was not a free fight nor the beginning of a football match.

"Come," said Howard: "now is the time."

The manager, still with visible reluctance, turned and led the way to the telegraph office.

"Miss McClintoch," he said, making his voice heard with difficulty above the din. "may I introduce to you a friend of your father's, Mr. Stillson Howard?"

The girl, raising her eyes, saw before her a young man who might be conventionally described as fine looking, with a dark mustache and a firmly molded

self reliant chin.

"I am pleased to meet any one who knew my father," she said.

"I not only knew him, Miss McClintoch, but I am indebted to him for many kind words and much encouragement at a time when I had no great stock of either. I was once a clerk in his office. If there is anything I can do to help you here, I hope you will let me know, for I would esteem it a privilege to make at least partial return for the debt I owe your father."

"Thank you," replied the girl simply.

"Telegram, miss, if you please," said the fulsetto voice of old Grimwood as he leaned against the counter, holding in his hand a written message and fastening his fishy eye on the group. "I take it, Mr. Sandys, that this young lady is going to do us the honor of sending and receiving our dispatches, and that will be very nice indeed."

There was something in his tone which said as plainly as words could have done, "I should be much obliged if you would all attend strictly to business."

Sandys frowned, but said nothing. Fielders sprang forward, took the message and rattled it off to Chicago. Miss McClintoch sat down before her compartment at the table, and young Howard left the room, followed by the manager, who, once outside in the hall touched his friend on the arm and spoke in a low voice seriously:

"If I may say it in all kindness, Howard, I think you will only be a hindrance and not a help to Miss McClintoch if this acquaintance goes further."

Howard's reply was an impatient maledictive on old Grimwood, more terse than polite.

"Oh, no!" continued the manager. "Mr. Grimwood is quite within his rights. Our old friend's daughter is there to do her duty and is anxious and well qualified to do it, if, as I said before, she is not interfered with."

"I'll break old Grimwood's neck for you yet," growled Howard, still harping on the interruption. "in a Stock Exchange sense, of course," he added.



The signature was that of Grimwood's agent in Chicago.

seeing the other's look of alarm. "I'm not going to assault a crippled man, you know, but I'll give him a lift in wheat some of these days. See if I don't."

"The bankruptcy courts have been kept busy for years with men who have

endeavored to give Mr Grimwood a lift, as you term it. Better proceed with caution, Stillson."

"That's all right," cried Howard, with the supreme confidence of a young man in his accent.

Shaking hands with the manager, he entered the board of trade room and was speedily absorbed in the tumult there, but nevertheless found occasion now and then to direct his eyes briefly toward the telegraph office.

As time went on Elinor McClintoch's new occupation became less and less strange to her. She quickly mastered the details of her calling, and, Fielders departing, not without a manly sigh, the whole duty of the office devolved upon her. Messages, code or plain, passed rapidly to and fro under the nimble manipulation of her pretty fingers, and there were no complaints that information now reached ears not intended for it. But even had she done her work less honestly or less expertly he would have been a brave man who found fault with her conduct of business, for the whole board of trade, with the possible exception of old Grimwood, was avowedly in love with her. Some of the older men said they liked her for her father's sake, but, popular as he had undoubtedly been, this hardly accounted for the universal admiration bestowed upon his daughter, and the Stock Exchange would have risen as one man to protest against her removal had Mr Sandys proposed such a thing. For the first time in history an action of the Western Union received unstinted approbation. But they all recognized that Howard had the lead as far as the fair telegraphist was concerned and that he was the man to keep it. The reluctant introduction which he had practically forced from the manager had given him an advantage at the beginning, and many of his young rivals maligned their luck that this advantage had not been theirs. Howard sent many telegrams, and lingered over the counter as he handed them in, turning away often to find the cold, critical eye of old Grimwood fastened upon him, which made him rave inwardly and wish the ancient broker would attend to his own business—a complaint which few had ever urged against the hardened speculator.

One evening as Elinor was walking home young Howard met her at a street corner and expressed great surprise at the coincidence. He told her he was on his way to see a sick friend who lived on Sixteenth street, and was quite taken aback when he learned that she also lived on Sixteenth street. He made the brilliantly original remark that this was a small world after all, and asked if he might walk with her, as their paths lay in the same direction.

He was further amazed to hear that she rarely took a street car even when it rained, for she was fond of walking, and it turned out that he, too, was a devoted pedestrian. She believed what he said, as women will when they have a liking for a man, and if his conscience did not check him for his mendacity it must be remembered that his was a conscience nurtured in the wheat pit and perhaps somewhat out of working order because of the jars received there. And before we, who are happily perfect blame him overmuch it is well to take into account the fact that he was already deeply in love with the girl, and much may be forgiven a young man in that disturbing but delightful condition.

The illness of Howard's friend proved to be a case that apparently baffled the medical skill of Disopolis, for the young man was compelled often to visit him,

and, of course, as the hours when he was free to do so coincided with those when Miss Elinor was on her way home it is not surprising that the two often met and walked toward Sixteenth street together. At first the girl was seriously alarmed about the illness of the ill-fated friend, but her memory was better than Howard's, and she was astonished when the invalid developed several new maladies each week, bidding fair to become the most complicated instance of human misfortunes that ever appeared to harassed physicians in vain. But at last the hapless patient became no longer necessary and was allowed to depart to the oblivion from which he had been conjured, the pleasure of meeting and walking together forming its own excuse for doing so. Once they encountered old Grimwood taking his shuffling constitutional stroll, ordered by his medical advisers, and he leered at them, lifting his hat as they passed with polite ostentation, but nothing he could do seemed acceptable to Stillson Howard, who scowled at Grimwood's perpetual wink and neglected to return his salutation.

"I suppose it is wicked of me," said Elinor, "but I cannot help disliking that man. Perhaps it is because I know it was his opposition that caused the bankruptcy of my father, although that should be no excuse for me."

Howard replied in a rhapsody which need not be here recorded, for he was prejudiced against Grimwood and made no real effort to do justice to the distinguished talents of the shrewd old man; talking instead of the impossibility of angels having anything but loathing for beings of an exactly opposite nature whom it would not be polite to specify.

One day there appeared to be a little flurry in the wheat market, and Elinor was kept more than usually busy in the receiving and sending of telegrams. Most of them were in cipher, and the others might as well have been so for all the impression they made on the mind of the fair operator. But once, when excitement on the board was at its highest and the noise at its loudest, two words caught her attention as an obtruding mail arrests a trailing garment. She found herself writing the words "Stillson Howard!" as the instrument clicked off the letters. Then she read the finished dispatch, and for a moment her breathing stopped.

C. T. Grimwood, Board Trade, Disopolis. Induce Stillson Howard to buy wheat in large quantities. Then we have him for!

The signature was that of Grimwood's agent in Chicago, from which city the message came. Many times every day since she had been there the same signature had come over the wires.

For one brief instant arose the temptation to suppress the dispatch, but with trembling hands she quickly folded it, put it in an envelope and wrote the name of Grimwood. She stood and watched the telegraph boy threading his way through the excited throng to give the message to the old man, who read it, crushed the paper in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. Then his malign eye rested on young Howard with an expression of such intense hatred that Elinor shivered as she saw it. Howard, the center of a seething mob, a head taller than his fellows, had his right hand upraised, and he shouted in a triumphant voice that rang through the hall:

"I'll take 10,000 bushels!"

He was buying then—the girl knew that much—and he needed little inducing. Old Grimwood watched him, keeping aloof and taking no part in the struggle, and many others watched

Grimwood, whose immobile face told them nothing.

"You look a little tired, Miss McClintoch," said a member, coming up to the counter. "Does the hubbub worry you?"

"Oh, no; I'm used to that. What is it all about?"

"There's a little flutter in the wheat market—some queer rumors floating about. I've thrown up my hand myself. Somebody's going to get nipped, and I think it's a first rate time to go fishing."

"I don't understand these operations. Which side is Mr. Grimwood on?"

"Well, now, for a person who hasn't learned the game that's not bad. You've turned up the right bower first time. We'd all like to know where the old man stands. Grimwood seems to be 'lyn low and sayin nuffin.' I don't think it will be much of a shower myself, but that's what the other fellow said to Noah, and authorities now are convinced he was wrong."

The insistent electrical machine called to the girl and she turned to it, but all the while the abhorrent phrase kept tapping at her mind. "Then we'll have him foul." If she could, without telling what she knew, give him a hint—but that would merely be doing indirectly what she had promised not to do directly, yes, or indirectly either, for Sandys had trusted her completely. Even if she resigned immediately and warned her lover it would be a breach of confidence to reveal what she learned while in the employ of the telegraph company. There was nothing a girl could honestly do but resolutely hold her peace and let the lightning strike where it would. She had foreseen no such test as this when she gave her promise to the manager. Old Grimwood himself came to the corner with a message, and his baleful eye seemed to search her conscience as it fell upon her. He made no remark and turned away as she took the telegram. It was to his Chicago agent and was terse enough. "Everything going our way," it said. She sighed as she sent the four words flying over the wire.

Elinor hoped her strength would not be put to a strain it could not stand, and on leaving the building she went up the avenue and across the town, walking rapidly and avoiding her accustomed route that she might not meet her lover. As she turned out of the wide avenue into a bystreet she heard quick steps following her and was greeted by a well known voice that sent a tremor through her frame.

"Hello, Elinor! What is the meaning of this? Are you trying to escape me? I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you go up the avenue."

"I—I thought," murmured the girl breathlessly, "that you had such an exciting day you might not—might not be at the corner."

"The corner!" he cried, his eyes opening wide, and she thought she saw a trace of alarm in them, but the next moment they danced again, and he laughed. "Oh, yes, of course, the street corner. I wouldn't miss that spot for all the wheat in America—unless you went the other way round, as you have done. But I tell you it was a day to be remembered, and yet nothing to what tomorrow will be. Wheat! I'll fairly bristle with wheat tomorrow. I'm going to buy all in sight and out of sight. You can hear the rattle of wheat in my pockets now, but just wait till tomorrow. It's a make or break with me, in fact, I'm up to the neck as it is, but there's a plunge coming that will astonish the natives, especially my Christian

friend, old Grimwood."

The girl drew a long, quivering sigh as the jubilant, enthusiastic young man, the excitement of the day still upon him, gesticulated and poured forth the torrent of words.

"Warn him! Warn him!" said her heart.

"Remember your promise," said her conscience.

"I would rather," she spoke slowly and with effort—"I would rather be the poorest laborer in the poorest cottage on this street than live such a life."

"So would I, but I'm not going to live it. I quit tomorrow night—a rich man or dead broke. No half measure for me, no hanging on year by year to be smashed at the last. Elinor"—his voice lowered—"I don't care that for riches on their own account"—he raised his hand and snapped his fingers, the gesture she had seen when he bid for the 10,000 bushels—"but I want them to bring comfort and luxury to some one else."

"Tell him! Tell him!" said her heart. "What is all the world to you compared to this man?"

"You gave your word of honor!" said her conscience.

They stopped at a cross street to let the rocking, bounding car go swiftly past. "Secrecy, secrecy, secrecy!" hissed the runner on the overhead wire, spasmodically spurring electricity. Elinor spoke, not daring to raise her eyes to his.

"Please don't come any farther. I want to go home alone."

"Why, Elinor! My dear girl, you're looking white! What's the matter?"

"I am a little tired. It has been a hard day for me too."

"Of course it has. I'm a brute to have babbled about my own affairs when—but all the more reason I should see you home."

"No, no. I want to be alone. Won't you please?"

"I'll do anything you ask, Elinor."

"Then let me say goodby now."

He stood watching her until she disappeared as a turning, never looking back. Then he hailed a trolley car, sprang on board and was jolted swiftly to the business portion of the city.

It was old Grimwood himself who began hostilities next day on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He wanted to sell wheat, it seemed, and the moment that was apparent no one wished to buy except Howard, who announced himself ready to take all there was on the market. Frantic telegrams were hurried at Chicago, beseeching reliable information, the one thing of all others Chicago was unable to supply. No one was buying but Howard. Those who did any business followed the lead of old Grimwood and sold, just as timid players at Monte Carlo put their money on the color of the man who has broken the bank.

At last even Grimwood began to waver, and finally ceased to offer further loans while Howard, in stentorian voice and uplifted right hand, looked like a modern Ajax defying the lightning, which every one knew was bound to strike somewhere, and that soon, for the financial sky was becoming exceedingly lowering.

"I want wheat!" he roared. "Wheat! Wheat! All done at that. Who's got any? Mr. Grimwood, did I have a nod from you?"

"I hope you'll be able to pay for what you've got," muttered Grimwood, but he did not offer to sell.

"Come, Mr. Grimwood, surely you can shake another \$10,000 out of your sleeve at least. I'll jump the price a point if that will be of any assistance."

There were no more offers.

No one knows who was the first to get the truth from Chicago, but telegrams began to pour in. The name of Hutchinson—"Old Hutch"—thrilled the crowd like an electric shock. The biggest, strongest and most unbreakable wheat corner the United States had ever known had been formed, with Old Hutch at the head of it. Wheat went up like a balloon, and the price of the poor man's loaf was raised throughout all the land, so that a group of Chicago speculators might become rich.

The moment Howard saw the cereal cat was out of the bag all his excitement vanished, and he thrust his hands in his pockets, casting a quick glance at the telegraph office. He was a millionaire now if the corner held, which, as every one knows, it did.

Grimwood was hard hit, but no emotion showed itself on his face. He approached Howard with something almost like a smile hovering about his lips, and said in a squeaky whisper:

"You seem to be very sure of your information, Mr. Howard. I thought we had kept the secret better."

"We? Are you in that deal?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it? Then you weren't so well informed as I thought. My agents were buying elsewhere while I was selling here. I tell you this so you may not waste any sympathy on me. Besides, you'll lose all you've gained before long, anyhow. I've seen many a plunger in my time."

"I may lose the money, Mr. Grimwood, but it won't leak into your pockets. Did you ever hear of the nigger who got religion in the midst of the poker game? No? Well, he did. He won \$10.50 and then, suddenly realizing the beauty of a better life, he announced his conversion and fled before his comrades got at their razors. I'm like that nigger, Mr. Grimwood. I'm going to quit, and as soon as you and the rest of the boys walk up to the captain's office and settle I'm off to Europe on my wedding tour."

"Then she didn't tell you?"

"Who didn't tell me and what didn't she tell?"

"I thought perhaps you might get a hint from the pretty telegraph operator, but I judge you didn't."

Howard took a step forward and his fists involuntarily clinched. He spoke so low there was no chance of his words being heard by any one but the man he was addressing.

"If you so much as mention her name, I'll throw you out of the window into the alley, and say we quarreled on the wheat deal. So you've been up to your old tricks, have you—getting bogus telegrams sent you in the hope she'd tell me? Well, we'll both forgive you because of your lavish generosity. I'll take an amount out of the sum you pay me equal to her father's fortune and give it to her as a wedding present. Goodby."

The room was now almost empty. Howard crossed rapidly to the telegraph counter. Elinor had her hat on and was ready to leave.

"Will you send a dispatch for me, Miss McClintoch?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered.

He wrote the message and she took it, turning toward the instrument.

"But read it first!" he cried.

She looked at the paper. It ran:

DEAR MR. SANDYS—I beg to resign my position as telegraph operator. I am to be married shortly and am going to Europe with my husband. ELINOR MCCLINTOCH.

"I think," she said, smiling and crumpling the paper in her hand, "that as Mr. Sandys has been so kind to me I will resign more formally and in per-

son. It seems to have been right to buy wheat after all!"

"Exactly right—on this occasion; as right. Elinor, as keeping one's word."

Their eyes met caressingly.

"I am glad that you know," she said with a little sigh of contentment.

#### A "Big Die."

The average southern negro looks upon a funeral as a function to be enjoyed and one at which all the fine feathers of the women and the loud clothing of the men should be shown. In this city today there are hundreds of negroes and negroes who each month pay their pittance to their "s'cieties," and the "s'cieties" in return bury them with great pomp when they die.

Not long since a very largely attended funeral was passing along a prominent street. An old negro, impressed by the number of carriages and wishing to express his admiration, exclaimed "Lawdy! Lawdy! Dat sho' is er big die!"—Memphis Scimitar.

#### Woes of a Wife.

"Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she wailed.

"What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend.

"He came home and told me he had a sure way to keep jelly from molding at the top, and when I asked him how he said to turn it upside down."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### The Sad Fate of a Greedy Shark.

Special agents of the United States treasury travel in many states and see many strange things. They hear strange stories too. In the big custom house building every day from 9 o'clock until 4 there sits a man who is a very treasure mine of anecdotes. He is so modest, though, that he won't allow his name to be used in connection with this particular story.

"It was off Cedar Keys," said he. "I had been shark fishing and was talking of sharks to an old time sponge fisher when he told me that he had found, some 20 miles off the keys, the largest shark it had ever been his fortune to see, floating belly upward, starved to death. 'Why, the shark was as thin as a poker,' said the sponge fisher, 'and I determined to find out what ailed him. I pulled him aboard and cut him open. There, in his stomach, open end toward the head, was half of a barrel which had contained mess pork. The half barrel had evidently been thrown overboard from some vessel and the shark had gobbled it up as it hit the water, without looking to see what it was. It was too bad that he swallowed it but end first, for whatever he ate after that went into the barrel and did the shark no good. So he just starved.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### Deliberate Outrage.

"What are you on your ear about?" demanded the young man. "I'd like to know what I've done?"

"How can you ask me that, Herbert, when I saw you with my own eyes," she answered.

"Saw what?"

"I am not angry, Herbert," she said with tears in her lovely eyes, "but am cruelly hurt. I never would have believed it of you!"

"Never would have believed what? For heaven's sake, let me know what I'm accused of?"

"You played golf, sir, yesterday afternoon with your bicycle cap on, and you know it!"—Chicago Tribune.



# The Madness of Lord Harry Culverhouse.

by Anthony Hope

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"Seeing that my father Henry is dead and that I am king, seeing also that I am no longer a bachelor, but a married man (and here he bowed to Margaret of Tuscany, his newly wedded wife), and seeing that Osra is turned 20 years of age—why, we are all going to be sober folk at Strelsau from this day forward, and we are going to play no more pranks. Here's a pledge of it." And, having said this, King Rudolf III took a deep draft of wine.

At this moment the ushers announced that the Lord Harry Culverhouse had come to take his leave of their majesties and of the princess. This gentleman had accompanied the embassy that came from England to congratulate the king on his marriage, and he had staid some months in Strelsau, very eagerly acceding to the king's invitation to prolong his visit, for such were his folly and headstrong passion that he had fallen most desperately in love with the fair face of Princess Osra and could not endure to live out of her presence. Yet now he came to bid farewell, and when he was ushered in Rudolf received him with much graciousness and made him a present of his own miniature set in diamonds, while the queen gave him her miniature set in the lid of a golden casket. In return Lord Harry prayed the king to accept a richly mounted sword and the queen an ivory fan, painted by the greatest artist of Franco and bearing her cipher in jewels. Then he came to Princess Osra, and she, having bidden him farewell, said, "I am a poor maid, my lord, and I can give no great gift, but take this pin from my hair and keep it for my sake." And she drew out a golden pin from her hair, a long and sharp pin, bearing for its head her cipher in brilliants, and she gave it to him, smiling.

But he, bowing low and then falling on his knee, offered her a box of red morocco leather, and when she opened it she saw a necklace of rubies of great splendor. The princess flushed red seeing that the gift was most costly. And she would fain have refused it and held it out again to Lord Harry. But he turned swiftly away, and, bowing once more, withdrew. Then the princess said to her brother, "It is too costly."

The king, seeing how splendid the gift was, frowned a little, but then he said:

"He must be a man of very great wealth. They are rich in England. I am sorry the gift is so great, but we cannot refuse it without wounding his honor."

So the princess set the ruby necklace with her other jewels and thought for a day or two that Lord Harry was no wiser than other men and then forgot him.

Now, Lord Harry Culverhouse, on leaving the king's presence, had mounted his horse, which was a fine charger and splendidly equipped, and ridden alone out of Strelsau, for he had dismissed all his servants and dispatched

them with suitable gratuities to their own country. He rode through the afternoon, and in the evening he reached a village 15 miles away. Here he stopped at a cottage, and an old man came out and escorted him inside. A bundle lay on the table in the little parlor of the cottage.

"Here are the clothes, my lord," said the old man, laying his hand on the bundle.

"And here are mine," answered Lord Harry. "And the horse stands ready for you." With this he began to pull off the fine clothes in which he had had audience of the king, and he opened the bundle and put on the old and plain suit which it contained. Then he held out his hand to the old man, saying, "Give me the 5 crowns, Solomon, and our bargain is complete."

Then Solomon the Jew gave him 5 crowns and bade him farewell, and he placed the crowns in his purse and walked out of the cottage, possessing nothing in the world saving his old clothes, 5 crowns and the golden pin that had fastened the ruddy hair of Princess Osra, for everything else that he had possessed—his lands and houses in England, his horses and carriages, his money, his clothes and all that was his—he had bartered with Solomon the Jew in order that he might buy the ruby necklace which he had given to Princess Osra. Such was the strange madness wrought in him by her face.

It was now late evening, and he walked to and fro all night. In the morning he went to the shop of a barber, and in return for one of his crowns the barber cropped his long curls short and shaved off his mustache and gave him a dye with which he stained his complexion to a darker tint, and he made his face dirty and soiled his hands and roughened the skin of them by chaffing them on some flints which lay by the roadside. Then, changing a second crown, he bought a loaf of bread and set off to trudge to Strelsau, for in Strelsau was Osra, and he would not be anywhere else in the world. And when he had arrived there he went to a sergeant of the king's guard and prevailed on him by a present of 3 crowns to enlist him as a trooper, and this the sergeant, having found that Lord Harry could ride and knew how to use his sword, agreed to do. Thus Lord Harry became a trooper in the guard of King Rudolf, having for all his possessions, save what the king's stores afforded him, a few pence and the golden pin that had fastened the hair of Princess Osra. And nobody knew him except Solomon the Jew, and he, having made a good profit, held his pence both then and afterward.

Many a day Lord Harry mounted guard at the palace, and he often saw the king with the queen ride out and back, but they did not notice the face of the trooper. And sometimes he saw the princess also, but she did not look at him, although he could not restrain himself from looking at her; but, since every

man looked at her, she had grown accustomed to being gazed at and took no heed of it. But once she wore the ruby necklace, and the bronch of the trooper went quick and eager when he saw it on her neck, and a sudden flush of color spread over all his face, so that the princess, observing to glance at him in passing and seeing the color beneath and through the dye that stained him, was greatly astonished, and she reined in her horse for an instant and looked very intently at him, yet she rode on again in silence.

That evening there came to the quarters of the king's guard a waiting woman, who asked to see the trooper that had mounted guard at the west gate of the palace that day, and when he came the woman held out to him a box of red morocco leather, saying, "It is for you." But he answered, "It is not for me," and, turning away, left her. And this happened on three evenings. Then on the fourth day it was again his turn to mount guard at the palace, and when he had sat there on his horse for an hour the Princess Osra rode out from under the portico. She rode alone, and the ruby necklace was on her neck, and she said:

"I am going to ride outside the city by the river bank. Let a trooper follow me some way behind." And she signed with her hand to Lord Harry, and he rode after her through the streets and out of the western gate, and they turned along the bank of the river. When they had gone three or four miles from the city, Osra halted and beckoned the Lord Harry to approach her, and he came. But when she was about to speak to him and tell him that she knew him a sudden and new madness came on to him, and he seized her bridle and dug his spurs deep into his horse's flanks, and both the horses bounded forward at a gallop. In alarm the princess cried out, but he did not heed her. Along the bank they galloped, and when they met any one, which happened seldom (for the place was remote and it was now evening), he bade her cover her face, and she obeyed, twisting her lace handkerchief over her face. Thus they rode till they came at nightfall to a bluff of rock high above the stream. Here Lord Harry suddenly checked the horses, flung himself from the saddle and bade the princess dismount. And she obeyed and stood facing him, pale with fear and apprehension, but wearing a proud and scornful air. And he said:

"Is it not well you should die? For you live but to madden men and drive them to sin and folly."

"Nay," said she, "to men of good heart beauty leads to goodness. From yourself come the sin and the folly, my lord." And she laid hold of the ruby necklace and broke the clasp of it and flung it on the ground before him, but he took no heed of it, but seized her hand and drew her to the edge of the bluff, saying:

"The world will be safer if I fling you down."

Then she looked in his face, and a sudden pity entered her heart, and she said very gently:

"Sit down, my lord, and let me put my hands on your brow, for I think you are in a fever."

And he sat down, all trembling and shaking, like a man with ague, and she

stripped off her gauntlets and took his forehead between her hands, and he lay there quiet with his head between her hands. And presently his eyes closed and he slept. But Osra did not know what to do, for darkness had fallen and she dared not leave him alone there by the river. Therefore she sat where she was, and in an hour, the night being

due and not cold, she grew weary, and her hands fell away from his brow and she sank back on the green turf, pillow-ing her head on a curved arm, and there she slept with the mad lord by her and the ruby necklace lying near them.

At midnight Lord Harry Culverhouse



She looked very intently at him.

awoke and saw Princess Osra sleeping peacefully with a smile on her lips such as docks a child's lips in sleep. He rose and stood upon his feet, looking at her, and he heard nothing but the sound of the horses cropping the grass a little way off. Then he drew near her and gazed long on her face, and she opened her eyes and saw him. But she showed no fear of him. She smiled at him, and she said:

"Even here I am guarded by one of the gentlemen who guard me in the palace." And she closed her eyes again and turned to sleep.

Then a shiver ran through him. And he dug his nails into the palms of his hands and, turning, walked swiftly up and down on the bluff by the side of the river while Osra slept. And presently he fell on his knees beside her and began to murmur in a rapid rush of words, but he did not now curse her beauty, but blessed God for it and blessed him also for the preservation of his own honor. Thus he spent the night till day was near, and then he bent over Osra and looked once more on her, and he took up the ruby necklace and laid it lightly about her neck. And, feeling the touch of it, cool and wet from the dew, she again opened her eyes and, putting her knuckles in them, she rubbed gently, and she gasped a little yawn, saying, "Heigh ho, I am sleepy!" and sat up. And she said, "Are you not sleepy, my lord?"

"I am on watch, madam," said Lord Harry Culverhouse.

As the princess sat up the ruby necklace fell from her neck into her lap. Seeing it, she held it up to him, saying: "Take it again and go to your own home. I am sure you gave too great a price for it."

He smiled, for she did not know how great the price was, and he asked:

"And must I, in my turn, give back the pin that fastened your hair?"

"No; keep the pin. It is worth nothing," she smiled. "Is it safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer?"

"Who would harm you, madam? Even I have not harmed you."

"You!" said she, with a little laugh. "You would not harm me." And she lay down and closed her eyes.

Then Lord Harry Culverhouse sat down on the ground and rested his chin on his knees and clasped his hands

about his sins, and he cursed himself bitterly, not now because he meditated any harm to her—for his mad fury was past and he would have died before a hair of her head should be hurt—but because of the evil that his wild and reckless madness had brought upon her. For he knew that soon there would be a pursuit, and that if she and he were found there it would become known who he was, and her fame would suffer injurious rumors by reason of what he had done. Therefore he made up his mind what he must do next, and he abandoned all dreams that had led him into the foolish adventure on which he had embarked and put from him the wickedness that had filled his heart when first he carried her to the bluff over the river. And he rose on to his knees and prayed that if his deed were a sin—for it seemed to him rather a necessary thing—then it might be forgiven, but that, in any case, no hurt or harm should befall the Princess Osra by reason of anything that he had done. Finally he commended his soul to God. And then he took the ruby necklace in his hand, and, holding it, walked to the edge of the bluff.

But at this instant the sound of the hoofs of a horse struck on his ear, and the sound was loud and close, and he had no more time than to turn round before a horse was reined in suddenly near him, and a man leaped from it and ran at him and grappled with him. And then Lord Harry perceived that the man was the king, for when Osra did not return search parties had been sent out, and the king himself headed one, and, having the best horse and being urged on by love and fear for his sister, he had outridden all the rest and had chanced to come alone where Osra and Lord Harry were. And he gripped Lord Harry furiously, cursing him for a scoundrel and demanding what he had done to the princess. Then Lord Harry said:

"Do you not know me, sire? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse."

Greatly astonished, the king loosed his hold and fell back a pace, for he did not understand what he heard, but yet knew the voice of his friend. Then, looking down, he beheld Osra sleeping peacefully as a child on the ground, with her cloak spread under her that she might take no harm from the damp. And Lord Harry caught him by the arm, crying, "Are there others coming after you?"

"Aye," said the king, "many others. The whole of the guard are roused and seek her high and low in the city and outside. But how come you here, man?"

Then Lord Harry told the king what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, but yet sparing nothing, and when he told him how he had carried off the princess the king's hand flew to the hilt of his sword. But Lord Harry said, "Not yet," and continued to tell the king how Osra had pitied him and how he had watched by her and how she had slept again, bidding him keep the pin. Then, glancing at Osra, he lowered his voice and spoke very quickly and urgently, and the king held out his hand and shook Lord Harry's hand, asking, "Is there no other way?" But Lord Harry shook his head, then he kissed the king's hand, and next he went and kissed Osra's hand very softly and looked for the last time on her face, and he drew the golden pin from his purse and he put it gently and deftly among her hair. And he took the ruby necklace in his own hand and clutched it tight, and he said to King Rudolf:

"Sire, there are some in the city that knew me before, but have not known me since I have been in your guard, because

I have altered my face. Take care that you so alter it that they do not know me again."

Then the king's breath caught in his throat, for he had loved Lord Harry Culverhouse, and he asked again, "Is there no other way?"

"Hark!" said the other. "I hear the horses of your guard drawing near. I hear them to east and west and north, and do you not see shapes riding there to the south, across the river? If I ride from here alive, I shall be taken and the truth must be known. For my sake and hers, strike, sire."

Then the king took Lord Harry Culverhouse by the arm and drew him to him, saying:

"Must it be so, Harry? And we have lived as friends together."

"The sound of the hoofs is very near, sire."

The king drew himself up to his height and he raised his hat from his head and bowed low to Lord Harry Culverhouse, and he said:

"Now praise be to God for the restoration of this gentleman to a sound mind and may Christ grant him mercy for the sake of his honorable death."

And he drew his sword from its sheath and came up to Lord Harry Culverhouse, who stood on the edge of the bluff. The king raised his sword and struck with all his strength, and the head split under the blow, and Lord Harry Culverhouse fell dead from the



"Ah, sister, how came you here?"

bluff into the river, holding the ruby necklace in his clenched hand. And the king shivered and a short sobburst from him.

On this instant arose an eager, glad cry, and 20 of the guard rushed forward, greeting the king and rejoiced to see the princess. And she, roused by the noise of their coming, sat up again, rubbing her eyes, and she cried: "Where is he? Where is Lord Harry?" And she looked round on the troopers, and they gazed at her, much astonished at hearing what she said. But Rudolf came to her and took her hand, saying:

"Why, Osra, you have been dreaming. There is no Lord Harry here. Lord Harry Culverhouse is far off in his own country. Did this rascal of a trooper frighten you?"

Her eyes grew wide in wonder, but before she could speak he turned to the guard, saying:

"By heaven's pleasure I came in time to prevent any harm except the loss of a necklace my sister wore, for as I rode up I saw a fellow stooping down by her and fumbling with the clasp of her necklace. He was one of your troop and

had ridden out behind her, and as I rode up to him he sprang away from her, holding her necklace in his hand, and I leaped down from my horse and ran at him, and he retreated in fear. Then I drew my sword and drove him back to the edge of the bluff, and then I split his skull and he fell into the river, still holding the necklace. But, thanks to God, the princess is not hurt. Let search be made for the fellow's body, for perhaps the necklace will be still in his hand."

But one cried, "How came they here?"

"Ah, sister," said the king, fixing his eyes on Osra, "how came you here?" And she, reading in the king's eyes the answer that he would have, said:

"The trooper compelled me to come hither with him, and he threatened to kill me if I would not give him my necklace, but I refused, and then he drew a knife and menaced me with it, and I fell into a swoon and knew no more until I awoke and found you here, and now I see that my necklace is gone."

"Bring her horse," the king commanded, "and ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

Then he mounted the princess on her horse and rode by her side, supporting her with his arm, and the troopers were some way off in front and behind. And the princess felt the pin again in her hair, and, putting up her hand, she pulled it out, and she said:

"He has given me back my pin."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked the king.

"Of Lord Harry Culverhouse. Is he indeed dead, Rudolf?"

"Are you still dreaming?" answered the king, with a laugh. "What had that fellow to do with Harry Culverhouse?"

"But the pin?" she cried.

"My wife set it in your hair before you started, for she wished to replace the one you gave to Lord Harry."

"She did not touch my hair today," cried the princess.

"Aye, but she did," said he.

The princess suddenly fell to sobbing, and she said:

"Tell me the truth, tell me the truth. Surely it was in truth Lord Harry Culverhouse?"

Then Rudolf drew very close to her, and he said softly:

"Sweet sister, the noble gentleman whom we knew, he whom I loved and who loved you in chivalrous deference, went from us two months ago. Be not troubled about him, for now all is well with him. But there was an unhappy man with you, who was not Harry Culverhouse, and who had murderous and mad thoughts in his heart. Yet at the end he also died, as readily and as nobly as our dear friend himself would have died for your sake. I pray you ask no more of him, but be contented to know that though he died by the sword yet he died in peace and willingly. But of our dear friend, as we know him, think as much as you will, for the love of an honest gentleman is a good thing to think of."

The Princess Osra, hearing this, laid her hand in her brother's hand, and for a long while she did not speak. Then she said:

"But our friend will not come again, Rudolf."

"No, you will never see our friend again," answered the king.

"Then when you see him—for I think you will see him once again—lay this pin in his head and bid him take it and keep it for the sake of the love I bear him. Perhaps he will hear you."

"It may be. I cannot tell," said the king.

"And if he has the necklace," said she, "pray him to give that to you, and sell it, Rudolf, and give the value of it in gifts to the poor. Yes, to all that are unhappy and afflicted, even as the poor man who was with me tonight."

"So be it, Osra," said the king, and he kissed her. But she burst again suddenly into passionate weeping, calling God to witness that her face was a curse to her and a curse to her friends and praying the king to suffer her to take the veil in a convent, that she might trouble honest men no more. And thus he brought her in a sad plight to the palace and gave her into the arms of his wife, still sobbing bitterly. And he himself took the pin, and when the body of the mad trooper was found, with his own hand he covered the face and put the pin in the hand from which he took the ruby necklace, and he sold the necklace and used the proceeds of it as his sister had desired.

Thus the madness of Lord Harry Culverhouse which was bred in him by the beauty of the Princess Osra worked its way with him and brought him first into peril of great villainy and at last to death. And his name passed no more on the lips of any in Strelson nor between King Rudolf and his sister, while the story that the king had told to the troopers was believed by all, and none save the king knew what Lord Harry Culverhouse had done in his madness. But Osra mourned for him and for a long while she would not go abroad or receive any of the princes or nobles who came to the court, but lay still, sick and full of grief, bewailing the harm that she had wrought. Yet as time passed she grew again happy, for she was young and the world was sweet to her, and then, as King Rudolf had bidden her, she remembered Lord Harry Culverhouse as he had been before his madness came upon him. Yet still more did she remember how, even in his madness, he had done her no harm, but had watched beside her through the night and had, as morning dawned, entreated death at the hands of the king, preferring to die rather than that the talk of a single idle tongue should fall foully upon her name. Therefore she mourned for him with secret tears.

But he, although no monument marked his grave and although men spoke of him only as the mad trooper who had robbed the princess, yet slept soundly and at peace, and his right hand lay clinched upon his heart and in it the golden pin that had fastened the ruddy hair of Princess Osra.

THE END.

### Her Ideal's Foibles.

A woman's ideal man can seldom be described as good; never in the sense of narrow squeamishness. But little faults which have no touch of meanness and are essentially masculine find ready absolution at a woman's hands. With what a note of tenderness may she say, "You had fellow!" when he has mischievously tried her patience by some purely manlike peccadillo. Would she be better pleased if he had no such small failings to be forgiven? Probably not. But of all things a woman most detests in a man are those little foibles which are supposed to belong exclusively to her own sex, but which really are of very common gender. Woo to the man who is not manly! His very virtues will count against him and only furnish material for ridicule. Anything will be more readily forgiven him than the *mannorisms* of a woman.—*Carrie E. Garrett.*

ALL men seem to believe that they can have one character and another reputation.

## REBECCA'S REMORSE.

By JAMES PAYN.

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It is not unusual with young men of philanthropic or religious instincts to seek their work, on taking orders, in the east end of London and to turn their backs upon fashionable congregations and gift slippers, and yet those "angels of fiction," as they have been termed, the doctors, are never credited with the same self-sacrificing motives. No medical man is ever described as preferring a poor neighborhood to a rich one. He goes to Bayswater if he can't get to Belgravia and to Bloomsbury if he can't get to Bayswater, but farther east than Bloomsbury he is not found—in fiction. This is not in accordance with his angelic character, with his sending in his little account receipted to his poor patient, with his giving him the money for a seaside holiday instead of a prescription, or with the furnishing of every comfort for mind and body which that marvelous diagnosis of his has discerned to be necessary at the first glance. This is hard, as there really are doctors in the east end of London, and I once had a practice there myself.

It was not a good one in point of remuneration, but there were plenty of patients, the sort of "practice" that makes one "perfect" from a professional point of view and at the same time absolves one from the income tax. I confess, however, that I did not make this choice of my own free will. "Not grace nor zeal," but a quarrel with my respected uncle, on whom I was entirely dependent, had been the cause of it. I had, I admit, considerably exceeded my allowance at college, and my hospital career in London had been expensive, but his conduct in buying a practice for me in the east instead of the west as a punishment for what he did not hesitate to term my reckless extravagance was, I think it will be admitted, vindictive. He made me, however, an allowance, which, though one would have called it moderate in a more fashionable locality, was ample enough for such a neighborhood.

Pleasures were very cheap there and not very attractive. Its concerts were not at the time of which I am speaking classical, though of late years music of quite a high class has emigrated thither, and Bethnal Green itself has become an art center. The dances one was invited to (by advertisements) were of a public nature and were too much of a maritime character to suit the laudsmen. There was no shop where you could spend money to any extent save that wonderful emporium where not only lions and tigers are as plentiful as chickens in Leadenhall market, but much finer curios are to be found than can be picked up in Piccadilly. But lions were not in my way, though I had kept "a tiger" at the university, and I was much too young to care for curios, a taste for which does not usually develop till the mind has given way a little.

This enforced economy had, however, one very pleasant side to it. I generally found myself with money in my pocket, a most unusual experience with an east end doctor. There is nothing more distressing to him—if he is a good fellow or even if he has a human heart in his breast—than the knowledge that half the patients who come under his care are not so much in need of medicine as of the necessaries of life, with which he is unable to supply them. No one knows what poverty is who has not seen the

east end during a bad time. For my part it was a revelation to me, and when one saw how far not a shilling, but even a penny, was made to go it gave one a nasty jar to remember the hundreds one had squandered for spending's sake. At first, indeed, brought face to face with such urgent want, one's heart made one lose one's hand, and I found myself, not from philanthropy, but from fastidious disgust at squalor and wretchedness, supporting some of the idlest and most worthless scoundrels in the parish. But after awhile one grew wiser or less emotional and learned discretion, which is the better part of charity. It was a good school for me in many ways, though I didn't like being sent to it.

People talk of "genteel poverty" as being the worst sort of it, but at the risk of being thought material and commonplace I venture to remark that abject poverty—the halfpenny worth of bread and the sack instead of a bed on the floor—is much more hard to bear. There are degrees even in that, or rather the same wretchedness seems greater or less according to the habits of those who endure it. It is possible, though by no means easy, to be cleanly under the most sordid conditions. The house, or rather the one room, may be swept, though it cannot be garnished; the broken teacup may be washed; the ragged blanket may be mended. When squalor is added to want, pity is lost in disgust and the attempt to cling to the decencies of life is the most touching of all the attributes of the very poor. It is not—God help them—often made. When everything else has gone by the board, it seems useless to look after the hencoop.

Star court, a locality where some of my most wretched clients dwelt, made very little effort in this direction, though as a rule they were decent people who dwelt there. We have all a tendency to live among those of our own calling—how else, since they are far from loving one another, can the congregation of doctors in Wimpole street or of lawyers in Bedford row be accounted for?—and when we have no calling among those of our own tastes and habits we seek a quiet street. New-comers, impecunious as the rest of my colony, but averse to rows and ruffianism, gravitated to Star court sooner or later. I used to fancy there were more people who "had seen better days" there than elsewhere, but at all events they could hardly have seen worse. It was a miserable spot, but it was not necessary to ask the policeman to keep his eye on you when you went into Star court, which was but a reasonable precaution in some other localities.

My first introduction to it was owed to Rebecca Bent, who called upon me one very warm evening in late August to ask for medical advice. I had seen her before, for she had been charwoman for a few weeks at the little house I occupied when one of my two domestics was away. I remembered her because she had worked so hard ("like a horse," my cook had said) during that temporary engagement and given much greater satisfaction than charwomen usually do. Otherwise there was nothing about her to enlist the memory. She was not young—five and forty, one would say, at least—and she had not even the remains of good looks. A tall, big-boned, masculine woman, her only claim on the sentimental emotions that look of hopeless discontent worn by so many of her class and age, she was certainly not an attractive person. She was strong enough, however, and to all appearance healthy and the last person I should have expected to need my professional services. Still, strange as it may seem

in the case of those who have so many genuine troubles, it is not more unusual for the very poor to imagine themselves ill when there is little the matter with them than for a fine lady. If they cut their finger, they think they are like to die. And the woman had rung the surgery bell, which—though scarcely in the city sense—meant business.

"Well, Rebecca, nothing gone wrong, I hope," I said cheerfully. "You look all right."

"Appearances are deceitful, sir, heaven knows," she answered, with what seemed for so trite a proverb a most unnecessary significance. "It's weakness so that one cannot lift one's hand to one's head and chest so that one wants a bucketful and a cough that seems to tear one inside out, and besides that there's fever."

"So bad as that, is it?"

I made the usual examination. Her pulse was all right, her tongue quite a pleasure to look at as compared with most of those organs submitted to my inspection (especially that most common variety, the drunken tongue). She had not coughed at all throughout the ordeal and there was not a trace of fever.

"You're nervous about yourself, my good woman," I said, "which in your case surprises me. You're too hard a worker to have such fancies."

"Still, there are the symptoms," she answered doggedly, "and I want a prescription." And she held out her hand, with 18 pence in it. Such is not the fee in Wimpole street, but in the east end we are less exacting, and we have the same excuse for taking less as the bar-rister gave for taking half a crown instead of a guinea—it is often all our clients have in the world.

"I don't want your money, Rebecca, any more than you want my prescription," I said.

"For mercy's sake give it me!" she cried imploringly. "It's not for me, sir; it's for my sister."

"For your sister? I did not know you had a sister. How is it possible for me to prescribe for a patient I have never seen?"

"She is ill, sir, deadly ill," she pleaded.

"The more reason I should see her."

"But she will not see you, sir. She made me promise that I would not bring you. She has seen no one but me for years. She's an invalid."

"Well, of course, and has an invalid's fancies no doubt. Come, take me to her." And I took up my hat.

Then, to my amazement, the big, strong woman burst into tears. "Oh, sir, you don't understand!" she sobbed. "She is not accustomed to be seen like this. You will break her heart."

"Pooh, pooh!" I said. "On the contrary, it is my business to mend it."

Not that I had the least belief in what she said, for, indeed, I began to think that her sister might be a lusus nature, of which I had seen more than one in my east end practice—poor creatures that were not good enough or bad enough for a show; two-headed nightingales who had just missed their chance, as it were, by half a head; elephant men with imperfectly developed trunk. When poverty goes hand in hand with disfigurement, it cannot close door and windows or hide in secluded "grounds," but still it will shrink from observation all it can, like some shy creature on the seashore whose shell is too frail for it.

Seeing it was useless to argue with me, Rebecca led the way to Star court. Dry, dusty, airless and without sunshine, because the tall black houses are huddled too close together, it was indeed a cheerless spot for the sound, far more for the sick, to dwell in. A few

ragged children were dancing in the center of it round a barrel organ, to the supercilious eye an example of how happiness is found in every spot, but well I knew that in more than one of these abodes the women and children down with fever, to each of whom every note of the instrument was torture, but there was no liveried footman there to warn the unwelcome musician or policeman to bid him "Move on." The police in that neighborhood had their hands full of more serious matters. Up three flights of stairs we went, steep enough to suggest the aid of the banisters had they been less grimy and slimy, and then into an attic with a sloping roof.

At the first glance I thought a sun-beam had found its way there, but it was only a head of golden hair upon a coarse pillow. The face was turned to the wall, and Rebecca held her finger up, stained with toil and rough with work, to warn me that the invalid was sleeping. Why I noted the finger was because of the contrast it exhibited to the thin, white, delicate hand that lay outside the blanket, for counterpane there was none. There was a marriage ring on the hand, and it was the only article in the room which could have fetched a shilling at the pawnbroker's. There was a chair, but it had no back, and a deal table, one leg of which, much shorter than the others, was supplemented by a brick. Upon it stood a mug with wall flowers on it, the only decoration the apartment could boast. Yet all was scrupulously clean, down to the bare boards unrelieved by a shred of carpet. I had seen hundreds of homes before shorn of every comfort, but never one so cared for in its last extremity by hand and eye. Even the brick on which the table stood was washed and resembled one from a child's toy box.

"That is a good sign, her sleeping, is it not, sir?" whispered Rebecca eagerly. We had entered very softly, and doubtless the ear of the invalid had only caught the footstep she expected, but when her sister spoke she answered in faint, reproachful tones:

"I am not asleep, and you have broken your word, Rebecca."

"It was not my fault, my darling; indeed it wasn't. Oh, did I not tell you, doctor, how it would be?" And the great, gaunt woman wrung her hands distressfully.

"It was not your sister's fault that I am here," I interposed gently. "She would have had no believe that she came to consult me on her own account, but I saw through her. It was my duty to come, and it will be a pleasure to me if I can do you any good."

I had caught sight for a moment of the face of an angel, or rather, as it seemed to me, of one that was about to join the heavenly choir, but even while I was speaking she had put up both her hands before it. It was a poor protection, for they were so thin and fragile that one could almost see through them, but the gesture was eloquent enough.

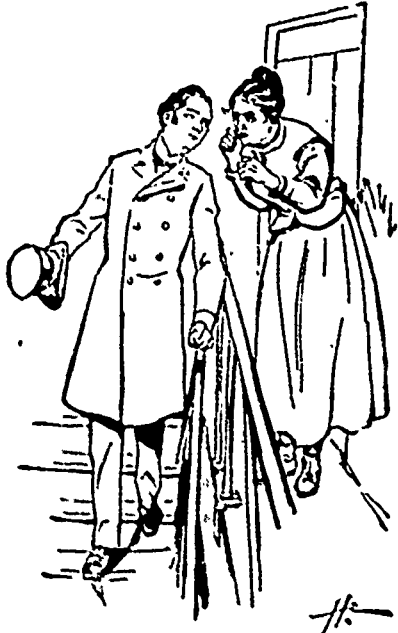
"You need not be afraid of the doctor, my dear. He is not like any one else," said Rebecca soothingly, a compliment evidently addressed to my profession and not to myself. "She'll come round after a bit, sir," she whispered encouragingly, "but she has not seen a stranger—not to speak to—for years, and your coming is a terrible trial to her."

I mudded indifferently, as though such shyness was a common trait, for it is a point of honor with us doctors never to be surprised, but to say, "Just so," and incline the head at the angle of assent when a case is introduced to us, whether it be mumps or the leprosy. Moreover, I could have waited patiently for some time to get a glimpse of that face again.



It was the face of a girl rather than of a young woman, though, paradoxical as this may seem, there was little of youth in it. The continuance of some distressing emotion or possibly of physical pain had, as it will do, driven youth away from it, and instead of "the vermeil hue of health" had given it an unnatural flush, as when autumn lays its fiery finger on the leaf in springtime, but the features were perfect and the large blue eyes the most beautiful I had ever beheld. They had only expressed shrinking and affright at my presence, but it was easier to imagine them as the natural homes of love and tenderness. Around this picture, the beauty of which had something unearthly about it, or rather, as it struck my professional eye, was only to be for a short time on earth, that gleaming hair made a golden frame.

A greater contrast to her sister it was not possible for one woman to be to another. Presently she seemed to recover herself a little, and I ventured to put to her a few questions founded upon what Rebecca had told me. She answered them very gently, but in so indifferent a tone that they might well, as in her case, have had no personal application. This was a bad sign, for her disease was consumption, where if



"She does not understand," she whispered piteously.

the patient is not as usual sanguine or has little interest in the result the outlook is gloomy indeed. After recommending certain things which I simply said should be sent in I took my leave. Rebecca followed me out of the room.

"She does not understand," she whispered piteously. "You must not think her ungrateful, sir. Her mind"—She hesitated.

"Is fixed on other things than food and physic," I said, smiling. "It is a common case with one so ill as she is."

"She is not dying, doctor?"

The woman's swarthy face grew pale and her eyes distended with sheer terror. I had seen relatives anxious about the fate of their dear ones upon grounds the most momentous—spiritual considerations—but never one so moved as this one, and yet she did not strike me as being a religious woman. As a rule, the very poor take these matters with philosophy, as well as they may. If there is another world, which they do not always believe, to which their invalid is going, it naturally strikes them that it needs must be an improvement on the one he is leaving, and, at all events, there will be one less to feed and clothe. But in the case of Rebecca her emotion was infinitely deeper than mere anxiety or regret. It seemed to

shake the very roots of her being.

"I do not say your sister is dying, my good woman," I replied. "My examination of her, as you know, has been very slight, but I confess that her condition impresses me unfavorably. She seems to be in very low spirits about herself."

"Heaven help her, well she may be!" groaned Rebecca.

"And yet she does not seem alarmed, as some do."

"Alarmed? What has she to be afraid of? It is others, like me, who have to be afraid. She has done no wrong. If there is a heaven above, she must needs go there."

"Well, that, after all, is the great thing and should give you comfort, for you will meet again."

I was a young man at the time, with such platitudes at the tip of my tongue. That they are well meant is the best that can be said of them. When a child is going to school for the first time, we say, "The months will soon pass;" when a friend is emigrating for his health, "In a few years we shall see you again strong and well," and since, under these circumstances, this "vacant chaff well meant for grain" is found to be inefficacious, how can it be otherwise when the separation is complete, the bourne whither our dear one is bound one from which there is no return and our meeting with him without date and doubtful? A clergyman may say these things. From his mouth they may have their effect, but though "never" is a hard word we have most of us to bear it. From the doctor, at all events, a glance of the eye and a touch of the hand in token of human sympathy are, it is my experience, more welcome to the mother that is about to be childless, to the wife that is about to be a widow, than this vague consolation.

"Comfort and 'meet again,'" she echoed, with a sort of contemptuous despair, and, shaking her head, like one with the palsy, re-entered the sickroom.

The whole situation amazed and perplexed me. On all other topics the woman was what one would have expected her to be. Save for a somewhat exceptional honesty, cleanliness and diligence Rebecca Bent was like other charwomen, but in all that pertained to her sister she was tender and emotional to an extraordinary degree. I made inquiries about them without eliciting much information. They had lived in Star court for nearly three years, but Rebecca alone was known to their fellow lodgers. Her sister had been always a recluse if not an invalid. She had never left her room. It was understood that she took in needlework when she could obtain employment, which was not often, but Rebecca was the breadwinner. She toiled early and late, but no one had heard a word of complaint from her. As a general rule, it is not the hard workers who complain. It is not that they are resigned to their harsh fate, whatever cant may have to say about it—it is not in human nature to be that—but there is often a certain grim reticence about them, a not unjustifiable resentment. This was not the case with Rebecca, however. She had her reasons, as I afterward discovered, of liking work for its own sake. Work preserves us from thinking. She was quiet in her ways and kept herself to herself, but she had a temper of her own.

A neighbor once condoled with her on having a sick sister to keep. "She didn't seem to help much. Couldn't she put her own shoulders to the wheel a little more? There didn't seem so very much the matter with her," and so on. Then Rebecca broke out and exhibited quite an unexpected command of language. She impressed upon that neigh-

bor the desirability of minding her own business in such convincing terms that nobody ever ventured to sympathize with her upon the labor question again. But she had not been popular before, and this ebullition set society against her. She was for the future very severely let alone.

Gaunt and grim though she was now, for my part, strange to say, Rebecca interested me at least as much as my patient, notwithstanding her many advantages. Her beauty was of the kind that is heightened rather than otherwise by delicacy of constitution; even disease only rendered it more exquisite. It reminded me of the lily of the vale, "whom youth makes so fair and passion so frail that the light of its tremulous bells is seen through their pavilions of tender green," so transparent was its splendor. That she was dying I had now no doubt, nor could the end be far distant. The spectacle was very touching, even to a professional eye, but what, I confess, lessened my sympathy for her was her conduct toward Rebecca. She seemed to take everything she did for her as a matter of course. It was quite true that she gave one the impression of belonging to quite another and a higher sphere of being, but to see her so self-conscious of it was deplorable. If she had been a princess, she could hardly have been served not only with more devotion, but with more respectful reverence. I noticed in particular that, though Rebecca lavished every term of endearment upon her sister, she never addressed her by her Christian name, and I only discovered it to be Lucy by direct inquiry.

With the selfish egotism of the habitual invalid every doctor is familiar, but with Lucy Bent it was carried beyond all bounds. I had supplied her with various little luxuries and made arrangements by which during her illness her sister should not be under the necessity of leaving her, and for this she expressed herself, though I have reason to believe only at Rebecca's prompting, in a few sufficiently suitable words. If she had not uttered them, I should have thought little of it.

There was not much graciousness in Star court, though in this case, where the casket was so fair, one naturally looked for the jewel, but the ignoring of her sister's claim to gratitude and the coldness—as it seemed to me the studied coldness—of her manner toward her were painful to witness. She never exchanged a word with her that was not absolutely necessary. Her state was such that it was impossible to remonstrate with her upon that or any other subject. Indeed—and so far this was an excuse for her—she was so rapt in her own wretchedness, so given over to I knew not what of regretful and despairing memories, that she seemed to pay no attention even to her own condition, to the "body that did her such grievous wrong" or to the soul that was about to quit it.

Rebecca, on her side, was equally silent, dumb as the dog who, treated with indifference by some morose master, still waits on and watches him with patient devotion, but it was easy to see how she longed for a kind word or even a loving glance and longed in vain. At last, when the end was very near, I could forbear no longer. It was a clergyman's business perhaps more than mine, but my patient had declined, and with no little vehemence for one so weak, to see a clergyman, and I took my courage, for, strange as it may seem, it needed courage, in both hands and spoke to her.

"Have you not one word, even of farewell, Lucy, for the sister who has



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nursed you so tenderly?"

There was a struggle within the panting bosom, added to the fight for breath, but the lips moved, and what they formed was the monosyllable "No." In the faint sound I recognized a distinct touch of bitterness.

"I know not what you have suffered," I went on, "and it may be (this struck me for the first time) even at her hands, but I know what she has suffered and is suffering now for your sake. Forgive her if she has done you wrong as you yourself hope to be forgiven. Look at her, it may be for the last time, and bid her kiss you."

Into the dying eyes, as she turned them on her sister, there came a look of ineffable sweetness, and she feebly stretched her arms toward her in invitation of an embrace.

Rebecca fell on her knees beside the wretched bed with a cry in which for the moment sorrow seemed to have been swallowed up in joy. To have been the witness of what followed would have been a sacrilege, and I left them together.

It may have been their first and last caress, for when I entered the room the next morning it had but one living tenant. The dead girl lay on the bed, with her hands crossed, "as if praying dumbly," over her breast. The words of the poet occurred to me as I looked at her; but it was that line alone which had any application to her case. That she had not fallen, whatever sin she had committed, though she looked an angel, as Hood's unfortunate had done, I felt certain. Her story was no common one of the streets and the river. Everything that loving hands could do had been done for her to the very last service

(To be continued.)

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12-4 x 8-3 .... 16 00	10-4 x 10-3..... 22 00	15 x 12-9... .. 40 00
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## WHAT SHE COULD.

By IAN MAOLAREN.

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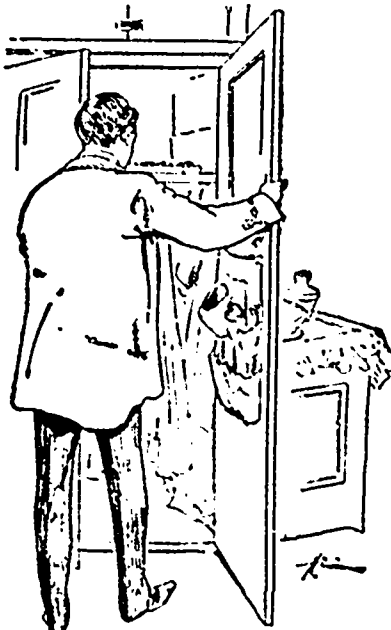
Maud Trevor was a genuine woman and kept her accounts with the aid of six purses. One was an ancient housewife of her grandmother's, which used to be equipped with silk and thread and needles and buttons, and from a secret place yielded to the third generation a bank note of value. This capacious receptacle was evidently intended for the household exchequer, whose transactions were innumerable and whose monthly budget depended for success on an un-failing supply of copper. Another had come from her mother and was of obsolete design—a bag closed at both extremities, with a long, narrow slip in the middle and two rings which com-

pressed the gold into one end and the silver into the other. This was marked out by Providence for charity, since it made no provisions for pennies and laid a handicap of inconvenience on three-penny bits. It retained a subtle trace of an old fashioned scent her mother loved and recalled her mother going out on some errand of mercy—a St. Clare in her sacrifices and devotion. Purse three descended from her father and was an incarnation of business—of chamois leather with a steel clasp that closed with a click, having three compartments within, one of which had its own clasp and was reserved for gold. In this bank Maud kept the funds of a clothing society, whose more masterly bargains ran sometimes into farthings, and she was always haunted with anxiety lest a new farthing and a half sovereign should some day change places. A pretty little purse with ivory sides and silver hinges—a birthday gift of her girlhood—was large enough to hold her dress allowance, which Trevor had fixed

at a most generous rate when he had barely £400 a year and had since forgotten to increase. One in sealskin had been a gift of engagement days and held the savings of the year against birthday and Christmas presents—whose contents were the subject of many calculations. A cast off purse of Trevor's had been devoted to Bertie, their only child, and from its resources came, one way or other, all he needed, but it happened that No. 6 was constantly re-enforced from the purse with the ivory sides.

Saturday forenoon was sacred to book-keeping, and Maud used her bed as a table for this critical operation, partly because it was so much larger than an escritoire, but chiefly because you could empty the purses into little pools with steep, protecting banks. Of course if one sat down hurriedly there was great danger of amalgamation, with quite hopeless consequences, and Trevor held over Maud's head the chance of his making this mistake. It was his way, till he grew too busy, to watch till the anxious face would suddenly brighten and a rapid change be made in the pools—the household contributing something to presents and dresses purse to Bertie, while private and public charity would accommodate each other with change. Caresses were strictly forbidden in those times of abstruse calculation, and the evil one who stands at every man's elbow once tempted Trevor to roll the counterpane into a bundle—purses, money and all—but Maud, when he confessed, said that no human being would be allowed to fall into such wickedness.

Trevor was obliged to open her wardrobe 14 days after the funeral, and the first thing he lighted upon was the purses. They lay in a row on an old account book—a motley set indeed—but so absurd and tricky a spirit is pathos that they affected him more swiftly than the sight of a portrait. Was ever any one so faithful and conscientious, so self forgetful and kind, so capable also and clever in her own sphere? Latterly he had sneered at the purses, and once, being vexed at something in a letter, he had told Maud she ought to have done with that folly and keep her accounts like an educated woman. "A girl of 12 would be ashamed." What a merciless power memory wielded! She only drooped her head—it was on the sealskin purse the tear fell, and he saw the bend of the Wye at Tintern where he had sur-



They lay in a row on an old account book, prised her with that purse. He was moved to kiss away that tear, but his heart hardened. Why could she not be like the women he knew? Well, he would not be troubled any longer with

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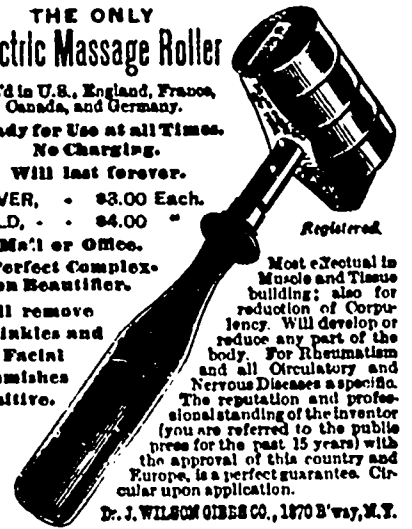
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her simple ways—he could do as he pleased now with the purses. A bitter madness of grief took possession of him, and he arranged them on the bed.

One was empty, the present purse, and he understood—the dress purse, of course, a little silver only—the rest had gone that he might have something beautiful. He knew that it must be done sooner or later, and today was best, for his heart could be no sorer. Yes, here they were, the ungiven gifts. For every person, from himself to the nurse—all wrapped in soft white paper and ready in good time. But he must open it—an inkstand for his study in solid brass, with pens and other things complete—he noted every detail as if to estimate its value. It came back to him how she had cunningly questioned him about his needs before he left for Cannes till he grew impatient. "Don't bother me about ink bottles." Yes, the very words and others—the secret writing of memory came out in this fire of sorrow. "Why won't women understand that a man can't answer questions about trifles when he has work on hand?" He could swear to the words, and he knew how Maud looked, although he did not see.

"Don't go away. You promised that you would sit beside me when I worked—hinder me? I suppose you are bidding for a kiss. You know the sight of your face inspires me." That was ten years ago—he might have borne with her presence a little longer. She never would come again—he would have no interruptions of that kind.

Her gloves, sizes—what a perfect hand it was (smooths out the glove). His memory brings up a dinner table. Mrs. Chatterby gives her opinion on Meredith's last novel and helps herself to salt—he sees a disgusting hand, with stumpy fingers and "or impudence a street arab of a thumb. A vulgar little woman through and through, and yet because she picked up scraps from the mouthpieces and had the trick of catch words people paid her court. And he had sometimes thought, but he knew better today—of all things in the world a glove is the surest symbol. Mended, too, very neatly—that he might have his handsomeness.

It was the last thing he ever could have imagined, and yet it must be a diary—Maud's diary. Turns over the leaves and catches that woman's name against whom he has suddenly taken a violent dislike.

"January 25.—Was at Mrs. Chatterby's—how strange one does not say anything of her husband's, yet he is the nicer of the two—and I think it will be better not to go again to dinner. One can always make some excuse that will not be quite untrue.

"The dinner is in honor of Mr. Fynical, who is leaving his college and coming to live in London to do literary work," as Mrs. Chatterby has been explaining for weeks, "and to give tone to the weeklies."

"The younger men are quite devoted to him, and we ought all to be so thankful that he is to be within reach. His touch reminds one of—I don't know the French writer, but she does not always give the same name. We hope to see a great deal of him. So delightfully cynical, you know, and hates the bourgeoisie."

"I was terrified lest I should sit next Mr. Fynical, but Mrs. Chatterby was merciful and gave me Janie Godfrey's father. Edward says that he is a very able man and will be lord chancellor some day, but he is so quiet and modest that one feels quite at home with him. Last summer he was yachting on the west coast of Scotland, and he described the sunset over the Skye hills, and I tried to give him a Devonshire sunrise.

We both forgot where we were, and then Mrs. Chatterby asked me quite loud, so that every one looked, what I thought of 'Smudges.'

"The dinner table seemed to wait for my answer, and I wish that the book had never come from the library, but I said that I had sent it back because it seemed so bitter and cruel, and one ought to read books which showed the noble side of life.

"You are one of the old fashioned women," she replied. "You believe in a novel for the young person," with a smile that hurt me, and I told her that I had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott. I was trying to say something about his purity and chivalry, when I caught Mr. Fynical's eye and blushed red. If I had only been silent, for I'm afraid every one was laughing, and Edward did not say one word to me all the way home.

"February 20.—Another ordeal, but not so unfortunate as the last. The Brown-Smythes are very kind friends, but I do think they are too much concerned about having clever people at their house. One evening Mrs. Brown-Smythe said she was happy because nothing had been talked about except translations of Homer. A certain guest was so miserable on that occasion that I begged Edward to leave me at home this time, but he said it would not be Greek again. It was science, however, and when we came in Mrs. Brown-Smythe was telling a very learned looking person that she simply lived for fossils. A young lady beside me was talking about gases to a nervous man, who grew quite red and tried to escape behind a table. I think she was wrong in her words, and he was too polite to correct her. To my horror, he was obliged to take me in to dinner, and there never could have been two people more deserving of pity, for I was terrified of his knowledge, and he was afraid of my ignorance. We sat in perfect silence till a fatherly old man, quite a farmer, on my left began to talk to me so pleasantly that I described our country people and was really sorry when the ladies had to leave. Edward says that he is one of the greatest discoverers in the world and has all kinds of honors. We became so friendly that he has promised to take tea with me, and I think he does not despise my simplicity. How I long to be cleverer for Edward's sake, for I'm sure he must be ashamed of me among those brilliant women. I cannot blame him. I am proud of my husband.

"May 15.—I am quite discouraged and have resolved never to go to any charitable committee again. Miss Tabitha Primmer used shameful language at the Magdalene meeting today, and Mrs. Wood-Ruler showed me that I had broken law 43 by giving a poor girl personal aid. It seems presumptuous on my part to criticise such able and diligent workers, but my mother never spoke about certain subjects, and it is agony for me to discuss them. When the vicar insisted on Sunday that thoughtful women were required for Christmas service today, and that we must read up all kinds of books and know all kinds of painful things, my heart sank. It does not seem as if there was any place left for simple folk like me. Perhaps it would be better to give up going out altogether and live for Edward and Bertie. I can always do something for them, and their love will be enough reward.

"November 30.—I have not slept all night, for I made a dreadful mistake about a new book that every one is reading, and Edward was so angry. He did not mean all he said, but he never called me a fool before. Perhaps he is right,

## British American Business College Toronto

More than has ever been the case in the past, the business demands of the now century will call for experienced and expert help in all departments. Young men and women cannot expect to succeed in business, unless they have laid a good foundation in a business education such as is received in this college, where thoroughness is the talisman in every department of teaching. We have prepared a tasty prospectus containing important information for anyone who contemplates a business education, and a copy of this will be gladly sent JOURNAL readers on application.

## BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Y.M.C.A. BUILDING  
Cor. Yonge and McGill Streets, TORONTO  
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

Have you  
Entered  
for the  
New  
Century?

## DR. SLOCUM'S NOBLE WORK

The Eminent Scientist is Devoting  
His Life to the Cure of  
CONSUMPTIVES

Offers Free Treatment to all Who Desiro  
a Cure.

To heal the sick! To bring back health and strength to the pale cheeks of men and women suffering from that terrible disease, Consumption, is the life-work of that Eminent Scientist and benefactor of the human race, Dr. T. A. Slocum. Dr. Slocum has made this disease a life study, and no man in the medical world stands higher as an authority on all lung diseases than the man whose name heads this article. Dr. Slocum says, "no matter how many discouragements you have met with his cure is swift, certain and permanent." To prove the truth of his statement the doctor is willing that every victim of Consumption shall have a free trial of his famous remedies. Here is his offer:

You or your sick friends can have a FREE course of Treatment. Simply write to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 129 King St. West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

When writing for them always mention this paper. Persons in Canada, seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.

and it is hard on him, who is so bright. Sometimes I wish"— And then there was no writing, only a tear mark.

Afterward he opened the letters that had come since her death, and this is what he read:

MY DEAR TREVOR—The intelligence of Mrs. Trevor's death has given me a great shock of regret, and you will allow me to express my sympathy. Many men not given to enthusiasm had told me of her face and goodness, and before I had seen your wife I knew she was a very perfect type of womanliness. The few times I met her Mrs. Trevor cast a certain spell over me—the nameless grace of the former days—and I felt myself unworthy in her presence. Once when a silly woman referred to one of the most miserable examples of decadent fiction, your wife spoke so nobly of true literature that I was moved to thank her, but I gathered from her face that this would not be acceptable. It seemed to me that the mask had fallen from a beautiful soul, and one man at least, in whom there is too little reverence, took the shoes from off his feet. Pardon me if I have exceeded, and believe me, yours faithfully,  
BERNARD FYNICAL.

Nov. 22nd, 1900

To all General Agents:

We sold Montgomery, Ward & Company yesterday, ten more new Oliver machines, making a total sold them this month of forty-eight Oliver Typewriters.

Yours truly,  
THE OLIVER  
TYPEWRITER CO.

For prices and particulars address

**LINOTYPE  
COMPANY  
MANUFACTURERS  
MONTREAL**

BRANCHES:

55 Victoria St. TORONTO  
39 Sparks St. OTTAWA

They come as a boon and a blessing to men—  
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.

**THE WAVERLEY PEN**



THE STANDARD SAYS:—"It is a Treasure."  
Sold by all Stationers.

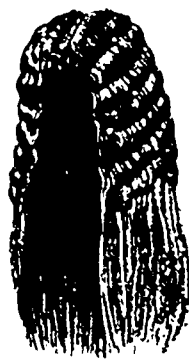
**MAGNIVEN & CAMERON, Limited,  
EDINBURGH.**

The next was from the F. R. S.:  
MY DEAR SIR—It is quite wrong for me, a stranger, to intrude on your grief, but I am compelled to tell you that an old fellow who only spoke to your wife once had to wipe his spectacles over The Times this morning. It came about this way. The lady I had taken in to dinner at the Brown-Smythes gabbled about science till I lost my temper and told her it would be a good thing if women would keep to their own sphere. Your wife was on the other side, and I turned to her in despair. She delighted me by confessing utter ignorance of my subject, and then she won my heart by some of the loveliest stories of peasant life in Devonshire I had ever heard, so full of insight and delicacy. If the parsons preached like that, I would be in church next Sunday. She put me in mind of a sister I lost long ago—who had the same low, soft voice and honest, trusty eyes. When she found I was a lonely man, your wife had pity on me and asked me to call on her. But I had to go to America, and only returned two days ago. I intended to wish her a happy New Year, but it's too late. I cannot get you out of my mind, and I thought it might comfort you to know how a fossil like  
(Continued on page 27.)

# Dorenwend's Hair Goods

Are Known and Worn Everywhere

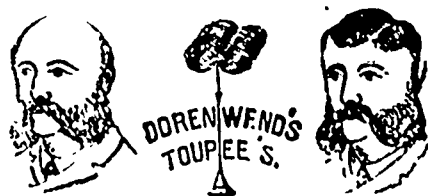
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Mail Orders Promptly Filled In Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc.

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## The Field of Art

Mr. W. ROBERTS writes with a close and detailed knowledge upon all matters connected with art sales, and his summary of the past season's sales of pictures in the *Magazine of Art* contains many facts of interest. The following extract from the paper reveals some curious fluctuations of prices: Not more than about a couple of dozen of really first-rate pictures by artists of the Spanish, Dutch and Flemish schools have occurred for sale during the past season. At the head of the Dutch and Flemish schools, of course, came the fine pair of full-length portraits by Van Dyck of a Genoese senator and his wife, which were "discovered" in 1828 by Sir David Wilkie, and purchased on his recommendation for Sir Robert Peel from the Spinola Palace, at Genoa, for probably less than £1,000 the two; they were now sold together and realized £24,250, the purchaser being Mr. McIntosh McLeod. The surname of the senator and his wife is said to be Giustiniani, and apart from the great power and beauty of the two portraits painted as they are in that rich tone which characterizes the works executed by this master when in Italy—they have undergone no process of restoration or cleaning. A small whole-length, by the same artist, of James, Duke of York, when a child, with a dog, on copper, 10 in. by 8 in., may be here mentioned as having realized 335 guineas in the James Reiss sale, May 12th, as against 220 guineas paid for it at the Hamilton Palace dispersal. Both Rembrandt and Hobbema were each represented by a first-rate example. The former in the Reiss sale by a picture of a stone bridge, near an inn, over a canal, with a farm and haystack among trees beyond, and cart, figures and animals; this picture, which is painted almost entirely in tones of grey and brown, is on panel, 11½ in. by 16 in., and dates from about 1637; it is a very well-known example, is illustrated in Dr. Bode's work, and was at the Old Masters in 1899; it realized 2,200 guineas. A portrait by the same artist, of a gentleman in black dress and a large white ruff, 25 in. by 19½ in., realized 620 guineas on June 16th. The Hobbema picture of a watermill, by the side of a stream which flows towards the spectator, with figures by Adrian van de Velde, 38½ in. by 50 in., was also sold on the last-mentioned date for 6,200 guineas to Messrs. Agnew; it was at the Old Masters in 1899, when it was the property of Mrs. Whatman, and is said to have been purchased in 1834 for 995 guineas.

The family of the late Rosa Bonheur seem to have made a mistake in refusing the offer from M. Georges Petit of two million francs for the collection of her

pictures at their disposal. The auction sale of the individual pictures brought one million two hundred thousand francs, of which ten per cent. went to the auctioneer. An exhibition of the pictures in London cost twenty-five thousand francs, and the one in Paris, twenty thousand francs, to which must be added eight thousand francs for catalogues. All this leaves but one million twenty-seven thousand francs as the net result of sale.

### Character in the Walk.

OBSTINACY is indicated by the slow, heavy and flat-footed style of walking while miserliness may be suspected from the short, nervous and anxious footsteps. Turned-in toes generally characterize the absent minded, and a stoop the studious and deeply reflective, whose thoughts are anywhere rather than with themselves. Sly, cunning people walk with a noiseless, even and stealthy tread, resembling that of a cat. A proud person generally steps even, holds the figure upright and the head a little back, and turns the toes well out.

A gay and volatile person trips lightly and easily in sympathy with his or her nature.

Character is shown by all sorts of oddities in gait, but for grace and elegance no civilian's walk will bear comparison with that of the man who has received military training.

### A Familiar Calendar.

THE 1901 edition of the Columbia desk calendar is being distributed by the American Bicycle Co., Columbia Sales Department, Hartford, Conn. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of five cent stamps. This unique and useful compilation has been issued annually for the last sixteen years and it has come to be regarded as an indispensable article in many business offices and homes.

### Forty-Eight in a Month.

THE advertisement of the Oliver Typewriter in the December CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL was made to read that they had received an order for ten Oliver machines under date of November 22nd, from Montgomery, Ward & Co., "making the total sold them for the year of forty eight Oliver Typewriters." It should have read "making a total sold them this month (November) of forty-eight Oliver Typewriters" added testimony of the value of these excellent machines.

### Travelling Bag of Tan Cloth.

PASSIES worked in machine embroidery and their natural colors ornament the bag of tan broadcloth, which is lined through with dark violet satin, which also forms a puff on the edge. Fifteen by ten inches is a good size for a useful bag to carry for a night's visit to contain the small articles needed for personal use.

# The MENDELSSOHN PIANO

Canada's Standard Instrument.

Warerooms: Gouviay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street  
Factory: 110 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

## Music Notes

In the realm of music, says Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, musical critic of the *Globe*, the nineteenth century will be memorable for the wondrous development of the romantic and imaginative schools, the final triumph of the monodic schools (i. e., accompanied melody) over its old rival, the polyphonic contrapuntal or polyodic school, which was indeed almost moribund at the dawn of the period; the marvellous growth of instrumental music, especially in the domain of the orchestra; the creation of the logical modern music drama, and the decline of oratorio and the ensemble forms of instrumental chamber music. In the union of sensuous charm, dramatic intensity, imaginative and romantic power, music during the past century has transcended the highest flights of prediction or anticipation by the composers of the early eighteenth century schools. While it may be admitted that no new principles were discovered in the past century that had not been enunciated in the eighteenth, it will hardly be denied that music as bequeathed to us by Beethoven and Wagner reveals a luminous illustration of truths which were but vaguely comprehended by their predecessors. Romanticism, however, as a new form of expression, the nineteenth century may fairly claim to have given birth to.

To the nineteenth century must be credited that marvel of mechanism and constructive ingenuity, the modern pianoforte, and the consequent development of music for the instrument, and of the technique of the virtuosi. Great and valuable improvements have also been made in various orchestral instruments. The violin—alone that perfection of singing instruments—has remained unchanged and unimproved since the day Stradivarius turned out from his humble workshop the first of his immortal masterpiece.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music re-opened 3rd January, when a large number of new pupils registered from all parts of the Dominion. The very successful elocution school in connection with the Conservatory continues under the able direction of Miss Masson. The mid-winter examinations at the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, January 30th and 31st, and are open to all candidates without restriction. Applications must be sent in on or before the 14th inst.

MISS CHARLOTTE BOWERMAN, an advanced pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has succeeded Mr. Arthur Ohver as organist of Wesley Methodist Church.

ACCORDING to the statistics given in Max Hesse's Music Calendar for 1901, the most popular composers in German concert halls are Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt, and after them come Brahms, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann. Tschakowsky's name appears more often on the programmes than all the other Russian composers put together.

MARGARET McINTYRE, the English soprano, who is to be heard at the Metro-

UNRIVALLED FOR PURITY AND BRILLIANCY OF TONE BEAUTY OF DESIGN, THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP.

politan Theatre, New York, is a handsome and stately blonde woman.

CLARA BUTT is the tallest contralto in the world, and the Marquis de Souza, who weighs 400 pounds and is rather short, is the heaviest baritone.

Mr. W. O. FORTSMITH, the Director of the Metropolitan School of Music, has been spending his Christmas holidays in New York as the guest of Herr Friedheim, the eminent Russian solo pianist.

WE are pleased to receive from the author, Ellen Vavour Noel, Chatham, Ont., a new piece of music entitled the "Memorial March" to the brave Canadian dead in South Africa. The selection is for the piano, and is winning considerable favor in musical circles.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN 1853 PRESIDENT

# CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COLLEGE STREET  
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.  
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities.  
Offers unequalled facilities and advantages for preparing students as Artists and Teachers, and equipping them fully for important positions in professional work.  
New Calendar and Syllabus Free.

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Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Elocution, English Literature, Orthography, Psychology, Pedagogy.

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After a thorough analysis and proof of its purity the leading physicians of Canada are recommending.....

## Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as a drink.

**CORN KILNER.** A positive cure for hard or soft corns. Price 20 cents per tin. R. H. S. Co., Lock Box 322, Cumberland Mills, Maine.

# FASHION SUGGESTIONS

## Fashion Notes for January.

There is very little effort made to have the jacket match the skirt this winter. Fur, silk, and velvet jackets are worn with wool tailor skirts, and it is quite the thing this season to have a touch of color, or gold, or Oriental embroidery, on the jacket that is in no way reproduced on the skirt. It is a settled fact that smart tailor dresses are to be made with tight-fitting waists to match the skirts, rather than in jacket suits that have been worn so much with separate waists. The newest tailor waists are the Russian blouse, buttoned at the left but ending at the waist-line, and the English hunting blouse, that fits snug across the bust, blouses a trifle at the waist, buttons straight down the front with small brass buttons, and is finished with outside lapel pockets just above the bust on each front piece. Nothing smarter has been worn in years than the hunting blouse.

Muffs this year are large—very large, something like the huge bolster affairs that were toled about by our grandmothers, in pictures, at least. The moderately large ones are shaped at the ends and are rather flat, and sometimes finished with fur ruffles.

Bonnets of costly gold lace are the fashion, and odd-shaped little separate jackets made of plaited gold braid and the same width velvet ribbon. They not only can be bought in black and gold, but scarlet and gold, and are made to order in any color the purchaser may wish.

Fancy brocaded waistcoats are made up to suit the individual taste.

## The House Gown.

The house gown is one of the most important dresses of a woman's wardrobe, now that there is such a marked difference between the house and street costume. The latter is only worn in the street, and changed for a lighter and more dainty gown while in the house. Soft clinging material is best liked for these gowns, and there should be ribbon and lace for decoration. Long flowing ends, lace fichus, lace guimpes, velvet, and ribbon bows will all lend a grace to this dainty costume. Soft vests and undersleeves are also a part of this dress, and when of light silken material, are very attractive looking with the pretty low shoes and milled silk petticoat that accompany it.

A lovely house gown for a winter bride is of dull blue Liberty satin, made with Princess back and long, straight flowing front in accordion plaits, to simulate the box coat effect. The dress is cut with low neck that falls well off from the shoulders, and under which is worn a white lace guimpe in Battenburg, which extends below the short elbow sleeves.

A high stock collar of the Battenburg is wired to stand very erect about the throat. It is one of the prettiest and most graceful house dresses that has been devised this season.

Still another gown, made after this style, is for an older lady. The material of black Liberty satin has the accordion plaited back as well as front in coat style, the sides following the figure closely. This gown is made high and close in the neck, and is not worn with a guimpe. Long jabots, of soft white lace, fall from the throat below the waist, and for the undersleeve below the elbow sleeve is a full, deep fall of the lace left unconfined and flowing, which extends well over the hand.—*Haushold.*

## A Josephine Tunic.

THE STRAIGHT FRONT CORSET HAS REVIVED THE GRACIOUS EMPIRE GOWN IN A WONDERFUL WAY.

Slender women have in their wisdom kept the gracious Empire costume in fashion from season to season, moulding its lines to accord with every changing mode without destroying its special grace and individuality. This winter as the pretty sketch shows the true and only Josephine frock is provided with a tunic drapery that hangs not from the shoulders as of yore, but from a point three inches below the bust and shoulder level. The tunic in this as in many other instances is made of very light and very transparent gold tissue and bordered with a heavy band of Napoleonic laurel leaves. Sprays of laurel, in thick gold threads, are embroidered about the base of the peplum, and this rich and shining veil is dropped upon a deep rose satin slip between which and the golden curtain a thickness of rose colored chiffon is laid. Below the tunic three accordion pleated flounces of chiffon fall out softly about the feet and a tiny neckerchief of chiffon is drawn about the open shoulders of the bodice.

This is the ideal Empire gown because its skirts are narrow at the hip and bell out broadly at the foot, and even a stout woman can presume to profit by its long and gracious lines. Not less splendid and just as effective as this arrangement of gold tissue over satin is the reversal of the order by slipping a tunic of silk muslin over a very close fitting slip of cloth of gold or silver.

The true Napoleonic frock is copied from one worn by the first Empress of the French and this was a white satin slip studded with small golden bees. Over her slip fell a tunic of white illusion bordered with golden laurel leaves and through this tunic the bees shone with a most amazing lustre. In the hair with such a gown a wreath of gold laurel leaves is worn to encircle the base of a high cone of puffs.

## Just for Fun.

Ted and Robbie, aged respectively seven and eight years, came in very late from school one afternoon. "Where have you been?" asked mamma. Ted, the younger, was always spokesman, and answered quickly, "We stopped." "What for?" persisted mamma. "To— to watch two boys fighting," said Ted. "Who were the boys?" asked mamma. "Robbie was one," Ted answered. "Why—why?" said mamma, looking hard at Robbie. "And who was the other?" "I was," confessed Ted, without a minute's hesitation; and mamma had to laugh, even though both boys went without jam on their bread for supper.

## The Young Woman in Business.

A CERTAIN class of observers would have us believe that women are leaving business offices and going back to the privacy of homes, which a beneficent Creator designed them to adorn and bless. It is quite true that a sifting process is going on, and that those young women who cannot or will not do their work as the business world wants it done, are going home by request, but it is also true that there are many ladies who have demonstrated their worth by their work, are so well appreciated that they are given good salaries and treated with marked consideration and respect. Of course, the frivolous, flirting society girl is out of place in a business office, but the good, sensible, ambitious and independent Canadian girl—God bless her!—is still wanted, and sentimentalists cannot shame

**MENNEN'S**  
BORATED TALCUM  
**TOILET POWDER**  
AFTER BATHING  
AND SHAVING

Delightful after Bathing. A luxury after shaving. A Positive Relief for Frenzy Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the Skin. Removes all odor of Perspiration.

Get Mennen's. (The original.) A little lighter in price, perhaps than certain substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other Powders which are liable to do harm.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)

**GERHARD MENNEN CO.**  
Newark, N.J.



her back into nothingness. The good she has already done, and the reforms in business offices she has been instrumental in making, affords sufficient warrant for her continuance in business.

The firmer the hold which a man has of any belief, the greater should be his respect for one who sincerely and tenaciously clings to the opposite opinion.



JOSEPHINE TUNIC.

**WE GIVE A WATCH FREE**

WE GIVE CASH or JEWELRY

THE LARGEST SPECIALTY STORE Handling Fine Watches of every grade and every description. Solely guaranteed. Special arrangement to give free to each person selling and buying. Send your name and address and we will send to you a beautiful watch. When you send us the \$1.00 we will send you a fine watch. When you send us \$2.00 we will send you a fine watch. When you send us \$3.00 we will send you a fine watch.

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No. 7 Arthur Bldg. Ellerslie, Mass.

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RATES FOR THIS WINTER

Special Building Fund Rate now in effect, good for the winter only. **LINTON ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE**, Ogdensburg, N.Y. (formerly Brockville, Canada). Important, write today for special rate announcement.

**SPECIAL ARTICLES for LADIES**  
and gentlemen, particularly those contemplating marriage. Send for 10 sample and important information. **FACE-BOOK SPECIALTY CO.**, 248, New Haven Ct.



The Pleasant Tongue.

THERE is no finer art than that of dwelling comfortably with people. The social or the family structure is a sort of kaleidoscope, which should ever resolve itself into a pleasing pattern if each will willingly slide to his place and permit others to do so. Nothing so promotes this result as a pleasant tongue. Not the tongue of honeyed phrase that is smooth from policy, but the one that is the result of a generous, tactful, sympathetic heart. Too often the high worth of pleasantness is overlooked, but in the course of life it is one of the greatest factors. Perhaps it is going too far to say that it has alone won more high positions in life than actual ability, but it has certainly obtained where strenuous, self-assertive virtues have failed. Unselfishness is the creator of a pleasant tongue; an unselfishness which crowds out of sight all jealousy, all resentment, gloom, and restraint; an unselfishness that makes light of favors bestowed, and is expansive and grateful over those received.—Edna A. Foster.

Dusters

SHOULD be made as far as possible of soft stuff, and should always be hemmed—which is easily done with a sewing machine—for ravelings are a nuisance. Where the staff of servants is not large, and the ladies of the house do a little of their own dusting, I strongly advise a duster being kept in an out-of-the-way place in the sitting-room, and of a set not in general use by the household. Dusters should be washed out directly they are at all soiled, or the house will not look bright as well as clean.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

To remove hair use a duster, or, better yet, use a razor. Both have the same effect. To kill hair growth—invalidate our common-sense home treatment. Kills by absorption. Circular in plain, sealed envelope on application. THE MONOGRAM CO. 107 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. Box 2147

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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream OR Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other Cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Patches, Itch and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 32 years, no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the East (in a patient): "As you ladies will see them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Gouraud's Powder suitable for removing superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 25 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe. Also found in Toronto at T. Eaton Co., and other Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of cheap imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Limited, Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

Aphorisms.

THERE'S none so blind as those who think they see.

"THERE'S very little difference between us," said the History to the Novel. "Oh, yes, there is," replied the latter. "We are both liars, to be sure, but I am proud of it."

A MAN looking for opportunities passed two of them on the road. Said one to the other: "What a hurry he is in! He never even noticed us?" "Let's make a see-saw," said Joy to Grief. "All right," replied the latter. "Find a man."

Tom Masson, in Century.

Choosing a Nursery.

WHEN choosing a room for a nursery, it is well to bear in mind that for the health's sake of the little inmates it is necessary for them to have plenty of light and sunshine, combined with good ventilation and warmth. It is best, if possible, not to have the nursery at the top of the house under the roof, but on the first or second floor, facing the south. The air of the room ought never to register more than seventy degrees nor less than sixty degrees, though there are some days in summer and winter when it is impossible to keep the temperature at this happy medium. Gas should never be used in day or night nurseries as it uses up the oxygen in the air.

The Trick of Resting.

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake, provided there is a taboret or little footstool in the room on which the feet may rest while the other part of the body is supported by a chair. You can read and rest comfortably in this fashion, and let it be whispered right here between ourselves that if we want to gain a maximum of rest in a minimum of time we should copy that inelegant but healthful trick of the masculine dromes and put our feet occasionally higher than our heads. Fashionable women, to whom the necessity of never showing fatigue and of ever looking their best has taught this knack, fall into this posture whenever they are in the seclusion of their own apartments.

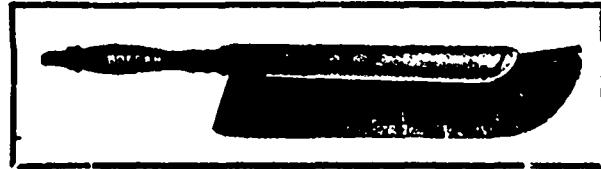
Animal Dentistry.

A dog fancier at Chicago recently paid a dentist \$150 for "crowning" the broken front teeth of a prize-winning dog. A New South Wales pastoralist has also tried dentistry on a sheep with great success. He had a valuable American ram, which found great difficulty in masticating its food, owing to the loss of teeth. Artificial teeth were inserted, and the animal has since vigorously attacked its fodder. This is believed to be the first case of the kind in that colony.

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OFFICIAL CALENDAR

OF THE

Ontario Education Department

FOR THE YEAR 1901

JANUARY

- 1. By laws for establishing and withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect. [H. S. Act, sec. 7 (1) (2)]
2. Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools. [P. S. Act, sec. 57 (1), S. S. Act, sec. 31 (2)]
First meeting of rural School Trustees. [P. S. Act, sec. 16 (1)]
3. High, Public and Separate Schools open. [H. S. Act, sec. 41, P. S. Act, sec. 59, S. S. Act, sec. 51]
4. Annual Reports of Boarding schools and towns, to Department, due
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerk and Inspector. [P. S. Act, sec. 14 (3)]
5. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 14 (2), sec. 17 (1)]
Application for Legislative appointment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due
Annual Reports of kindergarten attendance, to Department, due
Annual Report of Separate Schools, to Department, due. [S. S. Act, sec. 25 (1), (2), (3)]
Provincial Normal Schools open first Session. Reg. 96.
6. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns, and incorporated villages. [P. S. Act, sec. 61 (1)]
Appointment of High School Trustees by Public School Boards. [H. S. Act, sec. 12, P. S. Act, sec. 61 (1)]
7. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils. [H. S. Act, sec. 1, City Mun. Act, sec. 57]
8. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils. [H. S. Act, sec. 12 (1), Mun. Act, sec. 57]

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**Family Jars.**

JARS of jelly, jars of jam, Jars of potted beef and ham, Jars of early gooseberries nice, Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice, Jars of orange marmalade, Jars of pickles all home-made, Jars of cordial elder wine, Jars of honey superfine; Would the only jars were these Which occur in families!

**Helpful Home Hints.**

ALWAYS well heat a gridiron before broiling meat on it. Regular habits, proper food, and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant.

The three prime essentials to a nursery are fresh air, good food at regular intervals, and pure water.

It is profitable to have two pairs of shoes, and wear each every other day. They last much longer, and the wearer is healthier.

Paraffin stains can be removed from a garment by sponging it with a little pure benzine. This will not hurt the most delicate fabric, especially if you procure what is called the perfumed.

The wick of an oil lamp should not be longer than will reach to the bottom of the oil container. It is best to change the wick once in two months. Bear in mind that the wick acts the part of a strainer.

**Cookery for Moderate Incomes.**

**EASTER PUDDING.**—Soak half a pint of bread crumbs in a pint of milk. Grate an ounce of chocolate to a powder; mix it with a table-spoonful of sugar and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Beat two eggs, whites and yolks separately—the former to a stiff froth; add the yolks, the chocolate, and lastly, the whites, to the bread-crumbs. Turn the whole into a greased pie-dish, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream or chocolate sauce.

**LIVER SAUCE.**—Make half a pint of melted butter sauce. Wash the liver and boil it for ten minutes, then mince it, and add a little grated lemon rind. Peel the lemon, remove the pips and all the white part, and cut it very small; add it with the liver to the melted butter.

**FRIED FOWL.** Choose a young fowl or pullet, cut it into neat joints, and put it with the liver and gizzard into a stew-pan with two or three slices of bacon chopped into small pieces, a chopped

onion, pepper and salt. Fry all together. When done place on a hot dish. Dredge a little flour into the pan; when browned, add a teaspoonful of vinegar and a little stock. Boil up the whole, stirring well to keep it smooth. Pour round the fried fowl.

**AUNT CECILIA'S PUDDING.**—Chop four ounces of suet very finely; mix with a pound of flour, a tea spoonful of baking-powder, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of chopped citron, two ounces of sultanas, two ounces of currants, and two table-spoonfuls of golden syrup. Boil for three hours in a well-greased pudding-basin. Custard sauce may be served with this pudding.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—Bake three layers of sponge cake or of Genoese pastry, or cut one cake into three rounds. Peel some oranges; cut them into slices, removing the pips and pith, and leave them covered with sugar for about two hours. Put layers of these slices between the rounds of cake, and if the oranges are smothered in cream the cake will be richer. Either ice the whole, or sprinkle with castor sugar. This cake should be made only just before it is required.

**ORANGE CHEESECAKE.**—Mix half a pound of ground almonds with half a pound of castor sugar, add a pound of butter melted carefully, without oiling, and allowed to get nearly cold. Beat the yolks of ten and the whites of four eggs; pound two candied oranges and a fresh one with the bitterness boiled out in a mortar till as soft as marmalade and without any lumps. Beat the whole together, and use as filling instead of lemon cheese for patties.

**STUFFED EGGS.** Six hard cooked eggs, one egg, one tablespoon cold water, two shredded wheat biscuits rolled and sifted, or half cup granulated wheat-shred, salt and white pepper, three tea-spoons Royal salad dressing, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, twelve small wooden skewers. Cook forty-five minutes, cool thoroughly, cut eggs into halves lengthwise, remove yolks, keeping halves of each egg in pairs. Put yolks through ricer or sieve, add salad dressing, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste; mix into smooth paste, fill halves of eggs level, put halves together, fasten through ends with skewers, roll in egg and water, then in crumbs and fry in deep fat to a golden brown; remove skewers. A delicious and dainty lunch-dish.

*Blue Ribbon Ceylon*  
*Tea is always uniform*  
*and always the best. Try it.*

**SCRAMBLED EGGS, WITH TOMATOES, ON SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT TOAST.**—One half tablespoon butter, one teaspoon scraped onion, one cupful strained tomatoes, quarter teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon white pepper, quarter teaspoon sugar, four eggs, three shredded wheat biscuits. Melt butter in sauce-pan, add onion, tomatoes, and the seasoning; cover and cook five minutes; set back from fire. Then add eggs beaten with a fork, break into large curds as they cook, remove and serve on the biscuit that have been split and toasted to a light brown in the oven.

**Points About Pet Birds.**

If you wish to keep your pet bird in good health and song the following hints will be worth remembering:

- Don't leave a bird in a room which is being swept. Dust injures the voice.
- Don't hang the bird in a window.
- Don't hang the bird in the sunshine except just after the bath, and only long enough to dry his plumage.
- Don't hang a bird where there are draughts, or in a kitchen where there is steam or damp air.
- Don't give figs, sugar, or candy.
- Don't allow the bird to fly about the room if you want his best songs.
- Don't fail to change the water in the cup from which a bird drinks every day, and during hot weather several times a day.
- Don't feed with mustard or turnip seed instead of sweet rape; they look like good rape, but are bitter, and as fit for a bird as sawdust is for you.

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(Continued from page 28.)  
 myself was melted by that kind heart. Bellow me, my dear sir, your obedient servant,  
 ANCHIMALD GILMORE.

The third was also from a man, but this time a lad in rooms whom Trevor had seen at the house:

DEAR MR. TREVOR—You perhaps know that Mrs. Trevor allowed me to spend an hour with her of an evening when I felt downhearted or had any trouble, but no one will ever know how much she did for me. When I came up to London, my faith began to go, and I saw that in a short time I would be an agnostic. This did not trouble me so much on my own account as my mother's, who is dead, and made me promise something on her deathbed. So I bought books and heard sermons on unbelief till I was quite sick of the whole business. Mrs. Trevor took me to hear your own clergyman, who did not help me one bit, for he was too clerical and logical, but you remember I came home with you, and as you had gone to your study I told Mrs. Trevor my difficulties, and she did me more good than all the books. She never argued nor preached, but when I was with her one felt that religion was a reality, and that she knew more about it than any one I had met since I lost my mother. It is a shame to trouble you with my story when you are in such sorrow, and no one need tell you how noble a woman Mrs. Trevor was, but I could not help letting you know that her goodness has saved one young fellow at least from infidelity and worse. You will not mind my having sent a cross to put on the coffin. It was all I could do. Yours gratefully,  
 GEORGE BISSON.



Trevor's fortitude was failing fast.

There was neither beginning nor end to the fourth letter, but it was written in a lady's hand:

I am a clergyman's daughter, who left her father's house and went astray. I have been in the inferno and have seen what I read in Dante while I was innocent. One day the old rectory rose up before my eyes, the roses hanging over my bedroom window, the birds flying in and out the ivy, my father on the lawn, aged and broken through my sin, and I resolved that my womanhood should no longer be dragged in the mire. My home was closed years ago, I had no friends, so I went in my desperation to a certain institute and told my case to a matron. She was not unkindly, but the committee were awful, without either sympathy or manners, and when an unmarried woman wished to pry into the details of my degradation—but I can't tell a man the shame they would have put upon me—my heart turned to flint, and I left the place. I would have gone back to my life and perished had it not been for one woman who followed me out and asked me to go home with her for afternoon tea. Had she said one word about my past I had flung myself away, but because she spoke to me as if I were still in the rectory I could not refuse. Mrs. Trevor never once mentioned my sin, and she saved my soul. I am now a nurse in one of the hospitals, and full of peace. As long as I live I shall lay white flowers on her grave, who surely was the wisest and tenderest of women.

Trevor's fortitude was failing fast before this weight of unconscious condemnation, and he was only able to read one more, an amazing production, that had cost the writer great pains:

HONORED SIR—Bill says as it's tyking too much on the likes o' me to be addressing you on your misus' death, but it's not her husband that will despoil a pore working woman oo's lost her best friend. When Bill 'ad the rumatics and couldn't do no work, and Byby was a-growing that thin you could see thro' 'em. Mrs. Byles says to me, "Mrs. 'Awkes, you

goes to the Society For the Horganization of Female Toilers." Says I, "Wot is that?" and she declares, "It's a set of ladies oo wants to 'elp women to work, and they'll see you gets it." So I goes, and I saw a set of ladies sitting at a table, and they looks at me, and one with spectacles and a v'col like an 'andsaw asks me, "Wot's your name?" and "Ow old are you?" and "Ow many children have you?" and "Are your 'abits temperate?" and then she says, "If you pay a shilling, we 'ill put your nym down for work has an unskilled worker." "I 'avn't got a shilling, and Byby's dying for want of food." "This ain't a poor 'ouse," says she. "This is a Booro." When I was a-going down the stairs, a lady comes after me. "Don't cry, Mrs. 'Awkes," for she had picked up my name. "I've come charing for you, and we 'ill go to get something for Byby." If ever there was a haugel in a sealskin jacket and a plain little bonnet, but the true lady hall hover, 'er name was Mrs. Trevor. Bill, he looked up from that day and was on his keb in a week, and little Jim is the biggest Byby in the court. Mrs. Trevor never rested till I got three hollies to clean, to say nothing of 'elping at cleanings and parties in 'ouses. She was that kind too and free, when she'd come him with noos of some hollie. "We're horganizing you, Missus 'Awkes, just splendid," with the prettiest bit smile. Bill, he used to say, "Er 'usband's a proud man, for I never saw the like o' her for a downright lady in 'er wys," and 'e knows, does Bill, being a kelman. When I told 'im, he was that bad that 'e never put a match to pipe the 'ole night. "Marlar," 'e says to me, "you and me 'as seen somethink of her, but you bet nobody knew wot a saint she was 'cept 'er 'usband."

Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had been holden.

THE END.

## HARRY'S CORDIAL.

By HENRY HERMAN.

[Copyright, 1907, by Tillotson and Son.]  
 CHAPTER I.

A stupendous chaos of whites and browns, canopied by a boundless firmament of lead.

A Rocky mountain solitude majestic in its awesome desolation, with the icy wind howling, whistling, roaring through the gorges and the canyons and dashing itself with a frenzied fury against the mighty rocks that rose on all sides, sheer and steep and black, save where the flying snow had found a ledge or a tree stem on which to fasten its ghostly pall. A mountain torrent, flinging itself headlong into space from a dizzy height of hundreds of yards, had become a monstrous fantastic sheet of grayish ice, against which the patches of snow which it bore stood out a dazzling white. The forest giants bent and cracked beneath the force of the tempest, and their bare branches, left from the mother stems, whirled through the snow sodden air like huge uncanny ravens.

No sound or sign of man or beast or bird of the air in the midst of this ghastly, wailing, raving, storm monotony, save one figure that moved slowly and painfully through the blinding hurricane.

Where the rough, snow covered plateau inclined prairieward and the mountain wilderness seemed to stretch gigantic arms toward the vast plains that lay like a white sea at its feet, barely perceptible through the thick, snowy haze, a tall man climbed across the dangerous broken ground. The snow lay a yard deep everywhere, and every now and then a treacherous chasm between the uneven boulders threatened a terrible death. The hidden tangle of uneven creepers, stripped of all foliage, and the naked briery network of the underbrush mingled in snaring pitfalls beneath the covering snow, like a vast web of prick covered whip cord, ready to punish each unwary step.

The man appeared to be accustomed

to the dangers which would have affrighted many a staunch and stout heart. He seemed to be fashioned of iron, with a face of glass, against which the whirling snowflakes dashed harmlessly. His long hair clung to his neck and shoulder like a wave of snow, with here and there a patch of black in the midst of the white powdering foam. His beard resembled the frozen waterfall for its grotesque covering of icicles, and his brown buckskin clothing was covered with brittle patches of glassy gray. There was naught visible of his face save his shining black eyes, for he had tied a red cotton handkerchief across his nose and mouth, and it had become a frozen sheet like the rest of his clothing.

The man climbed on down hill undaunted. Many a time he slipped and staggered and fell, but rose again, punting and now and then suppressing a low moan that surged to his throat in spite of him. The rags which he had tied over his hands showed broad red stains through their dingy frozen folds, and he limped more and more painfully as he proceeded on his awful journey, but not a sound escaped him. He might have been a suffering dumb creature struggling for life against the murderous fury of the elements.

At last the ground sloped more evenly, the fiendish webwork of naked briar and creeper ceased to impede the foot, and, save for the sheet of snow, a yard deep, through which the man had to wade, progress was easy and unobstructed.

At a sudden turn of the mountain, nestled against a towering spur of the foothill which sheltered it from the fury of the wind and surrounded by some threescore of leafless cottonwoods, the traveler espied the low, snow covered roof of a human habitation. The smoke curled away lustily from its clay chimneys, and the warmth of the fire beneath had melted the white shroud which covered the rest of its slopes, and thus revealed the brownish yellow layer of clay and prairie grass which had served for tiles in its construction.

The man strode on, as with a new heart, as the near proximity of life and warmth strengthened his stiffening nerves. His failing sight grew keener, and he even thought that a sensation of existing presence, painful, yet reassuring, returned to his nearly frozen hands and arms. The huge projecting hillside deepened to him the blast of the tempest, which still raged and rioted overhead, to waste its now victimless fury until, in its widening sweep, it touched the barre, rolling plain far inland.

The desperate journeyer had reached level ground, and some 300 or 400 strides brought him to the log hut that lay so snugly enscoured in the protecting shadow of the mountain. The wind had piled a small hillock of snow against its side, and no window or opening of any kind was visible. The man plodded his weary way around the back of the house where the warmth of the chimneys had transformed the snowy covering of the plain into a swamp of freezing slush, and, again turning the corner, reached the side where the thickly clustered cottonwoods had afforded a staunch screen against the drifting flakes. Here the rough bark covered logs and the clay filled crovices were still in pristine greenish brown, save for a few white ridges and lines. The wailing wind was denied its play ground here. The daring pioneer had so cunningly planned and constructed his house that he defied the elements to bar ingress or egress to or from his wild home.

The rough plank door was open when the shivering traveler at last reached it.

On the threshold stood a tall and lean old man, his grayish, pale face surrounded by a long gray beard and with a veil of sparse silvery hair straggling behind him. On the wrinkled brow and cheeks the skin lay in flabby streaks, and the eyes shone with a hungry lustre.

When the old man saw the wanderer, he stared at him for a few heart beats' space with feverishly flashing eyes, and then a strange little peal of sickly laughter rang faintly between his bared teeth. He stretched out a white and bony hand of welcome, but the newcomer held up his blood stained rags and swiftly entered the house, flinging his frozen coverings from him as he walked. Broad red streaks revealed themselves upon his hands and face as he unwrapped them, like ugly, deep, newly cut gashes. The skin where it was visible was of a deep purple blue, like dull tempered steel. The old pioneer, having rapidly closed the door, beckoned him to take a seat by the fire which crackled cheerily



"Go!"

in the clay chimney at the farther end of the room, but the young man shook his head.

"Give me a minnit," he said. "I guess I've got to thaw a bit afore I can say another word."

The old man placed a three legged stool by the fireside and sat there for a few moments in a trembling silence. Then he rose, writhing his arms in the air, as if unable longer to bear the nervous strain.

"Whar are the others?" he cried.

"Dead!" was the hard reply.

"What! Joe an Firo Headed Dick an French Bill, all gone under?" He clutched his thin hair as if in mortal agony, and his bosom heaved up, with lips parted, he awaited the answer.

"All gone under."

"All?"

"Yes, all. They're lyin in the snow on the Wambdazoua, fruz to death."

"All! My poor boy with 'em," wailed the old man. "An yow?" he asked.

"Have yew brought anything to eat?"

"Thar's nuthin that flies or walks alive on the mount'in. I've brought nuthin but this."

With that he painfully removed the leather satchel which hung from its strap across his shoulder. It was heavy, and it fell on the deal table with a dull thud. The old man leaped toward it and tore it open greedily. A number of uneven glittering yellow lumps rolled on the board.

"What's this?" yelled the old man.

"What, in the name of God, is this?"

"It's gold, Daddy Hays, gold!" was the even toned reply.

The old frontier man raised his bony arms heavenward.

(To be continued.)

COCOAUTS come from the East Indies, the West Indies, and the islands of the Pacific near the Equator.





### Sheldon's New Book.

A NEW book by Charles M. Sheldon, the famous author of "In His Steps," never fails to excite the interest of thousands of readers. "Born to Serve" is the title of the latest book by Mr. Sheldon, and the advanced sheets indicate a very strong book indeed, one of thrilling interest to the thoughtful reader, one which with a master's hand many of the cankers of social life, of domestic unhappiness, of the broader woman problem, of social reform at the vitals of society—are laid bare, with cultured delicacy, but none the less with graphic, unflinching truth. The Canadian rights have been secured by The Poole Publishing Co., Toronto, but as the story will not appear in book form for some time the publishers will run it as a serial in the *Presbyterian Review*, beginning with the issue of the 3rd inst., thus enabling the readers of that paper to have this most interesting work in advance.

### "The House of Egremont."

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

THE principal scenes of this novel are staged in England and in France, during the exile of James II. The story relates chiefly the loves of two women and a man. For the most part, the man had a sorry time of it, living up to the highest ideal of honor, considering that two women loved him ardently, and it must be admitted he had more than one relapse to the level of the ordinary man, though never becoming quite one, but always "Roger Egremont, of Egremont, a gentleman, by God." And he never could be accused of not living well up to the Egremont motto, "Fear God and take your own part," especially the latter command, for life taught him early the necessity of that.

When little more than a baby, he was left motherless, and his father sadly neglected him, the first attention shown being more cruel than all the past neglect; for when Roger was but ten, an imposter was brought into the house, a lad named Hugo, said to be the child of a second marriage contracted in Germany. This explanation was believed neither by the servants nor the villagers; nor was Hugo a favorite with them, and the young heir himself felt a righteous resentment against the intrusion.

The one bright streak in Roger's lonely boyhood was the devotion of a distant cousin (who lived at Egremont) by everybody affectionately known as Dicky boyish Dicky of the round face and dimples, who loved nothing better on earth than to "play the fiddle"; who sinned very humanly one minute, and repented just as humanly the next; who became a Jesuit priest, and finally an angel in Heaven.

There are many other fascinating people, each one worth a column—Madame de Beauvoir, Papa Mazot, Madame Michot, the noble Duke of Borwick—indeed there is not an uninteresting character in the book.

But after all it is Roger the reader is bound up in. The dining-room must wait—the gong sound with incessant din. For who cares to eat while the fortunes of Roger Egremont are at stake?

Roger, but a youth, was sent to prison for treason against the Prince of Orange, the particular act being the flinging in his

Highness's face a platter of beans. Life there (in ways which the story will reveal) was made so interesting for him that he was loath to leave. In fact he had to be flung out of Nowgate at the end of three years. While there, he allowed Bea Larkens, the gaoler's niece, better known as Red Bea, to love him, even as he believed he loved her; but, alas! when out in the world again, the naughty little boy who had been masquerading as Cupid, ran away. By-and-bye, the real Cupid hunted him down, and his meeting with the new love, Michelle, which happened beside a rose-tree, was like an exquisite fairy tale.

This most readable book comes to us from the press of the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, is bound in cloth and is a creditable addition in all respects to their splendid book list.

### "The World's Work" for January.

THE review of the month in the January *World's Work*, the new monthly of Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, sweeps over the whole field of activity in its straightforward and cheerful treatment of the most important contemporaneous events—political, sociological, educational, international and literary.

Among the articles are "Great Tasks of the New Century" which point out a dozen or more revolutionary undertakings which the great governments and the great corporations of the world have in hand, the completion of which will change the routes of travel and the direction of civilization.

An article of unusual interest is a character study of Lord Roberts, by Winston Spencer Churchill, an intimate and thorough portrait of the man and an explanation of his career.

The *World's Work* takes the current of contemporaneous events and activities at its flood, and it is written in plain, direct English, without superfluous words. It drives straight towards the main point.

### "Good House-keeping."

EVERY woman will enjoy the bright sketch in *Good Housekeeping* for January entitled "A Day Among Intelligence Offices." It is instructive as well as entertaining. The encouraging progress of *Good Housekeeping's* international investigation of the help problem is recorded in this number. A short, bright essay, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on "Getting Into Social Life," sets forth truth which every woman will appreciate. An unique club, the Riverside Thimble Club of Binghamton, N. Y., is described with the aid of a full-page picture of the club in session. The most eminent of specialists in his line, Dr. J. M. Groedel, of Nauheim, Germany, writes of "How to Avoid Heart Troubles." This is a splendid article, helpful to the layman and of the utmost value professionally.

LET us be patient. These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise.  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

LONGFELLOW.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Motto: "Love Thy Land."

### THE Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.

#### OFFICERS:

Patron, . . . . . Her Excellency The  
Countess of Minto.  
Hon. President, . . . . . Lady Laurier.  
President, . . . . . Mrs. Geo. E. Foster.  
Recording Secretary, . . . . . Mrs. C. O'Connor.  
Treasurer, . . . . . Mrs. T. Ahearn.  
Cor. Secretary, . . . . . Miss F. G. Kenny.

### The Terrible Bush Fire of 1870 Recalled, and Some Thrilling Incidents Related.

Official Report of the Corresponding Secretary.



THE regular meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa took place in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Friday afternoon, December 14th, at four o'clock, with the president, Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, in the chair. There was a good attendance of members. It was a great pleasure to everyone to see Mrs. Foster resume the headship of the society again, which she has guided with conspicuous tact and ability ever since its organization.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, followed by the report of the executive. The latter included reports from various committees which are deep into work, interviewing old residents, collecting memoirs, etc., all making good progress.

The papers for the day were: "An Historical Sketch of the County of Carleton," by Miss Read, and "A Few Notes on the Early Days of Bytown," by Mde. Pigeon.

The first paper, after touching on the physical features of the county, went largely into the nomenclature of the many townships. Speaking of general events, the writer recalled one of the most dreadful experiences of inhabitants along the Ottawa, the great fire of 1870, which many of her hearers remembered with horror as keen as though it happened only yesterday. She said: "In 1870 the county was visited by a dreadful calamity in the shape of terrific bush fires, which started in several places after a very dry season. The largest originated in Fitzroy, and fanned by a high wind, tore madly forward to unite with the other fires, and so devastated sections all over the county. The conflagration lasted well on to a fortnight, and many farmhouses, with everything in and around them, including even the fences, were consumed, besides large tracts of valuable timber. Some people and a great many wild animals perished. The general suffering was very great. Ottawa itself was in extreme danger, enveloped in dense clouds of smoke, with cinders falling thickly in the streets, and the sun a horrible sight, looking like a lurid fire-ball suspended in the foggy heavens, threatening immediate destruction. Probably the city owed its safety to the cutting loose of St. Louis' dam and the arrival of an engine from Montreal which came up in six hours, a marvel of rapid travelling at that time. On the 17th of August the fire was at its height. The whole of the thriving little village of Bella Corners, ten miles distant from Ottawa, was completely wiped out. Many tragedies were enacted during those days, but I can only allude to one. A family who was living in a lonely spot back from the river had been burnt out of house and home. As the fire closed upon them the husband put his wife and children in a large hole, approaching the nature of a

well, which was sunk in the ground, and with the help of his little son covered them with loose earth and sand and then they proceeded to fight off the fire. The poor little fellow died before morning from suffocation and exhaustion, and the father only lived long enough, when the fire had raged past heedless and ruthless, to liberate his family from their miserable refuge, where the baby had also died during the night. Even now, after the lapse of thirty years, the fires of 1870 are a horrible memory. Yet there were in the midst of its heartbreak humorous incidents. One old lady drove some miles to seek shelter with friends, oblivious of the fact that she had tied on half-a-dozen bonnets, one over the other—quite evidently not of the fashion of to-day."

The second paper embodied the results of an interview of the writer with an "old timer," and was an evidence of the work the committee on memoirs is actively engaged in, of which Mde. Pigeon is not the least energetic member. Mr. Francois Deslages was born in 1818, came to Bytown on the 3rd of February, 1827, and has here resided continuously ever since, so has been connected with all the beginnings and progress of this city. He remembered the cutting down of the forest trees to break through Rideau Street. He could recall the time when the Catholics held their services in a brewery at the foot of Bank Street, and afterwards in the priest's house on Kent Street for the space of two years. His father had built the house. The congregation increased, and they moved their meeting-place to the upper part of the market building standing on George Street, on the very spot where the fountain now plays. Here they remained until 1831, when a wooden church was erected on the site of the present basilica. Three lots were ceded to them by Col. By, on Sussex, Church, and St. Patrick Streets, at the nominal sum of two shillings and sixpence annually.

Probably the oldest house left standing in Ottawa is that one on the corner of George and Dalhousie Streets, which Mr. Dalhousie, sr., built for himself in January, 1827, using the lumber made out of the trees hewn down on the lot in its construction. These and many other events interesting to the members of the society did Mde. Pigeon recount as she had heard them from the lips of the old settler.

After an animated discussion of the two papers, in which quite a number of ladies took part, the meeting adjourned at five thirty until January 11th, 1901.

F. G. KENNY, Cor. Sec.

## AGENTS WANTED

Students, Teachers, Clergymen, and  
Bright, Intelligent Men and Women of  
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