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The Armenian Question.

DETROIT, Mich., April 23rd.—The ladies of the Detroit W.C.T.U. are not ardent admirers of the Queen of England as developed at their meeting yesterday afternoon. A motion was introduced to have a programme prepared for May 24th, in honor of the Queen's birthday. The speaker had hardly seated herself when Mrs. Annie Andrews, corresponding secretary of the union, took the floor, and condemned Queen Victoria in terms that were loudly applauded by the ladies present. 'I was reared under the flag of England,' said Mrs. Andrews, 'but when I witnessed the way in which they allowed the Armenians to be murdered, and also the Christians in Crete, I ceased to have any respect for the Queen of England. If we are to prepare a programme in honor of any one, let it be for one who has given his or her life in the support of Christian principles and not for a woman who has usurped the crown of England for a period of sixty years and never accomplished anything worthy of Christian commemoration.'

MRS. ANDREWS' remarks only echo the expressed sentiments of those indignant people who have superficially glanced at one of the most vexed questions of the day. But a little thought, and what is more to the point, a little knowledge of the political state of affairs in England would bring home to those who cry out so loudly against the apparent indifference of the Queen to the awful butchery of the Armenians, the deplorable fact that she was powerless to act otherwise than she did. All mild measures and remonstrances with the Sultan failed. No one expected anything else, considering the nature of the man, who was not only cognizant of, but caused the horrible atrocities; and to send armed forces out in defence of the Armenians, as so many clamored should be done, meant a declaration of war with Turkey.

And what would follow? Russia would rise in arms with the Turks, and one by one all the European powers would be plunged in war. What for? An awful sacrifice of millions of lives given in defending those whose terrible fate was brought upon them, as is generally conceded, by a few of their own crafty, self-seeking people for political reasons.

No one dreams of defending the atrocious Turk, or his inhuman forces, who have sunk so low in the estimation of the whole civilized world, but to those who have studied the subject the fact is obvious that the Armenians were not blameless. At their own door lies much of the misery that has befallen them. And surely we, thousands of miles from the scene, with nothing but the veriest outward shell of facts on which to build our judgment, can hardly take upon ourselves to condemn England's action in a matter that went to the depths of every human heart.

Naturally, the first thought that came was one of burning indignation that a great and powerful nation should calmly and inactively watch the awful persecution of any unprotected people. A little study of the actual condition of affairs, a little insight into the cause for her inaction, brought the knowledge that the one possible interference on the part of England would only create another state of things ten fold more calamitous than the first.

As a constitutional monarch, the Queen must defer to the voice of her constitutional advisers. Had it not been so, and she had followed the noble instincts of her great heart, and answered the appeal of the Armenians with the only help that would have been of any avail—the sword—what disastrous results would have engulfed all Europe!

Those who judge and condemn the greatest nation and the noblest sovereign in the world lose sight of all this. They hear only the unanswered

cry of suffering Armenia, and they are blind to the fact that those who seem so well able to send the pitifully needed aid are practically helpless.

Surely we may feel perfect confidence in a Queen beloved and revered by every nation in the world—one who has ruled her subjects more wisely and well than any monarch who ever wore a crown; who for sixty years has led a beautifully noble life; who has left undone nothing which politically or morally could uplift her people. Surely we may know that if she and her trusted statesmen, who sacrifice none of their political convictions for the sake of office, could devise means by which they could stand by an oppressed people, they would not leave it to us, or any other nation, to say scornfully of them that they held in their power the means of defending helpless and innocent women and children, and yet heartlessly left them to their awful fate.

So long as the world lasts, and so long as the pages of history are written and read, so long will the reign of Queen Victoria stand alone, as the greatest and noblest. And yet there are those under the Union Jack who say she has done nothing in the past sixty years 'worthy of Christian commemoration!'

M. M. G.

THE SULTAN'S HABITS

Habitually the Sultan drinks only water, brought to the palace in casks under special precautions. His food is extremely plain, consisting chiefly of vegetables. Few monarchs, if any, work harder than Hamid. He takes but few hours of sleep and sometimes passes the entire night, pen in hand, signing every document himself, from the appointment of a governor to the lowest officer at the palace. Like most Orientals, he is an early riser. After the prayers and ablutions enjoined by his religion, he drinks a cup of coffee, and then begins smoking cigarettes, which he continues on and off all day.

A Plea for the New Woman.

A CLEVER writer once made one of his characters—a woman—say: 'What is it to us that the great world passes our doors? We cannot join the stream. . . I don't see much difference between our life and that of the carp in the pond there.'

This is rather strong language and embraces only one class of women. Still, there is a note in it which vibrates in the heart of every woman, a craving after something greater, with more room to expand.

Naturally impulsive, and yet incapable of rising to the higher level without assistance, she is infinitely weary of the hum-drum existence about her, pretending to despise the petty conventionalities of her small social circle, yet bound hand and foot by them.

Since women have been given so little power to mould their own lives to shape their own careers, it is not strange they should be possessed with a desire to mould the destinies of others.

Has not the voice of conservatism been crying for centuries, 'Woman is not the creator, she is the inspirer! Woman is not born to do great things, but to stimulate, to suggest them! Woman, in directing, in influencing, in moulding the lives of others, has a noble sphere.'

Granted, if she would only realize it; but it is not only the unsuccessful or morbid woman who wishes for a different position in life. The usual kind of bliss meted out to a wife by the world is a complete surrender, or negation of self. Is this fair or just? Should not both parties hold fast their own individuality; and marriage be a union of forces, not fusion of individual? Life, and the work of it should be shared fully and freely.

There may be those who fancy the new ideas will rob love of its poetry, who think that womanly helplessness makes a wife doubly dear; who fear for the future if the old regime gives place to the new. Let these wait until woman has tried her wings of freedom, and settled down again. She does not want to be a man, or usurp his place. She only wants to prove her equality on an intellectual basis. Having done so, the true comradeship which should exist between man and woman will become a pleasure and delight to both, and it will come as naturally to her as the turning of the flowers to the sun, that she should resume her second place, putting her husband to the front as the stronger, and the natural leader. Granted; but not taken for granted.

A. P.

QUITE an original idea, and one which would open a new line of business, either in connection with, or in opposition to the patent offices, was suggested recently by a lady whose very limited income prevented her from patenting, or perfecting, a fairly good invention.

Her idea was this—to organize a stock company for the purpose of purchasing 'patentable ideas,'—inventions in the rough—which put into shape, might bring the company good solid returns, frequently hundreds, possibly thousands, where there had been an outlay of perhaps twenty or thirty dollars (less or more, according to the value placed on the idea submitted) for the purchase of the outline of the invention.

For instance, a man sees the need for a thing which is not in the market. He manages to invent an article which covers the need, and draws to his own satisfaction a fairly good model, but there it ends. He has no funds with which to patent it, or perhaps it is perfect in everything but some little minor point, which only requires a knowledge of chemistry, or mechanism to complete. His drawings are torn up or put away, and what might have been of wonderful benefit to the working world, and of great commercial value to himself, is lost. If, on the other hand, he could walk into an office and explain his idea to men engaged for the very purpose of supplying the practical knowledge for the need of which he was unable to complete his model, how many good inventions would find their way into the market—inventions which, in rough outline, would stay forever unperfected in the bottom of some drawer, or tucked away in the brain of a man who didn't know what to do with them. A good practical man could tell in a very few minutes whether an idea submitted to the company had anything in it; and a little investigation would soon decide if it was worth purchasing and having perfected. If properly organized and carried out, with men of capital and enterprise to push it, there seems to be no reason why such a company might not make a fortune, and at the same time be of great benefit both to the public and the inventors.

M. M. G.

The Church Boys' Brigade in Canada.

THIS organization is very little known at present in Toronto, and from all enquiries made, in the country towns and villages as well.

If the many parents and guardians who read this would take the trouble to make enquiries in their several parishes, about the Brigade, its objects and its responsible officers, they would have no hesitation in recommending and advising their boys to become members. As the boy is, so will the man be, and the very grave responsibility that rests with the parents and guardians in the bringing up of their boys, will help them to see and acknowledge the great influence for good which the Church Boys' Brigade has over all with whom it comes in contact. The object of the Brigade is the spread of Christ's Kingdom among boys, and surely no work so grand, so noble, commends itself as this does, nay *demand*s the unselfish, unswerving support of every right minded man and woman, more especially in the present day when it is so much easier than in times gone by, for the young boy to fall into vice and wickedness of all kinds.

The requirements of the Brigade are not such as to render it irksome for a boy to adhere to its laws, and no lasting, binding vow is exacted, of which he would not know the nature or realize the seriousness. The promises required are binding only so long as he remains a member of the society.

Boys of all denominations, between the ages of ten and eighteen, are eligible for admission. The responsible officers of each company are the Warden and sub-Wardens; the former in all cases one of the clergy, the latter from the men of the congregation, selected and appointed by the Warden.

The plan of holding the boys together is not by a course of religious instruction, as many think, but by gaining their confidence, proving to them that you are one of themselves, helping them in their many out-door affairs and sports, teaching them to strive to attain to all that is truly manly—to learn obedience—this last, one of the most important truths a boy can learn.

The meetings are generally held once a week, the Warden or sub-Warden being present for the opening and closing. The entire meeting, with this exception, being controlled by the boys themselves; a training in itself invaluable. The out-door branches are somewhat as follows:

The drill instruction is carried on in the most systematic and thorough manner, and is one of the main branches of the society. The officers, such as Captain, Lieutenants, etc., are chosen by the boys themselves, the instructor being an outsider in most cases. The value of this training is seen at once. It arouses in a boy the desire to be erect and soldierly, smart and obedient.

The outdoor sports have also the best of attention given them, the Council of the Brigade having organized Leagues in the different branches, such as football, lacrosse, cricket and hockey. Inter company matches (under supervision of the match committee of the Council) in all these branches are played off during the seasons, for valuable trophies.

During the summer a camp is organized, and all go under canvas for a few weeks. During this time the final military competition is held, and trophy awarded, general proficiency and cleanliness during the entire camp being as necessary for the winning company as mere excellence in drill.

This is but a brief outline of the Church Boys' Brigade in Canada, a work to which a few of our young men are giving their best energies—but ah! how many more are needed. Can we not remember when we were little chaps ourselves, how we looked up with hero worship to the bigger boys? How pleased and proud at the slightest notice taken, and how willing we were to run here and there, and do this and that, and why? Because we looked up to these bigger fellows.

It is, perhaps, not the easiest position in the world for a young man, but is it not worth while? 'Your friends, (if friends they are) make fun of you, you say—then these are the friends whose opinion is not worth the having. The Brigade wants young men of the manly, vigorous type, men who can not only show a good example but who can take the field and demonstrate by their brawn, muscle and agility, that one can be an athlete and still a Christian. Such men will do more to strengthen the Brigade than anything else. They have an attractive power, a strong personality, which appeals most forcibly to the younger boys. The Brigade also wants more boys, and the only way to succeed in this is through the parents and guardians, and if they will only take the matter up a little more, and ascertain for themselves the power that the Brigade really is, I feel confident that they will recommend it to their boys.

The credit for this work of the Church Boys' Brigade in Canada, is due to the Rev. C. H. Shortt of Toronto, whose untiring energy and perseverance have brought and kept before us this society which none can too highly appreciate.

SUB-WARDEN.

A PROTEST.

WHAT is it in this work-a-day world, where we are continually striving to put all thoughts of trouble and sorrow as far from us as possible that the average clergyman avail himself of so many opportunities in which he can render our efforts to that end valueless. He is supposed to be, and thank God, often is a comforter and a friend to his people, but there is one weakness which seems to be common to them all, and that is the strange way in which they ride over the hearts of those among their congregations who may have laid away for ever some loved one.

Those who have bowed before this greatest of earth's sorrows know how sacredly the mourner holds it. They alone know how the memory of the beloved dead is guarded in the desolate and uncomforted heart, and how grief shrinks from even the lightest touch of a stranger. Only those who have touched the marble face of the one who was dearest on earth, and folded the white hands above the quiet heart know what a storm of anguish can sweep over him who is bereaved. Only those who have knelt by the grass-grown home of the dead and prayed—knowing the while how feeble and impotent the prayers for one touch, one word from the silent slumberer beneath, can realize the measureless depths of grief. And knowing this, as he must, a clergyman will stand in his pulpit, and to prove his eloquence and his power to move the hearts of his hearers, or to add pathos to his subject—perhaps to effect an object he may deem worthy the means—he will call upon those before him to imagine the exquisite bliss of being able again to hold that dear lost one in their arms, to hear the hushed voice speak in the old familiar tones.

Does he realize that among those who have no alternative but to sit helplessly and listen are some whose hearts day and night are filled overflowing with the bitter knowledge that when death bore away one sweet face he left behind a life grown utterly grey and desolate? Are there not many whose hearts hold little beyond the ceaseless yearning for some one 'gone before'? And do these need that anyone should picture the joy of beholding the dear faces again?

Not long since I made one of a congregation of perhaps two or three hundred in a little village church. In the course of his sermon the clergyman dwelt touchingly upon the joy of some day meeting all those we had loved and lost awhile. He appealed to his hearers to imagine the happiness, beyond all words of his to express, of being surrounded again, now, in this world, by those who had been so unspeakably precious—to picture the joy of clasping their hands and hearing again the loved voices. Many a tear-dimmed eye and

white set face around me told of the aching heart-beneath, and as he quoted in a voice into which he threw a world of eloquence:

'But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still,'

a young girl rose and slipped noiselessly from the seat in front of me. Her face was as white as one of marble, and the great grey eyes were brimming over with tears.

As the door swung to behind her I noticed a heavy fur wrap in the seat she had left, and quietly picking it up I followed the little mourner, thinking to restore it. A gust of wind blew noisily through the bare branches of the trees as I stopped out from the lighted porch, and for a moment I stood undecided which way to look for my unknown friend. Then my eyes grew accustomed to the change from the gaslight to the sickly light of the moon, and I saw the little dark-robed figure sitting like a shadow in and out among the trees and the white tombstones. A moment later, and she knelt with her face closely pressed to a gleaming marble cross, while sob after sob, broken and repressed, told what a storm of slumbering pain the clergyman's words had awakened.

A feverish desire took possession of me to bring him out and ask him if he was gratified at the result of his mis-used eloquence, but recognizing the difficulties in the way of carrying my wishes into effect, I turned back, gave the fur into the keeping of the sexton, and went my way, wondering for the hundredth time why those who are otherwise such a comfort to their people should so often send many of them from the beautiful service with an aching heart and a sorrow, which time had softened, roused into wearisome life again.

No one, unless his compassion were deadened to insensibility, would display before a starving fellow-being a lavish abundance of meats he meant to withhold, and surely it is not less inconsiderate to awaken in the hungry heart yearnings for that which would be infinitely sweet, but which is not in man's power to give.

Let the heart forget its griefs, if it can; and above all, do not thoughtlessly touch upon the sorrow of those who mourn for their beloved dead.

You do not know, your heart has never yet
Felt the wild storm of hunger and regret.
Nor yet the grief of one who stands aside
While death bears out with swift and noiseless
glide
The lifeless face, the still, unconscious form
Whose smiling lips but mock the heart's wild storm;
Whose love has been the one sweet treasured thing
To which the mourner's aching heart could cling.
You have not stood with pleading hands outspread
To stay the passing of the treasured dead,
Nor felt your quivering lips grow cold and numb
In fruitless prayers for one who could not come.
And so you say—God help you if you wake—
Though they may suffer, hearts can never break.

—M. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

One of the best things ever started in Toronto, and one which has deservedly won the support of every lover of classical music, is the Toronto Chamber Music Association. Its aim is to encourage and promote chamber music in a city already known for its talent, and the manner in which everything musical of a high class is encouraged and patronized. Their second concert given recently in Association Hall was truly an educational factor. The audience, although only fairly large, was a most appreciative one, and to nearly every listener present the occasion was in fact a realization of the hope, long expressed, that chamber music concerts could be established in Toronto.

The Association has for its Honorary President Lady Gzowski; President, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason; Sec.-Treas., Mrs. Torrington; and among the patronesses are thirty society leaders, who are also recognized lovers of good music, and who are giving their support and patronage to this latest commendable move.



Rosedale Golf Club House

If you haven't time to go in for all the sports and want to devote yourself to some particular one, be fashionable, and join the great majority in the rattling good game of golf. Everyone plays it; and not to possess a collection of the little white balls and a set of clubs, is to acknowledge yourself hopelessly behind the times. And yet few who play will deny the sorry fact that except for the absolutely idle, it is a dangerous game to take up. Its followers usually become so almost insanely enthusiastic that everything else gives way to it. The curate looks longingly out of his study window at the glorious sunshine and the green grass, and remembers that he can still finish his sermon in the evening, and half an hour later finds him whistling briskly to himself as he adjusts his bag over his shoulder and turns his face towards the links. The doctor visits his patients an hour earlier than he is expected, and with a clear conscience leaves the number of the club telephone on the hall table, and changes his silk hat and black coat for a sweater and peaked cap, and strides off to join the curate. Business men slam their office doors behind them and ignore in child-like fashion the accusing pile of letters and papers on their desks.

It makes no difference whether the wind blows high or low, whether it sweeps down from the east, or comes in suffocating puffs from the south, with the thermometer registering somewhere in the nineties.

The sun may shine blindly down, or retreat behind the clouds that pour their generous torrents upon the earth. You will find the enthusiastic, irrepressible, undaunted golfer out, just the same.

In the late autumn and early spring he rubs his blue hands to keep up the circulation, and uses a red ball, so that he can find it in the powdering of snow, and during the summer he takes along a little 'caddie' to search for it in the long grass, and the shrubberies and ravines, and whatever the day, he meets it smilingly and in a manner that under any other circumstances would be distinctly commendable. He'll play a 'two-some' or a 'four-some,' as chance decides, with equal eagerness, and failing a partner, or an opponent, he'll trudge the three mile course alone, with nothing to play against but his own score, or the club record. And whatever the conditions, he is supremely happy, and utterly oblivious of such trifles as the rise and fall of the temperature, or the fact that he has a little rain fall trickling gently down his neck.

And the girls, God bless them! with their short neat skirts, and scarlet jackets, and the roses creeping into their cheeks as they climb the hills. What matter if they do leave a few neglected duties behind them? And which of them cares that she started with captivating little curls fluffing over her forehead and came back with straight whisks spiking out in the damp wind. Vanity and the



Toronto Golf Club House.



G. Lyon, Rosedale.

true golfer never go hand in hand. One must down the other, and it is usually vanity that goes under. Watch any two girls starting out for a game on a day that promises to end stormily. Every curl is tucked away under the fascinating tam, or jaunty sailor, and a short, sensible skirt reveals the little eager feet encased in strong, thick-soled shoes that haven't a trace of vanity about them.

And how uncomplainingly they endure in their own admirable way, what under other circumstances they would call hardships. To do a little shopping, or pay a few calls they must take the cars, or a cab; but a tramp round the links, followed by a cup of coffee and a plate of wholesome home-made bread and butter at the club house, and another nine-hole round in the afternoon, is a laughing matter to lots of the girls who imagined themselves delicate until golf proved just how much they could do, and be better for it.

Decidedly golf is the game of the day, and out on the beautiful links of either the Toronto or Rosedale clubs, can be found, any day, most of the society belles, looking very winsome and sweet in their pretty costumes, with their wind-blown hair, and soft, sun-burnt cheeks.

SOME HINTS. TO THE LASSIES.

If you have the misfortune to live more than a mile or two from the links, don't ride out, especially on match days, on your wheel. Although you



A. Scott, Toronto Club.

may not notice any difference, it will assuredly unnerve you, and make your hand unsteady. Take the cars or drive, and if you are taking out six or eight clubs, don't carry them all the way under one arm. Change hands sometimes, or your muscles will be cramped and unsteady, and you will be almost as badly off as if you had strapped your clubs to your wheel and ridden out.

No matter how many 'holes up' your opponent may be, never become discouraged and give away the game before it is actually won from you. There is no knowing what luck you may have, or what horrible bogs and bunkers the other ball may bury itself in.

It is a game above all others where victory or defeat can never be counted upon till the last stroke is made.

Be careful about your shoes. You may tuck away your feet pretty successfully under the edge of your gown in the street cars, or out walking, but with your short golfing skirt, your feet are in evidence all the time. Have your boots thick-soled and well fitting and try to have gaiters to harmonize with the color of your suit.

If you want to play a good game don't wear a thick veil. It isn't reasonable to suppose you can accurately judge of distances, or see what you are doing, if you are peering through a film of misty gauze.

The Rosedales are pretty well settled in their beautiful new club house, just at the end of the Glen road bridge, and everything promises a most successful season. Miss Scott is keeping up her reputation as a remarkably good putter; and Miss Howard and Mrs. Vere Brown, with their long, clean drives, are becoming very formidable opponents. An authority on golf predicts that Mrs. Brown will shortly be among the best players in America.

A good suggestion came from one of the ladies of the R. G. C., a few days ago. Why not have at each club house a lot of the best procurable clubs, so that visitors, or new members, could get them for a day at a reasonable rent, and if they so desire, buy them. Not every one knows at a glance just how a club will suit them, and to be obliged to take one all the way from Willson's out to the links, merely to try it, and if unsatisfactory take it back, and repeat the experiment, is not exactly the easiest or most pleasant way of procuring what the novice calls 'sticks.' And how often a player breaks a club during a game, with no means of replacing it.



Miss E. Scott, Rosedale.



Rise and Fall of the May-Pole.

THE winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, and—May is here, this sweet, flush maiden of '97. She has come, this beautiful daughter of Maia the goddess of growth, bringing with her blue skies, sunny days, laughing streams, leafy groves and flowery nooks, that give the fair promise of a glorious summer.

In these prosaic days she confers more favors than she receives; but the time was, when her advent was hailed with much external pomp and ceremony, especially in England. But that was when England was 'merrie England'—a long time ago, when her coming infused into 'lasses and lads' the spirit of a frolicsome madness, which evidenced itself in their heads, in their hearts and in their limbs. Then she was worshipped as the goddess of youth, beauty, joyousness and poetry.

With poets, sweet May has ever been a favorite theme. Chaucer and Tennyson, and all the greatest bards between, have recorded themselves amongst the number of her most devout worshippers, and, but that space forbids, it would be interesting to review all the pretty sayings they have made about her,—more than enough to turn the head of a less modest and lovely maiden.

With the gay, old Father of English verse she was always a primo favorite, he says:

'May pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith Arise, and do thine observaunce.'

About Chaucer's time the 'observance' of May was similar to what it is now in Canada, more of the heart than in the head. Maidens, in their maying, gathered May-flowers, and wove them into chaplets gay to deck their bonny hair.

But, as Tennyson wisely says,

'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;

and this simple custom of the maidens enhancing their looks with the spoils of May, bye and bye, wrought sad havoc in the hearts of the young men, who, too weak to withstand the temptation, sought about for an excuse to make a closer acquaintance with beauty. Guided by the same spirit of 'doing their observaunce,' they banded together, betook themselves to the grove, and cut down a fine, straight sapling. This, with much bashful ceremony,—for the wenches were looking on—they set upon the village green as an offering to sweet May, who, being mightily pleased, favored the designs of the ardent swains. Of course, the tender twigs drooped, and the May-tree soon assumed a most forlorn and bedraggled appearance, altogether at variance with the bright season of foliage and flowers.

The nymphs sighed, and the swains scratched their puzzled noddles, so that the gentle heart of May was moved to compassion. She, therefore, in a dream of course, put it into the mind of a sly, esthetic nymph to clear the mournful sapling of its branches, and to decorate it with a crown and festoons of flowers, which could be replaced at will. And so, between the nymphs and the swains, it was done, and the first May-pole ap-

peared, and took its place in the 'merrie' land.

Then a strange thing happened.

These nymphs and swains stood round their newly-erected trophy, like a ring of worshippers round a shrine, surveying their handiwork, and they saw that it was good. Now, whether Jack sought Jill or Jill sought Jack will never be known, but this circle, hand clasped in hand, in less than half an hour, began to revolve, at first in silence and with blushes, then with much laughter and less blushing, and finally with singing which led to dancing, and the first May-pole revel was an accomplished fact.

But dancing is tiring work under any conditions. The lads grew thirsty and the lasses giddy, which led to the erection of booths and arbors, where they could refresh themselves and rest. Then the government made May Day a public holiday, and in time the festival assumed the character and proportions of a fair.

It was not to be expected that such a display of feminine charm and grace could long continue without arousing rivalries and petty jealousies, which, for the sake of peace and order, led to the election of a 'Queen of the May.'

To such a height of perfection, then, had the May festivities arrived in the reign of Queen Bess, who appears to have been just as wild after pageants and mummings and spectacles as any of her subjects.

Now, all this seems harmless enough compared, let us say, with skirt-dancing, sea-bathing at fashionable resorts, bicycle bloomers, and one or two other fashions that have not as yet won universal approval, but humanity does not change much as the ages glide by. Consequently May-pole dances were regarded as the inspiration and antics of the evil one and his imps by a certain class of persons, who were deemed by Queen Bess too critical and over-zealous for the age in which they lived. These were the Puritans, one of whom, a man of the name of Stubbs, paid the penalty of his temerity in openly condemning the May-pole dances and other national revels with the loss of his right hand.

Mr. Stubbs, however, managed to leave on record his unchanged opinion on the subject of the May-pole, 'that foul idol,' which, he tells us, 'they are wont to bring home with twenty yoke of oxen, each ox having its horns tipped with a sweet nose-gay of flowers. And the May-pole, bound also with flowers and fluttering ribbons, being reared in the ground, they bind green boughs about it; they set up their summer halls and arbors, and then they fall to feasting and leaping and dancing round about it.'

But Mr. Stubbs had his revenge on the May-pole afterwards, though he was not there to see; for, in the turmoil of revolution, it was swept out of existence by an imperious decree of the Commonwealth, which was, as every student of English history knows, a very unwise decree—for the Commonwealth. It is a marvel how a genius like Oliver Cromwell could know so much, and yet so little about the inherent spirit of his own countrymen

—but he beat the Dutch, and made England a terror on the seas.

It is bad policy on the part of a revolutionist to meddle with the ancient customs, pastimes and pleasures of the people, before he is prepared to offer something better in lieu of them. The rigid, rueful regime of the Commonwealth was sufficient to fill a score of Commonwealths in England; for the English are essentially a joyous and sanguine people. Their silent but vigorous protest against being forced to take their pleasures sadly quickly grew into a desire for the return of the second Charles.

With the restoration of royalty came the restoration of the May-pole pastimes, and the introduction of many others of a more questionable character. To remind the people of the time of the interdict, rustic poets were wont to make sarcastic allusion to it, as may be plainly discerned in the following lines:

'Come, lasses and lads, get leave o' your dads,
And away to the May-pole hie;
For every fair has a sweet-heart thero,
And the fiddler standing by.'

The May pole dance flourished for many a long year after the Restoration, and many a gay 'little Alice' sang:

'To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May;''

though we trust none lived to lament the day so piteously as Tennyson's 'little Alice' did.

'Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.'

But times and customs change. The May-pole in England is practically a thing of the past, though it is still the practice—also a waning one—in many parts of the country to deck the horses on May day with ribbons and rosettes.

Alas, how the roses fade! But they leave the perfumed remembrance of the sweetness of a time. It is a sweet and tender warning—that of Longfellow's:—

'Maiden that read'at this simple rhyme
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh! it is not always May.'

—THOS. SWIFT.

MAN.

ALL men have run the race of life,
But what have all men won?
Most have gained nothing by the strife,—
Most men have nothing done.

But these who still in mem'ry live
Are cherished for their works;
There is no good that man can give,
But in which labor lurks.

Man is not made by face or hands,
Or muscles great to lift,
Nor is he made by wealth or lands;
God's spirit is the gift.

GEORGE ALLAN





Relics

BY LIZZIE IRONS FOLSON.

A CRUMPLED, small, pink envelope with a scent of white rose, and a small cupid blazing in red wax on the seal; essentially a woman's letter, and I am very much inclined to believe that the contents were dictated by the cupid on the outside.

I say this with all due modesty, and, as the letter passed into oblivion and ashes long ago, you cannot prove that it was otherwise.

Perhaps it is hardly fair for me to sit here alone, at my desk, and make such statements about the dainty souvenirs that a long time ago I tucked so safely away.

I can charge these feminine knick-knacks with coming to me—one and all—upon tender and loving missions, and, with insinuating tenderness, creeping into my heart and life—and there is no one here to contradict me. If you think it hardly the square thing, I will, to strike a balance, admit that I was once madly, wildly in love with each and every token, for the sake of the sender—or thought I was, which amounted to the same thing at the time.

This little pink envelope—I wish I had the letter—is soiled and musty; but I dare say that when it came I caught it to my lips and covered it with kisses; I always did that sort of thing, I was so terribly in earnest—for a while. Maud was much given to writing dainty notes, and, at one time, I might have papered my walls with this same little pink paper; but the thought then would have been sacrilegious! I wore them next my heart—that is, I wore twenty or thirty of them,—all that I could without exciting remark. And I recollect that it was my custom to take them out and kiss each one, gently and reverently, before I went to bed.

That exercise must have been, towards the close of our acquaintance, extremely protracted. Our love died a natural death—slowly and painlessly—and the last time that I saw Maud she introduced me to a flaxen-haired husband and a sour and cross-eyed baby which she said was hers. And now I take her musty envelope and drop it in my waste basket and brush from my fingers the dust of a vanished past.

A little withered bunch of flowers, that crumbles away at my touch. The leaves seem to shrink away from my fingers as if they recognized that I am old, worn and *blase*, and scatter over my desk—a dusty, musty lot they are. They are before me as the sole relic of the hour when they and I were Lottie's. She was crying when she slipped them into my hand and whispered 'Good-bye,' between her sobs. She was little Lottie Linden when her father carried her off to Europe to escape my unwelcome attentions; but she was N. Charlotte Linden when she stepped again upon Canadian soil. A very trim and English young lady it was who gave me the tips of her two fingers and found it quite impossible to sound her r's.

A slender, gold band, with a broken padlock dangling from it. This came back to me one day and, figuratively speaking, blotted me from the face of the earth. I never knew what caused it to be sent, but, a stern note, with Leslie's signature gave me to understand that 'it was all over.'

All explanation was denied me, and unless it was my rival's tandem team—I never knew what caused the downfall of my castles in the air. I have always thought it was the team and, with my large experience of woman-nature now before me, I am sure of it. I said that I was heart-broken—I am not sure but that I cried. And I distinctly remember going down on my lavender knees on the grass under her window and staying there all

one long summer night. What a spectacle I must have been!

I remember the evening I locked this bracelet on Leslie's dimpled wrist, as we strolled through the orchard under the pink and white blossoms massed above our heads. I held her hands—dear, little, soft hands they were—and the blushes came and went on her feminine cheek so near mine.

And I think the grasses held their breath to catch



Daisies.

IRIPPLING and tossing at every breath

Of the random zephyr that passes by,
The daisies sway like a sea beneath
The deep-blue vault of the cloud-flecked sky;
Over the billows of gold and white
Flicker the shadows and fall the light.

There's never a daisy in all the host
Was here in the summers of long ago,

And still the fancy which charms us most

Is a haunting whisper sweet and low,
Stirring our hearts with a tender strain.

"Here are the daisies back again."

The same dear daisies we used to cull,

When hands were tiny and hearts were gay,
Gathering them till our laps were full
Many and many a summer day,
Softly repeating a magic rune,
Fringing the petals to time the tune.

And here, in the midst of the white and gold

Old as Eden yet ever new,
Is the same sweet story of a gladness told
Under the sky so wide and blue,
Her face on the daisies shyly bent,
His eyes on her with a proud content.

There may be, far from this hushed retreat,
Din and tumult and sordid care;
Somewhere, perhaps, is the drum's harsh beat,
And women kneeling in tearful prayer;
There is only peace where to and fro
In the silent meadow the daisies
blow.

There are always dreams in this
toilsome world.

Pure as heaven and true as
God,

Who sends us dawns with the
dews imperaled,

And scatters the glory of bloom
abroad,

May the story that's ever both old
and new

For the lovers here be a dream
come true!



MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



our whispered words, and the little, brown birds nudged each other with their wings and rolled their round eyes knowingly, as we passed. And we vowed eternal faithfulness and found our lives all rose-colored. And all this strong and deep-seated affection, one tandem team whisked away before my very eyes! I am glad you broke the bracelet, Leslie. It is all that kept me from locking it on many another just as white a wrist since then.

The days of my foolishness were long and many, but I am out of it all now, unscarred and unshattered.

A small, round picture, evidently once cherished in a locket. I turn it to the light. Discolored, cracked and bent, it still bears some likeness to the bright, brunette face of the original. She was the nicest of them all, and for three months I lived but in her presence. Her home was the third floor, back, of a cheap lodging-house, and I don't believe her parentage would have been reassuring if looked into, but I was desperately enamored. I forgot the past I forgot every dear creature whose love had cast a temporary glow from paradise across my pathway. I vowed the old vows with fresh ardor, and the time-worn loving epithets gathered new tenderness when whispered to Mignon. There was nothing near, and dear, and sweet enough to murmur in that listening ear against my coat collar. I quite forgot what came along to draw us apart. Strange that I should, when I was so in earnest! It may have been that she tired—it may have been that I did—but still, I have a half-recollection that there was a third party in the case. However that may be, her picture was pried out of my locket and that of stately Julia inserted in its place, and my heart repaired its damaged works, and started briskly on. A way it always had, and a cheery and comfortable way, enough.

I would expect to suffer. Would desire and intend to, as quite the proper thing to do; alas! in the midst of my mourning, a glance from a strange pair of eyes or a touch of a taper hand would raise me from my sackcloth and ashes, high to the blest and shining pinnacle of love. It was always so.

Here is a small and wrinkled bunch of kid. I smooth it out upon my desk. A small, pearl-colored glove, with the initials, L. H. upon the inside. It belonged to Louise. Pretty, fair-haired little Louise.

Such a mite of a glove! And as I hold it I can almost fancy that the years, the gray hairs and the wrinkles have never been, and that I held again the dear hand that has so long been stilled forever. Just here, I can see the print of the pink, soft finger tips, and against the back the blood in her blue veins throbbled. And here lay the cool, pink palm with its broken life-line. And at the thought of the smooth, fair skin that the long wrist covered, a lump comes into my throat, which, were I not so old and careless and bitter, I would almost think the little glove had brought.

The air has grown so full of mist—there must be rain outside—that I can hardly see the pearl-white glove before me, which I will lock away until some time when the sun shines in and my eyes see clearer.

But can I lock up all my power of memory? Can I lock up the rapture of kisses, or the heart that grows sick with longing for the dear, dead past? Can I lock up the touch of soft fingers, that sends the blood dancing madly through my veins? Can I lock up the memory of those fair, fond days, when the gates of heaven opened and took me in? Those days when life was love, and love was life—for Louise and I.

I feel that I am standing by an open grave, within which lies all that might have been great and good in me; within which lies, beside the pearl-tinted glove, my youth with its unfulfilled promise; my hope and trust and the one true love of my life.

The wind blows cold across me, and I push aside my trinkets with hands that tremble. I rub my eyes to clear away the mist, and look about me with my old, serene, affable nonchalance.

But my heart is not at rest, and I wonder if it ever will be again.



Witch



THE rain beat in an angry down-pour against the window panes, and the loose sashes rattled shiveringly in the wind that swept in fierce gusts down the desolate street.

On a bed in one corner of an almost empty room lay the unconscious form of a little girl of seven or eight years. Her face was small and pinched, but the rich, thick waves of golden red hair, and the great brown eyes made Witch as beautiful as an artist's dream. The long sweeping lashes lay in a heavy fringe on the white cheeks, and the little arms fell helplessly over the sides of the low bedstead. Over her bent the kindly face of the young doctor who had been hastily summoned, but after a close examination of the motionless figure he looked up with a slow shake of his head.

'No,' he said, hesitatingly, to a woman who stood with her bare, fat arms rolled in the crumpled folds of her checked apron, 'I can't do anything. This needs a specialist, and I don't think anyone can save her, unless it is Dr. Holden, and he,' with a quick look around the empty room, 'is beyond the little one's reach. Better send her to the hospital. She will have good care there, and if she dies—'

A dry sob from the doorway checked the kindly voice, and with eyes wide open with misery and fear, a small elfish looking child advanced to the bedside.

'Witch is mine,' she announced in a voice steady with a strange, unchildish control. 'What's she need? I'll get her what she wants. She doesn't have to lack anything. I'll get the man you said; she's mine.'

'Poor child,' the doctor said, kindly, as he looked compassionately down into the weird, almost uncanny little face, with its quivering lips and tearful eyes. 'Poor little one! It would be useless for you to waste time in going for Dr. Holden. He would not come. He does not attend cases like this. Better send her to the hospital,' he repeated, turning to the woman again.

'Oh, she's not mine,' the woman answered. 'She,'—with a nod towards the child by the bed—'she takes care of Witch. Not but what I'd do for either of them, poor motherless ones! but Susie, she'll let no one do for Witch but her.'

'She's mine,' the child announced again, and her hand stole unconsciously into Witch's cold one. 'I can get her what she wants. I'll bring that man. Where does he live?'

'But I tell you, child, he won't come,' the doctor answered, quietly. 'You could not give him what he asks for his advice, and your sister must have attention at once. We must send her to the hospital.'

'No,' Susie answered, stoutly, 'I'll bring him. He'll come, where does he live?'

'Let her try,' the woman said, turning to the doctor. When it's for Witch, Susie can do most what she wants. She'll do it, somehow.'

'Very well,' the doctor answered, as he gave her the great physician's address. 'You may try if you wish, but I tell you he will not come. He does not attend any but the wealthiest.'

'I'll bring him,' was Susie's confident answer, and the next instant, with a grateful look towards the doctor as he took the chair close to Witch's

bed, and prepared to wait, she was gone into the storm outside.

With a slow shake of his head, and a heart full of pity, the doctor listened to the heavy shoes stumbling in their haste down the dark stairs. 'Poor child,' he repeated, 'he will not come. I should not have let her go. She has no possible means of bringing him to a place like this.'

But Susie thought otherwise. Down in her simple little heart she believed firmly the one lesson she had learnt in the small mission school she and Witch sometimes crept into, and above everything else in her heart rose the belief that a prayer sent up to the great Father would just as surely be answered.

There was no time to kneel and put into words the one thought that excluded every other, but as she ran, with the rain soaking her ragged dress, and the wind blowing her long, straight locks in confusion around her shoulders, she cried over and over, 'Oh blessed Jesus, who raised Lazarus, and the other little girl that was dead, keep Witch till I bring him—keep Witch till I bring him.'

Half an hour passed in a fruitless search for the doctor's house, and when at last she rang the bell of the huge stone and marble mansion, her heart failed her. She had been gone so long, and the remembrance of Witch's white, unconscious face filled her with a hundred terrors.

Supposing he was out, or away? Supposing he was ill, himself? A thousand terrible possibilities rushed through her brain, and with a sob she lifted her hand to ring again, when a liveried boy opened the door and looked out.

'Is the doctor in?' Susie asked, breathlessly, stepping into the lighted lobby.

For a moment the boy gazed at the queer little drenched figure. Then a grin slowly spread from ear to ear.

'And who wants him?' he asked.

'Oh! I do, I do. I want him for Witch,' Susie answered brokenly. 'Ask him to come quick.'

'Where do you live?' and the grin slowly broadened.

'Down in Port Tenement. Oh! do be quick!' and her heart sank at her powerlessness to make the boy hurry.

'And you want the doctor, eh? Nasty night, isn't it? Somebody ill, you say?'

'Yes, yes! It's Witch. I want him to come quick.'

'Well, he won't go. He doesn't attend people like you, and anyway, he isn't in, he's over there,' and he pointed to a brilliantly lighted house across the street. The next instant the door closed with a sharp click, and with a rush of tears, checked as quickly as they rose, Susie sped over the sloppy road.

'He saved Lazarus, He will keep Witch till I bring him,' she told herself with a comforted heart, and undaunted by her experience across the way, she mounted the steps and lifted the heavy knocker.

Just inside, a tall, bearded man stood talking to a lady, as he leisurely put on his overcoat, and too impatient to wait, Susie stepped timidly in through the half open door.

Neither noticed her, until a weak little voice asked, 'Are you the doctor?'

Both turned with a start, and involuntarily the doctor smiled at the odd apparition.

'Yes, what is it?' he asked.

'The boy over there said you wouldn't come because we live in the Tenement,' Susie answered, and her voice grew stronger as she noticed the kindly look in the doctor's face. 'He said you didn't come for people like us, but it's Witch, and I've been gone such a long time, and she's dying, and she's all I've got, and I said I'd bring you, because nobody else could save her.'

A big lump rose in her throat, and she stopped abruptly.

'I am sorry, child,' the doctor answered, not unkindly, 'but I am too busy. Take her to the hospital. She will be well looked after there,'

With one great heart-throb Susie's hopes died, and burying her face in her hands she sobbed brokenly:

'Witch, Witch! He won't come! He won't come! God doesn't answer prayer, and I'm not even there with you. Oh, Witch, Witch! I've been gone so long.'

'Wait, little one,' and the doctor's voice was strangely unsteady. 'Tell me about Witch?'

And Susie told him, with big tears following each other slowly down the little thin cheeks, and hope shining brightly again in the wet eyes.

Ten minutes later, hand in hand, the two stumbled up the dark tenement stairs, Susie's face radiant as she whispered contentedly to herself, 'I know He would hear me. I know He would bring the doctor to Witch.'

—MADELEINE GEALE.

THE WEB OF FATE.

SHE was weaving a web of fancies
As she walked in her garden fair,
With the glint of the golden sunshine
In tangles among her hair.
And her sweet eyes shining like stars above,
As she wove her beautiful web of love.

And I stood at my open window
That looked on her garden fair,
And smiled as I saw the sunbeams gleam
In the waves of her yellow hair;
And I shook my head with a knowing shake
As I watched the love in her brown eyes wake.

You are weaving a web to entrap me,
You think with your laughing eyes,
And your golden head with its nodding curls
To take my heart by surprise.
Oh! winsome lass, you are fair and sweet,
But my heart is leagues from you—dainty feet.

The day grew old, and the sunlight
Died out in the blushing west,
So sweet she looked in the moonbeams soft!
Ah! who couldn't guess the rest?
'I am caught, fast caught, in your web,' I cried,
As I leaned far down from my window wide.

But she went on weaving, weaving,
And her shining eyes of brown
Glanced up at another window wide,
Where another face looked down,
And I know, ah me! as I watched her thro
That the web she wove was my own despair.

—MADELEINE GEALE.



ALONE.

SINCE she went home—
The evening shadows linger here.
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has struck a minor strain.
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the long nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

STAGELAND.

By Hector Charlesworth.

THE advent of Mr. Willard, after three years' absence in England, has been one of the refreshing events of the present season. Mr. Willard, who in his particular field—that of the modern prose drama, is one of the greatest actors in the world—always has something new and interesting to engage our attention. This year he presented Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, 'The Rogue's Comedy,' which was his chief offering. In this work Mr. Jones parted with his own moral temperament for the nonce, and made no attempt to deal with the serious issues of the day. He proved that his desire to improve the race with his philosophy of life has been the principle cause of the technical defects in all his other works. 'The Rogue's Comedy' was perfect in its development, and savored of Moliere in its witty unctuous relation of the adventures of a rogue who preys upon society. Mr. Willard was perfect in his aplomb in the mocking fashion in which he cheated and laughed at his gulls, and in the genuine heartiness of his acting. He introduced to us an actress of unusual skill in the person of Miss Olga Brandon, a woman capable of expressing a character not by spouted phrases, but sheer expressive pantomime. Miss Brandon is an American girl who has gained a real position on the English stage.

* * *

It may be somewhat illuminative of present theatrical conditions to look over the season's record of Augustin Daly, the most ambitious of American managers. The following is a list of the productions at his theatre in New York:—'The Tempest,' nineteen times; 'Much Ado About Nothing,' thirty four times; 'As You Like It,' five times; 'The Wonder,' eight times; 'The School for Scandal,' four times; 'London Assurance,' eight times; 'The Magistrate,' twenty-three times; 'Meg Merrilies,' seven times; 'The Geisha,' 161 times.

* * *

It will be seen that the performances of 'The Geisha' outnumbered all the other productions put together. The Japanese comedy was produced 161 times against 108 productions of legitimate comedy. It must be taken into consideration that not one of the legitimate pieces was new to theatre-goers, and therefore appealed only to that portion of the public which is interested in Shakespeare and in old English comedy. 'The Geisha,' on the contrary, was absolutely new to the public, and appealed with great success to all classes of the community. Everything considered—fifty-eight Shakespearean performances in one New York theatre is not a bad showing. Mr. Daly's usual custom of giving one Shakespearean revival was extended by two new productions, 'The Tempest' and 'Much Ado About Nothing.' The latter was manifestly for the purpose of allowing Miss Ada Rehan to act the role of Beatrice, while 'The Tempest,' like 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' was produced not for the acting roles it contains, but to show Mr. Daly's resourcefulness as a stage manager. There are not many actresses of the day who study and act five new roles in a season, yet Miss Rehan has done so, her essays consisting of Beatrice and Miranda in 'The Tempest'; Lady Gay Spanker in Dion Boircicault's 'London Assurance'; Donna Violante in the old

comedy, 'The Wonder'; and the classic gypsy hag, Meg Merrilies. Mr. Daly's idea seems to be that of running something meretricious and unimportant, like 'The Geisha,' for the purpose of making money to be expended on productions of an artistic and literary character. Therefore no one has any right to complain because some of the productions in his theatre are not worthy of its noble traditions.

* * *

Altogether New York has shown a reaction in favor of the literary drama this season. Lorimer Stoddard's much talked of dramatization of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was frankly literary in character and a reverent reproduction of the original. Its great success is one of the best signs of



MRS. E. G. M. SHIPMAN.

the times. Hardy's noble, healthful and poetic masterpiece seemed almost too fine in its motives to be adequately presented in a bold theatrie frame, yet Stoddard has succeeded, and the spirit of his work has met with public approbation that cannot be gainsaid. Allusion was made last month to Julia Maylowe's new play. Very seldom does she essay anything new. Her preference has always been for standard poetic works of a tested character. In this Scotch love drama, however, adapted by J. I. C. Clarke from 'Les Jacobites,' by Francois Coppee, she has a real piece of literature which gives her the opportunity she desires. In English it bears the very insipid title, 'For Bonnie Prince Charlie.' In the original it follows the conventional form of the French poetic drama, and was written in Alexandrines. The historical

basis of the piece was the final misfortunes of the Stuarts in the Scottish rising of 1745. The heroic background of the Jacobite rebellion gives rare dramatic force to the piece, and throws into relief the poetic qualities of Miss Marlowe in the role of a beggar maid who is instrumental in effecting the escape of the young Pretender.

* * *

Two dramas by a charming and poetic English writer, Louis N. Parker, have been among the real theatrical successes of the year. 'Rosemary,' a tale of life, and of life's memories, has been acted by John Drew with immense success. Another play of his, 'The Mayflower,' which discerning critics have pronounced a work that will live, has been very popular, even in the hands of the drawing-room company of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum. It is said that there is a great future for this drama of the pilgrims, when some day in the future it becomes part of the poetic repertoire of some great artist. In spite of the withering effect of the burlesque and vaudeville which have been so prevalent on the stage of late, some really beautiful works have thrust their heads above ground, and bloomed as bravely as crocuses in March.

* * *

London's dramatic season actually begins just when America's season is closing. For the edification of the English public there are this spring two brilliant essays in the direction of the philosophic drama by the two eminent and ambitious playwrights, A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Both dramatists have been thinking upon the problems of love in middle age. Mr. Pinero writes of love at forty-five, and Mr. Jones of love at fifty. The brilliant dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, George Bernard Shaw, has been mischievous enough to look up their biographies, and finds that Mr. Pinero is above forty-five, and Mr. Jones is verging on fifty. Mr. Jones has depicted a great London physician, who, after a lifetime devoted to science, falls in love with a pretty young girl who drops in to consult him about the health of her fiancé. He follows her down to the apple orchards and peaceful methods of her home. She is the daughter of a clergyman, and her fiancé is a young temperance lecturer and religionist who is secretly a slave of alcohol. The great doctor becomes possessed of the secret, and the problem lies before him of whether he shall play the tattler, and reveal the true state of affairs to the girl he loves; or whether he shall let this girl unwittingly embark upon lifelong unhappiness with the hypocrite whom she loves. Ultimately events relieve

the physician of the necessity of either repugnant act, and he wins a young bride. The piece is poetically and philosophically done. Mr. Willard will be seen in the piece in Toronto next season.

* * *

Mr. Pinero's drama is entitled, 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' with the sub-title of 'The Fantastic,' and is the same combination of cynicism, poetry, wit and triviality that 'The Amazons' was.

* * *

The picture which appears on this page is that of Mrs. E. G. M. Shipman, formerly Miss Effie Elaine Hext. Mrs. Shipman is a charming young elocutionist, whose home is in Colorado Springs. She is at present touring in California. Her husband is the able manager of the famous Johnson-Sully combination.



THE sun is shining gently through misty clouds; there is a feeling of soft freshness in the air which tells of green grass springing on the hills, and sending its sweet breath abroad to whisper of the new life which is fast approaching completion. It is all very tempting, and almost before we have made up our minds what to do we find ourselves strolling towards that Mecca of tourists—Princess St.

It is Saturday morning, a time when that thoroughfare assumes the character of a grand promenade for beauty, wealth and fashion. Gay groups pass incessantly. They seem to be gregarious creatures, these Scotch folk who are usually defined as reserved and undemonstrative.

As we turn the corner a handsome, aristocratic looking old lady, in garments of the very newest cut, passes, chatting confidentially with a contemporary who evidently possesses the courage of her convictions. No modern nonsense for her. A coal scuttle bonnet engulfs her placid features; from throat to knees extend a velvet pelisse under which appears a short skirt, the flounces of which are well distended by a crinoline. Behind, stroll two young exquisites, wearing light, kid gloves, silk hats and overcoats of fawn and pale green, the lapels of which are decorated with large bunches of violets.

Jostling against their faultless attire is a young boy with a sharp eager face. He, too, has violets, but they are slung on a tray about his neck. His bare feet almost tread on a pair of patent leather shod ones, and his rags brush against a pale green sleeve as he lustily cries his wares, 'Violets, sweet violets, penny a bunch!'

On the steps of a hotel a little further on stands a typical 'Mrs. Ponsonby,' with a small daughter on one side and a smaller son on the other. Very demure and stiff looking little ones they are. One can easily imagine the boy to be a miniature of 'fathah' with his long ulster, Christie hat, well fitting kid gloves, and neatly furled umbrella; while his sister's small nose gives promise of developing the decided curve which renders her mother's so imposing.

Three girls pass with glowing cheeks and bright eyes. They hold themselves erect and walk with ease in the stout, heavy shoes, which are revealed as the wind blows back their skirts. They turn to glance admiringly at two French poodles which trot behind their young mistresses.

'Whaz darlings,' cries one girl, as she surveys the shaved proportions of the canine pair. Both dogs are sleek and well grown; their natural protection of curly black hair ends just at the proper spots, and their tails wave like small dusky palm trees. One has a top-knot of black curls tied with a bow of blue ribbon, and his silly, simpering expression as this hobs over his blinking eyes, makes one feel quite sorry, as for 'one more sensible dog gone wrong.' They are very discreet little dogs, too, and keep their eyes straight ahead, even when a bus filled with shouting boys in piper's costume rumbles on its way to the International football match, where the impulsive fervor of Paddy is to be pitted against Sandy's canny shrewdness. Another bus follows closely behind its exterior smothered in advertisements, its driver seated behind a barrier upon which are set forth in glowing terms the merits of a well-known food

for infants; and as one glances at the fat, rubicund countenance above, one wonders if it has been placed there as a testimonial.

On our side of the broad thoroughfare are lines of handsome shops, where light straw hats and bonnets, adorned with many colored flowers make a brave show; and better than these artificial creations, are nature's own spring beauties displayed in many windows; masses of violets, tulips, lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, daffodils and hyacinths, all fresh, and fragrant, and ridiculously cheap.

'Yes; its a real nice building,' remarks a fair tourist, as she gazes across the street to where, from the summit of a cool, grey cliff, Edinburgh Castle looks down in haughty isolation; and as we, too, pause to admire the scene, we are accosted by a fair native of the place whose acquaintance we have recently made, and having retired to a doorway, are introduced to her father, who stands before us, very rigid, very grave, in the professional top hat and frock coat.

'This is Miss M.—, father,—just from Canada,' and the daughter waves her hand towards Miss M. with the air of a showman.

'Oh! Ah!' says the old gentleman, adjusting a pair of gold rimmed eyeglasses the better to examine the new specimen just offered to his notice.

'And this is Miss B.—, father,—just from Canada.'

'Oh! Ah!' remarks father again, in exactly the same tone as before, while he transfers his gaze of interested curiosity to my humble self. As his pointed observations appear to call for no reply, we venture upon none, and he surveys us in turn and in silence for the space of a minute, when he says with his soft Scottish burr, 'Ah, so you are just out, are you?'

We hint that this is rather an unpleasant way of putting it, being suggestive of convicts or lunatics.

'Ah, indeed?' he answers mildly; and dropping his eyeglasses suddenly, relapses into meditative silence until we bid himself and his daughter farewell and proceed on our way.

Turning from the ever changing, prosperous looking throng we pass into a side street, and after mounting a hill, enter a stone archway. Everything is stone here, pavements, steps, houses. It is dark and damp and our footsteps echo dimly as we traverse several nights of steps and proceed along a narrow passage walled in by tall houses. Some men lounging in a doorway glance inquiringly at us as we pass, but make no remark. They are ragged and hard featured and have a look of dogged misery. Presently we issue on High street, and are once more in the midst of teeming human life.

But what a contrast to the careless throng we have just left! Spring tailinery is evidently not patronized here unless you dignify by that name the straw hat with its tawdry feather hanging limply on the frowsy head of a young girl, whose face wears a set smile more pitiful than tears, or the torn tartan shawl protecting the grey hairs of the wretched, leering woman who staggers across the street, clutching a black bottle tightly in one hand. But for the most part a luxuriant and uncared for head of hair is considered sufficient covering. Groups of women stand and gossip

here as on Princess street, but in place of sleek, pampered poodles, led by silver chains, there are emaciated babies wrapped in coarse shawls; and there is a forcibleness of expression not permitted in polite circles. But, after all, surely this is a merry place. Listen to the laughter; don't think of the hollowness, the coarseness of it.

And here comes a fine 'sonny lassie' with a physique which many a man might envy. She is a fish wife, with her heavy shoes, home knitted stockings, short coarse blue serge skirt, loose jacket with sleeves turned back to the elbow, red kerchief showing at her throat, and the heavy creel on her back supported by a strap crossing her forehead. She is cleanly, healthy and energetic, and as she steps briskly on her way her eyes are fastened on the knitting which her fingers are busily plying.

Yes, but look behind. A pitiful figure shuffles along. A young woman in a ragged old gown, a thin shawl partly thrown over her red hair, partly wrapped about a puny infant. As she hurries past, her red and swollen eyes look vacantly before her in dumb misery. The dirt on her thin cheeks is furrowed by recent tears. In her blind haste she almost stumbles upon a tiny urchin who is gleefully scrubbing the pavement with an old blacking brush, while his baby brother sits near and howls with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Some more small boys are intent upon a game of football, their dirty bare feet receiving many a hard knock, as they kick a projecting cobblestone in the roadway, instead of the bundle of rags which does duty for a ball.

We peep into some of the 'closets,' 'courts,' or 'wynds,' as they are called. Most of them are entered by a stone archway which leads to a narrow passage walled in by dilapidated houses, on the doorposts of which you may often find some old inscription or coat of arms; for Cannongate was once the aristocratic residence quarter. And whereas now electricity sheds its cold white light on scenes of squalor, noise, and dirt, flaring torches once lit up gay pageants and showed my lord and lady stepping forth from one of these very tenements, perchance on their way to dine with an earl farther down the street.

For three centuries have some of these houses looked upon varied scenes; grandeur and revelry, battle and death, life and misery. In that plain stone church farther down the street, the beautiful Mary Stuart was married to Boswell, and a brilliant following of ladies and courtiers passed from the gateway where now some neglected looking children are playing hop Scotch with a piece of stone—children everywhere, playing, working, fighting, laughing, weeping.

In passing a tiny shop in the window of which are some dusty papers, we spy a quaint figure within, and enter, ostensibly to buy a pencil. A little bit of a woman, whose thin grey locks are fantastically arranged in curl papers rises to greet us. She is very friendly, and on my lifting the corner of a shabby little photograph album lying on the counter, she beams upon me, and proceeds to exhibit its contents.

'Ma son, eh! but he's a bonnie laddie, wi' his curly por. An' ma brither, th' waenister, a rich and guid man—to be an Episcopalian. Ye'r Episcopalian yersel! Ah, weel! I hae nae deot

there's some vera aimiable Chreestians among th' Episcopalsians.'

On our telling her we are also Canadians, she looks much surprised.

'Ma, but ye speak English vera weel,' she remarks patronizingly. 'Maist like ane o' oorsels.' And we leave her nodding at us from the doorway, the curl papers bobbing wildly in mute farewell.

After this the street widens out, the noise grows less, the air fresher, and in a few moments we are confronted by the ancient palace of Holyrood, standing stately and calm, its beauty accentuated by a background of dark hills.

We turn and make our way up the nearest of these, and after a short climb pause to rest and look down.

The scent of the new grass greets us, the far-off cry of 'co-ke,' the shrill whistle of an engine, comes to us softened by distance. Below lies the city with its busy hum of life, its poverty and wealth.

Beautiful, fascinating Edinburgh! Most dramatic city! where every building appears to be placed with a view to effect, and all is enclosed by nature's most lavish charms.

VALANCE ST. JUST. BERRYMAN

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



PERHAPS the thing which strikes one most forcibly in the present day is the large production of works which the reading public declares to be destined to take a lasting place in literature, and the rapidity with which such works, once their immediate vogue is over, drop out of sight and are forgotten. Who now reads or discusses those favorites of a year ago, 'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Dodo'? Even the immortal 'Trilby' is but little heard of. Yet among our modern authors there are still some who, one

in vain to believe, will not be thus consigned to oblivion, but for whom we always keep a warm spot in our hearts; and one of these is Rudyard Kipling.

His latest book, 'The Seven Seas,' serves but to deepen our admiration of his great and varied knowledge, his clear insight into character. The common soldier, the civil magnate, or the Cape Cod fisherman, he has introduced us to them all, and they stand out in our memories as living, breathing realities, not mere lay figures.

If there is a fault to be found, it may be discovered in that portion of the book containing the Barrack Room Ballads. These show a slight falling off from the excellence of the older ones. They lack the free swing and sweep of the lines, something also of the careless felicity of wording. They do not cling so easily to the memory as do the others. From any other than Kipling they would be received with acclamation, but that he can do better work than this the remaining portions of the volume show.

Perhaps the poem which will please the general

reader most is 'Buy my English Posies.' Indeed, the temptation to quote it in full is almost irresistible. Two stanzas, however, must suffice:

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the May
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away!
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my northern blood-root,
And I'll know where you were nursed.

Robin down the logging road whistles, 'Come with me,'

Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing rain,
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again

Buy my English posies!
Ye that have your own;
Buy them for a brother's sake
Over seas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot,
Floods his heart a-brim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him.

Far and far our homes are set, round the Seven Seas,

Woe for us, if we forget, we that hold by these
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

The majestic 'Prayer Before Action' deserves notice, as does also the 'Ode to the True Romance,' which has, however, appeared before as the dedication of 'Many Inventions.' The last stanza of this is particularly beautiful:

Oh Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scath!
Oh Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats,
Yet drops no jot of faith!
Devil and brute thou dost transmute
To higher lordlier show,
Who art in sooth, that lovely Truth
The careless angels know.

The volume contains many other poems but space forbids farther quotation. It is prettily bound and printed on the best of paper, and is altogether a desirable addition to a library.

* * *

The name of Rudyard Kipling leads naturally to thoughts of India, and on this subject a new writer has appeared. The mantle of Kipling has fallen on Mrs. F. A. Steel, who exhibits in her latest novel, 'On the Face of the Waters,' a knowledge of native character and intrigue which has seldom been equalled. The scene is laid in the days of the mutiny, and the figures of Nicholson, Hodson and many others are set before us with no uncertain hand. But it is in the delineation of native manners and modes of thought that Mrs. Steel excels. Soma, the sepoy, who while joining the mutiny is still faithful to his white master. Tara his sister, the weak and wavering Aboul-Bukr, and the great-hearted Parkhunda, bear witness to her insight into the subtle workings of the Oriental mind, so far apart in every respect from the colder and more direct western mode of thought.

The tale begins with a spirited description of the sale of the king of Oude's menagerie by the British forces, and the purchase by Major Erlton, of a large white cockatoo in spite of the efforts of a native bidder, to secure possession of it. This bird plays a somewhat important part in the story. The scene, which is perhaps one of the most impressive in the volume, is connected with it. Sonny, the child of an English resident in Delhi, is playing in the garden, while within the house is Kate Erlton, the heroine of the tale. Suddenly a cry startles her.

'God in heaven! What was that through the stillness and the peace! A child's pitiful scream.'

'She was at the closed window in an instant, peering through the slits of the jalousies; but there was nothing to be seen save a blaze and

blaze of sunlight on sun-scorched grass, and sun-withered beds of flowers. Nothing!—stay—Christ help us! What was that? A vision of white, and gold, and blue. White garments and white wings, white curls and flaming golden crest, fierce, grey-blue beak and claws among the fluttering blue ribbons, Sonny! His little feet flying and falling fast among the flower beds. Sonny! still holding his favorite's chain in the unconscious grip of terror, while half-dragged, half-flying, the wide, white wings fluttered over the child's head.

'Deen! Deen! Futtteh Mohammed!'

'That was from the bird, terrified, yet still gentle.'

'Deen! Deen! Futtteh Mohammed!'

'That was from the old man who followed fast on the child with long lance in rest like a pig-sticker's. An old man in a faded green turban, with a spiritual, relentless face.'

'Kate's fingers were at the bolts of the high French window—her only chance of speedy exit from that closed room. Ah! would they never yield! And the lance was gaining on those poor little flying feet—'

There are many other stirring scenes to be found in the volume, and it will well repay the time spent in its perusal. It is published in New York by the MacMillan Co., and contains a short preface declaring it to be in the main composed of historical facts. Those who wish to add to their knowledge of the Indian mutiny cannot do better than purchase it. N. M. H.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Her little feet have wandered all the busy, tired day,
Along the paths where sunbeams with the shadows
Love to play.

And now, at night, she comes to me, my sleepy little fay,

To rest within my arms awhile till she is tucked away.

Her little hands are pliant now, they yield to my caress,

And drooping lids to dreamland's charms would willingly confess,

Yet closer to my breast she sinks, her thoughts are far away

Across the Jordanland where she will soon be tucked away.

Ah! little life, my head of care slips down when you appear,

Your goldenlocks light up my life with very precious cheer—

I wonder if you think or know how rich I count each day

When all my hopes and all my love with you are tucked away'

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WHEN APRIL COMES.

VIENA SHEARD.

When April comes with softly shining eyes,
And daffodils bound in her wind-blown hair,
(O, she will smile all clouds from out the skies,
And make each day into a glad surprise,
For there'll be blossoms swinging on the air,
When April comes!

When April comes, with tender sigh and tear,
Gay dandelions will gild all common ways,
And ah! 'tis then that we will surely hear
The piping of the robins, sweet and clear—
While bobolinks will whistle through the days
When April comes!

When April comes, this sad world, wise and old,
May half forget that it has grown so grey;
Winter will seem a weary tale—long told,
And all its bitter winds, its frost and cold,
Will drift into the things of yesterday,
When April comes!

When April comes, dancing the ta-ments through
As though in answer to some sweet refrain,
She'll coax the whole world out into the blue,
For she's a madcap—but—her heart is true
And it may be—sad lips will smile again—
When April comes!

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. JEAN JOY.

Principal of Domestic Science Department in Toronto Technical School, and Pupit of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.

ONE of the most difficult tasks for the house-keeper is to plan the three meals required daily, in such a way as to give variety and yet keep the quality of food uniform.

Veal is the especial meat of the season, and though not considered easy of digestion or very nutritious, may be used freely, if cooked carefully. One of the best and perhaps the simplest way to cook veal cutlets is to cut in good shape and boil them slightly in order to sear the outside and give a good flavor. Then put in a brown or tomato sauce, and simmer until perfectly tender, which will require at least one hour.

Cold veal makes a nice carserole, which may be made with any other kind of cold meat, however, as follows:

Line an oval mould with a half inch layer of cooked rice or mashed potatoes. Then fill it with cooked chopped meat, well seasoned and slightly moistened with stock and mixed with a beaten egg or two—according to the quantity of meat used, using enough egg to hold the mixture together after it is cooked. Cover the meat with a layer of rice or potato—whichever has been used to line the mould—and steam or bake for an hour or less, according to the size of the mould.

Galatine of Veal.

The breast is the most suitable piece to select for this dish. The bones should be removed and the meat carefully beaten out. Spread on the meat board and brush it over with the yolk of an egg. Sprinkle with chopped onions, parsley, salt, pepper and mace. Make two omelets, one from the yolks the other from the whites of eggs. Cut them in strips, lay them upon the veal, with strips of breast of chicken or turkey or layers of pounded ham, between. Sprinkle over the top with chopped pickled cucumbers or chopped tomato, chopped mushrooms and sweet herbs. Roll up very tightly, tie in a cheese cloth and simmer gently five or six hours. When tender place a heavy weight upon it and let it stand at least twenty four hours before it is cut. Serve in very thin slices garnished with savory aspic jelly.

Lamb Soup.

Take any odds and ends of chops, not burned, and any remains of cooked lamb, one small onion, one small turnip, cut fine and cover with water. Simmer till the meat is tender and the bones clean. Skim out the meat and set the liquor away to cool. Pick out the bones and any uneatable parts and remove the fat from the broth. Put on to boil again, then add quarter of a cup of rice which has been soaked and cooked in water until tender. Thicken with flour and water and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the meat and when hot serve with rolls.

Swiss Veal Pie.

Cut up the remains of a cold roast of veal into thin slices, put a little piece of bacon on each slice. Make a forcemeat of parsley and herbs (by chopping them finely and mixing well), spread on top and then roll the meat up. Put these rolls of meat into a pie-dish, pile them high in the center, and put amongst them the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, cut into quarters—some cooked mushrooms may also be added—scatter salt, pepper, some more chopped parsley, and a grating of nutmeg over the meat and pour over all a thick brown sauce flavored with tarragon vinegar or lemon juice. Line the edges of the dish with paste and cover it all, bake in a good oven for an hour or longer according to the size of the pie.

Stewed Tripe and Rice.

Cut the tripe into pieces two inches long and one inch broad, throw into a pan of cold water and just let it boil up. Then strain away the

water. Cut two onions into small pieces and fry in a stew pan with two tablespoonfuls of dripping until soft. Then add the tripe and add a quart of new milk, have 1½ oz. of rice well washed, add to the tripe and season all with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Simmer for an hour. This should not boil or it will curdle and be quickly spoilt.

Anchovy Eggs in Sauce.

Cook four eggs for twenty minutes and when they are cold take off the shells. Chop the whites finely and rub the yolks through a thick sieve. Do not mix the whites and the yolks, as they are used separately. Fry some pieces of bread cut into fancy shapes. Scald half a pint of milk and thicken it with a tablespoonful of corn-starch, cook until it is the thickness of cream, and make it a good pink with anchovy sauce, then add the chopped white of eggs. Put a pile of the anchovy mixture on each piece of fried bread, smoothing it with a knife, put a ring of the grated yolk on each crouton, and serve very hot on a folded napkin.

Ox-tails and Tomato.

Cut the tail into neat joints and soak for an hour in salted water. Next set in a stewpan, cover with cold water, add salt and bring slowly to the boil. Then strain off the water, rinse the pieces of meat in warm water and set in a stewpan sufficiently large for the ox-tail to lie over the bottom, add vegetables to flavor, cover with water, and stew very slowly for three hours. After that time remove the smaller joints and allow the larger to cook for another hour. It is very necessary when preparing an ox-tail to let it cook slowly. When the tails are nearly cooked fry half an onion, a little chopped ham together until the onion is nice and brown, then add half a pint of canned tomatoes and cook till quite soft then add the gravy from the tails, thicken with flour and boil up for about ten minutes. Skim well, season to taste and pass the sauce through a strainer, put in the tails. Make all hot together and serve.

Egg Omelets.

Cook the eggs twenty minutes, and when quite cold shell them and cut in two lengthwise. Have ready one tablespoonful butter melted and on a hot plate, add to it a little salt and pepper, one egg beaten with one tablespoonful cold water on another plate, and fine dry breadcrumbs on still another. Dip the egg halves first in the melted butter, then in the egg, and then in the crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with easy sauce.

Horse-Radish Sauce.

Cook one cup grated horse-radish with one half cup water for five minutes and strain, rub one half-cup butter and one-half cup flour together over the fire, add water from horse radish. Cook till smooth, add horse-radish and serve hot or cold.

Brains à La Reine.

Boil two or three calves brains, then throw them into cold water, trim them and cut into halves and cut each half into thick slices. Season with pepper, salt and roll in melted butter and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Put these slices on small skewers with thin slices of fat bacon between each slice of the brains, roll in melted butter, then in bread crumbs, and boil for about ten minutes, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley. Serve very hot.

Co-Teo Cream.

Dissolve three-quarter ounce of gelatine in half cup of water. Add half cup strong coffee, one tablespoonful sugar. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed and slightly cooled stir in one and half cups whipped cream—a tablespoonful of brandy may be added if desired. Strain into a wetted mould and when cold turn out onto a glass dish.

German Grouty.

Boil one pound of raspberry or apricot preserves in a pint of water, pass it through a sieve and

sweeten to taste. Add four ounces of fine sago which has been well soaked in cold water, stir over the fire till the sago is dissolved, pour into a wet mould and when stiff turn out and serve with cold custard or whipped cream.

* * *

As house cleaning time has come round again a few hints as to some easy methods of cleaning will be in season. The white spots often caused on polished tables by placing hot dishes on them may be removed by rubbing them with a flannel which has been dipped in equal parts of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine. Afterwards polish the surface with a leather.

Piano keys when dirty and discolored may be treated in the following way: Take some powdered whiting, mix it to a paste with lemon juice and apply to each key separately, afterwards polishing with a dry cloth. Great care must be taken to prevent the paste from getting in between the keys. Another way to clean ivory is to make a paste of prepared chalk, oil and ammonia. Dip a rag in this, rub on the ivory and leave for a few hours, then brush off and polish with a dry cloth.

To clean white marble, take a lump of washing soda about the size of an egg, and put it together with a tablespoonful of soft soap into a pot containing half pint of water. Stand this pot in a pan of boiling water on the fire until the contents boil. While hot paint the mixture on the marble and leave it for a day or two; at the end of this time wash it off with warm water and a clean flannel.

To remove rust from steel, rub over with some sweet oil and leave for two or three days. Then take some finely powdered, unslacked lime and rub it on the steel with a piece of flannel until the rust is removed.

To keep moths from carpets it is a good plan to rub a little benzine round the edges.

'People lift their eyebrows,' says William Morris, the English poet, 'over women mastering the higher mathematics; why, it is infinitely more difficult to learn the details of good house-keeping. Anybody can learn mathematics, but it takes a lot of skill to manage a house well.' Any one who has had any experience will agree with him that it does take brains to 'manage a house well.' In Walteanstan, England, there is a college for housewives where young women may learn all the branches of domestic work, including cookery, needlework, laundry work and household superintendence. The name of the college is very appropriately St. Martha's. Only ten pupils are received at a time, in order that each may serve her turn as housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, etc. As the course of instruction includes every household function, from building a fire and cleaning lamps to giving dinner parties, the graduate is equally fitted for housemaid or house mistress.

ABOUT MUTTON AND VEAL.

The leg of either mutton or lamb is an economical cut, there being so little bone. The caul or membrane fastened about the leg must be removed before cooking. Mutton may be cooked slightly rare, but lamb, as well as all young meats, should be cooked thoroughly.

Veal should be chosen with the greatest care. Many persons find it difficult to digest at any time, and poor veal is positively harmful. The flesh should be pink and firm, the fat white and clear. Too young veal will be of a bluish tint, and should not be used at all. If the flesh be whitish, the animal has been bled, and the meat will lack nutrition. The careful housekeeper examines her meat before buying, and it will be to her advantage to discriminate wisely in her selection.



How to Hang Pictures



THERE never was a time when the art of hanging pictures afforded so wide a field or so unlimited a range to one's ideas, with a view to artistic and decorative effect, as at the present day. The rigid conventionalities which have long been strictly observed, of hanging pictures in pairs, upon an exact level, is fast becoming relegated into a thing of the past, and rightly so, for, so long as such a custom was

in vogue, it was impossible for one to view a picture, no matter how fine a gem or how great its merits, otherwise than as merely a bit of wall furniture, in the same manner as one might admire a handsome chair or divan. Such sameness soon palls upon one's idea of beauty and artistic arrangement, and the eye becomes very weary of such monotony of design.

But times have changed, and instead of the iron-bound rules—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—with which we have hitherto been so hampered and fettered, there is vast scope for the wildest flight of fancy and the most consummate skill the connoisseur can summon.

Many things must necessarily be taken into consideration with regard to the proper selection and grouping of pictures—such as the prevailing color of the room, the harmony existing between wall paper, furniture, carpets and draperies.

A very light picture will show to advantage with sombre background and surroundings, while, on the other hand, the darker the picture is the more light it will require; therefore, the first and most important thing to be decided is whether the picture in question comes under the category of 'light' or 'dark.' If the former, an excellent position would be found between two windows in the front of the room, but if it belongs to the latter class, it should be placed opposite to the windows, where the full light will stream in upon it.

As far as possible, a picture should be hung from the artist's point of view, that is to say, it should be placed in the same light as it was painted; indeed, many Parisian artists, who appreciate how important this fact is, in order to do full justice to their work, write under their signatures certain directions for the best mode of hanging, such as: 'Light, left and north,' or 'Light, right and south.'

When this important information is lacking, the inexperienced person should consult an artist or some reliable picture-dealer.

Large pictures should first be suitably hung, and then the smaller ones could be arranged in groups or rows of two and three between them. All unimportant pictures should be "skied" by being placed over doors or windows, while the wee ones should be utilized to fill in vacant corners or alcoves.

A very pretty and effective way to arrange several pictures would be to commence by hanging the largest at the top, to the left, and gradually descend like steps of stairs, each one being a little smaller and a little further to the right than its predecessor.

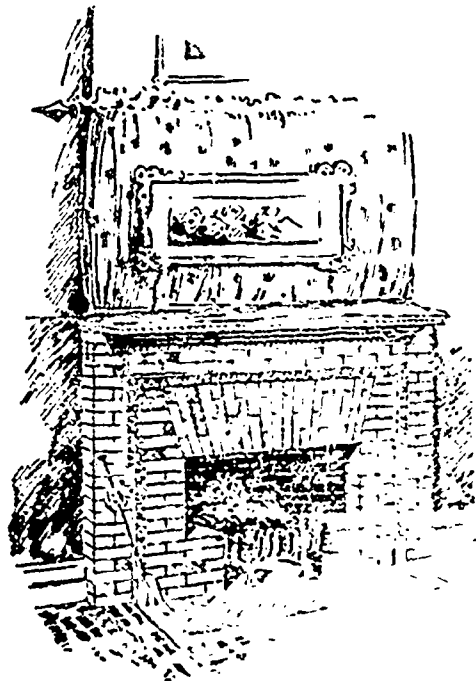
While a little variety in size, color or subject is very desirable, at the same time the promiscuous

arrangement of oil-paintings, water-colors, etchings and steel engravings should be carefully guarded against, for many a good picture has been completely spoiled by its unsuitable position, its too close juxtaposition with others which do not harmonize with it, quite as much as by the quality of the light.

Undoubtedly, it is a difficult matter to arrange pictures of various kinds judiciously where the space is exceedingly limited, but, when at all possible, a very good plan would be to place all the colored pictures at one side of the room and the studies in black and white at another.

One might receive a valuable education in this matter if the opportunity of visiting some of the fine old European salons or galleries were to present itself. In fact, it would not be necessary to go abroad at all, if one would take the trouble of discovering for himself the many gems that are to be found on the continent of America.

In regard to frames. It is much more important to have a picture appropriately framed, indeed, it is much more essential to bestow time and care in the selection of a frame than upon the choice of a garment of apparel, for the former, in all probability will be worn for a life-time, while the latter will be donned only for a season, to gratify a passing fancy.



A quiet picture should have a most unostentatious frame, oil-paintings appear to the best advantage when framed in gilt, while etchings and engravings should be framed in oak or some other dark wood. A very beautiful idea that was seen in an artistic home, was in the treatment of the space above the mantel. The usual mirror or fancy mantel top was entirely dispensed with, and instead, a most lovely curtain or draping of white silk fell from a brass rod which rested near the moulding above. This draping was exquisitely covered with bunches of violets, which were embroidered in their natural shades with Japan floss, and upon this rested a very fine water-color painting, framed in gilt, the study consisting of violets with their leaves, and lilies-of-the-valley.

This same idea could be carried out with rose-buds, the effect being very Frenchy. The rose-buds should be embroidered with Spanish floss, and should be carefully shaded. A picture consisting of a study of roses, such as American beauties, would look very handsome with such a background.

KENMORE.



WHERE COLORS COME FROM.

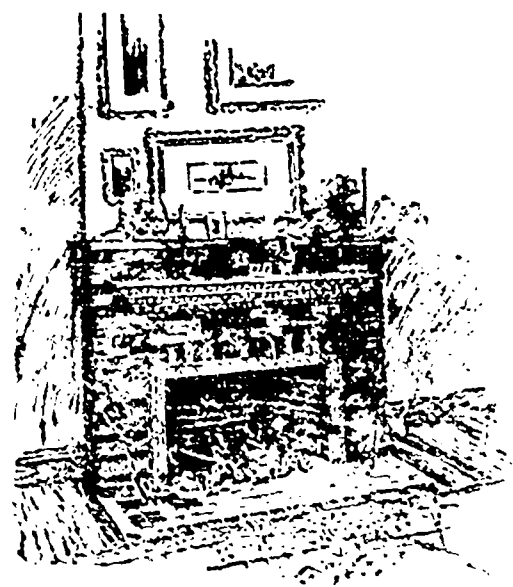
Few people—even artists themselves—know where the colors used in the arts come from. It is an interesting fact that one small paint box will often represent the four quarters of the globe, and all sorts of materials, animal, vegetable and mineral. The cochineal insect supplies the carmines and rich crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the devilish cuttle fish. Indian yellow is from the urine of the camel, and ivory black and bone black from ivory chips. Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate, an accidental discovery. Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Turkey red is derived from the madder plant of Hindostan. Gamboge is a yellow sap of a tree, which the people of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw Sienna is the natural earth from Sienna, Italy. When burned it is Burnt Sienna. Amber is from Umbria. India ink is burnt camphor. Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine there is little in the market, as it is made from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a big price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermilion come from quicksilver ore.

DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS.

The elaborately embroidered bits of linen so fashionable some time ago are not used now except for 'dress up' and are not even then seen so frequently as formerly; neither are silk handkerchiefs used now, and none are displayed in the shops except those large hemstitched white ones used by men. Very fine linen handkerchiefs with narrow hemstitched borders and frequently the initials of the owner embroidered in the corners are fashionable. The initials should be very small. Lace trimmed handkerchiefs are quite the thing, and narrow valenciennes lace looks most dainty. Any girl can make for herself some of these dainty handkerchiefs, a yard of sheer linen being enough for several of them.

MATTRESS PINCUSHIONS.

A popular wedding present of the day is a large sized mattress pincushion of white brocade, with a spray of forget-me-nots and orange buds worked in a medallion in the center and the bride's initial letter or letters in elongated tracery passed apparently through the outline of the medallion, as if it were of gold wire and lightly hung up. At the four corners are white pins, two being of colored beads, while all round the side are put in small and large black and white guarded pins, with a pearl headed one at each corner. They are not new by any means, these mattress pincushions, but lately they seem to have 'caught on' amazingly.



May Gowns.

GOWNS for the Horse Show and Races are in order; and some wonderfully pretty things, as well as some very startling ones are being made up by the modistes. By and by the most serviceable of these will go across the ocean to be 'finished out' in the jostle and push of the Diamond Jubilee throng.

SKIRTS.

Tailor-made gowns will have braiding of every kind, as a trimming. The military styles will be especially affected.

Plain silk-lined skirts, with fullness well to the back, and blouse or tight vest with dickey, and Eton or Norfolk jackets, are the general outline, on which many modifications are made. The style is not materially altered, except that the jacket is more jaunty, the skirts less full and braided in some large design. The braiding thus far is usually down



the side seams, not around the foot of the skirt. Perfection of cut and fit is everything in these gowns. This will be the general style for spring gowns.

The newest skirts, that is those being made of lighter materials for summer wear, have many and varying features, one of which is the fancy for trimming them around the hips, when there is no other decoration. Tucks and tiny box plaits extending four or five inches down from the waist are set in across the front and sides.

Alternate panels, elaborately trimmed, and breadths of accordion plaiting form some of the dressy skirts in grenadine and grass linen, and skirts generally are developing very rapidly in all the possible modes of decoration.

The entire tendency in summer gowns is toward transparent materials and soft clinging effects.

Black and white materials both in checks and stripes are decidedly in favor for the season. Some of the prettiest dresses worn in Ottawa during the present Session are in these combinations. One with skirt of rich black satin and blouse bodice of black and white striped satin; the white stripe in graduating width is remarkably rich. Plenty of white chiffon in front and sleeve puffs give it the requisite softness.

Red, especially geranium red, remains a favorite color. Recently one of Ottawa's large stores made quite an artistic effect by dressing one widow entirely in varying shades of red. The color will drop off a little with the advancing season, but come in again with scarlet autumn bloom.

Black trimmings are almost a necessity on any red gown to tone down the color.

The open meshed black fabrics, such as black canvas, are pretty made over the new purple red or china blue, and trimmed with black satin ribbon. Green and black are a peculiar but fashionable finish for a brown canvas gown.

BODICES.

In our illustrations this month we show several pretty bodices to be worn with black skirts, very rich materials are used for these skirts, heavy silk crepon, brocades, and satin being the chief.

Fig. 1 is a mauve and black striped bodice that has a new thing in sleeves. Three mauve silk frills are let in almost to the elbow, gathered together to the shoulder giving it something the effect of slashing. The yoke and deep belt are of coarse white lace. White chiffon at neck and wristbands add a finishing touch, while carelessly thrown over the right shoulder is a cascade or fall of chiffon edged with valenciennes.

Fig. 2 is a black and green tinsel brocade. The yoke is of point venise over bright green satin, and is edged with black chiffon ruffles. Black accordion pleated chiffon frills fall gracefully over the shoulder in points almost to the waist.

One of the prettiest of the many pretty bodices worn at the Russell House dinner table, during the early days of the Session, was one of grass linen, embroidered in wheel design. It was made over blue silk, and finished with loose knots of blue satin at col-

lars and waist. sleeves are slightly wrinkled and finished with a black satin band; also collar and belt of black satin.

This wheel skirt will be very fashionable for transparent materials during the season.

Fig. 3 illustrates a stylish short coat of light greenish grey ladies' cloth, that might easily be adapted for the wheel. It is trimmed with black fancy braid, stitched down in four vertical strips over the bust to the bottom of the coat, which is also edged with it, also collar and wristbands. Just below the small sleeve puff is a single row of the braid which runs bias across the sleeve.

A pretty yet simple gown of checked wool material has a bodice trimmed in tucks edged with narrow black velvet ribbon. Both the front and back of the bodice are tucked.

The all wool black and white is quite in vogue; and nothing enriches it like slight trimmings of black velvet. It may also be trimmed effectively with military braid.

SLEEVES.

Sleeves are the special point of interest in the new spring gowns, as there is a decided difference in the cut. The new sleeve is almost close fitting, with very narrow equalet frills or drooping wing effects at the top.

The plain sleeve is the unusual exception except in cloth gowns, and shirred, tucked, and trimmed sleeves of some sort are the rule. This is a wise provision of fashion, as it disguises the unbecoming effect of a close sleeve. They are shirred up and down in two or three narrow frills with a space between or around in puffs; tucks are set in diagonally, up and down around in groups, and all the sleeves which are intended to be long fall well over the hand.

The plain cont sleeve with a little fulness at the top is the one

lar and waist.

Front and epaulets of much-beruffled pink and apple green chiffon, made dressy 'fixings' for another bodice of plain black satin.

Fronts of chiffon, either sparkled or plain, are most in favor for the evening bodice. They are soft, becoming, and capable of a tremendous variation.

In Fig. 3 we show an organdie muslin with three wide stripes of valenciennes insertion running parallel round the bodice, like barrel hoops. The bottom of the skirt is finished in the same way above the hem. A white satin collar and cuffs add a Frenchy finishing touch.

Fig. 4 is a pink organdie muslin with rosebud design. It is to be worn with the new sun skirt so much in vogue in New York. This skirt is cut in a perfect circle nine yards round the bottom, in graduated accordion pleats. Muslin or taffeta silk are the best for these skirts. The silk underskirt is put in the same band. The bodice in the sketch, to be worn with this, is gathered down from bust to waist in small flat tucks vertically stretched to a tight lining leaving the muslin full over the bust and the arms. It fastens invisibly up the back. The insertion is laid on horizontally to form a yoke, while two frills edged with this insertion set up over the small sleeve puffs. The

most in use for tailor gowns and cloth jackets.

TRIMMINGS.

Tucks will be pre-eminently the mode of trimming for summer gowns. Tucked yokes, tucked blouses, tucked fronts, tucked sleeves,—deep tucks, fine tucks, edged tucks, plain tucks; tucks in gingham and tucks in chiffon, tucks across, and tucks up and down. There will be variations but the tuck is the key-note.

FIGHTING THE MOTHS.

BY A LOVER OF FURS.

I REALLY think fighting the moths would be better than fighting them; for once they find their way into a closet, there seems no surety of getting rid of them.

A friend told me once that she thought the preservation of furs from moths a matter of good luck, not of good housekeeping; but then she w

delicately over a beautiful bearskin boa—these were two or three winters ago.

'I thought I put it away carefully,' she said, 'and look!' It certainly did look scalpy and horrid. The hair had fallen away in tufts.

Moth-eaten furs always remind me of one of two things—a second-hand shop, or a bald head.

Her boa looked bad enough to suggest both at once.

However, I discovered that she probably was in fault; since, although her fur was packed away carefully, it was left lying about until the close of May; and the moths probably got in before the packing.

Some women like to keep their furs out until the last vestige of chill has gone out of the air; and that brings them into early June.

In such a case the furs should be beaten well with a cane, or combed not less than twice a week, and hung out in the air. Constant shaking and beating is the only moth preventive for exposed furs.

In large furrier establishments men and boys are kept whose one occupation it is to lay out, shake and beat the furs during the summer season.

Furs may be put away in comparative security; but even then to make assurance doubly sure it is best to open and beat them once during the season.

I have been fortunate in escaping moth ravage among my furs thus far. My plan is simply to take them out into the air, whip them thoroughly, hang them on a line, and leave them for half a day exposed to the air. Then powder them with powdered camphor which has been first drenched with carbolic acid, and permitted to dry again. The powder may be sprinkled on from a cheap castor, and shaken into the fur, or rubbed in with the fingers. The furs are then sealed in thick, dark brown paper bags, with a moth ball or two to bear them company. Each fur has a separate bag. The bags are home-made; they only require paste, paper, and a little patience.

My fur-lined cloak has a longer airing and beating; then is popped into a pillar-shaped bag which covers its full length, like a wardrobe dress cover. The bag is then hung up by strong twine. The cloak comes out in the late autumn without crease or fold.

I do this in early May, preferring to go without an occasional use of my furs during the later weeks to risking moths. I might as well add also that I believe one of the reasons my furs have kept free from moths is the combing which I give them frequently, all through the winter season. My purpose is really to preserve the smoothness and new look of the furs as long as possible; but I have come lately to believe that it prevents moth-hatching also.

Some women go to much more trouble than I do. One very efficient housekeeper says that the best plan is to select a dark closet, and have it papered all over, top and bottom, with tar paper. As its surface is sticky, it should be covered with a second coat of paper to prevent the clothes coming in direct contact with the tar. For this second coat she finds newspaper as good as anything that can be used. Perhaps the smell of printers' ink helps the tar do its work, or it may be because newspaper is porous, and allows the tar odor to come through more readily.

In this closet she hangs both her furs and woollen garments, after carefully beating them. But since the closet cannot be hermetically sealed, she takes them out about once a month and gives them a thorough beating.

But I think that is too hard work. There is no waiting energy. Some women, who cannot spare a whole closet, line old trunks or boxes with paper.

I really think myself that the air-tight paper bags and camphorated balls are sufficient after the thorough beating and combing.

For after all the great secret of keeping furs is

in cleaning them before they are put away. If a moth or a moth egg goes into the closet, box or bag with them the damage is only partially prevented. While the egg will hatch, the moth only lives for a short while, and can not increase, but during that brief life I have known these little insects to spoil the beauty of an elegant garment.

Many of the old-fashioned preventives have some virtue in them, as sassafras, china root, &c., and can be used to advantage by people in the country, where they are easily obtained, but persons in the city have better means within their reach, in the many excellent moth preventives which may be bought quite cheap.

In packing away white fur or robes or children's white cloaks for the summer do not forget to scatter pieces of white wax among them. It will help to keep them from turning yellow. A nice way is to roll them in pieces of cotton or linen, made very dark with bluing, before putting them into their boxes.

SUMMER FOOTWEAR.

FOOTWEAR will be an especial object of regard this season, since walking skirts clear the ground by an inch or two, and bicycles are the rage.

Indeed, the need of shapely and well-fitting shoes was never more apparent. A woman on a wheel must have a neatly-shod foot, yet her shoes must be of the durable kind, for they have to endure much.

The walking shoe must have a low heel and well-shaped toe, in order to be healthful as well as comfortable—yet nothing clumsy will be tolerated, since the foot will show well this season, both by reason of brevity of skirt, and bloom of organdie, which 'sets out' from the figure, and shows up a pretty foot or ankle.

Colored shoes are going to be worn through the summer—chocolate tan will largely supplant the lighter shades.

The newest thing is the green shoe in a pretty dark shade. It is very attractive.

The Grecian toe is the latest shape—it is neither extremely pointed nor round; but the toe is raised by elastic stiffening, and is very comfortable.

Buttoned boots and shoes are out. Only laces are used. The fashionable walking boot has a slightly extended sole, a half-boy heel and Grecian toe. It is of French black kid, laced, and is from an English last. This shoe looks both neat and comfortable for tramps.

We show a few of the newest shoes:

Fig. 1 is of black or chocolate tan kid, with the Grecian or 'quarter' toe, as it is sometimes called. It is a neat and durable

summer shoe.

Fig. 2 illustrates the new and pretty dark green shoe, with upper of green cloth brocade, and lower part of dark green kid. The eyelets are



hand-worked in green silk. This shoe may be used in chocolate tan.

Fig. 3 shows a shoe with the St. Louis toe (square). The heel of this shoe deserves especial attention. It is heavy, round and low; yet does not injure the neat appearance of the shoe, which is meant for walking purposes.

In fig. 4 we show a very neat black slipper with patent leather back and long vamp.

Fig. 5 is a pretty slipper of vicci kid (finest dongola). It is finished with the fashionable strap and buckle.

The long vamp shoe is still popular. No short vamp shoes are shown.

The children's shoes, the prettiest things shown, are the soft, low laced, kid boot with spring heel and round toe, appearing in ox blood and tan (fig. 6); and the little pale tan shoe with strap and buckle.

Quite a number of young girls in their late teens are wearing springless heels. Indeed, the fashion is growing that they shall only be abolished with long dresses.

We illustrate some of the latest things in bicycle boots and leggings:

Fig. 1 shows shoes and leggings attached. The shoe is of tan kid, the leggings of English duck.

Fig. 2 illustrates the newest golf leggings, made of navy blue stockingette with blue flat button, and plaid top. These are worn over the shoe or boot, and are fashionable for golfers of both sexes.

A pretty bicycle gaiter is shown in fig. 3, of duck with tweed effect in grey, buttons of grey, and three tan leather straps are the fastenings.

A laced bicycle boot of duck top and kid facings is shown in fig. 4. The novelty is in the piece that buttons over.

For the woman who feels safest and most comfortable in the short bicycle skirt, and there are many who do, these high gaiter boots or gaiters will be a real comfort on windy days. But for matter of coolness during the summer the low shoe and low gaiter will be preferred. Both should be in the wardrobe.

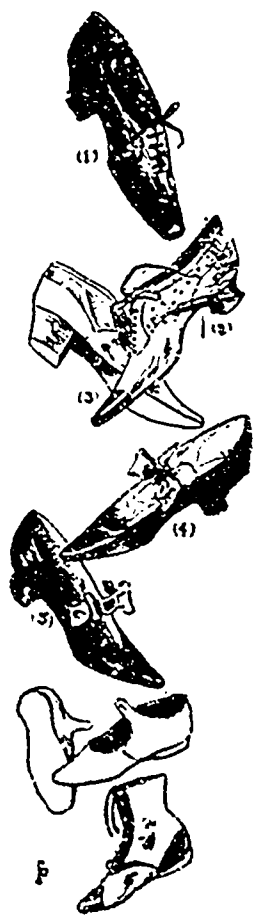
(Thanks due to Regal Shoe Store, Toronto.)

A MODISH BONNET.

A Detroit dressmaker lately received an order from a woman living in a country village where there is no dressmaker. The following directions accompanied the order:

DIRECTIONS FOR BONNET.

'Measure of head from ear to ear over top the head twelve inches, from ear to ear under my chin 9 1/2 inches; from forehead to back hair seven inches. I want a black lace bonnet with streamers and rosettes of red or yellow satting ribbon, and would like a bunch of pink Rozes or a blue plom behind with a black jet buckle, if artificshels is still all the go I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhere. I do not desire anything fancy, but if you think a noth of pansies would look good you may put one on. I have some good pink ribbon here at home, so you need not put on strings.'



TOLD BY A DIAMOND.

By F. C. Phillips.



WHEN I first saw the light it was frightfully hot and very noisy and the nakedness around me made me blush. After I was brought to Europe,

and sold to twinkle on women's breasts, I grew accustomed to it, and knew better. But in those days I was unpolished and rough.

It was, I say, distressingly hot. It was on the diamond fields. I lay in a man's palm, with naked niggers and the clamor of machinery encompassing me on every side. The man who held me gazed

down upon me thoughtfully with a smile of satisfaction.

'This is a little beauty, Carroll,' he said; 'I guess I'll keep this one and take it home with me.'

I looked with a certain curiosity at the person who first told me I was beautiful. He was a handsome young fellow, wearing Bedford cords and loose shirt of flannel. His eyes were shielded from the African sun by an immense wide-awake hat, but his bearded face was bronzed nevertheless, and the hands in which I lay were brown, although he was a gentleman. Whether I was aware at the time that he was a gentleman is not quite clear to me, but in recording the little narrative I have to tell it must be understood that I speak by the light of my subsequent education. It should be understood, too, that admiration surprises me no longer; I have been lied, and schemed, and sinned for too often. I tell a story—I?—I could write a history! What I have experienced would fill your bookshelves; but it would be unpleasant reading for the most part, and Mr. Mudie would not have me inside his door. You see I know you so well, and I think so little of you—oh, really such a very little indeed!

'You are clearing out pretty soon, aren't you?' said the man my possessor had addressed; 'going home in a mail or two?'

'Going home to be married,' answered my master, nodding. 'Gad, Dick, it sounds good, that!'

'Anything,' said the other, 'sounds good that means England and escape from this cursed country! Well, you have made your pile pretty quickly, Somerset; I congratulate you on your luck!'

'A very modest "pile,"' said Somerset, deprecatingly; 'but then I didn't come out here for a fortune. There goes the whistle—let's drop in at the club and have something long and cold!'

It was 'cundown'; the shrill blasts from the surrounding engine-houses proclaimed it. Work was at a standstill, and the perspiring crowd of Kaffirs, and overseers, and diggers commenced to wend their way into the camp.

'A very modest pile,' Jack Somerset repeated, slipping on his jacket and linking his arm in his companion's; 'but three years ago, when I arrived in the abandoned hole, a competence looked as distant as the girl I had left behind in a little

provincial town to wait. It is a beneficent thing, as a rule, I suppose, that one can't foresee the future, but I think I should have felt happier at that time if I could have foretold to day.'

He took me out of his pocket and examined me again.

'Not a speck!' he said. 'It's as pure as —' he laughed; 'it's rather a romantic simile, but it's as pure as the woman I'm talking about! Let us ask somebody what he reckons it's worth.'

They had reached the club now, and with a salutation to the knot of men lounging at the entrance, they passed in and crossed over to the bar.

'Soda and brandy?'

'Soda and brandy—with a dash of lime-juice, barman.'

Both drained their glasses at a pull and looked relieved. Both felt immediately afterwards for their tobacco-pouches and began to smoke.

Presently they turned into the billiard-room, and I was displayed on the green cloth.'

'Who found that stone?' inquired a little dark-faced dealer, peering at me inquisitively. 'That yours, Carroll?'

'Mine,' echoed Carroll, 'who are you getting at? Have I ever found anything that isn't as off-colored as a Hottentot girl, yet? No, it's Somerset's, of course—the beggar who'll be loafing in Piccadilly in another month, while you and I are continuing to swelter, my son! Found it in the wash-up just now.'

'What do you want for it, Somerset?' asked the dealer.

'Not for sale, Marcus. I'm going to keep it and have it mounted in a ring.'

'Let's go over to my office and weigh it, and I'll make you a good offer. What do you say?'

'No,' replied Somerset, 'this isn't for sale—fact! It's the only stone I've kept, and I have decided to take it home with me. Is's meant for a present.'

Nor could he be persuaded to change his mind. He stowed me away in his pocket-book till he returned to the room where he slept, and the next day I went with him into Kimberley, where he booked his seat to the Colony by the outgoing coach. Afterwards, when he got back he learnt the mail was in; and that evening I noticed how often, how meditatively, he read one of the letters that had come for him.



I was able to notice it because frequently he removed me from my hiding-place and allowed me to see him and the scantily-furnished apartment we were in. Instinctively I felt that few, if any, of his finds had been fondled as he fondled me, and I understood that I was dear to him because he thought of the girl for whom I was designed. I have seen many men in love since that time and had many women in love with me—but I never knew any one, so honestly, so fervidly in love, as Jack Somerset was. I have always been glad to remember him for the sake of human nature.

'I am not going to have it cut,' he said to Carroll as they sat smoking their pipes together the night before his departure. 'I've a fancy to have the thing mounted in the Colony just as it is. Seems to me she might value it more (though it won't look so well) as a souvenir of the place that has given us to each other.'

Carroll declared the idea was whimsical, but Somerset fulfilled his intention, as appeared the way of him, and in Cape Town I was mounted, just as I was, in a ring, rather tight for his little finger.

He wore me when he stepped aboard the vessel; he gazed at me proudly during the voyage, which in those days was a long and tedious one. He smiled on me when we landed, and—at the risk of being considered weak—I must own I began to look forward with eagerness to the sight of the woman for whose adornment it might almost be said I had been born.

London detained us only the night—it was late when we arrived—and next morning we sped from a vast station through fast flying meadows, and nestling English cottages, wonderfully new and strange to me. Two hours' journey brought us to our destination. A fly jolted us over cobbled roads, and paused with a jerk before a house. The hand that wore me trembled as it pulled the bell. And then occurred an unexpected thing!

Somerset had asked for Alice, and it was not Alice who came downstairs to meet him. It was her sister with a very white face and scared eyes.

'Jack!' she gasped, 'Jack! Oh, what on earth has brought you?'

'Fortune!' he answered. 'The last two months have made me a rich man, and I have brought the news myself. Where is Alice?'

'I don't think,' murmured the pale sister, 'I don't think she could bear to see you.'

He listened to her without interruption while she faltered her involved, her miserable tale, and then he said, still quietly:

'Don't cry about it—she isn't worth it, and you're not crying for me. Good bye, my dear.'

It was all his complaint, he made no other.

He left the house with me still on his finger. He walked into the bar of an hotel on the Market Place, and poured out the brandy for himself Cape-wise, regardless of the man's amazement.

'How much?' he asked, when he had swallowed it.

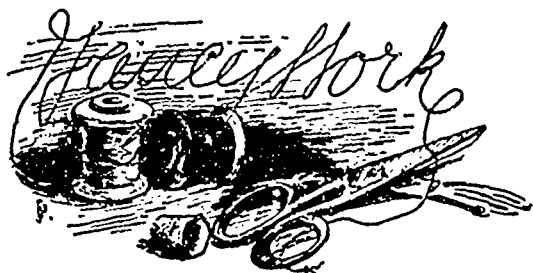
The man said he had drunk two shillingsworth



The girl I had left behind to wait.

Samuel did not dispute the calculation; it seemed likely. He consulted his watch—it wanted a quarter to eleven. He sauntered composedly into the parish church, and, taking up a position among the idlers, waited for Alice to come up the aisle, and watched her married.

When the ceremony was over and the bridal party had driven away, he took a railway ticket again and traversed the road he had just come, with his face set the opposite way. He went into a restaurant on Regent Street and dined elaborately, and asked the waiter which place in town was the best worth seeing. There had been a new theatre of varieties opened since he left, and he decided that the entertainment to be found there would suit him better than anything else. Issuing into the street, it apparently occurred to him that the cash remaining in his pocket was limited to two or three sovereigns, and that bills of exchange would be useless for the amusement he designed. He drove to a firm of pawnbrokers, whose name he knew, and pawned me. It was he who introduced me to England, but I never saw him again from the night he left the shop.—*Pick-me-up.*



DAYS OF YORE.

OLD-FASHIONED FANCY WORK.

IN a dear old town of our own Canada—a place down by the sea—there was in 1823 an educational institution of a style known in England as a 'Dame School'

Its curriculum consisted of, R number one from the alphabet to Dilworth's spelling book; R number two, from 'strokes' and 'pot-hooks' to capitals; R number three from counting to the end of the multiplication table.

I may not be strictly correct as to this, not having been a pupil, but it serves as an outline.

The Dame was a worthy woman, well-known and much esteemed in the then small community, but an intense disciplinarian. Tradition has handed down wonderful tales of her rule and ferule.

An incorrigible offender was once chained to a leg of the table in sight of the virtuous, while culprits of lesser degree were temporarily consigned to an unlighted apartment of small dimensions primarily designed as the abode of kitchen utensils.

Boys eat on one side of the room, girls on the other. 'Sessions' were long, and holidays few.

Wafer biscuits were handed round at the Christmas Eve 'commencement,' and studies were resumed on the twenty-sixth of December.

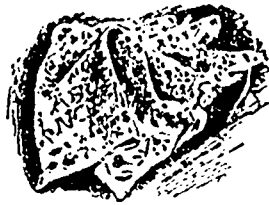
The Girls' High School from which thirteen or fourteen have in one year matriculated for the University, stands now in the same street as the little cottage of yore—a wondrous contrast.

Yet this primary of the past had an art course the brilliant High school never knew—the art of needle-work.

On summer afternoons as the sun shone into the little school-room with its witching, tantalizing beckonings to the tiny students; and birds and bees sang their sweet carols or plied their busy craft, wee maidens were instructed in the first principles of 'seam and gusset and band,' nor could they become sweet baby graduates till they had carried home a finished sampler, with its numberless stitches, and intricate patterns. The sampler being most surely the foundation of old-fashioned fancy work. Meanwhile solemn silence was enjoined on the boys, a merciful aid to this

being provided in the form of crooked pins tied to a long thread, with which they angled in the chinks of the bare but spotless floor. The exact nature of the spoil thus obtained remains obscure.

When I began I had no idea what a wide field I had chosen for this little chat about old-fashioned needle-work. One might go back to the brodered cloths and hangings, and garments so exquisitely wrought for the Sacred Tabernacles in mosaic times; or the 'divers colors of needle-work on both sides' unavailingly desired by the mother of Sisera. Or from our English History recall the Bayeux tapestry of the Conqueror's Queen. And later still see Katherine of Arragon, 'who wrought much with her own hands, and kept her women well employed;' beguiling the leaden hours with this fair pastime till even it fails and she exclaims:—



Q. K. 'Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with trouble,
Sing and disperse them if thou canst—quit working.'

Mary Queen of Scots too, who was accustomed to have her embroidery frame placed in the room where her privy council met, and while she plied her needle, listened to the discussions of her ministers.

The following extract from one of her letters is in spirit very like a commission of our own day:

'I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you since I have no other exercise to take the trouble in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon as you can, four ounces more or less, of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you; the easiest way is to enquire for it at the same merchant's who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick; I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself'

Yet it was not so much of these I thought at first, but of the work of our own grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

Beginning in earliest childhood with the sampler, they gradually became acquainted with the mysteries of tent stitch, cross stitch, tapestry, Irish and German stitch. Poor mites, what must the sampler have been to them. Those endless threads to be counted, taken up, or passed over, and the dread 'mistake' with its weariful undoing and beginning over again. Mayhap it were good discipline, fitting them for more patient, even lives than the restless ones of after generations

In any case it led to the Berlin work which was often very beautiful. Could anything be more in harmony with an old time 'boudoir' than a well-appointed 'embroidery frame.' The brilliant hues of worsteds and silks, the graceful attitude of the fair worker; the flowers up-springing from her skilful touch, all bespoke the employment of a gentlewoman.

Landscapes and figures, scenes from history and groups of animals were also portrayed by this lesser form of tapestry.

Here is an old list of designs for Berlin patterns:

'Madonna with Angels,' 'The Children of Charles I.,' 'Rebecca at the Well,' 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' 'Dignity and Impudence,' 'Return from Hawking.'

'So to their works they sit and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.'

Knitting, netting and 'rochet' belong to bygone days. The latter 'was long known and practised

in Scotland in its simplest form under the name of Shepherd's knitting, but did not attract particular attention until within the last seven years.' So says a writer of 1846.

We have all seen the delicate muslin embroidery of old. Heirlooms they are now, these dainty caps and 'flounces.'

Tambour work was a favorite style as well, where the material had the pattern traced on it, and was then stretched on a frame formed of two hoops covered with cloth, the muslin being stretched on the inner and kept in place by the outer hoop, tightened by means of a thumb-screw. It was done in a kind of chain stitch.

Chenille embroidery was very pretty and effective. I have seen a pair of old hand screens worked with 'crimson' chenille on white silk canvas, and lined with white silk or sarsenet.

Applique at one time fashionable, springs up very often in new forms, and bead work and braiding are rapidly reviving.

There were many kinds of old fashioned ornamented work in which the needle had no part. Poonah painting was one of these. It was done with 'theorems' which, so far as I can learn, were either of tin with perforations forming the design, or of paper cut in a similar way. These were laid on the material, and with a stiff brush the holes were filled in, or rubbed over with colors prepared for this kind of painting.

There was nothing of art; the only skill required was in grouping and applying the colors. White velvet was often used for this and boxes and needle-books were covered with it. Baskets were made of straw with cardboard foundations and there were alum baskets, having a wire or willow frame covered with a solution of boiling alum, then left in a cool place till they became crystallized. It was a matter of taste as to the shade of the crystals, gamboge making them a fine yellow, and sulphate of copper a 'splendid blue.'

Baskets seem to have been a leading feature in the bric-brac of the past. There were bead baskets, feather, rice or shell, wafer, melon seed and lavender baskets, while candle ornaments, fly cages, lead, tin, and silver 'trees,' all had their place on the chiffoniers of our ancestors.

To a charming old book of 1846, 'The Handbook of Needle-Work,' by Miss Lambert, I owe many of the descriptions and historical allusions I have given.

A few extracts from a poem with which she concludes her work may be interesting. Its author was John Taylor, known as 'the water poet,' whose book on 'The Needle's Excellency,' reached its twelfth edition in 1640.

THE PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE.

'To all dispersed sorts of Arts and Trades,
I wait the needles prayer (that never fades.)

So long as Hemp or Flax or Sheep shall bear
Their linnen woollen fleeces yeare by yeare;
So long as Silk-wormes, with exhausted spoile,
Of their own entrails for man's gain shall toylo.
Yea till the world be quite dissolv'd and past;
So long at least, the needles use shall last;
And though from earth his being did begin,
Yet through the fire he did his honour win;
And unto those that doe his service lacke,
He's true as Steele and mottle to the backe.

And more the needles honour to advance,
It is a Taylor's Javelin, or his Launce;
And for my Countries quiet I should like,
That women-kinde should use no other Pike.
It will increase their peace, enlarge their store,
To use their tongues lesse, and their needles more.

This is a needle proved an instrument
Of profit, pleasure, and of ornament.
Which mighty Queenes have graced in hand to take,
And high borne Ladies such esteeme did make.
That as their Daughters Daughters up did grow,
The needles art they to their children show.
And as 'twas then an exercise of praise,
So what deserves more honour in these dayes
Than this? Which daily doth itselfe expresse,
A mortall enemy to idleness'

Music Notes.

THREE BARITONES.

TORONTO has recently had an opportunity of comparing the relative merits of no less than three prominent baritones in the persons of Messrs. Plunket Greene, David Bispham and Watkin Mills. The aggregate talent of the three represents a tremendous range of vocal power, and a considerable diversity of style; and yet it may be said that in each of these artists are qualities of voice, methods of tone production, and manners of interpretation which are common to them all.

They are all essentially masculine singers, gifted with vocal organs that could do good service above the din of battle, or could out-roar the elements in hailing the "main-top." And it is this robust quality which commands our admiration in listening to these manly singers. The tenor voice has unquestionably certain capabilities of dramatic expression—especially in passages of an amorous kind—which outbid the voices of lower range, but for meat and drink, day in and day out, there is nothing like the baritone.

In considering the various characteristics of these three masters of song with a view to attempting a classification of their styles, it may be said that Plunket Greene has the finest natural voice, (though Mills runs him close), and, with a highly emotional temperament, reaches the greatest passionate heights. Bispham has a voice which has been formed, largely, by intelligent cultivation; he is perhaps the most intellectual of the three and is particularly fine in passages of a declamatory or martial kind, (note his singing of the three cavalier songs.) Watkin Mills is a humorist. His rendering of "Father O'Flynn" was more rich and unctuous than Greene's; and the drinking song was as beerily German as it could conceivably be.

Watkin Mills is rather beyond the period of life which is known as "romantic," but Greene is still youthful and fervid enough to make love (vocally) with considerable ardor. Bispham, who seems to have something of the actor about him, is astonishingly versatile; nor is he wanting in tenderness, as they will say who heard him sing "Drink to me only;" but, vocally, he is the most limited of the three, having neither the rich sonorosity of Greene, nor the superb compass of Mills. The latter, it will be remembered, sang his two-octave chromatic scale in the drinking song with fine volume and equality of tone. But, after all, given three singers of almost equal talent, and the vote goes with the man whose temperaments "fetches" you; and the popular verdict, as well as the musicians', is likely to be in favor of the young and ardent Plunket Greene. E. W. G.

It has been generally acknowledged by critics that the crowning glory of the past season's musical treats was given to us in the brilliant tenor of Mr. Ben Davies.

There are tenors and tenors, but he excels each and all in the wonderful depth and sweetness of expression in which every note finds a sympathetic echo in the soul of the listener.

His method alone carries a charm in its execution which few, even of the finest voices attain to—that of rendering their songs with an ease and grace, a purity of tone, that leaves an exquisite and seldom experienced—sense of perfect enjoyment and appreciation of a grand voice, in which from first note to last there is not one little rift.

His rendering of Handel's "Waft her angels to the skies" (Jephtha) was a masterpiece of skilful and beautiful effect, carrying through all its most difficult passages the grand quality of voice which he possesses in such a marked degree; whilst his

singing of "Good Night" displayed the subtle fascination of finish which only so truly an artistic voice holds, in interpreting the spirit of a song in which the pathos, both in words and musical setting, exceeds what is usually found in songs classed as those of sentiment only. L. G.

One of the very jolliest affairs of the late season was the presentation by The Players of the two amusing little comedies, 'To Oblige Benson,' and 'Atchi,' at the Gardens last week. No one expects very much of amateurs, but as the whole world knows, it is always the unexpected that happens, and The Players proved to the entire satisfaction of their audience that even the unexpected can sometimes eclipse itself. Some of those taking part have already won their laurels on the stage in amateur theatricals, and that Miss Edythe Heward, looking as sweet as a picture in a pretty white duck skirt and pink blouse, and her dainty little feet encased in beautifully fitting patent-leather shoes, should have impersonated fresh, blushing little Mrs. Benson ideally, was only what everyone looked for. But Miss Lamport, who had never before attempted anything before the footlights, was a charming surprise. Her ease of manner was delightful, her costume quaintly fascinating, and her big white picture hat, with its blushing roses, completed a very pretty living picture. Miss Lee and Miss Cassels acted capably, without a trace of the nervous amateur, and the men, from Mr. Kelso, who came wonderfully near the finished perfection of a professional, down to the deliciously funny little valet, all pleasantly surprised even the sanguine stage manager.

Mr. W. Windeyer can be cordially congratulated on the complete success of the evening.

GOD'S MESSENGER.

R. C. H.—ST. S.

It's not that your eyes are of Heaven's hue,
There are millions of eyes in the world as blue;
And it's not for your head of shining hair,
For thousands there be who are just as fair.
It's your earnest life, and your earnest face,
With the glow and beauty of God's own grace
That help your people to turn each day
From the tempting sweets of the downward way.
It's the godly heart, that full and free,
Gives help, and council, and sympathy;
Gives all that it can, unasked, unsought,
For the sake of a soul the dear Christ bought.
It's the pure, sweet tone of your everyday
That helps us along in the better way.



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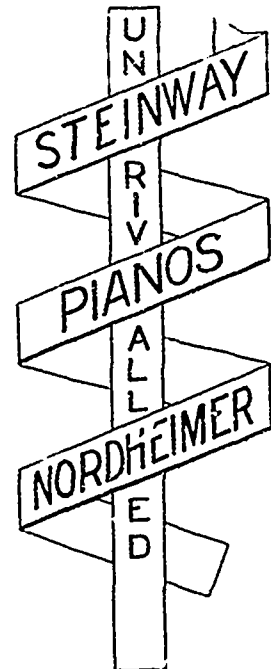
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Young Canada.

Mabel's Dream.



S Mabel sat in a chair before the fire, her feet, encased in her last new dancing shoes, were perched on the fender, and a frown was on her face. At first it seemed as if Mabel were enjoying only her own company—and not exactly enjoying it, either—but a close scrutineer might observe sitting on the fender beside the high heels, a dull, grey looking creature, with a heavy frown, whose name was Discontent.

'It is such a wretched day,' Mabel was saying to him; 'Bob told me there were flowers in the woods beyond the city, and I wanted so badly to get some.'

'A wretched day,' echoed Discontent, 'you are a most unfortunate girl.'

'I know,' replied Mabel, with a sigh, 'Oh, very.'

Then Mabel, much to Discontent's chagrin, fell asleep in the chair and soon began to dream. She thought she and Discontent were walking together to the woods. They had passed the city, and the path outside was very uneven and muddy and the sun had disappeared behind a cloud. Discontent had not stopped grumbling once, and Mabel was really beginning to think that there was not such another unhappy girl in the world as she. Then the sun peeped out again, which made Discontent very angry, for he said the light hurt his eyes, which caused Mabel to discover that it hurt her eyes, too, and she wished the sun had stayed behind the cloud. But the sun had a mission to perform and it wasn't an obscure one, either, so he shone forth again in all his noon-tide glory, and right across Mabel's and Discontent's faces he threw his brightest ray. Mabel blinked, and Discontent became almost invisible in the sun's bright light.

'What made you forget me, Mabel?' asked the Ray, 'every cloud, you know—' 'There, that will do,' interrupted Mabel, 'I've heard about the silver lining before, and I'm sure there must be rents in it by this time.' Discontent loomed larger. The Ray saw he had made a mistake that time, so kept silent for a while and thought of what next he had better talk about.

By and by he said, 'Mabel, who is that fellow by your side—he seems to be afraid of me; some new importation, I suppose?'

'No, indeed,' Discontent interposed, indignantly. 'I am nearly as old as you are; I was born in the Garden of Eden, and I don't see why you have to shine so much.'

'Well, it's my business,' retorted the Ray, 'and it makes the flowers grow.'

'Bob said there were flowers in the woods—we were just going to get some,' said Mabel, eagerly. 'Well, I'll show you the way,' said the sun, 'come along with me.' So Mabel trudged over the uneven path, and held up her skirts so they wouldn't trail in the mud, but she found it difficult to walk in her high heels, so she couldn't help complaining a little. Thus Discontent travelled bravely along side.

At times the sun would suddenly disappear and Mabel would stop in dismay, for she didn't know where to find the flowers herself, and Discontent knew still less about them. Then when the sun came out again Mabel was quite pleased and forgot to grumble for some time, but whenever she did the sun would as surely hide behind some passing cloud. So in this manner they reached the woods—the three of them, but Discontent had grown so dim as to be scarcely noticeable. 'Now,' said the Ray, 'the woods are so thick that I will only be able to flicker along your path at

intervals, but if Discontent goes in with you he will make everything so dark and grey that you will not see to find the flowers.' Mabel saw the Ray meant what he said, so she smiled and Discontent instantly vanished, and somehow she didn't even miss him, but seemed pleased at his desertion. 'That's right,' said the Ray, and Mabel entered the woods while the sun shone serenely on one side, his bright lights dancing down on the green trees, and now and then a sunbeam would steal down through the leaves to flicker along Mabel's pathway. So Mabel found the flowers—little pink May blossoms, and fragrant soft-tinted hyacinths, and she gathered her hands quite full, and twined leaves in her hat, and decked herself all over with May blossoms. Then when she couldn't carry any more she retraced her steps, and as she reached the outskirts of the woods she saw the sun nestling down towards the west, leaving behind a beautiful red glow, and all the world about was suffused in its light; even the dirty city was changed and seemed

'That city of Delight
In Fairland, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and lights and flowers'

Mabel thought how beautiful everything was, and that she must always feel as happy as she did at that moment, with her arms full of fragrant



May blossoms, the city stretching out before her, and the sun gradually sinking beyond the vermilion-touched clouds.

Mabel was awakened by a brilliant ray of sunshine that played across her face. She started up and looked around for her flowers—they were all gone but so had the dull, grey creature that was sitting on the fender beside her high heels before she went to sleep and dreamland.

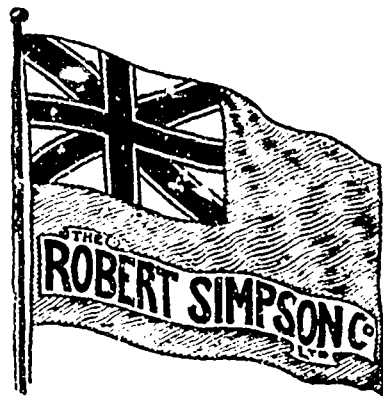
MAUD TISDALE.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms unfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

Good night, we answer back, and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise.

Who in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips, 'Good night?'



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Among Canadian Women.

MISS TESSA McOALLUM, Galt's favorite elocutionist, to whom a farewell complimentary concert was tendered a short time ago, left for New York on April 1st, where she will pursue her studies further at the Empire Theatre School of Elocution, under the tuition of the best masters. She will not return to Galt until about the 1st of July, and the best wishes of her many friends in town go with her to the American metropolis.

Miss Jessie Alexander left for London on April 16th. She is going largely on account of her health, but during her visit abroad will appear in London, Edinburgh and other cities. She will be absent from Canada six months.

The appointment of a lady superior to succeed the late lamented Mother Patricia, lies in the hands of the Toronto abbey and the decision has not yet been made. In the meantime Rev Sister Demetria is acting mother.

The young ladies who took M.D. degrees at the Trinity University medical examinations were the Misses A. F. McFee, K. L. Buck, H. M. Cockburn, L. E. Armstrong.

A deputation from the Canadian Woman's Art Association, in the persons of Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, waited upon the Government on April 9th, petitioning that the Diamond Jubilee dinner set, now being prepared by the Association, be bought by the Government for Rideau Hall, or the museum. The points made in the petition were, the encouragement of Canadian Ceramic Art, and the fitness of the occasion. The ladies were favorably received, and the ministers present promised consideration of their petition. The dinner set will cost \$1,000.

At the regular meeting of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association last month, an account of the career of Clara Brett Martin as published in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, was read and listened to with marked interest. The meeting marked its especial approval of these words, 'she purposes making an especial study of law as it relates to women, concerning her individual responsibilities, her estates, her children and her citizenship.'

A curious feature of the Canadian woman life, is its absence of social clubs. And indeed with one exception—that of the Montreal Woman's Club—the absence of women's clubs of any kind American women are club mad. There are half a dozen social clubs in the West end of London for the exclusive resort of ladies. The oldest of these is the Somerville in Oxford street which was

established in 1878. When these ladies' clubs are full up they have an aggregate membership of over 3,000.

Toronto is gaining a reputation among women abroad as a city without a single woman's club. This seems to carry with it an reputation of extreme conservatism, and lack of sociability.

The Woman's Enfranchisement Association of Toronto meets in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the last Saturday of each month. When Dr. Gullon became president, the Woman's Citizens Association and the W.E.A. amalgamated. The plan of work for woman's improvement shows a promising outlook and is as follows:

Each member interests herself in one of the many departments worked by the legislative, municipal, school board, literature, press, program and organization committees. The House of Parliament is visited and a monthly report is given of our representatives and the laws passed by them. The doings at the City Hall are talked over. Especially interesting is the action of the School Board. All matters of interest concerning woman are culled from newspapers and magazines, and the most important items are read and discussed.

The conveners of committees are allowed five minutes to report on work. Each brings to the other the harvest of one month's labors as the discussion emphasizes the ideas, the members take a lively interest in the affairs of city and country and thus become more intelligent and better citizens. Officers and conveners:

President, Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullon; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Mary McDonnell, Sunnyside; Rec.-Sec., Miss Jessie Sample, 133 Baldwin St.; Cor.-Sec., Miss Amelia Sims, 19 Summerhill Ave.; Treasurer, Mrs. Guthrie, 12 Ross St.

Committees:—Legislative, Mrs. Guthrie, 12 Ross St.; Municipal, Mrs. Vance, 143 Shuter St.; School Board, Mrs. Campbell, 349 Markham St.; Literature, Mrs. McFarlane, 18 Grosvenor St.; Press, Miss L. Harrington, 345 Jarvis St.; Program, Miss Sarderson, 299 Huron St.; Organization, Mrs. Schoff, Victor Ave.

WOMEN ABROAD.

At the Methodist Conference held in Portland on April 17th, the proposition to admit women to the General Conference was adopted by a vote of sixty-five to five.

A correspondent in *Woman* writes that Mr. Richard Le Gallionno's bride is a Miss Julie Norregard, who belongs to an old Danish family. She is London correspondent of two important papers in Copenhagen, has written for the *Star* and also for the publications of Cassell & Co. She writes English remarkably well:



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A LEAF OUT OF MY BOOK.

Now I (who write these lines) am going to give you (who read them) a leaf out of my book. And I want you to remember what I tell you, for I can't keep on repeating it every day or two.

I am a man of about fifty-six years. I inherited a good constitution, and for the latter half of my life, thus far, have taken common-sense care of it. Yet I never coddle myself. I am not cranky on heat, cold, sleeping, eating, drinking or anything. I am out in all sorts of weather and the more it storms the better I like it. I have many times been exposed to contagious and infectious diseases—from typhus fever and consumption to influenza and pneumonia. Yet I never 'caught' any of them, and—mark me, now!—I never 'take cold.' Haven't had a cold in twenty-five years. How do you explain that? Wait a minute, and I'll explain it myself.

But first read this and learn a lesson from it. And be particular to notice and compare the dates. It is a woman's letter. I wish she had said more, but it is enough to throw light on the point I want to bring out.

'In November, 1867,' she says, 'I took a violent cold which brought me into a low weak way. I felt tired, heavy and weary, having no energy or ambition. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my tongue being thickly coated. I had no relish for food, and after everything I ate I had weight and pain at the chest, and also tightness around the chest and sides. There was a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach, and I was constantly belching up wind.'

As time went on I got extremely weak, being barely able to go about the house. Year after year I continued in this miserable state—sometimes better, sometimes worse, but never well. From time to time I was under the doctors' treatment, but their medicines did me little good. In June, 1892, Mrs. Coe, a neighbor of mine, urged me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I got a bottle from Mr. W. Cole, the chemist in High Street, West Cowes. After taking that one bottle, I felt much better, having less pain and finding my food agree with me. I continued taking the Syrup, and gradually gained strength, until I was able to walk a distance of five miles. By taking an occasional dose I have since kept in good health. (Signed) (Mrs.) Emily Hutchings, Florence Cottage, Gurnard, Cowes, Isle of Wight, December 12, 1894.

Now cipher!—1867 from 1892 leaves 25. Twenty-five years' continual illness—finally cured in a few weeks by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup! Here is a fact to make you ask, How? Why? Wait another minute.

I have told you that I never take cold. Why not? Because I keep my conscience clear, my feet warm, my head cool, and my bowels open—the old-fashioned precautions which make me a healthy man. Mrs. Hutchings will pardon me. She did not fall ill because she took cold. No; it was the other way about. She took cold because she was already ill, with the seeds and obscure causes of indigestion and dyspepsia. Her vitality, her resisting power, was lower than she imagined. Then, and for that reason, she took the cold which developed the disease, and all that followed. Had she taken a course of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in October, 1867, she never would have caught that cold in November. Happily, the Syrup was able to cure what it could more easily have prevented. But she hadn't heard of it then—we mustn't forget that.

Remember, keep yourself healthy. Use Seigel's Syrup to ward off disease. Have it on the shelf. Take a dose now and then to keep the body clear and regular. Be wise and fear nothing.

WOMEN ABROAD.

(Continued).

A Denver woman, Mrs. Tillie Morgan by name, is circulating a petition that women may be permitted to enlist in the National Guards. The men have called upon the Attorney-General to preserve the military profession to the masculine sex. A company of Amazons might no doubt do efficient service, but it would need to be composed of the woman exceptional.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the Social Reformer, and an exceptionally clever woman, has followed Clara Barton's example in the recent matter of Armenia, and gone to Crete, taking with her six trained field nurses. Mrs. Chant and her staff are under the Red Cross auspices, and will do hospital work. It is stated that the princesses of the Grecian Royal Family are doing field duty with her.

They will find their sad work awaiting them during these heroic April days for little Greece.

The examinations of Harvard and Radcliffe are precisely the same. The results show that thirty-one students became the recipients of a B.A. degree at the latter college, and of these thirty-one women, twenty-three took high Honors, the proportion at Harvard was much less where the students are men.

All women rejoice that the first Presbyterian woman, Miss Emily Grace Briggs has graduated, coming second on the list, from the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

Women are noted for being careful in small things. A tribute to their trustworthiness is given by many owners of large establishments in Minneapolis, appointing them as cashiers.

Two women were appointed notaries public, by the Governor of Arkansas, and the Governor of Missouri declares every office in the State open to women.

Women may be appointed county superintendents of schools in Alabama.

The mayor of Baltimore has chosen Mrs. A. E. Robinson, member of the Board of Visitors to the county jail, and the physician in charge of the Women's College, Baltimore is a member of the new School Board in the same city.

Women are slowly, but steadily and surely advancing. They are bound to enter into every department of life and make it home-like, as the world is just a larger home.

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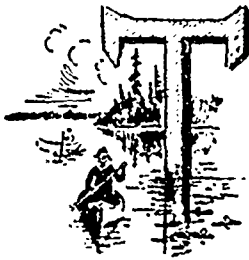
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Woman's Sports.

By Cyclist.

OUTDOOR PASTIMES FOR WOMEN.



THE wily Jerome knew whereof he wrote when he affirmed that 'girls did not look half bad in a yachting costume,' for indeed, it would be hard to frame a pretty face in a more becoming 'got-up' than the round neat straw sailor, or the soft and pliant Tam O'Shanter; or to garment a lithe figure in a more jaunty gown than the cream flannel, easily fashioned suit, that reveals beneath its hem the bold, little tan shoe, and that rolls back its wide Bryon collar above a bare, free throat that wind, wave and sunlight kiss into strength and a certain brown beauty, the birthright of the summer girl.

To the lazy, care-free devotees of sport, yachting is the prince of pleasures. You lounge up on deck when the breeze is light, and drink in life-giving airs in the most blessed indolence known to woman-kind. You watch the boys scramble about tugging at ropes that have extraordinary names, and shifting three-cornered canvas with apparently unnecessary haste and caution. You listen to their hoarse voices, shouting above the wash of waves and creaking of booms, and you wonder why it is they cannot talk in English when afloat as well as ashore. They call the crew 'she' with ostentatious frequency, and attribute to her the most remarkable actions. You endeavor to follow the dialogue of the gentleman astern, with the youth who is climbing heedlessly about the fore, but you finally give up the attempt and loll back on your cushions with half-shut eyes, through which you see light clouds scudding across a fair, blue sky, some meaningless ropes and brass eyelet holes, and the full, white sails outstretched to a licking wind that chases itself down the broad, blue lake.

You lie and listen to the swirl of foam cut by the bow into two long lines that ripple along your course, splashing over and anon above the gunwale, and purring that ceaseless song forever lying in the depths of lake, river and ocean. You care very little where the boys steer to or how often they tack to get there. You only know that they can steer; that they are strong, and agile and capable; that they are masters of this disembodied thing that is scurrying along with you in its embrace; and you only hope they will leave you undisturbed to lie and dream and doze; that in case of accident they know how to swim for it and manage the dingey, and that above all things they will not ask you to arise and scramble about the rigging to assist them, for the

practical part of yachting is scarcely your province. It is quite sufficient satisfaction to your nautical ambition to be able to handle the little lug-sail which on breezy mornings you run up in the bow of your cruising canoe. You know all about that; in fact you made it yourself and had a terrible time stitching it on the sewing machine; but forever afterwards there was something of your own personality in that bit of canvas, and you would not exchange it for all the fanciful ducks. But this huge craft is a bird of another plumage, and the only thing you can command about her is a voracious appetite, and the willing slavery of the crew who, after a run of miles on miles, bring from mysterious holes in the miniature cabin, boxes of biscuits, cans of meats, jars of marmalade, and hosts of apologies for the welcome repast that is 'only sea-fare, ladies, and you must take us as you find us.'

And afterwards, when the sun is thinking of his warm western nest beyond the purple rim of the coast-line, when the breeze-hushes its boisterous voice preparatory to the lullaby it will sing to him as he dips beyond the horizon, you lie at full length with your hands behind your head, and some way or other the little home-made lug-sail is stretching out its white arms before you. Perhaps it is that the yacht is cleaving smoother waters now, that eventide is hushing the roar of the great depths beneath you; perhaps some of the boys have used a phrase that you learned long ago from wood and water lore—howe'er it be you are far, far away on a wild inland river, kneeling in the stern of your canoe, while a handsome lazy affair in white flannels decorates the bow. He sings, while you shoot through a score of eddies that are capering madly around innumerable stones, and with one grand skirly-whirly you find yourself skimming along on a wide, smooth stream where the hills lower to flats and meadowland, and a brisk, light wind laughs the busy little rapids to scorn. With a great deal of floundering and bungling he gets the mast up and excavates the sail from under the thwarts. You tell him several times just how to fix the whole business and he does it exactly the opposite way, then you beach the bow and walk up to deck, stopping meanwhile over his big shoes and telling him he is a great stupid. He laughs a tantalizing little laugh, and when finally you get 'out,' with canvas spread to the light summer wind, when your hands are gripping the paddle handle, your teeth fast locked on the sheet, when the little craft pulls ahead faster, faster, the bow ballast creeps cautiously astern, the curly head rests—oh! so near your bare, burnt arm, and a pair of marvellous eyes melt into yours as—

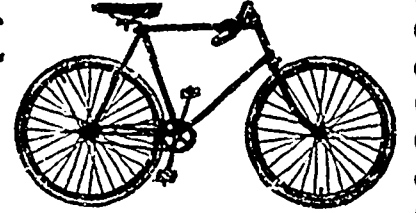
'Port, ladies!' says a cheery voice, and

you start as if from sleep, a laughing face is bending over you, but it belongs to the sturdy chap in dark blue serge. The other eyes, the home-made sail, the wee canoe, the far-winding river, have gone. You raise yourself on your elbow, but

all you see across the gunwale is a long, low line of harbor lights. The yacht is hardly moving, the sails flap indolently against the masts; you have left the world of wind, wave and dreams far, far out at sea.—*Outing.*

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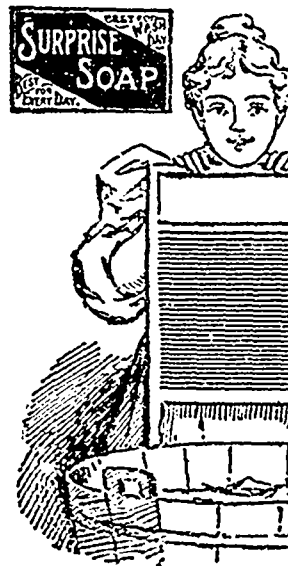
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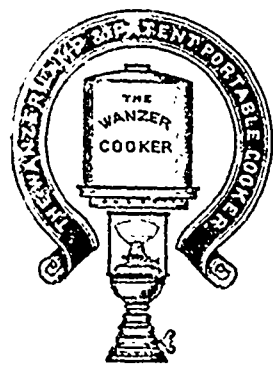
Business communications should be addressed to the Managing Director; Editorial matter to the Editor.

OURSELVES.

During the past month the business management of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has undergone a change.

Mr. Woolsey has resigned the management, and Mr. G. A. Perram, for many years a resident of Petrolia, has been appointed Managing Director.

We intend to make the journal more than ever before, a thoroughly Canadian paper, and hope to be able to steadily improve it in every respect, and to merit a continuance of the patronage that has been so largely bestowed in the past.



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EMMY.

I DON'T see how you can stand this awful wind.

'Oh, you get used to it. After you'd lived here forty year, an' seen ev'rythin' slantendicular in the wind the whole 'durin' time, you'd get so you wouldn't think much about it. You'd feel slantendicular yourself.'

'I do b'lieve you have grown kind of sideways, Lucy Ann. Don't you think she has, Emmeline?'

Mrs. Elkins asked the question of her sister, Mrs. Emmeline Cares. Mrs. Cares kept her fair, large face intent upon her sewing. 'I've said she had, time an' time again; but you ain't paid no attention to it,' she replied, scarcely opening her fine lips.

'Well, I dunno but you have,' Mrs. Elkins said apologetically; 'but I ain't realized it till just now. Can't you stand up straighter, Lucy Ann? You hadn't ought to get to loppin' over so.'

Mrs. Sands stood at the kitchen table rolling out biscuits for tea. She smiled the shrewdly reflective smile of a philosopher. 'Well, mebbe I hadn't ought to,' said she; 'but I dunno as it makes much difference. I ain't so young as I was once an' mebbe if I don't lay out any extry strength in holdin' of myself up straight I'll last the longer for 't.'

'I should think you'd have a little more regard for your own looks,' said Mrs. Cares, in a calm, indignant voice. She took strong, even stitches in her white seam.

'Land! I dunno as I'd know myself if I met myself out a-walkin' on the bluff,' returned Mrs. Sands; 'I don't think five minutes a day about how I look.'

'If you jest tried to think of it, an' stood up straight, an' did n't allow yourself to lean over so, it would n't take long,' said Mrs. Elkins.

'If folks won't listen to what folks say an' don't have no regard to how they look, there ain't no use talkin'. I'll give it up,' said Mrs. Cares.

Mrs. Sands said no more; she put the pans of biscuits into the oven with a sober air. Her two sisters sat sewing with their nice, voluminous black skirts gathered carefully up from contact with the kitchen floor. They had followed Mrs. Sands into the kitchen when she went out to prepare tea. They came from a town ten miles inland, and were spending the day with her. Their horse and buggy were out in the shed behind the house. The two visiting sisters were trussed up tightly in their fine black gowns, there were gleams of jet upon their high bosoms, there were nice ruffles in their necks and sleeves, their faded light hair was arranged in snugly braided little coronals, and their front locks were crimped.

Mrs. Sands, beside them, showed plainly the marks of the sea upon her; since she had been exposed to the buffeting of its strong salt winds she had

changed as much as the coast. Her complexion had been similar to her sisters', fair, although not blonde, now all the fresh tints were gone out of it, and it could well assimilate with the grays and browns of the rocks and seaweeds down on the shore. She was tall and lean, and leaned sideways, as her sister claimed; she wore a loose, limp, brown dress, and her hair had a rough stringiness over her temples.

After she had put the biscuits into the stove-oven she sat down for a minute. She could not fry the fish until Emmy returned; she had gone down to the store after some salt pork. The kitchen had a small dark interior; it was plastered, and the plaster and unpainted woodwork were brown with smoke. All the color in the room was in a row of tomatoes ripening on the window-sill. The one window looked upon a stretch of wind-swept yard. The edge of the bluff and the sea were upon the other side of the house. The wind was from landward; it beat upon the house in great gusts; now and then a window rattled. The visiting sisters sewed: Mrs. Elkins was using red worsted in some fancy work; Mrs. Cares took nice stitches in some fine white cloth and embroidery. Her daughter was getting ready to be married, and she was doing some needlework for her.

Mrs. Sands kept her eyes fixed upon the work of her sister Mrs. Cares; finally she spoke. 'I s'pose you an' Susy have got about all you want to do, with her sewin'?' she said.

'I guess we have,' Mrs. Cares assented; 'all we can spring to. Susy's about wore out.'

'It's a good deal of a strain on a girl, gettin' ready to be married. I dunno how Emmy 'd stand it.' Mrs. Sands fixed her sober eyes upon the wild sky visible through the window, the corners of her thin mouth curved in a sly smile, but her sisters did not notice it.

Mrs. Cares shook out her work, and took a dainty stitch with a jerk. 'I ruther guess it is a strain.'

'I guess it would come pretty hard on Emmy.'

'It ain't the sewin' alone, neither. She's up pretty late two ni ats a week, too, an' that tells on her.'

'Yes; I dunno of anythin' that tells on anybody's looks quicker than bein' up late nights. Emmy's been up considerable late along back, an' I can see that she shows it.'

'Don't you think this is handsome edging on this skirt?' inquired Mrs. Cares.

'Yes, it is real handsome. How much do you get for Susy's skirts, Emmeline? I s'pose I've got to buy some for Emmy before long, most likely.'

'Three yards.'

'Well, that's about what I thought. Emmy's got to have some new skirts, I s'pose, by an' by.'

'Susy's havin' six made,' said Mrs. Cares with subdued loftiness, 'an' they is all trimmed to death. I tell her it's kind of silly.'

'Let me see, how much of that gray cashmere did you say you got for Susy's

dress? I s'pose Emmy'll be wantin' one by an' by.'

'I b'lieve I got twelve yards.'

'I s'pose Emmy 'd take about the same.'

'I guess she would. Susy's is most done.'

'It's one of the handsomest dresses for a bride to come out in that I ever see,' Mrs. Elkins chimed in enthusiastically.

Mrs. Sands took her eyes from the window. She turned them towards her sisters, a dark blush crept over her face, her smile dispersed.

'I don't s'pose you've heard about Emmy,' said she.

The sisters stared at her. 'Why, no,' said Mrs. Cares. 'What is it about her?'

'Well—I—expect she's got—somebody wa'in' on her.'

'Why, you don't say so, Lucy Ann!' cried Mrs. Elkins.

'Well, I must say I never thought Emmy 'd got anybody,' said Mrs. Cares.

'Not that she ain't a real good girl, but she 'an't never seemed to me like one that would get married. V no is it, Lucy Ann?'

'He's a real likely young man. He owns a boat; got in yesterday. I s'pose he'll be up to-night.'

'Got anythin' laid by?'

'I shouldn't wonder if he had. He's done pretty well, they say, an' he's atidy as a clock.'

'What's his name?' Mrs. Cares asked the question with a frown between her eyes. Mrs. Elkins bent forward, smiling curiously.

'Jim Parsons.'

'One of Sam Parson's boys?'

'Yes; the others are dead, you know. He's all the one left of the family. He sold the house last year; now he boards over to Capen's.'

'How much did he sell the house for?'

'About nine hundred.'

'I s'pose he's got that laid up.'

'I rather guess he has.'

'Well, that'll set 'em up housekeepin'. When are they goin' to be married?'

Mrs. Sands' face twitched a little.

'Well, I dunno,' she said. 'I dunno as they've got quite so fur as that yet.'

'Th' a it ain't settled?'

'Well, no—I guess not. I guess they ain't quite settled it betwixt 'em yet.'

Mrs. Cares's eyes, fastened upon her sister's, grew sharper. 'How long has he been comin' here?'

'Well, I dunno. He's been away spell now. He come here awhile before he went.'

'Three months?'

'No; I guess it wasn't—hardly three.'

'Two?'

'No; I guess not quite.'

'Well, he must have been coming a month if he's been courtin' at all—if he meant anythin' serious.'

'Well, I dunno but 'twas about a month in all; he's been comin' and goin' with his boat. It's kinder hard to reckon,' said Mrs. Sands, feebly.

'Has he took her anywhere?'

'He took her ridin' over to Denbury.'

'More'n once?'

Mrs. Sands shook her head.
 'Has he give her anythin'?'
 'No—not as I know of. He's brought mack'ral an' porch in sev'ral times.'
 'Well,' said Mrs. Cares, 'you take my advice, Lucy Ann, an' don't you be too sure. You can't tell about these young fellers. They're more'n likely not to mean anythin', an' Emmy's a real good girl; but she ain't one of the kind that young fellers take to, I shouldn't think. Who's comin'?'
 'Emmy,' said Mrs. Sands, with an attempt at dignity.

The door opened then, and Emmy entered. She had a brown paper parcel, and she handed it at once to her mother.
 'Here's the pork, mother,' said she.
 'I'd like to know where you have been all this time.'
 'I had to wait. I couldn't help it. The store was full of folks.'
 Emmy was not as tall as her mother, she was very thin, and there was a little stoop in her slight shoulders. Her young face looked darkly and gravely from under her wind-beaten hat; a dragged plume trailed over the brim, two loops of ribbon stood up grotesquely.

'Do look at Emmy's hat!' said Mrs. Elkins, laughing.
 'It's all blown to pieces in this wind,' remarked Mrs. Sands. She was slicing the pork.

Emmy removed her hat soberly, and straightened the plume and the ribbon. She had a complexion like her mother's, and the winds had beaten all the brightness out of it. Her blue eyes looked as strange in her sallow face as blue violets would have looked in sand. She had tried to curl her front hair, but the wind had taken out all the curls, and the straight locks hung over her temples. She wore a cheap, blue gingham dress; she and her mother had tried to fashion it after the style of some of the cottagers' costumes. There were plaitings and drapery, but it was poor and homely, and beginning to fade.

Emmy's aunts surveyed her sharply; finally Mrs. Elkins spoke with a titter:
 'Well, Emmy, is he comin' up to-night?'
 Emmy gave a great start. She looked scared and pitiful, but she answered rather shortly, 'I don't know of anybody that's comin'.' Then she went quickly into the sitting-room. Presently her mother followed, and found her smoothing her hair before the looking-glass.

Mrs. Sands walked around, and looked at her with a kind of sharp tenderness.
 'What is it?' she asked; 'what's the matter with you?'
 'Nothin'.'

'Yes, there is, too. You needn't tell me. I saw the minute you come in some-thin' had come across you. What is it?'
 'Nothin' has come across me. I wish you wouldn't act so silly, mother.'

'Did you see anything of him?' Mrs. Sands's voice dropped to a whisper. Emmy nodded as if she were forced to.
 'Where—?'
 'In the road. Don't mother!'
 'Walkin'?'
 'No.'

'Ridin'?'
 'Yes.'
 'Anybody with him?'
 'Flora Marsh.'

Mrs. Sands stood looking at Emmy.
 'He'd ought to be ashamed of himself,' said she. 'Don't you mind nothin' about it, Emmy. He ain't worth it.'

Emmy strained back her straggling

front hair and pinned it tightly; her full forehead showed, and her face, no longer shaded by the straying locks, had a sovereign cast.

'I don't know why he ain't worth it,' said she. 'I don't know why he'd ought to be ashamed of himself goin' to ride with Flora Marsh. I can't hold a candle to her.'

'Well, I should think after the way he's been comin' here—'

'He ain't been here long. He ain't never asked me to have him. He ain't beholden to go with me if he don't want to.'

'Emmy Sands, ain't he set up with you?'
 'That don't make it out he's got to marry me.'

'Well, you can stick up for him if you want to. I ruther guess—'

'Somebody's comin',' said Emmy; and Mrs. Cares opened the door.

'The pork's burnin',' said she, 'an I guess you'll have to turn it over, Lucy Ann; I'm afraid of its spatterin' on my dress if I try it. What's the matter?'
 'Nothin',' answered Mrs. Sands; and she went out and turned the pork and fried the fish. Emmy set the table; her aunts questioned her about her 'beau,' but got little satisfaction.

'I ain't got any beau,' she said; and that was all she would say.
 Pretty soon her father came, a large man lumbering wearily across the yard with a wheelbarrow load of potatoes. He was a small farmer. He had a nervous face although it was so fleshy, and he looked at his wife and Emmy with an anxious frown between his eyes. He did not say much to his sisters-in-law; he had been as cordial to them as he was able at noon; company disturbed him.

As soon as he could he beckoned his wife into the sitting-room. 'Come in here a minute, Lucy Ann,' said he. When he had shut the door he looked at her impressively. 'What do ye think I see?' he whispered mysteriously; 'young Parsons out ridin' with the Marsh girl.'
 Mrs. Sands held the knife with which she turned the fish. 'I know it,' said she impatiently. 'Emmy see 'em.'
 'She didn't.'

'Yes; she met 'em when she was comin' home from the store. I've got to go an' turn the fish; I can smell 'em burnin' now.'

'Did she act as if she minded it much?'
 'I couldn't see as she did. She acted kind of touchy. I can't stan' here, or them fish will be burnt to a cinder. You'd better get you out a clean pocket-handkerchief before you come to the table.'

Supper, with its company-fare of fried fish, hot biscuits, and a frosted cake, was quite late. The guests had to take their leave directly afterward, as they had a long drive. Mr. Sands brought the horse and buggy around, and Mrs. Sands got out her sisters' bonnets and wraps. She watched them as they put on their little flower-topped bonnets and adjusted their lace veils over their crimps. She had not had a bonnet so fine for years, but she felt no envy. She seldom looked in the glass, and never except to see if she were tidy. The sea had seemed to cultivate a certain objectiveness in her since she had lived near it. It was as if the relative smallness of her personality beside the infinite had come home to her.

When the sisters were in the buggy they walked the horse across the yard to the road, and Mrs. Sands walked at the side, talking. When she reached the road Mrs. Cares, who was driving, reined in the horse. A young man and woman were passing in a buggy.

'Who's that?' called Mrs. Elkins, after they had passed.

Mrs. Cares turned sharply on her sister: 'Ain't that Jim Parsons?'

'Yes, I ruther think 'twas him,'
 'Who was that with him?'
 'I guess 'twas the Marsh girl.'
 Mrs. Cares tightened the reins. 'Well,' said she, 'I guess you'll find out there's somethin' in what I told you Lucy Ann. It ain't best to be too sure. Well, mobbe she'll find somebody else, now that the ice is broke. Good-by.'

Mrs. Sands stood beside a great wild rose bush and watched her sisters drive down the road. The twilight was coming fast, but the full moon was rising, and would be light in spite of the clouds, so there would be no difficulty about the two women driving home.

Mrs. Sands returned to the house, the sweep of the wind strong at her back. Emmy was washing the dishes. 'Ain't you goin' to change your dress?' asked her mother.

'No, I guess not.'
 'Hadn't you better? We might have somebody in, an' that don't look hardly fit.'

'I guess we shan't have anybody in.'
 'Well, it ain't best to be too sure.'

Emmy said nothing more. She kept on washing and wiping the tea things. The corners of her mouth dropped, but nerve and resolution were in the motion of her elbows. After the dishes were put away she sat down with some sewing. Her mother sat opposite with her knitting-work. Mrs. Sands knitted fast, pursing her lips tightly and wrinkling her

forehead. She and Emmy scarcely spoke during the evening. At nine o'clock there was a step at the door, and a sudden red flamed over Emmy's face. Her mother started. 'There, I told you to change your dress,' she whispered. But the door opened and it was only Mrs. Sands. He stepped in cautiously, looked anxiously around the room, and then sat down.

'Well, how are you gettin' along?' he asked.

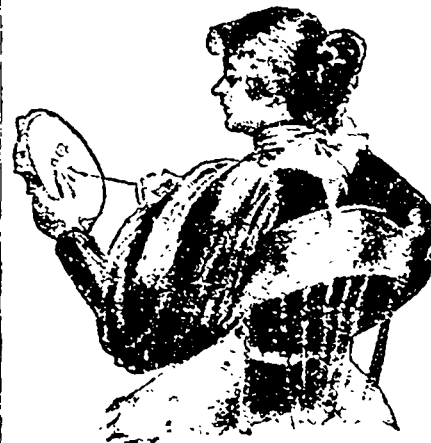
'Pretty well,' replied Emmy.
 'Anybody been in?' he inquired in a casual voice.

Mrs. Sands shook her head. Pretty soon Emmy laid aside her work and went upstairs to bed in her plain little room. After she was in bed she lay listening to the murmur of her parent's voices in the room below. She knew they were talking about her. She felt intense shame that they should be discussing her love matters. It seemed sometimes to this little soul, setting forth for the first time out of her harbor of youth, as if the friendly watchers on the pier had caused her more discomfort than the roughness of the voyage. It seemed to Emmy that her parents talked all night; she was not conscious of any cessation.

When she went down in the morning her mother looked sharply at her. 'You don't look as if you'd slept a wink; great hollows under your eyes,' said she.

'I've slept enough,' replied Emmy

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The morning she went about as usual helping her mother; she was always very quiet. When her father came home at noon he had the news that Jim Parsons was going to stay in town a week. Whether Emmy watched or not, her father and mother watched every day for her recreant lover to come, but he did not. He was seen walking and riding with the other girl. Isaac kept a sharp watch upon him, then came home and reported to his wife. They said little about it to Emmy. Emmy, meek and small and quiet, had little dignity about her, but there was a certain reserve which produced the same effect. Her parents wore somewhat shy of imposing upon it.

In the meantime Jim Parsons, a young fellow with eyes as blue and bold as the sea, with a rough, hard grace in his sinewy figure, and a rude, merry way, had troubled himself about Emmy more than people know. Once or twice he had met her on the bluff, his brown face had blushed darkly, and he had stammered forth some greeting. But Emmy had looked quite soberly and calmly at him and returned his greeting, and he had said to himself that she did not care. If he had been charged with offense he would have believed in his own freedom from guilt; left to himself he was not quite sure, and disliked to meet Emmy on the bluff. He was a strange person to have thought twice of Emmy Sands, but she had had her attraction for him, and she had it now. Many a night Jim Parsons was upon the verge of forsaking his new love and returning to his old, but the beauty and the imperious ways of the new one held him. If Flora Marsh had not been in the village within sight and hearing, Emmy would at any time have regained her lover. Simple and uncritical as she was, she had an intuition of the fact herself.

'It's because Flora came in his way, and she's pretty; if he were only away from her he wouldn't think so much more of her,' she used to think to herself when she sat sewing so busily and nobody could tell that she was thinking at all. Emmy had even discovered how Jim's first delirium came about. When he came in from his cruise Flora and some other girls had been down at the landing. There had been joking, and she had as good as asked him in her way, whose prettiness disguised his boldness, to take her to ride. Thus it had gone on.

Jim was to leave on a Thursday, sailing over to Rockland for some stores and a part of his crew, then off the next morning on his fishing cruise. The night before Emmy said to herself, 'This is the last night she'll have him.'

On Thursday all the sky was red at sunset, the northeast wind blew, and the sea looked beaten flat beneath it; outside the surf it had a metallic calmness. Gulls were flying over a long rock that jutted out into the water a little distance down the coast. Isaac Sands, out early bringing a pail of water over the bluff from a neighbor's well, stopped and looked out to sea.

'Guess we're goin' to have a gale,' he remarked when he entered the house. Emmy, helping her mother get breakfast, thought to herself that Jim was going out that afternoon. All that morning she watched the sky. There was a strange, wild glow in it, and the wind increased. There were patches of ghastly green light, like rafts on the sea. At noon when Isaac came home to dinner he had the weather gossip from the store as he had been.

They say down to Capen's, he reported, 'that there's goin' to be the biggest storm of the season. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he ain't never see it look much worse in this part of the world. If he was in the West Indies, he says, he'd be certain there'd be a hurricane. They say

Jim Farson's goin' over to Rockland this afternoon anyhow, an' they think he's crazy to do it. He ain't got no sense to start out a day like this, nor his crew nother. They're all young fellers as careless as he is. Three on 'em's over to Rockland anyhow. I guess if the rest had any folks here there'd be a time about their startin'.'

'Well, I don't want nobody to get drowned,' said Mrs. Sands, 'but I must say I wouldn't care if Jim Parsons got pretty well scared.'

'I guess there ain't much scare in him; he's a crazy-headed young feller,' responded Isaac, grimly.

Emmy said nothing. She did not eat much dinner. Afterward she watched the sky again. Her mother kept watching her with a severe and impatient air. 'Emmy Sands, what ails you this afternoon?' she said once, harshly.

'Nothin',' replied Emmy. Then she soxed faster.

About five o'clock her father came in. 'Jim Parsons ain't gone yet, an' if he goes to-night he an' his crew will go to the bottom before they ever get to Rockland,' said he. 'T ain't far there, but it's one of the roughest little cruises on the coast. He'd ought to have gone in the day time if he was goin' at all. He's gone to carry that Marsh girl out to ride, and he ain't got home yet. It'll be dark as a pocket before he gets started. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he's been out in about as rough water as anybody, but he'd be hanged if he'd sail that boat over to Rockland to-night. An' there won't none of them other fellers say nothin'; they're hangin' round waitin' an' they look as uneasy as fish out of water, but they ain't goin' to hang back. Young Blake, he's the oldest on 'em, an' he ain't over twenty-five. I guess if they had any folks here they wouldn't start out; but they ain't.'

'If Jim Parsons don't know better than to start out to-night he'd ought to be taken up,' said Mrs. Sands. 'If he wants to get drowned himself I dunno as anybody'd care very much, but when it comes to drownin' other folks it's a different thing.'

'They're all a crazy set,' said Isaac. He was not working that afternoon, he was too nervous with the approaching storm. He went back and forth between the house and the store on ostensible errands but in reality for the gratification of his restless spirit. Pretty soon he rose again. 'Well, I s'pose I've got to go down to Capen's again,' said he. 'I forgot to ask him if he wanted any of them turnips.'

After her father had gone Emmy went too, slipping out the front way; her mother was in the kitchen. She pulled her hat down over her ears to keep it on, and went down the little footpath over the crest of the bluff. She had not put on any shawl or sack; her meager little figure, wavering in the blast, stood out darkly against the wild sky. Everything on the bluff looked gigantic in the wind, which seemed to widen and lengthen everything. The fringe of coarse grass on the edge of the bluff looked like a weedy forest. Emmy passed by the row of summer cottages all shut up and deserted now; and the great festoons of spider's webs on the piazza, oscillating in the wind, held spiders which looked like tropical ones. Emmy went on. There were some sails in the harbor. There was one in the west which she eyed intently. Anchored opposite it lay a dory; there were some men on the beach near it. Jim was not among them. Emmy, swaying in the wind, stood on the bluff behind them and made sure of that. She turned and ran back along the bluff. She passed her own house and went on to the store. The rough weather had driven the row of lounging men inside. There was scarcely a clear space between the

visitors perched upon boxes and barrels

and propped against counters and walls. Emmy's father was sitting on a barrel. She pushed up to him. 'Is he goin' to night, father?' she whispered.

He stared at her. 'What?'

'Is he goin' to-night?'

'Who goin'—Jim?' 'Yes.'

'Course he's goin.' He's just come in and gone up-stairs to pack his things.'

Nobody had overheard Emmy's and her father's whispered conversation, but one of the men took it up. It was the topic of the day, coming uppermost in intervals like waves.

'I wouldn't give that for his chances,' he exclaimed. 'That boat will go to the bottom with all on board afore they heave in sight of Rockland.'

Then a chorus arose like the crying of a flock of ominous birds.

Emmy hurried out of the store without another word. Her father called after her but she did not hear him. She ran along the bluff again. The sun was low in a red glare of sky and ragged violet and orange clouds. The sky and clouds appeared as close to the sea as the coast; it was as if the sun was passing to some infernal shore. Emmy went nearly to her own house, then she struck across lots to the highway. She hurried down the road until she came to the house where Flora Marsh lived. It was a fine house for this little coast village. It had green blinds, and a bay window at one side. Emmy knocked at the front door and Flora opened it.

'Why, hullo, Emmy,' said she. Then she stood staring at her. There was a soft pink glow all over Flora's delicate blonde face that showed she had just been out in the wind. She was prettily dressed.

'Can't you stop his goin'?' Emmy said in a quick, dry voice.

'What?'

'Can't you stop his goin'?'

'I don't know what you mean, Emmy Sands.' Flora's manner was at once pert and confused.

'Can't you stop Jim Parson's goin' out to-night?'

'Stop his goin'?'

'Yes; can't you? They say it's awful dangerous. There's a terrible gale comin'. He'll be drowned.'

'Oh, I guess there won't be much of a gale. He says it's safe enough.'

'It ain't. They all say it ain't. He's terrible careless. He'll be drowned. Can't you stop him?'

Flora looked at her; her sweet, full brows contracted. The wind blew so that the girls could hardly stand against it; their very words seemed to be tossed about passing from one to the other.

'Come in a minute,' said Flora; 'we can't talk here.'

'There ain't any time to lose.'

'It won't take any longer in the house than it will here. Somebody'll hear us if we talk here, we have to holler so.'

Emmy followed Flora into the house, into the parlor. Flora shut the door. 'I wish you'd tell me now what you mean—what you want me to do,' said she.

'Stop his goin' out to-night.'

'How can I stop him, I'd like to know?'

'Go down to the shore where his dory is, and when he comes ask him not to go.'

Flora hesitated. She fingered a tidy on the back of a chair. 'To tell the truth,' said she, 'I've told him once I didn't think he ought to go; but it didn't do any good. You can't keep him back an inch if you tell him it ain't safe. He ain't afraid of anything. If I ask him to stay because it's dangerous to go it'll just make him all the faster for goin'.'

'I know that. Don't ask him not to go because it's dangerous.'

'How shall I ask him then, I'd like to know?'

'Tell him you want him to come up and see you to-night.'

Flora looked at Emmy. She drew a long breath. 'I don't know what to make of you, Emmy Sands.'

'He'll be gone if you don't go quick,' Emmy almost gasped.

'Emmy Sands, how you act! I ain't engaged to him. I can't make him stay any more'n you can.'

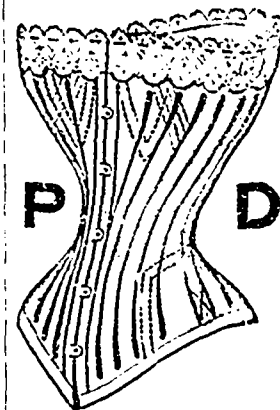
'Yes, you can, he likes you. Oh, go quick.'

'Why don't you go yourself and ask him not to go?'

'I ain't no reason to.'

There came an odd look into Flora's

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face. 'Look here,' said she; 'do you know what you're doing? I ain't engaged to him. Jim Parsons is an awful flirt. He's going off to be gone quite awhile. Maybe when he comes back he'll come to see you again. I've bid him good-by, and we ain't engaged. It would be a good deal safer for you if you let him go. There, I like him well enough, but I'm going to tell you the truth about it, anyhow. It would be a good deal safer for you if he didn't come to see me again before he goes. You know what I mean.'

Emmy throw her head back; her voice rang out sharply. 'What do you suppose I care about that?' said she. 'Do you suppose I am comin' here because I want to marry him? Do you suppose, if he wants you and you want him, I'd lift my finger to get him back? Get him back - there ain't any gettin' him back; he ain't never said he thought of marryin' me. Marry n! What's marryin'? It ain't marryin'; it's life and death that's to be thought of! What difference do you suppose it makes to me who he marries, if he ain't drowned in that awful sea to-night? Why don't you go if you care anythin' about him? What are you stoppin' for? He'll be gone before you get there.'

'You are the strangest girl I ever saw,' said Flora. She went out into the entry and put on her hat and jacket. Emmy opened the outer door and stood waiting. 'I don't imagine it'll do any good,' Flora said when she came out.

The two girls hurried across to the bluff. Emmy kept looking at Flora. 'Tuck up your hair a little under your hat; it's comin' down,' she said once as they ran along.

When they reached the bluff Emmy turned towards her own house.

'You're going home?' said Flora. Emmy nodded. 'Well, I'll do the best I can. If I get him, I'll come up the other steps and go by your house. You watch.'

Flora sank from sight directly, going down some steps over the face of the bluff, and Emmy went home. It was time to get supper, but she stole upstairs to her own room and sat down at the window that overlooked the sea. The breakers gleamed out in the dusk like white fire. It was not long before two figures, a man and a woman, passed below her window. The woman uplifted her face and looked at the house.

Mrs. Sands called at the foot of the stairs: 'Emmy, where be you? Supper's all ready.'

'I'm comin',' answered Emmy. She went down into the lamp-lighted room, and her father and mother looked at her, then at each other. She appeared almost pretty. There was quite a red flush on her fallow cheeks, and her eyes shone like blue stars.

After supper Isaac Sands went down to the store again. Emmy and her mother sat by the kitchen fire and sewed. The gale increased; they could hear the breakers on this side of the house with all the windows closed. 'I rather guess Jim Parsons will wish he'd staid on shore,' remarked Mrs. Sands. 'Well, if folks will be so headstrong and fo'hardy, they've got to take the consequences.' There was a grim satisfaction in her tone.

Emmy said nothing. When Isaac came home he was dripping with rain. 'It's an awful night,' he burst forth when he opened the door. 'Guess it's lucky Jim Parsons didn't go out.'

'Didn't he go?' asked Mrs. Sands. 'No. Young Blake was down to Cap-on's; he said Jim backed out. The Marsh girl come down an' talked to him, an' I guess she persuaded him not to go. Guess it would have been his last cruise if he had.'

'Served him right if it had been,' said Mrs. Sands severely.

Emmy lighted her lamp and went to bed.

That night the gale was terrific; the rain, driven before it, rattled upon the windows like bullets. The house rocked like a tree. Nobody could sleep much. In the morning it rained still, the spray from the ocean dashed over the footpath on the bluff, the front windows were obscured by a salt mist. Jim Parsons with all his recklessness could not put to sea that day. It was three days before he could go. Then the sun shone, the sea was calmer, although still laboring with the old swell of the storm, and he went out in the afternoon, steering down the coast to Rockland.

The day after he went Emmy met Flora Marsh on the bluff. She was going by with only a greeting, but Flora stopped her.

'He did stay; you knew, didn't you?' said she.

Emmy nodded. 'Yes; I saw you go by with him.'

Flora stood before her as if wanting to say something. She blushed and looked confused. Emmy made a motion to pass her.

'I guess he'd run considerable risk if he had gone that night,' Flora remarked flatteringly.

He'd been lost if he had,' returned Emmy. Then she passed on. Flora stood aside for her. Suddenly Emmy turned. 'You didn't say anything to him about me, did you?' said she.

'No, I didn't.' 'You won't, will you?' 'No, I won't.'

Then the two girls went their ways. It was not long before the news of Flora Marsh's engagement to Jim Parsons was all over the village.

Emmy's father and mother heard it, but they said nothing about it to her; they wondered if she knew. It was said that the couple were to be married when Jim returned from his cruise.

If Emmy knew it, it did not apparently affect her at all. She kept faithfully on in her homely little course. She was interested in all that she had been; there was no indication that any sharp, unsatisfied, new taste had dulled the old ones. Her mother felt quite easy about her, although her pride and indignation rallied whenever she thought of Jim Parsons. When he returned from his cruise, and the wedding was appointed the week after, she was unable not to speak of it to Emmy. The day but one before the wedding she began suddenly in a harsh voice, 'I s'pose you've heard the news.'

'Yes, I heard it,' replied Emmy. 'Well, I hope he'll stick to his wife.' 'I don't see why he shouldn't.' 'Don't see why he shouldn't after the way he treated you?'

Emmy faced her mother. 'Mother, once for all, he didn't treat me bad. I guess I know more about it than you do. There ain't any reason for you to say such things about him.'

'Well if you want to stick up for him, you can. I'm sure it ain't nothin' to me who he marries, if it ain't to you. If you don't feel bad, I'm sure I don't.'

'I don't.' 'Well, I'm glad of it,' said her mother. It was just after dinner. Emmy went to the door to shake the tablecloth and saw her aunts driving into the yard. They had come to make a visit; they were going to spend the night, and drive home the next morning.

The aunts had not been seated very long before the subject of the wedding was opened. Flora Marsh had been to their town to lay her wedding clothes, the dressmaker there had made her dress, and they had seen it. They knew all about the matter, how it was to be only a family wedding, and how Jim and Flora were going to Boston. Emmy sat and

listened quite calmly. Once, when she had gone out of the room for a minute, Mrs. Elkins turned to her sister.

'I forgot he used to go with her once,' she whispered. 'She don't mind hearin' it, does she?'

'Land, no,' replied Mrs. Sands. 'She didn't care nothin' about him. Emmy ain't one of the kind to set her heart much on any feller. I'm thankful enough she didn't have him. He ain't got no stability, on' never will have. Howpuld'n't have made no kind of a husband for her.'

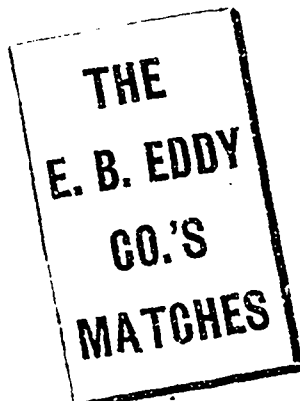
The morning of the wedding the Sands family arose early. The aunts wished to start for home in good season. The sun was only a little way above the horizon

when Emmy opened her window and looked out. It was a beautiful morning. Over in the east the sun stood; behind him lay what looked like a golden and glory. The sea was calm, the ripples in the forward path of the sun shone like sapphires and rubies and emeralds.

Emmy's small, plain face looked upon it all from her window. Her cheeks were dull and blue with the chilly air, there was no reflection of the splendid morning in her face. But beneath it, in the heart of this simple, humble young woman of the seaboard, with a monotone of life behind her and one stretching before, was love of the kind, in the world of eternity, that is better than marriage.

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The young woman who aspires to masculine severity of attire should copy with the utmost faithfulness masculine fastidiousness about collars and ties. Many a girl spoils the effect of a tailor costume by some ridiculously inappropriate tie, and there have been girls who did not seem to recognize that the alpha and omega of the law in regard to collars was comprised in absolute cleanliness.

You cannot, however economically minded you may be, wear a linen collar two successive days. In fact, it is often advisable to change it oftener.

Never accept from the hands of your washerwoman or laundryman a linen collar which has been smudged by the iron. No well-dressed man would, and the girl of masculine attire must follow this custom.

Do not put on ancient and slightly frayed collars under the fond delusion that the ragged edge will escape notice. Even if it does not attract attention itself it will leave a line of red, sore skin upon the neck.

Do not wear with your linen collars ties that no well-dressed man would think of wearing. Find out what is correct in form and learn to tie them correctly and fasten them in some way so that they will not slide from side to side.

A LONGER who caused a great deal of trouble in the house was Mr. Dreek, a professional conjurer, whose feats were of such an extraordinary nature that some of the more nervous lady-lodgers had serious doubts as to the ownership of his soul.

Sarah Ann, however, hurt his feelings by sneering at his powers, and comparing him, to his great disadvantage, with a man she had once seen on Margate pier. Dreek was hurt at her contempt, and one day, followed by two or three of the lodgers, walked into the kitchen with a little fat mouse clasped in his hand, in order to read her a lesson.

“Now, we don't want any of your nonsense here,” said Sarah, looking up un- easily.

Dreek pushed up his sleeves, and displayed the mouse grasped firmly in his hand.

“Presto, pass,” said he, and the little animal vanished.

“Pooh,” said Sarah, hastily mounting a chair; “it's gone up your sleeve.”

Dreek smiled and shook his head.

“Where is it, then?” asked Sarah, snappishly, as she held her dress round her ankles and glanced keenly round the room.

“Now,” said Dreek, turning to the grinning audience: “if Sarah Ann will kindly leave go of her dress, and feel in her pocket—”

“Call it back,” screamed Sarah shaking herself wildly; “call it back.”

“It's all right,” said the conjurer, smiling; “you'll get quite fond of it in time.”

“Murder!” continued Sarah, shrilly, totally ignoring his assurances; “help, murder! fire!”

“What's the matter?” demanded Mrs.

Mellum, entering the kitchen breath- lessly.

“He's put a mouse in my pocket,” sob- bed the handmaiden, still shaking her skirts.

“Take it out directly, sir,” said the landlady, stamping her foot.

“Where shall I put it?” inquired Dreek.

“Where you like,” said the landlady, sharply.

“Presto, pass,” said Dreek.

“Is it out?” said Sarah, panting.

“Yes, it's all right,” said Dreek, soothingly; “it's in Mrs. Mellum's pocket now.”

To the astonishment of all present, the landlady, whose horror of mice was well known, sat down and smiled calmly at the conjurer.

“Can't you feel it wriggling?” asked the latter.

“No; I can't feel it at all,” said the landlady.

“Are you sure?”

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Mellum; “I haven't got a pocket in this dress.”

In the midst of unbridled laughter the discomfited Dreek quitted the kitchen, and for some time refrained from further displays of his talent.

MALTINE WITH COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

A FOOD, MEDICINE AND DIGESTIVE.

Thousands of invalids are starving—starving in the midst of plenty, and despite the tender care of loved ones. Health is restored, not by what is eaten, but by what is digested. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites is a food, for it is rich in the nourishing properties of wheat, oats and barley; a medicine, for it is combined with the best Norwegian oil, which renders it palatable, non-irritating, and readily assimilated, and a powerful digestive, for it acts rapidly upon starchy foods, making them soluble and capable of supplying in abundance the elements of nutrition. One bottle is of greater remedial value than ten bottles of any emulsion. Try it

THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

has been before the public an entire decade, and its educational work during this period has been of such character as to make the institution a power in the Dominion for disseminating the love of music and encouraging the study of this “divine art.” The unqualified prosperity enjoyed, and the material progress made by the Conservatory during its history have been such, that larger and much more commodious premises have become positively necessary. To provide this larger accommodation and greater facilities for the constantly increasing work of the Conservatory, its enterprising management have recently purchased a site, the most eligible in the city, on the south-west corner of College St. and Queen's Ave. The architect's plans and specifications for the erection of new buildings of modern style, including a first class music hall, are ready, and the work has been commenced, the whole to be finished by August next, when the removal to the new premises will take place. Being in the vicinity of the University of Toronto, McMaster University, Victoria and Wycliffe colleges and other institutions of learning, this is the finest locality for the Conservatory of Music in the city. It is very central and easy of access by cars from all parts of the city.

SAVED HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

SHE FINALLY ADMINISTERED A REMEDY WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE, AND CURED HIM.

A correspondent writes: “I had such a happy home and a noble, big-hearted husband till he took to drinking, first through sociability, then because the fiendish desire would come over him, crazing him for drink.

“I was heart broken. My happy home was fast becoming one of misery till a friend told me to try a liquor cure called ANTI-BOOZE. I was willing to try anything, so I sent \$1.00, as s' suggested, to the Oriental Chemical Co., 20 St. Alexis St., Montreal, and by return mail, I received in a plain wrapper a little box of pills. I put one of these in his coffee every night and mornng without him knowing it, (as they dissolve immedi- ately), and in less than a week, to my de- light, he stopped drinking entirely.

“ANTI-BOOZE has changed my drunken husband into a sober, industrious, happy man, and I feel it my duty to toll others about it. They will send full information without charges to any who will write them.”

“J. D. H.”

See the Dust Fly

A winter's dust will be found in the curtains that drape your windows, and other parts of the home. They've lost their first brightness, but they'll prove as bright as now after having been cleaned in these works. The cleaning of the highest quality in curtains is a successful feature of business here.

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Keeps them in good shape.

Put up in a wide mouthed tin.

Does Not Need to be Fouled Out

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

Something new, which means money to you. Look and feel for the word “Scientific” in the name of the machine. **SHORTLAND BY MACHINERY** Prints a good article in plain English. It's worth a whole lot more than any other. Shortland, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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ELEGANTLY FURNISHED ROOMS

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Paint Hints.



A TOUCH of paint here and there will make a thousand-dollar home of an eight-hundred-dollar "tumble-down" house. Our booklet "Paint Hints" tells how to paint and what varieties of paint to use for different surfaces. Write to-day for free copy.

There's no reason why the little things about the house should be shabby, marred and stained any more than the grand piano.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS EMBEL PAINT is the best home paint for furniture and decorative work. Open can and it's ready for use. The Sherwin-Williams Paints are made by the largest and best paint and color manufactory in the world. A different paint for each surface—not one for all. That's the secret of paint-success.

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**MOTHERS! USE
HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE**

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by Teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, beautiful sleep and rest. Also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. **GUARANTEED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.** Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

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None genuine without bearing name and address of
**S. HOWARTH, Druggist,
243 Yonge Street, TORONTO.**
At All Druggists.

A LETTER FROM BRUSSELS.

The following extracts from a letter-written by a Toronto girl now in Brussels, give some idea of what the famous carnivals on the continent are like. Her letter takes the reader right into the old streets with their throngs of quaintly costumed people, who for the three days of the carnival—Shrove Tuesday, (the great carnival), the Sunday before and the Sunday following—apparently abandon themselves to a full enjoyment of the gay scene. She says: 'I went down the first day and saw everything there was to be seen. Even the little mites were dressed in fancy costume, the poorer ones nearly all as clowns, and the better class in every kind of fancy dress—dudes, Turks, Russians, Arabs—everything imaginable, but the prettiest costumes were to be seen in the shop windows, where the children were playing. Many of the older people were dressed in awfully quaint costumes and wore masks, but old and young alike had large bags of 'confetti,' and 'serpentine.' The 'confetti' is colored paper, cut into little round pieces like the letter O, and the 'serpentine' are neat little rolls of colored paper which you throw, holding on to one end. The people above the shops let them down, and the crowd below tries who can get them. It is immensely amusing to watch the mad scramble for possession. From some windows you see hundreds of these colorful serpentine hanging.

On the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday the better class of people were abroad, and from a favorable place in front of the Opera House we watched the funny figures passing back and forwards. The most sedate (even the English young ladies' schools included) had bags of 'confetti,' and were fighting face to face with people they had never seen before. Young men pelted the girls until you could not see the color of their hats, and then laughingly wound the 'serpentine' around their necks. It was a most exciting scene! When I got home I was just covered with 'confetti,' and had cognac streaming down my neck. The streets were crowded with carriages, too, filled with children in all sorts of funny costumes, some of them wonderfully pretty, and some as ugly as they were fantastic and grotesque.

At the close of her letter she thoughtfully gives for the benefit of any strangers who may be travelling over there the name of a charming lady who, until a year or two ago, had the largest and best finishing school for young ladies in Brussels. She now takes boarders, and anyone wishing a delightful place to stop at will go to Madame Boichot, 23 Rue de la Vanne.

A GREAT deal has been said about the poster, but by no means the final word has been spoken. Exhibition for the prize Horse Show one brings an interest in it again to the fore. Some ingenious and a few crudely faulty ones were exhibited.

Novelty, skill, and simplicity are the three essentials for a poster, to have an

effective suggestiveness executed in the simplest way, the first duty of a poster being to attract attention. It need lose nothing of its grace or dignity of outline by its lack of unnecessary detail. Besides the very interesting ones up for competition, the wall of the inner room of Roberts' gallery was adorned with a collection by some of the best designers of posters in the world. In this age of advertising all encouragement should be given to the effort of pushing this artistic heaven, the poster.

THE DOG SHOW.

ONE of the most interesting events of the year—the Dog Show, is over, leaving behind in the memory of every canine lover the remembrance of a larger and better exhibit than Toronto, perhaps America, has ever seen. Dogs of all kinds were there—big, black Newfoundland and huge, tawny St Bernards; yelping little long-nosed, inquisitive-looking terriers; spaniels, with their soft, curly coats and beautiful eyes; lean, graceful greyhounds, that, like 'Gem of the Season,' must challenge the attention of the most indifferent—every kind, all kinds, down to the unlovely, heavy-jawed old bull dog, that somehow always gives anyone who ventures too near a fit of the 'creeps.'

Of the smooth fox-terriers, Mr. G. A. Gooderham's 'Veracit' was a beauty; while the big, rough St. Bernard, 'Trumpeter,' and Master Tom Seagram's Newfoundland 'Sir Edwin Lanseer,' had a host of admirers around them all the time. 'Koudar,' from the Terra Cotta Kennels, had also many admirers, although it is not everyone who will go into raptures over the questionable beauty of a fierce Russian wolfhound.

The Granite Rink, where the exhibit was held, fairly echoed with the confused noise of many voices, excited exclamations of admiration, and the barks, growls and yelps of over three hundred long-suffering animals, which had been teased, and talked to, laughed at, and admired, until the patient brutes either ignored their tormentors with almost human dignity, or indulged in snaps and growls that won for some of them the reputation of being cross and bad-tempered.

If you are a subscriber to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL lose no time in sending at once to the Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, for a pretty paper doll for the baby, and a full size box of Baby's Own Tablets. They are absolutely priceless. Call them candy, and the little ones will clamor for them, they are so palatable and pleasant to take. And to the wee little mite who suffers from any of the complaints common to children, they bring certain relief. Fever, cold, croup, worms, diarrhoea, trouble from teeth—they all disappear in a manner almost miraculous before Baby's Own Tablets. No mother who values the health of the little life entrusted to her, and no woman who considers her own comfort, can afford to live without a supply of the tablets in her medicine chest.

Sunlight Soap Wrapper Competition.

February, 1897.

The following are the **Winners in District No. 1**, comprising the City of Toronto, Counties of York, Simcoe and all Counties West and South of these:

Winners of Stearns' Bicycles

Mr. John Ford, 53 Wolseley St., Toronto.
Mr. A. E. Mountain, 23 Burton Street, Hamilton.

Winners of Gold Watches

Mr. David G. Holmes, 24 Birch Avenue, Toronto.
Mr. J. Albert Good, Box 142, Berlin.
Master Manly Palmer Powell, 416 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.
Mr. Frank Crawford, Pt. Edward.
Miss Alice Flynn, 387 Church Street, Toronto.

We have been obliged to disqualify several competitors for February for sending coupons taken from UNSOLD soap in grocery lock (see Rule 3).

LEVER BROS., (Ltd.), Toronto.



Spring Shoe Opening

An auspicious opening of the Spring Shoe Season—with fine, exclusive effects—fresh from the world's foremost shoe builders, whose products are controlled in Toronto by the REGAL. With the new toes and lasts—with everything new and novel—with footwear just as much more attractive than the every store sorts as in former seasons.

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HIGH CLASS SHOES
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MEN AND WOMEN.

Wanted refined men and women in every town in Canada to do light pleasant work at their homes. No canvassing. Experience not necessary. Good pay. Write for particulars to
**STANDARD ART CO., Dept. C
112 West 2nd Street, NEW YORK**

LADIES Make Big Wages at Home and want all to have same opportunity. The work is easy and profitable. You will receive \$10.00 per week. If you are interested, I will send you a copy of my book and will gladly send full particulars on all sending no stamp. Miss E. Z. Squires, Lawrence, Mass.

Instruction.

There is nothing that can be said upon this subject of instruction in the line of almost certain duties, stronger than what has been written by Herbert Spencer. The quotation is well worth reading and re-reading. Here it is:

"If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the curriculum for their celibates," we may fancy him concluding "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things: especially for reading the books of extinct nations, and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently, then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

"Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact that, though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences; or if, studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients; but that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

"To tens of thousands that are killed, and hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be, and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them, to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted

by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use.

"When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unconsciously affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

John Brisbane Walker, in Cosmopolitan.

IN CHOOSING YOUR BICYCLE

Don't forget that the tires are the life of the wheel, and it is of vital importance to your comfort that you should have tires that are not only full of life and spring, but of good quality and 'manageable.' Dunlop tires have earned their world-wide popularity because they fill these requirements, giving such perfect 'tire comfort' and satisfaction that they leave nothing to be desired. With them on your wheel you are ready for anything, and can't possibly be bothered or 'stuck' by any unexpected dilemma. They are made so carefully, of such well-selected materials, that they will stand a wonder-



ful amount of hard usage without showing any sign of wear, and being detachable no unexpected calamity on the road can interfere with your ride, for you can always remove the tire with your hands, see what is wrong, and quickly make it right without any need for guesswork or experiment. No one's hands are too weak or delicate to manage Dunlop tires, as they are wonderfully easy to remove and replace, and no other tools than your hands are ever needed. No wonder they are the popular tire with everyone from the speediest racing men to the daintiest ladies. Look out for your own comfort by having them on your wheel.

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CLEAN, gives gentle heat for three hours, nix beds. No hot water required. Prevents Chills from Draughts or Exposure. Enables Invalids to take the air without catching cold. Beautifully finished in German silver. The INSTRA and reills for Fifty uses of it, packed and sent post free to any address abroad by Messrs. D. Blair & Co., 47 Cannon Street, London, Eng., on receipt of 9s., and postage for two pounds (English).

As Supplied to Royalty and the Leading English Families (Only out a few weeks, but already much used).

TO TRAVELERS and INVALIDS. The Instra weighs under 34 ounces, imperceptible in the pocket, by its patent construction SAFE and

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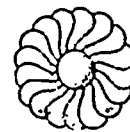
Capital and Funds, 1895	..	\$38,365,000
Revenue	..	5,714,000
Dominion Deposit	..	200,000

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The Royal Five Gold Mining Co.

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"A Development Company"

Five Mining Locations. Incorporated under the Laws of the Province of British Columbia. (Companies Act, 1899).

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, - \$1,500,000.

Divided into 1,500,000 Shares of \$1.00 each, fully paid and non-assessable, of which 500,000 Shares have been set aside as Treasury Stock—the proceeds to be applied to development work only. The remaining 1,000,000 Shares of Vendor's or Promoter's Stock has been pooled by mutual agreement.

DIRECTORS:

President—ROSS THOMPSON, Capitalist, and original owner of Rossland Townsite, Rossland, B.C.
 Vice-President—HON. D. W. HIGGINS, M.P.P., Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, B.C.
 Advisory Director—JOHN Y. COLE, President Golden Queen Gold Mining Co., and Vice-President White Bear Gold Mining Company, Rossland B.C.
 Treasurer—JOHN McTEER REPASS, Mine Owner, Montana and British Columbia, Rossland, B.C.
 HON. D. M. EBERTS, Attorney-General for the Province of British Columbia.
 DAVID B. BOGLE, Manager Kootenay Goldfields Company, Limited, of London, Eng.
 Secretary—S. THORNTON LANGLEY, Mining Broker, Rossland, B.C.

OFFICERS:

Mine Superintendent—E. W. LILJEGREN, Ex-Superintendent Le Roi Mining Co.
 Consulting Engineer—FRANK MOBERLY, C.E., Rossland, B.C.

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 The New Brunswick Consolidated Gold Mining Co., Limited Ltd.
 The Kettle River Mining and Development Co. of B. C., Limited Ltd.

We recommend only properties of approved merit, which our mining experience extending over many years, justifies us in placing before our clients.

Agents who can influence a large amount of
 business invited TO WRITE FOR TERMS. . . .

Rossland, - - British Columbia.

The Royal Five Gold Mining Company has been formed for the purpose of earning profits for its shareholders in the business of gold mining. With this object, after careful consideration, the directors have taken over five remarkably promising mineral locations known as the "Royal Oak," "Whoop-up," "Atlas," "Circassian," and "Gloucester" mineral claims, situated in the Trail Creek mining division of West Kootenay, B.C.

SITUATION.—This group consists of five claims, each 1,500 feet square and known as the "Royal Oak," "Whoop-up," "Atlas," "Circassian," and "Gloucester," situated three miles south of Lower Arrow Lake, on the Columbia river, west of the Burnt Pass on Moberly Creek, ten miles north-west of Robson, fifteen miles from Rossland, and twenty-five miles from Trail by road, and thirty-five miles west of Nelson, in the Trail Creek mining division of West Kootenay, B.C.

AREA.—The ground covered by this group is about 260 acres.

TITLE.—The following certificate, from Mining Recorder Kirkup, shows absolute and perfect title:

TRAIL CREEK MINING DIVISION OF WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

MINING RECORDER'S OFFICE ROSSLAND, B.C., January 2, 1907.

I have carefully examined the records of this office relating to the title to the following mineral claims—"The Royal Oak," located June 6, 1896; recorded June 18, 1896; "The Whoop-up," located August 25, 1896; recorded August 28, 1896; "The Circassian," located June 3, 1896; recorded June 18, 1896; "The Gloucester," located June 5, 1896; recorded June 18, 1896; "The Atlas," located June 5, 1896; recorded June 18, 1896. And I hereby certify that "The Royal Five Gold Mining Company," (Limited Liability), has a good and perfect title to the aforesaid property according to the records.

(Signed) J. KIRKUP, Mining Recorder.

SHARES.—To provide funds, the Directors have decided to place a block of Treasury Shares on the market. The price is subject to change at any time without notice, as development work on the property may justify an advance in the value of the shares at any moment.

INVESTIGATION ASKED.—Intending investors are invited to make the closest inquiry as to this property as well as to the standing and character of the directorate. This is put forth as a thoroughly legitimate mining venture, and the most scrupulous regard will be had for the interest of every subscriber, as the Company is a working company with strong management and iron-clad by-laws.

There are seventy Mining Companies in the United States and British Columbia, which have paid an aggregate of \$14,734,500 in dividends last year.—*Mineral and Scientific Press.*

Application for stock, copies of by-laws, copies of prospectus, or information of any description in relation to the Company may be obtained of the Secretary at the offices of the Company, Record Block, Rossland, B.C.

S. THORNTON LANGLEY, Sec.