

1896
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30
31

VOL. II.
HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,
MANNING ARCADE, TORONTO.

TORONTO, MAY, 1896.

No. 1.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE condition of affairs in South Africa concerns us more nearly than it would have done a year or two ago. The recent strong tide of emigration toward that distant colony has carried many from other British dependencies; and there are few among us who, by reason of relative or friend, have not a personal interest in the outcome of the present disturbance.

To those who have watched the trend of events, the existing crisis is not a surprise. Hon. J. H. Hafmeyr, one of the delegates from Cape Colony to the Ottawa Colonial Conference of 1894, a clever politician, and one possessing strong influence among the Dutch, in the course of private conversations at that time, foreshadowed the present difficulties, and spoke gravely of the many existing irritants and the unconciliatory attitude of the Boers and English residents toward each other.

The former required but a pretext to take issue with Britain, and that has been afforded by the Matabele rising. To deal with these savages were comparatively easy, if the South African Republic remained neutral; it is the uncertain attitude of the Boers which complicates the question.

And these Boers know how to fight, with the skill of civilisation and the cruelty of barbarism combined.

Thus far, the Governor of Cape Colony seems equal to the emergency. Sir Hercules Robinson appears to have acted with discretion, yet with all needful promptness and determination.

He is a fine-looking man, if his portraits bespeak him true; brainy, of keen perceptions, strong will and good judgment.

England has certainly had no time to grow drowsy since the opening of the year. Whatever of neglect has been hers concerning Armenia, she shall surely repay at some point of her own vast empire, and it looks as though the payment may be demanded speedily. Blood for blood: the cry of the helpless unheeded—the answering avenger of God. It is the divine law that governs the nations—a law that is immutable and above all the craft of statesmanship.

Under the circumstances, and with the present activity in the War Department, it is well that the British Treasury is in such a splendid repletion, and that we—speaking as an empire—have at command the largest surplus ever known. If we must go to war, especially in such far-off and expensive places as South Africa and the Soudan, it is comfortable to feel that there is a surplus of over £4,000,000 in the Treasury.

England's enormous estimate for the fiscal

year, of nearly £98,000,000, is outreached only by her magnificent revenue of nearly £102,000,000.

The sums are too vast to realise. The wonder is that the little isle 'ringed with grey seas' does not sink beneath the weight of it.

A curious detail in the estimates is that the increased revenue from tea implies an added consumption of ten million pounds of that commodity. The English are becoming a nation of tea drinkers, while coffee is being driven out of the market.

To CURE disease by 'radiant ethereal energy' is the latest possibility revealed by these wonderful X rays. Whatever the phrase may mean, it conjures up a pleasanter vision than that of medicine bottles and pills.

Apparently 'radiant energy' is the essence of sunlight, or sunshine concentrated in these mysterious Roentgen rays.

The latest phrase of the discovery is that of questioning the ability of these rays to sterilise or kill bacilli. Many experiments have been made in this direction, but no sure conclusion has yet been reached.

If, in addition to penetrating solids, it should be proved that they have sterilising effect upon all deadly germs, the present generation may begin to search the exact number of years of the patriarchal Methuselahs.

VERILY, the suffering Armenians—the small remnant that remain—should be content.

We listened with stolid, if not indifferent, ear to the cries that rang over the water from their poor tortured bodies during the fair months of summer and autumn; we gave them complacent regrets in those bitter days of early winter, when starvation and anguish unutterable were theirs; we sat in our comfortable churches and sang our godly hymns, while the moans of their dying agonies rose skyward; our pulpits were dumb; our press uttered but faint protest. We, a mighty people—a civilised, a Christian people, whose roused voice could compel governments to instant action, sat singing hymns, while the carnival of murder, the most outrageous murder that the century has known, continued.

Then, when moans died away; when ten thousand tortured bodies lay rigid, and eyes stared blindly upward to the divine blue, we bethought of our pennies, and lulled our conscience with the tinkle of the collection plate; presently, being yet a trifle uncomfortable, we organised a Week of Prayer.

Pennies and prayer, even if twelve months late, should surely be sufficient response to the heartrending appeals, and compensate for the unnamable tortures of a helpless people.

Pray! with the thought of those outreaching hands ungrasped; those wild appeals

unanswered? Pray! with the vision of mutilated bodies in awful heaps before our eyes? Pray! with the knowledge of our criminal inaction upon us? How dare we thus mock the Deity?

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH's fiat concerning Mr. Chamberlain's idea of forming a Zollverein of the British colonies is not complimentary to the colonies themselves.

"It can never and will never be done. Mr. Chamberlain desires merely to flatter the colonies with the idea of Imperial Federation," he says.

The clever professor is not a wet blanket. In fact, he acts rather as a stimulus; since whenever he cries 'can not' and 'will not,' we are immediately moved to respond 'can' and 'will.' The desire for Imperial Federation in some form has grown stronger every month since the inception of the scheme.

There is no question of its acceptance by the colonies at large. The desire for it, the impulse toward it, the sentiment from which it has sprung, are all too genuine and deep-rooted to be discouraged by one who—whatever else he may be—is certainly not an Imperialist.

There is one advantage in having the learned professor to voice his pessimistic ideas: we know at once what we do not believe.

THE Pacific Cable Conference, which takes place in London early in May, will be an epoch in the history of this important project, which was the chief matter of consideration at the Ottawa Colonial Conference.

The history of this scheme since its inception by Mr. Sandford Fleming in 1887, as told in the correspondence published in the blue book report of the Ottawa conference by the Earl of Jersey, forms a most interesting chapter in official records.

The growth of favourable opinion regarding it, both in the Australian colonies and England, indicated by their largely expressed willingness to share in the cost and maintenance of the cable; the steady persistence of the originator, Mr. Fleming, supported by the Canadian Government; the interest expressed through their delegates by Good Hope and other British colonies; the unanimity of opinion and favourable resolutions adopted by the Ottawa conference,—have led by sure successive steps toward this immediate and possibly final conference in London.

Consummation of the project may be looked upon as assured. It is the first and elementary factor in imperial federation; the chief strand in the cord of many strands that, flexible yet enduring, shall bind the British Empire into a living unity.

And to Canada will be first honours when achievement comes.

THE United States is fretting over the possibilities of further favours being bestowed upon the rival—and therefore, from an American standpoint, arch-enemy—of its railways, the Canadian Pacific. Here is the voice of the American press:

It is useless to talk about a permanent court of arbitration with England, so long as there exists across our northern border a permanent outpost of English hostility against us. The best safeguard of peace with England is the destruction of the malign power exerted by that political and military road (C.P.R.), and that end can be attained and accomplished most easily and most surely by rescinding the bonding privilege.

THE tricks of American clergymen—especially the high-priced popular divines of the large cities—do more to stultify the Christian growth of the people to whom they preach than even their flashy flame-tailed sermons can do,—which is saying a good deal.

Possibly the people are largely responsible for this. They demand sensationalism and brilliancy at the cost of reverence and sincerity—and their preachers are not sufficient to withstand the demand.

Rev. Dr. Morgan, the popular rector of a Fifth Avenue church, has come to grief by preaching a sermon on Easter Sunday which was recognised as taken from a volume of sermons by a late Unitarian minister. The trouble was not that the reverend doctor borrowed it, but that he failed to acknowledge his obligation—in fact, preached it as his own, with a few verbal alterations, afterward permitting a copy to be sent to the newspapers as the eloquent Easter sermon of the Rev. Dr. Morgan.

The plagiarism was detected, and the reverend doctor discredited, since even New York prefers that pulpit words be at least honestly spoken.

IV CANADA.

It has always been an open question to what extent the pulpit should be used as a place of political or national censorship.

We have had a good deal of it throughout Canada lately, and the result has been neither satisfactory nor elevating.

When ministers meet in conference as a body, it is both right and natural that they should pronounce upon matters of public interest, political or otherwise; when, as individuals, they address any public assembly, the same right of citizenship is certainly theirs; but it is generally conceded that the pulpit, while claiming perfect freedom in this respect, is yet hardly the place for political harangues—or, rather, that it has a higher mission to fulfil than that of instructing the pews how to vote.

Even when outside the sacred desk, we have an instinctive objection to ministers making strong political pronouncements—why, it does not appear, unless it be that they usually speak either without discretion or sound judgment, or both of these invaluable qualities of statesmanship.

The spiritual power of a minister is generally in inverse ratio to his political proclivities.

THE statement recently made by the Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Woodstock, concerning the historic ball given at Ottawa by their Excellencies is unfortunately a sample of the exaggerated or utterly untruthful assertions too often indulged in by political clericals. More than that, it was couched in most offensive terms:

Yet this ball, or 'bawl,' as some of the papers significantly spell it, preceded by Sabbath desecration, and characterised by drunkenness and dissipation, is estimated to have cost the country no less than \$25,000.

It hardly becomes a clergyman to appropriate the vulgar pun of an unpruned press—even to enlarge his vocabulary—since a gentleman is always known by the restraint of his writing.

That the historic ball did not cost the country one dollar, that it was characterised by neither drunkenness nor dissipation, and that if any measure of preparation was carried on in the Senate Chamber during the Sunday previous, their Excellencies were unaware of it, are facts that it is hardly necessary to state. The high and reverent standard of living that the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have upheld since coming among us is sufficient reply.

It is not fair—it is not even decent—that one of the most brilliant hospitalities Canada has known, extended by our vice-regal representatives, should be the subject of such outrageous calumnies.

ALLOWING for the exaggerations of party speeches and press reports, the fact that the Dominion House of Commons did not present a dignified spectacle during those few final weeks of its existence cannot be disputed.

Yet, the strain of a prolonged and continuous sitting, together with the consciousness of a near dissolution, caused a degree of laxity; and, save in one or two individual instances, the House does not appear to have transgressed seriously.

The most deplorable incident in the continuous session was that which occurred when, in pursuance of obstructive tactics, a Liberal member, Mr. Charlton, resorted to reading and commenting upon Scripture chapters irrelevant to the debate, for the apparent purpose of killing time.

That the exposition should be greeted with derision was due not to lack of reverence of the Holy Book, but because of the late hour, the prolonged strain, and in recognition of Mr. Charlton's purpose.

The honourable member, who poses in the House as the self-appointed champion of Sunday keeping, has lost whatever of influence he possessed by this act.

The Canadian House of Commons is neither flippant nor irreverent concerning holy things. But it demands sincerity and a becoming sense of fitness.

THE sentence pronounced against Mrs. Bell, of Ottawa, of imprisonment for life, is severe, but not unduly so for the crime of which she has been proved guilty.

To those who have followed the case, it seems almost incredible that a woman could be guilty of such cruelty toward her daughter's children.

Without entering into details, it is sufficient to explain that Mrs. Bell, a woman of fifty-one, and a Canadian by birth, had charge of her grandchildren—a boy and girl, aged ten and twelve years—while their mother was on the stage.

The grandmother, by a series of wanton neglects and deliberate cruelties, endeavoured to bring the children into such a physical condition that they would succumb.

Why she wished to rid herself of the charge in this manner is not clear. The Children's Aid Society fortunately discovered the case and prosecuted the woman, with the result of obtaining sentence of life imprisonment for Mrs. Bell and three years for her husband, as accomplice.

The children's parents, who are separated, are now applying for the charge of them, but, since their wanton neglect betrays an extreme indifference to their children's wel-

fare the Children's Aid Society are opposing the application.

WHEN any man has been tried, convicted and sentenced to death he is dead in the eyes of the law, and should thus be regarded to the extent of not being permitted to take any place or undertake any work in the outside world.

That a man like Holmer should be permitted to write his 'confession' and barter with newspapers for publication of the same, is disgraceful. It should never be permitted.

A criminal such as this is an abnormal creature, one who craves unnaturally for fierce excitements; and when the course of his career is run, filled with the egotism of a mind diseased, he hungers for notoriety in death as in life, and gloats over his crimes with a horrible pride of exaggeration.

It is useless to condemn the press for publishing such 'confessions.' A morbid public taste demands them, journalistic competition is keen, and only a few high class papers withstand the pressure.

The evil must be remedied by law. A man under death sentence is dead to the world. Let no communications reach us from the dark night shades that envelop him; let the prison walls be silent.

THE proposed scheme for sending women as servants or wives out to the North-west does not seem practicable. Ontario girls appear rather to prefer being captured than to capture.

But, in spite of the lukewarmness of Eastern Canadian women, someone in Toronto is energetically pursuing the subject, as the following item from a correspondent will show:

VANCOUVER, B.C., April 24, 1896.

The mayor of Vancouver has received a letter from Toronto, written in the interest of the young women of Toronto and Eastern Canadian cities. The writer says that according to statistics there is a shortage in the female population in the Northwest Territories and British Columbia amounting to about 40,000, while there is in Eastern Canada a corresponding overplus of unmarried women.

In order to equalise matters, it is proposed to send young women of good health and moral character west, to be distributed where the demand is greatest, and for this purpose it is sought to establish a home at Vancouver for the reception and distribution of the young women in British Columbia.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to colonise Anticosti, and fifty emigrants from La Belle France are already on their way across with quantities of implements and tools. The great barren isle has been the scene of many desolations in previous colonising efforts; and hard tales of suffering are recorded by its rocks.

Yet, now the conditions are different: near bases of supplies exist; constant communication with the mainland is possible; methods of colonisation are better understood.

Let us hope that this nucleus of a thrifty French colony will endure and prosper.

A RARELY beautiful fan is at present to be seen at the Women's Work Depository, Toronto. It was sent from Cape Town as a gift to a Canadian girl, who, deeming it too rich for her wardrobe, has decided to sell it and appropriate the money toward a bicycle.

The fan consists of twenty exquisite white ostrich plumes—such plumes as we never see here—and has a finely carved ivory stem. The fan is eighteen inches deep at the centre, and nearly thirty-six inches from point to point in width. The creamy tint and soft sweep of the beautiful feathers make it a most bewitching thing.

The fan has come from Benjamin, of ostrich feather fame, Cape Town.

EDITOR.



SARAH BERNHARDT, fiery, erratic, full of furies and languors, has been with us of late—an extraordinary woman, a woman whose sins and fancies and wild doings have filled the world with wonder,—and yet a perfect artiste. I know of no woman on the stage to-day who possesses so much of the genuine quality of femininity as does she. Her voice, her motions, her glances, have a delicacy that it were hopeless for anyone to try and imitate. The frame that gives a vehicle to the genius that is within her is slender, her years have grown to be many, and yet the grace within her is still as luminous as it was of old. The quality of femininity is, I take it, the inner essence of womanly charm. It is something that in an ordinary woman we get a revelation of once in a while. There is a look which we call feminine, or a vocal note of tenderness we give the same name to, or an impulsive movement perhaps that comes within the same definition; and when we meet with any of these things our hearts are gladdened. We call them feminine, because they are so subtle and elusive that a man could never hope to achieve anything half so delicate and graceful. In Bernhardt the charms known as the eternal womanly have their very highest development. She is still the exquisite creature she was of old.

* * *

By the fury and heat of her temperament Sarah Bernhardt has been bound to a certain class of characters. Her personality is too decidedly poetic to find any real scope in the realistic drama of to-day; but yet the poetry within her has a very Swinburnian quality. It is fleshly and sweet; there is little of the cold and chaste element that fits a woman for classic rôles. You could not understand Bernhardt being very great as *Lady Macbeth*, for instance. Her personality expresses a charm too voluble and wilful to make any impersonation she might give of a plotting, skillful, intellectual woman seem real. Characters of wild impulse and uncontrolled nature are the only ones which could gain any real significance from her donning of them. Therefore, we find a long catalogue of feminine sinners created solely that Sarah might represent them on the stage. Latest of all, she has chosen to play a character founded on that of the Magdalen. In the sacred records of India the story of the Buddha in some respects strongly resembles that of our Saviour. The ethical teachings of Buddhism and Christianity are much the same, and the story of the wanderings of the Buddha with his little band of converts resembles, too, that marvellous story of the springing up of a new world's religion in the old land of Canaan. But in the records of Buddha the Prince who forsok all things to go forth and proclaim the word as it was

revealed to him, there is no statement, I believe, about any woman-sinner who had become a convert as Mary Magdalen was. Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand adapted such a character from the original in the Holy Scripture and gave us "Izeyl" for Bernhardt to play. It is something on a higher plane of aspiration than anything she has hitherto attempted, and she manages to give a great deal of pathos and beauty to the tale. At first you see her as the wanton, sinful woman, a phase of the



SARAH BERNHARDT.

character which was presented perfectly. Then you see her convicted of her sins through the love with which the holy Prince has inspired her, and gradually the old sinfulness slips away from her and she becomes a martyr in defence of her own honour. Bernhardt was exquisitely poetic all through. The drama that had been made for her was enough to give any woman inspiration, and the clinging grace and pathos of the whole inspiration will always linger in my memory.

* * *

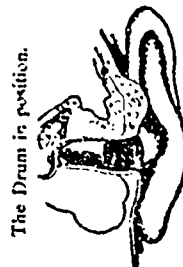
Della Fox is a little woman whose attractions have never been very clear to me. Her stock-in-trade as an actress and a prima donna is complete with a plump figure and an assortment of Bowery slang. Her methods are of the crudest nature, and her voice is a very ordinary affair indeed. She devotes

herself to a continuous endeavour to imitate De Wolf Hopper. It is a funny thing to see a woman unusually petite striving in all things to seem like the tallest comedian on the stage, imitating his vocal eccentricities, his capers, his foolery,—in short, all the tricks whereby he wins the public's laughter. Della Fox, when she travelled as one of Hopper's assistant merrymakers, was, no doubt, cute and pleasing. Since then she has been steadily vulgarising whatever talent she possessed,—never an unduly great endowment,—with the result that her own efforts on the stage are apt to be noisy and tiresome. If she had spent the pains with which she has endeavoured to become hard-looking, loud voiced and mannish, in cultivating some of the feminine graces, she might in time have become a charming enough actress; but at present there is no hope for a genuine career for her.

* * *

In E. H. Sothern we have an actor who has succeeded solely by virtue of the refinement and gentlemanly qualities of his art. Physically he is not gifted with high dramatic powers. He can never hope to be known as a great actor,—he has not the fire of genius, but he has the patience of talent and the splendid spur of ambition. He has endeavoured to succeed by the very best methods, and he has succeeded. You know that, if you go to see one of Sothern's productions, you will find something high-class. So confident has the public grown of this, that it never hesitates over the matter at all, and leaves the choice of the play to the actor altogether. Apart from his refinement and magnetism, Mr. Sothern's chief claim to be an actor of originality lies in the beauty of his love-making. He is as fervent a lover, and as potent a one, as the mind can well imagine. His eyes, his lips, his whole body are gently expressive when he is telling the old, old story on the stage, and they unflinchingly win the women in his audience. When he attempted to represent the *Rudolf Rasendyll* of that amazingly bright novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda," it was natural that he should force the sentimental elements of the man forward at the expense of the heroic and dare-devil characteristics. About Sothern's representation there hung none of those wildly erratic characteristics which made you feel that here was a man who could kill an enemy with impunity or swim a moat to save a friend; but he was the most romantic lover in the world, and no doubt in being this, he wholly satisfied his audiences. The play is a striking and moving one, although I have never found myself able to take Anthony Hope seriously as a romancer. In "The Prisoner of Zenda," with its wars and stratagems and spoils, it seemed to me that he was simply satirising Stanley Weyman and the rest of the respectable group who would revive the historical novel. He is strikingly superior to Weyman and Conan Doyle, simply because of the humour that is in him, and "The Prisoner of Zenda" seemed to me greater as a piece of humour than as a romance. On the stage it is melodrama.

THE PROMPTER.



The Drum in position.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

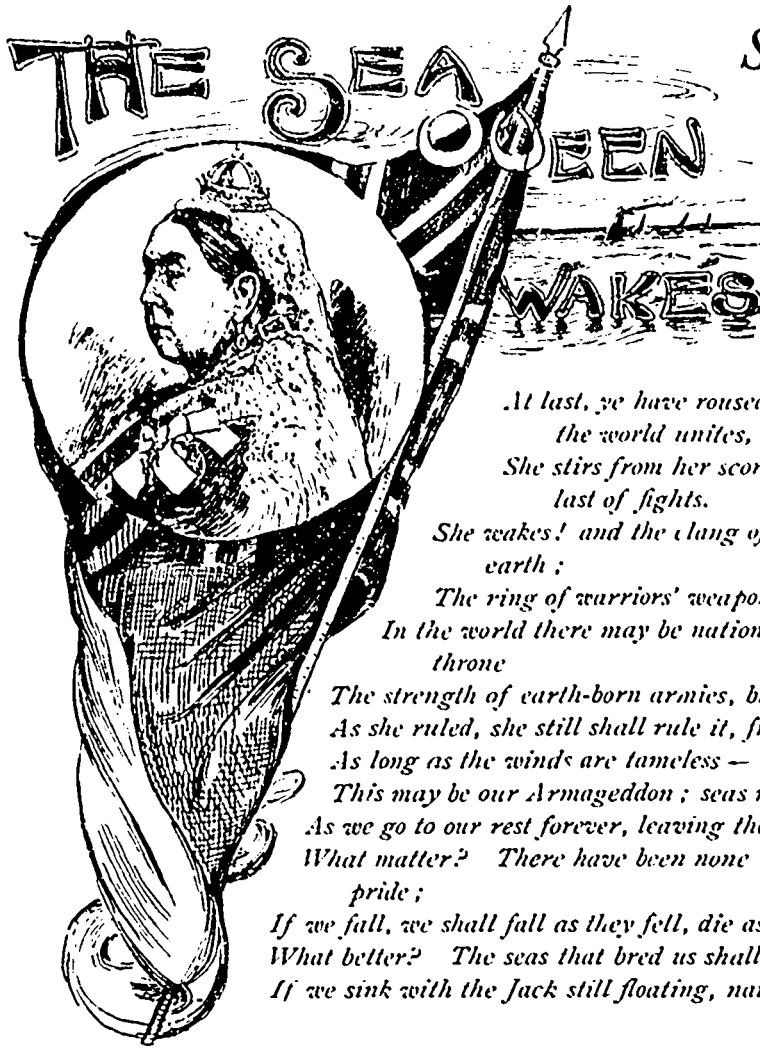
Overcome by Wilson's Common Sense Ear-Drums, the greatest invention of the age. Simple, comfortable, safe and invisible. No wire or string attachments.

WRITE FOR CIGULARS (SENT FREE) TO

C. B. MILLER,

Freehold Building, 60 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.



*SHE wakes! in the furthest West
the murmur has reached our
ears—*

*She wakes! in the furthest East
the Russian listens and
fears—*

*She wakes! the ravens clamour,
the winds cry overhead;
The wandering waves take up
the cry, "She wakes whom
nations dread!"*

*At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last, when
the world unites,
She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to her
last of fights.*

*She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the
earth;*

*The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth,
In the world there may be nations, and there gathers round every
throne*

The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is Britain's own;

As she ruled, she still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimaux,

As long as the winds are tameless— as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with blood and flame

As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a name.

*What matter? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our
pride;*

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our fathers died.

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to— at last,

If we sink with the Jack still floating, nailed to the nation's mast.

—CLIVE PHILLIPS WOOLEY.

JUST YOU AND I.

SOMEONE—a very nice man suggested that we should have "a page for girls" in our journal; "talks with them and all that sort of thing," he said, with a comprehensive vagueness truly masculine.

I understood exactly how much of femininity "that sort of thing" included in the very nice man's mind, but only answered that some day, the coming some day, when we double the present size of our magazine, we shall have just such a department devoted to manners and ways of feminine daintiness, girl loves and girl thoughts—which are long, long thoughts indeed, before the world trains them into cynicisms and epigrams.

In the meantime this is a page for girls, old and young; for the dearest old woman is the one who keeps within her all the pure impulses of the girl heart, and the nicest girl is she who even in her teens reaches with those long, long thoughts far down into the gravities of womanhood.

We are none of us far apart; we keep in touch clear from seventeen to seventy, and it is one of the beautiful things how tender and pure and simply girlish the heart of an old woman may be.

A page for girls well written is a page for women also; and a page for women is not altogether despised by men. Why should it not be so, since the humanities are common to all?

It is still difficult to make men understand that, being women and girls, we are yet capable of appreciating something beyond the distinctively feminine literature—if so it may be termed—of household, fashion and modes. These have their place in our interest—a useful lower place,—but they do not feed intellect or heart of the women of to-day.

The higher education has at least done us

service in causing the gradual disappearance of the distinctive woman's journal of the old type. The most popular woman's magazine of to-day has much in it of interest to men; that of to-morrow will be read with equal pleasure by men and women alike.

It is a natural sequence of the broadening of woman's horizon, her larger interests and knowledge, which is bringing not only mutual but reflex interest in what has hitherto been considered the other's special sphere.

Women understand something of business, politics, science, while men understand—well, I won't say "babies," although it is possible since the introduction of kindergartens that men realize more of the science of child life than they did twenty years ago.

But at least the stronger sex have been sufficiently brought in touch with us to find grounds of common interest unknown in the days of fragile *Amandas*, fainting *Sophies* and the *Gentlewoman's Guide*.

I do not mean to say that the inclinations literary or otherwise of the sexes will ever reach uniformity. Women are women, men are men; the difference is divinely appointed. But we are reaching a broader sympathy in all things.

We were spending a few days in the country—the little maid and I. Walking home from church on Sunday morning in company with the vestryman, we noticed an odd figure of a woman ahead of us. She was dressed in a rusty black cloak and straight hanging short gown, a bonnet of ten years' service, stout heavy boots, and a cotton umbrella which served the purpose of a stick and aided the long, active strides.

I commented on the quaint figure as it rapidly lengthened the distance between us. The vestryman smiled.

"That's the most independent woman in the county," he said. "She lives with her

husband in a little shanty out under the mountain. He is a sickly man, and they are very poor, living chiefly on the produce of their little plot of ground and the odd bits of work the woman can get to do. But it doesn't cost them much to dress; and I imagine they are contented in spite of their poverty.

"The woman walks three miles in to church every Sunday morning, and contributes always one cent to the collection. We have the envelope system of contribution, and she always demands her envelopes, into which Sunday by Sunday she slips her one cent and places it on the plate. Once when we neglected to send the envelopes, she was quite aggrieved.

"The widow's mite, we call that hard-earned cent; and when counting the collection we look for it every Sunday, and always find it fastened securely in its envelope."

I looked at the woman bent in form, odd in dress, as she disappeared down the long street and out on the country road, with a new respect.

"That one cent is worth a good deal to her," said the vestryman.

"I should think it would be worth a good deal to your church also," I said.

* * *

Two letters came to me by the same mail on one of these early April days; one from Salt Lake City, the other from a little settlement under the shadow of the Rockies.

Both the writers are unknown to me—Canadians in far-off places; and both hold the same cry of loneliness and longing for dear home spots in Ontario. "Only to be under the Union Jack again, I am weary for a sight of our flag," cries one. "If I could be back in sunny, fruitful Ontario; these great mountains make one feel so unutterably insignificant," writes the other.

And many of us who are under the Union Jack and in sunny Ontario, yet not appreciating our privileges, are fretting and chafing to get away out into that unknown which, because of the clouds that veil it, seems so full of possibilities.

It is a natural restlessness perhaps, belonging to the season so tingling with fresh life; yet, when our straining snaps the cords that hold us down, and we are free to depart, shall we not find that after all old things are best, and familiar faces the dearest? Whitcombe Riley voices the thought in his homely verse:

*Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
For you an' me an' dear old happiness;
They say the world's happier, mebbe so,
We'll take the world's word for it—'an' not go.*

New scenes, new labours are for the young, who have yet made no heart ties, or for those upon whose lives the shadow of some great sorrow or crime has descended, that they may begin again in the sunlight of a fresh field.

Yet changeful fortune is no respecter of persons, and we must all move on from day to day, from place to place, from one experience to another, until we reach the promised land—which shall be the great Home-coming.

The bit of stirring imperial verse upon our page this month has been copied from a British Columbia newspaper.

The breezy, inspiring strength of the sea dwells in the lines. We regret that due inquiries have not enabled us to find the author, who is, we are informed, a Canadian of the far West.

FAITH FENTON.



"My dear," said the gentle voice, "there is nothing whatever to say about me. I have done nothing and been nothing. Oh, no; you must find someone else. There are others far more prominent and important."

And so truly unwilling did the dear lady appear, so genuine her alarm at the thought of a printed word, that we forebore to press the request—and turned to other topics.

Yet, mothers often yield to daughters and sons and the love of partial friends; and their pleading words, "for our sakes" won shy assent from one of the best beloved, the most tenderly revered women in Toronto—Lady Galt.

It is only needful to make mention of her name, to bring before a thousand eyes the vision of one, magnetic in her sweet and gentle womanhood, who, in the late afternoon of life, sits in the western light with folded hands—yet mighty in strong sweet influences.

The magnetism of character is a marvellous thing; and the power of a woman, frail it may be to helplessness, gentle, pure and saintly, has never yet been fully gauged.

It is the mother-power, the secret of whose mystery and divinity rests only with God.

* * *

The Galt homestead is too well known to need description; even if walls meant anything in home life. The comfortable double house of dusky white brick in its encirclement of elms, situated on Pembroke Street, has been for forty years one of the chief centres of cultured social life in Toronto; and from it have gone forth sons and daughters to enter into life's activities and break fresh fields in Canada's domain.

The history of the Galt family is not one for us to tell here. It is interwoven with the early days of the century and province, when John Galt, the English wit and writer, who with Hood and Hook, Dickens and Thackeray adorned the Twenties and Thirties, came across as Commissioner of the Canada Company to look into certain business interests, and so won upon the good-will of a certain little settlement called Slade's Mills, that it adopted and bore the name of Galt,—a name which has evidently brought all prosperity to one of the prettiest and brightest towns in Ontario.

It is sufficient for our purpose to know that Judge (now Sir Thomas) Galt, with his gentle wife, came from their pretty hill-environed namesake to make their home in Toronto forty years ago, and in the midst of

busy activities, so to rear their children, that each should go forth strong and upright citizens of British blood and Canadian freedom—worthy descendants of the genial ancestor who crossed the ocean seventy years ago.

Lady Galt was Miss Perkins, a member of



LADY GALT.

a well-known family; her mother died when she was young, and she and her sisters were brought up in strict discipline under the care of an aunt. During a portion of her childhood she was educated in a convent in Eastern Canada.

These quiet and repressive early days may in some measure account for the characteristics which have always distinguished this gentle lady—her devotion to her home, her love of retirement, and her marked spiritual womanliness.

Home duties, home loves and interests have bounded Lady Galt's life. She is not a woman of the old time entirely, since she is in touch with modern interests; her sympathy comes in quick response to all who seek it; her charity is boundless. Yet, neither is she altogether with the new; since, as she says, she has "never been on a board," and has no mission.

One of the perplexities of our modern woman,—to Lady Galt,—is how the former finds it possible to fulfil her home obligations,

and still be "on the board" of one or a score of zealous organizations.

But she holds an exalted conception of the duties of mother and wife; and her loyal interpretation of the same has left neither time nor inclination for outside shining.

Lady Galt is the mother of nine children—sons and daughters; all of whom, save one, have left the homestead, and are established through far stretches of the Dominion, from Halifax to Winnipeg.

During the days of their early childhood, Toronto was gay with the presence of the military, and the official position of Sir Thomas (then Judge) Galt necessitated a large social life; but Lady Galt never permitted her social duties to interfere with those of the home life. Her children came first always, and to them she devoted herself almost exclusively. Every evening she gathered them about her for Bible reading; day by day she instilled in them the virtues of truth and uprightness, and above all, that sense of absolute honor that is the crown of all true manhood and womanhood.

Lady Galt lived in her home;—she made it the happy place of her children's young days,—and now it is a Mecca which draws them as pilgrims from far places, to worship the mother who is their saint.

* * *

Come away with me to the cosy old homestead, with its encirclement of budding trees. It does not matter about the 'days,' or the times and seasons; for, when afternoon creeps down the hours, we always find Lady Galt in her drawing-room.

The atmosphere enwraps us as we enter,—an atmosphere of warmth, of cheeriness and peace. Flowers are here and there—Ascension lilies sunning themselves in the western windows; a cluster of yellow daffodils perhaps, and somewhere, by their sweet odor, we know there are violets. A clear coal fire burns brightly in the open grate, and beside it sits the gentle lady we have come to see.

Life has its limitations for her now: it is many years since her eyes have permitted her to read or sew; but the dimness of her afternoon days does not prevent her from seeing through the eyes

of her friends,—who are so ready to read to her,—or those other eyes of lovely inner vision. Her sympathy is ready, her interest real in the topics we touch upon; while her beautiful charity falls like a soft, white mantle about us.

Speech grows gentle and kindly in Lady Galt's presence, since she believes the best always of all things and people. But beyond this we feel instantly the power of a sweet and holy woman's life,—one who has lived always purely and simply, and now, in the late afternoon of her day, can find only a great tenderness for all created things.

She is not left long alone. Oftentimes the laughter of children is about her,—fair grandchildren, perhaps, from Winnipeg; children of Mrs. Stuart Tupper, or those of her son who resides in Toronto. She is fond now, as always, of young people, and has a drawer of sweets reserved for the little ones; while for those of older years she has charming books.

It is a feature, in the large circle of Lady

Galt's friends, how many there are of younger women,—in the twenties and thirties,—school companions, perhaps, of her own daughters, to whom she has given all of a mother's kindly sympathy in past years, and who view her with reverent love little less in degree to that felt by her own children.

It is one of the involuntary tributes which many women of elder years never receive—this tender impulse of love proffered by younger women who have in some way missed the real mother love out of their lives, and who journey a little hungry through the world because of it.

Happy the dear elder woman who has so lived that the mother-hungry are satisfied in her presence!

* * *

One and another enters to receive the cordial greeting of the gentle hostess; the fire shows cheerier in the early waning light of spring days. The talk turns from music to flowers, from flowers to faith. One speaks of the crosses upon Quebec hilltops; another of Ste. Anne de Beaupré and its pilgrims, who plead so pitifully for cure.

"I think their faith will be rewarded in a measure," says Lady Galt, slowly. "No righteous faith can go entirely unrewarded, even though it be mistaken in its object."

It is very sweet, bright talk that centres about such a fireside. It could not be otherwise.

But presently we put down our teacups; it is time to go, for the golden western light has died out, and the lilies are showing dim in their whiteness.

So we leave her, this dearest and most adored of mothers to many children—this beloved friend of many friends; always sunny and cheery, always full of peace, with a tender heart reaching out beyond the home ties to all who suffer or are lonely. Thus we leave her; this she may be found in the gold of the late afternoon.

FAITH FENTON.

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

MALTINE WITH COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES—A PALATABLE, NOURISHING BODY BUILDER.

Consumption—that dread disease too often arises from neglect. Colds not serious in themselves, by depressing the vital forces, play an important part in provoking conditions that render lung disintegration almost certain. To obviate this deplorable sequence of neglected colds the body should be fortified, strengthened, nourished, and this may with certainty be accomplished by the use of Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Its mode of action is plain—the oil, rendered palatable and of easy digestion, does not irritate the stomach and unfit it for the digestion of food; but this preparation serves a much higher purpose than this, for by its action upon starchy foods it affords for the replacement of the waste of the body an abundance of fresh strong blood. The patient gains weight, irritation of the bronchial tubes disappears, sleep is restored and the general improvement is immediate and permanent.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

Madame Ireland, of 174 Jarvis Street, who is an authority on the physical culture of women, says that ladies with thin hair or even bald can be cured within four months.

Daily treatment is required, and this lady has been most successful with a herbal soap and tonics especially prepared, together with

massage treatment. She claims also to have concocted a herbal face ointment which obliterates scars and even eradicates small-pox disfigurements.

Different grades of this ointment are used to suit the various skins of Madame Ireland's patients, and these together with delicate powders accomplish wonders in purifying and making the skin beautiful.



No. 1 is a flat pompadour in front; the arrangement at the back requires to be chosen by a lady with a quantity of hair, or if not, a small switch is an assistance. After crimping and fluffing the sides the hair is tied together at the back and then divided in three strands, the outer ones making large loose puffs, which, when fastened together with a strong hair-pin, make a foundation for the central one, which is made into a loose plat or coil and fastened in place. This is pulled out with the fingers, using judgment of course as to the symmetry of the whole. Steel back and side combs were a pretty addition to the dark haired original of this sketch.

No. 2 is a parted bang with a high tortoise-shell comb at the back. It is done in a long choil, pulled into puffs, and starts lower in the neck than No. 1.

No. 3 is principally to show the high pompadour. Small pads are used as a foundation, while the natural hair is rolled over these little pillows and fastened with the rest of the hair at the back.

No. 4 is a high head-dress, the favourite for evening coiffure just now, and shows the princess bang, which seems to be edging its way into favour again.

Wonders can be done with the fluffy bang that one curls and brushes in one's hands. Invisible partings that fasten over the natural one are quite as deceitful as they are meant to be if used with taste and caution, while no man knows how many soft little puffs and long wavy switches can be attached to the cranium by that invaluable instrument, the hair-pin.

The Columbian coil has a novel hoop at the head of the switch that can be slipped over the natural hair, when it is tied together at the back, securing the little hoop with hair-pins and puffing the hair up to suit the face. The natural hair forms a foundation to keep it secured in place.

Mr. Dorenwend states that for a hair invigorator the extract of quinine is good, it has also the advantage of curing dandruff; although Dandruffine is sold for that especial purpose and is surer in bad cases. Curling is done up in small bottles, and by damping with this fluid before the curling tongues are applied, even island mists and winds will not affect gangs. Think of it, you coming summer girl.

Thanks due to Dorenwend.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONT.

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

INCORPORATED 1880 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
The courses of study insure a broad and finished musical education.

Calendar With full information, MAILED FREE.
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal, School of Elocution, Elocution, Oratory, Delsarto, Literature

LIGHT LINE SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING INSTITUTES
THE ONTARIO ACADEMY. GREGG'S SHORTHAND ACADEMY
60 CECIL ST. 282½ YONGE ST. TORONTO

Light Line Shorthand; the easiest and best system taught. No delay, no heavy fees. Speed of 100 words per minute guaranteed in three months. Typewriting free to Shorthand Students. THOROUGH COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Also Day School for Public School and Collegiate Work. Experienced Teachers.

Principals—R. W. DILLON, M. A. MISS H. WRIGHT

A NEW SONG



A. & S. NORDHEIMER.

METROPOLITAN TORONTO MARKET ST.

May be had of all Music Dealers.

CHAS. RODDY, PRINTER,

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FOR ALL GRADES OF PRINTING. 40-42 LOMBARD ST

MUSIC

There is one advantage in writing a monthly review: events have time to assume their correct proportions. We discover, when the flash of immediate enthusiasm is past, when the days slip into weeks, which of the many events or functions have left most impression upon us, and how much has lodged itself in our memories as unforgettable.

To hear Melba sing, and Bernhardt speak, and Paderewski play, these were surely the chief "worth whiles" of the season, since the marvellous liquid notes of the songstress, the vibrant, seductive, pleading voice of the actress, and the masterful touch of the musician, linger in our memory always.

Yet, enjoyment as great, and possibly higher in degree, came to many in the brilliant audience assembled in the Massey Hall on that late March evening when "The Messiah" was rendered with Albani as the prima donna soprano, and for her aides that sweet-voiced contralto, Madame Green, and Messrs. Jarvis and Salmond.

"The Messiah" is beyond criticism to those who love it. Like the 23rd Psalm or the 14th chap. of St. John, it ranks among the reverences of the reverent, and from the poorest rendering some degree of pleasure, arising from association of beautiful music and inspiring words, must be extracted.

But to listen while it was sung that night with the support of sweet and capable soloists, a vast, full-voiced chorus, and the beauty of the Easter season close upon us, was an inspiration not to be forgotten.

Whether it was the presence of the famous artistes, the brilliancy of the beautiful hall, the sense of power in the great chorus, the near approach of the sacred season, or that all of these worked their spell,—certainly it seemed as though the rich passion and triumph of the music swept through singers and hearers lifting them up into mood exultant, into sense of victory untold. There were no jarring notes that night, no strain, no sense of weakness. Solo responded to solo in those beautiful recitatives, and the great choir caught up the strain in grand acclamation.

Possibly the inspiration of the evening lay in the sense of power, of ability to interpret without falter or strain the magnificent music of the composer; solo followed solo, each ringing sweeter as the splendid voices which had lifted the beautiful familiar airs through years of oratorio singing, caught up the strain; but certainly chorus after chorus seemed each fuller and richer than the last, until that splendid "Unto us a Child is born" rang out in a mighty shout of exultation which moved and thrilled the people.

The accentuating point came with the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' when, with the first exultant word, the audience rose and remained standing through all the pæan of praise.

It was possibly as brilliant and inspiring a scene as the Toronto musical world has known,—the beautiful arc-lit hall; the stage with its mass of white-gowned singers, its orchestra, and the tinted robes of the two prima donnas; the vast, brilliant standing audience; the strong, exultant chords of the triumphant chorus, carried higher, higher, speeding in grand repetition, pausing, and swelling out into a full last strain. It was a magnificent tribute to the national anthem of the King of kings.

A new generation of singers is rising among us, fresh-voiced young songsters who are preparing to take the place of those whose tones time touches a little harshly or wearily. There is nothing more pathetic than that uncertain note or hard strain in the voice once fresh as a bird's.

It has been my pleasure to listen to a number of the on-coming young singers in Toronto during the past season. I spoke of one, Miss Bonsall, last month. Recently I heard another, Miss Alice McCarron, a very sweet mezzo-soprano.

This month we give portraits of the Verdi quartette; four young singers under the tuition of Miss Norma Reynolds, who have met with warm acceptance at church and parlour concerts during the winter months.

They sing with expression and in excellent form, showing evidence of careful training and work.

Miss Elda Idle has a flexible high soprano, which she has well under control. Her execution is excellent. Miss Mima Lund has a contralto of splendid lower range; while Messrs. Johnson and Stutchbury give good



promise for the future, since in each case the voices are very pure in tone and full of music.

These young people are all under twenty-one. They sing high-class music, and are altogether an attractive quartette.

* * *

To have seen and heard Paderewski, this man who has set all the musical world astir, and moved the unmusical world, that yet loves sensations, to hero worship, is something. But to attempt a criticism of Paderewski, after the pages that have been devoted to an analysis of his genius and his unique personality, were absurd.

Massey Hall was dimmed somewhat on that evening to suit the pianist's fancy. The arched ridges of bell lights above the platform twinkled and went out in obedience to the electrician's touch, throwing the great stage into shadow and giving an added touch of isolation to the solitary little figure at his instrument.

Such an odd little figure it was, seated in a low-cushioned chair in front of the big Steinway, whose size, together with the vastness of the shadowed stage, served to accentuate the slender young form with the tossy mop-head and the cameo face.

It really bears absurd likeness to a ragged chrysanthemum, that profile shaded with the shaggy forelock and crowned with the

curiously tinted mop, every hair of which seems charged with the electricity that creeps out and down into the fingers.

We recall the Samson episode, and mischievously long for scissors, if so be that we may discover whether Paderewski shorn be yet Paderewski; or is that wonderful mop an electric dynamo charged with musical genius? All manner of such absurd conceits drift through our thought, while surely and more surely the great player is drawing us beneath the spell of his marvellous gift.

And, then, it is his hands that attract us; wonderful hands are these, firm, well developed, a study of gracious curves, and, verily, instinct with life. They are master hands, that control even as the hypnotist controls his subject. They dominate the great instrument; pouring into it and evoking again from it the interpreting genius of their owner.

That last fancy carries further. Paderewski does not 'play'; one never thinks of discussing his 'execution' or 'tone.' He pours his own spirit into the instrument, he dominates and controls it as *Svengali* did *Tribby*, and it responds perfectly.

That is why those graceful, strengthful hands are so marvellously expressive, even to the lingering uplifting beneath which the last tone drops into sleep.

For the rest,—to see that young form so slenderly fashioned, with the foreign spirituelle face, the bizarre hair, the magnetic hands, the absent, indifferent manner, seated in his low chair, playing on and on for long hours with never a note or scroll before him; playing as though he were creating, improvising, dreaming these gems of the masters rather than interpreting; to listen as those wonderful hands call out the bird song, ring out sweet bells, sound the pæan, storm defiance, swell in triumph, breathe in far-off peace, run the entire gamut of emotion, human and divine,—this is worth while, and this is Paderewski.

* * *

The members of the choir and Sunday-school orchestra of the Church of the Redeemer intend giving this year, as heretofore, a grand combined concert. The principal number on the programme will be Macfarren's cantata "May Day," which will be given by the choir with orchestral accompaniment. The beauties of this work are many. The choruses are stirring, tuneful and harmonious, while the orchestral accompaniment is all that could be desired. In addition to this, a miscellaneous programme of part songs, orchestral selections and solos will be given.

* * *

The announcement that the "Stabat Mater" is to be given early in June, with the best possible resource of foreign artistes, aided by the Toronto Philharmonic and an especial orchestra, has excited great interest in musical circles, professional and amateur. Rossini's magnificent work is all too little heard; yet few of us have not been uplifted by the "Inflammatus," and to hear this inspiring solo carried by the silvery voice of Nordica high above the splendid supporting chorus and orchestra will be something to dream over.

* * *

A pretty lullaby, "Mother's Precious," by Flora Arthur, a young sister of our gifted Canadian actress, has just been published. The soothing and melodious music is very creditable to the youthful composer and announces for her a bright career for the future in the musical world. The words are written by Julia Arthur.

AMATEUR.

She Just Keeps House for Me.

I.

She is so tender and so wise
She sways us at her will,
And oft the question will arise,
What mission does she fill?
And so I say, with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me,—
For me,—
She just keeps house for me.

II.

A full content dwells on her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title wears with grace
The sweet old-fashioned "Wife."
And so I say, with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me,—
For me,—
She just keeps house for me.

III.

What though I toil from morn till n. jht?
What though I weary grow?
A spring of youth and sweet delight
Does ever softly flow.
And so I say, with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me,—
For me,—
She just keeps house for me.

IV.

Our children climb upon her knee,
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The grandest and the best.
And so I say, with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me,—
For me,—
She just keeps house for me.

Copyright.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

(Conducted by Mrs. JEAN JON, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.)

"Unseemly cares
A hungry stomach brings to homeless men,
Hardship and grief are theirs."

THIS is quite as true in our day as it was when Shakespeare wrote it. Nor was Shakespeare alone in his opinion as to the importance of eating and cooking. We find most, if not all, of the classic authors referring to the pleasures of the table. Horace desired as his greatest earthly blessing "a sound mind in a sound body"; and we of the present day are beginning to realise how much one depends upon the other; how the mind is influenced by the body, and the way in which it is nourished, not that any prescribed diet would turn out either a poet or a painter, but that well-cooked, wholesome, and digestible food is conducive to ability in business, skill in trade, and a healthy tone in literature. Recognising this fact, let us see to it that the food which we are giving to our families is well cooked and nicely served, as well as suited to their needs and occupations.

* * *

Eggs being the appropriate food for the season, I will give you some recipes for cooking them, which I hope will be new to you. But, first of all, I want to give you some hints as to the hygienic method of cooking them. They are one of the most valuable foods that we have, and it seems a pity that they should so often be rendered indigestible just for the want of a little practical knowledge. Although not generally known, the yolk as well as the white of an egg is largely composed of albumen; and it is a fact, well known by chemists, that 160° Fahr. is the cooking temperature of albumen, since it is at that temperature the white of an egg becomes a tender and easily digested substance; whereas, if the temperature be raised to 200° Fahr., it loses its jelly-like and tender consistency and becomes firm and tenacious; and if the temperature be again raised to 400° Fahr., it becomes so hard that it may be used as a cement for marble. Now, as we know the boiling temperature of water is 212° Fahr., we will see

the reason for not "boiling" eggs in the old-fashioned way, but rather cooking them in water as nearly as possible at a temperature of 160° Fahr. We have not all got thermometers for testing the heat of the water. So the easiest and best way to do is to pour sufficient boiling water to more than cover the eggs to be cooked into a sauce-pan; then put in the eggs, cover, and stand on the back of the stove, or in any place where the water will retain its heat *without boiling*, for ten minutes, when the eggs will be found to be cooked in a most delicious manner. Should the eggs require to be quite set, they will need longer cooking, say from twenty minutes to half an hour, and, even cooked for that length of time, they will be found to be quite digestible and easily assimilated. So much of the philosophy of cooking depends upon the knowledge of the "cooking temperature of albumen," that I want to impress it upon your minds; for it must be remembered that not only eggs, but also oysters, fish, and nearly all kinds of meat, besides milk and many other foods, are to a very large degree composed of albumen. Therefore, if they are cooked in the best way with reference to this constituent, they are also done in the best known way to their other ingredients.

* * *

BEAUREGARD EGGS.

Toast two or three slices of bread; cut the crusts off, and then cut the toast into pieces of an even size, say three inches long and two inches broad; arrange half the number on the dish in which they are to be served; have ready half a pint of white sauce, made with one teaspoon of butter, two teaspoons of flour, fried together without browning; then add half a pint of hot milk; stir until it thickens; add salt, pepper and the whites of two eggs which have been cooked firm and rubbed through a wire sieve. Cover each of the pieces of toast on the dish with this white egg sauce; then sprinkle on each piece a little of the yolks which have been rubbed through a wire sieve, then some very finely chopped parsley. Now on each

little piece of toast, egg and parsley arrange the other pieces of toast, in the form of a sandwich, as it were; then repeat the white egg sauce, yolk and parsley, and the dish is ready for table.

No difficulty will be found in keeping the dish hot whilst dishing up, if care be taken to have everything prepared beforehand. This will be found a particularly nice little dish for invalids.

* * *

SAVOURY OMELETTE.

Three eggs, beaten separately; three tablespoons milk, added to the yolks, to which also add one saltspoon salt, half saltspoon pepper, one teaspoonful very finely chopped parsley, and half a teaspoonful very finely chopped onion; and just before pouring into the pan add the well-beaten whites of eggs. One secret of success when making an omelette, is to have the pan hot and well buttered before pouring in the mixture. After it is poured into the pan stir constantly with the back of the spoon until it begins to thicken, or it will cook in layers. When the bottom has cooked a nice brown colour without burning, put it into the oven for a minute or two to dry off the top, and, then taking the handle of the pan in the left hand and tilting it up slightly, start rolling it over with a knife, and well started it will roll itself out of the pan into the dish which has been prepared to receive it. Garnish the dish with sprigs of parsley and serve at once, as it spoils by waiting for any length of time.

* * *

Another article of food which is seasonable just now are oranges; so I will give you a recipe for two delicious orange puddings, one to be eaten either hot or cold, and one to be eaten cold.

* * *

ORANGE PUDDING.

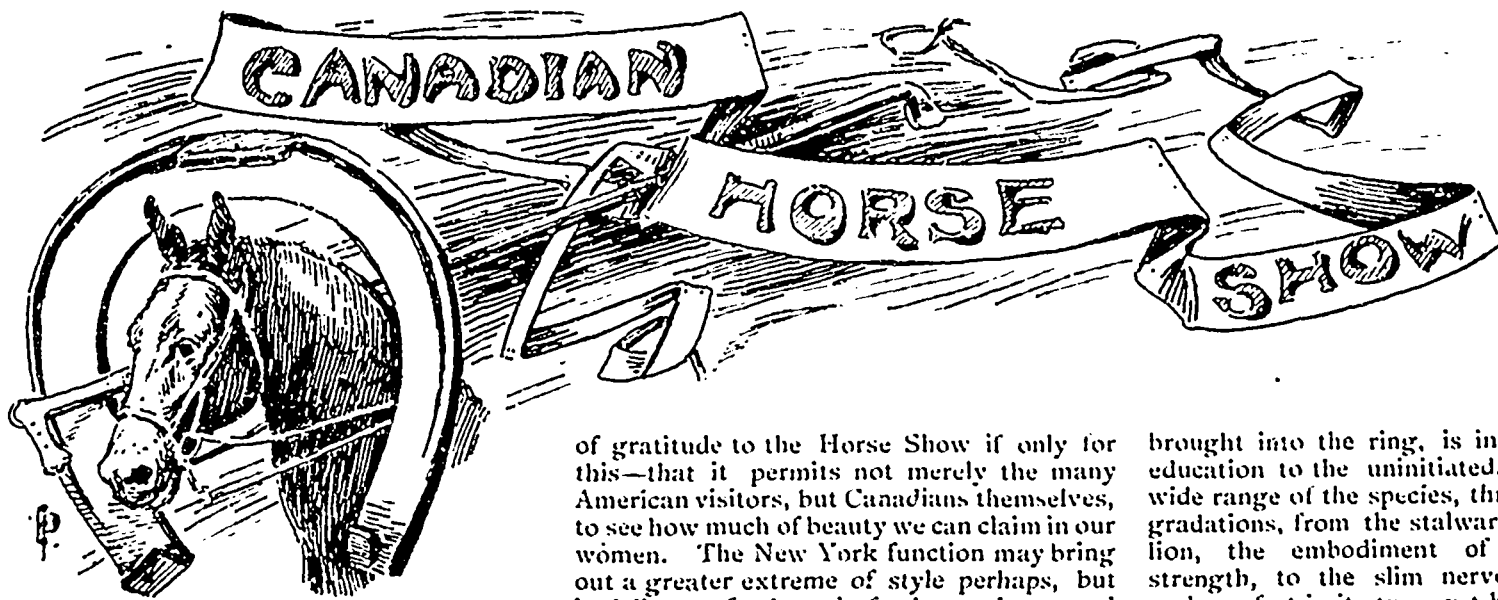
Scald one pint of milk, reserving enough to blend two tablespoons of corn starch; add to the hot milk and stir until it thickens; cook in a double boiler for ten minutes; next add quarter of a cup of sugar and the yolks of two eggs; cook two or three minutes longer, stirring constantly; flavour with vanilla; add a little salt. Take four oranges, or one pint of fruit, cut into small pieces; mix with the custard; pour into pudding dish; make a meringue with the whites of the eggs well beaten with two tablespoons of sugar; spread over the top, and put into oven until the meringue is a delicate brown. This is very nice either hot or cold.

* * *

ORANGE CHARLOTTE.

Dissolve half an ounce of sheet gelatine in a pint of hot water in which three-quarters of a cup of sugar has been dissolved, and in which the thin yellow rind of two oranges and six cloves and one inch of cinnamon have been steeping for twenty minutes. When the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, add the juice of two oranges; strain through a sieve, and cool; when it becomes the consistency of honey begin to whip, and when it begins to stiffen add the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and pour into a well-buttered mould which has been garnished round the sides either with natural sections of two more oranges or with "lady's fingers," as for charlotte russe. This will turn out nicely in about three hours.

For both these recipes the amount of sugar to be used depends largely upon the sweetness of the fruit.



animals lifted their shapely legs as though all the joyous restlessness of the springtime were imprisoned in them.

* *

To attend the Horse Show and study the various classes of animals

of gratitude to the Horse Show if only for this—that it permits not merely the many American visitors, but Canadians themselves, to see how much of beauty we can claim in our women. The New York function may bring out a greater extreme of style perhaps, but in delicacy of colour, in freshness, in natural charm, and dainty adaptation of prevailing fashions, the Canadian women rival their sisters across the line; and it was the comment of those who had attended the N. Y.

brought into the ring, is in itself a liberal education to the uninitiated. We note the wide range of the species, through a score of gradations, from the stalwart roadster stallion, the embodiment of sinewy brute strength, to the slim nerve-strung racer, each perfect in its type, yet how wide apart; and noting, there comes to us some perception of the power of nature in evolution.

We see also what careful grooming can do in outward appearance; what freedom from

burdens and kindness accomplishes. We discover a world of difference in riders and drivers—and observe how quickly rapport is established. We invent a few new proverbs: "A nervous man makes a nervous beast." "He who is fretful makes his beast also fretful," and so on *ad libitum*.

Why do we watch the pretty curveting creatures with so much of sympathy? Is it untamed life or the perfection of training that gives the poise, the proud stepping?

These slim racers and strong stallions have never been broken to endure harness, bear heavy burdens and fulfil a prisoned round. Is this their attraction to poor humanity, who would be free and cannot? Or is it the perfect training of the thoroughbred that is the highest condition of freedom?

Such philosophies come to us as we sit watching the pretty animals come and go in the ring afleck with 'ate sunlight, while the fragrant bark odour comes up to greet us.

* * *

Of course the grave business of judging is not allowed sole monopoly of the hours. There are effective spectacles for our pleasure in the entry of the Hunt Club with its lady riders, its scarlet coats and close following hounds. There are the mounted police in clever evolutions; pony carts, four-in-hands, tandems, and always the excitements of the jumpers, who invariably fail to take the double fence. We learn to recognise our favourites quickly—Royalty, Earl, and slim little Ladybird, Bonnie Prince Charlie and Queen.

It is our delight to make selections among the many; choosing the horse that takes our fancy—then waiting eagerly to see whether judges confirm our choice by attaching that desirable bit of scarlet emblem.

And the surprising thing is how often the critical judges and uncritical on-looker are at one.

ALL things, both in business circles and social functions, yield to the royal blue and yellow of the Horse Show. Already it has become an autocrat in our midst, whose days we keep, and whose mandates we observe even to bow-knot and blossom.

With the business aspect of the Horse Show we have nothing whatever to do; that belongs to the sporting papers, the stock farms and ranches. Ours is rather the lighter gossip of gowns, mayhap, or the entertainment within the ring. For we may remark, in passing, that in the combination of business and recreation which the Horse Show provides, lies the earnest of its permanence and prosperity.

The Canadian Horse Show has come to stay as an annual event; business inclines toward it, society smiles on it—and the royal blue and yellow reign for a week triumphant.

Fair weather favoured the glossy thoroughbreds this season. The city basked in a sun-break of mid-April days, the Armoury looked its cheeriest beneath the potency of a summer foretaste.

At night, under the brilliant lighting, a gayer scene could not well be devised than that of the great airy auditorium with its parterre of bedecked boxes filled with pretty women in dainty spring gowns. The rainbow hues of silks, ribbon and blossom—the mass of tinting and iridescence—the surprise and freshness of this sudden unfolding from the sombreness of furs and velvets into spring blossom-and-leaf effects, was charming.

For background was the graver attire of the men and the flag-draped walls; for centre, the big ring-oval with its covering of fresh tanbark, its little midway platform, where the judges sat in consultation, its perpetual prancing of pretty glossy animals in the hands of rider or owner. The arrangements were excellent;—the results, in comfort and effectiveness, worthy of all congratulation.

Pretty women we have said,—and we owe a debt



MISS EDNA LEE, ON 'SWEETHEART.'

York show, that the young Toronto function more than held its own in this respect.

How much of pretty and attractive womanhood Toronto and its environing towns possess is not conceived until we see it thus massed in all its dainty attire at the Horse Show;—then, well as we know fair Canada, it comes to us as a revelation.

The evenings were brilliant; yet, possibly to some of us who preferred softer light and quieter ways, the afternoons proved most attractive. When the sun shone through the long western window, setting its flag drappings all aflame, lighting the spacious centre, flecking alike the tracery of the high room and the dark tan flooring of the ring; when the air was cool and sweet with the fragrance of fresh-laid bark; when scarlet-coated band played and the judges moved about, it was pleasant to sit at easy leisure watching the pretty creatures curvet and prance in all the sheen and gloss of perfect grooming.

And whether in harness or unlettered, drawing dainty drags or free, the spirited





THE Royal Canadian Academy of Arts exhibition which has

just closed in Montreal has proved a great success. The pictures were beautiful, and gave evident sign of marked advancement among our Canadian artists, and, judging from the crowds which daily visited the galleries, it should prove a financial success also.

Thirty-two artists from Toronto contributed 119 works; thirty-four from Montreal, 92 works; six from Ottawa, 17 works; seven from other parts of Canada, 24 works; four from the United States, 11 works, and seven from Europe, 21 works. Thus it will be seen such an exhibition is maintained chiefly by Canada's two big cities, honours being about evenly divided.

In the water colour section we were disappointed to find that L. R. O'Brien had treated us to only one picture. Notwithstanding the excellency of his oils, we love his best in water colour. In the choice of his landscape subjects and his conception of nature's soft seductive charms, he probably gets more out of water colours than any other of our artists. Manly approaches him most nearly. The best marine water colours were undoubtedly Martin's; his "Boston Harbour" being universally admired, though hung to a disadvantage. With such water colour painters as O'Brien, Manly, Martin and Blatchly, Toronto certainly leads.

The exhibition did not produce such large pictures as those hung in former times by Barnsley, Reid and others, but we like Reid just as well in his small works; his "Mother and Child" is a perfect little gem. Hammond tells us again of glowing sunsets and sunrises through the mist on the Bay of Fundy, in his rich golden yellows, a style which he entirely monopolises. Robt. Harris, the worthy president of the Academy, produced two portraits, which were the admiration of all visitors. Mr. Harris paints with a smooth, even finish, free from those heavy blotches of colour resorted to by many artists to produce lights. The finest marine in oils was Knowles' "Pool of London"—the great ships lying in dock, the smoky atmosphere and the sluggish water, would move a Thames boatman to sing "Home, Sweet Home." "Old Dutch Farm



in Ontario," by Gertrude E. Spurr, attracted much attention for its delightful colouring and happy sunny farm life. Homer Watson disappointed us a little this time; his usual lovely forest glades were, for once, cold and

dismal looking. Miss Holden gave us three pictures, and Canadians may with pride recognise this young lady in the ranks of the foremost artists. The deep religious feeling which pervades her works reveals a lofty moral character.

* * *

One of the finest collections of water colours ever seen in Montreal, is now on view in the galleries of Messrs. W. Scott & Sons, Notre Dame Street, the enterprising fine art dealers. We understand one of the members of the firm has recently returned from Europe and this collection is the result of his efforts, and comprises the works of prominent Dutch artists. It serves to show how deeply the Dutch artists understand water colour painting, and also how much in art there is to be derived from the simplest scene in life.

* * *

Montreal now has the nucleus of a museum, which will be of interest not only to lovers of pictures, but to the public generally.

The Château de Ramezay, that interesting old structure opposite the City Hall, was opened with appropriate ceremonies on the evening of April 9th, there being present in evening dress about seven hundred ladies and gentlemen of French and English society. It was a brilliant affair.

About two hundred pictures hang about the walls of the different rooms of the old château. For the most part these are engravings, old wood and steel plates, extremely interesting; but there are also many portraits in oils of the Governors of Canada under the French régime, noble ladies, military men, Indian chiefs and Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. Some of these portraits are works of art, others serve us only to become acquainted with the faces of those we read about in our Canadian histories. Apart from these relics the quaint old château itself is very interesting. XMAN.

* * *

The Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Woman's Art Association, open from April 7th to 17th, in the Roberts art galleries, was the occasion of many pleasant afternoon visits and 'droppings-in' between shopping tours and social engagements. The galleries formed a useful place for a cup of tea and a few minutes' quiet study of the work of our women artists.

These exhibitions do much to extend public interest in the work of the association, while affording enjoyment to all lovers of the illustrative art.

There is no doubt that each year the standard of work shown is higher, although the practice of exhibiting pictures decidedly inferior, lowers the tone of the whole.

Not a few of the pictures shown should have been ruled out as not up to the standard demanded.

Among the oil paintings, "A Passing Shower," by Mrs. M. J. Hemsted, attracted deserved encomiums, its perspective and atmosphere being particularly good,—the stretch of low land with the reedy edge, winding water-way ominous in its dull placidity, the background of the woods and the sky a ruffled, lowering gloom,—the painting had the true touch of nature, and it drew us within itself. Equally good was the figure study "Mere Adele Barbizan," by Mrs. Holden,—a wonderfully expressive portrait of an old woman

bending over a homely bit of household mending. The pose, no less than the kindly face and pursed mouth, was splendidly expressive—all the painstaking economy of the years being written therein. The same lady



showed excellent work in two sketches of those quaint streets of Quebec city, which afford such material for artists.

An "Italian Lamp and Missal" by Miss Jopling, was much admired as a study in harmonious colouring and graceful grouping; while "Hauling Seaweed," by Mrs. McCraig, was especially effective. A lover of the sea came back repeatedly to this brown stretch of coast, with the sweep of the grey waves, and the rude leisurely carts gathering their salty, weedy loads.

Miss Spurr made a good showing in half a dozen paintings. Her "Fish Out of Water" was a splendid bit of colouring; while "Wash-Tub Meditations" was a delightful treatment of a homely study. This artist's "On the Sandbar" was also good.

Miss Windeat's "Harvest at Shediac," was naturally treated. A cluster of Bride roses with loose-lying violets, by Mrs. Dignam, was perhaps the best among her many contributions; they were charming in their softness and delicacy of touch.

Miss H. T. Macdonnell, of Montreal, showed an attractive little landscape in "In Cape Breton," a bit of roadway winding beside woodland.

A portrait in pastel by Mrs. Neilson Stanley, of Brantford, was one of the best realisms of the exhibition.

In water colours, Mrs. E. B. Heaven showed excellent work in three wharf studies, her "Seine Loft" being especially commendable.

Miss Street gave a fine bit of perspective and colouring in some English sketches—notably an "Archway in an Old English Town."

A choice study in water colour was that of



"A Hunter," the freedom, pose and vigour of the figure being admirable. There were a few good pen-and-ink sketches, those by Miss McConnell being much above the average in excellence.

BLACK AND WHITE.



It is easy for interviewers or artists to successfully sketch the man of marked personality,—since words, phrases and similes, colours and curves, may be found wherewith to express his individuality as it betrays itself to the outside world. But to adequately picture the man of unmarked personality—we speak always as of people we meet—the man who in person, manner, or speech, possesses no marked characteristics, the man who, save for the accident of knowledge, we would not distinguish from a thousand,—this is difficult indeed. The artist has the advantage in the possession of colour and line, but the sketcher in language,—what has he for tools save stiff, inflexible and hackneyed words which convey all too much or too little of our meaning?

All of which is but a prelude to a chat about Gilbert Parker.

It was not an interview formally so termed—not at all. But Mr. Parker, during his brief stay in our city, proved the most accessible of men; and we had our twilight hour down in one of the cosy private parlours of the Queen's Hotel, when early April days made a glowing grate and five-o'clock tea an inviting incentive to prolonged gossip between such book-lovers as we three—the famous Canadian author and his two women guests, the little reviewer and her friend.

It was difficult to realise that this slight, well-proportioned, faultlessly groomed young man is the author of "Pierre and His People" and "The Chief Factor"; still more that those poetic little sketches, "In the Vashti Hills," are his creation, since the entire physique and pose indicate rather the man of action and practicalities than of imagination.

Nay; there are the fine-cut, regular features and eyes set beneath that keenly receptive brow,—luminous eyes of changeable blue and grey tints,—these surely are the eyes of the idealist, the dreamer.

If Mr. Parker is not exceptional in appearance, neither is he in speech, which is unaffected, straightforward, and simple to a degree. We have neither mannerisms nor posings to pierce before reaching the real man. Rather, we find a directness and intensity bespeaking dramatic power.

Mr. Parker is at present engaged in dramatising that delightful latest book of his, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." It will occupy him about three months, he thinks. Quite apart from the interest it will acquire, in view of the present Napoleonic literary revival, we venture to predict its success because of the dramatic force one guesses at after a quiet study of the dark, intent face with its regular features and luminous eyes.

The talk turned naturally upon book-making, and reviewing.

"I rarely reply to unfavorable criticism," said Mr. Parker; "but in this instance,"—

referring to one under discussion,—"I was compelled to do so in self-defence. There is nothing hurts like the malice of ignorance; and the writer had so entirely misconceived my intention in 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac' There is such a difference, also, in the tone of a review. One may say anything, if he but says it in a courteous way."

"We have a good deal to contend with in Canada, in the pressure of publishers," said the little book-reviewer. "Because a book is written by a Canadian, its publishers demand a favourable review, whether the book be worth it or not. If in justice to the public and ourselves we refuse to give it, they become disagreeable, even threatening."



GILBERT PARKER.

"And there is also the pathos of authors," added her friend. "We are Canadians," they cry. 'You will surely encourage Canadian literature, and my book means so much to me.'"

"I do not know how you manage as you do," said Mr. Parker. "The straight and narrow way of critical review must be hard to keep in a country whose native literature is yet in a budding stage. But the thing we have to remember, both as authors and critics, is that in literature we are of no country. I am proud of being Canadian; I state it everywhere; but I do not write for Canada, nor for England, nor America, but for the world."

"And the world's heart beats as one," said the little reviewer.

"Yes; there is only one literary standard in the English-speaking world, and that is the standard at the centre," added the author.

In his Hudson Bay stories Mr. Parker writes essentially as a romancer; he idealises the facts, as all true artists do. This is often misunderstood by his Canadian readers, who are disposed to judge from the realistic standpoint.

This is equally true of his Indian types. "Although there is often a strong foundation

of fact," he said. "I know one instance of a young man marrying an Indian girl, and sending her down to his parents in Detroit to be educated. He did not see her for two years, and at the end of that time she had developed into a charming and cultured woman. There is a woman of Indian blood at present moving in good London society,—the daughter of a chief. She has a beautiful young daughter. I met them quite recently."

"Are your series of charming little sketches—"In the Vashti Hills"—allegorical, Mr. Parker?" inquired one of his guests.

The author paused in his self-appointed task of pouring tea. "Did you find them too mystic?" he inquired, smiling.

"I know there is always an under-meaning, but cannot define it. The interpretation is elusive."

"You are right. Certainly, I intended each to contain a great central truth; but it is too indefinable. I shall re-write them some day."

"I never earned a dollar in Canadian journalism," said the author, as our chat came back to personal experience. "Except—I believe I once was given a five years' subscription to *The Week*, in return for some contribution. My only journalistic experience was won in Australia on the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Previous to that I was lecturing in that country, and had a travel through Australian wilds. It was full of interest; but, as you know, there is more of drudgery than romance in such expeditions. That was in 1886."

"No," in answer to a question, "I do not purpose writing any more Hudson Bay stories—not at present. As ideas take hold of one, so he must write."

Mr. Parker spoke as though an idea had already taken possession and was waiting to be clothed upon.

"Irving saw its possibilities," he said; "and several New York attempts have been stopped, since I hold the copyright."

"Then, you are going to write just ordinary books after this?" questioned one of the guests,—too interested to notice the implication.

Whereat the clever young author gave a hearty laugh. "That's good," he said. And just then the author's wife,—a stylish and attractive New York girl, and a bride of three months,—came in from her shopping trip. There was a little gossip of Bernhardt, of Canadian impressions, of the forthcoming dinner; and then *au revoir* until evening.

Possibly Mr. Parker's power was best revealed in his address at the National Club dinner tendered in his honour; which by the courtesy of the club secretary, Mr. Wiits, we were permitted to hear.

It was a speech modestly yet earnestly delivered—splendidly thoughtful; creamy in suggestion; *er, rammatic* in terse, expressive phrase; quotable at a score of points. It was a speech that not only every colonial litterateur, but every citizen, should hear, and rise in dignity in the hearing; for the plea of it was, "Let us be true," and the encouragement of it lay in the acknowledged "strength of the outposts."

For those who heard came away feeling that the term "colonial" was one that implied not reproach, but strength, dignity, and the virility of the primitive—a glorious literary endowment.

The toast, "To the Native Born," that introduced Mr. Gilbert Parker, was never more fittingly termed than for this strong young author, who so well upholds his country at the world's English heart.

FAITH FENTON.

TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

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



WE give this month illustrations of some charming gowns which form a portion of the trousseau of a Toronto bride, who this month marries a Washington physician. The gowns were designed by Mrs. Bishop.

No. 2 illustrates the wedding dress of white duchesse satin, with bodice and overdress of daintily draped crêpe de chêné. The overskirt was caught up a little to one side with a cluste of orange blossoms and white heather, showing the satin petticoat, which was garnished with chains and loops of pearls. This pearl garnishing also formed a pointed fringe at the base of the yoke, where it was caught with pearl ornaments.

The bridal veil was of Spanish lace, and is an heirloom belonging to the bride's family. It was caught in double box plaits at the top of the hair, which was dressed high, and fastened there by a spray of orange and heather blossom, falling from thence in long filmy folds to the hem of her train. A pretty bodice effect was secured by loops of rich lace, beginning on the shoulders and brought down under the arm and fastened at the back of the waist in a large lace sash-bow. The effect was somewhat zouave. The entire dress was remarkable in its result of soft richness.

* * *

In No. 3 we show the bride's travelling dress. It is made in fashionable spring goods of a blue silk mixture. The jacket is gathered in the old English blouse style, which bids to be *la mode* this summer. A handsome leather belt, studded with turquoise, topaz and pearls, fastens in front with enamel buckle. The collar is a gemmed band, like the belt. A ruff of old Valenciennes lace half encircles the neck in novel style. The jacket is edged with iridescent soutache. The front is de of Grasse linen, embroidered in circles of iridescent blue.

The harmony in colour throughout this costume is charming, and extends even to the hat. This is of a straw of brighter blue in fancy braid, with tam crown of pale-green satin braided with narrow stripes of the blue straw. It is trimmed with crushed roses of the same tint of blue; a rosette of Valenciennes; an osprey stands erect at the left side, and handsome ornaments, cerulean and

rhinestones, lie beneath the soft crown. The veil is of black net, with snowflake dots and narrow white embroidered edge.

* * *

We illustrate in No. 1 a charming summer gown of the modish de Grasse linen in its natural colour, woven with large ring designs in white. It is made in jacket effect, with wide revers. The front is of the linen, and trimmed with parallel lines of fine insertion threaded with baby ribbon; the stock collar is of the same, with the insertion running around the throat and finished on either side with loops of the lace and ribbon. The sleeves are leg-o'-mutton, with flare cuffs.

A charming addition to this dress—and, indeed, to any gown of summery material—is a wide lace collar slipped under the dress revers, spreading out over the shoulder, and



falling down the dress front in long stole ends. The collar is sailor shaped for the neck.

* * *

There is a great variety and much glitter about the dressy toilets of this season. Sequins, beads and spangles adorn nearly every elaborate gown and fancy waist.

* * *

Showy belts and buckles are distinctly in fashion. A new belt shown is of rubber and six inches wide, fastened with deep silver or gold clasp. It fits well over the hips, and gives corsage effect to the bodice.

Belts are either very wide or very narrow.

* * *

An odd sleeve on a newly imported gown is garnished with tiny ruffles set round and round the arm from shoulder to waist.

The old-style bishop sleeve will be the favourite for thin summer fabrics; this is gathered to a wrist-band and finished with lace frills.

* * *

Embroidered muslin, chambrey, lawn and grass linen will be the modish summer fabrics.

* * *

Many of the new waists are joined to the skirt; a fold of velvet, silk or gimp trimming covering the joining. The remaining waists are given basque effects in the back, or finished with a bias frill which gives the basque effect and is put on so very full at the back that the folds waving in and out reveal the pretty silk lining.

* * *

Shepherd checks—black and white—are in evidence for spring gowns. A very stylish one seen on King Street recently had jacket bodice with front of white silk embroidered with black satin circles. The basque points were lined with white silk. Revers, cuffs and collars of the satin; black ostrich boa, and black hat garnished with white crush roses and black and white demi-plumes. A black velvet shoulder cape was carried with this costume for wrap.

* * *

Grass linen sailor collars will be worn on many of the cloth gowns this spring. These collars are much more elaborate than they were last year. One which was seen on an imported blue serge gown was trimmed with a narrow band of white embroidery beading. Through the beading scarlet baby ribbon was run, and the effect was very pretty.

* * *

Another grass linen collar, in the natural linen shades, was trimmed with an insertion of black lace, and finished with a deep frill of the lace. The shops are now selling gauntlet cuffs of grass linen to match the sailor collars.



THE BLOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

THERE is to be no perceptible abatement of the blouse this season—in its many forms; the Louis Quinze bodices make that almost a certainty; since the temptation is to make of the former a coat which may be thrown aside, carried aboard a boat, or fastened in the leather straps of the wheel, while we rejoice in the fresh, cool blouse of silk linen or muslin.

Certainly waists of the dress proper are more in favour, but for every day uses the 'blouse blessed' will remain.

A bewilderingly pretty supply are shown in the big shops, and no woman's wardrobe is complete without three or four of delicate silk or shimmery stuffs.

We show some of the latest—two of which are to be found in the trousseau of our bride. No. 1 is of rich satin in combination of old rose and black. The bodice is covered with jetted net. It has a handsome jet yoke. Long ends of wide black satin ribbon form a sash at the back of the waist, while a big bow knot finishes the collar. The sleeves are edged with heavy jet passementerie, and long frills of Valenciennes lace fall over the hand, giving delicate effect to the latter.

* * *

We also show, in No. 2, a very handsome jacket blouse of chameleon silk. The front and stock collar are of embroidered mousseline de soie. The old English jacket effect is emphasised by large miniature buttons set with rhinestones, which fasten across the bodice with Bedford lace insertion. The gauntlet cuffs and revers are also garnished with the Bedford lace.

* * *

No. 3, is of blue chambrey, with cuffs and collar of white cambric. It has a pretty front of narrow bands of shirred cambric alternating with half a dozen narrow tucks of the chambrey. This blouse is a popular type for summer wear.

* * *

In black and white check silk—a fashionable combination

A few minutes' chat with a well-known modiste gave us hints concerning what is being made up for summer wear, and the latest possibilities as revealed in Parisian art books.

We were shown a charming gown, just ready to go out. It was of Dresden silk in brown shades. The green silk bodice front was veiled with black net, dotted with iridescent sequins. The bodice was Louis XV. effect, markedly pointed both front and back, and falling in ripple on the hips. The silk revers were also pointed and veiled with the sequin trimming.

"A few tight sleeves are being made," said Miss Paton. "They are certainly coming; but we are making the change as unmarked as possible by large bows of the material being draped upon the shoulder, giving almost bare arm effect to the tight sleeve beneath. See," and she turned rapidly over a number of the latest art cuts. "The material is draped about the

plique work. We sent out a pretty costume to-day of blue and gold brocade; the revers and cuffs were braided.



"The neck finish, you notice, is very high, — quite up to the ears. The collar is finished with tabs, as many as you choose.

We wire them to make them stand out. But a prettier finish is the lace ruffle. We cover our wire with baby ribbon and then run it through the lace edge; when, of course, it does not show. These high lace ruffs and tabs are very becoming, although they make women look like ruffled hens.

"We have several princess dresses under order just now,—and they are not intended for house gowns. Ladies weary of the skirt and bodice are having them—just for a change. And, as you know, princess gowns are exceedingly becoming to many.

"For those who can afford it, we are lining skirts throughout with moreen. It is stiff and of excellent wear. Too heavy? No; I hardly think so. We put in nothing else except a narrow lining of net crepon. We get the latter straight from New York."

MADAM.

DETROIT, April 20, '96.

DEAR MADAM,—You ask for a fashion chat. The windows here seem to be full of those short reefer coats. The blazer evidently has had its day. The reefer, I think, is much prettier. The most fashionable one has two buttons down the front. Some suits are to be seen with the simulated blazer, with fancy vest of silk or chiffon; but the single blazers will not be worn at all.

The new shirt waists have all white collars and cuffs, made adjustable; one waist can soil out two sets of the latter. The front of the shirt waists do not appear as stiff as they were last year, but are fuller, and fall in softer folds.

The collars here are chiefly of the high turn-over variety, and the cuffs are small and round.

The complete rage in Detroit is for Persian silk and ribbon. I have seen some perfectly stunning dresses made of it. They are even made up in walking style, with jacket basque, and worn with a feather boa on the street. They look "swell."

I will write again when the May styles are out.

Your loving coz,
NANNIE.

sleeve top and caught up in a knot, or bow, to preserve some semblance of shoulder fullness. I should advise anyone to have sleeves made in such fashion; since it is easily removed if the perfectly tight sleeve suddenly becomes acceptable. Then there are epaulet and cape effects over the tight sleeve;—anything to preserve the semblance of fullness.

Yet no one will be out of date who chooses a full sleeve, since they will be worn more or less all summer.

"All the sleeves shown are flared at the wrist and finished with deep frills of lace falling over the hands. Capes are to be worn—shoulder capes, made as full as possible.

"We are making skirts nine gored, and occasionally eleven gored, and are sending out many tailor-made costumes.

"Braiding effects, in one form or another, are shown; we have also embroidered panels, lappels and cuffs, after the fashion of ap-

for the season—we show, No. 4, a dainty soft effect, made with the bishop sleeve and black satin collar and cuffs.





CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"AH!" says Ker. Dina casts an indignant glance at her husband, but Clifford continues his repast with all the air of a saint. "I thought perhaps I was the cause of her staying away from luncheon."

"She never stays away from luncheon. She is at it now," says Clifford imperturbably.

"Oh, I see!" Ker's tone, however, is a little vague. "She is fatigued no doubt after last night's dance, and is still upstairs."

"Is she, Di? I'm not quite sure. I quite thought I saw her a moment ago."

Hilary is at this instant standing just behind him at the sideboard.

"The fact is," says Diana, turning her delightful face that has now a very pink flush upon it to Ker, "that Hilary feels—a little nervous about—about—" She falters and breaks down ignominiously.

"I know," says Ker kindly. "I," laughing a little, "feel rather like that myself. And, of course, a girl— It was a scandalous will. She hates to see me, and I—well, I don't hate to see her, of course—but I am afraid it seems quite impossible that we should ever like one another." That touch of Clifford's about the "strength" of his future wife has modified still further his weak desire to see the wife chosen for him by his dead aunt. "She is taking a little walk, I dare say?"

"Just a stroll," says Clifford gayly. "A mere hint at a walk! About as far as round this table once or twice. She likes short walks. She," pleasantly, "is an awfully lazy girl."

Here there is a clatter of the spoons and forks on the sideboard.

"I don't think Hilary lazy," says Diana quickly. What on earth does Jim mean by prejudicing this most desirable *parti* against Hilary! Really, one can carry a joke too far!

"Yes?" says Ker. He lifts his brows politely. It is plain to Diana that he is already extremely prejudiced against her sister! "I am so glad to hear I have not interfered with her in any way. I was afraid that perhaps she was avoiding me—"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow. I heard her express a determination to see you at once, at all hazards. Nothing it seemed would—"

"Spinach, sir!" says Hilary at his elbow, at this moment, in an awful tone. Ker looks up at her. Was that the soft, low voice that had offered him potatoes?

"No, thank you, Maria! says Clifford, genially.

Sensation!

Poor Diana's eyes once more seek her plate. Maria! Who is Maria? And he had been so warned about that "Bridget"! As for Hilary, she has retreated to the sideboard, and is standing there, her back turned to the room. Diana, glancing nervously toward her, is disgusted to see that she is shaking with laughter.

Ker is growing confused. He too has heard the later appellation, but, surely, Clifford had called this strangely lovely maid

Bridget only five minuets ago? He has hardly time, however, to wonder at this thing, when the "maid" herself is beside him.

"Claret, sir?"

"Have a bottle of ale, Ker?" says Clifford, hospitably.

"Well, thank you," says Ker, who is so shortly home from India that he still inclines toward that kindly drink.

"Some ale for Mr. Ker, Sarah," says Clifford, with an immovable countenance.

Here Diana breaks into the wondering silence that threatens to envelop them, with quite a rush of conversation. Has Mr. Ker been here—or there? Has he seen this, or that? We all know the conversations in the country where the guests are strangers. Ker answers her delightfully, pleasantly, but all the time his mind is on "Bridget—Maria—Sarah." His eyes are on her too! In fact, he cannot keep them off her! Where has he seen her before! All at once he knows!

She is the girl who had given him that glass of water last night at the ball!

She is trying to give him a glass of ale now, but with difficulty. She has got the corkscrew into the cork, but crookedly—as girls always do—and consequently the cork refuses to come out. Clifford is talking vigorously about nothing in the world, and sees nothing; but Ker, who is watching Hilary, grows gradually frantic. All that trouble for him! All that straining of her back, all that flushing of her face. Why, confound the beer!

He has risen from his seat—he has, indeed, forgotten everything.

"If you will allow me," says he, his tone as careful as though he were talking to—a lady! If he only knew!

"Oh! can't you draw it?" says Clifford, springing to his feet. He had seen Ker's gesture, and is now a little shocked at seeing Hilary's dilemma. "Go on, I'll do it," says he, in a low tone.

Ker hears him. There is something so confidential in the tone, so—beyond friendly, that, for a moment, he stares. Then he looks at Diana, but Diana is breaking the little bit of bread beside her plate into small fragments with the most unconcerned air.

And now Clifford has come back to the table, and the beautiful parlourmaid is pouring the sparkling ale into Ker's glass.

"My wife tells me," says Clifford, lightly, "that you have promised to give us a little of your time once your visit at the Moores' is at an end."

"I shall be very pleased indeed, thank you. I'm rather out of it, in the way of friends now. I've been so long in India. It's awfully kind of you to think of me, and of course—" He hesitates.

"You would like to see Hilary," puts in Clifford. "I can quite understand it. Most fellows would yearn to see the girl their aunt had condemned them to marry. Why can't you see her?"

He stops here, and both Diana and Hilary grow pale. To them it seems a reflection on Mr. Ker's sight! To Ker, providentially, it seems only a reproach. Having given full time for the explosion of his missile, Clifford goes on again:

"I thought, Di, that Hilary was rather determined to appear at luncheon. She certainly said something about it. About attending. Do you remember? She was great on the atten—"

Here Hilary lays down a plate before him with extreme vigour, and Diana begins to talk very fast.

Ker, with difficulty drawing his eyes from the parlourmaid of many names, enters into

the conversation with Diana, but presently Clifford strikes into it too.

"After all you must have seen Hilary," says he. "Last night I mean."

"No. Not at all. You see I came so late."

"But, my dear fellow, you must have seen her for all that. She was a most conspicuous figure."

"Conspicuous?"

"Yes. Her dress. you know. She—" There was a sudden movement behind him.

"Your napkin, sir," says the parlourmaid, handing it to him with angry eyes.

"How was she dressed?" asks Ker.

"Well, you could hardly call it a magnificent costume, but certainly it was remarkable in its own way because so out of the common. And yet," meditatively, "so in it. You might see here," a pause that fills his wife with anguish, "and there and everywhere!"

"A rather ambiguous description," says Ker, laughing. "What was Miss Burroughs dressed as?"

"As—"

Here a plate falls with a crash to the floor. The parlourmaid is bending over the fragments.

"Accidents will happen," says Clifford, shrugging his shoulders amiably. "We were talking of Hilary, were we not? She has her little faults, you see."

"Cheese, sir?" says a voice at his elbow that ought to have reduced him to dust.

"No, thank you, Henrietta!" returns he blandly.

After this!—

Diana rises hastily from the table, and with a hurried smile to Ker, leaves the room. She is quickly followed by Hilary, and meeting in the safe seclusion of the drawing-room, they fall into each other's arms and give way to wild mirth!

"Oh! but it was too bad of him," says Diana. "He might have warned us, given us a hint. But to go on like that! Hilary, when he spoke of your 'attending.' I felt as though I should have to get up and go away."

"That wasn't half as bad as his attempt at the betrayal of my dress at the dance."

"Betrayal! He would never have betrayed you!"

"I suppose not. But yet—hush! Are they coming? I must hurry away and see about afternoon tea. I suppose he'll stay for that."

"Poor darling, you must be tired!"

"Tired!" Hilary throws out her arms tragically. "When it is for *him*!"

"Oh, Hilary!" anxiously. "That reminds me. What do you think of him? He is good-looking, isn't he?"

"You forget I saw him last night."

"Well! But now in daylight! I think one should always judge a person by daylight. And you—?"

"Think he looks just the same as he did at midnight."

"But Hilary, dearest, you can't forget—"

"That he said he should find it impossible ever to like me! No, I shan't forget that!"

(To be continued.)

TELEPHONE, 2419.

DR. G. ADAMS SWANN
(GOLD MEDALLIST.)

DENTIST.

35 KING STREET EAST.

TORONTO.

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



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

"Sing, little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice and dear!
Bloom, little flower, O bloom!
Dance, little child, O dance!
O bloom, and sing and dance,
Child, bird, and flower; and make
The sad old world forget a while
Its sorrow for your sake."

* * *

Here is a little letter from our great North-west, and I appreciate it all the more coming such a distance. It reached us too late for the April issue.

QU'APPELLE STATION,
March 11th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

I have just been reading your story for "Young Canada," in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I am sure Mrs. Bull is our own dear Queen Victoria. And I hope to always stay in our own Mother Country, I should not want to go to live in the United States with Brother Sam, even if he has got a pretty garden, for "what is home without a mother?"

I am proud of Loyala (or Miss Canada), but then girls always have more sense than boys. I hope all the children in Canada will stay with their mother as she has done.

I am a little girl, twelve years old, and my home is up here in this North-west corner of Loyala's garden. I love my Canadian home, and I think there are not many gardens in our land as pretty as Qu'Appelle Station.

Yours truly, EDNA TALBOT.

You are indeed a sturdy, loyal little Canadian, Edna, and you begin right.

The more you love your own home, the more you will love Canada, and the more you love Canada the greater love and reverence will you have for our dear Queen, whose 77th birthday we celebrate this month. I heard a primary teacher say the other day that, to children just entering school and who had not attended a kindergarten, the 24th of May meant little more than a holiday and fire-crackers, and that one child actually thought that the Queen lived in Queen's Park. I feel sure, though, the readers of this page know and love their country and the land and Queen to which we owe so much of our national peace and progress. The children of Canada have indeed a noble birthplace, which in time bids fair to become one of the great nations of the earth.

Until then, however, a great deal of growing has to be done, and during the growing there is need of guidance and protection, and where can we be safer than beneath the mighty wings of old England? So, three cheers for Canada! Three cheers for England and England's Queen.

I hope this month to hear from more of my little compatriots. Your letters will be faith-

fully published unless you state otherwise. Read the invitation in small print at the top of our page.

* * *

OUR STORY.

Once upon a time in a very warm country there lived a spider. He was quite young, but large enough for his age; in fact larger, than his father or mother.

He was very ill-behaved lad, however, and gave them a great deal of trouble.

One of his faults was indolence, which is a serious defect in the character of boys or girls or spiders, and very often leads to other sins.

For instance, Dandy (as he was nicknamed by the neighbours because they said "he felt too nice to work"), was too lazy to spin a web and catch flies for himself; consequently he often robbed other webs, and thus became a thief.

Then, too, he kept bad company, his chief friend being a tarantula, or banana spider, whose bite, you know, is a trifle poisonous.

Now, his parents came of a long line of harmless and industrious spinners and did not at all approve of such a companion for their son, but Dandy, like somebody I know, thought his father and mother did not know everything.

It was through this tarantula that Dandy met his fate.

They had been on a long expedition one morning and feeling tired and warm crawled up a banana stalk for a rest.

They had not slept long when they were awakened by a jar; the stalk on which they rested was being cut. The tarantula tried to escape, but was immediately killed by the men; so poor Dandy stayed where he was, too frightened to stir.

The bananas were shipped and Dandy had lots of time to repent, and long before they reached their destination he had become a much wiser spider, but alas! his wisdom came too late.

When the bananas were unpacked poor Dandy crawled out, but he was mistaken for a tarantula and immediately killed, and the man who finished him was congratulated for his narrow escape from the bite of such a dangerous insect.

* * *

We know a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the—I sha'n't tell the rest!
And laid the three little—somethings—in it;
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.
But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
But then, when the little birds fly about,—
Then the whole secret will be out! —Sel.

I found these dear little verses in a Western paper; I know you will like them.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing in a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That they had ever heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small;
And with a modest dark-brown coat
He made no show at all.

This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

* * *

Here are two funny questions asked by a wee Toronto maid this month. She was sitting up in bed one bright April morning waiting to be dressed, and hugging a dollie that had gone to bed with her the night before whole, but wakened up with only one leg.

"Auntie," she said, after some sober thought, "how tan zis dollie open an' shut its eyes, when it's dot on'y one leg?"

Presently dollie was laid down, and Olive began to play with her pink toes.

"Auntie," she asked again, "I tan tlap my hands, why tan't I tlap my feet?"

And auntie laughed and answered that she didn't know, but she would ask Cousin Maud whether her children could tell.

* * *

I daresay many of my little readers will go to the woods this month for flowers, so just a few words of advice.

Do not let them be just "May flowers" to you. Find out if possible the true name of each.

Notice how and where each grows—in which kind of earth, and whether in sun or shade.

In picking a flower, do not destroy the plant.

Do not gather flowers in great quantities. I have gone through woods where others had passed before and left a path of destruction—plants and shrubs broken, the wayside strewn with limp trilliums and sweet little violets cast aside perhaps because the stems were too short or careless ones had become tired of carrying them.

Do not touch the flowers unless you love them.

If you know one who is ill, take her a nosegay; she will appreciate the sweet breath from the woods.

COUSIN MAUD.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



GENIUS is born in one; it is a divine possession — or, perhaps, rather a possession of the divine in intenser degree than that given to the average man or woman. We cannot acquire genius, but we may acquire talent; for talent is a measure of inclination plus unlimited perseverance and practice in the direction of that inclination.

Something of this kind occurs to us as we handle the works of certain authors.

One of the surprising things is the large number of acceptable writers who are not geniuses, nor even in possession of high measure of talent.

It never occurs to us, for instance, to rank Howells as a genius, nor James, nor—to cross the ocean—Walter Besant; yet these men are types of highly successful and entertaining novelists of to-day. Their books have extensive sale; their writing commands good prices from publisher and press; they may be accounted in the first rank of successful litterateurs.

There are many others who in less degree have also achieved a satisfactory measure of success, in that they have found favour with a large reading public; who, after all, demand little more than that a story should be fairly well told and possess just the right dash of morality. For the mass of the reading public does demand that its standard literature should be moral. It may enjoy the abnormal in morals as a piquancy, but the flavour is fortunately not to its taste as a daily food.

* * *

A reviewer has always some difficulty in giving just the right measure of criticism to the great hosts of novels that are neither of genius nor the first or second rank of talent, and yet are stories fairly well told, entertaining and of good morale. We refer not to the frivolous love and hate tale of some "fireside weekly," which usually may be passed without a word; but the graver story—a trifle trite, perhaps, and rather hackneyed in situation and sentiment; yet, on the whole, placidly entertaining and healthy.

When a reviewer can class such books as "for the Sunday-school," he is relieved of a difficulty. Yet, in many instances—even granting our broadened conception of Sunday-school literature—a writer who began merely as a writer of Sunday-school tales has by perseverance and increased knowledge of his craft, by persistent cultivation of a mediocre gift, attained to something that we recognise as taking rank in the outside literary world.

* * *

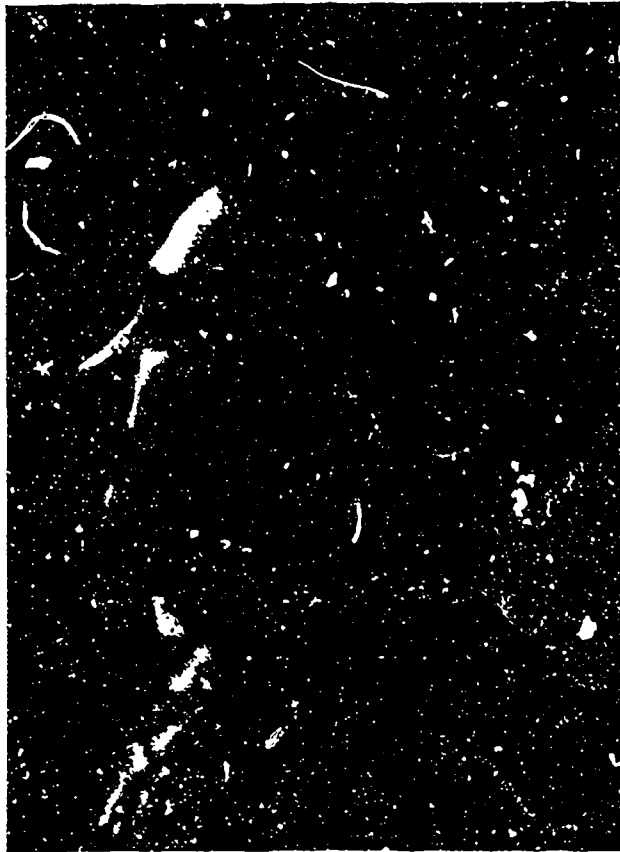
Three books lie upon my desk as I write, by Annie Swan (Mrs. Burnett-Smith). They are chosen from among her latest books, and

show a decided advance upon her earlier writings.

Annie Swan has always been a favourite writer with girls, but in one or two of her latest stories—"The Experiences of a Lady Doctor," for instance,—she achieves a larger audience; since every woman, and not a few men, are interested in Dr. Elizabeth Glen and the bits of life histories that centre in her consulting room. She is a very lovable characterisation, and finds much favour with us.

"Who Shall Serve" deals with the problem of capital and labour; not deeply, but in rather ideal fashion; yet the tale is interesting if conventional.

"A Victory Won," the author's latest, again shows marked advance in character delineation. Eleanor, the discontented young daughter; the bright girl journalist, Frances Sheldon; the heartsome old Scotchwoman, Mrs. Allardyce, and the frail mother, Mrs. Kerr, whose very weakness is her strength, amid the warring natures of her home, are all attractive and well-defined characters.



ANNIE SWAN.

The story is very true to life; not in any exaggerated form, but in the depiction of the small closet skeletons of petty jarrings and commonplace sins which mar the beautiful might-be's of ten thousand homes in the land.

"A Victory Won" tells one or two strong truths, whose lack of recognition has kept the weary old world in discord ever since Paradise gates were closed against an offending pair,—that we cannot gather figs from thistles, that as we sow we shall reap, even in this world, and that the power of one frail life in touch with the divine, is greater than that of an herculean human will.

Annie Swan, whose photograph we are able to give in our page this month, has another book in press entitled "Margaret Grainger, or the Experiences of a School Teacher." It will probably be a companion work to "Elizabeth Glen, M.B.," and, if of equal merit, should prove very popular.

"A Victory Won," Annie Swan. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

In "Cleg Kelly," that graphic Scotch writer, S. R. Crockett, has again proved his versatility. We knew he could give us stirring tales of venture, as in "The Raiders"; sketches of Scottish character, full of romance, yet filled with the hill strength, as in "The Sickit Minister" and "Bog Myrtle and Peat"; the daintiest of sunny love stories, as "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Now we find in "Cleg Kelly" a portraiture of the life of a Scotch street arab, told with a fidelity that makes us marvel at the author's understanding of street arab nature.

For "Cleg Kelly" is not idealised; he is a Scotch Huckleberry Finn, with all of the added vigour of the heather-land in his constitution, moral and physical.

We understand at the outset that the sense of honour, curiously perverted, yet instinctive and true, which graces and guards "Tim Kelly's loon," comes to him through his mother. There is not a more touching scene than that introduced, alas, all too early in Cleg's history, where little Cleg plays happily in the brickyard, while his mother watches him at the window, reluctant to spoil his play, waits for the last touch of pain.

Her son caught sight of her at the window. He waved his hand and called aloud:

"Mither, mither, I'm biggin' a bonny hoose for ye to leeve in!"

Isbel smiled.

"My guid boy, my nice boy," she said. "Let him big his hoose. In an hour I shall cry to him. I dinna need him yet, my ain laddie!"

Yet in an hour she did not cry, and it was the only time she had ever broken word to her son.

But that was because she had journeyed where no crying is.

So little Cleg is left with his father—drunkard and housethief—who is "shut up" for a year or more at a time, and the boy grows up in veritable street arab fashion. The charm of the book is many sided. It is written largely from the street arab's point of view. We comprehend the unique workings of Cleg's untrained yet philosophic mind; and follow him appreciatively into the larger world which the years make for him.

We are made acquainted with Cleg's friends, and carried through many an incident, homely enough in itself, yet picturesque and strong: little Vara Kavannah and her sorrowful charge, the funny record of

Cleever's boy, the humanities of charming Celie Tennant, the heroism of Muckle Alick, and the vagaries of the ma' general. There are black records in the book, that make us wince—the bald, grim records of low, crime-filled lives; yet these but offset the brightness that comes of Cleg's humorous ventures in his steady advance upward.

"Cleg Kelly" will become a type, since he represents not an abnormal creation, but a thoroughly natural, healthy bit of street ignorance in bad environment, reaching up in unconscious heroism for the best in his outlook, and guarded always by a humorous philosophy.

The book is written with all of Mr. Crockett's vigour; while the humorous vagaries of Cleg's sense of justice, especially in his effort to keep debit and credit account with his friends and foes balanced, prevent the dark early background from becoming oppressive.

"Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City," by S. R. Crockett Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

REVIEWER.



By Thomas Swift,
Ottawa.

A PHANTOM

CHAPTER I.

IT was purely from a business standpoint that I first contemplated love and matrimony. As a proof of this, the two ideas were, initially, quite separable. Indeed, the suggestion came from my friends of both sexes, who, for various reasons, urged the measure upon me. It is doubtful, however, if I should have yielded to their solicitations, had I not met Elsie Tasker. It was at a bicycle meet. After following a tress of golden hair streaming in the wind for a good twenty miles, I felt that it would be bliss to ride by her side for the rest of life's journey. Yes, it was love at first sight, you miserable sceptic,—and she didn't wear bloomers. I have seen many ladies on bicycles, but never one that in grace or power and control over the machine could match with Elsie Tasker.

I had just left a patient who resided in the west end of the great city, or, to be more accurate, lay at death's door; and my eyes longed for the sight of one dear face, and my heart for the touch of a firm, soft hand. It was not much out of my way, and my noiseless steed, impelled by love, had carried me there whilst yet debating the propriety of a call. But that is one of the many advantages of a bicycle,—it allows one little time for reflection and quickens the will to resolution.

Tall and stately, my love rose to receive me, and I, hardly yet free of the picture of death in life so recently under my notice, could not but marvel at the splendid symmetry of figure and generous grace of limb displayed by her who glided to my side. But Elsie was not herself. I could see that in the droop of her dark-blue eyes, feel it in the tones of her voice; though her manner towards me was tenderness itself.

I took up the magazine she had been reading when I entered. I glanced at the heading of the open page, and read aloud, "The New Woman athletically considered."

"I am coming to think that that is all wrong—the athletic woman, I mean," Elsie remarked. I looked up astonished. This from Elsie Tasker, the best all-round girl athlete in the Wellesley Gymnasium! I gazed at her inquiringly.

"We go there," said Elsie, pointing to the picture of a gymnasium, "and imitate our brothers in acts which we, unlike them, may not do in public. Then we don an attire in which we are ashamed to let our fathers and brothers see us. They can go anywhere, dress as they choose, and do anything inside the law, but, if we do anything the least out of the way, the world is down on us in a trice."

"Let me feel your pulse, dearest," I said lightly, placing my fingers on her firm, dainty wrist. "Nothing wrong there," I remarked; "pulse strong and regular. What have you been doing with yourself to-day?"

Elsie, laughing at my banter, replied:

"I spent an hour at the gymnasium, and went for a long bicycle ride with Jack."

No; I wasn't jealous. Jack was her only brother, a clerk in a big city bank.

Our conversation then drifted into other and more tender channels, and our whisperings were music only appreciated by ourselves. When I rose to depart, Elsie accompanied me to the door, and—"kissed you," do I hear you say, you cynical old scoffer? Well,—yes, she *did* kiss me, and put her two arms around my neck to do it. There! Make what you like of that.

My good wheel sped me to my rooms without hap or mishap. I went to bed, and was aroused from a delightful dream by my night-alarum. The fingers of my time-piece indicated one o'clock. I was urgently summoned to the bedside of an old friend, Harry Lester, who was suffering from a serious nervous disorder, caused by a sudden shock. In a short time I was at 301 Dallas Street.

My friend's boarding-house stood close to the street. As I leaned my wheel against the wall, I heard a strange, weird sound. It seemed to come from the opposite side of the street, along which ran a blank wall about seven feet high, topped at intervals by trees. After glancing around I ascended to the sick chamber.

Harry Lester lay panting and trembling, his bright eyes anxious for my coming.

"Glad to see you, Harold," he said. "Thought I was a goner that time, sure."

"Not a bit of it, old man. We'll pull you through yet," I replied, preparing a dose for his relief. "But you must fight these spasms off and cling to life like a cat."

"I am sorry to have brought you out at this unconscionable hour; but, really, I feel better the moment I see you," Harry said after swallowing the dose.

"That will soon fix you; and we must have you out in the open air. You haven't seen much of him lately, have you?" I inquired, with the least suspicion of banter.

"Don't chaff, Harold," said Harry, turning restlessly towards me. "It's no

joke. He came again to-night, and disappeared through the window."

I smiled and shook my head. "What was it like, this time?" I questioned.

"Like?" said Harry. "Like the Devil. I can't describe it. It was horrible."

I went to the window. The lower sash was up, in accordance with my directions for the free admission of the cool, night air. A fine maple tree stood opposite, whose branches touched the wall of the house.

"Couldn't I have that window down or the shutters fastened?"

"Nonsense!" I returned. "This cool, wholesome air is just what you want."

"But, you see, it—it went through the window like a flash. Close the shutters for once, old fellow. Do," he pleaded.

I humoured him. I closed and fastened the shutters and bade him "good-night."

Now, I had been with Harry Lester probably half an hour, and my bicycle had disappeared. I ascended to Harry's room again.

"What's up now, Harold?" came from the bed as I entered.

"I'm in it this time," I replied. "Somebody has walked off, or, more likely, ridden off, with my bicycle. If it should turn up again, you will know whose it is. The fellow may not mean to keep it."

I trudged down again and out, and, to my pleasant amazement, there stood my bicycle

where I had left it. Thankful, I started for home. Putting on a spurt, I fairly flew along Eerie Street. Under the shade trees, half way between two electric arcs, my eye suddenly caught sight of two objects—one lying in the roadway; the other, on the sidewalk. I wheeled round and returned to the spot. The object in the roadway was a bicycle; that on the sidewalk the figure of a female, evidently the rider, and in bloomers of a most pronounced and novel pattern, as was evidenced by one daintily-hosed limb,—the other being drawn up under the prostrate woman. She was lying face downwards, her head buried in her arms. I was startled, but not greatly; for the attitude of the recumbent form did not suggest death or grave injury, but rather terror. I ventured to place my hand on her shoulder for the purpose of investigating. The shoulder shook and the form squirmed and wriggled, but the face remained hidden.

"Ugh! Go away—go away—leave me alone," came in muffled tones suggestive of tears, fright and anger combined. I started back as if I had been struck. My eyes rested on a coil of golden hair gleaming beneath a cap; whilst the tones of the voice made my heart leap to my mouth.

"Elsie!" I exclaimed. "What, in God's name, has befallen you?"

"Go away. I'm not Elsie. I'm—a—Ugh!" she groaned, and writhed at my touch.

"It is I,—Harold," I said; for the poor girl was overpowered by some strange terror.

She peered up at me as I bent over her, and in a moment was sobbing hysterically on my breast. I stood in silence and bewilderment.

Presently, without raising her head, Elsie inquired in a low, tense whisper:

"Is it—is it—gone?"

"Is what gone?" I gently asked.

Elsie shuddered as she clung to me.

"It—the thing—on the bicycle," she replied.

"Yes," I answered assuringly. "I guess it has gone. I don't see anything—on a bicycle."

"Oh, it was horrible," she said, at length raising her tearful eyes, which I dried and kissed.

"It frightened me so. I thought I should have died."

I deemed it wise to humour her, and asked: "What was it like, Elsie?"

"It was simply a horror. I can't describe it," she replied. "I thought it was"—in a low whisper—"the Devil. It *was* the Devil, I'm sure. Don't laugh, Harold. Oh, I can't say anything more now. I'll explain everything to you another time; but at present don't question me further, please."

So we mounted and I rode home with Elsie.

"My poor darling!" I said, clasping her in my arms for a moment at parting, and then she disappeared through a side-door that gave entrance to the garden and the back of the house.

I reached my rooms in a thoughtful mood. Elsie lying, at two o'clock in the morning, on a sidewalk, paralysed with fright and clad in bloomers only reaching to the knee,—I knew not what to think of the mad escape of the girl whom I knew to be so gentle by nature.

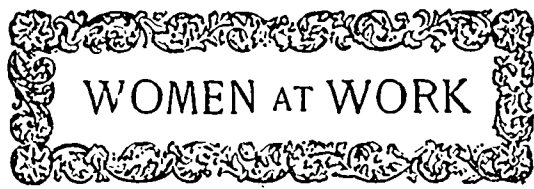
(To be continued.)



"YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF HIM LATELY?" INQUIRED.



"CAUGHT SIGHT OF TWO OBJECTS, ONE LYING IN THE ROADWAY, THE OTHER ON THE SIDEWALK."



REPORTS OF CANADIAN LOCAL COUNCILS.

The annual convention of the Canadian National Council of Women will be held in Montreal, May 12 to 16. This gathering increases in importance each year, since each successive meeting becomes more representative of Canadian women in every walk of life and every organisation. Also the purpose of the Council is becoming each year better understood.

Many important topics will be discussed in the May meeting—matters of large interest to women both at home and in public; while questions affecting the conditions and status of womanhood will be dealt with by clever women speakers.

It is hoped that as many Canadian women as possible will endeavour to be present at the annual gathering.

TORONTO.

The council has this month sustained a great loss in the death the hon. vice-president, Lady Smith.

Several special meetings of the council have been called in connection with the approaching annual meeting of the National Council, in Montreal, in May; at which the resolution proposed by the local councils and nationally organized societies throughout Canada, were carefully considered.

Miss Hart, of the Young Ladies' Catholic Literary Society, will go to Montreal from this council to read a paper on "How Canadian Women Can Promote Canadian Literature."

The Guild of St. Agatha, of St. George's Church, has federated with the council.

Miss Elliott's name having come up some time previously as applicant for the position of inspector of asylums, gaols, etc., her application was endorsed by the following resolution: "The Toronto Local Council of Women, realising the great ability that Miss Elliott has for the faithful carrying out of the work required from the woman inspector of asylums, gaols, etc., and all places where women are confined, do most heartily unite in asking for her appointment to the above office."

Toronto Local Council has nominated a number of ladies as delegates to attend the N. C. annual meeting.

The Toronto Council is much interested in the proposed reforms of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and have been investigating, with the result that the following resolutions were passed:—

"That, in consideration of the great evil likely to result to first offenders and comparatively innocent persons from association with hardened criminals, the T. L. C. do earnestly and respectfully urge the City Council to provide such separate accommodation for the different classes of prisoners as will insure their being unable to communicate with one another during the period they are awaiting trial, and that the following ladies be delegates to write with the delegates from the Prisoners' Aid Association to wait upon the City Council and urge speedy action—Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Geo. Kerr, Mrs. Hodgins."

"That the T. L. C., in most hearty sympathy with the idea of the Cottage Homes for both boys and girls instead of the large institutions at present existing, believing that the system is the most successful in the training of the children."

"That the T. L. C., realising the great benefit not only to society at large but more particularly to the unfortunate inebriates and vagrants, do most heartily co-operate with the Prisoners' Aid Society in their efforts to establish an asylum for inebriates, and a home for vagrants."

M. E. DIGNAM, Rec. Secy.

275 George St.

PORT ARTHUR.

This progressive council of women, numbering about eight hundred, was organized two years ago by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. Mrs. Frank Gibbs, Port Arthur, was elected president, and still continues in that capacity to direct and lead its various movements and ventures.

Port Arthur was the first town in the Dominion of Canada to form a local council in affiliation with the National Council of Women, the movement having previously been confined to the cities; also the first to found a Woman's Exchange in connection with the same. This council has also other eminent successes and enterprises to report. It inaugurated the opening of the Woman's Exchange with an art exhibition, which proved financially remunerative beyond expectation, as well as aesthetically gratify-

ing. From its inception this council has aimed to promote and cultivate the literary taste of its members by having in connection with nearly all its meetings a literary hour, for which is provided readings, lectures, papers for discussion, music, etc. At present the different societies of which the council is composed are engaged in collecting a fund for the Armenians.

Lady Aberdeen has graciously made three visits to Port Arthur in the interests of this useful institution, conferring with its executive and speaking at public meetings to explain the need for such an association and its special objects and aims. The achievements of the council are positive proofs that her efforts have not been fruitless.

The regular sustaining power, the constant inspiration, the fountain of enthusiasm and impelling energy which prosper this council are chiefly derived from its able president, Mrs. Gibbs, who devotes freely time, talent and money to the purposes it involves, which are so dearly cherished in her heart and largely elaborated in the activities of her life.

The members are pleased and ready to acknowledge, individually and collectively, the benefits directly and indirectly, socially and generally, which they have experienced in consequence of this bond of sodality. It delights them to give a detailed account of their cooking school, the programmes of their weekly meetings, etc., when suitable opportunity occurs, but they feel they cannot conscientiously let any occasion pass unimproved when they may advise the women of other towns and cities to form a council, in view of the conveniences it affords to facilitate all works of reform and philanthropy.

HALIFAX.

This being the first time the Halifax Local Council has sent a report to your journal, I may mention that our council consists of 21 federated societies, eight annual patrons and five individual members. The following officers were elected at our annual meeting on January 29th:—President, Mrs. Chas. Archibald; vice-presidents, Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Richey, Mrs. Mackintosh, Miss O'Brien and Miss Johnstone; treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Longley; recording secretary, Miss Creighton; corresponding secretary, Miss Henry.

We had a most successful annual meeting; our business meeting for receiving reports of federated societies, reports of secretaries and treasurer, consideration of resolutions brought before the council, and election of officers, being held in the afternoon, and a public meeting in the evening, at which we were honoured by the presence on the platform of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, General Montgomery-Moore, His Grace the Archbishop, His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Rev. Principal Pollock, Rev. Dr. Gordon, and other prominent citizens. Interesting and suggestive papers were read, the subjects being, "Domestic Science," "Art Education in the Province," and on the question, "How Can this Council Help the Children of Halifax?"

Our council has passed a resolution asking for legislation towards keeping children and young girls off the streets after 9 p.m., and we hope that our efforts may be successful. We have also asked for the appointment of women on the school boards. So far, that request has not been granted, but as a result of a similar request from the Yarmouth Council, a woman (the president of their council) has been appointed there, so we hope that soon we may also be successful. We have succeeded in getting much better accommodation at the police station for female (and also for male) prisoners; also in having a new matron appointed for the immigrant shed, the former one having been most unfit for the position. At our annual meeting it was suggested that our council should send out an appeal to the women of Nova Scotia asking for a minimum subscription of five cents from every woman and girl in the province in aid of the Armenians. This was done, with the gratifying result that our treasurer received in a few weeks the sum of \$2,341, and more is coming in. This money has been sent to Lady Henry Somerset, to be forwarded by her to Miss Clara Barton, at present working in Armenia.

We have a quarterly meeting at the end of April, at which a young lawyer is to address the council and give us information on the subject of the circulation of impure and deteriorating literature a matter he has been much interested in lately and which local councils have been asked to inquire into.

There has been a great deal of interest aroused in the work of our council since our annual meeting, and we all feel very much encouraged by the success we have already attained.

L. HENRY, Cor. Sec. H. L. C.

QUEBEC.

The second annual meeting of the Quebec Local Council of Women took place at the Chateau Frontenac on Wednesday the 24th March at 3.30 p. m. Both in point of attendance and interest, the

meeting was most successful; some three hundred ladies being present. Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen presided. His Honour Lieut.-Governor Chapleau and Madame Chapleau, honorary president for the Province of Quebec; Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, Abbe Paquet, representing Archbishop Begin; Lady Casault, president Quebec Local Council, and members of its Executive sat on the right and left of Her Excellency. His Lordship Archbishop Dunn and Rev. Mr. Love of St. Andrew's Church were prevented from being present by absence from Quebec.

The meeting opened with silent prayer. The annual report was then read by the corresponding secretary.

It stated that the reform in the laws of the prison of the district, recommended by the Quebec Local Council last year, had accomplished most satisfactory results.

This year the work of the council will be to secure the training of young girls from the country as domestic servants. For this purpose the Franciscan Nuns and the Women's Christian Association will start classes as soon as possible. As a practical effort to suppress the spread of immoral literature, the Q. L. C. has formed reading circles, hoping to encourage good, healthy reading in our midst.

Interesting reports from twelve affiliated societies followed, and an admirable paper by Miss Stuart, French secretary of the Q. L. C.

Her Excellency then delivered an eloquent address, which was listened to with deep attention. It inspired all with a desire as members of the council, if true to its principles, to make a still greater effort to extend the Golden Rule to Society, Custom and Law.

After short speeches from His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and other gentlemen present, it was moved by Lady Casault, seconded by Mrs. Hunter Dunn:—

"That the Quebec Local Council fully recognizes that it owes its existence, and such measure of success as it has attained, chiefly to the unfailing interest and encouragement received from Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, and that it wishes to express its grateful appreciation of her kindness in undertaking a tedious journey in winter for the sole purpose of being present at its annual meeting." This resolution was carried unanimously. The meeting adjourned at 6.30.

VICTORIA, B. C.

The Local Council of Victoria and Vancouver Island holds its regular meetings every second Monday in the month.

The meeting in March was postponed till the 17th on account of important papers having been received from the National Council of Women. These papers, namely, the Preliminary Agenda for the approaching annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, and the nomination papers for the same, were read at this meeting and copies of the resolutions were sent to the various affiliated societies to enable them to discuss them and propose any amendments, if desired, prior to attending a special general meeting called for March 30th, at which the nomination papers were adopted as a whole and the agenda also with the exception of a few amendments. The papers were then returned as desired to Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, president of the National Council of Women of Canada. The Local Council will hold its last regular meeting on April 13th.

EDITH HILDA SCAIFE, Cor. Sec.

WINNIPEG.

WOMAN'S ARTS ASSOCIATION.

The ceramic exhibition held here recently was a great success. Three moderately sized rooms were thrown open, one of which was used for serving tea; as the weather was cold this beverage was very acceptable. The rooms looked very pretty with the dainty china tastefully arranged, some hanging on the walls, some lying on odd-shaped tables and the remainder in pretty cabinets. The Toronto china received a great deal of praise and was certainly very artistic. Two lovely pictures by Jules Brety were very kindly loaned for the exhibition.

The Very Rev. Canon O'Meara delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture a few evenings ago; the weather being disagreeable, kept a large number away. Several other gentlemen have kindly offered to lecture for us whenever we wish them to do so.

A class of ladies painting on china meet every Friday morning, when Mrs. Hamilton (a teacher here) very kindly helps all with her suggestions or a touch with her brush. Mrs. Braedy, a well-known artist here, is also very good to the association, and comes in to criticise and give encouragement to those working in oils.

The association is now better known and we hope for great things in future days.

GERTRUDE C. DREWRY, Sec.

TORONTO.

CANADIAN McALL ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Canadian McAll Association was held Thursday, March 5th, 1896. In the afternoon there was a meeting, at a quarter to three o'clock, of the Board of Management and others, when reports of the nine auxiliaries in Canada were read. Delegates from Lindsay, Brantford, Parkdale and Toronto were present and gave accounts of the year's work in their several auxiliaries. In the evening a public meeting was held in the lecture room, Bloor St. Baptist Church, the pastor, Rev. C. A. Eaton, presiding. The secretary's report was read by Mr. Joseph Henderson, and dealt with the many agencies employed by the mission to further the spread of the Gospel in France. There are about 120 stations or halls in Paris and the provinces; some of these may be closed owing to the reduced contributions from Britain, the United States and also Canada. Already there have been two or three halls in Paris taken over by the Protestant churches there. The treasurer's report was read by Mr. Paton; the total amount contributed is \$1,130, with some few amounts yet to be received.

The following gentlemen, Rev. Dr. Parsons, Rev. Prof. Reynor, N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., and the Rev. Principal Caven then addressed the meeting, most of them speaking from a personal knowledge of the work, having, during visits to Paris, attended service in some halls, and met Dr. McAll, Mr. Greig and others engaged in the mission. During the evening the Rev. Arthur McAlpine sang.

The following officers and Board of Management were appointed:—Hon. president, Mrs. Ed. Blake; president, Mrs. D. J. Cowan; vice-presidents, Mrs. G. M. Wrong, Mrs. Owen, and the presidents of the auxiliaries; secretary, Miss McCarty, 263 Jarvis St.; treasurer, Miss Caven, 76 Spadina Road. Board of Management—Mrs. John Kerr, Mrs. Jas. Campbell, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, Mrs. J. L. Brodie, Mrs. Jas. Stark, Mrs. L. H. Jordan, Mrs. L. H. Rand, Miss M. Wilkes, Miss Parsons; Leaflet secretary, Miss Copp.

HUMANE SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of the Humane Society was well attended by members and friends interested. The public are cordially invited to be present at these meetings, held in the office, 103 Bay Street, the last Thursday of the month, at 4 o'clock. The humane officer has been kept quite busy looking after the various cases of cruelty reported. Thirty-three complaints were received and investigated, eleven of which were brought into court and disposed of by the presiding magistrate, also twenty persons cautioned against using lame and worn-out horses. Three cats were rescued from the top of telegraph poles, after considerable trouble, also the cattle markets and slaughter houses thoroughly inspected. Favourable reports have been received from the various Bands of Mercy. The children of St. Olaves Band of Mercy (Swansea), gave an entertainment on Tuesday evening which reflects great credit on Mrs. and Miss Softley, who interest themselves in training the little ones in kindness to dumb animals. The programme consisted of Band of Mercy songs, recitations and dialogues and was creditably carried out and appreciated by the audience present.

The annual meeting of the Humane Society will be held in the Art Gallery, King Street West, on the evening of Thursday, May 21st, when we hope to welcome a large number of friends and workers in the humane cause and listen to short talks from several prominent gentlemen interested in the work of kindness to dumb creatures.

WOMAN'S WORK DEPOSITORY.

The Toronto Woman's Work Depository, whose purpose is too well known to need comment, is busy with spring orders for ladies' blouses, children's frocks and fine sewing. Fortunately for the success of the institution there are still many ladies who prefer that their sewing should be handsomely and finely finished, and the Depository are thus able to give work to many needy gentlewomen who wish to add to limited resources in a quiet way.

The Depository shows some exquisite things that come into their hands for private sale. A set of old Dutch buckles and pins of filagree silver, brought over from Holland, has recently been placed in their hands; a fine lace shawl or drape; and a superb fan, to which we refer in "Notes and Comments" (page 2).

The Depository receives orders for preserved fruits, charging 8 cents per pound above the cost of material. The fruit is excellently prepared, either in cans or as jams and jellies, by good housekeepers. Ladies who are going out of town for the summer, can leave their orders and find their fruit ready upon returning in the autumn. Much dainty work is shown in china painting, embroideries, laces and all the pretty devices of art needlework, while frequently one may pick up a dainty novelty—the pro-

duct of some ingenious woman's fingers and brain that is well-worth the purchase. Over 2,000 women are given some measure of employment in their homes by the Depository, which is essentially a benevolent institution.

The suggestion that a ladies tea-room be attached to the Depository is urged upon the Managing Board for consideration.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL MUSICAL CLUB.

This club holds its meetings every Tuesday fortnight during the season from October to May. There have been given this year thirteen afternoon concerts. At each performance the works of one or more of the great composers are presented, and the members, both performers and listeners, thus become familiar with good examples of the different masters' styles. Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Gluck, Rossini, Gade, Grieg have all been represented in this season's work. In addition to the performance, vocal and instrumental, of works, papers on musical forms and analyses have been given. This club is only open to members and does not give public performances, but on the two visitors' days members were given extra tickets of admission for their friends.

The club has for its members women devoted to music, who hope by sincere and earnest study to promote a knowledge and love of the best in music in themselves and also to extend it to others. The club has been invited on several occasions to contribute to the enjoyment of others, and has given entertainments to the Girls' Club, the Good Will Club and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Society of Point St. Charles. Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen is a patroness of the society, and honoured it by attending one of its concerts last season.

The president is Mrs. McKee, corresponding secretary Mrs. Granger, recording secretary Miss Georgina Hunter.

SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

The Montreal Society of Decorative Art reports gradual but steady progress in its work, which is of a two-fold character, to encourage a higher standard of decorative work in our homes and to furnish a channel by which ladies who are forced by circumstances to turn their accomplishments to practical account can dispose of their work without publicity. It has been in existence seventeen years, and those engaged in the work and best qualified to judge feel that its help is a boon to many women who are making a brave struggle for independence. More than one hundred contributors have been benefited during the past year. Boxes of commenced work are sent to all parts of the Dominion with satisfactory results, so that places which have no society of the kind are enabled to get the newest ideas and designs for their work. Classes under efficient superintendence have been maintained during the year. Members pay an annual subscription of five dollars and are allowed the privilege of entering work for sale subject to the approval of the Executive Committee of ten ladies who meet every Monday morning to examine and accept or reject articles submitted to them, but this season a stock of commenced work is being prepared for sale at the summer resorts.

I. E. HILL, Secretary.

GIRLS' CLUB AND LUNCH ROOM.

The monthly meeting of this club took place on Saturday, April 4th. Reports from the treasurer and manager showed an increase in numbers and income over the month of March, 1895. The average daily attendance to meals, though not as high as during some busy midwinter or midsummer months, has been 95. The committee reported at length on the addition and extension being made to the club domains and work. The new lunch room will be ready for occupation in the course of a few days, and it is expected that an immediate increase in attendance will ensue. The Bible Class has been changed into a King's Daughters' Society to the satisfaction of all the members. Other classes have been temporarily discontinued.

HELEN R. Y. REID, Secretary

QUEBEC.

W.C.T.U.

Since last report we have had our annual meeting and re-elected the same hon. president, Mrs. Middleton; president, Mrs. Geggie; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. Jackson, 68½ Richelieu Street; recording secretary, Miss Darlington; treasurer, Miss Ross.

Mr. Moore, of England, has addressed our Band of Hope; Rev. J. H. Hector (the Black Knight) has given four addresses to large audiences, and now we are to have Mrs. Hidden, of Vancouver, next week.

We have for the first time since affiliating read a report of our work at the annual meeting of the Women's Council, presided over by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

An ineffectual, because tardy, protest was made against the issuing of six special licenses for liqueur selling during carnival week, and against demoralising cheap shows.

In connection with a social evening given by the Y.M.C.A. to the Battery from the Citadel and the short course men, our members furnished and served refreshments to the guests, numbering about 150.

LONDON.

THE WOMAN'S MORNING MUSIC CLUB.

This popular club is just closing its second season, and it is gratifying to feel (equally with the first season) that the objects of the club have been carried out "faithfully and well." The highest class of music has been performed throughout the season just closing. We have again endeavoured to carry out the programmes with exactness in every detail. Sometimes difficulties will rise up, viz., non-arrival of music performers, incapacitated through illness. In spite, however, of these occasional drawbacks, the Woman's Morning Music Club has bravely weathered all storms and can only be congratulated upon its work.

Last season the works of over one hundred composers were given, and this season about the same number. A very delightful addition to the club this winter has been the ladies' orchestra.

MARY WELBY, Secretary.

HAMILTON.

DUFFIELD FLOWER MISSION.

The winter's work being over, the members of the mission congratulate themselves on a satisfactory and encouraging six months' campaign. One hundred and fifty books have been added to the lending library, 168 dozen oranges and thirty large boxes of flowers have been donated to the patients, besides over 150 jars of jelly personally donated by members. We start the summer season with \$72 in our treasury. The boxes we have placed on leading thoroughfares have been well filled with reading matter, which has given great pleasure to the convalescents. As we look back and think of the many sufferers whose sad lot has been made brighter by our efforts, we feel encouraged to commence our summer's work with fresh zeal, and strive harder to take some outside brightness and love into the lives of the suffering poor.

FIDELA H. HOLLAND.

HALIFAX.

SOCIETY PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

A meeting of the ladies' auxiliary of the S. P. C. was held at Government House April 7th. The main business was the awarding of prizes to the children who had recently won them. Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore was to have made the presentations, but was absent owing to the illness of the general. The duty accordingly devolved on J. C. Mackintosh, president of the parent society. In doing so, Mr. Mackintosh made an appropriate address. The report of the judges who made the awards was read, as follows:—

"The task of the judges in the prize competition given by the ladies' auxiliary of the S. P. C. has been a pleasant, but arduous one. Sixty-five essays were received and carefully read. Too much cannot be said of the careful manner in which the young people prepared these pages for this inspection. Correct spelling and neat handwriting characterised the majority of the compositions sent in, while the work of the advanced pupils evinced the care which the teachers had bestowed on the too often neglected branch of essay writing. The papers, while widely differing in their subjects, were bright and attractive, and all the young writers proved themselves to be possessed of a kindly interest in dumb animals."

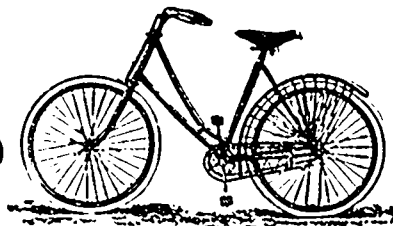
S. F. ALLISON, Secretary.

It is evident that the American Tire Co., is on the crested wave of popularity with the tire they have introduced to the trade this year, namely, the Res-Flex. Owing to the rush for tires they have been compelled to put in machinery to assist them in turning their goods out more rapidly. It is not often that a new article is seized upon with such avidity by the public, and it simply goes to show that the Res-Flex must be all the makers claim for it, and they certainly claim a great deal, namely, lightness, strength, speed and durability.

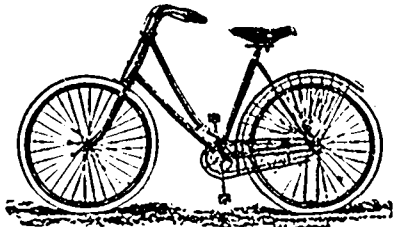
Ladies We invite your inspection of our **CRAWFORD CYCLES**

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

Guaranteed equal in results to any ordinary high-grade Cycle.



No. 2 LIST \$80.

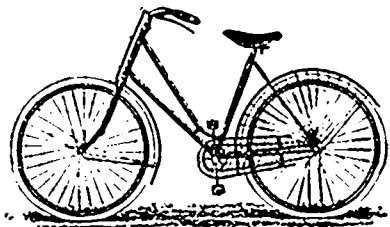


No. 3 LIST \$76.

For the higher class trade we have the

“CENTAUR QUEEN”

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



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

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

E. C. HILL & CO., 183 Yonge St.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

The finish and general excellence of the **“Dayton”** bicycle sell it on sight.

Price, \$100 cash.

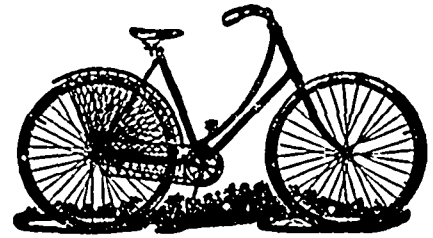
J. & J. Taylor

Toronto Safe Works

145 and 147 Front St. East
TORONTO

The **“CLEVELAND”** Bicycle Academy

GRANITE RINK,
CHURCH STREET



The **CLEVELAND**

SWELL SPECIAL

Is the lightest-running wheel on the market; its Bearings, Cups, Cones, Chains and Sprockets are tried, and found absolutely perfect in their mechanism before they are sent out of the factory; therefore,

The **CLEVELAND** is the bicycle par excellence for ladies

This spacious RIDING SCHOOL is the largest and best equipped in Canada. It is under the able management of Prof. Hinley, late of the Michaux Club of New York.

FREE INSTRUCTION to purchasers of **THE CLEVELAND.**

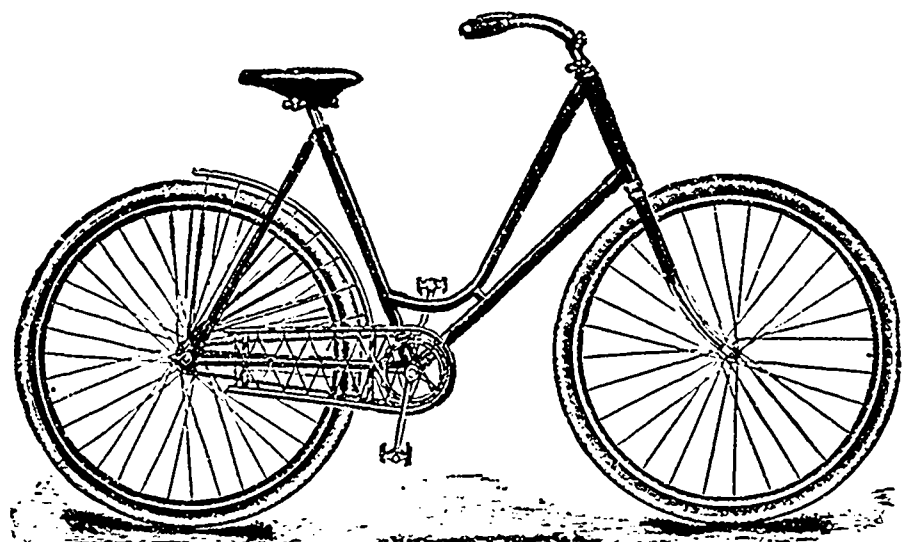
H. A. LOZIER & CO.

E. R. THOMAS,
RESIDENT PARTNER

169 Yonge Street

W. A. HARSTON,
CITY SALESMAN

R. E. VAN DYKE, ASSISTANT MANAGER



Ladies' Bicycles

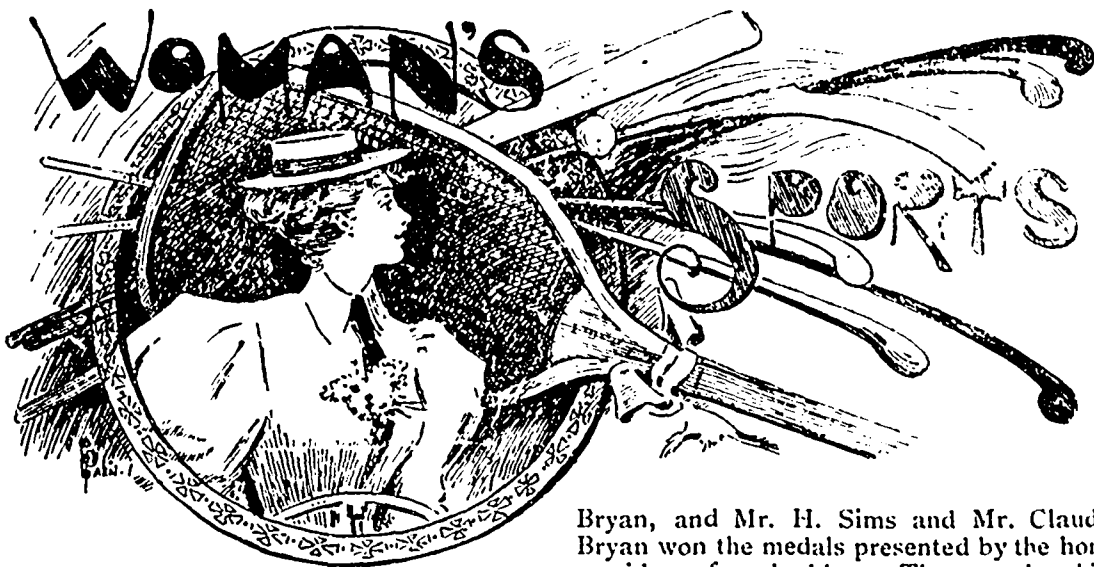
Like ladies' dresses, must be perfect in fit, design and material. Those are the points we have taken into consideration when building our ladies' machines. A glance at our catalogue will assure you we have hit the mark.

Free for a Postal

THE JOHN GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORP'N

81 YONGE ST., TORONTO

LIMITED.



THE Victoria Lawn Tennis Club will hold their meeting for organization of a committee on April 22nd. They expect all their old members of '94 to join, as they are the chief movers in wishing to reorganise. Last year the club was in abeyance. The two courts are in excellent condition. An especial feature of the club will be the play of the lady associate members, and some good play is expected from them.

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club have commenced their season at the Toronto Athletic Club grounds. The courts, eleven in number, eight grass and three cinder, are in almost perfect condition, and the grounds will certainly in every respect surpass anything that has ever been seen in the Dominion. Creepers have been planted all around the walls and the sides have been graded and turfed. The T. L. T. C. held their annual general meeting a few nights since, when the following officers were elected: Prof. Goldwin Smith, hon. president; H. Gordon Mackenzie, president; Laurence Baldwin, hon. secretary; E. B. Lefroy, hon. treasurer; Executive Committee, H. Gordon Mackenzie, Scott Griffin, A. M. Kirkpatrick, A. W. Wright, H. D. Gamble, Cecil Lee, L. Baldwin, E. B. Lefroy, A. C. McMaster, G. W. Blaikie, J. B. Laidlaw, J. Grayson Smith; Ground Committee, Scott Griffin (convener), H. Gordon Mackenzie, H. D. Gamble; Match and Handicap Committee, A. C. McMaster (convener), Scott Griffin, Cecil Lee.

It is expected that it will be a successful season for the ladies of the club, who have free use of the courts every morning and on Wednesday afternoons, and several have expressed their desire to take up the game in earnest, so that they will be able to compete in the tournaments that will be held during the season. The gentlemen are already hard at play, and the club will turn out a team that will beat anything on this side of the line with such well-known players as Messrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, Scott Griffin, F. G. Anderson, R. W. P. Matthews, A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, O. R. Macklem and others to pick from.

The names of the officers of the Parkdale Tennis Club are as follows: Hon. president, Rev. D. C. Hossack, who is an enthusiastic player; Mr. W. H. P. Clement, president; Messrs. W. C. Chisholm and J. D. Spence, vice-presidents; H. A. Shaw, captain; A. H. Fenwick, hon. secretary. The president's cup, presented by Mr. W. H. P. Clement, was won twice in succession by Mr. H. A. Shaw, and has become his property. Last season's handicap was won by Mr. Claude

Bryan, and Mr. H. Sims and Mr. Claude Bryan won the medals presented by the hon. president for doubles. The membership is limited to fifty, out of which a dozen are ladies. Mrs. Foxley and Mrs. Chisholm play an excellent game, also Miss Kate Burney and Miss Spence play in good style. The club is in a very flourishing condition.

The Tennis Club in connection with St. Matthew's Church has not been organised yet, so a list of their committee cannot be given. Mr. A. Ballard was captain last year, when many matches were arranged and played with other clubs, amongst them being the Moss Park Club, the Granite and Weston Clubs and others. There are about forty-five members, including both ladies and gentlemen. The three courts in the church grounds were well attended every afternoon and evening of last season.

The Granite Rink Tennis Club, which formerly was composed entirely of gentlemen, is now opened to admit an auxiliary of ladies. The courts will be open on special days for ladies. Some fine matches can be looked forward to, as their court is one of the best in the city.

The Toronto Ladies' Cricket Club has been organised for four years, with Miss Cassells as captain. It opened the first year with the local ladies' cricket match in the old cricket grounds and was a scene of great interest and amusement. The ladies of Orillia challenged the Torontos last year, but much to their disappointment they were obliged to decline, as some of their best players were out of town. The hospitality of the Orillia ladies was to last two days, with a ball in prospect. Miss Scott, of the Toronto Ladies' Cricket Club, when visiting in Orillia in 1894, assisted the ladies of that town in a return match of ladies vs. gentlemen which afforded much amusement. An extract from the *Orillia Packet* says "she played a capital game and bowled well, making a score of 23, the highest of the match." One gentleman had the supreme pleasure of being doubly "caught," in his first innings by Miss Sutherland and Miss Scott in the second venture. Guelph was also the scene of a good match and will be remembered by the Ladies' Toronto C. C. All success for the future welfare of their club.

The Toronto Golf Club held their annual meeting on Friday, the 10th ult. The club is limited to 120 lady members. The ground has been played upon and is in good condition. The nine ladies on the committee are as follows: Mrs. Col. Sweeney, honorary president; Mrs. Blake, Mrs.

"RES-FLEX" = TIRES =

ON MERIT alone has the "RESILIENT-FLEXIFORT" become prominent with riders of experience.

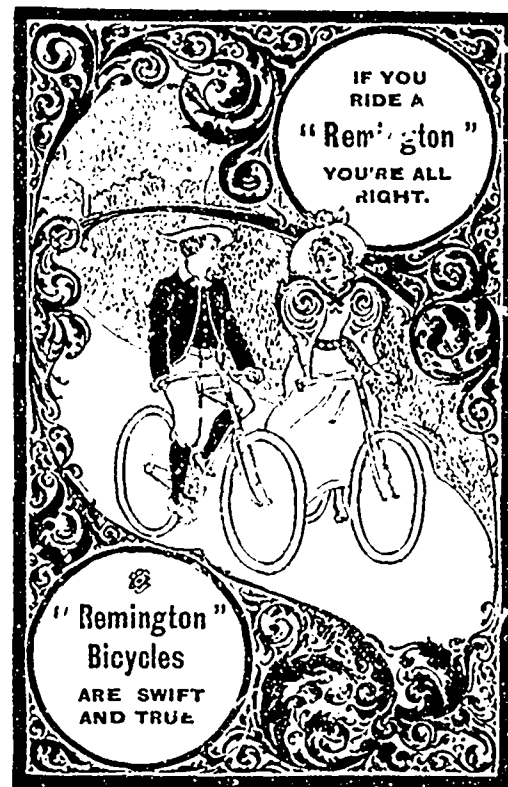
WE BUILD them of absolutely the best material, and adopt methods of construction used in no other tire.

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

AMERICAN TIRE CO.

42 Adelaide St. West

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS. TORONTO, ONT.



Why take any chances

on a wheel, when you can buy a

REMINGTON

Time-tested and true, for \$100.

The "Remington" represents the highest excellence of construction, design and workmanship ever put into a wheel.

It is the "wheel of wheels."

McDonald & Willson

187 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Agents for "Remington," "Columbia," and "M. & W. Special."

Broughall, Mrs. Warrens, Miss Wallace, Mrs. Wallace Cassells, Miss Edgar, Mrs. Irving Cameron and Miss Wragge, secretary. Golfing matches will be looked forward to with much pleasure as the outcome of the many clubs that have been organised all over Ontario for the pursuit of this fashionable and popular game.

The Rosedale Golf Club is quite in its youth, as it was only organised last September, but great things may be expected from them.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick carried off the two first prizes in a "foresome" on Thanksgiving Day last year. The prizes were a silver golf stick pin for the gentleman, and a large flower bowl for the lady. Mr. Hutchinson and Miss Fuller won second prize; Mr. Osler and Miss Mills the third. The club is limited to one hundred members, and is filled up this year. No vacancies are left unless some older members drop out.

The club regret much having lost Mrs. Meredith, their captain of last year, as she has left town. At a meeting of the ladies, held at the club house, on Thursday, the 10th ult., Miss Lucy McLean Howard was elected captain by the large number present, and Mrs. John Dick, secretary. Tea and cake were then distributed by the ladies and a few privileged gentlemen. The committee were elected as follows:—Mrs. Percy Peatty, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. McLaughlan, Miss L. McLean Howard, Miss Dick, Miss E. Scott, Miss Rose Davidson, Miss MacDougal and Miss Ellis.

The club was formally opened with a lady's and gentleman's "foresome" game on the 15th of April. Good play is to be the end and aim of this club.

The Knickerbocker Club have nearly all joined the Hunt and Country Club. Mr. Stanley Clarke is still the secretary. The first meet of the year took place on Saturday, April 18th.

A formidable competitor to the Knickerbockers will be the Victoria Bicycle Club, recently organised. An enthusiasm is being infused into this organisation that augurs an overwhelming success. The genial Major Coshy is, of course, its president. CYCLIST.

The Dunlop Tire is demanded by all bicyclists who have once examined it. The tire consists of an inner tube and outer cover quite separate from each other, so that it is easy to discover a puncture or the source of any trouble, and repairs may be made *on the inside of the tire*.

So many makes of rims of questionable quality have lately made their appearance on the market that we have found it necessary to insist that all Dunlop tires shall be fitted with only such rims as have passed our inspection. The manufacture of these rims is under our immediate supervision from the selection of the stock to the polishing and oiling of the finished work. Not an inch of wood passes inspection that is not absolutely sound, and every process of the manufacture, such as steaming, bending, gluing, drying, shaping, etc., has been brought to the highest degree of perfection that skill and ingenuity can attain. The rider of Dunlop tires has also the assurance that the rims of his bicycle have been made in the most thorough manner, like a piece of cabinet work, and have also been made to fit the tires that are on them. These advantages can be best appreciated when it is known that the ordinary rim is made with so small a

degree of accuracy that it may in a manner fit any one of a dozen or more makes of the cheap cemented tires, every one of which in some degree differs from the others, but fits no one of them perfectly. It is just the difference between 'ready made' and 'made to order.' The Dunlop rim, like a good suit of clothes, is made to order and fits the wearer.

The "Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding" is prepared by a special process, and is practically indestructible. There does not seem to be any way of wearing it out.

The London (Eng.) *Drapers' Record* makes the following remarks about the new process used in these leathers: "The Wakefield Co. have succeeded in producing a special preparation in their leathers, which guarantees them to be soft and lasting."

If you would really have the *bottom of your skirts free from ragged edges*, you cannot do better than use it.

You will find it in all the fashionable shades. This Wakefield leather binding gives a smart look to the dress and does not seem to catch the snow or mud.



The IRIS Bicycle

For Beauty, Lightness and Durability
it has no equal.

Our Ladies' Bicycle is a Poem.
CALL AND EXAMINE.

118 BAY ST. and 391 YONGE ST.

-- THE --

Wall Paper King OF CANADA

If You Think of Papering

a Residence, Church, Office, Lodge
Room, Public Hall, Hotel, or Store.

Write a Postal to —

C. B. Scantlebury

Box 590. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Mention the **rooms** you think of papering, about the **price** you want to pay and where you saw this "ad."

You will get by return mail large **sample books** of choice **Wall Paper** at the **lowest** prices known to the Canadian trade, and our booklet, "How to Paper."

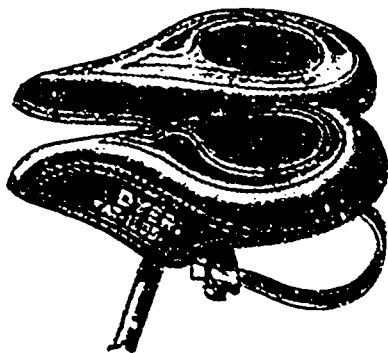
We pay express charges on all orders and guarantee satisfaction or **your money back**.

REFERENCES

Canadian and Dominion Express Cos.

Automatic Bicycle Saddle Co'y,

22 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto



This Cut Shows
One Side Tilted
as in use . . .

Price \$4.50

Does Away
with all Centre
Bearing

The Dyer '96 Automatic Saddle

It moves with the motion of the leg.
Made to fit any wheel.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

For everything
...in...

First-class Footwear

NEW SHADES

In Tan, Lace, and Button Boots for Ladies.
Light and Dark Tan Oxford Shoes
in Great Variety.

Bicycle Leggings

From 75c.

83 to 89 KING ST. E.

CLEARING SALE.

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



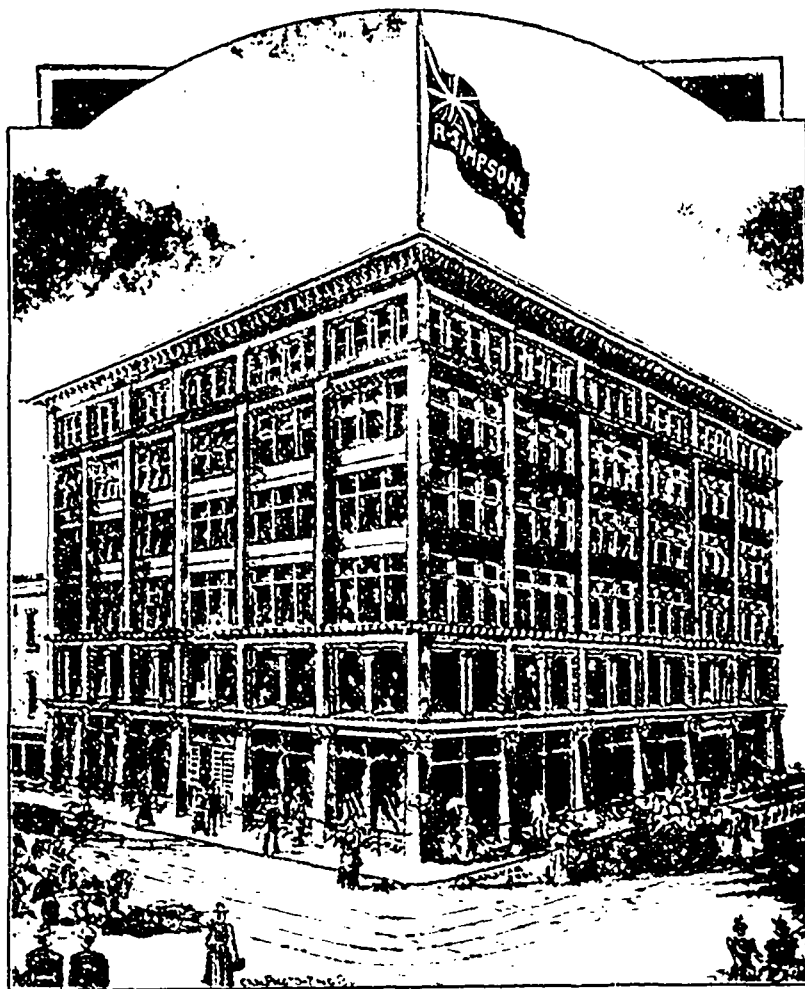
If you want first-class goods, goods that will fit and wear, goods that will pay to buy, this is a chance to get them. All our stock must be sold, as our lease expires on the above date.

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

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

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.

79 King St. East.



CANADA'S MODERN DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

EXTRAORDINARY ADAPTATION...

The masterful character of this business appears in complete readiness at every point for the extraordinarily large demand that comes on all leading departments at the opening of the spring and summer season. The demand is heavy, but we are equal to every call. In departments like Millinery, Mantles, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, where the season suggests much, you cannot find us wanting in anything.

GREAT GLOVE SALE.

No need to tell the story of these Gloves—how they came from across the sea, where the finest in glove wear is made, and how we managed to save a third of the usual cost. The prices tell a wonderful story.

- Ladies' genuine French Kid Gloves, four large pearl buttons, colored welts and stitching, reg. price, \$1.00, for **67c.**
- Ladies' Suede French Kid Gloves, four buttons, reg. price, 85c., for..... **50c.**
- Ladies' Suede Musquetaire Kid Gloves, six button lengths, in blacks and colors, reg. price, \$1.00, for..... **68c.**
- Ladies' Kangaroo Driving Gloves, four large buttons, with gussets, spear points, in oaks, tans and brown shades, reg. price, \$1.25, for **68c.**
- French Kid Gloves, black, four button and seven hock lacing, reg. price, \$1.00 and \$1.25, for **75c.**

LEADERS IN DRESS GOODS.

Dress Goods possess the heart of the store and have captured the hearts of Toronto shoppers. We shall mention a few lines of Serges, which are easily worth 15 to 25 more than the same qualities can be bought for elsewhere.

- All-Wool Estamine English Serges, at 30c., 35c., 37½c., 45c., 48c., 50c. and 65c. per yard, double width.
- All-Wool Cheviots at 40c., 45c., 47½c., 50c., 60c. and 65c. per yard, double width.
- All-Wool Coating Twills, 40c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 65c., 75c. and 85c. per yard, double width.

SPRING SHOWING OF WOMEN'S BLOUSES.

New and charming creations, exclusive here, direct from the leading designers in Blouse and Waist manufacture.

- Ladies' Print Blouses, in pink, blue, and black and white stripe, with laundered cuffs and collar, large sleeve, worth \$1.00, for **75c.**
- Ladies' Print Blouses, in checks and stripes, laundered cuffs and collar, worth \$1.35, for **\$1.00**

CANADA'S SILK HEADQUARTERS.

Silk selling grows as the days go by. It is no mere jingle of words to say that this store not alone leads Toronto, but leads the Dominion in silk selling.

- Blouse Wash Silks, 5,000 yards, all Silk, striped and checked Japanese Habutai, select colorings, special..... **25c.**
- 200 pieces, 22-inch Striped French Silks, genuine Lyons dyed goods, almost every known colorings, rare beauties worth easy 50c., our special **35c.**
- 100 pieces 22-inch Colored Brocades, all silk, straight from Lyons, for blouses or dresses, worth \$1.00, special at **65c.**
- 50 pieces finest and most beautiful Black Brocades, exclusive designs, as worn in London, Paris and New York, at \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.25, 75c. and **50c.**

WALL PAPERS.

Drop post card for Wall Paper samples. So large a stock and such low prices makes it advisable to buy here.

CARPETS and CURTAINS

Our 186 Shopper's Hand-Book gives full lists and prices. Sent free on application.

PURE FOODS.

Obtain a knowledge of the Grocery Department. Choice Ceylon Teas, 25c. lb., usually sold for 40c.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Giving designs and prices of New Mantles.

Mail Orders

Self-preservation, the first law of nature, suggests an acquaintance with the mail order system of this store. It's so complete a system—safe, sure, satisfactory in every way. Send post card with name and receive free our 200-page Hand-Book of Spring and Summer merchandise of all departments.

R. SIMPSON,

S.W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.
170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge St.
1 and 3 Queen St. W.

TORONTO

FASHIONABLE

Dresses



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

MISS K. BARBER,
3 KING STREET E.

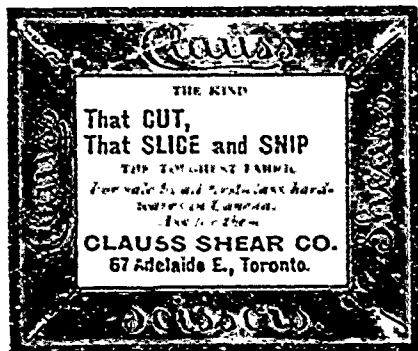
Over Ellis' Jewellery Store.
Call and inspect the latest fashions.

For Pearly Teeth

CHEW

Somerville's Pepsin GUM

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



GET YOUR SPECTACLES

Telescopes, Microscopes and Opera Glasses from a strictly optical institute

"My Optician," 159 Yonge St.

KENNY'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORER.

A VALUABLE EAST INDIAN REMEDY

Positively Cures Dandruff, Stops the Hair Falling Out, Preserves the Color, Promotes the Growth, and Prevents Early Baldness.

For sale by Druggists and Departmental Stores; 25c. and 50c. per bottle, or six large bottles, \$2. Order by mail promptly attended to.
JAS. KENNY, Manufacturer,
383 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

EVERYBODY READS

Massey's Magazine



The May number will contain, amongst other interesting matter, the following:

Apple Lands of Acadie,

By CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS
6 Illustrations by C. M. Manley

From Gibraltar to Pyrenees,

By MARY A. REID
13 Illustrations by G. A. Reid

Mystery of the Red Deeps,

(Story)

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Arctic Explorations,

By LIEUT. R. E. PEARY
13 Illustrations from Photos



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - \$1.00 PER YEAR

Liberal Commission to Canvassers and Subscription Agents.

Write for Particulars.



THE MASSEY PRESS,

927 KING ST. WEST,

TORONTO

Lady Cyclists,
Business Girls
AND
All Mankind.

Telephone 1875.

The greatest preparation of the age, "ROUGH ON RAIN," will make your ordinary suits rain-proof. Full directions with each package. Cost but a trifle. For sale by all dealers and wholesale by . . .

R. W. HANNAH,

78 Colborne St., TORONTO.



IT HEATS.

The New York

Suvio

Fire Globe Gas Heater.

(Patent applied for.)

For Warming Rooms
With Ordinary Gas Fittings.

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

Canadian Agent,
J. HORROCKS, 487 Ontario St., Toronto.

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

H. STONE & SON

(DANIEL STONE)

UNDERTAKERS

420 YONGE STREET, COR. OF ANN STREET
TELEPHONE 931

J. YOUNG

(ALEX MILLARD)

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

PHONE 679 359 YONGE ST.

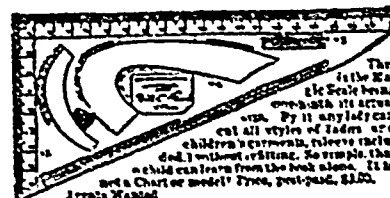
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed by

ELECTROLYSIS. . .

G. B. FOSTER, The Forum, cor. of Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.



MISS K. C. MACDONALD, 4 1/2 Shuter St., TORONTO.
Gen. Agent for Ontario

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

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

M. Binland, of the British America Bank Note Co., of Montreal, in a recent letter mentions as a fact that his firm did not issue the registered (Canada) stamps, as stated in our last issue. To stamp collectors this will be of interest, as it is most difficult to obtain such information from the Government, and it has always been thought by many that the above company were the issuers of registered stamps. The American Government have all their files on such matters open for inspection, and it is known just how many were issued, the engravers, year, etc., all of which is interesting.

Canada revenues, such as bell, law, gas inspection, weights and measures, etc., are collected by many now. They surpass postage stamps from an artistic point of view, and as the collector to-day is branching out owing to the costliness of completing a postage collection, this probably accounts for the demand in revenues.

France still retains a colony in British North America, namely, St. Pierre and Miquelon, the stamps issued being the same as those of her other colonies.

It is strange how some stamps come to be in demand. The trouble in Hawaii, Japan-China war, South America, and now the demand is for Transvaal and Cuban stamps. The rebels of the latter island have issued a new set of stamps, from which they hope to realise means to aid them in gaining their liberty.

In February Bulgaria issued a new set of stamps bearing the portrait of Prince Boris.

Many will wonder how it pays Canada, for instance, to deliver what mail comes addressed here from the other side when the total sent from here is so small in comparison. The Government of the United States, and of all other countries comprised in the Universal Postal Union, will begin weighing all incoming and outgoing mail on May 1st, and such weighing will continue for 28 days. This is done every three years by all of the Governments, and on its result depends the amount of compensation given by every country for the carriage of its mails in the territory of others. After these figures are gathered they will be multiplied by 13 to secure the weight for the 52 weeks of the year, and the reports then will be interchanged by the respective Governments.

Sixteen auction sales of stamps held during January netted the sum of \$55,199.40. Were the results of all sales for that month totalled it would probably be twice that sum.

Be sure and write, and young collectors are especially requested to make use of these columns, as what interests one nearly always helps another.

POSTAGE STAMPS



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

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



The Nasmith Co. Ltd.

51 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

Have You?
If Not, Will You?

DELICIOUS

CHOCOLATES

TRY

NASMITH'S— CHOICEST

BON-BONS....

In purity, richness, and delicacy of flavor,

Nasmith's Chocolates and Bon-Bons are unexcelled.

We will forward on receipt of price

1 lb. box, 55 cents,	3 lb. box, \$1.50.
2 " \$1.05 "	5 " 2.30.

Delivered FREE to any part of Canada.

Every drop of

MO-JA

COFFEE

is Delicious.

Try it and be convinced. All Grocers keep it. Put up in 1-2, 1 and 2 pound tins only, never in Bulk.



BEAUTIFUL
SKIN
LIKE A BABY
GUARANTEED
IN TEN DAYS

LOVELY COMPLEXION.

DR. BESANT'S

SKIN PURIFIER.

Is warranted perfectly harmless, and contains no Lead or Arsenic, or other injurious ingredients to delicate skin. It rapidly and permanently removes Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Redness of Nose and Eruptions of every nature, quickly restoring the bloom and freshness of youth.
Three months' supply sent prepaid on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Address, MRS. MARTHA BESANT, Toronto, Canada.

Ladies should beware of using Lead, Bismuth or Arsenical preparations either as an application or as a medicine. The after effects of taking these poisons for any extended period are terrible and simply mean the forming of a habit as dangerous as that of opium and which cannot be discontinued without great will power, and the after effects will show in blotches and sores (which are almost incurable) not only on the face, neck and arms, but over the body generally. A word to the wise is sufficient.



TELEPHONE 2348.

F. Barnes, Ladies' Hair Dresser.

DOES your Hair trouble you at all by falling out, Turning Grey, Dull or Faded Shade, Itching or Dandruff on the Skin; if so, consult

F. BARNES, THE HAIRDRESSER.

Guarantees to restore it to health and promote and increase the growth. We do Hairdressing in Latest Fashionable Styles for Balls, Weddings and Parties. We only employ Expert Hair Dressers, and all our rooms are strictly private. Reduced prices for Schools and Large Families. We treat the Hair by the Quarter or Half Yearly. Note address.

F. Barnes, 413 Spadina Ave.

CONSUMPTION,

Asthma, Bronchitis & Catarrh

Treated in An Tight Cabinet by inhalation of recognized germicide remedies, vaporized by steam process at

THE SANITARIUM

1363 King St. West, Toronto.

Marvelous record already. Send for Pamphlets. Hours of Medical Board, 12 to 3 p.m. Visitors always welcome.

Does This Interest You?

We have removed our business from 63 1/2 King street west to more commodious premises at 81 King street west. We are the only well-known retail firm in Toronto doing business in ease, Coffees and Cocos exclusively. We can assure you that our reputation as purveyors of high class products will in the future be adequately maintained, while our added space and conveniences will enable us to give even better satisfaction than heretofore. Mr. H. P. Mullens has recently been admitted as a member of the firm. We hope to receive your continued support, and will be glad to have your orders. We remain,

Yours faithfully,
HERWARD SPENCER & Co.



Madame Ireland, the Hair Specialist, will carry on business, after April 15th, at 174 Jarvis Street.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY
FAITH FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
CHAS. A. E. CARR (LONDON), President.
GEO. E. ELLIS (TORONTO), Secy.-Treas.
BUSINESS OFFICE AND PRINTING DEPARTMENT:
24 King Street West,
Rear Building, Manning Arcade, Toronto.
MONTREAL OFFICE, 246 ST. JAMES ST.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
\$1.00 Per Year; Single Copies 10 Cents.

The Canadian Home Journal has again to thank the press throughout the country for their many kindly and favourable notices. We do not come into competition with any other Canadian journal, since we aim simply to be a wholesome, bright and high class home paper; with features especially interesting to Canadian women.

The kindly letters and press notices that come to us with every mail embolden us to believe that our purpose is appreciated.

Every effort will be put forth in each succeeding number of the Journal not only to maintain the standard of tone, but to aim for greater achievement both in size, matter and illustration.

* * *

We are glad to be able to say confidently that the Canadian Home Journal has already a large circulation among the very best class of our Canadian people and that there are few homes of our best known citizens where it will not be found, both in our cities and country places. A glance at our subscription list will confirm the truth of this assertion.

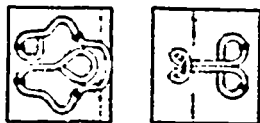
* * *

We draw special attention to our sketches of summer blouses in the fashion department; they were sketched from the large stock of Walker & Sons, and represent the latest styles in this popular summer bodice. This firm are most courteous in showing their goods, and the Journal acknowledges a special indebtedness in this respect.

SOMETHING NEW!!

THE EVER-READY

SEE THAT SHORT HUMP-LESS HOOK!



HOOK AND EYE

USED ONCE... ALWAYS USED

Your garment will not gap.
The edges of it need not lap.
It is closed like a seam.....
Is absolutely secure, and.....
Will not unfasten until you
Disengage the hook and eye.
Ask your dealer for them.

EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO.
MANUFACTURERS
WINDSOR, - ONT.

When writing advertisers mention the Home Journal.

Smart Millinery...

Latest and Prettiest Novelties

First Floor.
Ascend by elevator.

Miss Paynter

In French and English Millinery....

3 King Street East,
..... TORONTO, Ont.

Fashionable Dressmaking

Parlors, 5 King West, OVER MICHIGAN CO'S

Dear Madam: Toronto, Dec., 1895.
I have much pleasure in intimating that I have received from the publishers, L. Michau, 84 Rue de Richelieu, Twenty colored Plates of BALL AND EVENING DRESSES also Dinner, Street and Carriage Dresses.

An early call to inspect the above New Styles will be mutually agreeable and interesting to my patrons and
Yours faithfully, MISS PATON.

P.S.—Terms moderate. No trouble to show goods. Work and Fit Guaranteed.

ARTISTS!

WINSOR & NEWTON'S
WATER COLORS
OIL COLORS
CANVAS

ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD
ASK YOUR DEALER

A. RAMSAY & SON
MONTREAL
Wholesale Agents for Canada

For Cracked or Sore Nipples
... USE ...
COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL
When required to harden the Nipples, use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 7c. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

“Parlor Lectures To Ladies.”

A full course of Parlor Lectures to Ladies on HEALTH and BEAUTY delivered in U.S. by the world-renowned lady physician, Dr. Sarah Wells, a brilliant up-to-date work—pure and enabling giving much wholesome advice and many valuable recipes of special importance and interest to every woman of culture. This handsome, illustrated book postpaid for one dollar

ONTARIO SUPPLY CO.,
77 VICTORIA STREET,
AGENTS FOR CANADA. TORONTO.

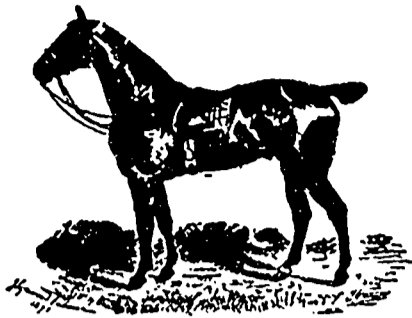
The Ladies' Work Depository

18 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Begin to announce that they are prepared to take orders for making
Ladies' Silk Waists, Print Blouses,
Children's Frocks,
Fine Underwear,
Infants' Layettes, etc.

And solicit your esteemed patronage.

Orders for Children's Summer Frocks should be placed early in order to avoid the press of work before vacation.



TORONTO
HORSE
EXCHANGE

We always have on hand a large number of first-class Horses, including well-matched pairs, both in the Carriage and Cob classes. We have largest stock in Canada to select from.

J. D. GRAHAM & CO.,

23, 25 and 27 SHEPPARD ST., TORONTO

By special appointment Carriers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

Wedding Cakes

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

THE HARRY WEBB CO., LTD., TORONTO.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.
DIVIDEND No. 73.

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

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

By order of the Board,

S. C. WOOD,

Toronto, April 22, 1896.

Managing Director.



THE BELVIDERE
Carpet Stretcher
AND Tacker

Draws your weight with the carpet. No marring base-board, pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands in upright position to stretch and tack carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample prepaid on receipt of \$1.50. Every machine guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars, etc., to

E. A. GILL & CO.

105 QUEEN EAST, TORONTO
AGENTS WANTED

We are showing Special Values in UMBRELLAS this month of our own manufacture



Ladies' fine Silk and Wool, best Paragon frames, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, reg. \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00.
Ladies' Frit Parasols, very fine quality, clearing at \$1.00, reg. prices from \$1.25 to 2.00.
Gents' best English Alpaca, 50c.
Gents' fine Austria, nat. handles, 75c.
Gents' best Austria, Paragon frames, mounted, natural handles on steel rods, special, \$1.00.
Gents' fine Storia Silk, best frames, and steel rods, \$1.50.
Gents' extra fine Storia Silk, Paragon frames, sterling silver mountings on steel rods, \$2.25, worth \$3.50.

Special Values in Trunks and Bags

Mail Orders filled promptly. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

EAST & CO.,

Mitchell & Moore, Manfrs. 300 YONGE ST., TORONTO

The Graham Dermatological Institute

41 CARLTON ST., TORONTO.

'PHONE 1858



Not one remedy a cure-all, but a cure for all. Send stamp for "Health and Good Looks."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, ETC., permanently and satisfactorily removed by ELECTROLYSIS.

- JASMINE KOSMEO - Whitens, refines, softens, prevents wrinkles; cures tan and sunburn. Nice to use before powdering or after shaving. Price, 75c.
- EUGENIE POWDER - Delicate, harmless, imperceptible, cooling, lasting. Price, 50c.
- LIP ROUGE - Heals, tints; is convenient and harmless; nice for the cheeks; can be carried in the pocket. Price, 50c.
- SKIN FOOD - Fattens, feeds the tissues, cures wrinkles, hollow cheeks, scrawny necks, etc. Price, \$1.50, post-paid.
- ACNETINE - Cures the worst cases of chronic pimple, blackheads, boils, eruptions, etc. Price, \$1.50, post-paid.
- COMPLEXION PURIFIER - Removes freckles, moth patches, rashes, eczema, undue redness, tan, etc., from the face, neck or arms. Price, \$1.50, express prepaid.
- DERMO-NERVINE - Cures nervous exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia, insomnia. It is an excellent tonic, prevents the pores of the skin from becoming clogged, thus benefiting the complexion wonderfully. Bottle large, 50c small. Price, \$1.00, express prepaid.

Remember the address - 41 CARLTON ST., TORONTO

MERRIS, MOOTE & HIGH, Props.

Just received from Germany
a large consignment of Finest Quality of CUT HAIR.



OUR SWITCHES

BANGS

WIGS AND OTHER STYLES...

ARE ALL MANUFACTURED OF FIRST QUALITY HAIR

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND MENTION THIS PAPER

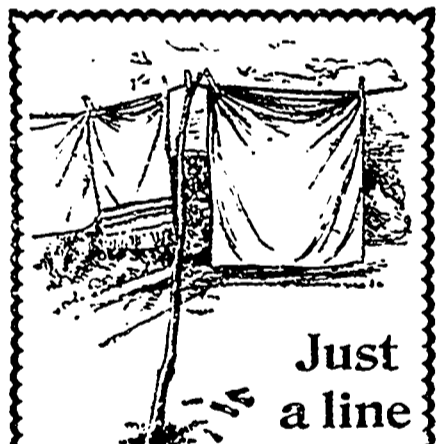
ADDRESS:

The Dorenwend Co., of Toronto, Ltd. 103, 105 YONGE ST.

THE LARGEST HAIR GOODS HOUSE IN CANADA

Ladies' Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Cutting, etc., by experienced artists.

'PHONE 1551



Just a line

to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the Sunlight way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must

USE Sunlight Soap

Cleanse clothes and most everything else—with less labor and greater comfort.

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

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET.

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED RESIDENCE, centrally situated near Horticultural Gardens, containing eleven rooms and all modern conveniences; Billiard Table, Solmer Piano, etc. Will rent to a small family without children, at \$50 per month. Box 25, Canadian Home Journal, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

When writing advertisers mention the Home Journal.

ICE

Grenadier... Ice and Coal Co'y.

Office, 39 Scott St. Phones 217-5103. Toronto

ALL OUR ICE IS GUARANTEED PURE

and has been planed and housed in first-class condition. You can make no mistake sending your order to us. Mistakes in sending out Bay Ice will happen, as shown by the Police Court records last summer and this winter.

RATES AS USUAL.

Positively no Bay Ice handled by us at all for any purpose.

BEST Coal and Wood



GONGER COAL CO. LTD.

6 King St. East

Branches Throughout City

DIAMOND DEALERS.

The J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd.,

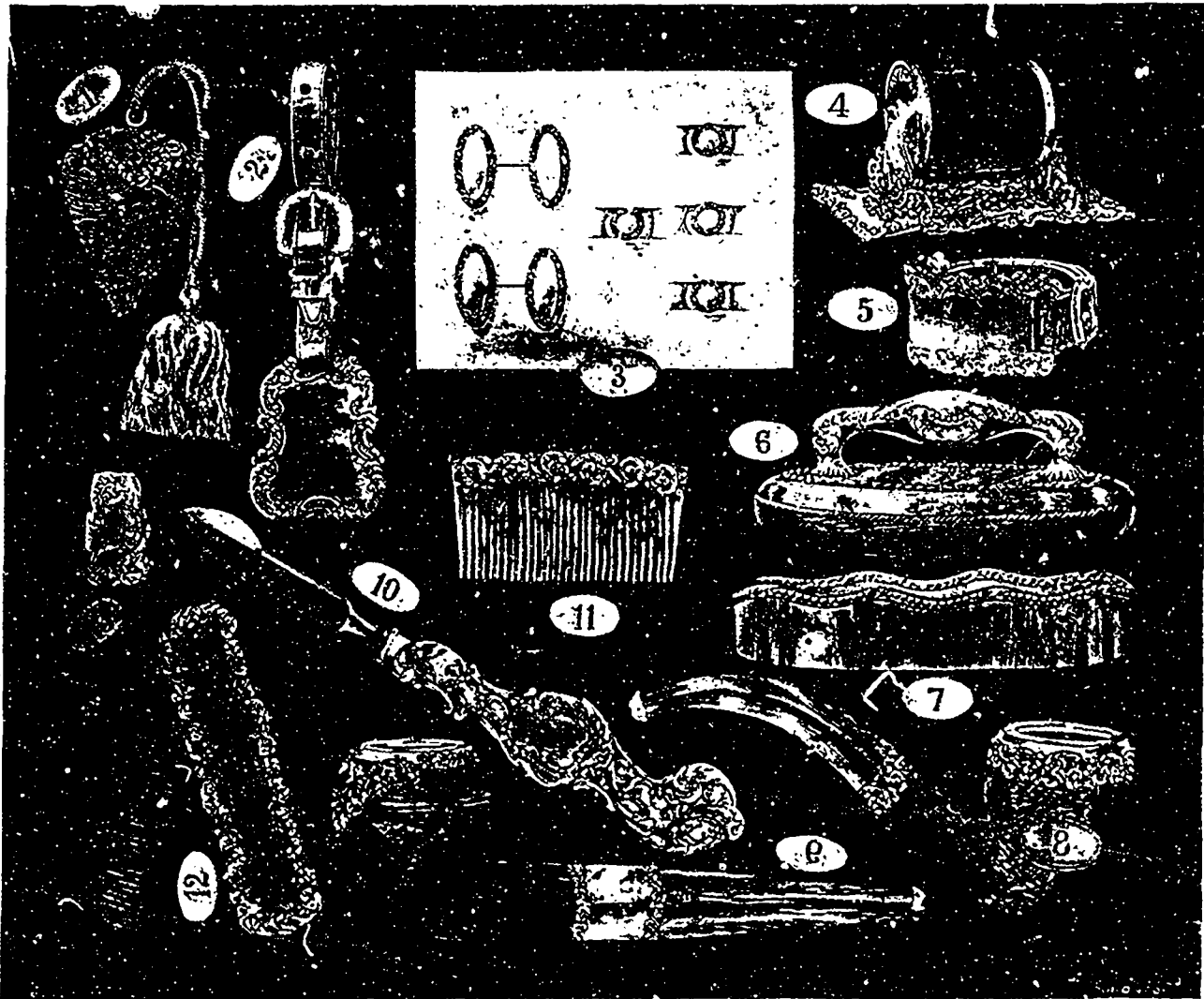
3 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Incorporated Capital,
\$100,000.00.

Established
1836.

We Always Lead in Sterling Silverware

And have done so for over half a century. Being so long established has enabled us, by these years of experience, to buy through our agents in any part of the world, besides sending our buyer direct to the European factories. You thus save a middle profit, and get a better assortment to select from.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ONE-HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE.

The Silver Parts of all goods shown here are **STERLING SILVER.**

No. 3. Solid Silver Blouse Set	50 cts.	No. 6. Nail Polisher	} \$10 00
We do not guarantee to send this exact pattern, as there is such a large assortment of patterns to choose from, but we can send one very nearly the same pattern.		No. 7. " " Case	
No. 2. Bag Tag	\$ 0 75	No. 8. Silver Mounted Pipe	3 75
No. 1. Emery Ball	0 50	No. 9. " " "	4 50
No. 4. Silk Spool Holder	2 50	No. 10. Ink Eraser	2 50
No. 5. Bicycle Tag	0 50	No. 11. Silver Mounted Side Comb, pair	0 35
		No. 12. Moustache Comb	1 50
		No. 13. Scarf Holder	0 25

The J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd.,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS,

3 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.