

TRAVEL NUMBER

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A Suggestion of Outing Days

## AT THE FERRY

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

WE are waiting in the nightfall by the river's  
placid rim,  
Summer silence all about us, save where  
swallow's plumes skim  
The still grey waters sharply, and the widening  
circles reach  
With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on  
the beach.  
The sun has set long, long ago. Against the pearly  
sky  
Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight  
and high.  
Behind us stands the forest, with its black and  
lonely pines;  
Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River  
stands;  
Far down its banks the village lights are creeping  
one by one;  
Far up above, with holy torch, the evening star  
looks down.

And the listening stillness, you and I have silent  
grown,  
Waiting for the river ferry waiting in the dusk  
alone;  
At last we hear a velvet step, sweet silence reigns  
no more;  
Tis a barefoot, sun burnt little boy upon the other  
shore,  
Far thro' the waning twilight we can see him  
quickly kneel  
To lift the heavy chain, then turn the rusty old  
cog-wheel;  
And the water logged old ferryboat moves slowly  
from the brink.  
Breaking all the star's reflections with the waves  
that rise and sink;  
While the water dripping gently from the rising,  
falling chains,  
Is the only interruptor to the quiet that remains  
To lull us into golden dreams, to charm our cares  
away  
With its Letho... waters flowing neath the bridge  
of yesterday.  
Oh, the day was calm and tender, but the night is  
calmer still,  
As we go aboard the ferry, where we stand and  
dream, until  
We cross the sleeping river, with its restful  
whisperings,  
And peace falls, like a feather from some passing  
angel's wings.

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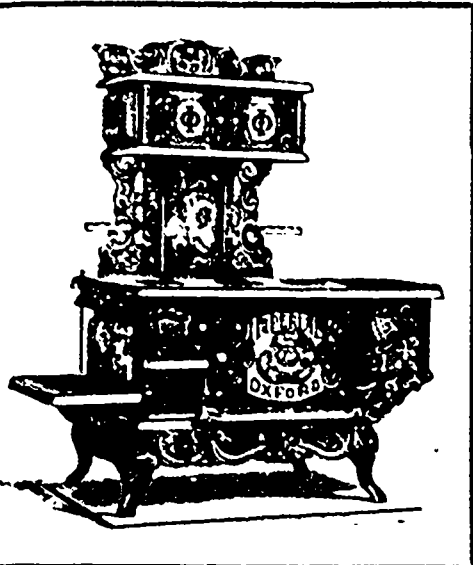
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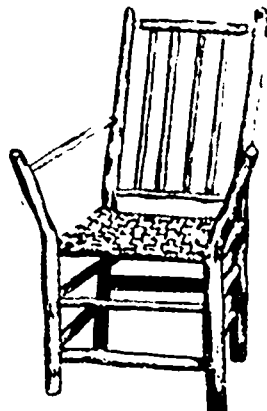
**KAY'S**

# Summer Furniture Needs

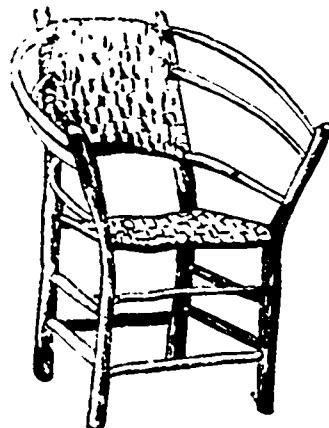
None too early to give thought to the furnishing needs for the summer. It may be the summer cottage at the Island, Muskoka, or elsewhere. Perhaps it is your city home, where conditions will be made more summer like and pleasant by the use of awnings, suitable chairs for verandah or lawn, and in other ways. In these large stocks we have much to suggest in this way.

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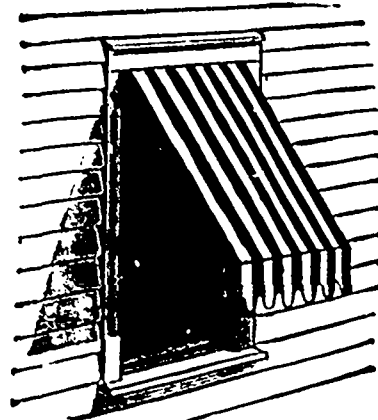


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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, CAN., MAY, 1901.

No. 2.

## The Summer's Travel

Picturesque Spots and Shady Nooks Where One  
May Drink in New Life Many Delightful  
Trips Suggest Themselves Where  
Shall I Spend the Summer?

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn."



write of the opportunities of travel that present themselves to the pleasure-seeker would easily cover a volume. The choice of pleasure-seeking spots is easy. No pent-up Utica holds the pleasure-seeker of the present day. Everyone may not have earned the title of a "much travelled man," but to travel, to see, to break away from the dreary routine of everyday vocations, comes to almost everyone in greater or less degree nowadays.

Toronto may fittingly be taken as the starting-point for thousands of pleasure-seekers. It is the open door for many of the most delightful trips that one may want to take. Who wearies of the wonders of Niagara and its surroundings? Each year the number of visitors increases, and the more frequently one visits this greatest of world's wonders the more they find to be seen. A pen picture of the beauties of Niagara is hardly needed in the columns of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, where, in one way and another, some of its more important points have formed interesting subjects for capable writers. Only two months ago we published a clever sketch of the Falls, giving some particulars of the early history of that section. In this number appears a sketch of Lundy's Lane from the same interesting writer. The trip to Niagara and the Falls is always full of pleasure, and few better equipped steamers are found on any of our lakes than those of the Niagara River Line, starting out several times a day in the season from Toronto. This year, in view of the increased travel anticipated by the Pan-American, a new line is being put on between Toronto and Niagara—the Toronto Navigation Company, under experienced management and the promise of a good line of steamers.

If a popular vote were to be taken of the most favorable summer resort we do not know but what Muskoka would carry off the palm. It has well been termed the High-

lands of Ontario, and to spend the summer months among the islands and lakes of this portion of Ontario is indeed a pleasure much to be desired. Old forests full of great patriarchs of the woods abound in Muskoka. The lakes abound with fish, and here and there a swift running brook babbles of the trout which lie in quiet little pools along its course. This vast region is in the northern part of Ontario, east of the Georgian Bay and north of Lake Ontario, and the point of embarkation for the trip on the lakes is situated 112 miles from Toronto, the total area of the district covers a large tract of that portion of the country, and some idea of its extent may be had when it is known that some eight hundred lakes and rivers are imbedded within its boundaries. This incomparable range of waters studded over a vast area like crystalline gems set with emeralds, in one of those gorgeous pictures of nature which defy the power of created genius to depict, and baffles the skill of prize imitation, is without doubt the tourists' Mecca *par excellence*. There is nothing anywhere else quite like Muskoka. It stands alone in its particular individuality and beauty, and there is no other spot to be compared to it in loveliness. All through that northern section, even when one gets away from what is properly known as Muskoka, there are points for pleasure-seekers that possess an unexplainable charm.

But coming back to Toronto again one may resolve on a trip east rather than north. A trip down the St. Lawrence, through the wonderful Thousand Islands, and stopping off at one or another of the parks is a pleasure that one may well envy. The steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, for the Thousand Islands and Montreal, leave the docks of the Company, Toronto, daily, except Sundays. Making their way through the eastern outlet of the harbor, they are soon into the broad expanse of blue waters that stretches far beyond the reach of human vision. Leading towns in eastern Ontario

are made stopping points, the old city of Kingston being finally reached. At early morn the steamer launches out upon the silent bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence. Then comes a day of delight as one surprise and another meets the eye, the rapids run, and Montreal is in sight.

No reference to the delights of eastern Ontario would be complete without some account of the Rideau Canal, fittingly termed, "The Killarney of Canada"—a trip to be taken in the magnificent steamers of the Rideau Lakes Navigation Company of Kingston. It will be remembered that not quite a year ago a writer in the HOME JOURNAL gave a very interesting and complete account of this delightful trip, making Ottawa the starting point, though Kingston is usually supposed to be the place to "take ship." This writer said: "Down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands and rapids of that noble river to Montreal, thence to Ottawa, and back to Kingston by the Rideau route. Why? Because, leaving Ottawa with its many attractions weary with sight-seeing, one is gradually rested, and in tune for an appreciative reception of the ascending scale of beauty and interest. Then, again, as we round the river and are lifted by the successive locks to the highest level, the exhilaration of the air and the sense of beauty grow upon us. The pause which the mile of canal, its flat



A SUMMER CAMPING SCENE IN CANADA

shores and the lonely dwelling of the lock-keeper gives is a fitting preparation for the scenes that follow the other, and to many, the lovelier scenery of the other half of the route. One glides through the clear water of Mud Lake—a mud lake only in name, as the Indians had given it, not in reality. This lake is a mass of lovely islands. On many of the islands that one sees are pretty summer cottages, club houses and the typical summer boarding-houses, where parties of friends congregate, and each household and camping-party keep up a friendly rivalry in the picturesque and attractive decorations of their island in camp-fire parties or in fishing expeditions. Some idea of the charm of the Rideau route may be understood when we say that at one point one mounts 290 feet from Ottawa to the divide, and has to descend 162 feet to the level of Lake Ontario. Credited often as being the most beautiful and interesting spot on the trip is the Jones' Falls. Here, while the steamer waits, poised as it were in the air against the sky-line, as one looks at it from below the triple gates,

interested in the beauties of Canada will want to miss. A convenience of this Rideau Lakes trip is the special running connections of the Company with the New York Central and Hudson River Railway.

A good deal of immediate interest among the travelling public, and this will embrace nearly everyone, will centre this year around the Pan-American Exposition that opens in Buffalo this month and is to continue until November. "Put me off at Buffalo" are words that will be put into the mouth of almost everyone. Somehow, in their planning for the summer, the tourist will aim to spend a little while—a few days or weeks, as the case may be—at Buffalo. Great preparations have been made for the past year or more, and from all accounts, just as every one took in the Centennial at Philadelphia some years ago and the World's Fair at Chicago still later, so they will take in the Pan-American in this first year of the twentieth century. The resources for the purposes of the Exposition amount to about \$6,000,000, and the liberal appropriations for exhibits from the

Buffalo are also being announced, so that it would look as though every preparation was being made for the largest possible crowds that will visit the Pan-American.

If we were to extend this sketch we might easily speak of the North-West and the Pacific Coast, though separated by great distances from some parts of the Dominion. We cannot all go to the Coast, perhaps, this summer, but every true Canadian is desirous that somehow, at some time, he should be able to see with his own eyes this wonderful western country.

No description of Canada's beauties would be complete without a suggestion of the Maritime Provinces and the beauties of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The land of Evangeline is, indeed, a scene of beauty—and one's travels have not been rounded-up without a season down by the sea.

### Kindly Customs of the Royal Family.

ONE of the most interesting features of Osborne House is the avenue of trees in the garden planted by the royal family in February, 1862, to perpetuate the memory of the late Prince Consort, who died in December of the previous year. When planted, these trees were small, but they now tower imposingly in the air. The first one, a pine tree, was planted by Queen Victoria, and her late Majesty caused to be affixed thereon a small tablet bearing the words, "For the late Prince Consort." The next tree was placed there by King Edward. Following these are trees which owe their being to Princess Louise, Princess Alice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and several other members of the royal family. At the back of this noble avenue, amongst a number of other trees is to be found a fine cedar of Lebanon, brought back by King Edward from Palestine, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited that country in 1872. It was planted in the garden of Osborne House

by Princess Maud of Wales, now Princess Charles of Denmark. There is also another beautiful avenue of trees in the garden which has grown up in commemoration of the marriage of Queen Victoria's children. As each one left her side, so a tree was added to this particular glade, which now forms one of the prettiest spots in the garden of Osborne House.

### Love's Miracle.

A YEAR ago I thought my heart was dead,  
I buried it within myself, breast-deep,  
And o'er it sang a solemn chant of sleep,  
A requiem from whence dear hope was fled.

So thus I mourned my sorrow, day by day,  
Nor knew a heart has seasons as the earth,  
Nor dreamed it could again awake to mirth,  
Till, in the cool, sweet days of early May,

Love touched my breast, and as the flow'rs that start  
From Winter prisons at the Sun's warm kiss,  
And from their burial rise to Summer's bliss,  
Alive I felt my love-awakened heart.

ALICE VAN LERR CARRICK.



ON THE RIDEAU RIVER.

each twenty-two feet in height, one lands on the lake side, and following a narrower path to the right, climb to a broad roadway over the horse-shoe dam, through a slight belt of screening trees, past a pretty cottage, until the lake lies once more before us and we stand on the massive masonry of the restraining wall, the gentle lap, lap of the water against the grassy road giving no indication of the ninety feet of precipice a few feet away. The dam is 400 feet long and its base is 301 feet thick, but these measurements convey to the uninitiated little of its appearance of stupendous strength. The picture is one to see; it will long live in the memory although words fail to convey any adequate idea of the beauty of Jones' Falls. Cranberry Lake recalls engineer's business in cutting the channel through the tangled mass of wood. Then one draws near to the Limestone City and looks down upon the massive masonry at the locks at Kingston Mills with a new sense of the greatness of the work—and thus ending the trip easily comes to the conclusion that this Rideau trip is one that no one in-

various States of the Union and from many foreign countries, largely increase this sum. The buildings and the numerous attractions cover an area of 350 acres in the northern part of the city of Buffalo, including 133 acres of beautiful park lands and lakes. It is claimed that the scene at night, when the electric forces of the Exposition are fully developed, will be one of the marvels of the century. So much has been written in the newspapers of various features of detail that we do not intend wearying our readers at this point with any additions in this way. The two great railways of Canada are planning extensively for the service, both in the number of trains that will leave Toronto and other points daily, and in the reasonableness of the fare. The new Toronto Navigation Company will doubtless carry their thousands of passengers during the season. So much is anticipated in this way that there is going to be little or no opportunity given for ordinary excursionists to arrange with any boats for the usual excursions of the season. Other outlets to



Written for the  
CANADIAN  
HOME JOURNAL  
BY  
W. A. MAC.

## A Visit to Lundy's Lane

"How sleep the brave that sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dowy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE "Lane" was almost deserted on that morning in early spring when we visited it. The valley away to the north beyond Stamford and St. David's was piled full of shining haze. Beyond the valley the bluff at Queenston rose dark and indistinct, crowned with its sun-tipped obelisk. The sandy terraces in the north of Drummond Hill were already fringed in green, along the Lane the archway of maples were reddening in the first glow of returning life.

Climbing the ascent from the corner of the old portage road, now a pleasant street in Niagara Falls South, we entered the cemetery through a small turnstile and found ourselves on ground sacred to every Canadian.

Truly this is sacred ground! Every foot of it is consecrated by the blood of a hero. What an ideal spot to dream in. To dream of the days long gone into the past, with their strife and their labor, and their storms and their repose at last. How close it all seems here. More real than the present.

There is the old portage road along which one can almost see the lithe Indians bearing on their shoulders the dripping birch to launch it again in the level reaches beyond the rapids. With them at last come the "pale-face," awed, perhaps, by the immensity of the wilderness, or by the majesty of the eternal silence. Then came the "pale-face" of another race, hewing homes in the wilderness and laying the foundations of an empire. Then the Cooks and the Forsyths and the Durhams came from Delaware and settled along the old forest paths. The settlement was soon dignified by the name "Township No. 2," then it came to be called Stamford.

Lundy's Lane. Why called "Lundy's" no one seems to know. It is true a family of Lundys was settled near there, but others had a better right to the honor of having their name go down to history. Had the settlers foreseen that the Indian trail would be associated with a hundred incidents that would perpetuate any name, "apt alliteration" must have given way to justice, and the street would have been known by a less euphonious title.

But the cemetery is of surpassing interest. Over its myrtle covered mounds and around its ancient church took place the greatest struggle in the history of Upper Canada. What an immense addition its silent population received on that July morning when the victors buried friend and foe in long trenches on the sandy slope. For there were graves there before that July night, and graves of heroes, too. For were they not

heroes who came in the early days as well as those who died to defend them? One instinctively walks lighter and breathes quicker as he wanders among those mounds strewn thickly over the slope. Here and there among the tangled grass are brown stones howed by the mason's hammer into some semblance of a slab. There is a name and two dates in rude chiselling. In many places are weather-worn wooden slabs on which the carpenter engraved "some holy text" in letters long since defaced. Many of the stones and slabs are nameless, and instead of a mound there is a little hollow.

The land for the cemetery was set apart about the year 1796. It was given by Captain Buckner. He was not the original owner, but purchased it from William Forsyth, who held it from the Crown. Captain Buckner's grave is marked near the fence which divides the church enclosure from the cemetery. He died in 1824. The first interment in the lot took place in 1797. It was that of John Birch, who was a man of considerable importance in the community. He built the first mill in the neighborhood, and to it the



GRAVE OF LAURA SECORD IN DRUMMOND HILL CEMETERY.

people for miles around brought their grain, often carrying it on their backs through the forest.

Many more of the early settlers found rest there during the next fifteen years, a rest unbroken by the struggles of that night. But who shall say that their spirits did not hover over the defenders of the land they loved so well?

About the centre of the eastern slope of the cemetery is the simple stone sarcophagus which marks the resting place of Lieut.-Col. Cecil Bishop. In the first year of the war that gallant young officer, with part of the 41st and 49th, numbering fewer than six hundred men, defended a frontier of more than twenty miles. In November, 1812, he repulsed a powerful force which, under General Smythe, had taken possession of Fort Erie. In July of the next year, when embarking after a successful night attack on Black Rock he received wounds from which he died three days later. The following pathetic verse, engraved on the tomb, "implores the passing tribute of a sigh":

"Stranger whose steps e'en now perhaps have stood  
Beneath Niagara's stupendous flood,  
Pause o'er this shrine where sleeps the young and  
brave,  
And shed one generous tear on Cecil's grave,  
Whilst pitying angels point through deepest gloom,  
To everlasting happiness beyond the tomb,  
Through Christ who died to give eternal life."

But the shrine which most Canadians visit with the greatest interest is that of Laura Secord, which for over forty years has remained almost unmarked. A rough picket fence surrounds the plot. In the enclosure are two slabs, now rusty and covered with lichen. By holding back the branches of the shrubs growing close to the stone we are able to read this simple inscription—

HERE RESTS LAURA,  
BELOVED WIFE OF JAMES SECORD,  
DIED OCT. 17, 1868,  
AGED 93 YEARS.

It is gratifying to know that before the summer is gone the spot will be marked by a monument befitting the fame of Canada's greatest heroine.

South of the church stands the monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the battle. In the vault under its base are the remains of many of the nameless heroes which have been uncovered from time to time in various parts of the field. The following is the inscription on the soldier's monument on the battlefield at Lundy's Lane:

ERECTED BY  
THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT  
IN HONOR OF THE VICTORY GAINED BY THE  
BRITISH AND CANADIAN FORCES  
ON THIS FIELD ON THE 25th JULY, 1814,  
AND IN  
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE BRAVE  
MEN WHO DIED ON THAT DAY  
FIGHTING FOR THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE,  
1895.

The little Presbyterian church on the hill has a history too. How closely it was associated with the joys and sorrows of those early days. And when the Sabbath seemed to sanctify with a deeper quiet the silence of the forest, they met there in their honest "homespun" to sing praises to Him who was the same to them in the new land as in the old.

Then came the struggle for their homes and their British birthright. A struggle which culminated on the very spot where we stand. Near the church, on the crest of the hill, were planted the British field pieces, for the possession of which the severest fighting took place. This was the key of the British position, which Brown and Scott strove in vain to carry, and which Drummond held with a tenacity that has given him a place among the heroes of the Empire. This was the ridge on which the gallant Royals and the 89th threw themselves down to rest among their fallen comrades when the last charge had been made and the enemy had retired beyond the Chippawa. Down beyond the Queenston road the British left was in the air. Had Drummond sufficient force to prolong his line to the river the result of the battle could not have been so long in doubt. There would have been no outflanking then, and the carnage on his left and rear would have been avoided. At our feet is the slope

up which the 41st charged to complete the victory. Far up the lane to the right of the line we go over the ground where the troops were thrown forward among the fields of un-reaped grain. These were part of the "Kings" and 103rd, who, in spite of the repeated attacks of the best American troops, held their position and even advanced far into the enemy's position.

In a slight depression in a lot a short distance from the church, many of the American dead were burned. They were too numerous and time was too precious to permit of their burial. Local tradition informs us that on this spot no grass would grow until someone scraped over it the earth from the surrounding knolls. Along the front of the same lot are still standing many trees which were scarred and pitted by the musketry.

We had lived again in this short hour the years of the past. We forgot the lawns and the villas and the gardens which mark the Lundy's Lane of to-day as one of the most beautiful spots in Canada. The roar of the Falls had been transformed by our fancy into the roar of cannon. The sleepers on the hill were raised in our imagination as if from bivouac, and seemed to perform again their deeds of valor. As we turned to leave the spot, someone leaning against the soldiers' monument repeated the words, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," and we thought them appropriate.

### May.

MAY is the very month of mirth!  
And if there be a time on earth  
When things below in part may vie  
For beauty with the things on high,  
As some have thought earth's beauties given  
For counterparts of those in heaven,  
'Tis in that balmy vernal time  
When Nature revels in her prime,  
And all is fresh and fair and gay,  
Resplendent with the smiles of May.

BISHOP MAST.

TEACHER—"Johnny, tell me the name of tropical belt north of the equator." Johnny—"Can't, sir." Teacher—"Correct. That will do."

## A Wife's Dilemma

Written for the  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

By HARRY A. YUILLE.

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### CHAPTER I.



HAT Arthur Watson's wife was in a dilemma will be readily divined when it is related that she had spent every cent of her quarter's allowance and had not a suitable pair of gloves to wear at an afternoon reception on that memorable day—just seven months after her marriage with Arthur Watson—a master machinist in the great "Craven Print Works" in the town of Moncton.

Mrs. Watson belonged to the fascinating type of woman, small and slight, with an abundance of dark brown hair in natural waves, and large, dove-like eyes of the same color. Besides her beauty, she had an air of graceful composure and sweetly modulated voice. She had lived since childhood with a wealthy relative, on whom she had been left dependent. Aunt Smithson, as Vera had been taught to call her, lived in West Moncton among the aristocracy.

As Mrs. Smithson's pretty ward, Vera might have looked a little higher than Arthur Watson, from a worldly point of view, but she was very proud and fond of her handsome, manly husband, who loved her so devoutly. So far, she had been too happy to feel very keenly the change from the luxurious home of her aunt to the simple, though tastily furnished cottage in East Moncton; but on this December morning a little cloud was in the air; and Mr. Watson had finished breakfast and was about to bid his wife good-bye, when she said: "I don't like to mention it, Arthur, dear, but it would oblige me very much if you could advance me a small sum on my next quarter's allowance."



AT THE PAN-AMERICAN, BUFFALO.

"Vera," Arthur said, quietly, "I have over-drawn my salary every month since we were married. The first of January will soon be here, and I am afraid I will not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I do not feel that we should trifle away a cent of money just now, and I do not believe that you do either, dear."

"Never mind, Arthur," Vera replied, "I ought to have a new pair of gloves for this afternoon, as I am to call on John Smithson's bride, but I can manage all right."

Arthur kissed her good-bye, and went to his work feeling somewhat grieved at the necessity for this first denial of a direct request from his wife.

Vera also felt it keenly, but she was a brave little woman, and although it must be confessed that she shed a few tears, and did some serious thinking, yet she resolved to make the best of her disappointment, and spent the rest of the morning arranging her toilet for the call, and despite the mended gloves, she looked not only handsome but stylish when she emerged from the cottage.

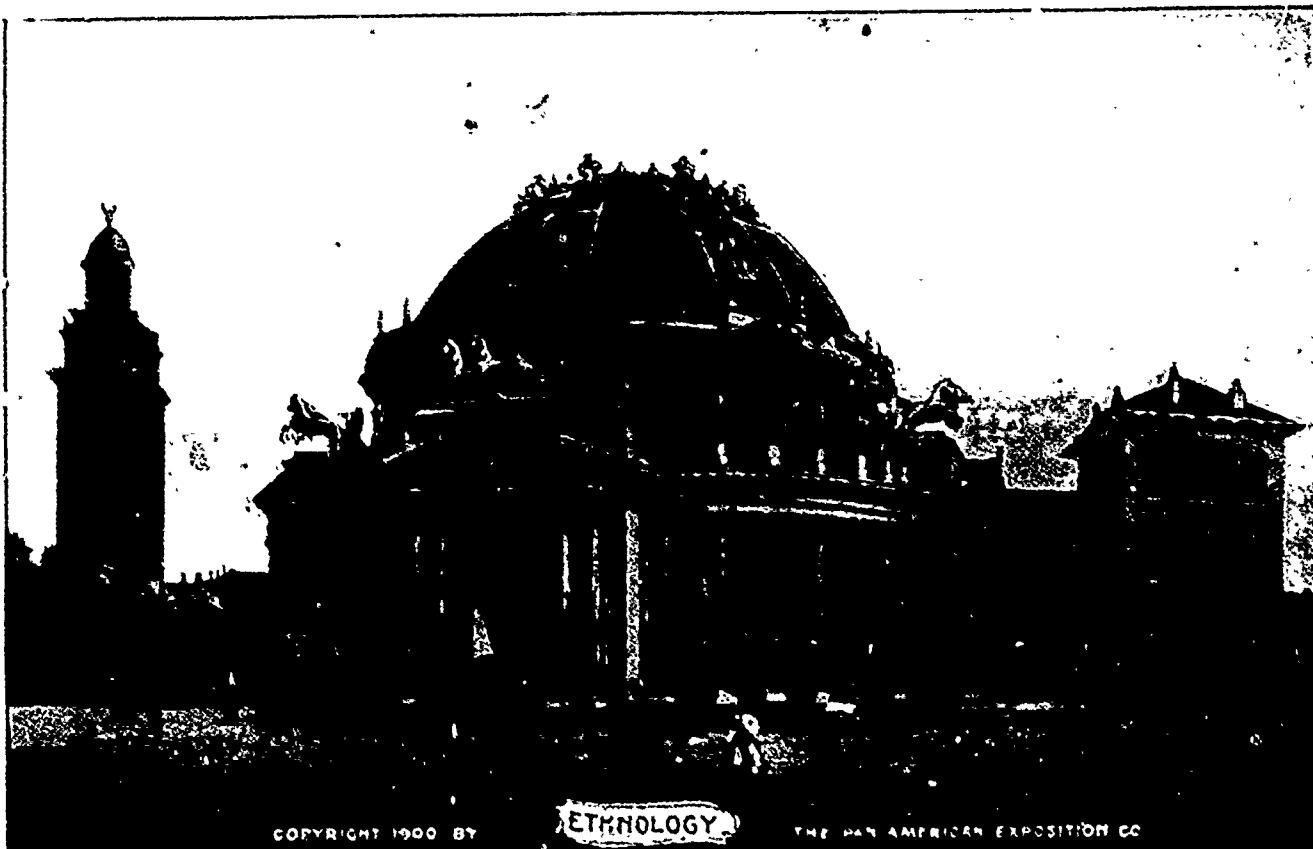
Just as she approached her aunt's gate, the elderly Mrs. Craven, in a magnificent velvet and silk costume, was being helped from the carriage by her son.

The Cravens were the owners of the mill in which Arthur was employed. Harry, the only son, had just returned from a five years' residence abroad; and as Vera had not seen him since his return she was observing him somewhat closely, when he noticed her and raised his hat.

"A pretty face," he remarked to his mother, "I suppose it is someone I have known, or should know."

Mrs. Craven, with her keen eyes, glanced sharply back towards Vera, whom she had not perceived, and bowed slightly—"It is the young person whom Mrs. Smithson brought up; she is married to one of our men, I believe."

John Smithson and his bride were holding an informal reception. The room in which Vera's own wedding had been celebrated a few months before was quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Smithson; she was the daughter of a wealthy planter. Vera could not resist a little tinge of envy as she looked at her with her superb costume and rare jewels, toned into harmony with her delicate loveliness by the



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ETHNOLOGY

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softening effects of flowers and film point lace.

Vera moved easily about the well-furnished rooms, some way she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners the faint perfume, the refined faces and rich dresses were a stimulant to her, and in this atmosphere her natural beauty and æsthetic nature unfolded to its highest perfection. She had been talking with one and another of the guests and taking in many little details of feminine adornment, when Mr. Craven came up to her from the opposite side of the room.

"I seem to be unable to recall you, Mrs. Watson," he said, "yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."

"I remember you, perfectly," Vera said, quietly, "I was hardly grown up when you left us five years ago."

"Five years! Ah, true enough, many changes take place in that time. Will you take a seat, Mrs. Watson?"

"What a lovely lily this is! Why, it is not real?"

"No, these wax flowers are very natural-looking, though almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Craven?"

"They are, indeed: it must be quite difficult to make them so perfectly. I daresay, though, that it is a remunerative employment."

A quick thought flashed through Vera's mind, but she quietly turned the conversation to other topics.

Harry Craven was past thirty, but with the exception of a few boyish attachments, he had never given much thought or attention to the fair sex. He was more devoted to his mother than to any other woman; which was very gratifying to her, as she had no daughters, and was entirely dependent on her son for the courtesies and attentions that all elderly people appreciate so much. He was very proud of his mother, and as he sat talking with Mrs. Watson his eyes followed her about the room. He seemed to enjoy Vera's conversation very much, however, perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was quite unreserved, and talked of his future plans and prospects in an unassuming manner. "He was glad to get home," he said; "and meant to settle down in Moncton now: look after the factories, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of goods; more tasteful designs. He had not seen a pretty print from the factory. Do you not agree with me, Mrs. Watson?" he asked.

"Yes, I quite agree with you," she replied, "and I have often wondered if it would not be just as easy to make pretty prints as it is to make ugly prints; if so, why do we have such a superfluity of shocking combinations in colors, and hideous designs: is it a question of supply and demand? There is no accounting for taste, you know, and I thought perhaps some people preferred the inartistic looking fabrics which are piled high on the counters of every dry goods store in Christendom."

"I think, Mrs. Watson, that the reason we have such a lack of harmony and beauty in the majority of our designs, is because the factories are operated by men: and the majority of them pay but little attention to the artistic effect in designing prints. It is either that or a predominance of bad taste. I in-

tend, however, to make a study of this branch of our work, and hope to see an improvement along this line within the next year."

It was an unconventional conversation for the drawing-room, but Vera enjoyed the unassuming and confidential manner of talking with which Harry Craven honored her; and as he continued to unfold his plans, Vera's cheeks flushed and her lustrous eyes brightened with interested enthusiasm; and Mr. Craven was surprised to find out how much she knew about the work at the mill.

Suddenly Vera became aware that most of the guests were leaving, and as she looked towards the window she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dark!" and I believe it is raining; I must go at once."

Mr. Craven rose also, "Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home, my mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Smithson, who was talking to Mrs. Craven. "Stay for tea, Vera," she said, coaxingly, "Arthur knows you are here, does he not?"

"Yes, aunt, but he will not be able to come for me to-night, and I think I had better not stay, thank you."

"I have been asking Mrs. Watson to take a seat in the carriage with us, mother," Mr. Craven interposed.

"Why, certainly, I shall be most happy." Vera mentally concluded that her best dress and bonnet had better ride, although she would have preferred to walk herself.

The factory bell had ceased ringing, and Arthur Watson was in sight of home when the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, hear her say to Harry Craven, as he assisted her to alight, "If you will come in to-morrow I will show you what I mean."

## CHAPTER II.

"Did you have a pleasant afternoon, Vera?" Arthur Watson inquired, as they sat down together, after Arthur had changed his business suit for the dressy house jacket and comfortable slippers, which had been a present from Vera on his birthday, before their marriage.

"I had a very pleasant afternoon," Vera replied, thoughtfully.

"It was very kind of the Cravens to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with some difficulty that Arthur Watson got his wife to talk, and to-night she seemed more than usually absent-minded and silent, although her eyes were brighter than common and her cheeks were still a little flushed. He was too generous and unselfish to begrudge his wife any pleasure in which he took no part; but something in her manner filled him with a vague uneasiness. This feeling was strengthened when, on coming home a little earlier than usual the following day, he met Harry Craven just leaving the cottage and found Vera with the same bright expression and heightened color, as on the night before.

That was the beginning of Arthur Watson's trouble. It was not so much jealousy—a man's instinctive revolt at another man's admiration of his wife—as it was fear, a desperate, death-like fear that Vera needed something that he could not give her to make her happy. He could not give her all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and he well knew

that in elegance of speech and grace of manner, he could never hope to compare with Harry Craven. But—*he loved her so!* How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her with suspicions," he said to himself as he lay with sleepless eyes in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way against it as best I can, and perhaps it will all come right soon."

Poor fellow, he did not realize that his determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arm to look at her as she slept, and through what followed he retained the impression of her pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow—whitened by the moonlight that glistened the frost on the windows and flooded the room.

The winter and early spring months had passed; summer had come and gone: still the cloud on Arthur Watson's horizon loomed up before him as large as ever. Seemingly, he had continual cause for suspicion. He knew that Vera frequently met Mr. Craven at her aunt's; and when she went for a week's visit to John Smithson's, Harry Craven was there also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him. But an incident which, perhaps more than all the rest, caused the iron to enter his soul, occurred one evening when he went to Vera's desk—a present he had made her during their engagement—and, on finding it locked, asked her carelessly enough for the key, as he wanted to get some note paper. To his surprise Vera showed unmistakable signs of embarrassment, and said, "I will get the paper for you, Arthur."

(Concluded in our next.)

FOR THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

### Springtime.

HAIL! thou beautiful, glorious spring!  
Let us all thy praises sing;  
'Tis the glad season of the year,  
When nature is most bright and fair.  
The birds sing sweetly in the trees  
That bend so gently to the breeze.  
Sweet flowers bloom so fair and bright  
Lovely hawthorn, pink and white;  
And, close beside the sparkling rill,  
There springs the golden daffodil;  
And in a quiet, shady spot,  
We find the blue forget-me-not.  
Then, far within the forest glade,  
Clustering together in the shade,  
The yellow primroses, sweet and fair,  
Fill with fragrance the balmy air.  
The sky above is blue and bright;  
The sun gives forth his radiant light;  
The birds sing sweetly everywhere,  
They, too, think springtime fresh and fair.  
To God, who sends the sun and showers  
That we may have our lovely flowers,  
We should our grateful praises sing,  
For He hath made the glorious spring.

M. A. I. N.

### Too Lofly.

IN one of his fables Æsop tells of a philosopher who, while dreamily looking towards the heavens, fell into a pit and cried aloud for help. A shepherd who had been watching his flocks near by ran to his relief, reached down his crook and saved him. "What can I do for thee?" asked the philosopher. "Nothing," said the shepherd, "but this: give more heed to the things that lie about thy feet and less to the skies above thee, and thou wilt save thyself much trouble." To live for to-day is in the noblest sense to live for eternity.—*D. J. Burrell.*

Special Story  
for the  
Canadian  
Home  
Journal

## The Family Honor

By...  
Mrs. C. L.  
Balfour

### CHAPTER XV THE ACCOMPLICE.

"Still to guilt occasion sends  
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends."  
Byron.



WHEN the church bell had done summoning the people to evening worship, Old Leathery went out, and took his way along the somewhat lonely road toward Southampton.

Crossing the railway, he came upon the shingly ridge at the muddy head of the Southampton water, and, looking towards the glowing lights of the town in the distance and those on the pier to his right, he seemed to be expecting some one. Heavy clouds swept over the sky in masses that were only fitfully pierced by watery moonbeams. He had not walked long when he saw a tall woman advancing, who strode along at a quick pace, her shawl and skirts blown about by the wind, and her long arms swinging in unison with her steps, so that she looked like an advancing windmill. Her quick breathing from the haste of her movements could be heard even amid the frequent blasts of a squally wind.

As soon as she came near, Old Leathery said in his hard, dry voice that cut the air like a razor, "Save your breath, Janet: don't be spending it at that rate. Save it, not to cool your parriteh, woman, but to talk to me."

"Save!" panted the woman, coming up to him. "I must save time, if I'm to stay yonder. I must na be running aff this rate."

"Ou, it's church-time, Janet; don't fash yourself or me. But say, noo, are ye sure ye were right when you repeated to me that he deceived the lassie, Isabel, and that it was na true about his being married afore?"

"I'm as sure as I live he said it."

"And he not wandering?"

"Wandering! He gave the papers all right. I touched the curtains to get a peep, but they were all done up close in the envelope; and I was as near being found out—for the sister got up quickly, for all as stiff and stately as she is, and was coming round to the side where I stood—but I had left the door in the papered wall ajee, and in I popped, as I have telled ye once—you know, when I gave you the only paper I could get. But I say, Sandy, hear me. I'm tired of this. I don't know what you're meaning to do, or whar you're guiding me. These crooked ways are wearifu."

"Wearifu! Nonsense, woman! What but crooked ways could have saved you or yours, I'd like to know!"

"So you tell me; but I'd like to get away. You promised me money for the voyage long since. I'm sure I earned it: first and last I've worked well for you."

"Worked for me, Janet? Ye worked for yourself. If the way is crooked, ye know how it was that it ceased to be straight. Ye're surely forgettin'. My wife was never so mighty good to me, that I should put my-

self out of the way to save you, her sister, from the consequence of both sin and folly."

"Sin! you, Sandy, to talk o' sin," said the woman, lifting a white face and angry eyes to heaven.

"No one has mair right," he answered, huskily; "You forget, seemingly, that it was you betrayed the trust, and by your carelessness, going after your sweetheart caused the baby's death."

"Hush! there's some one coming," said the woman, in a panic of terror.

"He looked round quickly, and assured himself that it was only her terror that suggested an eavesdropper.

"I'll not hush, I say that, if they charged you wi' murder, they'd ha' proved it. Nae one wad have believed it was an accident—I even don't surely know. It was my weakness for you, as belonging to my wife's people, made me trust your story; but I'm maybe wrong."

"Sandy, you never said that to me before—never. You do know better."

"Well, we helped you in the only way we could. It was painful, but we could do no other, unless, indeed, we had let the law come in, and then—." He spread out his hands, and threw them up, as if all would have been lost, adding in a low voice, "And now I own I'm terrified when I think if it should ever be known: the last sin would be thought as bad as the first—the sub-sti-tu-tion!" He churned out the word slowly between his teeth.

"There, don't—don't speak of it!" she said: adding a moment after, desperately, "But I could *but* be ruined, body and soul, if all was known."

"It might be worse for Archie. Serve me, and I serve you. I have done so, most carefully; but any meagrims and stuff, and I cease to serve you. I saw a deserter branded at Winchester only three weeks ago. I'd business wi' the doctor in the prison; he's known me for years. I saw the branding-iron, Janet, go fizzing into the man's flesh."

"Sandy, don't!" cried Janet, crouching down and covering her face, her gaunt form seemed to writhe: while the dry voice, unheeding the interruption, went rasping on:

"And I thought, 'If that was Archie now; and he'd be sure to get ten years beside.' Isn't he better off, though only a stable-keeper—eh?"

"Weel, Weel, what is't you want? I took this place, as you bade me, to be near the family: and I listened, when you hadn't told me, to what the dying man said, and found out, I fancy, something worth knowing."

"Ou, a trifle—a mere trifle. There's no fortune hanging to the name for the bairns. It's a name, and nothing more, if all's true that they have a right to it. It's of far more consequence to you to hide the past, whatever comes in the future."

"I have some money saved, Sandy. Be my friend: lend me enough for Archie—he's a'most broke down and done for—and let us go over the sea and die, out o' the way in peace."

"That cannot be a while. No: you must stay a wee bit longer, till I see if I can get the money together."

"And I've told you all I heard, and got the marriage lines, and now you put me off again," she murmured, beginning to cry.

"What can I do? It's your deed that makes it so difficult to get things straight. How can

I restore the children? Answer me that. No, no, Janet. You must be patient, for your own sake. Listen. I want you to give notice, and leave your place at the hotel, and look for a chance of hiring yourself at Austwicke Chace. You'd not be so hard worked there, woman."

"Worked! it's all work. I must go," said she, roused by his last words to a sense of the swift-passing time.

"Yes, yes; but now listen. I'm trying to get something out of this Miss Austwicke—something to cover my losses, Janet. She'll never own these bairns—not she. She'll pay money—money"—he sunk his voice into a hissing whisper, and involuntarily clutched his hands—"to have the secret kept. I know it, and you know it. For reasons of your own you cannot ever tell, that I know; but if I can keep her well in hand, madam must pay for her pride. Let her get so far that she cannot go back, and your Australian trip and a bit of land at the end is safe for you and Archie."

"It's long in coming. Year after year I've waited, till I'm well-nigh getting grey, Sandy."

"So much the better. Ye're so changed, ye'll never be known as the same, even if Mrs. Basil should by chance come—not you. Ye're bleached, face and all, Janet; so that if my wife, Maggie, rose from her grave she would not know ye. It would do ye good, and keep off the wrinkles awhile, to live in a quiet place like the old Hall. I know there's a wedding coming off there. Old Gubbins told me so in a chat I had wi' him lately. They like staid women folk, and not young girls. Your forty year and odd will be no hindrance there—not any more than it was at the 'Royal Surgeon.' It makes ye respectable like. You prepare to leave, so as to get a good name, and be ready, and I'll maybe find a way to give you a lift. There's many a way, more than masters and mistresses know of, to get into places; only, mind you this—all depends on my knowing what goes on with Miss Austwicke. Keep your eyes open." He looked at Janet's staring orbs, and added, "I mean, see with them, and tell me all that goes on. The little one is there now."

"What little one?"

"The lassie."

The woman's wide face and glassy eyes became more stony than ever, as she dropped her under jaw and stood repeating, in a guttural tone from her throat the words—

"The lassie!"

"There, go home: Archie shall be safe, and your dreadful secret be buried with me. As soon as I recover my losses, and see my way straight, you shall go. I want you to go, poor Janet!"

The contemptuous pity with which he spoke seemed to add bitterness to the woman's feelings, for she suddenly turned round and said—

"Don't you pretend to pity me, or I shall hate you outright. I serve you because I fear you; and you use me because you cannot do without me."

"Well, I've no fear of you, that's one good thing, Janet. I fear nobody—not I. But I'll make some I know pay up, or wince before I've done with them."

As he spoke he screwed up his face into such a knot of ugliness that Janet's wall eyes seemed to open wider with terror. She visibly shuddered, and with a farewell sound something between a groan and a sob, tramped off towards Southampton.

The man stood and watched her by the fit-



ful light, until she was no longer visible; then he turned in the direction of his lodgings, muttering to himself—

"What's the use of keeping a raw on an old post-horse if you don't cut into it now and again?"

#### CHAPTER XVI.—FAMILY MEETINGS.

"But oh! mankind are unco weak,  
And little to be trusted;  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted".—BURNS.

Any event that saved Miss Austwicke the trouble of decision in the perplexity into which she had fallen was welcome; and therefore, when there came a letter announcing the speedy return of Mr. Basil Austwicke and family to London for the winter, and containing a cordial invitation to her to accompany her niece home, she felt as if released for a time from the performance of her promise to her dead brother, and, shielded, by intercourse with the younger branch of her family, from the possible annoyance of many more interviews just now with Burke. Annoyance, not danger, was what she dreaded. As to the consequences of swerving from the beaten track, she had no fear, because, habituated to think that what she did was right, she could not clearly realize that she had diverged. It is only the humble and vigilant, who watch themselves with jealous care, who can plainly detect where the path gently curves and leads them out of the straight road.

For some days all was bustle at the Chace, arranging for the departure of Miss Austwicke and her niece; the former now added considerably to the wardrobe, which had been packed in a single portmanteau, and never since disturbed, in the hastily planned and abandoned journey for Scotland. At length—when the weather had completely broken, and the woods at Austwicke, after three days battling with stormy winds, were laying down their leafy banners in wet and faded heaps before the breath of the approaching conqueror, Winter—the old travelling-carriage was again on the road, and the ladies, with Martin inside, and the roof and rumble heavy with luggage, set off for town, leaving Mr. Gubbins in the undivided dignity of major-domo at the Hall, a position that sometimes brought him into such wrangling collision with Martin, that he did not greatly lament her departure—indeed, was so far propitiated that when, as her parting injunction to her fellow-servant, the waiting-woman said, as she walked by his side through the passages to the hall, "Don't you let Mrs. Comfit interfere; she's quite superannuated—wi' sending any more of her hangers-on, or her nieces, or their cousins into the family. Gracious me! they're as thick, them Comfits, as limpets on a rock. When Betsy's married—and, goodness knows, she's talked long enough about it—you take and get somebody as is expairyanced; no more of your marrying minxes, a-hupsettin' everybody; mind that, Gubbins."

"Ay, ay; trust me. I'll have a staid 'un; I've heard of one."

"Not out of the village, Gubbins, surely."

"Village, indeed! no, from Southampton; a north-country 'oman."

"Well, well; I'm sorry I didn't see her, so as to have spoken to Missus — about it. But you can do all right."

"I should think I could by this time o' day. You mind as you does likewise."

That same evening saw the party arrive, not a little tired, from a journey that they might have performed in a third of the time, if Miss Austwicke had not yielded to her prejudices. However, she had the dignity, as a compensation for a headache, of driving up to her brother's house in Wilton Place with all the stateliness of smoking poststers, soaking wet postillion, and mud-bespattered carriage.

The family had arrived a day previously; and as it was within half an hour of dinner-time, and Mrs. Basil Austwicke had expected her sister-in-law and daughter by train earlier in the day, she had given them up, and was comfortably making her toilet, which even when they dined *en famille* was elaborate, when the commotion in the house announced the arrival. Her vexed comment as she ascertained the fact—

"Posted to London. Absurd! In that lumbering Noah's Ark, with the Austwicke arms duly blazoned—idiotic!"

After which pithy verdict she resigned herself quietly to her maid, who was braiding her hair and now and then measuring her mistress's features in the glass so as to keep herself *au courant* with her mood, as a skilful waiting-woman should.

(To be continued.)

#### Central African Fashions.

BANGLES, necklaces and belts made of fine copper are commonly worn as ornaments by the native tribes of Central Africa. Miss Caddick, in her delightful account of her journey in Central Africa, describes the ingenious way in which the natives manufacture the wire from the rough copper. They draw it into the finest possible strands, which they twist on hair.

The men cut a hole through a tree, into which they put a piece of iron with a small perforation in it. The strip of copper is tapered to a point, and put through the hole in the iron. The natives catch hold of the end with a kind of pincers, then a good number hang on to it and pull it through. This process is repeated through smaller holes in the iron, till the wire is fine enough.

All the ornaments are beautifully made, and the wire is extremely fine and flexible.



THE LATE REV. DR. SCADDING, TORONTO.

Some of the men wear five copper wire belts, "manyetas," as they are called, which fit the body very tightly. The manyetas are very difficult to buy, and I was at first puzzled to account for this. After a time, I came to understand that the belts, being so small, were extremely difficult to get off. The poor men required time, and were obliged to use a good deal of oil, before they could wriggle out of them.

These manyetas are very heavy, and the weight and size greatly astonished me, as natives usually seem to dislike wearing anything tight or heavy. But fashion, in Africa as in England, makes martyrs. The women wear thick brass wire coiled round and round their arms from wrist to elbow, and in the same way around their necks in a deep collar, which must be heavy and uncomfortable.

#### Importance of Child-Saving.

CHILDREN are just what you make them. Under ordinary conditions of environment and training they will in time become good citizens, adding to the wealth and happiness of the community by their industry and uprightness. Neglected, they will grow up as the weeds and thistles, to be a plague and a curse—making life and property unsafe, and causing a tremendous expenditure of public money for police, jails, refuges, hospitals and asylums. Think of the army of boys and girls who, through a process of abuse, degradation and immoral training, have been sent



out to prey upon society, a burden to themselves and a menace to all good-living people. Our refuges and jails are full of people who have never had a fair chance in life, and who, if all the facts were known, would be found worthy of sympathy and commiseration rather than of condemnation. A stream cannot rise above its level, nor can a child prepare and educate itself for life's duties and responsibilities. It must look to those who are older than itself, and if the education is one of vice, profanity, begging, lying and stealing, there can only be one outcome, and that is a career of lawlessness and dependence upon public charity. There is too much indifference on this question, and the mission of the Children's Aid Society is to create and maintain an interest in the cause of the neglected and destitute child.

TORONTO.

J. J. KEISO.

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## EDITOR'S CORNER.

**Victoria** A PECULIAR sadness will mark the Day. festivities of this year's 24th of May. We shall no longer speak of it as the "Queen's Birthday," for "Her Majesty" as we so long knew Queen Victoria, is no longer with us. She has become Queen in a higher realm—a position earned by her queenly life of more than four score years in this lower realm. We do not think, if our late Queen could speak to us, that she would want the 24th of May a day of sadness and gloom. It will hardly be that, and yet we may expect that it will be observed in a quieter manner, doubtless, than that of former years. The suggestion has been made that it might be an occasion for some public gathering where there would be speechmaking appropriate to the day and the occasion which it celebrates. Speechmaking is not over welcome on a summer holiday, and yet in this particular case it would serve a good purpose that there should be some sort of gathering where there should be given yearly an opportunity to refer to the good deeds of our late good Queen, and bring up in remembrance those many elements of her character that have gone so far, not alone to help to make the British people better, but an influence that has extended for good the wide world over.

**Mrs. Botha** The latest newspaper reports as **Mediator.** tell us that Mrs. Botha, wife of the commander of the Boer forces in South Africa, is about to visit Paul Kruger and see if it is possible to have him intercede with the remaining Boers and have the South African hostilities brought to a

close. Mrs. Botha will tell the late executive head of the South African republics that it is a useless fight—a painful waste of life and money—to endeavor to prevent English supremacy in South Africa. As a sensible woman, seeing conditions from close range, she recognizes this fact, and has been doing her part for some time to bring about a cessation of hostilities, but not with very much success—though through no fault of hers. Kruger's foolish attitude throughout this whole trouble, even more after he himself had shaken off the dust of South Africa than before it, does not give much hope for the success of Mrs. Botha's mission. But whatever the result, we must commend this woman for the humanitarian and sensible view of the situation that she has taken, and her persistent efforts to attain a practical and peaceful end.

**Women and Missions.** VARIOUS early summer gatherings of the missionary societies of different churches is suggestive of the important place that women hold in the work of the Church. It could hardly be otherwise if we have any recollection at all of the part she has played in sacred history. And in the work of carrying the glad tidings to those in distant lands, as much as those in heathen darkness at home, she is engaged in a work peculiarly fitting. The reports of the meetings of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, and the other churches, as they have come to us at this writing, all indicate a year of special activity, despite the fact that the trouble in China and in other places abroad has been a serious drawback to the extension of missionary work.

**Good Manners.** A CORRESPONDENT in eastern Ontario is anxious to get the opinion of our readers on one or two questions of etiquette. She asks: "Will any of your readers give us a synopsis of what is called good manners for our girls from twelve to twenty? Is it polite for a girl of that age, when spoken to by a teacher or parent, simply to answer 'Yes' or 'No'? Should she not say, 'Yes, sir,' or 'Yes, ma'am,' or at least mention the name of the person addressed? In Japan, when the servant retires for the night she comes to say so, and the words she uses are, 'O ya su me masai.' 'O' is a term of respect and 'masai' means please. The master or the mistress says, 'Ya su me,' rest well. Our folks don't seem to believe in such things. The Japanese have been called the French of the East. Our grand and gracious old standard, the Scriptures, tells us to 'Rise up before the hoary head.' 'The master should be served and afterwards the servant should sit down to meat,' but our Saviour adds, 'But I am among you as one that serveth.' How true to experience is that word, 'Before honor is humility.' True self-respect leads to give all honor to those who are above us in position or age or relationship, and only ignorance and silly pride refuses honor to whom honor is due. But to return to the young folks, may I ask should boys and girls have the same manners? Are gentlemen allowed to do things and speak in a way which in a lady would be considered impolite? While we believe that a person is a born gentleman or a born lady, yet a few plain printed rules would be good for the guidance of many a learner."

## PUBLISHER'S TALKS.

And Every Reader Interested.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, whilst always giving generous space to matters affecting womankind, at the same time covers the broad field of the whole **Our** family. We are encouraged by the **Field.** many expressions that come to us from readers telling how the JOURNAL is welcomed, not only by the mothers but also by the fathers of the home, and the little ones. Our objective point is the making of a journal that will point to the healthful up-building of the whole home—in that which is best for the home—and consequently best for the entire nation. Plans are on foot to further extend the usefulness of the JOURNAL along these lines in which it to-day has made so prominent a place for itself in Canadian journalism.

ONLY those of our readers who get on a big hurry, as the vernacular of the day puts it, can hope to benefit by the census competition that we **Canadian** have been running in connection with the JOURNAL for the **Census** past few months. Hundreds **Competition.** have availed themselves of the opportunity to become subscribers to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and participants in the competition. Large numbers whose subscriptions have been expiring have used the opportunity to renew and extend their subscriptions. The competition will positively close with the last day of May, and any estimates must reach us before then, else certificates cannot be forwarded.

It can hardly be expected that Canadian readers will take the same enthusiastic interest in the new competition that we announce in another **Our New** column—conducted along similar lines—that they have in **Competition.** the Canadian census competition. It does not deal directly with affairs of their own country, and yet we can be broad enough in our views and our knowledge of affairs to be able to participate in a competition affecting the elections in neighboring States. One reason of the success of the competition has been the knowledge that the Press Publishing Association, who have been the underwriters of the fifteen thousand dollars to be distributed, have already proven themselves a concern which carries out to the letter every promise made. Everyone who has taken part in the Canadian census competition will find this to be the case, and this of itself is one good reason why they may enter into an estimate of the probabilities in three of the important State elections across the border. The data given on which to shape an estimate is so complete that any one should be able to figure reasonably near what the real result will be. We anticipate that many of our readers will take advantage of the new competition—and welcome it as another effort on the part of ourselves as publishers to keep them interested in a form of mathematics that may also bring a direct money return to themselves.

## One Woman's Work

.....Written for the.....  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By STELLA E. ASLING.



AS Empire Day again approaches we are able to see some of the fruitage of the seed which one woman patiently sowed. "Thought is a marvellous gift and a great mystery, and metaphysicians obscure wisdom by words in vainly attempting to describe and analyze it." A Columbus thought, and a new continent burst upon the world's view; an Edison thought, and the human voice is transmitted hundreds of miles; a woman thought, and the vast dependencies of a grand old Empire were more firmly welded together. But it is doubtful if Mrs. Fessenden, the originator of Empire Day, realized the results which would spring from one seed-thought, when on June 6th, 1896, her little grand-daughter, Kathleen Trenholme Fessenden, was made an honorary member of the Wentworth Historical Society in recognition of the loyal service of her ancestors, and when in the glow of enthusiasm which lit the child's face she had a vision of a day when all the children of the Empire might be so stirred by their identification with a worthy past. "If the new life and aspiration that came to this one child might come equally to all children, what a tremendous influx of national energy there might be with the next generation." Three years later this vision was realized. From Halifax to Vancouver tens of thousands of loyal, enthusiastic people, old and young, gathered in city and town to send greetings to their Queen, and in song and story to live over again the chivalric days of the past, and Empire Day had become a reality.

Following out the thought which had come to her on June 6th, Mrs. Fessenden presented her idea to the public through the press. In a letter to the editor of the *Mail and Empire* she said: "We all realize it more or less that we owe it to our children, the inheritors of our loyal and patriotic past, that they should go forth to life's battle, strong in every loyal impulse, nerved by every patriotic sentiment, not only to sustain for Canada her present proud position, but to win for her a still higher place among the peoples of the world. We can in a great measure provide for this in our educational system, by so teaching our literary, constitutional and social history, and imparting such knowledge of our laws and their obligations, and the public duties of our citizenship, that this life of our children as developed in our schools shall have its roots in, and take its sentiments from, our Canadian nationality and no other. One means suggested for a further development is the setting apart of a patriotic or flag day, in which all the school exercises shall centre in Canada, and when we may gather up, so to speak, the patriotic fragments of our school year for a right loyal feast—a day when our history, past and present, may be unrolled with becoming dignity and ceremonial; a day when our national hymns and patriotic songs may be heard, and our hearts

set aglow with the recital of the heroism of our United Empire Loyalist fathers, and our sons live over again the Homeric age of Canada."

Having such a worthy object for its basis, it was no wonder that the idea found favor with all true patriots. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, and others in high places, furthered the organization, and Hon. George E. Foster, M.P., at the first monster meeting in Montreal, said: "The very sound of the words [Empire Day] made us feel that we were not only the citizens of Canada, but the loyal subjects of a great and good Queen, and the proud citizens of a grand old Empire. What history it teaches! What a vast deal it meant to the children now before him, and to the older ones as well! Thirty years ago the children of that time were the children of Prince Edward Island, the children of New Brunswick, of Ontario, of Quebec. Now all this had been swept away, and to-day they were the children of the Empire. Empire Day meant the progress of the Anglo-Saxon people. It meant the peace, freedom, and security of the wide world."

The fame of Empire Day soon spread across the seas. It was lauded by the English press



it evoked commendatory letters from Lord Meath and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, and was brought before the British Parliament. Nor has the fame of Empire Day stopped with the British Isles. From far-off Australia enquiries have come regarding the day and the originator. And there now lies before the writer the March number of *The Veldt*, an African journal, which contains a short sketch of Mrs. Fessenden's work.

It may be an incentive to those who are engaged in similar work, and have met only with discouragement, to know that Mrs. Fessenden worked incessantly for two years before her idea gained recognition. During that time she displayed rare powers of patience and persistence, in pleading before school boards, in addressing historic and patriotic societies, in writing numberless letters to the press, in communicating with school inspectors and those engaged in educational matters, and in submitting her scheme to the dignitaries of State. But she has now received her well-earned laurel.

Some one has asked: "Why was there for so many years so much purely passive loyalty in Canada?" Why is there so much demonstrative loyalty to-day? Is it not due to the work of the press, the platform, the pulpit,

the parliament, and because in the thoughts of the people, in the texts of the school, we have been better informed upon the great Imperial possessions, and the blessings all races and creeds enjoy under the Union Jack? And while Empire Day is observed in the Public schools there will be little danger of a return to a "purely passive loyalty in Canada."

Mrs. Fessenden has not confined her work to Empire Day, but as Convener of the Flag Committee of the Ontario Historical Society, has done much towards inculcating loyalty to the flag. She is also Corresponding Secretary of the Wentworth Historical Society, Secretary of the Fessenden Chapter of the Daughters of the British Empire, Curator of the Dundurn Castle Museum, and the author of a brochure, "Our Union Jack," a copy of which was graciously accepted by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Fessenden is the widow of the Rev. E. J. Fessenden, B.A., late rector of Ancaster, and sister of Mr N. W. Trenholme, K.C., late Dean of Law, McGill College, Montreal, P.Q. Her eldest son, Prof. R. A. Fessenden, has a continental reputation as an electrician and scientist.

### An Absent-Minded Sky Pilot.

MR. RALPH CONNOR, author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," is a hard-working pastor in Winnipeg, and has a personality as unique as it is little known. Among his most marked traits are indifference to fame, sympathy with Nature, and a lack of a sense of time. When he began his present pastorate his parishioners were repeatedly astonished when he failed to appear at the hour designated for special gatherings. More than once the governing body of church dignitaries was obliged to adjourn without transacting the business of the hour, because the brilliant young pastor had become so wrapped in dreams that he had continued his stroll or his canter, forgetful of the special meeting and of all else save the wild charm of the rugged scenery and the abstract speculations of the novelist.

Gentle hints and remonstrances from the pillars of the church completely failed to reform the minister and bring him to a realization that time is the essence of earthly appointments.

At last, however, a shrewd parishioner devised a makeshift which has succeeded admirably. He suggested that all appointments be named to the minister as being for a time thirty minutes in advance of the hour actually fixed for the gathering.

Under this arrangement the shepherd generally has time to forget the appointment, remember it, and then enter his appearance before the final moment arrives on which he is to appear before his flock.

He is devotedly loved by his people and particularly by the rough men of the ranches and the mines. These find themselves instantly in touch with the "sky pilot" and are his chosen companions. Mr. Connor is a dashing rider and finds his main recreation in the saddle.

"FAME," said the youth with the earnest intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain! It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about!" "Humph!" rejoined the woman with cold blue eyes and a firm jaw. "You just ought to live up in our neighborhood."

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# BEN BOLT, or THE SAILOR'S RETURN: THE FAVORITE ENGLISH BALLAD.

*Andante*

Oh' don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt Sweet Al-ice with hair so

brown: She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your



frown, In the old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner obscure and a-

ione, They have fitted a slab of gran-ite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the

stone: They have fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the  
*ca - lan - do. ad lib.*  
*ca - lan - do colla voce.*

stone.

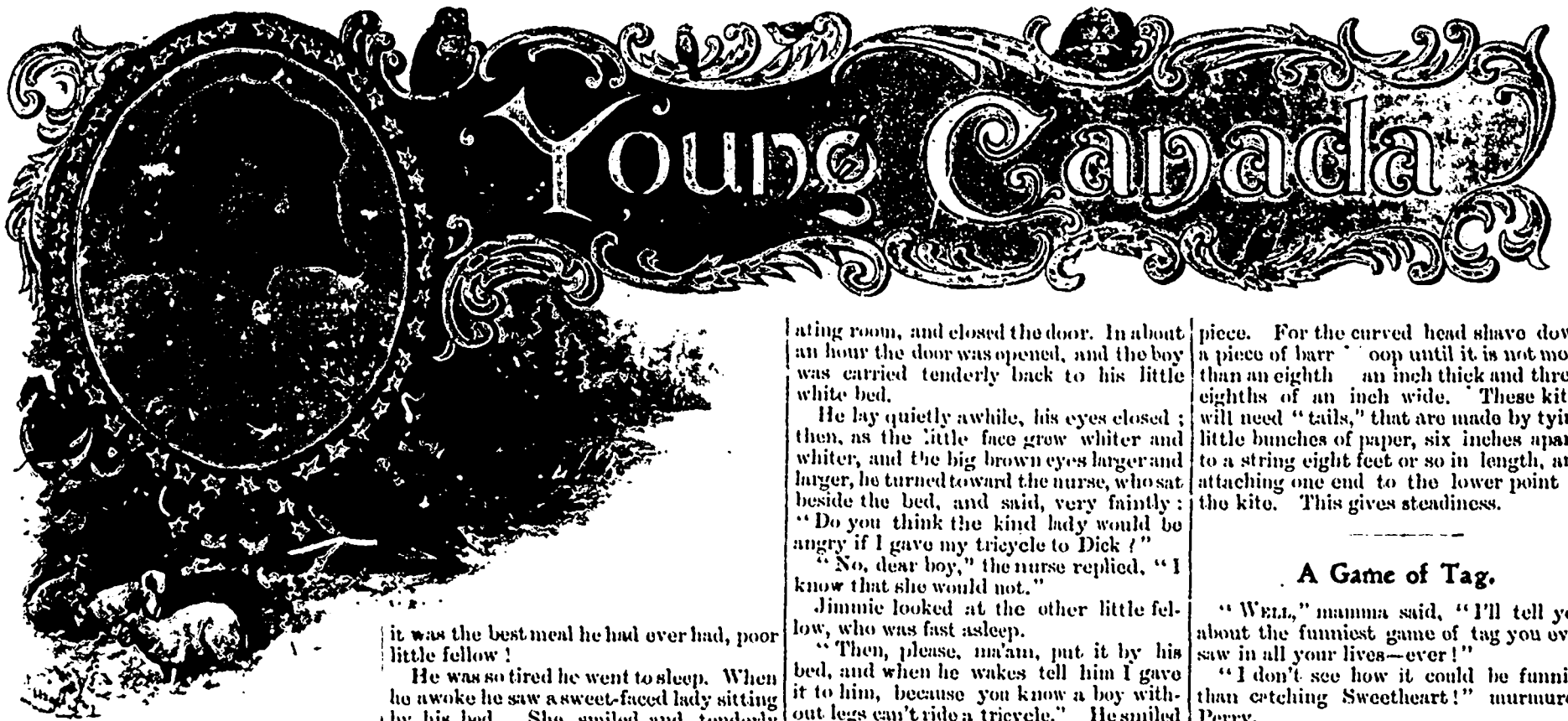
*Rall*

2

Oh! don't you remember the wood, BEN BOLT.  
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill;  
 Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shade  
 And kept time to the click of the mill.  
 The mill has gone to decay. BEN BOLT,  
 And a quiet now reigns all around;  
 See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,  
 Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

3

Oh! don't you remember the school, BEN BOLT,  
 And the master so kind and so true,  
 And the little nook by the clear running brook  
 Where we gather'd the flow'rs as they grew.  
 On the master's grave grows the grass, BEN BOLT,  
 And the running little brook is now dry:  
 And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,  
 There remains, BEN, but you and I.



### Jimmie's Last Gift.

TOTTENHAM Court is a thoroughfare for everybody and everything that belongs to the working world.

Jimmie's mother lived in Tottenham Court. She was a washerwoman and went out every morning to work, and it was most always five o'clock before she returned. Jimmie meanwhile looked after himself. When noontime came he would eat the crust of bread or cold potato, if his mother had left it for him, or go without, as the case might be.

One day Jimmie's mother went to her work as usual, and when she returned Jimmie was not to be found. The neighbors told her to what hospital they had taken him, and how it all happened.

Jimmie was playing in the street and a great truck wagon had come thundering along, drawn by two big horses. The driver shouted to the boy to get out of the way, and Jimmie tried to do so; but his little six-year-old legs could not travel as fast as the big horses, and he was knocked down and the heavy wheels passed over him. Kind hands lifted the child, and he was taken to the hospital. The little limbs were terribly crushed, and it was feared that amputation would be necessary. It was almost certain that he would not survive the operation, but it was the only chance. When Jimmie's mother had heard it all, she hurried to the hospital to weep over her child. But the poor boy had little time to mourn. Bread must be got by hard toil, and the poor woman had to leave her suffering boy and go back to her daily labor.

Jimmie was unconscious for a time, but at length his senses returned, and looking about him he wondered at the little white bed in which he was lying, and the big clean room and the pretty pictures on the walls.

He tried to move his legs, but could not. If it had not hurt him so he would have thought that he had none. He cried out with the pain, and a nice-looking woman with a white cap and apron came to the bedside and spoke kindly to him, asking him how he felt.

He asked for his mother, and was told that she had been there and gone again. He was too used to being without her to mind it very much, and he felt so strangely weak and ill that he didn't care much about anything.

The nurse gave him some nourishing broth and it tasted delicious. Probably

it was the best meal he had ever had, poor little fellow!

He was so tired he went to sleep. When he awoke he saw a sweet-faced lady sitting by his bed. She smiled and tenderly stroked his hand, while she said, softly: "What is your name, little boy?"

"Jimmie," was the prompt reply. He knew no other name.

The lady smiled and questioned no further, but talked to him very kindly and told him such a lovely story about a boy that wanted something very badly, and a good fairy brought it to him. After a time she arose to go, and bending over the little prostrate form, said: "Dear little Jimmie, what would you like the good fairy to bring to you?"

There was a boy in Tottenham Court who was the happy owner of a triecyle, an old dilapidated affair that his father had picked up among the rubbish and attached up so that it would go after a fashion. This boy and his triecyle had been the envy of Tottenham Court, and Jimmie had followed him about many a time, gazing with admiring eyes at the tumble-down old machine. So when the sweet-faced lady asked him this question, he spoke out instantly: "Oh, a triecyle, please, ma'am."

The lady's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing, only kissed him and went away.

That day there came such a great parcel for Jimmie, all tied in heavy brown paper, with so many stout strings about it that it took the nurses some time to get all the wrappers undone, but at last they were all off and a fine triecyle was displayed before Jimmie's delighted eyes, and it was such a beauty.

They lifted it on the bed so that he could examine every bit of it, and then it was placed by the bedside so that he could touch it every now and then. All day long he laid there, bravely bearing the severe twinges of pain in the poor legs, often turning his eyes on his beautiful new treasure and lovingly touching it with his fingers. That day a new boy was brought in and placed on a bed next Jimmie's. He was just about Jimmie's age, and had been very severely scalded by a pail of boiling water falling on him. His injuries were not dangerous, and with care he would be about in a few days.

Jimmie was much interested in him and immediately showed him the triecyle, which Dick, the new boy, duly examined. He was a poor boy, also, and his eyes glistened as he looked at the bright new machine. It does not take long for children to become acquainted, and Dick and Jimmie were soon chatting like old friends.

The next morning they lifted Jimmie very carefully, and bore him to the oper-

ating room, and closed the door. In about an hour the door was opened, and the boy was carried tenderly back to his little white bed.

He lay quietly awhile, his eyes closed; then, as the little face grew whiter and whiter, and the big brown eyes larger and larger, he turned toward the nurse, who sat beside the bed, and said, very faintly: "Do you think the kind lady would be angry if I gave my triecyle to Dick?"

"No, dear boy," the nurse replied, "I know that she would not."

Jimmie looked at the other little fellow, who was fast asleep.

"Then, please, ma'am, put it by his bed, and when he wakes tell him I gave it to him, because you know a boy without legs can't ride a triecyle." He smiled faintly.

The nurse did as he requested and re-seated herself by his side. He was quiet again. Then he said, with an effort, almost in a whisper: "I am so tired. Please don't forget to tell him, for I may be asleep when he awakes."

When the sweet-faced lady came, a little later, Jimmie was indeed asleep with the sleep that knows no awakening in this world, and little Dick was bestrewn the bright little triecyle with his tears.

### Mayflowers.

WHERE trees in sweet communion meet,  
And branches touch, with soft caress,  
Where birches tell their secrets sweet,  
And pines in murmurs seem to bless—

'Neath them I sought the Spring's first  
born,

'Tween flower and fairy world a link;  
I searched in vain till day was gone,  
Then found one bud just touched with  
pink.

I'd sought the flowers for rother fair,  
A wasted day! Well might she chide,  
I placed the bud in silver hair:  
She said, "My dear, I know you tried."

My faith, when all life's failures end,  
Unfound the good for which I sighed,  
When low before the throne I bend,  
Dear God will say, "I know you tried."

ELIZABETH STEELIN; CURTIS.

### Kite Time.

Spring breezes call out the kites. The boy who can do so should purchase some one of the various forms of patented "box" kites that are now manufactured and sold in toy stores, since these are so odd in shape and so "strong" in flying qualities as to offer great sport to the one at the lower end of the string. But if these are not available, there is still very good sport in the old-fashioned shapes. The lightest and strongest strips of wood should be selected for the frames. The dotted lines show where stout strings are strung. When the frame is complete, select a large sheet of thin but tough paper, and lay the frame upon it, cutting the paper the exact shape of the outline, but about three-quarters of an inch larger all around. Fold this edge over the strings of wood, and paste it firmly. The line should be attached from near the ends of the cross

piece. For the curved head shave down a piece of barr hoop until it is not more than an eighth of an inch thick and three-eighths of an inch wide. These kites will need "tails," that are made by tying little bunches of paper, six inches apart, to a string eight feet or so in length, and attaching one end to the lower point of the kite. This gives steadiness.

### A Game of Tag.

"Well," mamma said, "I'll tell you about the funniest game of tag you ever saw in all your lives—ever!"

"I don't see how it could be funnier than catching Sweetheart!" murmured Perry.

Mamma laughed. "But Sweetheart has only two feet to run with, if they are quick; and my little runners had, every one of them, four!"

"Four feet!"

"Mamma!"

"Who ever!"

"Yes, four little twinkling feet, every single one of them," went on mamma, enjoying the astonishment on four faces. "I saw them myself, so of course I know. It was the funniest sight! There were three of them. I didn't want to stop them to ask their names, but I felt sure they were Nimble and Frisk and Curlover Tail. Anyhow, they might have been. They had on little fur coats, all alike, with stripes up and down the backs—"

"Oh, squirrels!"

"Yes, little striped squirrels. They were really playing tag; and such fun! I kept as still as a mouse, and watched them. There were three or four trees in a row, whose branches shook hands with each other and made a long leafy road to run on; and didn't they run! Back and forth, back and forth over the green road, how the little spry fellows scurried! How they darted aside to hide among the leaves. How they leaped and scampered and laughed. Yes, they really must have laughed, they were so hubbly over with frolic and fun. Three children just out of school couldn't have enjoyed themselves better than my little fur-jacketed folk.

"One would be ahead, running with all his might to keep ahead, and the others after him, helter-skelter. When they caught him, as they were sure to do by and by, it was his turn to catch; and so the funny game went along.

"I imagined their mother must be at the window, with the baby in her arms, maybe, watching the fun. I was so interested that I suppose I moved incautiously who knows but I clapped my hands, too, when they caught Curlover Tail! Anyhow, there was an alarm, and—presto! my little friends were gone; they had all scampered home. They are never far from home, and the front door is always open."

Mamma took up her work, the story all told.

"Oh," breathed Sweetheart, softly, "how I wish I could 've seen that game o' tag!"

"So do I!" echoed Debby Doolittle. "Don't I!" cried Perry. And little Lawrence would have wished so too, if he hadn't been fast asleep, you see.—*Youth's Companion.*

# UNCLE JOHN AND THE RUBIES.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

(Concluded.)

"You have not shaken it?" asked the father.

"Upon my word, no, sir," answered Dawson earnestly. The poor man had a wife and family.

My father gripped the bottle delicately with the napkin and examined the point of the corkscrew.

"It would be a great pity," he observed gravely, "if anything happened to the cork."

Nothing happened to the cork. With infinite delicacy my father persuaded it to leave the neck of the bottle. Sir Matthew was ready with decanter, funnel and muslin.

"We must take care of the crust," remarked my father, and we all nodded solemnly.

My father cast his eyes up to Uncle John's portrait for an instant, much as if he were asking the old gentleman's benediction, and gently inclined the bottle toward the muslin covered mouth of the funnel.

"If only my poor uncle could be here!" he sighed. Uncle John had been very fond of port.

"I should be delighted to meet him!" cried Sir Matthew in genuine friendliness.

The vicar took off his spectacles, wiped them and replaced them. My father tilted the bottle a little more toward the funnel. Then he stopped suddenly, and a strange, puzzled look appeared on his face. He looked at Sir Matthew, and Sir Matthew looked at him, and we all looked at the bottle.

"Does old port wine generally make that noise?" asked Sylvia.

For a most mysterious sound had proceeded from the inside of the bottle as my father carefully inclined it toward the funnel. It sounded as if—but it was absurd to suppose that a handful of marbles could have found their way into a bottle of old port.

"The crust"—began the vicar cheerfully.

"It's not the crust," said my father decisively.

"Let us see what it is," suggested Sir Matthew very urbanely.

"I've done nothing to the bottle, sir," cried Dawson.

My father cleared his throat and gave the bottle further inclination toward the funnel. A little wine trickled out and found its way through the muslin. My father smelt the muslin anxiously, but seemed to gain no enlightenment. He poured on under the engrossed gaze of the whole party. The marbles, or what they were, thumped in the bottle, and with a little jump something sprang out into the muslin. Sir Matthew stretched out a hand. My father waved him away.

"We will go on to the end," said he solemnly. And he took it up, the object that had fallen into the muslin, between his finger and thumb and placed it on his plate.

It was round in shape, the size of a very large pill or a smallish marble, and

of a dull color, like that of rusted tin. My father poured out, and by the time that the last of the wine was out no less than seven of these strange objects lay in a neat group on my father's plate, one lying by itself a little removed from the other.

"I have placed this one apart," observed my father, pointing to the solitary marble, "because it is much lighter than any of the others. Let us examine it first."

"I propose that we examine the six first," said Sir Matthew in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"As you will, Sir Matthew," said my father gravely. And he took up one of the six that lay in a group. "The surface," said he, looking round, "appears to be composed of tin."

We all agreed. The surface was composed of tin. A line running down the middle showed where the tin had been carefully and dexterously soldered together. Sir Matthew having felt in his pocket, produced a large penknife and opened a strong blade. He held out the knife toward my father, blade foremost, such was his agitation.

"Thank you, Sir Matthew," said my father in courteous and calm voice, reaching round the blade and grasping the handle.

Absolute silence now fell on the company. My father was perfectly composed. He forced the point of the knife into the surface of the object and made a gap. Then he peeled off the surface of tin. I felt Sylvia's eyes turn to mine, but I did not remove my gaze from my father's plate. Five times did my father repeat his operation, placing what was left in each case on the tablecloth in front of him. When he had finished his task, he looked up at Sir Matthew. Sir Matthew's face bore a look of mingled bewilderment and triumph. He opened his mouth to speak. A gesture of my father's hand imposed silence on him.

"It remains," said my father, "to examine the seventh object."

The seventh object was treated as its companions had been. The result was different. From the shelter of the sealed tin covering came a small roll of paper. My father unfolded it. Faded lines of writing appeared on it.

"Uncle John's hand," said my father solemnly. "I propose to read what he says."

"Aren't they beautiful?" whispered Sylvia longingly.

A glance from my father rebuked her. He began to read what Colonel Merridew had written. Here it is.

That old fool Marston having made the life of everybody on board the ship a burden to them on account of his miserable rubies and having dogged my footsteps and spied upon my actions in a most offensive manner, I determined to give him a lesson, so I took these stones from his cabin and carried them to my house. I was about to return them when he found his way into my house and accused me—me, Colonel John Merridew—of being a thief. What followed is known to my family. The result of Sir George's intemperate behavior was to make it impossible for me to return the rubies without giving rise to an impression most injurious to my honor. I have therefore

placed them in this bottle. They will not be discovered during my lifetime or in that of Sir George. When they are discovered, I request that they may be returned to his son with my compliments and an expression of my hope that he is not such a fool as his father.

JOHN MERRIDEW, Colonel.

Continued silence followed the reading of this document. The maharajah's rubies glittered and gleamed on the tablecloth. My father looked up at Uncle John's picture. To my excited fancy the old gentleman seemed to smile more broadly than before. My father gathered the rubies into his hand and held them out to Sir Matthew.

"You have heard Colonel Merridew's message, sir," said my father. "There is, I presume, no need for me to repeat it. Allow me to hand you the rubies."

Sir Matthew bowed stiffly, took the maharajah's rubies, counted them carefully and dropped them, one by one into his waistcoat pocket.

"Take away that bottle of port," said my father. "The tin will have ruined the flavor."

"What shall I do with it, sir?" asked Dawson.

"Whatever you please," said my father, and, looking up again at Uncle John's picture, he exclaimed in an admiring tone: "An uncommon man indeed! How few would have contrived so perfect a hiding place!"

"Sylvia," said Sir Matthew, "get your cloak." Then he turned to my father and continued, "If, sir, to be an expert thief!"

My father sprang to his feet. Sylvia caught Sir Matthew by the arm. I was ready to throw myself between the enraged gentleman. Uncle John smiled broadly down on us. The vicar looked up with a mild smile. He had taken a nut and was in the act of cracking it.

"Dear, dear," said he, "what's the matter?"

"Sir Matthew Marston," said my fa-

ther, "ventures to accuse the late Colonel Merridew of theft, and that in the house which was Colonel Merridew's."

"Mr. Merridew," said Sir Matthew in a cold, sarcastic voice, "must admit that any other explanation of the colonel's action is—well, difficult, and that in any house, whether Colonel Merridew's or another's."

"My dear friends," expostulated the vicar, "pray have reason. The presence of these—er—articles in this bottle of port, taken in conjunction with the explanation afforded by the late Colonel

Merridew's letter, makes the whole matter perfectly clear." The vicar paused, swallowed his nut and then continued with considerable and proper pride. "In fact, although there is no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well suppose and has every reason for supposing that Colonel Merridew did steal the maharajah's rubies."

Sir Matthew tugged at his beard; my father rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. The vicar rose and stood between them with his hands spread out and a smile of candid appeal on his face.

"There is no reason at all to suppose Uncle John meant to steal them," observed my father.

"I have every reason for supposing that he meant to steal them," said Sir Matthew.

"Exactly, exactly," murmured the vicar, "what I say, gentlemen; just what I say."

My father smiled. A moment later Sir Matthew smiled. My father slowly stretched out his hand. Sir Matthew's hand came slowly to meet it.

"That's right!" cried the vicar approvingly. "I felt sure that you would both listen to reason."

My father looked up again at Uncle John.

"My uncle was a most uncommon man, Sir Matthew," said he.

"So I should imagine, Mr. Merridew," answered Sir Matthew.

"And now, papa," said Sylvia, "give me the maharajah's rubies."

"A moment," said Sir Matthew. "There was a matter of £5,000."

"We cannot," said my father, "go behind the verdict of the jury."

Sir Matthew turned away and took a step toward the door.

"But," my father added, "I will settle twice the amount on my daughter-in-law."

"We will say no more about it," agreed Sir Matthew, turning back to the table.

So the matter rested, and before long I saw the maharajah's rubies round Sylvia's neck, but as I sit opposite the rubies and under Uncle John's portrait I wonder very much what the true story was. Uncle John was very fond of a joke. Was the letter the truth, or was it written in the hope of protecting himself in case his hiding place was by some unlikely chance discovered, or was it to save the feelings of his descendants, or was it to annoy Sir George Marston's descendants? I cannot answer these questions. As the vicar says, there is no reason to suppose that Uncle John stole the rubies, yet any gentleman may well suppose that he stole the rubies. Uncle John smiles placidly down on me, with his glass of port between his fingers, and does not solve the puzzle. He was an uncommon man, Uncle John!

At any rate, the vicar was very much pleased with himself.

THE END.

## The Selkirk Grace.

This was an impromptu on being asked to say grace at dinner while on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk.

"Some had meat, and some had drink,  
And some had eat that want it,  
But we had meat, and we can eat,  
And so the Lord be thanked!"

WIVES dusting, use a slightly damp cloth, for this will gather up and hold the dust far better than a dry duster. This plan, however, should not be followed in the case of black polished furniture, as the damp cloth frequently gives it a smeared appearance.

My dear friends, expostulated the vicar, "pray have reason. The presence of these—er—articles in this bottle of port, taken in conjunction with the explanation afforded by the late Colonel

placed them in this bottle. They will not be discovered during my lifetime or in that of Sir George. When they are discovered, I request that they may be returned to his son with my compliments and an expression of my hope that he is not such a fool as his father.

JOHN MERRIDEW, Colonel.

Continued silence followed the reading of this document. The maharajah's rubies glittered and gleamed on the tablecloth. My father looked up at Uncle John's picture. To my excited fancy the old gentleman seemed to smile more broadly than before. My father gathered the rubies into his hand and held them out to Sir Matthew.

## THE EYE OF A GOD.

By W. A. FRASER.

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When the strong arm of the law reached out for Moug Ouray and gathered in Hpo Thit instead, it was this way:

The night after the boat race at the water festival at Thayotomeo Hpo Thit came to Valentyno, the superintendent of police, and said that there were many balls of opium hid away in Moug Ouray's house. When he spoke of Moug Ouray, Valentyno started a little.

Moug Ouray was Mi Mrs's brother, and Mi Mrs—she had the daintiest way of doing her hair, all looped up with circlets of jasmine flowers, and the nuttiest little supari pellets she used to chew. Valentyno was always putting the little Burmese worked silver supari box away out of sight. Fellows were always dropping in on him, and those things looked so odd lying about.

Hpo Thit knew all about that, only Valentyno was not aware that he knew.

"How do you know of this thing, O Opium Walla—of the balls of opium in Moug Ouray's house?" queried the superintendent, with a hard, impatient ring in his voice. "Did you put the beastly stuff there yourself, and then come to cackle about the eggs of your own laying?"

"No, thakine. Abdul, who is a pariah of a Mussulman, saw Moug Ouray take it off the fireboat which goes up the river."

"And did Abdul, who is a pariah, see where Moug Ouray put the black stuff?"

"No, thakine, but where would Moug Ouray put it? Would he put his rupees in a rice pot and bury it in the ground like a Bengali? No, thakine, that which is good and of much value will Moug Ouray have in the box where is kept the hand loomed putsoe, which he bought at the time of the races, which were one year ago, for 200 rupees, from the seller, who came from Mandalay."

There was a little soft rustle just beyond the plaited bamboo wall which rose on the inner side of the veranda, close behind the thakine's head. It might have been the mosquito curtain falling from the top of the bed frame over which it was thrown, so gentle was the noise.

Then there was a little metallic click. Surely that was the closing of the lid of the silver supari dish.

Valentyno gave a toss in his chair and coughed long and lustily. That was diplomatic, for jungle wallahs like Hpo Thit had sharp ears.

Another little rustle as Mi Mrs wrapped the lemon colored silk scarf about her throat and slipped like a gentle shadow down the back steps of the bungalow.

In and out among the mango trees her slight figure flitted as she sped swiftly through the tops toward Moug Ouray's bamboo bungalow.

"The thakine, who makes Mi Mai laugh, asked Hpo Thit if he had laid the eggs in brother's box. Perhaps he did. We shall see—ha, ha, ha!" and her teeth, which were pink from the juice of the supari, gleamed in the flickering moonlight like coral beads.

Valentyno pondered for a few moments over what Hpo Thit had told him. His duty was straight enough, but, but—"It's a put up job!" he muttered to himself. "It's the same old bazaar trick of running a man."

And also was not Moug Mi Mrs's brother?

Eventually, however, Valentyno summoned the sergeant of police over at the thauna, and together they proceeded to Moug Ouray's bungalow.

At the sergeant's request he unlocked the box for them and the former proceeded to go through it.

First the handsome putsoe, and then, one after another, the jaunty little jackets and divers other things were laid on the floor.

In the bottom was a big round lacquer box. When the sergeant lifted the lid, there were four balls there—four oval, white balls, as unlike opium as they could well be, for they were eggs.

Now Moug Ouray knew that he had not put the eggs there. He did not make a pantry of his clothesbox; also had not Hpo Thit left them. The balls he had slipped into the lacquer box while Moug Ouray was down at the pody were round and black, not at all like eggs.

The two Punjabi policemen were grinning from ear to ear. Valentyno gave a sarcastic little laugh and asked Hpo Thit if that was the opium he had seen Moug Ouray carrying off the steamer.

"Here is not got afim," said the sergeant, and asked if he should search further.

Before Valentyno could answer a fiendish uproar smote upon his ears. It was as though the pody and the whole flush of bazaar noises had been suddenly emptied into the compound of the Phoongye Kyong across the road.

It was a proper oriental babel, the cry of "thief" cutting through the general noise like a sharp edged knife.

"The bazaar budmashes are killing some one," said the sergeant.

"We'll have to go and look into that first," said the superintendent, "and we'll come back here and finish the search after. You must come, too, Ouray, so that this Sheitan cannot say that you had a chance to hide anything."

That also was diplomatic, but it was the little slip of losing track of Hpo Thit that gave the Nahta chance to work more mischief.

"Somebody is murdering a Phoongye," he said to the sergeant as they reached the road.

Rushing into the pagoda, he found the Phoongyes in the temple clustered about the big Buddha, the "Beda Buddha," as it was known.

The priests were prostrated at the feet of the great image, raving and lamenting and shrieking in despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Valentyno.

"A thief has stolen the Beda, the Eye of God, the ruby."

And they pointed to a great hole in the forehead of the Buddha, where the sacred "Beda ruby" had been for 12 centuries.

How calm and dignified the alabaster god seemed, sitting there with the hand resting in his lap! Through 12 centuries of strife and passion and blood and carnage had it looked with calm serenity upon the struggles of the little men who had come and gone.

Twelve centuries before had King Uzzana given it to the Talopins of Fanja—Uzzana, the son of Mienzaim, and Poaza, the Chinese princess.

The seven great Kyongs of Talopins which Uzzana founded gained him great merit, so that when he died the "Beda Buddha" worked miracles.

And now for 1,200 years had the sacred eye, the "Beda ruby," done even so.

The mad frenzy of the priests seemed

like the potent temper of children. Their thin brown bodies, draped with the sacred yellow robe, swayed and rocked in the weird light of their flick-



"A thief has stolen the Beda."

ering earth oil chirags, as they called the curse of their offended godhead upon the sacrilegious thief who had stolen the ruby—taken the sacred Beda.

Valentyno was horror struck at the audacity of the thief, for the Beda Buddha was the most sacred image in all Burma. Pilgrims came from all over the Burmese empire to strike with the stag's horn the crescent shaped gong hanging there at its side and then plead, with forehead prone on the cemented floor in front of the god, for the intercession of the Beda with Buddha Gaudama.

The Phoongyes watched it night and day, and how any one had managed to steal the ruby Valentyno could not understand.

In the meantime Hpo Thit had glided silently back through the crotons and into the bungalow once more.

The very air was full of demoniac noises as Hpo Thit slipped into the bungalow, for the crows, aroused by the Phoongyes' uproar, were screaming and shrieking in a big tamarind that towered high above the champac.

Within all was quiet, and Hpo Thit lost no time in making his way to the box they had so lately searched for the opium.

The little chirago was still burning, so he could see just where to put the little round packet he took from the roll in his putsoe, just at his waist there.

He put it down in a corner of a teak-wood box; then, actuated by a sudden resolve, he picked it up, unrolled the little piece of yellow cloth in which it was wrapped and took a long, loving look at it. As he rolled it in his hand near the flickering cotton dip the little room seemed bathed in a flood of warm blood red light. Great ruby tinted rays shot hither and thither until the dazzling brightness lighted up the uncertain gloom, and it was as though red wine had been thrown high in the bright noonday sunshine.

It was the stolen ruby over which night was being made hideous with the din over across the road in the Phoongye Kyong.

There was so much of terror, so much of menace, in the hoarse roar of the Phoongyes and the crowd of Buddhists who had been attracted by their cries that his heart failed him—he dropped it again in the box and passed silently and swiftly out into the Burmese night.

As he disappeared a small figure

glided out from behind a penang mat which served as purdah to a doorway and kneeling over the box searched for that which Hpo Thit had put there.

It was Mi Mrs. "Ho, ho, Hpo Thit, because Moug Ouray told Mi Mrs that you are always smoking at the opium, and because of that Mi Mrs would have nothing to do with you, you would have Valentyno Thankyue make a thief of Moug Ouray."

Then she disappeared behind the purdah again, and the oil dip flickered lower and lower, and only the outside clamor crept into the house, it was so still.

Soon there was the steady tramp, tramp of men that are accustomed to marching, and once more the superintendent and the sergeant and the police came up the steps, and also were Moug Ouray and Hpo Thit and the Phoongyes and others there.

"We shall find the opium," Hpo Thit was saying, "or else Moug Ouray has given it to some one, to some of the opium eaters to steal the ruby for him—the great ruby which was in the forehead of the god Beda. If the opium is gone, we shall find the ruby. If the ruby is not here, we shall find the opium. I do not know all things like the thakine, but that is the way of our people."

"I think that this is no end of a fool's game," said Valentyno to the sergeant, "but we might as well finish our search here while we are at it. Where shall we look first?"

"In the box, thakine," eagerly interposed Hpo Thit. "If the opium is not there and he has the ruby, there shall we find it."

So once more the sergeant continued his interrupted search for the box. There was nothing beyond a pair of Chinese patent leather shoes, a palm leaf, Buddhist bible and Moug Ouray's tiken headdresses, many of them packed away there in the bottom.

"There is nothing here, Hpo Thit," said the superintendent brusquely. "What I really ought to do is to arrest you, Hpo Thit, for a dangerous lunatic; but I'll see to that tomorrow. In the meantime, sergeant, just beat up the surrounding country for the budmash that has taken the ruby."

That the ruby was gone was a facer to Hpo Thit. First, the balls of opium had disappeared, but that he had attributed to Moug Ouray; now the ruby had vanished, and Moug Ouray had been with the police all the time.

Then he saw something which gave him a glow. It was an innocent looking circlet of jasmine flowers lying in front of the box. It was such a circlet as the girls wore on their hair, and it hadn't been lying there when they searched the box before.

"Of a certainty Mi Mrs as taken the ruby," murmured Hpo Thit, "and has gone to the house of San Shwe, who is her father. If San Shwe will keep it, there will it rest; but if his heart fail him then will he tell her to take it to the police thakine." There was no time to be lost, for it would be discovered that he had stolen it, and he would also lose the ruby.

His opportunity to steal the ruby had come to him just as he was leaving Moug Ouray's house, after having put the opium in the box. For some unknown reason, probably owing to the poay, he had found the temple deserted for a few minutes and had knocked the ruby out of the alabaster with his dah. Then the sudden fear and the chance to implicate Moug Ouray as the thief, his other scheme having failed, had led him to put it in the box. Now he knew that Mi Mrs must have seen him put



it there, and as he would be accused of stealing it anyway he meant to get the ruby back.

Slipping away from the others as they came out of Mounq Ouray's house, he quickly sped away to San Shwo's bungalow.

As he approached cautiously he could see Mi Mra and her mother and father sitting on the bamboo floor earnestly discussing something. "They will decide. I will wait," he muttered, squatting on his heels at the side of the road.

Then Mi Mra came out and started off across the dried maiden toward the superintendent's bungalow.

That was Hpo Thit's chance. "If you tell about it," he said, as he left her, "I will swear that you and Mounq Ouray stole it and gave it to me. Then the judge thakine will ask how you should know that I had it if you had not given it to me."

Mi Mra went back to her father's house. She wanted to think, wanted to do that which was the least trouble.

In the morning she told Valentyne Thankyne about it, and in an hour he and the sergeant and a file of police were chasing after Hpo Thit. But Hpo Thit had gone. One more dacoit had been created. His brother the thuggie's gun had gone with him. The thuggie didn't know that, for Hpo Thit had stolen it. It was an old fashioned muzzle loading musket.

It is difficult to run down a Burman in the jungle, and it was the next day before they came up with their quarry.

He had a couple of shots at them in a blundering sort of way with the old musket without hitting anybody, but just as Valentyne charged in on him at the head of his police Hpo Thit fired again at close quarters, and the superintendent went down, shot in the shoulder.

Only for the sergeant Hpo Thit would have been carved up into regulation slices—only for the sergeant and Valentyne, too—for he bellowed out: "Don't kill him. Take the beast alive."

"Bring him here and search him at once," said Valentyne, who was sitting up now, though feeling deuced groggy, and while the sergeant bound up his wound they stripped Hpo Thit clean as a whistle. But there was no ruby—nothing but much tattooing discovered.

"What have you done with the ruby?" asked the superintendent, but Hpo Thit wouldn't answer.

Then they got back to Thayetmyo as quickly as they could, carrying Valentyne on an improvised dhooly in the shape of a charpoy, which they got from the woon of a neighboring village by the gentle art of zabar-dasti.

When Hpo Thit was brought back by the police, he was met by a reception committee composed of orthodox Buddhists, who were gathered together with the avowed object of honoring him with the crucifixion.

To guard against his attaining Nirvana by a fluke, as it were, he was to be crucified head downward.

Valentyne, who was very weak by this time, had great difficulty in explaining to them that the government could not allow such a thing to take place.

"Have patience, good friends," he said. "We must be merciful," and he talked cheerfully of the lifelong years of living hell Hpo Thit would surely get on the Andaman islands for his part in the little circus.

In a general sort of way the sergeant explained to them that they, who know little about such things, could only make Hpo Thit wish he had not done this thing for a very few minutes at the outside, but the thakine, who was

the government, could cause Hpo Thit to revile the day he was projected into the world by a thief of a jackal for years and years.

So Valentyne was taken to the hospital and Hpo Thit was put in a cage behind iron bars, just like the mangy tiger they had seen down at Raugoon.

"I'll have the bullet out of you in a jiffy," said the civil surgeon to Valentyne, as he rolled up his sleeves and opened his case of shining instruments.

"D—d ! I can understand it, though," he said, as he probed away, for the jiffy time had gone by and he hadn't even touched the bullet yet. "It must be one of those infernal skewgee slugs of theirs that he has pumped into you. It seems to have struck you under the arm as you were flourishing that sword of yours, and then traveled on down along your ribs. God knows where it is now, for I can't find it. You've lost enough blood over it for just now, anyway, but if there seems to be any complication setting in I'll have another try for it."

The surgeon saw it was about time to desist, for Valentyne was looking pretty well used up.

Then Hpo Thit was brought up before the deputy commissioner for a committal hearing, as it were, charged with stealing the sacred ruby, and with attempted murder of the superintendent.

But the priests were clamorous for the ruby eye of their Buddha, for the matter of Valentyne dying or not they did not bother their heads—even they would let Hpo Thit go free, so be it they could come by the sacred gem again. The Burmese archbishop, the Thathanabaing, had come down from Ava to see about the recovery of the stone.

They begged the deputy commissioner to give Hpo Thit promise of pardon if he would only disclose where he had hidden the Beda.

"I can't do that," he said, "for the wounded sahib may die. The doctor has fished for the bullet and can't get it, and it looks id for the superintendent's life. If he dies, Hpo Thit will have to swing."

But if the Beda might be recovered they would pay to Valentyne's family his full value in good English sovereigns.

The deputy commissioner was as anxious to recover the jewel as they were, as he promised Hpo Thit that if he would tell where it was it would help him much when the time of his sentence came.

"I will tell," said Hpo Thit, "because it will be easy for the thakine to get it, and then the thakine will remember at the time of the sentence."

The priests craned their thin, shaven, buzzardlike heads eagerly forward. Even the deputy commissioner was intensely excited, for if he should recover this sacred Beda it would be well; if not, the papers all through India would have their fling at it and his life would be made miserable answering inquiries from the government.

The court was as silent as the graven image of Buddha itself as they waited for Hpo Thit to speak.

Putting the palms of his hands together in front of his face in the form of supplication, Hpo Thit said: "The red stone which I took from the Kyong, even from the forehead of the Buddha, is in the police thakine's body. I fired it from my gun the last time because I had no bullets and because, if it could work a miracle, it would stop the police that I might get away."

This statement took away the breath of the court. The silence was unbroken

for a full minute. Then the chief Phoongye said: "Hpo Thit is telling lies. He has hid it. We must swear him."

"Yes," said the deputy commissioner, "he must make oath to that," for things were better done judicially.

He ordered the clerk to swear him on the palm leaf Burmese bible.

"No, thakine," said the priest, interrupting, "he is not a disciple of Buddha. He is a jungle man, and we must swear him on a branch of the loppau."

But after the oath it was the same—the red stone was in the police thakine's body.

"I think it is the truth," said the deputy commissioner.

"It is true," said the priests, "and the police thakine must give up the Beda."

"Well, we'll see what can be done in the matter," answered the deputy commissioner, and Hpo Thit was remanded to await developments.

"By Jove," said the surgeon, when he heard about it, "that accounts for the infernal thing taking that cork-screw course."

"You'll have to get it out of him some way," said the deputy commissioner, "for it's worth about two lakhs of rupees, and, besides, it won't be healthy for Valentyne to live in Burma with the eye of a Buddhist god in him."

"Look here, Grey," said the surgeon, "I am jiggered if I probe for the cursed thing again. I nearly let Valentyne's life out of him the other day for fear of poisonous consequences, for I thought it was a slug. But if it's a good, clean out ruby it will probably never hurt him, and I'm not going to take any chances."

The deputy commissioner was in despair. The Phoongyes, headed by their archbishop, haunted his office and his bungalow night and day, clamoring for the ruby, for their sacred Beda, for the eye of their Buddhist god.

But the surgeon was obdurate. "Valentyne is a friend of mine," he said, "and I'm not going to murder him to please any yellow robed Phoongye. I wouldn't do it even if he were an enemy. I'd leave the service first."

Of course the deputy commissioner had to report it to the commissioner, and he to the chief commissioner.

The report read that the sacred Beda, the famous ruby, had been stolen from the forehead of the image of Buddha in the pagoda there by a hill man, Hpo Thit; Hpo Thit had been captured and the ruby traced to the possession of the superintendent of police, Mr Valentyne; that it appeared from Hpo Thit's evidence that he had fired it from a musket into the superintendent's body, but as to whether Hpo Thit's evidence could be accepted and the superintendent held to be an innocent possessor of the stolen goods or not or whether he should be arrested as receiver of the stolen goods he was not prepared to say. That must rest with the higher authorities to decide. He suggested that it might be better to refer it to the judicial commissioner.

Valentyne in the meantime had to be guarded at the hospital, for Mi Mra discovered that the Phoongyes had set a scheme on foot to kidnap him and incidentally carve him up to find the sacred stone.

There were many reasons why they should recover it as soon as possible. Their Buddha had lost all prestige since his maltreatment, and no pilgrims came now to lay their generous offerings at his great square feet. The pagoda had ceased to do a paying business, for Uzana's ruby had been a drawing card.

It had been a good investment that for 12 centuries had gone on making money for the priests.

Valentyne applied for and obtained sick leave, handicapped with an order that he must not take the ruby out of the jurisdiction of the Burmese courts.

It was a splendid bit of judicial ruling that, and the deputy commissioner smiled grimly when it passed through his hands.

The surgeon swore like a trooper when he heard about it, for he had ordered Valentyne off to Darjeeling for a change. "You can't stop here," he said, "because if you don't die of fever they'll murder you sure. By Jove! your body will be worth something for dissecting purposes, though, if they don't get the first slash at you."

But Valentyne steadily improved. The wound was healing up nicely, the ruby seemingly giving him no trouble whatever.

As soon as he was able to sit up and move about he discovered a new source of annoyance. Devout Burmans were constantly coming and prostrating themselves at his feet, touching their foreheads to the ground and muttering their prayers.

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Devout Burmans were prostrating themselves at his feet.

"What does it all mean?" he asked Mounq Ouray.

"Sar, they are worshipping the Beda which you, by the grace of God and that wicked Hpo Thit, have got."

"This is intolerable," thought Valentyne. "I am a ruby mine and a Burmese god and a receiver of stolen goods all in one."

As he got better the beauty of his new life was further enhanced by the deluge of official correspondence that commenced to pour in upon him.

By order of the chief commissioner he was asked to explain how he meant to make good to the pagoda the value of the ruby he was still retaining on his person. It was cheerfully pointed out that if half his salary was escheated for this purpose it would take at least 40 years to make up the value of the jewel.

A delay of this sort would hardly be fair to the Phoongyes. Besides, in that uncertain climate his salary might cease at any moment. At any rate, under the 55 years' service rule, he could not retain his position in service for that length of time, and his pension would be barely enough to live upon.

The civil surgeon was raked over the coals for not acting upon the deputy commissioner's suggestion and probing the matter to the bottom, as it were—for not making another effort to recover the jewel.

It was in vain that he wrote in answer that the superintendent's life would have been endangered by another operation.

His answer only brought another literary wiggling, in which he was curtly reminded that the British government expected its officials to do their duty irrespective of personal feeling or considerations of personal safety.

"Hang them for a lot of bloodthirsty swine," exclaimed Corbyn, for that was the surgeon's name. "They mean to have that ruby out of Valentyno, even if it costs him his life."

Then the Phoongyes got up a monstrous petition, signed by all the Buddhists, living and dead, in the whole Burman empire. It was cleverly worded, having been drawn up by a young Burman barrister, who was the gold medalist of his year in England.

The petition was to be forwarded to the viceroy through the chief commissioner and prayed that the superintendent of police, Valentyno, should be delivered over to them that they might regain the most sacred relic in all the Buddhist empire.

They were willing to pay an indemnity to his family, but the ruby they must have.

For a time it looked rather blue for Valentyno, for the viceroy was a man who had great ideas about the rights of the natives. In fact, he went in for it very much as a baboo plays lawn tennis, without much science in the game, but with his whole soul and ponderous body dead on the ball.

The papers at home took it up, and a nice gentleman one evening at Exeter hall pointed out to the B. P. that evidently it was another case of oppression of the poor native. One of their temples had been desecrated, one of their most sacred idols violated, and a jewel, to which they attributed miraculous powers, stolen, and the jewel was now in the possession of one of the government superintendents of police.

There was a cock and bull story he said, about it having been shot into his body, but even if it were so they could not set a whole nation of Buddhists by the ears for the sake of one man. In common honesty they must give the jewel up, and if this man couldn't part with it, why, he would have to go with it, that was all.

The viceroy seemed inclined to look at it in this light, too, and it really seemed awkward for Valentyno.

In the meantime a civil suit to recover the value of the ruby had been instituted in the courts in Rangoon against the government in general and Valentyno in particular.

Luckily for Valentyno the secretary of state was a hard headed man, not much given to nonsense, and he said in equivalent official language that he'd be damned if he'd see an innocent Englishman deliberately cut up to recover any fetich bauble.

But all the same the superintendent would have to be retired on half pay, for his usefulness was gone. The two could not be combined, the dual position of Burmese god and superintendent of police, for the natives still persisted in reverencing him, though ready as soon as the word was given to cut him up.

Just when he thought his troubles were at an end and he might go home they applied for an injunction to prevent him from moving the ruby out of Burma. They showed to the court on medical authority that there was every possibility that the ruby might work itself out some day, and so be recovered; but if Valentyno were allowed to leave the kingdom the chances of the right-

ful owners ever becoming possessed of it were very slim indeed.

They undertook to pay Valentyno a salary of 10,000 rupees a year so long as he remained in Rangoon, and all they asked in return was the privilege of coming to worship the Beda at certain periods, and that a medical officer, appointed by them, should have free access to Valentyno's person with a view to keeping track of the perambulations of the ruby, and that when it made its appearance near the skin anywhere, so that it might be extracted without danger to him, that he would relinquish all claim upon it and allow the surgeon to hasten its appearance.

Valentyno's counsel, seeing which way the wind was blowing, agreed to accept this ruling of the court, only stipulating that Corbyn be appointed surgeon, for the nether stone had suffered most in the grind, and Corbyn was out of the service.

One little formality the court demanded, and that was that the archbishop and three or four of the chief Phoongyes should go on a bond for Valentyno's personal safety.

So the superintendent was lodged in a beautifully furnished bungalow and was treated very much like a distinguished state prisoner.

Life went very pleasantly with him, and it did not seem such a bad affair after all.

Mr. Mira was living in Rangoon, too, as it happened, and Hpo Thit, in consideration of his turning queen's evidence against himself re the ruby, was let off with two years in jail and was then busily engaged in pushing a conveyance cart about town with a clanking chain running from his waist to either ankle by way of ornament.

The Europeans in Rangoon, with oriental playfulness, bestowed upon Valentyno two or three names expressive of his occupation. He was known down at the "Gym" as the "Burmese god," "Beda," and the "Jewel Merchant."

The fellows were never tired of offering him as security, swearing roundly that he was worth two lakhs of rupees dead or alive.

One or two playful attempts on his life relieved the monotony of his existence, but as these laudable efforts were usually frowned down both by the Phoongyes and the officials, and as one of his assailants caught a cold steel in his right lung, they ceased altogether after a time, and he was leading a comparatively happy life.

He almost began to wish that the ruby would stay where it was. "V. e're fixed for life," he said to Corbyn, "if this Beda thing doesn't turn up I must be more careful of myself. I must stop riding, for the shaking up may dislodge the infernal thing and start it working out."

He had even got used to seeing the natives plump down in front of him and fall to praying.

Strangers always took him for the chief commissioner when they saw this sort of thing going on, and many were the mistakes made in consequence.

Once he received an offer from Burman at a salary which made his paltry 10,000 rupees look like pin money only. The enterprising American guaranteed to smuggle him out of Burma also, and pay all legal claims too.

After he had been in the business about two years he began to feel a pain in his back. He confided his fears to his attendant physician. "It's working out, I'm sure," he said sorrowfully.

And so it appeared, for a distinct lump was forming just below the shoulder blade.

The Phoongyes were notified, and there was great rejoicing among them. They came and beat tantams all night long in front of Valentyno's bungalow. This was to drive the Nahts away, so that they would not steal the Beda again.

Valentyno was loaded down with presents and feasted like a bullock for the sacrifice.

"I shall be a rich man," he said to Corbyn, "if the thing holds off for a time."

But the incessant drumming and poy making about his bungalow was driving him nearly mad for want of sleep.

Then one day Corbyn made a discovery. It was only a boil, the result of mango eating.

The Phoongyes were in despair.

Just about that time Hpo Thit walked into his bungalow one day and, bumping his forehead on the floor, begged Valentyno's forgiveness for wounding him. He had served his time and was going away. If he remained in Burmah, they would kill him for stealing the Beda, so he was going to some other country.

And that was the last anybody ever saw of Hpo Thit in Burma.

Three years more of playing Buddha at the rate of 10,000 rupees a year passed, and this time there could be no mistake about it, so Corbyn said. The ruby was coming not far from the place where the boil had been. In fact, it was the irritation of the Beda that had most likely caused the boil.

It was the same old thing over again—tantams, and poyas, and presents, and much praying, and the working of charms to keep the Nahts away—only stronger than before, for they were sure of it this time.

Corbyn could take his fingers and push it about under the skin, and the grim, bitter-nut colored faces of the Phoongyes relaxed when they realized how close they were to getting the heaven sent relic.

Even the officials were pleased—pleased with Valentyno, pleased with themselves and with the way they had managed the affair. The Phoongyes would have their ruby back again, and Valentyno would have done well out of the deal. In fact, he might be reinstated in the service if this spirit of Buddha were cast out of him.

The chief commissioner graciously extended his patronage to the extracting of the stone.

Apart from all this it had a great surgical interest. All the medical fraternity in Pangoon asked Valentyno's permission to be present. In fact, if he had chosen to charge an admission fee of two rupees a head he might have had his compound filled at that price the day Corbyn summoned the Phoongyes to be present to take delivery of the ruby.

Everything was in readiness. The archbishop had brought a sacred dish that was supposed to have at one time belonged to Buddha Guadama, to receive the Beda in.

Valentyno's back was bared. Corbyn made an incision with his scalpel, pressed gently with the forefinger of his right hand downward, and in a second something lay in his left hand.

He gave it a little rinse in a bowl of warm water he had ready and held it up to the expectant gaze of the many craning heads.

It was a piece of oblong lead—a slug. Hpo Thit had lied, that was all, and had the ruby away with him—at least it was never found.

THE END.

#### Thoughts of a Bachelor.

Without life death wouldn't be worth dying.

Some men have corns on their souls, and their bodies hurt them.

A girl is never really in love till she feels herself blush when she says her prayers.

Widows get along best with men because they know enough not to aggravate them too far.

Socrates always claimed he married Xantippe for discipline, but probably she knew how to cry at the right time.

#### The Only Way to Get Married.

There is a virtue in the *ipsissima verba* prescribed for ceremonials which some people can never be got to understand, and at Peterborough this denseness led to the postponement of a wedding. In the church were duly assembled the guests, the officiating clergyman and the bride and bridegroom. The service commenced, and all went smoothly till the priest asked the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"Yes," said the prospective husband, who evidently did not go in for archaisms.

It was explained to him that "I will" was the regulation reply. Whereupon the bridegroom began to argue about it, insisting that "Yes" was quite sufficient for the purpose, and that as he meant to do his duty by the girl the exact form of assent could not matter.

At last his attitude became so aggressively positive that the parson shut his book and refused to continue the service, and the couple had to leave the church unwed.—London News.

#### Blushing.

In a learned work on criminology it is stated that out of 98 young men criminals 44 did not blush when examined. Of 123 women criminals 81 per cent did not blush. From this it seems that writers of fiction are all in the wrong, and that, instead of making their heroines betray their emotions by blushing, they should leave that part of the regulation programme to their admirers of the other sex.

It is also noted by the author that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. Perhaps some time soon scientists will be able to tell us why, without apparent reason, one or other of our ears suddenly blushes and burns, and if, as the old wives tell us, it is a sign that some one is speaking of us how we can tell who it may be. We all know that it is "right for spite and left for love," but the knowledge is not very useful to us, and nowadays we like to know the why and the wherefore of everything.

#### Mrs. Gladstone as a Listener.

"Mrs. Gladstone cultivated the art of listening to her husband to a perfection that I never saw equaled," says an English writer. "When he spoke, her absolute attention was always at his command—in fact, I do not believe anybody ever was so absorbed as Mrs. Gladstone looked. I suspect that she had learned how to wear that absolutely listening air while her mind followed its own track. But it was a decided help to him, for it secured at table and elsewhere a general silence when he wished to deliver his opinions without any appearance that he personally was demanding it. Mrs. Gladstone's own little speeches to the women Liberals, too, were always on one topic, what her husband thought or how he was feeling. In short, for the old ideal of wifehood, Mrs. Gladstone was a perfect model."





I saw a face and I heard a voice which though I live to be 100 years old I shall not forget.

The warden opened a door, as he opened all the others, and with a sharp word called to attention a woman who stood up straight, looking deep into my eyes. The light fell upon her through the high barred window. Her hands were clasped in front of her. Her tall, lithe figure showed rounded and graceful even through the sacklike prison habit. Darkly passionate, stormily moist, blue black like the thundercloud striding the gulf of Tarranto up from the Mediterranean, seemed to me the eyes of the woman who stood before me.

"Maria Perrone, wife of Leo Perrone brigand, for murder in the second degree," announced the warden, saluting with a face like a mask.

"Whom did she murder?" I asked of him quickly.

"One Giovanni Lupo, a soldier of the country militia of her own province."

I looked keenly at the woman, whose dark eyes had never swerved a moment from mine since the opening of the cell door revealed her to me.

"Are you innocent of the crime?" I asked her, expecting the usual denial.

"I killed the man! she replied impassively, standing like an angel carved in the niches of a duomo.

I turned to the jailer.

"Were there any extenuating circumstances?" I asked him. "She does not look like a murderess."

"It is said that the soldier insulted her, that her husband entered and attempted to interfere, whereupon the soldier had the best of it, and when he had overcome the man, the wife, this Maria Perrone, stabbed him to the heart."

"That is a lie," said the woman calmly, without any manifestation of heat, "no man who lives could overcome Leo Perrone, my husband!"

The warden shrugged his shoulders.

"Thus she answers ever," he said, "but indeed, as I have heard, there was some word that it was Leo Perrone himself who"—

The veil of indifference dropped instantaneously from the face of the woman. Her eyes blazed yellow fire. She clutched the palms of her hands, driving her long finger nails into them. Every moment she seemed to be about to spring upon the warden.

"Gently, gently, Maria Perrone," said, putting forward my hand, when my escort came closer behind us to see her instantly if necessary. "I will hear all and see that neither you nor your husband shall suffer any wrong."

The woman calmed herself with an obvious effort and dropped back into her previous stony impassivity.

"No man can accuse my husband of shedding blood," she repeated. "Have I not confessed? Have I not been tried? Have I not been condemned? Am I not now enduring my punishment? Aye and shall endure it till the day I die!"

She ended with a wave of her hand, like one that cheers a well beloved leader when the victorious troops are coming. The woman interested me vastly. She also spoke like one who had fought and triumphed.

The warden spoke again.

"Her husband goes free. She speaks truth. He is indeed suspected of being a free companion, but that is swam crime among these barbarous hills till a man is caught. I saw him in the market place today with a contadina—a country maiden!"

"What? Say that again," shrieked the woman, springing forward. Her eyes were deadly and defiant all at once.

The man went on without taking any notice.

"With a maiden of 10 or 11 years—very beautiful; in truth, a Madonna child."

"Ah, my little Margherita!" cried the woman, laughing a little, but with the tears running down her cheeks. "Why did I fear? It was my own little lass—but, ah, misericordia, they will not come and see me—the prisoner, the murderess."

She dashed her bare hands up to her cheeks, and with the sallow, prison blanching fingers she hastily brushed away the running tears.

"But it is better not—a felon mother—ah, God, one forsaken of the saints! She will think me that, and she will not even remember me in her white prayers."

I motioned the warden to shut the door. I could not abide her grief. The inspector dragged me on to its close. Tier after tier, corridor after corridor, I passed in review, but do what I could it was not in my power to shut out that lovely, tear stained face, into which had not yet come that look of quick coming age which arrives so early for our southern women.

The eyes haunted me, and I caught myself wishing that I might again behold Maria Perrone, the murderess, wife of Leo, the bandit and free companion.

However, I resisted the desire to return to her cell, being well aware that the officials of an Italian prison would set my interest in the woman down to another motive than a disinterested desire to investigate a prisoner's complaints.

Presently, weary of the babble of syndics and councilors, I excused myself and sauntered out into the town. Groups of broad hatted country folk were scattering homeward. Every road out of the little city was filled with the small, wide horned Apulian oxen, dragging slowly the ox carts, with their straw tanks like great cups mounted upon them, into which beribboned girls and laughing lads crowded with jest and infinite laughter.

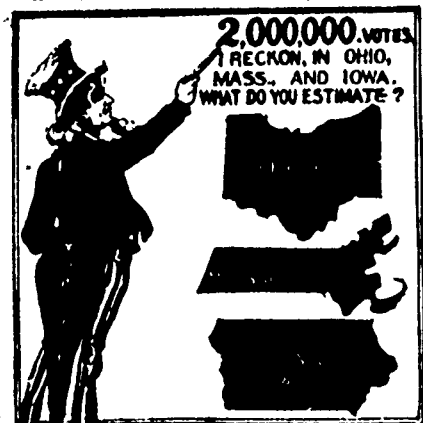
As I proceeded I saw that there was a great stir in the direction of the cathedral. Women stood chattering about the doors, beggars were edging and elbowing for places nearest to the entrance, vergers were striking at them with their official staves as often as the unlicensed encroached on the sacred paved space of the porch. It was evidently a great ceremonial, and, though mostly I am of the soldier's religion, which, they say, is that of the girl he is courting, I had not lost my interest in the noble and impressive pomps with which Mother Church keeps her hold upon the children of the south—lovers of color and tinsel every one.

Doffing my soldier's hat, I went in. The evening sun streamed through rich and ancient lozenges. Colored marble of most delicate inlaid work glittered with gold and silver. Lapis lazuli and veined porphyry overlaid the tawny travertine of the pillars like jewels on a bride's neck.

A great procession was sweeping up the aisle toward the altar—the Cardinal Carrara, prince of the church, nephew of the pope, bowing his keen, ascetic, churchman's face over his princely scarlet. Foster son of the heretic Waldense valleys as I was, Gallio in any religion as the redshirts of Sicily had made me, I soon found myself on my knees. Ah, I am wiser now. I think more of religion and its utilities now than I did in the sixties. Religion comes to most healthy men with the stiffening joints or the first touch of lumbago in the back.

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1893	1,615,422	decrease 4.04%
1894	1,533,887	" 5.19%
1895	1,576,452	Increase 2.77%
1896	1,936,718	" 22.22%
1897	1,572,109	decrease 18.40%
1898	1,512,510	" 2.52%
1899	1,633,389	Increase 7.89%
1900	1,965,610	" 18.88%

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Continued on page 23.

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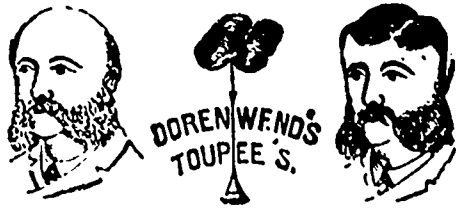
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## The Field of Art

Not the least significant feature of the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia has been the federation of Colonial art through the instrumentality of the two rival societies in Sydney. It was hoped that the differences of these two societies for the promotion of art might be healed, and that the greater federation of Colonial art would include the lesser union of the local societies. Unfortunately the differences of opinion are still too pronounced to be overcome, and they remain apart, to the regret of their supporters. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, the lesson to be learned from the local exhibitions is that there are unmistakable signs that the land is even now a most fertile nursery of art. The federal movement has already borne good fruit, though both the exhibitions were disappointing inasmuch as they evoked no striking promise of genius, for it has shown the New South Wales artists that they must attain a higher level to compete successfully with the best artists of the sister Colonies in that distinct branch, portraiture. Both in full size and miniature painting, Victoria and South Australia show infinitely greater strength, breadth and delicacy of treatment. This is notably shown in Mr. J. Longstaff's portraits of Sir Frederick Darley, Mr. Henry Lawson and Mr. Frank Suttor; and those of Mr. E. Phillips Fox, whose "Portrait of My Cousin" originally won the third medal at the Paris Salon. In the water color section the three sisters, Alice, Emry and Helen Hambridge, of South Australia, show some remarkably good work in miniature painting. Of genre painting there is little or none in either exhibition. Sea and landscape have many votaries both in oil and water color. The Art Society inaugurated its exhibition with the view of celebrating its twenty-first anniversary, and confined its exhibitors to its members. Mr. W. Lister Lister, the President, somewhat dominated the show by his big canvases, "The Last Gleam" and "The Crossing, Hinter River, near Singleton," are both very fine examples of his style. A new exhibitor, Mr. Henri Tebbitt, has sprung into first place through the tender feeling and perfect accuracy of drawing and color he shows in the handling of his subjects. Mr. L. Bernard Hae has a fine study of the nude, "Andants," which is happily free from coarseness, but it is to the youthful Society of Artists that we turn to find the federation of arts. This exhibition is always attractive from the impression of irrepressible youth and daring in the choice of treatment of subjects. Conservatism is scattered to the winds; so that there is a versatility and originality which fires the enthusiasm of the young generation, while it evokes the scathing criticism of the matured one, which does

not relish the old order changing, revered canons of art being reversed. At the same time, common fairness cannot deny a virility which promises well for the future; and, whatever its sins, it escapes the monotony which pervades the parent society. Here we find the fruits of the new schools of Victoria, South Australia and Queensland under the leadership of the youthful President, Mr. Sid Long. His own work is disappointing, so also is Mr. George Lambert's, but there is much other interesting work, particularly in portraiture. Mr. Julian Ashton shows a fine seascape in "The Jewelled Margin of the Sea"; and Miss Thea Proctor shows some very artistic book-plates and clever posters.

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The death has occurred at the age of 60 of M. Jean Charles Cazin, the famous landscape painter. He was the son of a doctor of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and became the pupil of Lecoq de Boislaudran, under whose tuition he early acquired that precision of touch which was one of his characteristics. He was appointed Professor of Design at the School of Architecture at Trelat, and afterwards Director of the School of Art and Museum at Tours. After the war of 1870 he came to England, and was appointed Professor of Design at South Kensington, in succession to Professor Legros. In 1875 he returned to France, and at the Salon of 1876 was represented by "The Work-Yard," and among his principal works in succeeding years were "The Flight Into Egypt," "The Journey of Tobias," "The Departure of Joseph and Mary from Judea," the latter of which secured him a honorable mention. In 1880 his "Hagar and Ishmael" was awarded a first-class medal, and in 1883 the famous "Judith Leaving Bethlehem," which was the last of a series of religious pictures. From this time he was represented entirely by the landscapes, luminously painted and full of tender poetic sentiment, which have ranked him as one of the greatest exponents of the art of landscape painting of modern times. He was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1882, and an officer in 1889. An Grand Prix was awarded him at the Exhibition last year.

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## The World of Music

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Of first importance, granted the possession of a voice, comes the capacity for study. Our way is not necessarily the right way; we must know how to do and how not to do things. If we would sing correctly we must be willing to profit by the experience of those who have demonstrated what success means by themselves attaining it.

A great factor of success is to be always on the alert to seize those little points that go to make the great total of excellence. All really great artists are ceaselessly on the alert searching how to do these little things, and humbly knowing that more, and more, and yet more is to be gained, no matter what the degree of attainment may be.

I spoke to a young singer on the stage about voice production and her shortcomings in it. She may take my advice. I felt that my record would warrant giving, through kindness of heart, that advice to a fellow-singer, when she acknowledged that after singing the Brünhilde in one performance she had not been able to sing for fifteen weeks.

Do the young singers who come to me to hear them sing follow my advice? I regret to say that I fear many do not. They appear to dislike to be told that they are wrong, that their method is bad, and that they must go home and courageously begin to right their faults. And yet that is the one thing to do.

In ten minutes or a half an hour I give out to these young singers that which has taken me ten years to learn by experience. My one desire in telling them these things is to make their way easier. If one is wrong and is told the right way, one should always be ready to recognize it. That is the kind of courage that is necessary to progress. Be courageous and face the truth. There is no easy way of escaping it.

It is only by constant recognition of the experience of others that we progress ourselves. As a young girl, at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg, I learned one important thing from Madame Sembrich by experience. She transposed a certain aria from the original to a lower key. I could sing that same aria in the original. When I came on the stage I found that I could not sing it as I had sung it in my room at home. That was a lesson by which I profited—a lesson to respect the experience of older artists.

The quickest way to gain that experience which we should obtain is to profit by the experience of others.

To-day the praise of the young singer is too often indiscriminate. After all, good counsel is the thing that helps us. When I was fourteen or fifteen and sang Creation and the Mozart Glorias and all those things, there was no one to tell me that I sang like Patti and that I ought to be singing in an opera house. And so much the better. No problem in algebra can be solved until we know the multiplication table.

Students must be taught how to study, and that right now is the time to do it. Much will have to be given up for that one thing—study. But in the end comes the reward that brave and conscientious work so surely brings.

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There is the saying that you cannot put old heads on young shoulders. But there are exceptions, and these exceptions of old heads on young shoulders are the exceptions that succeed. *Lillian Nordica.*

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FASHION SUGGESTIONS

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The newest design in better class promenade costumes for the early summer are more elaborately trimmed than has been the case during the past few seasons, and the materials of which they are made are, as a rule, very costly, and the decorations of passementerie and lace most elaborate and of the finest quality. In addition to this, female labor is dearer and scarcer than ever it has been before. Consequently, ladies whose means are somewhat limited will find it a difficult matter to obtain any kind of dress at what might be considered a reasonable price, if ordered to be made in the usual way. Fortunately, there is nothing at all difficult in the construction of a bodice or a skirt nowadays; therefore, anyone who has the inclination and time to spare to make her own dresses is able to save a great deal of money, for dress materials were never so low in price as they are at the present time, and almost any kind of decoration for a blouse or a skirt can be purchased, to match any sort of material, all ready for attachment to any part of a costume. The most fashionable materials for the present season are frizeo homespuns in all the new pastel shades, French cashmeres, and fine quality wool poplins. Light and medium shades of grey, and orchid tints are, of course, the most popular colors; but as the season advances brighter shades, such as geranium, old rose, and turquoise blue will be very much adopted. There is a great demand for white Japanese silks for making up into loose-fitting blouses, and as these goods are extra wide, the blouse can be produced without side pieces, and the sleeves can be made all in one.



Bicycling Costume With New Skirt, No. 603.

This is the most practical style of costume having a Norfolk blouse and skirt arranged with fitted under-piece keeping the back in secure position on the saddle. The material is grey homespun and the finish machine stitching. Six yards of goods will be required. Patterns in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches, bust measure, for waist, and in five sizes: 20, 22,

24, 26 and 28 inches, waist measure, for skirt. Price, 10 cents each, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



Dressing Jacket, No. 601.

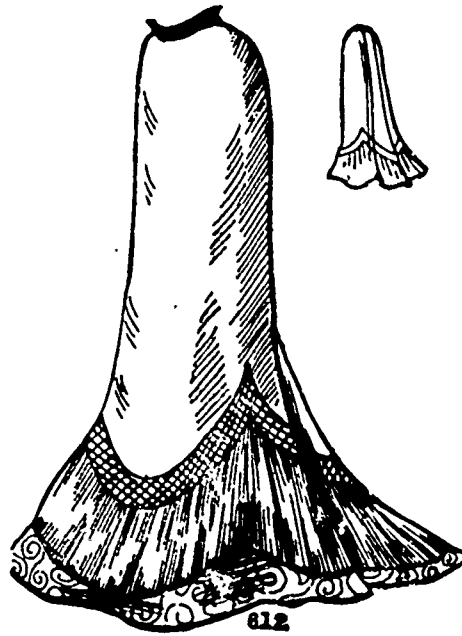
This convenient and pretty dressing jacket after the kimono model is made in figured flannelette gathered on to a square yoke, which is trimmed down with bands of lace insertion, the high collar being trimmed with lace to match. The full sleeves fall loosely from the armhole. Four yards of goods will be required. Patterns in four sizes: 36, 38, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents each, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



Evening o Dinner Toilet, No. 543.

This elegant toilet of black satin brocade has a rich garniture of jetted bead passementerie and lace. The trained skirt opens at each side over a tablier of light blue satin and the waist has a full front of

the same. Any other combination of materials or colors can be selected for this dressy toilet. Fifteen yards of brocade satin and four of plain will be required. Patterns supplied in four sizes: 34, 36; 38 and 42 inches, bust measure. Skirt patterns in four sizes: 22, 24, 26 and 30 inches, waist measure. Any number between these sizes will take the next largest size. Price, 10 cents each, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



Ladies' Tunic Skirt, No. 612.

This elegant skirt of black peau de soie with deep scalloped tunic edged with heavy sewing silk fringe is one of the latest evolutions of style. The underskirt has a shaped flounce which supports the weight of the fringe. It is a very elegant model, but still can be used for much less expensive materials and the fringe can be replaced by lace, or no garniture is strictly necessary. Five yards of 50-inch goods or ten yards of silk will be required. Patterns supplied in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches, waist measure. Price, 10 cents each, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Colors in Fashion.

NEVER has there been a time, says a writer in the *Woman's Home Companion*, when nature's wonderful colors and shades have been reproduced with such absolute fidelity. The present-day manufacturers are certainly masters of their art, for the very machinery seems to possess a cunning all its own, and most cleverly duplicates in soft, beautiful fabrics that will satisfy the most fastidious—the tints of rose and leaf and budding tree. Many now and delicate shades of pink—altogether the most softening and becoming color that one can wear—will delight the feminine fancy. And the new names will be the despair of the feminine tongue.

"Sofrano," which is a delicate flesh-tint, will be much worn; also "mahmanson," which is close kin to salmon, "crème ibisis" is a delicate, creamy, pinkish yellow which warms up the color and has a

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refining effect, and combines splendidly with any color delightful to the eye.

When one speaks of "dead roses" it conjures up an attractive picture of all the rich dull shades of a withered rose—the crushed pink and greenish and blackish tones, and the deep dull-reddish tones that are so vibrant with color.

The opal tints are also very much in vogue, especially in the ribbons that are to be used—the white with a grayish-yellow tone and all the opalescent colors that come and go with the fascination of that capricious stone.

But the delicate shades will not have the only sway, for Persian effects will be very popular. Satin foulards, too, figured in striking contrast—red and black, black and white, and many other effective combinations.

A profusion of cream lace and black ribbon will be used in every conceivable manner of decoration. Many little now effects will be found in the collars, which were never more fancy than at the present time. Tiny gilt buttons play an extensive part in the trimming.

The low style in

hats will be much affected, and flowers will be used with a coquettish abandon that will be most fascinating. One of the very newest features will be the "mull roses," which will be found in all the delicate tints imaginable, and the feminine world will be resplendent in flowers the like of which the florist never dreamed.

The matter of studying one's own particular style and then modifying the prevailing fashions to suit one's individual need is indeed an art, possessed only by the few, but which may be cultivated, and is certainly worthy of attention.

An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart that would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

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A 25c. PATTERN FOR 10c. SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.

ACCURATE patterns of the designs illustrated herewith can be had at the uniform price of ten cents each. These patterns are reliable models of the newest and most popular styles now worn.

Patterns similar to these retail everywhere for twenty-five cents each, but by a special arrangement we are now enabled to offer to our readers a choice selection of the newest styles at the merely nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

These ten-cent patterns are not to be classed with the low-grade, cheap patterns usually found on sale in departmental stores; they are superior in every way, excelling in accuracy and representing the latest fashionable ideas in dress. Illustrations and full directions for cutting and making up accompany each pattern. There is a piece for every part of the garment to be made, number and name of the different pieces in the pattern, and complete instructions so that any one who can sew can make a neat and perfect fitting garment without difficulty.

Order patterns by NUMBER, and state size desired. Waist patterns come in following sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. Skirt patterns come in following sizes: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 36 inch waist measure. If for misses or children give age also. If the measure is accurately given, the pattern will fit perfectly, requiring only the usual dressmaking alterations in trying on to suit high or sloping shoulders, etc. All orders will be promptly filled. No delay will be experienced. Ten Cents (silver or stamps) for each pattern desired, must be sent with order. Address all communications to

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL (PATTERN DEPT.) MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO

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Mrs. Gladstone's Confidence. THE late Mrs. Gladstone's implicit confidence in her husband's ability—which amounted almost to a belief in his infallibility—is well illustrated in the following anecdote: During the troublous times of 1885, just before the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Chinese Gordon, which were real, the cause of the defeat of the Gladstone ministry a little later, a statesman high in the councils of the Liberal party called at Mr. Gladstone's residence, and was cordially received by his wife. He was in a lugubrious frame of mind, and spoke dismally of the situation. "Ah, Mrs. Gladstone," he began, "these are dreadful times. The clouds are very thick. We can only remember that there is One above who will help us in all our troubles, and that He will guide us out of our difficulties." "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone, with great cheerfulness, "he is upstairs shaving just now, but he'll be down directly."

"WOMAN'S rights!" exclaimed a certain man, when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me, our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."



That Snowy Whiteness can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

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### The Servant Girl Problem.

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by A. C. M.

TO MENTION the "Servant" in company seems to start a flagging conversation into full vigor. This is natural, why? Because so much of the happiness or misery of home depends on it.

There are two points of view from which one can look at it:

(a) From the woman's side as woman.  
(b) From the woman's side as Christian.  
(c) Of course this is true of all phases of work on earth. But I mention it because in conversation I have often noticed that while with regard to one's own family, duty seems to have a preference to what is incumbent on Christians, with regard to the "Servant," this is entirely ignored and the only idea is that of work done and value for the work given.

A recent work, said to be a solution of the servant problem, I saw advertised in the *British Weekly* with a picture of a minister saying to a servant, "I love you: will you be my wife?"

The story shows, however, that the servant was an educated woman, fit to be a teacher and of a good family. I fear very erroneous views of life might result if that story is held to be a solution of the servant problem.

I do think that in the story the writing and reading of the verses out of the Scriptures bearing on the servant question must do good in that they show our servants that service (in those days, slavery) was not a degrading occupation, for it is said to them, "Ye serve the Lord, Christ," and they must not think because they are servants they are to pity themselves and be discontented and so do their work in that Philistine spirit. Far from it: they are to be rewarded as the reverse, according as they do their work. Why? for the very same reason as masters are told to treat their property, viz., "There is no respect of persons."

If a girl gets into her mind that household service is degrading (more so than shop work, or mill work, or office work,) of course she'll do it badly, at least not heartily. If she or he thinks a mistress looks down on household work as beneath her or the master, and draws comparisons between it and other kinds of work, then the relations will be unreciprocal and misery will ensue.

The trouble can be settled by each going to the Grand old Book, and each taking what is there given to her. It needs both to be willing to do this, however, to make pleasant intercourse.

The book so far is very instructive, but in so far as probability goes that the minister will marry the servant, it is not cor-

rect, for the servant in this case was not a type of the servant class at all.

Domestic service can be made much more enjoyable for servants, and of course if a girl is happy she'll do her work better.

### Summer Recipes.

**FROZEN ALMOND PUDDING.**—Beat four egg yolks with four tablespoons sugar, then add one pint of boiling milk; cook until custard coats spoon, then add two tablespoons melted unsweetened chocolate, one-half teaspoon almond extract, one-half teaspoon vanilla; cool, then fold in whip from one pint of cream. Freeze like ice cream, then pack in a melon or other fancy mould lined with blanched almonds. Tie down cover, smearing edge well with melted butter to keep out the salt; bury in cracked ice and salt for three hours. Unmould and serve with fancy cakes.

**SPRING SALAD.**—Clean the tender shoots of dandelion; on these place a layer of cooked asparagus tips, then a layer of cucumbers sliced. Mask with a boiled cream dressing, sprinkle over cooked peas or beans and place a lettuce heart in centre top and arrange sliced tomatoes and hard boiled eggs on outer edge. Chill before serving. The many shades of color in the vegetables and dressing composing this salad make it an attractive dish for the spring dinner or for a high tea.

**BLACK COFFEE.**—Allow double the quantity ordinarily used for each person, mix well with one egg and half the shell. To each cupful of coffee used add one-half cup cold water, turn into the coffee pot, mixing well, then add four cups boiling water, let simmer fifteen minutes, set back on stove, and settle with a little cold water. It is always well in serving black coffee to have whipped cream in readiness for those who do not like coffee without.

**PRUNE PUDDING.**—One pint milk, three eggs, half cup sugar, two shredded wheat biscuits rolled and sifted, or half cup granulated wheat shred, one-eighth teaspoon cinnamon, one tablespoon butter, one cup chopped cooked prunes. Beat the eggs, sugar, salt, and cinnamon together. Add milk, stir well, turn over the biscuit crumbs and chopped prunes. Put little bits of butter on top and bake slowly till the custard is set. Serve with lemon sauce.

**PLANKED SHAD.**—Dress and split the fish, wipe with a damp cloth inside and out; tack to a hardwood planking board, brush with melted butter, set on a

"O Women; in our hours of rest,  
Unrested, coy, & hard to please—  
There is certainly one thing that will  
please you if you get it, & that is  
Monsoon Ceylon Tea  
Lead packets — All grocers—

rack in dripping pan, bake in a hot oven, basting frequently with melted butter until fish is well cooked and browned. Serve on planking board, placed on platter.

**SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT AND BUTTER PUDDING.**—One pint milk, four eggs, beaten separately, one cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, half teaspoon vanilla, five drops almond, two shredded wheat biscuits, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons powdered sugar. Scald the milk, add sugar, yolks of three eggs, and one whole egg and salt well beaten, cook till it coats a spoon. Take from the fire and flavor with vanilla and almond. Split two biscuits, butter each half and line a deep dish with same. Pour the custard over them and set away to cool. Before serving, beat the whites of three eggs and powdered sugar till light and dry, and put on top of pudding.

### Stitching the Wedding-Gown.

ONE superstition that exists among sewing girls and their associates of Paris is that, if the head dressmakers will stitch into wedding garments a single hair from the head of each they will become brides within a very short time after the maiden who wears the bridal outfit then in preparation.

When the sewing girls in the different departments and the girls behind the counters learn that the house has received an order for a big trousseau, they besiege the head dressmakers, and ask them to stitch into the wedding gown especially a single hair from their heads. This hair is so fine that it is easily concealed, and cannot in any way mar the beautiful wedding gown. The head dressmakers very often humor the girls.

The girls when they go home at night tell their girl friends that a hair from their heads has been stitched into the wedding gown of Miss So-and-So, and the lucky one is immediately envied. She will be married very soon, her associates say.

....OUR....

## Cook Book

"The Vital Question"

Should be in every Household in Canada

Besides 262 Recipes for preparing Healthful Dishes, it contains much helpful information for the Housekeeper.

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**Medicated**  
**Air Inhaler**

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is always THE BEST.

COSTUMES and BLOUSES, too, in immense variety.

McKENDRY & CO., 226 and 228 YONGE STREET TORONTO

### Maria Perrone.

(Continued from page 20.)

I leaned against a pillar and watched. As the sun sank it shone more directly in through the great, western window. The broad golden stream put out the caudles, so that it was only in the chapels that one could see them dot the gloom with their pale silver flakes. The organ pealed out. The young voices in the choir mounted higher and higher, each as it were climbing up on the shoulders of the other till they seemed to break a way through the seven heavens up to the throne of very God. Then deeper voices somewhere in the dusk behind chanted the Miserere, and a wind, scented with incense, passed over the bowed heads of the worshippers. All these pomps passed me by, like a tale heard when one is half asleep, till my eyes rested on a man who stood by the next pillar to that against which I leaned.

Accustomed to command as I was, I knew as soon as my eyes rested upon the man that here before me stood a man accustomed from his youth to the mastery of his fellows. A mere peasant he seemed—tall, swarthy, with strongly arched, well based, rather thick Roman nose of the provinces, dark eyes that flashed dangerously from beneath bushy eyebrows which almost joined in the mist, strong hands which grasped the pillar as though, like Samson, to bring the temple of the Philistines about our ears. He was dressed in dark corduroy, and in the hand nearest to me he held a plumed hat whose eagle's feathers swept the floor.

When once I had permitted my eyes to rest upon the man, I could look at nothing else, so greatly did his personality impress me.

But as I continued to gaze I saw that the strong, rugged face outlined against the pillar was convulsed. He was not watching the priests as they moved to and fro before the altar. The red robed priest of holy church sat throned above him, and he never glanced his way. But the man's eyes were on the great hanging cross and on the agonized figure of the Crucified on the altar.

His lips moved. His hands twitched convulsively. His plumed hat dropped unnoticed on the floor. Clearer and clearer rang the voices of the choristers.

The duomo darkened. The night was setting in gloomily with cloud and wind from the gulf. The splashed purple and scarlet from the west window had been quickly dried up. The tawny travertine darkened to brown. A hundred wax lights shone upon the reredos. There was yet deeper gloom behind, where the prince cardinal and the white and golden

priests were shined in a mellow glow, which shone out also softly down the aisle and lay upon the heads of the kneeling worshippers.

All the while never did I for a moment lift my eyes from the man by the pillar. I could see the great drops of sweat swell and break on his brow. His hands worked convulsively. What could the man be? Was he a peasant, unaccustomed to the pomp and processioning of a great duomo—a conscience stricken penitent perhaps, though of a truth he looked little like one?

From the dusk of the choir a voice rose—what was that they were singing? I who know so little of either music or church craft could not tell, but I knew that I loved the sound of it, for the sweet singing brought the tears to my eyes.

Some one was telling, so it seemed, of pity for the sinner—pardon perhaps for the contrite. "Miserere" chorused the brethren in united, sonorous bass. "Miserere, miserere," came sighing back from the folk in the aisle.

"Confess your sins—make confession—make confession. He is faithful and just to forgive iniquity."

Words like these the strong, clear voice sang in the dusk, rising up through the low chanted misereres like a dove soaring on strong wings.

Suddenly I saw that the place of the pillar was vacant. The man had left his position. He strode toward the high altar. The kneeling crowd lifted their heads and looked at him. Some started away in fear. Could it be that he would kill the prince of holy church as he sat in his high seat? Would he commit sacrilege in the very place of prayer?

He stood for a moment at the foot of the altar steps. The clear voice ceased. The choristers almost forgot to continue their chorus.

Suddenly a stronger voice than any was heard over all the duomo. It was that of the man by the pillar.

"I confess," he cried, "I am a murderer. Hear me, holy fathers! Hear me, O people of Atrani! I am Leo Perrone and a murderer. I, and not my wife, killed the soldier, Giovanni Lupo!"

And he threw himself down, groveling with his face on the altar steps.

The service went on to its close. The people thronged and whispered. The priests muttered one to the other as they moved to and fro. The cardinal summoned one to his side and conferred with him, but still the man did not move. There he lay face downward on the marble stairs when the procession swept past him on its way to the sacristy. Slowly the people dispersed. The syndic had slipped out quietly and went

for the officers. The vorgers began to go hither and thither putting out the lights.

Presently, as I stood and watched, the man raised his face, white and tense with agony of soul. He heaved himself to his feet, as if his muscles had lost their power and moved only by a strong effort of will. He went slowly and painfully down the aisle, the few towns-



"Ah, my little Margherita!" cried the woman.

He who remained shrinking from him as from a madman. In the matter of Giovanni Lupo, had not his wife been condemned, he cleared? Why, then, should he thus accuse himself at the high altar? Why, even if the thing were true, could he not quietly confess to some easy father and work to buy masses for the soul of the dead soldier, who doubtless richly deserved the knife thrust he got?

Leo Perrone walked stiffly to the great door of the duomo, leather padded, swinging on noiseless hinges. He groped his hands a little before him, like one whose eyes are dim, whose nerves have received a shock. He opened the door.

"In the king's name!" cried a voice as he went out into the darkness.

Half a dozen bare blades were at his breast before he could move. The man lifted his hands and held them toward the gendarmes with a gesture which said clearly:

"I will go with you whither you will!"

"March!" cried a voice from the street.

"Halt!" said another—my own—out of the dusk of the porch.

With the instinct of obedience the men halted. Their officer came threateningly toward me, with anger in his eye. So soon, however, as he saw my uniform of general his sword rose and dropped again in his salute.

"Pardon, excellency. I failed to recognize you in the darkness. What shall I do with this man who has accused himself of murder?"

"Send him to my lodgings, and bring his wife, Maria Perrone, directly from the prison. I would confront them the one with the other!"

The officer again saluted with infinite respect. Was he not an officer of police and I inspector of prisons and a general—scarcely less than a king to him?

I strolled to my rooms in a strangely expectant frame of mind. I was about to witness a curious sight—two self accusers for one murder. One lied—it was my business to discover which.

The two dragons of my escort who were on duty saluted as I entered. At the top of the stair I found Stephano, my orderly, in a state of wild consternation. There was talk of brigands in the town, he said, and I had not been seen since 4 o'clock. But I comforted

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him with a cheerful word and told him that before supper there were certain prisoners to be examined. He must therefore make such preparations as might seem most impressive and official. So I went to my bedroom and threw myself down on the couch to think the matter over.

Presently some one came and tapped gently at my door.

"Who is there?" I cried.

"It is I, Stephano!" said the orderly.

"Ah, Stephano, enter!"

Then the faithful one told me quickly that all was ready—the man waiting, the syndic himself present, and the feet of the guard who brought the woman already on the stair.

Stephano quickly buckled on my sword and threw the milken general's sash over my shoulder. Then he drew his own sword, opened the door and announced me formally.

"His most illustrious excellency the general!"

For Stephano magnified his own office, and incidentally mine also.

(Continued on page 26.)

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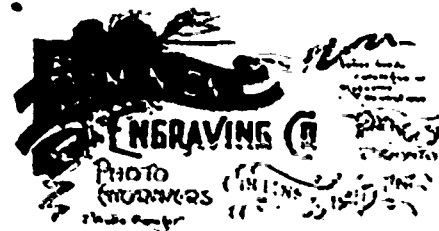


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### Her Mountain Lover.

Halim Garland, the author, sketches in a most graphic way the life of a western prospector and miner, who goes to London to dispose of some gold wares. While in that wonderful old town, civilization smiles him. In return, he shocks society.

Jim Matteson's first followed profession is that of a cowboy, but he branches at intervals into prospecting for mines. In the Colorado "high country" he one day locates a claim, into which Dr. Ramsdell, of Chicago (a thoroughly "good fellow," and an old friend), is admitted as partner.

The doctor urges Jim to go to England, with the aim of selling a half interest in the mine to some possible English "sport." Jim is seized with panic at the dread thought, first of crossing the sea, and then of invading aristocratic London.

"See here, doc., I was raised in the hills. I'm no water dog. . . . It makes me seasick to see a girl shake a table-cloth. I can't go over there in a boat."

"You can't walk."

This reply of Dr. Ramsdell's seemed to settle the matter, so far, at least, as the mode of voyage was concerned. But that awful after-thought. Jim was at home on the trail, but trembled at the thought of a velvet carpet - and forks! - the vision he conjured up of so many gleaming silver prongs pierced the armor of his usually serene courage. He was finally overpowered with persuasion, and freighted with Chicago advice from the world-wise doctor and his delightful wife, regarding which he argued, by means of a delicious philosophy: "Advice won't do me no hurt if I don't follow it, I reckon."

Among his other baggage, he carried to England, quietly stowed away in a previously unoccupied brain-cell, the memory of sweet Bessie Blake, Mrs. Ramsdell's niece, to whom he had made himself marvellously fascinating, in the space of one day; nor was the fascination one-sided. But the physical misery caused by old ocean, and later the novelty of being taken possession of by a London society girl, whose chief charm was her very *differentness*, worked together to make him forget the barred door of cell No. 1, wherein Bessie had been, alas! too safely locked.

The beginning of a peculiar friendship in London began with an invitation from a society lady to dine formally at her home. He wrote in reply:

DEAR MADAM: I'm agreeable to coming round if you can stand my ways. I've cut with my hunting-knife so long, it's hard to break in on forks. You can't expect a musketeer to gather honey like a humble bee. I'll tie up to your bidding just about 6 A.M. to have time to unsaddle before grub time. Respectfully yours,  
JAMES MATTESON.

At that eventful dinner he meets Mary Brien, who so tangles the thread of his fate; and as this unusual and most absorbing story moves along, the reader is kept guessing *whom* "Mountain Lover" Jim really is. For there are times when he certainly seems to ardently love two fair maidens; but this is not possible, as Eichel, or somebody else, can tell you.

Jim is not so speedy in disposing of the mine as his partner had hoped, and at times he is heartily weary with discouragement and home-longings. But he returns to his loved country, strikes the trail, and there, like the hero of a fairy tale, he finds money, fame, and love.

"Her Mountain Lover" reaches us from

the firm of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, and is gotten up in the attractive manner common to all the works of the firm.

### The Observations of Henry.

By Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men on Wheels." Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. Six clever color illustrations. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

Jerome K. Jerome is a master merry-maker, with the exceptional quality of inculcating his joyousness. The most sedate of readers cannot take up "The Observations of Henry" without indulging in a good laugh. The author has such a nice way of putting his stories, with the talent of making them all seem perfectly natural. And pray, why should not a waiter see any number of queer things? Henry, the waiter, has a peculiar way of imparting information, "his method being generally to commence a story at the end, and then, working backward to the beginning, wind up with the middle." Most of the stories have to do with London life, and barmaids figure at times.

There is a girl with red hair, and her soubriquet is "Carrots." Carrots becomes the rage of the town, for she can dance and sing. Mr. Jerome tells how society advertising is carried out as a fine art, and as Miss Caroline Trevelyan, she figures on all occasions. If it is not Miss Trevelyan, it is her dog, "which is doing something out of the common." Carrots carries a noble and good-for nothing man, and is wretchedly unhappy. Carrots is an honest woman, and has not forgotten the young fellow, Kipper, who has always been her friend. At Cape Town the Marchioness runs, in connection with her husband, a first-class hotel, and Carrots "might almost be taken for a Duchess—until she opens her mouth, when her accent is found to be slightly reminiscent of the Mile-End Road."

Delightful is the story of the mix-up of an infant and a bull-pup, and the hungry child takes naturally to dog-biscuit. "The Probation of James Wrench" imparts its lesson. The most ardent of novel-readers does tire at times of the ultra-romantic, with fiction introspective and retrospective, and it is a positive relief to fasten on just such a book as is "The Observations of Henry."

### Literary Notes.

MANY women have been reproached for living for the sole object of entertaining. No one doubts that such an aim is petty and narrowing, but it is equally certain that it is a woman's duty to understand The Art of Entertaining, and this forms the subject of an attractive and useful article by "Lady June" in the *Cosmopolitan* for May.

CURRENT HISTORY is specially designed to serve the busy reader. It sums up monthly the important news of the world, carefully sifted of non-essentials, and bringing out clearly the cardinal points of recent progress along all lines. A half-hour will post the reader on all the leading questions of the day. The April number is abundantly illustrated, and gives prominent space to the Chinese Negotiations, Cuban and Philippine Problems, Tariff War with Russia, Relations

of England and Germany, the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration, Industrial Consolidations, the Riots in Spain, the Service of Missions, the New Star in Persians, Printing without Ink, etc. Boston: Current History Co.

### Maria Perrone.

Continued from page 25.

It was a curious scene which I witnessed when I entered the great room of the old palace, which in the troubles of the great Napoleon had become the chief inn of the sadly reduced city of Atrani.

My escort, all save the sentries at the outer door, were disposed in full uniform on either side of the gloomy apartment. A long table stood in the midst with candles and papers upon it, the latter for show merely, being mostly regimental docketts of Stephano and a few draft reports of my own. The syndic had seated himself at the side of the table, but at the brusque announcement of Stephano he had risen and stood with bowed head while I walked to the red and gold chair of state reserved for me at the upper end of the room.

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Then, as they were bringing forward the prisoner, Stephano came again to my side, and, unbuckling the sword of honor which the king had given me, he laid it with infinite dignity on the table in front of me.

"We are in an ill town and among an untrustworthy folk, at once turbulent and bandit ridden," he whispered as I moved my hand impatiently. "It is well to let the cattle know it when a great man deigns to come among them."

For Stephano was also of the north and despised the canaille of the south-eastern sea.

I looked up and saw Leo Perrone standing at the end of the table farthest from me. His hands were bound behind him. He looked on the floor, but his face was no longer as I had seen it, shaken with emotion. It was gray and stern rather, but very quiet withal.

There came the tramp of soldiers on the stone stairs, and a file of carabinieri entered with a woman. It was Maria Perrone, the dark woman with the handsome eyes whom I had seen in the morning. They brought her to the table end and set her beside her husband.

She glanced up and her eyes fell on him.

"Leo!" she cried fiercely. "Leo! A prisoner! Oh, my Leo! What have you done now?"

And she raised her arms and clasped him about the neck. The loose, coarse prison sleeve fell back from the white rounded arms, and I saw her fingers clasp and knit convulsively behind the man's head. He turned his eyes toward her, and pain and love struggled together in his eyes. The muscles of his arms twitched and drew like wire bell-pulls as he struggled to get his arms free, but the steel wristbands held.

"Maria! Mother Maria! Beloved one!" he said huskily, looking at her a moment.

And then, as she clung yet closer to him, he pushed her gently away with a proud little movement, as one who would say: "Shame, shame, beloved! This is no time and no company for the showing of love!"

But in spite of these Maria Perrone wistfully kept her eyes on him, but he did not look again at his wife, but as if he dared us to think ill of it he fronted us all defiantly and yet with a certain grimly watchful respectfulness which won upon me.

Slowly the woman's hands unclasped themselves as she noted the uneasy shrug of her husband's shoulders under her touch. Her white arms grew suddenly lax and fell heavily to her sides. She faced about, looking to us one by one inquiringly.

I paused awhile before I spoke, turning over in my mind how I should best arrive at the truth.

"You are guilty of this murder for which you were condemned?" I said to the woman.

"I am truly guilty of the man's death! I, and I alone, did it!" she answered firmly. "I know not of what my husband is accused that he stands here bound; but, as God is my judge, of all part in the killing of the soldier, Giovanni Lupo, he is innocent!"

I nodded and turned to her husband. The woman's eyes were steady as truth itself.

"You hear what your wife testifies?" I said to the man. "Do you still adhere to the open confession you made in the duomo tonight?"

"Confession in the duomo," almost shrieked the woman, turning to her husband. "You, made no confession—say you made no confession!"

(To be continued.)

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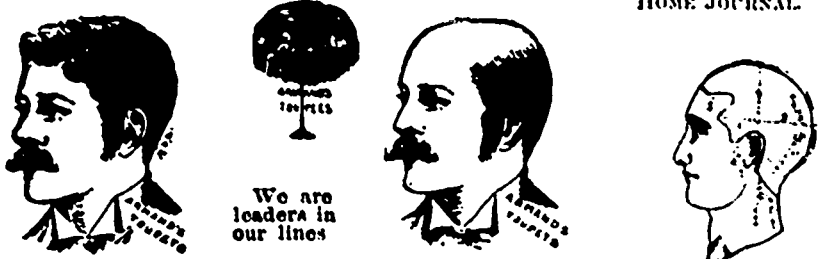
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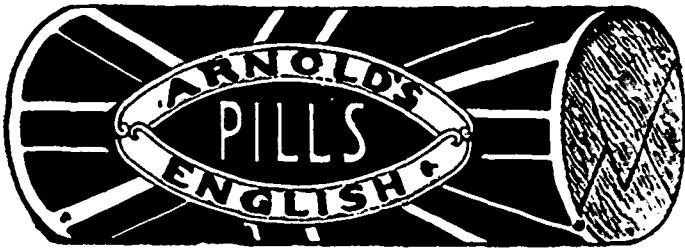


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