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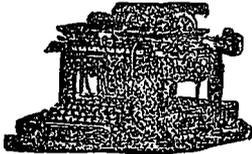
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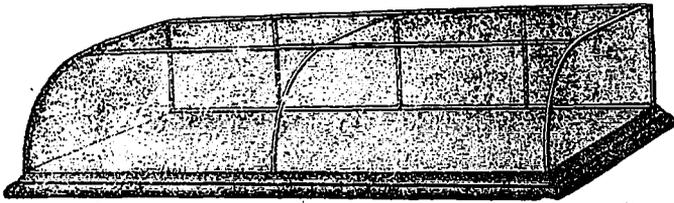
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FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY J. A. WILKINSON, AUTHOR OF "A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE," ETC.



It was Christmas Eve. The snug rectory of Calcroft lay beneath a mantle of crisp snow that cracked under the tread of the pedestrian. Lights shone dimly in the windows of the library, and brightly in those of the parlor. The other windows were in darkness. At one of the windows, in the shadow of the heavy curtains, sat a lady of proud, yet gentle bearing, dressed in widow's weeds. Her forehead was pressed against the cold glass, as if to cool the fever within. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the walk leading

from the street, as if in earnest expectation. The shadows of the church spire and pinnacles fell across the lawn like tall spectres, as the moon struggled through the rifts in the clouds.

"Why does he not come? Oh, the hours seem so long!"

A silence followed these words which were more a prolonged sigh than an attempt at articulation.

"The train must be late, or perhaps he has missed it. What shall I do if he does not arrive to-night? Oh, dear, there is the clock striking seven."

"Excuse me," ma'am, said a girl opening the door, "but supper is ready; will you have it served now?"

"No, Mary, we will wait until Master Roland comes, but be sure and keep it warm."

Again that feverish brow rests against the window pane, and those expectant eyes scan the path between the door and the gate.

The click of the gate latch sounded on the frosty air. A form with rapid steps moved up the path, and soon the bell was heard. Too eager to wait for a formal entry, the watcher flew to the hall and threw open the door. A pair of strong arms encircled her, and kisses fell upon quivering lips.

"Come and sit by me, Roland, while Mary brings in the supper. I have waited, oh, so eagerly, for your return; the suspense has made me most miserable, and now that you are here, I am so glad!"

"Roland, you are growing to be a grand looking man. There is not a mother in the country, but would be proud of you; but the supper is ready, and I must not forget that you are hungry; even my praises will not satisfy a hungry man. Let us go to the dining-room and when you have eaten, I will have a long talk with you in the library."

Roland Radcliffe was indeed hungry, and was only too glad to be led out by his mother to the little table spread for two. Hungry as he was, he could not fail to notice that his mother scarcely tasted her supper, and when he undertook to press her to eat, he observed a glistening tear on her drooping lashes. Roland remembered that it was Christmas Eve, and thought that sad memories were crowding into his beautiful mother's heart, which his kind attention only intensified, and so he ate on in silence. After supper they repaired to the library, and when Roland was seated in the great arm-chair that was his father's favorite, his mother took a seat beside him, and placing her arm on his chair, looked wistfully into his face.

"Roland my dear," said Mrs. Radcliffe, after having gazed sorrowfully into his face for some time, "you have come home for Christmas, when you should be met with glad greetings only, and I have nothing but sadness, trouble and heartbreakings to give you. I feel almost guilty, for, do as I may, I have not the means of bringing one ray of joy into your heart, unless the fact of meeting your unhappy mother can do so."

"My dear kind mother, I know that we are poor, now that father is with us no more; but next Spring my studies will be finished, and then I hope to get some suitable situation, in which I shall be able to earn something, and keep you in, at least, a moderately comfortable way. The life insurance, which we ought to soon get now, will buy and furnish a little home, and I hope to receive an income to keep it going. Of course it will compel me to postpone indefinitely what I had set my heart upon; but I feel sure Vivian will not object to wait until the wheel takes another turn."

"Oh, my dear boy, it breaks my heart to have to break yours! The life insurance is gone, forfeited, we will never get it. The payments were not made, and Dore and Denton have written me that there is no ground for hope of our ever receiving one penny. Then there are bills that we knew nothing of, which have been sent in, and it will take the proceeds of all we have in the house, at the close of the sale, to pay these, and day after to-morrow will see us in the streets without a pound in the world, and most likely with some of our debts unpaid. How, under these circumstances, will you finish your education, and what will we do? It will not be a merry Christmas to-morrow, Roland."

Christmas morning, Mrs. Radcliffe and her son met at breakfast. A tearful embrace, a silent, scanty meal, and Roland rose.

"Mother, I have made a resolve. I am going on foot to Craylands. I will see Mr. Danforth and Vivian, and explain how matters stand. Then I will leave it with them to say whether our engagement shall continue. I will not allow my feelings to influence me. If the engagement continues, it will be with the understanding that it will be for an indefinite period. If it is broken, I will only have you to think of, and plans must be laid for immediate action. My education must stop where it is."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Radcliffe, "I grieve more for you than for myself. I fear your future life is spoiled. I could not bear to see you in a menial position, and we have no 'friends at court,' as they say, to help you on. I am sure it would kill me to have you do anything not wholly consistent with your position as a gentleman."

"Proud mother, fie! No honest work is degrading. I am not afraid of it. I think my nature is more plebian than yours. For myself, I would do anything within reason to procure an honest living for you; but if it would hurt your proud spirit, and I can find no position that meets your approbation in this country, I will try the colonies. Now keep up your spirits and don't allow your troubles to break your heart."

Roland held his mother to his heart and kissed her fervently and walked away.

The Rector of Calcroft had died of heart disease, at the close of the arduous duties of a Sabbath day, a few months previously, leaving his stately widow—the daughter of the late Sir John Arnold, K.C.M.G.—and one son. Mrs. Radcliffe was a lady. She never forgot that fact. Her heart was proud but kind. Her needy parishioners received more kind words and acts from her than pecuniary aid. Calcroft was not a wealthy place, and the Rector's income was so limited, that it was as much as he could do to meet the obligations that his own family and establishment entailed upon him. He had made provision for his family by taking out an insurance policy on his life; but the additional expense of sending his son to college, had so pressed upon his funds, that he had been unable to meet the payments, and it had become forfeited. A bill for borrowed money for

the same purpose, was now in process of collection, and the mother and son stood face to face with poverty, and no apparent way of escape.

Vivian Danforth had prepared some exquisite Christmas-gifts for her affianced husband. She knew that he would return home from college for the Christmas holidays, and expected that he would hire a carriage, and drive his lady mother over to Craylands during the day. She loved her handsome Roland with an intense and unselfish love, and she sang 'snatches of love songs as she moved about the spacious rooms of her father's house. Not a cloud rested on her heart that happy Christmas morning. The younger members of the family were gathered in the nursery, discussing the favors that St. Nicholas had bestowed, and gladness reigned at Craylands. She had written Roland to be sure to come and bring his mother to dinner, if it was at all possible to get her to join them in their Christmas festivities, and she expected they would arrive as soon after service as they could.

Service was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth and Vivian, who had been driven over to the village, were just entering the drive to the house, when, casting her eyes down the road toward Calcroft, she saw a well-known form at some distance, walking quickly towards them. She had only time to lay aside her bonnet and wraps and return to the door, when her lover was admitted to the hall. She ran forward to meet him, her face radiant with gladness; but she soon discovered the cloud that hung over him, despite his efforts to appear natural. He was really glad to meet her. He had great faith in Vivian and her pure love, and although his journey that day was for the purpose of releasing her from her engagement, there had not been a thought or a plan for the future formed in his brain, during his long walk, in which she did not appear as one of the chief characters.

Roland was received cordially by the whole family, for he was in favor with all of them, and each greeting sent a chill to his heart, as he thought of the possibility of its being the last.

As soon as an opportunity offered, he asked for a private interview with Vivian.

"Vivian, my love, I have come to you to-day full of sadness, and I cannot rest until you know the worst. I am a beggar. I do not possess one pound in the world. I have no employment, and no prospect of any. Even if I had employment, or if I secure it, I have my dear mother to provide for, and the time when I can make you my own seems so distant that it would be heartlessness on my part to ask you to wait for me. I returned home last night to find my poor mother almost heartbroken. She had not written me the facts, that she might spare me as long as possible. My father's life insurance was forfeited for non-payment of premiums, and we find he had borrowed money, I presume for the purpose of giving me my education. The bill for this must be met. There are a few tradesmen's bills, which aggregate quite a sum. The probabilities are that I shall be in debt from fifty to a hundred pounds. This is a most discouraging position, and paints my future so black that I really cannot ask the woman that I love as I love my life, to link her fate with mine."

Vivian laid her head on his breast, and with tears in her eyes said,

"Roland, my love, your story breaks my heart. Not for my own sake but for yours. I have a happy home; I can stay here until I am gray with age, content in the love I have for you, so long as I know that your heart is true to me; but I am thinking of the struggle that awaits you. Poor, dear Roland, how I

pity you, and I am so helpless to either devise or execute a means of relief. I think we will have to ask Papa to help us, he is such an excellent hand at planning. Are you willing for him to know?"

"Oh yes, I am quite determined to tell him all, and see if he approves of our engagement being continued. We must have both your parents' full consent to such an unreasonable arrangement. In spite of what our hearts say, we must be guided by them."

Mr. Danforth was a barrister. A shrewd far-seeing business man, but of a kind heart and true to his friends. He was called into the consultation, and the whole story told to him as if he was about to prepare a brief upon it for argument before the bench. When the brief was made, he at once assumed the *role* of judge, and gave a most wise and judicial decision.

"My young friend, I need not say to you that I am deeply sorry for you and your estimable mother. I have always held you in high esteem, and your conduct to-day has, if possible, increased my appreciation of your good qualities. I believe that you and my daughter each have an abiding love that will stand the storms that are now upon you, though they may continue for years. Constancy is meritorious, and I appreciate that quality in any individual. Nor do I think the less of you for your poverty. A man with honest purpose and reasonable industry must succeed, unless the handicap be too great for the race. I believe in you firmly and I am not often deceived in men. But the present outlook is so gloomy that nothing short of a miracle can bring a bright prospect for years. Would it not be wise for you to annul your engagement as an absolute thing, and allow it to fall into what we call in law a tacit understanding? If you have faith in each other this will have quite as binding an effect; but should either of you prove inconstant, and marry another, you will not have broken an actual engagement."

Here was a compromise that was more satisfactory to Roland than it was to Vivian. Knowing her as he did, he was not afraid to trust forever on the strength of her abiding love, and he was in as safe a position as with the engagement binding her, and he had her father's approval of it. It lifted a load from his heart. Vivian was still his own.

Vivian had no fear that she would lose Roland's love, but she would rather have allowed the more binding bonds to have remained, so that, his right to claim her being stronger, he could have leaned more heavily on her for comfort in the dark hours of trial.

Roland stayed to dinner; but, although his heart was lighter, he could not altogether shake off the burden that lay upon it, and that would lay there until there should appear a rift in the cloud through which a bright ray might shine to gild his future.

The sale was over. Mr. Danforth was there and had bidden up the goods as high as possible, and, when a settlement was completed, Roland's indebtedness was less than thirty pounds. A sister of Mrs. Radcliffe's who had come to the sale invited the broken-hearted lady to accompany her home, and make a long visit. Roland wrote to every friend and acquaintance, of whom he could think, for help to secure something to do; but nothing that the proud mother would for a moment consider, presented itself, and he was driven almost to desperation.

A consultation at his uncle's house in which Mr. Danforth kindly joined, resulted in the decision that he should try his fortune in one of the colonies. The uncle offered to loan him fifty pounds and give his mother a home until he should get into a position to do something for her. Mr. Danforth offered

him a loan of another fifty pounds, and these two gentlemen further offered to carry the thirty pounds that he owed until he could settle that. So, nothing better offering, Roland decided to accept of this help, and at once set about making arrangements for his departure.

Roland's uncle was a squire in moderate circumstances, living in a fine old place with historic memories, and Mrs. Radcliffe would be very comfortable with her sister if she could be contented; but having no claim on her brother-in-law, she felt that receiving a home from him was a mild species of charity. Her proud spirit chafed under this state of things more than she would have cared to let Roland know. However, she expressed such fervent hopes for his speedy success, that she might not be a burden on her friends, that—although he did not mention his thoughts—he understood it all.

Roland felt somewhat as his mother did, although perhaps not to so great an extent, and for his own sake and independence, as well as for his mother's sake, he not only hoped but determined that at the earliest possible moment she should be dependent on no one but himself.

The parting between Roland and Vivian was most affecting. Eternal fidelity was promised on both sides, and faith was strong in each heart. It might be many years, it certainly would be a few, before they would meet again, and the uncertainties of the future, and the accidents incident to life made it little less than a farewell, never to meet again.

It is by striking the steel that the fire is produced. Trials not only purify, but strengthen. Roland had returned from college that Christmas eve, a fine, generous, but thoughtless youth. He left his betrothed's side a thoughtful, earnest, determined man. Vivian, the light-hearted singing-bird, who had fluttered joyously through her father's house, was transformed into a staid, careful woman. Sorrows in our own hearts open them to the sorrows of others. She developed into the most tender and thoughtful of women, whose greatest delight was to alleviate suffering, relieve distress and do good to all. Mr. Danforth saw the change wrought in his thoughtless child, and loved her all the more because of it.

Roland chose Canada as the field for his future efforts, because it was nearer and more conveniently reached than any other of the important colonies. When he arrived in Montreal he set to work with a will to find employment that would bring an adequate return. It was a more difficult task than he had expected it to be, and many were the discouragements he met, before he found himself employed as book-keeper in a small firm of inferior standing. Determined to obtain employment, he thought of this as "a stepping stone." Here he hoped to learn something of practical business, and obtain experience which would make him useful in a higher and more lucrative sphere. He had given his mother ten pounds out of the hundred he had borrowed, before he left England, and as soon as he was in a position to earn his own living, he returned the thirty pounds, for which his friends were responsible. He put away another ten pounds, with the determination not to touch it, lest he should at any time be thrown out of employment, and might require it during his enforced idleness.

Roland soon found that an undergraduate, without either a commercial education or practical ideas, was in about the most unfortunate position of any man in a new country. There was no place just suited to his qualifications. Had he been finished, he might have sought a position as teacher; had his education been commercial, he could have procured a position in a counting house; had he understood journalism, there were openings

that he could have entered into. A subordinate position in any line would not bring him sufficient remuneration to allow him, after meeting his own expenses, to send such sums to his mother as would make her independent of her brother-in-law, in every respect, except her board, and also enable him to pay off the money he had borrowed.

While working faithfully in his humble position for less than two pounds a week, he spent his evenings in searching for something better. He first thought of the influence of the Church. Here he was graciously received as became the son of an English rector; but since he could not fully explain his position, he found that he was likely to suffer more than he would gain there. Invitations to gentlemen's houses, operas, church charities and financial efforts, brought outlays that he was not prepared to court; while the influence brought to bear in his behalf, always led him to some position which he was not qualified to fill, or offered an opening for a beginner where the income would not meet his own expenses.

Roland had always been very exclusive, and although he thought he had stepped down to the level of the lowest honest man, he was not long in finding that a new country levelled its masses to a standard quite below anything he was as yet prepared to accept. He had observed a plain practical-looking, middle-aged man stopping at his lodging house; but he had never spoken to him; in fact he had wondered why his landlady, who was a woman of considerable refinement, should allow such a coarse specimen of humanity to have a place under her roof. One day he overheard this plain man spoken of as Mr. Jones, the wealthy contractor. Roland had practical ideas, and after he went to his room, he began to think seriously upon the subject of his pride, and decided that he would have to take his place amongst the plain people, if he expected to succeed. He reasoned that a successful man, like Mr. Jones, could give him good advice, and determined to make his acquaintance. The next few times that he met Mr. Jones he spoke to him, and got a plain "Good day" in reply. Not to be repulsed he asked Mr. Jones for an interview, which was granted readily, and without any approach at affectation. In his heart Roland considered Mr. Jones a rough, ill-mannered man, but he said, "I may have to meet many such, and I may as well get used to it." He went to Mr. Jones' room, and when he was seated he said,

"Mr. Jones, I have to beg a thousand pardons for intruding myself and my affairs upon you——"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it."

"Thank you heartily for your kindness; but I am only a few months in this country, and finding that you are a business man here, I have sought this interview for the purpose of asking you if you would do me the great kindness to advise me as to what course I should pursue to secure the greatest success at the earliest moment."

"State your case, state your case."

This rather threw Roland off his balance, for he had had no intention of telling his private affairs to a stranger; but this blunt, earnest, yet not unkind man had put him directly into a corner, and he had either to tell his story, or leave the room. He was not a moment in deciding; but told Mr. Jones of his widowed mother, and the necessity that was laid upon him of providing for her. He also told him of his present employment and the salary that he was receiving. Mr. Jones sat still, listening attentively, and after Roland ceased to speak, he still sat as if to say, "Is that all?" As Roland did not proceed, Mr. Jones began,

"Become more like the people of this country in dress and manners. Take a cheaper boarding house. Four dollars a

week ought to secure good enough board for any healthy young man. Here the lowest is seven dollars. You will save from three to four dollars a week in that way. Start a night school if you can find pupils—your church relationship ought to bring you those—and make your evenings add to your income. If not, then learn shorthand, get a position as evening reporter on a paper. Apply yourself to become master of commercial book-keeping, and then advertise for and get sets of books to post for small firms that do not keep a regular book-keeper. Do anything that comes in your way. Burn your gloves, throw off your coat, speak kindly to every man you meet, measure no man by his clothes or his education, make yourself one of the people, and one that the people will like. Be honest, trustworthy, attentive, industrious, patient. Don't expect to climb to the top in a day, and you will succeed in the end."

Roland thanked him and retired. When he had returned to his own room, and thrown himself into his chair, he was both encouraged and discouraged. There seemed to loom before him a mountain of difficulties that he had never seen so plainly as now. It involved a perfect transformation of himself and his habits; but the mountain had not been thrown up without the way of scaling it being pointed out, and, painful as the way seemed, it was still possible. Before he retired for the night he had made a resolve.

The next evening as Roland was passing through the hall, dressed in a common tweed suit, bought at a ready-made clothing store, he met Mr. Jones. That gentleman, without appearing to notice the change, greeted Roland with a hearty shake of the hand; and a kind "Good night."

"Mr. Jones, I am taking your advice, I will leave this house at the end of my week."

"Where are you going?"

Roland gave him the street and the number, and Mr. Jones made an entry of it in his note book, saying,

"I may keep my eye on you, and I hope to find that you are succeeding."

Two weeks later Roland was out of work. The firm that he was with had decided to make other arrangements, and could fill his place at a much lower salary, and he walked the streets many days before he found work at seven dollars a week as goods' checker. He tried every newspaper office in the city for reportorial work, but his inexperience was against him, and he got none. He tried the night school, but could not receive sufficient encouragement; he, however, secured three or four pupils at their own homes, which brought his income up to what it had been in his first position. Every spare hour he spent in perfecting his book-keeping, and studying shorthand.

A year had rolled away, and all that he had been able to remit to his mother was ten pounds. He had learned a great deal, but still had much to learn. One day a letter arrived for him from Mr. Jones, asking him to call at the old number. He responded at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Jones offered him a position as time-keeper and overseer on a contract which he had taken, at a salary of ten dollars a week. He accepted the offer, in the hope that the position would be a permanent one, and that he would soon receive an increase. At the end of a year his salary was raised to twelve dollars a week. He worked for this amount for two years longer. It was a dull prospect for Roland. His mother's clothing had to be furnished and expenses met, and after four long years of hard work and, to him, hard fare, he had only just succeeded in getting out of debt.

Letters from home brought him news that made him feel more than ever the necessity that lay upon him of securing a larger

income; but instead of being brighter, things began to look worse. Mr. Jones retired from business, and Roland was again thrown out of work. With the best of credentials and Mr. Jones' influence, he next secured a position as second book-keeper in a wholesale house. He had mastered shorthand to such a degree that he could make a fair report of a public gathering, and he was employed by one of the newspapers as an occasional evening reporter; but he was called upon so seldom that it did not bring him an average of two dollars a week. For two more years he worked on, his heart aching because he was unable to do more for his loved ones at home, whose necessities had increased.

Every newspaper was searched for a more lucrative opening; many advertisements were answered, but he was always too late, or lacked influence. He attended to every duty, he put up with every inconvenience, he avoided all kinds of society, he was written down as a miser and mean by his companions in the office, and he endured it all without a murmur, sustained alone by what was in his heart.

A fine looking young man, the son of an English curate, the arms of society were wide open to receive him, and in some cases it really importuned him. In several instances there appeared to be opportunities which, if cultivated, might have led to an alliance where the wealth he lacked would have been secured, but nothing dazzled or attracted him. The "tacit understanding" was a bond strong enough to bind him until death. Or, perhaps, it should not be put in that light. The great love he had for Vivian so filled his constant heart that he had no room for a single thought of another, and he toiled on wearily, hopefully, uncomplainingly, until the day should come when she would fill his life.

The firm in which Roland was employed was forced to close out a business in Princeport, which was not able to meet its bills, and he was offered the position of going there as overseer and book-keeper at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. As he would be able to return to his old employment when the goods were sold, he accepted it for the purpose of being in a position to send more money home. He was nearly a year in disposing of the stock, as there was a large quantity of unsaleable goods, and the saleable ones had to be renewed several times to help work off the others. This work was about completed, when he received a telegram to close up the place, but remain temporarily in charge, as the firm in Montreal had become insolvent. In a short time he was out of employment and many hundred miles away from the spot where he had any acquaintances. His heart sank within him, and the object which he lived to attain was removed to an indefinite distance.

He secured first one situation and then another in Princeport. Sometimes his salary was good, and sometimes below what he could afford to work for; but he could live in a rough cheap way there, and save for his loved ones, and this prevented his return to Montreal.

Roland had noticed a change in the tone of his mother's letters, an increasing discontent, a spirit of deeper complaining and chafing under her lot, which caused him sorrow and apprehension. His letters never lost their hopeful character, no matter how his heart bled, and his cheering words were calculated to lift his mother's spirit out of her chronic gloom; but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the prospects were such that really there was slight ground for hope.

After struggling on and trying every way to attain to success, Roland saw himself apparently no nearer than when he first landed on the wharf at Montreal. He was tempted to make some bold stroke and imitate others who had secured success

in a few months at the mines; but as the chances of failure were twenty to one against him, he hesitated. He felt that those who depended on him could not afford to miss his remittance even for the few months that would be required to make a trial, and ultimate failure would bring actual want and suffering.

How had it fared with his dear ones at home?

For some time after Roland left, his mother was somewhat comfortable in her sister's house. It was like a visit lengthened out; but little by little this feeling passed away, and one of dependency took its place. Then her manner became restrained; it was evident she felt her position keenly, and this made her sister and brother-in-law unhappy. They were both very kind to her, and now tried to increase their manifestations of kindness, which were misinterpreted by Mrs. Radcliffe, and she became really unhappy. Vivian tried to do all she could to relieve the tedium of Mrs. Radcliffe's life. She saw with sorrow and regret the growing feeling of discomfort, and did her best to exorcise the spirit. It was but six miles from Mr. Danforth's to Mrs. Radcliffe's sister's home, and Vivian frequently went over to visit her, and often brought Mrs. Radcliffe home with her, and kept her for days. Then Mrs. Radcliffe would grow restless, and Vivian would return her to her sister's, and visit her again every few days.

Vivian's mother had been an invalid for years, and about this time she became worse, and passed quietly away. This left a blank in the household that it fell to Vivian's lot to partly fill, and prevented her from spending as much time as formerly with Roland's mother.

About a year after Mrs. Danforth's death there was trouble in Mr. Danforth's office. His partner had done something in the management of the Bellington estate, which brought the firm into responsibilities which completely ruined Mr. Danforth. To meet this liability Mr. Danforth had to make over all his property to young Lord Bellington, and could barely purchase a cottage into which to move his family. He was scarcely settled in his circumscribed quarters when a stroke of paralysis carried him off. The business was settled up, and Mr. Danforth's brother adopted the younger children, and offered Vivian a home; but she would not think of leaving the locality where Mrs. Radcliffe lived. The cottage and its furniture were given to Vivian as her share of the estate, and certain interests would produce about twenty pounds a year for a limited time, and then this would cease. Vivian asked Mrs. Radcliffe to make her home with her, and she accepted the offer.

Vivian and Mrs. Radcliffe were now started at housekeeping, with an assured income of twenty pounds, to be added to by Roland's remittances. For a long time Mrs. Radcliffe was happier than she had been during the last few years; but this wore away, and she soon became very despondent and dissatisfied. Their income was not sufficient to meet their wants, simple as they were, and Vivian was put to her wits' end to know what to do to prevent Mrs. Radcliffe from finding out the real state of things. The girl was dismissed, and a younger one got at less wages, and Vivian did a large part of the housework. Dresses and bonnets had to be made over and trimmed, and Vivian, who had had no experience in this kind of work, had to learn how to do it. A small garden, adjoining the cottage was cultivated by Vivian's own hands, and nearly enough vegetables raised to meet the wants of the little household. From early morning until late into the night she was busy at her work, never repining, never complaining. If she had hopes, they rested on an invisible foundation; but she never appeared altogether despondent. If she felt low-spirited, she hid it from her friend—

whom she had learned to call "mother,"—and in whose presence she always wore a cheerful look.

To say that Mrs. Radcliffe was hard to please, even to unreasonableness, is not to over-color the facts, and yet it was because she did not wish to be so that she was more decidedly so. Had she complained or scolded, or found fault, it would not have been so bad; but to be perpetually lamenting that she was so much trouble and such a terrible burden, and so great an expense, and so in the way, and the cause of Vivian's sacrifice of her life, and a thousand other things, dinned continually, and finished with a sigh, a tear, or an outright burst of weeping, kept up a continual shower of sadness on the household. Then the manner of making her requests was so trying and unfortunate,

"Vivian, my love, I would like a few drops for this cough of mine; but, dear me, I am such a trouble to you, patient angel, and such an expense on your scanty purse, I feel guilty every time I am compelled to speak of these things. I feel I am standing in the way of your happiness. You are sacrificing your dear life, and I believe I am the most cruel woman in the world to allow it at all, and then, dear me, but for that "tacit understanding," you might have done so well. But then, of course, it would have broken my poor dear Roland's heart, for I know he loves you with an undying affection. Oh! it does so lacerate my heart to think of him toiling and suffering in that terrible place so far from us and home. Excuse my weakness, dear Vivian, you cannot yet fully understand the depth of a mother's love for a noble boy like Roland. It is not every mother who has a son like my dear boy. My heart swells with boundless love when I think of him. Oh what a hard fate!"

A kind cheerful word, a kiss, a patting of the cheek, a stroking of the hair, brought a temporary calm, to be followed by another request for a few fresh drops of ammonia to be added to her smelling bottle, followed by another discourse of a similar kind. Day after day, month after month, year after year, life went on in this way at the cottage. At length Vivian was in debt, and a still further curtailment was necessary, and there was only one way in which this could be done. The small girl was discharged, and Vivian took the entire responsibility of the work of the cottage.

Mrs. Radcliffe could not see that her complaining, sorrowing spirit was the most trying kind of fault-finding. She could not see that she was wearing Vivian's life out, and that she was breaking the most patient and loving heart that ever beat in human breast. She could not understand her own cruelty to the one who was making every sacrifice possible in her life.

The last few months things had gone worse. The remittances from Roland had not been as large or as frequent as previously, and he had explained it on the ground of his being out of work. Sometimes the larder was so empty that Vivian had gone supperless to bed, and often pinched herself in food to have to give to the querulous woman who, if Vivian did not love for her own sake, she at least loved tenderly for the sake of her son.

When Vivian was alone she often wept, but Mrs. Radcliffe was never allowed to see her reddened eyes. She bore her sorrows, apparently, without flinching, while the steel was passing through and through her soul.

It was well on into December. Letters had come regularly from Roland, still filled with words of hope; but no remittance. Vivian wept silently over the last one, and then put on her bonnet and went to the office of Fairchilds and Brooks, and asked for a loan on her cottage. They promised to search the title, and if satisfactory, would advance the money at once. One,

two, three days passed, and the fourth was just closing. It was Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Radcliffe and Vivian were sitting in the gloaming. Vivian was thinking of the empty larder and the slowness of Fairchilds and Brooks in closing the loan, and wondering what she would do on the morrow for food. A step was heard outside, the bell rang. Vivian answered it. The postman,—a letter from Fairchilds and Brooks. They found that before a legal mortgage could be given, all the children of the late Mr. Danforth must sign away their right to the property. As this could not be done until they were of age, the firm must decline to grant the loan.

Vivian had moved to the window to read the letter by the fading light, and having finished, it had fallen into her lap as she turned her face towards the frosty pane to hide the silently falling tears. Mrs. Radcliffe moved to the window, and taking a seat, looked out on the still night.

"Dear, oh dear, how sad I feel to-night, my dear Vivian. How it reminds me of twelve years ago, as I sat in the rectory window at Calcroft, and waited for my dear Roland to return to me. My heart was full of sorrow, and I have not known a happy day since. Oh, how miserable these thoughts make me feel, with my poor boy in that far-off land, amongst those heathenish people."

We left Roland undecided as to what he should do. Whether to make a strike for a fortune or labor on in drudgery and poverty. The success of some others inspired him, and he determined to try his chances. With prospector's tools and provisions he started for the forest. Day after day he searched for the precious metal, picking here, digging there, and hammering yonder. At night he slept, wrapped in his blanket and at dawn began his weary search. Six weeks had passed, and although almost disheartened, he still kept on. One day he found traces of what seemed to be a rich lead. For two days he worked, developing and staking his claim. Loaded with specimens, he made his way back, and, reaching the nearest government office, registered it. Then he exhibited his specimens of ore, and had some of them analyzed. Experts gathered to see the "rich stuff," and soon it was the talk of the whole section. Offers began to come in, and a wealthy company sent out experts to examine it. Upon their return an offer of fifty thousand dollars was made, and Roland refused it. Then another company sent out experts. The first company, fearing they would lose the opportunity of buying, doubled their offer, which was still refused. They then asked Roland to make an offer, and he said, "Double your offer and it is yours."

After some hesitation they did this, and Roland at once started for home. At first he thought to cable his intentions, but could not resist the temptation to take them by surprise.

On board the steamship on which Roland took passage, was Lord Bellington. Roland made his acquaintance, and enquired what had been done with Mr. Danforth's property, and received for a reply that there had been some difficulty, as the transfer was not complete at the time of Mr. Danforth's death, and it had remained without occupation, and he presumed must so continue until the youngest of Mr. Danforth's children became of age. Roland asked if the estate of Bellington would sell if the purchaser took the risk of the title. His Lordship replied that he presumed they would gladly do so. When the ship called at Queenstown, a telegram was sent to the solicitors at London, making an offer, and if the offer were accepted, they were asked to meet the ship at Liverpool with the papers.

When Roland arrived at Liverpool, he was met by a member of the firm, with the transfers ready. The money was paid, and

when Roland stepped into the train, he carried the deeds with him.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Vivian sat silently, but for an occasional sigh from Mrs. Radcliffe. The shades grew thicker, and forms passing on the streets were scarcely visible, except by the gas light.

A step more brisk than that of the other pedestrians was heard coming along the walk. The gate was quickly thrown open, and a stalwart form ran hastily up the path to the door.

"Roland!" cried Mrs. Radcliffe, too much affected to rise from her chair. Vivian flew to the door, and was folded in her lover's arms, but only for an instant, and they both hurried to Mrs. Radcliffe's side. Her son's arms encircled her, and she wept tears of joy on his breast.

When the excitement of meeting was over, Roland gave a full account of his good luck and his journey home, and told of the meeting with Lord Bellington, and the purchase of the old Danforth home with all its furnishing.

"Now," said he to Vivian, "why should we wait longer?"

To-morrow is Christmas Day, let us make it merry by consummating the joy we have so long waited for, and drive from the church to our home there to-morrow."

The next morning there was quite a flutter of excitement when the news flew around the village that there was to be a wedding at the close of the service. That Roland Radcliffe had returned, and that he and Vivian Danforth were to be rewarded for their

CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

When the ceremony was over, Roland, Vivian and Mrs. Radcliffe were driven from the church to the old home, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for them by the servants hired by Roland the night before. Mrs. Radcliffe was radiant with joy, her complaining spirit was exorcised. Vivian was full of peace, and her perfect content was visible in every line of her face, which looked ten years younger than it did the night before. Roland was too happy for words to express. Pointing to a large motto placed on the wall at one end of the room, he said,

"That motto expresses our feelings to-day as it never could have done before."



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THREE WISHES OF CHILDHOOD.

I have longed to be by the sounding sea,
Where the billows foam and swell
Where each curling wave, in its ocean cave
Hath been kissed by a pearly shell,
Where the mermaids hide, 'neath the billowy tide,
Coming up for their toilets rare,
Where they sport unharmed, while the sailor's charmed,
Watch them comb their golden hair.

When a little child, in my day-dreams wild
I had watched the far-off sky—
And thought the clouds, in their pearly shrouds,
Where mountains grand and high,
Then I thought some day,—in the far-away,
Three places I hope to be,—
On the ocean grand, far away from land
With the billows bounding free,
On the mountains high, as the night draws nigh,
And the stars come one by one—
On the prairies wide, where the hunters ride,
And camp when the day is done.

I can see it all, while the shadows fall
As I saw it years ago,
When the mountains first on my vision burst,
Their broad tops white with snow.
See each lofty height, with its peaks of white
While bathed by the setting sun,
Where the pine trees gleam, 'neath the evening beam
And the hounds and the hunters run.
See the river's side, where the foaming tide
Came up to meet the shore,

Where the floating cliff, and the rocky cliff
Are seen from the open door.
There were mountain springs, swift as eagle wings,
Dashing gaily down the glen,
Where they sparkled white, like diamonds bright
Unseen by the gaze of men.
For the mountains grand, of my native land,
For the prairies green and wide
Where the golden-rod and the daisies nod
In the tall grass side by side,
For the wild rose fair, in its beauty rare
That sleeps 'neath the wintry snow,
To awake in June, and to brighten soon
The prairies with crimson glow.
When the dreamy haze of the Autumn days
Wraps earth in a golden glow—
When the dead leaves fall, like a funeral pall
On the russet sward below,
With a silent tear, for the closing year,
A sigh in my heart is stilled,
For the deep blue sea, with its white sails free
Is a vision unfulfilled.
For the acres grand, of this broad free land
Wide stretching from sea to sea,
Where 'neath Freedom's light and her banners bright,
On the altar of Liberty,
We offer our praise, and our voices raise
In homage and love to Thee,
While our flag unfurled, to a listening world,
Beats the bright Stars of the Free.

MRS. S. BELLE FOLAND, Benson, Minn.



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

FOURTH PORTION.

FOUR years have passed. Leopold and Joe have graduated, Joe with honors. We often marvel at the loyal, enthusiastic, almost passionate love of men for their *Alma Mater*. Why should we? She has opened to them the inner door of the temple of knowledge. They have been living through their boyhood in the portals, but now they enter in. They see the pictures on her walls; they listen to her music, and are enraptured by the eloquence of her children. A new life opens to them—a higher life. The young king ascends his throne, he becomes conscious of his power, he is as one of the gods. It is because of this that men love their *Alma Mater*. She has been a wise mother, and they reverence her.

We need not wonder, then, that Joe, standing on the steps of the 'Varsity for the last time, should lay his cheek for a moment on the stones of the wall, and press them lovingly with his hand, as though he were bidding farewell to some living thing. He and Leo walked through the park in silence, until, turning to take a last look at the tower and walls.

"Not farewell," said Leopold, as they both lifted their hats, "but *au revoir*."

Joe returned, to lawyer Morrison's office, and Leo, after a few weeks' vacation, began his law studies in a Toronto office.

Gwendolyne, with her father and mother, returned from a trip to Europe. Gwennie had developed into a "young lady." She had passed through Mdme. Lamonte's establishment. She was not brilliant, nor dashing, nor bewilderingly fascinating. She was not a flirt, nor a prude. She was "Gwendolyne Morrison." As she was a girl, so she is a woman,—sweet, honest and true, loving her father with the same devotion, honoring her mother, though their natures are so opposite, gracious to all. As a rose in beauty, a lily in purity, a pearl of great price. So thought Joe, as he sat in his room one night, after seeing Gwennie at "the Maples." He boarded in the town now, and did not see her unless specially invited by her father to spend an evening with him. He felt instinctively that Mrs. Morrison did not like him, had never liked him. It was nothing to her that he had graduated with honor; that he had all the elements that go to make a true noble man. She only thought of him as the "poor country boy who was thrust upon her;" a nobody who had neither wealth nor position to make him desirable.

On their return voyage the Morrissions had met a young Englishman, Ralph Courtlandt. He had dark eyes and skin, broad shoulders, and was faultlessly attired. Gwennie not being a flirt, listened to his tender words, breathed in the moonlight on deck, listened, and believed. When they reached Montreal the Morrissions and Ralph Courtlandt parted, not, however, before the young man had promised, in answer to Mrs. Morrison's invitation, to visit Bellevue. "He would be staying," he said, "a few weeks in Montreal, then he would be free to go where he most desired," and he looked at Gwennie. Estelle Roche, (who was now Theodore's *fiancée*), and her brother, prevailed on Mrs. Morrison to leave Gwennie with them for a week, and Gwennie was nothing loth, for would she not be near this new-found ideal who had changed life's dull gray into roseate hue?

She stayed for two weeks and saw a great deal of Mr. Courtlandt, for he seemed to be deeply in love with Gwennie. They walked and talked, they rode and drove, they went to the opera and sailed on the river. Gwennie drank eagerly and deliciously during these two weeks of the cup that was pressed to her lips. She went home happy, thinking of no one, of nothing but Ralph Courtlandt and his love for her. Her mother's keen eye read the old, old story in her child's transparent face, and rejoiced. Her daughter's future was secure, for Ralph Courtlandt was rich, and of a good family. Gwendolyne would be mistress of a mansion in England, one of the many grand old homes she had admired in her travels. She would have a retinue of servants, and perhaps in time be "My Lady." Ralph Courtlandt followed Gwennie to Bellevue the next week, and invitations to the yearly ball that every one looked forward to were issued, and every one decided to go. The Roches and Theo were coming from Montreal, and Leo from Toronto. Joe also received an invitation. Mrs. Morrison objected, but her husband overruled her, by saying that "in time Mr. Butler would be a partner, why not receive him now as a guest."

So on that evening about nine o'clock, Joe in swallow-tail, presented himself at the front door of "The Maples." Leopold, who had come by the evening train, was glad to see him, and took him to his own room. They had called each other David and Jonathan in their college days, Joe being David, and Leo, Jonathan.

"I say David," said Jonathan, "you look altogether stunning, but it strikes me you are rather pale. You should have come up the lakes with me, instead of sitting down in this stupid

office. I wonder father did not send you off somewhere."

"He did want me to go," said David, "but there was such a mountain of work; you know your father was away three months, that I thought it better to help to reduce it. After a while I am going to take a few weeks. I feel out of my element to-night; I shall be a stick. You know dancing is not my forte."

"Never mind, brother David, I'll introduce you to some pretty wall-flower. I've come down to-night to know more about this fellow, who is after one Gwennie. Have you seen him?"

"Only in the office."

"How do you like him?"

"I am a poor judge of Mr. Courtlandt," said David, with a melancholy air, "you must see him for yourself."

"I suppose mother has not seen proper to ask the Masons," asked Jonathan, anxiously.

"Cannot tell, I only know that I am here."

"All right. Come along, David," and the two young men went down to the drawing-room, which was rapidly filling with guests.

Joe went to speak to his hostess, then turned to Gwennie, who was standing by Mr. Courtlandt. He did not dare to look, except for a moment, into her face, so radiantly bright. She was dressed in a soft blue silk, the color of her eyes. She had pearls on her neck, and in her hair. "Thank God," he said to himself, "there is no diamond on her finger." He saw her move away with her lover to join a group of young people at the other end of the room. He went to the library.

"Joe Butler," said a lively voice from the sofa, "come here."

"Bell Higgins," said Joe, in great surprise, "I am glad to see you."

"You are wondering how I came here," she said, as Joe seated himself by her, "you know father's sister married the Rev. Mr. Morton, who is pastor of the kirk. I am boarding there, and going to school, hence my appearance here."

"I have several times gone to your father's to see you, but were always away."

"At school, Joe, improving my mind. You started the ball rolling, you deserve the credit of my present advanced and exalted condition. You remember the books you sent me? I laughed for days over *Charley O'Malley*, then I read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* three times. After that I attacked Macaulay's *Essays*, and fell asleep. I woke up and attacked them again. When I had finished them I was out of love with myself, and felt myself to be the most ignorant creature in the world. Douglas McGregor, you know him, Joe, was home for his vacation. He came that Summer and gave me lessons in geometry and Latin. We used to read history and geology together, and when I got strong, father let me come to Bellevue."

"Have you become strong again?" asked Joe.

"Yes, though I cannot walk much, or ride. Doctor says if I am careful, I *will* be quite strong. Shall we watch them dance, Joe?"

He gave Bell his arm, and found her a seat in the drawing-room.

"I have something to tell you," she said, in a low voice, "you know you were the sharer of all my secrets in the days of my youth."

"I remember," said Joe. "What new adventure do you meditate?"

"Do you think I would make an exemplary minister's wife, Joe? Do you think I would adorn a manse? Do you honestly think I would be a bright and shining example to the females

of a parish?"

Joe looked into her face, "Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Yes, Joe, Douglas has asked me to preside over his future and his manse. I thought I would ask your advice."

"And will you follow it if I advise you not to marry him?"

"Now, Joe, I know you are studying law, and are not to be caught. But, seriously, you know all the mischief I wrought during my girlhood. Do you think I ever will be worthy to stand in such a position? I don't. I can think of a dozen model girls who would be far better than I."

"Why has not Douglas chosen one of them?" asked Joe.

"I give up," said Bell, laughing, "but I didn't pursue him, for I was not strong enough."

"I think, Bell, if you are as energetic in that sphere as you were in your pursuit of fun, you will be one of the grand successes of this generation. I hope you will give me a standing invitation to the manse."

"Why of course," said Bell, "but as it may be situated in the snows of the North-West, or on the Banks of Newfoundland you will not be likely to drop in and have a cigar."

"Oh," said Joe, "a missionary's wife! That will be a transformation, but you have my best wishes."

"Now Joe," said Bell, "you need not think you are going to escape. Who is your good angel?"

Joe blushed, for Gwennie had seated herself near them, and Mr. Courtlandt was fanning her. She turned and spoke to Bell, asking if she were enjoying herself.

"Oh, so much!" said Bell, Mr. Butler and I were school-mates."

"Indeed!" said Gwennie. "Mr. Butler, I don't see you dancing. See, I have kept a waltz for you," and she shewed him her tablet. "I was sure you would ask me for one dance anyway."

Joe knew that it was her desire to see all her guests happy that led her to propose it.

When Mr. Courtlandt seated himself by Bell, and Joe had given his arm to Gwennie, he was not surprised at her saying, "Mr. Butler, I know you do not care for dancing, and I am tired, so if you do not mind, we will go into the library, and you shall tell me about yourself. He took her to a seat in the bay window.

"I have not seen you for any time since you returned to the office. Papa has told me of your college career. He says you will be a judge one day."

"Your father is more than kind," Joe said. "I am afraid he exaggerates my powers."

"Do you remember, Mr. Butler, the first day you came here? It was in this room that I first saw you."

Yes, Joe had not forgotten the golden-haired girl who burst upon his boyish vision.

"Are you and Leopold as good friends as ever?" she asked.

"Yes," said Joe, "we're David and Jonathan still."

Then the conversation flagged. Gwennie's thoughts were with Mr. Courtlandt, and Joe could only think of her, so it was a relief to both when Leo came looking for Joe.

"Shall I take you back to the drawing-room?"

"I'll stay here and rest," Gwennie said.

She drew the heavy curtains, and pushed up the window, then sat looking out on the lawn. She wondered if in all the world any girl was so happy as she. To be loved by one so noble and handsome as Ralph Courtlandt, was supreme bliss. She was not so practical as her mother, for while Mrs. Morrison was waiting impatiently for a direct proposal, Gwennie was satis-

fied with the knowledge that he loved her. He was dancing now with Estelle, and then he would come for her again, his arms would be round her, his tender words in her ear.

But—there were voices. Two young men had come out on the verandah, then down on the lawn; they were standing under the window.

They were Ralph Courtlandt and Louis Roche. It was Ralph who spoke.

"Confound it all, I have got letters this evening from my beloved mother and my future wife. They are up in arms, because they have heard that I am flirting with Miss Morrison. It is hard on a fellow that he cannot enjoy himself without half-a-dozen angry women starting up around him. I must pour oil on the troubled waters some way. You know I am due at St. George's on the twentieth of next month.

Why have you trifled with Miss Morrison in this way?" asked Louis.

"What do you mean?" asked Ralph. "I met her on the steamer, she was a pretty girl, and so confoundedly credulous

that it was a temptation to flirt. She is a fine girl, and only for this other affair, I would marry her. You see my marriage with Miss Templeton will unite the estates, and the old people think it just the thing. It has been understood for years, and I don't know but it is best."

"But, Monsieur," said Louis, sternly, you *have* trifled with Miss Morrison, you have made her love you."

"I know I have been a fool," said Ralph, "but she seemed so fond of me and I suppose my vanity was touched.

"You have been more than a fool, you have been a villain, Sir! I have her father's permission to win her, but you have stolen her heart from me, only to break it. I repeat it, you are a villain, Monsieur Courtlandt."

"I won't knock you down," said Ralph contemptuously, "I make allowance for your wounded affections, but I must make my adieux to-night to the fair Gwendolyn and her parents."

When the night was fading into the small hours of day, and the guests were preparing to depart, Gwennie laid her hand on Joe's arm.

"Mr. Butler, will you take me to Mr. Courtlandt?" Her eyes were very bright, and a crimson spot on each cheek.

Ralph Courtlandt was standing by her father and mother, he was telling them how much he had enjoyed the evening, and how he regretted his departure. The next moment Mrs. Morrison frowned as she saw her daughter coming toward them with Joe.

"Mr. Courtlandt, I am so sorry you have to leave us to-morrow. Will you allow me to congratulate you on your approaching marriage? And please accept this as a bridal gift for Miss Templeton." She laid a small case in his hand, which he knew contained his miniature which he had given to Gwennie in Montreal.

"May I thank you for the many pleasant hours I have spent in your company?" and he bent over her hand, and looked very tender.

She laughed lightly. "If you have been amused, I have been instructed, so we are quits, Mr. Courtlandt."

Her mother listened, indignant and mortified. She had hinted very plainly to her society friends that the young Englishman was an ardent admirer of her daughter's, and now—the mansion—and title—and wealth, were fading away. Her husband had not noticed anything unusual in the stranger's conduct towards his daughter. He was so used to Gwennie's popularity and to the attention given her by her friends, that he very cordially invited his departing guest to repeat his visit.



"PLEASE ACCEPT THIS AS A BRIDAL GIFT FOR MISS TEMPLETON."

"Take me to the library, Mr. Butler," whispered Gwennie, as she leaned heavily on Joe's arm, "don't call any one, only get me some water." As he reached the door, she fainted in his arms. He laid her on the sofa, and brought some water from the refreshment-room. After a few moments she rallied.

"You see," she said, faintly, "I was so tired. Don't tell any one, please, I will go to my room in a little while. You had better go, now. You have been so kind. You

are Leo's brother, will you be mine, too, Mr. Butler, and I will call you Joe?"

"No, Miss Morrison, I could not be your brother."

"Why?" she asked, "you are so good."

"I love you too much," he said, and lifting her hand to his lips, he hurried from the room.

Two nights later Joe was roused from his sleep by Leo.

"O, David, get up, we have got a telegram that Theo has shot Mr. Courtlandt, and has fled to the States. Come with me, like a good fellow. Mother is in hysterics, and father seems stunned. We have not told Gwennie yet. She has not been herself since the other night. What does it all mean, David?"

"I can only guess," said Joe, "and I hate guessing."

"Father is going to Montreal on the noon train to-morrow. Will you stay with us at the Maples?"

"I will do anything to help you, but my place will be in the office during the day."

Slowly and surely the next three days went by, then the lawyer returned. He went to Gwennie's room. She was lying on the bed, pale and listless. He shut the door, and sat down by her. He told her of Theo, how in anger, when heated with wine, he had shot Mr. Courtlandt, but the ball had entered his shoulder, not his heart, so there was no danger.

"Where is Theo now, papa?"

"He has written to Louis Roche that he has joined the Southern army."

"How is Mr. Courtlandt?"

"He will leave for England in a week or so. Gwennie, did that man trifle with my little girl's heart? If he has, I will go back and finish Theodore's work."

"I don't think so, papa, but I have been very silly and childish. I confess that I was very much in love with Mr. Courtlandt. I was so easily caught, so soft, papa, that I am sure it must have been a temptation to him to amuse himself. Don't be hard on him, only help me to get strong."

"To get strong? Are you weak?" asked her father. "What ails you, my darling?"

"I don't know, papa, only there does not seem to be anything worth living for."

"How long have you felt so, Gwennie?"

There was no answer, but the tears that dropped on his hands were sufficient.

He lifted her up in his arms, and carried her down stairs. Then he went to the office.

"Joseph," he asked, "you know Miss Higgins, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," Joe answered.

"Will you bring her over to dinner, this evening? We are lonely at 'The Maples,' and from what I know of Miss Higgins, she will be a good tonic. I want her to stay with us for a few days."

So it happened that Bell Higgins stayed at "The Maples" for two weeks, then took Gwennie to her own home, where she soon recovered her interest in life. If Bell was a tonic to Gwennie, she in turn felt herself helped by her gentleness and sweetness. They proved a blessing to each other, and though many years have passed, and Bell has long been a worker on a distant mission field, they have always been friends, and are still.

CHAPTER II.

We pass over two more years. Lawyer Morrison is still a prosperous man, though his hair is quite grey, and his step is not so elastic.

His wife, since Theodore's death, has become very sad and old. She dresses in deep black, and wears her son's picture constantly on her breast. She has taken to the consolations of religion, but these consist chiefly in reading works on death and the future state—and conversations with her pastor on the probability of knowing each other in heaven.

Theo was wounded in a skirmish before Richmond, and died in the hospital. His father and Estelle Roche were with him when he died, and listened to his last words, which were those of repentance and hope.

After this Gwennie cared much for her mother, and grew to think of her tenderly. Had they not both suffered? Her mother, in losing her petted and idolized boy, and she, with the memory that it was love of her that had caused Theo to commit the rash act which led to his fight and death?

One night there came with the mail a letter for Gwennie from Mr. Courtlandt.

"His wife was dead," he wrote, "had never been strong. He

was free now to marry the one he loved. If she gave him hope, he would come out by the next steamer, etc."

Her answer was short.

"I cannot forget, Mr. Courtlandt, that only for you and me my dear brother would be with us still. My girlish fancy has gone."

Joe Butler is "Barrister," now. There is a new sign at the side of the office door, it reads,

"MORRISON & BUTLER,"

Barristers, Attorneys, etc.

* * * * *

One morning, about seven years from the opening of our story, Farmer Butler, dressed in his best clothes, might have been seen clambering into the stage. He looks the same, only on his face there is an expression of doubt—mingled with his usual doggedness. He is on a tour of enquiry, which bodes well for some one, if the doubt be cleared away. He sits in the stage, leaning forward on a stout stick, contemplating the fields as they drive past. He does not converse with his fellow-passengers, except in monosyllables. He is going to Bellevue, to hear his son's maiden speech. A young girl has been accused of stealing a large sum of money from her mistress. She pleads "not guilty," but circumstances are against her. Joe is convinced of her innocence. Her family lives not many miles from Bethel, and though poor, are honest. He has proof that the one who accused her of theft,—a fellow-servant,—is the guilty one.

The day comes, the court-room is crowded. Susie Barnes, the prisoner at the bar, is pale, but a look of conscious innocence is on her face. Her father and mother, anxious and troubled, are sitting near. Many have come to hear the young barrister's first case, for he is beginning to attract attention.

George Thomas, a servant of Mr. Osborne, in whose employ he and Susie were, had sworn to seeing the money in her possession, and one of the bills being found in her pocket, there seemed nothing for the young lawyer to do.

He shows, however, that there are two sides to every story. He reviews the girl's life, speaks of the honest character of the family; tells of the confidence her employers have had in her, such confidence that they frequently left money and valuables lying in drawers where, if the girl had chosen, she might have helped herself. Then he asked if this was the girl whom the jury would be likely to suspect of theft? But, in addition to her honest character and the respect of her mistress, it was his duty now to call on a witness who might be able to throw some light on the case.

Fred Armstrong, a friend of Arthur Osborne's, was then sworn, and testified that on the afternoon of the theft he had gone to Mr. Osborne's to play with Arthur. The family were out and he had gone up stairs looking for his friend, when he came upon George Thomas in the act of taking a roll of bills from a cabinet drawer. He had followed him to the stable, and charged him with the theft. The fellow threatened that if he told on him, he would swear it on Fred, and give him a dose of cold lead into the bargain. Fred was so terrified that he held his peace, until Mr. Butler, in working up the case, found out that Fred had been at the house that afternoon, and contrived, by skilful questioning, to get the truth from the boy. There was not much more to be done. Finding it useless to try to hide his guilt, the man confessed not only to taking the money, but also to putting one of the bills in Susie's pocket. He got three years in Kingston, and Susie was restored to her place. Her parents were loud in their praise of Joe, for Fred Armstrong had said,

that only for Mr. Butler "sticking at him till he told," he would have been afraid to bring the bad man to justice.

When Joe came out of the court-room, tired yet pleased, for the thanks of Susie and her friends were still ringing in his ears, he ran against his father, who stood with his hand outstretched. The doubt had fled from his face, and a real smile of pride was there instead.

"You've done well, Joe," he said, "I'll say naught agin the law more, you've cleared a hard-workin' innocent gal, and I'll not say after this but a lawyer can do the right thing if he tries."

He went home with Joe to his boarding-place, but refused to go to "The Maples," where a party of select friends had been invited.

"I'll be going back home," he said, "your mother'll be glad to hear of ye, for she allas set a lot o' store by ye. I want to tell ye, boy, that your brothers would not take your hundred acres. They bought it, though, and I've put the money in the bank, to your credit. Ye can do what ye like wi' it. Lest anything happens afore I see you agin', Joe, I might as well tell ye as I'm sorry I didn't help ye to get along; it must hae been tough work. The bit I've put in the bank 'll help ye, though."

Joe went with him to the hotel where the stage started, but nothing could make the old man stay.

Joe went to "The Maples" in the evening, where he was the hero of the hour. The ladies tried to pet and flatter him, but his past experience was not one that taught

him to care for mere popularity, so he mixed with the other guests as quietly as ever.

There was one lady whose smile he would not have turned from, but she was the coldest and most distant of all that evening. It was Gwendolyn. She was now twenty-three years old. She had lost her girlishness, but had gained a dignity which became her as much. She was beautiful, so thought Joe, as she moved around the room, her shining hair, lying in a massive coil on her head, her long black velvet dress contrasting with her lovely skin, and her blue eyes, out of which still looked a soul, sweet and true. There was a look of sadness when her face was at rest, for Theodore's death had left its trace on them all.

Joe was standing alone by a side table, looking at a book, when Gwennie came up to him.

"Mr. Butler, I ought to congratulate you on your success today, there have been so many speaking to you, that I was afraid it would be tiresome."

"Do you know what I have been thinking the last hour?" asked Joe.

"I do not."

"I have worked so hard on this my first case, and now that it is over, I do not care."

"How can that be?" asked Gwennie in surprise. "You cleared the innocent, and made those old people so happy. I was glad myself at their joy."

"Miss Morrison," he said bitterly, "if my success brought me any nearer to the one I love, I might value it, but it does not."

She could not mistake his meaning.

"Have you ever made an effort to win her?" asked Gwennie.

"No," he answered gloomily, "why should I, when rumor says my superiors are rejected?"

"Your superiors, Mr. Butler. Who are they?"

He looked at her closely, but her eyes were fixed on the carpet.

"The idea of a lawyer needing advice," she said smiling.

"Won't you advise me?" he asked.

"I have none to give," she answered, "but a senior lawyer might help you," and she left him.

He saw the color rise in her cheek as she turned quickly away. A hope sprang up in his heart. He waited until the guests had gone, then he asked Lawyer Morrison for a few minutes alone. With much fear and trembling he told him of his love for Gwennie, and asked permission to speak to her. Expecting a few

cold words of dismissal, he was greatly surprised when the lawyer gave his consent. The interview was prolonged to several hours, during which time Joe heard of his sister Libbie, and the part the lawyer had played in her life. He forgot his own love while thinking of the sorrow of one so long dead.

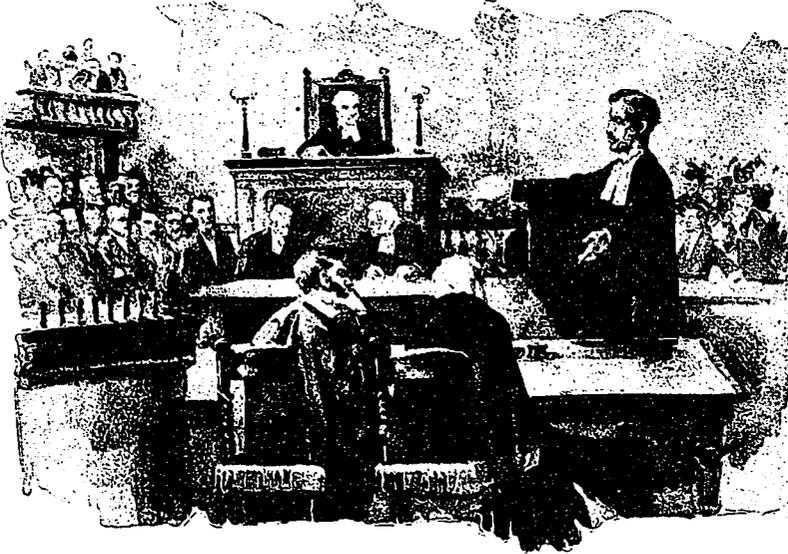
"Don't ask Gwennie yet," the lawyer said, "wait till you have forgiven me. If that time ever comes, you will have my blessing."

Joe went home slowly and wearily. He walked a long time under the stars, for the thought of going to his room seemed to stifle him.

"So," he thought, "it was penance-money that paid my way. It was Libbie's life that has made me what I am. What a price!"

Then thoughts of Gwennie prevailed. She was good as well as beautiful. She would be true till death, if he won her.

Toward day-break he threw himself on his bed. "As we forgive those who trespass against us. I know now," he said, and fell asleep.



"IS THIS THE GIRL WHOM THE JURY WOULD BE LIKELY TO SUSPECT OF THEFT?"

The next morning when he was sure the lawyer had gone to the office, he turned his steps again to "The Maples."

He found Gwennie alone.

"I have asked a lawyer's advice, Miss Gwennie," he said, "and he has given me permission to find whether there is any hope for me."

"Hope of what?" asked Gwennie, a blush spreading over her face.

"Of ever winning your love," he said.

"I do not think so, Mr. Butler."

Joe turned pale.

"You see," she continued, "it happened some months ago. You never knew, of course, that I received a letter from Mr. Courtlandt after his wife died, asking permission to come again.

When I saw how completely his image was obliterated, I saw as clearly that another had taken his place. He has grey eyes, dark hair, and a pale face. His name is Joseph Butler."

He started to his feet, and went toward Gwennie, but—the curtain drops, the lights are out. The acting is over, but a real life of happiness and service began for Joseph Butler and Gwendolyne, a long life which is not yet closed, in which lovely, joyous children fill a bright home; in which many good deeds have been quietly done. I think it is Leopold who wears the ermine, Joe wears the white lily of a blameless life. He and his noble wife are ornaments to society, but it never rules them. They do not forget, amid all their earthly blessings, that there is a better country, where they will live together, forever and ever.

THE END.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

GLADYS WHITNEY'S MUSIC MASTER.

It was the hour for afternoon tea, and in the cosy drawing-room of a large country house, sat a comely matron clad in a handsome tea-gown, while near her a young girl toyed with her tea cup. She was very winsome with bright eyes and clear complexion, and as the sunshine fell on her wavy hair, made a very fair picture. In addition to these many charms, she was the owner of the pretty house in which she then was, and the surrounding grounds. The lady presiding at the tea-table is her aunt, Mrs. Meredith, with whom Gladys, for that is the name of our heroine, lives. Mrs. Meredith's cup remained untasted, she being absorbed in reverie. Suddenly she took up a paper lying near, and said, turning to Gladys:

"I wanted to find that paragraph about Roland Sylvester. Ah! here it is. Just think, Gladys, he is about to return from his travels, and take up his residence here. There's good news, and I suppose all you young ladies will be 'setting your caps' for him."

"I have a better opinion of the young ladies," said Kitty, spiritedly, "I don't think they will trouble themselves about him."

"I do not see that it would be to their discredit if they did," said Mrs. Meredith. You know my views. I consider it a woman's duty to marry and settle well, if she can, and Roland Sylvester would be a good match for any girl. You would do well if you could secure him."

Gladys rose, and with scornful eyes faced her aunt.

"Aunt Emma, how can you speak to me like that? You know I would not lift my finger to secure *any* man, certainly not Mr. Sylvester. I would not marry any one who could think himself above me in rank, as Mr. Sylvester probably would, for, after all, my father was only a farmer."

"Well, my dear, I know you have strange notions. I dare say you will marry some one who has not a penny he can call his own."

"No danger of that," said Gladys, laughing. You may make your mind quite easy on that score, Aunty. I am altogether too practical, and have too much common sense to do anything of that sort."

On this from Gladys, Mrs. Meredith took different ground and said:

"I should be sorry to think, my dear Gladys, that real worth would have no charm in your eyes, simply because it was unaccompanied by wealth."

"Well, Auntie," Miss Gladys demurely replied, "if any

worthy but poor man comes in my way, I shall endeavor to look upon him with favorable eyes."

Mrs. Meredith deigned to make no reply to this speech.

"Auntie," said Gladys, after a short pause, "you remember I spoke to you the other day about taking lessons on the violin. You know how poor the Osbornes are, and I have been wondering for a long time what I could do to help them, without hurting their feelings, and I have hit on this plan."

"Poor people," said Mrs. Meredith, "should not be so sensitive. Why should people be so proud that they cannot receive a kindness without having their 'feelings hurt?' I think it is all nonsense."

"Well," said Gladys, "if I have your permission to take the lessons, I shall ask Mr. Osborne to give them to me."

Mrs. Meredith, who was somewhat "behind the times," having lived a secluded life, was under the impression that to learn to play the violin was a somewhat masculine pursuit for a young lady, and she gazed at Gladys in astonishment, hardly able to believe that she was in earnest.

"It appears to me," she remarked, "that you might choose a more suitable instrument. Why not the guitar? The guitar is so elegant. Now if you would learn the guitar, Gladys——"

"I do not think Mr. Osborne teaches the guitar, Auntie, or I am sure I would willingly oblige you."

And then Gladys opened the glass door that led to the garden, and stepped out. What a lovely afternoon it was! Gladys' eyes glanced over the well-kept lawn, and beyond to the sunny south wall, where the peaches were ripening. As she looked across the meadow in the distance, she caught sight of the home of Roland Sylvester, the young man of whom her aunt had just been speaking.

She remembered having met him once, before he went abroad, at some social gathering, and had taken herself to task for allowing her thoughts to dwell so long on a stranger. She had resolved that this weakness must be crushed, and had found this to be an easy task, as the young man had left soon after for a tour abroad. But now that he was expected home, she could not help recalling the graceful figure and the frank face of the man who had attracted her girlish fancy. But, of course, she did not allow her thoughts to run long in this vein. Why it was more than eight years since Roland Sylvester went away, and she would be six-and-twenty next birthday. So she brought her ideas back with a jerk to this work-a-day world, and of her intention to befriend the poor music master, and, hastening indoors, she wrote a note, in which she stated that

she wished to take lessons on the violin, and offering to pay such a large sum for the same, that there were two or three very joyful hearts in the Osborne household that night.

* * * * *

Just at the moment when Gladys Whitney was pacing up and down her garden thinking of Roland Sylvester, two gentlemen, in the smoking-room of an European hotel, were chatting over their cigars.

"And so," said one, "you've really determined to go home and settle down quietly as a country gentleman. There will be a regular jollification, no doubt, on your return, flags flying, children huzzaing and all that sort of thing. And then the next thing will be the announcement of your approaching marriage."

"Come, come, Jack, remonstrated the other, you are getting on rather too fast. I really have not as yet seen the fair lady, and when I do, perhaps she will not have a weather-beaten fellow like me."

"There's modesty for you," cried Jack. "Why, my dear fellow, if you can show me a woman you would refuse twelve thousand a year, I will show you the eighth wonder of the world!"

A shade of annoyance crossed the other's face. "Thank you," he said, "I see you think there is no chance of my succeeding through any intrinsic merits of my own."

"Oh, well," replied Jack, with refreshing candor, "one can't expect to have everything. If you want to test the relative value of intrinsic merit and a fortune, you had better spring a march on the good people of Ingleside, go there *incog.* and see how you will be received."

His companion made no reply to this. When he spoke again it was simply to say: "I suppose a great many changes have taken place since I left. Are the Lemarts still there?"

"Yes, and the three daughters have developed into a very respectable trio of graces. Good riders, too, all of them. Jenny the eldest, has the neatest figure, and the lightest hand imaginable. If you go there, look out, or you may succumb to her charms."

"I do not admire horsey women, so your caution is needless," was the careless rejoinder.

"Well, tastes differ. Perhaps Nellie Avening will suit you better—goes in for sentiment, and all that sort of thing."

"By-the-bye, Jack," said the other speaker, "what has become of that little golden-haired girl, who lived somewhere in Ingleside with an aunt?"

"Little girl who lived with an aunt! You must mean Miss Whitney, of 'Maplehurst.' She is not very little now, however. I never could quite make out that young woman."

"I did not know you had any acquaintance with her."

"Oh, yes, I have met her at garden parties, and so on, you know. But I never could make her out. I think she carries her head too high," said Jack, plaintively remembering several abortive attempts to get up a flirtation with Gladys. She is very handsome, though, and probably expects to make a great match some day—when the master of 'Maplehurst' comes home, for instance. Nobody around Ingleside seems good enough for her now. But I must be off, or I shall miss Davenport, and that won't do."

And Jack Willoughby sauntered away, humming a familiar air. The individual left behind smoked long and silently, evidently in a deep study.

"That was not a bad idea of yours, old fellow! I've half a mind to act on it."

With which enigmatical remark he, too, left the room.

"My dear Sir, I beg your pardon, I hope you are not hurt."

The above was uttered by a gentleman, tall, broad-shouldered, standing hat in hand, in the quiet street of a country town.

"Not hurt? I'm shaken to pieces. Why in the world don't you look where you are going? To come dashing round the corner at that rate, and running against people in this manner! Outrageous!"

"I am very sorry indeed, sir. What can I do? Let me help you to rise."

"Oh, dear, groaned the other, "I can't rise. I firmly believe my leg is broken, and how in the world I am to get to 'Ernscliffe," and give Miss Whitney her lesson is a mystery."

"Why this is a most fortunate—I mean unfortunate—occurrence, hastily amended the tall man. But, my dear sir, I see a hotel yonder, I'll get assistance as soon as possible, and we will get you home. I shall be entirely at your service, and will do my utmost to remedy the inconvenience my clumsiness may have caused you."

"Inconvenience!" Mr. Osborne repeated to himself. Then aloud: "Probably I shall lose pupils, and be put to no end of expense. How can this be made up to me? Who is to pay the doctor, I should like to know?"

But the stranger was off, and soon returned with the required help. In less time than might have been expected the injured man was safely conveyed to his home, his broken leg set, all the rest of his limbs pronounced by the surgeon to be in their normal condition.

And so Gladys waited that day in vain for her music master. She sat in the snug drawing-room, with her newly-purchased violin in her hands, and a dreamy look in her bright eyes. The fact of the matter was, the lessons were becoming a sort of penance to the young lady. The violin proved a more refractory instrument than she had bargained for. And Mr. Osborne not having the taintest idea but that it was pure love of the art that had procured him so paying a pupil, kept her steadily at it, and did not conceal his irritation if she did not please him. Gladys practiced for a while, and then in despair sought consolation among her flowers.

"Auntie," she said one day, as she played a few notes, "do you know what this is?"

"Well," said Mrs. Meredith, "it is either 'The Last Rose of Summer,' or 'Home Sweet Home,' but for the life of me I can't tell which."

A note came from Mrs. Osborne explaining the mischance that had befallen her husband, and hoping that Miss Whitney would continue her studies with the substitute which he had provided. Gladys was rather provoked at this, not wishing to display her musical accomplishments to a stranger, but feeling very sorry for the Osbornes she consented, and the new master arrived. He was a tall sunburnt man, between thirty and forty, shabbily dressed, but withal of gentlemanly appearance.

At the second lesson Gladys found that her new master possessed a pair of very kindly eyes, and though quite as exacting as Mr. Osborne, he had such a knack of getting over difficulties, or rather of helping *her* to do so, that soon Kitty found herself making wonderful progress in her lessons, and that she had begun to form a wonderful liking for ———, well, for the lessons.

A few weeks passed away and Mr. Osborne was slowly progressing towards recovery. The deputy master was still at "Ernscliffe," indeed he now made himself quite at home there in an unassuming way. He had quite won over Mrs. Meredith. She generally sat in the room during the progress of the

lesson, and would quite often fall into a doze, and on awaking often found master and pupil having a quiet chat. It was on one such occasion that on awaking from a sound sleep she was somewhat amazed to hear these words :

"Then, dear Gladys, you do not fear to marry me, although I should remain poor and unknown to the end of my days."

Mrs. Meredith gasped. Surely Gladys had taken leave of her senses ! There was Mr. Andrew, her music master, sitting quite composedly holding her hand.

Mrs. Meredith arose, and approaching them said, with extreme sarcasm, "May I ask the meaning of this scene?"

Gladys was considerably abashed, but Mr. Andrew, without the slightest hesitancy, responded cheerily,

"My dear Mrs. Meredith, I expect you to congratulate me. Kitty has just promised to be my wife."

"Ridiculous ! Do you know that my niece has refused I don't know how many offers, and that she is the owner of 'Ernscliffe?'"

"Dear Aunt"—began Gladys.

"Nonsense, Gladys. Where is the 'common sense' you

boasted of? I will not see you throw yourself away."

"My dear Mrs. Meredith," said Mr. Andrew, "let me explain. I have means. I am not altogether penniless, and we love each other."

"No doubt, but my niece must not marry a poor man."

"Dear Auntie," said Gladys, again, "I am sure we can get along nicely."



"HAVING A QUIET CHAT."

Mrs. Meredith was about turning away in great wrath, when Mr. Andrew begged her to hear him.

"I have been practising a little deception, but I shall never regret it, as it has brought me such a gift. Andrew is my name. I was christened Andrew, but my full name is Andrew Roland Sylvester."

So Gladys did not marry a poor man after all, but became Mrs. Roland Sylvester, and Mrs. Meredith was content.

The Osbornes were not forgotten by the Sylvesters, and through their influence Mrs. Osborne has a large

number of pupils, and is doing well, and he has quite forgiven the man who knocked him down !

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.



THE divine Mystery of the Incarnation is the most august theme that can occupy the human mind. The most careless cannot be but struck by the sublime description of the Nativity given by the Evangelists in the Scriptures. Around this auspicious event, even heathen tradition clusters. Among the most striking,—and as a church was built to commemorate the alleged incident,—the seemingly best authenticated, is that when the Roman Emperor Augustus consulted the sibyl, whether he should assume divine honors, a vision of a virgin holding a child above an altar, arose before him, and a voice cried, "This is the altar of the living God." As the highest expression of glad devotion is song, the beneficent mystery upon which Christianity is founded has been celebrated in spiritual song from the earliest times, as we learn from allusions in the fathers. As the world was then Roman, these earlier lays of praise were in the Latin tongue. In the destruction of the Roman empire they were lost. In the monkish times of the Middle Ages, the composition of Christmas hymns of adoration, often wedded to grand music, was a favorite occupation with

ecclesiastics. But these *carmina* in Latin were "not understood of the people." Hence arose and grew into vogue a popular rhyming literature of the Nativity, sung as gladsome chants in the vulgar tongue by the common people wherever the festival was celebrated. These chants may be roughly described as being at once merry and devout, and are known as Christmas *Carols*.

The double sentiment evoked by the Mystery of God in Man is, firstly, devout adoration of the Deity, and, secondly, a joyous if selfish feeling of gladness for the boon conferred on man. It is this latter shade of feeling that is expressed in carols. The former finds appropriate expression in hymns.

To enumerate all the compositions of the English poets relative to Christmas, would fill volumes. The good parson, "holy" George Herbert, has a section entitled Christmas, characteristically quaint, in "The Temple," of which we have but room for one verse :

"The shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
My God no hymne for thee ?
My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words and deeds.
The pasture is thy Word ; the streams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.
Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
Take up his place and right.
We sing one common Lord."

Milton, as might have been expected, has attuned his lyre to the Nativity. His poem is a long one, but the classic similes introduced are not consonant to the taste of to-day. After a

preface, the verse takes the form of a carol, although he calls it a hymn :

It was the Winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanelly wrapt in the rude manger * * *
The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed,
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With inexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.
But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending,
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid lamp, attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order servicable.

Kirk White, Adelaide Proctor, Mrs. Hemans, Bishop Heber and many others may be mentioned as poets of Christmas. Of Americans, Bryant, and the venerable Whittier, have sympathetic poems. Many fine Christmas pieces have been produced by foreign writers. The many-sided Gæthe has one. Cowper translated from the French a poem of the Nativity, and Longfellow has given us an English version of a Burgundian folk-song founded on the custom of itinerant psalm-singing.

The rude manners and uncultured minds of the masses naturally showed in the language of everyday life. To modern taste the familiarity of expression in old Christmas folk-songs would be deemed irreverent, but was used in perfect good faith. As compared with the gross "miracle plays" of the dark ages where the Three Persons of the Trinity, with the Devil and the Virgin performed tricks on the stage, they were mild and unvulgar. Eventually these carols settled into a definite form, still retaining something of the dramatic, and with large latitude of imagination. They were composed to be sung by village "waits," (chorus singers) as a means of extracting contributions. The number of Yule rhymsters was incalculable, for almost every parish, had a local bardling for Christmas. France, in like manner, has her *chansons* of Noël, and Germany her manger-songs. Intimately connected with Christmas music, was the giving of Christmas gifts, a custom much less general since the cheaper exchange of Christmas cards. The profuse hospitalities that anciently prevailed, with the yule log and wassail and mistletoe, are things of the past, or have subsided into family gatherings, at which (since Queen Victoria made it popular in her nursery,) we now generally find the ancient German custom of a Christmas tree,—not known to our own ancestors,—for the young folks. Even carol-singing itself is almost extinct, or only kept up in some old ecclesiastic endowments. We have only room for samples of three of these quaint old folk poems. The first quoted, is one of the oldest and is supposed to have been sung by the lay-brothers with the people :

Ther ys a blossom sprung of a thorne
To save man-kynd that was forlorne,
As the Profittes sayd before,

Deo patria sit gloria.

There shon a star out of hevyn bryght,
That men of earth should deme aryght
That this was Jhesus fulle of myght,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

The next "The Three Ships," by which is supposed some inchoate allusion to the Trinity, bears on its face the stamp of being a people's song. It is of a later period than the preceding :

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I say three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.
And what was in these ships all three ?
Our Saviour Christe and our Ladie,
O, they sailed into Bethlehem.
St. Michael, was the steersman,
St. John was in the horn,
And our Lord He harped, and our Ladie sang,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

The "Cherry Tree Carol" is still a favorite with rural carol-singers. The writer has heard it in Warwickshire, England. We give the first stanzas :

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing,
This night shall be born
Our heavenly kyng.

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in a place of paradise,
But in an ox stall.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As are babies all.

and so on, describing the various incidents. The three kings figure largely in these songs. Swinburne, who of all modern writers seems to us to enter most into the mediæval tone of mind, writes a Christmas carol that might have come down from the centuries. Three stanzas are given :

Three damsels in the queen's chamber,
The queen's mouth was most fair ;
She spake a word of God's mother,
As the combs went in her hair.

Mary that is of might,
Bring us to thy Son's sight.

Christ was born on this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sound of psalteries
Nor with fire for light.

Mary that is God's spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came upon the east,
With a great sound and swell ;
Kings gave gold to make him feast,
And myrrh for him to eat.

Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good,
Mary that is most wise,
Bring us to thy Son's eyes. Amen.

The Canadian muse has not been prolific in Christmas hymnal. Our recognized Dominion poets seem to have overlooked a field so worthy of their highest effort. An exception must be made in favor of Dr. Amos Henry Chandler, now of Moncton, N.B., whose "Songs of Immortality," published in

1880, by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, are, we think up to the level of the best religious poetry, and had they appeared in England or the United States instead of in Canada, would have given the writer a high place as an exponent of devout sentiment in verse. The following excerpt gives an example of a Christmas style nearly approaching the Carol, although his usual work is in sonnet shape :

O'er the winter wold
 Clouds of gold
 Clustered 'neath the shadows in the West ;
 Lo ! a lonely star
 From afar,
 Lonely twinkled on the azure breast
 Of evening, for the day had gone to rest.
 Heard ye bleatings low
 On the snow ?
 Saw ye flocks about their keepers prest ? * * *
 As a sphere of light,
 Glancing bright,
 Th' Archangel descried them from above.
 Hail ! hail ! " All is well,"
 Gabriel.
 Sang in a voice thrilled with celestial Love,
 Beneath the glory of that radiant love.
 Unto you is born,
 On this morn !
 To you and all the world, a Saviour given,
 Star of Bethlehem, bright
 As sunlight,
 Whose rays, when all the clouds are riven
 Shall guide you safely through the gates of heaven.
 O'er that wintry wild
 To the child
 Were led the " wise men " by that glowing sign,
 Bringing, as was meet,
 Offerings sweet
 To Him, late born beside the stalls of pine—
 Of David's house foretold, the Royal Babe divine.

Evan McColl, our adopted Scotch poet, who must be growing venerable, as he was born in 1809, but when last heard from was healthy and sprightly, has a fine Christmas hymn. Rev. Matthew Ritchie Knight, of Benton, N.B., who bids fair to take high place among our moral poets, says, in a sad story of his child whose Christmas gift was sickness (in his " Poems of Ten Years," 1887):

Christmas—day of deep joy—
 Goodwill from God to man, and man to man,
 When the world becomes a boy,
 Forgets its toil, and all are gay who can.

Hereward R. Cockin, in a metrical tale alludes to the custom of ringing in Christmas day with chimes. Christmas would be a fine inspiration for the delicate and devout muse of Pastor Felix, Rev. A. J. Lockhart. Hunter Duvar, with his pronounced archaic taste, has written carols in mediæval strain, a characteristic example of which recently appeared in the King's College Record. The following may serve as a specimen :

DICAT JOSEPHUS, CARPENTERIUS ;

Step-sire I of sound Son,
 Laus Deo ! never none
 Ne'er will have while men run
 Such one !
 Man am I of saw and plane,
 Yet from me hath God's reign
 Begun.
 Lord ! I bless thy Son's morn,
 Christus God to-day is born.

ONEN FABULANT :

We kine in stone stall,
 Down on our knees fall,
 God sain large and small !
 For all.

Beasts that be on farm wouned,
 And on mixen more beyond,
 Do call
 Him bless hoof and ox-horn,
 Now that He the Lord is born.

WISE MEN SEQUENTIUM :

Magians we of dread scroll,
 Never spare we meal boll
 Nor forego to take toll
 Of rye ;
 By the mass ! we are knaves,
 And must our bone staves
 Lay by,
 Better rather pray than sorn,
 Now the promised Christ is born.

TUNC LAUDANUS OMNES DICANT :

Earth and air, fire, sea,
 Hosts of heaven praise ye
 This small Babe of Galilee,
 His abode
 In on lap of May the Mild
 Where he lies in guise of child,
 Yet God.
 Gentils all ! know ye His morn
 And the Christ Redeemer born !

HIC OFFERTERIUM FERUNT.

Our French Canadian friends, with their warmer devotional feelings, have done much in sacred poetry, but our business is not now with them.

This sketch may be appropriately concluded with an abridged version of Miller's popular lay :

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime,
 As on the day when first they rung
 So merrily in the olden time,
 And far and wide their music flung ;
 Shaking the old grey ived tower
 With all their deep melodious power,
 They still proclaim to every ear
 Old Christmas comes but once a year.

What though on Christmas' hoary head
 Have fallen many a Winter's snow,
 His wreath is still as green and red
 As 'twas a thousand years ago.
 For what has he to do with care ?
 His wassail bowl and old arm-chair
 Are ever standing ready there,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.

No wonder Christmas lives so long,
 He never knew but merry hours,
 His nights were spent with mirth and song,
 In happy homes and princely bowers ;
 Was greeted both by serf and lord,
 And seated at the festal board,
 While every voice cried " Welcome here !"
 Old Christmas comes but once a year.

Though the old times are dead and gone,
 And those who hailed them passed away,
 Yet still there lingers many a one,
 To welcome in old Christmas day.
 The poor will many a care forget,
 The debtor thinks not of his debt,
 But as they each enjoy their cheer,
 Wish it was Christmas all the year.

And sail around those good old times
 We hang like friends full loth to part ;
 We listen to the simple rhymes,
 Which somehow sink into the heart,
 " Half musical, half melancholy,"
 Like childish smiles that still are holy,
 A masquer's face dimmed with a tear,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.

The bells which usher in that morn,
 Have ever drawn my mind away
 To Bèthléhem where Christ was born,
 And the low stable where He lay,
 In which the large-eyed oxen fed ;

To Mary bowing down her head,
And looking down with love sincere,—
Such thoughts bring Christmas once a year.

At early day the youthful voice,
Heard singing on from door to door,
Makes the responding heart rejoice,
To know the children of the poor
For once are happy all day long ;
We smile and listen to the song,
The burden still remote or near,
" Old Christmas comes but once a year."

Upon a gayer, happier scene,
Never did holly-berries peer,
Or ivy throw its trailing green,
On brighter forms than there are here,
Nor Christmas in his old arm-chair,
Smile upon lips and brows more fair :
Then let us sing amid our cheer,
" Old Christmas still comes once a year !"

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

GAUTAMA, the founder of Buddhism, is said to have attained his Buddhahood during a prolonged meditation under a Bo-Tree at Gaya,—afterwards called Buddha Gaya. From this incident the Bo-Tree—sometimes called the Temple Tree—became a sacred object, the Bo-Tree of Buddha Gaya and trees grown from its branches being especially so. Mahinda, son of the King of Maghada was the first missionary to Ceylon. After he had labored in that Island for some years he sent for his sister, Sanghamitta to come to his assistance. She responded and carried with her a branch of the sacred tree at Buddha Gaya. This was planted in a spot a few rods to the south of the Rhuwanwæla Degaha in the ancient city of Anuradhapura, 250 B.C. That tree is still living. A wall has been built about it and the interior filled with earth. Pillars have been constructed to sustain some of its branches and every precaution taken to prevent its destruction or decay. The Buddhist monks guard it night and day, and water the ground about its base regularly. It is venerated almost to worship. It is known as the sacred tree of Sanghamitta.

J. A. W.

TEMPERANCE OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE Mohammedans are forbidden by Al Koran to drink wine. The strictest interpretation of this includes every kind of strong drink even to coffee, though many do not admit that it should be interpreted to include this beverage. The pressing of grapes for the purpose of making wine is condemned by many of the strictest members of that faith. There is also a considerable number who object to the use of tobacco. The use of opium is condemned by a large majority.

Gaming of every kind is prohibited, as well as all casting of lots. Those who engage in gaming are not allowed to give evidence in trials, or, if it becomes necessary to take their evidence, it must be substantiated to make it of value.

This kind of temperance is strong enough to satisfy the most ultra amongst Christians. There is no doubt Mohammed borrowed his ideas largely from the Bible, and in morals tried to more than match it in severity. It has had a salutary effect upon his followers.

It is a pity he did not try to equal the Bible in its teachings of love and goodwill. Had he done so his followers might not have been such bitter haters of every other sect.

J. A. W.

LIBERALITY OF THE ARABS.

A LEGEND.

"THREE men were disputing, in the Court of the Caaba, which was the most liberal person amongst the Arabs. One gave the preference to Abdallah, the son of Jaafar, the uncle of Mohammed ; another to Kais Ebu Saad Abâdah ; and the third gave it to Arâbah, of the tribe of Aws. After much debate, one that was present, to end the dispute, proposed that each of them should go to his friend and ask his assistance, that they might see what each one gave and form a judgment accordingly. This was agreed to, and Abdallah's friend going to him found him with his foot in the stirrups, just mounting his camel for a journey, and thus accosted him : 'Son of the uncle of the apostle of God, I am travelling and in necessity.' Upon which Abdallah alighted and bade him take the camel with all that was upon her ; but desired him not to part with a sword which happened to be fixed to the saddle, because it belonged to Ali, the son of Abutaleb. So he took the camel and found on her some vests of silk and 4,000 pieces of gold ; but the thing of greatest value was the sword. The second went to Kais Ebu Saad, whose servant told him that his master was asleep, and desired to know his business. The friend said he came to ask Kais's assistance, being in want on the road. Whereupon the servant said he would rather supply his necessity than wake his master, and gave him a purse of 7,000 pieces of gold, assuring him it was all the money then in the house. He also directed him to go to those who had charge of the camels, with a certain token, and take a camel and a slave and return home with them. When Kais awoke and his servant informed him what he had done, he gave him his freedom, and asked him why he did not call him, 'For' said he, 'I would have given him more.' The third man went to Arâbah and met him coming out of his house in order to go to prayer, and leaning on two slaves because his eyesight failed him. The friend no sooner made known his case, than Arâbah let go the slaves, and clapping his hands together, loudly lamented his misfortune in having no money ; but desired him to take the two slaves, which the man refused to do, till Arâbah protested that if he would not accept them he gave them their liberty, and, leaving the slaves, groped his way along the wall. On the return of the adventurers, judgment was unanimously, and with great justice, given by all who were present that Arâbah was the most generous of the three."

J. A. W.

BREAKFAST CLUB.

THERE is in Washington a ladies' Breakfast Club which is composed of ten married women, who meet every Wednesday. The members are pledged to furnish the breakfast for twenty-five shillings, and it takes much time and thought to get up the meal for that sum. Each week one young woman is invited to attend this feast, which shows the married woman's ability to make a small amount of money go a long way. It is for the purpose of teaching the young woman the art of spending money judiciously that she is asked to those breakfasts. After the report, the hostess reads an itemized list of her expenditure, so that there will be no mistake, and also to show how far a dollar will go if spent with thought and judgment.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

A COMPLETE list of leading prize winners in our present "Word Competition," which closes December 5th, will be published in the January number of THE QUEEN. We go to press too early to get it in this number.

The Latest Fashion.

STREET COSTUMES.

VISITING costumes of cashmere have braided sleeves and oftentimes a panel, which may be in black or in a darker shade of the same color.

Brocaded and plain silk and woollen fabrics are made up for visiting gowns with velvet sleeves, girdle, collar, and narrow panels between side-pleats.

Rough wools, either plain or striped, are made up with a "habit" basque and "English" skirt without any trimming.

A pretty suit of blue and brown diagonal suiting is cut like a princesse gown, with very large sleeves and a draped scarf from the right shoulder to the left hip, where it forms a tiny panier, after being caught at the centre of the waist-line, of brown faille.

A Suède cloth gown has an almost plain skirt with a wide border of brown cloth finished with a row of cord trefoils in

black. The sleeves and vest are of brown braided in black, and the basque is jacket-shaped.

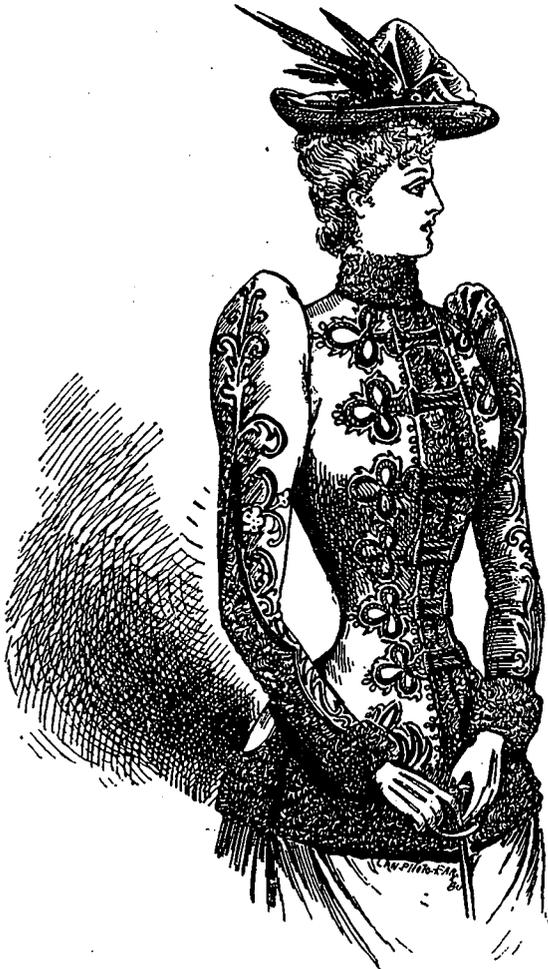
Camel's-hair gowns have a border on the front of the skirt, and a vest of darker velvet braided with tinsel, with the collar and tiny revers of velvet without any braid.

Shaggy plaids and homespuns will have vests of corduroy of a contrasting color or darker shade.

Basques evenly round are cut in square tabs for walking dresses. When of a checked or striped wool, the vest and cuffs are of plain cloth, braided, or the entire sleeves are in this style.

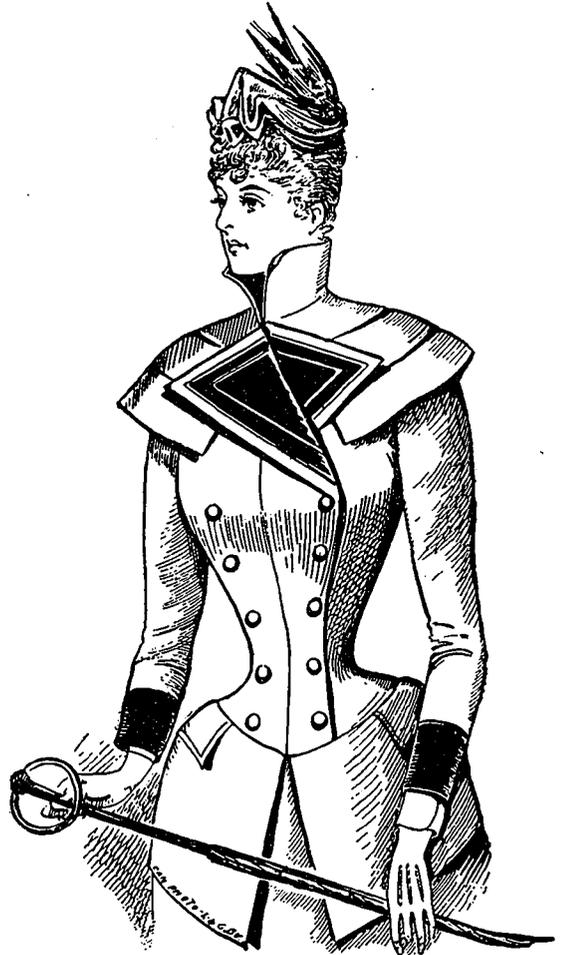
No. 12 black velvet ribbon trims the neck and wrists of ordinary plain woollen dresses as a binding, appearing also on the tab basque and in three rows of different widths, Nos. 16, 12, and 9, on the front of the skirt, which is slightly gathered, while the back and sides are in fan, kilt, or box pleats.

Polonaise or redingote street dresses have a princesse polonaise of plain goods, opening over a plastron and skirt front of plaid material cut on the bias, with sleeves to correspond.



THE THEODORE JACKET.

DARK grey-blue cloth, handsomely braided in two widths of mohair braid: the epaulettes and bordering are Astrakhan. The lining is satin, striped in white, terra-cotta, and blue.



NEWMARKET JACKET.

MADE of Harris heather, pale brown, with hairy surface, and speckled with red-brown. It is lined with red-brown satin. The waistcoat is plush-kid and the revers and cuffs are likewise piped with similar kid. Gilt buttons down the front.

Dark cloth, cashmere or camel's-hair dresses may have a flat or full vest of reddish yellow faille, surah or Bengaline.

The rough bourrette goods are only becoming to rather slender figures, and should be made in a plain, rather tailor-like mode without any trimming.

Velvet, faille, or Bengaline sleeves are permissible with plain or figured designs, smooth or rough goods, while matelassé sleeves of black are very novel for the heavy, hairy materials.

THE straight collar is worn, also the Medici in many styles and sizes. Gold-embroidered yokes and stomachers are in vogue. Shoulder knots are worn by young ladies. Pink and

white cloth dresses are made for evening wear with a border or panel, and large sleeves covered with a delicate embroidery of beads, silk, and tinsel cord.

HEAVY silk nets in crocheted or woven designs over silk are effectively used as sleeves, yokes, V's and jacket fronts. Black lace sleeves and flounces draped across the front are seen on velvet and silk dinner dresses.



MANTLE.

In black silk matelasse, with overfronts; Medici collar and George I. cuffs in black plush. The sleeves are of matelasse. The trimmings consist of ostrich feathers and rich passementerie.



LONG COAT.

In black velvet; the corslet (back and front) and deep cuffs are fine guipure. Ostrich feathers form the trimming on both skirt, sleeves, and bodice.

Household Information.

DINNER-TABLE DECORATIONS.

UNLESS a pen is wielded by a poet's fingers it cannot fairly describe the lavishness and luxury to which table decoration is carried. The chief notes of floral decoration dwindle down to these prominent features: To keep to one or two kinds of flowers; to mix them as much as possible with their own foliage only; to consider perfection of color and shape more than either quantity or kind; and, lastly, to keep all arrangements as light in effect as possible.

Silver and cut glass are unsurpassed for elegant decorations, while unique and dainty china is always refined, and a brass or copper bowl filled with red or yellow flowers, is a bit of color to delight an artist.

The palm design for decoration is also very unique. This consists in palm-trees made in roughened crystal, a variation, in fact, of the tripod tube arrangement. They are made of Japanese bamboo, and are intended for holding flowers. The shapes of the stems are varied fancifully in twos or threes and fours, and the tips of each tube vase are encircled by crystal palm-leaves. These tripods are in all sizes, the idea being utter informality, presenting, when arranged on a table, a picturesque and highly artistic effect, such as is produced by the irregular heights and architecture of an old-time street in an old-time town.

There are dinner-table arrangements of entirely red, pink yellow, or mixed roses, where, in addition to the filled receptacles, single blooms are placed beside every plate, and all over the table. Pink brocade laid down the centre of the dinner-table, with a fringe of maidenhair and pink roses at distances is one among many of the decorations. An original design, more quaint, perhaps, than pretty, consists of grass-green brocade laid on the table, with artificial butterflies, as well as a few real flowers scattered over, with butterfly nets on poles along at each side, with the nets at the corners.

Ribbons are being introduced, crossing each other from corner to corner, the shade recalling the tint of the flowers. In some cases these ribbons are replaced by trails of foliage similarly arranged. The effect is good, though a little stiff, the chief fault being that the ribbons or trails occasionally get in the way of dishes and diners; but it is a fashion likely to become popular.

It is almost impossible to give any idea as to coloring, for this varies from one day to the other. For the moment roses and orchids may be said to be the ruling flowers, the former ranging from the most delicate creams and snowy whites to crimson of such intensity of shade as to be all but black.

Orchids form a most lovely table decoration, albeit a costly one, whether by themselves or mixed with roses; mauve and yellow orchids, or mauve orchids with deep yellow roses, or delicate pink roses with pure white orchids, have been the most successful of these combinations lately, and certainly with the silver bows, epergnes, etc., few flowers look more in keeping.

The fashion of using two colors seems to be returning to favor. For instance, the full cactus-red, so fashionable just now, is mingled with fresh, vivid green leaves, while variegated foliage is used with flowers of all kinds. What matter whether some of the flowers are grown in a hot-house, like the new and costly white caladium, or others in the fields and hedgerows, like brambles and parsley, which latter has lately been more used than recognized in table decoration?

For the breakfast and luncheon tables there is a vast choice of pretty little articles. Very quaint are the tiny cruets seen

everywhere, new designs for which are so constantly appearing that it is difficult to say which are the daintiest. Three silver-gilt drums are taking, those for salt and pepper being quite small, with a larger one for mustard. The last has the drumsticks shortened, crossed, and standing upright on the top, and by these the lid is raised, while the handle of the mustard-spoon is a flag. Of cruets in the shape of birds there is no end, while the salt and pepper castors made of bird eggs set in egg-cups, two on a stand, are, perhaps, more odd than pretty.

Some flower-stands, well suited for the breakfast and luncheon table, are in rustic style, and are either square or triangular. The idea was suggested by the wooden fence made of cross-pieces of wood in its natural form, nailed to upright supports. The pieces of fence that make the frame for holding the tin for flowers are of irregular length; one, for instance juts out far beyond the length of the tin, and on this jutting piece a gold-finch will be perched, the brown fence being overgrown with hawthorn. These attractive stands are made of china.

A SIMPLE BREAKFAST.

It seemed simple, and it was, but it was a work of art, and the cook had put her whole mind on it. First came melon, or some kind of fruit in season. Then some one of the family of mushes, wheateana or steamed wheat, or oatmeal, or wheat-germ meal, or wheatlet, or hominy. In this particular breakfast the mush was of wheat steamed for hours the day before and heated through for breakfast. Then came omelet. The eggs were beaten separately, the other ingredients added, and the whole cooked gently but thoroughly enough, and without a suggestion of scorching. With the omelet was served fried potatoes. These, left over from the previous dinner, were ut in slices and browned in a little fat from fried salt pork; each slice was individually and delicately browned. The beverage was chocolate, made carefully according to directions, and served in no matter what kind of china, but the feel of it was exquisitely clean. Then there were graham gems—light, sweet, hot, delicious—and bread and butter.

It took about an hour to get this breakfast, less rather than more. The table was perfectly set, the table cloth was clean and not awry, nor the table. There was no jumping up to get something that had been forgotten. The three courses succeeded each other without confusion, the cook having time to enjoy her portion with the rest, for she was one of the family.

The same painstaking and skill, or their equivalent, which she had exercised in becoming an accomplished musician and pianist, she exercised in compounding, cooking, and serving her breakfast. The same taste she used in designing and making her gowns she used in arranging her bills of fare and getting up side dishes and deserts.

With her, cooking is a fine art and worthy of entire devotion while she is engaged in it. It is thus lifted far above the domain of drudgery. This young lady leaves the dinner-table, having gratified every normal appetite of herself and family with savory food of her own cooking, and plays airs from the great masters to charm the hour spent by other members of the family in cleaning away and putting kitchen and dining-room in perfect order. This last work is likewise done in an artistic spirit, and the kitchen is as attractive in its way as the parlor. Why should it not be? Everything is clean, everything is in place, and everybody in the family takes a hand in keeping it so.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Those who are annoyed by excessive perspiration of the feet may add much to their comfort by bathing the feet once, if pos-

sible twice, every day in warm water containing a little ammonia Bay rum and diluted alcohol are likewise beneficial. If the feet are very tender, a small piece of alum dissolved in the water should be used. Chalk and starch made into a powder are recommended for rubbing feet that blister easily.

Sometimes an offensive odor accompanies the perspiration. When such cases are chronic, some disinfectant must be used as well as attention paid to the diet. A harmless disinfectant is boracic acid or permanganate of potash. If the acid is used, dissolve one ounce in a quart of water. Of the potash use twenty grains to one ounce of water. The solutions may then be used by dipping the hose, which should be of cotton, into the liquid, and drying them before wearing. Another way is to wear cork insoles that have been dipped in either solution. The articles of diet to be avoided are onions, cheese and fish. Such treatment, with frequent bathing of the feet, is recommended for simple cases of this disorder. Oxide of zinc, beginning with a very weak solution, and increasing the quantity used if necessary, is recommended as a sure cure.

A celebrated French physician, M. Legoux, recommends the following treatment when other methods fail: The feet are first bathed in cold water for several hours for two days, and then painted with a compound made from five drams of glycerine, two ounces of solution perchloride of iron, and forty drops of bergamot essence. The worst cases are said to be generally cured after such treatment twice a day for one or two weeks. When the feet are continually to be exposed to extreme cold, a pad of curled hair, shaped like the sole of the foot and worn inside the stocking, is recommended.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Freckles, pimples, blackheads, eyebrows that meet and superfluous hair are defects easily and cheaply remedied. There are many ways of removing freckles. One is: To a quart of buttermilk add two-thirds of a cupful of cornmeal and a teaspoonful of salt; bathe the face every night, allowing the mixture to dry in. Lemon-juice in water will remove them, but it leaves the skin so tender that they are apt to be increased by it. Moistening the face and putting on powdered saltpetre is highly recommended. Tincture of benzoin one ounce, water one pint, makes a delightful application, if a tablespoonful is added to a bowlful of water.

Freckles, tan and pimples may be removed (and will stay removed as long as the remedy is used) by the corrosive sublimate lotion. The formula is: Five grains of corrosive sublimate, two ounces of alcohol and four ounces of water. For freckles, moisten a cloth with the lotion, wipe the face two or three times daily, and at night apply some ointment, cold cream or camphor ice. A very nice ointment is made from one-third white wax and two-thirds lard; melt the wax first, and add the lard; pour into small tin molds which have been dipped in cold water. The freckles and tan will disappear in about two weeks. Pimples should be bathed several times a day. Blackheads require flour of sulphur, used after the lotion treatment. The lotion should be applied two or three days before commencing the sulphur treatment. The face should be washed with good soap. Do not use the high-scented soaps; the white castile, made from olive-oil and bicarbonate of soda, is always safe to use. Wipe the face thoroughly and dip a soft flannel in the flour of sulphur and rub all over the face, taking care not to get any in the eyes. In a few minutes, wash off with the soap and water and bathe with the lotion. The sulphur may be used twice or thrice a week, until the blackheads are removed; after-

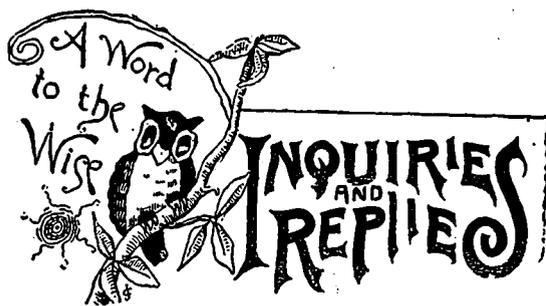
wards once a week will be sufficient to keep them off, using the lotion once a day.

Where the skin is coarse and red, a thin gruel should be made from oatmeal and strained. To a pint of gruel, add a very small pinch of salt, an ounce of alcohol and a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin. Moisten the face with this and wipe with a soft cloth. When the complexion is thick and oily, wash with Italian medicated soap, use the sulphur once a week and the lotion daily. Out-of-door exercise should be taken every day, and frequent warm baths with a little ammonia in the water. Fresh fruit should be eaten judiciously. A dish of raw tomatoes, with shivered ice over them, eaten for breakfast, will be found not only appetizing, but as beneficial as a liver will. Bad breath, if it comes from sore throat may be cured by making a solution of chlorate of potash, a teaspoonful of crystal to a pint of water. Dose, a teaspoonful every hour, until relieved. Where the teeth are decayed, they should be taken care of by a competent dentist; in the meantime, the mouth may be rinsed with a very weak solution of permanganate of potash. Dissolve some of the crystals, say a teaspoonful, in a pint of water; put enough of this in the water in which the mouth is to be rinsed to make it a rose pink. Wash the teeth and rinse the mouth well. This is a poison and should be kept in a safe place, as should the corrosive sublimate lotion, which is a violent poison if swallowed. When the gums are diseased, the myrrh and chalk dentrifice is excellent.

Eyebrows that meet are not becoming, but may be easily removed with small tweezers. The shape of the eyebrows may be improved by judicious thinning. When the eyebrows are too thin, frequent brushing with a small brush will increase them.

USE cold cream, glycerine or citron ointment for chapped lips. Do not bite your lips, as it chaps and thickens them. Beeswax and olive oil form an old remedy for chapped lips. Rinse your mouth every morning, after cleaning the teeth, with cold water and borax or myrrh to sweeten the breath, which it will do, unless you have decayed teeth or some stomach trouble. The teeth should be cleaned night and morning, and a wooden tooth-pick used after each meal. The finest precipitated chalk and borax make a good dentrifice; also white castile soap. Another one is half an ounce of camphor and seven ounces of precipitated—no prepared—chalk, well mixed. If you are so unfortunate as to have a bad breath from catarrh, it may be temporarily relieved by using a gargle of a little bromo-chloralum diluted with ten times as much water. To strengthen the eyes, bathe them in cold water, and occasionally press the ball of the eye with the fingers toward the nose; always wipe the eyes in the same direction.

SOFT white muslin window curtains look well tied back with broad white surah sash ribbon. Fancy art muslin, some of which is lovely in design and coloring, forms the drapery of many a boudoir, ball-room, or bedroom mantelpiece in Summer. It is sometimes gracefully arranged with rich Bulgarian embroidery, this latter forming the mantel valance, only half of which is visible, the rest being hidden by the muslin, first looped in a festoon, and then allowed to fall long at one side. On the opposite side a plain length hangs down. Pots of fern or of flowers are grouped at one end of the shelf, surrounded by soft silk, carelessly arranged around them. Sprays of growing creeper stray downwards.



THIS column is open to subscribers who may wish information relative to matters of general interest to ladies.

Correspondents are requested to limit their enquiries to three and will please write on one side of the paper only.

Address communications intended for this Department to "Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN," Toronto, Ont.

MICRON.—Your letter did not reach us in time to reply in last issue. Why not occupy the hour before the dancing commences with music and recitation? Good musicians may be found at almost any entertainment who, we are sure, would be happy to do what they could to contribute to the pleasure of the evening. Some good suggestions are offered in regard to recitation in the article in last issue entitled a 'Longfellow Luncheon.'

ANXIOUS.—Please tell me how to make a handkerchief case, not very expensive, for a Christmas present. **ANS.**—One-quarter yard of plush (or whatever material is desired) cut in half, line each half with satin or silesia, put a thickness of wadding between, with sachet powder sprinkled in. Turn one corner back and catch down with a ribbon bow, the color of lining: if lining is of silesia or any cheap material, then this turn-back corner must be faced. The two pieces for this case are fastened together at three corners. Sew a silk cord around the edge of each piece.

S. J. F.—To make a pretty laurel-leaf edging cast on 23 stitches, and knit across plain. **First Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 9, over once, n, over once, n, over 3 times, n twice, over once, k 2. **Second Row.**—Knit plain all the even rows except 14th. **Third Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 3, n, over twice, n, k 3, over once, n, over once, n, k 4, n, over once, k 2. **Fifth Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 1, n, over twice, n twice, over twice, n, k 2, over once, n, over once, n, k 3, n, over once, k 2. **Seventh Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 3, n, over twice, n, k 5, over once, n, over once, n, k 2, n, over once, k 2. **Ninth Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 1, n, over twice, n twice, over twice, n, k 4, over once, n, over once, n, k 1, n, over once, k 2. **Eleventh Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 3, n, over twice, n, k 7, over once, n, over once, n twice, over once, k 2. **Thirteenth Row.**—Sl 1, k 1, over twice and s 2 together, k 15, over once, n, over once, n, k 3. **Fourteenth Row.**—Bind off 3, knit balance plain. This finishes one scallop. Repeat, beginning with first row.

NELLIE M.—Would you be so kind as to give me directions for making a knitted shoulder cape. **ANS.**—For a knitted shoulder cape, take a half-pound of single Berlin wool and 12 yards of No. 3 ribbon. M 8 r ch, turn with 4 ch, m 8 r d l c in this ch, the wool twice over the needle. ad row. —T with 3 ch, wool once over the needle, m 1 lc and 4 ch, missing 3 sts, to the end of the row, leaving 16 gaps and 17 two sts. 3 row. —T with 3 ch, put it into the 1st st of each row, m 3 lc increasing 1 each time by putting 1 into the 1st st in the 4 ch (care must be taken to increase this st always on the same side), 3 lc, and 4 ch to the end of row. 4th row.—3 lc, 4 ch.—5th row. Increase 1 st as in 3d row, making 4 sc and 4 ch.—6th row. 4 sc, 4 ch.—7th row. 5 sc, 4 ch.—8th row.—5sc, 4 ch.—9th row. 6 sc, 4 ch.—10th row. 6 sc, 4ch.—11th row. 7 sc, 4 ch.—12th row. 7 sc, 4 ch.—13th row. 8 sc, 4 ch.—14th row. 8 sc, 4 ch.—15th row. 9 sc, 4 ch.—16th row. 9 sc, 4 ch.—17th row. 10 sc, 4 ch.—18th row. 10 sc, 4 ch.—19th row. 11 sc, 4 ch.—20th row. 11 sc, 4 ch. 11 sc and 4 ch are added until 11 rows are done, without further increasing, making 30 rows. The sides of the cape are finished off by a border. Before breaking off wool, m 4 ch, fasten this into the 1st st of ch, then into a st in the side of the cape, according to fulness; the same round the neck, and down the other side; fasten off. The round edge of the cape has a fringe 4 inches deep, and 3 lengths of wool in each st, ch st also: when this is finished and cut evenly, commence to put in the ribbon. Begin at the neck in and out of the 4 ch, and cut the ribbon 4 inches longer than the fringe. The end must be sewed to the edge of the last crochet row, and form a loop as long as the fringe, and to rest upon it; it must be sewed just at the edge at the neck also, making 16 loops of ribbon. When these are in, run a piece through the neck under 2 long sts and over 3, so as to hide the ends sewed. Leave a half-yard, or more, at each end for a bow.

MRS. J. M.—To make a knitted curtain band take white cord and coarse steel knitting needles, and the cord may be of the color that would be preferred in ribbon if it was used in place of the band. Crochet the loop first that is to be fastened over the gilded hook; there are two of these loops, one at each end of the band, and the band is made long enough to fasten back the curtain loosely. The loops in length are

measured by the size of the gilt hooks at each side of the window, but this pattern calls for 18 chain stitches with crochet needle, then draw through the last stitch and take up the knitting needles to finish the band with the same thread unbroken. Cast on 4 stitches; take up the first of the 18 chain on the needle, and draw it through the last stitch; this closes the loop. Now knit in rows the band. 1st row—Over; by putting the needle under the cord, throw it over to the left in front of the needle; this is the way to make the over stitch throughout; for edge stitches, slip 1, as in purling, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over. 2nd row—Over, slip 1, as in purling, throw back the cord, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, over, slip 1, pass the thread back, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over; repeat this second row for the required length of the band, then cast off the stitches and work with the crochet needle 18 chain, connecting it with the last knitted stitch of first cast off; this is for the other loop, at the end of the band; close these chain stitches in a ring by a slip stitch into the first cast off stitch, and the loops will be of the same size. Care should be taken that they are not too long or large, for only the band must show across the gathered folds of the curtain.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

- HALIFAX, N.S., OCT. 4th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Prize received Oct. 1st. Please accept my thanks.
 Yours very truly, M. AGNES McAULIFFE.
- NEW GLASGOW, N.S., OCT. 4th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I am in receipt of your present to-day. Many thanks.
 Yours truly, ROSS MACDONALD.
- PINE GROVE, WILMOT, N.S.
 DEAR SIR.—I have just received the present given by THE CANADIAN QUEEN for "Word Contest. Many thanks. I am much pleased with it.
 I am yours truly, M. B. SPAIN.
- FAIRLAWN, CANARD, N.S., SEPT. 30th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I received the prize to-day. Thank you very much. They are quite pretty.
 Respectfully yours, B. RAND.
- 166 ARGYLE ST., HALIFAX, N.S., OCT. 7th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Received prize yesterday, am very well pleased with it.
 Yours truly, A. V. DIMOCK.
- 79 GRAFTON ST., HALIFAX, N.S. OCT. 7th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I thank you for the prize which arrived safely to-day. I am delighted with it. Will continue subscriber. Respectfully yours, AGNES B. HAYES.
- ST. JOHN, N.B., OCT. 10th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Gold Watch, won by my daughter Annie, in the late contest, and to say on her behalf, that she is very much pleased with it. There are a large number of her school-mates now working, and will take part in the next Competition. I remain, yours respectfully, ALEXANDER MILLER.
- 108 DUROCHER ST., MONTREAL, QUE., OCT., 12th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Pardon delay in the acknowledgment of receipt of the prize you sent me. I am perfectly well satisfied with the result, and wish you a very successful return to your future Contest, or rather say present Contest.
 Respectfully yours, M. L. SIMISTY.
- MONTREAL, QUE., OCT. 7th, 1890.
 SIR.—Allow me to acknowledge with thanks the very pretty prize in the late Contest.
 Yours truly, H. S. GAIRDNER.
- 1602 SHERBROOKE ST., MONTREAL, QUE., OCT. 2nd, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Received the prize. I am very well satisfied. The magazine alone is worth the money.
 Yours truly, T. R. JOHNSON.
- WINNIPEG, MAN., OCT. 19th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I acknowledge the receipt of Silver Tea Service expressed to me last week, as the Special Daily Prize in your "Word Competition." I am greatly surprised that it was of such good quality, and neat and pretty design. I am certainly much pleased with it, and take this opportunity to thank you.
 Respectfully yours, MRS. J. W. E. DARBY.
- 154 WATER ST., OTTAWA, OCT. 9th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I received the prize that you sent. I am very much pleased with it; accept thanks for same. I am very much pleased with the magazine, it is first-class, and well worth the money.
 Yours truly, WM. SHILTON.
- LONDON, ONT., SEPT. 29th, 1890.
 SIR.—I acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of prize awarded me in late "Word Contest. I am well pleased with it.
 Yours truly, V. BEATTIE.
- KINGSMILL, ONT., SEPT. 25th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for the beautiful prize received by me for my list of words in the late "Word Contest." Again thanking you for your kindness,
 I am, very truly, KATE LIVINGSTONE.
- FORT-WILLIAM WEST, ONT., OCT. 2nd, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I thank you very much for the prize awarded me in late "Word Contest," although mine is not the largest, it is more than I expected, and I am perfectly satisfied. Hoping to get my magazine monthly during the year.
 I remain yours truly, MRS. J. McDONALD.
- PRINCE ALBERT, ONT., SEPT. 23rd, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—I received prize to-day and like it very much. Thank you for same. I will also say that I always enjoy reading magazine.
 Yours truly, BESSIE BONGARD.
- BANK HOUSE, ALMONTE, OCT. 18th, 1890.
 DEAR SIR.—Having been away on a visit to Halifax, must account for my seeming neglect in not having written to thank you for the prize which came during my absence. I am very much pleased with it, and wish the CANADIAN QUEEN a long life.
 Yours truly, J. BOSWELL GRAVELEY.

Our Work Table.

ON this and following page we present to our readers several very pretty designs suitable for Christmas and New Year presents. Any of these will be very acceptable as presents, and can be made with very little expense.

No. 1. TOILET BOX.

The triangular foundation is made of cardboard, and lined on the inside with strawberry-colored satin over a slight padding of cotton wool. The cover is lined in the same way, and a satin ruche fixed to the front point. The embroidery on the top side of the cover is carried out on grayish-blue plush, with filoselle of the two leading colours and gold thread, and edged with a silk cord, the hinge being formed by a satin band properly fixed. The outside of the box is covered with grayish-blue satin arranged in puffs.

No. 2. SQUARE IN PERFORATED CLOTH.

This design is useful for a cushion. It is decorated chiefly with the Hungarian stitch, wrought in coarse wool, filoselle, etc. The points of the applique flowers are accentuated with long stitches in tinsel thread. At each angle is attached a tassel, recalling the colors of the embroidery. A double edging of pinked-out cloth or felt surrounds the square, recalling the two prevailing shades of the embroidery.

No. 3. NEW DRAWN WORK.

Our illustration suggests a modernized adaptation of the old punto tirato. The squares of the lattice ground in the centre of the diamond are stamped out in soft felt or cloth, and overcast with silk, contrasting or harmonizing with the long stitches radiating from each angle, or partly covering the elongated cross. The point d'esprit at each side agrees with the couching thread of the frame, describing a diamond. The small cut-out squares, filled in with stars and crescents in lace stitches, are made in coarse wool or silk. The whole produces a very effective quilt, or the novel chairback cushions, etc. The same pattern would also answer well if worked in the usual way, on some dark crash or coarse linen not likely to require much cleaning.

No. 4. EMBROIDERED BOOKCOVER.

The cover is of brown leather and the embroidery carried out with gold-colored silk and gold thread in outline and satin stitch.

No. 5. WORK BASKET.

The outside of the basket is draped with light blue and light brown ribbons, the rim being edged with plush of the same color. On the flat part of the partly quilted lining, which consists of light brown silk, the design is embroidered with brown, blue, red, and olive split filoselle of various shades, and crossbars of Japanese gold thread. After a plush border of the leading color has been added to the lining it is fixed to the inside of the basket, plush is wound round the handle, and the trimming completed by two bows of blue and light brown silk rep.

No. 6. WALL POCKET FOR NEWSPAPERS.

The back of the pocket is made of stout cardboard, covered over a thin layer of cotton wool, with terra-cotta satin, edged with plush. The frame is made of brass rods, and kept in its slanting position by a brass chain. The side panels of the flap are satin, the centre panel of plush, in optional colors, the latter having been ornamented with applique embroidery on silk.

No. 7. NIGHT SATCHET.

Ecru-colored linen, bordered with a band of embroidered tamine and silk ruching; the two corners of the envelope flap are turned back with buttons, the centre being filled with an interlaced monogram, either embroidered or applique. At each side a shepherdess and shepherd are outlined. Two straps in corded ribbon or embroidered galoon are buttoned, and keep the satchel and its contents in perfect order.

"DARNED" NEEDLEWORK.

EMBROIDERED mirror frames are the latest devices of needlewomen, and are very beautiful in effect, as well as puzzling as to origin, when completed. When reproduced in cheap material and inferior work they will doubtless become as undesirable as are the painted frames once so much admired. The material employed for the frames is something rich and firm in weave, and the embroidery is wrought in harmonious coloring of soft blue and pale rose shades for the conventionalized flowers, shades of bronze green for the foliage,

and light gold filoselle darned work for the entire background. The embroidery when completed is laid on a flat or curved surface; at the inner edge a mount of white enamelled wood finishes it, and a carved scroll of the enamelled wood surrounds it. The background is almost invariably darned, as its effect is richer than any material, no matter how costly and handsome, and the work recommends itself to the ladies to whom fine needlework is a delight, because it requires much less time in completion than the large pieces frequently undertaken, but left unfinished for want of opportunity until the fancy for them has passed in the light of some fresh novelty.

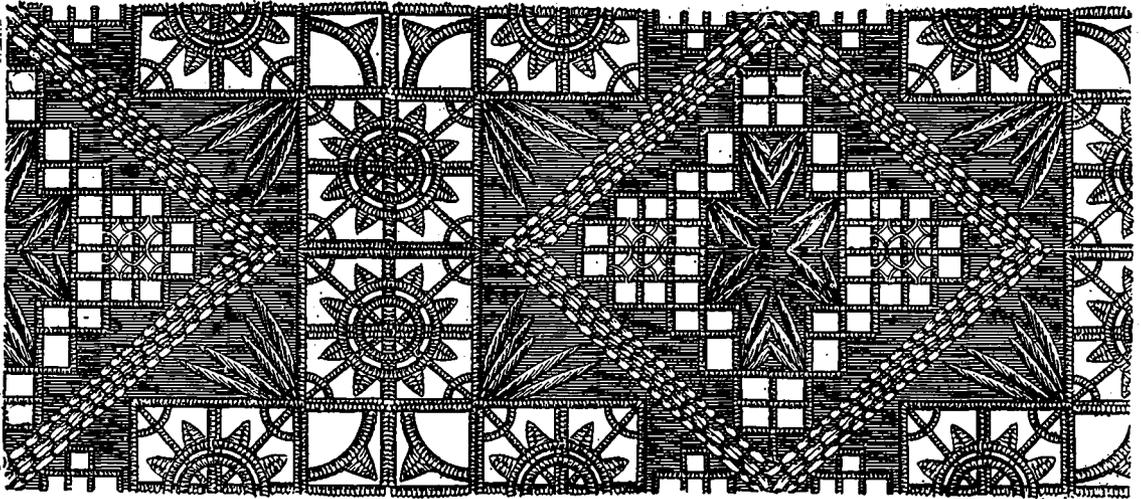
THERE is a charming novelty in pincushions; but as it consists in the shape of the article, it is rather difficult to describe in words. Imagine a square, plush-covered stand, such as one sees sometimes placed under a vase or small marble bust. The edges of the stand are rounded. Well, this stand is cut away so as only to leave a frame, and up through this frame comes a square pincushion, which is much raised in the centre. It is of white satin, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots, and the stand is of dark blue plush. It can be made of any size, but the cushion should not be proportionately raised, or it would look like a small mountain.



No. 1. TOILET BOX.



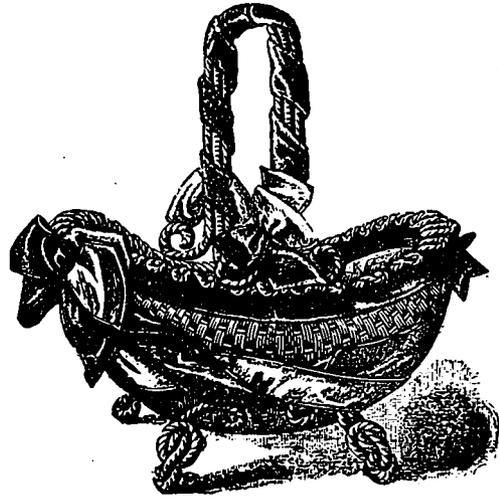
No. 2. SQUARE IN PERFORATED CLOTH.



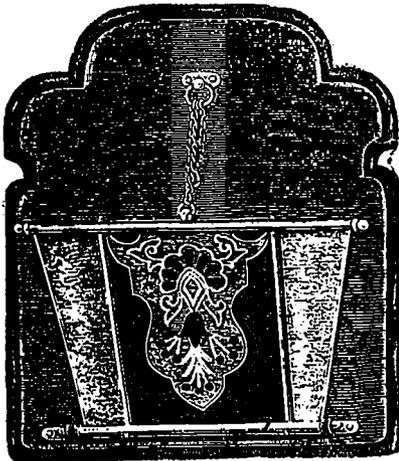
No. 3. NEW DRAWN WORK.



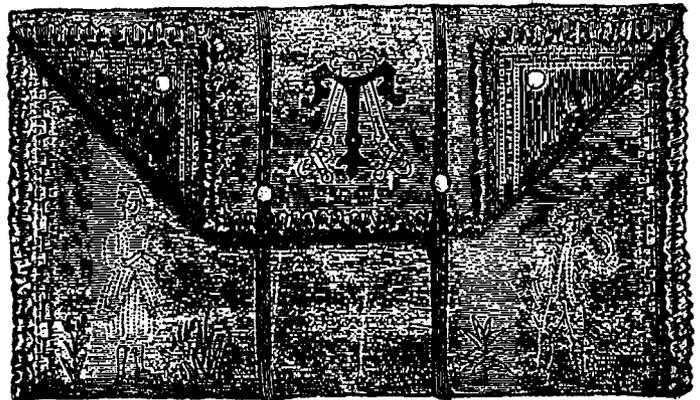
No. 4. EMBROIDERED BOOKCOVER.



No. 5. WORK BASKET.



No. 6. WALL POCKET FOR NEWSPAPERS.



No. 7. NIGHT SATCHET.

Our Cooking School

THIS Department will, in future, be conducted by a lady of wide experience in the culinary art. Our lady readers are invited to aid in making this department as interesting and instructive as possible. Let us have tested recipes, ask questions and answer those of others. Address: Cooking School, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. C. M.—Please give me recipe for Sally Lunn. **Ans.**— $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of flour, 3 ounces of butter, 3 eggs, 1 teacupful of yeast, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, sweet milk sufficient to mix into a soft dough. Work the dough thoroughly, mould into a round loaf and, place it in a well greased pan to rise. When light, bake in a moderate oven, turn out on a hot plate and serve at once. In Summer mix it at twelve o'clock if you want it for tea, in Winter at nine. Unlike the ordinary Sally Lunn, this is good when cold.

SUBSCRIBER.—To make fig pudding, take three-quarters pound grated bread, half a pound of figs, six ounces suet, six ounces brown sugar, one teacupful milk, one egg, nutmeg. Figs and suet must be chopped fine. Mix bread and suet first. Then the figs, sugar, nutmeg, egg beaten well, and lastly the milk. Boil in a mould (pudding steamer) four hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

A BRIDE.—To make a delicious puff pudding: Into two teacupful flour sift two tea-spoonful baking powder and a half teacupful salt, rub into it butter the size of an egg, and add enough sweet milk to make a soft butter. Grease six or eight cups, set them in a steamer, and dip into each a large spoonful of batter, then the same amount of some canned fruit, as peaches, raspberries, etc. Drain off the syrup before using the fruit; otherwise it would be too juicy. Over this place another spoonful or more of the batter. Cover closely and steam half an hour. To be eaten hot with a hot sauce. The juice from the fruit can be used in the sauce, unless some other flavoring is preferred.

INQUIRER.—How shall I make a nice peach pudding? **Ans.**—Fill a pudding-dish with whole peeled peaches, and pour over them two cupful water. Cover closely and bake until peaches are tender, then drain off the juice from the peaches, and let it stand until cool. Add to the juice one pint sweet milk, four well beaten eggs, a small cup flour with two small teacupful Royal Baking Powder mixed in it, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter and a little salt. Beat well three or four minutes, and pour over peaches in dish. Bake until a rich brown, and serve with cream.

NELLIE.—Please give me directions how to make breakfast rolls. **Ans.**—To one pound flour allow one ounce of butter, one egg, a teacupful of baking powder, and sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Rub the butter and flour well together, add the egg, beaten till light, a pinch of salt, and the milk, till a soft dough is mixed. Let it stand two hours to rise. When light, knead very little, form into rolls and bake in a quick oven.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—For Graham breakfast gems take two cupfuls of Graham flour, take one cupful of white flour, two eggs well beaten and a little salt. These ingredients mix with sweet milk enough to make a thin batter, and bake in well-oiled, greased gem-irons fifteen minutes.

Mrs. J. F.—I would be obliged for recipe for preparing baked apple dumplings. **Ans.**—One quart flour, three large teacupfuls baking powder, one-half teacupful salt mixed well together. Add one large tablespoonful butter, and enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out into half-inch pieces. Peel and quarter some good tart apples. Put each quarter on a square of dough, sprinkle over it sugar, and press the edges firmly together. Place in a deep pan, sprinkle over sugar and a little cinnamon, and put a bit of butter on each. Fill the pan with water (boiling) just leaving top of dumplings uncovered. Serve with sweetened cream or hard sauce.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE TURKEY.

After every pin feather has been removed, singe off the hair by holding over a lighted paper, and then very carefully wipe the skin with a wet cloth; cut off the head or neck as near the body as possible, pushing the skin down before you do it, so as to leave enough of it to cover the place where the neck was cut off. Cut off the feet just below the joint; carefully loosen and take out the crop without breaking or emptying it; cut away the oil-bag at the back of the tail; cut around the vent carefully and then upward under one leg far enough along the lower end of the breast bone to allow of the hand being inserted; then, with your fingers, carefully loosen all the membranes which attach the entrails to the body, and withdraw the latter in a mass, without breaking or tearing them apart. If this operation is neatly done, there will be no need of washing the inside of the bird; only wipe it out with a wet cloth. Washing any kind of meat should be avoided if possible, as it deprives it of both flavor and nutriment by removing the natural juices. It is safest to cut off a small piece of the liver with the gall bladder, in order to avoid breaking the latter, as it is impossible to wash away the bitter of the gall if broken. Separate the heart, liver, gizzard, lights and immature eggs from the entrails, and put them aside for giblets. Put the liver in cold water; carefully cut the gizzard at the wide side, without penetrating through the inner skin, thus leaving the inside whole to be pulled out entire. Scald and skin the feet. Fill the carcass with force-meat, and sew up the cuts. Twist the points of the wings around under the back, and fasten them with skewers or tie them, and push the legs up against

the side until the lower joints are even with the rump. Pass a skewer through the middle of the thighs to secure them, also fasten the ends of the legs close to the vent, using a large trussing needle and cord heavy enough to be easily removed after the fowl is cooked. Turn the neck skin over to the back and sew it.

We are now ready for roasting, and, so far, this is the ordinary, time-honored way in which all good cooks prepare the bird. Before putting in the dripping pan, rub thoroughly with soft butter, and occasionally baste, during roasting, with the same. A turkey of from ten to twelve pounds weight will require from three to four hours' roasting. When done, remove the strings and skewers, place the fowl in your handsomest dish, and garnish with a few fried oysters.

GIBLETS.—Some cooks add these to the gravy; still others use them in making force-meat; but I prefer them cooked as a separate dish. Take the feet, when scalded and nicely cleaned, the head and neck, the heart, liver, gizzard, lights and immature eggs, and boil all together until quite tender; remove all bones and cartilage, chop the meat, and warm up in butter, moistening with some of the broth in which they were boiled.

THE FORCE-MEAT.—Chop about three cupfuls of stale bread, and put in a bowl with four ounces of butter, the juice and half the grated rind of a lemon, a teacupful of salt, a small amount of pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of any powdered sweet herb you prefer—say, parsley and thyme, these being the kinds most often used; moisten all with the yolks of two eggs. Eight or ten oysters, chopped, are a delicious addition, but one in no wise essential.

A gilet stuffing is made by cooking the giblets as described above, and, after seasoning highly with salt, pepper, chopped or grated onion, and some sweet herb, it is thoroughly mixed with three cupfuls of chopped stale bread.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Wash and boil sound berries to a pulp, with just enough water to prevent their burning. Then pass them either through a colander or a vegetable and fruit strainer to remove the skins. Add an equal quantity of granulated sugar to the juice, and boil until a little becomes firm when cooled u. on a saucer. Mould either in individual dishes or in a large mould, care being taken, in either case, to dip them in very cold water previous to using.

PLUM PUDDING.—Ingredients:—One and a half pound raisins, 1 lb. of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mixed peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of suet, 8 eggs, 1 wineglassful of brandy. Stone and cut the raisins in halves, but do not chop them; wash, pick, and dry the currants, and mince the suet finely; cut the candied peel into thin slices, and grate down the bread into fine crumbs. When all these dry ingredients are prepared, mix them well together; then moisten the mixture with the eggs, which should be well beaten, and the brandy, stir well, that everything may be thoroughly blended, and press the pudding into a buttered mould; tie it down tightly with a floured cloth, and boil 5 or 6 hours. As Christmas puddings are usually made a few days before they are required for table, when the pudding is taken out of the pot, hang it up immediately, and put a plate or saucer underneath to catch the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water and keep it boiling for at least two hours, then turn it out of the mould, and serve with brandy sauce. Sufficient for 7 or 8 persons.

MINCE MEAT.—Chop fine two pounds of tender boiled beef, and one pound of beef-kidney suet; pare, core and chop fine four pounds of tart apples; seed two pounds of raisins, and chop them a little; wash thoroughly two pounds of currants; cut one pound of citron fine; grate the peel of three lemons and add the juice of one; add also three pounds of light brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, one of ginger, and one of salt. Put each ingredient, as you prepare it, into a mixing pan; add one pint of wild grape, cranberry or currant jelly, and enough of the meat broth to moisten well. Then slowly but thoroughly cook all together, stirring continually lest it burn on the dish and destroy the delicate flavor. By putting this in glass fruit cans, or small stoneware jars—and if in the latter, covering the top with a half inch of lard or molasses—it will keep any length of time.

JELLIED VEAL.—Wash a knuckle of veal, and cut it into three pieces. Boil it slowly, until the meat will slip from the bone, take out the liquor, remove all the bone and chop the meat very fine. Season with salt, pepper, two shallots chopped fine, mace, and thyme. Put it back in the liquor, and cook until nearly dry, and can be stirred with difficulty. Turn into a mould until next day; garnish with parsley.

SIDE-DISH OR MINCE.—To the pieces cut from the knuckle add a small cooked piece of bacon, and an onion chopped fine, which has been sliced and fried brown in a little butter. Chop very fine; season with a dash of pepper. Break in an egg, and mix lightly into a loaf. Butter a small baking-dish. Then take a cup of cold, boiled rice or hominy, and line the dish thinly at the bottom and sides. Put in a layer of meat, then one of rice, over which sprinkle bits of butter, then another layer of meat, and one of rice without butter. Put over the top a layer of fine bread-crumbs, lay the bits of butter over them, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. It should be brown and crisp. When cold, cut in thin slices for lunch or tea; garnish with parsley.

GERMAN SALAD.—Ten potatoes, one small onion, two cold hard-boiled eggs, and one sour apple. Boil the potatoes in their jackets, and, when cold, peel and cut into dice. Pare and slice the apple very thin, grate the onion, and mix with the potatoes. Moisten well with the cream dressing. Cut the eggs in halves, remove the yolks and squeeze them through a fruit or vegetable press over the top of salad. Cut the whites in rings, and use them to garnish the salad. This is an unusual salad, and one certain to be enjoyed.



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TERMS.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN is published monthly at 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, at the subscription price of \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

PAYMENT FOR THE QUEEN, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money Order, or Express Money Order. Fractional part of a dollar can be sent by Canadian or U. S. postage stamps of 1, 2 or 3 cent denomination. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a Registered Letter. ALL POSTMASTERS are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

All subscriptions are continued by the publishers until notice to discontinue has been received by them. When no notice to discontinue is received from subscribers at expiration of subscription, their names will be placed on the yearly subscription book, for the following year.

RETURNING YOUR MAGAZINE will not enable us to discontinue it as we cannot find your name on our books, unless your Post Office address is given.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their magazines are ordered to be discontinued.

ARTICLES.—State the price of all articles for which pay is expected; nothing will be paid, unless the proper arrangements are made at the time of acceptance. Send all MSS. at least six weeks in advance.

NAME.—Always send the full name and address to the editor, even if not intended for publication. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—All are cordially invited to express their opinions on any subject, give helpful talks to the inexperienced, and ask questions in any department.

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN,
58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

CHANGE OF NAME.

SOME curious changes in names have come about in cases where Frenchmen have settled among an English-speaking people. Sometimes their names have been translated literally, and then we have such fanciful cognomens as "Good-nature," "Butterfly" and "Cherry," but it often happens that the foreigner is arbitrarily rechristened by his new neighbors, who find it next to impossible to pronounce a French word, and accordingly substitute for it one with which they are familiar.

It happened once in a Vermont town that a French family remained nameless for some months, simply because no one could pronounce the word to which they were entitled. One day, however, a man rode up to their door and asked:

"Does John Mason live here?"

"No," said the man of the house; but, as he said it, the thought occurred to him that the name was one which would give Yankees no difficulty, and that he might as well adopt it for his own. Accordingly he became John Mason with the concurrence of his neighbors.

Another Frenchman, originally Michel St. Pierre, was called so long by his Christian name, that his children became known as "the little Michels." As time went on the change was universally accepted, and they were no longer St. Pierre's, but "Mitchells." That was a solid English name which the town-folk could countenance; St. Pierre savored to them of "French nonsense."

"Who lives at the Berry farm now?" asked a gentleman when revisiting the town of his birth.

"John Berry and his family."

"But I thought the Berrys sold out and went away?"

"Oh, so they did, but these are French people who bought the farm. They had some sort of outlandish name, but of course we didn't use it."

BEFORE AND BEHIND.

AN incident which is said to have taken place recently in Paris may be of use to some to some of our girl-readers.

A young woman of high culture and gentlebreeding had been obliged to earn her living as a governess, and grew impatient of the monotony of her life, and its few chances of advancement. She fancied that she had a great histrionic talent, and that she could amaze the world and make a fortune on the stage.

She went to a well-known tragedian and told him her story and her ambitions. Now the tragedian happened, fortunately, to be also a man of much sense and kindness of heart. He did not tell her that she lacked ability, knowing that she would not believe him.

"You shall choose for yourself, mademoiselle," he said. "But you should see this beautiful fairy-land close at hand before you enter it."

"I go to the theatre every night, monsieur!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes! Before the curtain! For one month you shall have a seat behind the curtain! If at the end of that time you wish to become an actress, I promise my aid to you."

A line from him to the stage manager procured her a chair in the wings. There she sat, night after night, not seeing the enchantment, the fun, the brilliant, gay touches which made a picture for the spectators, but the coarse canvases, the machinery, the paint and the dirt, the hard, monotonous work, the jealousy, and squabbles, the weariness of body and soul out of which the players made the picture. Other sights and sounds there were, too, which terrified and sickened the pure and modest woman.

Before the first week was over she left her place in the *cou-lisse*, never to return, declaring her gratitude to the man who had so shrewdly interposed to save her.

A PLEASANT WORD.

A YOUNG lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm. "Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of bookmarks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc. "I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I have not any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment, and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day." "O, miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a heap better." That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

CORRECTION.

IN our issue of September, a typographical error occurred in the advertisement of the celebrated Recamier preparations, causing considerable annoyance, which we regret very much. The price of Recamier Cream was quoted at 50c. per jar, instead of \$1.50, the standard price everywhere.

Children's Department.

AN OLD FRIEND.

O! Santa Claus is a friend indeed,
 The little ones love him dearly;
 He knows so exactly what they need
 In the tiniest stockings his eyes can read
 The wants of the owners clearly.
 With thoughts of his gifts their dreams are bright
 As they wonder where he is hiding,
 And how he can do so much in a night,
 From the realms of the Frost King cold and white,
 On the wings of the north wings riding.
 There are presents for all in his splendid store,
 But nobody feels quite certain
 Which way he goes when his task is o'er,
 Whether up the chimney or under the door,
 Or through a chink in the curtain.
 "We *know* he would come" the children say
 As they reckon their new-found pleasures;
 "It wouldn't have seemed like Christmas Day,
 If Santa Claus had not found a way
 To leave us some of his treasures!"
 And grown-up children who walk by sight,
 Their innocent trust might borrow,
 And leave their wishes in faith at night
 Before the Giver of all delight,
 To find them filled on the morrow!

SKUG AND HIS FRIENDS.

"DEAR! dear! What have you got now?" exclaimed grandpa, laying down her knitting and staring at Ted Harlow as he bounced through the gate with a little brown, furry creature hugged up in his arms so closely that only a small head, with oval ears and bright eyes, peeped from over his jacket sleeve, while a tail, broad and flat like a butter-paddle, hung down under his arm.

"Bless the child! If it isn't a baby beaver!" cried Grandpa Harlow. "Where did you get the little creature?"

"Trapper Toby gave him to me!" shouted Ted. "Isn't he a beauty? And see what a funny tail! Toby says he'll plaster mud on to his house with it. Do you s'pose he will, grandpa?"

"Perhaps," laughed grandpa, "but I guess nobody ever saw a beaver do it. Some tell of their standing on their tails to build their houses, but I think they use 'em to steer themselves about in the water, and to warn the other beavers of danger. When one of them hears an unusual sound, *slap* goes his tail on the water, making a noise almost as loud as a fire-cracker, and down pops Mr. Beaver out of sight and into his house."

"Do they all live together?" queried Ted.

"Oh no!" said grandpa. "Sometimes there are twenty or thirty houses shaped like great haystacks, making a beaver village, all in the water. They are built of stones and mud brought between their chins and fore-paws, and cemented together with tree branches so solid that it is hard work breaking into one of them. Beavers do this to protect themselves from lynxes and wolves, which might destroy them after the ice comes."

"They put on a fresh coat of mud each year, till the walls get two or three feet thick; and some are built three or four stories high, the beavers living in the dry, upper stories, and storing their bark in the lower stories to eat during the Winter."

"But first of all the beavers build a dam, many feet thick, of mud and stones and branches, across the stream where they intend to settle, to rise the water deep enough to cover their

front door; for Mr. Beaver don't want *that*, frozen up in shallow water. He couldn't get out."

"What big front teeth my baby beaver has!" cried Ted, trying to peep farther into the little creature's mouth.

"Dear me, yes! They are his hatchet and saw for felling the trees, mostly soft woods like the willow and poplar, to make his dam and house."

"I had a pet beaver once, named Skug," continued grandpa, "and almost as soon as he could toddle, he began dragging things together to make little dams, whether there was water or not."

"Once he got into the cellar and tipped over a crock of milk, and when we discovered him he was digging up the earth in the cellar bottom as fast as he could scratch, trying to dam the milk-puddle."

"But Skug's last attempt at dam-building cost him his head. Father was a great lover of currants, and with much trouble he brought a number of currant bushes from a distant town and set them out in our clearing. They grew very stout in the new land, and our crop was abundant. There was a small brook near by, and Skug was taken violent in the Fall to build a regular dam. We were busy harvesting, and before we knew it he had gnawed down nearly all those currant bushes, and with mud and little stones from the brook he had got his dam almost done."

"Poor Skug! Nothing would do but he must be killed, and big boy that I was, I cried bitterly. Mother made a cap for me with the tanned skin, but I never wore it with any pleasure."

GOOD ENOUGH.

NOTHING is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defective task, will become "bad enough," when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planed that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter of an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neatly and as smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect, it is not good enough for me."

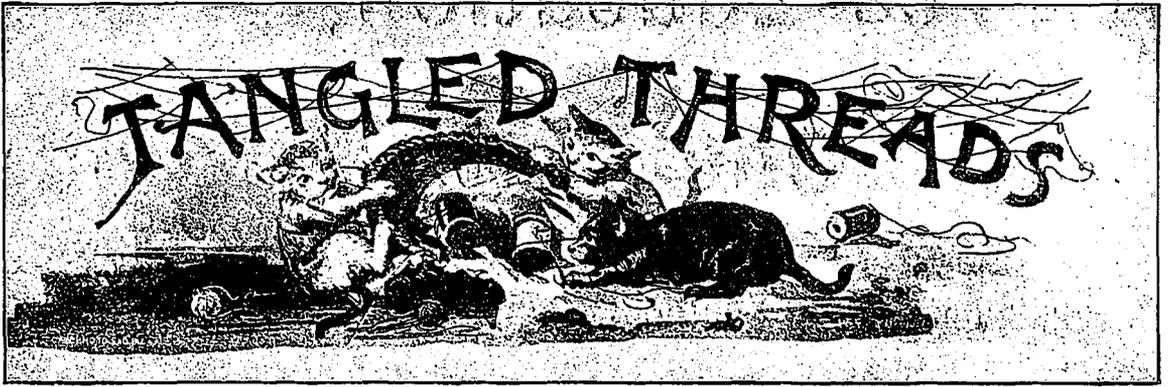
"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant sharply, and then added, in a kinder tone, "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when first spoken, and it will always be true.



A LETTER FROM UNCLE JOE.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—Am very glad to find that you take such pleasure in unravelling "Tangled Threads." You have all done well, but will see where you have failed by consulting answers published in November. We have received hundreds of very good puzzles, many of which we shall publish. I wish I had a prize for each of you. You will, however, have a chance each month of securing one, as the publishers of THE QUEEN have agreed that I may offer prizes each month. Hoping we will become fast friends through "Tangled Threads." Your
"UNCLE JOE."

RULES.

COMPETITORS must be under sixteen years of age and must state that the answers are their own unaided work. All communications should be written on one side of paper only.
If two or three send in the same number of correct answers, the prize will be awarded to the one sending first.
Address "Uncle Joe," Puzzle Department, THE QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

THE prize (a valuable bicycle) offered for the largest list of correct answers published in our October number is awarded to OLIVER DUFF, Solkirk, Ont., he having answered all the puzzles correctly, and his being the first full list received. LILLIAN S. TROOP, Nicholasville, Ky., also sent full list, but her letter was received somewhat later.

THE Names of the Prize Winners for month of November will be published in our January number.

PRIZE OFFERS.

To the girl or boy who sends in the best puzzle to be published in January, we will award the same prize as last month, a Silver Watch, and to the first five sending in a full list of correct answers to puzzles published this month, we will give a handsome Cloth-bound Book.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in you, but not in me,
My second in plant, but not in tree,
My third is in inn, but not in out,
My fourth is in vain, but not in float,
My fifth is in leaf, but not in root,
My whole is the name of a well-known fruit.

NORA SENTON.

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 6, 13, 12, is a girl's name,
My 14, 2, 13, is a covering for the head,
My 16, 10, 18, is wickedness,
My 5, 17, 12, is a color,
My 20, 6, 1, 3, is a passion,
My 13, 21, 23, 24, is to connect,
My 22, 17, 13, is a fruit,
My 5, 2, 21, 13, 21, 11, 7, is quickly,
My whole is a well-known proverb.

ENMA WALKER.

3.—CHARADE.

In eastern parts my first is found,
With roots inserted in the ground,
And with tossing branches erect both stand
A very queen in that foreign land.

Though years around my second we travel,
It still is a mystery we cannot fathom.
For while it beams with smiling grace
We cannot gaze upon its face.

Away back in all ages remote
A period of time did my third denote:
And though now we hear the hours toll,
My third still marks time's onward roll.

My whole is a festival kept long ago,
When the people with symbols marched to and fro:
And chanted praises in honor of him,
Who the great city triumphantly entered in.

IDA GRACE MOODY.

4.—RIDDLE.

More than reading or writing,
All school-boys delight in,
At least by their mirth they confess it
That little word makes,
Only three letters take,
And a hundred to one you'll not guess it.

FRED TAYLOR.

5.—A WORD SQUARE.

1. A vehicle.
2. An ill.
3. Not mannerly.
4. To be prolific.

MAUD LAWLESS.

6.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters
My 2, 3, 20, 5, is what Adam wished for,
My 14, 5, 1, 25, 6, 24, speaks of sorrow,
My 13, 23, 25, 12, 10, 10, is a household necessity,
My 4, 12, 15, 6, 7, 8, a part of a year,
My 9, 21, 6, 22, 24, 25, the dread of the slaves,
My 11, 3, 8, 16, a ruler,
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

W. A. GROVES.

7.—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. A stream of light.
3. Beasts of burden.
4. Ornaments.
5. In event.
6. To be sick.
7. A consonant.

8.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In slate, not in book,
In meadow, not in brook,
In metal not in wood,
In bonnet not in hood,
In road, not in street,
In nutton, not in meat,
In rain, not in snow,
In high, not in low,
In robin not in hawk,
In speak not in talk.
My whole is a musical instrument.

SARAH MOLE.

9.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Whole I am a *New Corner*. My object and endeavor shall be to 11, 14, 2, 7, 15, and 10, 5, 9, 11, 7, 6. If sometimes you are led into a 14, 11, 3, 9, or are 9, 16, 13, 12, 11, 1, 10, 6, 8, in some 10, 2, 16, or 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 15, you are free to make a proper 12, 15, 1, 11, 12, 18, 6, 9.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER ISSUE.

1. Pantomime.
2. Bat, cat, cat, fat, hat, mat, Nat, oat, pat, rat, tat.
3.

S	A
U	R
R	A
A	P
T	R
R	A
T	P
R	R
A	T
T	R
R	A
T	P
R	R
4. Vacation.
5. Hay-stack.

MARY A. STEVENSON.—Your Geographical Acrostic was good, but you missed an "e" in the word queen.

HAROLD THOMAS.—You have done well. You will see where you have failed, by consulting answers in November issue.

IDA G. MOODY.—Your puzzles came too late for November. We publish one of them this month.

"UNCLE JOE."

A Free Education,

(FIRST CHOICE)

Consisting of a Three Year's Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, (not to exceed \$750.00.)

One Year Abroad.

(SECOND CHOICE)

This prize consists of *One Entire Year's Travel in Europe*, all Expenses to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, (not to exceed \$750.00.)

A Handsome Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness.

(THIRD CHOICE)

One of the Finest Matched Pair of Ponies in Canada, (value \$350.00), Gold Mounted Harness (value \$100.) and Finely Upholstered Ladies' Phaeton, (value \$250.00), making altogether, one of the most stylish and elegant "turnouts," imaginable, and value complete, \$700.00.

THE PRIZES.

To the person sending us the largest list of English Words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words, "DOMINION OF CANADA," will be given their choice by the publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, of either "A FREE EDUCATION," the "ONE YEAR ABROAD," or the "PAIR OF SHETLAND PONIES, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS." The Publishers of THE QUEEN have made a special deposit of \$750.00. in THE DOMINION BANK OF CANADA, to be used for the purpose of carrying out this offer. A Committee consisting of Teachers from each of the Universities and Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the Judges in the final award.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN ORDER OF MERIT.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Elegant Toilet Cases, Manicure Cases, Odor Cases, Ladies' Solid Gold Jewelry, Imported Fans, Elegant Japanese Novelties for Household Decoration and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Each week during this contest, a Gentleman's First-class Gold (Filled Case) Watch of handsome design and best American movement (value \$60.00) will be given to the gentleman from whom the largest list is received during that week. A choice of either a Fine Richly Engraved Ladies' Gold Watch, (value \$40.00) or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, (value \$40.00) will be given each week to the lady from whom the largest list is received during that week. A stem winding, stem setting, Coin Silver Watch, (value \$12.00) will be given each week to *both* girl and boy under sixteen years of age from whom the largest list is received during that week. The names of those winning a Special Weekly Prize will be announced in THE QUEEN from month to month during the contest. The winning of a Special Weekly Prize by anyone will not bar them or their list from competing for the First Grand Prizes. Those under sixteen years of age should state so on their list.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN have had manufactured at a large expense, an elegant and useful Souvenir, of this, *their last "Word Contest,"* one of which will be sent free to each person entering the Competition.

RULES.

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only*, of not less than four letters each.
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in "Dominion of Canada."
3. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part only of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the governing authority.

Each list must contain Name of person sending same (sign Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office Address *and number of words contained therein*, and be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to "THE QUEEN," together with 12c. in

either Canadian or United States postage (1, 2 or 3c.) in addition to the \$1.00 to cover expense of forwarding of THE QUEEN'S Souvenir. Stamps will be accepted only for the 12 cents. The subscription price must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.*

If two or more tie on the largest list, the one *which bears the earliest postmark* will take the First Grand Prize.

The *complete list* of words intended for the Competition must be forwarded *at one time*. If any alterations or additions to the list are made after it has been sent, it will be necessary to enclose \$1.00 additional for another year's subscription to THE QUEEN, to be forwarded to any address desired, together with such alterations or additions. On account of the extra work involved in these Competitions, it is impossible for the publishers of THE QUEEN to enter into any personal correspondence concerning the Competition or Rules thereof.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular Magazine into *new* homes. We prefer that only *new* subscribers shall enter the Competition, but as this is the *last "Word Contest"* that we shall ever give, old subscribers will be allowed to avail themselves of it, by enclosing \$1.00 with their list for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN to be sent to the address of some friend.

Prizes awarded to Subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom's duties.

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these competitions it has rapidly sprung into prominence, and on account of its many superior qualities as a Magazine, is to-day the acknowledged popular family publication of Canada. Its circulation is growing so rapidly, that the entire attention of its staff of Editors will be required in behalf of the publication itself, and the Publishers take this opportunity of announcing to the public **THAT THIS WILL POSITIVELY BE THEIR LAST "Word Contest."**

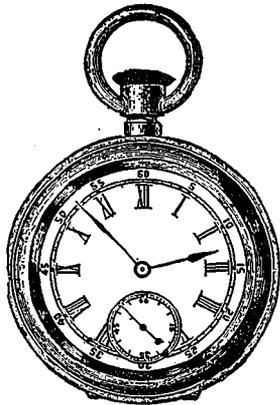
Their entire efforts in the future will be put forth to making THE QUEEN the handsomest, best and most interesting Magazine on the Continent. In fact this Magazine in the future must stand on its merits, and hold the popular position it has attained without favors or prizes.

The Contest Closes April 10th.

Prizes Awarded April 20th.

An Opportunity Not to be Missed!

THE present actual circulation of THE CANADIAN QUEEN is slightly in excess of 30,000 copies each month, and its Publishers having determined to add the names of 20,000 new subscribers to their list before January 1st, 1891, have contracted with one of the leading and most reliable wholesale jewelry firms in Canada for Five Hundred Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Watches, every one of which will be given away to those assisting us in introducing THE QUEEN into 20,000 new homes. Our plan is as follows:—



BOYS' NICKEL WATCH,
Value \$4.50.

subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, at the special price of only 80 cents each, sending us the Fifty names and addresses, and the Forty Dollars in payment therefor.

CONDITIONS.

FIRST.—The neighborhood club must consist of only new subscribers to THE QUEEN, all of whom must reside in the same County.

SECOND.—The names of all subscribers, together with remittance, must be sent in at one time, as we cannot receive the same by installments.

THIRD.—The special price of 80 cents for yearly subscribers applies only to Clubs of not less than Fifteen. Less than that number will be accepted only at One Dollar each.

FOURTH.—All Clubs must be completed and forwarded not later than January 1st, 1891.

As we desire but one Club in each neighborhood at this special reduced rate, it will be necessary for you to notify us at once if you desire to organize a Club. We will forward you sample numbers of THE QUEEN, to assist in the canvass, and give you the exclusive right for your neighborhood.

Premium Watches will be forwarded to Club Organizers in Canada the same day that subscriptions are received, and Club Organizers in the United States will receive their Premium Watches from our American Agency (free of all duty and expense) within one week from receipt of subscriptions at this office.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A CLUB.

THE QUEEN is, without doubt, the handsomest, most finely gotten up and best Family Magazine published on this Continent at the low price of One Dollar per year. By calling on your friends and acquaintances, showing them a copy and informing them that you are organizing a Neighborhood Club and that by subscribing now, through you, they can secure THE QUEEN on trial for one entire year at the special price of only 80 cents, you will have no difficulty in forming a Club by a few hours work. You can truthfully advise them that this is the only way in which they can secure THE QUEEN at less than the regular price. This special rate is made by us solely to induce them to subscribe now and assist you in forming your Club without delay.

This unprecedented offer of THE QUEEN is but another illustration of the liberal policy it is pursuing in its determination to introduce this Magazine into every North American home.

During the past year the Publishers of THE QUEEN have distributed prizes in competitions, etc., to their subscribers throughout Canada and the United States, to the value of many thousands of dollars. There is hardly a hamlet in Canada, and not a State in the U.S. where we cannot refer to dozens of prize-winners, as to the excellence of quality of the premiums sent out by us. THE QUEEN will continue to deserve the enviable reputation it has achieved for liberality.

START YOUR CLUB TO-DAY AS THE TIME EXPIRES JANUARY 1st, 1891.

REMIT by Post Office or Express Money Order, Registered Letter, or New York Draft, and address, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

THE QUEEN'S NEIGHBORHOOD CLUBS.

In order to secure this number of subscribers *without fail* within this limited time, we have decided to accept yearly subscriptions from new subscribers *only* in clubs of 15, 25, or 50 at the *special reduced price* of only 80 cents each.

BOYS' NICKEL WATCH.

We will deliver free in Canada or the United States, one of these handsome, perfect time-pieces, valued at \$4.50, to any one who will form a club in their own neighborhood, of Fifteen new yearly subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, at the special price of only 80 cents each, sending us the Fifteen names and addresses and the Twelve Dollars in payment therefor.

MISSSES' SILVER WATCH.

We will deliver free in Canada or the United States, a Stem-Winding, Stem-Setting, Coin Silver Watch of elegant pattern and design, valued at \$12.00 to any one who will form a club in their own neighborhood of Twenty-five new yearly subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, at the special price of only 80 cents each, sending us the Twenty-five names and addresses and the Twenty Dollars in payment therefor.

LADIES' GOLD WATCH.

We will deliver free in Canada or the United States, a fine, richly-engraved Ladies' Gold Watch, of good make, and an excellent time-keeper, Stem-Winding and Setting, in a handsome Plush Case, valued at \$28.00, to any one who will form a club in their own neighborhood of Fifty new yearly



MISSSES' SILVER WATCH,
Value \$12.



LADIES' GOLD WATCH,
Value \$28.

H. & F. HOERR,

GRAND
SQUARE
AND
UPRIGHT

PIANOS



Office and Warerooms
201 Queen Street East.



Factory
26, 28, 30 and 32 Britain Street

TORONTO.



In placing before the Public our New Pianos we feel that it is only right that something should be learned with reference to our knowledge of their manufacture. The purchase of a Piano being an investment of, you may say, once in a lifetime, and requiring some consideration before finally deciding.

H. & F. HOERR personally superintend the Manufacturing Department, are Germans by birth and were brought up to the Piano business, their father being a large manufacturer in Germany. Since leaving home H. & F. Hoerr have had great experience in some of the largest factories in Germany and America. The great success that our Instruments are meeting with on all sides speaks volumes for itself; and, with the fine instruments we are turning out, we have no doubt, before many years, the "Hoerr Piano" will be found in every corner of this continent.

Our Instruments are all manufactured from the best selected materials, and none but the best workmen are employed. Our Patent Action is the best in the market and is the same as used by all the leading American firms. Our Full Iron Plate to the Top is made from the best material, and their great weight, together with our Improved Sounding Board, give our Instruments great and powerful tone and avoid all difficulty in keeping them in tune. We have the latest improvements of any value, and each Piano is warranted for five years.

Christmas



Novelties.

Fans, Dressing Cases, Leather Goods and Perfumery

All the leading styles in **EVENING FANS** just arrived from Paris and Vienna, such as **Black, Cream and Colored FEATHER FANS**, from \$1.25 to \$4.00. **HAND PAINTED GAUZE Fans** \$1.50 to \$3.00.

RD. PINAUDS' SOAP AND PERFUMERY direct from Paris. Latest Perfumes, Violet, Wood Violet, Lilac, White Rose, Jockey Club.

COLGATE & CO.'S SOAP, PERFUMERY AND TOILET WATERS, Cashmere Bouquet Soaps 25c., Bay Rum Soap 12½c., Castile, Etc.

Latest New York Novelty Hand Painted Linen Photograph Frames.

Hand painted Photo. Cases, \$1.75	Hand painted Card Receiver, \$1.10
White Linen and Gold Photo. Case, \$1.00	Colored Satin " " 1.75
White Linen and Gold Letter Holders, \$1.40	

Leather Goods, Purses, Bags, Card Cases, Dressing Cases.

Black and Colored Leather Shopping Bags, Satin lined, from \$1.00. New York Upper Ten Leather Shopping Bags, with Satin top and cord, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.75, \$2.00. Solid Leather Purses, 25c. 35c. 50c. 65c. 75c. to \$2.00. Manicure Sets from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$2.50 and upwards. Dressing Sets complete, brush, comb and mirror, \$1.50, \$2.50 to \$9.00. Ladies' Companions, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$2.25 upwards. Collar and Cuff Boxes, \$1.50 and \$2.25. Writing Cases, 75c. \$1.25 to \$1.75. Music Rolls, 90c. \$1.25, \$1.50. Card Cases, 25c. 50c. 75c. 90c. \$1.00, \$1.25.

Oxidized Fancy Metal, Useful Presents.

Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00. Toilet Bottles, \$1.00, \$1.50. Hand Mirrors, 50c. 60c. 70c. and 80c. Ink Stands, 60c. 75c. \$1.00 to \$2.00.

Colored Plush Dressing Cases and Ornaments.

Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Jewel Cases, Ladies' Companions and Work Boxes, Manicure and Perfume Cases.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is a special feature and we invite correspondence from every town in the Dominion. Correspondents are asked to be as explicit as possible, and enclose the amount.

R. WALKER & SONS,

33, 35 & 37 King Street East and 18 to 22 Colborne Street,

→ TORONTO. ←