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

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 8.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE letter sent by the Sultan of Turkey to Lord Salisbury, protesting against the latter's recent public utterance on the Armenian question, is certainly a remarkable document, inasmuch as it strips away all officialism—passes the guarded barriers of diplomatic speech, and places both writer and recipient in the simple relationship of ordinary men, rather than that of executive heads of great nations.

The direct personality of the appeal would be pitiful in its revelation of weakness were it not for the fact—proved over and over again in the annals of international diplomacy—of the criminality of weakness in high places.

Granting that the Turkish ruler has been guilty of nothing beyond impotence and cowardice—which is doubtful in view of the awful results that have ensued—can the Christian world for an instant palliate the heinous atrocities of his rule under the plea of weakness?

I will execute the reforms; I will take the paper containing them, place it before me, and see that every article is put in force. I give my word of honor. . . . I desire his lordship to have confidence in these declarations.

The monarch writes like a threatened child, big with promises that may avert a punishment; and even as he writes the awful atrocities are going on; while across the wires to Christian England and America comes the heartrending message from Constantinople:

Massacres are proceeding almost everywhere in Asia Minor. For God's sake urge the Government to put a stop to the most awful event of modern times.

In so large and complicated a problem as this of Armenia, the powers can act only with due regard to diplomatic observances. Yet governments move slower or more quickly as the voice of the people compels, and our shame lies in the fact that Christendom has sounded the alarm too late.

Now that in Rome, Paris, Berlin, London, in the American cities—everywhere throughout the civilized world—public sentiment is aroused, and the people are calling upon their respective governments to take action, the crisis is speedily reached, and a few days, or a week or two at the furthest, will show whether the Sultan is really weak or unwilling, a coward or an assassin, or both. And in either instance, the powers are bound to take instant action.

But what about the awful cost of the delay?

It is a good thing to have a strong man at the head of affairs at any time; it is a splendid thing to have a strong man at the head of national affairs at times of national

crises. Lord Salisbury himself says that the Armenian problem is quite as much in want of competent men as it is in want of adequate laws.

England's Premier is our strong man in the present juncture. In the face of difficult international problems, he is proving himself chiefest among the statesmen of the nations.

Startlingly frank and unconventional, fearless, decisive, yet with due regard to diplomatic courtesies, conciliating yet firm, doing justice, yet abating not one jot of Britain's right and prestige, with a policy and an outlook magnificently broad, he stands in his high position to-day, a veritable Great-heart among the nations.

WITH Lord Salisbury we associate Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who, since his installation as Colonial Secretary, has instituted a vigorous and stimulating colonial policy, the first fruits of which appear in the English subsidy for the fast Atlantic service, and the commission appointed to consult concerning the Pacific Cable matter.

Mr. Chamberlain is proving second to none in the Home Government in breadth of policy, while his vigor and confidence equals that of the British Premier.

The presence and leadership of such men in the Imperial Government inspire the whole English-speaking world with confidence.

THE United States ambassador to Great Britain, in his condemnation of protection, made in a speech at Edinburgh, a week or two ago, was guilty of a greater indiscretion than that of Lord Sackville in his recent pamphlet attack upon Mr. Bayard, both because the latter is still in official position, and because his speech might naturally be interpreted into condemnation of the policy of his own country.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to institute a school for ambassadors, wherein youths designed for this delicate office should be taught when to speak and when to hold their tongues.

An ambassador should learn above all else to sink his personality into that of his office. Officially he is the mouthpiece of his country, and this attitude should be maintained in all public places. In private it were wiser for him to let governmental questions alone, since the public do not always distinguish between a man's official utterances and his private opinions.

It is rather curious that both an ex-British ambassador to the United States, and a United States ambassador to Britain, should have been guilty of such glaring stupidities.

THAT Alaska should have been purchased by Canada and have become an integral part of the Dominion, goes without the saying; but since that is a possibility of the past and all that remains us is to decide which is Canadian gold and which American, the joint report concerning the Alaska boundary will be looked for with interest on both sides of the line.

The work has taken between two and three years to accomplish and has been of an arduous character. Deep snow, severe weather, unknown territory and much mountain climbing were some of the difficulties and hardships that the surveying parties had to endure.

As the United States officials and those sent out by Canada conducted their calculations independently of each other, it will be interesting to see in how far they agree—or what compromises will be necessary.

A Washington alarmist declares that the Alaska boundary dispute makes the need of better American defences upon the Pacific seaboard urgent, in view of the fact that Canada may lay claim to more than is rightfully hers, and be supported in her claim by British guns.

THE New York *Sun* recently made a suggestion in which there seems more of merry banter than earnestness—that the United States should "round out the century and square off its country" by annexing Canada, which the *Sun* pathetically declares to be the only portion of the northern New World "left out in the cold!"

That little word "left" is rather amusing, under the circumstances.

"We took in Louisiana in the first quarter of the century," it says, "Mexico in the second, Alaska in the third. Now in which of the few remaining years of the last quarter shall we annex Canada?"

And Canada laughs back and repeats the query—which?

To be "out in the cold" is not an unpleasant position, when one has warm furs, big forests, vast wheat fields, fine cattle, gold mines, too—and a wealth of coal.

If Canada prefers the snap and sparkle, the swift blood current and tingle of independence,—who shall say her nay? And when she wants to feel the warmth of home; why there is a fireside and a yule-log, and a place beside it that is hers—just across the ocean.

HALF of our international troubles seem to come from dubiously worded treaties or constitutions. The French shore difficulty in Newfoundland arises largely from the obscure phrasing of the old treaty of Utrecht,

so that arbitrators are required to decide whether lobsters may be classed as "fish," whether sheds come under the head of "buildings," and other like technicalities.

The Venezuela question pivots upon a treaty of 1691, and the exact limits implied by the phrases "Orinoco colonies" and "Essequibo colonies."

To come nearer home, the legality of the Canadian Copyright Act depends upon the interpretation of the B. N. A. Act; and the Manitoba school problem is alike an outcome of the looseness of that formidable document.

It is almost impossible to so formulate treaties that they will adjust themselves to conditions one or two centuries later; and even minds of high legal acumen do not succeed in binding words so that they shall not play queer tricks of interpretation.

THE French protectorate over Madagascar, by reason of the agreement with Lord Salisbury in 1890, is compelled to stop short of annexation. This, however, will not prevent France from profiting largely by reason of the forest wealth and gold mines of the island.

Madagascar has an interesting history. The fragments thereof for the records are as yet fragmentary—read as a romance of the semi-barbarous age. But from henceforth, under the stimulating influences of civilization, the island will leap forward into modern conditions—and possibly into modern curses.

THE direct outcome of the recent Episcopalian Conference in Minneapolis is the announcement of a Pan-Anglican Conference to be held in 1897, at Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Conferences of the Anglican Church are fraught with greater danger than those of any other ecclesiastical body, since within its limits wide difference of belief and practice is possible. Between the ritualistic and the evangelical forms of worship there is a great gulf fixed, which neither party seem willing or able to pass.

The conference of '97 will be invested with peculiar interest in view of the fact that the position and attitude of Anglicism toward the Roman Catholic Church will be one of the questions dealt with.

DR. HOUGHTON, rector of the Church of Transfiguration, New York, who is an enthusiast in his ecclesiasticism, as well as his love for the little edifice, has been enhancing its artistic beauty by a reredos of alabaster and marble exquisitely carved, and containing a representation of the Transfiguration.

In addition to this, he is causing to be erected at the entrance to the churchyard, a lich- or corpse-gate, of the most ancient Anglo-Saxon origin. The lich-gate is a roofed gate, within which, in early times, the friends who bore the body rested until met by priest and clerk.

Dr. Houghton can afford to carry out his ecclesiastical fancies, since this "little church round the corner" is amply endowed and wealthily supported.

Visitors to New York must seek if they would find it, so small it is without; yet within a treasure house of art in color and carving.

IN CANADA.

CANADA is hardly in need of another river; she has more than she can utilize as it is; besides, canal building, with its concomitant boodling, is so expensive.

Nevertheless, since Professor Bell has discovered this big new water-baby, it is incumbent upon us to accept the situation.

That great, thickly wooded northland that lies between Lake St. John and James' Bay, may reveal wonderful things to us in time; not the least of which is the possibility of a wide range of agricultural land wherewith to supplement the somewhat barren or exhausted soil of lower Quebec.

No one who has visited the Lake St. John region will disparage the arable facilities of this north country.

ONE of the painful features in connection with the celebrated murder trials of the past month—those of Holmes, Durand and Hyams—is the insouciant bearing and marked self-possession of the prisoners. Throughout the long and exhausting conduct of their cases, they have appeared in each instance, the coolest and least interested individuals in the court-room.

Conscience being deadened by deliberate villiany, all emotion is killed, all the nerves seared into callousness. This is the only explanation of their awful indifference and self-possession.

CANADIAN politics have suffered a new departure in the formation of a woman's Conservative association, bearing the name—Maple Leaf League.

London has the honor of taking the initiative, Chatham has followed her lead, Toronto will probably fall in line at an early date, together with other cities and towns.

In view of the service rendered by women's political leagues both in England and the United States, the marvel is that Canadian politicians have not enlisted the active interest of our women long ago.

During the recent election in New York, Republican women canvassed from house to house, pled with voters to be at the polls early, held parlor meetings, started soup kitchens—and, in fact, exerted every possible feminine influence on the men they knew or came in touch with. The results of their work were markedly successful.

PARTIZANSHIP does not necessarily imply bitterness, nor yet calumny—that is one of the things women may teach men in the political arena.

Partizanship means division of opinion on many national questions, loyalty to the party platform, but not disloyalty to individual principles.

There is no doubt that the entrance of the voteless sex into political affairs, as organized aids, will do much to purify party atmosphere, as well as advance party interests.

Therefore let the organization of Canadian women's political leagues prosper.

ONE of the peculiar features attendant upon this so-called Christian Science is the fact that the friends of the victim almost invariably defend the creed, and express themselves satisfied with the treatment accorded, even when it costs the life of the patient.

In the case of Mrs. Beer, recently acquitted on a charge of manslaughter, the parents of the child which she "treated" continue to affirm their "belief in" the peculiar method of treatment, as well as in this especial exponent of the creed.

That their child died has not shaken their faith one whit. Other similar cases may be quoted.

Fanaticism, ignorance, and religion, mixed form a rock compound of the deadliest fatality.

THE interest excited by the recently alleged "cures" in Colorado, wrought by one Schlatter, a man who seems a combination of mystic and fanatic, and the masses of people who throng his progress through the state is one of the ever recurring proofs of humanity's great credulity—and greater need.

THE Lowe settlers have learned their lesson, and have returned to their farms, sadder but wiser men. He that can pay and will not, must be made to pay,—so spake the law. A gleam of redcoats and rifles, and lo, it was accomplished.

The probabilities are the farmers never dreamed that force would be resorted to. The redcoats and rifles were beyond their wildest imaginings. It would have been well worth while to see the faces of the recreants, as one by one they filed into the treasurer's office to pay the taxes so long overdue.

And now there is a neat little \$5,000 military expenses to swell the sum.

The pity is that military aid cannot be invoked for cases of private debt, where the "can" and the "will not" are equally present.

THE Theological Conference recently closed in Toronto, shows in a marked manner the advance of the theological thought. Ten years ago, such an address as that given by Professor Coleman upon Evolution would not have been permitted by a Canadian ministerial audience, least of all by a Toronto one. That it was upon the program of the conference, and passed with but little comment, is sufficient indication of the results of the pressure brought to bear by science upon the theology of to-day.

THE opponents of women's suffrage in our midst might remark with some point that Canadian women are not making much use of the measure of suffrage already granted them.

There is a big work to be done in municipal reform, yet thus far the women have failed even to voice their interest in the matter, much less to engage in active organizational work.

Last January, in New York, the women formed a campaign committee and made a personal canvas of every house in the worst ward in the city, in favor of their candidates. The result was a perfectly clean campaign, and the largest vote ever polled in the ward.

Faithful exercise of the municipal vote and vigorous work in municipal politics will do more than aught else to advance the cause of woman suffrage.

CONCERNING the present condition of Toronto streets, a little maid epitomized it neatly one recent November day.

Shabby six-year-old tood grasping the hand of four-year-old in maternal fashion at the corner of College and Spadina. Her bright, sharp little eyes searched up and down.

"There ain't no trolleys,—there ain't no bicycles,—an' there ain't no butcher carts—REN!"

And four little feet sped over the tracks and across the broad avenue.

EDITOR.



IT could not possibly be as good," I said. "No book could equal 'The Bonnie Brier Bush.' And in spite of my friend's assurance that it was a worthy successor to that heart-capturing volume, I carried my book home in fear, looking long at the title page and brief dedication before turning the first leaves.

"In the Days of Auld Lang Syne;" "In Memory of My Mother." Title and dedica-

tion are simple enough. Simple, yet holding a world of tender association in their brief phrasing. They are holy conjurers, before whose touch rough speech becomes gentle, the hard heart soft as a little child's. Rare magic of memory! dear gift of words! to move us thus by their simple spell.

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne;" "In Memory of My Mother." It sounds homely, - as the Scotch folk say - and heartsome; it has a grand simplicity about it also suggestive of Drumtochty, and encouraging one to turn the opening pages - and then we need no further invitation.

Ah me! It is "The Bonnie Brier Bush" over again; - yet not again, but further revealed. We are in Drumtochty glen once more, grasping each of the strong, splendid men and women by the hand; we are spending our hours among them, and our smiles and tears are blending just as they did when we first met these dear people at their firesides and in their kirk. How good it is to be among them again! How good it is!

And now we have the advantage of auld acquaintances, and are given the privileges of such in the heart glimpses permitted us of these crusty Scotch peasants. We are admitted into the inner circle, and discover the solid gold that lies beneath the rough earthy exterior. We see the rare uprightness of stern Burnbrae, the tender loyalty of cynical Jamie Soutar, the heroism of poor Posty. We take our seats beside Drumseugh's fireside, and listen with reverence to the beautiful secret of his lifelong parsimony.

Aye, we know Drumtochty now. We have learned its cunning, so that not even Jamie Soutar can lead us astray. Every habitant of the little glen has grown dear to us; we bear with them, smile at them, love them, as they did each the other, and at last we lay them away in "their lang hame" in the kirkyard, with a tender reverence too deep for words. But as we put the book down, the glistening eyes, the smile upon our lips, the swelling of our heart, pay voiceless tribute to our dear Drumtochty friends and the author's genius.

"In the Days of Auld Lang Syne" is a worthy successor of "The Bonnie Brier

Bush," and in saying that we have said all. It is always a venture for an author to add a sequel to any book dearly loved by the public, since the latter demands not merely that the plot be sustained, but increased in interest, and that the characters be harmoniously developed. And since each reader has his own conception of what that development should be, nor is willing to abate one jot of his ideal, the author rarely succeeds in giving satisfaction.

Yet Ian Maclaren has accomplished this perfectly. The sketches in the second volume have a trifle less of humor and more of tenderness in them, perhaps. We are made to feel that the twilight shadows are gathering around these dear people of the glen; that the night is coming when they shall lie with their forefathers; a new generation shall arise, and Drumtochty - *our* Drumtochty - be known no more. But the humor is just as dry, the diplomacy just as skillful, the speech every whit as slow and circumspect, the right staunch hearts of the gude



IAN MACLAREN.
(REV. JOHN WALSON)

folk wholly as true. The author's pen has not lost its wondrous cunning, - only he gives us a Beulah land glimpse.

Perhaps in this second series of sketches, those contained in "Drumseugh's Love Story" will be the favorites, since in them we are brought once again in touch with that finest creation in Scotch literature - "A Doctor of the Old School," and that sweet glen woman, Marget Howe.

It is the winter before the doctor dies, when "everyone knew he had begun to fail." Drumseugh lures him from stormy night rides, to take shelter at his fireside, and the confidences of these two strong, reserved men are told in words of splendid simplicity. Their reminiscences of boyhood, of trout fishing, truancy, and the after home-coming, bring them bye and bye to graver thoughts.

"We did what we sanna, Weelum, an' we feared to meet oor fathers, nae Joat; but we kent it wud be waur oot on the cauld hill, an there w as a house tae shelter 's at any rate. Weelum, a'm feared at times . . . about . . . the home-comin' "

"A dinnar wunner, Drumseugh, a m' often the sam' mase! we're baith t'nant laddies, and maybe we'll get our parks, an' it'll dae us gude. But, be that as it may, we maun just risk it, an' a'm houpin' the Almighty'll no be waur tae us than oor mither, when the sun gaes doon and the night wind sweeps ower the hill."

Drumseugh's love and secret service for Marget Howe is revealed to Dr. Maclure, and later on, before the latter dies, he indirectly hints at the romance to Marget herself. Her sudden recognition of his great love, her sweet and humble surprise, and the wholesome uplifting of them both thereby, is one of the finest touches in the book.

We are shown more of Jamie Soutar, too - Jamie, the imperturbable, the cynic, the man of cunning speech; and many a laugh he wins from us until we find ourselves amid his circle of admirers, and give vent to our feelings in Drumtochty's favorite exclamation, "Sall!"

But Jamie has his love story, too, and the rusty band of crape about his hat tells of a tryst kept faithfully for over forty years.

"Put it in the fire, doctor," he said, "whar a' can see it burn; a've worn it forty-four years, but a'll no need it again, for a'm gaen' oot o' meurin' sune." When the first ray of morning light shot thro' the window, Jamie raised himself and listened. He shaded his eyes as if he were watching for some one and could not see for excess of light.

"Menie," he cried, suddenly, "a've keptit oor tryst."

When they laid him in the coffin the smile was still on his face, and he appeared a man some forty years of age.

In Burnbrae's trial we view the struggles of the loyal Scotch conscience, and in Hillock's bargaining we get an equal glimpse of the canny Scotch cunning, traits curiously contrasted, yet often found in the same individual; while in "Good News From a Far Country," "Milton's Conversion," and "A Servant Lass," we have typical Drumtochty sketches, wholesome and heart-grappling.

A last sheaf is garnered in the closing sketch, and, standing in the churchyard, we bid a farewell - a final farewell to the little Scotch glen and its people, whose friends are numbered by tens of thousands all the world over.

* * *

Ah, we need not fear decadent literature; we need not despair for the uplifting of souls, when books such as these leap into such a passion of popularity. The heart of the world beats pure and true still.

REVIEWER.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE. Fleming Revell Co., Toronto.

A very enjoyable recital by Miss Norma Reynolds senior pupils was given at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening, 18th Nov. A very large audience was attracted, which showed, by much enthusiastic applause and several recalls, its hearty appreciation of the excellent rendering of a program of choice compositions. Miss Reynolds had much cause to feel gratified at the excellent showing of her pupils.



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PEOPLE WE MEET

MME. ISIDORA KLEIN.

I found Mme. Klein at home, on the day following her successful debut at the Massey Hall. She is a bright and pleasant young lady, whose portraits hardly do her justice since in her expression when speaking lies much of her charm.

Mme. Klein is a Toronto girl, whose school days were passed at Loretto Abbey, and whose early vocal training was received there.

After her marriage she gave up all thought of singing for a year or two; but, finally, was persuaded to take it up again. She spent last winter in New York, under the training of Elliot Haslam, who has been so markedly successful in bringing out many young Canadian singers.

It may be said that Mme. Klein's studies have just begun. Yet what has been accomplished is shown in the fact that she is able to appear on the same platform with velvet-voiced Lillian Blauvelt, one of New York's first sopranos, and hold her own beside her.

Mme. Klein shows excellent facility of vocalization; her voice is large, her method artistic. She would do excellent work in light opera, and will probably find a career awaiting her in that department of musical art. But she wisely purposes taking up oratorio singing for a time to give steadiness and breadth to her style.

Mme. Klein purposes remaining in Toronto during the winter months, in order to carry on her lessons with Mr. Haslam. Afterward, she hopes to continue her studies abroad.

There is little doubt that if this young Canadian singer carries out her intention she will become one of the successful operatic singers of the day.

MRS. HALL CAINE.

Much has been written concerning Mr. Hall Caine, since his arrival in our country; but little or nothing has been said of Mrs. Hall Caine.

That comes of being the wife of a celebrated personage. But it is much more desirable to be the wife than the husband of such an one. I have seen husbands of celebrated personages, and, as a rule, they are not to be—well—envied.

Mrs. Hall Caine is quite content to be the wife of a famous man, and indeed it is difficult to imagine her in any capacity that is not simply womanly—I had almost written girlish.

Through the courtesy of a lady whose guest she was, I met Mrs. Caine first at an afternoon tea. Entering the pretty parlors to greet our hostess, she turned, and murmured a few words of introduction to the slight figure at her side, then moved to meet a new arrival, while we chatted with her guest.

A girl of twenty, one would say at first glance, slender and petite; with soft, fair hair, smiling grey eyes, sweet lips, a delicate, unlined face, and a speech and manner as natural as a child's. It is one of the impossible things to realize that Mrs. Caine has been a wife for fifteen years—and that the bright boy beside her is her son. There is no one who can cheat time so successfully as a pretty little woman who possesses

health and love, and equable temperament. The years pass her lightly—not caring to touch so fair and bird-like a life.

We chatted for a few moments about our Canadian cities. "They are each so different from the other," Mrs. Caine said. "I like Toronto; your suburbs are beautiful, and your big lake is so close at hand. But how utterly unlike it is to Montreal; and is not the French spoken in that city a dreadful jumble! The mountain is splendid, though. The view over the city is unrivaled, I suppose, in Canada."

"You mustn't say that in Hamilton, some one remarked, mischievously.

We spoke about Quebec, and the little lady was much interested in hearing of our dear old walled city, and its magnificent approach. She hopes to see it before leaving finally for the old land.

Mrs. Caine is devoted to housekeeping, and is very fond of pretty things. She is æsthetic in her tastes, and trims a hat, or makes a gown as prettily as any professional.



MME. ISIDORA KLEIN.

Six months of the year she lives in London, where Mr. Caine entertains largely. During the summer they reside at their home in the Isle of Man.

One of the questions asked of the pretty little visitor was whether it was really true that Manx cats have no tails.

"I hope you do not mind me asking, but we are so curious to know," said the questioner, hesitatingly.

Mrs. Caine laughed merrily. "It is really true," she said. "We have two Manx cats at home, and they have no tails. At birth they have just a trifle of an appendage, an inch or less in length, but it never grows. In appearance they resemble rabbits rather than the ordinary cat."

Mr. Caine is frail in health, a man apparently whose very life goes out into his books; and his pretty wife is his devoted and careful attendant in all wifely ways.

One grey Sunday afternoon we gathered down in one of the reception rooms at the Queen's—journalists chiefly, who, being busy folk through the week, were thus courteously and thoughtfully invited to become the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Caine on their one leisure day.

Both the famous author and his wife are perfect entertainers. Being at ease and natural in themselves, they make everyone else so. On this grey afternoon there was a haze and fragrant odor of cigars and coffee, a tinkle of tea cups, and murmur of easy, informal chat. Mr. Caine was in a delightful vein, while his pretty wife made a dear little picture in a soft crepe tea gown, with roses in her hair.

Thrice we essayed to leave; and thrice she merrily detained us.

"No, no," she said. "I am going to remain, and you must stay also."

Thus she gathered the ladies of the party about her, and presently we were writing autographs in her album. Then we crept softly up to join the circle about the novelist, and the only sounds to be heard were the steady dropping rain without and the soft, clear voice of the author as he told how he had written "The Deemster," and drew from his experiences a store of interesting incidents for our pleasure.

I turned for a moment to take a flash-light memory picture of the scene.

Without—the grey murky dusk; the glistening rain-dropped windows. Within—a lazy, fragrant atmosphere, through which the lights shone softened; a small group of ladies, and a wide circle of Toronto's journalists and press men—with faces turned intent toward the nervous face of the central figure—that of the author of "The Manxman."

He sat in easy attitude, his cigar forgotten, sometimes leaning forward with quick, nervous gesture, his words running easily, fluently, graphically—his voice clear and low, yet vibrant—absorbed in the sensations and emotions of the moment, giving out, yet in utterly receptive attitude for the impression that might come.

"Sensitized" is the word that leaped to my lips as I watched this brilliant writer, who seems, indeed, to be made up of nervous and emotional force; yet who has depicted the strongest, most rugged and heroic male characters the literary world of the last decade has known. He seems rather as a vehicle, through which the tide of virile strength and passion and grand heroism passed into his characters, leaving him only a mass of nerve and emotion. I fancy Hall Caine's very life blood drains itself into his books.

* * *

Darkness fell, and still the rain dropped steadily, evenly. The church bells were ringing the six o'clock chime. The circle was a charmed one, the soft, vibrant voice and Venetian face of the speaker, a magnet; but we broke away with effort, and went out into the night.

FAITH FENTON.

AT KING ARTHUR'S TABLE.

Listen to the enumeration of good things described by Whistlecraft to have been served up at King Arthur's table on Christmas day. If the list be authentic, there is less reason to wonder at the feats of courage and strength performed by the Knights of the Round Table:

"They served up salmon, venison and wild boars, By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

"Hog-heads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine, Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard, Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine, Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard. And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine, With mead, and ale, and cider of our own; For porter, punch and negus were not known."

Twilight



TO OLIVE



COME, cuddle up, my darling,
For lo! the carriage waits
To take us through the shadow ways
To Dreamland's misty gates;
Two tender, happy travellers,
With neither cost nor care,
Are Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.



NOW, off may go the horses,
Creak! Creak! we're on our way,
While all the night sings lullaby,
To hush the weary day;
Tho' Golden-land and Gray-land,
And Stany-land so fair,
Swing Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

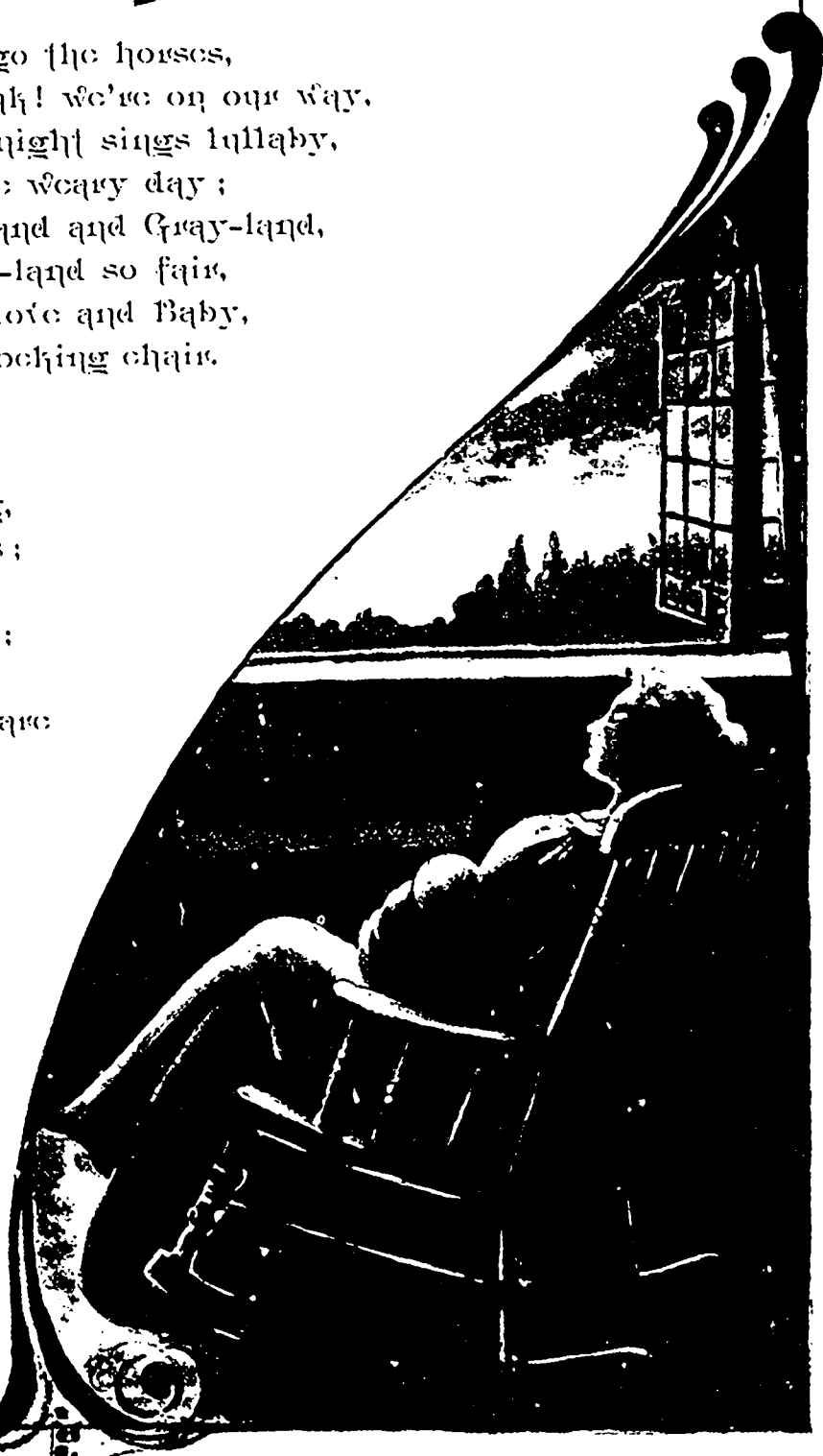


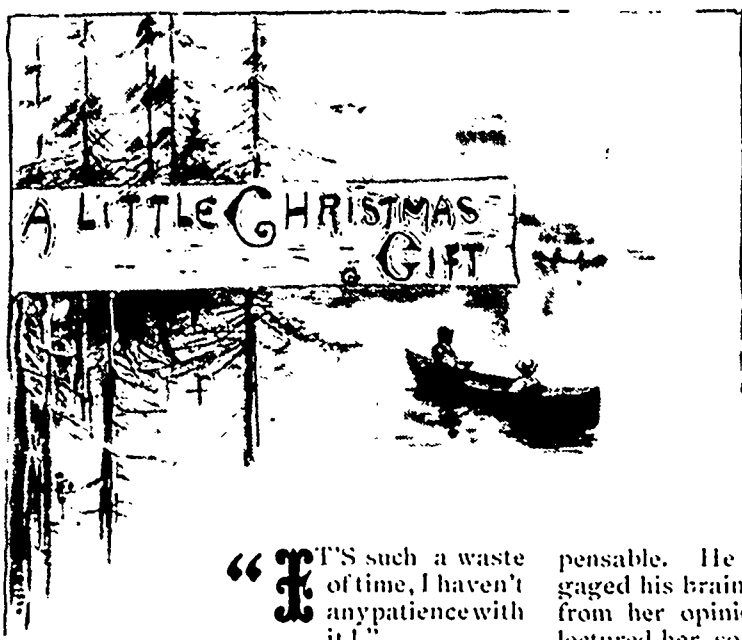
THE only gold worth buying,
In Mother's heart it lies;
The only depth of wisdom,
Is found in Baby's eyes;
While all of worldly pleasure,
Holds naught that will compare
With Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.



CREAK! Creak! swing softer, slower;
Grow silent, crooning night,
And let the golden moon look down
Upon a gracious sight;
Within the white dream portals
Have passed a gentle pair,
Dear Mother-love and Baby,
In our old rocking chair.

With Sentiment





“IT'S such a waste of time, I haven't any patience with it!”

Jean Marshall, the speaker, was vigorously prodding her sailor hat in a fresh place to keep it from tilting to one side. But it was not the hat she had lost patience with. The subject of the petulant words was a pale little woman who sat on the hotel piazza just behind Jean and her companion, with a piece of dainty needlework in her hands. Jean had asked her to come for a row on the lake. The white-faced woman had thanked her and refused. She wanted to finish her work, she said.

“She might as well have come as sit there blinding herself over that trash. She's awkward at it, too—holds it so queerly with her left hand, and—”

“What was it?” queried George. She was his fiancée, and he recognized a right to interrupt her sometimes.

“Doylies or something. It doesn't make any difference what the work is—it's the principle that's wrong,” said Jean with spirit.

“Here's a canoe—let's get in,” suggested the young man.

It was a glorious evening on Lake Ontario, just there off the shore at High Branch. The summer hotel gleamed white among the young trees grouped about it. The branches filtered the sunset light till it was the softest of tints that lay upon the scarcely moving water. There were masses of fluffy clouds edging the horizon, and a coil of cobwebby ones at the zenith. The lessening throb of a steamer came down the lake, and off to the east black trails of smoke showed that the evening boats were journeying toward Toronto. There was little said for a time. The glory and the calm of the evening had entered the heart of the girl, and the pale-faced woman and her needlework were forgotten.

“Has she been here long?” asked George.

“Who? Miss Prouse? Oh yes, just about a week, and she hasn't done a thing except sit out on that piazza, at her fancy-work. I'd like to know what good their summer outing will do such women?”

“Well, they're pretty, aren't they?—I mean the doylies, or whatever you call them,” continued the young man.

“Y-e-s, I suppose so. Men like that kind of thing. It's a pity they don't have to work at them,” said Jean savagely.

There was no answer, and presently she went on: “I often wonder what women are thinking of when they waste so much good time puttering in and out of holes with a needle and thread.”

“Yet you waste a good deal of time on your books and your outdoor pleasures.”

George's voice was very mellow and the tone was a reflective one.

“Me? I do not, George Black!”

Then there was a deep silence, in which the drip of the paddle and the splash of the little prow could plainly be heard.

It was a curious relationship these lovers bore to each other. George had no idea that the woman who was to be his wife was perfect. He was, at the same time, quite sure he was not, and, consequently, did not consider perfection indis-

pensable. He did not pretend he had mortgaged his brain to her, so ventured to differ from her opinions occasionally. He even lectured her sometimes. No one had ever undertaken to lecture Jean before. The novelty of it made this departure rather interesting. She bore it very patiently, as a rule, differing from him, it must be admitted, nearly always; sometimes after a spirited argument, sometimes point blank with no alternatives considered.

“You get a great deal of pleasure from your reading; but isn't it mostly a selfish pleasure? You take a great deal of enjoyment from your outdoor exercise; isn't it principally a selfish enjoyment?” was the young man's question.

“The first is educating my mind; the second my body. I don't consider it wasted time,” Jean rejoined tersely. Presently she went on lightly: “I do believe you want me to do fancy-work too, and I will; I'll make mats—rag mats for the floors. You like to see women at needlework, don't you now own up?”

“Not if they don't want to do it. If they do, they ought to be let,” was the quaint reply.

“I'll let Miss Prouse,” said Jean with a mock-penitent air, and they both laughed.

The next morning Jean and George came down the piazza steps again. Miss Prouse was sitting in her accustomed place, her accustomed work in her hand.

“If she'd only do something else for a change,” grumbled Jean, too loudly, “china painting, or elocution, or piano music, no matter how badly. I'm so tired of that sham-rock pattern in white linen and—”

“Sh-h,” whispered George warningly; “she heard you.” He had turned half round, and saw Miss Prouse's pale face grow suffused with a torrent of red, and her eyes fill with glistening tears.

That night at dinner the little needle worker's place was empty. Jean met her in the hall after it was quite dark outside, and noticed with a sting in her conscience that her eyes were rimmed with red, and that they avoided hers.

The next morning Jean's mother was called to town in connection with some house repairs. In the evening Jean and her little sisters and brothers were sent for. George returned also.

It was Christmas-time Jean, looking very win-

some in her dark gown and rich furs, was chatting gaily in a friend's drawing-room.

“There, I must be off,” she cried, “I am so very busy.”

“Wait a moment, I want to show you a pretty little gift that came to-day. Isn't it lovely?” Mrs. Barton went on, for Jean was fingering the dainty bit of embroidery, and then raised surprised enquiring eyes to her friend's face.

“Who made it?” she asked at length.

“A poor little woman who has a sad history. Shall I tell you? Have you time?”

“Go on!” said Jean.

“She was a musician—so clever, passionately devoted to her art. It was her ambition to make sufficient money to go abroad and continue her musical studies under some great master. She was sure she would succeed and return a famous musician. So she taught by day, and studied and practised far into the night—until her health gave out. At first it was her spine, but she kept on playing for concerts and dances, and teaching. But after a little, two of her fingers were paralyzed. Poor girl, she loved her music so, and it was all she had to depend on. Of course she had to give it up, so she began art needlework. Her friends found all the work they could, and took orders besides, and she manages to live. It's a hard way to make a living, isn't it?”

“Yes, indeed,” assented Jean, but her voice seemed a long way off, for she was thinking very earnestly.

“She was out at High Branch this summer,” Mrs. Morton continued, “and the change did her so much good; but I daresay she worked all day and most of the night to pay for her outing. Poor little soul, it was so good of her to send me this for Christmas. I feel as if it was almost too much. Must you go, Jean? Well, good-bye and a merry Christmas, dear.”

“Do you know, George,” said Jean the same evening, “that poor little Miss Prouse, out at High Branch, had to do that embroidery for a living?”

“I knew it,” said George.

“Knew it!—Oh, George, why didn't you tell me?” Jean was half-crying as she spoke.

“Well, not for certain, you know, but I didn't believe she'd do it from choice.”

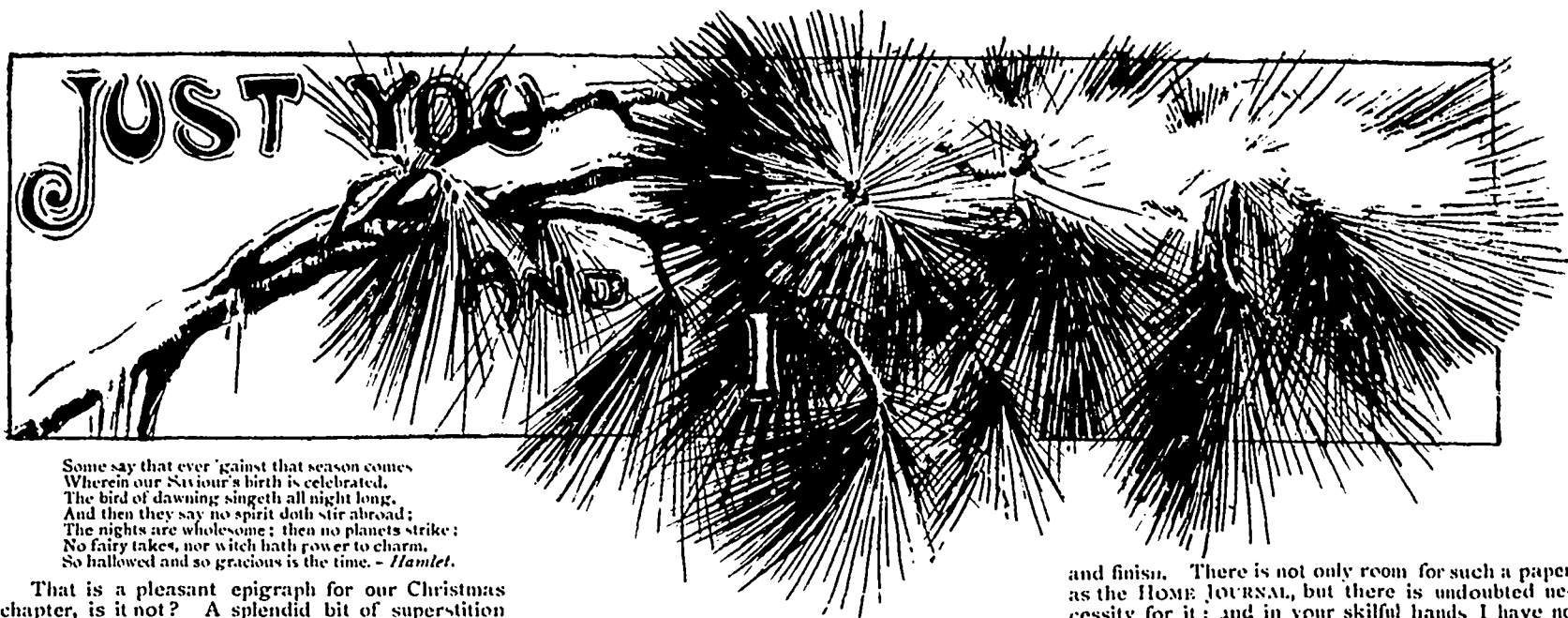
That was clearly an acceptance of Jean's attitude on the fancy-work question. She raised one finger in mischievous enquiry and disbelief.

“Oh, come now, George,” she said. He took her literally and—came.

ELLIS S. ATKINSON

(“Madge Merton.”)





Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit doth stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time. — Hamlet.

That is a pleasant epigraph for our Christmas chapter, is it not? A splendid bit of superstition from the lips of the sombre young Dane's friend, to whose ghost-haunted spirit the season of "wholesome night," would prove most welcome.

Is it altogether a superstition, though? Is any belief that is beautiful built upon ought save some grand truth? and how shall we—so mortal, so finite—say what evil powers are held in check when earth and heaven commemorate the Birth that took place upon that still night in the Orient nearly 1,900 years ago.

It is a good thing that the birth of the Christ-child was surrounded by so much that is picturesque and beautiful—the stable, the starry night, the shepherds, the sleeping sheep, the wonderful sky vision, the ecstatic song—else in this very matter-of-fact age we would never dare to be so simply happy in our gifts, our carols, our Christmas joy.

The dear old Bible story gives us courage to go our way, believing with Hamlet that "so hallowed and so gracious is the time," even the powers of darkness are for a season subdued.

An old magazine tells me that a superstition, much more earthly, but exceedingly quaint, exists in certain retired places in the south-west of England. There the peasants assert that those who keep Christmas eve vigil will find the oxen kneeling in their stalls as if in adoration of the Nativity. The writer of the article mentions an old Cornishman who told him of his having, with some others, watched several oxen in their stalls on the eve of Christmas day.

"At 12 o'clock at night they observed the two oldest oxen fall on their knees and make a cruel moan like a Christian creature."

But putting aside the legends of old-time Christmas so thronged with mysteries and quaint conceits; we realize that the modern Christmas is with us—a much more formidable institution. For it is an endeavor to fit the rationalism of to-day upon primitive faith; and the adjustment is inclined to engender friction.

When Christmas becomes, to modern thinkers, a mere relic of barbarism, a foolish tradition, then we may begin to wonder whether a return to primitive Christianity is not to be desired.

But while the poor are with us—multiplied a thousand times since Christ's assurance that we should have them always—and while little children dance gayly up the years, we need not fear that Christmas will die for lack of wholesome hearty "keeping."

Without little children there can be no real Christmas keeping, for it is of a truth a child festival, while, apart from holier things, there are the many pretty ceremonies, half myth, half mirth, that belong to the child world alone.

I would make every child's Christmas as bright as possible. I would brim it over with good things, not of substance alone, but of spirit—filling the little minds with song and story and sweet thought, even as the small bodies are filled with fleshly dainties.

For let us remember this always: That we are making our children's memories for the years to come, and among the dearest will be these merry, tender Christmas festivals.

Coming in out of the twilight to-night, I found upon my desk pleasant words of greeting and approval for our little JOURNAL, from Canada's best-known men, whose names are as household words among us;—to know whom is to hold in highest honor and regard.

I may not quote all the kind things these letters say, even in this our confidential column, but the greetings shall be shared between You and Me.

I should like to add that we are much pleased with the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and wish it all success,

*Very faithfully yours
Andrew*

Nov. 16th, 1895.

I duly received a copy of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and like its true Canadian tone and the general brightness of all its departments. Every Canadian home is the better for having a carefully edited magazine, devoted, it may be, to those matters in which women have a special interest, but entertaining and instructive as well to every member of the domestic circle.

Please accept my sincere Christmas greetings, with an earnest wish for the complete success of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Sincerely yours,

Marguerite Powell

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY,

KINGSTON, ONT., Nov. 18th, 1895.

The home is the fountain of national life. If all's well there, nothing can harm us. But if evil sits by the fireside, the country is doomed. Go ahead, then, and God bless you and all the home circles you reach. The blessed Christmas season, with its exhaustless inspirations, draws near. Accept all heartiest Christmas greetings for yourself and your readers from

George H. Grant

There is yet another, from one of Canada's chiefest men, - who in all the turmoil of political life has held himself so purely, so above reproach, that we all delight to do him honor. There is none held in higher public personal regard in Canada to-day than the writer of the letter that lies open beside me.

Because its words are of personal friendship and interest only, I can share with you only his name.

Margaret Murray

OTTAWA, November 28th, 1895.

I have noted the new venture in which you have embarked and have read with pleasure the numbers of your paper which have so far reached me. I need not say that the venture itself has my warmest sympathy, nor that the contents are well diversified as to matter and excellent in mechanical execution

and finish. There is not only room for such a paper as the HOME JOURNAL, but there is undoubted necessity for it; and in your skilful hands I have no doubt it will become for Canada what older and long established similar papers have been to the homes of other countries. However excellent these other home papers may be, we need our own Canadian home papers with the distinctive Canadian flavor; appealing to Canadian sympathies and quickening that Canadian spirit and nationalism the growth of which is to-day one of the brightest features of our expanding nation's life. Keep it pure, elevated and spirit-full, as you have begun it, varied, robust and national and you may depend upon receiving from Canadian homes a loving and enduring welcome.

All happy Christmas blessing for you and your readers.
Sincerely,

F. H. Taylor

Christmas belongs to the poor. As with the children it should be made also for these, in all Christian lands, a season of rejoicing. The good will towards men that floated earthward on that far-off night, should find an echo in the hearts of every prosperous man and woman.

It is hard to think of a man or woman going hungry, is it not? Something chokes in the throat and blurs the eyes when we come face to face with those who so suffer. In prosperous Ontario we do not encounter it often, save in exceptional cases. But I saw it one summer on that desolate north-eastern coast of far-away Newfoundland, and the memory of those gaunt women-faces nearly breaks my heart.

Who are the poor? Well, primarily, of course, those who lack worldly possession. But I like the word as the little ones use it. In their pitying, childish vocabulary "poor" applies to all who call for sympathy—all who suffer and are sad. And if we take the word in this wider sense, who, then, is rich?

The poor in health, who suffer hour after hour, day after day, until the whole earth seems full of moaning; the poor in peace, whose days are an overshadowing of care and anxiety; the poor in knowledge, the poor in love—all these and a thousand others, who may have worldly possessions in plenty, yet are poor.

Should not the Christmas good-will go out to these also? To the sufferer we may give a gentle patience; to the careworn, a token of sympathy; to the ignorant, a sharing of knowledge; to the friendless, companionship; to the desolate and bereaved, a little heart love.

There are terrible things in the world—jealousy, evil passion and crime. There are sorrowful things, too, suffering and death. And because of these things white mounds lie in the cemetery to-day that were not there last Christmas.

Remembering the brief, brief years and the long, long silence, I wonder sometimes that men and women can ever be aught but tender and true to each other.

But there are glad things in the world also—never so glad as to-day. Music and mirth, true hearts and noble deeds, love and loyalty, and a grand Christian creed. And this is a festival season when we are called upon to rejoice, because of the benison that has descended to all men from the manger Birth of long ago.

Above the melody of pain that sobs itself through the earth arises the angel song, whose theme is always the great glad truth humanity is so slow to comprehend—that God is our Father and all men are brethren.

FAITH FENTON.



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good pleasure among men.—*Bible (rev. vers.).*

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ Child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where feet of the Holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

The outline of the reasons for supposing that the 25th of December to be the true date of the birth of Christ is this: Most probably Zacharias took the place of the High Priest upon the great day of Atonement, which fell that year upon September 23rd. It was while he was within the veil that the message of the angel came to him. This would place the nativity of St. John the Baptist on June 24th (which is the date the Prayer Book also allots to him in the calendar), and as he was six months older than our Lord, it places His nativity upon December 25th.—*Rainsford.*

The world is better now,
And happier, and more wise,
For it sees with clearer eyes,
And dares to disavow
The blindness of its prime,—
The violence of old time,
The half truths and the lies!
The thorny path He trod
Has blossomed like the spring,
And the secret of his power,
Not known by priest or king,
Since the flight of years began,
Has grown from hour to hour
To earth's consummate flower
The Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man!
—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

No one seems to notice the fact that this Christ was born among sheep and cattle, the horse and camel, in order that he might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation.

It means mercy for over-driven, underfed, poorly-sheltered, galled and maltreated animals. . . . Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its troubles, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation.

To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle pen. The first cry of the Lamb of God was heard amid the tired flock of Bethlehem's shepherds.—*Talmage.*

The Christmas bells must ring our names. We must echo the words "Unto us." That means you and me. we must make it personal.

In the thought of this great Christmas gift of Christ there is often a vagueness—a feeling that He is a gift for the race, for humanity. But it must be a personal gift in order to have the joy of all joys. Unto us—unto me—the Child is born; that is to be my gift of gifts thro' all eternity.—*Bishop.*

"The star . . . came and stood over where the young Child was." It was not a part of the divine plan to demonstrate the future of mankind, but instead, to cheer his fainting spirits with the bright star of hope

of immortality. There was a time, before the divine spirit that God had implanted within the breast of man had learned to conquer the animal instincts, when the star shone fitfully and with uncertain light, but as the man comes nearer to his God, the star shines with a refulgence and a glory that no pessimist can dim, no insidious assaults of unbelief conceal.—*Anon.*

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The young shall fail,
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Many people seem to overlook the fact that even Christ and the three disciples did not remain forever on the Mount of Transfiguration, but came down again to the low-lying valleys.—*A. C. Brackett.*

When we have a fine thing—a fine art, invention, feeling or custom—the first point is how not to lose it, and it may be found that we need a high spiritual economy to save our Christmas from the kind of decadence that belongs to a society like ours. It is the greatest—it ought to be the grandest—day in our calendar. A petty spirit, a false extravagance, a lost temper, a worn-out body, a disappointed soul, have no more place at Christmas than at marriage time or heaven time.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the clouded skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
Church Hymn.

It was in closing December that He was born, to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed under. That is the reason He is so often found among the destitute; you can find Him on any night coming off the moor; you can see Him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city; you can see Him putting His hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.—*Talmage.*

No wonder we are glad! No wonder that we keep the feast with music and rejoicing! Unto us is born this day a Saviour. Set that first in all the gladness of this Christmas season. Make it a Christian Christmas. Do not let any other kind of happiness come in between you and this pre-eminent beatitude. This is a religious day. Emphasize the spiritual side of it. Do not let the little children forget about the Christ Child; nor be so occupied with their gifts that they will take no thought of that great

inestimable gift which God gave us on this day. Sing the Christmas carols, tell the Christmas story, make it Christ's own day.—*George Hodges.*

Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity:
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease:
"Peace on Earth and Good-will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite Bliss!
—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

SELECTIONS FROM "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

So many hill-sides, crowned with rugged rocks!
So many simple shepherds keeping flocks
In many moonlit fields! but, only they—
So lone, so long ago, so far away—
On that one winter's night, at Bethlehem,
To have white Angels singing lauds for them!
They only—hinds wrapped in the he-goat's skin—
To hear Heaven's music, bidding Peace begin!

Nay, if these things
Too blessed to believe have seemed, or seem,
Not ours the fault, dear Angels! Prove the dream
Waking and true! sing once again, and make
Moonlight and starlight sweet for Earth's sad sake!
Or, if Heaven bids ye lock in silence still
Conquest of Peace and coming of Good-will,
Till times to be, then—oh, you placid sheep!
Ah, thrice blest shepherds! suffer if we creep
Back through the tangled thicket of the years
To graze in your fair flock, to strain our ears
With listening herdsmen, if, perchance, one note
Of such high singing in the fine air float;
If any rock thrills yet with that great strain
We did not hear, and shall not hear again.

High cause had they, at Bethlehem, that night
To lift the curtain of Hope's hidden light,
To break decree of silence with Love's cry,
Foreseeing how this Babe, born lowly,
Should—past dispute, since now achieved is this—
Bring Earth great gifts of blessing and of bliss.

Wherefore, let whosoever will drink dry
His cup of faith; and think that, verily,
Not in a vision, no way otherwise
Than those poor shepherds told, there did arise
This portent.

But, of those things which the Bright One did say,
So high, so new, so glad, so comforting,
"Good tidings of great joy to you I bring!"
The echo, not the meaning, of his speech
Lives; and men tell it sadly each to each,
With lips, not hearts; sadly, from tongue to
The Ages, unpersuaded, pass along [tongue,
The dulcet message, like a dream bygone
Which was for happy sleepers, but is flown.
We bleed, and hate, and suffer, and are blind,
Uncomprehending; yet, if one will mind,
That light is shining still on Life's far side.

So when the Angels were no more to see,
Re-entering those gates of space,—whose key
Love keeps on that side, and on this side Death—
Each shepherd to the other whispering saith,
Lest he should miss some lingering symphonies
Of that departing music, "Let us rise
And go even now to Bethlehem, and spy
This which is come to pass, showed graciously
By the Lord's Angels. Therewith hastened they
By olive-yards, and old walls mossed and grey
Where, in close chinks, the lizard and the snake
Thinking the sunlight come, stirred, half awake:

Then to the cave they wended, and there spied
That which was more, if truth be testified,
Than all the pomp seen thro' proud Herod's porch
Adorned with brass, and silk, and scented torch.
A clay lamp swings
By twisted camel-cords, from blackened rings,
Showing with flickering gleams, a Child new-born
Wrapped in a cloth, laid where the beasts, at morn
Will champ their bean-straw: in the lamp-ray dim
A fresh-made Mother by Him, fostering Him.

WIVES OF OUR HIGH OFFICIALS

II.

There is a marked difference between the society woman and the woman of societies.

Each term signifies the exercise of distinct faculties and tastes, which carry the possessors thereof into spheres that may touch at times, but never blend.

There is a third sphere into which each of the others may melt harmoniously—that of the home. The public woman may be a home woman, - that is, a lover of home and home-making. A society woman also may lead a dear and tender home life. But the society woman, and the woman of societies, have little in common; and because of this, they are too apt to misjudge each other's motives, and undervalue each other's work.

A woman of societies is not necessarily strong-minded. To be a society woman does not imply frivolity, while the dear little domestic woman is quite amiss, when she infers that to be either of them signifies a neglect of, or indifference to, home life.

In this series of sketches, we shall find that many of the wives of our high officials, while of necessity much before the public as social leaders, are yet true home lovers, whose chief pleasure lies in the daintiness of home-keeping, and the sacred home ties.

Were we to outline the earlier years of the chiefest lady of Ontario, it would be a continuous record of social success and leadership.

From the days when as a merry, witching child she won the indulgent love and admiration of a large home circle, through girlhood seasons of beauty and belledom, into matronly years of high official position, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's life has been an unbroken range of social brilliance and publicity. As a daughter of Sir David Macpherson—one of the most popular Speakers the Senate has ever known; then as the wife of an equally popular Speaker of the Commons; and latterly as regent of Ontario's Government House, she has been placed continuously in the first rank of Canadian social and official life. And so admirably is she fitted for such prestige, so well and generously has she filled every obligation, that we rank her past-mistress of the social art; and the name of the mistress of Ontario's Government House has come to be synonymous with all that is brilliant, bright and merry—all that is hospitable and kindly, as well as much that is tender and womanly.

The doors of the Government House have never been more widely open, its social obligations never more generously fulfilled, than during the vice-regency of His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick; while their quick responses to every call upon them for social support and influence, has won for both a warm place in the heart of our people all the country over.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick is well known in public places. At the balls and parties, the concerts and theaters, the afternoon receptions which call for her presence, not for prestige

alone, but from real pleasure in her brightness. She is familiar also at smaller affairs—meetings of charities; and benevolent homes; while many a struggling young artist has been helped forward by her generous patronage, given not in name only, but

by her presence at recital, lecture or musicale.

A Canadian artiste, a Canadian cause, has never need to ask twice for whatever encouragement of word or presence the lady of Government House can give.

Her face is familiar to us all—even the toilers,—the oval face, with its beautiful dark eyes and pleasant smile. She has grown more slender of late; and sometimes as she sits in public places, a little look of weariness or patience rests upon her countenance, yet it but enhances its attraction. Yet it is only sometimes,—for in all social functions none are merrier or more frankly out-



MRS. GEO. KIRKPATRICK.

spoken, none gayer and brighter than she.

Yet, as all womanly women are seen at their best amid home surroundings, so Mrs. Kirkpatrick appears most charming in the sunny drawing-rooms of Government House. Her Wednesday afternoon receptions are full of easy grace and geniality. When the late afternoon light reddens the great southern windows, and November twilight comes on apace; when the pretty drawing-rooms are kaleidoscopic with bright color and motion, and the warm fragrant air is laden with low speech and gentle laughter; when the rose turns to grey in the cloudland, the soft green masses in the conservatories grow dim, and the lights leap out;—then the hostess of it all appears her merry self, full of the fun that has been hers since girlhood, yet exercising always that social tact which is hers by right—and which experience has perfected.

Yet, perhaps, some of us like Mrs. Kirkpatrick best, when, in her quiet black gown, she descends the broad stairway to greet a casual visitor or friend, and amid her flowers or beside the open grate, sits down for an informal chat.

There is something very sweet and motherly about her face at such seasons;

there is a touch of pathos in the great dark eyes, and a tenderness about the mouth. It is a sensitive womanly face that we see, and a very womanly personality that reveals itself.

For our chat is perhaps of flowers. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a devotee of the pretty things. Lilies-of-the-valley, violets and roses are her favorites; but she is fond of all blossoms and "green things growing." Just now it is the chrysanthemum that reigns fragrantly at Government House—and all the rooms are gemmed with the white and gold of them.

Or it may be that the talk turns upon domestic affairs. Those who know Mrs. Kirkpatrick merely as a society leader will hardly imagine that she has a positive genius for organizing, and executive work.

Yet so it is, and since she does not believe in platform or public work for women, her gift finds outlet in housekeeping. The lady of Government House is her own housekeeper; she is downstairs and in the kitchen at half past eight each morning; personally supervises household arrangements; and orders all that is needed.

"Every purchase made is by my personal order," she says. "It is necessary in so large an establishment, else the expenses would be enormous."

Doubtless this is true. Yet it is easy to see from her interest and enthusiasm that Mrs. Kirkpatrick has a genius for housekeeping.

Perhaps the tenderest phase in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's character is her love for her little son Eric. True motherhood quivers her lips and shines from the great dark eyes as she speaks of him—her little son who is not strong, but a bright and manly little fellow, who fully returns the affection lavished upon him. And through him, and because of him, all childhood, and especially young boyhood, find a welcome at Government House, and a warm interest in the regard of its mistress.

A social leader, a hostess generous, gay and kind; a woman full of mirthful womanly ways and tastes, a clever housekeeper—and a tender mother; this is Ontario's chiefest lady.

Betty Trotwood

Good-will has been preached, and written and sung, till it has become a platitude, and Christmas dinners and teas, festivals and baskets overflow for our poorer brethren during the season. But then we go our ways and leave them to renewed privation. What shall we do with our poor? Visionist, philanthropist, the practical man—each and all are struggling to solve the question; and grand schemes for the amelioration of toilers, for the uplifting of downhill humanity, are occupying thoughtful minds. But at this season we may answer the query in the words of dear, delightful Mr. Dick, who as Betsy Trotwood declared was always right and say: "Feed them."

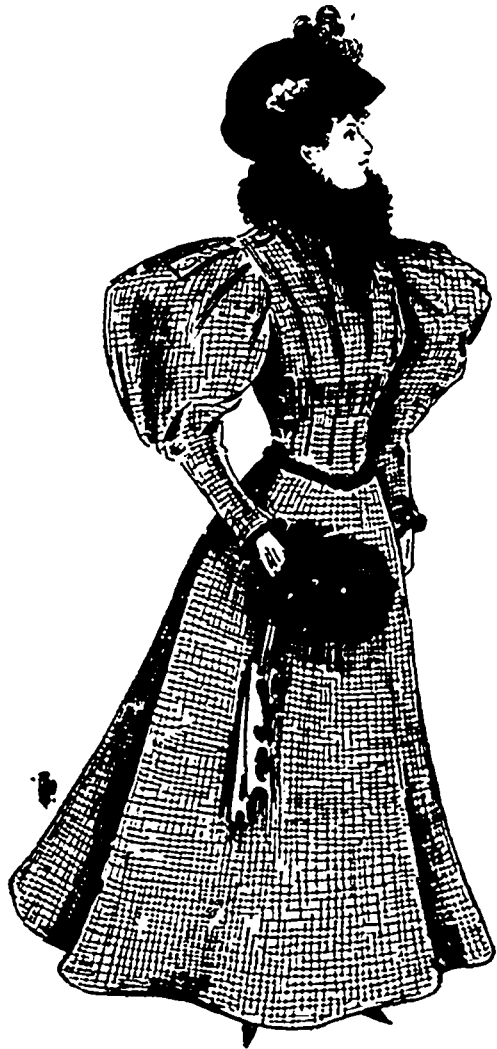
Ah, friends, among the grateful Christmas thoughts be thankful that you have food enough, however plain; and give, give, give generously to those whom you even suspect may be enduring hunger cravings.

The choicest gifts are sympathy and love, compared with which the outward token is as naught. These are the good-will gifts that should go out from each to each during the Christmas-tide, sweeping away all petty differences and making the echo of the angel song in hearts unused to singing.

DECEMBER
GOWNS....

The blouse waist is still in demand, and will be worn more or less during the winter, but Toronto modistes find it less in demand than during the early autumn months, while in Paris and London fashions it is shown but little.

Much velvet is being used both in street gowns and for bodices. When used for the latter, the bodice is made of the velvet, close fitting, and trimmed with jets or sequins.



In No. 1 this month we show a pretty skating gown made for a well-known Toronto heiress.

It is an all-wool black and white check, very fine and soft. The skirt is the fashionable nine-gore skirt. The bodice is made with three box plaits back and front. The two side plaits in front reach over the shoulder. Two square-shaped tabs of the material are neatly fitted in the shoulder line and extended out to rest upon the sleeve puff. The three back plaits are gathered in close at the waist line, thus avoiding a broad effect. Jeweled buttons of white pearl with circlets of steel, and loops of black eye-glass with imitation cord form the trimming. The sleeve is of the fashionable fulness, stiffened with mohair. It is gathered in the under seam of the upper arm and at the elbow to allow the fulness to fall in softer effect. It falls in bell-shape over the hand. A ruff of soft, black fur at the throat, with edging of the same at the wrists and base of the bodice complete this very neat, simple, yet thoroughly stylish, cos-

tume, which would serve equally well for a traveling gown.



We show in No. 2 a very stylish gown suitable for chaperon or dinner gown for elderly lady. It is of heavy, black, corded silk, made perfectly plain, with pointed basque and puffed sleeves. The "dress" effect is given by shaped bretelles of old rose satin, extending in points over the shoulders and reaching lower edge of the bodice at front and back. These bretelles are richly embroidered by hand or applied in black velvet and silk, vine pattern. Extending from beneath the bretelles at the shoulder, and falling over the sleeve are frills of pointed black Brussels net, embroidered in green and old rose silks. The entire effect is rich and stately.



No. 3 is a gown to be worn this month by a Toronto debutante. It is of white Shanghai silk, very soft and fine in quality. The skirt is plain; the bodice décolleté, formed with pretty shaped yoke of the silk, which is edged with pearls. A double box plait of the silk falls from the yoke in front and is gathered in at the waist line. A deep knife plaiting of chiffon finishes the top of the yoke. The sleeves are of puffed chiffon, and open, as indicated, to show the arms.

Sleeves are not smaller, but the puff has descended, or rather very large drooping sleeves are the order of the day. The bell-shaped cuff falling over the hand (shown in No. 4 November number) is in favor, although not likely to become popular for house gowns because of its inconvenience.

This sleeve was worn in Washington and Philadelphia last winter.

In velvet gowns, we illustrate in No. 4 a very handsome visiting costume. The skirt is of heliotrope velvet, with foot trimmings of braid. The bodice is close-fitting, and richly braided in black or old gold satin or fine cloth. Artistic drapings of the velvet form the bodice trimming. The sleeves are of the braided material and are draped to give an open arm effect. This gown is decidedly rich, stylish and novel. The fashion may be successfully reproduced in lighter materials. It would be effective in silk or any soft dress goods. For a short waist the draping should not be continued below the waist line.



Old style satins are coming to the front for evening wear, while rich brocades are also in vogue. Last year it was unusual to see a brocade gown at a ball, but this season will show many of them.

Shot silks are still shown for evening and reception gowns, but the qualities are richer and the shades more lustrous.

One fashionable Toronto modiste has sent out black satin gowns ornamented with rich embroidery in colors or hand-painted. The latter will probably become a fashion for rich effects in chaperon's gowns.

Velvet coats in redingote style are the latest. A very effective one has been recently made for a Toronto society woman. The young Duchess of Marlborough wore a similar wrap for traveling.

The prettiest ornaments for house and walking dresses are the jeweled buttons—very large, usually of pearl, with silver or gold devices.

The present fashion is to fasten the bodice beneath a box plait or full draping. Fastening under the arm is going out.

Braid is coming much into favor for trimming.

The best modistes have the dress stiffening about half-yard in depth.

Silk undershirts are still first in favor; next to them, white merino, lustrous and the usual cambrics are worn.

Thanks for information are due to Miss Eaton, 3 King St. West.



greying locks to bronze or black simply for fear of fashion or the tell-tale of the years; and it is only the foolish few who abandon a becoming style of coiffure for one that is unsuitable because fashion so dictates.

But many women, not gifted with artistic instinct, are unaware what manner of hair dressing becomes them best. They either change with every passing whim of *la mode*, or, what is worse, preserve the same method from year to year, without a thought that the time marks upon the face demand changes in the coiffure.

The pretty, soft face of twenty years accommodates itself to a framing quite unsuited to thirty. The thin face of the invalid begs for a fussing and fulling of the tresses unwarranted by the plumpness of health; and yet, again, those women who live in the

country, for whom the hair-dresser is an unattainable luxury, welcome any reliable hints concerning the care or dressing of the hair. For all of which reasons an occasional chat on this topic may not come amiss.

First, concerning the season's fashions: Bangs are coming in again, also soft-tinged curls and puffs. Severe effects are going out.

Where the bang does not extend to the sides, the hair is arranged in loose waves or curls fastened with invisible pins, to give soft, full effect about the face.

Flat puffs are in vogue, running usually lengthwise, but not too stiffly.

We illustrate three styles of coiffure that will be in vogue for the winter, taken from models of well-known city hair-dressers.

They are not markedly different from those of last season, except in the adherence to soft effects, and the use of puff and loose coils rather than braid. The braided coil is not shown; it is too severe.

Figure No. 1 illustrates the high pompadour dressing. Cuts of the young Duchess of Marlborough show her coiffure arranged in similar fashion for her wedding. It is extremely trying and needs youth in its wearer. This high dressing, which is in again, is chiefly for evening. The hair is waved, frizzed over the fingers, and formed in loose puffs, which are gathered up to the crown. Small curls are added down to the nape of the neck, continuing the long effect.

Long side combs are in fashion, and may be worn effectively with this or a medium dressing.

In No. 2 we illustrate a medium dressing. Here the front is a trifle more severe, the hair being parted, worn almost square across the forehead, and relieved at the temples with a soft curl. It is waved and filled a little at the sides. The back is arranged in open puffs from the crown to nape, with loose coil twisted carelessly about the puffs. Light curls drop on the neck.

No. 3 is new—an especially graceful low dressing, and one likely to become very popular with Canadian women, who already show the season's preference for this style.

A November theater or concert house in Toronto shows this low, flat dressing to be general, although there is variety in minor detail.

Curl and wave the hair lightly around the head; gather it together, using a switch if required. Twist part of the hair into a soft coil, bring it carelessly down to the nape of the neck. Then take the remaining hair, divide it into three parts, bring up the center strand and form a loop. Take each of the other strands and form a loop at the side, letting it come a little below the first one. Part the bang down the center, and curl very softly, or use a parted artificial bang. At the head of this dressing insert a rose, letting it rest partly on the bang.

A second low dressing is shown in No. 4. It is more severe in effect than No. 3, yet has a quaint prettiness. Here the hair is crimped all around with a large iron. The back hair is tied, divided into three parts; a loose knot is made on each side, with a soft central loop. A strand is reserved to form the neck curls.

Flowers in the low dressing and mercury wings for the high dressing are the season's evening ornaments in coiffure. The latter give very *chic* Frenchy effect.

The medium dressing is not much affected. The hair is worn either decidedly high or low.

More hair is required for the low dressing than for high effects.

The hair of a woman having strong or square lower face should be arranged in broad puffs or braids to give breadth to top of the head. A fluffy bang will also lighten the heaviness of the chin.

A delicate, sharp face should have soft waves of hair placed rather closely to the head with surmounting puffs to counteract the pointed chin and give the countenance a desirable and classical oval.

The ideal feminine face is of the Madonna type, and permits the hair to be draped in waved curtains from a center parting. But the style is too trying for the majority of faces.

"For women in the country who cannot have their hair professionally attended to," said a city hair-dresser, "I know of no better invigorators than bear's oil or a tea of rosemary and sage. Either of these rubbed into the roots with finger tips will stop the hair falling out, and stimulate a healthy growth.

"For washing the hair, the best remedy I have found is one given me by a medical man, seven drops of rose water and white of one or two eggs. Rinse the hair with lukewarm water before applying, then rub the mixture well in; wash off first with warm water, finish with cold; rub thoroughly dry with a towel.

"This wash puts a nice gloss on the hair, making it look live and bright."

MADAM.

Thanks for information due to F. Barnes.

We call attention to the advertisement of Oak Hall, Clothiers, on another page, regarding boys' suits. The well-known standing of this house in the business world is a guarantee of all they claim for their goods.

This season, we are informed, the demand is for higher-class goods, both in overcoats and suits. To meet these requirements, many special lines have been made up expressly for the fine trade, and the appreciation of the public is shown by the large and increasing sales in this department.

If a woman has beautiful hair, she has a natural pride in it, and is always interested in any hints that will help her to preserve it. If her hair be scant or in poor condition, she is anxious to know how it may be improved.

Again, both classes are interested in the study of hair arrangement, since a becoming coiffure adds immeasurably to the charm of a woman's face. And there are fashions in hair, both in color and arrangement; yet, perhaps, in this, women are more inclined to exercise individuality than in any other department of physical culture.

It is only the few who bleach the dark hair to an unhealthy yellow, or dye the

IN SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

It came about in this fashion: The little woman wanted a pair of walking shoes, and the fair girl needed a pair of slippers. Thus in the course of a shopping tour, they found their way into one of the best known of Toronto shoe stores and sat down, with little sighs of fatigue, on one of the long



inartistic benches which, for unknown reasons, are popular in these establishments.

The fair girl pulled off her gloves, lifted her veil and threw off her cloak. "We might as well make ourselves comfortable; we'll not get through in less than an hour," she remarked. "One can't buy foot wear in a hurry. You choose your shoes first; then we'll look at the slippers. What kind do you want?"

The little woman answered doubtfully. "I think," she said, "I ought to buy a common sense shoe. Will you show us some please?" This to the attendant.

"You see," she continued, as the man went off, "I once heard Miss Willard say that when she became a Christian, the first thing she had to do was to exchange her dainty pointed shoes for a common sense pair, a size larger, and—"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the fair girl, in amazement.

The attendant came back at this moment with his arm full of shoes, which he ranged in a row upon the carpet. "Some of these are just the fashionable shoe," said the little woman.

"Yes, I thought you would like to see a variety," he answered, with a quiet smile. "This, indicating No. 1, is the pronounced common sense shoe,—the Cuyler shoe, made by one firm in Philadelphia; it is a specialty, and they make no other. It is just the natural shape of the foot, with toe almost square. Will you try it on?"

The little woman put out her foot. "It is very—comfortable," she said, "and I suppose," very slowly, "it is hygienic."

"It's abominably ugly," remarked the fair girl, cheerfully. "Most hygienic things are. What do you suppose Jim would say if he saw such clumsiness on you?"

"Many men buy them for their wives," said the attendant.

"Oh yes—for their

wives," retorted the fair girl, with significant emphasis.

"Here is the 'walking fast' shoe," said the clerk, picking up No. 2; a common sense shoe, but not quite so extreme; and this (No. 3) is the same style of shoe moderated again. It has long vamps, and extended soles, you see, and is really very comfortable, while it lacks the conspicuous plainness of either of the others."

The little woman tried each on in succession, then turned to some laced shoes of the fashionable pointed type.

"The laced shoe is much in demand again," said the clerk, "and will probably be worn during the winter. This (No. 4) is a neat shoe of calfskin, sufficiently heavy for walking and skating. We have it in tan also. Tan shoes will be worn all winter."

"It is quite pretty," said the little woman, "but it isn't—common sense."

"It wouldn't be pretty if it were," commented the fair girl.

"This is the fashionable pointed shoe," said the clerk, taking up No. 5; "patent toe, high heels, light soles, quite up to date."

The little woman tried them all again in turn; then put a Cuyler shoe on the left foot, a patent point on the right—and studied the contrast.

"Miss Willard must have been very much in earnest," she said soberly. "I'm afraid I can't possibly,—not yet, perhaps I will come to it by degrees."

"Take those pretty laced shoes; they are Canadian make, and you ought to encourage home industries," suggested the fair girl, artfully.

"Why, yes; so I should," assented the little woman, brightly. "Put those up, please."

* * *

Then came the slippers, and as the fair girl promptly asserted that she would "rather be called vain than sensible any day," matters were much simplified.

He brought a very dainty variety for inspection, the majority having both straps and fancy bows. Even in the ballroom the strap slipper is now preferred; it is more secure.

An Austrian made slipper (No. 7) of pale blue satin, lined with white kid, and finished with a bow of ribbon, won the approval of the fair girl; also a dainty black French kid (No. 8) having the toe ornamented with jetted beading.

The little woman preferred some soft blues and pink (No. 9) in dressed kid. But both agreed that the prettiest effect was produced by a bronze slipper (No. 11) having a broad strap across the instep fastened by two buttons. Both strap and toe were slashed to show the stocking, and finished with bronze iridescent beading.

But it was a house shoe the fair girl wanted, so she turned away from the pretty array to study the neatest of black dongola slippers with strap across the instep, very simple, but of finest make and well shaped. Beside it stood a regulation opera slipper (No. 12) of patent leather, with pointed toe.

"They are nice," she said of the latter, "but they make one's feet tired." And after a few minutes of indecision she chose the finely wrought dongola slipper.

Thanks for information are due H. & C. Blachford and J. D. King, MADAM.



H. & C. BLACHFORD

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STAGELAND

When it comes to capturing hearts, the tall and stately woman hasn't a chance beside the little one—that is generally acknowledged. The little woman—merry, tender, capricious, imperative, inconsequent, wise, timid, brave—everything by turns—yet nothing long—yet always winsome and infinitely womanly; she it is who has her way with men and women alike. Given equal chances, either on or off the stage, and the little woman will win against her big sister every time, and in all probability the latter will be found quite willing that she should, since no one is more indulgent to la petite than la grande dame.

Miss Gladys Wallis, who has been charming her audiences at the Princess theatre during the last November week, is one of those dear little women whose mission 'tis to please. She is as pretty as a picture; with big brown eyes, a sunny smile, a plump little figure, and the most winsome ways—a real little beauty; and so girlish and sweet that we lose our hearts to her on the instant, and are quite content that she should keep them.

In Miss Wallace, our old favorite Lotta returns to us again, but Lotta in all the grace of a young twenty years, with less of art and more of nature; possibly with a higher histrionic ability also, since here and there amid her naive simulations and child-like caprice, we catch flashes of depths that the little "Cricket" has no opportunity of sounding.

As *Fanchon*, this winsome bit of womanliness makes the most of the pretty character, and is just the cheeriest cricket one could desire in any household.

The little lady has a future before her—that is evident. This is her first season as a star, and since her debut in Chicago three months ago she has captured her audiences everywhere.

She has a mission in the world also, and a very happy one—that of inspiring wholesome laughter, and stirring in her audiences sympathy with all that is bright and pretty and womanly.

It is rather a pity that this winsome little cricket could not have come to us for Christmas season, when our theatres are inclined to give us *Camilles* and *Fauls* as holiday fare. Who wants to have anything to do with devils or adventuresses, or who wants to agonize in unwholesome love at Christmas time?

Talking about little women; I had a cosy chat with a very charming one, a week or two ago, in one of the cosy dressing rooms of the Princess Theater.

The majority of our Toronto readers will remember that particularly fine rendering of Ibsen's "Doll's House" given at this theater early in November. Nothing could make Ibsen other than psychological and morbid; but "A Doll's House" as presented by Miss Julia Stuart was Ibsen stripped of unpleas-

antness and made, not only presentable, but attractive, while the leading truth—which is, after all, a very every-day one, taught quite as effectually by Dickens in his portraiture of *Dora*—remained clear.

Miss Stuart, who is really Mrs. Curtis, made a delightful *Nora*. Her conception of the part left nothing to be desired. As the thoughtless, indulged child passed from father to husband, as the merry young mother, as the happy little wife, as the puzzled woman, and finally as the slowly developing soul, she gave a realistic, yet poetic, representation. Indeed, she gave the impression, which I found afterwards to be correct, of one losing for the time her own identity and becoming the character she portrayed.



Gladys Wallis

As we chatted together in the dressing room, I found her to be a really pretty little woman, and a pleasant, easy talker. She is fond of *Nora*, and her face brightens as she speaks of the character.

"I have only been playing it a little while," she said; "we celebrated the twenty-fifth performance of it in Toronto. It was quite by chance that I adopted the part. I am very fond of attending the German Theater; there is one in Buffalo. One day I dropped in by chance, and saw "A Doll's House" played. I was convinced that the rôle would suit me, and studied it, O, for a long, long time. When we produced it in Buffalo, I never supposed it would take for more than one performance, but it made an instant success, and we ran it a week."

"Yes," in response to a question, "it is very exhausting. You see I am hardly off the stage during the entire play; and then, I completely lose myself in the rôle. I simply am *Nora* for the time being."

Seeing Miss Stuart as the charming little girl-wife, it is difficult to realize that she has had a varied stage experience. She has been connected with the stage all her life, she says, and has essayed many of the Shakesperian comedy rôles.

"I am anxious to return to the legitimate drama," she said, "and prefer light comedy. I hope to play *Isabel*, in "Measure for Measure," at no distant date."

She seemed such an attractive little woman as we sat chatting together, while she waited her "call." The tussy hair, hazel eyes, and pretty mouth with its arch *moue*; the plump, white, satiny skin with its touch of powder and rouge, and the low-toned voice—better still, she was sensible and clever.

The pity is that she is not surrounded by a better company, and that she should, even for her husband's sake, appear in such a pretence of a play as *Sam'l of Posen*, which they returned to Toronto to produce a week or two later. Such a *Nora* is worthy of higher things.

Miss Ada Rehan delighted us all. When next she returns she will be greeted with full houses. Perhaps among her many rôles none showed her art more perfectly than that of *Kate*, in "Taming of the Shrew," although it were hard to surpass her *Lady Teuzi*. But of a truth she was a most shrewish *Kate*—an arrant virago, yet by the magic of her art she managed to divest the part of all vulgarity, and even win our sympathy in the process of *Kate's* taming.

The play is rarely an acceptable one to women, since they resent the process of the taming as well as the unreasonable test and triumph of *Petrucchio*.

I overheard a fragment of comment concerning it, as we came up in the car.

"She shouldn't have come when she was commanded by her husband, just to show her subjugation. I wouldn't," said the young girl decidedly, yet with half a pout.

"You see, my dear, the play was written in the sixteenth century, when physical force was the only known way of asserting supremacy.

Queen Elizabeth was a good deal of a shrew, you know," answered the elder lady.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't live in the sixteenth century, and I wouldn't have come, anyway," said the young girl, inconsequently. "Miss Rehan shouldn't revive such a play, just putting men in mind—" The car stopped here, and I lost the remainder of the sentence.

AUDREY.

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MUSIC AND ART.

We give this month the portrait of Miss Eldred M. Macdonald, daughter of ex-Ald. Peter Macdonald, of Broadview avenue.

Miss Macdonald won the gold medal presented by the Toronto Conservatory of Music for highest gradulatory standing in the vocal departments in June last.

Miss Macdonald is a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who is one of the most promising pupils of the Conservatory. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of unusual sweetness.



MISS ELDRED M. MACDONALD.

This young lady has not yet decided whether she will continue her studies with a view of becoming a professional, but in event of her doing so, we may predict for her a successful future.

One of the regretful things is the number of musical ambitions that find their graves abroad.

With music, as with art, the young men and women who for continental study, with brilliant expectations and high ambitions, cross the ocean, may not be counted. But those who return as successful artists—how few.

They come back sometimes with great heraldings which secure them a first concert, then drop into oblivion,—they come back unheralded and only their domestic circles know of their return; or they remain by scores in the great cities of Paris or London, Vienna or Berlin—living the precarious existence that only unsuccessful art students know.

What sorry tales these young lives could reveal if we might but know them.

Miss Florence Brimstone, a pupil of Mrs. Cameron's, is in Paris studying with Marchesi. It is rumored that she may make her professional debut next May, but this is hardly likely. Those who remember the promise of her voice when she sang in our churches, are prophesying that in this young lady Toronto will give the world a great singer.

Mons. Rechab Tandy, who has come from London musical circles to fill Signor d'Auria's position on the Toronto Conservatory staff, gave a largely attended recital on Friday, Nov. 15th.

Mr. Tandy has a sweet and tuneful tenor; he will probably prove an efficient substitute for the popular Signor who has left us.

The New York verdict is that Paderewski has lost none of his amazing skill and magnetic charm.

Westminster Presbyterian Church, which owns the best Scotch choir in the city, gave one of its noted song services on Monday evening, Nov. 19th, under the direction of its leader, Mr. Alex. Gorrie.

The program was well chosen and excellently rendered.

Miss Ella Walker, of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, contributed two solos in delightful style and tone. Her voice is a rich contralto.

It is rather a pity that so many professionals favor their audiences with classical music, or selections from foreign operas. No program should be made up altogether of such selections; since an audience is never composed of artists and critics—but rather of the average men and women, who want something they can understand.

The Lillian Blauvelt concert—or was it a Field recital—of Nov. 14th, failed in this respect. Both the sopranos and pianiste seemed bent on proving their skill of technique and execution, rather than appealing to the emotions and sentiment of their audience.

Mr. Carl Duft, with his smooth, even baritone and simply-chosen song was the one exception, and the hearty applause which greeted him showed the appreciation of the audience for his simple English music.

Miss Blauvelt has a wondrously velvet voice—every note comes smoothly rounded. She possesses power also, and an attractive personality, but she lacks magnetism and temperament, and in just this much fails of being a great artist.

The Melba concert brought many people from out of town to the city. One of these was a gentle young Australian lady, whose sister sang with Melba in the days of her early girlhood, before she became famous.

Madam Melba sees no one after her concerts, and leaves the dressing-room the instant her last song is sung. But on this occasion, so desirous was the young lady to meet her, that in company with an older friend, she drove down to the Queen's. The remainder may be told in her own words.

"It was after eleven o'clock, and the hotel was nearly in darkness. We passed through the main hallway and up the stairs. As frequent guests, we were quite familiar with the outlay of the Queen's. Finding no one to take our cards, we continued on toward the eastern wing, and finally encountered a waiter. We asked him which were Madam Melba's apartments.

"Right here, madam," he said, indicating the half-open door from which he had just issued; and in a moment we were ushered into the presence of the prima-donna, as, robed in a pretty tea-gown, she sat with her friends at supper.

"It was a rather unexpected and embarrassing denouement—for us, at least," continued the lady. "But Melba accepted our apologies very graciously. We enjoyed a pleasant little chat about Melbourne and olden times, and came away quite delighted with our adventure."

Incidental music is being introduced into plays in the good old-fashioned way, rather for sentimental effect than because the dramatic action justifies it. Sir Henry Irving has set the example, so of course all minor dramatists and stage managers may follow.

If the action of the play may stop for a dancing-girl, why not for a singing-girl also? Then the villain may die to slow music, the wanderer return to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and the runaway wife reappear to the measure of "Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

Music has its effect upon hearers, whether they are conscious of it or not. It produces moods—as the hypnotists say.

On 15th November, a large and cultured audience was attracted to the concert hall at the Conservatory of Music, on the occasion of a recital of vocal music given by Mr. Rechab Tandy, recently of England, who has been appointed on the staff of that institution as teacher of voice culture and singing. Mr. Tandy's program included a choice selection of classical and popular compositions, of comprehensive and exacting character, the rendering of which fully demonstrated his versatility and ability, and showed to advantage his splendid voice, which is a tenor-robusto of much power, large compass and fine quality.

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It was an old Manx custom that on Christmas Eve the church should be given up to the people for the singing of their native carols, or carvals. The curious service was known as Oiel Verree (the Eve of Mary), and at every such service for the last twenty years Hommy-beg, the gardener, and Mr. James Quirk, the schoolmaster, had officiated as singers in the strange Manx ritual. Great had hitherto been the rivalry between these musical celebrities, but word had gone round the town that at length their efforts were to be combined in a carol which they were to sing together. Dan, the rogue of the village, had effected this extraordinary combination of talent by a plot which was expected to add largely to the amusement of the listeners.

Hommy-beg could not read a syllable, yet he never would sing his carol without having the printed copy of it in his hand. Of course Mr. Quirk, the schoolmaster, could read, but, as we have seen, he resembled Hommy-beg in being almost stone deaf. Each could hear himself sing, but neither could hear another.

And now for the plot: Master Dan called on the gardener at his cottage on the Brew on the morning of the day before Christmas Day, and "Hommy," said he, "it's morthal strange the way a man of your common sense can't see that you'd wallop that squeaking old Jemm Quirk in a jiffy if you'd only consent to sing a ballad along of him. Bless me, man alive, it's then they'd be seeing what a weak, ould cracked pot of a voice is in him."

Hommy-beg's face began to wear a smile of benevolent condescension. Observing his advantage, the young rascal continued: "Do it at the Oiel Verree to-night, Hommy. He'll sing his treble, and you'll sing seconds to him."

It was an unlucky remark. The gardener frowned austerely. "Me sing seconds to the craythur? No, never!"

Dan explained to Hommy-beg, with a world of abject apologies, that there was a sense in which seconds meant firsts, and at length the gardener was mollified, and consented to the proposal.

Then Master Danny trotted off to the schoolhouse, where he was now no longer a scholar, and consequently enjoyed an old boy's privilege of approaching the master on equal terms, and "Jemmy," he said, "it's mortha' strange the way a man of your common sense can't see that you'd wallop that squeaking old Hommy-beg in a jiffy if you'd only consent to sing a ballad along of him. Do it at the Oiel Verree to-night, Jemmy, and, bless me! that's the when they'll be

seeing what a weak, ould crackpot of a voice is in the craythur."

The schoolmaster fell even an easier prey to the plot than the gardener had been. A carol was selected; it was to be the ancient Manx carol on the bad women mentioned in the Bible as having (from Eve downward) brought evil on mankind.

Now, Hommy-beg kept his carols pinned against the walls of his cottage. The "Bad Women" was the carol which was pinned

above the mantelpiece, just under the pendulum of the clock with the facetious face. It resembled the other prints in being worn, crumpled, and dirty; but Hommy-beg knew it by its position, and he could distinguish every other carol by its place on his walls.

Danny had somehow got a "skute" into this literary mystery, and after arranging with the schoolmaster the carol that was to be sung, he watched Hommy-beg out of his cottage, and then went into it under pretense of a friendly call upon blind Kerry. Before he left the cottage he had taken down the carol that had been pinned above the mantelpiece, and fixed up another in place of it from the opposite side of the room. The substituted carol happened, oddly enough, to be a second copy of the carol on "Bad Women," with this radical difference: The copy taken from under the clock was the version of the carol in English, and the copy put up was the version in Manx. Toward ten o'clock that night the church bells began to ring, and Hommy-beg looked at the clock, took the carol from under the pendulum, put on his best petticoat, and went off to church.

Hommy-beg did not reach the church until the parson's sermon was almost over.

Danny was there by this time, and, with a face of mighty solemnity, he sat on the right of Hommy-beg and held a candle in his left hand. When everything was understood to be ready, and Will-as-Thorn, the clerk, had taken his station inside the communion rail, the business of the Oiel Verree began. First one man got up and sang a carol in English; then another sang a Manx carol. But the great event of the night was to be the carol sung by the sworn enemies and rivals, Hommy-beg and Mr. James Quirk.

At last the time came for these worthies. They rose from the opposite sides of the church, eyed each other with severe looks, stepped out of their pews, and walked down the aisle to the door of the porch. Then they turned about in silence, and, standing side by side, faced the communion.

The carol the rivals were about to sing contained some thirty verses. It was an ancient usage that after each verse the carol singers take a long stride toward the communion. By the time the carol of "Bad Women" came to an end the carol singers must, therefore, be at the opposite end of the church.

There was now a sublime scorn printed on the features of Mr. Quirk. As for Hommy-beg, he looked, at this last instant, like a man who was rather sorry than otherwise for his rash adversary.

"How romantic they're looking," whis-

pered a girl in the gallery to the giggling companion beside her.

Expectation was at its highest when Hommy-beg thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out the printed copy of the carol. Hommy-beg unfolded it, glanced at it with the air of a conductor taking a final look at his score, nodded his head at it as if in approval, and then, with a magnanimous gesture, held it between himself and Mr. Quirk. The schoolmaster in turn glanced at it, glanced again, glanced a third time at the paper, and up into the face of Hommy-beg.

Anxiety was now on tiptoe. "Hush d'ye hear? hush," whispered Danny from his pew, "hush, man, or it's spoiling it all you'll be, for sure."

At the moment when Mr. Quirk glanced into the face of Hommy-beg there was a smile on that countenance. Mr. Quirk mistook that smile. He imagined he saw a trick. The schoolmaster could read, and he perceived that the carol which the gardener held out to him was not the carol for which he had been told, by Master Danny, to prepare. They were, by arrangement, to have sung the English version of "Bad Women." This was the Manx version, and though the metre was the same it was always sung to a different tune. Ah! Mr. Quirk understood it all! The monster wanted to show that he, James Quirk, schoolmaster, could only sing one carol; but, as sure as his name was Jemmy, he would be even with him. He could sing this Manx version and he would. It was now Mr. Quirk's turn to smile.

"Aw, look at them—the two of them—grinnin' together like a pair of old gurgools on the steeple!"

At a motion of the gardener's hand, intended to beat the time, the singers began. Hommy-beg sang the carol agreed upon—the English version of "Bad Women." Mr. Quirk sang the carol they held in their hands—the Manx version of "Bad Women." Neither heard the other, and to dispel the bare notion that either was singing seconds each bawled at the utmost reach of his lung-power. To one tune Hommy-beg sang:

Thus from the days of Adam
Her mischief you may trace.

And to another Mr. Quirk sang:

She ish va'n voir ain ooilley
Son v'ee da Adam ben.

Such laughter! How the young women in the gallery lay back in their seats with hysterical shrieks! How the young fellows in the body made the sacred edifice ring with guffaws! But the singers, with eyes steadfastly fixed on the paper, heard nothing but each his own voice.

Three verses had been sung, and three strides made toward the communion, when sudden! the laughter and shouting of the people ceased. All eyes had turned toward the porch. There the Bishop stood, with blank amazement printed on his face, his head bare, and one hand on the half-opened door.

If a specter had appeared, the consternation had scarcely been greater. Danny had been rolling in his pew with unconstrained laughter, but at sight of the Bishop his candle fell from his hand and sputtered on the hook rail. The Bishop turned about, and before the people had recovered from their surprise he was gone. At the next moment everybody got up without a word and left the church. In two minutes more not a soul remained except Hommy-beg and Mr. Jemmy Quirk, who, with eyes riveted on the printed carol in their hands, still sang lustily, oblivious of the fact that they had no audience.



FOR YOUNG CANADA

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

In the center of our page are the pictures of two little Toronto boys—Rex and Allan, or "Dalloo" as he insists on calling himself, and "Dalloo" he is to all his friends.

Rex is four years old, Dalloo two, and to Dalloo, Christmas is almost a new experience, so Rex has "splained" all about Santa Claus to him over and over again, and Dalloo never gets tired listening.

"We shall hang up our stockings down in the parlor from the mantelpiece, and go to bed early, early.

"Then Santa Claus will slide down the chimney just as quiet as a mouse, and fill them with lovely things; drums, and bugles, and candy, and everything; won't he, mamma?"

"And, Dalloo, we must be awful good till Christmas or we won't get anything, will we, mamma? Bertie Woods says once there was a bad, bad boy who didn't mind his mamma, and he just got a switch in his stocking—just think of that, Dalloo!"

"Bertie Woods is going to hang up his mother's stocking, but, Dalloo, we'll just hang up our own, for Santa might think they were for two big women and not leave anything for little boys at all; eh, mamma?"

And so they chatter all the day long. These two happy little faces will smile Cousin Maud's Christmas greetings to all her boy and girl friends who read the JOURNAL. She wishes one and all a Happy Christmas, and if they follow this little recipe they will surely have hearts full of happiness: *Do something to make as many as possible a little the happier for your being in the world this Christmas-time.* And remember it is the birthday of Him who taught us how much more blessed is giving than getting.

"In another land and clime,
Long ago and far away,
Was a little baby born
On the first glad Christmas Day
Little children did He love
With a tender love always,
So should little children be
Always glad on Christmas Day."

It was Christmas Eve. The days had been rather warm all week, not a bit like Christmas weather, but to-day it was colder, and now towards evening the wind began to feel quite frosty. Dark, heavy clouds seemed very near the earth. Presently a few feathery flakes scurried across the pavement, then the air was full of them.

"After all, we shall have snow for Christmas," said papa, shaking the little white stars from his fur cap, when he came home to tea.

"Snow for Christmas!" echoed little Jean, as she clapped her hands with glee. "Now Santa Claus can travel better—has he started yet, papa, do you think?"

"I dare say he has," answered her father,

"you know he has a long road to travel to-night."

Jack said nothing but listened quietly; he had a plan in his head and was afraid to speak lest some one should guess it.

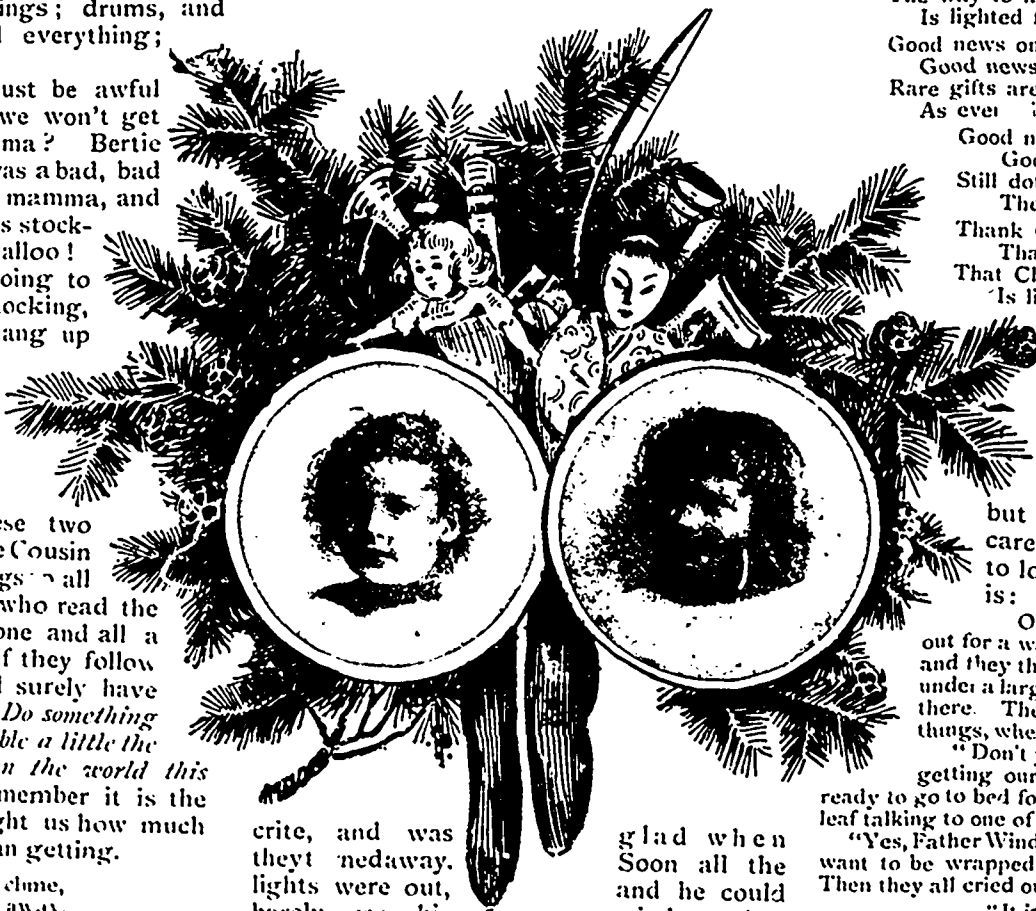
Every Christmas for ten years had Santa Claus remembered Jack. Every Christmas eve for ten years had Jack gone to bed early to give him a chance to fill the stocking so carefully hung. Every Christmas Eve for the past three years had Jack gone to bed assuring himself there *was* a Santa Claus, in spite of the fact that several of his school-mates had declared that it was "just your father and mother!" To-night Jack was going to see for himself.

He went to bed at the same time as Jean, but not to sleep. How slowly the hours passed! Would midnight never come?

His father and mother looked in when they came upstairs for the night.

"How our Jack grows," said mother, as she tucked the blankets in close to his back.

"Yes, he is getting a big boy now, and not a bad boy, either." This was nearly a little too much for Jack, who felt like a hypo-



critic, and was glad when they went away. Soon all the lights were out, and he could barely see his window, but he jumped up and dressed himself as well as he could in the dark, and slipped down to the dining-room, where hung the two empty stockings from the mantel-shelf.

Jack settled himself down in a big chair and began to feel a little nervous. The house seemed so quiet; the clock ticked so loudly; he almost wished himself back in bed.

However, he braved it out and was soon so much himself that he began to feel sleepy. But it was not for long. "What merry jingling is this? What ringing of fairy bells?"

Nearer it came. Did Jack hear the tramp of tiny hoofs? or was he dreaming? He sat bolt upright, and watched the fireplace. He had not long to wait, for in a minute he heard a scratching in the chimney and down popped Santa. There he stood, as Jack had often seen his picture in books, white hair, white whiskers, blue eyes and happy smile. In a twinkling he was at the stockings, and Jack was too bewildered and frightened to notice what he put in them.

But he felt he must speak to him, come what may, so with his heart almost choking him he whispered, "Santa Claus!" When swish! and he was alone. Santa had disappeared far more quickly than he had come—Jack's voice had broken the spell and frightened him off, even before he had finished his work. Jack crept back to bed, cold and dissatisfied. In the morning Jean could not imagine why there was no candy or oranges among all the nice presents in their stockings, unless "Santa had run short before he got to their place," and Jack did not tell her the true reason.

And now, before I say good-bye for another month, I shall give you a favorite carol of mine. I found it among the St. Nicholas songs.

GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now and here.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the Holy Child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now and here.

A dear little maid who lives in St. John, New Brunswick, sends our first story—about a maple leaf.

Beatrice is just nine years, her mother says; but she writes so neatly and carefully that it is a pleasure to look at her letter. Here it is:

One day two little girls started out for a walk. They went on a little way and they thought that they might sit down under a large maple tree that was standing there. They were talking about different things, when they heard a voice that said:

"Don't you think that we had better be getting our dresses changed and getting ready to go to bed for the winter?" It was a maple leaf talking to one of its brothers.

"Yes, Father Wind will be here pretty soon, and we want to be wrapped in our warm, white blankets." Then they all cried out:

"It is getting late,
And we cannot wait,
For we will freeze,
So if you please,
Come, Father Wind,
And put us to bed."

Just then a gust of wind arose and the leaves tumbled down one by one. The next time the children were around that way, the tree was white with snow, and they often used to bring their sleds and coast down the road where they had heard the voices.—BEATRICE C. SKINNER, St. John, N.B.

COUSIN MAUD.

Port Sunlight, the manufacturing center of Lever Bros. Sunlight Soap, is one of the most interesting industrial villages in England. It is prettily situated near Birkenhead on the Mersey, and is occupied altogether by the operatives in the factories.

These factories were established only ten years ago, and during that time have been extended to double the original size.

The village occupies a site of 114 acres; of which the works, wharfage and siding cover 20; the remainder is occupied by cottages, church, school, and a fine dining and recreation hall which was formally opened by Hon. Mr. Gladstone three years ago, and is named Gladstone Hall.

Mr. W. H. Lever, the head of the firm is a philanthropist, a man of marvelous executive ability, and much beloved by his large staff of operatives.

WOMEN'S SPORTS

(This department is devoted to record of women's sports and athletics throughout Canada. Monthly reports of clubs and games, names of officers, competitions, prize winners and meetings, also items of personal skill, will be published in full. Secretaries are requested to send in such reports before the 15th of each month.)

When a woman wills to learn anything, she goes at it with an enthusiasm and intensity of purpose that no number of failures can weaken. Her eyes shine, her face flushes, her hair tosses, every nerve is tensioned up; she is going to succeed or die in the attempt. She generally succeeds—but at the expense of nerve force sufficient to carry her through a dozen crises, mental and physical.

That is one thing women never learn until too late—to conserve their strength.

Now, the average man takes things very differently. He uses just the amount of intensity necessary for the carrying out of his purpose—or less; if he can secure someone else to contribute the enthusiasm and nerve force, so much the better. A man will always learn his lesson by proxy if he can.

Nothing shows the truth of the above remarks more than to note the difference between the sexes in learning any sport. Men take it easy—rather indifferently; women go at it as a matter of life and death. Men stop when they are tired; women are wrought up to such a pitch that they are unconscious of fatigue, until it betrays itself in the after reaction of a good cry, if nothing worse.

One sees it in the tennis or golf game, in the bicycle school or gymnasium.

Women simply do not know how to conserve their strength or when to stop.

We are not speaking now of girls who are brought up to athletic sports from childhood; but of the more mature woman who takes hold of things in rushing, impetuous fashion, and never hears, or hearing fails to heed, the still inner voice that bids her to greater control and calmness.

The top flat of the Comet bicycle warehouse has been reserved for a school for ladies. It is a great bare place, with numerous supporting posts, and a neat little adjoining dressing-room; and here, at any hour of the day, Toronto ladies may be seen taking their first lessons on the uncertain wheel.

It is warm work for the pupils—it is warmer work for the sturdy boys whose business it is to steady and support the wabbling wheels. The only cool people are the occasional onlookers.

The pupils are not all young ladies, by any means. Not a few are white-haired, slender women, who look decidedly graceful when fear has left them and they feel secure.

Some are plump—we might say fat—and some are lean; some are fearless young girls, others are elderly dames; but neither age nor proportion seems to make much difference in the skill of the pupils.

"It ain't size as makes the difference," remarked one experienced teacher, mopping his brow. "Some fat ones learn quick. It's steadiness. Them that rushes ahead takes longer to learn than them that goes slow. It's nerve and holdin' themselves in that wins every time."

There is a marked difference in the time which women take to become independent of help. Some are comparatively mistresses of their wheel after one hour's help and practice. Others are helpless after six times that amount.

Yet even the slowest learn with perseverance.

The Comet Company provide wheels for practising purposes.

When a woman can ride in and out among those troublesome posts, and steer herself where she will about the great flat, she is quite ready for the street.

Numbers of ladies purpose practising here through the winter months; and in the spring they will surprise their friends by coming out as adepts upon their wheels.

The Victoria Skating Club, limited to 300 members, is nearly complete in number. Two hundred associate members, relatives of active members, are to be admitted at a subscription fee of one dollar each. The covered part of the rink is to be reserved exclusively for members of the club on Monday evening and Thursday afternoon throughout the season.

Skate-dancing will be one of the chief



features of the club's amusements; quadrilles, lancers and waltzes upon the ice are anticipated, and it is proposed to secure an able instructor.

Those who were fortunate enough to see the skating dances on the ice at the Quebec carnival of two seasons ago, will welcome the prospect of such graceful and glittering spectacles at the Victoria rink during the coming season.

Hockey has been vetoed as too rough a game.

It is reported that a similar club is being organized for the Granite rink.

If the season prove favorable, skating will be revived as the fashionable amusement.

Canon DuMoulin's diatribe against the advance of betting in our midst is timely and needful. The evil is spreading, not among our men only, but among our women also.

At the spring and fall Woodbine races, among much that was pretty and harmless in society gayety, the sorry feature might be observed of ladies of good social standing betting on the various horses, and publicly passing money over to each other, at the close of each race.

Quite apart from the evil principle, and the

moral deterioration existing in such transactions, fine womanly perception would avoid the offence to good taste involved in betting in public places.

A word might also be spoken here about poker playing. During the past two or three seasons, poker parties have become popular in certain fashionable circles—not in Toronto alone, but other Canadian cities.

Poker is essentially the game of professional gamblers—a game not permitted within any respectable club-rooms, and certainly not one to introduce into the social circles of home life.

It may be fashionable for ladies to give poker parties and place their guests in positions where they must perforce seem discourteous or gamble—it will never be respectable. To transplant the evils of an older and waning social order into a new and healthy colonial life, is not wise.

The Rosedale Golf club laid out a good program for Thanksgiving

Day, as follows: At 9.30 a.m., the president, Mr. McLaughlin; and captain, Mr. Kirk, chos sides and played over the full course. The losers paid for luncheon, which was ordered at the clubhouse for 12.30 o'clock. In the afternoon foursome was played by ladies and gentlemen; the best score (lady and gentleman) received a handsome present each. Miss Scott won the ladies' handicap, and is the possessor of the handsome

golf bag given by the Harold Wilson Company.

The Baptist Bicycle and Social Union is composed of the bicycle riders from various Baptist churches in Toronto, and numbers over one hundred members. The Union is the source of many enjoyable evenings.

The women's gymnasiums, both at the Y. W. C. G. and Athletic Club, are being largely patronized during the present season. Some very skilful gymnasts may be found at the latter—among them being leading society ladies.

The Vassar girls had a field day on Nov. 11th, when jumping, running, hurdle races and basket-ball contests were the order of the day. The idea of having a field day originated with the members of the Athletic Association. It grew out of a desire to determine which class excelled in athletics.

CYCLIST.

In buying a bicycle, purchasers are apt to overlook the necessity of securing the best tire possible. Bicycle firms will often urge a cheaper tire in order to sell their wheels. But buyers should make a careful inspection of various tires, and assure themselves that they secure the best.

A visit to the Dunlop Tire Co., Lombard street, will repay any intending purchaser. These tires are self-adjusting; the air tube is beneath the rim and when the tire becomes punctured, the tube can be taken out patched and readjusted by the owner of the wheel.

In other tires it is impossible to get at the tube, which is cemented on to the rim.

Bicycle riders, once using a wheel with this tire, will refuse to purchase any other. The rim itself is of wood, cut in such fashion that even when cut, split or strained, it is still unbreakable and holds firmly together. Only the best rubber is used in manufacture.

This company are filling orders for tires for the city ambulances.



TORONTO.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The Executive of the Toronto Local Council of Women met on November 6th, with full attendance. One of the chief subjects discussed at the meeting was "Manual Training in the Public Schools." A large and influential committee of the following ladies was appointed to urge the adoption of such training:

Mrs. Grant MacDonald, president of the Council; Mrs. Dignam, recording secretary of Council; Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, vice-presidents of the Council; Mrs. McDonnell of Sunnyside, vice-president of N. C. for Ontario; Mrs. S. G. Wood, president Toronto Humane Society; Miss Carty, Mrs. Robt. McMaster, Mrs. James Hughes, Dr. Stowe Gullen.

Mrs. Dickson gave notice of motion that she would ask for a committee to provide for interesting public meetings of the Council.

The Pure Literature Committee, under the able guidance of Mrs. G. A. Carzon, is working in every feasible way to secure some remedy for the prevention of the circulation of impure literature in Canada. Other committees are making what progress they can in their special undertakings, and interest evinced business to be for more concentrated effort this year, as the Council has passed the experimental stage.

INDUSTRIAL ROOM SOCIETY.

In this society an effort has been made to aid those needing assistance, without pauperizing. Ladies cut out material in their own houses into various garments, these are given to women to make up, and a fair price is allowed for what is done. Every encouragement is offered for improvement, classes being held for sewing, button-hole making, mending, darning, knitting etc.; which are most thankfully attended with gratifying results both in the quality and cleanliness of the work. Help is also afforded in the offer of good cast-off clothing or useful utensils for a small sum or few hours' work. A good cup of soup or tea with bread is given to each woman, and a short service is held before the regular business of the day is begun.

Visitors are cordially invited to see for themselves what is being accomplished. In the Forum Hall, Yonge street, every Thursday morning, the whole arrangements can be inspected and any further information will gladly be given. At the annual meeting the following officers were elected:

Mrs. T. M. Thomson, hon. president; Mrs. Barnett, 66 Gloucester street, president; Mrs. Winnett, 108 Beverley street, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Shortiss, 115 St. George street, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. McDunnough, 271 Rosedale road, Mrs. Patton, Bloor East, Mrs. McArthur, 400 Bloor West, secretaries; Mrs. Maclean, 10 Murray street, treasurer.

NURSING-AT-HOME MISSION.

[We give in our report this month a day-leaf from the diary of one of the nurses—Surely no Woman's Work is more truly womanly than this.—EDITOR.]

Nurses' Home, 76 Hayter Street.

Monthly meeting, 1st Friday of each month, in the library, Association Hall, at 3 p.m.

Thinking that the best way to interest in the work is to tell about the work, this month a simple extract is given from the diary of one of the east-end visitors. It will also serve to show the kind of homes to which the nurses go:

"Called at house in Hanover Place—three children—the youngest cannot walk, spine affected, but getting stronger. First time they have wanted nurse. Husband has a little work now, but may lose it any day. Mother cannot get to church, but sends eldest child with a little neighbor to Sunday-school. No doctor spoken for.

"Next place Tate street, eight children, place homelike, though very poor. Sunday-school books about. Eldest boy converted through faithfulness of Presbyterian Mission Sunday-school teacher. The boy so different, such a comfort in the house. Mother a Christian, converted five or six years ago in Sackville Street Mission. She feels nervous, as last November two children died; the doctor had told her he would try and get one of the nurses for her and she is now feeling more cheerful.

"Next place was a visit simply to enquire how mother was getting on after nurses left. Twelve children (eight living), baby barely two weeks old, mother about her work and had done washing, pain in back and feeling weak, had to send eldest child

girl back to school. Husband used to have seven dollars a week, now six dollars—ten in a family—this means about eight cents each per day for food, clothes, fuel and rent.

"Then called on a very aged couple; wife suffering from debility; husband crippled with rheumatism; living in one room on Mill street near the railway track. Found her sitting on the bed, just where she was nearly a year ago. A small stove at the foot of the bed—husband has to do the household work. They are fed almost as was Elijah by the ravens, Christian workers taking things. They are cheerful, peaceful and happy; just waiting for an entrance to the many mansions."

This is a very bare outline of one morning. There are six nurses and the work goes on constantly. May the Holy Spirit enable us to see that this is the time to do a work for our blessed Master if we would. The opportunity will soon slip by.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Thursday, November 7th. There was a large attendance. Mrs. W. R. Brock, the president, presided. The free reading rooms reported 717 visitors for October. The dressmaking and cooking classes continue to be well attended.

The Entertainment Committee reported great success with the recent recital. A cantata, "Under the Palms," is in prospect, also one of Mr. Whittemore's popular picture lectures.

Mrs. M. A. Harrison has donated some fine plants and fancy ornaments for parlors of the Association, adding materially to their beauty.

SOUTHERN BRANCH.

The clothing asked for in last month's issue is needed for the mothers' meeting, held by Miss Brueneck. This lady is doing an excellent work among the poor of the neighborhood.

Mr. Frogley, of Yonge street, gave his generous annual social to the poor of the district.

The boarding house lunch room and noon-day rest, in connection with the branch, are doing well and prove of service to girls engaged down town during the day.

WOMEN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

The regular meeting of the Women's Enfranchisement Association was held in the Massey Music Hall. Mr. J. L. Hughes occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance. It was decided to introduce bills at the next session of the Ontario Legislature, and all the W.C.T.U.'s throughout the province will be asked to co-operate in the movement.

WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION.

An exhibition of sketches will be held in the studio, 80 Canada Life Building, during the first week in December. It is intended to open this exhibition free one evening during the week for those employed during the day in stores and factories.

During the winter, the active members will work together in the studio on Tuesday morning and Monday and Friday afternoons, and on Wednesday afternoons the studio will be open to honorary members for sketching and reading.

The "Saturday Sketch" will meet as usual on Saturday evenings, at the houses of different members.

The Lecture Committee is arranging for a series of lectures on art subjects to be given on alternate Wednesdays throughout the month.

A branch of the Association is about to be formed in St. John's N.B.

MARGARET HEMSTED,
Sec. W.A.A.

MONTREAL.

LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The autumn meeting of the Council was held on Wednesday, Oct. 6th, in the hall of the Y.M.C.A., and was largely attended. After the report on Church Work had been read, and routine business disposed of, the president, Mrs. Drummond, earnestly commended to the attention of the ladies present the three questions now under consideration of the local councils, viz.: protective legislation, limitation of working girls' hours, and the purification of the press and literature generally. Mrs. J. B. Learmont then read a paper on "Sanitation in Our Homes," which was followed by a discussion, many practical hints being given as to disposal of garbage in the most convenient and healthful way. Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A., then gave an address on "Reading," with special reference to the formation of a home-reading union by the Montreal Local Council.

At the close of the meeting, the attention of the audience was drawn to the pamphlets issued by the

Sanitary Association of Great Britain, a number of which were for sale, all being rapidly bought up. The meeting then adjourned.

ALUMINÆ SOCIETY, M'GILL UNIVERSITY.

The Aluminae Society of McGill University, Montreal, held its opening literary meeting for the season 1895-96 on October 17th. At this meeting was inaugurated an interesting course of art lectures and discussions, which course is to last till Christmas. The subjects on the program are as follows:

October—Art Motives of the Greeks.

November—The Awakening of Art in Italy.

Symbolism in Art.

December—Leonardo da Vinci.

The Italian High Renaissance.

This course is one of many signs of the art fullness of the days in Montreal, where a soil of thought and culture has been preparing in late years, and now promises much of beauty and inspiration to the lives, not only of the students of art, but of the Philistine public.

GIRLS' CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Girls' Club, the practical branch of the Aluminae Society, has shown an increase in the daily attendance of working girls for meals and class work, the average being 126 daily. The treasurer reports that there is \$150 to the good in the bank. Illustrated lectures on "Italy" and "The History of a Loaf of Bread" have varied the regular evening work, which consists of classes in singing, gymnastics, reading, sewing and Bible study.

WOMAN'S DECORATIVE ART ASSOCIATION.

The officers of the Montreal Branch of the Woman's Art Association are:

Honorary presidents, Mrs. Molson, Mrs. Wheeler; president, Mrs. George W. Stephens; vice-presidents, Mrs. Greenshields, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. W. F. Torrance; treasurer, Mrs. Kidd; secretary, Miss Hill; executive committee, Mrs. James Bell, Mrs. John Gault, Mrs. Hugh Graham, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. G. R. Marler, Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Mrs. Norman Reille, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Van Horne; general committee, Madame A. Boger, Mrs. John Beattie, Mrs. E. Clouston, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. S. Davis, Mrs. George Drummond, Madame D. Girouard, Mrs. E. M. Fulton, Mrs. John Grant, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Mrs. George Hamilton, Mrs. Hingston, Mrs. Ernest Howard, Mrs. Horace Joseph, Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Robert Linton, Miss Linton, Miss Law, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mrs. J. H. R. Molson, Mrs. McCuaig, Mrs. A. W. Morris, Mrs. Edward Murphy, Mrs. John Ogilvie, Mrs. Redpath, Mrs. James Ross, Mrs. M. P. Ryan, Miss K. Scott, Mrs. E. G. Penny, Mrs. F. W. Thomas, Mrs. Lise, Mrs. Waddell, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Wartele.

NOTES OF MONTREAL WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Club work is proving very successful and enjoyable in all its departments. On Monday, November 25th, Mrs. Barnes will read a paper on "Household Management," after which the "Home and Education" department gives a tea.

The Browning sketches, led by Miss Hunter, B. A., in the Art and Literature section, are delightful.

Professor Robinson, Dairy Commissioner, has consented to give the club, at an early date, his impressions gathered during his recent trip across the Continent.

On December 23rd, Mrs. Cox will read a paper on "Early Days of Woman's University Education in England."

KINGSTON.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

Twelve months ago we commenced work as an organization, to care for neglected children. Our beginning was small in numbers, limited in the sympathy it received, and weak in financial resources. The number received into the shelter during the year is 109. Of these, 19 were mothers in charge of their infants, 12 were placed in the creche by day, 16 were placed in our care temporarily by parents, and 64 were taken into our control in accordance with the Ontario Act. The disposition of these inmates is as follows: Of the mothers, 7 returned to their former homes, 8 went to domestic service, and 3 remained in the shelter. Of the children who entered the shelter, 19 were returned to their parents, 3 were sent to the Orphan's Home, 1 was sent to the Industrial School, 19 died, 14 placed in foster homes and 9 remain in the shelter.

When we are apprised of abnormal home relations we investigate, and in case there is need of improvement, we endeavor to effect it, not by invoking the power in the law, but by suggestion or threat, and then wait to ascertain results.

We believe that the intention of the law is to preserve the home as far as may be consistent with the welfare of its juvenile members.

CHARLOTTE NEAL,
Secretary.

KINGSTON BRANCH OF WOMAN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL.

President, Mrs. H. Fraser; vice-presidents, Lady Cartwright, Mrs. Swift, Mrs. R. T. Walkem, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Skinner, and the presidents of affiliated societies; treasurer, Mrs. W. B. Skinner; recording secretary, Miss Martha P. Smith; corresponding secretary, Miss Machar.

The Kingston Branch of the Woman's National Council, organized April, 1894, held its autumn meeting on Oct. 16th. After a brief address from the president, referring chiefly to the late annual meeting in Toronto, and giving great credit to the Toronto Council for the excellent arrangements made by them for the comfort of the delegates, reports were read of the two last affiliated societies, that of the order of the Daughters of Rebekah an adjunct to the Oddfellows' organization by Mrs. Greaves, and a sketch of the working of Lady Aberdeen's Onward and Upward Society, by Mrs. Marshall. A paper on "Healthy Conditions of Work for Women Workers," in various departments of industry, was read by Miss Machar, and elicited an animated discussion. Resolutions were adopted concerning the pressing of the introduction of the teaching of plain sewing, etc., for girls on the Public School Board, and calling their attention to the practice of selling to children prize packets of candy. A resolution was also carried regarding the introduction of free dentistry for the children of the poor in the Kingston General Hospital, and expressing warm appreciation of the work of Dr. Adams Toronto, in this direction; also one appointing a committee to secure some humane sleeping accommodation in the police cells, where, as in Toronto, there is at present nothing of the kind, prisoners untried being in this respect worse treated than condemned murderers.

QUEBEC CITY.

W. C. T. U.

We are down here a single union in the midst of a French population, not a large union numerically, but our workers are earnest, and represents all the Protestant churches. Our representatives have been to the Provincial Convention at Lachute, coming back just in time for our annual prayer meeting on behalf of schools and colleges.

The Dominion Convention meets here on the 15th inst., too late for reporting this month. Mrs. Todd, of St. Stephen, N.B. (now moved to Boston), is to be acting president, our own president having died, and the first-vice being in England. Miss Tilley, from Toronto, is secretary, and the other officers come from all over the Dominion, as do the delegates.

Our local union has affiliated for one year with the Woman's Council. The question of silent prayer or oral repetition of the Lord's Prayer causes some lack of unanimity in the matter of permanent affiliation with the Council.

Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, president of Toronto District W.C.T.U.; Mrs. (Dr.) Bascom, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Orr, Bloor street west, and Miss Tilley have been in Quebec attending the annual convention of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union.

OTTAWA.

The Woman's Morning Music Club have elected the following officers:

Miss Carling, honorary president; Lady Grant, president; Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Mrs. W. C. Edwards of Rocklands, and Mrs. Foster, vice-presidents; Mrs. Lake, librarian; Miss Selwyn, chairman of the Music Committee. The concerts will, in the future, be held fortnightly, instead of weekly, and critical essays upon the works of different composers will be read at alternate concerts by Mrs. Gordon of Ellon, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Bliss.

PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME.

The annual meeting of the Orphans' Home, of Ottawa, was held October 9th, the reports indicating a very successful year. This is one of the oldest of the now numerous charitable institutions of the Capital, having been founded in 1864. Three buildings have been occupied by the corporation, each, in its size and appointments, marking the successive stages through which it has passed, the first being a very modest cottage, the present a handsome building on Elgin street. Lady Macdonald, in the early years of her residence in Ottawa, was president

and found time in the midst of her many social engagements to attend most assiduously to its affairs. Since then Mrs. H. F. Bronson has been the much-loved president, and to her generosity, and that of her family, the Home owes much of its prosperity.

There is a department for aged women in connection with the institution, one wing of the building being devoted to them. There are at present 71 children and 21 women in residence.

Mrs. J. Thorburn represents the Home on the Local Council of Women.

HAMILTON.

REPORT OF HAMILTON UNION, W.C.T.U.

The W.C.T.U. 18th Provincial Convention met in Hamilton, October 29th to November 1st, the guests of the Central and Hamilton Unions.

As usual, the W.C.T.U. is progressive. The gathering was the largest (about 200 delegates) and, by general consent, one of the most satisfactory. The work and excitement connected with such a meeting too often puts the local work in the background, hence Hamilton Union has little of general interest to report for the month.

The various departments are now arranging for the winter's work.

COR. SEC. HAMILTON W.C.T.U.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Hamilton Y.W.C.A. Board of Management, held on the 5th inst., proved unusually satisfactory. The capacity of the Boarding Department is taxed to its utmost, and is even then inadequate to the requirements. After meeting current expenses, and purchasing needed supplies for the winter, the report for October shows a creditable balance in the treasury. Upwards of six hundred young women have taken advantage of the noon lunch during the month, and several transient visitors have been received.

The North End Branch is steadily growing in interest and numbers. In the junior department, sixty names have been registered. The members of the Association are looking forward with pleasure to a visit from Miss Botterall, of Montreal, secretary of the Dominion Y.W.C.A., who is expected in Hamilton about the 20th inst. Mrs. Hoodless, president of the Association, is attending the convention of the International Board, now being held in Brooklyn. Special attention is being given at these meetings to the control and development of schools of domestic science, junior work, etc. Mrs. Hoodless, as president of the Dominion Y.W.C.A., is the guest of the Brooklyn Association.

G. MACKENZIE,

Gen. Sec. Y.W.C.A., Hamilton.

LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

At the annual meeting of the Local Council of Women of Hamilton, which was held in the lecture room of the Ladies' College, on Tuesday evening, November 19th, the reports from the corresponding and recording secretaries, also the treasurer's report, gave evidence of a steady increase of interest in the Local Council of that city.

The president's address, which contained a synopsis of the work done in the past and touched upon the work and duties of the Council for the ensuing year, also testified to the animation among the workers of the Local Council.

The president, two vice-presidents, treasurer and corresponding secretary, were re-elected, and Miss Georgie Counsell was unanimously chosen to fill the office of recording secretary in place of Miss Kathleen Sallier, who felt herself unable to retain that office owing to her numerous other duties, which claimed her whole attention.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY—METHODIST.

This society has its operations in China, Japan, and in our own Dominion, among the Indians, the Chinese and the French Romanists.

The "sinews of war" are furnished by 619 auxiliaries and 290 mission circles and bands, representing a membership respectively of 14,000 and 7,000. The annual branch and board meetings recently held were milestones of progress. The first one indicated 500 members and \$2,000 income; the fourteenth just passed read 21,000 members (adult and junior), and \$40,800 income, the current year showing an increase of \$571.

The officers, who for several years have steered the society through shoals and quicksands, were all re-elected, with the exception of the recording secretary, Mrs. Wilmott, Mrs. Geo. Kerr, Toronto, taking her place: President, Mrs. Gooderham, Toronto; vice-president, Mrs. Carman, Belleville; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. S. Strachan, Hamilton; treasurer, Mrs. Thompson, Rosedale, Toronto.

LONDON.

MORNING MUSICAL SOCIETY.

That popular club, the Woman's Morning Musical, opened the season by a most enjoyable concert given in the Duffield Block on Saturday morning, Nov. 2.

The election of officers for the next year resulted as follows: Honorary president, Miss Carling; president, Miss Craydon; vice-presidents, Mrs. F. B. Betts, Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Charles Hunt; secretaries, Miss Weld and Miss Margaret Cowan; treasurers, Mrs. Herbert Gates and Miss Ada Meredith. The club will meet every Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

MAPLE LEAF LEAGUE.

A public meeting of the Conservative women of London was called on Nov. 1st, for the purpose of organizing a Woman's Auxiliary of the Conservative Club. The meeting was largely attended, and the name Maple Leaf League proposed and adopted.

1st. The League is formed with a view of bringing Conservative women together in united work for the advancement and maintenance of Conservative principles.

2nd. To assist by work and influence the Conservative party generally, and especially to aid the local party in this city in all matters where the advice or help of women will be of service.

Those wishing to join the League came forward, signed their names and paid the annual fee of twenty-five cents. Over one hundred ladies became members at once.

A branch of the Maple Leaf League has been formed in Chatham.

WINNIPEG.

W. C. T. U.

Winnipeg Central W. C. T. U. was organized by Mrs. Letitia Youmans, was flourishing for a time, afterwards languished, and was re-organized by Frances E. Willard, since which time it has worked uninterruptedly and has a good record of Gospel temperance work. The union numbers one hundred and fifty paying members. Mrs. J. Buchanan is president, Dr. Amelia L. Youmans vice-president, Mrs. G. E. Mills recording secretary, and Mrs. W. H. Fletcher treasurer. The meetings are held weekly in Bethel Hall, which is centrally located and was originally a Methodist chapel. An excellent program of mother's meetings, school of methods, parliamentary drill, and papers on different subjects, will be carried out during the winter, of which we will give reports from time to time.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE.

The seamen in the port of Vancouver, B.C., have had an Institute for the last three years, but within the last few months larger premises have been secured with the hope that this winter sleeping accommodation might be afforded to seamen. The Institute has for its objects the betterment of our sailors and the increase of their comfort. These men who have their business in great waters, frequently have no better welcome on their return to shore than the beer saloons, which, for lack of any other, they naturally accept. To provide a warmer welcome, a place which they may look upon as their own, where they may find healthy books and current literature, a billiard table, and other means of recreation, an alternative to the saloons, a club where they may meet their friends on an equal footing, and where services are held for their spiritual good, and entertainments for their amusement. The Institute is governed by an executive committee of ladies and gentlemen, the ladies forming also a sub-committee which meets fortnightly.

GRACE N. REID,

Vancouver, Nov. 3rd.

Hon. Sec.-Treas.

VICTORIA, B.C.

Y. W. C. A.

The Victoria Branch of the Y.W.C.A. is now in its third year. It had its origin in a Bible class begun by the Misses Carr, and from that has developed into a flourishing organization with a roll of two hundred and fifty members. The rooms are in charge of a matron who resides on the premises, and consist of committee, reading and lunch rooms, also two bedrooms suitable for boarders.

The work of the association is carried on by eleven standing committees, as follows: Bible study, finance, social, literary, press, sewing, relief, lookout, house, visiting the sick and women's exchange. The chairman of each committee, together with the officers, form the executive, which meets monthly to receive reports and transact business.

A. M. DICKINSON,
Hon.-Sec.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of
Canadian Women.

EDITED BY
FAITH FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

CHAS. A. E. CARR (LONDON), President.
GEO. E. ELLIS (TORONTO), Secy.-Treas.

BUSINESS OFFICE :
3 King Street East, Toronto.

PRESS ROOMS :
Rear Building, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE :
\$1.00 Per Year ; Single Copies 10 Cents.

YOUNG LADIES

Who desire to increase their pocket money should write to the HOME JOURNAL and obtain information from their Circulation Department. No young man or young woman who is desirous of improving themselves should be deterred from making at least a trial experiment. No one can lose anything, all are certain at least to make money. There is no competitive element in the plan: to all we allow a generous commission whether you secure one subscriber or a thousand.

The November number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL met with so cordial a reception that we are enabled to send out the December number enlarged to twenty-eight pages, and otherwise improved.

This, our holiday number, surpasses any previous issue in form and contents. It is filled with bright reading matter and choice illustrations. It is essentially Canadian. Every department is thoroughly up-to-date; the sketches and stories are full of interest. Altogether it makes a choice little holiday issue to mail away to friends in distant places.

Since the price of the JOURNAL is not increased, it is quite within the reach of everyone; and there are few who cannot afford to pay ten cents for a copy to give or mail away in place of the stereotyped Christmas card.

We are desirous of calling attention this month to the interesting report from the Nursing-At-Home Mission in the department of Woman's Work. We inserted this leaf from the diary of one of the nurses with much pleasure, feeling sure that all who read it will extend willing and cordial support to this most worthy and heroic work.

Concerning the Woman's Work department, we have again to thank the secretaries and presidents of the many societies who have so cordially responded to our request. Our reports this month have come from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and Victoria—thus taking in the whole range of our cities.

The towns are still a little backward in forwarding accounts of woman's work; but they will come.

It has especially pleased us to receive so many friendly letters and reports from British Columbia. Our province beyond the Rockies must have more than its share of bright women.

Several letters have come to hand stating that the societies represented by the writers have "nothing worth reporting."

If there is only one item of news, one bit of business transacted, it is worth reporting. One line is as welcome as fifty in the Woman's Work department. There are many quiet little societies in our towns and villages doing good work, but too shy to report it; forgetting that the knowledge of its work may be a stimulus and encouragement to others.

One more point; do not let question concerning the manner of report deter any secretary from forwarding one; since the matter comes under the editor's eye, and is revised, if necessary.

We would also ask that each page of the reports be plainly headed with names of the society, otherwise it is impossible to arrange them, if by chance they become mixed.

The editor has to apologize this month for the absence of one report from the Woman's Work department, since she cannot place it, through lack of heading.

It is the program of a woman's literary club; but whether it belongs to Montreal, Toronto, or Winnipeg; and whether it comes from university or club, she cannot tell. Perhaps the writer thereof, missing it from the department, will set her straight for the January issue.

The JOURNAL'S New Literary Bureau is now prepared to supply, at an advantageous price to the purchaser, any book or books desired. It makes no difference what book you write for, old or new, it will be at once secured and sent if it is at all possible to secure it. In the buying of books for the holidays, the Literary Bureau will prove invaluable to you.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

As the reports of the societies are being published monthly in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, we are very anxious that all the members should see these reports, especially as they have been prepared and sent each month through the efforts of the corresponding secretaries and also at no small expense and labor to ourselves. There are over 100,000 women in Canadian societies who are doing an excellent work in their different branches, and it is to bring all in touch and encourage all in a feeling of sisterhood that we publish the reports. To assist us and make our influence for good felt, we respectfully ask the corresponding secretaries to induce as many of their members as possible to subscribe, so that we may be sure of the reports being read by as large a number of women as possible.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
MANNING ARCADE,
TORONTO.

Young lady agents are wanted in every town in Canada, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed for subscribers.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is the intention of the management of this publication to make special contracts from time to time with manufacturers and others whereby our subscribers and patrons may save considerable money in buying different articles which are required by every family.

This month, by giving our guarantee for a large number of orders, we are enabled to offer all new subscribers who pay for a year's subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a coupon which will entitle them to have a dozen of the finest Cabinet Photographs, taken by Toronto's leading photographer, at a saving of two dollars in the regular price charged by the firm.

The coupon reads as follows:

DIXON, NO....
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.
CONTRACT COUPON, - GOOD UNTIL JULY 1st, '96.

The holder of this ticket is entitled to one dozen of our highly finished cabinets, in any style, and one extra 10x12 Platino Photo, by paying the Home Journal Publishing Company, or their agents, for one year's subscription to the HOME JOURNAL, and paying us two dollars at the galley at time of sitting.

Our regular price for the same work to those not holding this ticket is \$3.00 per dozen pictures.

We positively guarantee our finest \$3.00 work.

If you are already a subscriber, you can easily induce one or more friends to subscribe, and we will furnish each one with coupons for the photographs.

We are determined, by giving these special advantages from time to time, to save every subscriber many times over the \$1.00 they pay us for the magazine, and by so doing feel satisfied that in a very short time our subscription list will reach the 50,000 mark.

Our success so far has been phenomenal. Publishers and newspaper men tell us they never knew of a publication that was inaugurated under more favorable auspices, and in so short a time had such a standing.

As for our advertisers, they are more than pleased, some reporting orders from all parts of the Dominion.

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**Money's
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A Pair of Lady's Real French Kid
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DRY GOODS ONLY

TORONTO, - ONT.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

The color scheme of the Christmas dinner table should introduce as much scarlet as possible to contrast with the dark evergreen with which, we take it for granted, the Christmas dining-room is trimmed.

The floral decorations for the table should consist entirely of green stuffs, in smilax and ferns, mistletoe and holly berries giving the requisite touch of color. Scarlet ribbons may be threaded through the green, or knots of scarlet rowans, if in good preservation.

A branch of mistletoe with many pearly white berries tied with a scarlet ribbon to the evergreen-wreathed chandelier should have its place at a Christmas feast, though the traditional privileges it confers are not easily attainable, placed in such a position.

The menu—written upon a square of parchment, upon which a sprig of holly or mistletoe, or something suggestive of Christmas, should be painted—might read as follows:

Green Turtle Soup.		
Salmon.		
Venison Pastry.		
Roast Pig.		Turkey.
Cheese.		Celery.
Plum Pudding.		Mince Pies.
	Bonbons.	
Apples.	Raisins.	Nuts.

The soup is a concession to modern prejudice.

The roast pig takes the place of the old-time boar's head, and should be garnished with leaves; and if it be a young pig's head, served with a lemon in its mouth.

The plum pudding should be of generous proportion, round in shape, and crowned with a sprig of holly. A holly wreath should also encircle the edge of the platter. A bottle of brandy should be poured over it and set on fire before it is brought to the dining-room.

The mince pies should be oblong in shape, according to the ancient pattern, in allusion to the manger. A recipe for making the delicate compound, contained in an old English book "for housewives," written in the sixteenth century, reads:

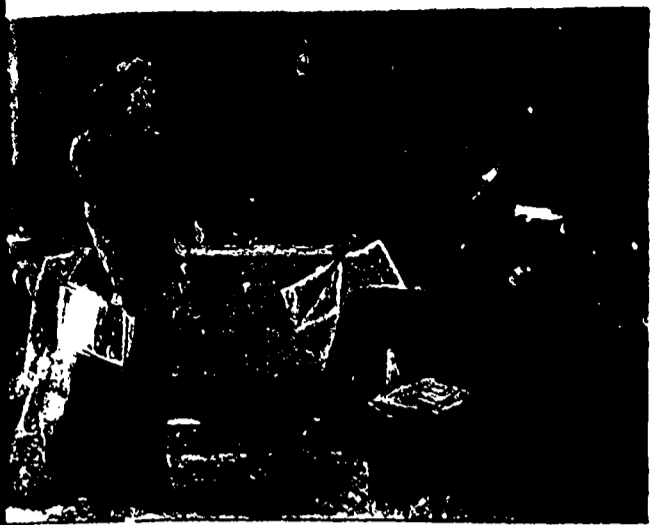
A pound of suet chopped fine.
A pound of raisins chopped, stoned.
A pound of currants cleaned dry.
A pound of apples chopped fine.
Two or three eggs; allspice, heat very fine, and sugar to your taste. A bit of citron, a little salt and as much brandy and wine as you like.

Carrying out the scarlet scheme, nothing more choice than highly polished red apples may be accepted, and their vivid skins add much to the decorative effect of the table.

For the bon-bons, sugar almonds are made with bright red covering, and may, for the sake of their color, form the top layer on a dish of more toothsome confections. Scarlet icing on cake is apt to be regarded with suspicion, but candied cherries on the white sugar will give a bright touch of color.

Of course, the menu may be made as much simpler as you choose, or as is commensurate with the purse. But nothing more elaborate should be served, and under any circumstances the air of festivity should be preserved. Even the most modest table can afford the bit of evergreen and the scarlet berry, the rosy snow apple and the nuts.

Plum pudding is a truly national dish, and refuses to flourish out of England. It can obtain no footing in France. A Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman; but if you would offend him forever, compel him to eat plum pudding.



Since Dr. Jaeger instituted the sanitary reforms in woolen materials with which his name is associated, his goods have become famous, both in England and throughout the United States.

In all of his woolen underwear he has embodied four principal features:

1. Pure undyed wool.
2. Porous web.
3. Prevention of draught at front or back.
4. Double thickness over chest.

But, although his goods are constructed on principles of Health and Comfort, he has added also artistic effect; and there are none shown that will compare with the Jaeger goods in fine quality and appearance.

A visit to the Jaeger Wool Store, 63 King street west, will verify the truth of this statement.

Before choosing Christmas gifts for family friends, both ladies and gentlemen should visit this establishment, and inspect the dressing jackets and gowns, fleecy opera wraps, driving jerseys, bedroom slippers in finest sanitary wools.

In underwear we show a splendid stock of suits, in single pieces or combinations, made of the natural undyed wool, fine and porous, woven and shaped to the figure. There is never crease or seam to irritate a sensitive skin in the Jaeger garments.

In corsets we have the knitted waist, of grey, undyed wool, a soft and warm support for winter wear. We have also the woven corset, which is lighter and closely lined with whalebone. These articles are perfectly shaped to the natural figure and will give years of wear. No lady who has tried them cares for any other.

One of our specialties is the bedroom and house slipper, with ventilated soles. We have also walking shoes for both men and women, constructed on common sense principles, with sanitary woolen lining and ventilated inner soles.

In opera cloaks we have some pretty things in white and grey camel's-hair and wool combined. They excel any other in softness and lightness.

We have also some exquisite fascinators and head wraps, in lacey effects.

Our dressing jackets are unequalled by any other manufacture in Canada. We show them in various colors of the knitted Jaeger wools, or woven in camel's-hair and fleecy; of loose front and modeled to the figure.

In dressing gowns we have a fine variety of camel's-hair; while our wraps and shawls need only to be inspected to be given preference over every other.

All of these goods have a special combination of softness, lightness, and warmth. It is the admixture of cotton that makes the garment heavy. Our material is always pure, sanitary wool.

Another useful article is the jersey, worn inside the coat, for riding or driving. We have these in pure wools, finely woven and finished, neatly shaped with gussets and bands.

Husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, sons and daughters should not fail to pay the Jaeger Wool Company a visit before deciding upon their Christmas gifts.

Any Lady

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and
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of

THE HOME JOURNAL



There isn't a leaf but what infuses —
FRAGRANT Not **PUNGENT**
DELICIOUS " **BITTER**
HARMLESS " **PUCKERY**

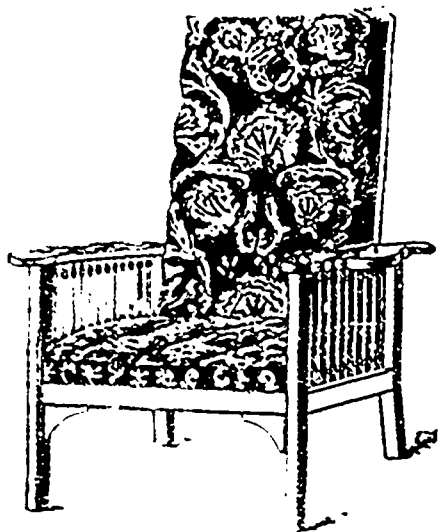
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“ **SALADA** ”
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Morris Chair —

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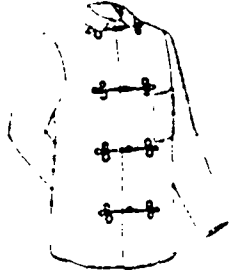
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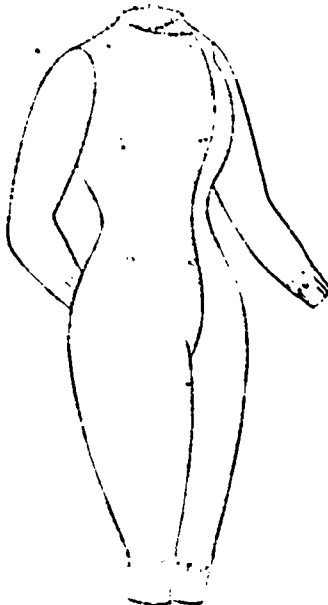


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THE AMERICAN
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MALTINE WITH COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Remarkable results have been obtained from the use of Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in cases of emaciation associated with bronchial irritation and cough. The efficacy of cod liver oil in this class of affections has long been conceded, and combined as it is in this preparation with the hypophosphites (which affords a valuable stimulus to the nervous system), and with maltine (itself a food and reconstructive of the greatest value), its usefulness is vastly increased. Furthermore, by the action of maltine starchy foods are more easily digested and in larger quantities, affording additional nourishment for the replacement of the waste of the body and for reconstructive purposes. If you are now using cod liver oil or any of the emulsions of this agent, weigh yourself, use Maltine for two weeks and observe the results. You will have gained both weight and strength, and relief from cough, bronchial irritation, and the distress these occasion.

Does This Interest You?

We have removed our business from 63½ King street west to more commodious premises at 81 King street west. We are the only well-known retail firm in Toronto doing business in Teas, Coffees and Cocos exclusively. We can assure you that our reputation as purveyors of high class products will in the future be adequately maintained, while our added space and conveniences will enable us to give even better satisfaction than heretofore. Mr. H. P. Mullens has recently been admitted as a member of the firm. We hope to receive your continued support, and will be glad to have your orders. We remain,

Yours faithfully,

HERWARD SPENCER & Co.

Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors, 5 King West

MISS PATON has just returned from New York after attending the latest openings of French and American Street, Ball, and Reception Dresses, and is now prepared to make

TAILOR-MADE STREET SUITS.

Making and Furnishings, \$18 to \$20. Work and Fit guaranteed.

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

PHILATELY.

By GEORGE A. LOWE.

[We invite correspondence on this subject, and will be pleased to answer any questions.]

Stamp collecting has become so extensive during the past few years, that at the present writing few philatelists attempt to collect those of every country. They specialize; that is, they confine themselves to groups of two or three countries. For instance, in Canada the majority collect British North America and United States stamps only, while others will include those of all British colonies; indeed, in them the average collector will find sufficient scope, when it is known that over half the countries issuing stamps are dependencies of the British Crown.

It is interesting to know that the stamps of Canada are more eagerly sought after than those of any other country; not only in Canada is this the case, but all over the world; the reason for this, no doubt, is on account of the attractiveness of our early stamps, and the extreme rarity of many of them. It must be borne in mind that the issue of stamps thirty or forty years ago was very small in comparison with the great output of our present stamps; the country then being thinly populated and the correspondence very limited will account for the scarcity of many issues. Again, each province had its own stamps. Those of Canada merely represented those of Upper and Lower Canada; New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island each having stamps of their own.

The first stamps used in this country was in 1851; they may be described as follows: 1; penny, pink, bearing the head of the Queen; 3-pence, red, with beaver in center of stamp; 6-pence, violet, profile of Prince Albert; 7½-penny, green, Queen's head; 10-pence, blue, head of Jacques Cartier, and 12-pence, black, head of Queen. These stamps were in use until 1858; they were printed in sheets and had to be severed by cutting with scissors, as perforating had not then come into use.

Before 1851 postage on letters was pre-paid or collected from the parties to whom the letter was directed. Even in years afterwards, when stamps were in general use, it was optional whether the sender of the letter paid the postage or charged same to the receiver of same. Indeed, very few of the smaller offices sold stamps at all. It was principally in the large towns and cities where stamps were adopted. This again accounts for the rarity of British North America stamps. It is very interesting to note the rapid increase in many Canadian stamps during the past few years. I remember a party in the Canadian Express Co. offering me 50 6-penny stamps about ten years ago at 25 cents each. I refused them, thinking that the price was too high. To-day they would easily command ten times that amount. Again the 8-cent register stamp used in 1875 to register letters to Europe could be bought in that year at the post office for 8 cents each. In 1888 I refused them at 16 cents each. To-day they are worth over a dollar each. Eight years ago I had a stock of some thousands of 3-pence Newfoundland stamps, which I was offering at 1 cent each, or \$8.50 per 100. To-day they are worth \$1.50 each. Had I known the price they would have commanded a few years afterwards there would have been thousands of dollars in it for me, but one never knows what a few years may bring forth.



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100 different Stamps from Egypt, Australia, Russia, Turkey, Japan, etc., only 15c; 200 different stamps from India, South America, Africa and numerous other countries, 50c. Large price list of stamps and a copy of *Canadian Philatelic Magazine* free. **Buy Old Stamps**, dating from 1850 to 1880. Send me what you have and I will give a figure. Common stamps only bought in

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The Season's Greetings

The coming season is the period of enjoyment. If you are going to attend a reception come and have your hair dressed in the latest style at most moderate charges.

Bangs Cutled, 10c. Shampooing, 24c.
Hair Clipping and Singed, 14c. Hair Dred from 49c.
Hair Dressed in all styles, 24c. Hair Bleached from 99c.
Ladies' combings made up in switches, 10c. to 24c. ounce.
Fine assortment of Switches at 74c., 99c. and \$1.24.
Natural Curl Bangs from 99c.

Ladies' hair treated successfully, falling out prevented and a second growth guaranteed.

In connection with the Hair Dressing Parlor we have opened a "Manicure Department" in which you can have your finger nails made beautiful after the most approved styles. Both the Hair Dressing and Manicure Departments are under the management of Madame I. Muntz, so long and favorably known to the ladies of Toronto.

On the Fourth Floor

You will find our restaurant, at which you can obtain a tasty lunch at reasonable rates. Try one of these the next time you are in.

10c. LUNCH. Plate of Meat, Bread and Butter, Coffee, or glass of Milk.
15c. LUNCH. Meat Pie or plate of Meat, Bread and Butter with Tea, Coffee or Milk and Pie or Cake.
20c. LUNCH. Plate of Turkey, Chicken, Ham or Tongue, Bread and Butter, Tea, Coffee or Milk and Pie or Cake.

You may Probably

Want a new Dress this winter. Our Misses Innes, who are the designers and managers of the Dress-making Department, beg to inform the lady readers of this journal that they make a specialty of Evening and Dinner Costumes. The style and fit is guaranteed. Terms will be found reasonable and country readers will have their mail orders promptly attended to. This department will be found on 4th floor.

THE JOHN EATON CO., LTD.
TEMPERANCE and YONGE STS.

Christmas Gifts...

SHOWN BY THE J. E. ELLIS CO.

A USEFUL gift is a pleasant thing; but if it combines both usefulness and beauty, then it becomes altogether a delight, both to giver and recipient.

Even the wisest are perplexed when the Christmas season approaches, to decide not merely how much they shall spend, but in what manner they shall spend it.

Gentlemen are unable to decide upon suitable gifts for their lady friends; and ladies are almost equally puzzled concerning the needs and likings of the opposite sex.

Therefore, to make suggestions of pretty, serviceable gifts for both, is to confer a boon upon busy people at this season of the year.

One of the prettiest novelties we have in stock are decorated glass table bells, with silver tongues and handles. The tone produced is mellow, sweet and clear as that of musical glasses. These bells are the very newest things, and are in vogue in the best homes.

In cut glass we show a rich variety of dainty wares. Among the choicest are perfume bottles of many sizes and shapes. The latest have flat perforated tops of sterling filigree silver. These may be had from \$3.50 up.

We show also a choice selection of crystal vinaigrettes of the latest shape; about nine inches long and tapering to a point at the base, with silver chased top. Smaller ones are of facet cut glass. Ladies must handle these in order to realize the convenience of this tapering design. They range from \$1 up.

Our toilet glasses and scent bottles are unusually beautiful, in cut glass and filigree silver. The latest shapes are in curving lines, square shapes having gone largely out. One especially pretty design in scent bottles is of cut glass with drape of filigree silver falling from the neck like a lady's cloak.

Silver topped cut glass salts and peppers, inkstands and mucilage pots make pretty little gifts, and these we have in variety from \$2 up.

In sterling silver we show the newest bonbonnières, which are flatter and broader than those of last season—to carry in the pocket if desired. They are designed in embossed silver, and range from \$3.

A pretty novelty is a velvet pin cushion framed in filigree silver. The top lifts on hinges and reveals a cunning trinket box.

A silver puff makes an especially suitable gift for a lady's toilet table.

We have also the prettiest and newest design in butter dishes. One of Crown Derby china in silver stand is much admired. It is small, as is the latest fashion in this dish, and not ornate, but its simplicity stamps its merit and value.

The newest in tea sets is the George design. It is similar to the Queen Anne, but of square effect. We show a charming George set in sterling silver, also a dainty Queen Anne set. Side by side they make a pretty Darby and Joan suggestion.

Silver cream and sugar sets, embossed and plain, and silver salt sets, gold lined, in cases, make charming gifts for ladies, and we have a dainty stock of these in the latest English designs.

Less costly, but equally good, are our vaseline boxes, trinket trays, flowers glasses, in silver filigree stands, and a variety of such pretty articles, all in sterling silver and suitable for gifts.

Among the more useful articles, clothes and toilet brushes are always appropriate for gifts. The latest fashion in these goods is the camel's-hair brush with silver back in new French finish.

This finish has the effect of oxidized silver with the dark shades brushed off, leaving a soft pearl grey tint. We show also bonnet dusters with silver satin finished handles. These are always acceptable gifts. They range in price from \$4 up.

In hair brushes we have a variety in sterling silver, as well as ivory back and ebony brushes.

Combs are more elaborate this year, tortoise-shell combs with silver mounts being the latest style.

Now that fancy combs are in vogue again for ladies' coiffures, one of our pretty back combs, silver or gold mounted, would be an acceptable gift. We have also a variety of fancy side combs.

While among brushes, to suggest one of our silver-handled shaving brushes as a gift for a gentleman will not come amiss.

Manicure sets are always acceptable. We have them in sterling silver, in cases containing from six to sixteen pieces. We have also the individual pieces for separate sale. Among other sets we have dainty pocket cases containing small silver mounted scissors and silver thimble, a pretty gift for a lady. Small and larger library sets also containing letter seal, paper knife, stamp box, silver pen, and other useful articles in silver. These may be had from \$3 up.

A gift that is really a boon is a good umbrella, and we show a variety of the finest quality and marvelous lightness, with frames and stem of tempered steel, and onyx, tortoise and silver-mounted handles. One of these would make a charming gift for either gentleman or lady.

In walking canes the Congo oak with crook is the most fashionable.

Coming to table furnishing, we show an endless variety in forks and spoons, the very latest devices: Butter pick, pickle fork with spring, olive fork and spoon combined, horse radish spoon, strawberry fork, sardine fork, lobster fork and cold meat forks of various designs.

Among the spoons are sugar scoop, sugar sifter, orange spoon, berry and fruit spoons. We have also pretty novelties in the shape of fried oyster server, child's food pusher, nutmeg grater, and brandy burner. All of these are individual sterling silver pieces, any one of which comes within reach of a modest purse, and would form a pretty gift.

We have also a pretty range of fancy clocks for bedrooms—in brass, tortoise-shell and silver, very daintily figured and embossed.

In jewels we carry our usually fine stock, augmented by some importations for the holiday season. Our diamond devices are exceptionally fine. Opals are still to the fore among the gems. One of the loveliest things we have shown for some time is a diamond aigrette, the design being crescent and star, with curving diamond spray opening from the latter; and a miniature white osprey crowning and offsetting the gems. This device may be taken apart; and forms either two exquisite bracelets, or brooch, hairpin and pendant.

Another beautiful design is a splendid diamond sun-burst, which may be used as hair ornament or brooch.

For those fond of opals, we show a magnificent opal, large as a robin's egg, set in diamond points. The color effect is superb.

We show the newest devices in diamond necklaces and pendants, and have in stock some fine emeralds.

Our things are in the newest designs.

In trinket gifts, ranging at low prices, we have a pretty variety of sterling silver: Key tags, coat hangers, umbrella clasps, stamp boxes, court plaster cases, hat markers, tape measures, silver clasp garters, muff holders, Bible and prayer book markers with silver pendants, belt and fancy hat pins, Trilby hearts, silver fern pots. Any of these are commensurate in cost with the most modest purse, and make charming gifts for friends of any degree of intimacy.

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True Happiness.

What brings more joy to a cheerless bird-side than a lively, happy little Canary, full of song? But he is not hardy; inattention; a draught of air, and the bright little warbler is converted into a sorry, silent, drooping mass of feathers.

BIRD MANNA will restore his voice and cause a wonderful transformation. **BIRDS LOVE IT.** Is sold at all drug stores, or by mail, Bird Book Free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 32, Philadelphia, Pa.

CANADIAN DEPOT:
T. J. COOKE & CO.,
20 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

VICTORIA, B. C.

(Continued from page 19.)

The Local Council of Women met for the transaction of business on Friday, November 9th, when many questions of interest concerning social and educational affairs were discussed.

On Friday evening, Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen addressed a large audience on the object and aims of the Council.

Concerning the servant question, as Her Excellency's attitude has been so largely misrepresented, it may not be amiss to quote her words upon the subject:

"We are often told of the farmers' sons who are flocking into the cities, and of their daughters who are becoming clerks and typewriters for a mere pittance, often amidst most unhealthy surroundings, instead of taking to the profession of their fathers and their mothers. What does it mean? It means that by giving our public school children an exclusively literary education we are training them to look upon that as far superior to the knowledge of how to farm well or how to cook well. There are many complaints about this and about the difficulty of getting good and reliable servants, and yet we do not trace cause and effect and see that the education given to our children is largely responsible for the estimate they form of the dignity of labor. Perhaps, ladies, you think me somewhat rash for alluding to the subject of domestic servants at all, for you have perhaps seen some of those paragraphs according to which I am supposed to have rather strange notions upon the subject. I do not know, for instance, whether you have ever read the following, which I take from the New York Tribune, a leading American paper:

"Stories current in Canada indicate very strained relations between Rideau Hall and certain social magnates. Some of these stories may have been manufactured; many are doubtless exaggerated; but the fact remains that they obtain credence. It is said that hotels, as well as private households, have declined to entertain Lady Aberdeen on account of her interference with domestic servants in the interest of reform. One story relates that Lady Aberdeen was invited to dine at the house of a leader of society in Montreal. The maids in attendance were dressed in neat suits of black lustre, with dainty white caps. In passing into the dining-room Lady Aberdeen glanced at these costumes with disapproving eyes. When one of the maids served her, she said, indicating the cap: 'My poor child, I see you will wear that unfortunate badge of servitude. Pray take it off, and do not put it on again while you serve me.' The maid at once complied, but the mistress of the house at once caught sight of her capless head, and, beckoning her, demanded the cause. The girl said she had taken off the cap by request of Lady Aberdeen. The mistress told her to put it on at once, and the girl obeyed. It is said that after dinner Lady Aberdeen disclaimed any intention of interference, and her hostess politely but firmly explained that in her own house she had always been and would continue to be the mistress of her own servants.

"Another story is to the effect that a couple well known in Ottawa society were invited to dine at Rideau Hall. The absence of the husband from the city caused the wife to decline. Lady Aberdeen sent an invitation for her to dine *en famille*, and on her arrival explained: 'This is Haddo Hall night, and we will dine with the servants in their dining-room. Lord Aberdeen will take you into dinner and the butler will take me.' Thereupon the visitor begged to decline the honor. She had not understood that the invitation to dine with the family included the servants.'

"Ladies, you will understand how gladly I take this opportunity of thanking my British Columbia friends who so gallantly came to my rescue the other day and sent a letter contradicting these stories to *Vanity Fair*, a paper read largely among certain

classes in England. I am very grateful to that kind champion. (Loud and continued applause.) If I may constitute you, ladies, my champions in this matter I shall be very grateful. (Renewed applause.) If you do take up my cause perhaps you will state that it is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the girls in our household have always worn caps, and, moreover, that I have never heard the breath of an objection from them to doing so."

In replying to a vote of thanks on behalf of the Countess, His Excellency also referred to the matter in these words:

"Possibly it might seem to some of us that one portion of Lady Aberdeen's address—I mean that which alluded to a somewhat personal matter—was, on that account, scarcely necessary. Well, it is, no doubt, a very good rule that we should pay very little attention to stories and talk of the sort referred to, in the press or elsewhere. But at the same time, it must be remembered that when a statement or report, though primarily affecting only individuals, is liable to have a detrimental effect upon a useful public movement, it then becomes something more than a merely personal affair. Moreover, it must be remembered that this particular story, in one shape or another, has been in circulation for at least three years—(laughter and applause)—and, therefore, it must be admitted that a certain amount of patience has been displayed in abstaining from an earlier contradiction. As to that, I may add that you may rest assured that neither Lady Aberdeen nor I will, on the one hand, adopt or encourage an eccentric departure from reasonable custom and usage, as for instance, by a display of an erratic and undignified familiarity, which would certainly not be regarded as a real mark of respect towards those to whom it might be offered; while, on the other hand, I hope that it is equally certain that we shall not be the slaves of meaningless fashion, or evince what I can only call the vulgarity of an artificial and haughty assumption of superiority or exclusiveness."

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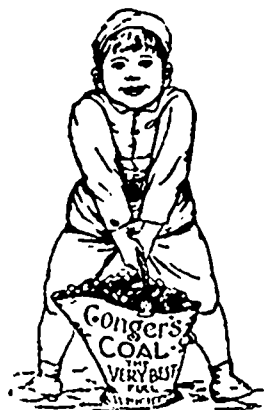
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 TERMS.—For board and nursing, \$5 to \$14 per week, according to apartments. For particulars, address the Medical Superintendent.
 W. E. BESSEY, M.D., Toronto, Ont.

Eyesight properly Tested
 Free of Charge
 By "My Optician," 159 Yonge St.

A WINTER'S TALE —

Christmas Shopping

AT WALKER'S

WHAT a nuisance it is to go into a store at Christmas-tide where everything is disorder! Goods piled topsy-turvy on the counters, people rushing into each other, clerks scarce and cranky when one does get one, and no assistance given to the weary present-buyer—this is what is found in most places.

Walker's store, however, is large, bright and roomy. Other departments are being cleared out or condensed to give abundance of space to our Xmas goods. Clerks are here in plenty, and each clerk is an expert at suggesting suitable gifts. Come here, make yourself at home, and discuss your holiday plans with our salespeople.

This season Walker's take a hand in all present making. Such a magnificent holiday display was never seen in Toronto before, nor never will be again, till Walker's repeat it. The values are as high as your New Year hopes—and the prices are beating the mercury in the race to the zero mark! You'll not notice the inconveniences of holiday shopping, when you see the offers we're making!

A POST CARD DOES IT

Drop us a post card, and the next mail will bring you a beautiful 60-page illustrated Christmas catalogue of our goods. When you know what we have, you'll be better able to decide what you want.

WALKER'S, TORONTO.

ORDERING BY MAIL

Mail orders will receive prompt attention. Look over our lists and send to us for what you want, and we'll show you how satisfactory a mail-service can be made, when it's managed in the Walker style. Remember: Your money is not our money until you're satisfied.

WALKER'S, TORONTO.

IN A STORE LIKE THIS

You are always sure of finding a few things that are worth while buying, because for some reason or other they are extra cheap. The best way to find these things is to come often and go round the store.

WALKER'S, TORONTO.

HINTS FOR GIFT GIVERS

A beautiful assortment of fine Handkerchiefs (embroidered Initial and Real Lace). Fine Kid Gloves. Evening Silk Gloves and Fans. Dressing Cases, etc.

WALKER'S, TORONTO.

IT SHOWS YOUR TASTES

And betrays your character—your choice of presents for your friends. We would suggest some tasty presents in Sterling Silver Nick-Knacks, Toilet Articles, Books and Booklets.

WALKER'S, TORONTO.

R. WALKER & SONS,

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