

CANADIAN

Mag.

1897
January

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE leading national topic of the month has been that of closer Imperial connection; prominence having been given to it by the continuous discussion of the Fast Atlantic Steamship project, the Tariff Commission, and the addresses made by prominent men, both at the United Empire League luncheon in London and the National Club banquet in Toronto. A few years ago when the Imperial Federation League was established in the United Kingdom and colonies, the organization was laughed at, its purpose pronounced chimerical, its members faddists and sentimentalists, by the democratic element among us.

To-day the views it embodied are discussed, not only as practical but as a near and magnificent possibility. It matters little under what especial name the work is carried on; United Empire Trade League, Colonial Chambers of Commerce, National Clubs,—these embody each in their constitution the great principle of Imperial Unity—the finest national conception of the century, and second only to that larger one of international arbitration. The Imperial Federation League may have been a body of flag-flying visionists, but its vision has broadened Imperial politics into a splendid probability;—and statesmen are made of just such dreamers.

THE Czar is showing himself to be a monarch of character—and one capable of independent action. It is stated that every day he receives reports directly from the foreign and other departments, and dictates the replies thereto without consulting anyone, except subordinate officials to whom he listens, but whose opinions he does not ask.

The fact that his executive officers are aghast at this innovation, proves that a duly enlightened absolute monarch is not supposed to rule his monarchy absolutely, but relatively, and with due regard to the opinions and habits of the said high officials. The Sultan only is exempt from this, or any other supposition. There appears to be little doubt however, that since the Czar's visit to Balmoral, diplomatic movement concerning Turkey has been under way; and that in near action we shall again see the result of the direct personal influence of our grand old Queen; who, while regarding the restraints of diplomatic observance, yet throughout her long reign has ever brought that influence to bear at all critical moments in the history of the nations.

THAT Mr. Bayard's letter of regret to the American Society explaining his absence from their Thanksgiving dinner in London, has been the cause of considerable comment in court circles is not a matter of wonder. He wrote:

It is a great disappointment to me that this royal summons to Windsor should deprive me of the pleasure I had so confidently anticipated of meeting our fellow countrymen of the American Society in London at their annual Thanksgiving dinner. The disappointment is unavoidable, and I must bow to the inexorable laws of etiquette in this line, which are paramount in such matters.

The American ambassador's popularity and

well-known courtesy in London social and diplomatic circles prevents invidious inferences being drawn, but the apology is at least not happily expressed, and may be classed among those innumerable Things Better Left Unsaid.

THE case of the Beattie Bros., is a prompt refutation of the favorite assertion of the anti-British connectionist in Canada: that Great Britain has no regard for her colonial subjects.

On or about November twenty-fifth a telegram came to the Premier of British Columbia from a merchant in Vancouver, that his brothers-in-law, the Messrs. Beattie, residents of that province, but at present sojourning in Havana, Cuba, had been arrested by the Spanish, and sentenced to death for being in some way connected with the rebellion, and asking that the Government should take immediate action.

Premier Turner immediately telegraphed to the Consular Agent-General in London and Lieut-Governor Dewdney cabled to the Secretary of State asking each to look into the case. Immediate replies were received from both these gentlemen, and indeed *within eighteen hours* after the despatches were sent, a cable message was received by Premier Turner stating that the desired steps had been taken, and the Foreign Office would insure the safety of Messrs. Beattie, as well as all other British residents in Cuba. The latest report states that Lord Salisbury's strong representations to the Spanish Government upon the subject, has caused their release. The truth is that Great Britain takes quicker action where the interests or safety of her colonial subjects are involved than concerning those resident in the United Kingdom.

THE circulation and profits of that great daily, the *London Times* has always been kept a secret. But through a recent law suit instituted by a man who bought one share in the *Times*, some knowledge of its profit was disclosed. The man's share was described as 1-14th of 2-3d's of 1-9th of 2-16ths of the *Times*, which figures out as 1-1512th of the property. This share, it was affirmed, yielded nearly £24 in 1892, but in 1894 only £17 18s. 11d. A little multiplication shows that the profits of the *Times* was about \$180,000 in 1892, and \$130,000 in 1894.

Now that the struggle in Cuba is attracting the attention of the Western world, it is of interest to know something of the condition and capabilities of the island. Cuba is about six times the length of our own Prince Edward Island, and more than twice its width. It has 2,000 miles of sea coast, and many fine harbors. The population numbers a trifle over one and a half million, of whom one million are whites. At present but a small part of the island is under cultivation, since for years the Spaniards have treated Cuba as England treated Newfoundland in the 18th century, systematically discouraging permanent residence. An instance of such preventative measures now in force is, that no foreigners shall live in Cuba more than three months without declaring themselves Roman Catholics.

INFORMATION received in a private letter from a missionary in China who recently passed through Tien Sing, and made a call on Li Hung Chang, states that the venerable Viceroys was found in his house, in a contented condition of native dirt, with nine bath tubs, which he brought from England hanging upon the walls of the room in which he sat, in lieu of pictures. He points them out as souvenirs of his travel, and mementoes of one of the odd customs of heathendom.

ONE of the most important women movements of 1896, was the convention of Jewish women, held in New York during November. This council is the only one of its kind; and the convention was the first that has been held. The council originated, as did many other good movements, in the Congress of Religions at Chicago, where a lady, who is now president of the council, spoke in favor of a larger activity among Jewish women in religious affairs, as the surest method of combating the scepticism that is making havoc among the Jews of the western world. The Council is religious and philanthropic in its purpose, and the convention discussions were chiefly concerning the best methods of reviving in the Jewish women of this continent the old enthusiasm and pride in religion and race. The convention lasted a full week, and was ably conducted from an executive standpoint, while its debates were of an unusually high order. That a people so conservative in its restrictions upon womanhood should endorse and support, such a movement is markedly significant of the trend of the age.

THE deposed Queen of Hawaii has appeared unexpectedly and apparently uninvited in the United States, and rumor is busy regarding her object, whether it is to appeal to the President for assistance in regaining her crown, or whether the wily Hawaiian Government has bribed her portly Queenship to support annexation. The ways of barbaric royalty are peculiar, and it is quite likely that ex-Queen Lil's only object is to please herself, and have an ex-royal good time. For why should she not be feted and flattered in Washington and London as well as the Shah, Li Hung Chang, and other Most Excellent Blacknesses? She would probably be able to conduct herself more like "common white trash" than do the male fraternity; and think of the flatteries that diplomatic courtiers would be under orders to pour into her lovely little ears. But if the ex-Queen has any deeper purpose, she is quite clever enough to keep it to herself.

A RECENT Michigan paper tells of some newly established planing mills in that State which are entirely "manned" by women; and now women are going into mining. A Woman's Mining Company has been incorporated at Spokane with capital of two million. The directors are women; and offices will be opened in all the large centres. The company's official broker is a woman, but a male expert has been sent to Rossland to report, before the company purchase properties. There is no reason why women should not enter the field as mining promoters and investors. Many of them are now physical science graduates and have sufficient technical knowledge for practical understanding of this line of enterprise. And

it has been demonstrated that the average business woman has as keen commercial instincts and good judgment as any successful business man. The topic is one of present interest to Canadian women.

The women have again won the franchise. This time it is in Idaho. The State Supreme Court has decided the question of majorities, arising from the results of the last State election, in their favor. This makes the fourth State in which full woman suffrage exists—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, being the other three. New Zealand and two of the Australian provinces have also granted their women the parliamentary vote. The fight is a hard one, but the women suffragists are winning.

MARIE BARBERI, the Italian girl, who was sentenced to death in New York for murdering her lover, has been acquitted. The sentence was passed a year and a half ago, but American justice moves slowly, and the second trial has been delayed until now. The murder was clearly proven but there were mitigating circumstances in connection with the crime; public sympathy was with the girl, and the sentence was considered too severe. It hardly seems justice, however, that she should obtain acquittal. The hysterical sentiment which the New York press are responsible for arousing, in her case, caused quite a celebration during the first few hours following her release. The girl was besieged by women reporters; held a reception at her lawyers, was photographed, visited the Italian newspaper offices and banks, while the cab in which she rode was followed by cheering crowds. When she arrived at her modest tenement-home there were seven museum managers awaiting her.

Two ladies, well known in high social circles, have opened a tea room on Fifth Avenue, New York, which is to combine all the advantages of a dainty restaurant, supplying lunch and afternoon tea, with a resting and meeting place for ladies at the mid-day hours and again in the gloaming, when the fragrant cup is most acceptable. The rooms are fitted up in a tasteful and luxurious fashion, with easy chairs, sofas, and divans, and a staff of neat handmaids minister to the wants of customers. It is a pretty and comfortable lounging place, and the refreshments supplied are of the very finest. If the opening day were a prophesy, this enterprise will prove both pleasant to patrons and profitable to the ladies in charge. There is room for just such a tea room in Toronto.

The most active and efficient "ward political workers" in the United States are women. In that country, and in Great Britain, the value of women in politics is recognized by both parties. In Canada this power is lying as yet latent. There is a colored woman who practically controls the votes in her district. And she is poor, and lives in a basement. She knows every man in the district, and by clubs, canvassing, speeches and bowls of soup, manages to keep them well in line. On election day she watches at the polls and if there be recreants among her knights, goes promptly in search of them, and marches them up to vote.

IN CANADA.

A FEW years ago the name "Lake of the Woods" formed a theme for romance in fiction and in the minds of young people, who pored over their school geographies and pictured its solitary beauty. The recent discovery of large gold deposits may disperse the romance, but it does not lessen our interest in the north-western lake of a thousand isles. Since it is asserted that the most valuable mines are around the shores of the lake, it will probably lessen its natural beauty however.

There is not much difference between the words

anthracolite and anthracite, nor yet apparently very much in what each signifies. But there is a world of difference in the profit accruing from each. To discover a vein of anthracite means millionaire-dom, to find one of anthracolite means—a newspaper paragraph. Yet the difference in composition is slight, only a question of more or less carbon. On such a trifle hinges fortune.

We are informed that the new Dominion Bank notes of five-thousand, one-thousand and five-hundred dollar bills recently issued are intended exclusively for use by banks. It is as well to know this, and that the notes will be dishonored if presented by a private individual, else the general public might be inclined to use them as small currency. The fact that the \$5,000 notes are ornamented with the head of Sir John Macdonald would, without doubt, bring a smile and ready joke at his own expense from that light hearted old statesman, if he were here. His indifference to money, and his frank poverty, gives point to the situation, which he would be the first to appreciate.

AGAIN the Salvation Army are ahead of the Church in practical Christianity. Twenty-one Armenian refugees have been forwarded by the Army in England to the Canadian contingent; and by the time this paragraph is in print they will be domiciled at the Army's Industrial Farm near Toronto, where they will be cared for until such time as work is found for them. Why is it that the churches do not reach out to do these things, or the numerous church societies, that are inane for lack of a vital interest?

A CURIOUS case of endeavoring to "make the punishment fit the crime" was that instanced by the principal of one of the Montreal schools, who discovering certain of his boy pupils with tobacco in their possession against the rules, compelled them to swallow a concoction of the tobacco mixed with water, thus producing extreme nausea. There is no doubt the punishment was salutary, and probably harmless in results; but the question of its expediency is worthy a debate.

THE recent public meeting called to discuss the Aqueduct question, was an amusing revelation of the crudities of municipal politics as carried on in Toronto. But it showed certain things clearly: that the project is making slow but certain advance in the favor of the citizens; that the working classes are largely supporting it; and that its chief promoter who has fought so pluckily is no longer compelled to do so, single handed. It is evident that both the general public and press are moderating their tone in regard to this question; and there is a probability that it will eventually receive the fair treatment that has certainly not been accorded it, up to the present. It is worthy of note that a year ago, the women of the Municipal Reform Association, endorsed the project, and decided to vote for aldermanic candidates pledged to its support.

MAYOR FLEMING's move on the Sunday street car question, shows that curious blending of principle and pocket view which is the nearest to majority of us get to clear vision.

Representing the anti-car element, he says in effect—"Remember, I do not believe Sunday cars are either necessary or right; but I have scrowed an excellent offer out of the car company, which I really think we had better accept."

It is an excellent offer; and those in favor of the Sunday street car, endorse Mayor Fleming's efforts, without questioning his motives. But it is a curious compounding of a moral principle with material advantage.

WHATEVER may be the result of the municipal elections, it is to be hoped that men will be re-

turned who will bring to the council meetings something more of dignity than their predecessors have shown during the past year. We have not set a high standard for our city council board; but low as it is, it has been repeatedly disgraced during the past twelve months by the abusive personalities indulged in between members. If, under the circumstances, the women voters of Toronto decide that it is time to send women to fitly represent the decent element of the city at the Council Board, the aldermen have only themselves to blame.

THE attention being given in the present day to the value of foods, from both a physical and moral standpoint is one of the marked signs of advancing thought.

The majority of American schools have their cooking classes. The thin edge of the wedge has been inserted in the Toronto public schools during the past few weeks, when a class of little girls in Elizabeth street school have been given practical instruction in cooking. The children of this school are of the laboring class; and they have been learning how to make good soup and porridge, how to boil potatoes and make johnny cake. Through the benevolence of various city merchants, a range, flour, groceries and simple kitchen utensils were provided; and Mrs Jean Joy kindly volunteered to give the children lessons. It is to be hoped that the work begun in this small way will be carried on, and that manual training will soon be incorporated as part of the public school work.

THE second Theological conference, which took place in Victoria College during a recent week in December, was as markedly successful as the first. The results of such a conference are invaluable. Being unconventional within certain lines, they are both broadening and stimulative. The topics discussed are of wide range and large interest, extending from critical theology to current sociological views, while the ethics of national life are given prominent place. Although under the auspices of the Methodist College, denominationalism is subordinated, and the addresses are given by men of thought and standing, without regard to creed. The possibility of such a conference thus conducted is evidence almost startling of the rapid change of attitude the Christian church is assuming.

THE qualifications demanded in a minister of to-day—that is, demanded by the various church bodies—is curiously, if unintentionally, set forth by a letter forwarded by a laudatory member of the Rev. Mr. McCaughan's church in Belfast, and published in the Toronto daily press.

Point first.—He has raised the membership from less than 300 to 700 families in ten years.

Point second.—The revenue has been raised in proportion.

Points third and fourth.—He is a member of many committees, and convener of the most important ones.

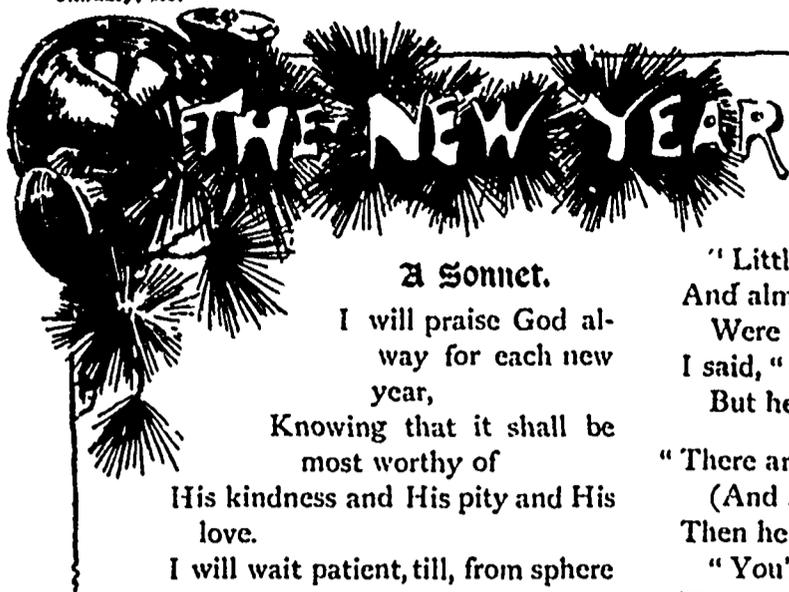
Point fifth.—He is a man of marvellous energy, and "gets through" the work.

Point sixth, emphasized and enlarged upon.—He is a popular preacher, crowds the church to suffocation and draws more people to his own church than a stranger could. People have to wait for years for seats.

Point seventh.—He is a foremost helper in charities, and a strong friend of the Y.M.C.A.

Point eighth.—We could not afford to lose such a man.

This summary is not intended as a reflection upon the reverend gentleman in question, he may be much more than this. But it is made simply to show the modern church ideal of a successful minister. And yet we occasionally deplore the look of spirituality in the pulpit.



A Sonnet.

I will praise God al-
way for each new
year,
Knowing that it shall be
most worthy of
His kindness and His pity and His
love.
I will wait patient, till, from sphere
to sphere,

Across large times and spaces, ringeth clear
The voice of Him who sitteth high above,
Saying, "Behold! thou hast had pain enough;
Come; for thy Love is waiting for thee here!"
I know that it must happen as God saith—
I know it well. Yet, also, I know we'll
That where birds sing and yellow wild-flowers
dwell,

Or where some strange new sunset lingereth,
All Earth shall alway of her presence tell
Who liveth not for me this side of death."

—Francis Sherman in "Matins."



Leap Year 3dyl.

Jim was always a friend o'
mine—you see,
We lived in the same little
town,

But tho' he was 'fectionate like to me,
He courted Amelia Brown.
At least so I thought, and then thinks I,
I will go and tell her to speak,
For Jim was backward, and kind o' shy,
And Leap Year would end in a week.

So on Christmas Eve I started out,
(She lived nearly a mile away),
The evenin' shadows lay all about,
And my heart felt dull and grey.
Then I suddenly heard a well-known tone,
And I turn'd, and behind was Jim,
I didn't feel half so sad and lone,
Awalkin' along by him.

I told him all that I had to tell,
Without mentionin' 'Melia's name,

"There's a girl," I
said, "as likes
you well,"

So he might have
known 'twas
the same.

I said, she hated to
see him lead

Such a lonesome,
'bachelor life,

Said he, with a little smile, "Indeed!

Then you think that I need a wife?"

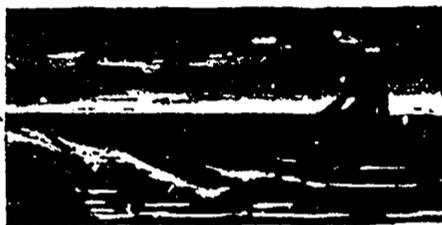


And I answered back, "Of
course, Jim, yes,
. One that's gentle and
kind, and true,
Who'll love you thro' sor-
row and happiness."

"Little sweetheart," he said, "that's you."
And almost before we knew it, we
Were close by Amelia's gate;
I said, "She is waitin', go and see,"
But he answered, "Let her wait!

"There are plenty to comfort her," said he,
(And she was a flirt, I knew),
Then he said with a twinklin' eye to me,
"You're the girl that's kind and true."
'Twas very queer it should turn out so,
However, I married Jim,
And tho' he asked me, as both of us know,
Yet he always says, I asked him.

—M. HEMSTED.



The Phantom Ship.

THERE'S a phantom ship at sea,
When night falls low, when the waves
and sky
Grow dark mid tempest,
This ship flits by:
Swiftly and silently.

Out of the gloom of night,
Come jargon voices of bells wind-swung;
And a darker cowl
O'er the world is flung,
Till stars creep out of sight.

And there's not a groan nor sigh,
As a phantom ship on a pitchy sea;
With her cargo of souls,
In agony,
Flits swiftly, swiftly by.

—A. P. MCKISHNIE.



A New Year Chime.

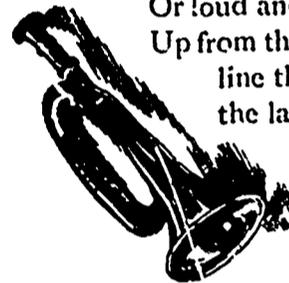
LIKE the summer flowers and sunshine,
That return to us each year,
Comes the same old merry greeting
To ring in the New Year cheer.

Summer flowers can grow no sweeter,
Nor the sunshine show more clear.
Words can hold no more of heart-love
Than "A Happy New Year, dear."

—MAUD TISDALE.



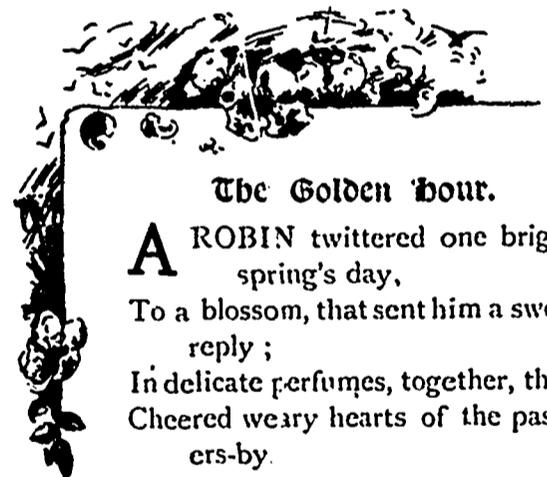
No tumult here,
Nor ceaseless
tramp of hurrying
toilers' feet,
Only a hush above
the wide old street;
Or loud and clear,
Up from the long, low
line that bounds
the lake



The noisy crash of
waves that rise and
break.

And over all,
Lost in the hush and mingling with the roar
Of sullen waters breaking on the shore,
The bugle call
Drifts from the Fort that nestles quaint and low
Beyond the river's frozen fields of snow.

—MADÉLINE GRALE.



The Golden Hour.

A ROBIN twittered one bright
spring's day,
To a blossom, that sent him a sweet
reply;
In delicate perfumes, together, they
Cheered weary hearts of the pass-
ers-by.

O the sweetest notes of song he gave,
And she smiled and nodded this waxen flower;
Then he kissed her lips, and said, "be brave,
I go to to return in the golden hour."

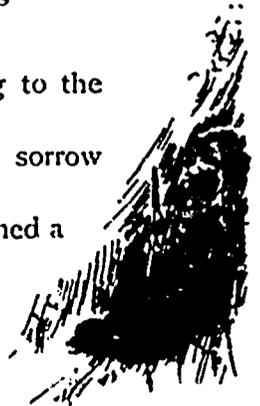
In the golden hour of Autumn's glow,
With heart all gladsome he sought his bride;
But the ground was covered with fleecy snow,
The tender blossom long since had
died.

Then he sang one song to the
leadén sky,
One carol that told of sorrow
deep;

Till the chilly winds sighed a
lullaby,

And the sad-voiced
robin was soothed
to sleep.

—A. P. MCKISHNIE.





WINTER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY HETKEY GADAHOLT

DURING the first few months of my sojourn in this land of promise, I felt sorely tempted, at sundry times and in divers places, to exclaim with the Psalmist, "All men are liars"; so varied and conflicting were the accounts given me regarding the winter season. Finally, I concluded that the only satisfactory method of arriving at a solution of the difficulty, was to remain on the spot, and keep a weather-diary during the winter months. Thus I have done, and am now prepared to argue the question with anyone, including that formidable personage "the oldest inhabitant." Upon one point alone did I find all agreed, namely, that rain was infinitely preferable to snow; and as memories of delightful hours, spent in skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing, in the East, came thronging to my mind, I wondered greatly at this dislike to the beautiful, and secretly gave the British Columbians credit—for very poor taste.

But I have wiser grown since then, and have learned in the interim that the antipathy is well-grounded; for on the Coast the snow usually says, "how do-you-do," and "good-bye," in one breath; only, the farewell is an agony long drawn out, and generally means a week or more of dismal travelling through slush and water. Usually there are a few days of good sleighing at intervals throughout the winter, but the majority of the residents have not vehicles prepared for it, so that but few are able to enjoy it when it comes.

A few years ago, there was splendid sleighing in Vancouver for several weeks, and boxes of every conceivable shape, size and color were pressed into service to do duty as sleighs, causing the streets to present a most striking and unique appearance.

There are really only two seasons on the Coast, summer and autumn; and the weather is generally like the little girl, who "when she was good was very good, and when she was bad was horrid." I find on consulting my diary that during last winter, from the latter part of November until March, it rained on an average every other day, and that on February 17th the sidewalks were dry for the first time in four months. It was moss, moss, everywhere, on the trees, sidewalks, houses and fences, and sometimes one felt as though it was sprouting on oneself. One grew so unutterably tired of *being tired!* for that is the way in which most people are affected by the very relaxing atmosphere.

Then, too, the continual slopping around in the mud and wet, with bedraggled skirts, became extremely wearisome.

However, the people are so accustomed to seeing the landscape bathed in tears, that they do not allow the rain to interfere materially with their work or amusements, except during the heaviest downpours; and, building and pleasuring go on at about the same pace, whether it rains or shines. A slight fall of snow, though, soon stills the sound of the hammer and the saw, and thins out the churches in an alarming manner. One striking peculiarity of the people here is their utter indifference to what would be considered in the East a fairly heavy fall of rain. They speak of it as "Scotch

mist," and strolling along with umbrellas under arms, smile contemptuously at anyone who presumes to call it rain. The children, too, share in this indifference, and pursue their out-of-door games, with the rain dripping from hair and clothing, as joyously as though the sun was shining and all things bright.

There is, however, a bright side to this rather gloomy picture, and because of it nine-tenths of the residents of this Western country prefer making their abiding-place here to any other spot on the earth; and, if absent for a time, long like a child for its mother, for a sight of this goodly land. The weather is so brimful of beautiful surprises, and is continually taking kangaroo leaps from tears to smiles.

There are frequently sunshiny days in the heart of winter; when with the thermometer at sixty degrees, one can take a walk without any outside wraps, with the air as balmy as in June.

There is something indescribably fascinating about these summer days, coming to us, as they do, nestled lovingly in the arms of winter; and, as one gazes upon the mountains with their snowy draperies, which the sun has kissed to gold; upon the dreamy loveliness of island, gulf and stream; the old home-sick longing for the East, engendered by rain and fog, taketh unto itself wings and fleeth away, and one feels that verily it is good to be here.

Out-door sports are necessarily limited during the winter, and beyond a little skating in the suburbs, and an occasional game of football and quoits, there is really nothing in the way of recreation. Card playing and dancing are the staple indoor amusements, and of the latter British Columbians are passionately fond. Lectures, concerts, conventions—in fact almost everything, with the exception of the regular church services, are concluded with a dance, and anyone possessed of any degree of youthfulness, who does not trip the light fantastic, is regarded as a curio, and considered eligible for translation.

Now for a bit of life in this far country. Nothing more or less than an Indian dance, in the mining town of Nanaimo. It was not a regular *pot latch*, although many blankets and six hundred loaves of bread were given away.

The night was gloomy, and the rain falling in torrents, and as I groped my way for several miles through snow and water, my thoughts turned longingly to the cosy fireside I had left. But soon all discomforts were forgotten in the excitement of viewing the curious scene which met my gaze as I entered the large wooden building where the dance was being held.

The smoke, owing to the absence of any means of egress, was blinding, and at first I wept copiously, but in time became accustomed to it. Rows upon rows of dried fish were strung across the room, and added to the fishy odor with which an Indian is always impregnated. The floor was composed of mud, and sprinkled with sawdust, and upon it were built four large fires, consisting of logs laid crosswise.

There were three tribes present, the Oyster Bay, Chemamus and Nanaimo River Indians, and each tribe danced differently.

The men were dressed most curiously, in garments trimmed with tinsel, feathers, fur and claws

of animals. Some wore bare to the waist, and had their bodies and faces painted, until they looked more fiendish than any picture of his satanic majesty I ever gazed upon. The women were attired in ordinary garb, with painted faces, streaming hair decorated with feathers, and bare feet.

They all kept their hands and arms moving while they danced, and sung in that wailing tone characteristic of most uncivilized people. Some of them kept on their feet until they fell over with exhaustion, and had to be carried to their cots, where they panted in the most horrible manner for some length of time after. They do this because they believe that it prolongs their lives, and drives ill-health and evil spirits from them. The most noticeable feature of their dancing, to a civilized beholder, is that they do not embrace, and that the majority of them dance alone; this is probably owing to their lack of civilization. About midnight the dancing ceased, and the bread and water—the sole refreshments—were passed around; after which the blankets were distributed.

A few days later I passed through an equally interesting, but far more thrilling experience, namely:—a tour of the coal-mines, for which Nanaimo is noted, and which has won for it the title of the "Black Diamond City."

The most trying part of all was the descent into the mine, for it was made with such rapidity, one and a quarter minutes, that it gave me an almost overpowering sense of suffocation, and made me feel as though the top of my head was sliding off.

First of all I was shown the mules, thirty-nine all told, who live, work and die in their underground home. I was told that at one time there was a mule in the mine who never would work on Sunday, and when brought out of his stall on that day, deliberately walked back again. Of course he died.

After viewing the mules, I entered an electric car and rode for about a mile under a roof, and between walls of coal. It was a weird, uncanny ride, and I felt as though I was facing death every instant, as indeed was the case, for the roof was liable to cave in at any moment, and only a few days previous a man was killed by falling coal. The motor-man was a cheerful, kindly soul, and beguiled the time in narrating blood-curdling stories of accidents which had occurred in days gone by, and which he assured me were likely to repeat themselves at any moment.

After leaving the car I groped my way, lantern in hand, over banks of coal, and through gloomy passages where I was obliged to bend almost double, until I reached some miners at work. After digging a piece of coal to carry away as a souvenir, and watching the men blast, I returned to the mouth of the shaft. I do not believe that anyone, however saintly, could resist a feeling of relief and thankfulness at once more coming into the light of day. It is an experience one is glad to have had, but not anxious to repeat. I could not but think how little we realize, when sitting around our cherry hearthstones, and enjoying the warmth and coziness which springs therefrom, the lonely, darkened lives of these hidden toilers, who spend nearly all their existence apart from God's sunshine, that we may be warmed and comforted.

Tell-Tale Hands

BY SHIRLEY DENISON.

In palmistry, whether known under that name, or under the more high sounding one of chiromancy, we have an ingenious system by which it is attempted to tell, not only a person's character, but his future. This may or may not be a true science, but it is at least a study which possesses so much interest as to render it worthy of a few moment's attention.

In considering it, we are doing so in good company, as not only the learned Arabians and Magi of the East, but such intellectual giants as Solomon, Aristotle and Plato are said to have engaged in it.

The leading signs by which character is discerned and the future forecast, are to be found in the shape and length of the fingers, their joints and in the mounts and lines of the palm of the hand. Stars too, and crosses, circles, spots and triangles have a part to play in this drama of description and prophecy, but theirs are minor roles and cannot, within the limit of this article come in for full discussion.

To properly enable one to study a hand, it should be taken when neither hot or cold, and held in a strong light. When the time comes for the lines to be examined, the palm should be slightly contracted. The left hand, as showing the natural bent of the character, is first to be studied, but the conclusions drawn from it must be compared with and corrected by observing the corresponding signs in the right hand, which show the results of training upon the natural disposition.

Taking the fingers first, as the Irishman says, it may be well to begin with the thumb. In our chart, the joint, (or phalange to use a technical term) marked A, governs the will. If broad and long, the will is firm and resolute; if only broad, we have obstinacy; and if short and narrow, a weak will. The joint, marked B, is a guide to the mind. If well developed, we find a logical, practical nature; less development shows a smaller portion of these qualities. It is usual to compare both joints together; if of equal length, neither will nor reason will get the upper hand; and the character is well balanced. If one is longer, the corresponding quality predominates.

Beginning at the tips of the fingers we find at least four varieties, the square end, as at D, on our chart; the spatulate (flat and widening at the end) as at C; the rounded seen at E; and the pointed, as at F.

If square, we generally find a practical, common-sense nature, capable of hard work and resolution. The spatulate end, denotes activity, self reliance and often selfishness. The rounded, shows love of the beautiful, a poetic nature, enthusiasm and thoughtfulness. The tapering, as pointed, indicate dreaminess, ideality and want of will.

Finger nails if short and strong show courage, critical faculty and a love for upholding opinions once formed. If shaped like filberts and polished, they are typical of sensitiveness and refinement, but indicate a lack of resolution.

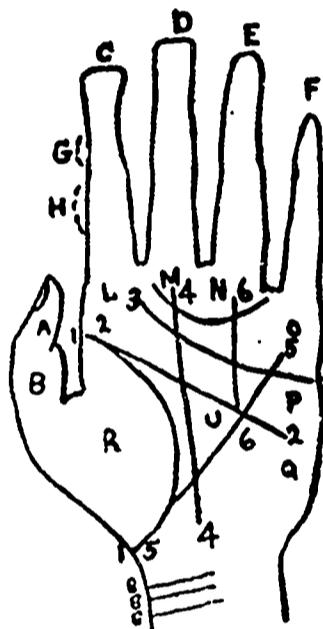
Each finger has its name. The first is Jupiter, its neighbor Saturn, the third Appollo, the fourth Mercury. When all are long and well formed, they show a sense of dignity, care for one's appearance and dress, and an aptitude for detail. When shorter, the nature is more active, tactful and livelier, also less reserved. The finger of Jupiter if long, shows pride and a sense of honor. That of Saturn, if spatulate at the end, shows a somewhat morbid and superstitious disposition. If square tipped, this finger will denote prudence and healthy religious temperament.

The third finger, like the beautiful God of the Sun himself is identified with love of beauty, literature and art. If this finger is particularly long and well shaped, it is a sign of a poetic nature. If longer than the first finger and spatulate, it denotes, says the sages, a love of gambling.

The little finger that of Mercury, discloses an aptitude for business and skill in diplomacy: if pointed, intuition and eloquence are present; if squared tipped, ease in expressing oneself, and a fondness for research appear; if short, the quality of unselfishness is present. A knave or rascal is known by various marks of a bad hand appearing in company with a little finger having a spatulate tip.

The knots at the back of the fingers now deserve some attention. Long fingers with knotty joints and square tips show a philosophic mind and a persistent search for truth. In fact prominent knots are a sign of reasoning power and love of science and calculation. Their absence shows a tendency to jump to conclusions; to act on impulse, and to reach decisions by instinct rather than by any deliberate method of deduction.

We must now look at the palms of the hands to consider palmistry proper. If the hand is slightly contracted, there will be seen, in most cases, a lump at the base of each finger. These are the mounts, and they share with the finger to which each belongs, the names of the Divinities already given. That



at L is Jupiter; the next at M is Saturn; N is Appollo, and O is Mercury. The large mount at R is Venus. That at the side of the hand marked P is Mars, and the one below it, at A is the Moon.

The Mount of Venus measures the extent of our affection. If abnormally large, and the thumb shows a weak will, while the Head and Heart lines indicate poor judgment and uncontrolled affections, it may be a very bad sign. If of normal size and

in good hand it shows a loving, kindly nature. Grace and love of pleasure are other signs of a well developed mount of Venus. If the mount is only slightly apparent, a hard, selfish nature is revealed.

The other mounts share the qualities of their corresponding finger. If instead of a mount, the place is flat, there is neutrality, and if a hollow appear, the opposite qualities are seen. Thus Jupiter shows a laudable ambition and sense of honor and dignity; if there is a hollow instead, the result will be idleness, vulgarity and lack of self respect. If on the contrary, it is too large, it denotes the presence of excessive pride. A cross appearing on this mount foretells a happy marriage. A star, the gaining of some great ambition.

Saturn is the mount of fatality. If properly developed it tells of success, forethought and good fortune. This is especially the case when the line of Fate (line No. 4 in chart) runs up to it. When this mount is too large, the mind is sad, and fearful of the future, especially of the future life.

The Mount of Appollo is the Parnassus of the hand. Here dwells beauty, art, literature and poetry. Its absence tells of a lamentably material and colorless existence. It may be too prominent, and then frivolity and ostentation are present.

The Mount of Mercury if well defined, denotes

intelligence and love of science, commercial instinct and tact. Too much of Mercury introduces falsehood and dishonesty. Its absence means a lack of brain power.

The God of War claims the mount marked P, and when his claims are recognized we see an ardent and somewhat fiery nature, courage and resolution. This may develop into tyranny and cruelty if appearing in excess. Its absence shows a want of courage.

Dreamy imaginative people have the Mount of the Moon (at Q) highly developed. It is a good sign, but too much of it leads to melancholia; and, where the line of the head comes down upon it, and a weak will is indicated, madness. People who have no such mount are unromantic, practical and dogmatic.

Of the lines, which are about to be noticed, three will be seen in every hand. They are those of the Life, the Head and the Heart. They may be faint or distinct, broken or well defined, long or short, but in some form they will always appear. It is not so with the other three main lines. Though generally visible, some hands may be wanting in one or all. These latter are the line of the Life or Health, the line of Success or the Sun, and the line of Fate or Saturn.

The line of Life is numbered 1 in our chart, and runs round the Mount of Venus. If long, well marked, even and unbroken, it means a long life and good health. Sometimes it is attended by a second line following it all or part of the way. This increases the chances of long life and happiness. If wide and pale instead of deep and red, it shows an evil disposition or ill health. Should it be broken or intersected by cross lines, especially when the same interruptions are seen in both hands, accident or illnesses are to be feared. The direction of any intersecting lines should be noticed. If they come from the Head line, the illness will spring from the mind; if from the Heart line, heart troubles are the cause.

The line of the Head is numbered 2 on our chart. Beginning (properly speaking) with the line of Life under Jupiter, it soon separates and runs obliquely across the hand to the Mount of the Moon. If long, well defined and unbroken, it shows a continued unclouded intellectual life, sound judgment and memory. A very short line, or one which is pale and wide, are signs of weak intellect. Treachery and deceit are visible where the head line is long, thin and narrow. A fork rising from this line to Mercury foretells commercial success.

The line of the Heart (No. 3) is, at its best, clear, straight and well colored; rising on Jupiter and stretching well across the hand. It then shows a capacity for honest, unselfish, abiding affection. Any breaks that occur, spoil it by telling of inconstancy. A succession of small links like a chain, show many flirtations. A cold temperament is indicated by a pale, wide line; ardent, passionate love in a line of a deep red color. Should this line go around the side of the hand, it betrays jealousy.

The line of Fate or Saturn, to tell of success, should run straight up and down the palm, as is seen in line 4 on chart. If it does this, ending on Mount Saturn, good fortune will attend the owner's efforts. Any breaks however are so many obstacles, and short line means unfulfilled ambitions. Where it is absent, it indicates a dull existence, with no striving or wish for success.

The line of Health should take the direction seen in line 5 on the chart. It then means good health. Biliousness is seen in a winding line, feverishness in a red one. A dull, wide line shows declining health.

The line of the Sun (No. 6) when deep and ending on the Mount of Appollo, denotes success achieved through effort, and ultimate attainment of fame. If rising from the Head line we have creative genius; if from the Heart, power of appreciation, only, of art and beauty

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



"THESE short days," sighs the man of action as four o'clock brings gloaming and five o'clock brings darkness.

"These long nights!" exults the dreamer, as the shadows of the early winter evening drop down, and he betakes himself to his beloved books, with happy consciousness of the hours that are his.

Firelight, the shaded lamp, the easy chair, the new book playing a pretty tango with its uncut pages, the clock ticking its gleeful plenitude of seconds, and the outside darkness softly enveloping all:—Ah, the dreamers have the best of it, after all.

"The Bookman" quotes two or three charming little poems from the volume entitled "A Quiet Road" by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Isn't this delightful?

Love came back at fall o' dew,
Playing his old part,
But I had a word or two
That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candle light
That should come before,
Must betake him to the night
From a barred door."

This the word that made us part
In the fall o' dew;
This the word that brake his heart
Yet it brake mine too!

And what about this lovely little song,

TRUST

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day, beneath Thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine;
The wind, the bees, the wholesome scuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold; this is my crown;
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here, Love cuts me down
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so,
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die that after I may grow
As tall and sweet again.

It sings itself, sweet and soft as the rustle of a breeze swept summer field. Is it not a glorious gift, to thus reveal the glory of the common things?

Turning to prose, we open a book that is truly beautiful in its revelation of tender love—the most sacred love on earth, that of mother and son for each other.

In "Margaret Ogilvy, by her son, J. M. Barrie," the author has given us an insight into his early home life from which we almost turn away in reverence—so full it is of the sacred mystery of family love—that tense heart strung affection which exist no where more strongly than in Scotland—and which is as much a passion of pain as of joy to those who possess, or rather are possessed by it.

"The affection existing in a Scotch family is almost painful in its intensity," says the author "they have not more to give than their neighbors, but it is bestowed upon a few instead of being distributed among many; they are reputed niggardly, but for family affection at heart, they pay in gold."

It is not possible to write of this little book from a purely critical standpoint—it would be dipping one's steel pen point in the crimson running tide of an open vein. All we can do is to turn from page to page with a smile that comes from too deep a source to be merry, wondering just what we shall quote; eager to quote it all, and glad that "Margaret Ogilvy" is a little volume, and therefore in cost within the reach of every woman who loves her son, and every man who adores the memory of his mother.

Since J. M. Barrie is the author, there is no need to discuss the literary style of the book. He who has written "A Window in Thrums" is not likely to fail in fine touch in such a volume as this, while the creator of "Jess" is not going to fail in depicting her prototype—his own mother, for as he writes in that exquisite chapter "My Heroine."

When it was known that I had begun another story, my mother might ask what it was going to be about this time.

"Fine we can guess who it is about," my sister would say pointedly.

"Maybe you can guess, but it's beyond me," says my mother meekly.

"What woman is in all his book?" my sister would demand.

"I'm sure I cannot say," replies my mother determinedly.

"Mother, I wonder you can be so audacious! Fine you know what woman I mean. * * * I won't give you the satisfaction of saying her name. But this I will say, it is high time he was keeping her out of his books."

And then, as usual, my mother would give herself away unconsciously.

"That is what I told him," she says, chuckling, "and he tries to keep me out, but he canna; it's more than he can do."

And in tender little passages-at-arms, mother and son, dispute the point, the latter owning, at last, that Margaret Ogilvy, Jess, Babbie, are all the loved mother, the real Margaret, the one woman to her author-son. And in the light of this beautiful memoir, we know that little Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy"—Mr. Barrie's latest novel—is also a shadow memory of this same beloved mother.

Very beautifully, this gifted writer tells the life story of this his mother-love. In the opening chapter, "How My Mother Got Her Soft Face," he tells of his own birth, and an event almost equal momentous.

On the day I was born, we bought six hair-bottomed chairs, and in our house it was an event, the first great victory in a woman's long campaign; how they had been labored for, what anxiety there was about the purchase, the show they made in possession of the west room, my father's unnatural coolness when he brought them in (but his face was white). I so often heard the tale afterward, that the coming of the chairs seems to be something I remember, as if I had jumped out of bed on that first day, and run ben to see how they looked. I am sure my mother's feet were otting to be ben long before they could be trusted, and that the moment after she was left alone with me, she was discovered barefooted in the west room, doctoring a scar (which she had been the first to detect) on one of the chairs, or sitting on them regally or withdrawing and re-opening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise.

When six years old, Mr. Barrie lost an elder brother, a lad of thirteen, and his mother's grief, and his own childish efforts to "make her laugh," her cherishment of his "christening robe," and her frailty after years are told with inimitable simplicity.

That is how she got her soft face, and pathetic ways, and her large charity, and why the mothers ran to her

when they had lost a child. * * * Why the tears came to lie on the mute blue eyes in which I have read all I know, and would ever care to write. For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, when God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature. Those eyes * * * have guided me through life, and I pray God they may remain my only earthly judge to the last.

In the chapter "What She Had Been," beautifully and strangely pathetic is the picture drawn by him of the girlhood of this Scottish peasant woman, her early struggles with ever-impending poverty, and the cares and responsibilities thrown all too soon upon her shoulders.

She told me everything, and so my memories of the little red town are colored by hers. * * * I cannot picture the place without seeing her as a little girl, come to the door of a certain house and beat her bass against the gable-end. Or there is a wedding to-night, and the carriage with the white-eared horse is sent for a maiden in pale blue, whose bonnet-strings tie beneath the chin.

One of the choicest chapters—if indeed we may discriminate at all—is that bearing for title those magic letters, "R.L.S.," in which Mr. Barrie voices his warm admiration and pays delightful tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson, through the amusing narrative of his mother's altogether motherly jealousy.

These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature, certainly they are the sweetest to me, but there was a time when my mother could not abide them. She said, "That Stevenson man," with a snore, and it was never easy to her to sneer, and she would knit her lips and fold her arms, and reply with a stiff "Oh," if you mentioned his aggravating name. * * * He knew her opinion of him, and would write, "My ears tingled yesterday! I sair doubt she has been miscalling me again." But the more she miscalled him, the more he delighted in her, and she was informed of this, and at once said, "The scoundrel!"

If you would know what was his unpardonable crime, it was this, he wrote better books than mine. * * * For weeks, if not for months, she adhered to her determination not to read him, though I * * * was taking a pleasure, almost malicious, in putting "The Master of Ballantrae" in her way. * * * At last I got her, though I forget by which of many contrivances.

What I vividly recall is a key-hole view, to which another member of the family invited me. Then I saw my mother wrapped up in "The Master of Ballantrae" and muttering the music to herself, nodding her head in approval and taking a stealthy glance at the foot of each page before she began at the top.

One long to include in the quotation the pretty hide-and-seek game of thought between mother and son, which continues throughout the chapter. But the few closing words we must have.

Vailima (Mr. Stevenson's Samoan home) was the one spot on earth I had any craving to visit, but I think she always knew I would never leave her. Sometimes she said she should like me to go, but not until she was laid away. * * * No, I never thought of going, was never absent for a day from her without reluctance, and never walked so quickly as when going back. In the meantime that happened which put an end forever to my volume of travel. I shall never go up the Road of Loving Hearts now on a "a wonderful clear night of stars," to meet the man coming toward me on a horse. It is still a wonderful clear night of stars, but the road is empty. So I never saw the dear king of us all.

So we read on to the tragic yet beautiful close of Margaret Ogilvy's earth life—tragic inasmuch as the daughter, who loved her best, died but three days before her, and was buried with her.

"She said good-bye to them all, and at last turned her face where her best beloved had lain, and for over an hour she prayed. * * * I think God was smiling when He took her to Him, as He had so often smiled at her during all those seventy-six years.

It is a memorial beyond all marbles—this lovely record of a simple woman-life, a Scotch motherhood. The gifted son has made his mother immortal.

REVIEWER.

"Margaret Ogilvy," by her son, J. M. Barrie. Scribner Sons, New York. Copp, Clark, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.



IN STAGELAND.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

THE beginning of a new year is a retrospective season with all of us. We are theoretically supposed to guide our futures by a consideration of our deeds and errors in the past. In looking over the playbills of a twelve-month it is difficult to find anything on which to construct a programme for our future well-being. The ordinary routine of travelling companies, some good, some bad, has continued after the same old fashion. As was pointed out in these columns some time ago, there has been a noticeable swinging of the pendulum toward vaudeville, but we look to the future for a backward oscillation to better things.

To us playgoers in the provinces perhaps the most noteworthy episode of the year has been the fact that within its cycle we have had two visits from the English manager John Hare. Mr. Hare presents plays dealing with the domestic life of England, and it is noteworthy that by dint of dressing his scenes realistically and drilling his subordinates in natural methods he has succeeded in imparting to his stage an atmosphere of home as potent as the atmosphere of poetry and romance which Henry Irving so beautifully creates. If there should ever come a day when the taste of the community shall have so far advanced that it will demand an endowed theatre of its own in which the drama may become something more than a vagabond wanderer at the mercy of gamblers, we can look to Mr. Hare as a man who has carried on an educative campaign in grace and refinement among us. The waning year brought to us also Mr. Arthur Borchier's organization from the London Royalty theatre, which also assists in forming a public standard in acting graceful production.

It is a sorry truth, however, that these fair attractions are too few. The intellectual community is tempted forth to take a genial interest in the playhouse for a little while and then the old routine of bad and indifferent productions resumes its sway and the drama is once more a thing of rags and patches.

The twelvemonth seems to me particularly poverty-stricken in memories of good plays. There may have been some brilliant dramas produced in the great metropolitan centres which

lacked that note of popularity that would induce a manager to try his luck upon the road with them.

The short and poorly patronized engagement of Minnie Mad-dorn Fiske is to me the most interesting memory of the month gone by. To me it seems that this little

artiste possesses elements of distinction, intellect, insight and expression unsurpassed by an English speaking actress. Two plays of hers by two very eminent authors, "The Queen of Liars," by Alphonse Daudet, and "The Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen, received interpretations at her hands sufficient to rouse memories that will never die. Her methods seem peculiarly adapted to express the unrest and nervous activity typical of the women of this generation. Women have rebelled against the old conventions which considered them as ideal, yet helpless things; they ask men to treat them as individuals on a plane

of equality. To think of them as they are and not as fancy pictures them. Mrs. Fiske shows us woman idealized, a thinking breathing creature, with hopes and nerves and aspirations; woman with her tinsel stripped away, and yet more winning in her genuine femininity. By virtue of the fact that she seeks cool incisive truth in her acting methods, not flutulent, gushing fables, she ranks also as an educative force of the first quality.

I had almost forgotten Bernhardt, who also came to us with two glorious productions of the French drama. But, as she is exotic to our stage, she hardly comes into the same class with actors, who in language and education are flesh of our English-speaking flesh. Her representation of the accepted ideal of the Magdalen in the Hindu drama "Izeyl" was as beautiful and poetic a thing as the stage will show us in many a long day, and the romantic qualities of Sara's art—her poses, her personality, her diction—mellow, rhythmical in all things, had a very full expression; albeit she did lack the higher spiritual qualities of a religious convert.

The movement for romantic and picturesque productions found its chief exponents in such excellent performers as Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew, and Mr. E. H. Sothern. The former couple presented a very striking production of a rather gloomy tragedy "Charlotte Corday," an old piece, of French origin. The girl assassin, as presented by Mrs. Potter, had a highspiritual quality that was more effective than even her dramatic fervor. I, some months ago, ventured a summary of Mrs. Potter's powers, in the statement that she was a woman of genius rather than talent. Because, while she has difficulties of expression she will never get the better of, the temperamental qualities she possesses are unequalled by any other English speaking actress. Like Bernhardt, she belongs wholly to the romantic drama, and with her complex individuality, you could not imagine her capable of such simplicity as Mrs. Fiske's.

Mr. Sothern's romantic production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," was also rich in picturesque qualities, and while there seems to be an essential modernity about this young actor, he has shown us that he

can embark on a reactionary venture with grace and distinction. At the present time the movement toward romance and melodrama, seems to be on the wane, and a brief season will see work of the modern atmosphere to the front again, despite the many fascinations of sock and buskin, silk and satin.

Turning to the stage of the world at large, apart from our own local outlook, the year 1896 seems to have been uneventful. No new star seems to have come to the fore to dazzle the world. Richard Mansfield, Beerholm Tree, E. S. Willard, not to mention the incomparable Irving, still remain the illuminating figures of the drama, and no new actor has sprung up to rival them. In a subordinate capacity, the Canadian genius has come to the fore in London, by an amazing performance of the Emperor Nero in the "Sign of the Cross." Mrs. Julia Marlow Taber still remains the one ideally poetic artist of the American stage, nor, so far as I can learn, has any English artist sprung up to claim the similar laurels of Miss Ellen Terry. Miss Ada Rehan is still the most artistic of English speaking comedienne, and is to essay Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing" as a New Year's essay. Mrs. Kendal has hardly been heard of in recent annals, and another actress who promised wondrous things, Miss Olga Nethersole, has allowed ultra-sensational methods to place her temporarily under a cloud. A familiar New York actress, of charming methods, Miss Georgia Cayvan, has recently tried her luck as a star. Another, Miss Rose Coghlan, has met with dire misfortune. In addition, three of the most famous leading men of the American stage, Wilton Lackayo, Maurice Barrymore and Henry Miller, have likewise achieved astral opportunities. E. J. Henley and Chas. Coghlan, two of the most accomplished actors who ever trod the boards, have fallen into oblivion.

Death, too, has been at work with no light hand among the people of the stage, and we are poorer by the departure to an unknown bourne of several delightful actors. The most recent misfortune was the death, in Italy, of the younger Salvini, by long odds the finest romantic actor on the American stage. He was a man of vast abilities, tremendous physical powers, and a rarely attractive individuality. He was the only Hamlet recently seen on the boards which at any point reached absolute greatness.

By the death of Augustin Daly's comedian, Jas. Lewis, the American stage likewise sustained an irreparable loss. Never in recent times had Shakespeare's "clowns" such an interpreter. Dry, incisive, eternally genial and fanciful by temperament, he could create an atmosphere of attic mirth that made one think of how the old jesters of the Mermaid Inn would have relished him. To have seen his Bottom, his Touchstone, his Sir Toby Belch, was to receive an impression of the divinely evasive humor of Shakespeare, which renders all his comedies more interesting for the future. Alas, poor Yorick!

Frank Mayo, one of the sweetest and most pervasive of comedians, gracious, gentle, always artistic like Mr. Lewis passed suddenly away, let us hope to a land as sunny as their mirth. In his old age he left one lasting memorial of gentle comedy, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and his place too will long remain vacant. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, also once a popular favorite, and Henry Howe, the oldest actor on the stage, so often seen here with Henry Irving, are likewise gone. So shifts the year's kaleidoscope in the struggling practical world and the tinsel fantastic.

A little joy to match the sorrow
of each day's sowing, and so—
Good morrow.



In the Household.

BY JUAN JOY.

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

AFTERNOON TEA.

THIS being pre-eminently the season for that cosy meal, a few remarks about it will not be out of place.

In the first place, let the "cup that cheers" be all that it should be. Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, says "never disgrace yourself by serving that abomination, boiled tea in a cold cup." So let us see to it that our tea be made in the best possible way.

Big "teas" are the easiest method of entertaining now-a-days, but for cosiness and sociability, there is nothing like the small Tea where conversation can be and is general; and these small Teas are nicest served in the English manner, where a low Canterbury table is brought out by a maid, or one of the daughters of the house, who then spreads a nice, clean cloth upon it, and then the cups and saucers (which have not been standing upon the table from day to day) sugar, cream, tea-pot; and also the accompanying bread and butter and cakes. I saw a pretty little device for carrying the latter the other day; made of white rattan, in the form of a flower stand with three shallow baskets to hold the different plates—instead of the usual stands for the flower pots. It also had a ring at the top by which to lift it. It was decorated with bows of blue ribbon, and was the prettiest and most convenient little thing I have seen for some time.

Then if you are fortunate enough to have a little spirit kettle, make the tea in the drawing-room; if not convenient to do so, let the maid bring it in hot.

There are so many good teas on the market now-a-days that it is hard to say which is the best; but whatever tea you use—whether it be Indian, Chinese, or Ceylon, authorities are all agreed upon one subject and that is the manner of making. Use one teaspoonful of tea, to one-half pint cup of freshly boiling water, and infuse it in an earthenware tea pot, which has been previously heated, by pouring boiling water through it. Let the tea steep for five minutes, but no longer, when it should be poured off the leaves—either into a silver tea-pot which has also been heated by boiling water, or into tea cups which have been heated by pouring boiling water into them. In making the tea, it is well to bear in mind that there are two ingredients in the leaves, "thein and tamin." The thein is a crystalline, alcoholoid soluble in boiling water, and is the ingredient that we wish to draw out of tea leaves and use; the tamin is the injurious ingredient, and as it is not soluble until it has either been boiled or steeped in water for about fifteen minutes; we will see the reason for not boiling our tea nor letting it stand upon the leaves for more than five minutes at most.

Concerning the tea-pot: I think it is Mrs. Whitney who says that tea never tastes quite as well as when made in "a little brown tea-pot."

I quite understand her fancy, but I suppose these same little brownies would be hardly acceptable in our drawing-rooms, unless some one sets the fashion. I wish they would. Our grandmother's were right, though tea is best made in a delf or china pot. It never tastes quite the same when drawn from a metal one—even a "solid

silver" beauty; while urns are detestations for anything except hot water.

If you prefer your tea a la Russe, you may take your slice of lemon.—but I am writing of the plain, homely, English cup of tea, with its touch of cream and loaf sugar. After all, there is no preparation more delicate and refreshing.

Here is the legend of the discovery of the tea plant:

"Dharma, an Indian prince and religious devotee in or about the year 510 A. D. This prince had imposed upon himself a penance of doing without sleep, and got on very well in this way for some years, when, in his wanderings one day, he gave up and indulged in a nap on the mountain side. Upon awakening he was much annoyed at his weakness in giving himself up to sleep and in desperation pulled out his eyelashes and threw them on the ground. Returning the same way at a later period he was much surprised to find that the eyelashes had grown into bushy plants such as he had not seen before, and out of curiosity he nibbled some of the leaves and found that they possessed the peculiar property of inducing wakefulness. This interesting fact soon became talked about, and the plant was taken in hand and cultivated, and soon became widely spread."

Accompanying the five o'clock cup of tea is the,



CEYLON TEA GARDENS.

dainty fancy biscuit, or light fruit cake. Our readers will find the following recipes suitable for the tea cake:

Hermits—(Mrs. Lincoln)

One and a half cups sugar; one cup butter; two eggs; two cups seedless raisins; three tablespoonful milk; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful each of spices, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves; flour to roll; cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs well beaten, then the milk. Mix the soda and spices, (cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves) with one cup of flour. Add the raisins—which first must be washed, boiled until tender in water to cover, then drained, cut in halves or chopped and floured. Then add flour to roll about a quarter of an inch thick; cut out in fancy shapes and bake quickly.

Light Fruit Cake—(Mrs. Lincoln.)

Three-quarter cup of butter; one-half cup sugar; three eggs; one teaspoonful lemon extract; one half cup milk; three cups flour; three level teaspoonful baking powder; one and a half cups mixed fruit, cream butter, add sugar gradually; then the beaten yolks and lemon. Mix the baking powder with two and a half cups of flour, and use the remainder to flour the fruit. Stir in the milk, and flour alternately, and then the white beaten stiff. Add the fruit last. Use

quarter cup of citron sliced very thin, quarter cup currants and one cup seeded and chopped raisins. A little mace will improve the flavor and not add to the color.

Lady's-Fingers.

Beat together for ten minutes five eggs and one cupful of powdered sugar; if then very creamy and light stir in carefully one and one-half cupful of sifted pastry flour and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put through a pastry bag on papered and greased pans. Dust with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

With the more formal five o'clock tea, the refreshments may include creams and jellies. Here are two simple receipts for ice cream, which may be useful.

Ice Cream.

Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler; beat together until very light the yolks of ten eggs and one-half of a pound of sugar; stir into this the hot milk, return to the double boiler and stir until the mixture is thick enough to mask the spoon. Take from the fire, add one pint of cream. When cold add one tablespoonful of vanilla and freeze.

Scald one quart of cream in a double boiler; beat together one cupful of sugar and the yolks of six eggs until light, add the well-beaten whites and beat again. Pour the hot cream over the egg mixture and return to the fire, stirring continuously until it begins to thicken. Take from the fire, strain and set aside until cold; add one teaspoonful of vanilla and three tablespoonfuls of of caramel and freeze.

Punch is both an artistic and favorite refreshment for serving at afternoon tea, especially when ladled from an old-fashioned punch bowl, by a pretty girl assistant. There are many recipes for punches, Italian, Roman, Fruit,—but we choose our favorite among them this month.

Roman Punch.

Peel the rind thinly from one orange and three lemons, put in a saucepan with one pound and a quarter of sugar and one pint of water. Heat slowly and boil for five minutes. Cool, and add one pint of cold water and the strained juice of the orange and lemons and freeze. When very hard work in gradually one-half of a pint of Jamaica rum, four tablespoonfuls of maraschino and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pack and stand away for at least two hours. Serve in glasses.

Punch derives its name from the Hindustanee Panch, signifying five, the number of ingredients originally required—sugar, water, spirit, acid and spice. This number was in time reduced to four, and in an old English book of the last century we find the following lines:

"When'er a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take:
The strong, the weak, the sour, the sweet,
Together mixed, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl is pregnant with delight."

It was then a drink largely composed of liquors and served either hot or cold. To-day it is found in two forms, as a drink, spirituous or not spirituous, or frozen to a mushy consistency. In the latter case it usually has for a base a rich lemon or orangeade, which is frozen quite hard and some liquor then stirred in. This partially liquifies it. It is served in glasses before a game course.

Drink "SALADA" Tea.



Art.

The retrospective exhibition held during the early December weeks by the Art Student's League was one of marked interest, and those who made their

first visit to the Gallery found sufficient attraction to draw them back again several times.

This retrospective exhibit of the work of the League was of interest, not merely because it showed the advance made since its inception ten years ago, nor yet in that it gave a surprising knowledge of the range of art covered; but also that it contained the early and later work of Canadian artists who are now making both name and money in the large American cities. Where competition is keenest, they are not simply securing a foothold, but have made their way well up the ladder of public recognition and consequent money profit.

In this retrospective exhibition we saw water colors and oils that showed the touch of genius; but we saw also in the black and white what young Canadian artists are doing in illustration and design—and in this department their work is worthy of all praise for its originality and artistic conception.

It were impossible in the three hundred pictures shown to do more than make mention of a few of those which appealed most instantly to us. And first we mention the contributions of C. W. Jeffreys and Mrs. Jean Jeffreys, a couple of young Toronto artists who are now proving their work in New York.

Mr. C. W. Jeffreys is on the New York *Herald* and making a name for himself as an original artist with a light, sweeping style and a realism peculiarly his own. "A Winter Day," by this artist, is a splendid bit of work—a Canadian village sleeping under its white winteriness. It is a shivering realism executed with a strong touch and impressionist brush.

He contributed also several effective sketches of Quebec; one of Wolfe's Cove, another of the Battery. In addition to his water colors were a number of illustrations in line drawing, vigorous and original things that confirm his genius.

Mrs. Jeffrey, *nee* Miss Adams, is a young lady well-known in Toronto. Her work also betrays a large share of the artistic gift. Among her numerous contributions to the exhibition, one entitled "Correspondence," a rich little study in color, showed her gift in that direction.

These young married artists certainly deserve our congratulations, and have earned our pride in them and their future.

Mr. D. A. McKellar is another Toronto boy who is now successfully pursuing art in illustration, on and outside of one of the New York dailies.

He showed the original of one illustration in the Art League Souvenir for 1897, entitled "The Skipper," an effective figure study in wash drawing.

Mr. C. M. Manly, one of Toronto's best-known and best-liked artists, contributed a number of

sketches in water color and wash. In the latter a life study of an athlete shows splendid vigor and pose. In water colors "The Top of the Valley," a sunshiny sketch of moor and heather and hill, full of soft color and lighting, was perhaps our favorite.

W. O. Blatchley contributed some sketches of Toronto Island, excellent in the contrasting tints of brown and yellow greens, the flat effects and the cuts and curves peculiar to our own especial Island.

F. H. Brigden showed best in his black and white, "The Skaters" being a good piece of work. In water colors his "In the Orchard" won our chief favor.

F. S. Challoner pleased us in his "Mid-day Meal," a workman sitting by the roadside with his dinner pail opened. The figure and face were excellent, and the harmony in coloring finely obtained.

We selected D. F. Thomson's "Gone to Seed," a delightful little painting of white bursting pods, late blooms and soft, fuzzy, stemmy effects, among a number of excellent sketches; while R. Holmes, who is pre-eminently Toronto's artist in detail, showed his careful work excellently in "Brock's Monument," and also the illustration of "Thistle-down," a poem of Pauline Johnson's.

Among Miss Spurr's contributions we have space only to mention her "Kingfisher," commend-

in water colors; his marine studies yielded their usual beauty of illimitable distance, their green and purple shadows, while his still waters were perfect in placidity.

"At Collingwood," a bit of marshland, with its pools reflecting the tall poplars; "Gloaming," another still water sketch with poplar bank and touch of pink and yellow-green sky; On the Road to Rousseau, a charming bit of shadowed roadway, cool and restful—these were a delight among his delightful smaller sketches; while "St. Ives Bay," a sketch of beach with sea-swell purpling from the far horizon into nearer green, and breaking easily upon the sand in white foam edges, was perhaps chief among his perfect marine studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid both exhibited Spanish sketches, the result of their recent tour in that country. It takes education to appreciate the garish coloring and impressionist touch which is apparently necessary to portray Alhambric effects, certainly they are not attractive to the ordinary Anglo-Saxon eye. "Burgos at Sunset," by Mr. Reid, gave the softest coloring. "Old Musician," by the same artist, is an effective and finished life study, while "Solitude" arrested the eye with its shadowy blackness, so filled with suggestion of all that is lonely and fearsome.

Mrs. Reid showed her usual perfect flower paintings, a jar of "Mountain Daisies," and another of "Yellow Daisies," being especially delightful. These little field flowers are inclined to look stiff in reproduction, as any artist knows, but Mrs. Reid retains the softness both in texture and artistic grouping. "A Studio Interior" also showed her command of color and arrangement.

It is a privilege to be able to spend a quiet few minutes now and again thus surrounded by the work of our best artists, and these gallery exhibits are a public benefaction, as well as a means of making us acquainted with the merits of our various Canadian painters.

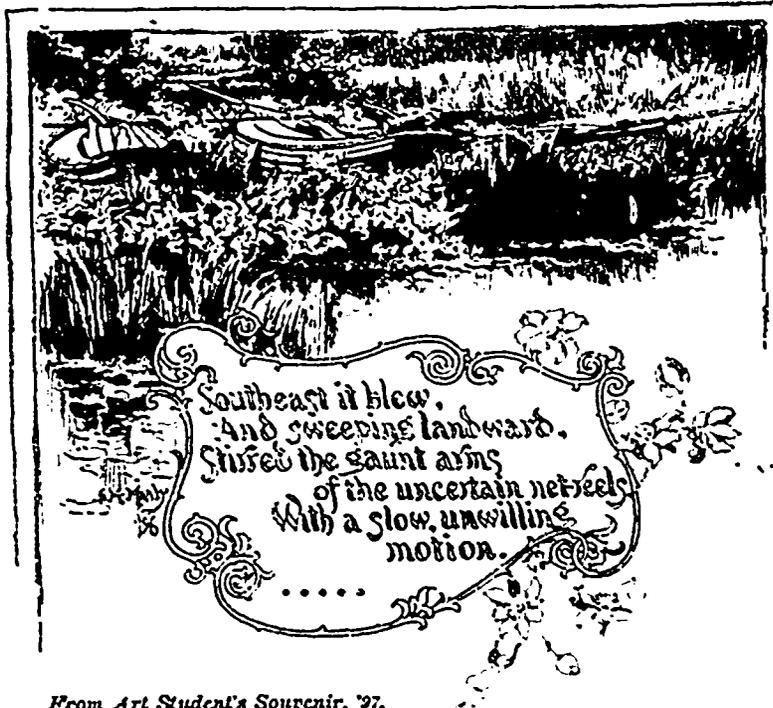
The Art Souvenir for '97, gotten up by the League and contributed to by several of its members, is a charming and dainty affair, deserving of our praise and our purchase also. Sold at the modest sum of a quarter-dollar, and makes a No. 7 Year-souvenir most suitable for friends in foreign lands.

T. Mowar Martin, another of our artists, held a sale of his pictures during December. Mr. Martin's best work is in still life and birds. One of the best pictures shown in his collection was a Canadian summer scene, in which he obtained delightful effects of sun-flecked grass beneath the trees.

Mr. G. Bruenech, our well known artist, who has recently returned from his prolonged trip abroad, also showed a few choice water colors, with his exhibit of black and white work, at Bain's gallery, during the anti-holiday weeks.

Toronto picture lovers should remember "Studio Day"—the first Saturday of each of the winter months, from two o'clock until four p.m. We give a list of the open studios, which will be convenient for reference:—Mrs. A. D. Patterson, Elmsley place; Mrs. M. E. Dignam, 275 St. George street; Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; Mr. C. M. Manley, corner Church and Adelaide streets; Mr. J. W. L. Forter, Manning Arcade; Mr. McGillivray Knowles, 144 Yonge street; Miss G. E. Spurr, 9 Toronto street; Mr. G. Bruenech, 28 Toronto street; Miss M. Cary McConnell, 16 Pythias Building, Victoria street; Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Yonge street Arcade. Mr. E. Wylie Grier and Miss Tully.

BLACK AND WHITE.



From Art Student's Souvenir, '97.

able for the rich glossy effect obtained "Ennerdale," a charming little landscape, and "The Would-be Artist," a figure study in water color. Miss Wrinch is a young girl who is coming well to the front. Her best work was "A Studio," in which the coloring is excellent; also "Holly hocks" and "A Favorite Path" are well conceived and artistically executed. A pleasing sketch of Toronto Island fog bell was shown by Miss Studley. Miss Elliot is at her best in black and white and in poster effects.

Miss Hemming, whose talent in portrait painting is so widely known, showed some fine work in miniatures.

Taken altogether this retrospective exhibition by the Toronto Art Students is one that gives both pride in what its graduate members have achieved, and encouragement to those who are as yet at the beginning.

An exhibition of work by Messrs. O'Brien and Reid was held in Matthew's Gallery during the same December weeks; and in this aesthetic well-lit little nook many a quiet half hour of enjoyment was spent by picture lovers. Here each of the sixty pictures hung, were finished expressions of nature in art, and each well repaid an individual study.

Mr. O'Brien's showed some of his choicest work

St. Andrew's Ball Gowns.

THE first public ball of the season always brings out the newest and choicest of evening gowns. At the preliminary small dances pretty dresses are worn, but the best are held in reserve for the ball *par excellence*, which, in Toronto, means either St. Andrew's or the Yacht Club.

For these the Paris or London gown is shaken from its careful wrappings by the fortunate woman who has spent her summer and her pin money abroad; while the stay-at-homes put on the *chef d'œuvre* of the home costumer, which, in many instances, is fully as artistic as the foreign article.

The gowns worn at the first large ball declare the season's fashion in evening dress. What is worn then will be worn with slight variation through the winter gaieties, until Lent gives breathing space and opportunity to renovate the wardrobe.

of white satin, with or without train, and with orange blossoms at the shoulder strap.

A prevalence of tulle, gauze and muslin gowns was noticeable. Among the dancers some of the prettiest gowns were in this material, made over white or colored satin. There were also several organdie muslins. One especially pretty gown was of woven silver gauze or muslin. Another, worn by a lovely girl, was of tulle over pink satin. The light, foamy effects achieved by these materials are in favor for the season.

And next in favor came the plain satin; while the softer silk, with small figures made a close third.

Gowns of these materials in almost every instance had sleeves and bodice trimmings of lisse or silk gauze.

The bodices were all much trimmed in front, sleeve, shoulder and upper edge. The back of the bodice also was in many cases garnished with a soft, narrow little frill formed by the edges of the corselet belt, which is a feature of all gowns this season.

The bodice trimmings were of chiffon, silk

Several trimmed skirts were in evidence, in narrow foot frills and knife pleatings, and in pointed lace flounces. No fur trimmings were to be seen, and no bolero bodices were shown. A number of the skirts were slightly trained, and all were longer than a season or two ago.

There was a noticeable revival in flowers. A number of one-flower bouquets were carried. Several *debutantes* carried lilies-of-the-valley, clusters of blush roses. Violets and orchids were also carried.

Pansies and violets were the favorite shoulder flower. Crimson roses nearly equalled the former, maiden hair fern was in evidence, and, of course, heather.

The shoulder strap in many cases consisted of the favorite flowers.

We illustrate a few of the gowns worn.

Fig. 1 is a model of a number of gowns worn. This was of white silk woven with small Dresden effects in pale pink. The high corselet was fastened at the back, giving a soft frill up the centre of the back.

Fig. 2 was of pink satin, with upper edge of the bodice garnished with heather and girdle belt of green velvet. A Gordon plaid scarf was caught



St. Andrew's ball opened the Toronto season, and a sketch of the dresses will be of interest.

In colors white prevailed, but there were enough of blues, pinks and mauves to give variety. Only a few yellow gowns were seen, and one scarlet. Two seasons ago yellow in varying shades predominated, but fashion seems to have largely dropped this rich effective color for the time.

Black gowns were few. A rich black silk trimmed with jet and chiffon and garnished with violets, was worn by the lady of the Government House; one or two black satins relieved with white, and one black velvet court train were the only ones marked.

The chaperon gowns counted many brocades trimmed with rich laces, but in the dancing gowns plain and slightly figured satins with tulle, lisse and gauze over dress or garnishings, were chiefly in evidence.

There were no marked departures in general style, but several novel features in the detail, which are worth noting.

A few full trains were observable upon the dancing floor, but these were chiefly instances of bridal gowns. The ball was marked by the presence of many brides and a large number of *debutantes*. The former wore the wedding gown

gauze, deep lace, velvet, flowers and combinations of all of these. Plain bodices were worn by the plump women with pretty shoulders. But the tendency was toward much fluffiness and plenty of garnishing about sleeves and bodice edge.

A peculiar feature was the odd sleeve. Many of the gowns had the sleeves unlike. One a slight puff, the other falling in frill; one with velvet garnishing, the other without. In some cases velvet bow or strap, flower and puff were all upon one shoulder, while the other was a simple frill of deep rich lace, or shirring of the material drooping slightly and unadorned.

The law of correspondence does not prevail in the season's evening dress.

Concerning velvets, bodice trimmings of harmonizing or contrasting shades was noticeably a favorite fashion. Folds at the upper edge and shoulder bows or straps of the same, forming effective finish for the gown. Occasionally also the fold was at the waist, but the preference seemed to be for the plain or piped lower edge, giving princess effect to the gown.

We may refer, just here, to the fact that piping is a feature of the season. St. Andrew's ball showed much of it in finishing bodices at top and bottom, also in sash edgings.

at one side of the bodice, brought up over the shoulder and draped in "plaidie" fashion. The scarf was clasped with cairngorms and heather bunches.

In Fig. 3 we show a novel and effective bodice for the too slender woman, or one who objects to full décolleté. This was worn by a dark girl and was decidedly pretty. The gown was of pale blue satin, with garnishings of black velvet and silk chiffon.

The bodice was cut with an apron front, with round neck, and broad straps coming over the shoulder to meet the back, which was plain. The apron front and bodice was piped with black velvet. The sleeves of chiffon over the silk were garnished with black velvet bows.

One of the handsome gowns was of striped satin, pale green ground with alternate wave stripes of pale green and pink in vari-tints. Bodice and sleeves were finished with deep, cream lace above which was a soft folded edge of palest pink velvet. A corselet belt of the velvet finished the bodice.

A lovely gown, Fig. 4, worn by a well-known fair Toronto belle, was of tulle over pink satin. The gown was of delightfully foamy effect. The sleeves were puffs of tulle, garnishing of pink

crush roses were on the shoulder and in the hair. A corselet belt of pink satin, piped with black velvet and laced with black, with plain unbowed sash of narrow pink satin ribbon piped with black and falling nearly to the lower edge of the skirt, finished a simple yet individual and charming gown.

In Fig. 5 we show a white silk gown with bounce of lace edged chiffon. The bodice was gathered full from an effective shaped narrow yoke of violet velvet edged with passementerie. A pointed corselet belt finished the bodice.

Several instances were seen of high necked bodices with short sleeves, and these were certainly pretty and preferable to the thin neck, while a wise precaution for the delicate. Fig. 7 illustrates a pretty figured pink silk which was made in this fashion, with stock collar, cascades of cream lace trimming the bodice front, and chiffon puffed sleeves with long gloves.

The sleeves were in the main less puffed, drooping, and, in several instances, prettily frilled instead of puffed. The shoulder strap above the sleeve was much worn.

HINTS IN ADVANCE.

The latest English skirt which has arrived in Toronto is again less full and close fitting about the hips.

The bustle is making its appearance, small ones of horse hair being ventured by the dress-maker.

A "red season" is upon us, for the first three months of the year red in all shades from wine color to scarlet being shown and made up in costume cloths. In New York red cloaks of rough surface cloth are much affected with dark gowns, as being quieter than the full costume of the former color.

Grey, green and brown tints are likely to stand well in favor through the first six months of the year.

It is not too far ahead to announce that pongees and printed silks are going to find favor for the late spring and summer. Lustras also will stay, with other silken surface fabrics.

There is an attempt to revive the embossed velvets of a dozen years ago into favor. It is not in demand yet, but the manufacturers are putting it in stock.

Narrow corded stuffs will be revived in the spring for tailor-made costumes.

The braid covered button is used to trim regular tailor-made costumes.

Rust color found in woolen goods, serge and cloth, promises to be a favorite for the early months. An effective gown of it seen on a New York visitor was made with waistcoat and collar of robin red velvet. The collar having string colored lace falling over it. Yet another had coat and skirt of Louis velveteen with trimmings of the false sable (skunk).

Purple tones in dress with violets for garniture will be as much in favor as is usual during the first month of the year.



Bodices are trimmed profusely. Sleeves are small, close fitting, and in many instances wrinkled from wrist to shoulder; they still are worn in frills over the hand.

Velvet gowns in New York and Paris are trimmed with fur.

A dainty gown of pearly grey intended for February wear is made with garnishings of reddish mauve velvet.

Sable and beaver are the fur borderings and edgings popular for gowns.

In dress bodices and dancing gowns transparent materials are more fashionable than plain silks. Gauze, tulle, chiffon and silk muslins being all in demand.

Collars are made high and pointed at the back. In Paris a collar may reach the top of the wearer's head at the back and be pronouncedly in fashion.

Boleros, detachable fronts, jabots, stock collars, bodice belts in straight beltings and corselets, collarettes with plenty of lace and frilling are important lingerie in the season's wardrobe. Any woman well stocked in this respect can make her costumes varied, with one or two gowns as foundation.

And these may be made at small cost by the



woman with skilful fingers. A little expenditure in ribbons, (which are cheap) bargain laces and buckles, with ingenuity of needle, should produce some effective results at small cost.

We might as well add that linen collars and cuffs will remain as a fashion for house waists for the winter, while the latest models in shirt waists show that detachable cuffs and collar will be worn again in the spring. So that we may count on this neat and severe yet serviceable style remaining with us for the greater part of the year, if not all of it.

The staple style will be the turnover cuff and collar of plain white linen, but many variations in insertions and edgings will be shown.

This fashion calls for ties; the stock and short bow proving still most popular.

OF THE MOMENT.

A novelty in gloves is a little sachet pocket so adjusted within the glove that the wearer is unconscious of its presence. This is, of course, a Parisian idea, but one that may easily be carried out by every woman with most pleasing results. The Paris glove has a tiny pocket inserted by the maker, but any woman desirous of having one should stitch it in at the wrist where there is less strain, or under the back of the glove.

White coral is replacing pink in fashionable favor. It is said to drive away bad dreams, and when worn in pin or bracelet signifies modesty and self-possession.



Frills on skirts, which are coming in, are graduated.

Color foundations will enter into the make up of summer costumes, which promise to be largely of soft silky effects. It is prophesied that grenadine will be in favor again, together with grass linens.

The most fashionable throat scarf is a boa which when fastened has numerous tails clustered in front.

A seal coat with vest and collar facing of grebe, is one of the latest things seen in furs. It was the property of a pretty American guest, who purchased it, however, during a recent visit to Canada.

Washable lingerie ribbons for night robes are in favor. They are fast colors and save the time of re-insertion after each laundry.

The under-petticoat is now gored to fit snugly over the hips, rather than yoked. Feather stitching and deep hem are the only finish.

Angora and Iceland furs are the favorites for little children. The perennial grey lamb remains for young people.

Boleros of silk braid with large interstices is one of the really pretty garnishings shown. They may be joined at the centre or not, as preferred.

The butterfly sleeve is a novelty. It is plain and close-fitting to shoulder, then develops into flat, wing-shaped puffs on either side, with centre knot of velvet which gives a caught-up effect.

Silk, satin, or soft silk-and-wool novelty goods will develop the sleeve stylishly. Net, chiffon and other tissues are adaptable to a sleeve of either style to be inserted in fancy bodices.

The favorite loose bodice front of silk is now trimmed with bands of narrow insertion or ribbon velvet in either horizontal or perpendicular stripes. The effect is good.

The latest collar finish is a plaiting of chiffon or lace set up well in the centre of the back, but not continued around the front. The crush collar is giving way to the plain stock collar, which is rather more trying.

Exaggerated scrolls of jet passementerie thickly studded with jet stones of various outlines are employed on the fronts of waists to produce jacket effects. Girdles may be used with these decorations. Smaller scrolls of jet may follow the edges of jackets, which may be cut in the outline of the trimming.

Embroideries in lace, paillettes, and beads in ever brilliant and striking combinations will be in constant request, and as all these things are only expensive on account of the hour of hand labor that must perforce be spent upon them, industry, and often the expenditure of a few pence, may turn the home worker out in style apparently far beyond the means of her slender purse.

Art Needlework.

THE newest notions in art needlework may usually be found at the Woman's Work Depository, since many fine fancy workers in need of money send their novelties and the best designs there on chance of sale.

A glance through such a depository is a revelation of what woman's quick brains can devise and their skilful fingers execute. Not merely the staples in art needlework, but numerous processions of pretty novelties pass through such an establishment, and from these the home woman gains ideas for her home garnishing.

Which of us is there who does not like pretty tea tablecloths and welcome hints as to how to procure them? Does not the following sound tempting? Imagine a white linen tea cloth, square, and embroidered across each corner only, the patterns nearly meeting in the center of the sides. The design is a most handsome one; in the middle is an elaborate star or wheel, and from this branch out lines, sprays and leaves which may be fancifully likened to small ivy boughs and foliage. The peculiarity and the novelty of this work consists in the fact that the outlines of the pattern are buttonholed over, and all the spaces between them are cut away. This style of perforated embroidery is coming greatly into favor, and when well done is worthy of its popularity.

In silk embroidery on linen - which remains the favorite needlework - the "delft" effect is most fashionable. In this the embroidering must be in "old blue" silks, and the design anything that imitates or bears likeness to the willow pattern of our grandmother's china. It is one form of the new Crown Derby embroidery, and is essentially delicate. It is worked on white linen, and as the name implies, the patterns and colors are those so familiar to us on good antique china. The designs are mostly floral, but conventional rather than naturalistic, as the wee roses, apples, and other things are grouped and branched in the artist's own way. The tints used are really charming, including shades of pink, blue, (the dark blue is characteristically like that seen on real Crown Derby) green and gold, all soft and delicate and blending together and with the white background in a most effective way.

Wood browns are showing as favorite shades for silk embroidery. The brown tints harmonize with other table surroundings of whatever color.

A very handsome imported table cloth of the five o'clock size is of white silk with deep hem-stitched border, and surrounding design embroidered in wood-brown silks. The design is individual wine cups and small raisin or fancy cake dishes. The cloth is evidently intended for the light refreshment offered to the New Year's caller, or the light pick-me-up partaken in drawing room or study.

Centre pieces in wood browns and "delft" embroidery with doilies to match, are in evidence.

A charming "gas-light" tea-cloth is embroidered all over in white and gold silks, in conventional pattern. The gold shows up richly under the artificial light.

Hem-stitching with deep border is the correct finish for these cloths. Those shown with insersion and lace finish are in the background.

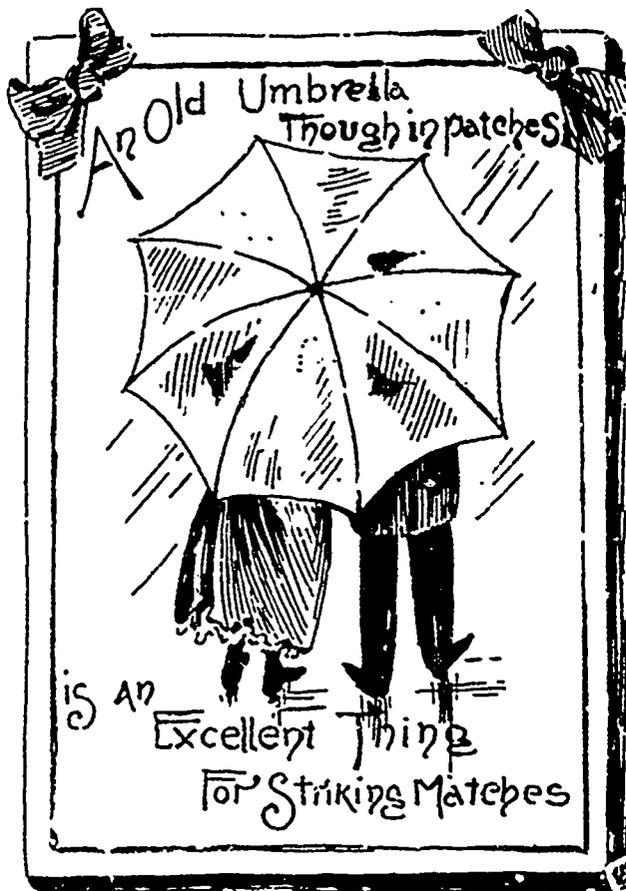
In making a centre-piece for a gift, it is well to discover whether an oval or round will best suit the dining table for which it is intended. In many cases the oval shape will be most suitable.

The linen photo frames, delicately embroidered, are growing in favor as gifts. They are especially suitable for mantel or dressing case in the bedroom or private sitting room.

Souvenir spoon cases are made with leather or embroidered linen outside, and silk lining. In shape and pattern they resemble the old-time English "housewife," that rolls and ties with ribbon.

This same old housewife is becoming a fashion again, with its soft lining, its cushioned ends for pins, its stitched strap for scissors, bodkin and piercer, and scalloped flannel needle leaves. (What a pleasure it is to use so many old-fashioned words!) Presently we shall return to the girdle and household keys, with which the little fat, rolled "hussuf" has always held companionship.

Leather work, or the poker work on leather of which we wrote last month, is being utilized to make pretty things. Covers for note-books, and detachable book covers, stamp and card holders,



travelling cases of various kinds. Leather is durable, and this ornamentation makes it rich.

Colored poker work on wood, that is, an artistic use of the paint brush, adds to the decorative effect.

A novelty, the secret of which is in the possession of the maker, is an array of articles made of birch bark, the surface of the bark being prettily curled and flecked or bordered with gold. A calendar decorated with Muskoka scenes and a blotter with gnarled fungus for a handle, are unique in this novel style of finishing birch bark.

Pongee silk sketchily embroidered and lined with rubber makes a presentable and serviceable spongo bag for travel.

If the brocade of your arm chair in study or comfort room becomes worn, buy butcher linen and embroider it in washing silks in large, sketchy outlines, one piece for the back, two smaller pieces for the arms. The seat may be plain. A few small tacks and pins lightly put in to hold the linen in place, is all that is necessary. It is enduring, easy to wash, and looks bright and clean. In fact it is an improvement on the brocade.

A few balsam sprigs gathered during a winter ramble and brought home should be put in a vase. By their fresh green and pungent aroma they bring a breath of the woods into the the artificial heat of our rooms.

A pretty trifle is a double shoe or skate bag, shaped somewhat like a long and narrow envelope with the top flap open, and made to hang against a wall or inside a cupboard door. The material of which the background is made is white linen bound with blue and the bags, which cover about two-thirds of the foundation, are composed of blue linen; one strip folded to form two large box pleats side by side. These form expansive receptacles and are divided into two divisions by a line of stitching carried down between them.

A BAG SALE.

When casting about in search of a means for raising funds in aid of one's church or pet charity, the bag sale or social should not be overlooked. It has the advantage over the apron sale, inasmuch as it admits of a much larger field from which to work, the variety and possibilities of the bag sale being infinite. Five o'clock tea or high tea and an informal programme of music should invariably accompany such a charitable function, in order to make the gathering as pleasant as possible, the mercantile part being, apparently, quite a secondary consideration.

Laundry bags are always in demand, and may be made of almost any material desired. A very pretty one could be made of the new Delft blue linen, one side of which could be embroidered with white Persian silk. The design for the embroidery should be rather bold in style, as it would be folly to spend as much time upon it as the smaller and finer patterns would require. A serviceable size for such a bag would be twenty-seven inches long by seventeen wide, and it should be finished by means of a three inch frill at the top, and white cord and tassels for the drawing string.

A smaller laundry bag for soiled collars and cuffs would be suitable for a gentleman. This could be made of the new pure white grass bleach linen, which is made in Belgium, but may be procured at any of the art store or shops where fancy goods are kept. A convenient size for such a bag would be eighteen inches by twelve inches. It should be finished at the top by means of a rod and rings to hang it by, and the words "Collars and Cuffs" should be embroidered in outline stitch with Japan floss.

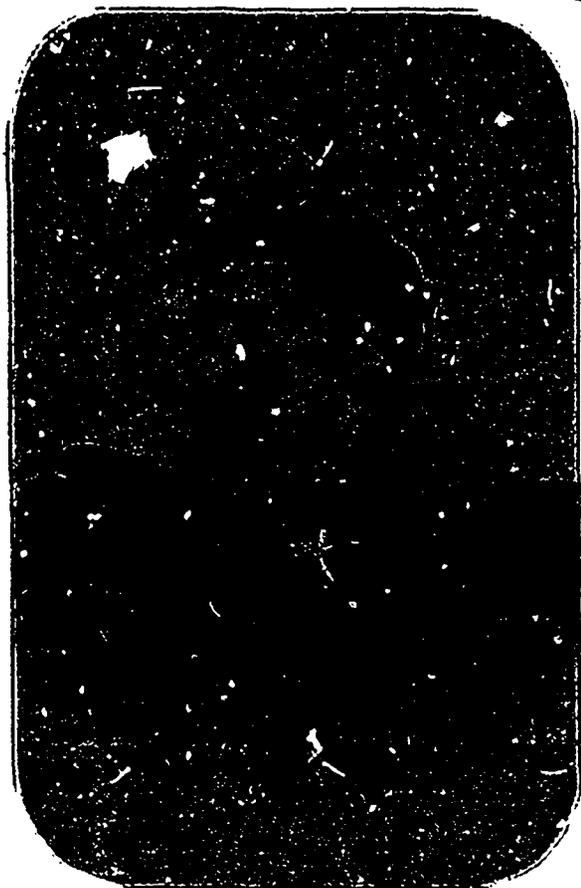
A shoe bag is something that would be very much appreciated, being a convenient receptacle for a fine pair of shoes or slippers when not in use. It should be about thirteen inches long and ten inches wide, having upon it two pockets, one for each slipper or shoe, as the case may be.

Old blue denim bound with white braid would be very pretty and serviceable for this purpose. Upon each pocket a simple and effective pattern should be embroidered in outline work with Japan outline silk. This same idea could be carried out in a much larger scale, by having four pockets instead of two. The foundation would require to be about twenty inches by fourteen inches, and should be furnished with rings or strong loops for hanging it to the inside of the closet door. The embroidery could be done with white linen floss if preferred. A duster bag may be quite dainty in style. A very pretty one could be made of pink linen, embroidered in several shades of pink Spanish floss, nine and one-half inches by ten would be found to be a convenient size, and it should be provided with a couple of rings or strong loops for hanging it to the wall. Any one with deft fingers and a fertile imagination might continue to make bags *ad infinitum*. There are the comb and brush bag, the bag to hold one's curling irons, the fancy work bag, the trio button bags, the mending and darning bags, the cane and umbrella case, the case for embroidery silks, and very many others that would readily suggest themselves if required.

KENWICK.

PEOPLE

BY FAITH PENFOL.



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that might successfully appeal to and capture the working classes of the United Kingdom.

Usually a visitor from the motherland discovers this at once; occasionally, as in the instance of Miss Black, it takes experience to make it clear. When this energetic young worker pays Canada a second visit, as she doubtless will in October, when the world's W. C. T. U. convene in Toronto, she will probably come more quickly in touch with her Canadian audiences.

We speak thus our impressions of her platform methods only. In private intercourse Miss Slack is charming, with the manifold personality of an earnest and intensely alive woman.

Our first surprise is that she is so young. In view of the offices she holds, and the public work she has accomplished, we naturally expect to find her a woman of mature years, grey and sedate. But the lady who greets us is a young woman in life's prime; with English color, a plump, springy figure, and a bright energy of manner sufficient to take years off any woman, and keep her always a girl.

A young woman then, with brown hair, broad, low brow, deep set eyes, straight nose, and maternal lips and chin—a face whose upper portion expresses high executive ability, while the lower contour shows the passion of affectionate impulse that goes to make the enthusiast and philanthropist.

Miss Slack is a delightful talker. Every bit of her talks—eyes, flushing color, hands, restless tapping foot. She is exceedingly in earnest, and her philanthropic experience has been varied.

She is strongly in sympathy with every movement that favors the advancement of woman, because in them she sees the factors that she believes will finally produce all the large issues for which philanthropy and religion are striving.

"The measure of freedom women have, has been so lately acquired, it is hardly to be wondered that we make mistakes, that we are yet, in many instances, narrow. But we will gain breadth by degrees. Narrowness is shut-up-ness. Breadth is opening out to all conditions of humanity," she says. "Therefore, if as you say, your organizations of Canadian women are afflicted with narrowness, see that they get out into a wider vision. The National Council will do wonders in that direction."

So sceptical is the world, and so rare a thing it is to discover men and women who are working and enduring for love's sake alone, that it is our habit to impugn the motives of philanthropists of either sex. "She or he makes a good living by it, doubtless," we say with a shrug, and salve our own restless conscience with some cynicism about "conviction in proportion to profit."

Oh, the pity of it that we should have grown so unbelieving; and the greater pity that we have nourishment for such growth! How the single-hearted and of honest purpose suffer by reason of him of double-mind.

Many a man and woman sacrifice ambition, ease, cultured instincts, money, ay, even love itself, for the high cause of God, for love of their kind; and because of a few stumbling blocks we neither recognize the sacrifice nor accept the worker.

But there are those in our midst who are yet enthusiasts in the love of their fellows, who reckon all things as nothing in the joy of philanthropic work, who are born with hearts big enough to hold a world of such petty folks as we who thus carp.

And these are often men and women of forceful character; salty, pungent, aggressive perhaps,

or with an executive ability that leads them to be ever in the fore. Yet, though their methods or manners may be open to criticism, their work remains; and below all surface ways, if we but listen, we hear beating a passion-throb of protective love.

Miss Slack is such an one. She was born in Ripley, in lovely Devonshire. She belongs to a family markedly intellectual and alert in Christian work. Having an independent income, this young lady might have remained in luxurious and cultured social life; but she chose the hard experiences of the active philanthropist. She has been for some time a Poor Law Guardian. She is an active member of the committee of the Woman's Liberal League, which is the right arm of the Liberal party in England; member of the Central Suffrage Society, the British Woman's Temperance Association, and lastly she has accepted the office (unsalaried) of honorary secretary of the world's W. C. T. U., which places her next in official rank to Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset.

Since her acceptance of this latter position Miss Slack has done magnificent evangelistic and Temperance work, especially in Ireland, where she gave a marked impetus to the White Ribbon movement. Her forceful, humorous and aggressive personality, with its wealth of enthusiasm, made her especially acceptable to the warm-hearted Irish people; and she enrolled many of their women under the White Ribbon banner in the crusade which she conducted in Dublin and Cork during the past year.

Her popularity extended equally to the Roman Catholics, and some of the most prominent members of this church joined with the Protestants in giving her support.

That Miss Slack is an ardent suffragist is not a matter of surprise. There are few women who go down into the depths of life's shadows, and come face to face with its problems, without being forced to the conviction that women should have some part in making the laws under which they and their families must abide. "We have to suffer the penalties inflicted by the laws, if we break them," says Miss Slack, "so logically, we ought to have a voice in framing that which we are compelled to obey."

In all these offices her work has been largely that of the platform and the pulpit. She has preached for such well known ministers as Mark Guy Pearse and Hugh Price Hughes, and is the first woman who has occupied Wesley's pulpit. Yet she has gone down into the prisons and work-houses, and become acquainted with the practical details of the evils against which she fights.

It is a curious thing to look upon, this daintily dressed woman, to listen to her thoughtful cultured speech, to realize what she might have if she chose, of easy living and agreeable environment,—and then to recall the work to which she has devoted herself, and for the sake of which she has given up much of the joy of home life, and her especially loved art, music.

For fourteen years Miss Slack gave her services as organist of Ripley Wesleyan Chapel, only resigning the post when the many engagements arising from her public work took her frequently from home.

To the question, whether she did not regret the responsibilities she had assumed, and the work these involved, Miss Black answered, thoughtfully:

"A few years ago, when first entering upon this work, I was cynical and self-assertive, dictatorial, and disposed to demand that every one should walk in my way, and see as I saw—I may be inclined that way yet," she interpolated with a smile, "But since I have sounded the depths of human degradation in my Poor Law and prison work, life has opened out to a fulness it never would have done otherwise. Only as we give our sympathies width do we grow like God."

MISS AGNES SLACK, whose recent visit to Toronto, caused some stir in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union circles, occupies a position and owns a personality that gives her more than passing interest to women of organizations, as well as that larger circle of our sex who are interested in knowing something of the lives of women with careers.

Both personally, and in her public work she is a young lady of exceptional gifts, and the fact that she has attained such high office in organized philanthropy gives promise of larger development.

Those who were brought into personal intercourse with her during her stay in the city will retain a remembrance—a trifle amused perhaps, but also markedly vivid—of a young woman militant, if we may adopt the descriptive word; a fighting philanthropist, aggressive, practical, executive, yet with all the impulse of her sex, and all the passion of benevolence instinct in a mother woman.

Miss Slack is intensely British, and also intensely Liberal in politics. These facts she made clear in an address delivered in Broadway Tabernacle. The former by deploring that Toronto semi-religious gatherings did not open with the National Anthem, the latter by her hot assault on Lord Salisbury, for his non-support of the Temperance movement. Possibly, also, the bright, energetic little lady in this, her first visit to Canada, hardly realized the difference between audiences on this side of the water and those she had addressed so extensively and with such success in the British Isles.

Whatever may be the case over the line, an audience of Canadian women cannot be won to approval or conviction by a manner of address



Faith that Removes Mountains.

JUST as the bells in the great towers of old Notre Dame Church, in Montreal, were striking the hour of ten, a gust of October wind, more fierce than its fellows, bore down upon the trees in the French Square fronting the church, tore from them multitudes of leaves, brown and crisp and dry, drove them past the ancient church, along Notre Dame Street, across the Champ de Mars to St. Dominique Street, and heaped them sportively in the doorway of a quaint French-Canadian cottage.

There huddling apprehensively together, the door opened, just as the wind with renewed vigor beat down upon them once more. For a few moments a weird, bent figure, crutch in hand, stood in the doorway gasping for breath, her claw-like hands brushing away the leaves, which clung to her as if affrighted. The weight of years bore upon her so heavily that she scarcely had strength to close the door in the face of the riotous storm. As she stood panting and wheezing in the little parlor, into which the street door opened, she made a remarkable picture. She was clad in a dark, ill-fitting dress, fastened around the waist by a broad strip of faded yellow ribbon; about her neck the parchment-like skin hung in heavy folds, while her entire face was seamed over and over with deep wrinkles, giving it a marvellously aged appearance.

At length her strength returned, and she muttered as she hobbled across the room: "The storm is worse; I fear she cannot go out to-night." Reaching an ancient door, from which the paint had faded years before, she turned the handle, when a strange sight was revealed. Kneeling before a plaster cast of the Virgin, with a string of bone prayer-beads in her hands, was another aged woman. Ranged on either side of the statue were two colored wax candles, lighting up the face of the devout worshipper, whose hair the years had bleached white as snow. She was twenty years younger than her crippled sister, who had defied death for nearly a hundred years.

On seeing the image and the worshipper, the sister in the doorway painfully fell upon her knees, clasped her hands, and also began to pray. Finally they both rose. Putting aside her beads, the younger sister—whom the neighbors called "Little Mother Soulard"—took up an ancient-looking bonnet, which she proceeded to fasten by two immense strings under her chin. She was short in stature and inclined to be stout; her face, though heavily lined, was still pleasing to look at. "Is it storming as badly as ever, Delmia?" she asked, turning to her sister, who stood watching her putting on her things with a dissatisfied countenance.

"The storm is worse than ever," Delmia answered peevishly. "Do not go out to-night. You, too, are old, and it is a long way to the Bonsecours Church. I fear the storm will be too much for you."

"But think, dear," replied her sister, commiseratingly. "How our poor nephew will be think-

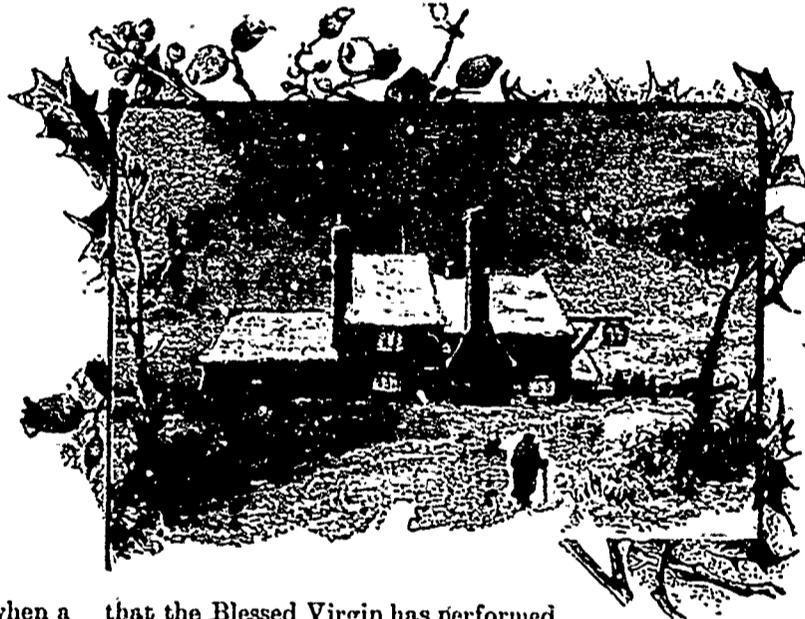
ing of us in that dreadful place, and think, too, of her who was this day to have been his wife. They both sorely need my prayers this night. I must—I must go, Delmia."

"But," contended Delmia, persistently, bringing her crutch sharply down on the floor, "why not pray here" (turning and looking at the statue) "to the Virgin, instead of going out this fearful night to pray to her in the church?"

The Little Mother let the shawl she was dragging around her shoulders fall to the floor, as she heard the question, and walking over to her venerable sister, said excitedly, as she grasped her by the arm: "Have you not heard, Delmia, of the wonderful answers to prayer that the Virgin has given in the Bonsecours Church? Only yesterday two more miracles were reported. Madame Dubuc told me about them this morning. Two women who had been afflicted with lameness for years were fully restored to health, and they left their crutches in the church, where they can be seen by anyone."

Her excitement was infectious: the aged Delmia's eyes also began to gleam with religious enthusiasm, while her trembling hand caused the crutch to keep up a soft tattoo on the floor.

"And guess why the Virgin answered their prayers, Delmia?" she went on in a hushed voice; "because they prayed in the church from midnight until daybreak. Nearly all the miracles



that the Blessed Virgin has performed there have been for those who have denied themselves for her in this manner. The night is rough and she knows how old I am. Who can tell what she may do for me if I go out on a night like this to the church and pray to her?"

"It is wonderful! wonderful! Blessed be the Virgin! It was wrong of me to tell you not to go. I spoke in ignorance. It may be that she will hear you, and cause a miracle to be worked, so that our nephew will be restored to us again. I cannot bear to think of him having to stay there for four long, long years."

"That would be too much to ask of the Virgin," answered the Little Mother in a voice as though she feared to pursue the thought, "but I will pray to her that he be comforted, and that little Marie be restored to health again." As she spoke Mother Soulard glanced in the direction of the little bedroom where hours ago she, who that day was to have been a bride, had retired to rest.

Poor Marie! On this woful night she had persisted in sleeping at their house. Her parents had tried to soothe her, but she had grown so violent that, stormy and all as it was, they could do nothing but bring her to her lover's home. She was now in the little bedroom which had been Ovide's since he was a boy, but which he had not slept in for six months and would never sleep in again.

Delmia turned her dimmed eyes in the direction of the room and said with a sigh of relief: "Marie seems to be sleeping well, sister!"

As they stole, hand in hand, past the bedroom toward the street door, the Little Mother replied: "Sleep is the only thing that can save her now. She has hardly slept at all since Ovide went away, and her reason is nearly all gone with sorrowing for him. Everything depends upon her sleeping to-night. Ah, such trouble! I must go and pray, sister. If Ovide only knew how she suffers, it would kill him." Turning with a hand on the door she added earnestly, "If you hear the slightest noise in the room, Delmia, go and soothe her, and tell her I won't be long."

"Had you not better open the door now, and look at her? She has been asleep so long," answered Delmia, uneasily.

"No! no! Delmia; we might disturb her." The next moment the door opened, a gust of cold air swept into the room and she was gone. If she only had glanced into the room to see if Marie was sleeping!

The storm had grown more violent, and great clouds, ominous with rain, were now overcasting the sky. Her sister could hardly have reached the corner of the street, when Delmia thought she heard a slight noise in the bedroom. She bent her head and listened attentively. "It is nothing; my ears often deceive me now," she mumbled as she laboriously seated herself on a maimed rocking-chair, which creaked dismally as she rocked herself to and fro. Its querulous protestations prevented her hearing the sound of a falling window which came from the direction of Marie's bedroom.

"Yes, yes," Delmia rambled on, "my hearing is very bad now." Presently she stopped, leaned her head toward the door and listened again. "Marie sleeps soundly," she said with a tired, contented sigh. Poor Delmia!

The strangely-clad figure, which had sprung through the window, crouched close to the side of the house, and with rapidly-beating heart listened to hear if Delmia had heard the noise the treacherous sash had made as it fell behind her. She knew there was no danger of the Little Mother being aroused, for she was listening at the bedroom door and had heard her go out; she had only the aged Delmia to fear.

There was no need for alarm; Delmia had not heard.

The rays from the gas-lamp cast yellow flickering shadows on the lane and the side of the old brick house, and at intervals upon the crouching figure. Suddenly Marie sprang to her feet and started to run; but before she had gone many steps, something white and cloud-like, which was fastened by her head, and which unperceived by her, had become fastened in the window, caused her to halt abruptly. She caught the tremulous thing in her hands and began to pull; there was a sound of tearing and then she was free. As she ran across the sidewalk under the lamp, her strange attire was distinctly revealed; it was that of a bride! Strikingly grotesque in the storm appeared her long white dress, flowing veil, and white kid shoes.

On reaching the opposite side of the road, where the shadows were deep, Marie paused and looked back at the little house which she had so suspiciously left. Finding that she was not being pursued, she turned, regardless of the storm, and began to walk toward the east, where lay, some six miles distant, the great penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul. As she sped along in the shadow of the houses, she began to talk to herself like a pleased child. "This is our wedding-day, and he will be so glad to see me," she chattered.

Suddenly the smile died out of her face, and she said anxiously: "But how shall I know him, now that they have changed his name?" She wrung her hands distressfully. Soon the smile returned to her round, sweet face, and she went on: "But

he cannot have forgotten that this is our wedding-day, and when he sees me, he is sure to know me."

If tender-hearted little Mother Soulard had only known as she struggled across the Champ de Mars, muttering prayers for Marie and her nephew Ovide, her strength must surely have failed her. She was

so weak and worn that she fairly staggered across the Notre Dame and down Bonsecours Street; but her strength revived and her heart grew light again, as she saw in the near distance the famed Bonsecours Church, bearing on its lofty roof the great statue of the Blessed Virgin, which, with arms outstretched toward the River St. Lawrence, welcomes to port those whose business it is to imperil their lives in deep waters.

Although the hour was late, several French-Canadian women were in the church, crouched at the feet of the marble statue of the Virgin, near the gorgeous altar. As the church door complainingly opened and disclosed the wet, weary figure of little Mother Soulard, the worshippers, with that lack of curiosity so characteristic of French-Canadian women when in church, did not look up, nor even appear to notice her as she crowded past them, and also knelt before the statue that had given such wonderful answers to prayer. Devoutly she kissed the Virgin's feet.

One by one, the seekers after health and happiness stole away, and presently the Little Mother was all alone. Soon the only sounds that broke the intense silence were her loudly whispered supplications and the clicking of her prayer-beads, which waked weird echoes in the great galleries and organ loft.

Now it was Ovide, and anon Marie; over and over again she poured out her heart for them. If the dear Mother would put it into the hearts of the men who had sent Ovide, her nephew, from her—whom she loved as a son—to give him his liberty! She was sure he had never forged the note; it was cruel of them to have him kept in such an unhappy, disgraceful place. Even if he had fallen, might they not have shown him mercy? Better than anyone else the Blessed Virgin knew, that everyone needed mercy more than justice! Thus she pleaded, and in the innocence of her own simple mind she condoned the evil the loved one had done.

As she continued to pray, her religious enthusiasm increased, until, at last, raising her bowed head, and looking up into the immobile face, carved in pitying lines, she cried despairfully: "Dear Mother, hear my prayers for them both! This was to have been their wedding-day, and Marie is suffering so. She cannot sleep or eat, and they say her sorrow may drive her mad, and that she will have to be taken to the house of the imbecile. Poor, poor Ovide, that would surely break his heart!"

Unable any longer to control her sorrow, she sprang to her feet, and clasping both her arms around the statue, pleaded in a voice which started a thousand answering echoes: "Mother of us all, hearken to me. I know of the miracles thou hast wrought for those who have denied themselves for thee, and made sacrifices and done penance. And I will make sacrifices and do penance if thou wilt but restore Ovide to me again and give health to Marie. I will go on a pilgrimage to the Twelve Stations of the Cross, and pray

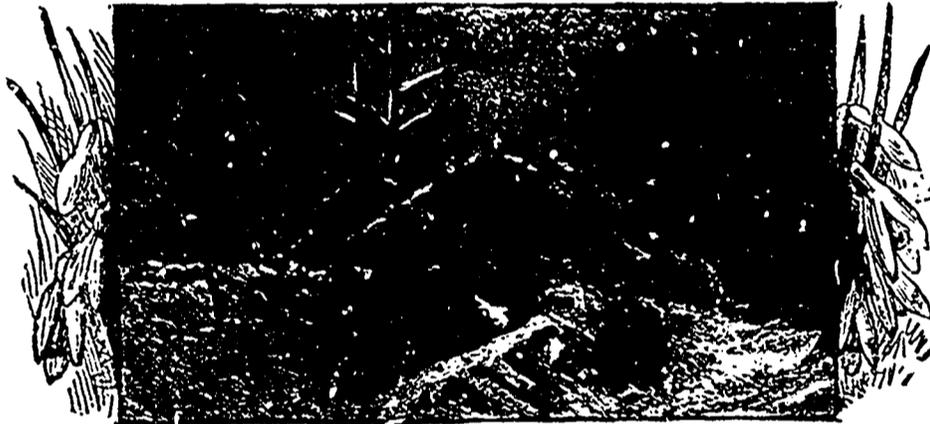
at each of them; I will pray every night for the souls in purgatory; I will go every day and collect for the Little Sisters of the Poor. I—I—*Mon Dieu*, I will do anything, anything, if thou wilt only answer my prayers."

Through utter exhaustion her arms slipped from the statue, at whose feet she sank, sobbing like a child.

Of a sudden her tears ceased, and her face lighted up with hope—the sermon that Father Benoit had preached about faith, the previous Sabbath, had flashed across her mind. He had declared that to those who had faith nothing was impossible; faith could cause even mountains to be removed—Christ himself had declared so. It was only through those who had great faith that the Virgin could perform mighty things.

Vividly she recalled how the priest had pointed to the crutches in the glass case near the altar, and had told them that those who had left them forever behind, had been possessed of faith that nothing could daunt, and so had brought the blessing down.

The "faith that could remove mountains!" How the words rang and rang in her ears! Soon her heart grew so light that she could have shouted for joy. "Of course," she murmured with beaming eyes, "if I do not believe she can do what I ask, how can she answer my prayers? How simple I have been, and how clear it all is to me now. I do believe and know that what I have asked will be granted, and that this very night Ovide will be restored to me, and Marie's



mind be made well again. Again and again, out of the fulness of her heart, she kissed the marble feet, and give thanks for the faith within her—the faith that could remove mountains!

Not for a moment did she stop to think what hard requests she had made.

Fatigue and weariness now no longer beset her, and in glad eagerness to see her dear nephew again, and Marie, Mother Soulard fairly ran out of the dimly-lighted church, brushing against the shadowy pews as she sped along the narrow aisles. So bound up was she in her newly-found faith, that she scarcely noticed, on reaching the street, how heavily the rain was falling and how fierce the storm had grown. So boisterous, indeed, was the wind on the bleak Champ de Mars that again and again she had to halt for breath.

"I can imagine I see them," she thought, as she struggled on, "sitting in the parlor with Delmia. How surprised Delmia must have been when Ovide walked in! and how Marie must have cried and kissed him! But the miracle will soon be known to all the neighbors, and will be told of in the churches, too. They shall be married in the church by Father Benoit, because it was through his sermon the miracle was brought about. Ah, what a blessed day this will always be to me!"

As she turned the corner of St. Dominique Street and saw her house, with the yellow glare of the street-lamp still upon it, she caught her old, dripping black dress in her hands, drew it in above her ankles, and began to run, painfully. "*Mon Dieu!* At last, at last!" she panted.

Delmia, who had fallen asleep in her chair, sprang hastily to her feet as the street door was burst open, and uttered a startled cry on seeing her sister standing in the doorway, looking with dazed expression around the parlor, the water pouring in great streams from her dress, which she still unconsciously held.

"Where are they? Where are they, Delmia?" she asked, stretching out her hand for support. The heavy fatigue she had borne seemed to come back to her all at once.

In her surprise and haste to reach the door, the bent and palsied Delmia let the crutch slip from her hand, and as she fell heavily after it, and lay struggling to regain her feet again, she looked like some distorted creature of fancy.

The sodden, pitiful figure in the door, seemed not to have seen her. "Ovide! Ovide!" she called brokenly, staring around the room.

At last Delmia reached her side. Very gently she drew her into the house and closed the door.

"Has Ovide not come, then?" she asked again, as she sank on the crazy rocking-chair.

"Is Ovide coming?" asked her sister, wonderingly.

The blood rushed back to the Little Mother's face, and she rose hastily. "How very foolish I am to-night," she said, trying to be brave. "I had forgotten that he may not have had time to get here yet; but he is coming, Delmia, surely coming. I have prayed to the Virgin, and the miracle is sure to be performed. I have the faith now, Delmia."

Her poor old face quivered with hope and fear. Across her bosom, she made the sign of the cross. "I did not mean to doubt," she said, penitently.

Suddenly catching her sister by the arm, she cried quickly, "He may be here, though, Delmia, at any moment, and we must tell her of his coming before he arrives, or the shock may make her worse. Ah! but I had forgotten. She must be quite well now, for I prayed for her, too! But we must go and see her; she has been asleep so long."

The Little Mother sped across the room in the direction of the bedroom, holding above her head the flaring lamp, Delmia hobbling after her.

As she eagerly entered Marie's room, and the light fell across the bed, she uttered a cry of deep dismay. The bed had not been disturbed. The horror on her face deepened as she saw a piece of wedding veil, which the window still securely held, noiselessly beating against the panes. Slowly she turned her stricken face to the side of the wall, where Marie's wedding clothes had hung, covered with a sheet; the finery had gone, and the sheet lay in a disordered heap on the floor. At length, endurance had come to an end; she had suffered so much, and the shock had been so very great. The hand that held the lamp began to shake as though it were palsied; she swayed weakly from side to side; then there was a crash, and they were in darkness. As she fell heavily across the bed, she uttered a cry of anguish that was pitiful to hear.

In the blackness Delmia feebly groped her way to her sister's side, and throwing her shrunken arms about her, tried to win her back to consciousness by childishly calling her endearing names.

While Delmia called to her sister in the darkness, the storm without continued to rage. It had shown no mercy to the hapless leaves, neither did it lessen any of its malignity now as it tore along the straight road leading to the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul, and overlook the sadly bepragglled figure clad in bridal robes. The heavy rain had wet her through and through, and she

(Concluded on page 27).

Music Notes

It was an excellent idea of the committee in charge of the recent jubilee performance of the "Elijah" to distribute freely among Toronto music patrons copies of Rev. H. R. Hawes' brochure on Mendelssohn's splendid oratorio.

"Elijah" is less understood than the "Messiah," even as the dramatic old prophet stands a shrouded figure in our imagination beside the clear vision of the Christ. The former is like the tragedy of human life, with its clouds of passion and cries of pain, through which we catch brief glimpses of promised beauty and peace. The latter is an angel vision sung from a radiant sky.

Therefore, we need the interpretation which Mr. Hawes gives us in his picturesque description; and by its means many of us were able to follow the theme of the "Elijah" in close touch with its creator, and to enjoy more fully than at any previous hearing the dramatic choruses and sudden transitions from vigorous action to plaintive comment.

If the "Creation," "Judas Maccabeus," and a few other oratorios could be word-painted in like manner, it would add much to their intelligible enjoyment by the people.

It is hardly necessary, at this late date, to comment upon this especial rendition of the "Elijah." Some of us have come to look upon it as Mr. Torrington's especial oratorio, in which his merit as a conductor is at its highest. The dramatic character of the work, the verve of its choruses, seem to appeal especially to his genius, and in no other work of the masters does he obtain such accurate and effective results from both orchestra and chorus. In this jubilee rendition of "Elijah," there was no flaw in the brilliant attack and carriage of the choruses throughout.

Concerning the soloists, Madam Van der Veer Green's dark beauty and fine presence made her a splendid Jezebel, while her fresh, pure toned voice won her renewed favors with her audience. Her "Oh, Rest in the Lord" was rarely beautiful in its sweet purity of tone and finished simplicity of style. Madam Green is deservedly in the first rank of oratorio singers to day.

Miss Juch's voice showed a slight touch of wear, but her "Hear ye Israel" was smoothly and expressively rendered.

The tenor, Mr. Evans Williams deserved the hearty applause which greeted his rendering of the few solos that fell to him in this oratorio. His brief earlier passages gave his audience pleasant suggestions of his ability, that were fully sustained in the beautiful solo "Then shall the righteous shine," which brought forth the only insistent encore demand of the evening. Mr. Williams has a voice sweet, sustained, expressive, full of a calm elevation, with perhaps a trifle of over reserve.

Mr. Warrington's frank acceptance as a substitute of the moment of the bass role, and his creditable fulfilment of the same, shows how thorough is his knowledge of this difficult oratorio.

It is questionable whether a concert of Chamber music should be commented upon from the popular point of view, since it is naturally rather an entertainment for professional musicians, and those whose genius for music has led to a deeper and more intimate knowledge of harmony than that possessed by the general public.

Such concerts are, and always will be, enjoyment for the few rather than the many, but to the former they are such in no common measure, while to those of the uninitiated who may be induced to attend, they are markedly educational.

It is therefore, rather heroic in those Toronto

ladies, who have formed themselves into a Chamber Music Association, that they should thus endeavor to introduce and maintain in our city these high-class concerts of stringed instruments.

These ladies realize that their labors will be neither largely appreciated nor financially profitable; yet, for art's sake, they aim to promote and establish Chamber music as a feature in Toronto. They should certainly receive every encouragement.

The first concert was given early in December, by the Yuncle String Quartette, with Mr. H. M. Field as pianist, and Madam Bernhard Walther, cantatrice. The large musical element in the audience appreciated the fine renderings of choice compositions to the full, while those, who bring music lovers are yet uninitiated into its deeper beauties, found pleasure in the effective descriptive selections, bright allegros and grave andantes.

Herr Yuncle's violin solo showed him a master of clear tone and technique; albeit he failed to move his audience as Ysaye or other modern wizards of the bow can do. It is a wilful thing, this violin, no wonder its lovers give it sex, for it moves them to a passionate devotion, yet responds only when and to whom it will.

Madam Bernard Walther won cordial approval by her first song. At the close of her last number she had made the audience quite her own.

Madam Walther has an attractive stage presence; she is a fair and handsome woman, with a voice fresh as that of a girl of fifteen. It is a cultivated and facile mezzo-soprano with a distinctive womanly tone in it, that suggests the vibrant note of Sara Bernhardt's speech. Again, her articulation is so clear that every word of her songs could be distinctly heard. This was especially noticeable in her encore, the musical setting of George Macdonald's pretty nursery conceit, "Where did you come from, Baby dear," not a word of which was lost.

Her rendition of the vocal morceau, by Nevin, "The Merry Lark," by Chas. Kingsley, was also well received.

The merry lark was up and singing,

The hare was out and feeding on the lea;
The merry, merry bells were ringing,
As my child's laugh ran thro' me.

Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snowyard,
And lark beside the dreary winter sea;
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

Madam Walther will be warmly welcomed when next she visits Toronto.

The quarterly concert of the Conservatory of Music, held on December 7th, was as enjoyable as these recitals usually are. There is always a pleasant freshness about them, lacking in recitals given by professional artists. The audience is willing to be pleased, and not too critical, while the frequent evidence of exceptionally good artists among the student-performers is warmly welcomed.

Except in name, these recitals are not amateur; the young performers, often showing evidence of more careful training, and doing better work than established professionals.

The recitals given by the elocution department of the Conservatory are equally pleasurable, fine dramatic talent being often evinced by the young artists, many of whom look forward to future stage careers.

These concerts, which are held by both the large music-training institutions in our city, have a large clientele of patrons, who look forward to them with pleasure.

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THE postman brought me a letter just as I sat down to write to my children. I opened the envelope, and found the following little story for our page, neatly written between ruled lines:

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARACHUTE.

There was a Parachute that always was out on Adventures; its entirety made of tissue paper it is a square of paper tied at each corner with a piece of string, with a little weight on the string you have to cut it even you know or else it will not fly, and tie them together. I let it out of a window and it stuck in a tree I and a little friend got it down with a clothes prop. Once I had a Parachute, it was a green one and it sailed over a house and was lost.

This is a very conceited one and was always proud of its fine looks once it was made of a Japanese Hankechef with red stripes.

NORMA M ARMSTRONG age 9

Do you not think it is a clever story for a little girl of nine. Norma has been taught to read by the phonic system, and that is the reason she spells a few of her words just as they sound.

Does it never seem to you that things without life can talk? Did you never see a big easy chair holding open its arms and begging you so earnestly to try it? Does not a grate fire speak to you? I believe it can tell fairy tales as well as true stories. Here is one which a bright fire told me:

CELLAR FOLKS.

Into a cellar was thrown one day the winter's supply of fuel. In one corner was a pile of hardwood, in another some kindling, while the bins were full of black shiny coal.

They had not been long together when they became quite friendly, and began to tell their experiences.

A stick of maple described the beautiful tree from which he came, and spoke of the delicious sugar and syrup made from its sap. A piece of beech told of its pretty leaves, and the dear little three-sided nuts that children so love to gather. A pine knot told how all the year round his tree shook its green tassels in the air, making the woods fragrant with sweet perfume.

A stick of hemlock spoke of its pretty evergreen branches with which, at Christmas time, churches and houses are decked. They all listened attentively to one another, although they had known a good deal of it before, for had they not almost all been neighbors in the same woods?

But it was when it became time for the coal to speak that they felt most interested. They knew they had been storing sunshine every day that they grew, ready to give it up again in the shape of light and heat. But how could this black hard stuff burn?

"Friends," said the coal, "I came from a mine deep down in the earth, but like you I was a tree, and waved my green branches in the sunlight.

"Thousands of years ago I was part of a huge forest; but the earth, you know, keeps changing, and in time this forest became covered by water and filled up with clay, and the gases have

changed me from wood like you, into this black hard stuff that you see. The light and heat I give out when I burn were obtained from the sun ages and ages ago, and have been kept by me, deep down in the earth, all these years."

Just then some one came down to fix the furnace for the night, and the talk ended.

Most of you have likely made or helped to make a snow man.

Is it not fun? And when he is finished do you not feel your man is really "somebody."

Shall I tell you my story of one made by two little boys?

THE SNOW MAN.

Wilton and Hilton had worked hard all the afternoon making a huge snow man. A south wind had been blowing since morning, so the snow was in fine working order. These two little chaps were twin brothers seven years old, and got along happily together in the usual twin fashion. But they had a cousin Jim, a lad of ten living with them, who was the plague of their twin lives. Jim's mother was dead, and his father had gone off to the mines, leaving him in charge of his auntie.

At times the boys were teased out of all patience, and went to mother for sympathy, but the words, "Remember Jim has no mother," and a kiss sent them off ready to forgive him anything.

To-day they worked at their man in peace, for Jim was off somewhere, and by dusk they had him finished. Flower pot for hat, coal buttons down his coat, clay pipe in his mouth—was he not a jolly looking fellow? How they laughed when mother pretended she was frightened by "a man in the yard."

When Jim came home they were both in bed, but it was moonlight, and the man showed up well.

At first he was a little startled, it stood there so big and white; but before he went into the house there was very little of the man left.

Snowball after snowball did Jim aim at Mr. Snow-man. First the hat went, then the head, and soon there was only a white stump to tell of the boys' hard labor.

Then Jim went indoors quite pleased with his fun, and thinking how mad the boys would be in the morning.

That night, when Jim went to bed, his work followed into dreamland. He thought he was going to choir practice, and was taking his usual cut across a big vacant lot; when about the centre of it, coming towards him in the path, was the very snow-man he had destroyed that night; and before he could recover from his surprise at a snow-man walking, the field was full of them. Snow-men of all sizes and shapes. Some with flower pots on their head, some togged out in old hats, they all came stumping towards him.

Jim was scared and stood still, then their fun began; with one accord they started to snowball him.

It was terrible!

His eyes were full; his mouth was full; it went

down his back; and presently one big ball sent him over; but yet they kept up the attack.

Soon he was under a big bank of snow. He began to smother, and tried to scream, but couldn't. Then he struggled to get under the snow, and—fell out of bed.

In the morning he got up early, and tried to re-build the man, but it had frozen hard during the night, and the snow would not pack.

When the boys came down he confessed to having "done up" their man, and told them his dream. They had a great laugh over it, and somehow have been better friends ever since.

And now we shall have the end of the story I have been telling you from that old book of "Fairy Tales:"—

MIMI AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Continued from November issue.)

How thirsty she was—and how noisily the clear little brook gurgled along beside the pathway!

By this time the burning July sun poured its golden rays down upon their heads and Mimi was very tired and faint! But, at no very great distance ahead, she saw the blue gleam of the lake, and she knew that the time was growing short.

But, just as she was whispering a few words of encouragement to the Butterfly, a tall, nodding young man stepped into her path!

"Little lady," he said, "you had better take the path through the woods—there are two savage dragons by the lake who would devour you in half a second!"

Mimi peered through the trees, sure enough, two large dragons were crouched close by the shores of the lake, with a little boat between them, fastened to their necks by silver chains. For a moment her heart stood still, and she resolved to escape into the woods, but she caught the wistful glance of the Butterfly's fast dimming eyes, and it strengthened her failing courage.

"I will go on, come what may," she said, and as she spoke the tall man was transferred into a silver birch, with a crow's nest at the top, exactly like a nodding black cap. As she approached the shores, the two dragons loosened the silver chains from their necks and prepared to launch the little boat, and Mimi knew they were her friends. So she sat down in the boat, and the dragons, half-flying, half-floating, drew it along by the silver chains, and presently they landed at the beautiful Castle garden.

Mimi ran over the velvet turf to where a sparkling cascade was playing in a marble basin, overgrown with water lilies, and laid the Butterfly upon the limpid surface, just as the castle clock struck twelve.

Before the strokes had ceased to echo on the air, the Butterfly had vanished and a beautiful little girl stood beside Mimi, dressed in glittering silver gauze, with hair brighter than the sunshine, and a tiny purple scarf over her shoulder, like the wings of the insect Mimi had carried so long close to her breast.

THE END.



Edited by THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

Our budget of Council news for this month is a big one, and we are afraid that we cannot include the reports of as many meetings as we would like.

All the reports, which are reaching us daily, are cheerful, and betoken activity and progress in various directions. They also indicate that our workers themselves realize more fully the real scope and idea of the Council, and so are able to make it serve its purpose more usefully than heretofore.

The many-sidedness of the subjects in which our Councils interest themselves is perplexing to those who have to deal with work of the National Council as a whole, but we regard it as one of the surest signs of health that the movement is shaping itself to the needs of each district, and does not seek merely to repeat the same form of effort everywhere without reference to the real wants of the people.

At the same time, there are certain subjects which have been brought before the National Council which are receiving attention at the hands of all our Local Councils, thus illustrating how our organisation can act as an educative agency, spreading knowledge and introducing thought on matters intimately connected with the welfare of the country as a whole.

The first step has been taken towards holding Provincial Conferences. It will be remembered that a suggestion has been made that Provincial Councils should be formed in addition to the National Council for the whole country and the Local Councils for the districts. It was, however, generally felt that it was altogether too early to take this step, even if it were deemed desirable later on. Even this is problematical, but at the present stage it was clear that we should be needlessly adding organisation and red-tape and that it would be exceedingly difficult to find sufficient officers willing to undertake Provincial duties in addition to those required for Local Councils. It was, however, agreed that occasional Provincial Conferences, especially in the distant provinces might with advantage be arranged as need arose.

Accordingly Miss Perrin, vice-president for British Columbia and the Victoria Local Council, issued invitations to the other three B. C. Councils to attend a Conference at Victoria.

Mrs. MacLagan, who represented the Vancouver Local Council so acceptably at the National

Council, came over from Vancouver, and Mrs. Cochrane, President of the Vernon Local Council, also attended. Mrs. Molson Spragge, President of the East Kootenay Council, was disappointed in being unable to attend, and other delegates from Vancouver, Madame Martin and Sister Francis, were also kept back at the last moment by invalids requiring their care at home.

But even this beginning was satisfactory when the great distances to be traversed in the exceptionally severe weather experienced in British Columbia this November is considered.

The Conference was most interesting, and a report both of it and of the large public meeting held at Victoria in connection with it will be given in our next number.

All present felt much indebted to Miss Perrin, provincial vice-president, for the capital arrangements made and carried out.

It was a great disappointment to the president that the heavy snowfall so retarded the train that she was unable to attend the meeting of Council arranged for her at Vancouver, but on account of the business transacted at an executive meeting will be found farther on.

The little Local Council at Vernon has fully justified its existence, and is a proof in itself of how Councils in young places can be formed with great advantage.

The ladies composing it freely admit that it has been the means of bringing them all together from different sections and churches as nothing else would have done. The management of the industrial department at the Agricultural Show which was placed in their hands by the directors, proved a marked success, and they are now busily engaged in preparing for cooking classes to be conducted in February by Miss Livingstone, and also for providing a cottage hospital, a long felt want in the district.

From Halifax we have many items of interest to report:

The Local Council there hoped to have been successful in obtaining two seats for ladies on the city School Board this year, but their hopes have been deferred on this occasion—yet they look forward confidently to the future.

In the meanwhile they are making a vigorous effort to obtain a School of Domestic Science.

They have already obtained a promise from the

new "People's Light and Heat Co." to fit up such a school gratis with gas ranges and to supply light and fuel. A generous hardware merchant has undertaken to present utensils.

A good location is in view, and now a deputation from the Council is to ask the School Board for a grant which the ladies will themselves supplement by raising a subscription.

The president, Mrs. Archibald, read a capital paper on Manual Education, and on the need of a course on the subject being provided for teachers at the Normal Training College.

This paper was read at the Educational Conference at Truro and was very well received. We hope to give extracts from it later on.

The same Council is urging the appointment of a police matron, and a patrol wagon for taking prisoners to the station, and they desire to bring a resolution before the National Council with the object of drawing the attention of the Government to the desirability of giving the judges power to clear the court of spectators when they deem fit so to do, in the cases of certain trials of women and children.

The National Council will much regret the loss of Mrs. Lyle from its executive by her retirement from the presidency of the Hamilton Council which she has filled so admirably.

Her friends would not venture to press her to remain, inasmuch as her doctor urged that she should be relieved from some of the duties which she performed so faithfully, and we are only glad to know that her interest will be in no way diminished.

We heartily welcome Mrs. Sanford, who was unanimously elected as Mrs. Lyle's successor.

In next number we hope to give some information regarding the meeting of the executive of the National Council of Women of the United States, who have courteously invited us to send representatives.

HAMILTON LOCAL COUNCIL.

The third annual meeting of the Hamilton Local Council of Women was held on Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1896, in the Wesleyan Ladies' College.

Despite inclement weather the attendance was gratifying—

The routine business was first transacted; the recording secretary's annual report showed twenty affiliations on the roll, and indicated various matters to which the Council's attention had been directed during the year, such as the appointment of dental inspectors to examine the teeth of school children, which matter has been favorably considered by the Provincial Board of Health; instruction in Domestic Science in the Public Schools, which has not yet been introduced in Hamilton; the appointment of Women on the board of governors of the city hospital, for which a clause was provided in the by-law, giving the option of such appointment; the organization of national home reading union circles, three of which have been formed in this city.

The corresponding secretary's report showed the number of letters written and was a partial synopsis of the year's correspondence.

The treasurer's statement showed receipts and disbursements to the amount of \$58.39.

The president then read her address, taking a review of the year's work of the National Council in general, and of this Local Council in particular; among the points on which she touched were the

spread of impure literature, the introduction of manual training into public schools, the Sanitarium in Muskoka for consumptive patients, the newly organized Hamilton branch of the Aberdeen Association, and other matters, she also laid stress on the "raison d'être" of the Women's Council.

After the reading and adoption of the report of the executive committee, a resolution to the effect that the constitution and standing orders recommended by the National Council for the use of Local Councils and executives be adopted by this Local Council, was put to the meeting and carried.

Mrs. Lyle then stated her inability to stand for re-election as president, a resolution of regret at her resignation, and a standing vote of thanks for her past services to the Council were unanimously tendered her.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mrs. Sanford; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. J. M. Gibson; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Lyle; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. Burns; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. Levy; Recording Secretary, Miss Counsell; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Macdonald; Corresponding Secretary, pro tem., Miss Harris; Treasurer, Mrs. Ballard; Auditors, Mrs. Freed and Miss G. Smith.

The committees appointed to collect facts, and otherwise to further the work of the National Council, then gave short reports, showing their progress in the work allotted to them; among the reports may be mentioned that of Mrs. Charlton, convener of the committee on the "Commitment of Insane Persons," showing that in the case of a supposed insane or imbecile patient committed to jail there is an unavoidable delay occasioned by the necessity for medical inquiry, legal procedure, etc., before the patient can be removed.

A report of the recently organized branch of the Aberdeen Association was also read.

Miss Bowman, lady superintendent of the city hospital then read an able and interesting paper on "Nursing and Emergencies," wherein she referred to the noble calling of the nurse, the stern discipline enforced during the term of probation, the advisability of an early commencement of the course of study and the *sine qua non* of good physical health; the paper also contained many useful hints as to action in cases of emergency. At its conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Miss Bowman.

During the evening pleasing solos by Mrs. Muir and Miss Craney were interspersed among the more serious affairs.

After votes of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Burns and other kind friends, the meeting closed with the National Anthem. G. C. COUNSELL,

Recording Secretary.

* * *
MONTREAL LOCAL COUNCIL.

The last general meeting of the Montreal Local Council, was held in the Y.M.C.A., Thursday, October 15th, at three p.m. The president, Mrs. Drummond, was in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, Mrs. Drummond announced that the two women factory-inspectors, suggested by the Council, had been appointed by the Quebec Government. Notice was then given of the formation of two branches of the "Aberdeen Association" in Montreal, the president of the French Branch being Madame Masson; of the English Branch, Mrs. Gillespie. The only distinction between the two branches is one of language. They are, in fact, two departments of one branch, and will hold their annual meeting together. Attention was directed to the need of Protestant Reformatory Schools in Montreal. At present there is only the gaol. As the conditions of ordinary prison-life render deterioration inevitable, it is necessary that some system be established, which will effect the cure of the offenders. This can be secured only by separation, judicious classification, and a

period of residence long enough to educate offenders in ways of right living.

Mrs. Drummond then read a most interesting address, making a forecast of the work to be resumed or inaugurated during the winter. Referring to the "clear, concise, and exhaustive account, that Her Excellency sent out the Local Councils" within a few days after the close of the May Conference, Mrs. Drummond pointed out that it would not be necessary for the Montreal Local Council to take up all the lines of work suggested. Three matters, however, presented by sub-committees of the Montreal Council, demand further attention. The first of these is "the better Legislative protection of women and children." The second matter is "the conditions of work in shops and factories for women and children." It would be well for all to procure the report upon the sweating system in Canada, recently published. "This report deals with the question of wages, and with the sanitary and other conditions of life, and labor among the industrial classes; but its primary object is to make known to what extent sweating is practised in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal—and as piece-work and home-work obtain more generally among women than among men, those who are enquiring into the condition of women-workers will find in this report much reliable information."

The third sub-committee enquired into the character of the reading-matter in common circulation. Mrs. Drummond asked all, hearing of the circulation of evil and debasing literature, to report it to her, that proper steps for its suppression might be taken. As a most effectual cure for any vice is the crowding of it out by the opposite virtue, the necessity of promoting the reading of cheap, wholesome literature was urged upon the members of the Council. They were reminded of the claims of the "National Home Reading Union," introduced into Canada by the Montreal Local Council. Mrs. Drummond, in this connection, spoke of another reason for promoting the "Union." It is a work in which every member may help. While the object of the Council is simply conference, and its part is "rather suggestion and sympathy than the undertaking of heavy responsibilities or large enterprise," any work which would develop the corporate feeling, which comes with mutual, united effort, should be encouraged.

Mrs. Drummond referred to the desirability of the establishment of public bath-houses in the city, thus promoting the physical comfort and health of the masses of the people. She also stated that it is intended to continue the series of Health Talks which were given last year under the auspices of the Council. Madame Thibaudeau has already arranged for several "Talks" to be given in French. At the first, held a few days ago, between 700 and 800 women were present and showed the greatest interest in the subject.

Mrs. Drummond then spoke of the need of some system whereby our city charities may have a larger knowledge of each other's work, so that the work of one may not hinder or repeat the work of another. It is, therefore, intended to make conference between charities, working in similar directions, a prominent feature of the general meetings of the Local Council; and it is hoped that, in time, some regular system of inter-communication may be established.

Mrs. Learmont opened the conference on "Work for Children by institutions in Montreal." A series of questions had been sent to various institutions, enquiring into their methods of work. These questions, with the answers, were read and discussed. The following were those which excited the greatest interest:—"The desirability of strengthening the tie between mother and child," "The power of parents over children educated in institutions," "The future and occupations of the children," "The ages at which children should be admitted to and dismissed from institutions," "The advisability of a period of probation in cases

of adoption so as to avoid dislike and unkindness," "The age at which kindergarten training would benefit children, and the hours of school and recreation." These subjects were found to require further consideration, and Miss Lawdor agreed to call a meeting of the societies engaged in work for children, for continued discussion.

"Charitable work as done for women," was announced as the subject for conference at the next quarterly meeting.

The meeting then adjourned.

* * *
VANCOUVER, B.C., LOCAL COUNCIL.

The Vancouver Branch of the National Council of Women in Canada has certainly not been idle during the two years that have elapsed since its inception, being to-day a flourishing society, full of vigor and enterprise, with a scheme of work already planned for the coming season, that, if carried out successfully, will not only redound to the credit of this band of devoted women-workers, but will materially improve the condition of suffering and aged persons in the Province.

Charity in the fullest sense of the term rules the projects of the Local Council, for it is specially towards the amelioration of the condition of those who, from the weight of years, infirmity, insanity, or other causes, are unable to protect themselves, that the energies of the Vancouver Branch are particularly devoted at present; and their work being instituted on a broad basis it should have correspondingly wide-spread public results. Children, too, are under the notice of the Council at this time, for ere another year has passed it is confidently expected that there will be at least one woman elected to the position of trustee on the local school board. This matter has for long been agitated by the Women's Council in the terminal city, and as soon as certain legal technicalities are satisfactorily arranged, a brisk campaign will be inaugurated on the mainland, with, we earnestly hope, complete ultimate success.

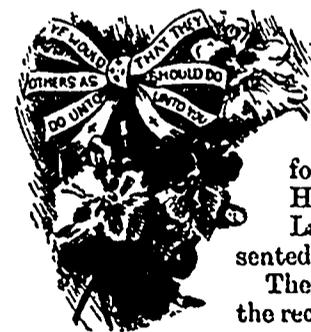
Of the advantages of having a woman (or if possible two women) on a school board it is not my intention to dilate, for the subject is almost inexhaustible, and one upon which very much that is favorable might be written, also because the paramount reasons why a woman's influence, judgment and advice in school board matters are essential, nay, almost indispensable, in public institutions attended by boys and girls, are too patent to require capitulation.

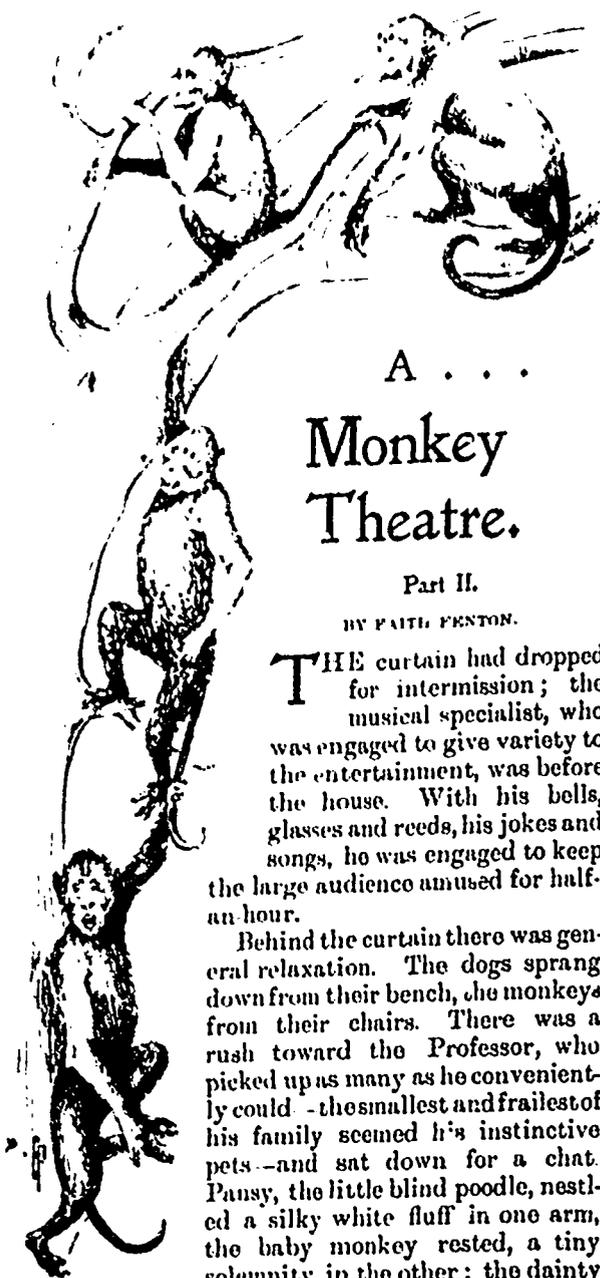
This question, and also others pertaining to local matters of deep interest to the Council were to have been fully commented on at a public meeting on November 25th in the Dunn Hall, on which occasion Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, had signified her intention of being present, and also of addressing the members of the Local Branch and their friends. It was therefore with the deepest regret that on the very morning of the day set apart for what promised to be a largely attended and brilliant gathering, the executive committee learned by telegram that owing to the delay of the eastern express in arriving at Vancouver, Her Excellency would be obliged to relinquish the pleasure of presiding at the meeting. As the train was not due until after ten o'clock that night the executive committee decided that

it would be best to cancel the meeting altogether, and merely hold a private executive conference on the following morning in the Hotel Vancouver, at which Lady Aberdeen kindly consented to take the chair.

The careful preparations for the reception and entertainment

(Continued on page 27)





A . . . Monkey Theatre.

Part II.

BY PAITH FENTON.

THE curtain had dropped for intermission; the musical specialist, who was engaged to give variety to the entertainment, was before the house. With his bells, glasses and reeds, his jokes and songs, he was engaged to keep

the large audience amused for half-an-hour.

Behind the curtain there was general relaxation. The dogs sprang down from their bench, the monkeys from their chairs. There was a rush toward the Professor, who picked up as many as he conveniently could—the smallest and frailest of his family seemed his instinctive pets—and sat down for a chat. Pansy, the little blind poodle, nestled a silky white fluff in one arm, the baby monkey rested, a tiny solemnity, in the other; the dainty

wee greyhound crowded between them, while Pete, who was inclined to be jealous, took possession of one foot, and snarlingly warned off all other approach.

Charlie, with one or two chums, second only to himself in mischief, raced for the lap of his favorite attendant; but Boo-boo, who was pronouncedly in love with the musician, scorned all our advances and stationed herself at a loop-hole in the curtain, through which she could watch the object of her adoration.

"About myself?" said the Professor. "No, I am not a foreigner, but an American by birth. I was always fond of animals, and went in for a veterinary degree, which I obtained. My lungs were weak and out-door life was necessary, also I had to make my travelling expenses; so I took two monkeys and two dogs, and spent a year in training them, then with a couple of assistants and a little wagon, I started overland, and travelled from one end of the country to the other. We were our own advance agents, bill-posters—everything. When we came to a town or village, it did not take us long to announce our presence, and we gathered an audience in a few hours. Those four animals were able to give a whole evening's entertainment. It seems hardly creditable but we cleared \$17,000 in that overland trip.

"Then I got Roger. Oh, you must hear about Roger," and the Professor grew so earnest that he forgot to respond to Boo-boo, who weary of waiting her liege lord at the curtain, had climbed on the back of his chair and was making unblushing advances, in the way of petting. "Roger was a Mexican dog that I bought down south. Such a splendid intelligent fellow. There was no trick

too difficult to teach him. He could walk a fine wire better than any animal I ever saw. Well; I was something of an elocutionist, and it occurred to me that Trowbridge's poem, "The Vagabonds," would take well, if I were to train Roger to his part. You remember the poem; it was very popular a few years ago:

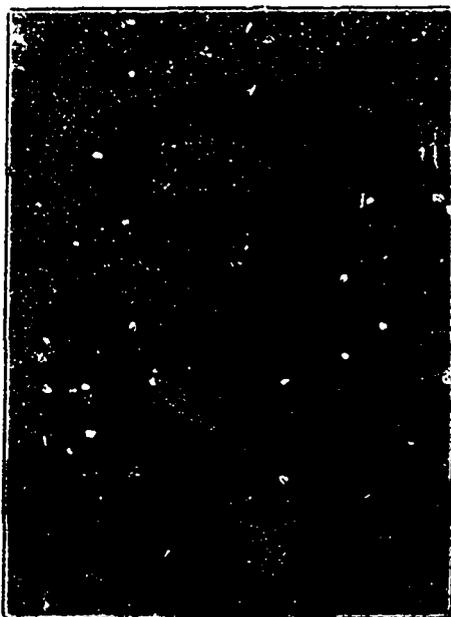
We are two travellers—Roger and I,
Roger's my dog;—Come here you scamp,
Jump for the gentleman, mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp.
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped thro' wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank and starved together.

No thank you sir,—I never drink,
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aron't we Roger?—See him wink!—
Well, something hot then,—we won't quarrel.
Ho's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

"A few months trained Roger perfectly. Indeed, the dear fellow seemed the original Roger of the poem, so thoroughly he went into the spirit of the thing. I was dressed as a tramp, of course; and during those first lines, he would put his paws on my arm, and look up in my face with his big brown eyes.

"There is a little acting, you remember:

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see). Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!



PROFESSOR WORMWOOD.

"Roger never missed a movement. And at those pathetic closing lines:

I'm better now! that glass was warming—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink,
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

"Roger would look up into my face, and at the right moment follow me off into the wings with his head down, but close at my side.

"It took amazingly, and 'Roger and I' became known all over."

"What became of Roger?" I asked, as the Professor paused.

"He, with five other dogs and four monkeys, were accidentally smothered in a railway car. I would almost have given my life for his; he saved

mine several times,"—the Professor's voice grew husky, and he bent down to stroke the little blind dog on his lap.

A sudden commotion among the dogs here drew our attention to the fact that "Pete" and "Uncle," two well trained but crochety little old men-monkeys, had taken advantage of the Professor's pre-occupation, to bestride a fat pug and curly poodle, respectively, and tweak their ears—which, as an act not upon the programme, the latter naturally resented. The attendants came to the rescue, and sent the little fellows back to their chairs, where they sat in their queer little garments, and with rouged cheeks, looking infinitely old and quaint and cranky.

"I think I may train that fellow to be a second Roger, some day," continued the Professor, pointing to a fine young Newfoundland. He's pure bred, and cost me a pretty penny. He's only a pup yet, but is very intelligent.

"I took Roger into vaudeville; and after he died, went into training for shows, handling all kinds of animals, from elephants down. But I like working with little animals best; and I find the public like them best also, so I came back to them."

"Which would you rather train, Professor, monkeys or dogs?"

"Dogs. The monkeys are more intelligent; they judge more by looks than words, and will shirk their work if they dare. They are perverse, too; and will often refuse to try a trick, until such time as they think you are not watching. Then they attempt it for their own amusement. After showing a monkey a trick, and he refuses to try it, I sometimes wait until I catch him performing it on the sly, then I make him do it."

"Is there any difference in their degrees of intelligence?"

"As much as there is in people" answered the Professor. "The larger monkeys are the most intelligent, the chimpanzee and gorilla first, then the apes and baboons; after that perhaps the Australian rhesus such as Uncle over there. The smaller monkeys decline into the squirrel species—marmosettes for instance who have very little brains."

"Is it possible to breed monkeys in this country?" There have never been but two born and bred in captivity that I have heard of. One was born a year or two ago in Central Park; we called it Tony Pastor; and it was the cutest little thing. It trained splendidly but it only lived ten months. Its death was the result of an accident, but I doubt whether we could have raised it. As a rule they die before they are a year old. The other is this little one." He stooped to pick up the baby monkey, who was creeping in regular baby fashion about the stage floor.

"She does not walk yet," he said "but she will in a month or two."

"Do you think she will live?"

"No, I'm afraid not. She is not strong, and will probably go into decline. We lose so many of our monkeys in that way. The climate is too hard for them. One of my cleverest little fellows is now in consumption. You can see him down in the cage room. Five years is about the age limit of monkeys in this country. When captured in their native country they are brought to Hamburg and Liverpool, where they are kept six months in order to become acclimatized. But so many die during the process that dealers only count upon a survival of fifty per cent. on reaching this country. If we could breed them here they would be less expensive, but that seems almost impossible.



"Monkey mothers are extremely affectionate to their offspring," continued Professor Wormwood. "Do you see our baby's mother watching us? At its birth, I had to win her confidence very slowly before she would permit me to touch it. They will sometimes kill their babies rather than allow them to be handled."

"During Tony Pastor's little life, it was the prettiest thing to see its mother—Annie Rooney we called her—nursing, rooking and playing with it. And when it died she refused to leave the little body, and would neither eat nor sleep, so finally I had to hide it from her. But I tell you it was touching to see the behavior of the other monkeys in the Park Zoo. They would come quietly to the spot where little Tony lay, look at her soberly, then go out in decorous fashion, for all the world like human folk at a funeral."

At this moment a couple of monkeys began backing up towards each other, chattering fiercely the while.

"Look at them! They're going to fight," I said.

"Oh, no," answered the Professor, with a laugh, "its a sign of friendliness when they back up to each other in that fashion. Those two want to quarrel though," he said quickly, and at the same moment his assistant moved hastily over to where two little old men were chattering shrilly from chair to chair.

"I know by the tone and cry," he continued. "I have had fifteen years constant association with them, and can tell instantly by the sound of their cry whether they are angry or frightened, thirsty, or hungry, protesting or pleased."

"I notice that a writer in one of the papers asserts that my animals are forced to their tricks through fear," he said presently. "I know that it is a natural supposition, supported perhaps by the eager, wistful look on the monkeys' faces. But that is an expression natural to the little animals, born upon them, I sometimes think out of some tragic past. There is never a man, woman or child that does not laugh at a monkey, but there is a pitiful feeling for it also, because of that quaint nervous aged little face."



"Whip my animals? Of course I do; but only as we whip a child who has been naughty or quarrelsome. As for ill treatment, why the little creatures are too valuable for that. I will not keep an assistant who I discover ill treating the animals in even slight degree. And you see how they trust me."

There was no question about it. The manner in which the little creatures sprang to him was an evidence not to be gainsaid.

They are well housed, and keep in perfect condition of daintiness. When they come fresh from bath and comb, ready for the quaint little trousers, coats and dresses, they are as sweet smelling as a newly bathed baby. Again, since the climate tries them so severely, they must be most carefully guarded from change of temperature, and frequently if the winter prove severe must be taken South, if they would be kept alive.

"Do you believe, with Professor Garner, that monkeys have a language?"

"I know they have," was the emphatic answer. "If I could breed monkeys I believe I could make them talk. Some day I hope to go to Africa, to study them in their native forests."

Professor Wormwood rather resents the con-

tempt Kipling has heaped upon his pets and the low estate to which he assigns them in his famous 'Jungle Tales.' He is inclined to look with favor upon Orpheus Kerr's theory in that uncanny romance, "Once There Was a Man."

"They are able to work intelligently," he said



"and understand what we say—even what we look. If we cannot understand them, isn't the fault rather ours? It always seems to me that a higher intelligence should comprehend a lower. We should understand lower animals better than we do; especially these creatures that are so queerly human."

"Out in Calcutta there is a tobacco farm where monkeys work in the fields keeping the plants free from insects. And in South Africa, the monkey's fondness for glitter is made use of in a mine. Two monkeys are trained to search the rocks, and they find gold nuggets and pick them out in places where no one else could."

"If there were time I could tell you ever so many stories about my monkeys, that would show how intelligent and brave they can be—there's plenty of savagery in them, of course, since we've never had a chance to breed it out of them—but not more than there is in primitive man."

"But just let me tell you of one of my little fellow here—an Australian rhesus. A man stepped on him at a depot, some time ago, and broke his arm. I didn't want to set it, but asked a doctor to do so while I held him. The doctor refused. It was a compound fracture, and the monkey would never bear it—would turn savage, he said. So I asked the doctor to stay and help me, while I did it. I sat the little fellow on a chair and gave him a stick to hold in his paw, just for something to grip; and talking to him quietly and soothingly, put back the bone. The tears poured down his cheeks, yet the brave little animal never flinched, but just gripped his stick. When I turned to ask the doctor's help with the plaster, I found that the tears were running down his cheeks also."

"That monkey let me dress his arm, whenever necessary; and kept to the plaster and sling as wisely as any man could."

The musical variety-man's many encores had prolonged his share of the entertainment; but now he came behind the curtain, and fickle Boo-boo sprang to his arms. The Professor put down the baby monkey, who took her sudden deposition calmly, gave sleepy Pansy a little wakening shake, and patted his dainty little greyhound, whose wonderful tricks of rigid muscles came next on the programme. The attendants each put down his armful of pets. The dogs sprang back to their bench, and the older monkeys went resignedly to their chairs, while the younger ones leaped up to their wire ropes that gave them freedom for fun. The curtain went up, and the clever little tricksters were in view again.

Passing down through the cage-room, I found the consumptive, pale, wasted, listless looking, yet sitting close to the stage door, as though listening to the applause, and longing to be with his companions. Such a pathetic little figure he was, with his hollow cheeks, hacking cough, and weary air—an epitome of consumptive invalidism, intensified by that uncanny solemn aged face into a tragedy.

FAITH FENTON.



New Year Suggestions

With distinctively holiday buying over the thoughts of shoppers will turn to various special lines. The early part of the New Year starts the buying of white goods—cottons and underwear, and everything that is readily classified under this head. Without going into details you may be sure that the Big Store is in readiness to meet all calls. Winter is with us, usually, in all its force during the first two or three months of the New Year, and it may be that you have not supplied yourself with all the necessaries for the colder weather. Let us suggest some things:—

SPECIALS IN BLANKETS, QUILTS AND COMFORTERS.

- Pure Down Quilts, English Sateen Cover, size 5x6, with 1 1/2 in. frill, newest designs and colorings, reg. \$6 to \$8 50, special..... \$5
- Superfine White Wool Blankets, 7 lbs. 61x81, in pink or blue borders, pure white, fine goods, special... 2 00
- Pure Down Quilts, 5x6, English Sateen, new designs, light or dark colors, plain, reg. \$1.25, special... 3 50
- Extra Superfine Pure White Wool Blankets, in pink or blue borders, 9 lbs., size 70x90, fine finish, reg. \$6, special..... 5 00
- Comforters, English Sateen Covers, newest designs and colorings, heavy cambric lining, size 72x78, filled with white cotton batting, reg. \$3.25, special..... 2 50
- Superfine White Wool Blanket, 8 lbs., 66x86, combination border, reg. \$3.20, special..... 2 50
- Comforters, splendid designs, sateen covering, plain cambric lining, in assorted colors, white cotton filled, size 72x72, reg. \$2.25, special..... 1 65

SPECIALS IN EVENING SILKS.

- Large Variety of those Beautiful Shot Glacés, at..... 50
- 32 in. Mousseline de Soie, at..... 75
- Lyons' Satin Duchesse, all silk at \$1.25 and..... 1 50
- Lyons' Handsome White Satin Duchesse Broche, entirely newest designs, at \$1.25, \$1.50 and..... 2 00
- Heavy 27 in. White and Colored India Silks, at..... 50
- Beautiful French Broche, at..... 75
- 22 in. French Falles au Hongalines, at 85c. and..... 1 00
- 22 in. White and Colored Satin Duchesse, bright finish, at..... 50
- Pre-cy French Blouse Silks, entirely new at \$1. \$1.25 and..... 1 50
- Very special, 1,500 yards Flawless White India Silk, very fine and real silk, usual price 40c., grand offering..... 25
- 2,000 yards Heavy White India Silk, full 27 in. wide, usually sold at from 60c. to 75c., grand offering..... 35

SPECIALS IN FURS.

- Extra fine quality Stone Marten Ruffs, cheap at \$10, our price..... 7 50
- Superfine Stone Marten Collars, 2 heads and tails, \$15, worth \$20; also with 10 tails, worth \$25.00, for.... 17 50
- No. 1 Alaska Sable Collars, 10 tails, extra fine goods, worth \$15, for..... 10 00
- Ermine Ruffs, very fine, good clear color, worth \$10, for..... 7 50
- Very fine curl and quality Grey Lamb Capelines, with extra high storm collar, worth \$15, very special at Superior Astrachan Capeline, Chinchilla edging, worth \$13.50, for..... 9 50
- Children's Carriage Rugs in very fine Lamb, \$3, worth \$4; sets at \$1.75, worth..... 5 50

A large proportion of the trade of this Big Store is with people in all parts of the Dominion, whom we have never seen, and who order through the mails. The fact that many have been following this practice regularly for years is suggestive of the convenience of this store, and the satisfaction in trading here.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD.

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

A MAD PRANK

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

HE leaves her, well satisfied. He goes with a light and cheerful step up the road. How beautiful she is! How full of strong, young life. No silly fad. He could not have endured a silly fad, however pretty. For the first time in his life he knows himself to be honestly in love. And she—she will come to love him in time. He will be so good to her. His life shall be *her's*. By the bye, why can't he get out of this luncheon at the Dyson-Moores' to-morrow? If he started by the morning train he could get to Cork by 11:30, and could there buy her a ring—all girls like a ring, and he would like to give her something. Of course, that would prevent his being with her at three o'clock as he had arranged. He could not possibly be there before four, but he could explain to her: and of all the girls he has ever met, she seems the most reasonable as well as the most beautiful, and the most—etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

Half through the night Hilary lies awake, thinking—thinking always of this now momentous step she is about to take. Asking herself *shall* she take it? Is it advisable? Is it too late to withdraw?

Does she like him? Like him, that is, well enough to marry him? That is the question.

Of course, love is out of the question.

Here her thoughts wander a little—wander afield, indeed, and lose themselves in a recollection of his eyes—so dark and earnest; his mouth—so firm, so kind; his hair—how *well* it sits upon his head, and what a goodly head it has to sit upon!

She recovers herself here, with an angry start, and comes back to her question. The bare liking she has for Frederic—Mr. Ker—it must be the very barest liking, considering how little she has seen of him—would that be strong enough to enable her to live out her whole life with him? Would it entitle her to accept him? He must be considered as well as she. And would it be justice to him or to herself to thus embark on a voyage that would last all time—all time for them certainly—without some sure thing to go upon?

It is a most vexed question. And there are so few days given in which to think of it. That miserable will has rushed them into a corner. Only a month in which to decide the woe or the welfare of two lives! *Does she like him well enough?* As usual, the first thought comes back again. And he—does he like *her*? He had hesitated about coming early to-morrow.

When she wakes, to-morrow is here, christened by another name. A very

lovely to-morrow too. All blue sky and tender warmth, mellowed by the singing of innumerable birds.

Three o'clock has come and gone. The clock now strikes *four*. Hilary, who had put on her prettiest frock an hour ago, for evidently no purpose whatever, is now feeling a little angry. A *little*, to the outsiders. Inwardly she is raging.

Presently she comes down ready dressed for a walk.

"You are going out, Hilary?" says Diana, in dismay. "But—Frederic?"

"Well, what of him?" says the girl, turning upon her sharply. "After all, Di, I feel I have laid myself open to this sort of thing. So put an end to it, once and for all. Please tell Jim I would not marry Mr. Ker, if he were to go on his knees to me."

"Is this quite wise?" falters Diana.

"Oh! wise! *He* is wise if you like."

"You mean, darling—"

"That he detests me!"

"Hilary!"

But Hilary is gone.

Up—up the hill she runs, delighting in the energy that eases her of half the angry pain that is desolating her heart. In this fresh place, the air is full of twittering of birds—of new-blown breezes. She is feeling so low down in the world—so dejected—that this evidence of joy and hope in Nature comes to her as a tonic. She is not in touch with Nature at this moment, it is true, and yet the sweetness of it restores her in a measure to her natural state of mind.

She had reached an outstanding boulder on the hill, and resting there for a moment, looks first to the lovely sky, and then behind her.

Behind her is Ker—advancing toward her with rapid strides.

"I'm afraid," exclaims he, as he comes up with her, "I'm awfully late. So"—breathlessly—"sorry."

"I'm sorry to see you so dreadfully out of breath," says Hilary courteously—icily. "It really would not have mattered," with a distinctly hostile smile, "if you had not come—" she hesitates—she would have given anything to say "at all," but the rudeness is too much for her—"until a little later."

Ker stares at her.

"I tried my best," says he—the first warm friendliness of his tone gone—a friendliness so near to love—"but—"

"It is sometimes so hard to get away." Her lip curls involuntarily.

"Sometimes! Especially when—"

He has been about to anathematize the train, which had been fifteen minutes late, but she interrupts him.

"I quite understand. You really must

not apologize to me. There is no reason why you should."

"Certainly there is a reason," says he, with quiet determination. "I told you I should be with you by three, and it is now considerably later than that. I owe you an apology—so far."

"I'll let you off," returns she, calmly. "A guest is often tied more or less."

"Mrs. Dyson-Moore, however, was not the cause of my being late."

"No?" The disbelief conveyed in this word is very faint and hardly reaches Ker, who has gone off on another solution of this mystery.

Good Heavens? Fancy her being so riled over a mere trifle like this. Even supposing he had been late, *without* going to Cork at all, need she have taken it like this? A fellow has lots of things to keep him sometimes. Only yesterday he had told himself she was the most reasonable girl in the world, and *now*—

They are coming down the hill again, and he finds that after getting out of his disagreeable reverie that she is saying something.

"Of course Mrs. Dyson-Moore would not be the cause of anything disagreeable. She is altogether charming, I've—been told."

The meaning in the emphasis is clear.

"Is she?" says Ker abruptly.

"You should hardly be the one to ask that question. You are in a position to know—you, who are staying with her—whether she comes under that name or not."

"Pon my word I haven't thought about it," says Ker impatiently. Hilary throws up her head. Contempt takes possession of her. Was ever prevarication clearer? She is preparing another topic of conversation—the all-absorbing Home Rule bill for choice—that will take her as far as the hall-door (still a good half-mile away), where she hopes the good oak door will close against him, and bar him out of her life forever, when suddenly he takes the initiative.

"What's the matter with you?" asks he.

The question is so blunt, so unexpected, that it leaves her without speech for a moment, but with a considerably heightened color.

"With me?"

"What's the good of fencing?" says he. "I can see how changed you are since—since last we met." His pause has somehow brought back to her the garden—his words—the pressure of his lips against her cheek. Her lovely color dies and she grows very pale! Oh! what a fool she had been!

"I am changed," says she in a low, but clear voice. "I—have been thinking. You"—with a swift glance at him—"have given me time to think."

"If you mean that because I was a little late to-day—"

"Well, you were a little late!" She has stopped. She is tracing something on the ground at her feet. "The fact is, I have come to the conclusion that we have made a mistake."

"We?"

"Well, then, I, if you will have it so. I am willing to bear all the blame."

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"You prefer some one else?"
 "No," with a frown, "there is nothing of that in it. But the mistake is there all the same."

"I wish you would place it."
 She hesitates for a moment, and then, as though compelling herself, goes on:

"I think you wish to marry me, only because you cannot get this money unless you do."

There is a long silence—then:
 "Except that I am sure you could not mean deliberately to hurt any one," says he coldly, "I would take that as a direct insult. I may say, however, that you are making a great mistake. I would not marry you unless I liked you, if you had the mines of Golconda."

"You are not, however, prepared to say you love me?" says Hilary, whose face is now quite colorless.

"I hardly know how I feel toward you," says Ker, which at this moment is perhaps as honest a thing as ever he said in his life. His anger leaves his judgment blind.

"Don't you?" Hilary smiles a rather fugitive smile. "Then I'll tell you. You hate me!"

At this astonishing declaration, Ker, after a moment's angry pause, bursts out laughing. It is a very ironical laugh, and drives Hilary to the very limits of her temper.

"Any one can laugh," says she. "But for all that I tell you the truth. I will ask you one question. Would you choose me as your wife, if you suddenly found that I had not a penny in the world?"

"Certainly," says Ker. But he is so angry now that his voice denies his assertion.

Hilary shrugs her shoulders. The shrug maddens him.
 "Well, is that what you *didn't* want me to say?"

"I don't know that I wanted you to say anything."

"Look here," says Ker slowly, calmly, and full of the grand knowledge that he is now proving himself a thoroughly equitable creature, who has the power at any moment to put his temper beneath his feet, even when most incensed. "Let us talk this over calmly."

Hilary turns upon him.
 "One would think," says she, her lovely face lighted up by the fire of a most just indignation, "it was *I* that was not calm."

"Of course, what I desire is that we should both be calm."

"It is plain to earth and sky now that he at all events, is anything but calm!"

"What I want," says Miss Burroughs with dignity, "is that you should keep your temper!"

"I? Keep my temper? I assure you it was never better under my control than at this present moment."

"Then all I can say is, I'm sorry for the other moments!"

This, of course, makes an end of all things.

Slowly, in dogged silence, they walk back to the house. Just before they

reached it, Ker addresses her once more—"for the last time" is writ large on every word he utters.

"That is settled then?"
 "I suppose so."
 "I shall go back to India next week."
 "No great hardship, is it? Most men like India."

"No wonder; it's about the best place going. Lots of fun and shooting. I have only one thing to regret, and that is that I ever left it." This is distinctly rude, but he sticks to it.

"It does seem a pity!" says Miss Burroughs calmly. If he had hoped to take a rise out of her he has failed signally.

She turns to him presently.
 "I should like you to take back this," says she, holding out her hand with the florin in it. "It was such a stupid affair all through, was it not?"

"More than that?" coldly.
 "Criminal!" with a rather mocking smile. "Well, I don't wish to be reminded of it then."
 "Neither do I."

Taking the coin he flings it into a bush on his right hand. All seems at an end, indeed.

They are within two yards of the hall-door now, and as Hilary turns to bid him an overlasting adieu Bridget rushes down the steps and up to Hilary.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I will not let thee go.
 I hold thee by too many bands;
 Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
 I have thee by the hands,
 And will not let thee go."

"Oh, Miss Hilary, I thought ye'd niver come! The masher is in sich a state! What wid sendin' to the door for ye ivery minute and the ould man in the study!"

"The ould man in the study?"
 "Yes, miss. Raal ould! The mistress tould me to stand on the hall-door-step, an' bring ye in, when ye came, an' Mither Ker if he was wid ye. An' sure," with a merry glance between her roguish Irish lids, "where would he be but there?"

"But"—Ker is standing a good way behind, "why, Bridget?"

"Faix, I don't know, miss. Barrin' it is the ould gentleman that's the cause of it. He's from London Town, I'm thinkin'; a sort of a grand sort of law man, an' its something about a will, I think."

It is plain that Bridget has been applying her best ear to the keyhole of the study with great effect.

Hilary's face grows disturbed. She turns round and beckons somewhat haughtily to Ker. Her face is very white.

"It appears that there is a man here, a lawyer, acquainted with my—our" reluctantly—"aunt's will, and he wishes to see you as well as me."

"But how—?" begins Ker.
 She disdains reply, however, and leads him to Jim's study.

The interview is at an end. "The ould man" has gone back to London. He has brought strange news, however—

strange enough to induce him, the second partner in the great firm, to come all the way to Ireland to explain it. A second will has been discovered, written by the old aunt, that entirely upsets the first terrible one, that would have destroyed or made the lives of two young people. This latter will is quite clear. Of the £18,000 a year, left by the old aunt, one-half is to go to Hilary, the other half to Frederic Ker. There are no restrictions whatsoever.

(To be concluded.)

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Rosamond's Adventure.

BY LILLIAN CLAXTON.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

AFTER all it was not a serious offence. At a calmer moment, Rosamond might have laughed at it, but just then she was blinded by rage. She had made herself ridiculous in the eyes of Mr. Thorndale, and by telling Clement of the affair, she started a tale in Calanoosie concerning herself and Ned Vanstone which would never die out but gather in the telling: worst of all to think of, Ned Vanstone himself must have been laughing in his sleeve at her all the time, as he drove her backwards and forwards on her mysterious errands.

She walked wrathfully down the hill. The familiar figure she had learnt to look for, was coming towards her, alas, that Fate should bring him across her path just then! The intensity of her annoyance made her restrain herself, she gave him a cold bow, and would have passed on, but he stopped her.

"What, are we not on speaking terms? Miss Ferrier," with a sudden change of tone, "is it true that you are leaving on Monday?"

"It is quite true," she answered, looking him full in the face, but he had lowered his eyes. *Guilt!* thought Rosamond.

"I—I wanted to know if I might drive you to the station on Monday. I will provide something better than the waggon if I may," with an attempt at a laugh.

"No thank you, Mr. Vanstone, I have had too many drives with you already."

The long lashed brown eyes were raised and looked at her in mute astonishment.

"We will say good bye here," continued Rosamond, "thank you for any trouble you may have taken on my behalf."

Ned Vanstone took off his cap and bowed low, with a mocking smile growing about his mouth.

"Oh, I have to return you this," said Rosamond, suddenly pausing, as she was turning away. She drew out her purse and took three one dollar bills from it.

Ned looked at them.

"I don't understand your meaning, but you have insulted me sufficiently, already Miss Ferrier. Keep your money."

"I refuse to have it," Rosamond responded, and dropped the bills at his foot.

Ned smiling sweetly, but with blazing eyes, stooped, picked up the bills and tore them across.

"The birds possibly may be more avaricious," he said scattering the bits to the winds. "Good afternoon, Miss Ferrier, I do not know who has been poisoning your mind, some day, perhaps, you

will come to your senses, and recollect how a lady should act under any circumstances."

And so they parted, he going up hill, and she down, dashing tears of mortification and disappointment from her eyes as she went.

On Monday Rosamond left Calanoosie, she called at the post office for her letters on her way to the station. There was only one; her face went scarlet when she saw the hand writing, she put it in her pocket, and opened it in the train. This was what it contained:—

"If the photographs of the house on the Lonerock Road, are finished, will Miss Ferrier kindly wrap them up and put them aside, ready to be called for, in case she should be out when the messenger comes?"

"Wretched boy!" said Rosamond, "he

autio routine of woman's work in her quiet little home. Spring time has faded into haying, and haying into harvest, and now the leaves have fallen, and the rowan berries, and scarlet hips and haws, are the only color in the bare country. Bye and bye the minister leaves. Calanoosie is a sort of purgatory on earth for the unfortunate young ministers who are sent there; it is a fiery furnace of trial with its watchful criticizing eyes, its hard work and poor pay. The Rev. James Thorndale succumbed very soon. The old house is therefore left desolate once more, apparently its last brief romance is ended. Rosamond coming down in the Fall without her camera, to pay a flying visit at Mrs. Longton's, where Clement still

began and ended the pleasant spring-time,—let it go.

Mrs. Longton, Rosamond and Clement, were sitting round the supper table one evening in the old fashioned kitchen with its heavy beams, and lattice windows—a cheery little party, Rosamond severely rating Clement for having helped himself to the last piece of hot buttered toast. Suddenly Clement broke out irrelevantly.

"Say, Rosamond, did you ever find out who sent you that letter last May?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, stiffly, "of course it was Mr. Vanstone."

"That I am positive it was not," returned Clement, who had got over his momentary pique about the matter, "for I was talking to him about it after you left, and he was as puzzled as could be, and as innocent as a baby."

"He was pretending," said Rosamond, with a slight curl of the lip, but anyone looking closely might have seen an expression of uncertainty gather in her eyes, she looked with knitted brows at her cousin.

"That he was not, I'll stake my life on it. Men don't tell lies to other men about such things as that. He declared up and down that he knew nothing about it. I think you owe him an apology. From all I hear, you were pretty hard on him," wound up Clement virtuously, with his happy knack of forgetting his own short comings in any matter.

"He shall have it," said Rosamond faintly, "if ever I see him again."

"Which you're not likely to do," rejoined her cousin, "though I believe his people expect him home for Christmas, but that is more than a month off, and you leave next week. But to return to the writer of this letter, it is more complicated than ever. It must have been the ghost!"

A few days later Rosamond had occasion to go along the Lonerock Road on an errand for Mrs. Longton. On her way back, she glanced at the white house. Here the first little romance of her life had begun and ended. She paused a few moments by the roadside, in the red sunset light and keen frosty air.

Hark! was it only in her imagination, that a voice came singing down the road the road.

"The auld house, the auld house,
What though the rooms were wee?"

No, it was not imagination, Ned Vanstone himself was cawing swiftly down the road. She stepped forward to bar his progress, just as he had once stopped her, coming down the hill at Calanoosie.

"Mr. Vanstone!" she cried.

To her horror, consternation and surprise, Ned Vanstone raised his hat, made her a swooping bow, and—passed on. She could not run after him, she could not beg him to stop or call her apology after him. Tears of mortification began to gather for the second time, in her eyes, for Rosamond really liked this young man, she had thought far more about him that past summer, than she would have cared to have owned. She walked dejectedly home and had no appetite for the cakes Mrs. Longton had made especially for her tea.



HURRAH FOR JANUARY— From Art League Souvenir

means to brazen it out to the last, and pretend that he did not do it."

CHAPTER III.

Calanoosie is deserted at last, at least so far as having lost the two brightest figures that had lately trodden its hilly roads. Ned Vanstone no longer rattles along in his waggon, singing as he goes, or chats with the idle group of loungers in the village post office; the little photographic lady never now meets the merry young man on the Lonerock Road, or waits within her studio, to portray the natives of Calanoosie. The studio itself has vanished, a cheese factory is being erected on the spot. Ned is toiling with book and pen in the busy city Rosamond is going through the ordinary unrom-

boarded, quite thought so. She would stroll sometimes with a rather wistful face, past the deserted place. Was it only six months ago, she would wonder, since that gay young voice went singing down the road,

"There no'er can be a new house,
Will seem so dear to me!"

What a fuss she had made about that unfortunate letter! What a little thing it seemed now, looking back over six months—a piece of boyish folly! How absurd, even undignified, certainly unladylike, her anger! So she would reproach herself, taking all the blame upon her own shoulders, as we all do at times, often, alas! too late in the day. Well it had been a pleasant acquaintanceship,

"Clem," she said that evening to her cousin, feeling that she must confide in some one, "I saw Mr. Vanstone to-day, he is evidently awfully angry still about that—that affair, for he wouldn't speak to me. I think you might do something to put things straight, seeing that it was you who first put it into my head to accuse him."

Clement was eminently good natured, added to which his affections were turned in another direction than that of his cousin, so jealousy was out of the question.

"But I don't see what I can do. It is a ridiculous business anyway. What an awful muddle ghosts make when they take to meddling in material matters!" Then suddenly, "Ned is all right, Rosamond, for when I told him about the letter last spring, he laughed and said, 'Bless her heart, what a little goose!' Yes, I remember his saying it."

Rosamond colored, and was silent.

Next morning at breakfast, Clement remarked, "I saw Ned in the village last night, and I told him you were in a pretty state of mind about the way you had treated him."

"Oh, Clement!"

"That was all right, wasn't it? He wants an apology, he says."

"If he had waited yesterday, he would have had one, however, I will write him one. How exacting he is!" she added, irritably.

"No, it must be verbal, he says, and he wants you to meet him at the old white house at five o'clock this afternoon."

"What a very unnecessary and foolish proceeding!" said Rosamond, freezingly. Then, after a moment's pause, "However, as I was in the wrong, I'll go."

That afternoon, on her way to the old house, Rosamond called in at the post office for her mail. It came in at different hours, for the stage driver who brought it, like everyone else at Calanosis, consulted only himself concerning times and seasons.

Horror upon horrors! Her mysterious correspondent, after six months' silence, was to the fore again. Her hand trembled so visibly and her face went so white when the letter was handed to her, that the clerk looked at her in surprise. She began to falter in her resolve to go to the house, surely it must be Ned Vanstone after all. If it were not—a nameless, superstitious dread crept over her. It was all so strange, so weird. She opened the note.

Miss FERRIER (it ran):—I thought that you were a person of reliability, I find I am mistaken. If you could not execute my commission, common honesty should have compelled you to return the enclosure by my messenger, who called for the photos and was told you had left. However, you are welcome to the money if it is of service to you. I will trouble you no further.

This was terrible. Dignified condensation from this ghostly writer was almost more than she could bear. Rosamond, used to retaliation all her life, felt at her wits' end.

"Why didn't I leave the photos for the messenger? What an idiot I have been all along," she cried. She could think of

nothing else when she reached the cottage. Quite forgetting to look for Ned Vanstone she went through the gate, and walked up and down over the long, dry grass, reading and re-reading every line in that short epistle, as if between the lines she might read the writer's name.

After awhile she became aware of the fact that the sunset light had faded into twilight and the grass was wet with dew. The lonely house loomed before her, out of a thick, white mist.

"Oh, why isn't he here?" she cried, and she made a run towards the gate. Suddenly she paused, paralyzed with fear, for standing by the seat, where Ned had once plucked the rose, stood the bent figure of a tall old man, in a long grey coat!

Rosamond gave a cry of alarm, then gathered up her strength and ran quaking past him, through the gate, out into the road, and full tilt against a young man who was walking briskly along.

"Oh, Mr. Vanstone," she cried, "why didn't you come before? I have been so frightened. I—I—there's a ghost in that garden."

Poor Rosamond! she behaved very unlike a heroine.

"A ghost!" echoed Ned's cheery voice. He picked up a stick and flourished it, "Come and point it out, I'm equal to half a dozen ghosts."

"No, no, come back."

"I was detained at the last moment, and could not get here before," went on Ned, then laughingly, "How about the apology?"

"Oh, yes, I am so sorry about it," said poor Rosamond, "but really the old man in that garden has frightened all the apology out of me. He was so—so unexpected." She was still trembling all over, unnerved with her fright; she tried to pull herself together. "It was all a dreadful mistake, Mr. Vanstone. I am going away to-morrow, I am so glad we part friends."

"Friends!" echoed Ned. His thoughts were too intent on another subject to spend much time on the object of her fears. It was nearly dark, perhaps it was that which made him so bold, coupled with the thought that she was leaving so soon, "Friends, is that all? Miss Ferrer, I don't know what you will think of me—you know so little of me—but you must forgive me for telling you how very unhappy that little quarrel has made me."

"And yet," said Rosamond, who was rapidly rallying, "Clement said you were laughing about it." She spoke rather reproachfully.

"Well, I could not well cry about it before Clement, though really that would have been more in accordance with my feelings. The fact is, Miss Ferrer (it may as well all come out), I liked and admired you so much that I thought perhaps as time went on—I was concoited enough to think that we might someday perhaps be something more than friends."

Rosamond was silent, evidently in deep thought.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" he said, "Well, I will not ask you to say much. Our friendship continues, may I

write, or if I am in your neighborhood, may I call?"

Rosamond looked up, and her thoughts found vent.

"I cannot imagine," she said, rather irrelevantly but with utmost simplicity, "what you could possibly see in me to admire, last spring. I seemed to be always hot, and always dusty, I was wearing out my old clothes, and when I was not carrying that camera about, I was up to the eyes in toning and fixing solutions."

"That was it—that was it," said Ned rather excitedly. "You were so desperately honest and in earnest—you put on no style and made no pretention. You had your work to do, and you did it, so evidently never looking for admiration. If you had been a summer girl lounging in a hammock, all over frills, and making eyes at me, I should not have looked at you twice. But do answer, may I call?"

A happy idea struck Rosamond.

"I wish to be friends—yes. Find out who my mysterious correspondent is, and bring me word."

"I have already found that out. It was old Dr. McGregor who has been living all these years at the Scotch Bush, some twenty miles from here—the old man whom I once told you lived in the white house. Do you remember that day?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, softly. Then she added, "It must have been he in the garden to-night."

"Undoubtedly he was the ghost. But Rosamond, I may call all the same?"

"I am sure mother would be pleased to see you," said Rosamond demurely.

It was too dark for her to see the smile which flitted over her companion's lips, but he was evidently greatly encouraged.

The next morning, just before Rosamond's train started, Ned Vanstone appeared on the platform, valise in hand. In nowise abashed, he told her that he had ascertained the time of her starting, and having business in her direction, he took the opportunity of attending to it that day. When they reached Rosamond's destination he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ferrer, who had come to meet her daughter at the station, and managed so well, that he was installed at the house as a friend of the family.

The next thing of any importance to be recorded of Rosamond was that she and her mother were making rather extensive purchases in the dress line, conspicuous amongst which were a white gown and some orange blossoms.

Old Dr. McGregor duly received the photographs. Nay, more than that, there one day visited the lonely old man in his log shanty in the depths of the Scotch Bush, a kindly, cheery young man, and a pretty, bright-eyed girl, who came in person to apologize. A brighter day dawned for old Dr. McGregor, for the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and cheered his declining years.

Most persons have a prejudice against anonymous letters, but there are three people who never breathe a word against them—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vanstone, and old Dr. McGregor. The latter was much interested when he heard that the result of his mysterious commission, had been a wedding. So strangely do shadow and sunlight intertwine in life!

THE END.

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THE FAITH THAT REMOVES MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 15.)

staggered from weakness and exposure. The road was deep with mud, and the bridal dress was no longer white; she had fallen so often. The flowing veil, although sodden and heavy, still afforded excellent sport for the boisterous wind, which tossed it about her head and face in the most fantastic manner. Long since the covetous mud had snatched from her feet the little kid shoes, of which she had been so proud. Her reason had now entirely gone, and she babbled incessantly.

"I hope the priest who is to marry us will wait till I come," she fretted; "I did not mean to be late. How funny that they should now call Ovide No. 317, instead of his right name." She attempted to laugh, but no sound reached her lips.

"If I could only walk faster," she whispered. Her strength was well-nigh spent and the penitentiary was yet a mile away. Her feet were so heavy that she could hardly drag them along; the mud had clung to them so that they looked strangely huge and out of proportion.

As she neared the end of her journey, the road grew worse, the puddles deeper and wider. At first the poor girl had not fallen very often, but now the frequent dull splashes told a pitiful tale. Yet the rain fell none the less persistently, nor did the wind grow less aggressive.

At length the grey dawn struggled through the clouds, which still doggedly hugged the earth, and drove away the gloomy shadows which enveloped the high unpicturesque walls of the penitentiary. The rain had ceased falling; even the wind had grown weary, and its faint whispering could now scarcely be heard.

As the clouds rose slowly above the walls of the penitentiary, the ghastly pinched face of Marie was revealed. She was on her hands and knees, climbing up the heap of stones which the convicts had broken and banked against the great walls. Around her face and shoulders streamed the tresses of her dark wet hair, while the fragment of veil which still remained trailed raggedly after her. As she crawled over higher, the stones' jagged edges cut her hands and knees, but she did not feel the wounds; she was too far exhausted. When near the summit, she stopped abruptly; a shudder ran through her slight frame. For a few moments her hands clutched at the sharp stones, then she sprang to her feet, her body rigid, her eyes wild and staring. The end had come. "Ovide, I am here!" she gasped, and then fell heavily backward, rolling down the pile of stones into the hole near the wall, which the carters had made. The weary eyes were wide open and turned toward the sky, but they no longer comprehended; the disordered brain no longer conjured up fantastic scenes, nor gave birth to diseased thoughts; the rest she had so long needed had come to her at last, and she slept—slept that deep, dreamless sleep from which, not even he, for whom she had sacrificed so much, could wake her.

As the light grew more distinct, there stood revealed on the top of the walls, four sentry boxes. At short intervals, through the mist, the forms of the sentries could be seen, as they slowly paced to and fro, with rifles resting on their shoulders.

The thick air was suddenly pierced by the penitentiary clock discordantly striking the hour of five. Hardly had its echoes died away when the clanking of chains and the decisive voices of the guards could be heard, issuing from the great stone building in the centre of the yard. Half an hour later the heavily-barred doors of the penitentiary swung open, and the convicts surrounded by guards, filed slowly out into the courtyard. Before the men were taken to the various places of labor, they were ranged in single

file, and their numbers called out.

Nearly all the prisoners responded in sullen, rebellious tones. But the voice that answered to No. 317 was full of conviction and hopelessness. Six months before, the young convict who bore this number was known as Ovide Domereau, nephew of Little Mother Soulard. The day that had just expired was to have been his wedding-day, and little Marie Ethier, whom he had played with when a child, was to have been his wife. All night long, as he tossed about in his cell, he had been thinking of her and of his two old aunts who had taken him to their meagre home when his parents died, and had watched over and cared for him with the love of a mother. They had believed in him—although, alas! his guilt was so glaringly apparent—even when the whole world had forsaken him. So, because of all these things, his heart, on this gloomy morning, was almost breaking; little wonder that his voice nearly failed as he answered to the number that now stood for his name.

The file of convicts was broken up into gangs; "317" belonged to the stone-breaking gang, and worked outside the frowning walls. As they slowly passed out of the gate to the road, the sentries unawung their rifles—many successful attempts to escape had been made by convicts in the past.

Slowly the men were marched along the road, till they came to the great mound of stones, heaped against the walls, where they were put to work. Watchfully the guards stood near by, while the sentries, equally alert, paced the high walls.

Scarcely had the hammers begun their monotonous chorus, when the tragedy occurred. Convict 317 was seen to let his hammer suddenly fall, and gaze with terrified eyes into the hole near by. "Marie! Marie!" he shouted, in a voice charged with fear. Just as he reached the edge of the incline, and was about to jump down and clasp in his arms the dear, bedraggled figure, clad in the torn bridal robes, the sentry near the gate brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a warning voice called out to the fleeing convict; but the latter failed to hear the warning. There was a puff of smoke, a sharp report, and convict 317 was seen to throw up his arms and fall.

When the guards reached the spot where they thought he had fallen, he was nowhere to be seen. They took a few steps forward and looked down the incline; there he was at the bottom with his head resting on the bosom of a young girl, in strange array.

They sprang down and raised him—he would never occupy his cell again!

As the guards stooped wonderingly over the form of the girl, they failed to see in the distance the rapid approach of a carriage, which had passed the gate and was close upon them. Just as they were about to summon the convicts to carry the bodies into the yard, the carriage stopped, and she who had prayed so fervently for the lifeless ones, and had tried so hard to believe, sprang out and ran to where they were lying. Claspng her arms about them, she wept, and kissed them passionately.

"I am too late, too late!" she moaned in an agony of grief.

The Little Mother had instinctively known the road Marie had taken, and the moment consciousness returned to her in the bedroom, she had called a carriage and set out at once after her. The driver had driven furiously; his horse was covered with foam, but to no avail; Marie was near her sad journey's end when they started.

At first the guards were inclined to push the old creature away, but when they understood from her grief, what relation the quiet forms bore to her, and heard snatches of their pitiful history fall, incoherently, from her lips, they drew back, and let her pour out her deep grief

over them. With sympathizing hearts, at length they made a sign, and the convicts took up the bodies and bore them into the courtyard.

The Little Mother seemed too stunned to notice what they had done, and still sat sobbing and talking to herself.

The driver grew weary of waiting, and going to her side said softly, as he laid his hand on her shoulder: "Let me take you home; it is cold and you are shivering."

She only crouched closer to the spot where they had lain and talked on. Thinking she was speaking to him, the man bent his head to listen. "It is all my fault," he heard her say, "because I had not faith—not the right faith—not the faith that Father Benoit meant—the faith that can remove mountains!"

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NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

(Continued from page 19).

of her Excellency, which had been made by the Council, therefore naturally all come to naught, which was to be regretted as the executive committee had spared no pains to tender their National President the welcome due to her from a loyal affiliated Council. A deputation consisting of the vice-president, Mrs. Bucher, and others, had been appointed to meet Her Excellency at the train with a carriage, flowers were ordered for a presentation bouquet, the Dunn Hall was decorated, an orchestra was in attendance, and all arranged for in honor of the guest of the evening. As a small token of the esteem wherein Lady Aberdeen is held by the Victoria Branch, an informal reception with refreshments had been planned to take place at the close of the public meeting; but all these kindly intentions, alas! failed to materialize for reasons that none could either foresee or obviate. Tide and time wait for no man, and neither can mortals control the snow storms and slides which occasionally detain the C.P.R. trains; only it was truly unfortunate that such a *contretemps* should have occurred on this particular day.

The programme prepared for the public meeting was an excellent one, and here I would not that the method and organization of the Vancouver Council, not only with regard to this special gathering, but on all public and private occasions, is worthy of commendation.

It was announced that Mrs. J. C. McLagan, treasurer, had kindly consented to attend the conference in Victoria as delegate from Vancouver, and most ably did she subsequently fulfil the duties of her position at the Island meetings.

On the morning of the 26th, at the executive meeting, Her Excellency, at the request of Mrs. Bucher, first vice-president (and acting president during the absence of Lady Reid), occupied the chair, and after the usual opening with silent prayer, much profitable discussion was entered into on topics affecting the general welfare of the community, and especially some points that mainly apply to the condition of women and children in British Columbia. Her Excellency, after a few introductory remarks, called upon Mrs. Bucher to speak. We give a synopsis of her admirable address.

Your Excellency, Members of the Executive Committee:

In the absence of our esteemed president, Lady Reid, it is my high privilege and great pleasure to welcome Your Excellency to our midst again. We rejoice in your coming. Your banding together of our different associations of women into a local council, thus giving more intimate knowledge of each other's work has, we feel, resulted in larger mutual sympathy, greater unity of thought, and more effective action, as intended in its formation, and as part of the National Council of this Dominion we can feel we are furthering this application of the Golden Rule to society,

"custom and law throughout its borders." The different localities have their own individual needs to supply, or conditions to reform, and ours are not like those of other communities. We can be thankful that in our ten-year-old city we have already much that others are still striving for, such as our free library, flourishing art and scientific society, commodious children's home, built by women's efforts and made over furnished and free of debt to children's use, where thirty are wisely cared for; the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Home, the Friendly Aid Society and Aberdeen Association (both founded by this Council), the Violet Ministering Guild, and our hospitals. We have no pauper emigrant children to investigate, nor have we to agitate for factory inspectors, as in more thickly populated communities. Still we have needs which are pressing and for which we must ask the consideration of the public and its co-operation to supply. A woman's ward is sadly wanted in connection with our city hospital. This has been promised by the city fathers but is still unbuilt. There is at present no temporary accommodation for the insane till they can be conveyed to the Provincial asylum. This might well be included in the hospital addition, but ought to be provided for elsewhere till the new ward is erected together with simple appliances for safe restraint. A matron is a necessity to look after women offenders against the law, and seats should be provided for all women clerks in shops. A curfew law would be a boon to keep children off the streets after given hours, unless with their guardians, and in connection with our schools, domestic science for the girls, and manual instruction for the boys are indispensable in these days, for a well-rounded education should include not only brains but hands. Women trustees on school boards have proved to be valuable aids, and considered indeed most necessary in other places. So we desire them, too. Whatever will protect our homes or make our children better future citizens must specially claim our interest. Enough has, I am sure, been said to outline the situation. There is sufficient work to do whilst these facts remain true. Shall we not all use our best endeavors to bring about as speedily as may be this successful accomplishment?

Several points mentioned in the foregoing address were then gone into more minutely, and at the suggestion of Her Excellency Mrs. McGovern (recording secretary at Port Arthur), who was present at the meeting, was requested to obtain information from Miss Livingstone regarding the inauguration of courses of cooking lessons to be given at an early date in Vancouver. The question of appointing women trustees on the local school board was then fully discussed, and some action will soon be taken on this subject, which is one that appeals to every parent in the district. The words of encouragement and commendation bestowed upon the Vancouver Local Council by Her Excellency were well calculated to inspire its members with fresh courage and perseverance in the coming year's work, and most deeply do they feel the help and

benefit of such a meeting as that which took place on November 26th, when both by her wise judgment and capable advice Lady Aberdeen gave a new impetus to their work in Vancouver.

A delightful musical "At Home" was given by the Local Branch at Hastings Mill House, Vancouver, the residence of Mrs. Beecher, who kindly gave up the use of her reception rooms to the Council on Monday, November 16th. A charming programme of instrumental and vocal numbers was conducted at intervals throughout the evening, and at nine o'clock refreshments were served to all present.

As the primary object of this entertainment was to raise funds for the Council Treasury, an admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged, and from the large attendance of ladies and gentlemen it may be gathered that the receipts were by no means small. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presence of the Hon. Mr. Tarte and his party, who not only came as willing guests, but evinced much interest in the work of the Council generally. Mrs. McGovern, the recording secretary at Port Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Nosse, the Japanese Consul, and his wife; (the latter being a patroness of the Vancouver Council); and Mr. and Mrs. Jardin, the French Consul, and his wife were also present.

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Book Reviews.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.

As we pick up "Sentimental Tommy,"—could Mr. Barrie have chosen a less euphonious title for his book?—we naturally revert in thought to "Clog Kelly," Crockett's story of an Edinburgh street arab.

It takes us some time to journey through the five hundred pages of Tommy's adventures and mental twists; but when at last we lay the book down, it is with a decided feeling of preference for Crockett's sturdy young hero.

Clog Kelly we can understand, and admire. He was a hearty out-and-out little vagabond, with primitive ideas of justice, and prompt boyish methods of achieving the same. If he received kindness, in his own crude way he returned the same; if, as more often occurred, rough treatment was measured out to him, he felt in duty bound to "get even," and he it said to his credit, and that of the author's—Clog Kelly usually "got even" in a mischievous, straightforward street arab fashion, that in itself was indication of the boy's sturdy character and honesty.

But this boy, Sentimental Tommy, with his curious mental double vision, who "kenned a wy" to accomplish whatever he desired, who found it easy to believe anything he chose; this boy, hysterical, emotional, devious, is not to our taste; and we find ourselves acknowledging his good points reluctantly.

But Mr. Barrie's genius appears in that we recognize the boy as a type. Indeed, we catch an unpleasant glimpse of ourselves in him, which may account for our repugnance. The facile sympathy, the crooked trick, the evasive speech, and surface emotion, which offset the finer qualities of keen imagination, quick wit, and tender heart, are sufficiently our own to account for our distaste of the type.

Only once or twice does Tommy win our entire regard; where he goes off with Grizel, for instance, because, as he explained, "it wouldna have been respectable for her to go by herself;" and again where he lost the essay scholarship through determination to find the exact word that would express an idea.

He had wanted a Scotch word that would signify how many people were in church, and it was on the tip of his tongue, but would come no farther. * * * The hour had just gone by like winking; he had forgotten all about time in searching for the word.

Pucko, manzy, curran, slow,—each of these in turn were afterwards suggested by his wrathful schoolmaster; but none of them expressed the exact idea in Tommy's mind, and finally he was dismissed in disgrace from the presence of the ministers and mortified dominie.

As they were preparing to leave the school, the door opened a little and there appeared in the aperture the face of Tommy, tear stained but excited. "I know the word, now," he cried "it came to me at once: it is hantle."

"O, the sumph!" exclaimed Mr. Lachlan McLachlan, "as if it mattered

what the word is, now!" And said Mr. Doshart "Cathro, you had better tell Aaron Latta (Tommy's guardian) that the sooner he sends this nincompoop to herding, the better."

But Mr. Ogilvy, * * * said in an ecstasy to himself, "He had to think of it till he got it—and he got it. The laddie is a genius!" They were about to tear up Tommy's unfinished essay, but he snatched it from them, and put it in his pocket.

"I am a collector of curiosities," he explained "and this paper may be worth money yet."

"Well," said Cathro savagely, "I have one satisfaction, I ran him out of my school."

"Who knows," replied Mr. Ogilvy, "but what you may be proud to dust a chair for him when he comes back."

In spite of our instinctive dislike to Tommy we recognize the artist in him. Clog Kelly had no such possibilities; we expected nothing of him but the attainment of a certain primitive, yet healthy standard of manliness which he reached.

In our last vision of Clog, he "likes to go barefoot about the garden, still," and his platform speech at the club, which his own money built, was "mind, you chaps, if I hear o' ony yin o' ye making a disturbance, or as muckle as spittin' on the floor,—weel, ye ken me."

Tommy, on the contrary, plans, wriggles, evades questions, and twists himself generally inside out, until the last moment of our acquaintance with him. Yet as we close the book, we are fain to cry with his exasperated dominie, "I would give a pound note to know what you'll be ten years from now."

As Mr. Barrie evidently means that we shall know, we might as well get our pound notes ready.

In the meantime, it would make an admirable subject for debate, as to which qualities in Sentimental Tommy the boy, will triumph in Tom Sandys the man, and what may be reasonably expected of the latter.

In discussing the hero of the book, and our personal feeling toward him,—which is certainly not the reviewer's especial task, we have made no reference to the literary value of the tale.

Sentimental Tommy is Mr. Barrie's most ambitious attempt in novel writing. As a novel it is most entertaining, and as a study of child life, the book is markedly clever. Tommy's child days in London, the tracking of his infantile thoughts and experiences, is a work of genius. For none but a man of exceptional gift could thus turn back the years and live in chaotic baby years again; drawing forth out of the vagueness the connected narrative of the inner life of a little ignorant child.

Woven about this innocent life is the tragedy of struggling adult years—could anything be more pathetic in its weakness and pride than the story of Jean Mylen, and her letters to her woman rival in Thrums.

"My dear Esther—I send you these few scraps to let you see I have not forgot you, though my way is now grand by yours. A spleet now black silk, Esther, being the second in a twelvemonth, as I'm a living woman. The other is no none tashed yet, but my gudeman fair insisted on buying a new one * * * When you are waxing ower your kail-pot in a

plot of heat, just picture me ringing the bell for my servant, and saying with a wave of my hand, 'servant, lay the dinner.'"

And the writer penned the letter from a miserable garrot, with a hacking cough punctuating each word, while her children lacked food.

Poor fooling, of a truth, but so human!

The strange tragedy of Aaron Latta's life, revealed so tersely but effectively; Jean Myles' death; the children's return to Thrums; their life there; the introduction of Grizel and the Painted Lady; the pretty Cranford character, Alison Craig, with her elder-maidenly romance; Tommy's Jacobite rising; Grizel's good fortune; little Elspeth's sisterly devotion—these are strains that weave themselves into the texture of Tommy's boy life; and the hand of the gifted author is plainly evidenced in the skill of the weaving. Mr. Barrie knows human nature, and especially woman nature so well that we are almost disposed to hide from him. Yet 'tis a charming novel, and to be most heartily commended to women.

REVIEWER.

"Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

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EDITORIAL.

In sending out our second January number we do so conscious that it is in advance of any former issues; and that step by step we are reaching the point of perfection at which we aim—to provide for Canadian women and the Canadian home one of the brightest monthly journals on the continent.

Every journal has its own characteristics, suited to its own clientele of readers. THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL does not enter into competition with the literary magazines, nor the big dailies; but it aims to fill a field hitherto unoccupied in Canada—that of our women, their work in the home, and their large outreaching interests therefrom. That it is succeeding in its aims, the kindly letters from all parts of the Dominion, and the increasing subscription list, are sufficient guarantee.

We may say here that inquiries sent to any department of THE JOURNAL will be forwarded to the editor of that department, and will be answered by them either personally or through the correspondence column.

We draw attention this month to our Page of Verse, which represents the work of young Canadian poets, whose names are not yet as well known as they will be in the future, in this department of literature. With the exception of the first poem, these charming bits of verse are written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Mr. Sherman's sonnet we give as a "taster," from his new volume of verse "Matins," which obtains high praise for this young Canadian from *The Bookman*.

Shirley Demison's "Toll-Tale Hands" makes a happy sequence to his article, "Toll-Tale Writing," which appeared in the December issue.

While "Winter in British Columbia" continues the bright series of articles on

our most western province, which has been in abeyance by reason of the writer's sickness.

In short stories we give, by special permission of Clifford Smith and his publishers, "The Faith That Removes Mountains," one of the finest tales in his collection of short stories entitled, "A Lover In Homospun"; "My Absent Host: A Jamaica Experience," by Roland Woolsey, and the conclusion of "Rosamond's Adventure."

In "People we Meet," the personality and work of Miss Agnes Slack, the secretary of the World's W.C.T.U., is discussed by the Editor, who also concludes her chat about "The Monkey Theatre."

The departments are well up to date. Mrs. Joy chats of Five O'clock Teas; Hector Charlesworth gives a year's resume in Stageland. Ball gowns are the theme of Fashion Notes. The National Council notes are exceptionally full of interest concerning the work of our Western women.

Reviewer chats about Barrio's wonderfully tender monograph of his mother, and "Sentimental Tommy."

The Children's Page, Music, Art, are all up to the standard. From cover to cover there is not a dull line, nor a page that has not been especially written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL'S readers.

BUSINESS.

The past month has been a very cheering one for the management of the JOURNAL. On all sides have come complimentary notices of the Xmas number, by the press all over the Dominion, besides a great number of letters from individuals who appreciate the excellent features of the JOURNAL. One subscriber writes: "I am glad to see Canadian enterprise succeed so well in furnishing Canadians with so cheap a journal of so high a tone." This has been our aim and it is most satisfactory to know that success is crowning our efforts.

A larger number of subscribers have been added to our list than in any previous month, the ladies in affiliation with the National Council of Women of Canada appreciating our efforts, are rapidly adding their names to our list.

Agents have been appointed in a number of places and their work is making a very visible impression on the circulation of the JOURNAL. There is not a town or village in Canada to which the JOURNAL is not a welcome and regular visitor, from the household of the Governor-General to many less prominent of Her Majesty's loyal subjects. It is the HOME JOURNAL of Canada, the ladies' magazine, devoted to subjects of interest to them, music, art, books, the household, needlework, amusements, the best stories and number of bright articles on a great variety of subjects.

The work of the National Council of Women, chronicled month by month in the JOURNAL, edited by the president, the Countess of Aberdeen, is of interest to every woman in Canada. Its object is to afford information of what this great organization is doing for the betterment

of their sisters and improvement of the condition of mankind.

* * *

To our offer to share with the Local Councils the profits of the JOURNAL, we have received, in many cases, very encouraging replies; and we are looking forward to the time, in the near future, when every one of the hundred thousand members in affiliation with the National Council will be a subscriber, and the success of the Council and JOURNAL bound up in one another. We are doing all we can with this end in view.

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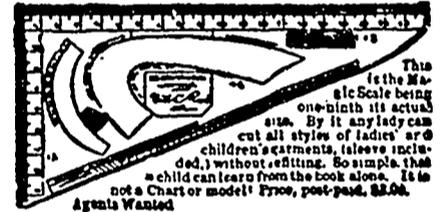
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Woman's Sports.

By Cyllat.

SKATING.

The movement toward establishing free skating rinks in Toronto is an excellent one.

The Toronto Park Commissioner reports that rinks at Stanley and Riverside Parks are already established; a portion of Tammy Hollow is to be flooded by the City Engineer's Department and will be looked after by Mr. Reeves, and a portion of Bellwoods Park and the Don flats in Riverview Park will be flooded. Negotiations have been entered into with the Canadian Permanent Loan & Savings Co. regarding the use of a lot on Summerhill avenue, 300 x 150, for a rink, but the company want a remission of taxes in consideration of its use.

This will give six free rinks, maintained in good order at the cost of the city.

There is also a charming little natural rink, commonly called Small's Pond, on Coxwell avenue, near the Woodbine, where a small stream overflows into a little pond, then continues its way southward through three acres of ground. The wooded environments are most picturesque, and the place a favorite resort of skaters last season.

The Victoria Skating Club will give a carnival early in January, weather permitting, entries to which will be strictly and only by invitation. A capital new band has been chosen for the season, which will play at the rink on each Monday afternoon and Thursday evening.

A ladies' hockey team may be one of the interesting features of the Victoria Club this season, since several of the lady members are most enthusiastic over the game, and it is just possible that a ladies' hockey match may be played on one of the skating afternoons. Such a match would be lots of fun, and as it could only be seen by members, bad play or bad spills would be overlooked. It is to be hoped that some of our good lady skaters will take hold of it, for with such skaters as the Miss Dawsons and a host of others, the match would be certainly a success. The club arrangements this year will prove much better than last, now members will be able to have their tea, etc., without the bother of taking off their skates and climbing no end of stairs, as the large dressing-room down stairs has been placed at the disposal of the club.

A new rink on the corner of Harrison and Dovercourt road—which covers part of the old Dovercourt orchard, formerly part of the Denison estate—promises to be a fashionable as well as favorite resort for the coming winter. The amount of level ground, and the acreage covered being larger than that of either the Granite or Victoria rinks, make it especially attractive. It is to be roofed-in next year, but this season will have the charm of the open. Another rink has been opened on the corner of Cowan avenue and Queen street, Parkdale, making the eighth skating rink in Toronto.

There is also rumor that a Skating Club is to be formed in connection with the Granite Rink, which will also prove a jolly and fashionable coterie.

HOCKEY.

A letter coming from a Liverpool, England, correspondent who is a devotee of all out-door sports, tells me about the Girls' Hockey Club, which has been form-

ed in that city of which she is a member, and how enthusiastically the women are taking up the game.

Scarlet Tam o'Shanter's have been settled on as the badge of club distinction, and very smart and becoming she assures me they are. My correspondent is full of grief at not yet being quick enough to play forward, and having, therefore, to be contented with a back division.

A hockey team generally numbers eleven, unless otherwise agreed upon by the captains. The space required to play on must be about one hundred yards long by fifty wide. The referees or umpire must have a most difficult task, though a gentleman on-looker at this same English club tells me it is a simple thing. The courteous "Pardon me" and "Excuse me" uttered by the feminine players seemed to afford him great amusement, especially if used when attacking an opponent or when some supposed infringement of rules was displayed. It is certainly characteristic of the gentler sex.

Personal experience has taught us that this game, when played by men, is rather boisterous.

* * *

CURLING.

Curling promises to be a favorite sport for women this winter, especially among American ladies. It certainly is a game easily adapted to women, for with smaller and lighter stones no extra exertion or skirmishes need be indulged in as in hockey, and women can become quite as expert with the curling stones as they already are with the broom, which this game calls into use to a great extent.

It should prove a picturesque game for women, since it gives innumerable opportunities for effective posing. A woman in winter furs with her light broom and small polished curling stone, would invest the royal old game with a fresh charm. But how will its stern old Scotch devotees stand the innovation?

ABOUT THE WHEEL.

I have obtained from the manager of a leading bicycle manufacturer in Toronto a few valuable instructions concerning the winter care of bicycles.

In cleaning the wheel preparatory to laying it away, lay it on one side upon a floor which you do not mind soiling, fill your little oil can with gasoline, open the various valves and pour it in. A flow of blackened liquid comes out at first, this is the congealed oil and dirt, which the gasoline cuts. Presently it runs clear and then you have poured in enough.

There is no need of wiping out the gasoline, it will evaporate.

Take a light vasoline and rub spokes, enamel, plating, and all parts reachable. Then rub it well off with a clean, soft cloth. This prevents rust gathering.

Take care that the vasoline does not touch the rubber tires, it will rot them.

Hang your wheel so that it is lifted a little from the floor, but do not hang it near the ceiling, since heat ascends, and it must be kept in moderate temperature.

Take care that the room in which you store your wheel is neither too hot nor too cold.

A light linen cover should protect it from the dust.

There is no need of letting the air out of the tires. The confined air does the rubber no harm, and the wheel may be taken out in the spring and used with the same air in the tires with which you put it away in December.

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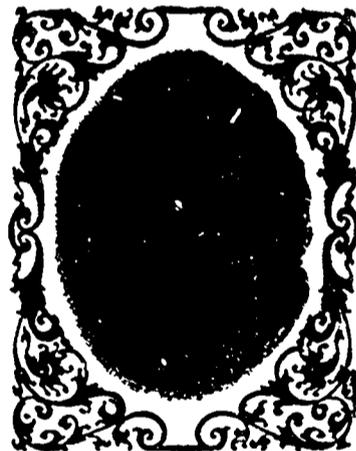
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MY ABSENT HOST.

AN EXPERIENCE IN JAMAICA.

BY
ROLAND WOOLSEY.



IT IS HARD to realize here in Jamaica, resting in the shade of a gigantic cotton-wood tree and surrounded by the luxuriant

growth of a tropical forest, with the sun pouring its fierce rays through the tangled under-growth, reflected in many gorgeous colors unknown in more northern climes, that this is Christmas Day as we know it at home.

The hill on which I am sitting, a thousand feet or so high, commands a magnificent view of Kingston harbor in which lie sepily at anchor the war-ships of various nations, and merchant craft from all over the world, seeking cargoes of coffee, cocoa, pimento, bananas, oranges, and logwood. Beyond the red rock of Port Royal, the Caribbean Sea with its numerous reefs and cays, high rocks standing out like grim sentinels of the narrow passages to that whilom hell on earth, the home and stronghold of the fierce pirates and bloody buccaners of long ago, through which not a few gallant ships laden with pieces-of-eight and priceless spoils from the Spanish Main threaded the tortuous way in the wake of their merciless captors, whose deeds have been the subject of many a thrilling story but of whom the worst was never told. Port Royal, once the "finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot on earth," now exists merely as a naval station with a fort and sailor's hospital, surrounded by a few miserable hovels, but still the abode of vice. The great earthquake of 1692 destroyed and almost submerged the town, of which the ruins are still visible under the green water. There is a story told in the Guide Book of a man "who was swallowed up by the earthquake and by the providence of God was, by another shock, thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death." I visited his grave at Green Bay, so there can be no question as to the authenticity of the story.

The hospitality of the Jamaican planter is proverbial and during my visit to the island I received many marks of kindness at their hands: but one case in par-

ticular is, perhaps, worth narrating, being rather interesting on account of its novelty.

I had left Kingston early one morning without very definite ideas as to my destination or direction, allowing my pony, a small wiry beast peculiar to the country, sure-footed as an ass and eminently adapted to climb the steep hills and endure the intense heat, to choose the way. That way led through "Mona," one of the few large sugar estates still in operation. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the continuous labor necessary for the cultivation of cane coolies are imported by the government from the East Indies and hired out to planters. They are of much lighter build than the Jamaica negro and cannot match him for work when he feels like it, but that is not often.

After fording the Hope River, a zig-zag bridle-path makes an abrupt ascent of the foot-hills of the famous Blue Mountains. A heavy shower of rain, I supposed one of those sudden squalls common in these latitudes, induced me to seek shelter under a mango tree, but the downpour continued and I was soon wet to the skin, so I determined to push upwards, knowing there was no house for miles behind me and trusting there might be one further ahead.

I am at a loss to describe the changing beauties of scenery developed by each bend in the path, the lovely colors of the foliage dripping with crystal, the stately palms, the waving bamboos, yam plots, reminding one of Kent hop gardens, the mountain side covered with verdure and gay with the brightest tints, here and there little waterfalls flowing from the heart of the mountain through delightful grottoes, laughingly losing itself among the maidenhair and hartstongue to reappear on the face of the bare rock, passing again out of sight with a pleasant gurgling sound on its way to the winding river below, sparkling in the sunshine, gleefully rushing in cascades over its stoney bed to the ocean; above, the purple peaks coyly hiding their heads in the clouds, inviting the traveler to penetrate their ether veil.

Upward and still upward I climbed for an hour or more before seeing any sign of human habitation, when a sudden turn brought me to a negro hut. My knock was answered by a black girl, bare-footed, her petticoats hitched up in the peculiar style of the women here and a colored handkerchief wrapped around her head. From her I learned that "Massa Duncan," a white planter, lived about a mile further on. Following her directions, in due time I reached a roomy-looking cottage, with roses, honeysuckle, and jasmine, surrounded by ruins of stone outhouses, an old mill, a rumstill, a dilapidated-looking well and other relics of a once prosperous sugar estate. But the place seemed deserted.

"Massa Duncan not at home, sar," was the news that presently greeted my appearance. This was a dilemma I was not prepared for, but I was wet and I was hungry, so bidding the darkie lead my horse under cover, I took the liberty

of inviting myself into "Massa" Duncan's abode. It was late in the afternoon; the place was miles away from everywhere. I was in for it now. There was a dash of adventure about the whole business, so I determined to see it through.

"Massa" Duncan was apparently a bachelor; anyway there were no signs of anything feminine about, but many evidences to the contrary, so I plucked up courage, decided to do the best I know how, under the circumstances, and proceeded to make myself at home, comforting myself with the reflection that if "Massa" Duncan did turn up he could only kick me out. A tour of investigation discovered some dry clothes which I appropriated, not, indeed, without many misgivings when I found that the collar of the shirt was several sizes too large for me, the trousers somewhat long in the leg, and the sleeves of the jacket needed turning up to prevent them falling over my knuckles. "Massa" Duncan was a bigger man than I, that was certain, and I trembled in my borrowed slippers. Still, with a creepy feeling, of course only the result of my recent soaking, I tempted fate. It was neck or nothing now and I concluded I might as well die full as fasting. In the larder were eggs, butter, ham, tea, and other provisions, but the staff of life was wanting.

"Dars a shop roun' de corner, sar," volunteered my dusky friend, so I despatched him with a shilling and he mounted a mule and rode away while I drew a chair out on the piazza, picked up the *Strand Magazine*, lighted my pipe and watched the sunset. Anything more beautiful it would be hard to conceive; perched in a little hollow among the hills, looking down many hundreds of feet over the gorgeous dripping landscape, the rich reds and deep greens relieved by the lighter shade of the cane fields; this was surely one of the most lovely spots on earth.

I contained my soul in patience for upwards of two hours; it must have been a very long way around the corner, but bye and bye the nigger turned up again with some hot loaves, steaming from the oven, and in a few more minutes I was feasting on tea, goat's milk and fried eggs, at "Massa" Duncan's expense. I think I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. The rest of the evening I smoked and meditated with "Marcus Aurelius," smiled over "Pickwick" and read "Far from the Maddening Crowd," a book I thought eminently in keeping with its surroundings.

Mr. Montgomery Brandon confided to me that he was left in charge during his master's absence, presumably he took me for a friend of the family, a delusion which I was at no pains to dispel.

"Massa's bed's ready for ye, sar," he informed me when I had satisfied the cravings of hunger, and I turned in later and slept the sleep of the just.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke the next morning; my own wet clothes were hanging out to dry, so I resumed my host's garments, made a hearty breakfast of butter, toast, ham

and Blue Mountain coffee and leaving a card of thanks for "Massa" Duncan, my absent host, I resumed my journey in search of further adventures among the hills of this tropical paradise.

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A Prairie Menu.

BY MARGARET DAYNE.

AN Alberta housekeeper, one of those dear women of the Canadian North-West who keep their Christmas with tender memories of older lands, sends us a prairie Christmas Day menu, which, with all our delicacies of civilization, cannot approach in epicurean richness.

Our eastern readers will be much interested in this revelation of the culinary possibilities of the Canadian pioneer lands.—EDITOR.

Easterners suppose that in the West the chief study of house-keepers is the art of doing without. Rather it is the study of substitution, replacing for eastern food that most easily obtained and most abundantly provided in the West.

During the open season for game and fish, the housekeepers of the North-West Territories and Manitoba have, for charming the appetites of their families, a profusion and variety of choice foods that is denied their less fortunate sisters of the eastern provinces, as the menu below will show.

The fruits named all grow wild in great abundance, the vegetables can be had in any kitchen garden; the beer made from wild hops and field grown barley; the whisky from native wild rice or field rye, the vinegar, pickles and sauces all home-made as well as the different wines.

This menu applies particularly to Alberta, but with few exceptions holds equally good for the other parts of the great prairie region of Western Canada.

Breakfast.

Rocky Mountain Brook Trout,
Rocky Mountain Grayling,
Antelope Sausages.
Bear Steak, with Mushroom Catsup,
Venison Steak, with Currant Jelly,
Mutton Chops of Mountain Sheep with Brown Gravy,
Grouse Pie. Potted Hare.
Potato Croquettes. Potatoes a la Creme.
Raspberry Jam. Strawberry Jam.
Muffins. Toast.
Home Dairy Butter.
Tea. Coffee. Milk.

Luncheon.

Rocky Mountain Pickerel,
Rocky Mountain Gold Eyes.
Broiled Partridge, with Mushroom Sauce,
Buffalo Veal Cutlets, Breaded,
Cold Roast Teal, with Wine Sauce,
Cold Roast Grouse, with Bread Sauce.
Venison Pasty. Rabbit Pie.
Green Onions. Radishes. Celery. Lettuce Salad.
Potatoes. Baked. Scalloped.
Preserved Plums. Preserved Saskatoons.
Wheat Bread. Graham Bread.

Rye Bread.

Dinner.

Giblet Soup. Mullet Chowder.
Hare Soup. Puree of Grouse.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon Trout from Alberta Lakes,
Broiled White Fish from Alberta Lakes,
Baked Pike from Alberta Streams.

ROASTS.

Loin of Antelope, Stuffed,
Loin of Rocky Mountain Lamb, with Mint Sauce,
Loin of Moose, with Currant Jelly,
Mountain Kid, Stuffed.
Wild Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce,

Wild Goose, with Gooseberry Sauce,
Mallard Duck, with Wine Sauce,
Plovers, with Mushroom Sauce,
Quail on Toast.

BOILED.

Buffalo Tongue, with Tomato Sauce,
Log of Mountain Goat, with Nasturtium Sauce,
Buffalo Calves' Head, with Brain Sauce,
Salmi of Widgeon, Corned Elk.

ENTREES.

Rice and Chicken Croquettes,
Jugged Hare, with Currant Jelly,
Buffalo Kidneys, Devilled,
Rabbit Fricassee.

RELISHES.

Pickles of Onions, Cauliflower, Gherkins, Beans,
Radish Pods, Red Cabbage, Nasturtium Seeds,
Peppers. Tomato Catsup, Mushroom Catsup,
Choeso.

Prairie Chicken Salad. Mountain Trout Salad.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Home Canned Peas,
Tomatoes, Corn, Beans.

PASTRY.

Snow Pudding. Suet Pudding,
Trillo, with Whipped Cream,
Plum Poley, with Whisky Sauce,
Gooseberry Fool, Pumpkin Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, Cranberry Tart,
Buffalo Calves' Foot Jelly, Wine Jelly.

DESSERT.

Ices of Cherry, Raspberry, Currant,
Strawberry.

DRINKS.

Grape Wine, Cherry Wine, Raspberry Royal,
Currant Wine, Gooseberry Wine,
Home-brewed Beer.

LIKE HIS MOTHER.

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o' 'guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And an extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—

"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty years ago,
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin'
back'ard slow;
But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin' home
to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin'
up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to
Uncle Jake—
"Come in and get some coffee like your mother used
to make—"

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey county
farm,
And me a little kid ag'in a-hangin' on her arm
As she set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs and poured
'em in—"

And the feller kind o' halted, with a tremble in his
chin.
And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and
stood
As solemn for a minute as an undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rd the kitchen
door, and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of
her specs;

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out:
"It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know
your mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he grabbed her, says, "You bet
I hain't forgot"—
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's
mighty hot."

J. Whitcomb Riley.

WHEN MALINDY SINGS.

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy,
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
If you practise twell you're gray,
You caint sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de one dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to' de big woods
When Malindy sings.

* * * * *

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin'
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Drabs dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fugits to move 'em
When Malindy sings.

* * * * *

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings.

From a volume of verse by Paul Dunbar, the colored poet.

THE MODERN KNIGHT.

These are certainly not the days of chivalry and romance; of long haired poets and clinging females. The tendency is toward the practical, and even the inventions nowadays are mostly objects of utility, something which saves time and gives comfort and ease. We are quick to appreciate and use anything which increases our comfort, especially if it be in the way of clothing. Let any body once realize the magnificent, healthful warmth which Fibre Chamois will add to his clothing and he will certainly be provided with this inexpensive equipment against all freaks of the weather. This interlining is made from pure spruce fibre and is a complete non-conductor of both heat and cold, so that the layer of it through clothing keeps out the fiercest winds and preserves the natural heat of the body.



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"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—WORDSWORTH.

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