

CANADIAN HOME Journal

December
1896

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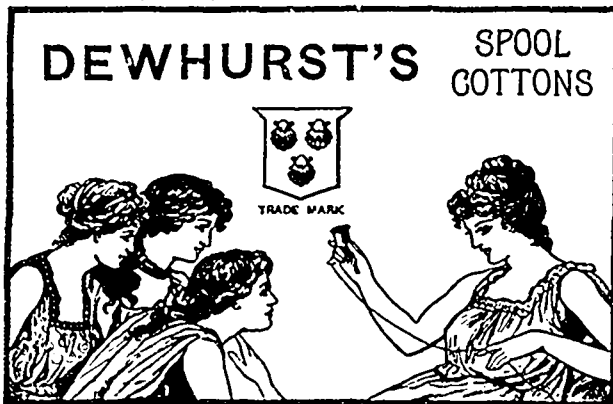
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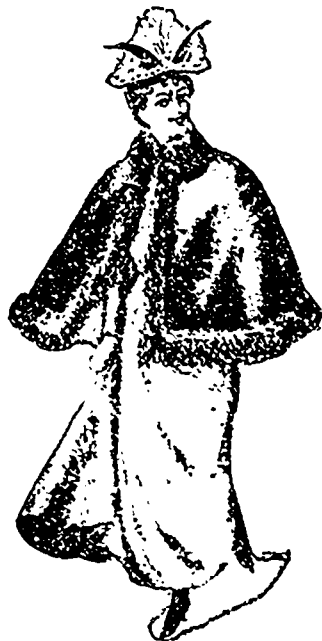
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TORONTO



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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The year 1896 opened in international unrest. It was rung in with loud clamorings that smote harshly upon the ear of two great Christian peoples, since they held in them possibilities terrible to contemplate. The air was filled with rumors of war and the cries of the oppressed, and statesmen and thinkers looked soberly through the shadowed gateway of the New Year. But 1896 closes with the darkest shadows lifted, and the two Christian nations have been brought to a fuller realization of their kinship, by reason of the cloud that lay for a little between.

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States owe a debt of gratitude to Venezuela in that she has inadvertently tested the strength of the tie which binds them, and shown that it is stronger than they themselves were aware; so that concession, and even sacrifice if need be, is found preferable to an extreme issue. The Venezuela difficulty has been settled by the adoption of a natural and almost self-evident principle of government, "that we should treat our colonies as we treat individuals." The question naturally arises why any other method of government should suggest itself; also whether many other problems of statesmanship might not be solved in similar fashion. And the pleasantest points in connection with the settlement is the satisfaction it affords to the people of both nations, and the impetus that has been given by the entire incident to the international arbitration movement.

AND again the Sultan has given promise of reform; and although no one places the slightest reliance upon his word, still fear may induce something of restraint in the conduct of this atrocious monarch. Russia and France may bring satisfactory pressure to bear upon the Porte; yet this does not justify the long inactivity of Great Britain and the United States. Lord Rosebery's speech in defence of England's inaction was not that of a statesman of the larger vision, inasmuch as the policy he outlined is one of selfishness, one pursued by that first murderer when he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

I say that any British Minister that engages in an European war, except under the pressure of the direst necessity, except under interests directly and distinctively British, is a criminal to his country and to his position.

In view of the Armenian massacre we should like to know what Lord Rosebery's interpretation of "the direst necessity" is. Again he says he believes that the colonies would support England in a just and necessary war, but he adds, and the italics are our own,

My impression is this: That the colonies would rather take the attitude of a nation not less Anglo-Saxon, not less Christian, and much more populous than yours—a nation whose interests and whose subjects have been more directly affected by those outrages than your own—I mean the United States—

and, while willing to join in diplomatic action, would depreciate involving the arbitrament of the sword on a question which does not directly concern their vital interests.

Had the ex Liberal leader been dealing in sarcastic invective instead of expressing an approving conviction, he could hardly have cracked a more stinging lash over the selfish and un-Christian policy of these nations. Is it nearly two thousand years since Christ was born, and have we got no further than this?

THE possibility of a potato famine in Ireland, recalls to the elder generation the horrors of 1845-46, when the Irish people suffered unspeakable things in disease and death; when they fled by thousands from their island home across the sea and reached the western continent in vessels that were but pest houses. Down on Grosse Isle, out in the blue St. Lawrence, there is a silent acreage ridged with grass-tangled mounds and marked by a time-stained pillar, where lie buried the bodies of over five thousand Irish emigrants of '46, who, fleeing from starvation, were overcome by fell disease, and landed at Canada's outer portal, to die. An old, old woman, an inhabitant of the Isle who went through the terrible scene, told the writer the tale of it three years ago, and as she talked, the wild grass-grown ridges made their mute expressive commentary.

If Liberia has only one vessel in her navy, she means to let the world know she has a navy, and the little black republic does not hold back from action waiting a "concert of the powers," or for fear of "precipitating war." If her naval equipment is limited, it at least does active service, even to firing upon a British steamer. The audacious courage of this navy of one commands our admiration. It is to this prosperous African republic that the United States looks in the latter's periodical discussion of the negro question; and occasionally the scheme of wholesale emigration of the Southern negro to Liberia is discussed. But Liberia must be approached cautiously; she has a navy.

A FEW months ago we were subdued by the word "suzerainty," which the press thrust upon us at every turn; later it was "protocol;" and now our genial Lord Dufferin has been cruel enough to hurl the unkindest word missile yet upon us in the awful phrase "sanguinary camarilla." "Camarilla" suggests crocodiles, leeches, something reptilian and creepy. Someone says it means "back-stair influence," in which case sound and sense are once again welded.

THE last word has been written concerning the result of the presidential election; but, perhaps, the best one from a Canadian point of view was that spoken by Mr. A. M. Crombie, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, who, at the close of an interview concerning the effect of the presidential election upon Canada, said.—

So that I think we, as Canadians, had a great deal at stake. Apart from this the mere fact that the countries are contiguous, and that their general commercial interests are to a certain extent interwoven, makes the result a cause for universal rejoicing throughout the Dominion, for undoubtedly it means increased prosperity for the United States.

Mr. Crombie might have included our social interests also. Nay, further still, the interests of all nations are so interwoven that by immutable law the health of any one affects the international body politic to higher or lower estate. Permanent national prosperity will never be achieved at the expense of another nation. As parts of one great whole we rise and fall together.

AN article in the October *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. C. S. Oakley, decries the service of women in public life. The writer, who deals in paradoxes, maintains finally that the radical relations of man to woman were settled by nature long ago; that these are incompatible with an uncompromising sifting of truth in public debate. Men will not retaliate upon women, he declares, since this radical relation is one of courtesy from the man to the woman; and the retaliation would mean the loss of her favor, "and the whole attitude of man to woman is a request for favor." Very pretty in theory, but in fact how true? Ask the woman in the business world, the sweat shops, the office; ask the widow, the poor woman and she whom nature has made homely. Mr. Oakley's article will do no harm, it is a trifle late. It should have appeared before the Flood, or earlier still, before the Fall. Then it might have applied.

Globe cartoon of Nov. 18th, re the Manitoba school question: Messrs. Laurier and Sifton—"That patch is put on splendid."

It is open to the chuckling Conservative to remark, "But it's only a patch after all; just wait until he sits down."

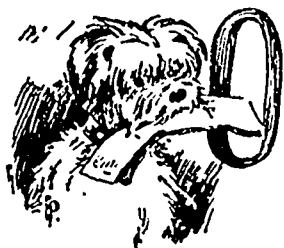
THE summer season of 1897 is going to be a succession of celebrations in Toronto. Citizens should begin taking tonics almost immediately in order that they may have strength to bear the blushing honors to be heaped upon them: Her Majesty's sixtieth celebration; a Royal visit; the Cabot celebration; the British Science Association meeting; the International Epworth League Convention; also the assemblage of the world's W.C.T.U.; yes, and the new City Hall opening. Any more?

MISS CLARA BRETT MARTIN is to be congratulated on having won her well fought battle. She deserves also the thanks of all other Canadian women, in thus opening for them an hitherto closed profession in Canada. She has persevered in the face of many discouragements, and suffered as the pioneer in any movement must, from the discourtesy born of prejudice. But now, having yielded the point, all members of the bar will accord her the courtesy that has never been refused her by those who stand highest in the profession.

A Monkey Theatre

A Day with Professor Wormwood.

BY FAITH FENTON.



NE: two! There was yet an hour by the city clocks before the performance would begin; but a throng of little folk and big were waiting for the Pavilion doors to open; while across the grass, thro' the gateways, and down each street, they were coming.

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, little shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
On came the children running.

Certainly had the Pied Piper to compete with the Monkey Theatre his magic flute would have failed. The whisk of a monkey's tail has more fascination for the average child than the music of a score of flutes.

In the meantime, and behind the scenes, the little animals were being made ready for the performance. Behind the heavy stage curtain an impromptu rehearsal was in progress that would have given the fast assembling audience considerable amusement.

Professor Wormwood's troupe consists of about twenty-four small dogs and monkeys, with the exception of two large dogs—a fine poodle and a young Newfoundland.

The little animals are of necessity kept in box cages at night and when travelling. They are, therefore, glad to be upon the stage, where they have space, much freedom of action, and plenty to see.

As I came upon the stage, behind the dropped curtain, the little creatures had received their final brushing and washing from the attendants, and came running up to Prof. Wormwood in a delighted state of freedom.

It was pretty to see their affection for him. They sprang to his arms, climbed upon his shoulder, searched his pockets, and chattered to him in language as expressive as ours, mayhap, if we but had the clue. One little lady, Boo-boo, gave him the prettiest of greetings; leaping away from the attendant she sprang upon the Professor's lap, put her small black arms around his neck, stroked his face, holding it between her cold little hands, all the time chattering in inflections that intimated a world of confidences. And the Professor answered her smiling:

"Yes, yes, Boo-boo of course. Are you going to be a good girl to day? If you are I shall find a candy for you."

He searched his pocket, and in a moment there was a leap from chairs and perches, and a general descent upon him from Charlie, Pete, Uncle; while the little dog-faced monkey, whose one-time accident left her with a limp, hitched herself across the floor in regular baby fashion. They were all satisfied with a taste of candy, then sent back to their seats.

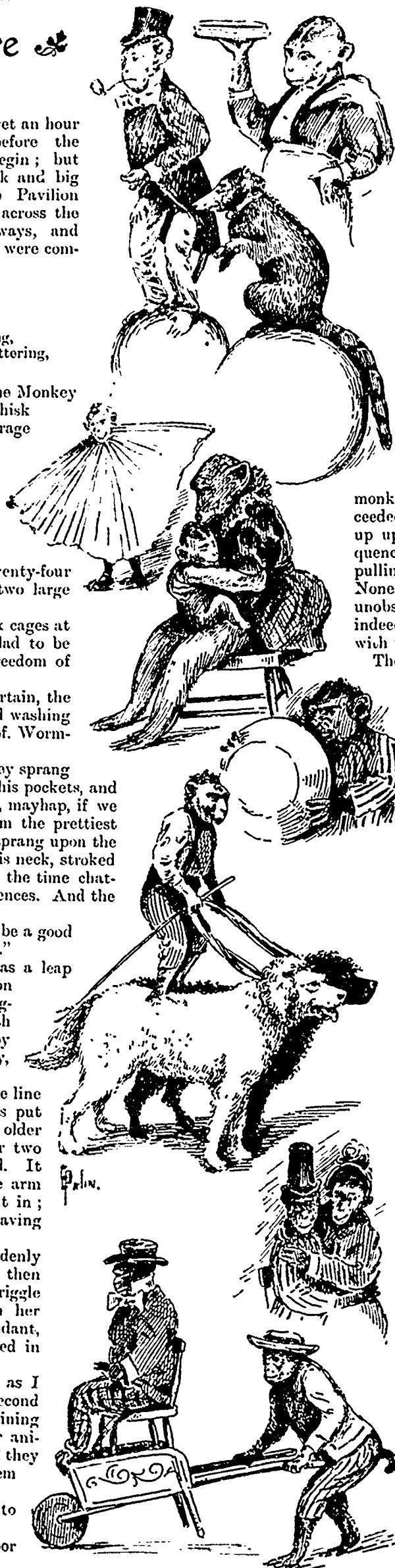
The task of dressing them came next, and from the line of clothes which hung over the wires, the attendants put on the little trousers, shirts, coats and hats. The older monkeys of the troupe submitted quietly; but one or two new ones objected as emphatically as a naughty child. It was amusing to see one wilful little dame shake one arm out of her small sleeve, while the other was being put in; turning her face away, giving angry shrieks, and behaving generally like an wilful two-year-old.

It was even more amusing to see her become suddenly submissive, accept the situation, as it were; and then when the attendant left her fully dressed, to slyly wriggle off the little coat, letting it slip by degrees from her shoulders, giving sharp cunning glances at the attendant, and assuming a most innocent pose if his eye strayed in her direction.

"I bought her on Tuesday," said the Professor, as I directed his attention toward her. "This is only the second time she has been on the stage. Our first step in training is to accustom them to their clothes and to the other animals. We let them come at once upon the stage, and they soon grow to feel at home. After that I take them in hand."

He had picked up a small white poodle that crept to his feet, and nursed it as we talked.

"Poor little Pansy," he said, caressing her. "Poor



little blind girl. She is such an intelligent and affectionate little creature," he added. "She used to do lots of good work before she lost her sight. Now we just let her do a little. She waltzes prettily and rides one of the larger dogs."

A mischievous young monkey in striped frock who was playing about the wires, had been watching the Professor and Pansy, with a keen saucy air, now he slipped swiftly down the poles, ran across and gave Pansy's soft white curls a vicious little pull. Then ran away again.

"Charlie, you villain," cried Professor Wormwood, with a laugh. "He's the scamp of the troupe. Just a baby fellow yet, and as full of mischief as—well as a monkey may be. There's no harm in him though, only fun."

During the performance Charlie and Boo-boo are left free to run about. From my corner behind the scenes I could see Charlie's tricks. He took delight in swinging on the wire, and letting the long cord attached to his collar dangle in the eyes of the dogs sitting on the bench below. He surprised the Newfoundland by leaping suddenly down on his back, giving his ear a tweak and bounding away again.

When an attendant knotted the cord of another monkey or a dog to a chair back, Charlie immediately proceeded to loosen it with his sharp little teeth, then rushed up upon the wires, from which he watched the consequences of his trick. He never lost an opportunity of pulling another monkey's tail, or tipping him off the wire. None of these tricks were on the programme, and were unobservable to the audience. Charlie seemed to be indeed the practical joker of the troupe, yet a favorite with the men.

The auditorium had filled rapidly as we talked, and looking through the curtain we saw a house packed to the topmost gallery.

The Professor put Pansy upon her chair and moved among the animals, patting them, speaking to one and another.

"They know when the curtain is up as well as I do," he said. "Ready, little ones? Over to the table then."

Six of the little animals, monkeys and poodles, ran over to the toy table and took their places. The remainder straightened up, the dogs sat erect, only Charlie hastened to give one more sly tweak of a poodle's tail, before the curtain rose.

They perform their tricks willingly; watching from the wings, they seemed to me eager, rather than otherwise. They like the applause and the movement, and are incited by each other. Again they always look for the Professor's approving pat when they have done well, and sometimes the bit of candy that is always found in his pockets, or in those of the attendants.

The programme went on rapidly; monkeys and poodles finished their tea party. Then they jumped, turned somersaults, swung, walked the tight wire, the little dogs bearing their full share of the entertainment.

After the performance the animals have their supper. Bread and milk at night always, through the day vegetables and fruit in variety. It is interesting to see how well they agree.

We stood among them and watched their relish of the simple food. Monkeys and dogs eating out of the same dishes. The monkeys had the advantage, inasmuch as they first filled their pouches, and afterward swallowed as much as they could. Some beautiful snow white puppies, fairy dogs in size and purity, together with a baby monkey, creep about uncertainly, but with great content, and the larger dogs and monkeys do them no harm.

I have interviewed various trainers of trick animals, but never one who impressed me more favorably than Professor Wormwood. He is a college graduate, a trained elocutionist and a skilful veterinary surgeon, and, best of all, he loves his little creatures.

We had several long talks together, and next month I will give some interesting details of the Professor's own life, and his experiences in training.

GRANDDAD'S CHRISTMAS DAY

By Maud Tisdale.

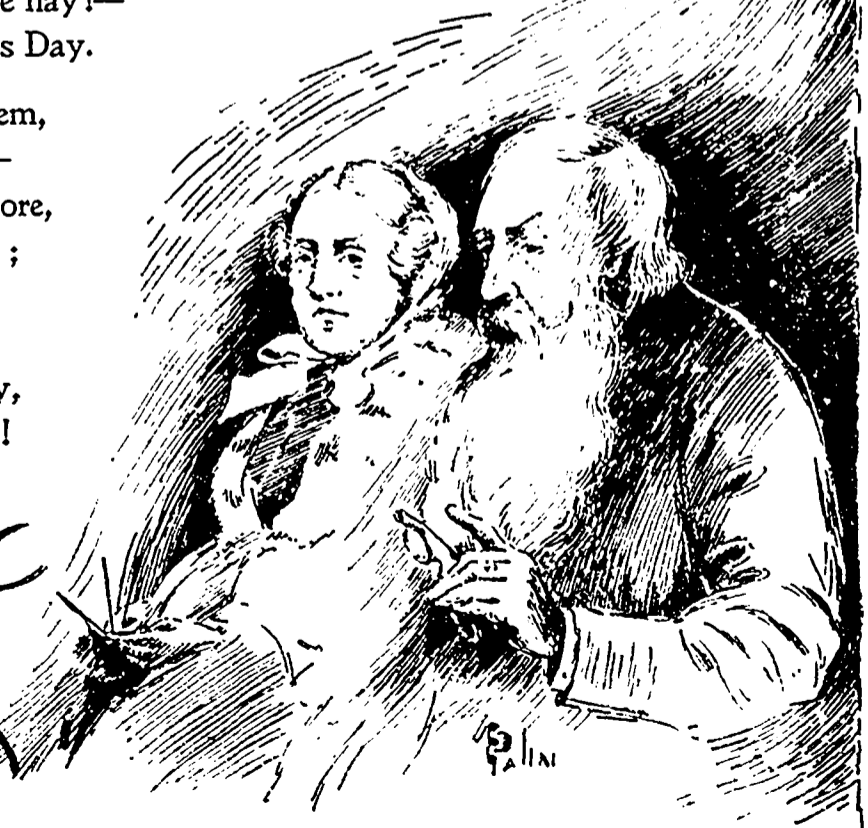


WHAT! Chris'mas Day agen? Oh dear—how the days roll aroun'—
 Scarce gives a fellow time to git his last year's puddin' down;
 I mind, well, how, when Santy Claus came 'long o' Christmas Day,
 The days seemed weeks, an' weeks seemed months afore they rolled away—
 When all us youngsters us't to hunt our biggest stockins out,
 An' hang 'em where old Santy Claus could easy git about—
 An' oh, the fun we us't to hev; the games we us't to play,
 For them was happy, smilin' times on Grandad's Chris'mas Day.

But when old Santy Claus was gone, it didn't seem the same
 For grow'd up folks don't hang their stockins on the iron crane,
 An' Granny she stopped tellin' us her tales of fairy lore,
 When Mary stuck the kissin' bush above the kitchen door.
 'Twas kinder sad to be grow'd up, to lose dear Granny's tales,
 But still the Chris'mas joy was left;—the puddin never fails,
 An' Santy Claus aint everything; for after all I say,
 I'd sooner hev the kissin' bush on Grandad's Christmas Day!

For blind man's buff an' "button button," tag, an' every game,
 When Mary got that kissin' bush, seemed very, very tame—
 I reckon that I hung about that door an' bush awhile,
 For, "get one if you can," was in her purty saucy smile.
 But as she couldn't dodge all day, I caught her there an'—well
 Them branches has a purpose—so there ain't no need to tell.
 You bet I got my Chris'mas box—in sunshine make the hay!—
 An' I married purty Mary at next Gran'dad's Chris'mas Day.

Ah! that was many years agone; yet, strange as it may seem,
 I feel I'm back a boy agen—bein' grow'd-up's but a dream—
 For Santy's slid adown the years to make us young once more,
 To hang the stockins on the crane, the bush above the door;
 To help to stuff them stockins too, with every kind of toy—
 Oh, Santy is the chap I ween, to make us girl an' boy.
 An' when we're tired rompin'—while our childern's childern play,
 I'll steal a kiss from Gran'ma at their Gran'dad's Chris'mas Day!



AMONG OUR BOOKS.



THE season of al-bums and family-bibles is upon us, O woman—and unless you want your good big-hearted friend of the opposite sex to be caught in the meshes of plush covers and gilt clasps, see that you let him know in a quiet way, what is your choice and inclination in books.

A man, whether his relationship be far or near to her, may always give a woman a book; and thus it is that he stands helpless before the book counter while the glib clerk induces him to invest in some much illustrated, gayly bound monstrosity, which the gentle recipient

looks at with dismay—then says with a lovely smile, "The poor dear fellow."

She puts the monstrosity away, but, she keeps the tender thought that brought the smile—so the gift is not altogether amiss. But that it should be consigned to a top shelf, when it might have been her daily companion throughout the months—there's the pity of it.

* * *

Instead of the family Bible, there are the daily text books for the spiritual woman, the books of choice selections for the intellectual one. The modern daily-thought book is really a delight in the inspiration and uplifting that it brings into the day's work.

Such a volume lies upon my desk now, a second Phillips Brooks year book for 1896-7, giving a brief selection from his sermons for each day, together with a bit of verse from Faber, Emerson, Browning, Whittier, George Macdonald, or similar writer. "Good Cheer for a Year," as it is entitled, is a little volume, full of uplifting power, and the enrichment it affords our daily life may not be measured.

Rose Porter's "Gift of Love" and "Gift of Peace," are two attractive year books, of simpler calibre, daintly bound in white and gold, and containing each a year of daily texts, holding in every one of them scriptural promises of "love" and "peace."

A friend of mine gave her young twin daughters these books last year; and they took much pleasure in comparing their "love" text and "peace" promise each day.

In selecting such books, it is well always to secure the best; if purely literary, those from the writers of sweet strong spiritual perceptions; if Bible texts only, see that they are wisely chosen.

I remember using such a book a year ago, which upon being opened one morning gave me the text, "And Peter sat and warmed himself." It happened to be an unusually cold morning,

"A Knight of the Nets," by Amelia Barr, Wm. Briggs Toronto.

"Good Cheer for the Year," Phillips Brooks; "A Gift of Peace: A Gift of Love," Rose Porter. Year books, Fleming Revell, Toronto.

"Miss Toosey's Mission," "The Victory of Faith," "What is Worth While," "Where Love is, God is Also" Gift books, Fleming Revell, Toronto.

"Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers," by Ian Maclaren, Fleming Revell Co., Toronto.

and laying the little volume down, I said, "Wise Peter," and proceeded to follow his example.

* * *

While we are referring to books on the higher life, there are two booklets I can recommend as well worthy of reading. "What is Worth While," and "The History of our Faith," by Dr. Anna Robertson Brown. They are brief essays, Emersonian in thought, yet, perhaps, touching more closely the real inner life of woman than the gentle philosopher of Concord could.

I should like to quote freely from the wise and beautiful things spoken by a woman to women; but these small sober volumes are within the reach of all, being prettily bound in white, gold and violet, and costing only thirty-five cents.

"Miss Toosey's Mission" is a tender little tale in the same series, while in "Where Love is God, There God is Also," Tolstoi teaches in his own effective way the truth we are all so slow to grasp in its beauty that

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me.

* * *

Among our books of fiction, there are so many to choose from for women, quite apart from the standard volumes.

"Cranford," "Prue and I," by Curtis; Miss Repplier's bright essays; "The Seven Dreamers" by Mrs. Slosson; poems by Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson. Our Canadian poets,—especially, perhaps, Miss Wetherald and Bliss Carman. Our Canadian writers,—Thomson's "Old Man Savarin," Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Clifford Smith's "A Lover in Home-spun" These are a few among my favorites—and every woman, and many men are sure to enjoy them.

Do not buy a book for a gift which you do not know something of, and unless you are sure it will bring pleasure to the recipient.

"A new story entitled "A Knight of the Nets," by Amelia Barr, comes to us from the Briggs publishing press. Mrs. Barr is too well known as a writer to require recognition. Her stories are usually of high even tenor, and she is always safe. If her work lacks dramatic power, at least it is invariably graphic and artistic. In "A Knight of the Nets," the author gives a graphic picture of life in a fishing village. She carries the reader instantly into the atmosphere of her tale—and we find it interesting to spend a leisure hour in her company.

There are some effective lessons taught in this volume—old lessons, but none the less needful to learn; the danger of mesalliance, and the mischief wrought when a man's mother and wife struggle for precedence in position and love. The merit of the book, however, lies chiefly in its faithful delineation of life in a fishing cottage.

KATE CARNEGIE.

"The last word upon Drumtochty has been written," was our comment as we turned the last leaf of "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." And yet "Kate Carnegie" came, and we discovered that in this splendid girl, the General, the genia! Dr. Davidson, and the greatest of all, Rabbi Saunderson—in the lights and shadows of the Scotch country ministry—there were yet further kindly annals to record, and yet another phase of life to develop in Drumtochty.

"Kate Carnegie" has all the virtues of Ian Maclaren's books. From a literary point of view it may stand higher than either of the former volumes. But it will never supplant them, never even reach their degree of popularity—since it is, perhaps, necessarily on a higher intellectual plane. To inquire into the ways of young Carmichael, and the thoughts of the dear old Rabbi; to follow that "besom" Kate and her father in their reminiscences and analysis of the Scotch peasant char-

acter; to properly appreciate John the beadle; and be present at the yearly Sacrament—this demands a more thoughtful reading, a higher culture in the reader, than do the earlier sketches.

Yet this rather adds to than depreciates the value and charm of the book, to those who love thought for thought's sake, and who by inherent sympathy are able to walk "with these ministers" through their Scotch country parishes, and know their flock even as they.

"Kate Carnegie" is a high spirited girl, whom we all like, but whom we suspect Carmichael will find a trifle self-willed, as a wife. Dr. Davidson, whom we have met before, and the General, are dear gentlemen of the old school; while the young minister, Carmichael, is a splendid fellow, just such an one as we think Ian Maclaren himself may have been in his early ministry.

"You have been very acceptable," said a worthy elder, "wonderfully so for a young man. It is right, however, to add, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people. Your sermons are what I might call hazy—you will get hold of the truth by-and-by, no doubt; but you have a gift for visitation.

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a working man.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael juist terrible, for he wud come in on a foronicht an' set, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gude man by the oor. He was the maist divertin' minister a' over saw in the West Kirk."

He arrived without intimation by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and he plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record that on various occasions, and in the course of pastoral visitation, he had turned the hay in summer, forked the sheaves in harvest, sacked the corn for market, and driven a gude wife's churn, after which honorable toil he would eat and drink any thing put before him, and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire telling tales, till he would remember that he only dropped in for an hour. . . . so it came to pass that, notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Bible criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man.

But the finest character and the most lovable is the Rabbi—scholar, mystic, Calvinist and little child all in one; surely the dearest old bookman that pen has ever depicted. No quotation, nor even selected chapter can do him justice. The book must be read in entirety to give him a generous meed. Yet here is a "taster."

Carmichael meets the Rabbi on the country road, and finds him going in the direction opposite to his destination.

"Rabbi, tell the the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This is a searching question and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued carefully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school hairs would watch till he had started, then stand in a row on the road and block his progress. Then there would be a parley which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their way, often looking back to see if he were safe, and somehow loving him more for his strange ways.

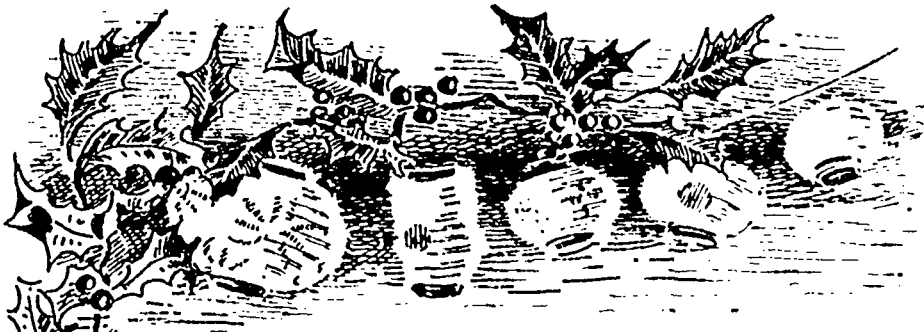
This was only one of the dear old scholar's peculiarities, but our smiles grow gravely reverent before the spiritual shadows of his life.

The closing chapter, which tells of Carmichael's betrothal, brings "our Kate" to surrender entirely in her own spirited fashion.

And so the annals of Drumtochty close for all time.

REVIEWER.





Stageland. ✦

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

WHEN one sits down to write of Christmas-tide in the theatres, one's mind naturally turns to thoughts of pantomimes and Christmas spectacles, and the thousand jolly, nonsensical entertainments that are associated with the day sacred to the message, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," which on that day took fleshly form. To be sure the fashion of these jollities has passed away in America, but the legend of them still exists, and across the sea the scene painters, the singers, the dancers, the comedians are preparing for Christmas mumming. Even with us Christmas week usually means packed theatres, and the play has its function in the season of rejoicing.

But somehow one's mind wanders away from the revels of the theatre as we know them from the audience point of view, and the thought of what Christmas means to the homeless ones of the stage-world—that devil-may-care set of people who make the merriment for us who look on at the play. What does Christmas mean to the actor? A better certainty of getting his salary that week—nothing more, I am afraid. One of the cleverest artists of the day recently said that the actor lives apart from the everyday-world, in a little dream-world of his own, and only wanders into our practical sphere when he wants something to eat. This saying, which in-addition to being witty, contains a great deal of truth, is more or less pathetic in its application to Christmas-tide. The festival of Jesus' birth, which is a token of rejoicing in the world at large, of kindlier glances from our friends, of homely comforts, and of the laughter of little children, is usually a season of keener loneliness to the wanderers of the stage. Probably the thousands of people, rich and poor, who go to the theatre for a Christmas treat, never think of how the comedian may be wishing to be with his wife and his youngsters five hundred miles away—how the leading lady may be longing to kiss her little child away off there in the distance, how the agent who stands at the door, and has no share in the actors' triumphs, is lonely, and would give a week's salary for a Christmas dinner at home.

Actors are a curious folk, they are vain and reckless and unscrupulous, perhaps. They knock about from place to place, and do not meet with much that could make them better. They may not be rogues, but in a way they are vagabonds, because they must sacrifice all those joys of home which are after all the sweetest joys of all, the joys of good-fellowship and cheer. And so they journey on from place to place, and see new faces constantly, and make new acquaintances; and if, perhaps, they find a real friend, and a good one, once in a while, they must tear themselves away ere the friendship is begun, and follow the same routine as before. The variety of the actor's life fascinates many an

accident mind; but in reality it is a monotonous variety, if such a paradox may be permitted. It is the same course over and over again, only it is a different sort of routine from that of the bank clerk.

It is natural for most human beings to run in grooves. Monotony, if we only know it is the staple of most of our lives. There is no profession that does not finally become monotonous to its practitioners. In reality it is the monotony in our lives that holds us prisoners; that fascinates us; that makes the actor always an actor; the business man always a business man; the lawyer always a lawyer. No matter how badly he acts; no matter whether he be a self-confessed failure; the player never wants to give up the field he has chosen. He hangs on almost invariably till death rings down the curtain. And yet, though the monotony of his experiences fascinates him, it must not be thought that the joys he has sacrificed look any less beautiful to him, or that the sense of his loss dies away. The feeling of his homelessness cannot fail to lie strongly upon the actor at Christmas-tide.

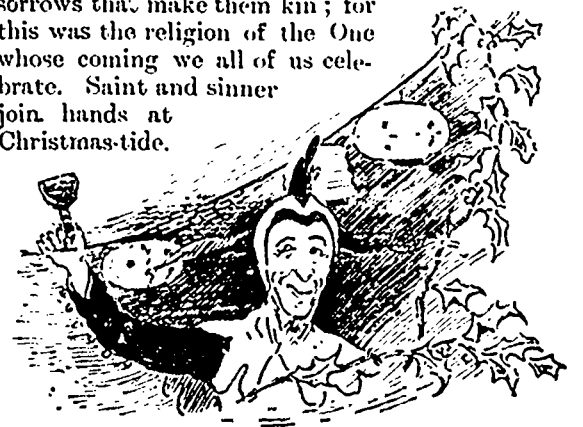
It often happens that the husband and wife travel together in a company, and then, perhaps, the loneliness is not so keen; but still the wife is a little blue at the memories of days gone by, and she is thinking of the mother who was a little tenderer than usual on Christmas Day, and of the noisy brothers who got up so early to look into their stockings, and laughed so much about it. And the husband, like all of us, has memories of that sort too. To most grown people, without family circles of their own, Christmas brings its under-taste of sadness; and to these dreamers, who hurry over the elaborate hotel menu for Christmas Day, the past is doubly real. And then, too they must not be thinking of enjoying too much of the Christmas dinner upon which the hotel cook so prides himself. It is, perhaps, the least poetic thing above Christmas Day, and yet one of the heartiest features of it, that humanity makes it the occasion of a deal of over-eating. The actor cannot give way to this degustatory consolation, however, because for him it is a day of hard work, a long matinee before a throng of a good-natured people, and a long performance to follow. At midnight when the grease paint is washed off; when the costumes are carefully hung up, and the ordinary attire donned, the man or the woman forgets about the stage for awhile, and remembers that Christmas is over, and that it has been a day of sad memories and hard work.

To the man or the woman who has no one at hand to call one's own, the day is sadder yet. Christmas comes to us with snow and sleigh bells, sometimes, although occasionally even in this bracing zone of ours, the sleigh of St. Nicholas must scrape over mud and stones. But the actor may be away off in the humid south, while his nearest and dearest ones are enjoying the Christmas snowflakes in the north. And just here I am moved to tell of a little incident which does not teach a very good lesson, but which has a good deal of human nature in it. It is of a comedian who always cracks his jokes with gusto that wins his audience, a joyous individual whose name a good many readers are familiar with. He has a wife and some youngsters whom he loves very much, and when he goes forth on his travels it is generally with an aching heart. He happens to be a Canadian and he associates Christmas-tide with snowflakes. But one Christmas he was away off in Texas and it was raining, and when he woke up in the morning he thought of his wife and his babies,

and of the frost and sleigh-bells, and the plum pudding, and he was home sick for Canada. And he went down to breakfast and said "Merry Christmas" to the colored waiters, and they said "Merry Christmas" in a mellow, obsequious way, but that did not make him feel any better. And he tried to make friends with several people, but they had enterprises of their own on hand and did not appreciate his loneliness. And so he wandered off through the rain to the matinee, and back again to dinner and off to the theatre once more. The audiences were sympathetic and generous but somehow he felt lonelier still to see everyone so happy. And after it was all over and his Christmas was nearly done, he wandered into the bar-room, as actors sometimes do, to get what he called a "night cap." Looking along the bar he saw the familiar label of a well known Canadian brand of whisky. He had got so low in spirits that the sight of this bottle that had come all the way from Canada made him happy. He felt willing to pay double its price, and here it is well to draw the curtain. I am sorry to say that he was in a sense happier still when he went to bed, and I am sorry that the whole episode is very farical, yet it struck me as pathetic when I heard it, and perhaps the pathos of it is my excuse for telling it. When a man gets desperate with loneliness he will grasp at a straw.

Christmas to the children of the stage is happier than for their elders, just as it is the children's season everywhere. They have no memories to make them sad. Every body is pleasanter to them, even than usual, and makes great efforts at spoiling them. They receive, perhaps, a multitude of presents from the good-hearted people that they live among, and hang up their stockings at the hotel mantel-piece. Only there is something rather pathetic in the thought of these tots who have to work on Christmas Day when to so many thousand of little ones it is a holiday; and the idea of Christmas at a hotel instead of at home saddens one. I know of one company where there will be a happy family part on Christmas Day, though, even though it be far from home. It is but an ordinary company playing a very thread bare melodrama. Papa plays a tramp, and mamma plays a jolly boot-black, and their two little golden-haired boys are the children of the piece. It's as happy a family as you will find anywhere, and they will all try to make the hotel fare seem like Christmas dinner at home, and the little lads will be up romping in the hotel corridor with a bright and early call of "merry Christmas."

Once in a while you find these family arrangements that help to ameliorate the falseness and tinsel of the dream-world I have spoken of. One could write something more, perhaps, about the sorrows of the many players scattered over the vast reaches of our continent, who will spend Christmas with the desolate feeling of those who are stranded with an outlook of want and misery ahead. At Christmas-tide, however, we try to make all humanity forget the wolf that hovers at the heels of the stragglers in the race of life. The thought that should be in our minds is simply that men of whatever degree have sympathies and sorrows that make them kin; for this was the religion of the One whose coming we all of us celebrate. Saint and sinner join hands at Christmas-tide.



OUR CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.



The Grey Cottage.

BY MRS. CLAXTON.

THE cottage was old and grey. A pear tree ran over the front of it; there was a wooden porch covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, which promised to be very sweet and delightful in the spring. It stood in a pretty garden, sloping down to a thick hedge, beyond this, and much below it, ran the lane leading up into the village. A large walnut tree and some tall fir trees shaded the cottage to the south, while the hill, on the side of which it was built, protected it from the north winds, they blew keenly enough at times. An orchard divided us from our neighbors at the back, from the front we looked over the thatched roofs of a few low dwellings to the wide valley beyond, where a lazy river wound in and out through clumps of pollards. A picturesque mill and loch lay to the left, to the right a graceful spire rose in the distance.

Such was my new home. It was chosen partly for its retirement and its pretty garden, chiefly on account of its low rental and the inexpensive neighborhood. The nearest town was three miles off; more than that when the floods were out, as was often the case, for then the short cut across the fields was impassable.

This Grey Cottage—called so, possibly, from the old grey-stone of which it was built—had belonged to an aged man of the name of Vallyer. He had purchased it some fifty years before. By nature, as we heard, he had been close and miserly, saving up by little and little until he was reputed to be very rich. His wife he lost shortly after their marriage; and since that time he had led a most solitary life, the only other inmate of the cottage being an aged housekeeper, very deaf, and as eccentric as himself. Occasionally a married sister would come over to spend a few hours with him, but never stayed over the night. These visits were like angels' in like being few and far between; but in another respect very unlike angels', for they never took place without a quarrel, and a declaration on the part of the sister, Mrs. Bittern, that she would never enter the house again. People said her only reason for making these quarrels up, was the old man's money. Be that as it might, virtue proved to be its own reward, for when he died it was found he had left her nothing.

The old gentleman was wonderfully fond of his garden, working in it the greater part of the day, and seldom going beyond it. It was strange that with all his love for his flowers, he should never have cared to show them to his neighbors. On the contrary, he did what he could to keep them

from their sight. During his life the place was unknown land; and, consequently, the subject of much curiosity, especially to the village children. Mr. Vallyer always seemed to be on the look-out if they attempted to peer and pry through the hedge or over the gate, and he carried a thick stick, with which he would make sudden lunges and thrusts, scattering the young visitors ignominiously. It was not safe for juvenile eyes to gaze into Mr. Vallyer's property. Another peculiarity he had. It was to stand by the garden gate in the gloaming leaning on his stick, and watching the few people who went up and down.

It has been said that he was supposed to have saved money. None—save a few pounds—could be found after his death. It then became known that he had purchased a life annuity, which had died with him. The cottage and furniture were left to a nephew, a chemist in London. Not requiring to live in it himself, he advertised it to be let furnished. Two maiden ladies had taken it first by the month; but they had quickly given notice to leave, complaining of damp and other disagreeables. They had, however, always been considered rather crotchety people. I, with my two pretty nieces, Hilda and Cecily, took possession at Michaelmas, a few weeks after they left. We were pleased with our country home. The few neighbors were friendly and sociable. I began to look upon the little Grey Cottage as a haven of rest after a changeable and troubled life.

As our old servant, Martha, was not quite as active as she used to be, I enquired for a char-woman, to come in twice a week to assist her, and was recommended to a Mrs. Briggs. She did not do her work amiss, but her propensity to gossip was irrepressible.

"You should see the place in spring, ma'am, when the gilly flowers and stocks is out," she said to me one day when I was in the kitchen making a tart, and she stood at the other end of it cleaning brusses and tins. "It looked beautiful when the Miss Jessops first came here."

"I wonder what made them leave so soon?" I remarked. "Damp, the agent told me; but I have discovered no damp about the cottage."

"It weren't the damp, ma'am," was Mrs. Briggs' answer, and I thought her tone significant. "At first they liked it—oh, so much; but in a little time they said they must leave. Doubtless," lowering her voice, "they had their reasons."

"Perhaps they found it too lonely?"

"No, and it weren't exactly the loneliness," returned Mrs. Briggs. "Not that altogether, ma'am."

I asked no more; for gossip, though Mrs. Briggs' chief failing, was not one of mine; but went on with my pastry-making. She, rubbing fiercely at the copper tea-kettle, began again after an interlude.

"Did you chance to hear nothing about this cottage, ma'am?"

"Nothing particular. Why? What is there to hear?"

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you, ma'am; you might be scared," returned she, as she looked at me over the kettle.

"Scared! Not I. Pray tell what you have to tell—if it concerns the cottage."

"Well, ma'am, it's a healthy place and a pretty place; that's for sure. But—it's about the old gentleman."—"The old gentleman!"

"Old Mr. Vallyer. They say he is in the house."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, feeling somewhat as the woman had said—scared.

"It's said, ma'am, that he never went out of it, though his funeral did; that he stopped in to haunt it. Folks talk of something that happened here years and years ago; some friend of Mr. Vallyer's came from over the seas to visit him. They used to quarrel, and one night the stranger was found dead in the garden. Some thought the death didn't come about by accident; that Vallyer knew more than he said. Anyway, it's pretty sure that he can't rest now, but is about the place troubling it."

I am not especially superstitious, but I confess I did not like the tale. Mrs. Briggs continued, Her tongue, once oiled, would have gone on for ever.

"The first to see him was the Widow Munn's children: he had been dead about a month. I was at her place, helping her with a day's washing. 'Mother,' said they, running in at dusk, 'we have seen the old gentleman at the Grey Cottage; he's leaning over the gate with his stick just as he used to be.' They weren't frightened, those young children, they told it as a bit of news. The Widow Munn looked at me, and I at her, and then she whipped 'em all round, thinking it might be the best way to put it out of their heads."

I laughed, and said the children might have been mistaken.

"So they might, ma'am," assented Mrs. Briggs. "The next to see it was a stranger: a young man coming through the village one moonlight night on his way to London, he was walking it. He went into the public-house, down there in Greenford, and called for a glass of ale. While he was sitting by the fire drinking it, he began to talk. 'What uncivil people you seem to have in these parts,' says he. 'I asked an old gentleman, standing at his garden-gate half way up the hill, whether there was a public-house near, and he would not answer me: he just stared straight in my face with his glassy looking eyes, and never spoke.' The company in the tap-room stopped talking at this, and looked at one another. 'What sort of an old gentleman was it,' they asked: 'how was he dressed?'"

"'He wore a long grey coat, with a curious little cape to it,' says the traveller, 'and a spotted white kerchief, tied loose around his neck, with the ends hanging, and he had a stick in his hand. Very civil, I must say he was! I asked him the question in a louder tone, thinking he might be deaf; but he never answered, only continued to stare at me.' It was the dress of old Vallyer, ma'am; he never wore any other, and I'll leave you to judge what the company at the White Hart thought of it. A great deal of talk went about Greenford next day."

We found that Mr. Vallyer's ghost was firmly believed in by the neighborhood. Fortunately my nieces were sensible girls, and only laughed. The stories told were made a source of amusement to them, and their young friends. They treated the subject as a good joke; sometimes intruding irreverently near the confines of that strange and mysterious world beyond whose veil we know so little, and which, it has always

seemed to me, should be treated with respect, if not with awe. On one occasion I felt obliged to expostulate.

"Why, Aunt Cameron," exclaimed Hilda, laughing, "I am almost sure you believe in the ghost!"

Cecily took the matter more seriously, and agreed with me that too much fun had been made. After that, it was a favorite joke of Hilda's to tell her friends confidentially that her aunt and Cecily believed in old Vallyer's re-appearance.

Weeks passed away, during which we saw nothing, and the winter set in. A young nephew of mine, and cousin of my nieces, came to spend some days with us; chiefly, I believe, on account of the skating. His arrival made Hilda and Cecily think it high time to make a little return for the kindness and hospitality which had been shown to us; or, rather, to induce me to think it. I let myself be persuaded, and cards went out for a small evening party.

The evening of the party arrived, and brought our guests. Sixteen in all, including our own young people; I made the seventeenth. The time passed pleasantly, and lastly dancing was introduced. They had had a few quadrilles, when one gentleman had to leave, to catch a midnight train: and a double set of lancers was formed after his departure, one was lacking to make it up. There were only fifteen. You may think it strange I should enter into such particulars, but you will see.

"You must do double duty, Leonard," I said.

"No, aunt," exclaimed Hilda, with a saucy smile. "You shall invite old Mr. Vallyer to join us. I wish he would!"

All laughed; and then our neighbor, Mrs. Goldsmith, a tall, handsome woman, called out that she had no objection to dance with the old gentleman—should like to. "See, here he is!" she went on, making a bow to the sofa cushion in her careless merriment, and taking it up in her arms. "You are not accustomed to dancing, sir, we will go to the side. Now let us begin."

I had been so used to playing dance music, that I did it quite mechanically, often turning half round on the music stool to watch the dancers while my fingers were busy. My nieces were fine-looking girls, and I liked to follow Hilda's striking figure and Cecily's quiet grace as they moved through the mazes of the dance. After striking up the first inspiring chords of the Lancers, I turned to see how Mrs. Goldsmith was getting on with her "partner." She stood opposite to Cecily and young Kirby, a rising engineer, with whom she was dancing. Hilda and Leonard were at the bottom of the set.

There was a good deal of laughing at the cushion at first, but it soon subsided, and I was glad of it, for I had fatigued myself much in preparing for our little entertainment; my head ached now, and the mirth jarred upon my nerves. I began to feel in that stage of weariness when voices sound far off; when the hands work on at what-
ever occupies them, without help from the brain; when the thoughts roam away and the eyes sees things mistily. It suddenly struck me that the room was growing very cold. Just as Mrs. Goldsmith was passing me, cushion in arm, I felt a shiver.

"Ten degrees below freezing point last night, and colder to-night," I thought to myself. "What shall we come to?"

Turning round again to look at the dancing, I noticed how very pale they appeared, and how singularly quiet. Why had they ceased talking? As Cecily glided past me, I was struck by her face. It was white as marble, and her blue eyes

were strangely distended and fixed with a puzzled kind of fascination on Mrs. Goldsmith. Mine followed them. That lady was moving through the figure in her stately manner, the cushion still in her arms, and a fixed smile on her lips; and by her side—now, was it an overwrought brain or was I dreaming? Surely the latter, for I felt no surprise, no alarm—*there danced by her side a little old man!*

This old man was dressed in a long grey coat, with a little cape, and a white spotted neckerchief loosely tied, and he carried a thick stick in his hand. He danced in an old-world fashion, executing his steps with great precision, and making formal bows to his partner and the rest of the company. Just then Mrs. Goldsmith laid the cushion back on the sofa; shivering apparently with cold, she took up a scarf, and wrapped it closely round her, dancing all the time. It was now the grand chain in the last figure, and for a moment or two I lost sight of the old man. Suddenly there was a wild scream—the dance stopped—Cecily had fainted!

A medical man, Mr. Brook, was the party. He attributed Cecily's attack to the intense coldness of the weather, and to the morning's skating, when



she must have over-fatigued herself. The depression most of them had felt during the last set of quadrilles he put down to the same cause—unusual cold.

Cecily continued very poorly the following day. She confided to me privately her extraordinary impressions of the previous evening. I found them to be similar to my own; but I mentioned nothing to her about myself, and laughed a little.

"But I did see the old man, Aunt Cameron," she persisted. "He was by Mrs. Goldsmith's side."

I would not listen. On the contrary, I treated the matter entirely from a common-sense point of view; endeavoring to persuade her that the whole thing was due to an overwrought imagination.

Cecily tried to take up my view of the case. We agreed not to mention the matter to Hilda, or anyone else.

"Please, Mr. Cameron, you are wanted," said Martha to my nephew, interrupting us that same evening when we were all sitting together, young Kirby, the engineer, being with us.

"Who is it?" cried Leonard.

"Will you please come out, sir: he won't give any name."

Leonard went out. He came back in a minute

or two, and beckoned to Kirby, who was playing chess with Hilda.

"It's nothing," he said, as we all started up. "Only Martha has been frightened at some one standing at the back door and then going away without speaking. We'll go round the garden to make sure no tramps are about."

I left the room myself, thinking of tramps, and of nothing else. The cottage was so low and so covered by fruit trees and trellis, that it would have been a very easy matter to climb into the bed-rooms. My window, just over the porch, had especial facilities that way, and I went up to it. Opening the lattice very gently, I concealed myself behind the curtain and looked out. The moon was bright. The voices of the two young men reached me from below.

"It's queer, Kirby—after all the talk, you know. Martha says she opened the door to get some wood, and there the old man stood. She thought it was a real tramp, mind you, and she did not like his staring in her face and never speaking. I am sure I saw him; he was going round towards the orchard."

"Very odd!" replied young Kirby. "I saw him too. He was leaning over the front gate."

"And, by Jove, there he is now!"

"Where?"

"At the gate."

"I don't see him!"

"Nor do I now—he's gone."

Yes, there was no mistake; I saw him too from my window; the old man leaning on his stick at the gate, where he used to stand so often in life. Presently the two young men came in, and I went down.

"Have you seen any tramp, Leonard?"

"No, aunt. Not a tramp."

"What then? Anything?"

"A little old man leaning on a stick."

"I saw him too, Mrs. Cameron," added Mr. Kirby.

"We had better say nothing to the girls," whispered Leonard.

"No, nor to anyone else, Leonard. The whole place would be astir."

"What—on account of old Vallyer?"

I nodded. Just then the girls came running out.

"What a long time you have been! Have you found him?"

"Of course not," Leonard replied. "He had got clear off: those tramps are cunning. Let us have supper—it's awfully cold!"

This second little episode put me very much out of conceit with my pretty cottage. My nieces had a pressing invitation from Leonard's mother, and were to return with him to London. I thought I would go away somewhere too.

It was the afternoon of the day before Leonard and they were to leave. We had had one heavy fall of snow, and the air was again thick with the feathery flakes. Strangely depressed, both mentally and bodily, I stood alone at the window and looked out over the valley, which lay so still under its great white shroud. At last Cecily came in and stood by me.

"You will be very lonely, aunt, after we are gone."

"Ay." And then we stood in silence.

Suddenly the girl laid her hand on my arm, as though to attract my attention. A chilly draught of wind seemed to blow through the room, raising the hair off my forehead with a pricking sensation.

A feeble, bent figure, leaning heavily on a stick, passed slowly and silently from the door to the other window. A coal falling in the grate, the flame flickered up, showing distinctly the old man whom I had twice before seen!

(Concluded on page 26.)

The Household.

Edited by MRS. JEAN JOY, principal of Domestic Science Dept. in Toronto Technical School, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

"STIR up Sunday," having past, it is time for us to bestir ourselves and get our Christmas cheer in the way of mincemeat and plum puddings prepared. They are always better for being made a few weeks before being used; and besides, there is always so much else to do and to see about during the last few days before our greatest Festival, that we have two very good and sufficient reasons for having so arduous a part of our preparations made in good time.

About Mincemeat.

Personally I think it a great mistake to put meat into mincemeat since it is usually served after a hearty dinner of meat. And at all events it is a very condensed form of nutriment, and being mainly composed of proteins, or food which is digested in the stomach, it does not seem fair to give that already heavily taxed organ more to do by adding meat to our sweets. However, I will give recipes for both kinds—with and without meat.

Mincemeat with meat:

Two pounds fresh, lean beef, boiled, and chopped fine when cold; one pound suet chopped very fine, five pounds chopped apples, one pound seeded raisins, two pounds currants, well washed, three-quarters of a pound of selected citron, one and a half teaspoons cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, two tablespoons ground mace, one tablespoon each ground cloves, allspice and salt, two-and-a-half pounds brown sugar, one pint sherry, and one-half pint brandy.

Mincemeat without meat:

Four pounds of chopped apples, one-and-a-half pounds chopped suet; one-and-a-half pounds currants, washed dried and picked over; one-and-one-half pounds seeded raisins, three pounds brown sugar, one pound citron cut thin; the grated rind, juice and pulp of one orange; the grated rind and juice of two lemons, one-half ounce cinnamon; one-half ounce of cloves, allspice, and mace, mixed; one ounce salt; two nutmegs grated; one-half pint of brandy; one-half pint sherry. Chop all the fruits and suet thoroughly, mix well with the sugar, salt and spice, and pour the wine and brandy over the whole. These act as a preservative and prevent the mince meat from souring even if kept for months.

English Plum Pudding.

Two pounds raisins, seeded; two pounds currants, well washed and picked over; one-half pound citron; two pounds bread crumbs; two pounds chopped suet, juice and grated rind of three lemons; six eggs well beaten; two pounds light brown sugar; four nutmegs grated; one tablespoonful salt; milk. Mix all the fruit thoroughly, then add eggs and milk, a little at a time, adding carefully to make it moist enough to stick together, but not wet. Fill mold the desired size evenly full, cover with cloth, tied over tightly and boil steadily for eight hours. When wanted for use boil one hour. These puddings will last all winter. They should be served with sauce.

Hard Sauce.

Half cup butter, beaten to a cream, stir in slowly one cup fine sugar and beat well. Place on a plate, and with the blunt end of a knife wet in cold water, shape into a form of a pineapple, grate over it a little nutmeg. Keep cool.

Cream Sauce.

With wine. One-quarter cup butter creamed with one-half cup powdered sugar; add two tablespoonful of sherry and two tablespoonful of cream. When the wine and cream are added it will make the sauce

have a curdled appearance, but by beating well in a warm place it will soon become smooth and creamy. The top of the kettle is a good place to do the final beating, but great care must be taken that the sauce does not become hot and the butter oily. If, however, it should do so, put the basin in a pan of cold water and go on beating until it becomes smooth and creamy.

Home-Made Candies.

Home-made candies seem always the sweetest, and we are at least sure of their wholesomeness. The girl who can make bon bon boxes and candies, is practically independent when the time of Christmas giving arrives.

The amateur candy maker, who wishes for success, will find it wise to purchase a box of the best kinds of candy and use them for models, for tint and shape, as home-made candies are so often made too large. The amateur cannot hope, however, to give to her candy the finished style of the professional who employs numerous expensive machines and utensils in the making of his candy. Another reason why home-made is less desirable than confectioner's candy is that cane sugar is so excessively sweet. Professionals generally use part glucose, but if this is not easily obtained, vinegar or cream of tartar in small quantities will remove part of the sweetness, and make the candy more palatable.

Fruit Candies.

Take a spoonful of marmalade jam, or stiff fruit jelly and stir into it enough confectioner's sugar to make a stiff dough. Shape them in any desired manner and roll them in chopped nuts, pistachio nuts very finely minced being perhaps the prettiest, making the candies look very mossy, and the juice of the pistachio contrasting so well with any other colors that may be used.

Maple Cream.

One and one-half pounds of maple sugar, or if this cannot be obtained, use the same quantity of light-brown sugar, and three-fourths cup of cream; boil together until it strings, stirring all the time, then add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract (this will not be necessary if you have maple sugar) and stir until the mixture cools, and until it is getting too thick to pour; turn it into a buttered pan, and if desired sprinkle blanched almonds over the top.

Cream Candy.

One pound of sugar, one-half cup of water, and one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar. Put all into a granite saucepan and stir until dissolved, then boil without stirring until it is brittle when dropped into cold water, then add one teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flavoring, and pour on a buttered plate to cool. As soon as cool enough to handle pull until light colored. Form into fancy shapes, or cut in bars.

Popcorn.

Although popcorn can hardly be classed as a candy, it is so light that a large quantity can be eaten with no ill effects, and it, therefore, combines well with rich candies, and strings of it make a pretty and inexpensive decoration for Christmas trees, as well as giving employment to the small people anxious to assist in whatever is going on at this festive season.

For sugared corn make a plain sugar syrup, and boil until it will candy in cold water. A cup full of sugar is enough for three quarts of popped corn. Mix the corn quickly with the syrup seeing that every kernel gets its share. Sprinkle a part with colored sugar before it cools.

Popcorn Balls.

For this purpose the corn must be carefully popped and sorted, and all the bad kernels removed. It may be chopped fine or the fluffy kernels may be left as they are. The same syrup may be used as for sugared corn, but less corn must be used as it will require a greater proportion of syrup to hold the balls together than when each kernel is separate. If the corn is warm the syrup does not cool so quickly and the balls will retain their shape better. When the corn is chopped and mixed with the syrup it may be packed in buttered pans forming either cakes or bars. Syrup of any flavor or color may be used, and

chopped nuts or grated cocoanut mixed with the corn.

Mince Pie.—or Christmas Pudding Candy.

This consists of a little of everything in the way of nuts or fruits, held together by some simple foundation candy. The raw white of an egg, mixed with powdered sugar is suitable for this purpose. The fruits may be candied cherries, plums and pineapple, or seedless raisins and citron, and the flavoring may be a blending of spices similar to those used in mince pies. After the materials are thoroughly mixed pack in a box lined with oiled paper, and leave for a while to ripen, then cut with a sharp knife into cubes the size of caramels.

Coffee.

Coffee appears to be the favorite beverage for the winter holiday season, and it now takes the place of wine in many homes.

For a really nice cup of coffee find a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha is excellent. It should be fresh ground, and for a pot of coffee use the proportions of one heaped tablespoon to a cup (half pint) of water. To the ground coffee add the yoke or white of an egg, with a spoonful of water to dilute it; mix thoroughly until all the grains are coated with the egg, then pour in the boiling water, simmer for five minutes; and steep at a temperature just short of simmering for ten minutes more. The coffee is then done. It should be served at once with loaf sugar, and either hot or cold milk or cream. The coffee should be perfectly clear, and of a fine color and flavor. Use in coffee-making either silver, granite ware or earthenware pots—never tin. They should be perfectly clean before using; special attention being given to the spout.

Table Garnishings.

Now just a word or two about Christmas table decorations; for no matter how simply we live during three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, on this three hundred and sixty-fifth, this feast day of all Christian countries, we desire to mark the feast with some bit of garnishings.

One might enlarge upon the subject of table decorations in general, and show how much of refinement is not merely indicated but inculcated in the family by the presence of dainty table trifles, but just now we wish to indicate the simple garnishings appropriate for the Christmas dinner.

My country housekeeper of a humble home, who had neither conservatory nor gay satin ribbons, placed at each plate a little spray of cedar, plucked fresh and fragrant from the bush "down the road," a few yards of baby ribbon, scarlet, blue, white and pink, costing but a few cents, had been purchased a few days before and was tied into knots at the base of each little spray.

Father's was red, mother's blue, Arthur's pink and white, baby's white only, these were fastened each on the dress bodice and coat after the dinner and worn for the remainder of the day. A vase of pressed ferns and preserved haw berries stood on the table centre, with a bit of the ribbon knotted about it.

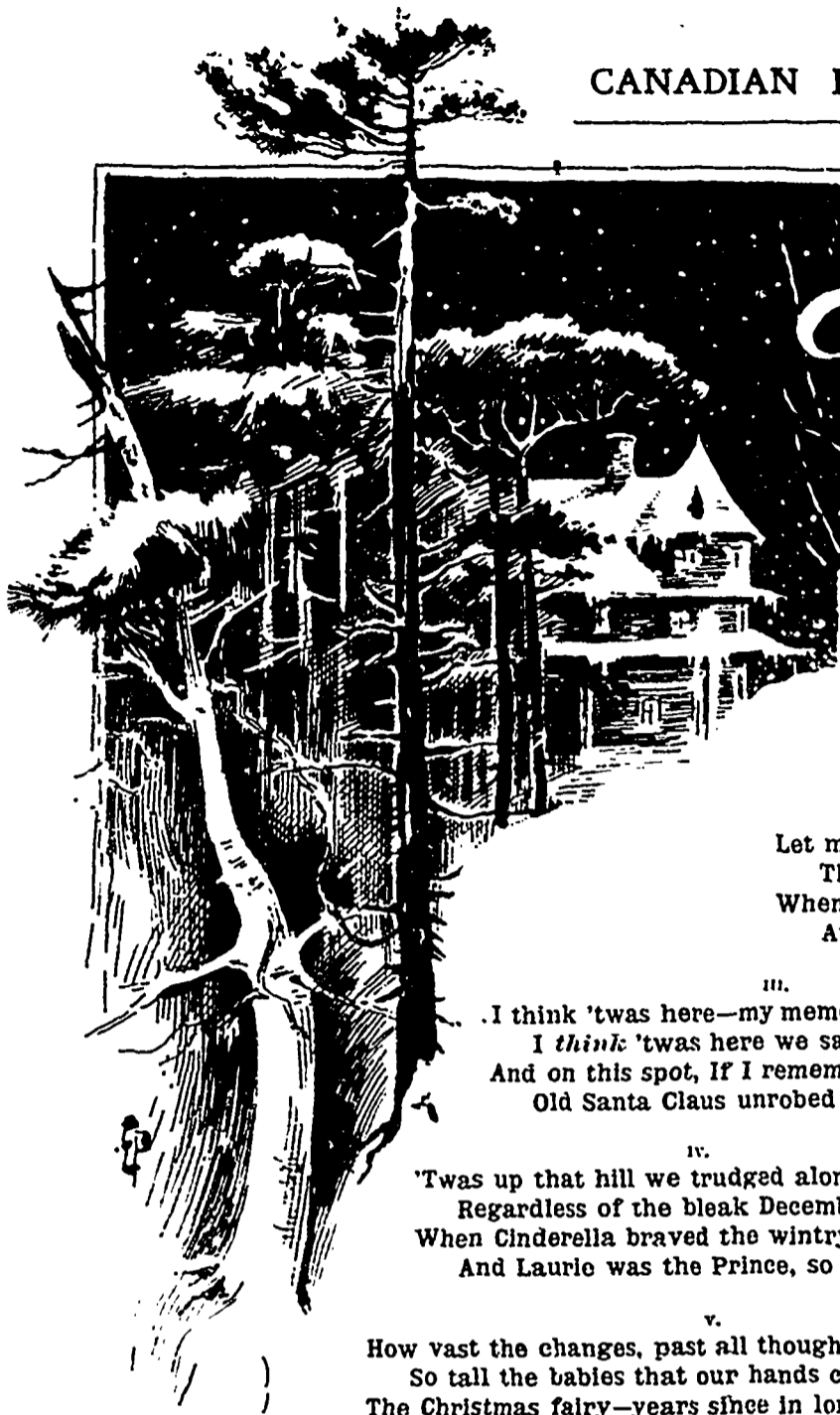
The plum pudding came in with a cedar spray in its steaming centre.

And that was all, yet with freshest of table linen, and a dining room heavy with sweet smelling boughs, "it was real Christmassy," as Arthur said.

From this simple and costless garnishing, we may go upward to the primrose and chrysanthemum centre-pieces; the roses at each plate; the costly little German Christmas tree that the florist exports; even the rare orchids. We may spend as many dollars as we will, yet for this our mid-winter feast, I am not sure but that my country friend with her humble means had also the truest art instinct.

Only do not consider the rich food all that is needed; have rather a simple fare with suitable garnishings.

JEAN JOY.



A Winter Lullaby

BY LILIAN CLAXTON.

DEAR Old-time Home, the shadows close around you,
The pine trees wave above you, grim and sere,
Let me recall you as when first I found you,
In days belonging to a distant year.

Let me sweep back the time that followed after
Those hours that I am dreaming of to-night,
When you were all astir with talk and laughter,
And all your windows were aglow with light.

I think 'twas here—my memory fails me slightly—
I think 'twas here we sat and joked at tea,
And on this spot, if I remember rightly,
Old Santa Claus unrobed the Christmas tree.

'Twas up that hill we trudged along together,
Regardless of the bleak December snow,
When Cinderella braved the wintry weather,
And Laurie was the Prince, so long ago.

How vast the changes, past all thoughts or guesses!
So tall the babies that our hands caressed!
The Christmas fairy—years since in long dresses,
And Laurie farming far away out West.

Yes, ye have changed, ye merry lads and lasses,
Ye have trod further along life's rough track,
Ah me, how vain to stem Time as it passes,
Ah, how impossible to call it back!

And yet our idle thoughts will turn and hover,
About the airy, golden days of yore,
When we awake to find the play is over,
The footlights are blown out along the floor.

Dear Old-time Home, the night wind moans around you,
The forests close about you grim and grand,
The silent mists of eventide surround you,
A silent shadow in a shadow land!

JUST YOU AND I.

IT is such an old word, and such a simple one that we have to say to-day—as old and simple as the Christmas story itself, and as needful to be uttered. So it shall be spoken without flourish of phrase or color.

And it is this: Christmas shall be to you and me what we make it; not what others make it for us: but rather what we make it for others and ourselves.

A truism, you answer me. Yes; but again I say one that needs to be spoken. For there is much talk to-day, in the slipping away of the times and seasons, of the gradual disuse of the festivals which mark them.

And this is not well, friends. We need our Easter and Thanksgiving, our Christmas and New Year, and all the bright feast days that lift their flower heads above the duller level of the year's field of days. For modern thought and the higher criticism are ruthless scythes that mow the turf to closest cropping; and although they make of it a most velvety level, yet our hearts hunger for the daisies and buttercups and the wild waving grasses again.

We need our Christmas; we cannot afford to let it go.

There is little danger of forgetting it in homes where children are. Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, the carols, and the dear old Christmas are all these weave their enchanted atmosphere over the child-life dwells. But in the childless home, or those out of which the little ones have

passed; in the homes where the atmosphere is no longer enchanted, but clear and dry with breathing of adult years—there it is that Christmas must be made much of, or from them will come the too familiar cry, "We have lost our Christmas, it passes with us as a common day," or that still sadder one, "It is the dullest day in the year."

There are men and women who may not care that such is the case; who are content to give, grumbling, the few gifts to consider that conventionality demands, to eat a too rich dinner, drowse away the remaining hours, and go to bed uttering thankful exclamation that the Christmas has passed for at least another year. Our words are not for these.

But there are others who are not thus content, and who truly mourn the dullness of the season, or its unmarked passing; men and women without children, without much means, or it may be without homes. To such I give the word "make your Christmas."

"How shall we make it?" comes the query.

The answer is brief but it comprehends all, "Put the Christmas spirit within you."

Again the question is asked, "How shall we do this?"

And I answer, with suggestions most simple; for our speech is not to the wealthy, not to the rich living and covetous thinking, who, indeed, neither desire nor understand the Christmas spirit; but to those out of whose lives Christmas has somehow slipped away, and the observance each year has taken a greyer hue.

First there are the Christmas evergreens. The

very odor of the fir and cedar suggests Christmas, bringing visions of the little country church, with its fragrant green festoons and crimson berries, its mottoes, its carols, and all the happy childhood associations. No home should be without the Christmas evergreen, whether it be the mansion or the single room.

Then there are the carols—the dear old hymns, and the Messiah, if you are musical enough to reach up that far Sunday schools, choirs, choruses, are busy practicing the bright, Christmas music; is it suggesting much that you should find opportunity to join them, as singer or listener, during December days, so when the Christmas service comes you shall be truly attuned?

There are the Christmas papers also. One or two lying upon your table, with their bright illustrations and amusing stories, are not they accessory to the season's pleasure and stimulative of the season's thought?

Again, we may let our minds dwell much on the Christmas story; until, when the bright busyness of the days are over, and we lift our eyes to the starry sky, there shall come before us the vision of that sheep-watching in the Eastern fields.

This is making the right Christmas atmosphere; one that we shall live in, not for one day only, but during all the December days.

He who cramps his Christmas into twenty-four hours, knows nothing of its expansive power. It should begin with the first bit of cedar picked up from the weighted street dray—it should continue on in sweet influence till Easter enfolds it in the mantle of her glorious shining. FAITH FENTON.

Evening Dress Inklings.



FASHION

has never been more slow to pronounce the prevailing note of the season. Even at the present date of writing in November it is difficult to say exactly what or which will be the prevailing style for the season's ball gown. But there is plenty of variety in styles, and within broadly defined lines no woman of taste is likely to go far astray.

We have had chats with several leading modistes and the heads of some of Toronto's best known fashion emporiums. We have had news of the daintiest gowns that are making ready for fortune's favorites among Canadian women, and we record the results for our readers.

Skirts of evening gowns are showing a tendency toward trimming. An effort is being put forth to revive the lace flounce, also lace slashings in seams. Whether the effort will be successful this season the first large ball will tell, but the plain skirt will be as hard to dislodge as the sleeve puff.

The bolero, revers, and even double-breasted effects are carried into the evening bodice.

Good lace will be used. It is standard. Pearl trimmings will also be used for bodice trimmings.

The wide folded belt is much in evidence on all bodices, even evening ones. In the latter case it is made of the dress material, and carried up nearly to the armpits, giving a corselet effect. The upper part of the bodice is then usually of chiffon, and forms a baby waist.

We illustrate in No. 1 a bodice of this fashion, just turned out by order from a leading Toronto modiste. The dress is of cream figured taffeta. The skirt, sleeves and deep-folded belt are of the taffeta. The upper part of the waist is of crystallized brussels net over plain satin. The effect of the sparkling net over the satin is very rich. The belt is not straight but lowers toward one side, and is finished with soft rosettes.

The sleeves are small puffs. All evening sleeves are smaller than those of last year.

In No. 2 we show an especially dainty evening bodice, trimmed with pearl pendants reaching to the waist.

We show in No. 4 a remarkably pretty bodice made for the daughter of one of our senators, and

fitted for informal dinner or five o'clocks. It is of silk plaid, a pale blue ground barred with delicate pink and white satin stripes, and woven with rosebuds—a faint dresden effect very charming. The close fitting sleeves wrinkle softly to the shoulder where they finish with a puff. The deep-folded belt reaches up beneath the arm, comes to a point in the centre of the back and slopes to the left side in front as shown in Figure 1. This style is exceedingly becoming to the small slender figure for which it is intended.

Both folded belt and bolero are fashions for the slender.

A charming suit bodice for dress purposes is illustrated in Figure 3. The material is brocaded mixed cloth, black woven with a blue flecking. The bodice is made not with bolero, but zouave jacket of the cloth, slightly pointed at the back and cut with points and pointed revers in front. The revers are faced with blue satin, and the jacket edged with a bead trimming (blue, black and steel beads.) The front of the bodice is of white accordion plated chiffon over blue satin. A deep belt of the same reaches up to meet the jacket both at front and back. The effect is again to give the baby waist beneath the jacket. It is decidedly stylish and attractive.

The silk shirt waist is in mode for morning and house wear, and it is emphatically a comfortable bodice to wear under the winter coat. We illustrate (No. 5) one of wine colored silk made with the regular shirt sleeve, fold down the front and three deep tucks each headed with three fine tucks, simulating a yoke in front. At

the back the yoke is plain and the silk below gathered slightly. These shirt waists are of every color, and are really almost a repetition of the old-time "garibaldi." They are usually worn with the narrow belt of leather.

Less costly and perhaps more serviceable for the worker are the flannelette waists. The material comes in various pretty colors and stripes, and washes well. Worn with the white cuffs and collar, which promise to endure all winter, the effect is decidedly neat.

Collars suggest ties, and just here, although not upon the topic, we may remark that the clerical collar (fastening at the back), and the short tie are essentially the latest fashion and quite piquant and becoming.

To return to evening gowns, brocades and velvets are the materials most in vogue, but in addition the crepe de chine will be much used, and not a few delicately flowered silks.

Chiffon promises to be again most fashionable for evening bodices, the full waist being made of it, with bolero reliefs of the dress material. Lace boleros are also shown. Spangled net is also extensively used.

Bodice and skirt are of one color this season, waists in decided contrast being avoided. Yellow in various shades from cream to chrysanthemum brown promise to be fashionable, while white and rose color is being made up as a favorite combination. Heliotrope and violet tints also hold their place.

Where old waists are to be made to do a second season's service, the color of the waist must be repeated in some measure in the skirt. Chiffon will veil satin or silk that is a trifle soiled.

A pretty theatre waist of white chiffon over rose pink silk has a bolero jacket of black lisse, with an applique of cream lace on it, and the sleeves and bodice are both trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

The evening sleeves are nearly all very short, and some of the prettiest are made simply of very full frills.

Fig. 9 shows an effective sleeve of this kind, one of the prettiest of the season.

EVENING DRESS WRAPS.

THE half length cloaks are in favor for the season for evening wear. They are a full circle in width and fall in graceful ripples.

All delicate shades in brocaded satin and velvets are most fashionable, with fur or silk quilled linings and bordering of the soft creamy Thibet fur.

The collars are very deep and set up high at the back.

We show in No. 1 an exceedingly rich evening cloak of one of the darker velvets. It is of golden brown velvet, deeply embroidered with gold beads and silk in a rich conventional design. It is lined with white brocaded satin and bordered with a depth of the Thibet fur, which is carried around the high collar. This cloak is one of the handsomest of the season.

In Fig. 2 we show the mother hubbard opera wrap, of which we spoke in the October fashion pages. It is one of the robes de luce of the season. This one is of fine lavender colored ladies cloth, made with loose front and wateau back. It is lined throughout with fur and has deep collar and cuffs of the Thibet. The sleeves are large and loosely gathered, and the robe throughout is delightful in its soft, rich protectiveness.

It might be repeated with slight change for a winter dressing or boudoir gown.

In opera head wraps, the cowl hood accompanying the cape is largely revived. It is warmer than the light fascinator.

The simpler cloak shown in Figure 3 is of pearl grey cloth lined with grey squirrel fur. The cowl hood is large and loose, and arranged in small box-pleats about the face, each pleat being finished with a small button. The hood is lined with white satin, while a reverse shaped facing of satin on one side of the cloak front gives a relief to the grey. This cloak is soft and dove-like.

The long cloak capes have not yet returned into fashion, but they will never go altogether out, since they are so serviceable for the evening trolley or the walk; covering the evening dress and protecting from cold.

The soft cloth is able for or the cloth warm crimson blue, browns, Some

surface opera very desirable these cloaks; heavier bou- in some colors, deep golden e t c. charm-



ing effects are obtained also in brocaded cloths. The desideratum for the woman who usually takes the trolley is something warm, soft, all-enveloping, not too cumbersome, and, in addition, effective.

The full ball dress demands a carriage, but there is the concert, theatre and dinner, which demands, perhaps, only demi toilet; and for this the street car and a cosily enveloping, yet pretty wrap, is all that is necessary.

The ermine caperino will be in evidence during the winter as an opera, or theatre wrap, it is effective and a protection from draughts for the wearer of the decollete gown. Ermine will also be used by whoever is fortunate enough to possess it, for border trimmings for opera cloaks.



LATEST HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

The tailor-made skirt is neatly gored. The bodice is made much like a riding basque, close-fitting, fastening straight down the front, with slight skirt ripple, and trimmed across the front with military braid and frogs or buttons. The military effect is carried out as far as possible.

The very full godet skirt looks heavy and cumbersome with its excess of fulness now that a skirt of more moderate dimensions is coming into favor.

Some of the plain cloth gowns are braided very elaborately around the skirt and on the bodice with Prussian braid, which is mixed with metallic tinsel of various colors.

Hyacinth purple is one of the new shades in cloth and lustre. It is much worn this month, and makes a pretty, if somewhat accented gown.

The new skirt, tucked or gathered around the hips and made separate from the lining at the bottom, is shown among the new gowns as the latest fashion, but the prettily gored skirt fitting

the hips closely is so much more becoming, especially to those of ample proportions, that the newer style will hardly find favor at once.

Silk gowns are gathered in at the waist, and again two or three inches below, on a cord which makes a very pretty effect, while cloth gowns are finely tucked down from the belt about five or six inches.

A dressy and rich little opera wrap shown by a leading furrier is of rich brocaded velvet, crimson with black design. It is shorter than those shown, and is trimmed with the grebe fur.

Sleeves are close fitting to the shoulder, where frills and puffs of moderate dimensions relieve the slim effect.

In not a few instances, where the arm is plump, the shoulder draping is dispensed with and ribbon is brought up from under the arm and knotted or bowed up on the shoulder. The result is decidedly dressy.

The "wrinkle" effect is carried out in soft materials, and for dress effects; the plain coat sleeve is preferred for cloths.

A pretty sleeve is close fitting to within six inches of the shoulder, where it falls into a fullness which is draped into a "caught up" effect.

All manner of braid is in evidence, the military and tubular being especially popular.

The bolero edged with beaver fur is one of the rich fashions for dress bodices.

The cloth costume en suite will be worn more or less all winter. But during the coldest months the fur coat will largely replace the lighter jacket.

A good fur coat is always in fashion, since they are invariably expensive.

With the reduction of the sleeve, fur capes are giving away largely to the coat. Although the handsome half-length cape of fur or brocade remains in first fashion for elderly ladies.

The skirt of a double-breasted basque extends only to hip depth and stands out at the back in ripples.

Trimmed skirts are gaining favor and overskirts are promised in the near future. In fact, they have already put in an appearance in very definite shape on some of the latest Parisian gowns, being of a different fabric and color from the underskirt, and whether we like them or not they are here for our consideration.

The fashions in gowns just at present are decidedly pretty, and moderation, except in expense, rules the day, but the diminishing sleeves and skirts make the future in fashion seem rather uncertain, and the prospect of finding a handsome gown all out of style in two or three months is not pleasant for anyone but the dressmakers. But all changes are brought about so gradually now that we need not anticipate any sudden differences in style. The great variety of really fashionable materials and all the permissible combinations help to simplify the dress problem in many ways, since cheap fabrics can be made up into attractive and fashionable gowns.

MADAM.

Tell-tale Writing.

By Shirley Denison

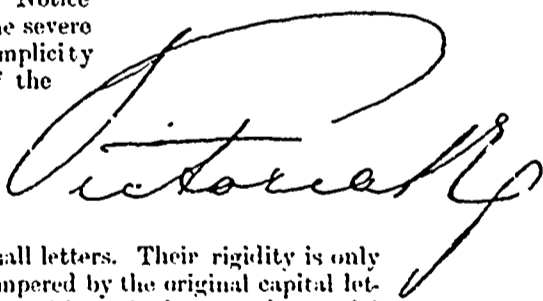
NOW that Christmastide is here, many are probably turning for a time from the serious work-a-day things of life to subjects, which, by their novelty, will interest and amuse. In search for new entertainment has anyone ever thought of graphology—the art of telling character from handwriting? This is so new in British countries that it meets with the incredulity which the world generally bestows on novel sciences; but, if this be seen by any such sceptic, let him or her bring out their Christmas letters and scan the pot hooks and hangers there appearing, in the light of the following remarks, and then decide whether there may not be a very great deal, after all, in this much abused subject.

To prove this, let us consider a few of the chief rules by which character is delineated—so to speak—from the various strokes, long or short, connected or separate, heavy or light, of which writing is composed.

The proper significance to be attributed to each sign depends primarily upon the general impression which the writing first conveys. Having once decided that a specimen is superior, we may then more readily find a flattering meaning for each sign; if inferior, we must, alas, generally speaking, assign it to some less agreeable interpretation.

The ease with which the question of superiority or inferiority is reached depends simply upon the student's taste and judgment; no special knowledge is required. If writing is simple and clear (though not necessarily very legible), if the letters are easily formed, without ostentation or vulgar flourish, and if the capitals, especially, are not only simple, but tasteful, the superior nature of the writer is shown. Where the writing displays opposite qualities, or if it is labored or ill-arranged, we must come to a contrary conclusion. All the following signatures, as may be imagined, are examples of superior writing, but we may take that of Her Majesty to illustrate this point:

Notice the severe simplicity of the



small letters. Their rigidity is only tempered by the original capital letters with their long and graceful strokes. There is nothing commonplace, however, as will be readily seen by comparing it with the copy book head lines, by which children are daily tortured in the vain attempt to make their poor little dots and dashes conform to the featureless perfection of their models. The easy flow of the pen throughout, the wide spaces between letters, the graceful capitals and the marked individuality of the strong, correctly formed letters, impart to the writing that air of uprightness, power and dignity, which in her acts has won for Her Majesty the regard of the whole world.

Merely remarking that "bad" writing from a copy book standpoint may be quite the reverse graphologically speaking, let us pass on to some important graphologic signs.

One of the most noticeable diversities in writing is the difference in slope. Some letters incline forward, some are stiff and upright just as our grandmothers used to sit. Others slope backward like raw recruits trying to stand up

straight; while some writing exhibits varying degrees of all three positions.

This inclination introduces to us a very important department of the human character—that of the affections or feelings.

Forward sloping writing shows affection or sensibility. If the slope is moderate, as in the case of Queen Victoria, the affection will be tempered by reserve. Inclining forward as it does, affection must be there. It may be deep and strong, but it will not too hastily fasten itself upon any object. As the letters incline more to the right, this reserve disappears, and, unless other signs of strong will are seen, such affection will become more passionate and less prudent.

Upright letters show that reason holds sway over the affections. Love is possible; but it will not soon assert itself, and it is a remarkable fact that a large number of our "confirmed" bachelors will be found to write unbending, upright hands.



Writing having a backward slope displays constraint or dissimulation. The writer either will not or cannot betray his feelings, and in a selfish hand such penmanship will be worth watching, as love of self and dissimulation form a suspicious partnership.

If writing slopes in all three directions we may look for an emotional, sensitive and possibly changeable nature. Love will be there; but, unless strong will and unselfishness appear, love may stay but may seek other worlds to conquer. Unselfishness is found in widely spaced words where finals do not curve back, but stretch straight out from the last letter, like this —

In considering the slope, do not forget the primary division into superior and inferior writing. The love of a lofty, refined nature is very different from that of a writer of coarse, inartistic strokes. Though the latter's power of affection may be equally great, it will not be as pure or thoughtful.

As the slope tells of affection so angles and curves tell of the will. Angular writing is well exemplified by Sir Charles Tupper's autograph, with which compare that of Lady Aberdeen.

Notice in the former the sharp angles where each up-stroke leaves the bottom of the preceding down-stroke, to which the full, rounded lines of Lady Aberdeen's signature form a striking contrast.

A consideration of these examples illustrates the necessity for reading all signs together in forming an opinion. The simplest meaning of angular writing is obstinacy, and this is the interpretation given to it when seen in a weak hand. But, in the above autograph of Sir Charles Tupper, as the letters are firmly traced, simple and well spaced out (a sign of intelligence), and as power and force are seen in every stroke, we should never attribute mere stubbornness, but rather energy and a strong will, to such writing. Where, besides being angular, writing is rapid and ascending and words are joined together, activity is shown.



Curved writing, on the contrary, in its love of soft, rounded corners and its habit of turning "m's" and "n's" into "u's," shows gentleness, good nature and kind-heartedness, and, if slow and hesitating, indolence. In Lady Aberdeen's signature, while the curves bespeak all the kind-heartedness usually flowing from that form of writing, there is too much decision in every stroke to permit us to expect any lack of energy in the writer. In a weaker hand, however, lack of will power increases as curves supersede angles.

Curved dashes and flourishes also deserve con-

sideration, where a signature ends with a flowing, graceful line as in those of Sir John Macdonald and Madame Albani,



gaiety, humor and possibly a certain love of admiration are shown. The flourish in the last name being more pronounced and elaborate, shows less self-restraint and more desire for approbation, but it is very pleasing, and any such desire would in such a case be a virtue, not a defect.

Turning from the qualities of the heart and will, those of the head next demand attention. To discover cleverness in writing, we must look at its spaces and arrangement. For this reason no specimen to be delineated should be on ruled paper, the writer should choose his own spaces, arrangement of lines, etc. If the latter are kept well apart from those above or below, and proper distances intervene between each word and its neighbors; if punctuation is carefully attended to and a margin left on the paper; if, in short, all confusion is avoided, the writer is clear-headed and clever. To avoid confusion there must be no undue ornamentation or very long, sprawling, horizontal or perpendicular strokes; for they inevitably get in each other's way. Really clever writing must always be temperate.

Assuming our subject to be clever, we next enquire how he or she arrives at conclusions; whether by logic or intuition; by connected reasoning or a happy faculty of jumping to conclusions. The former generally connects not only all the letters of a word but many words on the same line, as Sir John Macdonald does in his signature.

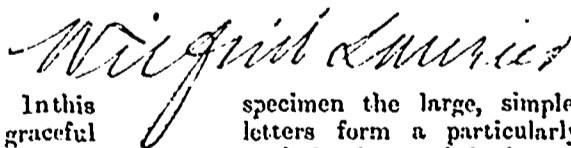


Those dependent more on instinct or observation omit the liaison between words, and frequently leave some letters in the same word unconnected as in the "Isabel" of Lady Aberdeen's name.

The former style is seen in the writing of practical men, such as lawyers, while the latter is one of the characteristics of many poets, and is also frequently to be found in ladies' writing.

Other noticeable signs are those to be found in the size of the writing. Uniformly large letters show pride—not by any means mere vanity, that betrays itself in many flourishes—but that sense of personal worth that is described as dignity and self respect.

This point is well illustrated by Mr. Laurier's signature which is here inserted:



In this graceful pleasing

specimen the large, simple, letters form a particularly study for the graphologist.

They show dignity, generosity and a total absence of pettiness. Where the letters are small and close together the opposite traits appear, and a love of detail will also generally be found to be an important part of the writer's mental and moral outfit. Where letters and words are well separated and the writing is small, and signs of cultivation appear, they form an almost infallible clue to the discovery of literary proclivities.

Thus we have taken up and glanced at the fringe of a very wide and equally interesting subject, the value of which can easily be tested by examining, as at first suggested, the letters of one's friends by the aid of these remarks.

People We Meet.

By Lett Iester.

THE curtain fell upon the second act of *Virginius*, and the ingenuo had time for a chat before the play called again for her presence upon the stage. A charming Virginia Miss Anglin made as she stood in the warm, brightly lit little dressing room. Her Grecian robe of embroidered white cashmere accentuated the graceful figure, while the loose curling auburn hair shaded a piquant and merry young face.

"Just fifteen minutes before I have to look sad again," she said with a little *moue*; "so I must make the most of it. Virginia is a trying role, because there is so much standing about, posing, and—well, hanging around people's necks, and that's so tiresome and stupid. There is little action in the role.

"I am glad to meet you," she continued cordially, "but of course you must know I am not yet deserving of an 'interview.' I have done little, and my work is all before me."

"But you are a Canadian and a Toronto girl, therefore we are interested in what you have accomplished thus far, Miss Anglin. Tell us what first induced you to take the stage?"

"I suppose I wanted to make money," she answered with a frank laugh. "Then I was anxious to do and be something. The thought of being just a society girl, filling my life with parties and five o'clocks, calls and shopping, fretted me. And yet again I was always fond of acting."

"Is it an inherited gift, Miss Anglin?"

"I think so, but mother will tell you about that. I began first, I think, by taking lessons from Miss Jessie Alexander; then I was permitted to assume roles in plays and tableaux given sometimes by the pupils of Loretto Abbey, when I attended there. Afterward I was sent to the Sacred Heart convent in Montreal, but there the girls were never allowed to get up stage performances.

"When my school days were over, about three years ago, I went to New York and entered as a pupil at Mr. Wheatcroft's dramatic school. I was only with him for one season.

"The school is permitted the frequent use of the Empire theatre, and invitations are sent out to critics to attend the plays presented. Theatrical managers generally attend these performances in search of budding geniuses, and I was fortunate in being at once selected by Mr. Chas. Frohman and given a part in 'She Wandaah,' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' Not that I consider myself a genius," she added laughing.

"Last year I was not so fortunate and I was also ill in health through a fall when riding. This is my third season. I was rather late in returning to New York on account of my father's death. The theatrical season opens early as you know. But I was offered, and accepted, the position of leading lady with Mr. O'Neil. We are to play in New York in a week or two, where we open in "The Dream of Matthew Wayne."

A look at the arch and expressive little face suggested other roles, in addition to the emotional and sympathetic.

"Have you ever tried high comedy, Miss Anglin?"

"I mean to," she responded instantly. "Mr. Wheatcroft assured me that *Rosalind* in 'As You Like It,' is my role above all others. I am only waiting opportunity to play it."

Miss Anglin makes a charming Virginia. Her portrayal of both the coy and light hearted girl of the opening act, and the frightened maid clinging to her father in the fourth act is natural, and effective. Her "Ophelia" also is well conceived for so young an actress.

Yet the bright sparkling face and a certain saucy grace that is hers as she talks, suggest a coming Viola, *Rosalind*, or *Lady Teazle* in this young girl with her beautiful voice.

Miss Anglin is a Canadian of the Canadians. She has lived during her girlhood altogether in Toronto, and considers herself as belonging to the Queen City, but she was born in Ottawa, and in the very heart of it. It will always be a mat-

drama. The Hon. T. Anglin was a man of greater ability than even his associates knew—a forcible speaker and debater; while Mrs. Anglin possesses decided histrionic ability which her social position and duties absorbed.

Miss Anglin is a remarkably pretty girl of twenty years. She has hazel eyes, a proud expressive little face and a manner to which the Irish blood she inherits from her father gives attractive piquancy. In private life she is of sweet and lovable disposition.

Mrs. Anglin is in New York with her daughter. It is her intention to remain with her as much as possible, and her advice and companionship will be invaluable to the young girl who is setting out with full determination to succeed. She realizes that success on the stage means a struggle, as it does in any other walk of life. Patient study is before her, perhaps a more patient waiting; but having these, and being instant to seize her opportunities, there is little doubt she will succeed as those other Canadian girls, Julia Arthur, Caroline Miskel, Roselle Lott, and Mary Keegan, have succeeded upon the stage.

After all it is not to be wondered at that the stage in its various forms of entertainment presents so strong an attraction to girls who feel the dramatic impulse within them. Apart from the fascination of the profession which is only understood by the man or woman who night by night looks into the face of a great audience and feels that the opportunity and power to stir it is theirs;—apart from this thrilling sense, which is or should be shared alike by actor and preacher, lecturer and singer, is the remunerative reward.

To entertain the public successfully is to make money, and the stage offers the largest opportunities in this direction.

A gentleman who saw the contract asserts to us that Julia Arthur received \$15,000 for her engagement with Irving. It is said that Mary Keegan is receiving \$250 per week in the company she has engaged with for the present season. Roselle Lott, another Hamilton girl, is commanding a high salary in New York, and news comes across the water that Julia D'Everieux Smith, another former Loretto pupil, is singing her way into London favor through light opera.

There are hosts of stage failures—it is not given to many to succeed—yet the success, if and when it does come, is well worth while.

And concerning the temptations it is as Mrs. Anglin proudly and wisely said in her motherly thoughtful talk concerning her clever young daughter.

"I am not going to New York because my daughter needs me as a protection from temptation. If that were

so so, I should not permit her to remain upon the stage another day. A girl's high moral principle is her best and surest safeguard, and that she requires in any walk of life. I am going as her companion and friend; and also to guard her health. As long as she remains upon the stage, I hope she will remain unmarried; when she marries I hope it will be to retire from the stage; for I think," and again she spoke wisely, "I think the records of the stage show that an actress is happiest and most successful in her work, when she is free from home ties, whose claims must so often conflict with her public life.



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

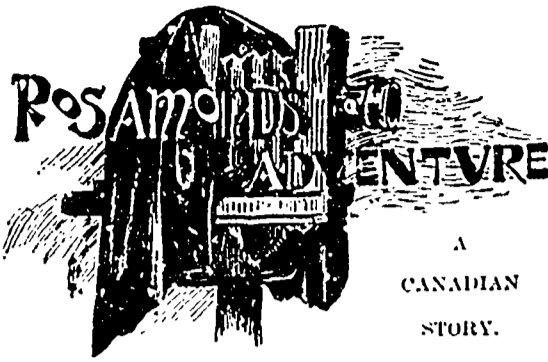
ter of pride to her that her birthplace was the Speaker's Chambers, in that beautiful pile which is the pride and delight of all Canadians whose eyes have once rested upon it—the Parliament Buildings of the Dominion.

It was during the time that her father, the late Hon. T. Anglin, occupied the Speaker's Chair. It was also during Lord Dufferin's regime at Rideau Hall. And herein we find a possible hereditic clue to the young actress' gift.

The season preceding Miss Anglin's birth was a very gay one. Plays and tableaux were the order of fashion at Rideau Hall, and Mrs. Anglin, who showed marked talent in this direction, took a leading part in an operetta performed at Government House.

Miss Anglin's parents were both fond of the





BY LILIAN CLANTON.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Is he at all—er—shy?" asked Rosamond, as usual thinking of her anonymous letter.

"Shy! Oh, dear, no. Well, he might be with the fair sex of his congregation. He is young and sappy, you see, this with the superiority of five and twenty over one and twenty."

When they reached the house, young Vanstone tied the horse to the fence, and they entered the garden together. Half way up the grass grown path there was a rickety garden seat beneath a shady maple, Ned swooped down as they passed it and plucked a full-blown crimson rose.

"Roses!" he cried, "those are unusual in the bush, and so early in the season too." He turned to give it to his companion, then hesitated, and suddenly tossed it away amongst the bushes.

"What was that for? What a shame!" Ned colored, and laughed.

"It's such a horrid unlucky old place, this! Did you never hear its history? It belongs really to Miller at the post office, but about thirty years ago, a Doctor Somebody or other took it, and came to live here with his wife. He was a middle aged man and she was young and very pretty, so the story goes. He thought the world of her, but she does not seem to have reciprocated his affection, for one night she committed suicide—flung herself into the creek which winds through the valley at the back of the house, and her body was found by the mill dam. The Doctor was nearly heart-broken, they say. She left one little chap about three years old, and he and his father lived on here. The son was very clever, and perfectly idolized by his father. He was going in for medicine, I believe, and was attending college, when one time when he was home on a visit, he was seized with an attack of sunstroke, followed by brain fever, and he died. The old doctor left the place then, that was ten years or so ago. I believe he, too, is dead since. The house has stood empty all that time; some people say he haunts it, that is the only history it has ever known. Dismal, isn't it?"

"Yes," Rosamond answered in a low voice. Merry girl though she was, she was not one to pass lightly over sorrow.

They were standing together by the weather-beaten doorway, where one man in the pride of life and strength, had brought his bride in all her youth and beauty, to the little home chosen and prepared with so much care. Over that threshold a bright boy had entered laughing in the dawn of early manhood, before his name went down into the silence, and the old man, left desolate, turned his back on the darkened home.

"Oh," said Rosamond at last, "what sad things there are in life!"

Ned stood silent. The scent of the cedars came floating by on the breeze, the branches of

the dark cypress stirred a little. Of what were they thinking? Perhaps some faint realization of the sorrow and pathos of life in general, touched them; maybe they caught some shadowy glimpse of the great struggles which go on forever in the mighty human family, outside that narrow egotistical world of theirs. Who can tell?

Rosamond turned away presently and took the view, and the drove home together in the last rays of the sunset.

Once more Rosamond walked along the Lone-rock Road to the white house. The photos had been finished some days and were now in her hand. It was a Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday Rosamond was to say good-bye to Calanoosie and return home. The photos had not been called for, so she had decided to take them herself to Mr. Thorndale. She had to return some of the money and explain about the price.



The old white house looked all alive that afternoon, white muslin curtains were blowing about in the open windows, a canary sang in a cage in the porch. Rosamond knocked at the door. Presently it was opened by a young man, evidently the new minister, in a long black coat and white tie, with a suppressed gleam of boyhood about his young eyes. Poor young man! he was preparing his sermon for the morrow, while all the vitality within him was crying out to be playing baseball with the boys of his flock in Miller's field. He blushed when he saw pretty Rosamond.

"The photos are finished," she said. "I have brought them round. How do you like them?"

Mr. Thorndale trembled visibly as he took them and turned them over. Rosamond remembered young Vanstone's remark about him, and mistook the reason. It was not precisely shyness

that Mr. Thorndale was suffering from just then.

"They are very good," he said feebly, "Er—er—what is the price?"

"You forget, you did pay me. In fact I must return you part of the three dollars."

Mr. Thorndale looked thoroughly puzzled.

"I—don't understand," he stammered.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" began Rosamond. "Did you write this note?" and she whipped the document in question out of her pocket.

"No," said Mr. Thorndale in surprise as he glanced at the envelope, "that is not my writing."

Rosamond stared helplessly at him, more puzzled even than he. It was too lengthy a matter to explain, and she felt too bewildered.

"I have been mistaken," she said slowly, "I am sorry to have troubled you. Good afternoon," and she turned away.

"What a very strange young woman!" remarked the Rev. James Thorndale, as he watched Rosamond retreating down the garden path. "Thank heaven," he added reverently, "that she did not want me to buy those pictures and the bill for last winter's overcoat still unpaid."

Rosamond walked slowly, her mind in a maze of speculation concerning the authorship of the letter. With the exception of the new minister, there was not a soul at Calanoosie who could write so well, or spell so correctly as the sender of that letter. Well, yes, there was—Clement, but then could it have been Clement? She fairly commenced to run as the thought struck her; she was nearing the schoolhouse and the door was ajar. Rosamond, always impetuous, walked up to it, pushed it angrily open and entered. Clement, as usual, panting with the heat, sat at a desk making entries in a large book.

"It was you sent me this, Clement," she cried wrathfully, flinging the letter across to him.

Clement picked it up languidly, and ran his eye through it.

"I? Why, it isn't my writing."

"That is no matter, you got someone else to write it, just to make a fool of me and give me those long walks for nothing—" here she remembered the three dollars, and paused.

"Well, you seem to have been pretty well paid for them," chuckled Clement. "You had better return me the money if you insist on laying it at my door; pride should forbid your keeping it. Haven't you an idea really who wrote it, Rosamond?" he asked with curiosity.

"No, I have not. It came by mail with a Calanoosie post mark, rather more than a week ago. I

thought it must be the new minister, and so I took the photos round to him, but he knew nothing about them. I have made an idiot of myself!"

"You have had some nice rides with Vanstone," said Clement, with a little sneer. "You had better ask the favored Edward if he knows anything about it."

"Ah!" Rosamond's face darkened.

"Ask how he managed to meet you with his waggon so regularly every time."

"Oh, Clement, do you really think he did it? Is it his writing?"

"I don't know his writing, but a fellow would be a fool to write such a thing as this for a lark, and not disguise his hand. Anyway it's plain on the surface that he did it for the sake of the drives. What a little silly he must think you, Rosamond, ho, ho," and with this cheering remark, Clement departed, leaving his pretty cousin in a tempest of vexation.

(To be Continued.)



Poker Work.

By F. E. P.

THE origin of poker work probably lies far back in pre-historic days, when crude tracings by sharpened iron upon stone or wood marked the earliest form of art.

From cold iron to the heated metal was an easy transition, and the red hot bar that branded the slave became also the progenitor of brush and pencil, and fine pointed steel which work their fine creative skill in the present day.

It is a long step from the crude branding to the fine art of the modern etcher; but not so long to the pretty poker work of to-day. Yet, this art is not new, even in its later development, for Germany, Sweden, Holland all delight in it as a delicate and artistic handicraft; only we of the western and newer continent are slow to appreciate it. To German and Swedish women poker work is a decorative art taught in the schools, and their homes, even the poorest, bear witness to their skill in the delicate wood traceries of door, wainscoting and mantel. In England also it is a favorite art among society women. Several royal ladies, among whom is the Princess of Wales, being counted its devotees.

Canadian women are given over to china painting, also to silk embroidery. They have also taken up repousse work and wood carving. But few have turned their attention to poker work, which, indeed, is as pleasantly absorbing and effective in results as any of these others.

There is at least one artist in poker work in Toronto—Miss Elise Zauke, of the German Art School.

We paid her a visit recently in the interests of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL readers, and found her busy at her work in a sunny south room on Wellesley street.

She sat at a table on which were jewel boxes,



picture frames, napkin rings and many other articles in plain wood awaiting her skillful decoration. Her "box of tools," as she phrased it, stood beside her, while beneath her foot lay the rubber ball which she pressed lightly and steadily while she talked.

The tools were simple, two or three platinum pen points of varying fineness, a small bottle of benzine, double tubed, and a spirit lamp.

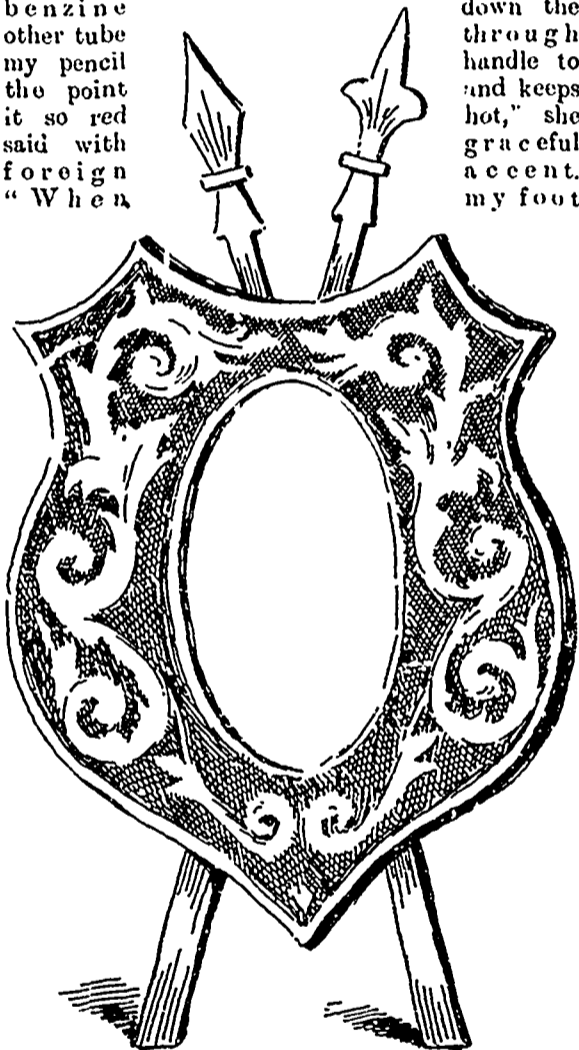
She rose to greet us and to show us some samples of completed work. At our request she sat down again and resumed her work.

"My pen has gone out," she said, smiling, "I must heat it."

Lighting the little lamp she thrust the platinum pen point into the flame until it glowed red as the iron bar on an anvil, then placing her foot upon the rubber ball she applied the pencil to the wood swiftly burning the faintly pencilled design upon the box-lid in her hand.

The young lady is compelled to work with her left hand, which she uses as deftly as we do our right.

"It is my foot that does press the air up through the tube, and it blows the vapor off the benzine other tube my pencil the point it so red said with foreign "When



stops my pencil point goes out; then I have to light it again."

It was a pleasure to watch her work and mark the development of the design under the sure, swift touch of the little pen point that glowed like a finger of fire over the white wood surface.

"The carpenter makes my woodwork. He uses basswood chiefly. Poker work is decorative for cabinets, tables, stools, picture frames—all sorts of things," she continued. "I learned it at school in Berlin in Germany. No, I have not taught it out here. I think I did want to keep it to myself and sell my work," she said, smiling half apologetically, "but now I have one pupil, and think I will begin to teach it."

"One must be more or less of an artist to succeed in it, Fraulein?"

"O yes, it is better, of course," she said. "But the designs can be traced on the wood, or transferred. But I can copy almost anything—



scenes or buildings, mottoes or letters, and invent them too, which makes it nicer."

As she worked we looked and admired specimens of her handiwork in decorated cabinets and boxes. The conventional designs were especially handsome, giving the wood the appearance

of a cross section of ivory nut.

Laying aside the little napkin ring which her swift little pencil was decorating, Fraulein Zauke picked up a leather dressing case upon which she had outlined in pencil a rich border, and began defining it with her glowing pencil point. She showed us also some purses, card cases and note books which she had enriched most artistically in this manner.

"These are all orders," she said "They are nice for gifts, do you not think? I must work so quick and be very careful in leather else it will burn."

It is really a good suggestion for Christmas gifts—to have a love box or jewel case thus decorated with some pretty design, scene or motto. While in leather the results are even more suitable. The purse or card case of plain, smooth leather may be given border and monogram that doubles it not only in artistic effect but in personal value to the recipient.

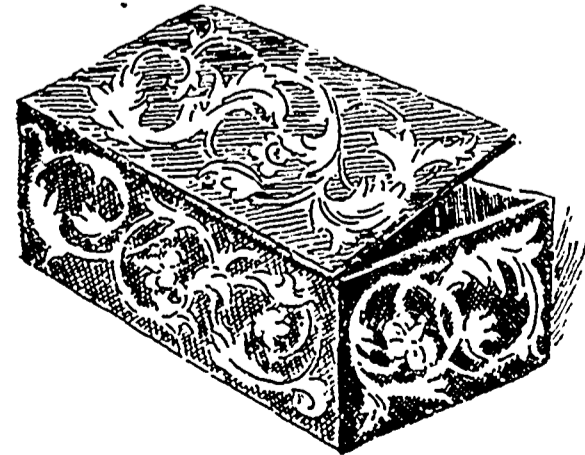
Poker work is a graceful form of decorative art that should commend itself to women.

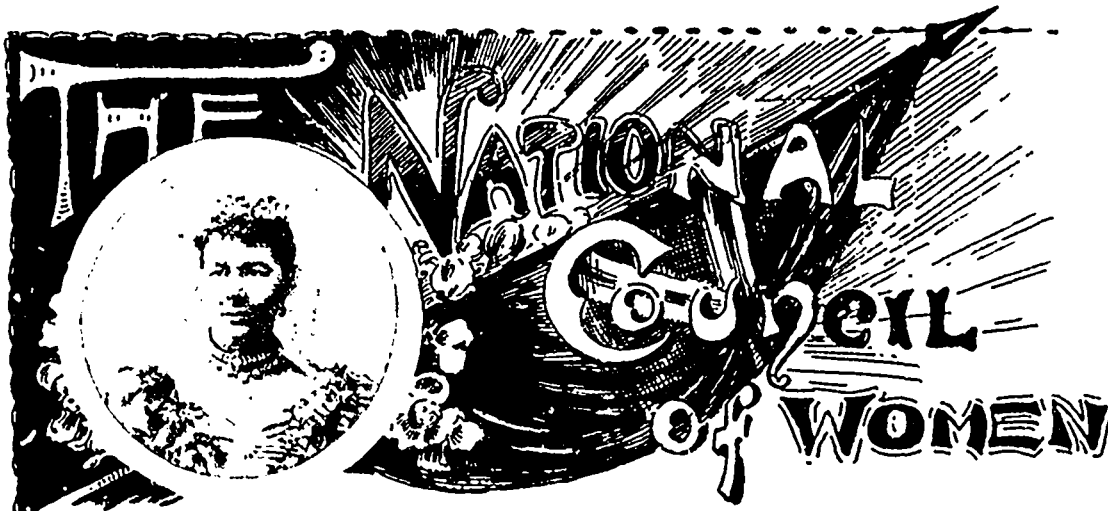
It requires little outfit beyond the "box of tools,"—which once secured, lasts a long time—and the practice needful to acquire a skilful touch. If the pupil possesses artistic ability her progress is more rapid and she is able to enlarge and improve her work by original designs.

We illustrate several of the articles which we picked up from the Fraulein's table, but these show only the designs. Much of the effectiveness lies in the coloring of warm brown tint upon the creamy wood, which, of course, does not appear in the illustrations.

She states that in Germany and Sweden very effective decorative results are obtained for mantels, doors and wainscoting. A library where wood is wrought throughout in poker work of rich conventional design is also one of the beauties of a certain English home.

Through the early November twilight which came upon us as we talked and sketched, the platinum pen moved, a glowing dot; but presently the pen was laid down, and as the busy foot was lifted from the air ball, the cheery red died out and it became only a dull metal point.





* * * Edited by THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. * * *

NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge the grateful thanks of several of our Local Councils to Miss Bessie Livingstone of the Boston School of Domestic Science. This lady is now making a tour through Canada with the object of giving courses of Demonstration Lessons in Cookery, and has won enthusiastic praise from her pupils wherever she has gone. The accounts given of her lessons, and their results by the Councils of West Algoma and Rat Portage speak for themselves, and we are delighted to hear that Miss Livingstone has been able to make engagements with a number of our Western Councils during the winter, including one at Victoria.

THESE courses of instruction in cooking, when well managed and efficiently delivered, are an undertaking eminently suitable for our young Councils. All can join in these classes without any difficulty, and when once some common object such as this has thus been pursued in company, it makes future co-operation in other directions more simply and easy. Apart from this, these Cooking Courses have generally been found to be financially successful—at any rate when Miss Livingstone is the teacher—and this in itself leaves a pleasant remembrance.

In order to meet the requirements of small places Miss Livingstone has arranged Short Courses of Ten Lectures, according to the following program:

SOURCES AND SAUCES—Free and Open to the Public.

1. *Milk and Eggs*—Custards, Omelets, Escaloped Eggs, Welsh Rabbit, Salad Dressing.
2. *Cookery of Meats*—Broiled, Roasted, Braised and Jellied Meats—Liver and Bacon.
3. *Various Ways of Cooking Fish*—Baked Fish, Hollandaise Sauce, Creamed Fish, Fish Cutlets, Fish Balls.
4. *Cookery of Vegetables and Cereals*—Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Potatoes, Onions, Rice, Tapioca, Macaroni.
5. *Yeast Doughs*—Bread, Packer House Rolls, Hot Cross Buns, French Rolls.
6. *Quick Doughs and Batters*—B. P. Biscuit, Steamed Pudding, Gingerbread, Doughnuts and Mullins.
7. *Plain and Raised Pastry*—Fruit and Meat Pies.
8. *Cakes and Icings*—Sponge Cake, Cream Cakes, Layer and Loaf Cake, Boiled and Ornamental Icing.
9. *Jellies and Creams*—Lemon Jelly, Bavarian Cream, Orange Creams, Orange Baskets.
10. *Stuffing, Trussing and Roasting of Fowl*—Cold Meat Cookery.

It is impossible to over-estimate the benefits which can be conferred by spreading a wider and more correct knowledge of the value and properties of divers kinds of foods, and of how to prepare them with a view to daintiness and variety. It is a hopeful sign to find so much more attention being paid to this subject in the education of girls all over the world, and a greater realization of the fact that it is a department of life worthy of the most earnest consideration of educated women. Such institutions as the Boston School of Domestic Science have given a great impulse to this movement. We find that in several of the American universities, such as those of Chicago, Wisconsin, Stanford in California, courses of lectures and classes are being instituted on Household Economics, Sanitation, Nutrition and the like.

A National Household Economic Association was formed in 1893 in the United States, and has now branches in several cities, which lays down the following lines of work:

"The object of this association shall be:—1. To awaken the public mind to the importance of establishing bureaus of information, where there can be an exchange of wants and needs between employer and employed, in every department of home and social life. 2. To promote among members of the association a more scientific knowledge of the economic value of various foods and fuels; a more intelligent understanding of correct plumbing and drainage in our homes, as well as need for pure water and good light in a sanitariously built house. 3. To secure skilled labor in every department in our homes, and to organize schools of household science and service."

The Federation of Women's Clubs has accepted this form as a basis for a section in every woman's club, for the study of household economics. And in the programme for debates we very frequently find subjects relating to cooking, marketing, and to house-keeping generally. Here are a few such suggestions for instance:

"Marketing and the making out of Menus," "Diet of students and children," "The essentials and non-essentials of good house-keeping," "The best plans for disposing of refuse," "Dust and its dangers," "The relative merits of coal gas, oil and electricity for cooking purposes," "Adulteration," "The Housekeeper: Study hour, How she shall get it, and what she shall do with it."

NUMBERLESS other subjects of a kindred nature will suggest themselves, let alone those referring to the care of children, the care of invalids, and so on. It would be well if our Councils instituted papers and debates on these and other questions

of pressing importance in household matters. One effect of such debates would doubtless be to quicken the desire of the public to see manual education, and especially the teaching of sewing and cooking, introduced into our public schools. The National Council of Women of Canada has concerned itself in this subject so earnestly from the very first that we need not apologise to our members for inserting an interesting article on the "Industrial Training of Girls in Europe," which appeared lately in the Outlook. Our Ontario Councils are looking forward hopefully to the securing of arrangements whereby teachers will be able to obtain the necessary training in manual education, and also the establishment of a School of Domestic Science under the Government, thus enabling the provisions for manual education in the public schools to be made effectual.

The Local Council at Halifax is moving in the same direction, besides being occupied in an effort to get women on the School Board. In this latter object the Council at Vancouver is much interested, and hopes to be able to report progress before long.

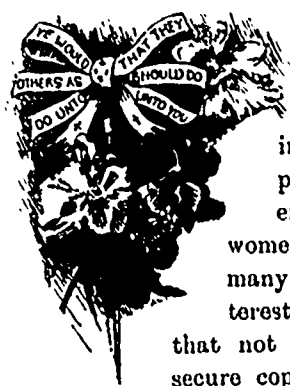
THE Halifax Council is also taking lively concern in obtaining a police matron, in the establishment of a patrol waggon, and are endeavoring to organize Home Reading Circles and Women's Art Associations in several districts.

WE are glad to be able to report that the Industrial Department at the Agricultural Show at Vernon, B.C., which was for the first time under the charge of the Local Council of Women, was a pronounced success. There were a large number of entries in all classes, and the exhibition of home-made bread and of butter was quite exceptional, even when compared with large shows. It is interesting to remember that success has always attended the efforts of Ladies' Committees in charge of the Industrial Departments of other exhibitions. The Show at Brantford this year was a noteworthy example of this; and in Richmond County, P.Q., also there is a Ladies' Committee in connection with the Annual Fair who have done much to promote the taste for various kinds of home handicrafts amongst the young people.

Nor must we forget the praise won from all quarters by the Victoria Local Council of Women for their management of the Industrial and Art Department of the Agricultural Fair at Victoria last year. Such an undertaking means infinite trouble both in the preparation of the prize-list, in the obtaining of entries, and in judging and arranging them when received. But if these departments in our fairs are to be of any real educational value, they require to have this trouble taken with them by those who have practical knowledge and experience.

Our members will be glad to know that the recommendations of the Council Sub-Committee on the Laws for the Protection of Women and Children, have been placed before the new Minister of Justice, Sir Oliver Mowat, and that he has promised them his earnest consideration.

THE third volume of "Women Workers of Canada," will be ready this month, and we beg our members to remember its importance as a means of communicating real knowledge as to the



aims and objects of the National Council. It is not a mere report of the proceedings of a society, but represents the well-considered views of the leading women workers of Canada on many subjects of pressing interest. We hope, therefore, that not only our members will secure copies for themselves from Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, (44 Dewson Street, Toronto,) but that our local Councils will procure some to place in public libraries and to send to the local newspapers for review. By so doing they will greatly serve our work. The price is \$1 each, and this will include both the General Report and the separate report of the debates on the Reports of the Committees on the Laws for the Protection of Women and Children, and on the Circulation of Pernicious Literature.

* * *

ALGOMA LOCAL COUNCIL.

We have been asked for a report of our cookery classes, formed under the auspices of our Local Council of Women of West Algoma. We have already given a short account of these classes, embodied in a general report of the work of the Council. As this subject always recalls to us pleasant hours and happy associations, we are not at all reluctant to repeat and add further details, hoping we may be able to induce other Councils to establish classes similar to those which have proved so entertaining and beneficial to us.

A consideration of our classes has many sides and various aspects. Organization is one side, finance is another, suitable conveniences another, procuring a teacher another still, and there are many others, besides the after contemplations of results and their consequences. When all things were ready and the members equipped with note books and pencils, and their enthusiasm, good nature and sociality at high tide, they enjoyed the demonstrations and lectures immensely. Among so many there occurred many comical incidents, and wit and humor prevailed sufficient to afford amusement and to obviate any stiffness, making the work pleasant as well as interesting and profitable. The home experiments usually gave good satisfaction, and so the ladies were stimulated to interest and effort by the encouragement they received from the gentlemen, who relished the many new dishes and also enjoyed the easy carving of the boned and jellied turkeys, the delicious flavor of which would have fully gratified the fastidious gustatories of the ancient Roman epicures, and rendered unnecessary the etiquette of which Juvenal wrote:

"To such perfection now, is carving brought,
That different gestures by our curious men
Are used for different dishes, hare or hen."

To return to the first item—organization. At a meeting of the Council we solicited the signatures of all who would subscribe for tickets at two dollars each. Thus we secured enough to pay expenses. We paid our teacher a certain amount per week, and the rent of the hall. She furnished the materials for cooking and the culinary apparatus. The transaction realized for us a nice little sum above all expenses. We had the exquisite pleasure of tasting the dishes, and though we did not get much we had great fun out of the process. Our seats were *a la* amphitheatre, and when we filled them we presented a spectacle that can be compared to no other. On the upper tiers were perched majestic old housekeepers, asking questions and making remarks thoroughly practical, while shy, young, expectant housekeepers listened attentively and took notes. Our teacher,

Miss Livingstone, radiant in smiles and charming in manner, while she explained and operated dexterously, produced most delicious compounds and surprising dainties. We were instructed in a course of the plain cooking of meats, vegetables, soups, breads, etc.; a course in fancy, French, uncommunal cooking, and a partial course in invalid cookery. We were exceedingly well satisfied with our teacher and our newly acquired powers to contribute to the domestic comfort and physical welfare of our homes, and are "ready to give and glad to distribute" the benefits of our experiences.

M. STREET.

* * *

RAT PORTAGE LOCAL COUNCIL.

The Women's Local Council of Rat Portage having engaged the services of Miss Livingstone, of the Boston School of Cookery, that lady taught a class here from Sept. 17th to Oct. 17th, giving us the benefit of the three principal courses on her programme, viz., the primary, superior and invalid's course. Not only have we individually received more than the worth of our money, but we have, from receipts at the door, after paying all expenses, a balance of \$87, to devote towards the building of a general hospital for the town.

The following is a clipping from *The Rat Portage News*, of Oct. 30th:

At the Town Hall was held a meeting of the Women's Council yesterday. The secretary and treasurer not being present, a full report of the financial standing could not be obtained; this would have included the amount realized from the School of Cookery fees. Mrs. Jas. Robinson read a pleasing and instructive paper on "Impressions taken at the Cooking School." Mrs. P. H. Clark also read a paper on subjects pertaining to woman's work, which was received with general approbation. A desire was expressed to obtain definite information as to progress made in the hospital project, the ladies being anxious to further the enterprise when given an opportunity. Arrangements have been made and a committee appointed to receive Lady Aberdeen, who will remain over a day or two on her return from the west in December.

A. R., Cor.-Sec.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

BY JESSIE PATTERSON.

My knowledge of the French system of sewing dates from the summer of 1894, when I had the pleasure of visiting ten of the schools which are under the direction of the Government in Paris, the department of public instruction called "Direction de l'Enseignement Primaire," also two that are conducted by the "Société pour l'Enseignement Professionnelle des Femmes."

In the École Maternelle, where the children are received at the age of two and half years and remain until they are six or seven, I found that the rudiments of sewing were taught on pricked cards and canvas, the children often making their own designs and executing them in colored worsteds. Even at the age of five and six years the pencil and the needle are taught and used in connection with one another.

The next grade, the École Primaire Élémentaire, is divided into three classes—girls from six to nine, from nine to eleven, and from eleven to thirteen years. Here drawing and sewing are taught simultaneously, the former including not only designs for embroidery, but for various forms of industrial work, porcelain, jewelry, book-covers, etc.

In the sewing classes the stitches are first taught upon small pieces of material of good quality adapted to the fine work which was required of the pupils. In the school which I visited in the Rue des Volontaires, a very simple method of preserving the work was used. A box, possibly two feet long, one foot deep, and one and a half wide, was divided into small compartments, the number corresponding to the number of lessons given during the year, and in these the models executed at each lesson were placed. The models were not more than four inches long, and varied

in width, sometimes being square and sometimes not more than half of the length. Each model had a gummed label upon it, on which the name of the girl and the mark given her work were written. After the necessary stitches in plain sewing had been conquered, feather-stitching, mending, and simple embroidery were learned. The application of the stitches was first taught on baby clothes, which were less wearisome than large garments, and consumed less time and material.

In the second class the pupils are taught to take measures and to draught a round waist. In the third class they are taught the theory and practice of draughting a basque waist, and the cutting and making of the same. In a supplementary class, which in the fourth year girls are permitted to enter by examination, they are taught further draughting of patterns, and the making of baby-clothes.

The next grade, the École Primaire Supérieure, must be entered by competitive examination. There are but two schools of this grade in Paris for girls, although advanced classes corresponding to them are attached to some of the Écoles Primaire Élémentaire. To enter these classes the pupils must be over twelve and under fifteen years of age. Over sixteen hundred girls were receiving instruction in these schools and classes. Sewing and industrial training were continued in them on the same lines as in the former school.

The Écoles Professionnelles I found most interesting. Six for girls and six for boys are supported by the Government in Paris, and many have been opened in the provinces. Two also are under the support and management of the Société pour l'Enseignement Professionnelle des Femmes, founded by Madame Eliza Lemonnier in 1862. These are designed at present to serve as models in methods and their application; and as the Government has adopted the principle of manual and professional training, the society is turning its attention to the development of other branches of employment for women.

To Madame Lemonnier is due primarily the growth of practical education given by the State in France. She was born in 1805, and from early youth was interested in the development of thought and life, especially that of women. In 1848, during a winter of great distress, caused by the Revolution, she opened a workroom, where more than two hundred mothers of families received employment, which enabled them to support those dependent upon them. She then discovered how incapable the women were of helping themselves in practical work, and her first resolutions were formed to assist them to the extent of her ability. In 1852 some ladies assisted her in sending girls to an institution conducted by Fraulein Hildebrand in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in 1856 eighteen ladies met in her parlor to found the Société de Protection Maternelle.

(Concluded in our next issue.)

* * *

Will the Local councils please note the fact that all post office orders for the Secretary should be made out to Emily Cummings, General Post Office, Toronto.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Surely there is compensation or an antidote for every pain and sting which nature imposes on us. The sharp bitter weather of our climate might seem unbearable could we not find means of enjoying it without discomfort. It was long after wood was known to be a perfect non-conductor of heat and cold before any one thought of its possible uses in clothing, but now we take advantage of this fact. Wood is reduced to its strong silken fibres and then made into the fabric known as Fibre Chamois, which offers a perfect protection from wind, cold or sleet, that makes healthful warmth possible in all weathers to everybody—and a durable protection that never fails till the garment is worn out.

Music Notes.

BY AMATEUR.

IN an appreciative letter to THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, Mr. Humphrey Angers writes:

It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to a conductor to know that the time and trouble which has been spent in preparing a work is at least appreciated when the public performance takes place. I have often claimed that a Toronto chorus could, if thoroughly drilled, do work equal to an old country chorus, and I am now confident that this is the case."

Mr. Angers writes with the recent excellent performance of the *Stabat Mater* in his memory. Certainly those who heard the Philharmonic's expressive rendering of this beautiful oratorio will agree with their gifted leader.

Concerning the appreciation of the public, it is a question whether the work and time spent upon the preparation of such difficult music is ever comprehended even by those who assemble to enjoy the final performance. Only the singers themselves know, with perhaps those in the audience who have the appreciative sympathy that comes of previously acquired knowledge.

I know of no better way for an outsider to learn how to appreciate than by attending a few of the earlier rehearsals and marking the patient study spent upon difficult passages, the repetitions until the time and notes are assured, finest shades of expression are brought out, smoothness, evenness, facility, and at length a triumphant certainty that carries the voices, at first so faltering, with a clear, sure ring to the closing chord.

The listener who has time or pleasure to do this, best appreciates the final rendering of the work, and the worth of it.

In view of the increasing interest taken in the performance of oratorios in Toronto, we suggest that a series of lectures on the best known works, such as the "Elijah," "Messiah," "Creation," "Judas Maccabeus," and any others under preparation by the chorus clubs, would be both entertaining and instructive.

These lectures should be explanatory rather than critical, and might be illustrated by music, vocal and instrumental. If given some time previous to the public rendition of the work, they would probably be largely attended by many music lovers who are desirous of fully appreciating the work when delivered as a whole.

The season of Christmas music is approaching, and the demand for carols authorizes a reference to some of the best.

Sir John Stainer's collection, entitled "Christmas Carols, Old and New," is invaluable for church choirs and country homes. There are three volumes costing about sixty cents each, and containing each some twenty carols. The first volume holds probably the best collection. Schirmer publishes also a good collection of carols, five in number, all of which may be recommended for simplicity and the quaint rich eastern touch of melody which seems essential to a carol. No. 3, "The Morning Star," illustrates the manner of them in music and words:

"Long our watch has been and dreary;
Long we've wandered from afar;
So the wise men, worn and weary,
Followed still the leading star,
Till the Dayspring's self they see,
Christus natus hodie."

In Christmas solo songs, three of a series may

be recommended, "The Christ Child," by Whitney Coombs; "The Infant King," by W. H. Neidlinger; and "O'er the Hills of Bethlehem," by Harry Rowe Shelley.

That dearest of Christmas hymns, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," is set to many melodies. That by G. W. Marston is especially worthy of mention; the music is simple, yet full of a glad expressiveness of the familiar words,

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

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the toilsome way,
And hear the angels sing.

A favorite little song just now is Longfellow's "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls," published by Nordheimer. It has a rhythmic time pulse that gives a dramatic effect to the words and brings before us a vivid mental picture of storming night seas and upreeping waters. It is eminently a song for November twilights, when cheery grate and home surroundings accentuate by contrast the low and sweet greyness of music and words.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls,
Along the sea sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roof and walls,
But the sea, the sea in darkness calls,
The little waves with their soft white hands
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Morning breaks and the steeds in their stalls
Stam and neigh as the hostler calls,
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller from the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

One of simpler measure is "Snowflakes Fair," from the same publishers. The time is even, the intervals easy, and altogether the little seasonal song should prove popular for young people.

There was a time so long ago, in childhood's happy day,
I loved to hear the winds roar and watch the leaves at play,
But most I loved the snowflakes fair, so soft and pure and white,
They seemed to me like messengers from far off realms of light.

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Snowflakes, happy snowflakes, flashing thro' the air,
Robing hills and valleys with your mantle fair,
Bringing consolation for the winter's pain,
Guarding earth's fair flowers till they bloom again.

This page goes to press before the performance of the "Elijah." Between the present date of writing and Christmas Day the two oratorios most popular in the English speaking world will be given to the Toronto public.

We have rightly come to look upon the latter as standard Christmas music, as Dicken's Christmas Carol is its standard literature.

As the life history of the fiery old prophet is to the Christ life, so is the dramatic power of the "Elijah" to the lyrical beauty of the "Messiah."

New Music

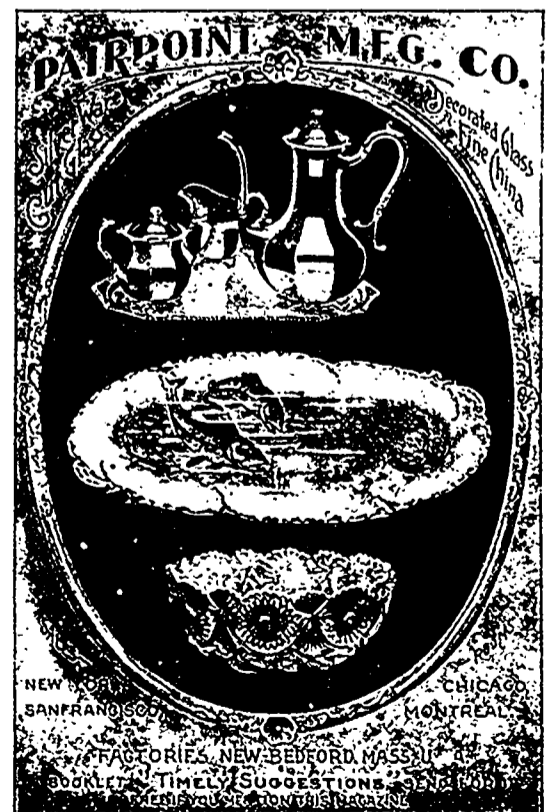
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Children of the King - E flat, F and G.	C. Francis Lloyd.	Price, 50c.
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A Painter
in the
Arctic Regions.

From the Studio.

IT was a very hot day when I passed through the Military Salon of Messrs. Graves' Galleries in Pall Mall, in search of Mr. Stokes, the Arctic painter. Therein, eagerly scanning the big canvases, were iron-grey officers looking as hot as the battle-pieces by Caton-Woodville and other military painters, hung on the walls; a single step into the next gallery, and the cold blue of the far North was the prevailing note. There I found Mr. Stokes standing by his delightfully quiet pictures, appearing in perfect harmony with his work. Naturally one's first remarks were on the temperature, and the returned voyager confessed that he liked our summer far less than the previous one spent amid the eternal snow of McCormick Bay.

"You have been twice to the Arctic regions, have you not?" I began.

"Yes," Mr. Stokes replied. "I was artist member of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892, and of the North Greenland Expedition in 1893-94. Why did I go? Well, chiefly from a belief that such unknown regions would yield a lot of new subjects, and I think you will agree with me that they did; but I do not think it is likely to become a popular sketching ground for many reasons. I had peculiar opportunities; we were very far north, only six hundred miles in a straight line from the Pole itself; and from the circumstance of my longest stay there being on the second visit, I got to know my surroundings, and was able to wait for exceptional effects. For you must not suppose many of these wonderful skies are normal to that region, any more than they are to our own. Indeed, the most surprising effects there, I never saw twice. For instance, that one, which I call "The Gates of Hades," happened by chance when we were out for a deer hunt in Olrik's Bay, September 10, 1893; the clouds piled up with the lurid effect I have tried to represent. No, the color is not a bit exaggerated; vivid as it is, it is not so dazzling as the actual sky was at the time I painted it. The calm water mirrored the fogbanks drifting over it, which were dyed to a blood-red by the sun shining through a cleft in the ice at our back. Did I paint all these on the spot? Why, yes. That is to say, all the sketches were done in the open, and these few larger pictures are merely transcripts of the notes made on the spot. I believe in working direct from Nature; but it was not an easy matter there. The paint froze as it left the brush, and rolled off in dry pellets. Sometimes, as, for instance, when I was making that sketch on the ice-foot at the head of the Bay, there was a driving storm of sleet all the time, so that I had literally to scrape the snow on my panel with a palette-knife, bit by bit, and drop the color into its place. Of course, under such circumstances I could only jot down the colors as quickly as possible out of doors; then in my studio, a well-lighted, big room, when it was warm I merely got the sketches into shape without altering anything."

"What time of the day did you paint mostly?"

"At midnight or thereabouts, as a rule; you see there is no great difference in the light all the four-and-twenty hours round. That sketch, for instance, of Bowdoin Bay, I distinctly remember making under peculiar circumstances.

"On August 5th we steamed to the head of the

Bay and went ashore, drawing up our boat after us. Then heading over the ice-bed, we ascended gradually, planting poles here and there to guide us on our return journey. At 10 in the evening we had just spliced a pole and planted it, dead tired by a walk of eight miles, during which we had climbed some 3,300 feet; we had not brought snow-shoes, and were consulting on the advisability of sending some of our party back for them. So Professor Heilbrun and three men decided to return, while eight men went forward to plant another pole; just as the Professor had started away and had gone a few hundred yards, we saw a speck on the horizon and heard hollowing and shouting. It was Peary, for whom we were in search; for in those regions sound travels an enormous distance. Our party saw him first, so we waited for the others to join us. We were then wet through, having been up to our knees in snow all the way, and often stepping in crevices up to our armpits. As we waited, a sea of mist rolled up; away below us was the Bay, completely hidden. After a while Peary came up to us, and we went back to the ship, to be received with cheers and great excitement. I went to bed at once—it was about four or five p.m.—and slept until nine the next evening, the 6th of August. Then I got up and went ashore with my sketching materials, walked two miles, and painted the sketch which I have entitled "A Greenland Valley," getting back to the ship about two p.m., August 7th. The valley is full of fresh water pools formed by melted ice and snow. It is carpeted with moss and grass, and has many ferns and flowers; myriads of mosquitoes, butterflies, humble-bees, flies and other insects swarm there. That anecdote will give you a better idea of the difficulties that are met there than any merely general descriptions would."

"Are the natives civilized?"

"Why yes, in a way; they have their own notions and customs, some of which seem odd to us; but they are very intelligent. There in that painting, "The Ing-muk-toe," is one of their homes, a typical igloo; I painted the picture just as you see it, sitting in this corner. It wasn't very much space to work in, about two yards by one. Those girls, who are stripped all but a waist cloth, have just been sleeping between furs. Is that another girl? Why, no; that is the son of the old fellow next to him, who is a medicine man. If his face were in repose you would see what a fine type of countenance it is. They look, and are, very kind and very shrewd. Here, in this "Innuite Seamstresses," are two girls mending clothes in the open air—it is late July, so that it is comparatively warm."

"Their costume is just like that of the men, is it not?"

"There is not much difference, certainly. The women wear sealskin trousers, and an upper garment also of sealskin, with a hood shaped pouch to carry the babies. That strip of bare flesh which shows at her thigh, is for ventilation. In the dry atmosphere one perspires very freely; in this condition it would be fatal to rest in the open after exertion, unless some means of ventilation were adopted."

"The atmosphere inside the huts must be frightful, is it not?"

"Well, it is bad until you grow accustomed to it. We had, during our second visit, very good quarters, a regularly built encampment with two wooden houses, my studio, and a covered promenade for exercise. You will see a sketch of it in "The Camp of the North Greenland Expedition."

And so with modest annotations to the already excellent catalogue, Mr. Stokes made his pictures even more interesting. Although quite apart from their subject, these paintings are good enough to establish a reputation. The artist is singularly modest in his recital; indeed, he displays the

quiet absence of pride, which often distinguishes those whose achievements are patent to all men. The superb beauty of the Arctic skies, even under normal conditions, with the high light of the ice always accentuating their tone; the chromatic wonder of the Aurora in its own birthplace, the novel schemes of color in blues and greens which are like those in aquamarines, emeralds and sapphires, made the gallery a feast for the eye as well as for the imagination. To see topographical subjects rendered with the distinguished technique that is the glory of the best modern school, is in itself a pleasant novelty. It is hard to get the public to accept two distinct points of view, and it is to be feared that the very interest of the anecdotal side of the picture caused grave injustice to be done to their intrinsic merit.

With the one exception of Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, no one, in England at all events, has painted snow, and the sky above it, as Mr. Stokes has done. Some lines by Mr. Bliss Carman—"A white eternity aglow with silent dawn, still-aired and passionless"—express the keynote of these delightful impressions. The accomplished technique that has portrayed the poetry of the one tract as yet untrod by man—the one secret of the world-sphinx which he has not guessed save in part—no doubt made the result still more impressive. To those who saw Mr. Stokes' exhibition, it will always live as a vivid record of things only dreamt of before—a record of wonder and novelty, that is by infinitely subtle differences of color and atmosphere nearer akin to the light of romance which never yet shone on sea or land, than that on any other landscapes one remembers. Those who did not enjoy the pleasure of seeing these unique sketches and pictures many times, may think the eulogy strained, but of all the thousands of pictures seen by the present writer in 1895, these alone make the year an *annus mirabilis*, for they imparted an entirely new sensation.

A novel and interesting exhibition of the work of the Art Student's League, will take place at Roberts' gallery, beginning November 28th. The exhibition will take the form of a retrospective view of the work of the League during the ten years of its existence.

All water-colors and black-and-white will be *passé-partout*. None of the sketches will be framed. Sketches from nature and life, designs for book illustrations and original sketches for well known magazines will be shown.

A colored artist of note, who is a Canadian by birth, resides in Providence, R. I. He was born in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and is of mixed origin—French, Indian and African.

As a child he was a passionate lover of nature in all its color combinations. His African blood shows itself in his love of sunny studies. He dislikes the moonlight, and hates darkness.

After considerable hardship due to his touch of race color, he settled down to the study of art in Boston under Dr. Mimmer.

His most noted effort was "Under the Oaks," which received a gold medal at the Philadelphia Centennial. This picture was sold to a Mr. Luff, of Boston, for \$1,500.

Since then Mr. Bannister has labored very industriously, exhibiting each year in Boston, and making a comfortable living.

Mr. Bannister's studio is very pleasantly situated in a large building, almost entirely occupied by artists. There is nothing about it to suggest the Afro-American except the painter himself and a portrait of his wife.

Mrs. Bannister is a woman of note. Her history is very interesting. She descended from a noted Narragansett chief.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Use Winsor & Newton's Artist Colors.

The Children's Page.

✽ ✽ Edited by Cousin Maud. ✽ ✽

THE CHILDREN'S CAROL.

LITTLE children of our King,
Gather in His Name and sing,
For the heavens bend as low
As when angels long ago,
Sang a Christmas Carol.

Oh the heavens opened wide
On that holy Christmas-tide,
For the Lord to come to earth,
And the angels hailed His birth
With a Christmas Carol.

Can you hear them singing still,
Peace on earth to men good will,
Listen, listen, children fair,
In your hearts you'll hear it there,
Hear the Christmas Carol.

Well, little friends, Christmas will soon be here again, does it seem "an age" since this time last year? (to us older ones it is but a little while.)

Have you begun to write letters to Santa Claus? Have you even now many a secret to keep; not your own alone, but sister's or brother's? Have you already had a hand in stirring the plum pudding?

What a time it is to be sure; the very happiest in all the year. And why? Does it not lie in the giving to one another, in thinking of the happiness of others?

And remember, little friends, were it not for that first gift of the Christ-Child so many years ago, this happiness would not be ours to-day. In some parts of Germany they believe that the Christ-Child comes on Christmas Eve and visits the little ones, leaving good wishes and gifts by each little sleeper.

Is it not a beautiful thought? and to us, children, the Christ-Child comes—to every heart that opens to Him—and it is His presence there that accounts for this joy of giving.

I send my little readers best wishes for truest happiness on—
"This holy day when Christ the Lord,

Took on Him our humanity
For little children everywhere."

* * *

Did I dream it or did some Elfin whisper it to me, this little story of Christmas? It may have been Santa Claus' gift, I know not, but somehow it came to me, and as best I could I have written it here for you:

THE THREE CHRISTMAS TREES.

In the woods, side by side in the deep snow, stood the stumps of three hemlock trees; they had been but recently cut, for the tops looked white and clean, and around were the small new camps.

The spirits of the trees were talking and wondering where they had gone, they could not have been cut for fuel for the boys who came for them chose them for their pretty shape.

Could it be they had become Christmas trees? If so the spirits were happy—for what higher use could a tree have grown?

A Brownie had hidden himself among the branches of each tree and promised to come back and report.

It was the night after Christmas and every moment they were expected. At last they arrived and the Brownie who had accompanied the

largest tree spoke first: "Be glad, oh spirit, your tree has been honored!"

"It went to a house of the rich and was a wonderful sight indeed. It sparkled with a hundred bright lights that looked like stars, and was laden with beautiful gifts for the little ones, be glad, the little children were made happy!"

Then spoke the Brownie who had gone with the next largest tree: "Your tree, oh spirit, has also been honored for it, too, became a Christmas tree."

"It was taken to a school and on it the little children placed gifts for one another, each child gave and each received—they made one another happy."

Then spoke the third Brownie to the spirit of little tree:

"You, indeed, have been the most honored of all, for on your tree children placed gifts who received nothing in return, and therefore were happy in the truest way."

"The tree was taken to a mission school, attended by very poor children, to whom Christmas would have been dreary enough had it not been for the joy brought by your tree and the kind hearts who loaded it with the good things."

And the spirits of the trees were glad.

* * *



IN SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Do you not want to know what happened to that big turkey gobbler, that you saw last summer? He was such a vain old fellow, was he not. I'll tell you, for both you and I can understand gobble talk.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

"Gobble—gobble—gobble!" sang out a fine big turkey gobbler, the king of Farmer Brown's barnyard, and of whom all the other turkeys, hens and chickens stood in great awe.

Just now he was strutting around, tail spread, wings trailing on the ground at either side, comb crimson—evidently in a disturbed state of mind. He was scolding his old lady.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble! How does it come you are such a miserable looking fowl—always eating and yet you don't seem to have a pick on your bones. Look at your scraggy tail, how it hangs down—you have no style about you! Gobble—gobble—gobble! Look at me. Look at me. Look at the fine tassel on my breast! See my spreading tail! Why, no one would ever take you for my wife!"

"No thanks to you," said dame turkey, at last trying to defend herself. "Where did you get your nice tassel, tail and big wings? and no wonder you grow fat, you have nothing to do but take care of yourself, and have a good time. While poor me. Just look at the summer I have put in! After my eggs were hatched see the brood I have to look after. And when they were well grown and should have had more sense than my troubles really began. Many's the chase they led me. Night after night have I had to roost in a tree (and chilly enough the night air was at times), while you were comfortably sleeping at home, and besides——" Just then Farmer Brown and his little son passed through the barnyard. "See your Christmas dinner my boy?"

"Not old John gobbler?"

"Yes, John is just in prime condition, and another year he may be too tough. Strut away, old fellow, your reign will soon be over."

THE CHILDREN OF THE RED MAN.

Concluded from last issue.

Then about clothes. The Red children are never told to keep them clean, to take care of them, or to avoid playing games that are hard on their clothing. What a boon that would be to our boys wearing the spirit of the Indian and the suit of Lord Fauntleroy!

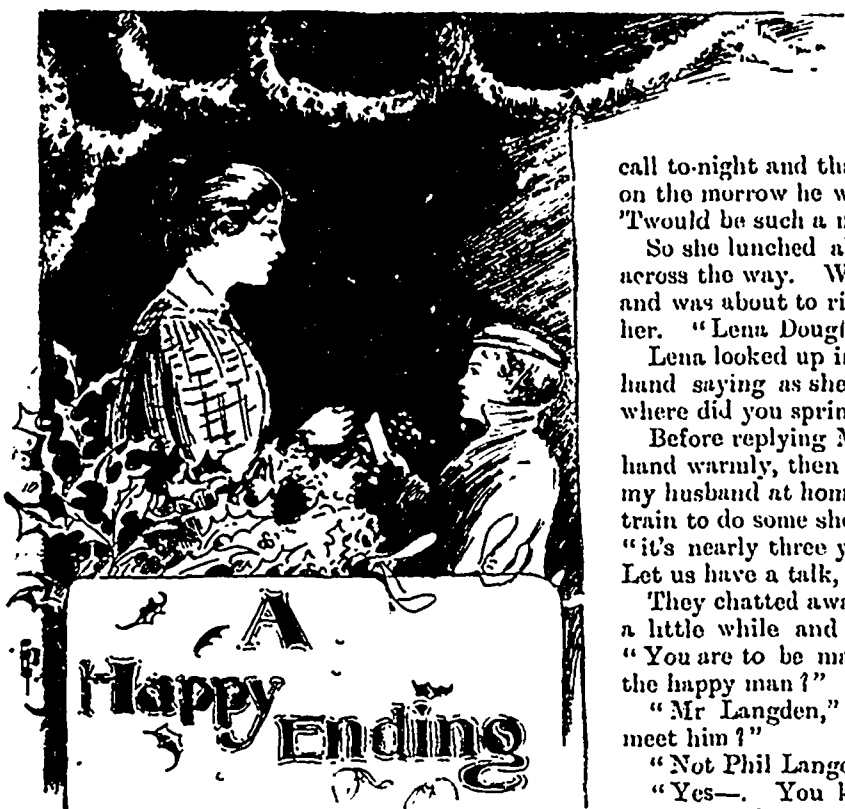
Rising when they feel sufficiently rested, sleeping through the day if they want to, and retiring when they feel so inclined, who does not envy a Red child's freedom? He is never asked to have his face and hands washed; when he cares to bathe in the river he does so, and that cleansing suffices till the next time. His hair is combed when he wishes to have it done, and then plaited in two braids that hang girl-fashion down his back or over his shoulders.

The Indian child never used to go to school, but spent his whole life learning about the birds, the fishes, and the game of the wide, far-reaching prairie. But the government and churches have established industrial schools where the free, happy, bird-spirited Indian boy is sent to take on the civilization of the white man whom he despises, to be like the white man who works hard,

who gathers things about him and then works harder to take care of them. At school the Red boy must imprison his feet in strong, coarse shoes, so foreign and distasteful to his freedom-loving limbs. He is given a bed to sleep on, a table to eat at, he must be washed and combed whether he likes it or not, and taught to live as a white boy does. He is shown the games of the white boy but he never plays them when among his Indian companions.

Besides all this, he is taught the white boy's religion, which like our ways of living he despises and thinks it will do very well for white people but it is not good enough for an Indian who, too, worships a Great Spirit and many lesser spirits as well, who are the Great Spirit's servants, and when he dies he will go to the happy hunting ground where no white man will ever enter. Greatly does an Indian esteem you if he says you are almost as good as his people, and almost fit to enter the happy hunting ground.

MARGARET BAYNE.



By William Banks, Jr.

CHRISTMAS Eve:—It was a very trying day in the great departmental store and as a consequence the employees were not in a happy frame of mind. In the first place it was uncomfortably warm for December; secondly, the store was thronged with people; thirdly, the "grand" orchestra, hired for the occasion, were "murdering" their limited repertoire. Nevertheless, one of a dozen girls in charge of the counter at which the holly and mistletoe were sold, seemed quite contented. Several times she glanced at the big clock on the wall behind her. At last one of her companions remarked in an injured tone "I'm sure I don't see how you can keep so calm, Lena, when the rest of us are just flurried."

Then, abruptly, "I have it. You're going to lunch with him to-day."

Lena blushed and nodded in the affirmative.

"Lucky girl," said her companion, "but," admiringly, "he couldn't help loving you."

"Hush, you foolish child," answered Lena, softly.

She glanced at the clock again. It wanted just fifteen minutes to the noon hour.

An overgrown boy, clothed in rough garments, his face and hands covered with grime, walked up to the counter. Lena knew him. He was an apprentice in the machine shop where her lover, Phil Langden, was employed, and had several times brought messages from him, but never at such an hour. A sudden fear stole into her heart as the lad handed her a small sheet of note-paper. On it in Phil's bold handwriting were the words: "Accident at the works. Cannot see you as arranged. Will call to-night. In haste. Phil."

"An accident," she said aloud.

"Yes'm," answered the lad.

She looked at the note again and then with a curious sharp note in her voice, asked: "What is the matter with Mr. Langden?"

"Nawthin'," the boy replied, somewhat startled by the question, "he ain't hurted. It's Jimmy Manson."

"And what's the matter with Jimmy?"

"He's kilt; dat's wot."

"Killed," the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Yep, and Mister Langden's gone to tell de wife."

"Why did they send him?"

"Becos he's the mos' nicest man in the shop," was the reply, and the boy walked away.

"The mos' nicest man in the shop," she mur-

mured, "yes and in all the city and all the world," and she smiled contentedly.

Of course it was disappointing but then he would call to-night and that would make up for it, and on the morrow he would spend the day with her. 'Twould be such a merry Christmas.

So she lunched alone, at the little restaurant across the way. When she had finished her meal and was about to rise a matronly woman accosted her. "Lena Douglas—well I declare."

Lena looked up in surprise, then held out her hand saying as she did so, "Mrs. Darlington—where did you spring from?"

Before replying Mrs. Darlington clasped Lena's hand warmly, then sitting by her side said, "Left my husband at home and came in on the morning train to do some shopping. Why," she continued, "it's nearly three years since we said 'good-bye.' Let us have a talk, dear."

They chatted away about things in general for a little while and then Mrs. Darlington said: "You are to be married soon, I hear. Who is the happy man?"

"Mr. Langden," Lena answered, "did you ever meet him?"

"Not Phil Langden," incredulously.

"Yes—. You know him?"

"Know him. Goodness, Lena," she stopped; the other was gazing at her with a frightened expression in her grey eyes.

"Know him. My dear girl I ought to tell you. I will tell you, though believe me I would be the last person in the world to say anything to mar your happiness." And, as evidence of her sincerity in making such a statement, she told a story that paled Lena's cheeks and blotted out in a few moments the sweet joy of three years' of trusting love.

At one o'clock they parted and Lena went back to the store.

During the afternoon she went about her work with so great a pain at her heart that she wished she might die. The motto, "A Merry Christmas," framed in holly and mistletoe, hanging close by the big clock, seemed to look down upon her in bitter mockery. She could never be merry again.

Six o'clock—closing time—came at last. On her journey home she recalled her first meeting with Phil; just after she had come to the great city with her mother and father. It was such a wondrous change from the little country town wherein she was born and had lived until her twentieth year. Her home was a quiet one, and not very bright, for it had felt the pinch of poverty. Then Phil had come into her life and somehow city skies shone brighter and life's roadway seemed smoother. The years had gone by swiftly, happily. A certain day, not long since past, stood out with a clear joyous glow; the day when Phil told his love and had slipped on to her finger the "dearest" engagement ring.

Sometimes she had wondered why Phil, who had come to the city shortly after herself, spoke seldom of the years intervening between his early manhood and the time he met her. She had not doubted him for that, but now she understood.

In a vague way she tried to assure herself that Mrs. Darlington's story was not true. But Mrs. Darlington had more than once proved a staunch friend, and her story, together with shadowy misgivings which had troubled her at times despite Phil's strong love, convinced her and hardened her heart.

When Phil called that night she did not meet him at the door as was her wont. Mrs. Douglas showed the young man into the little parlor and, excusing herself, left him alone. Phil waited and wondered why Lena did not appear.

Presently she came, her dark hair disarranged, her features contracted by mental suffering. In

her arms she bore a number of books, some photos, and dainty bric-a-brac. Phil, who had risen on her entrance, recognized them as presents he had given her. She placed them on a little table by the window.

"Dear heart," he said, "what is the matter?"

She laughed hysterically. Phil was pained and mystified. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"Take them away," she answered wearily, "I never want to see them again." She sat down in a chair by the table.

"What does it mean?" he demanded again, hoarsely.

She did not answer. He stood looking at her. When she became conscious of his gaze she averted her head.

"Go away. You are hurting me." Her tone was one of entreaty.

"You have no right to treat me in this fashion," he said hotly, "and," stubbornly, "I will not go before you offer some explanation."

She took the engagement ring off her finger and pressed it to her lips.

"Lena, Lena, in God's name don't," he pleaded.

She laid the ring on the table. "Now go," she muttered.

"I will not." He took a step forward, with hands outstretched.

"Don't touch me," shrinking, "I could not bear that."

"You are going too far," he said roughly.

"What have I done to deserve such treatment?"

Minutes elapsed before she answered him. Then "Mr. Langdon," he bit his lip at this. She rose as she uttered the words and stood facing him. "Mr. Langden," she repeated, "did you ever know one Tom Darlington?"

"Yes," he answered wonderingly. "What has he got to do with this?"

"How long ago?" she asked, ignoring his question.

"I haven't met him since I knew you," he returned.

"Before then he was quite good enough for you—"

"Lena," gently.

"Don't interrupt," she broke in. "A good woman saved him. You were a gambler then?"

His face paled as he answered slowly, "Yes."

"A professional gambler, I believe," she went on, "a drunkard, too."

"Not that," he cried, "I swear—"

"Ah! you only drank occasionally. Your calling demanded a clear head and a steady hand."

"Since I have known you—" he began.

Again she cut him short—"But you generally managed to get the men you played with intoxicated."

"That will do," he murmured, "I will go."

He turned to leave the room.

"Not yet," she commanded, with strange inconsistency, "You shall hear me to the end."

He faced her again.

"The police knew of you."

"I never—"

"Figured in the police court," she added quickly, "I know that. You took good care to avoid such notoriety."

He was grimly determined now. "Go on," he said.

"You were a blasphemer."

"God forgive me," he answered reverently.

Her courage failed her. She sat down again and covered her face with her hands.

"You do not deny it," she sobbed, "and I would have believed you against the world. Oh! Phil, Phil! how can I trust you again?"

He let her cry for a while, then when she seemed calmer he asked, "Do you remember the night we first met?"

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly.

His voice was steady and dispassionate as he

Continued on page 26.



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A MAD PRANK

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"WELL, me dear, there's some truth in what you say," returns she modestly, "and I'll take the note. Whilst you're writing it, I'm thinking I'll tell you a little thing I said to that brazen creature, Mrs. Dyson-Moore. My gracious, Mr. Clifford, did ye see her potticoats?"

"I tried hard," says Clifford. "I think, after a bit, I did."

"Scandalous! Scandalous!" Miss Kinsella uplifts her arms.

"What did you say to her, Miss Kinsella?" asks Hilary.

"Just a word, me dear. No more. I went up to her when she was dancing with one o' them stragglers from the barracks, an' I asked her wouldn't she lik the loan of a bill? It struck me" says Miss Kinsella thoughtfully, "that she was a little short with me, when I met her at supper afterward."

"You?" begins Clifford, "but—"

At this moment a loud knock at the front door is heard.

"Who's that?" demands Miss Kinsella, eagerly.

"Some friend, no doubt," says Diana carelessly. "Now, here is the note. You ought to take it at once. You know if the account is sent to the papers—"

"I know." Miss Kinsella is peering out of the window that commands the hall door. "Why—if it isn't that young man that is staying with Mrs. Dyson-Moore."

"Is it? Very likely. You really ought to see about that at once, if your nephew—"

"Is he coming to see you now, or Miss Burroughs?"

"Both—he," desperately, "is a sort of cousin of ours. But if you don't—"

"A cousin? You don't say so. On the mother's side, or the father's?"

"The father's. No, the mother's—I assure you the first—"

"Then, let me see, his name should be—"

"I'll see you to the gate, Miss Kinsella," says Clifford, genially, conveying the old lady safely out of the room just as Ker enters. Miss Kinsella manages to give him a good stare, however, as they pass each other.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Love on my heart from Heaven fell Soft as the dew on flowers of spring. Sweet as the hidden drops that swell Their honey-throated chattering."

Luncheon is over, it had proved in the beginning rather a trial to Diana, who could not forget that other luncheon, in which Hilary had played such a lead-

ing part. But Clifford had said something about it, to which Ker had responded with an utterly unembarrassed air, and then they had all laughed. So it had ended.

After luncheon Ker had asked Hilary to show him the pretty garden outside, a glimpse of which could be caught from the dining-room windows, and she had put on a big straw hat, picturesque to the last degree, and brought him out—here.

"After all," says Ker. "I suppose we had better talk about it."

They are sitting in the little arbor by this time (all overgrown by trailing roses), and a slight pause had come in the rather hurried conversation that up to this has been carried on between them.

"About—" Her tone is a little faint. Her pretence at ignorance poor indeed.

"I know it is hard for you," says he hurriedly, "but it has to be done, you see, and—you must only try and forgive me. Of course, you have only to say one word, and I'm off to India again tomorrow, and that blessed £18,000 a year may go anywhere you like for all I care. If only your refusal of me would give it to you, I should feel contented. But as it is—"

"Or," says she slowly, looking on the ground, "if your refusal to marry me—"

"Well, I haven't refused," says he, tracing a pattern in the gravel with his stick.

"Well, neither have I," says she with a queer little laugh.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" He gets up and stands looking at her.

"Oh, I don't know what I mean. Don't stand there staring at me."

She too gets up, and, turning from him, begins to pull a few buds from a long-suffering rose-tree near.

"Was ever any girl placed in so horrid a position?" says she at last, in a very distressed tone. "Never, I think! And what makes it worse for me is, that I feel as if I was in fault."

"No, no; you mustn't think that. Surely neither of us is in fault."

"Of course," pulling off another most sensitive bud, "I could say that 'one word' you spoke of a moment ago, but," she now turns and looks fairly at him, "it seems such a great deal of money to throw away."

"It does, of course."

"To absolutely sacrifice it as Diana say"—hesitatingly. "Still I can't bear the idea of your marrying me only because I am worth—so much."

"That applies equally to both of us," returns he gravely.

"Yes, I know; yes, of course," hur-

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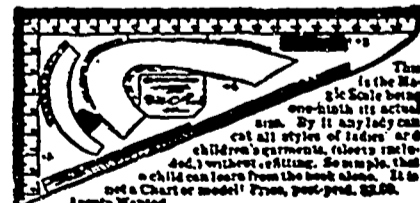
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riedly. "But it is always worse for—the woman, I think."
"I don't see that; I don't indeed. You put it rather unfairly."
"To marry, just for position?"
"Yes, I know, it sounds beastly, but—"
"But what?" She has gone back to her destruction of the innocent buds by this time.
"Look here," says he earnestly, "if I found, on meeting you, that I—well, hated you for example, I wouldn't marry you if I were to lose ten times the money by my refusal. But I can't help thinking that as we are both free—Bye-the-bye," breaking off, "you are free!"
"Oh, yes; as air," breaking into a little shy laugh.
"Well, then," says he, with an evident sigh of relief, "there is not so much fear."
She glances at him.
"For you," says she. "But," she leans toward him. "But how for me? Have you," her dark, blue eyes search his anxiously, "never been in love?"
"In love?" He colors slightly. "Not in love; I may have fancied people."
"Fancied them?" She looks uncertain.
"Well, yes, liked them—in a wry."
"Once?"
This is too much for Ker. He smiles.
"Oh, half-a-dozen times," says he.
"That's better," says Hilary gravely, unmoved outwardly by his mirth, if secretly annoyed by it; "I prefer that."
"On the idea that there's safety in a multitude." He is still smiling.
"Yes," a little coldly. "But anyway you have got the best of this bargain, as I have never been in love at all!"
"Well, but neither have I," says he.
"You remember I told you that."
"Still you have 'fancied' people. I," slowly, "have never fancied anybody!"
Ker takes a step towards her, and lifting one of her hands, raises it lightly to his lips.
"Then, perhaps there is a chance for me?" says he, not ungracefully. "Will you give me a chance?"
"The whole thing is so absurd," says she ruefully. "I want to marry you, and you want to marry me, just because we shall be rich people if we do, and p. or people if we don't. But once married, if we found we did not like each other—how would it be, then?"
"It is a risk certainly," says Ker, very gravely. He pauses; then looks at her. "I am content to accept it," says he.
Hilary flushes faintly. Her eyes are downcast, her lovely face is looking a little sad, a little thoughtful. All at once Ker knows that to him, at all events, it is the one beautiful face in the world. In an impulsive fashion he takes her hand again, now holding it closely.
"Will you risk it?" asks he.
It is a proposal. He feels her hand tremble within his. Will she? Will she? She raises her eyes to his.
"There would be some time before—before—"
"Some little time—a month. You know the will is very stern."

"Well—yes," says she with a sigh. The sigh is hardly complimentary, yet Ker accepts it with an excellent grace.
"You are too good," says he with quiet earnestness.
She breaks away from him impatiently.
"I am not. And I hate myself. To consent to marry a perfect stranger, one of whom I know nothing?"
"You know, at all events, that I like beer."
"Oh, you are too bad," she frowns, but after a struggle with herself, she breaks into merry if unwilling laughter.
"There, go away," says she petulantly. "I want to be alone."
"I may come to-morrow, however?"
"Yes—s. Yes, of course. To luncheon?"
"I'm afraid not so early as that. Mrs. Dyson-Moore has something on for to-morrow; I forget what. Some people to luncheon, anyway, but if I may come at three?"
"You may."
Her tone is a little low. Somehow, she had not liked his refusal to lunch with her. However little she may be to him, she certainly ought to be more than Mrs. Dyson-Moore.
"That is settled then," says Kerr.
"Good-by," says Hilary.
"Good-by." He takes her proffered hand and holds it. "This is mine!" questions he, tightening his fingers over it.
Hilary makes a little affirmative gesture. A most unsatisfactory one.
"You will be my wife?" asks Ker, more decisively this time. He had disliked that silent assent.
"I will." Her answer now is distinct enough, anyway, if ideally cold.
Ker, after a second's examination of her face, stoops and presses his lips to her cheek. It is the calmest kiss on record, yet he has the satisfaction of

seeing that it touches her. She grows, indeed, crimson. She draws back from him. It is true, with a little offended gesture, but in doing so she lets him see her eyes. They are full of tears, and a little, quick surprise and indignation, and a now sweet suspicion of shame, but nothing at all of horror, or shrinking, or dislike.
(To be Continued).

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Lou's Clarionet.*

By C. G. D. ROBERTS.

IT was a Christmas Eve service in the Second Westcock Church.

The church at Second Westcock was quaint and old-fashioned, like the village over which it presided. Its shingles were gray with the beating of many winters; its little square tower was surmounted by four spindling posts, like the legs of a table turned heavenward; its staring windows were adorned with curtains of yellow cotton; its uneven and desolate churchyard, strewn with graves and snowdrifts, occupied a bleak hillside looking out across the bay to the lonely height of Shepody Mountain.

Down the long slope below the church straggled the village, half-lost in the snow, and whistled over by the winds of the Bay of Fundy.

Second Westcock was an outlying corner of the rector's expansive parish, and a Christmas Eve service there was an event almost unparalleled. To give Second Westcock this service, the rector had forsaken his prosperous congregations at Westcock, Sackville and Dorchester, driving some eight or ten miles through the snows and solitude of the deep Dorchester woods.

And because the choir at Second Westcock was not remarkable even for willingness, much less for strength or skill, he had brought with him his fifteen-year-old niece, Lou Allison, to swell the Christmas praises with the notes of her clarionet.

The little church was lighted with oil lamps ranged along the white wall between the windows. The poor, bare chancel—a red cloth-covered kitchen table in a semicircle of paintless railing—was flanked by two towering pulpits of white pine. On either side the narrow, carpetless aisle were rows of unpainted benches.

On the left were gathered solemnly the men of the congregation, each looking straight ahead. On the right were the women, whispering and scanning each other's bonnets, till the appearance of the rector from the little vestry-room by the door should bring silence and reverent attention.

In front of the women's row stood the melodeon; and the two benches behind it were occupied by the choir, the male members of which sat blushing self-consciously, proud of their office, but deeply abashed at the necessity of sitting among the women.

There was no attempt at Christmas decoration, for Second Westcock had never been awakened to the delicious excitements of the church greening.

At last the rector appeared in his voluminous white surplice. He moved slowly up the aisle, and mounted the winding steps of the right-hand pulpit; and as he did so his five-year-old son, forsaking his place by Lou's side, marched forward and seated himself resolutely on the pulpit steps. He did not feel quite at home in Second Westcock Church.

The sweet old carol, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," rose rather doubtfully from the little choir, who looked and listened askance at the glittering clarionet, into which Lou

was now blowing softly. Lou was afraid to make herself distinctly heard at first, lest she should startle the singers; but in the second verse the pure vibrant notes came out with confidence,

and then for two lines the song was little more than a duet between Lou and the rector's vigorous baritone. In the third verse, however, it all came right. The choir felt and responded to the strong support and thrilling stimulus of the instrument, and at length ceased to dread their own voices. The naked little church was glorified with the sweep of triumphal song pulsating through it.

Never before had such music been heard there. Men, women and children sang from their very souls; and when the hymn was ended the whole congregation stood for some seconds as in a dream, with quivering throats, till the rector's calm voice, repeating the opening words of the liturgy, brought back their self-control in some measure.

Thereafter every hymn and chant and carol was like an inspiration, and Lou's eyes sparkled with exultation.

When the service was over the people gathered round the stove by the door, praising Lou's clarionet, and petting little Ted, who had by this time come down from the pulpit steps. One old lady gave the child two or three brown sugar biscuits, which she had brought in her pocket, and a pair of red mittens, which she had knitted for him as a Christmas present.

Turning to Lou, the old lady said, "I never heard nothing like that trumpet of yours, Miss. I felt like it just drew down the angels from heaven to sing with us to-night. Their voices was all swimming in a smoke like, right up in the hollow of the ceiling."

"Tain't a trumpet!" interrupted Teddy shyly, "it's a clar'onet. I got a trumpet home!"

"To be sure!" replied the old lady indulgently. "But, Miss, as I was a-sayin', that music of yours would jest soften the hardest heart as ever was."

The rector had just come from the vestry-room, well wrapped up in his furs, and was shaking hands and wishing every one a Merry Christmas, while the sexton brought the horse to the door. He overheard the old lady's last remark, as she was bundling Teddy up in a huge woollen muffler.

"It certainly did," said he, "make the singing go magnificently to-night, didn't it, Mrs. Tait? But I wonder, now, what sort of an effect it would produce on a hard-hearted bear if such a creature should come out at us while we are going through Dorchester woods?"

The mild pleasantry was very delicately adapted to the rector's audience, and the group about the stove smiled with a reverent air befitting the place they were in; but the old lady exclaimed in haste,—

"My land sakes, Parson, a bear'd be jest scared to death!"

"I wonder if it would frighten a bear?" thought Lou to herself, as they were getting snugly bundled into the warm, deep "pung," as the low box-sleigh with movable seats is called.

Soon the crest of the hill was passed, and the four-poster on the top of Second Westcock Church sank out of sight. For a mile or more the road led through half-cleared pasture lands, where the black stumps stuck up so strangely through the drifts that Teddy discovered bears on every hand. He was not at all alarmed, however, for he was sure his father was a match for a thousand bears.

By and by the road entered the curious inverted dark of the Dorchester woods, where all the light

seemed to come from the white snow under the trees rather than from the dark sky above them. At this stage of the journey Teddy retired beneath the buffalo robes, and went to sleep in the bottom of the pung.

The horse jogged slowly along the somewhat heavy road. The bells jingled drowsily amid the soft, pushing whisper of the runners. Lou and the rector talked in quiet voices, attuned to the solemn hush of the great forest.

"What's that?"

Lou shivered up closer to the rector as she spoke, and glanced nervously into the dark woods whence a sound had come. He did not answer at once, but seized the whip and tightened the reins, as a signal to old Jerry to move on faster.

The horse needed no signal, but awoke into an eager trot, which would have become a gallop had the rector permitted.

Again came the sound, this time a little nearer, and still, apparently, just abreast of the pung, but deep in the woods. It was a bitter, long, wailing cry, blended with a harshly grating undertone, like the rasping of a saw.

"What is it?" again asked Lou, her teeth chattering.

The rector let old Jerry out into a gallop, as he answered, "I'm afraid it's a panther—what they call around here an 'Indian devil.' But I don't think there is any real danger. It is a ferocious beast, but will probably give us a wide berth."

"Why don't he attack us?" asked Lou.

"Oh, it prefers solitary victims," replied the rector. "It is ordinarily a cautious beast, and does not understand the combination of man and horse and vehicle. Only on rare occasions has it been known to attack people driving, and this one will probably keep well out of our sight. However, it's just as well to get beyond its neighborhood as quickly as possible. Steady, Jerry, old boy! Steady; don't use yourself up too fast!"

The rector kept the horse well in hand; but in a short time it was plain that the panther was not avoiding the party. The cries came nearer and nearer, and Lou's breath came quicker and quicker, and the rector's teeth began to set themselves grimly, while his brows gathered in anxious thought.

If it should come to a struggle, what was there in the sleigh, he was wondering, that could serve as a weapon? Nothing, absolutely nothing, but his heavy pocket-knife.

"A poor weapon," thought he, ruefully, "with which to fight a panther." But he felt in his pocket with one hand, and opened the knife, and slipped it under the edge of the cushion beside him.

At this instant he caught sight of the panther bounding along through the low underbrush, keeping parallel with the road, and not forty yards away.

"There it is!" came in a terrified whisper from Lou's lips; and just then Teddy lifted his head from under the robes. Frightened at the speed, and at the set look on his father's face, he began to cry. The panther heard him and turned at once toward the sleigh.

Old Jerry stretched himself out in a burst of extra speed, while the rector grasped his poor knife fiercely; and the panther came with a long leap right into the road, not ten paces behind the flying sleigh.

Teddy stared in amazement, then covered down in fresh terror as there came an ear-splitting screech, wild and high and long, from Lou's clarionet. Lou had turned, and over the back of the seat was blowing this peal of desperate defiance in the brute's very face. The astonished animal shrank back in his tracks, and sprang again into the underbrush.

Lou turned to the rector with a flushed face of triumph, and the rector exclaimed in a husky voice, "Thank God!" But Teddy, between his sobs, complained, "What did you do that for, Lou?"

Continued on page 26.

*The above story is reproduced by special permission of the publisher, Wm. Briggs, from Charles G. D. Roberts' new book, "Around the Camp Fire," a delightful collection of Canadian stories of adventure. [KIRK.]

INDOOR GAMES.

By Cyollat.

GOOD indoor games are always in demand; our winter evenings are long; very many of our homes are too small to afford room for dancing, and the game that will entertain or amuse is certain to become popular.

Of course, there are the standard games, cards, checkers, chess—but of these the first are prohibited in many instances by parents, who at least have the best welfare of their children at heart, the second becomes monotonous, and the third is too abstruse for the ordinary happy family circle.

There are quiet games in plenty, but for the winter festal evenings we want those that lead to laughter.

* * *

Among the new parlor games is "Curling"—or curling without ice, as the inventor terms it—a fascinating and jolly evening game, in which both exercise and amusement may be found. We give illustration of the curling board. The inventor, Mr. Cranston of Galt, has been honored with an order for "Curling" from the Premier, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier,



a fact of which he is naturally proud. "Curling" carried into our home evenings is a happy thought, and the game should prove attractive. The curling board is \$3.00—with the table \$4.50.

Tennis junior, and parlor cricket are also both fashionable indoor games.

* * *

Another new game, and one that is sure to prove popular is "Pillow-dex"—a combination of battledore and tennis. A raised cord extends down the center of the table, and small inflated balloons are struck lightly with the back of one hand to and fro across the division line. Four or eight players are allowed on each side, more if extra balloons are ordered.

There are various little regulations that add to the jollity of the game. It is not difficult, nor tiresome, but requires just the touch of skill, and permits just the amount of mirth necessary to make it a really enjoyable nonsense game. The game may be had for twenty-five or fifty cents.

* * *

"Carroms" is also a new game. Its factors are a two-foot square polished board, smooth as a billiard table, with baize pockets in each corner. The game

is played with checker men, who are to be "flipped" into the several pockets.

These flipping games are all popular, in spite of the fact that they cause fingers to tingle. "Crokinole" is an instance of this, it is still selling well.

Another new game, and one that is excellently educative is "Napoleon," recently invented by a Canadian, a Mr. Sinclair, of Beamsville. It is attractively gotten up in a box of gay pictorial design. The game is played on a flat board about two feet square, on which is a curving track. This track is marked off in numbered squares, fifty in number, each of which bear the name of some important incident or epoch in Napoleon's career. The game is played like Parcheesi, by throwing dice and moving the men forward or backward, according to the throw. Wherever the square reached marks a disaster in the little Corsican's career the player must set back his man a certain number of places; where over a conquest is achieved the player's man moves onward. The game is educative and novel.

"Reversi" and "Halma" are games of the checker class, not quite new but amusing.

In cards, "Flags of all Nations" and "Maple Leaves" are new games, fashioned after the familiar game of "Authors." They are both unconsciously educative as well as quietly entertaining.

Any of these games may be recommended; no home should be without one or more of them, for the pleasant whiling away of the twilight or evening hours of the winter day. Townspeople may obtain any of them through the bookseller or novelty dealer. THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will give information to any country enquirer about them.

* * *

Many of these games may be played with home-made boards and men, which, of course, reduces the cost of them. Almost any boy can make a Parcheesi board, which answers for any similar game, while parlor billiard, curling, and checker boards may be made by any skilful tool-man.

Outdoor games are being adapted to the parlor to a great extent, tennis, cricket and curling, are all fashionable. And it is rumored that parlor or hall hockey is within hail.

Cribbage is one of the quieter games—an old game that has been somewhat out of date lately, it is true, but it is now being much revived in English circles.

For Christmas eve games, we incline to the old-fashioned ones—"Blind-men's-bluff," which licenses some merry kissing; musical chairs, forfeits under any guise, the Quaker dance, and old Sir Roger.

For the fireside—the ghost story, or that other amusing tale-telling, in which the story is begun by one member of the circle, and at a thrilling climax handed over to number two who carries it on in what manner he chooses, and passes it,

at a second climax, to the third. This continues throughout the circle; and the incongruities and unexpected anticlimaxes are productive of much amusement.

It is a fault of Canadian homes, that too little home amusement is provided for the evening hours. The father has his paper; the mother is engaged with book or work; the children are engaged with their lessons; and after lessons comes bed. There seems to be no time for home amusement, and the pleasant intimacy which it engenders.

Yet this should not be so. It is worth while for parents to establish a twilight or bed-time half hour for the home-evenings of the week, when the games may be brought out, or the stories told. It may be an effort at times; but it repays in manifold.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,
She has passed away like the rest—
The other fair summers long since fled

From the woods and the meadow-crest:
The blossoms of spring were white and sweet,
But they paled and shrank from the touch

of the heat,
The fields are shining yellow and dun,
Where the autumn gathered its tale of

grain,
We thank Thee, Lord, for the blessed sun,
We thank Thee for the rain.

Our beautiful summer is past and fled,
We are older grown and gray,
The spring is gone from the youthful tread,

The laugh from the lips once gay;
The childish hope in the childish eyes
Is darkened by many a sad surprise;

But the promise stands sure as then it stood,

We can smile in loss as we smiled in gain,
And we thank Thee, Lord of the year,
for the good,
And we bless Thee, for the pain.

Sing sweet thy sweet thanksgiving, O
Soul! and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and
the anthem heavenward swells!
For His love and for His mercy - for His
cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole
world thank its God!

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A HAPPY ENDING.

(Concluded from page 21.)

continued. "I had promised to go to a
card—a gambling party, you would call
it—that night. In your presence I forgot
my promise."

He paused. She did not look up.

"When I left you I went straight to
my rooms and burned every pack of cards
I owned, and destroyed my whole stock
in trade as a professional gambler. Then
I did what I had not done since as a
child my mother taught me"—he faltered
and stopped abruptly.

She did not speak or move.

"I prayed. Can you understand what
that meant to such as I was then. I
prayed that God would help me so that
some day I might win your friend-
ship."

A little cry escaped her.

"It was your eyes, dear—Your beauti-
ful gray eyes that brought home to me
that night the thought of my dead mother.
She had gray eyes."

His hands clenched nervously. He
stepped closer to her.

"You came into my life when I had
lost faith in womanhood and God; when
I lived for self alone; when I was all
what you have said. That night a new-
born hope came to me. That is three
years ago. Since then, and I do not say
it boastfully, I have lived as a man
should live, true to himself and true to
humanity. The thought of you—my love
for you, your love and belief in me, made
me strong. You brought me back to real
life, from a course that could have ended
only in blackest misery—and—and—per-
haps in self-inflicted death."

"Not that," she gasped.

"Yes," slowly, "for I was troubled, or
blessed, with a conscience, but fancied it
too late to make amends." His voice was
broken now, his words halting.

"We have been such true friends these
happy years. You know my life during
that period. Can you point to any one
action of mine and say it was mean, con-
temptible, unworthy of you?"

"No, dear," she answered softly.

His face flushed, his eyes glowed.
He bent over her and kissed her hair.

"No, he continued more hopefully.
"No. And now I will go. The firm
have offered me a responsible position in
their New York branch. I leave to you
next week. I had thought—that—but,"

weakly, "that is past. Perhaps some
day you will forgive me and trust me
again. But, whatever happens"—there
was a ring of triumph in his voice—"the
old life cannot call me back. I can
thank you for that. I shall live as I have
lived for the three happiest years of my
life. Let us say good-b—"

"No," she cried. She lifted her head.
There was a glorious light in her tear-
dimmed eyes. Her whole face was
radiant. She stretched out her hands
impulsively. He lifted them to his lips.
Kissing them again and again. Then he
kissed her lips and her eyes.

"Phil," she said joyously, while the
blushes came and went on her bonny
face, "when you leave town you will
take me with you?"

With a happy sigh he answered, "Yes."
and even as he spoke the words the bells
from a neighboring church rang out the
Christmas chimes.

LOU'S CLARINET.

(Concluded from page 24.)

Lou jumped to the conclusion that her
victory was complete and final; but the
rector kept Jerry at his top speed, and
scrutinized the underwood apprehensive-
ly.

The panther appeared again in four or
five minutes, returning to the road, and
leaping along some forty or fifty feet be-
hind the sleigh. His pace was a very
curious, disjointed, india-rubbery spring,
which rapidly closed up on the fugi-
tives.

Then round swung Lou's long instru-
ment again, and at its piercing cry the
animal again shrank back. This time,
however, he kept to the road, and the
moment Lou paused for breath he resum-
ed the chase.

"Save your breath, child," exclaimed
the rector, as Lou again put the slender
tube to her lips. "Save your breath and
let him have it ferociously when he be-
gins to get too near."

The animal came within twenty or
thirty feet again, and then Lou greeted
him with an ear-splitting blast and he fell
back. Again and again the tactics were
repeated. Lou tried a thrilling cadenza;
it was too much for the brute's nerves.
He could not comprehend a girl with
such a penetrating voice, and he could
not screw up his courage to a closer in-
vestigation of the marvel.

At last the animal seemed to resolve
on a change of procedure. Plunging into
the woods, he made an effort to get ahead
of the sleigh. Old Jerry was showing
signs of exhaustion; but the rector
roused him to an extra spurt—and there,
just ahead, was the opening of Fillmore's
settlement.

"Blow, Lou, blow!" shouted the
rector; and as the panther made a dash
to intercept the sleigh, it found itself in
too close proximity to the strange-voiced
phenomenon in the pung, and sprang
backward with an angry snarl.

As Lou's breath failed from her dry
lips, the sleigh dashed cut into the open.
A dog bayed angrily from the nearest
farmhouse, and the panther stopped short
on the edge of the wood. The rector
drove into the farmyard; and old Jerry
stopped, shivering as if he would fall be-
tween the shafts.

After the story had been told, and
Jerry had been stabled and rubbed down,
the rector resumed his journey with a
fresh horse, having no fear that the
panther would venture across the cleared
lands. Three of the settlers started out
forthwith, and following the tracks in the
new snow, succeeded in shooting the
beast after a chase of two or three hours.

The adventure supplied the country-
side all that winter with a theme for con-
versation; and about Lou's clarinet
there gathered a halo of romance that
drew rousing congregations to the parish
church, where the music was to be heard
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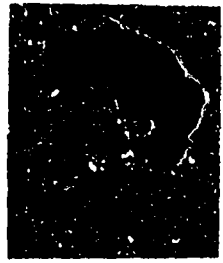
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Gift Books for Boys.

In selecting gift books for boys we should turn first to the stories of our own land, written by our own authors.

E. W. Thomson, whose "Old Man Savarin" is one of the notable books of the year, has published a second book of short stories entitled "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss." The scene of each tale is laid in Canada, one them, that in "Drifted Away," being our very own waterfront of Humber and Island. The title story is splendidly stirring; "Smoky Days" gives the record of many a pioneer's battle with the forest fires in our great North-West; "King Tom," "Dux," "The Ten Dollar Bill," "Tom's Fearful Adventure," are all well written and full of interest for boys; while even the grey-haired fellows will turn the pages from first to last, and feel themselves the younger for so doing.

Of even greater merit, if perhaps in a different vein of adventure, is "Around the Camp Fire," by Chas. G. D. Roberts.

This, as the title denotes, is a series of backwoods "yarns" told by a number of young men, as they gather each evening about their camp fire. Each "spinner" is given the freedom of his imagination, if he chooses to use it, and his double audience of camp fire listeners and readers are left to pleasantly take their choice of decision whether each exciting tale be a record of reality or dream.

Prof. Roberts knows something of a sportsman's life in our vast pioneer lands; the camp fire is a familiar blaze to him, therefore he writes with strong local color and vivid effects. By kindly permission of the publishers we reproduce one, perhaps the simplest of the collection, this month, on page twenty-four.

There are over three hundred pages in the book, and some thirty splendidly told "yarns," short, full of hair-breadth incidents, yet always wholesome.

This book also is to be most highly commended, and should be on every boy's bookshelf.

Of less literary merit, but filled with a splendid record of Canadian frontier life are those two books by John McDougal, "Forest, Lake and Prairie," and "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe." These are books written by a missionary, yet they are not in any sense "missionary books," except that the boy who lays them down, after thorough enjoyment of the lively narrative and thrilling wild-wood experiences, find himself moved to a kindlier and higher conception of how full that life may be that is lived healthily, sturdily, and yet for others.

The above are all new books by Canadian authors, to be most heartily commended for the boy's library.

Next upon the list comes Henty's books—too well known to need comment, but in the long list of them we should like to draw attention to one that belongs, in an especial sense, to Canadian boys, "With Wolfe in Canada," which gives in an attractive form a history of the conquest of Canada by the English. The historical details are woven into the adventures of James Walsham, a young English sailor, and are drawn chiefly from Parkman, and other reliable historians. There are few Canadian boys who have not one or more volumes by Henty. This should be among the number; since it is one of the safeguards and the strength of the Dominion, that her coming men should hold the early records of their country familiar as nursery tales.

"Successward," by Edward Bok, is by sub-title, "A Young Man's Book for Young Men," written by a young man who is considered "successful" by the business world at large, and who, perhaps, may be forgiven if he views himself in the same light. Mr. Bok has certainly achieved a large measure of success—even in the finer interpretation of the word; while outwardly he has won all that young men most healthily desire. Therefore his thoughts upon the subject are worth perusal.

The chapters are brief, the sentiments wholesome and tersely expressed, the topics well selected—the young man's attitude toward women, the question of marriage, his religious life, social and business life,—all of these are treated concisely and sensibly. The book is attractive in print and binding; and wisely brief.

"Teddy's Button" is a charming little tale by the author of "Probable Sons." It is published in the same attractive series and prettily illustrated. Teddy is a delightful little Fautleroy, who inherits a military spirit, and holds as his most valued treasure the button cut from his father's coat.

The opening scene, when the little fellow tells the village boys the story of his father's dramatic death in "saving the colors," wins us at once; his search for "an enemy," his discovery of one, and his struggles with "Ipsie," the loss of his button, and the glad recovery, win from us not only a very tender smile, but something deeper.

This, indeed, is a lovely little gift book for the boy of seven times one.

REVIEWER.

"Walter Gibbs, The Young Boss," by E. W. Thomson, Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto.

"Around the Camp Fire," by Chas. Roberts, Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto.

"Forest, Lake and Prairie," and "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe," by J. McDougal, Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto.

"With Wolfe in Canada," by G. A. Henty, Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto.

"Successward," by Ed. Bok, Fleming Revell, Toronto.

"Teddy's Button," by author of "Probable Sons," Fleming Revell, Toronto.

Books received.—"A Cycle of Cathay," by W. A. P. Martin, Revell, Toronto.

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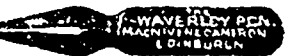
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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

We again draw attention to our offer in adjoining column of any one of Ian Maclaren's books, free of cost, in return for three subscriptions to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

"Kate Carnegie," which we review this month, is a book to be desired by any woman, while the remainder of this popular writer's works are too well known to require comment. The books are well bound and illustrated—the best editions published.

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The calendar of the season and one of especial interest to Canadians during the coming year, is the Cabot Calendar, prepared by Agnes Fitzgibbon and Sara Mickle, (Briggs Pub. Co.) It is most artistic as well as educative, while the portraits in monochromes of Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe, and Brock, are excellent and to be preserved as valued mementoes. Pen and ink sketches of our noted governors and statesmen, together with data of all important events in Canadian history, make this souvenir as historically valuable as it is artistic. Price 50 cents.

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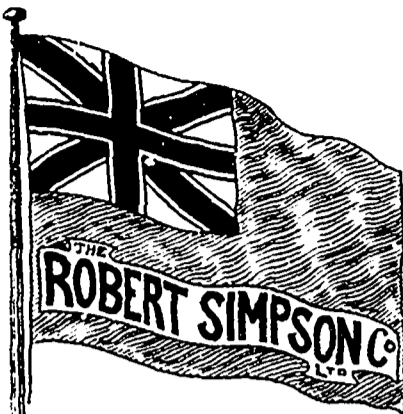
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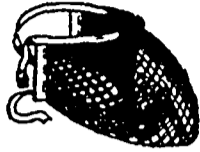
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With Hands Tied.

By Katherine Wheeler.

The vision suggested by a certain Roman story comes before me, a youth standing in the amphitheatre, his hands bound with thongs, while he struggles fiercely to free himself and make a last effort to fight for the life of one dearer to him than his own life.

It is hard to face trouble at any time but how much harder to confront it with hands tied. Yet there are some, ay many, who have done so. All praise to them for what they have accomplished, bound, and more shame to the laggards who stand by idle, though free.

Would it be too bold an assertion that half the best work in the world has been done as it were with hands tied? What of deaf Beethoven and blind Milton of by-gone days? What of many others of our day?

We hear of one woman who made the plans for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair in three weeks, taking only the time she could spare from hours given to teaching. We hear of another, a successful story writer, who, with household cares constantly pressing upon her during the day, is obliged to do her writing at night.

What can we do now but sink down and give up the struggle? Ah! not so. Let us rest for a while and look down the road at what others have done, and up the road at what others are doing with tied hands.

There are life-long invalids, cripples and deaf mutes—an incapable multitude, seemingly, who yet by their cheerfulness through their daily struggle have lifted other strong and able fellow-creatures from the Slough of Despond.

There are hundreds who have worked day in and day out, with their faces turned steadfastly in one direction, but with the cords pressing even tighter on the aching wrists, while freedom and their accomplished object are always in view.

And one day (as in the Roman story) comes an arrow whizzing through the air, straight towards the bound hands, and the cords are cut. Then the lately-bound rise to their feet, dazed and uncertain; but to find at last that the struggle is over; they are free.

What matters it if that emancipation comes here or in another world, if the arrow be sent by the hand of some human agency, or by the kind, sure hand of the Angel of Death. What matters it? In either case they shall work no more—with hands tied.

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THE GREY COTTAGE.

(Concluded from page 7)

The apparition, for such I now felt it to be, stood looking out of the window, with a worn, sad expression, such as his face might often have borne in the lonely, loveless life he had chosen for himself. After a moment or two of perfect stillness I could bear it no longer. Springing to the fire I stirred it vigorously; the flames rose up into the chimney and the little room was in a blaze of light.

The old man was gone! Cecily grasped my hands in both her own, for she had seen it too; every trace of the usual bright color had vanished from her lips and face, and she was trembling from head to foot.

I went up with them the next day, and took old Martha with me, I could not stay in the place any more. The agent was informed of these facts, and he let me off easily, and made no remonstrance; so we thought mine could not have been the first complaint of the sort.

It is said the grey cottage is to be a cottage no longer; that it is to be pulled down. And I sincerely hope it will be.

A PRETTY SOUVENIR.

A pretty souvenir of the Historical Ball held at Rideau Hall in February last will appear during December, issued by Durie. The price will be one dollar. It will contain pictures of all the different Courts that took part, including the vice-legal court of to-day; and also an historical sketch by Dr. Bourinot. The whole will be bound in an artistic cover, printed in seven colors. The fact that the British North American Note Company is doing the work will be sufficient guarantee of its high merit.

This souvenir will make a dainty Christmas gift for all those who were fortunate enough to take part in the most brilliant social function Canada has known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FASHIONS.

A. B.—The firm you mention is thoroughly reliable. You had better write them direct, and they will furnish you with all information.

S. J.—Look in our fashion hints this month. Do not hurry your skirt garnishings; the plain skirt will remain for at least several months. A foot trimming of braid or fur is quite permissible.

L. L.—(1). Deep frills of lace or lissore are still worn, falling over the hands, for long sleeved dress bodices. (2). Buy a pattern.

HOUSEHOLD.

Frank Barnett.—Under the circumstances, I should advise that you take a sample of the milk to a chemist, and ask him to analyze it. I would also pay a visit to the milkman's establishment. You cannot be too careful.

Jessie S.—There are mince meat recipes given in the Household page this month. It is not desirable food for young children nor people with weak digestion. It is all right for boys. Look to the same page this month for Christmas suggestions.

Mother.—It is quite correct for a woman to carve if she chooses. As a rule she takes the lighter meat at the informal dinner. She should retain her seat while so doing.

LITERARY.

Epsila.—It is somewhat difficult to read and return manuscripts promptly where the office staff is small, and much work devolves on each. In our office they usually have to await the week of leisure that follows the issue of the month.

Puzzled Woman.—I should suggest a volume of Kipling's ballads; or Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," as a gift book for your man friend.

L. S., St. John N.B.—Write to the business manager of the Canada Home Journal.

Young Writer.—In sending a manuscript, let your accompanying letter be brief. Always write name and address at the head of the manuscript.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. D., Toronto.—(1). X rays are used in the Toronto General Hospital, and probably all others in the Canadian cities. (2). They are "obtained" by apparatus, and "cost" the value of the same plus the patience and skill of the operator. Better write to General Hospital for further information.

(3). It depends upon the cause of the weakness and aching, whether constitutional or from overtaxing. Inquire of any druggist, or go to your doctor.

Wants to Know.—Princess Alix, now Czarina of Russia. Her baby daughter the Grand Duchess Olga.

Local Council.—Any such questions should be put to your own secretary or president; or else write to Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, corresponding secretary of National Council.

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SEASONABLE THOUGHTS TO ASSIST YOU IN SELECTING APPROPRIATE

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Silver, Ebony and Ivory Hair Brushes.
 Silver and Ebony Mirrors.
 Silver Cloth Brushes.
 Ebony Cloth Brushes.
 Silver Combs.
 Silver Whisks.
 Silver Bonnet Dusters.
 Silver Toilet Sets, composed of hair brushes, cloth brushes, mirror, glove stretchers, comb, trinket tray, etc.
 Silver Manicure Sets, composed of scissors, cuticle knife, nail burner, nail file, quick pusher, salve boxes, curling tongs, glove stretchers, nail brush, nail polisher, etc.
 Silver Puff Boxes, and Cut Glass Silver-mounted.
 Salve Boxes, Cut Glass and Silver.
 Silver Tooth-brush Cases.
 Silver Shoe Horns.
 Silver Button Hooks.
 Silver Atomizers.
 Silver-mounted Cut Glass Smelling Salts Bottles.
 Silver-mounted Cut Glass Perfume Bottles.
 Silver-mounted Cut Glass Vinalgrettes.
 Embossed and Chased Silver Vinalgrettes.
 Silver-mounted Tortoise-shell and Leather Photo. Frames.
 Silver Miniature Photo. Frames.
 Silk Silver-mounted Handkerchief Bags.
 Silk Silver-mounted Muff Holders.
 Silver Ink Stands.
 Silver Paper Knives with Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Pearl Blades, richly Embossed Handles.
 Silver Library Sets, containing Paper Cutter and Scissors.
 Silver Book Marks, especially for Bibles, prayer books, etc.
 Silver and Gold Pens and Pencils.
 Porcelain Pen Holders.
 Silver and Gold Glove Buttoners.
 Leather Purses, Plain, Silver and Gold-mounted.
 Leather Card Cases, Plain, Silver and Gold-mounted.
 Silver Cigar Boxes, to hold fifty or one hundred cigars.



Ebony Silver-mounted Cigar Boxes, to hold fifty or one hundred cigars.
 Glass Cigar Boxes, with Silver Mountings.
 Silver and Gold Cigar Cutters.
 Silver Cigar Lighters.
 Leather Silver-mounted Cigar Cases, richly Embossed Mountings.
 Silver Cigarette Boxes.
 Glass Cigarette Boxes, with Silver Mountings.
 Silver Cigarette Holders.
 Leather Cigarette Cases, handsomely Silver-mounted.
 Silver-mounted Pipes.
 Silver Ash Receivers in Leather Cases.
 Silver Match Safes, Plain and handsomely Embossed.
 Silver Liquor Flasks, Leather-mounted and all-silver with cup attachments.
 Sealing Lamps for the Writing Table.
 Silver Desk Seals.
 Silver-mounted Blotters and Blotting Pads.
 Silver Paper Knives, with Tortoise-shells, Ivory and Pearl Blades.
 Silver Paper Weights.
 Silver Book Marks.
 Silver Cheque Cutters.
 Silver Stamp Boxes.
 Silver Mucilage Pots.
 Silver Ink Stands, with Pen Racks, Stamp Boxes, etc.
 Silver and Gold Pencils and Pen Cases.
 Silver and Gold Pens and Pen Holders.
 Porcelain Pen Holders, Gold and Silver-mounted.
 Silver and Gold Pocket Knives, Leather Silver-mounted and Plain Card Cases.
 Leather Letter Cases, Silver-mounted and Plain.
 Leather Pocket-books Silver-mounted and Plain.
 Leather Dressing Bags, in Seal, Russia, and Morocco leathers, containing brushes, combs, tooth-brush box, soap boxes, shaving brush, razor strap, mirror, etc., plain and silver-mounted.

"Come let us quaff the cup."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—WORDSWORTH.

Our Kettles Make a Beautiful Christmas Gift

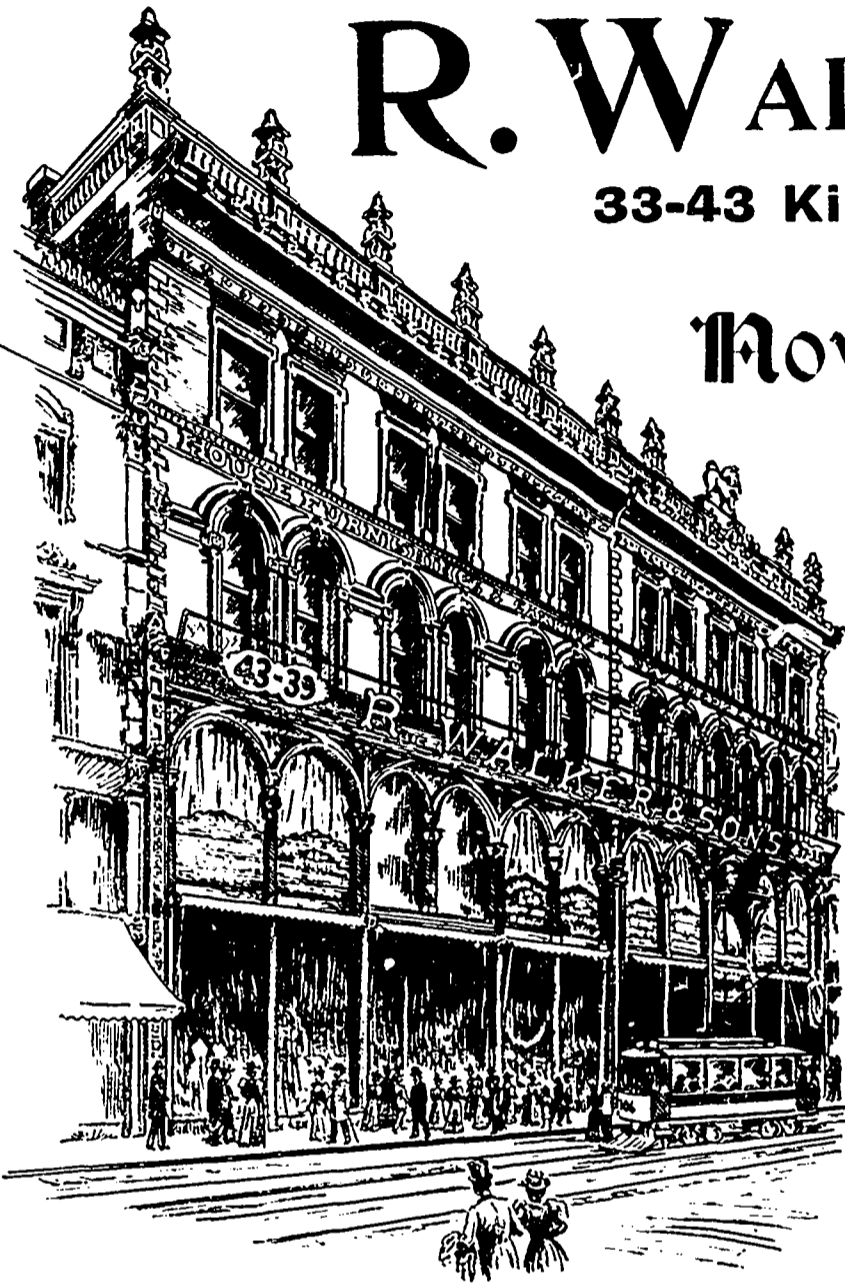
Our Mail Order Department is shipping goods to all parts of Canada. Money is cheerfully refunded on anything ordered from us which does not meet your anticipations.

Our Suggestion Book is sent free on application; it will assist your Christmas buying.

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Now for the Holidays!



WE are preparing for the biggest holiday trade ever done by this house. Our buying has been on a most extensive scale, and there'll be absolutely nothing wanting in point of completeness in the thousand and one things suitable for presentation—things to wear—things for use—things for ornament—things to play with—things to instruct—things to laugh at and things to cry over:—

- Fine Mantles,
- Fine Linens,
- Handsome Costumes.
- Handsome Silks,
- Fine China,
- Fine Shoes and Slippers,
- Handkerchiefs and Laces,
- Gloves and Hosiery,
- Toilet Requisites & Perfumes,
- Sterling Silver Novelties,
- Fine Silver Plated Ware,
- All Sorts of Toys,
- Books and Bibles,
- Games and Toy Books.

and hosts more of it in all the newest novelties.

XMAS SLIPPERS.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Bedroom Slippers, Peerless soles, in stock or made to order	\$1.25
Ladies' Fine Kid Sandal Slippers.....	1.50
Ladies' Fine Kid Beaded Vamp Slippers.....	2.00
Ladies' Patent Leather Roman Sandals.....	2.00

XMAS GLOVES and HOSIERY.

Ladies Fine Kid Gloves, Dent's make, large Pearl Buttons, Embroidered Backs, all shades.....	\$0.75
Ladies' Kid Gloves, large buttons, Embroidered Backs, guaranteed	1.00
Ladies' "Derby" Gloves, Pique Sown, Gusset Fingers, Paris Points.....	1.25
Ladies' Extra Fine Kid Gloves, Wide Embroidery, Large Pearl Buttons, Gusset Fingers.....	1.25
Ladies' 2 Clasp or 4 Large Pearl Button "Derby," Gloves Heavy, Black Embroidery. A very stylish, durable glove.....	1.50
Ladies' Silk Mitts.....	\$1.00 to 1.75
Ladies' Silk Embroidered Black Cashmere Hose, Finest Qualities, Neat Patterns	50c., 65c., 0.75
Ladies' Silk Embroidered Lisle Hose.....	75c. and 0.85

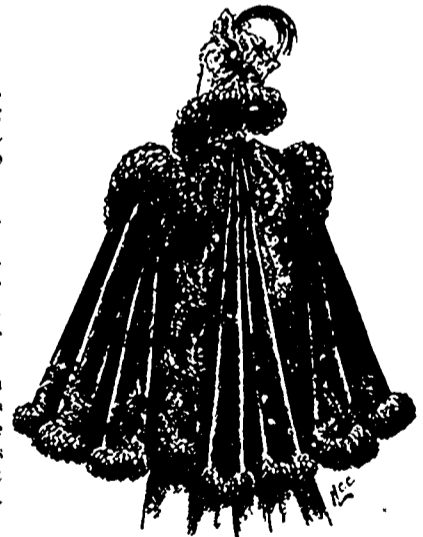
XMAS MANTLES.

If you want to give your wife, mother or sister a most comforting Christmas present may we suggest a Wrap or a Cape. A handsome Sealette Cape costs \$10, \$15, \$20.

With Fur Trimming and Collar, \$16, \$20, \$21, and \$30.

A lovely Black Silk Plush Cape—we sell with or without Fur Collar or Trimming—at \$25, and an elegant garment at \$30, and a most luxuriant one for \$38.

Fur lined Capes or Cloaks are in great demand this winter. Capes cost \$15, \$20, \$25, or \$30 up, in the full military shape. Long Cloaks in the newest shape, we begin at \$19. For \$25 or \$30 you can buy a queenly garment.

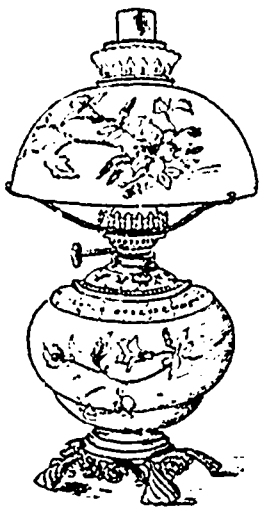


We shall give prompt and careful attention to all out-of-town orders for Christmas Presents, and will be pleased to send a copy of our special Holiday Goods Catalogue to any who wish it.

The Mail Order Department is Quick and Careful.

R. WALKER & SONS, 33-43 KING STREET EAST TORONTO.

"MERRY XMAS"



Vase Lamps, removable Oil Pot, climax burner, decorated font and shade to match, \$1.85.



Quadruple Silver Plated Berry Dish, tinted bowl, pink, \$3.85.

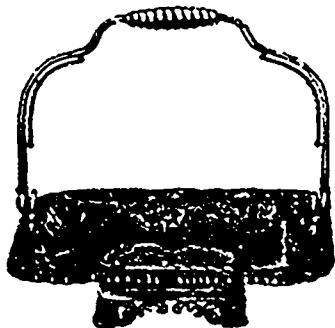
THE season of peace and happiness and good-will to all. A store—the one store of all others—that sheds sunshine into the hearts and homes of the people of Canada.

Magnificent Display of Holiday Goods

There's not a department of the Big Store where goods for holiday purposes cannot be found, but we satisfy ourselves in this mention with those of the most distinctively holiday character.

CHINAWARE.

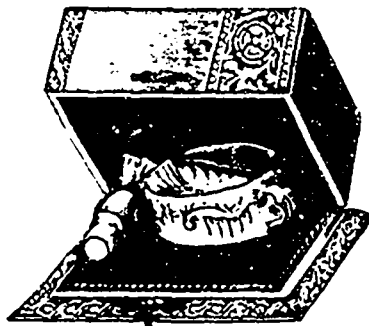
- Bisque Vases, floral designs..15c., 25c. and \$0.50
- Doulton Vases.....\$1.50, \$4.50 and \$8.00
- "Royal Teplitz" Vases..... 1.50
- "Haviland" China Fruit Plates..... 0.20
- Royal Bonn Cheese Dishes..... 0.50
- English China Breakfast Cups and Saucers 0.25
- Dresden China Candelabra, three arms, with figure..... 1.75
- Moustacho Cups and Saucers ..25c. and 0.50
- China Pin Trays..... 10c., 15c. and 0.25
- Majolica Figures..... 25c., 50c. and 0.75
- China Puff Boxes..... 0.25
- China Fruit Saucers 75c each and \$1.50 a doz.
- China Fish Sets, 15 pieces, splendid decorations..... 3.50
- Japanese 5 o'clock Tea Sets, 9 pieces ... 1.00
- China Chocolate Pots.....85c. and 1.25
- Royal Bonn Egg Sets 0.50



Quadruple Silver Plated Cake Basket, plain satin, \$5.00; chased pattern, \$5.70.

TOYS.

- Patent Dolls, unbreakable heads.10c., 15c., 20c.
- Kid Body Dolls.....20c., 25c. to \$5.00
- Dressed Dolls, an immense variety.



Celluloid Shaving Case, fine china mug, complete, \$1.50.

CELLULOID CASES.

- Necktie Cases, celluloid cover and satin lined.....\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00
- Glove Cases, satin lined, fancy top \$1.00, \$1.50 and 2.25
- Ladies Work Boxes, asst. kinds, with fittings 2.25
- Jewel Cases, satin and plush lined, \$2.50 and..... 3.75
- Manicure Sets..... \$1.50, \$2.50 and 3.75
- Trinket Box..... 1.50
- Collar and Cuff Boxes.....\$1.25, \$2.00 and 2.25
- Fan Boxes.....\$1.50 and 1.75

SILVERWARE.

- Fern Pot, quadruple plate 2.70
- Child's Cups, gold lined.....60c. and 1.35
- Napkin Rings.....45c., 70c. and 1.00
- Pickle Castors .. .89c., \$1.13 and 1.75
- Bon Bon Baskets.....\$1.75, \$2.35 and 2.70
- Fruit or Berry Spoons, \$1.35; gold lined 1.85
- Sugar Spoons, 45c; gold lined..... 0.70

BOOKS.

- Padded Poets, full leather binding, Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, Byron, Whittier, Browning, etc., reg. \$1.35, for \$0.95
- Chatterbox for 1896, special 0.75
- Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, etc. See our special Bible Reference and Helps, reg. \$1.50, at 1.00
- Xmas Cards and Calendars—a very choice assortment



Royal Chelsea Jarlinic, a floral design with gift edge, reg. \$1.50, for \$1.00.

The Mail Order System of the store brings its advantages to every out-of-town shopper. Order from any dept. by mail.

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