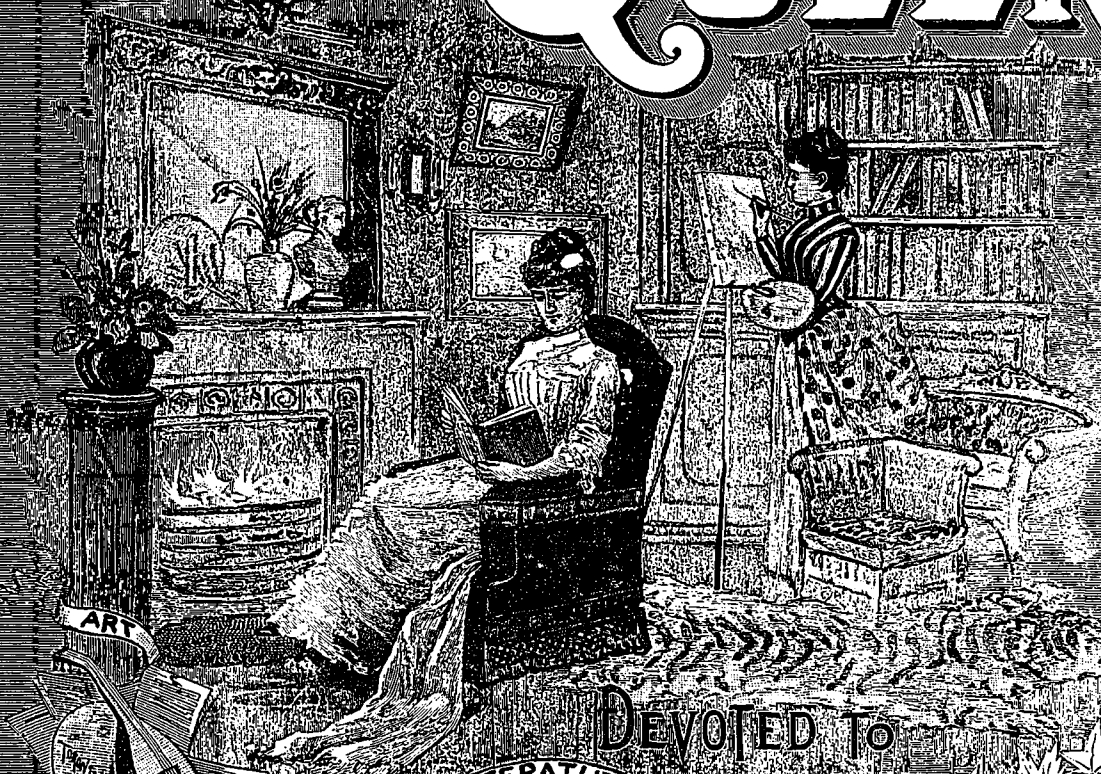


Nov. 1890.

The Canadian QUEEN



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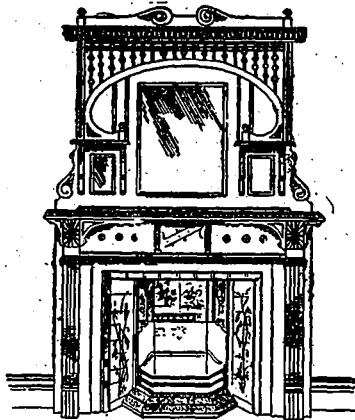
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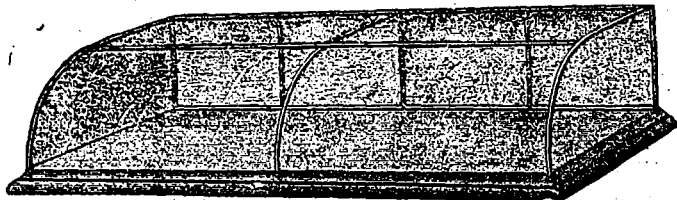
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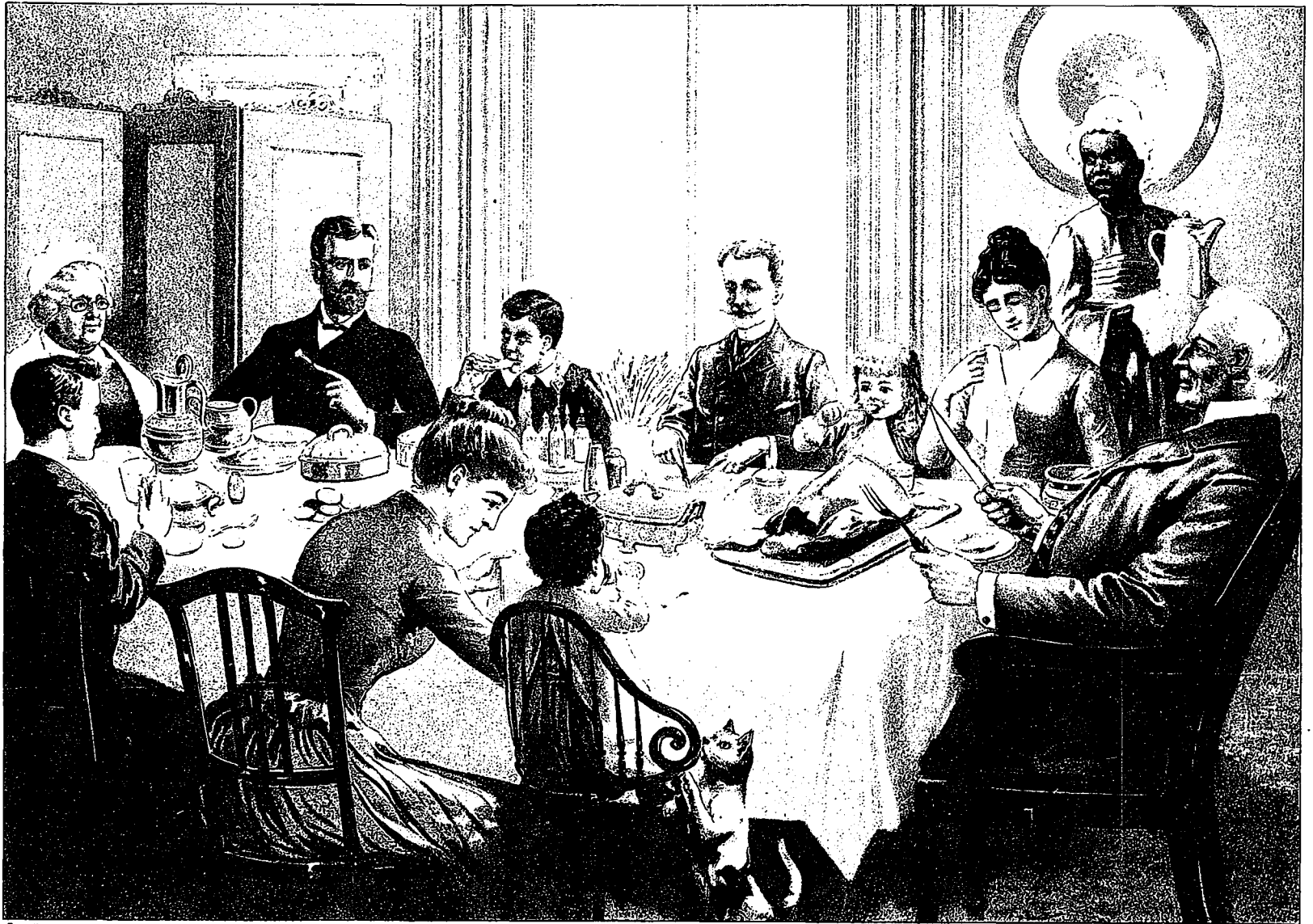
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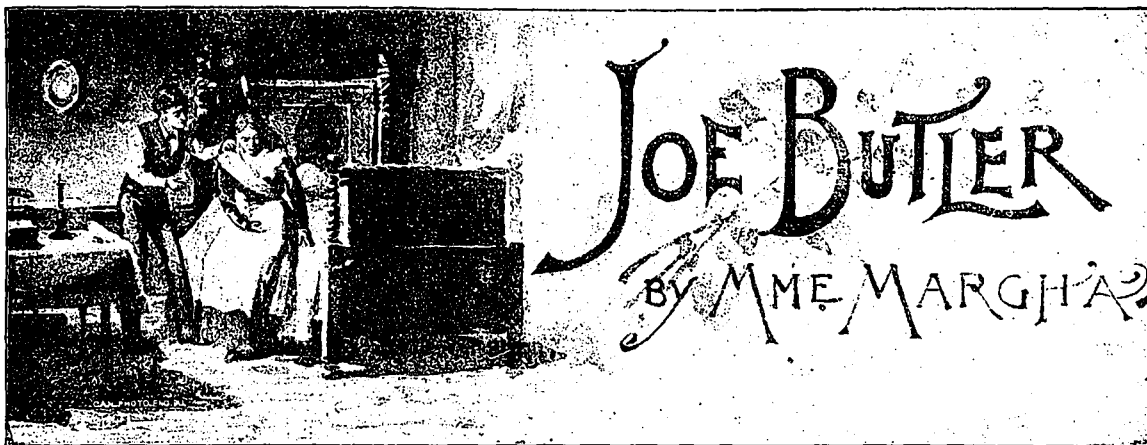
THE CANADIAN QUEEN

REGISTERED.

VOL. 11.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 11.



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THIRD PORTION.

“WHAT will I do when you go away?” asked Bell Higgins as Joe sat by her sofa the evening before he started for Bellevue. “I am so tired of myself, and I am sure everyone else is tired seeing me lie here. Just to think Joe, I will never be able to ride again, even if I get so that I can walk.”

“Why not study, Bell?” asked Joe.

“Oh, I hate it so, you know I never could bear to be poked up with musty, fusty old books. The *Pilgrim's Progress* that mother is always advising me to read, the *Life of John Knox*, and those *Diaries* of awfully good people, I think I should die in earnest, if I tried to get them into my brain.”

“I know, Bell,” said Joe laughing, as he remembered her school days which were not remarkable for anything except mischief, “but if you had books you liked, you might read them. Bell, perhaps there is something for you to do that you would never have found, if you had not been forced to lie quiet for a while.”

“Joe Butler, that is some more of your goody talk. Do you think that God could'n't have shown me the work, if there is anything He wants me to do, without giving me so much suffering?”

“Bell,” said Joe, “do not blame God for your own mistakes, you know that if you had not gone to the swamp, you would not have been hurt.”

“O don't preach,” said Bell impatiently, “it is bad enough to lie here, without your pious talk.”

“Bell,” said Joe, “you will not die, you have a good constitution, and in a year or two you will be comparatively well. What are you going to do with yourself? If you lie and fret all the time, no one will want to be near you. If you improve your mind, you may find some work that is worth doing.”

“I tell you Joe Butler, I am not worth anything to anybody. If I had been killed, it would have been better. I never helped mother when I was well, and now she has more work than ever with me to wait on. As for reading the books that father and mother read, I simply could'n't do it. I believe I am too wicked. You remember that verse in the Bible, that old Smith is quoting in his prayers about light afflictions working out for us something, I forget what. Well I'm not exercised thereby. I don't feel like listening to some awful voice, or staring at some vision, that will tell me I am a sinner, and now is my time to be saved. I know I have brought this on myself, and I mean to fight it out.”

“Poor Bell,” said Joe, “you will have a hard time of it, but I'll bring you some books before I go, that I am sure you'll read.”

"Well, but please Joe, don't bring religious ones, for you know how I hate them, and you know father is so set against Armenian doctrines, that if he saw a book that he thought contained any, I believe he would burn it."

"Oh yes," said Joe laughing, "I often hear him and father disputing about them, but I'll not bring you books like that, you know I feel as though I were partly to blame for your fall. If I had told your father he would have seen to it, that you did not go to the swamp."

"Then you would have been a sneak," cried Bell, "and Joe Butler, you never could be that."

That night Joe selected from his scanty but precious library a number of volumes. *First Lessons in Botany*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Macaulay's History of England*, and *Essays*, *Lever's*, *Charley O'Malley*, and lastly, *Lives of Noble Women*, which had belonged to his sister Libbie. These he carefully covered with paper, then wrapped in a neat parcel.

"Mother," he said, as she entered his room, "can't you send this parcel over to Bell Higgins for me. I will not have time as the stage goes at eight o'clock."

"Yes, I'll see that it gets there," she answered, "but I'm afraid you're doing wrong in going against your father."

"Well mother, you know I'll never be a decent farmer, and could not bear to be a miserable broken-down, whining one, who was always half-sick, and grumbling at the weather or the crops. Father'll see that it is all right after awhile." "And mother," he added, "you need not be afraid of me getting into bad company, for I have made up my mind on that long ago."

"I'll be lonely without you," said his mother sitting on the bed, and beginning to cry. "I seem to have no one else to talk to, but you'll write, Joe?"

"Yes," he said, "every Saturday you can look out for a letter. and there's nothing to cry over, mother. Bellevue is only thirty miles away, and you can come and see me, or I can come home once in a while. I wish mother you would go often and see Bell, she gets lonely and you know she likes you. She says you always let her do as she liked. Mrs. Higgins asked me last night why you never came over."

"Well, I'll go and see her to-morrow, and take this parcel, and Joe, I've brought you something. You know the money that comes from the butter and eggs is mine. Well, I hav'nt used it for over two years. I don't want you to go away with nothing, for father does not intend to give you a shilling. You mustn't look for it, Joe, he is going to divide your portion between the boys. But take this, I wish it was twice as much," and she held out an old leather pocket-book.

"I'm not going to take your hard earnings," Joe said

"It's no use to me Joe," his mother cried, "if Libbie had lived, it would have been hers, but since she died, I always intended it for you. Take it Joe, for Libbie's sake."

"I'll take it then," said Joe, "but I'll pay you back some day with compound interest."

"Oh, don't mind," said his mother, "as long as you write to me, and I know you're doing well, I'll be paid."

When she went down stairs Joe counted the little hoard and found that he was worth £50 12s. and 7d.

Then he took his first lesson in saving. "Mother has got that by not spending her money every week, as some of the farmer's wives do, in cheap cottons and stuff that they do not need. I will take her way, it will help me to get through."

CHAPTER II.

"Gwennie," said Lawyer Morrison, as he rose from the breakfast table, "I want you in the library."

"All right papa, I'll be there in a few moments." When she entered, her father was crushing a last paper in his bag.

"Gwennie, I am getting a new clerk in the office, he will board here, and I want you to be kind to him. He is from the country and may be a little awkward at first. Things will be new to him, and I want you and the boys to make it as easy for him as possible. Your mother, I am afraid, does not like the idea of him coming here, but I will see that he does not interfere with the household."

"Who is he papa?" asked Gwennie, her face all interest.

"He is Joseph Butler, the son of a farmer,"—

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Gwennie, "from Bethel. Grandma has told me about such a sweet girl, their daughter, who died. Yes, papa, I'll be as agreeable as I can, and so will Theo too."

"When is he coming?"

"I expect him on the stage this afternoon; I wrote him to come to the house, so if he is here before I get home, you will know what to do."

"All right papa, but do try and come home early, for you know Joseph might be too many for us." Gwennie forgot all about the new clerk, until coming from her music lesson, she almost fell over a wooden chest in the hall. Glancing in the library, she saw a boy standing by the book-case; his back was toward the door, so she went to the kitchen.

"Kitty, is that Mr. Butler?" she asked.

"I don't know Miss, he asked for your father, and said he was expected. "Your mother is out, so I just thought he might stay there till she came."

"He is to board here Kitty," Gwennie said, "and have the room next to the boys, so you had better call in Tom and



"IS THIS MR. BUTLER?"

have his trunk taken to his room before Mamma comes home."

"Very well," said Kitty, "it might have been done before if I'd known."

Then Gwennie went back to the library, and found Joe still reading.

"Is this Mr. Butler?" she said coming up to his back.

He started and the book fell to the floor. He looked or stared for a moment at her then stammered:

"Yes, Joseph Butler."

"I am Gwennie Morrison," she said as she put out her hand, "Papa will not be home until six o'clock, but my brothers will soon be here. Are you tired?"

"No," he said, "but I am very dusty."

"Excuse me," Gwennie said, as she pulled the bell-cord. "Kitty, shew Mr. Butler his room," and she said to Joe with a sweet smile, "you will find my brothers and me on the lawn when you come down."

She went out and found Theo and Leo in the summer-house stretched at full length on the seats.

"What's the row, Gwen?" asked Theo. "We saw the verdant youth with his big chest enter the fraternal mansion. Who is he?"

"Did't you know he is our new clerk?" asked Gwennie, "and he is to board here. Papa wants us to be kind to him for he is the son of an old friend."

"I am glad I'm off to Montreal," said Theo, "I will leave him to you and Leo, it will be a kind of missionary work for you. First civilize him, then teach him the twenty-nine articles."

"For that matter," said Gwennie, "I am going to Montreal, too, Madame Lamonte wrote to Mamma that she wants me in September."

"Then am I to be left alone to grapple with the foe?" asked Leo with a tragic air. "Who can meet this doughty knight who comes with hob-nails in his shoes, and clad from top to toe in brand-new homespun?"

"Hush," said Gwennie as she saw Joe coming across the lawn.

"Mr. Butler, my brothers, Theodore and Leopold."

"How do you do Mr. Theopold and Leodore," said Joe not conscious of his blunder.

Gwennie bit her lip, but could not help laughing.

"That's right, Mr. Butler, said Theo, not altering his position, but putting his feet still higher in the air, "you've been at the classics I see."

Leo rose and offered Joe part of his seat.

"I am sorry father is not here," he said.

"Not a bit of it," said Theo, "we also desire the honor of your society. So you came on the stage, did you? Left the parental birds warbling a sad farewell, while the dozen little birdlings sobbed 'tum bat dosey,' eh? Did the pumpkins groan, and the sun-flowers wave an adieu over the back fence?"

"Hold your tongue," said Leo.

"Could you tell me, Mr. Butler," continued Theo, "what the translation of 'Tempus fugit' is? It is a rare classic term, as sternly true as it is rare. If you can put it into good old English, I will say you are worthy to become my father's assistant."

Joe yawned slightly, and turned to Leo.

"If you are not ashamed of my homespun, and hob-nailed shoes, I would like to take a walk."

"Come on," said Leo, "if you are not too angry with our chaffing, I will only be too glad."

When the lawyer came home he found Leo, Gwennie and Joe the best of friends.

"Father," said Gwennie, going into the hall to meet him, "here is Mr. Butler."

"I am glad to see you," he said, as Joe came forward to speak to him, looking up at him with eyes like those that were closed in their last sleep in the Bethel graveyard.

"Thank you sir," said Joe, "you left word for me to wait for you—to wait till you came."

"To wait for me, to wait till I came," the lawyer said, pressing his hand over his forehead. "Yes, but I never came."

"Father," cried Gwennie, "what do you mean?" "You are

here now, you must be thinking of your business."

"Yes," he said, recovering himself. "I am full of business. I am glad you have come Joseph; there is plenty of work waiting for you in the office."

"That is what I want," answered Joe.

That evening they talked together of the boy's future. His new master found him well read, and able to talk with ease on many subjects.

"What do you propose to do," he asked, "work all day, and study all night?"

"Not quite all night, sir," said Joe, "but for three or four hours every evening."

"That will do for the present," answered the lawyer. Leo will matriculate next Fall, suppose you take the same work with him for this year, and you can enter the University together."

"I will not have means to go to the University," said Joe, "I must be a self-made man."

"You'll be that anyway," smiled the lawyer, "the idea of any University making a man! It only guides and helps, my boy. You'll find that you'll have the making of yourself whichever way you take."

"I ought to tell you Mr. Morrison," said Joe, "that I have gone against my father's wishes; he wanted me to be a farmer, and is so angry and disappointed, that he will neither help me, nor give me a place in his will. So I must make myself without the help of a University course."

"We will see, we will see," said his master, "but for this year, take Leo's work. You can study with him in the evenings, and use his books."

"Thank you, sir," said Joe. "I will do it."

The next morning Joe began his career as a clerk in a law



"WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO."

office. It meant almost incessant copying, varied by an errand to the bank or some place of business. He did not, for the first few months, find his path one of roses. He saw that his master's wife scarcely tolerated him, that Theo lost no opportunity of shewing his contempt of the country boy. The clerks in the office alternately teased and quarreled with him, until he wondered whether it would not have been better to have stayed on the farm.

After a month or two Theo took his departure for Montreal where he had secured a situation as clerk in the wholesale house of Campbell Bros. Gwennie was also at Mdme. Lamonte's, where she was to remain for four years. Leo and Joe became firm friends over their books. Joe was the stronger mind and helped his master's son over many a difficult place.

So the year passed and the next October found the two boys entered as freshmen in Toronto University. The lawyer had insisted on Joe going with his son.

"You will be company for him," he said, "you can board together and help each other."

"But I cannot borrow such a sum from you sir, I might not be able to pay you for years."

They were alone and his master said, "Joseph, I did a great wrong once to your family. Millions of pounds, nay, my life would not wipe out that wrong, but if you will let me do this little thing for you, let me be a father to you and fit you for an honorable career, my sin will not press me so sore."

He looked to Joe, not like the matter-of-fact, hard-headed lawyer, but as a sad worn man, over whose face had spread the memory of some great grief.

"I cannot think what you could have done sir," Joe said, "my father never spoke of anything, but if it will make you feel better, if it is best for you that I should go, I will, but some day I will pay you."

"No, no Joseph that would not help me, and don't get that idea that it will be a burden to me. I tell you it will lighten the burden. Some day I will tell you, but not now."

"Well sir," said Joe, "I am only too glad to get to College, and I hope you will not be ashamed of me."

In the midst of Joe's elation at the career that was opening before him, he could not but wonder concerning the great wrong his master had done his family. He knew it could not be a money transaction, or he would have set it right. It was something money could not set right, but he never thought of the gentle sister who had watched over him since his babyhood, and who had died. Good for his future, that he did not, or he would not have touched the roll of bills that his master put into his hand the day he started for Toronto. He would rather have toiled on his father's farm and died before his time. As it was he took his good fortune thankfully from his master's hand and blessed him for it.

The dead rest well, and it lightened the lawyer's burden.

(To be Continued.)

DR. LUDERITZ has recently made a number of observations on the destructive power of coffee upon various microbes. He found that the organisms all died in a longer or shorter period—*e. g.*, in one series of experiments anthrax bacilli were destroyed in three hours, anthrax spores in four weeks, cholera bacilli in four hours, and the streptococcus of erysipelas in one day. It was, however, remarkable that good coffee and bad coffee produced precisely similar effects. He believes that, as previous observers have suggested, the antiseptic effect of coffee does not depend on the caffeine it contains, but on the empyreumatic oils developed by roasting.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE WICKED MARCHIONESS.



HE writer has a theory that nothing but what is sweet, innocent and graceful should be brought to the notice of the female mind. It is enough that the distasteful and the horrible come in the way of the coarser sensibilities of men. Yet it is a fact that the desperately wicked exercises a kind of fascination on even the most delicate of the fairer sex. It is in vain to deny that the newspaper report of a sensational murder or other trial calls for the moment as much interest as the latest fashions. Fortunately most crimes are so vulgar that their only effect is to repel, and the more so if committed by a woman. Nevertheless great crimes have been committed by women, and, from their attendant circumstances, are not unfrequently referred to in books or conversation. Among the most awful of such criminals was the French Marquise of Brinvillier, whose name in all literatures has become synonymous with the dreadful art of the poisoner.

This woman offers a startling study. During the whole time of commission of the crimes that have rendered her name infamous, she was noted for her outward zealous devotion and observance of religious duties. Italian brigands are said to cross themselves and mutter an *ave* before committing murder, but the poor creatures are sunk in the utter brutishness of ignorance and superstition. Brinvillier, on the contrary, was well educated, witty and of good position, yet she could calmly divide her time between her devotions and lavishing attentions on the relatives she was slowly poisoning to their death. This seems incomprehensible. And still more singular is it that in her duplex character of devotee and murderess she should have prepared a written statement of her crimes for the confessional, which paper was afterward used against her. But the fact is, that no healthy mind can understand the inconsistencies of crime.

Her biography reads like a horrible romance. Marie-Marquise d'Aurbray, of good family, was married at an early age to a dissolute old man, the Marquis Brinvillier, of the type portrayed in French comedy. Of course the marriage was unhappy. Her tastes were extravagant and sensual. Her nature revengeful, her manner smooth and fawning. She is described as having been "of medium height, with regular features, her face full, and having a gracious expression, and her air marked by serenity and repose." After a time husband and wife agreed to a separation. Then the Marchioness took up with a man named St. Croix, who, during a year's imprisonment in the bastille, had there learned from an Italian physician some of the secrets of poisons. These he communicated to the Marchioness. Enchanted with this new knowledge, her depraved mind foresaw that it might be turned to malign uses, and she became her informant's accomplice. With the view of making herself thoroughly conversant with the action of the deadly power in her hands, she made a series of experiments by watching the effect of poisons of different strengths, introduced into the dishes of her guests,—one of whom died,—and by distributing poisoned bread to the poor. Then came a further horror! To fully learn the symptoms of death, she next gave poisons to patients in the hospitals, to which, as a charitable lady she had access. Having thus made herself quite familiar with the symptoms and the, *then*, unlikelihood of discovery, the first step in the sequence of crime was to poison her husband. And here came in another element of romance. St. Croix, afraid that he would be compelled to marry a woman of so heinous a character, secretly gave the Marquis antidotes that

saved his life. Her next step was to destroy by slow degrees her father and two brothers, also her sister,—who, however, was saved,—that she might inherit the family property. There is a statement, that among other obscure crimes, she destroyed a whole family, in revenge for some fancied slight, as also cut off her own child. But these charges did not appear in the indictment against her.

But, in the course of Providence, retribution fell on her from an unexpected quarter. St. Croix was suffocated in a chemical experiment he was trying. The police took possession of his effects and found a casket containing numerous powders and phials of colorless and tasteless liquid. Examination showed that some of them were poisons, but of others an official expert reported, "these poisons, although fatal to animals we have tried them on, are so subtle as to elude analysis." An open letter, signed by St. Croix, was also discovered, begging that, in case of his death, the casket should be returned unopened to the Marchioness of Brinvillier.

When this became known the Marchioness took the alarm and fled to England, but afterwards obtained asylum in a convent in Flanders. Here she was again noted for her devout observances, and might have been safe had she not made the acquaintance of a smooth-tongued abbé who got into her good graces and induced her to take a walk with him outside the convent limits. *The attractive abbé was Desgrais, a French detective.* Once outside the line of sanctuary she was arrested on a warrant of extradition, carried to Paris, and put on trial for the murder of her relatives.

Chausee, a servant and accomplice of St. Croix's, turned king's evidence, but was beheaded all the same. There could be no doubt of the guilt of the Marchioness, yet, reading the record of her trial in the criminal archives, it is doubtful if a conviction would have been reached in a modern court on the evidence led. Here again her dual character of devotee and criminal becomes apparent, for on her person was found a written statement of her crimes, headed "I confess myself to God, the All Powerful, and to you, my father." Had the damning effects of this written document been got over she might have escaped. Her counsel, M. Nivelles, in a long and brilliant speech that is still extant, raised an important point in jurisprudence, "Can statements made in confessional be used as evidence in criminal trials?" Her other line of defence was feeble,—said she did not own the casket, did not remember having written letters that compromised her, and was innocent of her relatives' deaths. Nevertheless she was found guilty. Her sentence offers a contrast to the capital conviction a judge of our day would pronounce:

"That you, Marie-Marguerite d'Aubray de Brinvillier, do make honorable amend before the main door of the Church of Notre Dame of Paris, whither you shall be taken in a tumbril, with your feet bare, a cord around your neck, and holding in your hands a lighted torch of the weight of two pounds; and there on your knees shall declare that you, wickedly and revengefully and to obtain their goods, did poison your father and two brothers and attempt the life of your sister, of all of which you shall repent, and shall ask pardon of God, of the King and of Justice. This being done you shall be taken in said tumbril to the Place de Greve and there have your head struck off on a scaffold, and your body thereafter burned and your ashes scattered to the winds. And, primarily, that ordinary and extraordinary torture be applied to you to make you confess your accomplices."

Her property was confiscated, all but five thousand livres to pay for masses for the souls of her victims. Dated 16th July, 1676.

The celebrated Madame de Stael, who was in Paris at the

time, writes in one of her charming gossiping letters, "The Brinvillier has been done for, her poor little body cast into a great fire and her ashes cast to the winds, so that we now breathe her in the air. She escaped the torture by confessing. When she saw the great tubs of water to be dripped on her, drop by drop, she said "That must be meant to drown me, a poor little woman like me could never drink all that." I saw her in the cart; she had nothing on but her shift, a cap on her head and a rope around her neck. She went to the scaffold firmly. I never saw Paris so excited." The woman's crimes made the fear of secret poisoning so to spread throughout France that the King instituted a special court to try all suspected of the practice. Judging from the contents of St. Croix's casket the materials used by him and the Marchioness were preparations of arsenic and antimony. Opium was also found, but fatal doses of a narcotic would be too easily detected. The successful use of mineral poisons shows the low state of analytical science in those days. One grain, or much less than a grain, of arsenic is indestructible and can be detected in a dead body long after it has been buried. In short, the perfection to which chemical science has attained in the present day renders the crime of poisoning all but impossible.

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FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

FROM THE SIDE WINGS.

ONE needs only to keep his ears open on the street, the cars or in any public place to observe how young womanhood is given to slanginess of speech. Words, which even men, except of a certain sort, would hesitate to use in the presence of ladies are used by these fair damsels and fall from their lips with a glibness of utterance quite surprising. Possibly girls of this stamp will not lack admirers. Men like spice but the right kind of man would rather hear slang from some other young lady than the one he intends to marry. Although amused by the slang-user and, for a time, perhaps, very much entertained by her, a time comes when it falls very flat and he shrinks from the idea of making such an one his wife. Girls would much better avoid slang. It is a masculine "accomplishment" and not particularly desirable even in men.

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YOUNG ladies have a curious phrase to tell their friends that school-days are over. "I have left school *forever!*" with a strong accent on the last word. How much it means! To-day she has thrown off her brown dingy dress, like the caterpillar. To-morrow she will spread her wings and fly away. How far she thinks she will fly! Away from books and lessons, from rules and commands, from teachers and authority, into an enchanted dream-world of triumph and delight, where she will be always graceful and gay, with hosts of friends to love and admire. A world of beautiful dresses, happy days and gay nights balls and parties, dancing and partners. A world where she will be powerful and use her power for good. Perhaps for a few the dream comes true. For a few more the dream comes true in part. The rest stand with wide disappointed eyes, wondering that the world, which seemed so real a month ago, has vanished like the mist.

Butterfly wings are soon weary and will not carry a girl far. What becomes of girls who leave school? Some few, fewer every year, and may this number ever grow less, keep dreaming the dream that never comes true. They are always tired, and read novels which affect them deeply. The wholesome

happy life of the busy people around, becomes tiresome and tasteless to them. Their days are long and dreary. They live more and more with the heroes and heroines who keep living their lives between the covers of a book, no matter whether they die on the last page or not. If the tide of life, rising, does not wake them, they will dream away their years to the end.

There are other girls who after a sigh or a tear for the bright, undiscovered country, turn their hands to baking bread, dusting rooms, and making beds. They learn to shop down-town with Mamma and to guide the ways of a household. After the well-directed work of the day is over, they pay calls, or walk with a companion or perhaps there is a missionary meeting, a sewing circle, or some poor people to visit, or an afternoon tea or a drive. At night they play a little and sing a few sweet songs or perhaps there is an "At Home," a dance or a concert. Coming down stairs, she looks so pretty that Mamma smiles and kisses her a little wistfully. Merry, happy girls, honest, loving girls, the girls who leave school to learn lessons at home.

Everywhere about us are girls who, with simple, courageous hearts, graduate from the school of their childhood to enter the school of life. Whether training in a hospital to be nurses, or bending mind and heart and hand to be artists or musicians; whether sewing, selling, working in the kitchen, attending the University, learning to be doctors, or teaching little children, they all belong to the honorable company of workers. The truest wisdom is learned in the great School of Life. Don't try to escape its lessons, don't shirk its tasks. We are not living if we are not learning. There is no one too dull to learn in the great School of Life

* *

It has been my lot, at one time and another, to see much of my outside world from a window. That sounds dreary. Well, it is not so. The world passes on its way without a thought of the quiet spectator overhead and wears its heart on its sleeve sometimes, thinking there is no one to see. Nature, if one may speak of Nature in a city, is more generous to the attic than she is to the street below. In the morning, we see the sun first. In the evening, its beams linger on the roofs and in the tree-tops. We see and hear the birds better. Yesterday a company of blackbirds visited us on their way to the South. To-day they are gone. Sometimes still, a robin will remember the song he sang in the Springtime. On all the trees the leaves are turning. There is a soft, ripe bloom on the rowan berries. A dead leaf drifts and flutters past my window on its way to the ground.

A little girl is swinging on a gate across the street. She is lame, I know. A queer, elfin child who has fits of rage lasting an hour and days of pathetic longing for a little love. She turns her head with the quick movement of one who answers a call. Clambering down, she runs out into the road and shading her eyes with a thin, unchildlike hand, gazes up the street. She is looking for a street car. The thin, mis-shapen little figure is covered with a warm crimson coat which makes a glowing spot of color in my landscape. A lady comes hastily down the steps buttoning her gloves. "The car is here, Mamma," the child cries limping quickly to open the gate. Her mother has on a velvet cloak and the child strokes it admiringly. She would lay her cheek against the soft pile but her mother draws the cloak away. The car stops. "Goodbye, Mamma." "Goodbye Jennie." Without a glance behind, the lady gathers up her dress, steps into the car and sits down inside. The child who has climbed on the gate again, watches her out of sight, waving a little hand and crying again, "Goodbye Mamma, Goodbye Mamma, Goodbye!"

If this were a story Jennie would be hurt and the mother would sob out her sorrow and love by the child's bedside. But since it is only what I see looking from my window, Jennie swings on the gate and her mother rides down town in a street car. There has been many a Jennie since the world began, many a little aching heart and many an unnoticed tear. Sometimes Jennie is made all the more loving by it, but sometimes carelessly sown seed brings forth a bitter harvest. What a curious chance it is in mothers' hearts that to one the lame child is the darling while to the other the fairest and strongest is first.

A couple of young people have built their first nest a little way from Jennie's home. They have come from a foreign country I think. The lady has large black eyes, raven tress, and graceful foreign ways. Keeping house is an enchanting never-ending comedy to her. She waves "Goodbye" from the steps after breakfast and he turns with a smile to throw a kiss. She goes out on important business during the morning and flutters back about noon with her arms full of parcels. Her gloves are off and diamonds sparkle on the impatient little fingers. Late in the afternoon, she goes to meet him and they saunter home together. After tea they sit on the steps in an open foreign way and watch the people passing. He has a newspaper and she has another, although she hardly reads at all but looks at the people and speaks about them, pointing with a pretty finger. After dusk I hear a glorious voice singing as if at heaven's gates and I know my sweet lady-bird is pouring forth her heart in song.

The tide of life ebbs and flows beneath my window and I with smiles and tears echo its joy and sorrow.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

INEXPENSIVE LIVING.

A SUBJECT very much agitated just now, is the problem, how to live within one's income. "How to make ends meet" is a pressing question. Appearances must be kept up, people think, and to do this, life is made a burden. If we would put "appearances" aside, and substitute *comfort* for *show*, convenience for fashion, how much happier we would be!

It is not necessary in order to live cheaply that one must live meanly. To be sure, we have to do without a great many pretty and expensive trifles which wealthy people have, but we can be just as happy without them. So much love, sincerity and kindness can be put into the simple home, that its members will scarcely miss the showy adornments. The true comforts of life cost little money. Where one has taste, and refinement, the simplest home may show the impress of these, and people may be much happier in small cosy apartments, than their richer neighbors are in their handsome establishments.

It is well to begin low down. Those who start at the top of the ladder sometimes tumble off, while those who are content to begin at the foot, generally acquire strength and courage as they proceed. Let us be brave enough to set a fashion of simplicity, neatness and inexpensiveness, and many will be glad to follow and thank us for setting the example.

O! the world's running over with blessing and beauty;
And we, as we pass along,
Will find in the dim old path called Duty,
Sunshine and flowers and song.

Though clouds may marshal themselves together
With thunder and rain and blast,
Surely will follow the glad, bright weather,
Sunshine will conquer at last!

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A HAPPY THANKSGIVING.

(BY NELLIE L—AGED 14).

MARGUERITE! This faint call came from the lips of a pale weak lady lying on a low couch in a dimly lighted room.

At the sound the slight form of a girl about fifteen years of age was seen hurrying to the bed-side of her dying mother, and bending tenderly over her she said, "Yes, mother dear, I am here. What can I do for you?" The mother, less audibly than before replied, "I am dying, my child, and when I am gone go to Aunt Lillias. Perhaps she will forgive all when I am dead and take you into her family. Then there is Aunt Kate Barrington, who, though she is very poor, would receive you if Aunt Lillias refused."

Saying this, she closed her eyes and thus passed into the sleep that knows no waking.

A few days have elapsed, and this poor heart-broken girl, who has seen her mother laid to rest, has summoned up courage to visit her rich Aunt Lillias Curtis, on Jarvis Street. Now she rings the great door bell which resounds through the house, filling it with its rich and mellow sound. A servant in livery answers the door and she is ushered into a spacious hall where she is told to await the coming of the mistress of the house. In about five minutes a richly dressed lady made her appearance, and abruptly asked Marguerite what was her business.

Marguerite said "I am your niece, Marguerite Stanton. My mother died three days ago, leaving me penniless, for you know my father died a poor man, and I have come to you in my need, for Mother said she thought that you would care for me when you knew that she was dead.

Well! what do you expect me to do for you? Can you sew or do you think you would be able to take a servant's place in this house?

Without giving her time to reply she bade the servant bring her pocket-book and turning to Marguerite said, "You need not answer me now, but consider the matter and if you think yourself fitted to take the position as under house-maid, you can return to me in the course of a week, and here is some money to help you along in the meantime.

Marguerite did not offer to take the gift, and it fell to the ground, and with just one glance of scorn at her aunt she left the house.

Upon returning home she found her Aunt Kate, who had just learned of her mother's death. She was waiting to take her home with her. Although every day brought sad thoughts of her mother yet she found her Aunt Kate so kind and good that she tried to be as cheerful as possible, and as time went on she took advantage of the opportunities offered her of obtaining a good education and was soon quite an accomplished young lady.

* * * * *

Three years have elapsed, and it is just a week before Thanksgiving day. The sun was setting in the west when a stranger knocked at the door of Aunt Kate's lowly cottage. A neat maid answered the call. She was asked whether Miss Kate Barrington lived there. He was conducted into the parlor and upon Miss Barrington's appearance he explained that he was Marguerite's uncle and her father's brother, George Stanton, who had been in South Africa for many years, where he had amassed a fortune and had returned to Montreal a few weeks before, where he had heard the sad news of his brother's death and that he had left one child. He said that he was tired of leading a lonely life and, having no intention of marrying, it was

the greatest desire of his heart to make his brother's child mistress of his home.

Marguerite was then called and was tenderly embraced by her uncle.

Now began preparations for their departure. Aunt Kate, although sorrowful at losing her darling, could not but rejoice at her good fortune. After a very tedious journey with her uncle, she found herself in Montreal, on Thanksgiving day. From the depot they were conveyed in a most luxurious carriage to a beautiful mansion where all was light and gayety, for her uncle had made arrangements for a party of young people to welcome his niece.

It was like a scene from fairyland. She was dazzled by the brightness around her and when her uncle informed her that it was all her own she was quite overcome with joy and warmly thanked him with many kisses for her bright and beautiful "Thanksgiving gift."

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

READING.

It cannot be too well remembered by young people who are anxious to obtain knowledge and have not the means to attend school, that schools are not indispensable. Many eminent men and women never had the opportunity to attend school. Indeed, we venture to say that where one has to depend on himself the extra diligence and delving required will contribute to a more thorough mastery of any subject, than would be secured where a master is always at hand to prompt.

The first thing necessary to acquire knowledge is to consider seriously; "What shall I read?" The novel and all fictitious stories may be very amusing and entertaining but some of them are far from being enlightening or instructive. Young people do not know into what company they may be thrown, and if they are incapable of talking about anything save the latest opera, concert, or somebody's new hat, they will find themselves placed in very awkward positions many a time. A wise selection and diligent use of instructive books will go far towards making them fit to take their place among cultured people, and cultured people are the rule, not the exception, in our day.

High schools and colleges are multiplying rapidly, but schools do not make students. Think what numbers are graduated every year from colleges, and high schools, who have but a very superficial knowledge of anything that will be of use to them in after years. Many a self-educated youth will go far ahead of them and make a greater success in life. Let all who have not had the privilege of attending college, set themselves to work. Pursue a course of useful reading. Anyone who has health, time and books need never despair. He may educate himself and go out into the world without fear.

A KIND WORD.

A KIND word costs but little, but it may bless all day the one to whom it is spoken. Nay, have not kind words been spoken to you which have lived in your heart through years, and borne fruit of joy and hope? Let us speak kindly to one another. We have burdens and worries, but let us not, therefore, rasp and irritate those near us, those we love, those whom Christ would have us to save. Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be before dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness

THOUGHTS ON LIFE & DEATH

WRITTEN FOR

The Canadian Queen

BY RUXTON COWLEY

O life is sweet and beautiful!
 How lovely Nature's summer seems!
 The smiling sun, the balmy breeze,
 The tuneful birds, the whispering trees
 Blend with my golden dreams:
 O spare me yet a moment's breath,
 Begone thou dark and dismal Death!

Ah! Life's a dreary wilderness,
 And thick with thorns of sorrow spread
 Now Nature holds no charm for me,
 Naught thrills my soul with ecstasy,
 That soul is cold and dead:
 Come breathe for me thy withering breath,
 In sweet oblivion fold me Death!



A DAY WITH "A. L. O. E."

FEW people are perhaps aware that the popular authoress who is known by her initials simply as "A Lady of England" is not only still living, but actively engaged in mission work in a populous city in Northern India. A visit to her, and a morning spent with her in her customary round of visits to those whom she hopes to raise out of superstition and idolatry, is a refreshing and interesting break in the somewhat monotonous events of ordinary Anglo-Indian society. And it is not a visit as difficult to accomplish in these days of quick railway communication as it was fourteen years ago, when "A. L. O. E.," otherwise simply Miss Tucker, first came out to India, and decided to make the city of Batala the centre of her labors and the home of her declining years; for Batala is now in direct communication by rail with Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, and is about an hour's journey further north than Amritsar, the famous center of Sikh influence, the city of the Golden Temple of world-wide fame.

In the days when Miss Tucker first knew it, it was reached by *dak gharri* or *doli*, both of which conveyances will be familiar to readers of the authoress's stories of Indian life and adventure. The railway, however, although it has brought more trade to Batala, and made it, therefore, more populous and wealthy, has not altered it much with regard to European residents; for in former days, as now, the only English people in Batala are the missionaries, some eight or ten, who form a little centre of influence in the city and villages around.

Miss Tucker's home is about three-quarters of a mile from the city, close under the shadow of the Baring High School for native Christian boys, in whom she takes the greatest and most loving interest. Her cottage, a neatly arranged little building, with furniture and decoration simple and tasteful, as befits the charming old lady who inhabits it, has been christened by her "Gruft auf Tag," as therein she intends to spend the "sunset" of her life. This little home, in which she sleeps, lives and writes all that she now gives to the world, adjoins a larger house inhabited by other lady missionaries, and in this Miss Tucker takes her meals, as well as spends her leisure hours, though of these she has but few, as, in spite of her age, which she proudly tells one is only two years less than Her Majesty's, she is more or less hard at work from morning till night. Every morning, except Sunday, after a most frugal breakfast, Miss Tucker starts on her round of visits, "to deliver her message." This means that she will generally manage to visit and address little gatherings of women and children in some seven or eight zenanas, no inconsiderable and easy work even to anyone of robust strength and to the fragile little old lady who has spent fourteen years in India, without once recruiting her health in England, it is no small strain, although she herself would be the last to acknowledge the fact. The word "zenana," to many English ears, no doubt implies a magnificent and secluded set of apartments in which high-class Hindoos and Mahomedans alike keep their women folk "purdah," or screened from the vulgar gaze of strange male eyes. There are such zenanas, it is true, but they are rarely found outside palaces, whereas, every house, even the poorest citizens, possesses its zenana, or, in plain English, its apartments for women, whether those women are *purdah* or not. It is chiefly to the homes of the non-*purdah* class, and, in fact, to a very humble class, that Miss Tucker directs her footsteps, when she sallies forth about nine o'clock in the morning to walk to the city, followed by a small *doli* carried by two *kahars* or bearers. The *doli* is a very primitive conveyance, built somewhat on the model of a very diminutive Chinese palanquin, the

base measuring some 3 feet by 2 feet, and the roof and sides being covered by a strong padded cretonne. Lengthwise through the top of the *doli* passes a long bamboo pole which rests on the shoulders of the *kahars* when the *doli* is being carried from place to place. If we take a peep into Miss Tucker's *doli*, we shall see that the only furniture consists of two small pillows to rest against, and one or two bags containing hymn books, translations into Urdu or Gurmukhee of various parables or the Sermon on the Mount, and pictures wherewith to illustrate the lessons to be given. But Miss Tucker, true to the principle so often elucidated in her books, that no life can be a useful one unless it is first a healthy one, conscientiously takes her morning walk of about three-quarters of a mile, well guarded from the heat of the sun's rays by a thickly wadded white umbrella, before she thinks of having recourse to her *doli*. It is only when the city walls are reached that she gets in, and is then rapidly borne through the narrow, tortuous streets to the first on her morning's visiting list. On the morning about to be described the first house is that of a *bheestie*, or water carrier, and, although *bheesties* as a class give less trouble, and do their work better than any other of the numerous ministrants to daily human wants in India, still this particular *bheestie's* zenana is not one which is prepared to receive Miss Tucker's teachings with unquestioning submission. The usual question as to whether the women folk have leisure or not to receive her is answered in the affirmative before entering even on the threshold of their home, and forthwith Miss Tucker is ushered into a tiny room some 10 feet by 5 feet, and invited to sit down on the only apology for furniture, a *charpoy* or native bed made of string and bamboo. Her audience consists at first solely of two, who squat at her feet to listen to her. A picture illustrative of some scene in the life of Christ is shown and explained, and their attention is gained for a few minutes. By this time the news has spread to the zenanas close at hand, and a few other women stroll up to look in and listen. Amongst these is one who is evidently prepared for argument, and at the first opportunity she proclaims in a coarse, loud voice that Mahomet is the only true prophet, and that it is no use any *Mem Sahib* coming to try to make them believe the contrary. She is answered by encouraging looks and words from the crowd around, and Miss Tucker is obliged to alter her tactics. Her gentle voice in protest is lost in the vociferous tones of her opponent, and so, after various mild attempts to secure a hearing and continue the lesson she had intended giving, she puts aside the picture and begins a *bhag-don*—that is, Scriptural truths in short verses—which are sung to the monotonous tunes which alone appear acceptable to the native mind. The singing stops the hubbub for a few minutes, but as soon as it is over the argument is on the point of being begun, and so Miss Tucker, with kindly words and salaams, retires, hoping that at some future day she will have a less rebellious audience.

The second house visited—that of a young married woman who until recently had been the head teacher in a Mussulman girls' school—is in every way a contrast to the first. In this the audience are neither ignorant nor aggressive, but follow with delight all the new pictures shown or the fresh information expounded. They are evidently well acquainted with all the events of Christ's life, and so Miss Tucker leaves them one or two short parables translated into Urdu which they may read and keep. At the next house there is not such an intelligent though certainly a very willing audience, who like to hear Miss Tucker sing and talk to them, though perhaps they have no very strong feelings for either their own or the Christian religion.

Many amongst them are children who follow her from zenana to zenana, always interested in whatever fresh pictures or books are shown.

The cordiality of the reception accorded varies greatly in some parts of the city. In one or two it was evident a very reluctant assent was given, and perhaps would not have been given at all on that particular morning except for the fact that a stranger was with Miss Tucker. In only one zenana was an emphatic "No" given, and in that, it must be confessed, the women were extremely and unnecessarily vehement and rude. In all the other cases either "A. L. O. E." was really welcome for her own sake, or curiosity to see the stranger and examine her dress and ornaments (if any) carried the "open, sesame" to their seculsion. A stranger is always the occasion for numberless questions—is she married, or is she a Miss Sahib; if she be married, what is her husband, and where is he? Then follow inquisitive glances at her hands, her dress, and her face, a running commentary being kept up the whole time on her looks, the probable price of her dress, and the beauty of her rings or of her wristlet watch—a watch on the wrist perhaps being the greatest curiosity, not only to women secluded in zenanas, but to all manner of natives in country districts.

On the whole, when the morning's work is over, and the last zenana has been visited, one feels that Miss Tucker has but little to show for her missionary efforts—that the people may or may not ever again think of what she has told them. But this only makes her work, and her wonderful perseverance in it, the more admirable. She does not go among the converted, to whom it is easy to talk, and whose minds are opened, but, on the contrary, directs all her energies to breaking down the barriers in the darkest and most superstitious minds—no easy task in India, where a native, even though he or she really does believe in Christ, yet needs months, and even longer, of earnest encouragement before the final step, which is to cut him for ever off from his family, can be taken. The insults, the cruelties heaped upon a convert are so terrible and so swift that this is no wonder. In several cases personally known to "A. L. O. E.," attempts have been made (though only one or two have succeeded) either to poison or destroy the intellect of newly made converts, immediately after their baptism, and, unless well protected or removed from their relatives, converts may well be pardoned their reluctance in declaring themselves Christians. The zenanas above described, as visited with Miss Tucker, were all Mohommedan, the reason being that the public baptism of a Brahmin a few days before had aroused such strong feelings amongst Brahmins and Hindoos that it would neither have been possible nor prudent to enter any of their houses. People of all castes, however, are on Miss Tucker's visiting list, which is neatly kept in a book for the purpose, with the dates at which they were visited inscribed opposite each name.

Many missionaries in India spend much of their time in the distant villages in the different districts; but "A. L. O. E." finds villages of five or six miles away quite as much as her strength will permit her to visit. These she systematically visits in the cooler months of the year, being carried to and fro in her doli.

After returning home from visiting her people, however, her energy is by no means exhausted, for she may find inquirers ready to have some of their doubts on religion solved, or a class of boys awaiting her for a history lesson. The history is made very real to them. If they are in the Stuart period, the boys are always, asked which side they would have taken. Sometimes the majority are Roundheads, sometimes, again, Royalists; but, whichever they are, they carry on a correspondence with

"A. L. O. E.," as if written two centuries ago, detailing the various items of news, both Parliamentary and warlike—a task that they take the greatest pleasure in.

Visits from old Batala boys now out in the world, or from those just about to start on their career, or even from the smaller children who have just come to the Baring High School and who, one and all, find a warm and sympathetic welcome in Miss Tucker's home, fill up whatever little spare time there may be in the afternoon or evening.

And here amidst this busy, useful life let us take leave of "A. L. O. E.," knowing full well that the sunset of her days finds her a hard and dauntless worker in the harvest field of her choice, and we reverently picture her ending her life surrounded by her missionary friends, to whom she is always "Auntie," and their little children, who know her by no other name but "Grannie," tended and watched over alike by young and old, by white and dark, secure in the consciousness that should sickness come, no more faithful watchers will be found than the dark, shadowy forms that she has always loved to help and has always welcomed around her.

NEW GAMES FOR EVENINGS.

DRAWING-ROOM BLIZZARD.—This amusing game is thus played: Eight players are required, four of whom go to one end of the room and four to the other. Two wide tapes are stretched across the carpet for "goals" and a large paper rose, or other light article, if a paper rose is not procurable, is placed in the middle of the room. Each player must be provided with a small pair of bellows, and the signal being given to start, it is the aim and object of the two sides to blow the paper flower over the stretched tape. This being accomplished, a "goal" is scored to the winning side. The number of goals to form a game must be previously decided, and much fun is caused by the efforts to blow the rose across.

A NEW SPELLING GAME.—In this game each player must endeavor to spell his or her best, and a prize must be given to the best speller, and a wooden spoon or other booby prize to the worst. If played by grown-up people, the more difficult the words the better. The words to be spelt should be written out clearly on slips of paper, with the definition added below, and all placed in a box or covered basket on the table, round which the players are seated. The person to start the game draws out one of the papers at random, pronounces the word distinctly and reads out the definition. The player seated next to him spells the word. If she does so correctly, she takes the paper, draws another, pronounces it, and reads the definition to the next neighbor; but if she misses the word the one pronouncing it aloud, takes it and places it by itself. This continues round the table, the papers being drawn in turn till the game comes back to the starter. No one is allowed to try twice to spell a word. Each player keeps his own pile of correctly spelled words, and as many rounds may be played as agreed on at the beginning of the game. The prize goes to the one who spells the best.

If in the path of duty thy friend has failed, or faltered,
Where stronger feet might stumble, still let thy friendship live;
Still let thy friendly greeting retain its warmth, unaltered,
And, ere he seeks thy pardon, do thou his fault forgive.

But if thy feet should find it—the stone whereon he stumbled—
And thou shouldst fall upon it, along the pathway dim,
Walk thou in full displeasure, with spirit bowed and humbled,
Condemning in thine own self the fault forgiven in him.

CORRECTION.

IN "Tangled Threads" our young friends will notice that in the "Prize Puzzle" the printer omitted the sixth line, and the word "sixth" should read "seventh" thus:

My sixth is in bacon not in tripe.

My seventh is in road not in ditch, etc.

UNCLE JOE.

CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN we stand face to face with a child some of us forget that there is a vague barrier fixed between us and the little one. Its life is a life of dreams and to its consciousness all things in the outer world become transformed. People want to overload children with facts; they cannot do it without danger. If the child is properly treated, a portion of the facts will remain in its mind; but the dream will go on all the same; and the cruel educator—the deadly educator—is the one who persists in waking the youth out of that dream. No object is quite actual to the child. If we watch a little fellow at breakfast, we shall find in many cases that even the food which he enjoys so much and assimilates so well has undergone some strange transformation through the witchery of his imagination. He has a trifling knowledge of geography perhaps, and, if he has been intelligently taught, we may see him playing curious tricks for a while with his broad plate of porridge; he cuts channels, makes dams, and perhaps moves his mother almost to tears by illustrating the action of floods—for this latter operation necessitates the tilting of the plate. Could one only know accurately what is passing in that young brain, it would be seen that for it the world has become as naught, and the being whom we foster and patronize and protect, can do all what grown folk would fain do—he can transport himself far away from earth. We often think of a story of a four-year-old child who was very intelligent and odd, and we know the story to be true. This young man imagined that he could talk with cows and horses and pigs, and his proceedings became positively embarrassing when he insisted on opening up intellectual intercourse with a bull of uncertain temper. But one day he surpassed himself. He was found sitting enraptured beside a pot of flowers; his hands were clasped, his eyes shone, and he was like a carved symbol of silence. When he woke from his trance of pleasure, he whispered ecstatically, "Singing a song!" She to whom he confided this information knew exactly what he meant, but she said enquiringly, "The flowers are singing?" "Yes," said this remarkable young sage. All around in the child's world there is no blemish of the real; he personifies every thing at once—the animals are equal in understanding to himself, and death in that fairyland is not known. His mind is so far above the practicalness of the grown-up man that he hardly can find anything too incredible for him. There are degrees of incredibility for the man, but none for the child, he will accept anything, everything. The wind to him is an animal, or a confidant to whom he can tell things, or a mysterious enemy, according to the mood he may happen to be in on any day. The trees, the grass, the rabbits scudding to cover, the birds in the air, are all players in the drama which the young wizard quite understands and follows. We have often wondered what is the child's exact thought about the grown folk whom he loves or who love him. When once the vision of youth has flown away, it is terrible to think that we cannot even rightly conceive the aspect of things which was with us before the flight and the man is obliged to study the matter from the scientific side by observing the demeanor of the barbarians. Something like worship the child can feel, and thus much it exhibits towards

father or mother or teacher if the right way be taken with it; but it has no conception of things unseen; it transfigures those which it sees, and that gives enough of the supernatural in all conscience.

WRESTLING WITH A BEAR.

AN English resident in India thus describes, in *Longman's Magazine*, the performances of the large Isabelline bears which are occasionally brought from Cashmere to display their tricks at Calcutta.

The greatest objection is that each poor bear has all his teeth pulled and then wears a muzzle, in order that the spectator may not notice the denuded state of his mouth.

Before the combat, the man has covered his naked back with a thick piece of cowhide, but the rest of his garb is little more than a pocket handkerchief. He slaps his naked arms and chest with his hands, and challenges the bear to "come on."

Bruin, standing fully as tall as he, waddles forward with his head comically on one side, and after a few feints and passes, the man is locked in the bear's embrace. The cowhide on the man's back protects him from the bear's long claws, but to those who see the contest for the first time, the position seems dangerous.

The man struggles and twists about, and tries in vain to tip up the bear; all the time he is talking loudly, abusing the bear and all its ancestors, while he gradually seems to grow more and more exhausted. Just as the spectator becomes really anxious for his safety, there is a sudden twist—probably a preconcerted signal to the bear—and the pair roll over on the ground, the man promptly rising victorious and planting his foot on his confederate's neck.

Throughout the combat, the bear usually wears a stolid look of indifference, but, often as I have watched the struggle, there are still times when it seems to me that some one ought to terpose. However, I never saw or heard of an accident.

If you pay a visit to the huts where bears and men usually put up together, on the outskirts of a town, you will find them living in a most amicable intimacy; indeed, if they are roused in the early morning, during the cold weather, it is difficult to distinguish man from bear, as they begin to rise from their slumbers on the same bed of straw.

IN 1611, an English gentleman travelling in Italy made this entry in his journal: "I observe a custom not used in any other country. They use a little fork when they cut their meat." He purchased one and carried it to England, but when he used it he was so ridiculed by his friends that he wrote in his diary: "Master Lawrence Whitaker, my familiar friend, called me Lucifer for using a fork at feeding." That little twotone article of table furniture brought about a fierce discussion. It was regarded as an innovation, unwarranted by the customs of society. Ministers preached against its use. One minister maintained that, as the Creator had given thumbs and fingers, it was an insult to Almighty God to use a fork.

SONGS OF ALL SEASONS, CLIMES AND TIMES.—There was laid on our table too late for notice in October issue a little volume of poems by Mrs. John Crawford. The book is published by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, and is neatly and prettily bound, and in typographical appearance, generally, does credit to the publishers. A portrait of Mrs. Crawford appears as a frontispiece. A "Motley Jingle of Jumbled Rhymes," as Mrs. Crawford calls her verses, are worth perusing.

Written for THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE WORD CONTEST.

O! think of the hundreds, who now from the sea
Of their own fond imaginings, out on the Free
Trip to Europe, with their Two Hundred Dollars between
Their Portmanteau lids, cheer 'THE CANADIAN QUEEN!

O! think of the Websters distorted and torn,
And the grammars and spelling-books crumpled and worn,
When the contest is over, and down at the mail
Many hundreds are waiting to whistle or wail!

O! think of the many who later along,
Getting over their envy, will join in the song
Of the free-touring winner on orient shores,
And rejoice in the presents laid down at their doors!

O! think of the thousands who still on and on,
Through the twentieth century's luminous dawn,
Will subscribe and look ever with countenance keen
For the magazine called THE CANADIAN QUEEN!
TUCKER W. TAYLOR.

A LONGFELLOW LUNCHEON.

AS Ruth Harlow carelessly threw down a recent number of a well-known house-keeping journal, she exclaimed, "Here is a new entertainment. A Tennyson dinner, they called it. Why can we not give something of that kind, now, this month, and not wait until Fall to pay our most urgent social debts? Just read it, Agnes."

Quiet ensued for a few moments only. Ruth was too enthusiastic over this new idea, which, if Agnes could be persuaded into helping her, she mentally determined to appropriate, adjust, and elaborate into an even superior intellectual feast.

"Most of the girls are at home yet, Agnes. Florence Cook is expected home Thursday, I heard this morning. Why, Agnes, we could arrange it in three or four days. Could not you and I as hostesses dress *en costume*?"

"Of course we could; and we will," Agnes assented.

"And we will not have Matthew Arnold, if he is popular, nor any of the abstruse philosophers," continued Ruth. "Now I am going to think it all out."

After a short while: "Agnes, who said that wisdom which you have in hieroglyphics over your writing-desk—something about patience, I believe?"

"Patient endurance attaineth all things,"—our Longfellow, sister mine."

"That is just the author for my luncheon—that's what I shall give—a dear home poet, with plenty of philosophy, too."

"Whom shall we invite, what shall we read, and eat, and wear?"

All minutiae of arrangements are monotonous to the reader, only the final success are we interested in.

As cooking had not yet become a "fad" in that town, none of the guests had seen the original article on the "literary dinner," so the charm of novelty was added to the daintiness and beauty of the luncheon.

The guests were received by Ruth Harlow in Longfellow's character of "Evangeline."

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France"—

while Agnes was attired as "Priscilla the loveliest maiden of Plymouth."

The guests of honor were Miss Florence Cooper, and Mr. Edward Hamilton, her fiancé. They also assisted in welcoming the guests. They had taken the characters of "Pandora and Epimetheus."

Beside each plate lay a beautiful painted menu card, inscribed

with a verse from Longfellow's immortal "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

Each guest in turn read their verse, thus forming the entire poem.

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A Ladder."

Among Longfellow's poems of Nature his "Autumn" had been selected, and was read during the salad course.

Ruth next read the beautiful "Legend of Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer."

And Pandora and Epimetheus, in their Grecian costumes, recited these lines from the "Masque of Pandora."

PANDORA.

"I am a woman,
And the insurgent demon in my nature,
That made me brave the oracle, revolts
At pity and compassion. Let me die.
What else remains for me?"

EPIMETHEUS.

"Youth, hope, and love:
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
Even now in passing thro' the garden walks,
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest,
Ruined and full of rain; and over me
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
Busy in building a new habitation."

While we were enjoying the fruit course, "The Hanging of the Crane" was thoughtfully read by a young bride.

In the pleasant, cool drawing-room the beautiful, quaint, Swedish tale of "The Children of the Lord's Supper" was earnestly listened to.

"Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope and under the earth in the
graveyard,

Then it is good to pray to God, for His sorrowing children.
Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and helps and
consoles."

And again, "Faith is enlightening Hope."

Dorothy then sang his famous song:

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

The last reading of the afternoon was "The Student's Tale of the Falcon of Sir Federigo," which illustrated happily the oft-repeated quotation of that beautiful faith, "All things come to him who will but wait."

The precept of "plain living and high thinking" was not observed, for the gastronomical feast, though scarcely mentioned in this review, was fully equal to the intellectual, as any of the young gentlemen who were present at the Longfellow Luncheon will gladly testify.

STANLEY'S English publisher was walking on Beachy Head not long ago, when he met a poor lone shepherd, who was also geologist, geographer, and philosopher, and also whiled away the slow-footed hours with books. He also was a collector of the arrow heads of ancient Britons, and an explorer of British barrows; he took the publisher (incognito) to see the museum. Throughout that day the shepherd (who, by-the-way was one-armed) had one wish ungratified; he wanted to shake Stanley by the hand, and he hankered after a copy of Stanley's book. "Well! I happen to know Mr. Stanley" said the publisher slyly. "Then here's a pund for him, and tell him I'll send the balance for the book some day; it is my hard earned savings, sir." The shepherd's money was returned to him, and it is said he is to receive a copy of the book, with its author's autograph in it.

The Latest Fashion.

HINTS FOR AUTUMN.

WITH the near approach of the chilly weather we begin to feel very strongly the shortcomings in our wardrobes, and realize the imperative necessity for something new for late Autumn and early Winter. A very tasteful selection of new goods is to be seen on the counters of our leading dry-good houses.

Large plaid designs, some in very brilliant colorings, and others again in quite subdued shades, seem to form the leading characteristics of the new goods of the season, while there is also a strong tendency in favor of rough, hairy surfaces, and cloths brightened by small curls of silk.

Combinations of green and blue obtain much success in some of the latest models. A stylish home dress is made of navy-blue foulard, with a small Japanese pattern printed in green. The skirt is a bias band, about twelve inches deep, veiled over with a flounce of embroidered black tulle. The bodice is draped on each side in the shape of a fichu, with a narrow plastron in the middle of green foulard, covered with black embroidered tulle to match the flounce upon the skirt. The sleeves are also matched to this flounce.

New capes, in the shape of a double or treble draped fichu, are fashionable. Sometimes the cape remains open over the dress-bodice, sometimes the draperies are gathered on to a plain V-shaped shoulder-piece. A very unique model of this style is of deep red cloth, with a shoulder-piece of red velvet, embroidered in Oriental colored silks and gold. The draperies are of cloth, pinked out round the edge.

Surah dresses in floral patterns, upon a white or very light ground, are elegantly made with a Princess-shaped back forming three pleats at the waist; the front is slightly draped, and fastens under the left arm. The skirt is trimmed round the foot



BEATRICE MANTELET

AN exceedingly attractive mantel, for an Autumn wrap for general wear, or to accompany a dress of the same material is shown in the illustration in dun gray and moss green plaided camels' hair, with Medicis collar and reverses of green velvet. The Medicis collar may be varied, and should be prettily lined. The front of the mantelet is held by a pretty clasp.



THE HEINRICH.

This is a stylish coat of brown vicuna cloth turned back with reverses of beaver; vest of fawn plush braided with gold

with a fluting, headed with a strip of passementerie, which comes up on the left side to the waist. A deep collar of guipure d'art terminates the bodice; and the sleeves, which are puffed up at the shoulders and very tight at the wrists, are also finished with cuffs of guipure d'art.

Black silk dresses brocaded in small raised patterns, very useful for Autumn, are prettily trimmed with jet; the skirt is made with a deep hem stitched on the right side and headed with three or four rows of jet galloon; the bodice has a shoulder-piece of black velvet edged with jet galloon or fringe, and the sleeves are also trimmed to match.

Ribbons are worn *en bretelles*, or in bows upon the neck, also in bracelets on the sleeves, or, which is more novel still, twisted spiral fashion round the arm from the shoulder to the wrist.

Large collarettes of embroidery, lace, or guipure are fashionably worn with indoor dresses; they are finished at the neck with an open Medici collar, and fall nearly down to the waist.

The small straw toquet, with a bow of black lace in front, and a jackdaw's head forming *cache peigne* at the back, its two wings coming over the crown, is the last novelty in hats.

EMBROIDERY.

Ladies who have a fancy for stylish gold and silver embroideries arranged as dress trimmings can have their tastes satisfied this season. In the Egyptian embroideries the work is particularly fine, the designs handsome, and the colorings of the cloths on which it is mostly executed are, needless to say, artistic. A soft gray Zouave jacket, richly embroidered with twisted silver thread, is very charming; it would make the quietest and simplest of gray cloth costumes quite dressy enough for an "At Home." The Zouaves are sleeveless, so they will spin on over a plain bodice, and give a totally different bodice to a dress without the slightest trouble. A dark green, embroidered with gold, was much more showy. The delicate eau de Nil, white, pearl-gray, and tan cloths, form the most charming grounds for silver as well as for gold embroideries. Occasional pieces are enriched

with the combination of gold and silver. There are dress panels, collars, cuffs, bodice and dress fronts, and among the last there are great varieties of shape and design. For the ornamentation of tea-gowns they are well adapted. Moire sashes are decorated in the same style, but the patterns are lighter than those on the jackets. Ladies' jackets are finished off at the edges in

a similar manner, but the cords and balls are of smaller size. There are slippers to correspond with the other articles, but these are made of velveteen. A costume, which shows how far a simple Zouave will go to set it off, is of old gold Roman satin; the bodice, with elbow sleeves, finished with folds; over this is a cloth Zouave to match in color which is worked with gold thread. The threads are sewn down on the material, not worked through it. The excellence of the execution of the designs is shown in the evenness with which all the fine threads are laid.

MILLINERY.

Little evening headdresses are more attractive than usual; demi-bandeaux of curled feathers, terminating at both ends with a rosette, are piquant yet elegant for full dress. They look particularly well when diamond ornaments are clasped into them. The same kind of bandeaux are less stately, but more girlish and airy, when made in twists of tulle, sometimes of two colors combined—auroral blendings, such as palest rose and saffron, or shell-pink and beryl-green. A charming wreath is of white violets, set with three crescents of the same flower; and Creek fillets, whether in flowers, ribbons or metals, seem more in favor than ever; a slender circlet composed of petunia velvet, twined with tiny greyish green rose foliage, touched here and there with pinky buds, was very becoming. The newest feather rosettes are of a Catherine-wheel shape, each of its radiants are of a different tint, so deftly arranged as to have an iridescent effect.

For older ladies there is a revival of little coronets of twisted velvet in which diamonds may be set to admiration, and the caps are most fascinating. We may note a confection of safrona roses, with gold embroi-



AFTERNOON CONCERT GOWN.

Chenissette with long sleeves and petticoat in either white Madeira work or sprigged net; skirt just touching the ground, in white crepon cloth, sprinkled with shaded mauve and violet wafers, likewise the short puffed sleeves and corslet, smartened up with butterfly bows, bracelets, and lattice work in pinkish mauve moire ribbon. Folds round the neck to match.

dered gauze and gray-green leaves for special commendation, together with a little Pompadour pompon of purple velvet roses, neutral tinted leaves, and of Mechlin lace; while a more distinct cap is distinguished and coquettish at once, with its butterfly wings of *point de gaze* and its front of lilac stocks.

No less noteworthy are the bonnets, as being both quiet and elegant, a specially graceful example being a little black jet bonnet, edged at intervals with jet beads as large as good sized marbles, and trimmed with a cluster of pale mauve orchids imitated to perfection. Another black bonnet is of fine lace drawn over two fillets of heliotrope velvet, a little bow of velvet nestling in front, and two heliotrope velvet roses fastened right at the back with their spray of subdued-tinted leaves resting on the crown. A lovely little bonnet of a more dressy order is of gold net, black lace, and garlands of mignonette; and a somewhat daring French model of a peculiarly becoming shape is of fancy yellow straw, trimmed in front with wonderfully natural red and white fuchsias. An elegant capote was of an openwork of tinsel in many hues, on straw, mixed with straw pearls, and veiled with gold lace, the little posey adorning the front being of pansies and mignonette.

Three little black bonnets are too pretty to be ignored, yet must be but briefly mentioned; all three are remarkable for their extreme good style and quietness, the first being trimmed with velvet pansies; the second, of black lace, bound in with the fillets of graduated black jet beads; and the third, and most stylish, being of black lace over gold net, with pink roses, and an original wide bandeau of cut jet.

A feature is now made of old ladies' bonnets, having removed such headgear from the reproach of dowdiness, which is apt to fall upon it without incurring the charge of an undue youthfulness. In this aim milliners are most happily successful; as is proved by a soft bonnet of black lace, sufficiently ample to comfortably

screen the back of the neck and ears, but modish in shape, and not so large as to extinguish the wearer's countenance. All round the edge is set a border of the petals of York and Lancaster roses; bright, but not festal, like the unshattered flowers, a small cluster of which is, however, set at the side.



CARRIAGE CLOAK.

Black or violet velvet, trimmed with beaded gimp trefoil tassels, and knotted fringe, which glitter on the two straight fronts, cut like stole ends; whilst the back extends to the feet, as a princess robe, and frames effectively the skirt in rich brocade; also ornamented with jewelled embroidery and fringe. At the side falls a girdle to correspond, whilst the two fronts of the coat-skirt are bordered with a wide band of the violet velvet; gossamer epaulettes, sleeves gathered at the elbow, and resplendent with similar embroidery. Turn back cuffs and collar.

THERE have just been completed a number of exceedingly stylish dresses for many members of the ultra-fashionable world. A gown of dull electric-gray had been made with a dove-gray vest lighter than the dress itself, and almost entirely covered with a braiding of black and silver cord. The bodice was made with a plain open jacket, high on the shoulders; the skirt arranged in single plaits. The jacket kept in place as these open jackets rarely do, and we found that it was attached to the vest invisibly beneath a lapel by a button.

ORDINARY tailor-made gowns are most simply arranged, the skirts gathered closely at the middle of the back. The jacket bodices frequently have one long revere, and sometimes a velvet collar makes them more complete. These jackets are always lined with silk. Leather vests are the fashion of the moment; they are exceedingly durable. The Scotch jacket is new and very stylish; it is made with the tabs, like a jacket to wear with the kilt. It has three buttons at the waist, side pockets, and a vest. Skirts for shooting are made to draw up to any length required, and the hems are so stitched they are tidy on both sides.

COLLARS and cuffs are quite the fashion; the collar is very high and stiff and straight, the studs are exceedingly small.

White collars are sewn on colored shirts, and worn with colored cuffs, but colored collars and cuffs yield now to the plain linen. Shirt fronts are accompanied by white ties, like a man's evening tie, which can be bought ready, but are far better-tied when on.

FASHION'S FAVORS.

New French redingotes appear, designed for Autumn teas and dinners, which have slightly open-throated corsages, lace fraises and slight draperies on the hips. There are pointed puffs on the shoulders of the close coat sleeves, folds of silk crossing the waist below the bust and rich lace ruffles at the wrists.

Fashion demands the odor of white flowers for sachets and scent bottles; white lilac, white violet, white hyacinth, jasmine, orchids, iris, and lily of the valley being the most desirable. The tuberose, however, is not liked, and a positive aversion is shown to white rose.

Biege color and dark seal-brown trimmed with brown and gold braid is to be worn in Paris, says Mme. Raymond. White cloth and gray velvet is another favorite combination.

Mousseline de soie and silk gauzes are the first fabrics imported for dinner dresses and bridesmaids' gowns for early Autumn weddings.

A tiny nosegay secured in the bow of the bonnet strings is the latest and Frenchiest touch of millinery.

Another fashion that requires much discretion to make it commendable, is the plain, tight, seamless bodice without visible fastening, that molds a perfect figure to perfection, but is merciless in showing up every flaw and defect in an imperfect form.

A brown dotted veil is said to be the one most universally becoming to the wearer.

A new pin for waving the hair has come into use in France. It does away with any need of gas jet or spirit lamp, and it is declared there is no humbug about their easy comfort, and the result is the natural wave, large and deep, which doubles in effect the quantity of hair. The pin is simplicity itself, and the operation of putting up the hair is so quickly accomplished that it would not tax the impatience of a child. It is called the Lenthéric pin.

Pretty dinner dresses are made of small brocades on black grounds.

For early Autumn wear come toque crowns and brims of cashmere embroidery, black reefers, with gold buttons and cording,

for slender figures, black shoulder capes trimmed with gilt and the flaring collar lined with black or yellow ostrich feathers.

Parisian jackets are longer in front than at the back, with high and wide sleeves, and are often made of Persian or Astrachan. Matelasse jackets and tight-fitting matelasse paletots have high Medicis collars in velvet brocade and sleeves of the same material. Other Parisian styles have collar ruches in ostrich feathers, Medicis collars with ostrich feather or Persian front and full pelerines in ostrich feathers, Persian or Astrachan.

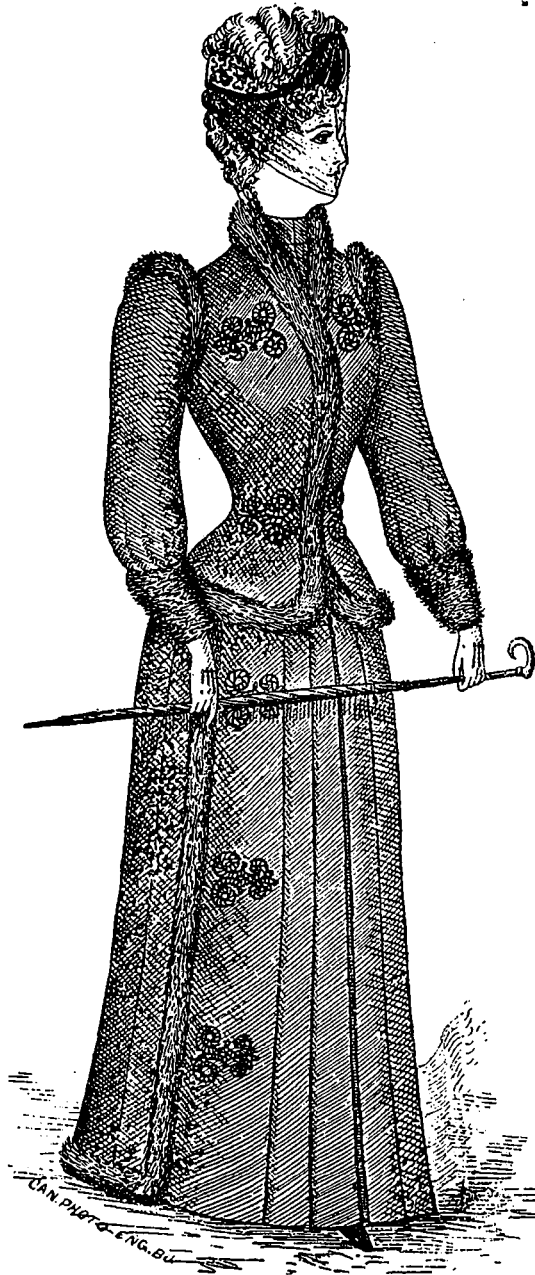
A stylish dress for seaside wear is made either in blue or white serge, with a band of blue foulard with white spots placed round the skirt, one long revers of this forming a part of the collar, turning back from the open jacket. The same material is used on the pockets and as a band on the cuffs. With it a linen shirt is worn, and a sailor tie and pointed Swiss belt.

There is no daintier house gown for a girl than a nainsook Empire belted high up with a three-yard sash of rose, green or brown china crepe.

Low-necked cambric shirts have given place to high-necked, long sleeved shirts of woven cashmere or silk, or of the thinner India gauze wool, chosen according to the season of the baby's birth. These machine-made shirts button down the front, and are easily put on. Knitted shirts of well-shrunken Saxony wool are so soft, warm and elastic that many mothers prefer them, and find them easy work for picking up in odd moments.

The bouquets made for bridesmaids are small, but extremely pretty, and easy to carry. They are often veiled in tulle, and are generally surrounded with white satin and a lace frill.

Moliere shoes, with high flap and rather square toes, are made now in tan-colored and black leather. If tan shoes are chosen,



WALKING COSTUME OF DARK GREEN CLOTH.

The front of the skirt is pressed in flat plaits, with a straight section at one side, on which are handsome ornaments in black braid. The back of the skirt is in plaits, the front edge and hem of the back drapery being finished with a narrow band of black fur. The body is close fitting, with fitted cloth jacket, slightly cut away at the front of the neck and at the lower front corners. The fronts are trimmed with braid ornaments and the entire jacket is edged with fur. A band of the same fur is set around the arm-holes, and there are wide, tapering cuffs of the fur to match: close collar and narrow V of the cloth.

the stockings should be of the same color. For evening wear there is a pretty shoe made in black satin, called Charles IX.; and with these shoes black silk stockings with lace fronts let in should be worn.

New shoulder capes this Winter will be of heavy cloth, lined with lamb's wool, and embroidered on the outside with wide braid.

With the wane of the Summer season the demand for corded watch guards adjuncts to the negligé shirts is much less, and people are returning to the more expensive article in gold.

It looks very much as though the long veils popular some years ago were to be revived to favoritism. The fashion writers of the French capital refer to the long veil as the coming favorite, and already a demand for the old-time style is materializing in this country.

The tendency is toward lighter coloring for cloth dresses, even for Winter wear in the streets, such as bright beige and Suede browns, silver gray and turquoise blue, with sleeves and skirt borders covered with dark braiding or fur to give them an appearance of warmth. These faced cloths are also to be used for bridemaides' dresses, and for evening gowns in pale mauve shades, cream white, faded pink, Nile green and very light Spanish yellow.

The newest street dresses in black faille, pekin or broche are quite plain in front and at the side, with folds behind, or have fan folds in front, plain sides and folds behind. With the first arrangement the lower part of the skirt is bordered with a thick empire ruche of black lace or two or three smaller ruches. When the front is in folds, the ruche border begins at the sides. These skirts are worn with a jacket or waist of the same material. The jacket or waist opens on a fichu of tulle, gauze or embroidery, also black.

There are many fleur-de-lys pearls, double bow-knots and other designs set solidly with diamonds or pearls, in some cases with a single stone introduced in the centre.

Square-toed shoes for men are to be revived, and patent leather

are to be worn more generally than ever before.

A late introduction in gentlemen's charms is an ivory barrel kept together by golden hoops set with garnets.

A graceful tea dress is made of brocade silk in the form of a long robe, fitted in the back and opening in front over a drapery of crepe de Chine or mousseline de soie, the edges of which are finished with full jabots of lace. The full sleeves match the crepe front and have "jockeys" or epaulettes of brocade on the shoulder. When made of pompadour broche in delicate colors, with the front in pink, blue or white gauze, it is very dainty, but for more serious wear it is handsome in black brocade, with the front of rose or salmon-colored gauze.

Silk petticoats are made of glace shot silk with pinked-out flounces at the hem, and rows of velvet or black lace sometimes above the flouncing; but also in thin silk, with lace flouncings and insertions. The chief point is to choose a color in unison with the rest of the toilet. There is a revulsion against the very close-fitting, tight skirts, and though no steels or pads are visible, dresses are made full at the back, with a natural and graceful flow.

New plush and velvet shoulder capes have shot silk or brocaded linings. Yokes are as much used for wraps as for dress waists, and are often covered with rich devices in passementeries. Others are framed in feather bands.

"En Rideaux" is the name of a beautiful shoulder cape of fawn colored cloth with jacket shaped front. The Medicis collar of cloth is trimmed with jewelled trimming, which reaches half way down the shoulders, and is edged with black ostrich tips, which extend down the fronts.

RIBBONS.

Plain, double-faced, satin ribbons are the fashionable trimming for Autumn bonnets, and with velvet ribbons will be used throughout the Winter. Uncut velvet ribbons with satin stripes, and large velvet spots on satin stripes, are very stylish. Narrow



EVENING TOILET OF DARK BLUE VELVET.

White and gold embroidery, and garniture of light blue ostrich feathers. The front of the skirt is draped in curved folds; the back of the demi-train is in side plaits; the panel is of white ottoman with gold thread embroidery; a fringe of fine jet finishes the lower edge of the apron; the front of the skirt at the hem is edged with feather trimming. The low bodice is close fitting, the deep V partly filled in with feather trimming; the sleeves are merely bands with loops of velvet and ostrich plumes.

velvet ribbons will remain in favor for strings, and two-inch widths for trimmings. Shot glacé velvet ribbons are much used in Paris. High stiff loops, pointed ends, long looped bows and torsades of soft folds of piece velvet are on the new hats. Metal ribbons, especially gold and silver, are used alone or in combination with velvet or satin ribbons.

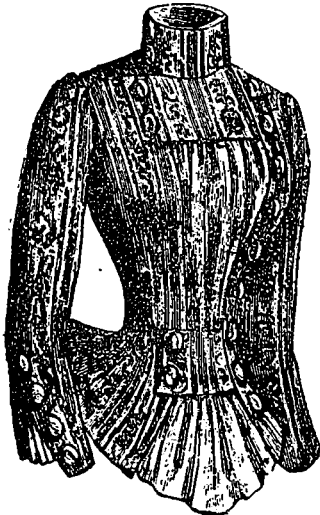


DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

The dress is of gray and red printed delaine, with front and sleeves of red pongee, covered with gray Russian net. Waistband of red ribbon, finished with long loops and ends each side of the front.

RICH dahlia tints and reddish heliotropes are shown in six shades ranging up to the pale tint of Persian lilacs. The best violet shades are very rich. Clear dark browns are in otter bronze and coffee brown. More yellowish browns are tabac and the light bison, castor, and beige shades. The grays are metallic tints—pale silver-gray and steel,

clear nichel, and dark platinum gray. Bluet blue and pale turquoise are excellent colors for millinery, Royal blue, the bleu de France, and dark marine are winter colors, and the chasseur gray-blues are almost steel-color; a pale china blue is named after Palissy, and this with turquoise will be much used to lighten black and the dark brown shades. Bright Spanish yellow is also much combined with black. The new greens are those with blue tints.



ELEGANT JACKET BODICE.

Pompadour silk or striped cashmere, cut to cling to the bust, and provided with two broad tabs, which form respectively yoke and belt, which fasten on the right side with two large buttons in tortoiseshell, or the stuff of the bodice itself, in keeping with the row edging the left front, and those on the collar and sleeves, which are cut with a slit from elbow to waist, to display a pleated flounce in light colored silk, similar to the one employed for the blouse front.

jacket just brought out is cut like a man's hunting coat, and is essentially stylish. A tweed coat has been made of exactly the

same cloth as a man's suit. In riding habits the basques are generally long and jacket-shaped, with light silk linings. With these a round-crowned felt hat is usually worn, the material of which it is made, though called felt, really differs from it, being a species of silk beaver which looks like felt, but withstands the weather better. Such hats are made with flexible brims.

FUR GARMENTS AND TRIMMINGS.

WE again see black Persian lamb a prominent factor in both the garments and trimmings made of fur. It is worn alone, as well as combined with sealskin, sable, sea otter, etc.

The Russian collar is again fashionable, lapping to one side like a fichu. All kinds of flaring collars are in vogue, with a pointed plastron to the waist, short tabs or revers rolling back.

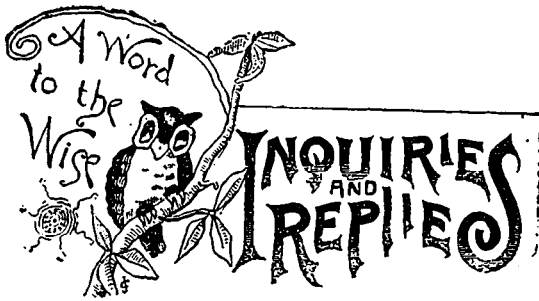
Boas are long and slender. Crevats or ties of sealskin or sable are mere throat coverings, showing the head and tail of the animal lapped in front.

Muffs are small: the lining is novel when made of brocade, and a ruffle of sealskin at each end is a somewhat bulky adornment. Two kinds of fur are frequently combined in a muff.



BELOCCA JACKET.

The introduction of sleeves of Astrakhan, Persian lamb, etc., is a striking feature of many of the new jackets designed for Autumn wear. The model shown in the illustration is formed of silk plush and brown Astrakhan. The fronts open over a pointed vest, closely adjusted by darts to the figure; the back is slightly shorter than the fronts and laps below the waist line. The sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton form, and the Medici collar is wired to give the desired stiffness.



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

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

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

A SUBSCRIBER.—(1) WOULD you be kind enough to give directions for doing Vesuvian work in your next issue. (2) Also crochet yoke for chemise. ANS.—(1) We never heard of "Vesuvian" work. Perhaps some of our correspondents will give the information. (2) For the yoke take No. 50 or 60 crochet cotton and a fine steel crochet needle. The centre portion is first worked the length desired, and when completed an edge is crocheted on both sides. Make a chain of 5 stitches, * 5 tc. in 4th st. of this ch., 3 tc. in next to last st., 5 ch., repeat from * until the length desired for the yoke is completed. In the last shell of the length make 3 tc., 1 ch., 1 sc. 5 ch. 1 shell. 3 ch. 1 sc. in the top of half shell of last row, 3 tc. in same st., with 3 tc. of last row, ch. 1 sc. in same st., repeat from * to the end. On these shells make an edge. *First row:* One tc. in 1st tc. of shell, ch. 9, 1 tc. in last tc. of shell, repeat to end of row. *Second row:* Two tc. in 3 ch., 2 sis. of chain, chain 3, miss 3, repeat to the end. *Third row:* One tc. 4 ch. 1 tc. in 1st 3 ch, miss 6, repeat. *Fourth row:* One sc. in ch 4, 3 ch, 1 sc., 4 ch, 1 sc., 3 ch, 1 sc. in same ch, 1 ch, 1 sc. in ch. 4, 1 ch,—repeat. For the lower edge. *First row:* The same as top edge. *Second row:* One tc. separated by two ch. in every 3rd st. *Third row:* One sc. in every st. For the sleeve: work the insertion to that of the yoke before crocheting edge, then work around the whole; make the edge the same on sleeves.

C. B.—WILL you please inform me through these columns what is most to be desired in kid gloves just now, what color, whether buttoned, or embroidered, etc. (2) Will a geranium slip in bloom when taken be more likely to be a profuse bloomer? ANS. (1) Chevrete suedes are a new useful class of glove, especially the moussquetaires, in tans, black, tobacco and grays; some have embroidered backs. Tan and drab are serviceable colors. (2) No, not necessarily. See the article on Geraniums under "Floriculture" in this issue.

JENNIE.—Please tell me what presents are suitable to give at a silver wedding. ANS.—Silver presents are usually given at a silver wedding except the gift is the work of the donor, such as a painting or piece of needlework. Flowers form another exception to the rule and never fail to be acceptable.

VIOLET.—(1) I have neglected to make calls for so long a time, that I now feel diffident about doing so. Have also forgotten the days on which several of my friends receive. Can you advise me in the matter? ANS.—(1) You had better pay a round of calls immediately, and explain the reason of your leaving them so long unpaid. (2) Could you not enquire about the "day" on which your friends receive from some mutual friend. People usually prefer a call paid on their reception day. If you cannot find out you will have to take your chance of finding her at home some afternoon.

MARY M.—Please give me some idea of the fashion in dress goods. Are plaids to be worn? ANS.—Checks and plaids will be among the prevailing styles for Autumn wear, but plain materials will also be worn, and if you prefer these either serge or cashmere, in becoming color, will be suitable.

A READER.—(1) Would it be correct to be married in the morning and then hold an evening reception? (2) What refreshments would be necessary for such a reception? ANS.—(1) Quite proper, if you prefer it. (2) The refreshments for such occasions might be creams, jellies, cakes, bon-bons, oysters—fried or on the half-shell—boned turkey, salads, sandwiches, and fruits.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

OTTAWA, ONT., Oct. 3rd, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Have just received the Silver Tea Service, which was awarded me for largest list, received on the 20th September last, and am very much pleased with it. I am glad to be able to certify to the fairness of your contest, and the worth of your Journal. Yours truly, MRS. W. PERCY.

BROCKVILLE, ONT., Oct. 1st, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I received the Silver Tea Service yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. Yours truly, JESSIE C. BROWN.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., Oct. 7th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Prize received all right, and is very satisfactory. I shall be a competitor in your coming contest. Yours truly, D. THOMAS.

HEATHCOTE, ONT., Oct. 3rd, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Have received my prize in your "Word Contest," and like it well. Thanks. Respectfully, NELLIE CRUICKSHANK.

SARNIA, ONT. 7th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—You will think me very ungrateful not acknowledging my prize. I am very much pleased with it, and my reason for not having written before is sickness. I am more than delighted with the magazine. Am I to receive it every month for a year? Hoping you will pardon my apparent neglect, and thanking you for prize. I remain, yours respectfully, JENNIE LUSCOMBE.

MONTPELIER, VT., Oct. 6th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Prize just received. Accept thanks. I am pleased with it, also like your magazine. MRS. LUTHER CREE.

WELDFORD, N.B., SEPT. 25th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I received my prize to-day in connection with late competition, with which I am well pleased. I am perfectly satisfied with the fairness of your dealings. Yours, etc., M. WELLWOOD.

897 SCRANTON AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO, SEPT. 25th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—My thanks for the prize, which I received safe, awarded me in the late "Word Contest." Hoping your valuable magazine will be read by many more, who, as yet have not subscribed. I remain, yours truly, MRS. THIERESA S. LANGFORD.

26 KENSINGTON AVE., TORONTO, OCT. 11th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I herewith acknowledge the receipt of a very elegant Silver Tea Service, which I unexpectedly received to-day as a prize in THE QUEEN'S "Word Contest," and for which I feel rich in thankfulness TO THE QUEEN. I shall treasure it as a remembrance. Trusting that THE QUEEN, in its honest endeavor, as a magazine, may continue to command increasing success as it deserves. I remain, yours respectfully, JOHN WADDELL.

707 MONROE ST., TOPEKA, KANSAS, SEPT. 29th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

SIR.—I am in receipt of two sample copies of your magazine (one being in answer to a tracer that I sent concerning my first letter) and am so much pleased with the contents that, taking your permission granted, I have forwarded one of the copies to a friend of mine in Danville, Illinois. I enclose you herewith six United States two cent stamps, for which kindly send a copy of the same issue to Miss _____, Prospect, Ohio. I sincerely trust that you may receive many new subscriptions, as your paper should be welcomed in every home. I send you by this mail list of words, etc. Very truly yours, FRANC C. McMILLAN.

DAKIN, NEB., Oct. 2nd, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I received my prize to-day, and am well pleased with it, also with the magazine. Yours truly, LOTTIE M. DOUGLASS.

OSHAWA, SEPT. 25th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I thank you very much for the very nice present you sent me. E. J. FRANCIS.

109 QUEEN STREET, HALIFAX, N.S., SEPT. 15th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I was much pleased to receive the prize on Saturday. Many thanks. Yours truly, EDITH A. LORDLY.

TRENTON, CAN., Oct. 3rd, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Beg to acknowledge receipt of the Silver Tea Set, as a prize awarded me in your "Word Contest," with which I am much pleased. I consider the "Word Contest" decided fairly and impartially. E. GODSON.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT., SEPT., 22nd, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—The Silver Tea Set awarded to me on the 18th inst., arrived by express to-day, and I wish to thank you for promptness in delivering the same, as well as to convey my appreciation of your valuable present. THE CANADIAN QUEEN is well worth the subscription price without extra inducements, and its interesting, instructive and moral tone should make it a welcome visitor in every home. Yours truly, FRANK C. FETHICK.

CORAOPOLES, PA., OCT. 1st, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—My prize for "Word Contest" came all right. I am very much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks for same. Respectfully, IRISLIE DILLON.

OFFICE OF THE BEDFORD TIMES, BEDFORD, P.Q., OCT., 1st, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Beg to acknowledge receipt of prize awarded me as a competitor in your late "Word Contest," and must say that it far exceeds my expectations. My only surprise is that you can afford such valuable gifts to so many competitors. Yours truly, M. D. COREY, Editor.

SHAKESPEARE, ONT., SEPTEMBER 18th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I have received the present I merited in your "Word Contest" (of August), and am pleased with it. Yours, etc., GERTRUDE CRICH.

GLENMONT, N.Y., SEPT., 26th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—My prize arrived yesterday and I am very much pleased. Accept my thanks for same. Yours, C. M. SPENCER.

Floriculture.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

GERANIUMS.

Geraniums deserve a place at the head of the list of desirable plants for house and garden culture, because they are such easy things to take care of. Give them a good soil, water in sufficient quantities, and plenty of sunshine, and they ask little more. Of what other plant can you say this?

If you want them to make your garden bright throughout the Summer, all you have to do is to cut the flowers off as soon as they begin to fade. Do this, and they will continue to bloom up to cold weather, and the frost will generally find them as full of blossoms as they were at midsummer.

Many take up plants which have bloomed through the Summer hoping to make them bloom in Winter. But this is generally labor thrown away. If you want geraniums to bloom well in Winter you must prepare your plants for this work.

This is done by keeping them from blooming in Summer. Start the plants early in Spring. Do not try to force them, but let them grow along steadily through the Summer. Give a good soil; water enough to keep the soil moist all through, and pinch the tops from time to time to make them throw out branches and form compact plants. This is important, for if allowed to grow to suit themselves geraniums almost always take on awkward shapes. But by pinching in and forcing branches to start you can make fine-shaped plants of the most straggling growers. The time to do this is while the plants are young, if allowed to grow after their own inclinations for six or eight months you will find it a difficult matter to bring them into proper shape.

A good compost for the geranium is one part loam, one part turfy matter, and the other third equal parts of perfectly rotten manure and the sharpest, grittiest sand you can find.

In potting, be sure to put at least an inch of broken pottery in the bottom of each pot over four inches across. Smaller pots will not need drainage. The matter of drainage must be attended to in pots of the size referred to above, for if the soil is put into the pot without something to keep it away from the hole in the bottom it will soon fill it, and the consequence will be that the pot becomes water-tight, and the surplus water which you give will settle to the bottom where it will stand about the roots of the plants rotting them, or inducing disease, or souring the soil.

When you water them be sure to give enough to wet the soil all through. The practice of putting on a little dribble of water now and then is most harmful. The surface of the soil will look moist, and from this you will get the impression that it must be wet below; while the fact is, it will almost always be dry as dust in the bottom. Therefore water only as needed and then make a thorough job of it. Put on so much that some will run out at the bottom of the pot, and then you will be sure that the soil is entirely saturated.

The varieties grown for their foliage require larger pots than the flowering sorts. A geranium blooms best when somewhat pot bound, but if a kind with fine foliage is cramped at the roots its leaves become small and unsatisfactory. Therefore give your flowering geraniums small pots, but give such kinds as you grow for foliage large pots and a rich soil, in order to keep them putting forth new branches all the time.

The Ivy-leaf section is one well worthy of your attention. Its foliage resembles that of the English ivy in shape, hence its name. Florists have of late years taken this class in hand, and

the result is that we have kinds with large trusses of double flowers, rivalling in beauty the choicest Zonales. This class is of slender habit and must be trained to pillars or given a rack or trellis to run over.

Some persons advise starting geraniums in September for Winter blooming. Mr. E. Rexford, the well-known writer on flowers, who is very successful as a grower of geraniums, always sets this advice down as mischievous. He prefers plants at least one year old, and in his greenhouse he has many plants four, five, and six years old, which are covered with flowers every Winter. These old plants have many branches, hence plenty of blossoming surface, while young plants will seldom have more than one or two branches for the first three months of their existence, consequently they can have but few flowers at any one time.

DRIED AND DRYING FLOWERS.

THE Germans have long been noted for drying many kinds of Summer flowers, and during Winter months using them either alone or among the immortelle flowers in Winter bouquets. There is no particular secret in the business, except to select such flowers as dry well and preserve their color, such as dahlias, roses, hollyhocks, carnations, zinnias, stocks, geraniums, etc.

As a rule, double flowers are the most satisfactory for drying, except by another process, are very apt to drop their petals or curl up in the process of drying. For ordinary drying the only thing to do is to pick the flowers before they get too full open, and spread in some dry room. If the sun gets to them they will fade out. Such plants as can be picked with stems may be tied in very small bunches and hung stem up. This gives them an erect shape when dried. The short-stemmed flowers are wired in the using.

Any flowers almost and the finest ferns can be beautifully dried by the sand process, which consists in burying the flowers in a bath of quite dry white sand. Take deep dishes, or such of sufficient depth to hold the sand and flowers, and an inch of sand to cover. A broad dish will hold quite a number.

First sprinkle an inch of sand, then lay over a layer of flowers not quite touching, stems downwards. It is best to hold them snug in place, in the meantime sifting the sand all among and over them. Set the dish in a dry, warm place, but where they can dry gradually.

Some flowers require only a week, others more to dry. This is the best known by a little experience. When dry, pour the sand out; afterwards they may be kept in boxes until wanted for use. Some arrange in groups by themselves; others mount on cards, and if inclosed in glass cases will last almost for ever. A similar process was once greatly in use for the preservation of funeral flowers. It can hardly, however, be looked upon as a pleasant memento of dear departed ones and is not now much in vogue.

Immortelles and everlasting flowers and many kinds of grasses dry perfectly, and are made much of by Winter-bouquet makers. Quite a number of our wild grasses, that can be picked in the swamps and waysides, are excellent for the purpose. Pick them with stems and all, tie into small hands or bunches, and hang in any dark place to dry off. Once dry they can be placed in boxes until wanted for use. The same rule holds good with those of the everlasting class, the chief feature being to pick them when fully exposed, but before the seeds begin to harden, or they will, when exposed to the dry, hot rooms in the Winter, fall to pieces and become annoying.

Our Work Table.

DECORATIVE WORK.

TRANSFER WORK.

THE fancy for decorative work does not abate, and none is more fashionable at present than transferring. It is not difficult to transform a plain looking article into a very pretty one by this process, and even old methods are being revived with satisfactory results.

Beautiful colored pictures are brought out to be transferred to glass. These can be had in religious designs, flowers, figures, landscapes, fruits, arabesques, and medallions. There are also rich borders and corner pieces. To transfer the picture to the glass apply a heavy coat of Vacquerel's fastening varnish to the right side of the design, and fasten it on the inside of the glass; then cover it with a piece of blotting paper slightly moistened. The hand must be placed on the centre of the design to prevent its moving; then take the roller in the right hand, press the picture down with it, commencing from the center. Remove the blotting paper, and when the picture is perfectly dry apply a coat of Vacquerel's transparent varnish with a flat camel's hair brush, which completes the work.

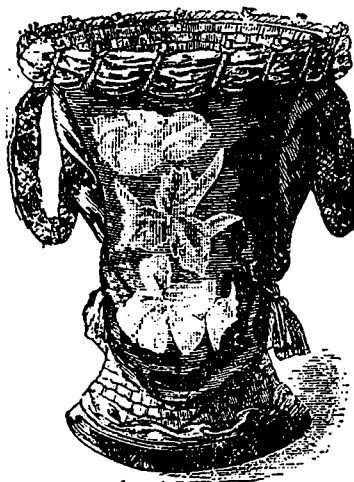
To transfer the picture to muslin or thin silk, the material must be tightly stretched in a frame. First put two coats of "clearing liquid" on the wrong side of the print, and when dry apply the transfer varnish to the colored side. Press down on the material with the roller; when dry, varnish, and do not remove from the frame until dry.

The transfer on glass is more satisfactory, and ladies are making pretty glasses for transoms and the sides of hall doors in this way. The necessary materials can be purchased in this city.

Prints can be transferred to wood by taking a small quantity of gelatine and dissolving it in warm water. Lay the picture on the wood, right side up; wash it over with the gelatine water, turn the engraving down on the right side, and press it on to the wood. Let it stay four days, and then dip the finger in water and rub the picture carefully until the paper has disappeared and the impression is seen on the wood, then apply paper varnish. The same process can be used with regard to china and glass.

Another way is to apply a coat of antique varnish to glass, let it dry, and then apply a thin coat; before it is dry, varnish the engraving and moisten it by laying between the folds of a piece of white cloth dampened with salt water, and when thoroughly moist press it right side down on the glass, using a blotting-pad for the purpose. See that the engraving is firmly and smoothly fixed to the glass, then dip the finger in water and rub the white paper off; when all is removed give a coat of white varnish.

Ladies are making pretty perfume jars of terra-cotta. They first give them a coat of delicate green, dull red, or brown, with oil paint. They cut the flowers out of chintz, gum each piece, and press them on to the jar, which must be dry, with a soft cloth. When all the pieces are thus applied, when dry, give the surface a coat of copal varnish, and be careful not to touch any part a second time while wet. When dry give a second coat; dry again; then with powdered pumice stone and a wet flannel pad rub the surface gently. Wash clean, and if not smooth, repeat the varnishing and rubbing. Finally wash the surface, and give the last coat of varnish. Keep the vase free from dust until quite dry. This is a pretty fashion and easy of accomplishment.

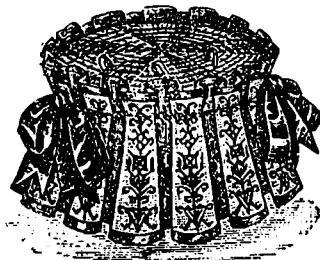


WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This basket is of bronze enamelled wicker. It is draped with terra-cotta pongee silk, embroidered with clematis and leaves in arrasene. A piece of silk 9 inches wide is placed round the top, and is caught up at distances of 3 inches by straps of cord. The lower edge is bound with olive velvet, and velvet is twisted round the handles.

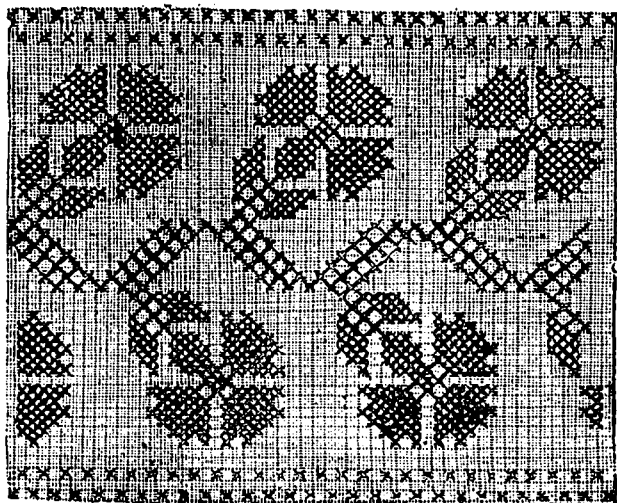
SOFA CUSHIONS.

VERY large sofa cushions are now in the height of fashion, stuffed with down, and covered with embroidered black or colored satin or with Turkey twill, worked in scattered small designs, with coarse cream flourishing thread. The width of the satin is that of the cushion, and the length averages from three-quarters of a yard to one and one-quarter yards. Many cushions are stuffed with the down of two ordinary sized ones, taken to pieces and well shaken up, or with a discarded eider-down quilt. There is a frill of folded soft silk all around, of about four inches in depth. For instance, if a cushion is worked in a contrasting color to the foundation, the frill matches the embroidery. Black satin, with light terra-cotta, and olive-green with a darker shade, are favorite mixtures. Some dinner-table centres of brocade are square, but have a length of soft silk, put on rather full, at each end, which lay down the rest of the table terminating where the dish is placed. Sometimes this length is puffed up, according to fancy. The sides of the brocade square are finished off with a silk cord. The brocade table-covers, with frill of soft silk, are pretty on small tables about a room.



HAIRPIN CUSHION

A light wooden, cardboard, or wickerwork box of suitable size serves as the receptacle of the padding, the top being covered with a lid knitted in moss wool. The outside is ornamented with gold-shot canvas arranged in box plaits, on which the cross-stitch design, has been embroidered. The box plaits are lined with blue satin, formed into passapois on both ends. Blue bows and olive buttons complete the trimming.



BORDER OR STRIPE, CROSS-STITCH.

This border may be worked on dinner-wagon or side-board cloths, ends of towels, antimacassars, etc., with ingrain cotton, washing silk, or flax thread.

HAIR BRUSH HOLDER.

A pretty holder for hair brush and comb may be made by cutting pasteboard into the form of a bath slipper, that is a sole with a vamp but no heel-piece. The sole should be about fourteen inches long. Cover it with brocaded silk in gay colors. Make the toe a little larger than the sole, so it will form a pocket. Cover like the sole and sew it in the proper position. Put a loop of cord or ribbon on the other end to hang the slipper up by. An interlining of oil skin can be put in the pocket part to protect the silk material from contact with the brush.

VELVET POCKET OR RETICULE.

These little pockets which are worn hanging at the side attached to the belt by ribbons or a chain were originally worn by *Chateains* and were supposed to carry in them a supply of money for the relief of their destitute dependants. They are now found useful in shopping excursions, and may be made of silk, satin, velvet or plush in black or colors. The top should be supplied with a steel or silver clasp, which can be procured at any fancy store.

TABLE-COVERS.

There is no kind of work so suitable for these as the linen work. Clothes for duchess dressing-tables, tea-tables, and dinner and luncheon centres can be bought with the edges embroidered with white cotton in open guipure. The centres are worked in outline with conventional floral designs, butterflies, etc., wrought in flourishing thread, and gold washing thread from Japan. Some of the designs are more filled in than ordinary outline, French knots, etc., having a good effect. The dinner-table centres are generally worked in silks, luncheon cloths in cotton or in blue and white threads. Sometimes the cloths are simply hemstitched with a broad hem; occasionally they are edged with a frilling of lace or plain lace. Exquisite patterns in drawn thread work (generally in an open pattern) find their way into the best designs, with embroidery, colored and plain. Also these will clean well, but few will stand the test of the washerwoman.

TABLE CLOTHS.

The blue "Java" table-cloths are novel, and have lately been displayed with great success. They are printed cotton, and of exactly the same blue as the old willow Nankin china. Plain white lawn or linen tea-cloths, with deep hemstitched borders, are greatly used, and some of them have several rows of graduated circles, worked in chain-stitch, in thick crochet cotton. These circles are begun in the centre, and worked round and round until they are of sufficient size. Turkey twill, navy blue, and white linen morning aprons, are ornamented in the same style. The work is easy and pleasant. It is also effective in silk on serge, for cot and perambulator covers. The little tables with three tiers shaped like crescents, the upper one being much the largest, and three legs set well apart to balance the whole, are now converted into work receptacles by being first entirely covered with brocade, then having a good sized plush bag, lined with silk or satin, nailed into the inverted side of the crescent. Silk cord is arranged as a finish.

BEDSPREADS.

Very pretty bedspreads can be made by joining the artistic Turkish doyleys which have unsewn edges with torchon lace, or with any other dainty kind of insertion lace. The doyleys are worked with delicate shades of silk interwoven with silver and gold threads, and when joined by stripes of lace and lined with yellow satin, or any shade that will harmonize with the general tone of the various colors, the effect is exquisite, not to say rich even to gorgeousness.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY WORK.

Real flowers, corresponding with those on the table, are sometimes arranged around the fancy lamp and candle shades. The pretty fashion of displaying old china, gold or silver ornaments on a dinner table, is in much favor now, and objects of art are thus displayed which would otherwise scarcely ever be seen.

The crinkled paper that has been so popular for lamp shades is now utilized as flower-pot covers. One color or two colors can be used. The paper is the usual square candle shade size (or larger if the pot is very large), with the corners upward, and the whole tied round with a ribbon. This has a very pretty effect, and may be seen now in some of the leading florist's shops where pot plants are displayed. There are also little silk covers full, and drawn at the top and base with an elastic, which expand, and will fit several sized pots. They are quite easy to make from a pattern



CROCHET COVER FOR FLOWER VASE.

An ordinary hyacinth glass can be converted into a pretty flower vase by placing over the surface a tight cover crocheted in strong blue cotton thread and double gold thread. A moir ribbon of the same color is run through the crochet openings on the top and tied into a bow.

Household Information.

THE GUEST-ROOM.

WHEN furnishing the guest-room, there are many little things which would greatly add to the comfort and "at home-iveness" of any guest; these little things should not be forgotten, nor considered of little importance. On the pin-cushion should be a goodly supply of pins of several sizes, in both black and white. If the cushion be too fine to be useful, a smaller cushion should surely be reckoned in with the bureau furnishings to be used as a pin-cushion, and not merely for looks. An extra paper or two should be placed in reserve in the upper drawer, for we all know how pins do take unto themselves wings and fly away. Another important item is a hair-pin box or basket well filled. A comb, brush, a fine comb, clothes-brush, hat-brush, hand-mirror, button-hook, and glove-buttoner are among the must-haves. A dainty work basket, well fitted up, with a needle-book, a pair of sharp scissors, thread, both white and black, a spool of black silk, and one of black linen for sewing on shoe buttons; a few buttons,—pearl for underwear, shoe-buttons, glove-buttons, and a few pants-buttons should also be added, and a thimble. Provide, also, for the use of your guest letter paper, envelopes, a few postals and stamps, a calendar and a blotter, with pens and ink. A scrap-basket is also a necessity as well as an ornament to the room. A tray for burnt matches will be of much use, and certainly has very saving qualities concerning the pretty bureau-covers and fresh paint; so many people throw burnt matches around anywhere, leaving an abominable black mark on the dainty furnishings.

A match safe, well filled, may be fastened up on the wall near the head of the bed convenient to reach. A soft dozer made of cheese-cloth, lightly wadded, and laid rolled up at the foot of the bed, or a knitted afghan may be a cause for gratitude; also an extra quilt conveniently placed, in case of need. Plenty of towels, good soap, and hot and cold water should be daily attended to. Do not let your guest suffer from cold or from too much heat either day or night, if possible to keep the temperature of the room comfortable according to your friend's feelings.

If convenient, a lounge, on which are placed two or three soft cushions, may be placed near one of the windows, where your guest may enjoy a quiet resting or reading hour before dressing for the afternoon or evening, or returning fatigued from some pleasant outing, or when the hostess may be busily engaged with domestic duties. A few small bottles containing camphor, cologne, and ammonia may be provided, and prove refreshing. Two or three of the latest magazines may be placed upon the table, with perhaps a couple of the best late novels; and should you know your friend's taste, add one or two of good standard works, with perhaps a choice book of poems. Of course you will also place your library at the service of your friend, as you may not have divined her preferences; neither would you wish to give her the idea that all reading should be done in her own room.

Always provide your guest with a pitcher of cold drinking water morning and evening.

Among the articles we have mentioned there will be several that our friend will bring with her; yet sometimes in the hurry of packing, even the most necessary small articles may be overlooked and forgotten; so that when she finds them already provided for her use by the kindly forethought of her hostess, how she will bless that dear woman in her heart for saving her the discomfort of having to ask for them, which, unless she may be an intimate friend, she would hardly like to do.

Don't imagine that the extra conveniences, in shape of work-basket, etc., should be supplied for ladies only. Our young or old gentlemen guest may require them as well, for we wives do sadly realize how buttons will snap off from some of man's apparel at the most inconvenient times. And surely every man should know how to sew on a button, as such an accomplishment would stand him in good stead many times.

Every mother should teach her boys how to use a needle and thread, to sew on buttons, mend rips, and also to darn stockings, even though he may never need to do it for himself. Most of the articles mentioned above can be ornamental as well as useful, and in looks alone will add much to the attractiveness of "the guest-room."

BLACKING STOVES.

Every good housekeeper dislikes to see a grimy stove, yet often dreads equally the grimy hand acquired in the process of blacking. A pair of thick gloves is, of course, a necessary part of the outfit of any woman who does kitchen work, and yet desires, as she should, to keep her hands dainty. As a rule, far too much blacking is used on stoves. A cake of blacking such as is sold for eight cents ought to last a year for blacking one stove. If more blacking is used, it will not be rubbed into the surface of the stove as it should be, but remain as a fine dust to be afterward blown about the kitchen and cause a generally grimy appearance, so often seen in uncared-for kitchens. A fresh coat of black should not be applied oftener than once a month, when the flues should also be cleansed out and the interior of the stove thoroughly brushed out. Before putting on new blacking, the old blacking should be washed off. The new coat must now be applied and the stove thoroughly polished.

The edges of the stove, if they are of polished iron, should not be blacked, but cleaned like a steel knife with sapolio or brick dust. The nickel knobs and other nickel parts of the stove must be rubbed bright with a chamois skin or old shrunken flannel. An ordinary paint and whitening brush is one of the best things with which to apply blacking to a stove. A stiff brush, such as is used for this purpose, is the best brush for polishing. During the month, polish the stove with the polishing-brush each morning, just after kindling the fire. Keep an old cloth always on hand in cooking, to rub off any grease spot as soon as it occurs. If the spots are obstinate, a few drops of kerosene oil put on the stove cloth will remove them. The ground edges and nickel work of the stove should be rubbed off at least once a week, besides the monthly cleaning when the stove is blacked.

WINE stains on linen should be washed out in cold water mixed with a few drops of ammonia and spirits of wine. If, unfortunately, the cloth has been wetted before the stains are discovered, wet the stain on each side with yellow soap and lay it on some thickly made starch. Rub well and expose to the sun until the stain vanishes. Sometimes, when space is available, the linen is laid on the grass and salt is substituted for the starch, when the stains will disappear in two or three hours.

In washing clothes, grass stain is particularly obstinate to remove. It will sometimes disappear by dipping the spot with molasses, and letting it lie a few moments. Rinse the molasses out in clear water, and the stain will disappear with it. A more effectual method, however, is to dip the spot in a solution of tin chloride, and immediately wash it out in an abundance of clear water. Many stains which are too firmly set to yield to the treatment of boiling water will come out by dipping the spot in warm chlorine water.

A FEW TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

To brighten varnished wood and make it appear like new, rub thoroughly with oil, using only a very little at a time, and rub it thoroughly into the wood; if any of the oil remains, it will gather dust, and be worse than ever.

To polish oil cloths, use equal parts of linseed oil, beeswax and turpentine.

A carpet that has grown dingy and soiled may be greatly improved in this way. Take a half pailful of hot water, in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of ammonia, a clean scrub-brush, some good soap, and give the carpet a good scrubbing; renew with clean water and ammonia, when the first becomes soiled. After having gone all over the carpet, take some more clean water with same quantity of ammonia, and some clean cloths, and rinse the carpet well, wiping as dry as possible.

For grease-spots on carpets, spread powdered magnesia on them, and let it remain for two or three hours; remove with a knife, and if the grease is not thoroughly extracted, repeat the application of magnesia.

Oil of turpentine will remove varnish, paint, and pitch from cotton or woollen goods. Wash in soapsuds after using.

A good furniture polish consists of equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine, vinegar, and spirits of wine. Shake well together and apply with a soft linen cloth, rubbing in thoroughly, and polish with flannel. Vinegar and oil may be used alone, but is not quite so good.

DYEING AT HOME.

People living at a distance from shops, and in remote parts of the country where delicate and other aniline dyes cannot be easily procured, can be almost as well accommodated, when they wish to practice the economy of making some old article new by means of another color, by using the dye stuffs that nature furnishes them in any corner of their yard or garden, which their great-grandmothers doubtless found sufficient, and by various other domestic expedients of little or no comparative cost, and about as satisfactory in the long-run as the new-fangled and more expensive practices. If they wish to procure a delicate rose-color, let them steep in an earthen vessel balm blossoms in water—the right length of time they can discover by trial—and dip into that whatever article they wish to color, having, if the fabric be thin, dissolved a little gum-arabic in the water, and they will probably be pleased with the result. A white fabric can be dyed a very pretty pink if put into a large pipkin with a little of the juice of the pokeberry and some copperas, and left overnight. All dyes, it should be remembered on good authority, have the art of subduing the dyer's hand to what it works in, and one should wear, in handling them, stout gloves, and lift and stir with clothes-sticks as much as possible. If one wants a pale and pretty straw-color, she can have it by steeping, scalding and straining the outside skins of onions. The bark of the barberry gives a deeper tint, and an exceedingly pleasant canary-color can be had from the water in which the tops of the common garden saffron have been well soaked; while a desirable buff or nankeen color can be procured by boiling birch bark in a tin pail with a small piece of alum. The wood found now and then in old gardens produces a pleasant blue, and sumach heads give a deep maroon. Not only the garden but the pantry can aid in the matter; for even the tea grounds, boiled in an iron pot with a few crystals of copperas, will provide a useful slate-color; and the dark paper in which a loaf of sugar comes wrapped will give either a delicate lavender or a deep purple, according to the strength of the bath made with it. A

piece of old iron boiled in vinegar with a handful of copperas (it being remembered that copperas is poison) produces a good decent black although logwood chips boiled in old cider give the best black of all. And wherever there is a silk gown to be renewed, a sliced potato, over which a half-pint of boiling water has been poured, will produce a dressing which will make it almost as good as ever—a more expensive way being to boil a cup of green tea in three pints of water in an iron skillet, and dip the silk therein, breadth by breadth, never wringing the material, and ironing it on the wrong side while still wet, with a moderately warm iron.

WASHING COUNTERPANES.

Use strong suds, rubbing any spots that may be especially soiled. The counterpanes are put into the wash boiler after rubbing and are scalded, and then rinsed two or three times in clear cold water. On no account wring them, but take them to the line in the last water they were rinsed out of, and hang them on the line. Pin them on the line every four or five inches. When they are nearly, but not thoroughly, dry, fold them and lay them for twenty-four hours under a heavy press. If you have no press construct one, for temporary use, of two heavy planks of hard wood between which a counterpane may be laid, and flat irons and other heavy weights may be put over it. If the weather is very warm and damp it is better not to press a counterpane till it is dry, as it might otherwise mildew. In any case, as soon as the counterpane is well pressed it must be unfolded and thoroughly aired by hanging it in a hot kitchen or on the clothesline in the blazing sun. Counterpanes of Marseilles washed in this way look like new. Light dimity counterpanes can be washed like any other cotton goods.

DISHCLOTHS.

These cloths should always be hemmed on both ends. The best cloth for making them is old toweling, and everyone has that. The remains of an old table-cloth will make enough to last years. In these days of mops for dish-washing, the old fashioned square cloth is not much used, but there are things that cannot be cleaned without it, and so there must always be one on hand. Some say that a piece of old flannel is better than anything else for silver, but this can be hemmed, and so save the unsightly ravelings that will appear after a while. The mops cost at the stores fifteen cents, and to the economical housewife this is not to be thought of. Save all the twine that comes around anything you may buy, and then with the handle of an old duster and a question-book such as is used in Sunday-school you may make your own mop. Wind the twine around the book, tying the pieces together as they run short. Then after having wound enough tie one end with a strong string and cut the other. Fasten this to the handle, turn over and tie again and you will have a mop equal to any in the shops.

In washing woollens, the water should be of warm temperature without being absolutely hot, and plenty of ammonia ought to be added to each tub. Very little, if any, soap is ever needful if the woollens are thoroughly squeezed in water thus prepared; nor will the woollen full, as it does if soap is rubbed on each article, and then the piece rubbed on a board. If soap is used at all in cleaning woollens, it is best dissolved and put into the water with the ammonia before the articles are put in. Woollens should not be boiled, nor is it essential that they should be scalded. They are best cleansed by putting them through repeated waters.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The muskmelon usually has nine ridges, which are separated by narrow strips of smooth skin, and if these strips are green, the melon is a good one to leave alone.

It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand.

There is no better diet for children than milk, not cream, which is apt to be a little too rich for the stomach. As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring.

To make waterproof writing ink, an ink which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: Dissolve two ounces shellac in one pint alcohol (ninety-five per cent.), filter through chalk, and mix with best lampblack.

An original use of glass has been devised. Various colored pieces in odd sizes are pierced by three or four holes on the edge, and caught together by wire until they form a mesh of fret work large enough for a panel in a transom.

Grease may be removed from white marble by applying a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumicestone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble, and finally wash off with soap and water.

A hint for a pin cushion that is a sachet as well may be new to some. It is made square, with each corner of the inner covering cut off about three inches from the point. The outer covering is left square, the corners tightly tied, and each made into a tiny sachet. The powder selected for the filling must be that preferred by the owner.

Avoid a bare corner in your room. A table with a few selected pieces of bric-a-brac upon it will look well here. In a sitting-room, in what was once a dull corner, stands one of the pretty cabinets, now so often seen, hung with dainty curtains of plush, lined with satin. The shelves are lined with books, bits of bric-a-brac, etc., the whole making a most attractive feature of the room.

An English genius has invented a tray containing a night-lamp and a small sauce cup for holding infant's food. This mechanical arrangement can be attached to the bed-post, and is invaluable in a home where there is an invalid or a baby and a few or no servants. The night-lamp emits sufficient heat to keep the child's food warm. When not required for service the tray is a convenient place for a book.

POINTS BY A PLUMBER.

"If you want a point or two about cleaning waste pipes without sending for a plumber," said a retired member of the fraternity to a New York *Telegram* reporter, who was complaining of the trials of house ownership, "just listen to me. If I were still in the business I would not give away what I am going to tell you now, but as I am out of it I do not see why I may not help a friend. One of the most frequent and trying annoyances," he continued, "is the obstruction to the free, quick outlet of the waste water of the wash-basin, the bath-tub and kitchen sink. This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, paper, rags, meat, bones or grease, which check and finally entirely stop the outflow of the waste, and then the plumber is called to remove the stoppage with his force pump. Sometimes this is accomplished, but often the pipe has to be cut, and there is a great inconvenience and expense. Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the 'trap,' as it is called, or the bent part of the pipe just below the outlet. Be sure that no water runs into it until

the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it all away and leave the pipe as clean as new. See? This is practical chemistry, yet few chemists would ever think of it.

WASHING BLACK HOSIERY.

Just now, when fast black hosiery is up on the very crest of a tidal wave of popularity, the following, from the *British Ware-houseman*, will be of interest: "Great improvements have been made in the dyeing of black stockings by the use of the new imperial fast dye, for which it is claimed that the color will improve rather than not by washing, and drapers would do well to give a hint to their customers how dyed cotton stockings ought to be treated. No washing powders or washing liquors of any sort should be made use of, and they should be washed in soft water, soft lather first, and instead of wringing them out hard, which is the common process, and by which at all events, certain portions of the dye must be expected to be removed, they should be rolled in a dry cloth and have the moisture well pressed out, and then dried quickly afterward. Nothing could be more melancholy-looking than the rusty, white-black stockings of years gone by, after they had been a short time in use, and the blue black color of the new dyes gives them an excellent appearance.

FOLLOWING are directions for a very useful article that we think should be in every household but have never seen one mentioned. Procure a deep cheese-box, line it inside with dark cambric or calico, put pockets all round the inside about two inches from the top and let them extend to very nearly the bottom. In these pockets put a nice sponge, a spool of white silk, coarse white cotton, needles and pins, fingers cut from kid gloves, rolls of bandages, all sizes, court-plaster, mustard for plasters, a bottle of chloroform, sweet oil for burns, saleratus, a jar of vaseline, a bottle of arnica and one of good liniment; if you understand using remedies, have a few of the most important common medicines. Have some uncleaned sheep's wool to use for smoking painful wounds. In fact, put in everything that could be needed in any case of sudden illness or accident, when everyone will naturally be excited and not quite know where to look for anything. In the body of the box put old linen, flannel, and old cotton cloths, so useful in sickness, not forgetting some very thin pieces to spread over plasters. Cover the top of your box with a cushion and tack a little frill around the edge. Cover the box with the same material put on in box pleats. You then have a very pretty foot-stool and one that is useful as well as ornamental. The covering may be of any material suitable for the room in which it is to be placed. One prepared in the same way and filled with the family hose, with the darning material in the pockets is very useful.

LAUNDRY bags are convenient household articles. Ticking, feather-stitched awning cloth or a washable cretonne, each a yard long, which are slit near the top, bound with braid around the slit, and laid together with a piece of the same size of stout lining in Turkey red twill or any other suitable material laid between them. The edges of these three layers are bound together with braid, and the bag is shirred at the top over a flat, smooth stick or lath about half a yard long and an inch wide. When hung up this makes two bags, one on each side of the lining.

Our Cooking School

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

MARY OSBORNE.—Will you please let me have recipes for making grape preserves, also grape jelly and oblige. **ANS.**—For the preserves select fine, ripe grapes, squeeze the pulp of the grapes out of the skins; cook the pulp about fifteen minutes, or until you can press it all through a colander; throw out the seeds; add a little water (enough to keep them from scorching) to the skins, and cook them until they are quite tender. Then put the skins and pulp together; measure, and to each pint add one pound of white sugar. Put all into a preserving kettle and boil very slowly for one hour, keeping it well stirred, so that the skins will not settle to the bottom. For the jelly take ripe, juicy grapes, pick them from the stems; put them into a large earthen bowl, and mash them with the back of a wooden ladle or a potato masher. Put them into a preserving kettle without any water, and cover them closely and let them boil for a quarter of an hour; stirring them up occasionally from the bottom. Then squeeze them through a jelly bag, and to each pint of juice allow a pound of loaf sugar. Dissolve the sugar in the grape juice, then put it over a quick fire in the preserving kettle, and boil and skim it twenty minutes. When it is a clear thick jelly, take it off, put it warm into tumblers or cups, and cover them with double tissue paper to fit the inside of the tumbler or cup.

MRS. F. G.—Please tell me how to preserve quinces. **ANS.**—Take large ripe yellow quinces, wash and wipe them, and then pare them and then take out the cores, either with a cover or a large strong fork. Cut the quinces either in quarters or into round slices about half an inch thick, carefully removing all the blemishes. Put the parings, cores and seeds into a preserving kettle, cover them with cold water, and boil them one hour, keeping them closely covered all the time. To every pint of this liquor allow one pound of loaf sugar, and, having dissolved the sugar in it, put it over the fire in the preserving kettle. Boil it up and skim it, and when the scum has ceased rising, put in the quinces and boil them till they are tender and clear all through, but not till they break. Keep the kettle closely covered while the quinces are in, if you wish them bright colored. When they are done take them out, spread them on large dishes to cool, and then put them into dishes or small stone jars. Give the syrup another boil up, and it will be like a fine jelly; pour it hot over the quinces, and when cold tie up the jars with thick white paper.

MRS. M. C.—To make tapioca cream take three heaping tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in one quart of milk; let this soak in a farina kettle, or what will answer just as well, a tin pail set in a pot of boiling water; when thoroughly cooked so that the milk seems thick, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls vanilla, and one tablespoonful of butter. Remove from the stove while beating these in; pour in a pudding dish, and when partly cool spread the three beaten whites over the pudding and set in the oven a minute to brown. This pudding should be eaten the day it is made, but should be perfectly cool.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Kindly give me a recipe for cream cake. **ANS.**—Take two cupfuls of powdered white sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of rich sweet milk, two eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, two and one-half cupfuls of flour (measure before setting), one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla for flavoring. Bake in four jelly-cake pans, or, if deeper pans are used, have two cakes, and put the custard between while both are warm. There may be two layers of custard and cake alternating. In making the custard for the filling use one and one-half pints of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three eggs, one cupful of powdered white sugar and flavor with vanilla. Put the milk on the fire, and, when scalding hot, put in the cornstarch, which has been dissolved in a little cold milk, then the eggs and sugar stirred together; keep the custard well stirred until it is cooked. Three minutes will cook it sufficiently after it begins to boil.

NICE LITTLE FAMILY DINNER.

BILL OF FARE.

Italian Soup.

Soles a la Dauphin.

Rump Steak with Oysters.

Roast Fowls.

Potato Ribbons. Mushrooms with White Sauce.

Cambridge Pudding. Clarence Cream.

ITALIAN SOUP.—A knuckle of veal, a head of celery, 1 carrot, 4 onions, ½ pint of cream, a few allspice, 2 blades of mace, seasoning, a little roux, 2 oz. of rice, 4 oz. of macaroni, 3 quarts of water; cut the veal in small pieces, place it in a stewpan, cover with 3 quarts of cold water, let boil, take off the skum, then add the vegetables cut in pieces, a few allspice, mace, and seasoning; gently simmer for four hours; strain off the gravy, thicken with roux, add the cream, strain through a hair sieve; boil the

rice and macaroni in water, with a little salt, till tender, strain and add to the soup serve very hot.

SOLES A LA DAUPHIN.—3 soles filleted, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 pint of milk, 1 dessert-spoonful of anchovy sauce, 2 oz. of butter, 1 lemon, a little roux, a little parsley, 1 glass of sherry; roll the fillets in the shape of corks, place them in a baking-tin, add the juice of a lemon, the sherry, and seasoning; cover with butter paper, and bake 15 minutes; cut the onion and carrot very small, put them in a stewpan with 1 oz. butter, and lightly fry, add the milk, roux, anchovy sauce, and liquor from the soles; simmer 20 minutes, strain, and add a little chopped parsley to the sauce; dish the soles in a circle, pour the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

STEWED RUMP STEAK WITH OYSTERS.—1 lb rump steak, 18 oysters, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 stick of celery, some seasoning, a little parsley, thyme, a little roux, a blade of mace, 1 oz of butter, 2 pints of stock, and a pinch of mustard; chop the carrot, onion and celery very fine, put them in a stewpan with the butter, lay in the steak, add some seasoning, parsley, thyme, mace, and the liquor from the oysters, and let simmer for 1½ hour; take out the steak, thicken the gravy with a little roux, strain in a stewpan; put back the steak, put in the oysters, simmer 6 minutes, add a pinch of mustard, and serve.

ROAST FOWLS.—Procure 2 good fowls, roast them in front of a sharp brisk fire for 35 minutes, occasionally basting; when cooked place on a hot dish, garnish with fried potatoes, and rolls of grilled bacon; serve good brown gravy and bread sauce with them.

POTATO RIBBONS.—2 lb. potatoes, lard; cut the potatoes in slices an inch thick, peel them, and then pare round and round in long thin ribbons; place them in a pan of cold water, and a short time before they are wanted drain them thoroughly, plunge in boiling lard till they are of a golden brown; drain them from all fat, sprinkle salt over, and serve.

MUSHROOMS WITH WHITE SAUCE.—1 small punnet of button mushrooms, 2 oz. butter, the juice of 1 lemon, ½ wineglassful of water, 3 spoonfuls of white sauce; well clean the mushrooms, peel them, and remove the stalks, add the butter, lemon juice, and water; boil quickly in a stewpan for 5 minutes, drain them, and put into another stewpan with the sauce; reduce the liquor in which the mushrooms were boiled, and add it to them.

CAMBRIDGE PUDDING.—½ lb. breadcrumbs, 2 oz. flour, 6 oz. powdered white sugar, a little grated nutmeg, 4 oz. butter, 5 eggs, 3 oz. currants, 2 oz. mixed peel, 1 glass of brandy, cochineal; beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, then the flour, breadcrumbs, currants, nutmeg, and peel, stir lightly together, pour into a buttered mould, and steam 1½ hour; mix in a small stewpan the brandy, 2 oz. white sugar, a tablespoonful of water, and a few drops of cochineal; turn the pudding on to a dish, pour the sauce over, and serve.

CLARENCE CREAM.—½ pint cream, 2 oz. powdered white sugar, the juice of one lemon, a pinch of cinnamon, 1 glass of moyeau, ½ oz. gelatine dissolved in a teacupful of water; beat the cream to a stiff froth, add the sugar, lemon juice, cinnamon, moyeau, and gelatine, mix the ingredients lightly together, pour into a mould, and stand aside to set; the gelatine should be soaked in the water for two hours, then stirred over the fire till quite melted before adding to the cream.

TREACLE CAKE.—One teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder, 1 lb. flour, spice, 3 oz. butter, four tablespoonfuls of treacle, one teacupful hot milk. Stir the baking powder into the flour, add a little spice, rub the butter well into the flour, stir the treacle in the milk, and mix it with the rest; put into a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven for about an hour.

SNOW CAKE.—½ lb. butter, ½ lb sugar, 1 lb arrowroot, the white of 5 eggs, 30 drops essence of vanilla; beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and arrowroot gradually, at the same time beating the mixture; whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add it to the other ingredients with the vanilla essence, pour into a buttered tin, and bake for 1½ hour.

SULTANA CAKE.—½ lb. butter, ½ lb sifted sugar, 6 eggs, 1 lb. sultanas, ½ lb. flour; beat the butter to a cream, add the sifted sugar and beat a little while, then add the rest; mix the sultanas and flour together, and stir gently to the butter and eggs; line a tin with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hour.

SPONGE CAKE FOR TWO.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add one teacupful of sugar, then the yolks; lastly, one teacupful of flour. To be perfect, this cake must always be put together in the order given in the recipe.

SPONGE CORN CAKE.—Sift together a pint of corn meal, a quart of white flour, a full teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of baking powder; beat together the yolks of four eggs, half a pint of sugar, three ounces of melted butter and a pint and a half of rich milk; put the two mixtures together, add the beaten whites of two of the eggs and bake in bread or cake tins.

DUTCH CAKE.—6 oz. butter and lard mixed, 4 eggs, ½ lb. flour, ½ lb. sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon; beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix it with the eggs well beaten, then add the sugar and flour, both warmed, and the nutmeg and cinnamon; pour in a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven for 1 hour.

SPONGE CAKE.—4 eggs, their weight in castor sugar, the weight of 2 eggs in flour, 30 drops essence of vanilla or lemon; break the eggs into the sugar, and beat with a whisk for 10 minutes, then stir in the flour, pour in a buttered mould, and bake for ½ hour; flavor with lemon or vanilla; the cake must not be beaten after the flour is added.



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

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

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

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

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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

THE CARE OF THE AGED.

IN almost every family there is some one who, if not openly and avowedly acknowledged as "old," is in reality verging on toward "the serene and yellow leaf," toward the time when a little extra care is needed to produce comfort and happiness. Indeed, many people are to some extent, invalids, and especially after they have passed the top of life's hill and are beginning to walk rapidly down the decline. O! the days when the "lights are growing dim"—when the "grass-hopper has become a burden!" Happy are the few who, though past the "three-score-and-ten," are yet strong and healthy, and with all their powers still perfect.

We have some notable examples of men past sixty, who are more active than their sons of forty, and of women of that age who can outdo all their daughters. Nothing makes the observer so happy as to see these well-preserved men and women, for in some way each one "lays the flattering unction to his soul" that such will be his own fate. Literature abounds in such delightful pictures, and we can all of us recall them at pleasure. Do you remember Mrs. Rouncewell, the stately and handsome housekeeper of the Dedlock family who was such a model of devotion to her master? Dickens seems to linger over her picture and to really love his own creation.

Real life is even more full of such striking examples. Men and women do not grow old as fast as they used to do when life was not so abounding in interest, and so full of things to absorb the time and attention. Many of our great public men are past the Bible's "span of life" and do not dream of taking a back seat yet. I saw two of our well-known statesmen meet recently, and the one said to the other; "Let's stay with these

young fellows a while longer and show them how to do things." And they were as jolly and as wise in forming their plans for conducting the coming campaign as two boys of sixteen over a game of base-ball.

But these are not "Old People." They are living in immortal youth, and are a law unto themselves.

Most of us at sixty are a little on the decline, with sight weakened and digestion lessened, and are very willing to be taken care of. It behoves such persons to live by rule and to not expect too much of either mind or body, and this not merely to prolong life but to be comfortable and free from aches and pains.

For the vigor of life is naturally enfeebled, recuperation is not so easy, and the process of nutrition is more slow and uncertain.

No doubt much of the discomfort and pain of old people come from faults in diet. They forget that life's wear and tear are not so great, the need of food is less, and a very delicate nourishment is far better than the usual number of full meals.

For these reasons they should eat sparingly, use less solid food, and see that what they take is well cooked and tender. To eat slowly and masticate well is also imperative on the old; and those who suffer from imperfect teeth should at once see to it that they are supplied with artificial ones. I have seen many an old woman trying to eat without her supply of teeth, and on being reproved she would say—"O, well I am old and should not need them long." Poor things—they would live to enjoy their new teeth many years more if they would pluck up courage and attend to them.

Elderly people need less sleep than the young, but they should secure all they possibly can, for it is sleep that is our great restorer. Slowness of eating should become a habit with them, and soups are good for the tender stomachs if not taken too rapidly. The stomach should not be over-loaded with fluids, even with nourishing ones, and for this reason, among others, beer or ale is objectionable. If anything of the sort is needed to calm the nervous system or otherwise give tone, it should be a very little of the best wine that a good physician will recommend.

But as a general thing, old people are much better off without stimulants of any kind.

If an aged person suffer from an acute fever, as he often does if he takes cold, the system must be supported by easily digested food given on the principle of "little and often." Beef tea, cream toast, hot milk—all these are better than anything alcoholic. But solid food, no matter how nourishing, will increase the fever and make trouble for the stomach.

The principal ailment of old age is rheumatism, and there is no disease concerning which there is more difference of opinion among those who make such things a study. So, if it makes its appearance, call the family physician, and trust his care to bring them through. But a great deal may be done by diet to prevent the advent of this trouble. The food should be very plain, very mild, no stimulants, no condiments, not much meat, and that only the best of beef and poultry. Practice moderate exercise without fatigue, use flannel underwear and woollen stockings, and avoid draughts, damp feet, and anything that would produce a chill. These precautions, together with cheerful society and a spirit of contentment—a sense of the kindness and care of Him who has "brought you safe thus far," will do much to keep an elderly person happy to the end of the journey.

A friend's fair fame is a fragile thing.

And, stabbed by a word untrue,
Though the wealth of worlds to your aid you bring
You cannot remove the slanderous sting,
Nor the wrong you have done, undo.

Children's Department.

THE GRASSHOPPERS' CROQUET.

FOUR little grasshoppers, one fine day,
Hopped on the lawn to play croquet.
"We can't use mallets and balls," one said,
"But we'll play a game of our own, instead;
We'll hop through the wickets ourselves and see
Whether I beat you or you beat me."
So hippy-hop they went around
Through all the wickets upon the ground,
Till the one who was leading made a jump
And hit the home-stake—humpy-bump!
Then out came Johnny and Bess to play;
And the four little grasshoppers hopped away.

OLD BRONZE-BACK.

"If anybody'd get old Bronze-back, I would give'em half her flock!" cried Aunt Phila Brown, as she listened early one clear October morning to the faint "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" that came to her from Beech Hill, a thick-wooded ridge a mile away. Aunt Phila had bought Bronze-back in the Fall of a travelling turkey-dealer for a "setter," she was so large; but Aunt Phila found that she was "desperate sly," and could not be tamed. She declared that she was of wild-turkey breed, for she could not be coaxed to set around the barn.

In the Spring Aunt Phila had set her on a fine nest of the black turkey's eggs, but she was off at once, and only after a long chase was she captured, and again placed over the eggs, with Aunt Phila's deep cheese-basket turned over her; but in ten minutes Bronze-back, with her long neck run up through one of the open squares of the basket, was racing around the garden with the basket on her back like a great turtle, mowing down a swath of young onion "sets," trampling the tender beets, and cutting off the heads of the asparagus.

Ted and Aunt Phila rushed after her, catching the basket just as old Bronze-back was running blindly backward into the duckpond.

Aunt Phila did not like to give up, so once more she put Bronze-back over the eggs, with a flat stone on the basket, and buttoned the door.

"I've got you now, Mistress Gad-about," she cried, somewhat out of patience with Bronze-back's perversity, "and you won't get off in a hurry!"

But she did. On going to the barn an hour later the stone was found in the nest of broken turkey eggs, and Mrs. Bronze-back gone out of a high barn window.

As nothing further was seen of her, Aunt Phila fully believed that the foxes had got her. But along early in the Fall some queer, far-away gobblings were heard. For a long time Aunt Phila thought they came from a neighbor's flock and paid no attention.

It was old Bronze-back. She had raised her brood off in the woods, according to her notions of turkey freedom.

No one could get a sight of her, or her flock, and Aunt Phila was in despair. But at last, Ted found a way to catch them.

After a great deal of search he found the big beech in which the turkeys roosted at night. Then with his hatchet he sharpened a lot of stout beech stakes and made a pen by driving them down into the ground. He covered the top over with boughs and dug a short, shallow trench leading under and just inside the fence.

All along this trench he scattered yellow corn and away off into the woods in different trains to lure the turkeys on, and bright ears were thrown about inside the pen

That was too much for Mrs. Bronze-back and her family. One by one they followed the golden trails, "quitting" and "queering" at this wonderful good luck, and before they knew it, lo! they were inside the pen, and as turkeys are such simple birds they could not find their way out.

Then what a gobbling there was.

Ted tied their legs together and brought them home next day, making many trips, and Aunt Phila fattened them on barley in the stable.

What a fortune Ted's share of the money seemed to him! It was his Christmas money, and visions of sleds and skates and coats filled his dreams every night for weeks.

HOW TONY SOLD ROSEBUDS.

HE was only a dog, but a very smart dog, indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy, called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog.

Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say, "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you!"

But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know.

Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it round Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog and said:

"Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe and don't let anyone steal anything." Then he kissed the dog and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely, and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at night-fall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

That is how Tony sold the rosebuds; and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it.

O! the world's running over with loving and laughter,
With sunshine and happy song;
And spite of the clouds comes the shining after,
The shadows are never for long.

After the rain comes the bursting flower,
The fragrance of all things sweet,
Robins so glad of the dancing shower,
Larks in the tossing wheat.



TANGLED THREADS.

THE prize, (a handsome SILVER WATCH) for the best original puzzle received this month is awarded to MARY J. JOHNSTON, Minesing, Ont.

Owing to our going to press somewhat earlier this month, we hold over the prize, (a valuable TRICYCLE) offered to the one sending in the largest list of answers to puzzles published in October issue, until the answers are all in.

ADDITIONAL PRIZE OFFERS.

To the one sending in the best *original* puzzle to be published in December issue, we will give a girl or boy's handsome SILVER WATCH.

To the *first five* sending in a *full list of correct answers* to the Puzzles published this month we will award a handsome and valuable CLOTH-BOUND BOOK, suitable for either girl or boy.

Competitors must state that they are under sixteen years of age, and that it is their own unaided work.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

ENIGMA.

My first is in tangle, but not in loose.
 My second is in hen, but not in goose.
 My third is in week, but not in day.
 My fourth is in clover, but not in hay.
 My fifth is in hawk, but not in snipe.
 My sixth is in road, but not in ditch.
 My eighth is in proud, but not in rich.
 My ninth is in nice, but not in rude.
 My tenth is in cap, but not in hood.
 My eleventh is in line, but not in pole.
 My twelfth is in queer, but not in droll.
 My thirteenth is in much, but not in small.
 My fourteenth is in large, but not in tall.
 My fifteenth is in meat, but not in ham.
 My sixteenth is in dunce, but not in dram.
 You will see by putting your notions aside.
 That my whole is a useful family instructor and guide.

ANS.—THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

MARY J. JOHNSON, Minesing, Ont.

1.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.
 My 1, 2, 3, 4, is an effort to catch the breath.
 My 8, 7, 1, is to take a small pinch.
 My 4, 5, 6, is the name of a boy.
 My 8, 9, 4, is a trap to catch fish.
 My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a place where metal is found.
 My *whole* is a show or performance.

ETHEL CAMPBELL.

2.—METEGRAM.

1. Whole, I am an animal. 2. Change my head, and I am another. 3. Again, I mean to chew. 4. Again, I am not lean. 5. Again, I am something to wear. 6. Again, I am a useful article of furniture. 7. Again, I am a boy's name. 8. Again, I am a grain. 9. Again, I am a caress. 10. Again, I am a pest. 11. Again, I am something ladies do.

VIOLA.

3.—TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. The French word for "on." 3. A sweet crystal. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.
 2.—1. A letter. 2. Clever. 3. A garment. 4. Part of the body. 5. A letter.

4.—ENIGMA.

My first is in hive, but not in bee,
 My second is in hail, but not in see.
 My third in lack, but not in loss.
 My fourth is in ream, but not in gross.
 My fifth is in toss, but not in fling.
 My sixth is in ding, but not in dong.
 My seventh in love, but not in hate.
 My eighth is in knock, but not in wait.
 My whole comes in Summer time,
 Loved by children in every clime.

5.—CHARADE.

My first is in soft and fragrant
 My second firm and tall;
 My whole is often seen in Summer,
 And often in the Fall.

RULES.

Answers must be sent in not later than two weeks after time of publication.

Competitors must be under sixteen years of age and must state that the answers are their own unaided work. All communications should be written on one side of paper only.

If two or three send in the same number of correct answers, the prize will be awarded to the one sending first.

Address "Uncle Joe," Puzzle Department, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

"JIM THE PUZZLER."—You have not noted our "Rules." We cannot therefore make use of the puzzles you send us. We are not offering prizes for new subscribers in this Department, but for puzzles. To ensure publication of any puzzle the answer must accompany same. NOTE—We have received letters with insufficient postage. Competitors must see that their letters are fully pre-paid or we cannot take them from post office. **UNCLE JOE.**

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER ISSUE.

1. Draught

2. LAIR GYOT
 ALTO YOUR
 ITEM SURE
 ROME TREE

3. Don. Neva. Po. Tweed. Thomas. Trent. Dwina.

4. P
 RAT
 MIGHT
 PAGEANT
 PEARL
 INN
 T

5. Student

6. It makes the cargo (car go).

7. Mug, Wurt, Mugwurt.

8. Mid—Sun—Err. (Midsummer)

9. "A stitch in time saves nine."

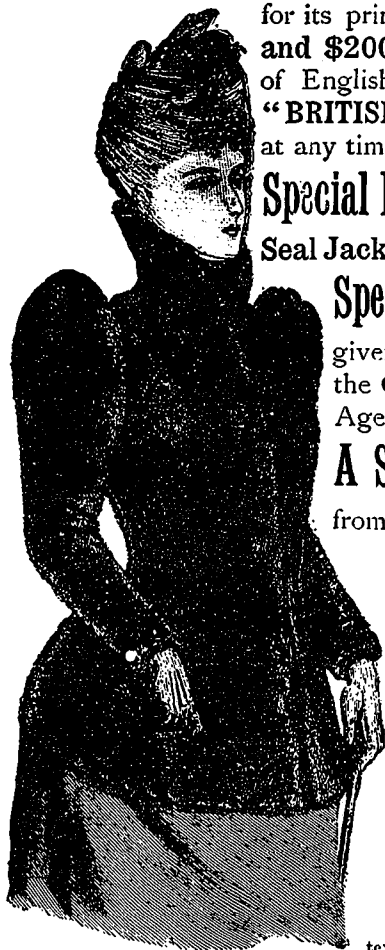
10. 1. Check. 2. Rhyme—rime.

Another "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest

— AND —

\$200 IN GOLD FOR EXPENSES.

"THE QUEEN'S" last "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest which closed August 1st, having excited such universal interest, at the urgent solicitation of many of our patrons, we have concluded to give one more "Word Contest," having for its principal prize another First Cabin Passage to Europe and Return and \$200 in Gold for Expenses, to the person sending the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "BRITISH NORTH AMERICA." This trip can be taken by the winner at any time before October 1st, 1891.



Special Prize for Ladies. To the one sending the second largest list will be given an **Elegant Genuine Alaska Seal Jacket** made according to measurement supplied by winner.

Special Prize for Girls and Boys. A **Handsome Shetland Pony**, costing \$160, will be given (and delivered **Free** anywhere in Canada or United States), to the Girl or Boy, under sixteen years of age, sending the largest list. Age of competitor must be stated on list.

A Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Set will be given to the person from whom the largest list is received each day during the contest.

LIST OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

China Dinner Sets.
Ladies Gold Watches.
French Music Boxes.
Silk Dress Patterns.
French Mantle Clocks.
Portiere Curtains.
Silver Dinner Castors.
" Breakfast "
" Tete-a-Tete Castors.
" " " Kettles.
" Card Receivers.

Elegant Toilet Cases.
" Manicure Cases.
" Odor Cases.
Oil Paintings.
Ladies' Jewelry.
Writing Portfolios.
Imported Fans.
Albums.
Napkin Rings.
And many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

RULES GOVERNING THIS CONTEST.

1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words *only*.
2. No letter can be used in construction of any words more times than it appears in the text.

3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed.
7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.
8. The main part only of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be the governing authority, its Appendix or Supplement will not be used.

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

If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, and this contest is therefore open to *New* Subscribers only. Present Subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing one dollar with list and the address of some friend to whom "THE QUEEN" can be sent for one year.

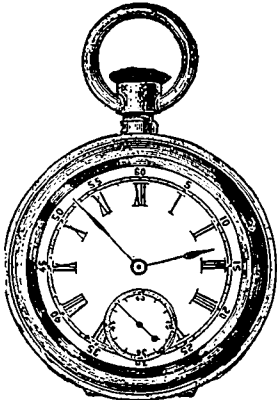
Prizes awarded to Subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom's duties.

No person can take more than one prize on the same list. Every New Subscriber sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a prize. All prizes awarded in order of merit.

Contest closes December 5th and Prizes awarded December 20th.

An Opportunity Not to be Missed!

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



BOYS' NICKEL WATCH,
Value \$4.50.

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

THE QUEEN'S NEIGHBORHOOD CLUBS.

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

BOYS' NICKEL WATCH.

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

MISSSES' SILVER WATCH.

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

LADIES' GOLD WATCH.

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

CONDITIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO ORGANIZE A CLUB.

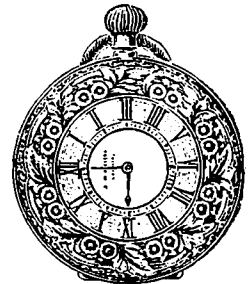
THE QUEEN is, without doubt, the handsomest, most finely gotten up and best Family Magazine published on this Continent at the low price of One Dollar per year. By calling on your friends and acquaintances, showing them a copy and informing them that you are organizing a Neighborhood Club and that by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

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

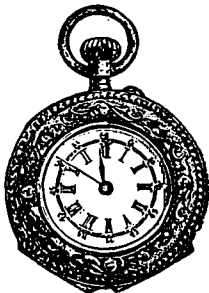
During the past year the Publishers of THE QUEEN have distributed prizes in competitions, etc., to their subscribers throughout Canada and the United States, to the value of many thousands of dollars. There is hardly a hamlet in Canada, and not a State in the U.S. where we cannot refer to dozens of prize-winners,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

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

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



MISSSES' SILVER WATCH,
Value \$12.



LADIES' GOLD WATCH,
Value \$28.

H. & F. HOERR,

GRAND
SQUARE
AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS



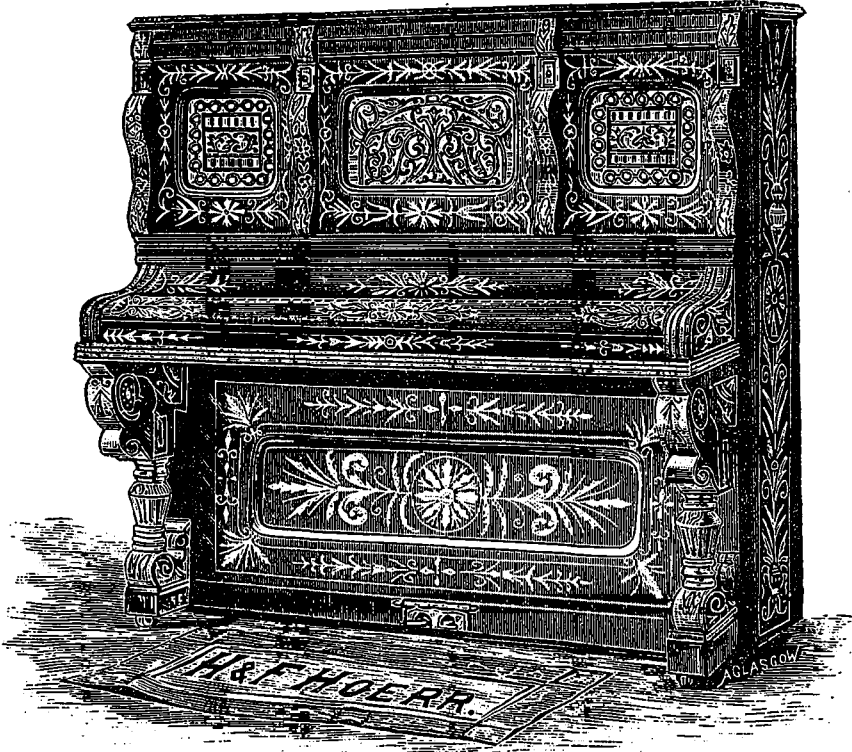
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26, 28, 30 and 32 Britain Street

TORONTO.



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

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

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

➔ R. F. PIEPER ➔

436 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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Dining Room Suites,

Sideboards, Extension Tables, Chairs, Dinner Wagons, Etc.

Bedroom Suites,

In Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Ash, Elm, Etc.

SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, ETC.

Fancy Goods.

I import from Germany, France, England and the United States, continually, the newest and most attractive goods which money can buy.

Bamboo Goods Specialties. - - Cabinets, Tables, Chairs.

Prices. Buying for cash myself I sell on **Small Margin.**

QUICK RETURNS—NET CASH—ONE PRICE.

ALL GOODS ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Upholstering TO ORDER AND REPAIRING. Having first-class workmen I am enabled to supply my customers goods under fullest guarantee, at lowest possible prices compatible with good work.

Country Trade IS SOLICITED and all goods bought will be packed carefully free of charge. My Store can be easily reached from Union Station.

R. F. PIEPER,

436 Yonge Street.

TORONTO.

Everybody welcome. Showing Goods no trouble. Give us a trial.

ANTIQUE OAK • 16th CENTURY OAK • CHERRY • MAHOGANY • BAMBOO • BRASS • Etc.

ANTIQUE OAK • 16th CENTURY OAK • CHERRY • MAHOGANY • BAMBOO • BRASS • Etc.

R. WALKER & SONS. The Golden Lion.

ARE SHOWING IN
Ladies' Misses' and Childrens'
Ready-made Costumes



A very Choice Selection. Style and Material of the very latest productions, in Black and Colors. Some have Waists complete, others Skirts with material for Waist. Our line of

Girls Dresses in Broken Checks,

now so much worn, is specially attractive. Our stock of

Morning and Tea Gowns

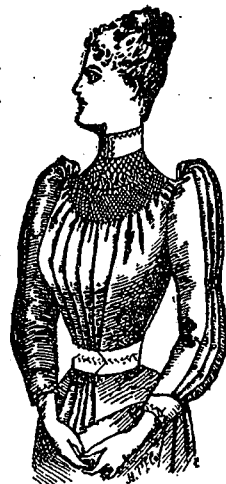
cannot be beat for price or style; we start them in all Wool, at \$4.50 up.

THE GOLDEN LION is undoubtedly Head Quarters for Jersey Waists and Blouses. We are showing these for Winter wear in Fleece Lined, Black or Colors, some in Zouave style, now so much worn, others in handsome Braiding and Vest Fronts.

We also show on the same floor a Choice Selection of **MILLINERY** and **MILLINERY GOODS**, the latest productions art can produce being constantly secured to meet the demands of our numerous patrons.

Our Ladies' Fur Department

contains all the requisites for Winter Comfort, in Capes, Storm Collars, Boas, and Muffs. Our prices are the lowest for First-class Goods.



OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is a special feature and we invite correspondence from every town in the Dominion. Samples are kept ready cut and made up for the post.

R. WALKER & SONS,

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

→ TORONTO. ←