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Christmas in... — Royal Families

Queen Victoria's Forty-Five Thousand Dollar Tree. Interesting Ceremonies in Potsdam Palace.

Special for the Canadian Home Journal.



CHRISTMAS tree laden with gifts representing an outlay of \$45,000 is not an every Christmas occurrence even with kings, queens and multi-millionaires. But, upon one occasion, Queen Victoria's Christmas tree was thus royally bedecked. This was the first year of her marriage. Previously to that time, Christmas had been kept by her Majesty in almost Puritanical fashion. When she came to the throne, the festivities at court were barely mentioned among the news of the day. But the Prince Consort, with his German idea of Christmas, changed all that, and the festal season was kept regardless of expense.

Three days after Christmas Holy Innocents' Day—the Queen remembers all the children living at Windsor. All the little ones of the neighborhood assemble at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where a service is held especially for them, and after which each child is given a cake and a toy or useful present. The inauguration of this Innocents' Day service at Windsor dates only from 1886. Little boys and girls, babies with mothers or nurses, and infants in stately carriage, one may meet on this day going up the Castle hill for the service. Afterwards the older children are entertained at tea at the Deanery.

The Queen's health is drunk every day in the year by her officers throughout the world, but on Christmas Day the ceremony has a character all its own: the colonel of the regiment takes his place at the centre of the table, the rest of the company sit around as they please, except at each end of the table sit the president and vice. Behind the president, who is responsible for order, are the colors of the regiment; behind the vice-president is always the picture of the Queen. The president rises and gives the toast: "Mr. Vice, the Queen, God bless her." The "vice" rises, as

well as everyone at the table, and answers. "Gentlemen, the Queen, God bless her." Outside the band plays the National Anthem, and each man drains his glass.

Christmas at Sandringham is kept in much the same fashion as at Osborne. The Princess of Wales has consignments of goods sent down by the tradesmen, in order that previous purchases may be supplemented, and the place has all the appearance of a veritable bazaar for many days before. The Prince of Wales usually drives about in his brougham to the shops and buys what pleases him best on the spot. The Princess of Wales, too, goes about in her carriage making purchases here and there, and in Bond and Regent streets one is certain to come across several princesses doing their own Christmas shopping. The Duchess of York usually walks when visiting the shops, leisurely inspecting the tempting windows.

The Princess of Wales sends costly and well-chosen gifts to the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen, to the royal palace at Athens, to the Dowager Empress of Russia, and to the Duke of Cumberland's family. On Christmas morning an avalanche of telegrams arrive at Sandringham from relations, friends, former dependents, public bodies, public men and even total strangers.

The German Emperor and Empress personally attend to much of their Christmas buying in the Berlin shops. There is no more generous giver at this season, than the Emperor, and the Empress remembers her humblest friend, besides giving largely to charitable institutions. Their gifts, too, are useful rather than ornamental and the list of persons remembered equals that of Queen Victoria or about one thousand all told. The Empress gives immediate relatives some trifle she has knitted or embroidered. With every gift a Christmas card is enclosed, and gifts to relatives contain besides a small cake baked in the royal kitchen.

Each member of the royal family has a tree—all being set forth in the shell salon of the palace at Potsdam. When everything is in readiness, the little Princess Victoria Louise leads the procession to the salon, where one of her brothers conducts her to her own particular tree. The Emperor conducts the ladies and gentlemen of the court to the trees arranged for each and the Empress to their Majesties' trees.

Chocolate slippers are features of the German Christmas decorations—St. Nicholas is supposed to have fed his reindeer from them;

a sugar image of the Christ-child is another gift—every German child, including prince and princess, expects to find among his presents the Christ-child. The Christ-child is wrapped in swaddling clothes, tied with ribbons. Three days in Germany are devoted to merrymaking—Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and December 26.

The young Queen of Holland, although a betrothed maiden, has not outgrown children habits, and with each return of Christmas hangs up her stockings by the tiled chimney-place. The little King of Spain quite as carefully hides his slippers on Christmas eve, to find them filled with sugar plums in the morning. The slippers are always hidden, be it noted—in a convenient place—that is convenient for the good fairy to drop gifts in.

Lord Rosebery's Daughter.

ALTHOUGH it was only recently that Lady Sybil came of age she has acted as mistress to her father's beautiful homes for the last three or four years, and has on more than one occasion been the hostess of royalty. She is passionately attached to her father, which perhaps accounts for the fact that up to the present no lover has been successful in wooing her from her father's side. Lady Sybil is a very clever and accomplished young lady, being one of the few girls to whom the Queen has accorded the privilege of a private presentation. The rumors current lately that Lady Sybil was shortly to marry are denied.

How, THEN, shall we preserve at once both a steadfast and tranquil mind, and also carefulness of things? Take example of dice-players. the numbers are indifferent, the dice are indifferent. How can I tell what may be thrown up? But carefully and skilfully to make use of what is thrown, there is where my proper business begins. - *Epictetus*.



UGLY ..MEN

QUEEN Wilhelmina's choice of the plainest prince in Germany proves once again that women are totally indifferent to good looks in men. Wilkes, a famously homely man, was absolutely irresistible to the sex, as was the power exercised by the mad Duke of Richelieu, Theodore Hook, and others.

Special for the
Canadian Home Journal

مترجمه و نشر

...By...
FANNY ENDERS



LITTLE Queen Wilhelmina's selection of a husband has created no small amount of astonishment in the European courts, for on the least of all her suitors, in a worldly sense, her choice has fallen. Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has up to this time played the part of a very small potato for a more or less royal personage. He is the youngest son in a family of many boys, he is the least handsome of the brothers, he has never distinguished himself in court, or camp, or grove, in all his twenty-four years, and yet it is no secret that since Wilhelmina, the proud and independent, first saw him at Potsdam, nearly two years ago, she has had his image graven on her loyal and royal little Dutch heart.

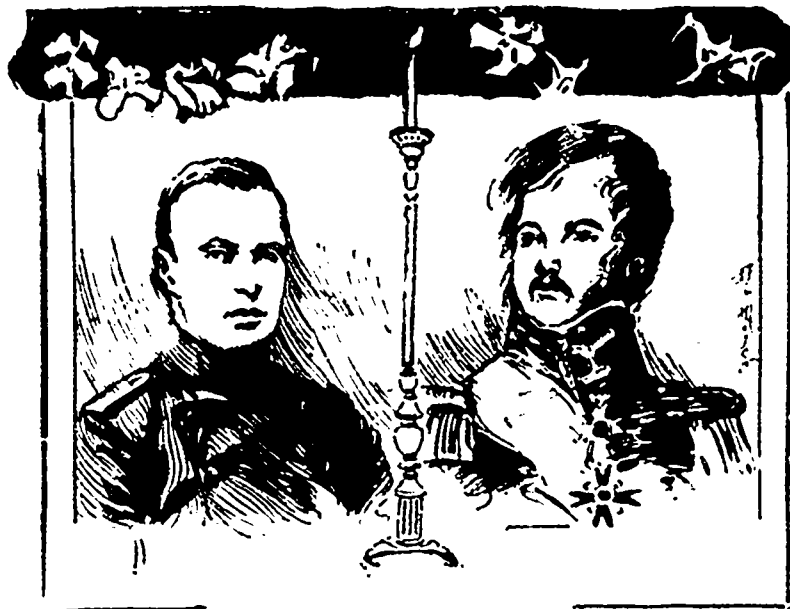
At Potsdam Duke Heinrich, who was not heir to even pretty good expectations, appeared as a mere incidental. He was not supposed to aspire to the hand of the Queen, he even paid her no more than the perfunctory courtesies due a young lady and a sovereign, and his far handsomer, far cleverer and far more interesting elder brother, Duke Adolph, heir to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin duchy, was flatteringly regarded as standing high in the young Queen's graces.

As a matter of fact nobody paid very much attention to the clean shaven stout young Duke, but Wilhelmina fell in love with him and he did not know it. Nevertheless, he had made his impression, and when the Queen went to see her cousin Pauline of Wurtemberg's baby baptized last spring, she wrote Princess Pauline the state of her heart, and her cousin promised to see that the Duke duly received a hint.

Gossips whisper that the Duke was taken by surprise, and yet it was not the first time, in spite of being a good deal of a detrimental, that he has been admired by royal ladies. Everybody knows that when pretty Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden, it was because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout, blonde, young dukeling whom Wilhelmina has selected; and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh has loved the young duke in vain. In short, Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a good deal of a lady-killer, and he knows it. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person, distinctly poverty-stricken, he has a fascination for womankind. The sort of fascination that there is no use trying to explain because it is not perceptible to any but the persons fascinated, and they are always plainly beyond the reach of reason, though they are often just as sensible, matter of

fact and unromantic individuals as Queen Wilhelmina.

Lots of men have exercised this power before, and Duke Heinrich is no exception to the rule that Providence often sees fit to bestow this peculiar and potent quality on curiously unhandsome individuals. Since he was first about the well-conducted courts of tiny Mecklenburg-Schwerin and pompous Prussia he has had not the least difficulty in winning feminine friends. The German Empress has treated him as though he were a nice young brother, the ladies in waiting yield a smile and a sigh as he prances by in



DUKE HEINRICH OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

UGLY WILKES.

his white uniform and yet he is not overfond of feminine society.

He has accepted his betrothal, to the sweetest little girl queen in the world, very calmly, while the Queen herself is madly happy, and the other young princelings and dukelings, who were on the matrimonial string, wonder how the heavy faced, easy going, unambitious Heinrich carried off the prize, without dancing any attendance, without condescending to flatter and call upon and placate the capricious lady and the critical Dutch people. One thing is certain, and this in a way adds to the glory of Heinrich's conquest, that if the loyal Dutch had objected to this choice of the Queen she would have married him anyway. She said as much when some doubts were expressed as to how he would please the nation.

All this goes to prove that the future King Consort of Holland is one of those men whose charm is with women unquestioned, and even a Queen would make large sacrifices for him. One of the men who possessed this faculty to a most surprising degree was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affections of Marie Louise, the infamous and all-powerful Neipperg. He was an ugly creature, with small abilities

and yet smaller fortune, and he had broken many hearts about the Austrian court before Marie Louise saw and fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French Emperor to become the wife of an Austrian count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the women who ran after the ugly spendthrift, Wilkes and the mad Due de Richelieu.

Wilkes was famous in his day all over England, not only as Lord Mayor and Chamberlain and a very loud talking patriot, but as the ugliest man of his time and the most admired by the women. He flouted and ill-treated all of them, with the exception of his daughter, but it had not the desired effect of cooling their affections. As to the Duke de Richelieu, though men could not tolerate him, when he was shut up in the Bastille crowds of women, old and young and rich and poor, used to collect every day, at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets, and adore him from a distance, and deplore the incarceration of so charming a person.

Theodore Hook was another ugly man who was irresistible to the softer sex: for it is proven clearly that when a man is agreeable to women they care not in the least what his personal appearance may be. Liszt proved this, when an old man with a hard, ugly face, women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands and raved and sentimentalized over him as though he were Adonis' self. Dozens of school girls and countesses who worshipped at his shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor understood a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality which no woman so far as we know was ever able or willing to withstand.

DOLLY: "What makes you think Charlie doesn't get much for his money?"
MADGE: "He bought a straw hat, and the ribbon has only four different colors."

"I WILL admit," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "that oratory is mostly gas; but even gas is illuminating—not to mention the way it rips things open sometimes."



FRANK LISZT.

BLUEHOOD

A Christmas Story

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by
S. JEAN WALKER.



HE merry jingle of sleigh-bells, the gay snatch of song, the joyous shouts and happy laughter of youthful voices were borne on the clear frosty air to the pleasant parlor of the old manse in Kentville, where Rev. William McLaren, his wife, and brother were talking around a cosy fire.

Henry McLaren, B.A., mathematical teacher in Durham college, was spending a few days of his vacation with his brother, who was pastor of a large congregation in this pretty, picturesque town in Central Ontario.

As the merry shouts and happy ringing laughter echoed again and again through the air, Henry McLaren jumped up and said, laughingly, "I'm going to join those youngsters on the hillside. Their noisy shouting makes me feel like a boy again, and reminds me of the time when we used to go coasting down that hill behind the school-house at home."

Turning to his sister-in-law, in whom he knew he would find a staunch ally in his fun, he said "Give me an old coat, cap—anything for a disguise—and I'm off."

"Now, do not shake your head and look so wise and solemn, Will. You would come yourself if you were not afraid of lowering your ministerial dignity."

"No one will recognize me in this toggery, and very few know me, anyway." Rapidly donning an old coat, cap and muffler his sister-in-law mischievously brought him, he looked like an awkward overgrown school-boy, and his appearance provoked even his calm, dignified brother to laughter.

"You're a real boy yet, Hal, with all your wisdom and learning. Your added years bring very little change to your heart whatever they may do to your head."

"Yes, I'm no dignified professor now. That's only a dream. I'm mischief-loving Hal McLaren, a happy boy again."

With a merry laugh he was gone.

The minister with a smile turned to his wife and said, "I wonder if Hal will ever feel the weight of years? He is the same merry, generous happy-hearted fellow as of old. No danger that he will ever become fossilized. Yet what a calm, collected, dignified man he is in college."

But how did Professor McLaren succeed? He reached the hill guided by the merry shouting, but on arriving there realized he lacked a very necessary thing—a sleigh.

"Say, boy," to a chubby-faced lad near him, "I'll give you a dollar if you lend me that sleigh for a couple of hours."

"Let's see your dollar first," said the cautious, young Canadian.

The professor, quite amused at the boy's shrewdness, handed him a dollar, saying, "Is it a bargain?" "Guess so. Mighty easy way to make a dollar. Here's the sleigh. I'll wait around until you're through with it."

"Guess he's some country greeny," soliloquized the boy. "Say, can't I just get lots of things with this dollar?" Chuckling with

delight over his good fortune, he began scheming how he could steal a ride from some of the other boys.

"Up the hill went the teacher in happy possession of the sleigh; and very soon he was guiding it dexterously among the many coasters. In a moment he had passed them all, and shot out beyond the farthest mark yet made.

"I guess Greeny knows what he's about," muttered the owner of the sleigh, who still hovered near.

On coming up the third time, the teacher noticed a young girl looking wistfully at the merry crowd, yet not joining in the merriment around her. Apparently she was a stranger, and the riotous coasters were too intent on their fun to be courteous. She appeared to be an overgrown school girl, probably about fifteen years old. Her short dress, grey coat and blue hood were quite old-fashioned looking.

Mr. McLaren rather basily approached her—feeling amused at his awkward timidity—and asked, "Will you ride down with me?" "With pleasure," she answered cheerily. Soon they were laughing and talking quite at ease, and entering into the sport with frolicsome zest.

In the moonlight he could see that she was pretty. Her voice was low and sweet, and her language well-chosen, indicating culture and refinement. Her general appearance puzzled him, for her old, out-of-date garments were truly an anomaly.

"I guess Greeny's got a girl," said the boy, who still watchfully kept his eye on the sleigh. "She looks as countrified as he does. Say, isn't he a jolly coaster. There must be plenty of hills and snow where he came from."

Merrily the time flew until the town clock struck ten. As the girl counted the last stroke she said hurriedly: "I must be at home before the half-past ten train arrives. Do not consider me rude, but I would rather go alone," she replied to his low-spoken request.

"Thank you for the pleasure you have given me to-night, Mr.—Mr.—" She looked at him inquiringly, but he would not interpret the look. She waited a moment, then archly said, "Good-night, Mr. Stranger."

"Good-night, Bluehood. We'll meet again, I hope—undisguised," he said merrily, touching his old cap.

He spent Christmas with his brother, but said nothing about his adventure. On the following day he left for the city to arrange some business in connection with his college work.

As the train bore him swiftly away that cold, winter morning his most pleasant thoughts were of his rides with Bluehood; yet he wondered regretfully if he should ever see her again.

College re-opened with an unusual number of students, and consequently a greater amount of work to do.

To assist in training men for the responsibilities of life was a solemn duty to Henry McLaren. His keen intellect, noble manhood, tender, loving sympathy and discerning tact made him the loved, admired and trusted friend of the students.

"He often thought how amused his class would be if they knew of his escapade that Christmas Eve. A smile would illumine his face and glow in his fine, dark eyes as he

thought of it. He generally closed his reflections by saying, "I wonder if I shall ever see her again?"

Once more Commencement Day arrived, and many friends and acquaintances of the teachers and students were assembled again within the old college halls.

Mr. McLaren was welcoming some old friends, and did not observe the principal of the college at his side until he spoke his name, and then introduced him to his sister, Mrs. Morrison, and her daughter, saying in his brusque way, that he would leave both ladies in Mr. McLaren's care, as his presence was required elsewhere. Thus a very agreeable task was assigned him.

He conducted the ladies to seats, and placed himself beside Miss Morrison. The conversation was general and quite entertaining, but yet his mind was strangely stirred.

Where had he seen that face before? The profile was certainly very familiar, and that pure, flute-like voice sounded like a strain of sweet, entrancing music.

While puzzling his brain to find where this fancied resemblance belonged, like a flash of light he remembered Bluehood. Yes, they certainly resembled each other. Perhaps Bluehood was a younger sister. He would cautiously enquire.

After conversing a short time about their surroundings, she looked up at him and said, in a puzzled way, "Have we ever met before, Mr. McLaren? Your voice sounds strangely familiar." He bent low and whispered audaciously, "I think we have, Bluehood." He was almost sorry that he spoke so abruptly, when he saw her fair face flush and her blue eyes fall in confusion. In a moment she regained her composure and said merrily, "So you are Mr. Stranger;" and to relieve from embarrassment both laughed over the remembrance of their former meeting.

Then, in a low voice, she very earnestly asked, "May I ask you to keep my escapade a secret? Mother would be quite shocked and grieved did she know of it. She is talking to a friend beside her, so I shall tell you how I came to do such a daring, thoughtless thing. I was spending my Christmas vacation with my sister, Mrs. James Lester. Her husband and she had gone to the city that morning to purchase Christmas presents, so I was left alone with the children and servants. After the little folks had gone to bed that evening, I felt dull and lonely. The merry shouts and happy laughter of the young people sleigh-riding lulled me from my book. Donning one of my sister's old school suits that I had seen in the attic that day, while playing with the children, I went up to the hill and joined the merry throng. Being a stranger in the town I did not fear recognition, and my strange garb disguised me, anyway. I had a very pleasant time sleigh-riding with a rather—well countrified looking young man. Now you confess," she said archly.

Falling in with her gay mood he answered, "I was visiting my brother, Rev. William McLaren. Hearing the merriment on the hillside I felt like a boy again, so hastily donning some old clothes my sister-in-law mischievously brought to me, I hurried to the hill. Procuring a sleigh from a chubby-faced urchin, I saw a young girl standing near, who seemed to be a stranger, so bashfully approaching her I found she was quite willing to trust herself to my guidance, and

we had an exceedingly pleasant time on that snowy hill-side." Then, lowering his voice to a mere whisper, he said, "I have often thought of Bluehood, and am delighted to meet her again—undisguised."

Just then the orchestra began, and there was no time for further conversation.

It is Christmas Eve again, and in the elegant parlors of Mr. John Morrison, of Craig's Hill, a wedding ceremony has just been performed by Rev. William McLaren, brother of the groom, while the bride is the youngest daughter of that fair home.

The principal of the college is one of the guests. Although a middle-aged bachelor himself, he has taken great interest in the marriage of his friend and fellow teacher and dearly loved niece, taking considerable credit to himself, as through his introduction they had first become acquainted. So he happily thought, as did all the other of their relations and friends.

Through the air resounds the merry shouts and joyous laughter from gay young coasters and merry sleighing parties, for there are joyous people everywhere at Christmas tide.

The bride and groom exchange merry glances. Then he draws her arm lovingly through his and leads her into the lighted conservatory, and there, among the flowers, he whispers as only a groom of three hours can whisper: "Do you remember two years ago to-night, Amy?" "Yes, Mr. Stranger," she says, merrily, yet with all her woman's love and trust welling up into her dark, blue eyes.

"My Bluehood, my darling wife, surely you have a sweeter name for me now."

"Yes," she murmurs softly, "My husband."

The Hobbies of Some Royal Ladies.

THERE are very few people who at one time or another have not experienced a keen desire to make a hobby of some agreeable pastime, and that this desire affects even Royalty is evidenced by the fact that there is hardly a member of the Royal Family who is not a possessor of one or more valuable collections, gathered together as a hobby, very often at great expense, and always with a considerable amount of time and labor.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar hobbies is that of the Queen of Italy. This Royal lady has a great fancy for collecting old boots and shoes of bygone celebrities, and has some very

beautiful, as well as very interesting, treasures, which are in a admirable state of preservation. She has a shoe worn by Joan of Arc, one shoe which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and another which encased the foot of Marie Antoinette. The Queen of the Belgians is very fond of conjuring, and makes quite a hobby of this amusement; and Wilhelmina, the Queen of Holland, has a miniature farm, the products of which she regularly gives away to the poor and the sick.

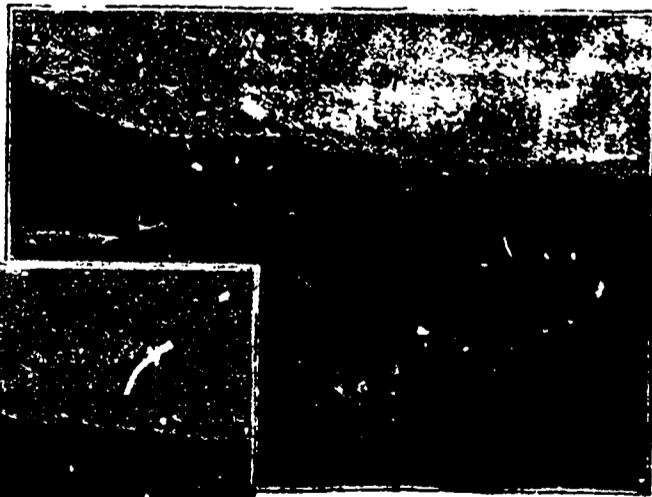
The late Empress of Austria had a collection of book covers, the gathering of which had been her favorite hobby for some years. She had also a passion for flowers, and had no fewer than 50,000 rose trees planted on her property at Corfu.

The Princess of Wales has a remarkable collection of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty odd years she has led London fashion. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use; and a history of the whims, changes and vagaries of feminine fashion, which are never so capricious as in the matter of headdress, might well be written upon this interesting collection.

There are a number of Royal photograph collectors, but it is to be doubted whether there is anyone who has pursued the hobby with such ardor as Princess Beatrice. She has been an assiduous collector of photographs ever since she was a child, and has many thousands neatly labeled, indexed, and packed away. There are about 800 photographs placed about her various rooms, and the walls of her boudoir are simply covered with views and portraits. Her sister, Princess Louise, is an adept at sculpture from living models.

One of the Princess Maud's greatest accomplishments is carving pipes. It is a hobby of which she is very fond, and all her male cousins possess mementoes of this occupation. Princess Charles of Denmark has also a collection of ivory, and in her museum are to be found tusks of wild boars shot by the Czar of Russia, the tusks of elephants shot by her father and uncles, and the teeth of alligators, sharks, walruses, seals, and lions.

Another Royal lady who has a magnificent collection of lace is the Duchess of Connaught; she is a great admirer and connoisseur of lace, and the Princess Marie of Roumania has



KASLO, B.C. (LOOKING EAST)



PIKIGHT WAGGONS, YALE, B.C.

gathered together a valuable collection of perfumery bottles. In this she resembles her grandmother, the late Empress of Russia, who left a collection of scent bottles valued at £5,000.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by

ROSS JOHNSTON

Love is the life-blood of the universe,
Pulsating ever from the heart of God—
Thrilling creation with ecstatic joy!
The light which, like thick darkness, may be felt;
The fragrant incense from a soul flame,
Rising in worship to its kindly orb;
The precious ointment poured (of costly price)
Purchased by hand of wayward child of sin
Redeemed to ways of virtue and of peace;
The balm which soothes the heart-wounds of our
race,

And turns to nectar many a wornwood draught;
Willing self-sacrifice for others' weal,
E'en should such sacrifice bring ill requite;
The honey'd bliss which sweetly fills the mind
At consciousness of others being blest—
A bliss untouched by envy's bitter sting;
The mainpring which impels to high resolves
And noble efforts, free from thought of gain,
Except the joy of meeting numan need,
Or easing woe, by sharing in the grief;
The spell which blinds the eyes to ought of ill,
Clothing the object loved in robes of white,
All fair and pure, e'en though those robes appear
To other eyes as sordid and worthless rags;
The insight keen, which sees in common clay
The kindling sapphire and the topaz flame,
Or the bright diamond in the grimy coal—
Such vision comes to love-enamored eyes;
The magic horn of sunbeam and of dew,
Which opens the swelling rose-buds of the heart
In life's young morn, filling the ambient air
With rarest odors Eden ever knew;
The alchemy which purifies the soul
From its dull dross, and makes the latent good
Shine out as sunlight shines from burnished ore;
The fabled stone of the philosopher,
Which touching turneth everything to gold,
And makes the heart laugh in the face of want;
The mystic chain, which, linking heart to heart
Unites us all and binds us all to God;
The incarnation of the Christ in man;
'Tis God with us, in us, and o'er us all,
'Tis heaven's, and earth's and nature's loud AMEN!
Whitby, Ont.

Attainable Ends in Education.

THE appropriate and attainable ends of a good education are the possession of gentle and kindly sympathies; the sense of self-respect and of the respect of fellowmen; the free exercise of the intellectual faculties; the gratification of a curiosity "that grows by what it feeds on," and yet finds food for ever; the power of regulating the habits and the business of life, so as to exact the greatest possible portion of comfort out of small means; the refining and tranquillizing enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art, and the kindred perception of the beauty and nobility of virtue; the strengthening consciousness of duty fulfilled; and, to crown all, "the peace which passeth all understanding."—Sarah Austin.

AND as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this;
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bonds,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.
LONGYELLOW.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL from present date to January, 1901, and copy "Dominion Cook Book," 300 pages, all-cloth binding, published at \$1.00—all for One Dollar—Two Dollars worth for One Dollar. Tell your friends about this offer.

Serial Story
for the
Canadian
Home
Journal

The Family Honor

By...
Mrs. C. L.
Halfour

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Following the death of Miss Austwicke's brother, surrounded as it was with conditions "passing strange" to Miss Austwicke, we reach the point where this lady finds it necessary to become closely associated with the affairs of her dead brother. We have already suggested how she fears that his unfortunate marriage will reflect on the family honor, but the story is taking a shape that would seem to indicate that Miss Austwicke herself, as a result of that very "proper" pride of hers, will do that which more than, perhaps, anything else will touch the family honor of the Austwicke family. The visit of her little niece Gertrude at the point where the last month's chapters ended, has prevented an intended visit concerning her brother's affairs, and the chapter closes with the little niece asking about her dead Uncle Wilfrid in a way that is somewhat confusing to her aunt, Miss Austwicke.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.



Little did she know that a time would come when the guilty secrecy she was maintaining would eat like a gnawing cancer into her heart, and banish forever all peace. At present those unknown children inherited nothing, as she argued, but a name—barren to them of wealth—it might be of influence; what, after all, could it matter? Why should she soil the family honor by such a disgraceful avowal? Little did she deem that the family honor would be perilled far more by concealment.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WRITING MASTER.

"The world is cruel, the world is untrue,
Our foes are many our friends are few;
No work, no break however we sue;
What is there left me for to do?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

While these events had been transpiring at Austwicke Chace, there was an humble abode in the neighborhood of London that was by no means uninterested in them. In that populous district, now called South Kensington, there were, at the time we speak of, still some old houses standing in the lanes that intersected the nursery grounds between Brompton and Kensington, to the north of the Fulham Road. In a dilapidated cottage—so old that it probably had been standing when Oliver Cromwell occupied a dwelling near—there lived an elderly man, who might, from his looks be described as an invalid, but that he never complained, and never left his work—that of writing master to certain schools in the vicinity—unperformed. Pale, thin, and lame, a stranger meeting him as he walked to and fro on his daily avocations, would have thought a tenant of a sick room had just struggled out for a breath of fresh air; though a second glance would have shown his clear grey eyes, in which pain had by no means quenched the light, and a well-cut, firm mouth, that showed a character more ready with endurance than complaint. We have said that the house occupied by this man was dilapidated, yet, like himself, it had a certain

air of respectability. There was nothing low nor sordid in the infirmities of either. The old, time-stained walls of the house, with the little, quaint bow-window of its parlor abutting about into the road, and which, like its door and doorstep, bulged a little out of the straight line by reason of age, was not without evidence of care and attention, to remedy the defects that could not be concealed. A drapery of ivy adorned the crumbling wall, and clung to the scattered eaves and overhanging gable; while the neatest little muslin blinds, in folds upon the casement, made it look something like a cheerful old face decorated with a cosy muslin cap. The paint on the door might certainly have been fresher; but it was impossible that the little oval brass plate, which announced "Mr. Hope" dwelt within, could have been more bright. Indeed, the constant burnishing had done by the letters of the name what some people did by its pronunciation nearly obliterated the H. The door-step, too, was a little alarming in its spotless whiteness—that is, if the mud of the lane had much encumbered the visitor's feet. Somehow the abode, as well as its master, seemed struggling to put a good face on its affairs, and to hold its own perseveringly on the narrow, debatable land that separates vulgar wealth and genteel poverty. It is upon the agonizing ridge of that same debatable land that the most desperate effort often has to be made to retain a place, and "Mr. Hope, Writing Master," had for some years clung with such a straining grip thereunto, that it was no wonder he was something worn and wasted in the effort.

But if the outside of the house bore such evidences of a struggle, the whole inside was still more demonstrative. The passage-oil-cloth was so worn that its original pattern was gone, yet, nevertheless, there was the polish of incessant dry rubbings on its sere surface; and the thin strip of carpet that covered the gaps and patches in the woodwork of the stairs boasted quite an arabesque of darns. In the best parlor, whose window we noted from without, there was a similar triumph of female ingenuity in the way of carpet darning. The old-fashioned chairs that surrounded the centre-table were so bright that, like many a venerable lady, they might be complimented on the admirable way in which they carried their age. A wonderful piano, made even before pedals were in use, and looking, in its oblong shape, mounted in a stand, not very much unlike a coffin on trestles, occupied one side of the room, and responded asthmatically to any touch that might be laid on its yellow keys; while an old sofa, with its lame leg carefully bandaged up, was made, by a chintz cover, to look quite an interesting invalid. Indeed, there was nothing plethoric, gaudy, or upstart in the room. Even the ancient brass fender and long spidery fire-place had a refined look, suggestive of purity and good breeding.

It was evening when Mr. Hope's knock at the door announced his return, and his daughter Marian Hope who had been at needlework by the bow window, was rising to open the door when she was prevented by the swift step of a girl some years her junior, who, jumping up from that gasping piano we have named, ran to the front door; and her laugh of welcome, and the kiss that accompanied it, could be heard all over the little house.

"Don't be so boisterous, child," said a quiet,

not displeased voice, and Mr. Hope, entering the parlor, was received by Marian more calmly, though a certain earnest anxious look showed she was not less interested than the younger and more demonstrative girl whose salutations had elicited the slight reproof of their object.

"Father, you are are not well?"

"Yes, Marian; oh, yes, I'm well enough. Don't worry either yourself or me about looks."

As he spoke the younger girl had taken his hat and brought his slippers, and the elder had placed his house-coat, while both were busied in putting carefully away the garments he took off; and resuming her inquiries with, "I don't want to be worrying, father, but I'm sure something has vexed you, and you're home earlier than usual."

"So much the better, my girl; then I'm not so tired. But get tea! When one door shuts another will open."

The last part of the sentence was said absorbedly, as if to himself, but Marian heard it, and leaning over the old arm-chair in which her father was seated, she bent down her head and whispered affectionately, "What door is shut?"

"Only Miss Webb's, Marian. They told me very politely to-day that they had long feared the walk was too much for me, and that, in short, a distant connection of theirs was coming to teach elementary drawing to the pupils, and he would undertake the writing."

"Oh dear, father, and you have toiled so hard, and felt such an interest in the pupils at Miss Webb's! It's a shame of Miss Webb."

"My dear she professes it is out of kindness to me. My lameness, Marian—though it's nothing, just nothing—I think is more apparent."

"I am afraid it is really worse, father."

"Not a bit child. I'm equal to anything—that is, of course, in my way. And I certainly think that I have toiled to do justice to the young folks. And some have repaid me: some I shall be sorry to see no more. That sweet wee thing, Gertrude Austwicke, she'll miss her old master; yes, she will, I know."

"He rocked himself back and forward in his chair as he spoke, as if to lull some inward pain, and his words fell, not only on Marian's ear, but on those of her companion, who was just entering the room, and said—

"Is that the dear little clever young lady, father, that you so often tell me of?"

"Ay, Mysie, 'tis. I would that you, child, learned like her. But there, she and I have parted, and whether the bonny blossom grows into fruitage, or is blown off life's tree, as such a fragile thing most likely will be, is nothing to me. I'm a soft fool to care sue muckle about the weans. It's a weakness I must e'en shake off."

Mr. Hope did not generally betray his northern origin in his speech, but when he was deeply moved the old Doric came to his tongue.

Meanwhile, the tea-table was soon laid, and a little warm cake was brought with a gleesome look by Mysie as the crowning triumph of the simple board, just as Marian seated herself and began to pour out tea. Mr. Hope, who had for a few moments, while these preparations were going on, sunk into a reverie, looked up and noticed the simple dainty that was handed to him. He put it aside gravely, saying, "No luxuries Mysie; no, child, they always disagree with me. Brown bread, little

one; that's my fare, and the best—far the best for me."

Tears came into Mysie's eyes as she said, "Tian't such a luxury, father; and I toasted it myself—just as I used to toast it for—"

A look and gesture from Marian kept the speaker from finishing the sentence. She stopped rather awkwardly, and made no further attempt to press her handiwork; a very welcome interruption to the rather marked pause being made by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a youth with a portfolio in his hand.

"What? home so soon, Norry?" said Marian.

"There's no class this afternoon, and I thought I might do something for the master." He bent his head as he spoke to Mr. Hope.

The setting sun whose slanting beams fell athwart the little room, kindled up the face of the young speaker, and made it look its best. This Norry was a tall, rather loose-limbed boy, with a dark, strongly-marked, and sallow complexion. Plain, most people would have called him—that is, if they had not chanced to look into his eyes and see him smile. It was very certain the dark, well-defined brows could frown, and even in the repose looked heavy. His hair clustered over and half concealed the height of his forehead, and as yet the carelessness of boyhood had not been superseded by the coxcombry of youth. He did not care to smooth off his hair from his brow or to let his dark face often break into a smile, whether people called him ugly for his carelessness or no.

He was certainly a contrast to Mysie, who, tall like himself, was a brunette, with the hazel eyes, white teeth, red lips, and the damask blush on the cheek that is so sparkling and attractive in a dark beauty.

Marian, whose age might be twenty-one or two, without anything that could be called beauty, had a face that won upon you by its look of goodness. No one noticed whether the features were regular, or complained that the complexion was nearly colorless, when they saw the mild intelligence of the clear grey eyes, or the tranquil sweetness of the mouth. Are there not some faces so full of spiritual graces that every one feels the presence of a lovely soul, and in meeting them is reminded of a better world? And yet these are rarely called beauties.

"How are you getting on, Norry, my boy?" said Mr. Hope, adding, "Mysie will not be satisfied unless her brother has the makings of a clever man in him—will she?"

There was evidently an effort on the part of the house to enlighten the gloom that seemed to be gathering over this little party, and so he spoke cheerily.

"I have regretted as a great misfortune your looking so much older than you are. Let's see, was it eighteen that neighbor Godfrey took you for last week? Why, that must be more than three years older than you are."

"I wish I knew my birthday like other people; then I should be more willing to believe that I am not fifteen yet," said the youth.

"We do have a birthday, Norry, and a very happy birthday, I'm sure, every year. The day we came to our dear mamma and papa Hope is surely the best birthday we could have," said Mysie.

"Ah, that's because you're a girl, that you

say so; and girls never think—not they—about the rights of a thing—whether its true like a line, or like a sum. It'll do for them if it just hits their fancy. I should like to know the true day."

"Now, Norry—for shame!"

"Hush, dear," interposed Marian. "I'm sure Norry does not undervalue the birthday we have always kept."

"Norry," said Mr. Hope, "over be rigid for the right—true and exact as a sum in all things. But you will learn—ay, both of you will learn, as you advance in life—that it is not in mere human strength either to attain or keep that moral exactitude without higher aid and a loftier motive than human reason will supply. Be content, my boy. There are doubtless many orphans who do not know or have forgotten, their exact birthday; and I think there are few or none that have been more tenderly cared for than you both have been by me and mine."

A blush mounted to the brow of the boy, turning his sallow face to a dark crimson, as he said—

"Mr. Hope—father—I know it. Forgive me!"

And Mysie, running towards the old man's chair, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Poor children! theirs had been a chequered history, more so than they knew; and yet Mr. Hope had not, as he thought, kept anything from them. For he was a Christian in word and deed, and strove to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. But the mystery was not the less.

(To be continued.)

Games of History.

THERE are plenty of card games dealing with historical events and noted personages; but there are a few others, less formal and allowing more play to individual taste and preference, for which no such ready-made help as printed cards is required.

To play them, no special number of persons is necessary, no apparatus, and no gathering close around the table under the rays of a hot lamp. Like most good games, they are but novel modifications of old forms; but they are little known, and worthy of wider practice.

The simplest, yet often one of the most entertaining, is the guessing of historic characters, described by the players in turn, each narrator trying—while obliged to adhere strictly to accepted truth—to give the characteristics and events of his hero's life in such form, or with such emphasis upon less known points, as to prevent the task of the guessers from being an easy one.

It is not obligatory to narrate the whole career, but the guessing players have the right, after failing to solve the problem on its first presentation, to ask twice for further information, which the narrator, if he has not already exhausted his subject or his knowledge, is obliged to give, though he need offer but one additional fact in response to each inquiry.

It is curious how puzzling the career of the best-known persons, such as Queen Elizabeth or George Washington, may be made by presenting it partially and disproportionately, though with entire correctness. The winner is he who has guessed the most characters among the number described by all the players.

A more elaborate game, and an extremely interesting one, is played thus: One player is sent out; the others select the name of an historic personage having as many letters in it as there are of themselves, and to each in proper order, a letter is assigned. Each then chooses—without telling it—the name of another character, of which his letter is the initial.

When the exiled player enters, he begins at the head of the line and asks twelve questions of each person, guessing, when the dozen are complete, the name of the character concerning whom they are asked. Failing to guess rightly, he must pass on. Of course, if he guesses all, or a sufficient number to divine the remaining letters, he will have spelled out the name of the character chosen by the whole, when his task is accomplished.

The ignorance of the others concerning the name taken by each keeps them practically guessing with the questioner, and lends to the proceedings an acute interest.

The next person to go out is the one being questioned when the interrogator makes his final guess, for he often does not have to complete the round. To make the assignment of characters plainer: If the name chosen in common were Caesar, the first person in line might describe Charles I., the next Alexander, then Queen Elizabeth, then Semiramis, then Alaric, and lastly Richard Cœur de Lion—C, A, E, S, A, R.

A third game is one sometimes called "Champions." A jury of three is appointed, and the rest of the players divide into sides. The jury give the name of a well-known historic character, but one concerning whom there is difference of opinion—as Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I., Napoleon, Brutus. Each side then appoints a representative, one taking the defence, the other the attack; and each representative may take counsel with his side, or accept suggestions from them, but he alone must conduct the argument.

The case closed—a time limit determines when—the jury decides, according to the facts presented, whether the person described was predominantly a base or noble, useful or detrimental, character in history.

After three or five cases have been tried, the two sides taking defence and attack alternately, that side wins which the jury has oftenest upheld. Different representatives may be chosen to speak each time. As will be readily seen, this is like a miniature debating society, and its brief sessions often prove both amusing and exciting.

NO MAN is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

LOWELL.

EDISON, the inventor, prefers women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical machines. He says that they display more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men do in their whole existence. He backs up his statement by having 200 female employees in his works.

THAT'S what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise.—Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede."

Under the King's Bastion

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC

Serial Story written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.



HEN, if you go round by the King's Bastion, you may see, to your astonishment, a soldier wildly waving his arms skywards above the parapet. On coming nearer you discover he is not mad, as you have feared, but simply, with small flags, signalling to a comrade, who replies by frantically agitating two specks away down in the Lower Town market place.

Besides all this, there is always drilling inside the walls, and fatigue parties of all kinds, so that the man who wrote, "soldiers in peace are like chimnies in summer," had not lived for a season within the walls of Quebec.

But all the time we have been doing the military routine of the town, Aline and Edith have been standing at the Frontenac Gateway. When the pageant had passed round the curve of St. Louis St., Aline went on her way down to Sous le Cap, and painted steadily for a couple of hours, surrounded by a crowd of grimy little street arabs, who were not backward in making any remark that occurred to them, complimentary or otherwise, about her work.

A little before one o'clock, she was leisurely putting a few last touches to her sketch, when a voice, well-known now, made her turn hastily, with a slight accession of color, to find Sinclair looking over her shoulder.

"This is the third sketch you have made of this place, is it not?" he asked, looking fondly and appreciatively at the *living* picture. He was going up "Dog Hill," he remarked, and was happy he had come in time to carry up some of her belongings.

Just then a calèche came rapidly along the narrow alley, and the horse, taking fright at Aline's easel, shied, and knocked down a pretty baby girl, who had been prattling to the young artist all morning. The man coolly drove on, but the screams of the child brought the whole female population of the street to their doors and windows, whence they screamed enquiries and advice which set a dozen dogs barking, and pandemonium reigned supreme. Carleton lifted the child and carried her into a house pointed out by the mother, where Aline dried its tears, and was partially successful in amusing the baby with her trinkets. As soon as it was quieted a little, Carleton, who had some knowledge of surgery, said he thought no bones were broken. "Don't be frightened, the child is only bruised," he told the mother. "However, I will send a doctor over to see; there is one two or three streets from here. But I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of walking up with you to-day," smiling at Aline.

"I feel as if it were my fault, and it will be awfully kind of you to send a doctor," she returned.

After he had gone she remained a few minutes talking to the Irishwoman, and then had to hurry away, as they were to have an early luncheon; but she left in the baby's chubby hand a gift which its mother was much more likely to appreciate when she saw it.

Edith's comment when she heard what had happened was, "Well, my dear, if he missed his lunch for your sake, he has given even a greater proof of devotion than before."

Next day, Sunday, they were lingering with the true characteristics of their nation, to see the Vice-regal Court, then visiting the city, come out of the cathedral. After having a good look at His Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess, and the Aides, and having seen the soldiers return from their church parade, headed by the band, they were entering the hotel, when they met Carleton, who somehow or other was frequently to be seen in that vicinity in those days.

"I suppose you have not heard anything about the little child?" said Aline.

"Yes," he replied, "I went round that way last night, and there was nothing the matter, as I thought; so you needn't worry about it."

"It was very good of you." Aline thanked him with a lovely smile, and to herself she said, "How kind and thoughtful he is for anyone."

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Fortescue had expected some friends from Boston to join them on their trip up the Saguenay, but these now wrote they should be unable to come, so the girls at once settled a day, and took their passage tickets, as it was already late in the season. They had often discussed whether they should go up to Lake St. John by train, and return by boat, but finally decided, as they were all fond of being on the water, to make the round-trip by boat.

Clifford announced his intention of accompanying them, as he said it might be useful to have a man with them. Carleton also wished intensely to see the place with Aline, and renew former impressions through her eyes. When he said something about it to Edith one evening, she declared it would be delightful, and pressed him so warmly to join them, that he felt sure that he would be welcome, and understood, too, from her manner that she had read his secret, and was his friend. What Aline thought of the arrangement she did not express very forcibly, but her face proved that she was thoroughly happy and pleased with life.

Her pleasure was clouded, however, the evening before they were to start, for Carleton came into the hotel after dinner, looking very glum, and said he was afraid he would not be able to get away from business, as the head of the firm was on his way out from England, and the ship had not yet come in. Sinclair did not wish to be absent on his arrival, so the case seemed hopeless. Mrs. Fortescue and Edith were loud in their regrets, but Aline could not say a word, lest her great disappointment should be apparent, and her silence seemed hateful to herself, and made poor Carleton very dispirited, as he walked home thinking "She does not care in the least whether I go or not."

Aline hoped that at the last minute something might occur to alter the circumstances, but the crowded boat left the wharf next morning without his appearing, and she resigned herself to a spoiled excursion.

The day was beautifully clear, and after passing the lofty Cap Tourmente, they settled themselves comfortably on deck to enjoy the rural beauty of the scenery on the Lower St. Lawrence. They sat in one group, for Edith

did not mean to be drawn into a tête-à-tête with Clifford, and Aline pretended to be immersed in a book, but her thoughts often wandered to the city out of sight up the River; she wondered what "he" might be doing now, and if "he" would come to see them immediately on their return, two whole days from that time.

For a moment she was a little resentful. "He might have managed it somehow surely, if he had cared very much," she argued with herself, but a moment after murmured loyally, "I am sure he did his best, and I know he was disappointed. I admire him for not sacrificing duty to pleasure."

So all day they steamed on the broadening St. Lawrence, stopping at Murray Bay, and other resorts, where Indians came down to the wharfs with their baskets of curiosities, and all the summer population collected to "meet the boat," and exchange greetings with city friends on board. At last, with a gorgeous sunset trailing over the water behind them, they put into Riviere du Loup, and there on the pier, eagerly scanning the vessel, stood Carleton Sinclair. Aline recognized him before he saw her, and so had a moment to control her amazement and welcome before their eyes met. He was quite satisfied with her smile, however, and lost no time in springing on board before the gangways were lowered. Amid a chorus of surprised exclamations he explained that the ship and his employer had arrived late the previous night, that he found that he would not be needed, and had just time to catch the train, and join the boat at Riviere du Loup.

"My landlady will be advertising for me," he laughed, "for I came off without having time to go up and tell her," and his eyes glanced happily at Aline, but hers were carefully examining the structure of the deck flooring in its minutest details. His coming had brightened everything for her, and she thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the evening, for Carleton's happiness overflowed in every look and tone, and he was so jolly and entertaining that it was quite a revelation to Mrs. Fortescue, who had not seen him in this mood before, and Fred Clifford found himself, to his disgust, decidedly playing "second violin." So they crossed the river, rather rough here in its thirty miles of width, to Tadousac and the mouth of the gloomy Saguenay. And Carleton told them the legend of the naming of the country; how Jacques Cartier, seeing some Indians here on his first voyage, had pointed to the shore, enquiring the name of their land, and they, thinking he meant their bark wigwams, had answered by their word for huts, "Kanata," and so Francis I. was told that the name of his new dominions was Canada.

When the girls retired to their state-room, Edith's last mischievous remark made Aline blush hotly. She said sleepily: "Why, Aline, I do believe I forgot to say Good-night to my future cousin," to which impertinence Aline deigned no reply.

The men were smoking a last pipe on deck, and were not very talkative. After a while Clifford abruptly asked Carleton if he were "going in for matrimony." "I intend to ask a lady to marry me if she will have me," he answered shortly.

"Oh, she'll have you all right. You owe me one for introducing you. But I am not certain of the other one. I think she likes me enough, but you see there's a fortune

attached, and she and her aunt want to hang on to that tight, I guess."

"Oh, I had no idea either of them had a fortune," remarked Carleton, looking at him curiously.

"Didn't I mention it to you? Oh, yes, Edith has a nice tidy little sum, \$8,000 or so a year," said Clifford, exaggerating. "One could do a lot with that, eh, my boy? and have rather a jolly time with a nice little steam launch—no more darned work in the office, and dinner at the club every day."

"One would think you cared more for the lucre than the lady," said Carleton, dryly.

"Oh, well, old chap, you know I'm not very susceptible, and I admire her immensely, and all that, which is more than lots of fellows do. Now the other one has nothing, and you have cash of your own, so it's all very well, but what can a poor devil without a cent do?"

Carleton did not feel called upon to point out what the gentleman in question might do, and he could not help feeling that Fred was flattering himself unduly about Edith's liking for him, so he rose to terminate the conversation, which he found rather distasteful, as also being dubbed "my boy," and "old chap," by Clifford.

"I am glad 'she' is not rich," was his last thought, as he drifted away into the deep sleep of healthy manhood.

The next day Aline still remembers as one of the most remarkable of her life. They were all on deck early, and the wild, lonely scenery of the Saguenay hemmed them in on every side. The boat threaded its way through the tortuous channel of the narrow stream, narrow at least in comparison to the St. Lawrence, the opaque blackness of the water, testifying to its unfathomable depth. The sullen-looking mountains, rising on every hand to a great height, and seeming ready to topple over the intrepid little steamer that dared to explore their deepening solitude, sank abruptly into the flood, without a slope, and they expected to see a great bear, or perhaps, some earlier animal, which man has long since classed as "extinct," part the branches, and gaze with startled eyes at the first invader of his lonely haunts. The solemn, expectant hush of opening day hung in the fresh atmosphere, not a vestige of habitation could be seen, and they found it easy to imagine that they were the first intruders who had ever sailed on these wilderness waters.

"The Saguenay always reminds me of that line of Byron's in his address to the ocean," said Carleton to Aline, as they stood together on deck. "If we substitute the word 'ancient' for 'azure,' it might have been inspired by this scene.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine ancient brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

It was almost a shock to come upon the flourishing town of Chicoutimi, deep in the fastnesses of these everlasting hills, which were old before Egyptian history was written. They were quite pleased, when, after a few hours' stay, in which they, of course, visited the church, and saw something of the village as well the steamer started on its return trip, and the traces of civilization disappeared again round a wooded point.

All morning they admired, and talked, and speculated on the unknown histories of their fellow-passengers; and as they sat at dinner in the saloon, some one called out that Cape

Trinity was in sight, and there was a hurried stampede for the deck. There, on the right of the vessel towered the huge, bare cliff, 1850 feet above the deck, its three terraces leaning back one above the other, and distinctly visible on this veritable "rock of ages," the tiny statue of the Virgin, which has returned the gaze of thousands of Saguenay tourists for six months of many past years, and during the other six has had no company save the spirits of the air and the monsters of the deep.

The boat shut off steam, and drifted slowly in right under the impending mass, and we read in the guide-books, with a "pleasing fear," that the water under the keel was 2,000 feet deep. The girls thought they might have touched the rock with a boat oar, but when the Captain handed Aline some pebbles from a bucket placed on deck for this purpose, saying, "Try to hit it then," she found that her utmost effort only caused them to fall with a dull splash into the water, far short of the mark. Nor were the men more successful, so deceptive is distance when ordinary methods of measuring are not available. Up they gazed, right into the sky, till their eyes were strained, and their heads ached with the doing of it, and then the boat slipped into Eternity Bay, where mountain overlapped mountain, each over 1,000 feet high, and where the dark water lapped without a sound against the fringed bank, and seemed to hold the sublime secrets of nature in its inviolate keeping. The steamer's whistle awakened reverberating echoes that struck back and forth among the purple hills, first startlingly loud, and coarsely inharmonious, then "thinner, clearer, farther going," till, in the far, dim distance they died away in sobbing whispers, only to start up again in answering melody, like the "horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

At the other side of the portal of the Bay, stands the twin giant, Cape Eternity, more beautiful, but less imposing than Trinity, for it is covered with forest. The sublime majesty of these great capes tinges the contemplation of them with something of a religious awe, as it did for those who named them. "Vast silence, like a strong, black sea," broods forever over the treasure-house of nature, and one can believe, that centuries ago, some Indian dreamer, with the film of death upon his eyes, would turn his canoe feebly towards the great gate-way with its solemn sentinels, feeling that within must be the abode of "the Spirit who walks unseen."

(To be continued.)

ETHEL: "When does your breach of promise suit take place, Clara?" Clara (sobbing): "T-to-morrow." Ethel (sympathizingly): "I am very sorry to see you so overcome, Clara, dear." Clara: "Oh, it's nothing, Ethel; I am simply practising for the jury."

SOCRATES was of opinion, that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition, that each one should carry out an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.—*Plutarch*.

WE cannot know what future honor may depend on the way we do the simplest, most commonplace thing to-day.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

You make but a poor trap if you go and bait it with wickedness.—*Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede."*

Club Life for Women

A TWO VIEWS

... BY ...

SARAH GRAND and MRS. FRANK LESLIE.



WITHIN a few months of each other the question of club life among women in contrast with the home life has come under discussion by two famous women. Sarah Grand in *The Woman At Home* a few months since presented the English view of the situation, and Mrs. Frank Leslie in the current issue of *Success* gives her impressions of conditions on this side of the water.

SARAH GRAND.

This famous author and student of social questions is of the opinion that club life with women goes a long way to help in the education of the woman—to make her acquainted with public affairs and gives to her a breadth of view that cannot be attained alone in the home. We give an extract from Sarah Grand's paper which will show very completely her view, and which is discussed in her usual vigorous style:

"It was thought by certain people when clubs for women were first talked about, that family life was threatened, that the wife and mother would be beguiled from her home duties, and the husband would suffer neglect. This was quite a natural supposition, because it was very much what had happened in the case of men's clubs—the father of the family had been taken from home, and the home had suffered. For the home required both the father's and mother's influence, the masculine and the feminine, as does the State. The work of neither sex is complete without the help of the other. Women seem to have appreciated this fact sooner than men did. At any rate, that the home should suffer by the establishment of clubs which offer educational advantages to women was very far from being the idea of the foundation of such clubs. No earnest high-minded woman ever trifles with her home duties.

"It is certainly an extraordinary anomaly that anything but the best in the way of education should ever have been thought good enough for women. When one considers what the position of a woman is in her household; what qualities of head and heart she requires; what knowledge, judgment, and discretion; what tact and tenderness, and what strength, it is simply amazing to think that households were ever well-conducted in the days when girls were pitch-forked into matrimony straight from school with no better equipment for their new duties than an imperfect acquaintance with the pianoforte and a smattering of arithmetic, geography, and history. And the fact that there were such excellent wives and mothers in the bad old days, when women had to rely on themselves entirely for the means of culture, just shows what good material women have in themselves to work upon when they choose to set to work.

"There used to be a good deal of sentimentality expended on the subject of the Women's Sphere; but by a curious contradiction, beneath all the sentimentality one could detect a certain contempt for the posi-

tion. It was evidently considered an inferior position—or rather, the position of an inferior. Woman was told that the nursery was her proper place in a tone which left no doubt but that the speaker thought very little either of her or of the nursery.

"You mind the children, that's your business; and leave learning to men." That was the kind of thing that used to be said.

"But we are changing all that now. We insist that the highest, holiest, and noblest position on earth is the position of wife and mother, and we demand that the fact shall be recognized practically as well as theoretically; we demand that the wife and mother shall receive due meed of reverence for her pains, and those who may hope to become wives and mothers shall have every advantage of education and training, mental, moral, and physical, to fit them for their sacred duties. This is the primary outcome of the woman movement, and it was certainly one which was wholly unsuspected of our enemies.

"We must not deceive ourselves. Our constant endeavor must be, not to prove ourselves right but to arrive at the truth; and truth itself, however unpalatable, aids in the search for truth most effectually. It is often said, and boldly maintained, that in point of ability women compare favorably with men. In some respects they do, no doubt; but there are other respects in which men are much superior, not because they are men, but because they have more advantages, and have turned them to good account. There are plenty of women nowadays who have had advantages, but they have not turned them to good account. They do not really interest themselves in any vital questions, and are not public-spirited at all. How very few women, comparatively speaking, read the newspapers intelligently, or trouble themselves about art or social matters to the extent of having a firm grip of such subjects? How very few can carry on any conversation worth listening to on varied topics such as men continually discuss among themselves? It is not that they lack intelligence, but simply that they do not use what they have. They let their intelligence die of atrophy for want of exercise. It is impossible for an impartial observer to maintain that the intelligence of women generally is not as well developed as the intelligence of men. All that can honestly be said of the majority of women at the present time is that the intelligence is there. We know that it is there, because we see continually what women can do when they choose to apply themselves. What they suffer from, apart from want of opportunity is apathy. They allow themselves to be overcome by intellectual indolence much more than men do; they cultivate their imaginations more than their minds, and social ambition rather the ambition which finds expression in the pursuit of high ideals. De Quincey said that novels are the opium of the West; certainly women are the largest consumers of that form of opiate. Good fiction, in moderate quantities, does no harm, of course. It is an inestimable benefit to all of us to be able to see life through the minds of our greater writers. But there is nothing more pernicious than the habitual absorption of inferior fiction, even in small doses. It is a veritable opiate, the effect of which is stupefying. Observant people, standing by railway bookstalls waiting for trains, have often noticed with surprise the kind of stuff the average woman

buys. The average young man spends his penny on a newspaper; but the girl buys a novelette, or a cheap fashion paper, or a magazine full of short stories. At the end of the journey the young man has added some trifle to his stock of knowledge; he has found food for discussion with other men; his outlook on life is a little enlarged. But the girl has only excited her fancy, and is sighing for more sensation, for more intellectual opium; and the consequence is that, in the long run, she sinks into sensuous apathy, while the young man is making his way in the world. She gradually becomes incapable of helping herself, and as to helping others—she never dreams of such a thing. One knows this sort of girl grown elderly and always occupied with little pieces of fancy work. Her incapacity betrays itself in every relation of life, and is a misery-making factor—to be reckoned with. Travelling constantly upon a line on which there are a good many tunnels, some of them long, and all them of ill-ventilated, one has frequent occasion to anathematise this sort of person. Of course the windows should be shut the moment one enters a tunnel, but it is the rarest thing in the world for a woman sitting next to one of them to pull it up. She just sits and suffers herself, and lets everybody else suffer. This is partly, no doubt, because the habit of endurance has become so inveterate in women that they suffer patiently from causes which they might easily remove. It is the result of servile submission to evils against which they should have rebelled. But it is also the result of mental indolence. They do not trouble themselves to think.

"This is the type which the new development in women's clubs is likely to exterminate. It is too late to do much to help the intelligence of the last generation; but the new one growing up will be effected. Girls joining these clubs find themselves in a bracing mental atmosphere. Conversation runs on topics of the day, on politics, literature, and art; and they must make an effort to interest themselves, to learn, to keep up with the rest, or they find themselves left behind, nonentities.

"Debates are a special feature of the women's clubs, and they are undoubtedly a help to our general intelligence. Nothing quickens our interest, sharpens our wits, and strengthens our comprehension like discussion—especially temperate discussion, entered upon solely in order to arrive at the truth. Where women set this up as an ideal for themselves—this desire to arrive at the truth—it has helped them greatly to develop what is best in themselves and in each other. For if we require a great deal of ourselves, a high standard of excellence, we shall undoubtedly require the same of all with whom we come in contact. And so each, in our own little way, helps insensibly to beautify life, and make the world a pleasanter place to live in."

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

This well-known journalist and woman of affairs leans strongly to the opinion that the home life is being affected by the changed conditions of society, which gives prominence to club life, hotel living and apartment life. This is what she says, also expressing the view that the husband is no longer the central power in the home, around which everything devolves, and the wife is not so wholly dependent as she was. We quote Mrs. Leslie's views:

"Apartment, hotel and club life are, I believe, among the principal influences in the weakening of home ties, and perhaps greater than any of these is the growing desire of women for a wider field of action than that bounded by the limits of the home. I believe in higher education to the broadest possible degree of culture for women as well as for men, but I am not a very strong advocate of what, in public parlance, is termed a "career" for women; for I think that, in seeking and finding a career, as women do now, they give up a great deal in the way of that tender family life that meant so much in the past. As a general rule, the woman who leaves the home to follow a public career must lay many sacrifices on the altar of gratified ambition.

"Club life among men, on the one hand, and the growth of independence among women, on the other, tend to make marriage less attractive to both sexes than it once was, and hence to a great extent do away with home ties altogether. The bachelor finds all the creature comforts of life at his club and marriage ceases to be a necessity, while the young woman, at least in some instances, is so enamored of her career that she is not willing, even though she loves a man, to give it up for the less varied and more confining life of the home. I do not think the increasing number of divorces has anything to do with the deterioration of the home. There are cases in which divorce is not only just but religious. I think the cruellest thing in the world to refuse to grant a divorce to two people who may be committing murder in their hearts and violating the most sacred traditions of the home. I do believe, however, if it were more difficult to get married, divorce would be less frequent. In England the marriage laws are more stringent than they are with us. The simplest way to get a marriage license there is to go to a registrar's office and make a formal application, but the sun must set twice on the application before the license will be granted. Even this forms a slight safeguard against marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, for the man and the woman must think at least two days about what they are going to do, which is not always the case in America.

"English home life among the middle classes is, I think, superior to ours. The Englishman's home is still his castle; and, instead of living in apartment houses and hotels, the English family clings to the separate home of its father. The Englishwoman, too, has less craving for excitement and change than her American sister. She is more reposeful. She is content to be simply wife and mother, as were her mother and grandmother. She moves contented in her 'sphere.' The husband is still the sole power to which all the family is content to bow. But, when everything has been said on either side, neither the American nor the English woman suffers by comparison. The American woman is, and always will be the brightest ornament of the home; and if it is not happy under the altered conditions, it is largely man's fault."

THE grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.
LONGFELLOW.

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful?"
He—"That's what I am here for, my darling!"

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Monthly Publication Devoted to the Interests of Canadian Women and Canadian Homes.

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25 Cents The Canadian Home Journal for four months—a trial trip to new subscribers. Every number contains two pages of music.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

"Merry Christmas." AN old and familiar wish, and one that never grows old or lacks in freshness as the years move on. There is much that is formal even in the handshake and reception that we tender friends in various ways, but there is less of the insincere in the "Merry Christmas" wish than in any other. The spirit of goodwill that the Christmas season reflects in the highest degree permeates mankind, and they more easily forget the animosities and bitterness of the outside world at this period than at any other time—or as the outcome of any other influence. A particular halo should surround the Christmas that is now just at our doors—the last Christmas of a wonderful century. The wish of this Corner is that in the very fullest sense this may prove a Merry Christmas—joyous, happy and fruitful—to the many, and ever increasing number of readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The Old Century. It is very near the end—and varied will be the retrospect of each one according as the interests of the individual extend. It is universally conceded that this century is the most remarkable of all that have gone before it, if we except the first century, the events of which have meant so much for the world. The progress in material affairs has been the greatest in the world's history. Has equal progress manifested itself in other directions? An interesting review of the century has been given by Mr. W. T. Stead, whose writings are always interesting, even though we cannot agree with everything he will say. Mr. Stead has no misgivings in his mind as to the material progress of the past one hundred

years. Never before, in any century, has man achieved such brilliant victory over matter. To make steam his carrier, electricity his messenger and the sun his painter have been achievements so conspicuous as to stamp the century with a glory all its own. He has serious doubts, however, whether equal progress has been made in matters moral. The question is asked: "Is the average man or woman more like a god now than he or she was at the beginning of the century? Has the race climbed higher toward the ideal which was presented in realized shape for the world, in the Man of Nazareth? There are more people in the world now on this threshold of 1901 than there were living in 1801. Are they better people?"

An Answer Wanted. We could hardly have a more fitting symposium for the January number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL—the first number of the Twentieth Century—than a brief, but intelligent, answer to these questions from our readers. May we not ask that between now and the end of the year they give us their impressions of this question—an answer to the three or four questions that we have given in the previous paragraph. It will be helpful to every reader that he or she should give a little time to meditation on this subject. It would be interesting and helpful to others that through these columns they should make these impressions known. We shall hope to receive a considerable mail within the next few weeks, discussing this important question of the morals of the nineteenth century. Has it been a period of retrogression or progression?

True Patriotism. THE natural enthusiasm that followed the return of "Our Boys" from South Africa has in some degree spent itself, and yet it has by no means died out. There has been the usual toasting and banqueting of the returned heroes, to be followed before the month closes with a public banquet in Toronto to Colonel Otter and his men who will have returned by that time. There is always danger of going to excess when the emotions are given full swing. Every true Canadian rejoices in the growth of patriotic sentiment of recent years, and especially within the past twelve months, but may it be leavened with good common sense and with those motives and aspirations that are in no way simply surface-building. True patriotism will reach beyond the excitement of the hour—real courage and bravery will show themselves in other ways besides on the battle-field. Only as these things tend to make men stronger in the higher things individually will they represent the best illustration of patriotism.

BLESSED Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way.
LONGFELLOW.

Velocity of Electricity.

OF the velocity of the spark discharge some notion may be formed from the brief duration of its light, which cannot illuminate any moving object in two successive positions, however rapid its motion. If a wheel be thrown into rapid rotation on its axis, none of its spokes will be visible in daylight; but if the revolving wheel be illuminated in a darkened room

by the discharge of a Leyden jar, every part of it will be rendered as distinctly visible as though it were at rest. In a similar manner the trees, even when agitated by the wind in a violent storm, if illuminated at night by a flash of lightning, appear to be absolutely motionless. By a very ingenious application of this principle, Wheatstone has shown that the duration of the spark is less than the one-millionth part of a second. The apparatus is the same in principle as the revolving wheel. By a modification of the apparatus, Wheatstone was also enabled to measure the velocity with which the discharge of a Leyden jar was transmitted through an insulated copper wire. It was at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.

Letters to the Publishers.

THE following letters to the publishers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, acknowledging receipt of various prizes that have been awarded for competitions announced, speak for themselves. Other competitions are in progress, and the outcome will be made known in later numbers of the JOURNAL.

25 MADISON AVE.,
TORONTO, Nov. 11, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.,
Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Mail Building, City.

GENTLEMEN,—I hereby acknowledge with thanks receipt of your cheque for \$4.86, being equivalent to the sovereign offered in your first prize competition for first correct answers. Yours respectfully,
JUDSON F. DAVIDSON.

LANGLEY, B.C., Nov. 20, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.,
Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—HOME JOURNAL is arriving all right so far. Am very well pleased with it. I was as much surprised as delighted to receive the \$2.50 prize in the late Bible competition. Kindly accept my thanks for your promptness in sending it.

Yours truly,
A. H. P. MATTHEW,
Box 56, Langley, B.C.

"PINE GROVE," WILMOT, ANNAPOLIS CO., N.S.,
Nov. 26, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.,
Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received set of studs sent by the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. They are very nice. Many thanks for them. I am, yours truly,
M. B. SPAIN.

LAUDER, MAN., Nov. 24, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.,
Publishers CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your valuable premium—lady's blouse set—for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL—and find it a great deal better than represented. I wish to thank you for the same. I value the HOME JOURNAL very highly and would not willingly do without it. Besides being interesting it is very instructive. Yours respectfully,
(Miss) EDITH HYMERS.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., Nov. 26, 1900.

EDITOR CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I received the shirt waist set and think they are very nice. With many thanks.
Yours respectfully,
ETHEL IRVINE.

WIFE: "Harry, my new frock is either perfectly stunning or else it is hideous."
HARRY: "How do you know?"
WIFE: "I met Edith Binks when I was out, and she didn't even mention it."

The Feasts of the Aborigines

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by
E. YATES FARMER.



In all ages among the Indian nations of our continent, festivals at certain seasons of the year have been celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. Our Christmas festival, which we are now approaching, is commemorated only by the Christian Indian, and is not purely a feast of the aborigines. The religion of the red man does not teach of a Christ. Their one God is a great and all-powerful spirit who watches and guards the Indians, and when life on earth is ended, takes him away to a "happy hunting-ground," to live and hunt throughout eternity.

The ceremonies of the ancient Indian festivals were as regular as in our own Christian churches; but, unlike our festivals, they consisted entirely of sports, games, dances and amusements. One of the greatest feasts was celebrated at New Year's, when there was the killing of the white dog, and dancing and feasting was kept up for nine days. This festival is still celebrated among the Six Nation Indians of the Grand River Reserve.

During the Indian year there were originally six national festivals, and they were of a decided religious character, and were looked forward to as a season of joy and rejoicing. The first festival was held in the spring when the corn, beans and squash had ripened, and the maple syrup had begun to flow. It was called the "Green Corn Festival." The Indians gathered beneath the green boughs and made preparations for the feast, which was conducted with the utmost order and solemnity. This was a feast which was particularly pleasing to Ha-wen-ne-yu. The ceremony was opened by some appropriate addresses, and one of their number exercised a general supervision during the celebrations, and presided at the feast. All the tribes of Indians gathered and took part in the amusements and religious instruction.

The Hunter's Feast was celebrated after the Indians had returned from an expedition, and was a sort of a thanksgiving festival for the game they had obtained in the hunt and for their safe return to their families.

The Harvest Feast among the Indians was regulated by the forwardness and backwardness of the harvest, and it was observed as a very solemn occasion. It was celebrated by the offering up of the first-fruits of the harvest at the beginning of the first new moon in which the corn became full eared. The chief arranged a time for beginning the festival, which lasted three days, and was spent in feasting and sports. Every family contributed something to this feast, such as melons, maize and beans. There was a feast of Daily Sacrifice, and a Feast of Love, which latter consisted of a renewal of old friendships. The Indians ate and drank together, walked together with arms entwined. The young men and women danced together in circles from morning until evening, to make light their hearts and unite them in love before the "All-powerful Spirit."

The Indian worship originally consisted of two parts, sacrifice and cantico. The cantico was performed by a round of dances, songs and shouts. The feast consisted of hot cakes made of new corn which had previously been wrapped in leaves and then baked in ashes.

At these festivals there were many forms of dances indulged in, and every dance had its peculiar step, and every step its meaning. There was the buffalo dance, the scalp dance, the beggar's dance, the boasting dance, the bull dance, the bear dance, eagle dance, dog dance, slave dance, discovery dance, and the dance of the braves. There were in all thirty-two distinct dances, and none like the dances of civilized society: not the graceful maze or easy movement of cotillion or quadrille. The Indian dances were brisk and noisy; they were a form of worship or an appeal to the Great Spirit.

The discovery dance was exceedingly droll. Without music or song it was conducted. The only sound was the patting of the feet, which came simultaneously to the ground in perfect time. The Indians stepped forward in a skulking posture overlooking the country, and professed to announce the approach of animals or enemies.

The slave dance was a picturesque scene, danced by young braves of the best families of the tribes, who volunteered to be slaves for two years, and subject to perform any menial service that the chief might order, no matter how humiliating or degrading. But after serving the two years they were exempt ever after from all labor or degrading occupation.

The dog dance consisted of the killing of two dogs in the presence of the assembled audience, and it was then eaten uncooked. A spirited dance followed.

The scalp dance was given after a feast to celebrate a victory won. It was danced in the dead of night by the dim light of torches by the chiefs alone, after the return of a war party with the scalps obtained in battle. This dance was kept up for fifteen nights in succession. The chiefs brandished the scalps and war weapons above their heads, barking, screaming, and all jumping together on both feet at the same time, with a simultaneous slap and blow. During these frantic leaps and yelps, every man distorted his face and snapped his teeth. No description could convey to the readers the frightful effect of these scenes, enacted as they were in the dead and darkness of night.

The beggar's dance was a very spirited dance performed in order to gain favors. The young men were beautifully equipped in breech clouts or kilts made of eagle's or raven's quills, and with lances and pipes and rattles they stepped out in time to the beating of a drum.

During the bear dance the entire skin of the bear was worn, and every dancer imitated the notions of the bear.

The eagle dance was celebrated in honor of that bird, for which the Indian has a religious regard. The twelve or sixteen Indians who took part in it were painted over with white clay, and each held in his hand the tail of an eagle.

The bull dance continued for fifteen minutes. Perfect time was kept, and when music and dancing stopped, which was always perfectly simultaneous, the whole nation raised the huzza, and a deafening shout of approbation. The master of cere-

monies, or the O-Ru-pah, danced back to the sacred wigwam; and so ended the "Festival of the Aborigines."

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Christmas.

WHAT hallowed thoughts round Christmas cling!
How sweet the merry joy-bells ring!
All-telling of a Saviour's birth,
Good-will to man, and peace on earth.

We hail Thee, heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Thy glorious reign shall never cease!
Thou King of Kings, Emmanuel,
Didst come to earth with man to dwell.

Hosannas loud, the children sing,
For Jesus is the children's king;
He was a babe, a boy, a man—
How wondrous was redemption's plan!

Yes, sweet are Christmas thoughts to me,
Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Thou faithful Shepherd of the sheep,
Dost all thy lambs in safety keep.

When Christmas days on earth are o'er,
And we have left this mortal shore,
He'll take His ransomed ones above,
To share with Him His Father's love.

Among His many mansions air,
Which He has promised to prepare,
When all life's burden are laid down,
He'll give each faithful one a crown.

JENNIE A. PEACOCK.

"How do you like your new quarters?" asked the landlord, pleasantly. The new tenant in the modern apartment house looked the rooms over and sadly rejoined: "These aren't quarters. These are eighths."

Is THE world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosom of the wisest and the best of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?—
Charles Lamb.

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I LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW.

Words and Music by JOHNNIE CARROLL.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

1 Our hands are clasped, the last for ev-er, Per - haps we'll nev-er meet a -
 2 Per - haps when I have gone for ev-er, You'll some - times sit and think of

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a dynamic marking of *p*.

gain; I loved you as I could none oth-er; This
 me, And won - der if I'm dead or liv-ing, Per -

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef).

part ing fills my heart with pain: You ask, and free - ly I for-
 chance I'll think the same of thee; And, when your friends have all de-

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef).

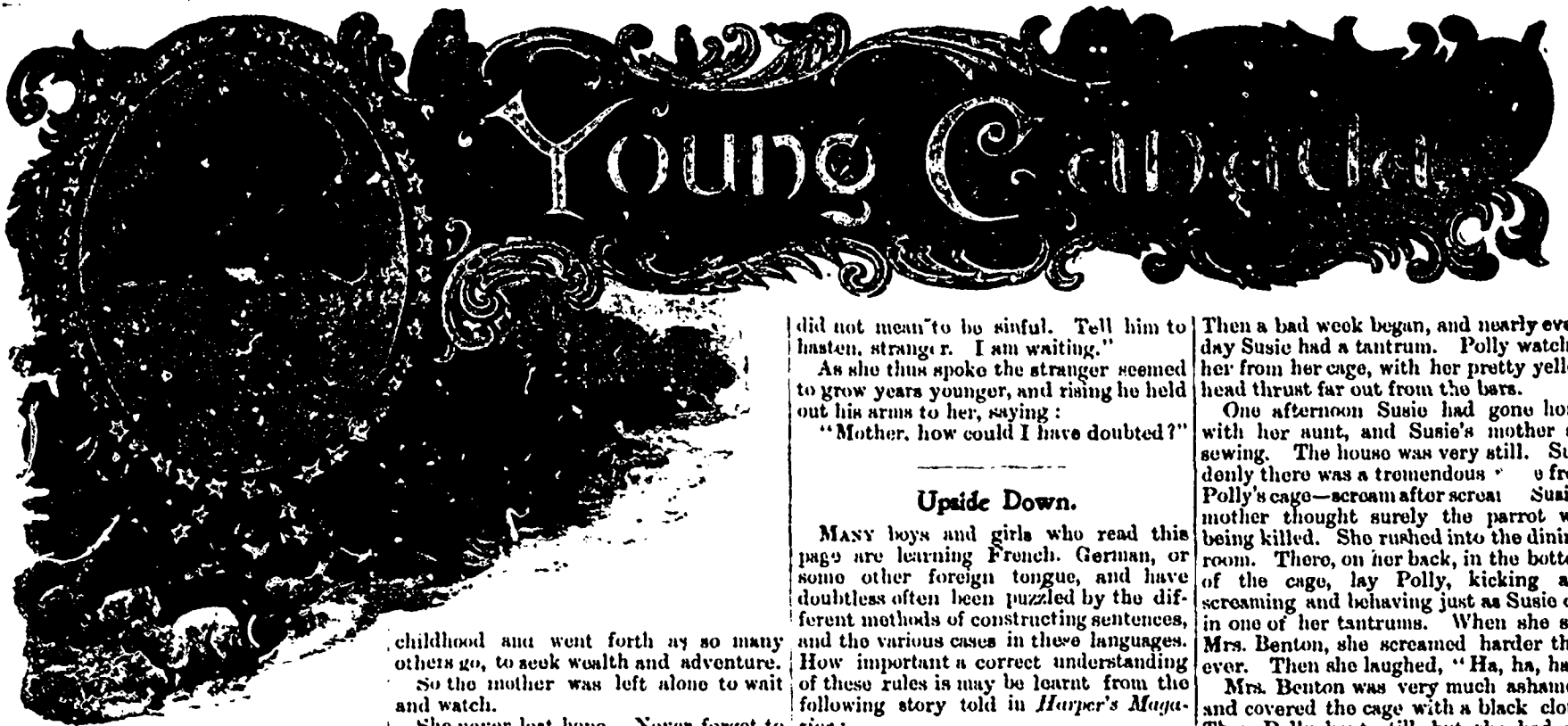
give you _____ The hap - py past I must for - get, _____ And
 part-ed, _____ The friends you tho't were true and true, _____ Re -

though I wan-der on in sor-row, _____ I hope that you'll be hap-py yet. _____
 mem - ber one you left heart-bro-ken, _____ Had loved you bet-ter than you knew! _____

CHORUS.

Asthrugh this weary world I wan-der, My thoughts a-lone will be of you; _____ In

mem' - ry I will see you ev - er; I loved you bet-ter than you knew. _____



No Room for Doubt

Written for the CANADIAN HOME
JOURNAL by

FRANK RENSSITE

HARLEY had left home in all the buoyancy of his robust youth, followed by many an earnest prayer from his heart broken parents. He was so happy at home. He had felt as if life was too narrow and cramped for him on the farm. "How could a man be content to settle down into a mere humdrum farmer, the only excitement being an occasional visit to the nearest town to sell the produce gained from the land by hard and uninterrupted toil?" He often said, "Why not go farther into a wider world and enjoy freedom and space?"

And so Charley had gone, taking with him the good wishes of many a kind-hearted neighbor, for he was a bright and honest lad and greatly loved in the neighborhood.

At first he wrote brief accounts of his new life. He had gone to the West Coast and crossed over to Europe. His letters grew shorter and shorter till finally his parents lost all trace of him.

The neighbors gave up all hopes of ever seeing his bright face in their midst again. But his father and mother kept on hoping and preparing for the return of their only child.

The father's face grew wrinkled and worn under the thick coat of tan, which the burning summer sun had placed upon it. The mother tried to keep bright and cheerful, for the sake of her husband whom, she knew, was ever longing for the strong invigorating support of his wandering boy. And she, too, wanted to keep bright and cheerful for the sake of that son who might return any day.

And so the years wore on, till the father's health gave out. For a year he lingered on, hoping against hope, to see his son before he died. His loving wife nursed him tenderly, and prayed more fervently than ever for Charley's return. But the worn-out life could wait no longer. Charley saw the last of that honest loving face, when he looked upon it at the little wicket gate on that summer morning in the long ago, when he turned his back upon the home of his

childhood and went forth as so many others go, to seek wealth and adventure. So the mother was left alone to wait and watch.

She never lost hope. Never forgot to dust Charley's room, nor never forgot how to cook his favorite dishes.

She still thought of him as a boy, and could often gaze at herself in the mirror and worry about the gray hairs and wrinkles which would come, fearing that Charley would think her changed, and not love her as he used.

One night she was sitting in the twilight with folded hands, thinking of her boy, when she heard a low knock at the door. Upon opening it she saw a rough-looking man on the steps.

"Madam," he said, "I am come with messages from your son. I am a friend of his. We have travelled home together. He told me all about you, and he asked me to come on ahead and tell you of his life, begging for forgiveness in his behalf. My story will be a shocking one, I fear, to your ears."

The stranger took the proffered seat, and told the mother a dark tale of wickedness. Her boy had been a wanderer, almost an outlaw, and one time while in camp with a band of rough men, he had been chided for wearing a locket, and upon the suggestion of one of the roughs, they endeavored to find out whose face was in it. In the struggle Charley dealt one of the men a death-blow, and fled for his life. He worked his passage back to America again, but could not think of going to that peaceful home with murder on his hands, and a life of crime to confess. He hired with a farmer not many miles from his old home, and one day a traveller stopped to rest, and while at dinner told the story of Charley's parents. They had toiled and waited for him, and at length his father died and his mother was left alone; never losing hope of her boy's return. Charley could stand this no longer. That very night he left for home, and yet when he got almost there he hesitated—would his mother shudder at the story, which he must tell? How could he bear to see the loving light die out of her face, and a look of horror replace it? He sent this friend to tell her, to lay bare the dark and sinful past, and report to him what his mother would say.

The stranger, who had never taken his eyes from the old lady's face, paused. His tale was done.

For several moments there was silence, and then mother-love conquered. The clouds on that patient face cleared away. She looked up with an eager light in her eyes, and said:

"Stranger, I thank you. Tell my boy to come to me. I am his mother, and he

did not mean to be sinful. Tell him to hasten, stranger. I am waiting."

As she thus spoke the stranger seemed to grow years younger, and rising he held out his arms to her, saying:

"Mother, how could I have doubted?"

Upside Down.

MANY boys and girls who read this page are learning French, German, or some other foreign tongue, and have doubtless often been puzzled by the different methods of constructing sentences, and the various cases in these languages. How important a correct understanding of these rules is may be learnt from the following story told in *Harper's Magazine*:

An American Minister to Spain was bidden to a State ceremonial, where he was to be presented to the King. His knowledge of the languages was limited to English and French, but, being desirous of addressing the sovereign in his own tongue, he took pains to "coach" for the occasion. Several phrases were rehearsed until he felt that he had mastered them. When the critical moment arrived, he saluted the King with great dignity, spoke a few words in Spanish and passed on.

"What did you say?" asked an English gentleman.

"I spoke in Spanish," was the rejoinder, "I said, 'I cast myself at your feet,' which, I am told, is the most respectful form of salutation."

"Ah, no," corrected a Spaniard, who had been observed to smile at the Ambassador's greeting. "You are mistaken: you transposed your words, and quite altered the meaning."

"What did I say?" asked the diplomat.

With a twinkle in his eye, the Spaniard made answer: "What you really said was, 'I throw my heels at your head.'"

But the king had not betrayed, by so much as the fluttering of an eyelid that anything unusual had occurred.

Polly's Tantrum.

POLLY was a pretty, green parrot with red wings and yellow head. Susie was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and dainty aprons, that were very clean, when she had not been making mud pies.

Polly had come to Susie's house while her mistress was away on a visit. Susie thought Polly very funny, she could do so many things. She would laugh in a man's voice and then in a woman's voice, cry like a baby, whistle, scream out, "Polly wants a biscuit! Polly wants a cup of tea!" and do so many things that Susie never tired of watching her.

In most ways Susie was a pretty good little girl, but in one way she was very bad indeed. When people did things which did not please her, she would throw herself down on the floor and kick and scream and behave like a little wild beast, instead of a nice little girl. Her mother was very much mortified to have her little daughter act so badly, but she had not been able to stop it.

For three weeks after Polly came, Susie was very good indeed, and her mother was beginning to feel quite encouraged.

Then a bad week began, and nearly every day Susie had a tantrum. Polly watched her from her cage, with her pretty yellow head thrust far out from the bars.

One afternoon Susie had gone home with her aunt, and Susie's mother sat sewing. The house was very still. Suddenly there was a tremendous scream from Polly's cage—scream after scream. Susie's mother thought surely the parrot was being killed. She rushed into the dining-room. There, on her back, in the bottom of the cage, lay Polly, kicking and screaming and behaving just as Susie did in one of her tantrums. When she saw Mrs. Benton, she screamed harder than ever. Then she laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Benton was very much ashamed, and covered the cage with a black cloth. Then Polly kept still, but she had another tantrum the next day and the next. She seemed to think it was very funny. But Susie and her mother did not think it funny at all.

"Do I act like that, mamma?" said Susie, with a very red face, and Mrs. Benton had to say "Yes." Then, for the first time, it came into the little girl's mind what a shameful way it was to behave, and she really resolved to be good. Now, when she feels the tantrum coming, she makes haste to drive it away, for, she says, "Polly is littler than I, and I mustn't teach her bad things."

And so Polly's bad behaviour did a great deal of good.—*Bertha E. Bush.*

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

More Nonsense Rhymes.

JIM AND NED.

Come, Ned, let's mount yon ocean wave
And comb his flowing mane;
What fun 'twill be for you and me
The wild sea-steed to chain.
They mounted him at ebb of tide,
But ne'er came back again.

SEQUAL TO ABOVE.

A diver in the deep blue sea
Sought pearls upon its bed;
And in his hand, when he came to land,
Were the eyes of Jim and Ned.
He gazed a while in sore dismay,
Then dashed them down and fled.

WILLIE AND THE WATER LILY.

A water-lily on a pond
Lay basking in the light;
Its green leaves lay like an emerald way,
Hiding the pond from sight.
Willie, oft warned, would not be turned;—
His grave is on yon height.

THE BOTTLE.

Keep clear, keep clear, my Johnnie, dear,
O that foul fiend the bottle;
In chains he'll bind your heart and mind,
And all your bright hopes throttle.
I'll break his neck, my mother dear,
And drink his blood, so do not fear.

So Johnnie broke the bottle's neck,
And drank his blood with gusto,—
And drank again, each drop to drain;
Yes, drank until he bust O.
The serpent's spawn was in the bottle;—
The serpent's spawn did Johnnie throttle.

Talks With Young Men

... BY ...
J. S. ROBERTSON.

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
There's a spirit of love and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

THESE lines are said to have been written on a church door, where barrels of liquor were stored in the basement fifty years ago. I am moved, with the holiday season approaching to say a word to young men touching the social glass, that will obtrude itself in many ways before them at this season. Quite aside from the moral aspect of the question we may appeal to young men on the most common-sense basis to leave the wine cup alone at all times. Within a little more than a month it will be remembered that the Hon. John Sherman, a prominent statesman and financier, of the neighboring Republic, passed away at a good old age. It appears that ten years ago, when Mr. Sherman was Secretary of State, a young man, the son of one of Sherman's school mates, wrote to him for assistance. He said he had fallen so low in life that there was no place for him but the gutter; that existence had become a burden and that he wanted to die. Mr. Sherman wrote him a kindly and sensible letter, which only since the death of this statesman has been made public. It is full of good suggestions, but I was struck with the force and vigor of the following sentence touching the use of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Sherman said: "Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse that wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world combined." I may just stop here, leaving this one sentence to leave its impress on the minds of my young readers, and fortify them to withstand the temptations that in redoubled force will show themselves at the festive holiday season. Close the old century right, young friends, so far as this liquor question is concerned. Open the new century equally right, determined never to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing.

A DEPARTMENT in some newspapers is one that is given over to somebody who is sometimes styled a free lance—or in a word, to the cynical writer of the staff. Perhaps almost everyone takes a degree of enjoyment out of the words, written or spoken, of the men who can throw into them a measure of cynicism or sarcasm. They are words that bite, and used against some known evil they may have their purpose. But my observation is that the part of the cynic is always a dangerous part to play. I think at this moment of a well-known Canadian citizen, large of heart, and brilliant of brain, but whose influence has ever been greatly marred because of this habit of bitter sarcastic writing and speaking, no matter what the subject. One can understand how the cynic would impress a man of the kindly and generous impulses of that writer of beautiful English, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and will not consider his words in his book, "An Inland Voyage," one whit too strong: "I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless perhaps the two were the same thing." It is a practice that is almost sure to be abused, and is more frequently exercised to do injury to the right than to pull down the wrong. Under the cloak of the Cynic or the Sneer, untold injury has been done to many a good man and many a good cause. Henry Ward Beecher has described the cynic in these terms: "The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl mousing

for vermin and never seeing noble game." To the young men who are aspiring to make their influence felt, either in the quiet contact with their fellow men, through the printed page, or on the public platform, for my part I would take sides with Stevenson and Beecher, and discourage the role of the cynic.

Wentworth Historical Society.

THIS Pioneer Society held its opening meeting (by kind permission of the Parks Commission) in historic Dundurn Castle. Some seventy members assembled in the magnificent old drawing room, with its heavy walnut furnishings, to listen to a most instructive paper by Miss Janet Carnochan, President Niagara Historical Society, on "The Early Gravestones of our Country." Notwithstanding the seeming gravity of the subject, there was much to interest, and at times amuse, in these early tributes to departed worth. Mr. Charlton voiced the thanks of the meeting to Miss Carnochan for her valuable paper.

Mrs. Fessenden read some extracts from the Hamilton Spectator of December 2nd, 1846. Among the items was "The Keeping of St. Andrew's Day." The sermon was preached in St. Andrew's church by Rev. Mr. McKidd. The dinner presided over by John Young, supported on the right by Dr. Dickenson of St. George's Society, Sir Allan McNabb and Mr. McKidd, on the left Mr. McCurdy, St. Patrick's Society, Hon. Adam Ferguson, Mr. Sheriff Thomas. It was remarked that both the weather and the roads were in splendid condition, and "the Sons of St. George and St. Patrick were not a whit behind those of St. Andrew in respectability, numbers, or enthusiasm." This old print also contained a welcome home to Sir Allan McNabb by "Harriett Annie," which sounded strangely sad at this time and occasion.

At the conclusion, the members strolled through the house and grounds, and all expressing the desire that the old place, fraught with so many memories of early days, should remain intact.

The second regular meeting of the Society, by kind invitation of the President, was held at the residence of F. W. Fearman, Esq., who kindly placed his valuable collection of curios, books, valuable papers, and photographs on view. A pleasant evening was spent inspecting these and listening to a couple of five-minute papers, one by Mr. Justice Griffin on "The Rebellion of 1837," the other by Mrs. Fessenden, "A Lost Art in the Victorian Era." Light refreshments were then served, and a most delightful evening closed by singing the National Anthem.

A Womanly Woman.

It does not require a very great amount of money, nor a brain brimful of wisdom to make a woman attractive, far from it; but it does require care and energy, and also a little self-denial.

"A woman's hair is her glory," and it is every woman's duty to look well after this "glory." She should keep it always clean, first of all. A thorough bath with brisk rubbing of the scalp twice a month is not too often, and it will keep the hair soft and bright. Many advocate vigorous brushing, but in my own case, as in many others, brushing has made the hair fall out. Used in moderation the brush is not injurious. Vaseline is cleansing, and should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair the night before the intended bath. A good plain soap should be used, and the hair well rinsed.

Now that we have disposed of the hair, we will turn our attention next to the teeth, and here the brush cannot be used too vigorously. After every meal, before breakfast, and before retiring, the teeth

should be well washed, brushing them always up and down, and not across. Once a day a simple dentifrice may be used, although soap and water ought to keep the teeth pure. Dental floss is much more necessary than any powder. After each meal use the floss carefully between all the teeth. It does more towards keeping the teeth sound and the mouth wholesome than the brush. A call on the dentist at least four times a year is advisable. My young woman must next look to her finger-nails. These are indeed a great factor in a lady's make-up. A good stiff nail-brush, with plenty of soap and warm water, are the first necessities. Never use a sharp instrument of any kind under the nails, as it makes the inside of the nails rough and in a good condition to catch all the dust going. A narrow rim of white above the quick is much prettier and neater than an exaggerated length. Keep the cuticle well pushed down, having a crescent of white at the base of each nail. If the nails are inclined to be stubby, trim them with a slight point, and in all cases keep the corners well filed down. Rub briskly with vasoline occasionally, to keep them from becoming brittle.

Carriage and figure are two things which we ourselves control to a great extent. Hold the shoulders well back and down, with chest well expanded, and let the weight of the body fall on the balls of the feet. Now, please, do not begin to think you cannot do all these things. I said you must be energetic and self-denying, and you will have your reward, I assure you. You must guard against having the waist longer in the back than in the front; do not allow your skirts to sag at the back, and have them cut a shade longer in front than in the back. Practise a moderately long step in walking and keep head well up, but not too high, for my girl must not look bold. The arms should move freely, but do not swing them. I said above that money is not necessary to make an attractive woman. Very often a moderate income produces a much more lady-like looking person than a large one. But the woman with a slim purse must have a care; she must keep to the subdued shades of grey, black, navy blue and brown. She must never buy cheap things. Better wear a dress neatly mended and wait till you have saved up enough to buy a good one. It is the same with boots. Good boots, with proper care, should last almost two years. The woman I have been trying to present I hope stands clearly before your mind's eye—a well-kept, neat and sensible-looking woman, attracting no rude gaze or causing no unkind pleasantries from thoughtless street loafers. Is she not an improvement on the many cheaply gotten up women we meet every day, with frizzled hair and untidy, conspicuous clothing, and a general idea of carelessness pervading their personalities? If you think so, and like this woman of mine, you will hear more of her later on. I should like to tell you of her office and street manners, and various other things about her which I admire.

F. B. C.

HOLLY SUPERSTITIONS.

Old English Legends in Connection With the Tree.

Many are the legends and superstitions connected with the holly. Old authors write of the tree as the bulwer and the holm, while in our old ballads it is nearly always the hollin tree. It is as the holm that Spenser includes it among the trees that grew in the forest where Una and her gentle knight sought "covert." Colca, in his quaint "Heroic," tells us that the smaller branches of the holly may be used in

Nov. 22nd, 1900

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decorating houses and churches, and that those of a larger size are "very necessary for carter's to make whips and for riding rods," and "which may seem a little strange," to the reader who knows no better, "one of his friends had a holly tree growing in his orchard of that bigness that, being cut down, he caused it to be sawed out in boards, and made himself a coffin."

In some parts of Yorkshire, curiously enough, to this day it is believed that if more ivy than holly is used in the Christmas decorations the wife will "wear the breeches" for the ensuing year. An old farmer was once seen pulling down the ivy with which the kitchen was decorated. "I'll ha' uoan o' this," he whispered to his squire. In Yorkshire, too, they have the beautiful superstition that Christmas is the one feast of the year in which the fairies may rejoice; they may hear the holy name without having to flee and hide and they have been heard to join in the carols. Once a little elf child, we are told, was forgotten by some mischance, and was heard weeping and wailing up and down the house, though none saw him till Whitsuntide. Speaking of this to an old woman in Devonshire, she assured us that the fairies had left the child "of purpose." If any one had had wit to sprinkle (christen) him, he never would have gone back to his people, but would become a Christian child.

The holly used for decorations, both in church and house, should be taken down on Candlemas eve, or misfortune will come on parish or people. In taking down holly in some parts of England it is thought unlucky to prick the finger if blood comes, but if a leaf stick to dress or coat it is a good omen. In old days a branch of holly picked on Christmas eve was as efficacious as the rowan, or mountain ash, in protecting from witches and warlocks or evil spells. A twig, brought from church, might be kept, like the Eastern palm, for the same purpose. Your cattle, too, will thrive, and your sheep and goats bring forth twins if you fasten up a bit of holly in stall or manger or fold, that God's creatures may rejoice with man on the anniversary of his birth.—Monthly Packet.

HARRIET ANN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

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I was 12 years old three weeks before that Christmas, but I was small for my age and looked no more than 10. There were four of us. I was the eldest. Then there were a girl of 10, one of 8½ and a boy of 7. In October we had moved to the house on the shore of Lonesome lake, which was very lonesome indeed. It was a solitary little sheet of water on the top of a hill, almost a mountain. There were no neighbors nearer than a mile. Father had moved to this farm on Lonesome lake because his father had died that fall, and the property had to be divided between him and his brother, Uncle William. Uncle William was not married, though he was older than father, and he and father and grandfather had always lived together and worked the home farm, sharing the profit.

After grandfather's death father and Uncle William had some difference. I never knew what it was about. One night after I had gone to bed I heard them talking loud, and the next morning father and Uncle William looked very sober at breakfast, and mother had been crying. That afternoon she told us that we were going to move because the property was to be divided, and we were to have the farm on Lonesome lake, near Lebanon. Lebanon is a little village about ten miles from Wareville, where we were living then. Mother said she was sorry to go away because she had lived there so long, and she was afraid she would be pretty lonesome in the new home, but she said we must make the best of it. Uncle William was the eldest son and had a right to the first choice of the property, and of course since he was a bachelor it would be very hard for him to go to live at Lonesome lake.

We children rather liked the idea of moving and began packing at once. Flory and Janey had their dolls and their wardrobes all packed within an hour. Flory was the sister next to me, and I thought her rather old to play with dolls. I had given up dolls long before I was as old as she.

Two weeks after grandfather died we were all moved and nearly settled in our new home. There had been no one living in the house for several years, except when father and Uncle William went up there every year in haying time to cut and make hay. Everything seemed pretty damp and dismal at first, but when we got our furniture set up and the fires started it looked more cheerful. The house was large, with two front rooms looking on the lake, which was only about 20 feet distant. One of these rooms was our sitting room; the other was our parlor. Back of these rooms was a very large one, which was our kitchen and dining room. There were a dark bedroom in the middle of the house, a bedroom out of the kitchen, one where

father and mother slept, out of the sitting room, and four chambers.

Thanksgiving came about a week after we had moved, and we had a rather forlorn day. We all missed grandfather and Uncle William. I am sure mother cried a little before we sat down to the table, and father looked sober.

When Thanksgiving was over, we began to think about Christmas. Mother had promised us a Christmas tree. The year before we had all had the measles and been disappointed about going to the tree at the Sunday school, and mother had said, "Next year you shall have a tree of your own if nothing happens." Of course something had happened. Poor grandfather had died, and we had moved, and we wondered if that would put a stop to the tree. Mother looked a little troubled at first when we spoke of it. Then she said if we would not be disappointed if we did not have many presents and the tree did not have much on it except popcorn and apples she would see what she could do.

Then we children began to be full of little secrecies. Mysterious bits of wool and silk and colored paper and cardboard were scattered about the house, and we were always shutting doors and jumping and hiding things when a door was opened. Each of us was making something for father and mother, even Charles Henry. He was working a worsted motto, "God Bless Our Home." Then, of course, we were all making presents for one another.

It was a week and one day before Christmas. We had our presents almost done, and mother had promised to take two of us the very next day and go down to the village to do some shopping—we had been saving money all the year for some boughten presents—when the news about Uncle William came. A man rode over from Wareville quite late at night and brought word that Uncle William was dangerously sick and father and mother must come at once if they wanted to see him alive. Mother said there was nothing for it but they must go. She said if they had not come away just as they had, with hard words between father and Uncle William, she would have let father go alone and staid with us children; but, as it was, she felt that she must go too. She and father, though I can understand now that they felt anxious while trying to conceal it from us, did not think there was any real danger in our staying alone. They reasoned that nobody except the people in the village would know we were alone, and there was not probably one ill disposed person there, certainly not one who would do us harm. Then, too, it was winter, and we were off the main traveled road, and tramps seemed very improbable. We had enough provisions

in the house to last us for weeks, and there was a great stock of firewood in the shed. Luckily the barn was connected with the house, so I did not have to go out of doors to milk—it was fortunate that I knew how—and we had only one cow.

Mother staid up all that night and baked, and father split up kindling wood and got everything ready to leave. They started early next morning, repeating all their instructions over and over. We felt pretty lonesome when they had gone, I especially, not only because I was the eldest and felt a responsibility for the rest, but because father had given me a particular charge. I was the only one who knew that there was \$583, some money which father had from the sale of a wood lot in Wareville a month after we had moved and had kept in the house ever since, locked up in the secret drawer in the chest in the dark bedroom.

Father had been intending to drive over to Wilton, where there was a bank, and deposit the money, but had put it off from one week to another, and now Wilton was too far out of his way for him to go there before going to see poor Uncle William.

Father called me into the parlor the morning they started, told me about the money and charged me to say nothing concerning it to the others. "It is always best when there is money to be taken care of to keep your own counsel," said father. He showed me the secret drawer in the chest in the dark bedroom, the existence of which I had never suspected before, though I was 12 years old, and he taught me how to open and shut it. If the house caught fire, I was to get the children out first, then go straight to the secret drawer and give the money. If there had been no possibility of fire, I doubt if father would have told me about the money at all, and I would have been saved a great deal of worry.

The money was on my mind constantly after father and mother were gone. I kept thinking, "Suppose anything should happen to that money while I have the charge of it." I knew what a serious matter it would be, because father had not much money and was saving this to buy cows in the spring, when he expected to open a milk route. I was all the time planning what I should do in case the house caught fire and in case the robbers came. The first night after father and mother went I did not sleep much, though the others did. We three girls slept in one room, with Charley in a little one out of it, and we were all locked in.

The next night I slept a little better and did not feel so much afraid, and the next day Samuel J. Wetherhed came, and we all felt perfectly safe after that. He came about 10 o'clock in the morning and knocked on the south door, and we all jumped. I don't suppose anybody had knocked on that door three times since we had lived there. It was such a lonesome place. We were scared and did not dare to go to the door, but when he knocked the second time I mustered up enough courage. I told Flory, who was as large as I and stronger, to take the carving knife, hide it under her apron and stand behind me. Of course I thought at once of the money and that this might be a robber. Then I opened the door a crack and peeped out. The minute I saw the man who stood there I did not feel afraid at all, and Flory said afterward that she felt awful ashamed of the carving knife and

afraid that he might see it and be hurt in his feelings.

He stood there, smiling with such a pleasant smile. He did not look very old, not near as old as father, and he was quite well dressed. He was very good looking, and that, with his pleasant smile, won our hearts at once. He more than smiled—he fairly laughed in such a good natured way when he saw how we were all peeping, for the younger children were behind Flory, and I found afterward that Charley, who had great notions of being smart and brave, though he was so little, because he was a boy, had the poker, shaking it at the stranger. The man laughed and said in such a pleasant voice, pleasanter than his smile even: "Now, don't you be scared, children. I am Samuel J. Wetherhed."

The man said that as if it settled everything, and we all felt that it did, though we had never heard of Samuel J. Wetherhed, in our lives. We felt that we ought to know all about him, and Janey said that night that she was sure she had seen his name in The Missionary Herald, and he must be a deacon who gave a great deal to missions.

Samuel J. Wetherhed went on to tell us more about himself, though I am sure we should have been satisfied with the name. "I have a married sister who lives in Wareville. She married a man of the name of Stackpole," said he, and we all nodded wisely at that and felt that it was an introduction. We knew Mr. Stackpole. He was the man to whom father had sold his woodland. "I went to visit my sister last week," said the man. "I haven't got any settled work. Yesterday my sister's husband saw your father, and he told him how he had left you all alone up here and felt sort of worried, and I thought as long as I was just loafing around and no use to anybody I might just as well come up here and look after you a little and stay till your folks got back and look out there didn't any wolves or robbers or anything get you." The man laughed again in such a pleasant, merry way when he said that, and then he went on to tell us that his sister's husband said Uncle William was better and the doctor thought he would get well, but he guessed father and mother would have to stay there for awhile. We asked the man in, and he made himself at home at once.

It seemed to me I had never seen a man so very kind as he was, and he was so quick to see things that needed to be done. He went out of his own accord and drew a pail of water, and he brought in wood for the sitting room fire. We children all agreed when we went up stairs to bed that night that there never was a man so good, except father. We had told him our plans for Christmas, and he was so much interested. He said of course we could have a tree. He would cut a fine tree, and if Uncle William was not well enough for father and mother to leave him on Christmas day he would go to Wareville himself and stay with Uncle William, so they could come home. He said, too, that he could go down to the village on foot, and if we would make out a list of the things we wanted he would go down and buy them for us. He went the very next day. We gave him all our money, and he brought back everything we wanted. We decided to make him some presents, too, and I began a little wash leather money bag, like the one I had made for father. Flory made a pewwiper and

Janey a worsted bookmark.

Samuel J. Wetherbed cut a beautiful tree for us, taking us all into the woods to pick it out. Then he set it up in the parlor so firmly that it did not shake. He rigged some sockets for candles and helped us string popcorn for decorations and make candy bags. He could sew as well as mother. Samuel J. Wetherbed was the most industrious man I ever saw. He was not idle a minute. He milked and did all the barn chores, he made the fires and drew water and swept the floors and washed the milk pails for me, and all his spare time he was at work upon our Christmas preparations as busily as we were. He found some boards and tools of father's and made some wonderful things with them. There was a nice box, which he showed us how to line with flannel, for mother to keep knives and forks in, a little boat for Charley and a number of other things.

I felt much easier in my mind about the money after Samuel J. Wetherbed came.

We had given Samuel the bedroom out of the kitchen to sleep in. He said he would rather have that, because it was so handy for him to build the fire in the morning, and I did not have the first suspicion that anything was wrong until the night of the day but one before Christmas. I had been sleeping well since Samuel came, through feeling so safe, though I had, as I afterward remembered, often started awake, because I thought I heard a noise, but that night I did not go to sleep as soon as usual. I was very much excited thinking about Christmas and father and mother coming home. Samuel had gone down to the village that morning and got a letter for me from mother in which she said that they were coming home Christmas morning, since Uncle William was well enough to be left. We were all delighted, the more so because we thought that now Samuel could stay and have our Christmas tree with us. He laughed and thanked us when we said so, but in a moment afterward I noticed that he looked very sober, even sad. Well, thinking over everything made me very wide awake, and I guess it must have been as late as 11 o'clock when I was sure I heard somebody down stairs in the sitting room, which was directly under our room. I thought at once that it might be a robber and perhaps I ought to speak to Samuel in case he should not hear the noise. I waited till I heard the noise again very plain and was sure that I knew where it was—some one trying to open the door of the dark bedroom, which stuck and had to be forced down before pulling. The children did not awake, and I made up my mind that I would not speak to them and get them scared to death. I thought that I would go down stairs very softly, steal past the sitting room door and go through the other way to the kitchen and wake up Samuel.

I got up and put on my dress. Then I went down stairs, and I don't believe I made any more noise than a cat. I saw a faint light shining from the dark bedroom, and I knew I had not been mistaken. Then all of a sudden I thought that father and mother might have come home and father be looking to see if the money was safe. I thought I would make sure before I called Samuel.

I went into the sitting room and crept across to the dark bedroom, keeping close to the wall. I peeked in, and there was Samuel rummaging in the

chest where the money was. Then I knew that, however good Samuel might be in other ways, he would take things. It was an awful shock. I wonder why I did not scream and run, but I kept still. I went back up stairs and locked myself into the chamber and sat down on the edge of the bed to think. It did not seem to me that it was of any use for me to stay down stairs and watch Samuel. I did not think he could find out the secret drawer without any help. I could not stop his taking the money if he was determined. Then, too, I reasoned that

children began to cry.

"Now, don't you cry," said Samuel. "I'll go this minute and cut another tree."

So Samuel started off and Charley with him, and then I made Flory and Janey go up stairs. "You two have just got to go up stairs and stay there while I fix a surprise," said I. Surprises were a favorite amusement with us children. Flory and Janey laughed and ran off up stairs in a minute.

I set some molasses on to boil. Then I got the money out of the secret drawer and made six little parcels of it, roll-

came to the foot of the stairs and called me.

I went to my door. My heart was beating so hard it seemed to choke me. "What do you want?" I made out to say as softly as I could, so as not to wake the children.

"Come down here a minute," said Samuel, and I went down to the sitting room. "I want to ask you a question," said Samuel. He tried to smile, but he was very pale and looked as if he was as frightened as I was. I trembled so I could scarcely stand. I was so afraid he would ask me right out.



I PEEKED IN, AND THERE WAS SAMUEL RUMMAGING IN THE CHEST.

If he did not find it that night there would be time enough for me to hide it tomorrow, and father and mother were coming home next day.

I did not sleep any that night. I took off my dress and lay down. Before daybreak I had my plans all made. I tried to treat Samuel just as usual when I saw him in the morning, and I guess I did. After breakfast I carried a picher of water into the parlor as if I were going to water the plants. Then I lighted a match and touched it to one of the candles on the Christmas tree to make it appear as if I had only wanted to see how it would look, and then I touched it to the tree, and it blazed up. I waited until I dared wait no longer, and then I dashed on the water and screamed fire at the top of my lungs. They all came running in, Samuel first. He rushed for more water, and the fire was out in a minute, but the tree was badly singed, and the

children as guilty as I could and wrapped in letter paper. Then as soon as the molasses was boiled I made popcorn balls. Luckily I had enough corn popped. When I called the girls down stairs, I had two plates of corn balls. The balls in one were of extra size, with strings attached all ready to hang on the tree, and in six of them were hidden the little rolls of money. The balls in the other plate were smaller, and those were to be eaten at once.

When Samuel and Charley came home, I gave them some of the little corn balls, and when Samuel had set up the tree I hung on the others. Then I thought the money was safe, but I wondered all the time what I should do if Samuel should come to me and ask me right out where the money was, for I did not want to tell a lie.

That night we all went up stairs as usual, but I did not go to sleep. It was not very late when I heard Samuel moving about below, and presently he

"Where is the money?" but he did not.

"I only want to ask if your father left some money in the house when he went away," said he, looking away from me as if he were ashamed.

"Yes, he did," said I. I had to or tell a lie.

"Well," said Samuel in a queer, shaking voice, "I would like to borrow that money for a little while. I need some money right away, and as long as your father ain't using it"—

"I would rather you waited and asked father," I said. "I don't think father would like it if I lent his money."

"I will make it right with your father," said Samuel. "Did your father tell you where the money was?"

"Yes, he did," I answered. I had to or tell a lie. I trembled for the next question.

"Where did he tell you it was?" asked Samuel.

"In the chest in the dark bedroom," said I. That was the truth, and it did no harm.

"Whereabouts in the chest?"

"In the secret drawer."

"Oh! So there's a secret drawer. Did your father tell you how to open it?"

I said he did.

"Well, you just come in here and show me how to open it," said Samuel.

I went with Samuel into the dark bedroom and showed him how to open the drawer. I could see nothing else to do. I stood back while he opened it. I wondered if it would be wrong for me to cry out as if I were astonished when he discovered that the money was gone. Then all of a sudden I heard a

sound that made my heart jump with joy. I heard sleighbells and then father's voice shouting to the horse. "Father has come," said I.

Samuel made one leap and was gone, rushing through the kitchen and out the back door.

I ran and unbolted the south door, and there were father and mother, come home sooner than I expected. When I saw their faces, I just broke down and sobbed and sobbed and told them all about it in such queer snatches that they thought at first I was out of my mind. Father said afterward that he never heard such a jumble of popcorn balls and secret drawers and Samuels. When father fairly understood what had happened, he lighted the lantern and searched out in the barn and the sheds to be sure that Samuel was not lurking about the premises, but he did not find him. Father said he knew the man; that he belonged to a good family, but had been sort of shiftless and unlucky.

When we were all settled down again for the night and I felt so safe and happy with father and mother at home, I could not help feeling troubled about poor Samuel out in the storm. I hoped he would not die of cold and be found dead when the snow melted in the spring. There was quite a severe snowstorm. That was the reason why father and mother had reached home so late. They had been obliged to drive slowly on account of the gathering snow.

We were just sitting down to our Christmas dinner next day when we all stopped and listened. Then the sound came again, and we were sure that somebody was out in the storm calling faintly for help.

"It is the man!" said mother. "Do go quick as you can." Mother had been worrying about Samuel all day. She said she did not want him to perish if he had tried to wrong us, and father had been all around the farm looking for him. He thought, however, that he had gone down to the village the night before.

We opened the door, and we could hear the calls for help quite plainly. Father pulled on his big boots and started out. The storm was very thick. Soon we could not see father, but we could hear his shouts and the faint cries in response, and then we saw father coming back half carrying Samuel J. Wetherhed.

Samuel was pretty well exhausted, besides being frightened and ashamed when he saw where he was, back in the house of the man he had tried to rob. He tried to stop on the threshold of the outer door, spent as he was. "I guess you—don't—know," he began, but father interrupted him. "Come along in!" cried father in a hearty way that he has. "You have been good to my children, and as long as you didn't do what you set out to there's no use talking about it."

Samuel was pretty well exhausted. He had spent the night in an old barn on the other side of the mountain and had been floundering about in circles all day, trying to find the road. However, he was able to eat some Christmas dinner with us, though he hesitated about that, as he had done about entering the door, and all of a sudden he dropped his knife and fork, bent his head down over his plate, and we saw that he was crying, though we tried to take no notice.

Samuel staid with us that night and was present at the Christmas tree, though he seemed very sober and dashed his hand across his eyes a good

many times when his name was called out and he got his little presents.

The next day the storm had stopped, and father put the horse in the sleigh and took Samuel down to Lebanon to take the train. We never saw him again after he had shaken hands with us all and thanked mother in a voice that trembled so that he could scarcely speak and father had driven him off to the sleigh.

That day we girls pulled the corn balls to pieces and found the bills inside, not sticky at all. The next day father took the money to the bank, though he said he didn't know but corn balls were safer, since robbers knew that money was in banks, but he didn't think they had any suspicion of its being in corn balls.

We spent the next Christmas in our old home in Wareville, for father and Uncle William had made up and we had gone back there to live. We had a tree, and the day before Christmas a great box came by express with a handsome present for each of us. There was no name sent with them, but we always knew as well as we wanted to, and father and mother thought so, too, that they had come from Samuel J. Wetherhed, who, we had heard, had settled out west and was doing very well.

The Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the
tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region
o' your heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you
don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a
friendly sort of way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with
its honey an' it's gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a
good world, after all,
An' a good God must have made it—least-
ways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Tricks for the Tongue.

Try to read the following sentences aloud and quickly, repeating the shorter ones half a dozen times in succession:

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
The sea ceaseth but it sufficeth us.
Give Grimus Jim's gilt gig whip.
Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tealbury.

Strick, strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop, welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

CHARITY itself changes its character when it becomes the subserviency of wrong; it is right to rampant wrong.

THE ORDEAL BY GIFTS

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY PETER M'ARTHUR.

(Copyright, 1900, by P. McArthur.)



BECAUSE Jean was born on Christmas day no one was surprised at her many little peculiarities. She certainly was "not like other girls," and, although it may seem like making too great a concession to the superstitious, it must be admitted that her most

striking peculiarities were due to this accident of birth. Of course it had nothing to do with her unlikeness to other girls in being more beautiful than any of them, but it certainly was the cause of a strange moroseness that seemed to overwhelm her every year when her birthday came around. It was first noticed when she was a child, and wise people said she would outgrow it, but they were mistaken. Every year her birthday brought a period of discontent, and because of a strain of Scotch reticence in her nature she would not explain what was weighing on her mind. It is true that as she grew older she changed somewhat, but it was in a way that made this peculiarity more marked. When she was old enough to have admirers, it was noticed that she almost invariably broke off with them at Christmas, and when asked to explain her conduct she quoted from an ancient ballad she had read at the seminary:

Who on Christ his day is borne
Shall rede aright both love and scorn

"Because I was born on Christmas," she used to say, "I have a power to know which of my friends are true and which are false, but if I explain this power to any one I shall lose it."

Of course this sounded very absurd in the last years of the nineteenth century, but it was finally demonstrated that her power had a thoroughly reasonable foundation. But it compelled her to weed down her friends and admirers to a pitifully small group and might have destroyed her life's happiness when the real Prince Charming came to woo but for the fact that Cupid always looks after his own.

From the time she was 17 till she was 22 Jean dismissed from one to a dozen admirers every Christmas without explanation, and people were beginning to believe that she was doomed to die an old maid. In the November of her twentieth year she became engaged to an attractive young man, and some thought the spell was broken, but she dismissed him so contumeliously at Christmas and with such outspoken scorn that it became a saying among her friends that she would never get married until a young man appeared who could hold her fancy through the Christmas season. She admitted the truth of this statement and continued to wait the coming of the right man.

When Harry Finlay came to the town to act as cashier in the local bank, he immediately struck up a warm friendship with the beautiful but decidedly peculiar girl. Well meaning friends warned him of her Christmas habits, but in his eyes the touch of mystery only added to her charm. He paid court to her ardently and with such success that toward the end of autumn she consented to be his wife. But when he asked that she wait for a year until he received an expected promotion to the position of manager she showed signs of uneasiness, and when, in addition, he asked her to be patient with him until he could afford to get her such an engagement ring as he thought should be placed on her finger she was almost moved to tears, but would not explain why. The truth was that she reciprocated his love so warmly that she would gladly have married him out of hand and avoided the

Christmas test, but now he was laying himself open to it. Indeed he was approaching it with even worse prospects than any of his predecessors. Harry suspected the cause of her uneasiness



WELL MEANING FRIENDS WARNED HIM OF HER CHRISTMAS HABITS.

and asked her to explain, but much as she would have liked to warn him of the snare into which all her previous admirers had fallen she could not do so, for she had registered a vow to keep her secret. She did promise, however, that if he escaped the danger she would explain everything to him after Christmas.

"If you love me truly and are the noble, generous soul I believe you to be, there is no danger," she said to him.

"I am not so sure of my nobility and generosity," he said, "but I am very sure that I love you, and I will walk as circumspectly as I can."

As the Christmas season came around Jean's anxiety increased; but, like the healthy, big hearted soul he was, Harry practically dismissed the whole matter from his mind and went his way as if he were not undergoing a test on which his whole future happiness depended.

As the little jeweler in the town did not have a very large assortment of presents Harry found it difficult to select a suitable one for Jean. He wanted to give her something out of the common run, but as he felt that in view of the necessity for saving money toward housekeeping he must not spend more than \$10 his diffi-



"WELL, I CALL IT A SKIN GAME."

culty was greatly increased. In order to help him out the jeweler gave him an illustrated catalogue and told him to select the design he wanted and he would send to the city for it. Harry acted on the suggestion and worked over that catalogue for almost a week. He marked at least 20 designs of pins, brooches, bracelets and such trinkets before he decided on a brooch that took his fancy. He then took a rubber and erased the marks he had made before designs he had re-

jected and then sent back the catalogue by a messenger with a note saying, "Get me what I have marked."

On the day before Christmas the jeweler sent him a package and with it a bill for \$20. Harry expected a bill for only \$10, so he opened the parcel to find out if possible what was the cause of the extra charge. He then found that, besides the brooch, the jeweler had sent him a bracelet he had admired very much and which he at first thought of ordering. But he didn't order it, and, besides, not being able to afford it, he had no intention of being imposed upon in this way. Taking the jewels with him, he hurried to the dealer and asked him to explain.

"Why, I sent you only what you ordered," protested the jeweler.
"I ordered only the brooch," said Harry.

"Pardon me," said the jeweler. "You sent me word to order what you had marked, and I did. You marked both the brooch and the pin."

"Oh, no; I didn't," replied Harry. "I rubbed out all the marks I made except the one for the brooch."

Instead of pursuing the argument the jeweler went to his desk and brought out the marked catalogue. Sure enough, the two items were marked. He had evidently overlooked the mark before the bracelet when erasing the others.

"But I don't want the bracelet," he said.

"I can't help that," replied the jeweler. "You ordered it, and I simply filled your order."

"But you surely are not going to insist that I take it?"

"There is nothing else left for me to do. The mistake was your own, and I can't be expected to bear the loss. The jewel is a very pretty one, but I could not hope to sell it here within a year, and I must pay the New York house for it."

"Well, I call that a skin game," said Harry, losing his temper. The jeweler promptly lost his temper also, and they indulged in a rather undignified quarrel. Finally Harry paid the bill and exclaimed as he did so:

"If I live in this town 50 years, I'll never buy another thing here."

"Well, I'll not be losing my best customer," replied the jeweler, with a sneer.

When Harry reached his room, he took out the two jewels and looked at them. They were both very pretty and tasteful, but he felt that they were more than he could afford just then.

"Why," he said to himself, "I might as well have added \$30 more to the amount and bought her the engagement ring."

Having the jewels, he decided, of course, that he must give them both to Jean, even though she might think him extravagant in spending so much on them when he was saving up for their home. While thinking the matter over it suddenly occurred to him that he could make things look more reasonable if he sent the brooch as a Christmas present and the bracelet as a birthday gift. That would justify them both. Replacing the jewels in their boxes with appropriate cards, he took them to the postoffice and mailed them so that she would get them the first thing in the morning.

When he went to Jean's home to have his Christmas dinner with her, he found her radiantly happy. The gloom that he was told always oppressed her on Christmas was nowhere in evidence. Her greeting to him was more affectionate than it had ever been before, and he felt that, besides wishing him a merry Christmas, she was doing all in her power to make it so for him. When they were finally left alone in the parlor after dinner, she said she wanted to thank him again for his Christmas present and birthday gift. There is only one way for lovers to express such thanks, and after a furtive glance toward the doors and windows it was so expressed. After the customary pause of happy silence Jean whispered as she hid her face on his bosom:

"I felt sure all along that you would pass the test all right. You are so noble and so generous. I loved you so much that I wanted to tell you all about it, but if I did there would be no test. I know

it was silly, but, I vowed once that I would test all my friends this way, as well as any one who made love to me, and you know it has given me the reputation of being odd."

"But what is the test?" asked Harry in surprise, at the same time rejoicing that he had passed it successfully.

"Can't you guess? No, no; you could never guess, for you are too thoughtful and generous ever to think of doing anything else than what you did."

Harry puffed out his chest and felt good while he waited for her to proceed.

"You see, it is just like this: I was born on Christmas day, and superstitious people say that is what makes me different from every one else, but no one has ever guessed the real reason. All the other children had a birthday as well as Christmas every year, but I had to be satisfied with one day for both. Besides, I usually had to be satisfied with only one present. When I was a child, that used to make me feel cheated, and I brooded over it till I was morbidly sensitive on the point, but as I grew older it occurred to me that it gave me a chance to find out which of my friends were really thoughtful and cared for me very much. They were the ones who remembered my birthday and Christmas, just as you did, and the ones who beat me out of a present I just had very little more to do with. Of course it is not the presents I think so much about, but the thoughtfulness, though when I was younger the presents used to count too."

"And so that was what was at the bottom of all the endings of friendships that have happened with you every Christmas?"

"Yes."

"And was it because Tom Harland did not think to give you a Christmas present and birthday gift that you broke off the engagement with him?"

"Don't let us speak about that creature."

"But I want to speak about him. You have never explained why you broke off



"I VALUE THE THOUGHTFULNESS THAT PROMPTS THEM."

the engagement with him. Surely, if you loved him, you didn't break off just because he was one present short."

"I never loved him."

"But you were engaged to him."

"Yes, but I didn't know then what love means. Even if he had passed my foolish test I would still have parted from him, for I did not know my own mind when I consented to be engaged to him."

"But it was at Christmas you broke off with him. Wasn't that because of the test?"

"Well, yes, it was, but he failed in his requirements in a way that I had not previously dreamed possible. Why, that man actually brought me an engagement ring for Christmas, and it was to serve as an engagement ring, Christmas present and birthday gift all in one. That was beyond anything in the way of true economy that I had ever heard of, and it opened my eyes to the kind of man he was. But you must always remember, dear, that it is not the presents I value, but the thoughtfulness that prompts them."

As Harry recalled his quarrel with the jeweler and his regret that he had not spent \$30 more and got an engagement

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Something that is useful, that can be given to almost everyone, and when the selection is made from the stocks of this store, something in Furniture that is really beautiful and Christmasy in its character. Throughout three of our large floors you will find specials in Furniture suitable for holiday needs. We emphasize some magnificent goods in ITALIAN CARVED FURNITURE and again many specialties in ORIENTAL FURNITURE. Prices of these have been made special, that goods may be cleared within the Christmas season — just when you want them.

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- Inlaid Oriental Stands, were \$5.00; special Christmas price..... 3 50
- Inlaid Tabourets, regular price, \$3.00; special Christmas price..... 2 25
- Regular price, \$4.00; special Christmas price..... 3 00
- Regular price, \$10.00; special Christmas price..... 6 50
- Regular price, \$13.50; special Christmas price..... 10 50
- Regular price, \$16.50; special Christmas price..... 12 50
- Regular price, \$25.00; special Christmas price..... 18 50
- Koran Stands, regular price, \$9.50; special Christmas price..... 7 00
- Regular price, \$10.50; special Christmas price..... 8 00
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- Moustreby Setto, regular price, \$38.00; special Christmas price. 27 50

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ring. Instead of the two presents, he didn't feel quite so proud of himself as he did at first, but he wisely concluded to accept the good that the gods had sent to him, and he let Jean praise him to her heart's content.

He felt, however, that something should be done in the way of atonement, so he went around to the jeweler's next day and, after apologizing profusely for the many unkind things he had said when they had quarreled, asked for a catalogue from which to select an engagement ring with a solitaire in it that he can order as soon as he has saved up enough money or secured the promotion to the position of manager that he is waiting for. Jean, of course, is very happy and thinks, after all, that it was not such a hardship to have been born on Christmas, as it enabled her to discover what a noble, thoughtful and generous fellow her fiance is, and he, having had such a narrow escape, will doubtless be very careful to show the qualities for which he accidentally, though perhaps justly, gets credit.

THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE.

By ROBERT BARR.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

John Sandys, local manager of the Western Union Telegraph company in the city of Disopolis, sat in his office one afternoon, when there was brought to him the card of a lady. Most of Mr Sandys' visitors were masculine, and the manager, a grizzled man of 50, arched his brows in surprise as he glanced at the card.

"Ask the young lady to come in," he said briefly. He whirled round in his swivel chair and rose from it as a sweet faced girl entered, dressed in black, her whole attire having neatness as its distinguishing characteristic. Pausing for a moment at the door, she came swiftly forward to him, extending her hand.

"I don't suppose you will remember me, Mr Sandys," she began somewhat breathlessly, "but I thought—perhaps—"

The manager interrupted her, speaking in kindly tones.

"Indeed, Miss Elinor, I remember you very well, although you were only a little girl when I last saw you. You have been so long at school and abroad that a man might well be excused if he failed to recognize you. Many things have happened since last we met, you know."

The manager was a laconic man, and he now spoke at greater length than was his custom, for he saw that his visitor had evidently keyed herself up to this interview and was scarcely able to conceal her agitation. A glance at the dark costume she wore recalled to his mind the recent death of her father, and then he felt that his last remark had been somewhat infelicitous; but, being an unready man and not knowing how to remedy it, he made no attempt to do so, contenting himself by pushing forward a chair and asking the girl to sit down.

When Miss McClintock had seated herself, Sandys resumed his position in the swivel chair somewhat uneasily, and for a few moments there was silence between them.

"Yes," she said at last, not looking at him, speaking in a low voice and trying to keep command over it, "many things have happened since then. I came home to find my father dying, and since his death we have learned doubtless everyone in the city knows it now—how disastrous had been his transactions on the board of trade. I have no doubt the worry caused by his

fear of leaving mother and me unprovided for did much to hasten his death."

Mr. Sandys, not knowing what to say, murmured that probably this was so.

"It is now three months since father's death," continued the girl, "and immediately after mother and I moved to a small cottage on Sixteenth street, where we now live, and today I resolved to come up here and have a business talk with you, Mr. Sandys."

For the first time since she sat down the girl looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wet and that she was trying to force a faint smile to her tremulous lips.

"I found I had to earn my own living, and so two months ago I bought a telegraph instrument and learned telegraphing."

"But surely," said Mr. Sandys, "with your accomplishments you do not need to be a telegraphist."

"My accomplishments, although expensive to buy, are not very salable on the market."

"My dear Miss Elinor," said the manager, "telegraphing is the very last profession I would advise a young lady to take up. I warn everybody against telegraphing. I never open a morning paper but I expect to see an account of some new invention that will abolish telegraphy altogether. In fact, when the telephone was perfected I rather expected it would render us all superfluous, and I am not sure but that eventually will be the case, for the long distance telephone is only in its infancy. What on earth caused you to learn telegraphy?"

"I will confess the reason with a frankness I ought to be ashamed of," said the girl, with a real smile this time. "I learned it because my father's oldest friend is manager of the Western Union Telegraph company in this city."

"Oh, I see," said the manager, with a twinkle in his eye. "You thought I would give you a situation?"

"I know you would, Mr. Sandys," replied the girl confidently. Her certainty did not seem to be shared by the manager, who knitted his brow and drummed nervously on the desk with his fingers.

"You said a moment since that this was a business visit. Now, Miss Elinor, do you want me to talk to you as a business man would talk to an applicant, or am I to treat you as the daughter of a valued and regretted friend?"

"From now on," cried the girl eagerly, "this is straight business. I only relied on your friendship for my father to gain my admittance here."

"Very well, then: I will begin by saying that the woods are full of telegraphers. Up to a certain point, it seems to me that telegraphers are as common as the sands on the seashore. Beyond that point telegraphers are few. It is like shorthand and, I presume, like a great many other things. Telegraphing—that is, expert telegraphing—is a very different art, Miss Elinor."

"I know you will excuse me for contradicting you," exclaimed the girl with animation, "and it isn't a bit polite to do so, but telegraphing is the easiest thing in the world. If you had ever played Robert Schumann or Liszt on the piano you would know what difficulty is."

"Really?" said the manager dryly. "You are the first person I have heard say that telegraphing was an easy accomplishment. However, there is nothing like a practical test. Do you think you know enough of telegraphing to fill a situation as operator if I had one to offer you?"

"I think so," answered the girl with

confidence.

"Well, we shall see. Would you mind sitting over at this table?"

The girl rose, peeling off her gloves as she approached the table. The manager, placing his finger on the key of a telegraph instrument, rattled off a quick, nervous call, which was answered. Then he proceeded to chatter forth a message to the operator at the other end.

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" interrupted the girl. "Don't say that."

"Don't say what?" asked the manager in astonishment forgetting for the moment that what was mere instrumental chatter to the lay mind was intelligible to her.

"Don't tell the operator to begin slowly, but ask him to send the message as fast as he can."

The manager smiled.

"Oh, very well," he said.

A moment later the sounder was dining away its short, brazen monotone, as if it were a clockwork mechanism that had gone wrong and was rapidly running down. The fine, firm, pretty hand of Miss McClintock flew over the paper, leaving in its train a trail of writing, the letters heavily made, but



"This is your workroom."

as plain as print to read, the style of the writing being that now taught to girls throughout Europe, and which is as different as possible from the hair-line, angular hand which ladies wrote 20 years ago.

The manager stood by with folded arms, watching sheet after sheet being rapidly thrown off. The silence of the room was unbroken save by the tintinnulation of the jabbering machine. At last he reached forward his hand and interrupted the flow of dots and dashes.

Miss McClintock looked up at him and said with some trace of anxiety in her voice:

"Of course I could write faster if I had a fountain pen. I always use a stylo, and the dipping into the inkstand delays me, as I am not accustomed to it."

The manager smiled, but said nothing. He examined sheet after sheet in silence, then put them on the table. Taking up one of the newspapers that lay on his desk, he folded it once or twice, and, placing his hand on the key, he rapidly transmitted an order to the unseen operator to write out what was about to be telegraphed to him and bring the sheets to the manager's room.

"Now, Miss Elinor," he said, "would you mind telegraphing part of this column and do it as fast as you can?"

The girl placed her right hand on the ebony knob of the brass lever, holding the folded paper with her left in such a

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manner that she might read clearly the small type on the sheet before her. Under her expert manipulation the words flew over the wire until at last there came a break.

"Hold on," jabbered back the man at the other end of the wire. "Don't be in such a deuce of a hurry."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the young woman with a shade of annoyance in her voice, as if she feared the pausing would be attributed to her lack of clearness. The manager said nothing, but indulged in a silent inward laugh, as was a habit with him, for, ruling many, he had to keep a stern face to the world and enjoy what mirth came his way without outward semblance of it. After several breaks the manager said:

"That is quite enough, thank you."

And a few minutes later a young man entered the room with the sheets in his hand, which he gave to the manager, opening his eyes somewhat when he saw seated at the table a slim young girl, bewilderingly pretty. When the young man had left them once more alone in the room, the manager said:

"I must admit I am astonished at your expertness. It may not be strictly businesslike to acknowledge so much to one whom I am about to make the hardest bargain I can with, but perhaps you will not take advantage of the confession. You are a very good telegraphist indeed, Miss Elinor. I must express my admiration of the way in which you have faced the realities of life. We like to think our girls so resourceful that they can fill with credit to themselves any position which fate assigns to them, whether it is in the office of a merchant or the parlors of the White House. You have been suddenly confronted with a very difficult problem, Miss Elinor, and you have set about its solution in a way that commands my deepest respect."

"Oh, Mr. Sandys!" exclaimed the girl, blushing deeply and drawing a long, quivering breath, but quite evidently glowing with gratification at the praise of a man whom she knew to be sparing in his commendation.

"Now, I am not sure," he continued, "but your coming here today has settled in the right way a matter that has been troubling me for some weeks past."

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There is a telegraphic situation in this city which has been the cause of more worry to me than any of the other hundreds under my control. It is the office at the board of trade.

"At the board of trade!" echoed Miss Elinor, looking at him in some alarm.

"Yes," he answered. "That situation demands qualities aside from those of key or pen, which I should be loath to think unobtainable, but which I, of late, have had some difficulty in securing. What we need there is absolute secrecy. There must be no suspicion, even of any leakage from the wires, because messages come there that make and unmake fortunes. Of course, many of the messages are in cipher, but nevertheless, cipher or not, the utmost caution must be observed so that none, save those to whom the messages are sent, shall get the slightest inkling of their contents. I have changed operators there three times in as many months, and while against the present man I have no direct proof—if I had I would discharge him—there have been complaints and vague rumors of leakage which are, to say the least, most annoying. I have made up my mind, in any case, to remove that young man to the interior of the state, and the only reason he has not been removed before now is that I can't for the life of me tell with whom to replace him. Until you came in it never occurred to me to give the situation to a woman. It doesn't quite jump with our preconceived notions of things that a woman, of all persons, should be the one to keep a secret, but most of our preconceived notions are wrong, and if you are willing to try the experiment I am. Of course, you would be dealing entirely with men, but I am sure you would meet with nothing but the utmost courtesy from all."

"Oh, I am sure of that," said Miss McClintock earnestly. "If you give me the opportunity, I don't think you will have reason to regret it."

"Very well. Then we shall look on it as settled. Call here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and I will myself escort you to the board of trade. I shall leave one of my assistants with you in the office for a week, and by that time you will probably be familiar with your new duties. Anything you do not understand he will be at hand to explain."

Promptly at the appointed hour Elinor waited upon the manager at his office, and together they walked to the tall building in which was housed the board of trade, the only legalized gambling place in the city, where methods differed somewhat from those at Monte Carlo, these differences being entirely in favor of the Mediterranean resort. For there the unscrupulous gambler obtains no advantage over his comparatively innocent competitor, and he has no special market value. Every city in the land holds up its hands in horror at the mention of Monte Carlo, but points with just pride to its Stock Exchange building. Thus do we honestly acquire the reputation of being a humorous people.

Mr Sandys was silent during the greater part of the walk, and Elinor's mind was busy picturing the new life

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son can learn to do it in a few hours by following the instructions. Complete with outfit and instructions. Takes a picture 2 1/2 in. and any picture. 1 Box Dry Plates, 1 1/2 doz., 1 Printing Frame, 1 Developing Tray, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 set Directions, 1 Toning Tray, 1 pkg. Fixing Powder, 1 pkg. Silver Paper, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper. Camera and outfit securely packed in a neat box and sent all charges paid for selling only 108-112 Pins at 15 cents each. These Pins are beautifully Gold finished. In different patterns and set with very fine imitation Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds. They are fine value, and for that reason very easy to sell. Send this advertisement, with your name and address, and we will forward the Pins. Sell them, return the money and your Camera will be sent, all charges paid. **The Gem Pin Co., Box 2701, Toronto, Can.**

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CONDITIONS. 1. This competition will close on the 25th of December, 1900, and all letters must reach us not later than that date. 2. With your answer you must enclose for a full year's subscription to the HOME MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 3. Money must be sent by Postal Note, Express Order or Registered Letter. Stamps not accepted. 4. All answers must be sent by mail, to insure perfect fairness. 5. Answers will be numbered in the order received, and watches sent to the successful competitors on December 26th, 1900. Write today, for this is a special offer of a regular \$1.00 a year monthly Magazine for only 50c. **Home Publishing Co., Box 276, Toronto**

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about to open before her, so greatly dissimilar to the old. The crisp freshness of the air and the bracing influence of her long walk to the manager's office had exhilarated the girl, who experienced without knowing it the glorious prerogative of youth. Added to this was the delicious sense of being about to earn honestly what money she needed—blessed independence, the greatest boon that can be bestowed upon any living creature.

Sandys had pretended the day before that their conference had been based entirely on business principles, but no question of salary arose between them, which would have been one of the first points to be discussed with any one else by the manager after the question of skill was settled. The girl had felt no anxiety on this score, being content to leave the amount to her father's old friend, and her confidence was not misplaced. "That is the board of trade building," said her companion, speaking for the first time since they set out together.

"Yes," she replied. "I walked around to see it after my talk with you, but I did not go in."

"Well, we will go in now. I hope you have weighed well what I said to you yesterday. There is no doubt in my mind that after you learn the ways of the office you will prove quite competent to fill the situation. But you must never forget that the great qualification, equal in importance to your speed at the key, is secrecy—absolute secrecy. Not even in the sanctity of your own home, to your own mother, must you breathe a hint of anything that comes over the wires. You understand that thoroughly, I trust."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sandys! You need never have the least fear about that. I feel as if I had joined some awful society and taken a most terrible oath with perfectly dreadful penalties. I thought about it last night until I fell asleep, and then I dreamed the most frightful things—that masked men with red-hot pinchers were trying to make me tell what your occupation was and what you had said to me; but, although I screamed and awoke myself all in a tremble, I never told."

The manager smiled grimly and said seriously:

"That is the right spirit, and here we are at the door of the inquisition."

At the end of a large hall, wide and lofty double doors standing open gave a view of the interior of an immense room, in which several men were walking about with their hands in their pockets. A man in a sort of uniform guarded the door and sharply scrutinized all comers. Sandys, however, did not enter the huge room, but opened a small door at the right and went into the telegraph office. Elinor, with fast beating heart, following him.

The telegraph office was comparatively small and was practically an alcove of the nuptial apartment used by the board of trade, divided from it by a counter whose broad polished oaken top was littered with telegraph blanks and splashed here and there with ink. In the center of the office was a wide table halved lengthwise by a partition of glass, while crosswise were other glass bulkheads, parceling out the table top into sections, in each one of which a telegraph instrument occupied the center. As a usual thing one operator was enough to do the business of the office, but in times of stress, caused by a flutter in the market, help had to be called for from the central office, and sometimes the six compartments were in shattering activity.

"Now, Miss Elinor," said the manager, "this is your workroom. Johnnie Fielders here will be in charge for a week or as much longer as is necessary, and you will be his assistant. As soon as you are ready to take full control I shall remove him elsewhere, for he is a most useful young man."

Sandys left the room and strolled into the board of trade, the doorkeeper nodding to him, for the head of the Western Union was a privileged individual. The spacious chamber of commerce was rapidly filling up, and a rising murmur of conversation quivered in the air. Now and then some exuberant person with a silk hat on the back of his head yelled out a startling exclamation which made Miss McClintock jump the first time she heard it, little dreaming of the pandemonium to which she would later become accustomed. She thought there had been a dreadful accident, but nobody paid the slightest attention, and she learned that this was merely the preliminary sparring for the contest that was to come after, just as athletes in a field limber up before the game commences.

"Hello, Sandys!" said a young man, greeting the head of the Western Union. "Acting the unaccustomed part of the squire of dames, eh? Who is the beauty?"

"The beauty, Mr. Howard, is a friend of mine," answered the manager coldly. The young man laughed.

"So I surmised, curmudgeon; otherwise I would not have sought enlightenment from you. I never deal in second-hand information, as some of my distinguished fellow citizens on this floor are beginning to find out."

"Yes, I understand you are exceedingly successful in your struggles here. Let me advise you to be content with that."

"Content? No man is ever content with anything. But I say, Sandys, you are rarely never going to place so pretty a girl in the telegraph office?"

"I have already done so, and I have told her, furthermore, that she would find every man she met here a gentleman."

"Oh, you always were an optimist, Sandys! I think, you know, you are stretching it a bit to call old Grimwood, who is now about to honor us with his presence, a gentleman. Merely my own opinion, of course."

There was entering as he spoke a man who stooped slightly. His smoothly shaved face made it impossible at a distance to guess his age, but closer inspection left no doubt that he was fully entitled to the adjective the young man had bestowed upon him. The lid drooped over the left eye and gave a sinister expression to an impassive face that was at best saturnine. The left arm hung limply by his side and, with the sinking eyelid, gave token of a "stroke" that many regretted had, like themselves, encountered the old man in vain. Some one had said that confidence would never be restored in business circles until a second attack grappled old Grimwood with more success than the first, for it had been quickly proved that what was left of the seasoned old speculator was a match for the combined intellect and shrewdness of the others in the grain pit. Grimwood's workable eye quickly but furtively ranged the room and finally rested on the fair head of the girl, just visible over the polished surface of the counter as she sat at the telegraph instrument. His face showed no astonishment. It was always expressionless, but his eye remained there.

(To be continued.)

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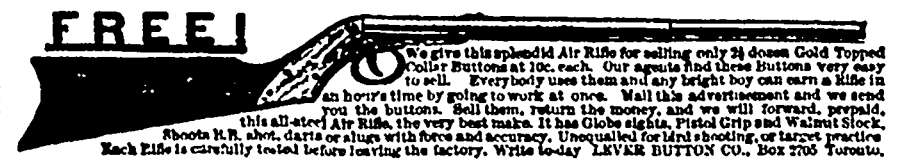
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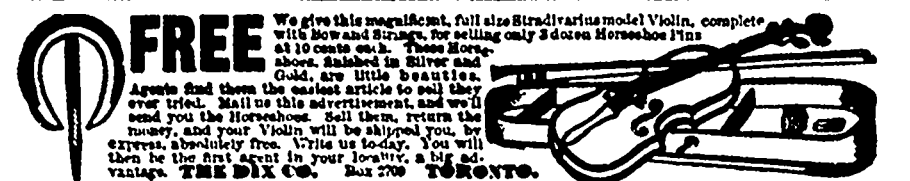
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The Field of Art

The Executive and general meetings of the Woman's Art Association for October and November were very well attended, and much business was transacted.

The Ceramic Exhibition in October attracted more than usual attention, the work displayed being of a very high character.

At the close of the exhibition, the china and designs for china were sent to the Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition in Montreal, as well as an exhibit in copper, leather and lace work from the Women's Institute, London, England, and the competitive designs of book-covers, life membership certificates, carpets, wall-papers, etc.

The Ceramic design competition is still open, as a sufficient number of designs were not sent in. Intending competitors may obtain fuller information on application to the Secretary.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto acceded to the request of the president and members to become Honorary President of the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

The sequence of Annual Sketch Exhibitions are being held in Kingston and Brockville, and the exhibition will be shown in the gallery early in December. This exhibition is particularly interesting as showing chiefly the work of the artists during the summer months, as well as designs and illustrations.

The Saturday Night Sketch began the first Saturday in November, meeting at the homes of the members. Still life and models are provided each Wednesday in the studio, for the use of the active members, from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., and it is hoped that many will take advantage of this opportunity for work together.

At the November meeting of the Executive a Permanent Exhibition Committee was formed to procure pictures which will represent the artists in the gallery of the Association, the pictures to be changed from time to time.

The reports of the Standing Committee show the affairs of the Association to be in a most satisfactory condition. Four lectures of the most interesting course have already been given.

The Committee have satisfactorily completed arrangements for "Open Studio Day" in the city, and nearly all the Toronto artists have promised to open their studios on the first Saturdays of December, January and February, when it is expected that the public will avail themselves fully of the privileges thus afforded.

E. F. DENISON, Cor. Sec.

The private view of the Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition, given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association,

Montreal, in the Art Gallery of the Colonial House during the month, was very largely attended, invitations having been extended to the members of the various committees, contributors to the loan and sale exhibitions and to the members of the Woman's Art Association. Lord Strathcona, Dr. Peterson, of McGill, and the Rector of Laval University, had been requested to open the exhibition and all three were present. The exhibition itself is wonderfully interesting, and has reached far better proportions than its organizers anticipated. From an educational standpoint it is well worth studying, and the opportunity to see and examine the exhibits was availed of by many. Apart from the wonderful interest attached to the historical side of the exhibition one finds much to admire in the specimens of arts and handicrafts of to-day. Excellent examples of china painting, book-binding, lace-making, and embroidery are shown, and in the various departments where woman's work is exhibited side by side with man's, no allowance need be made for the sex of crafts-woman for the result of her work deserves to be judged on the same plane as the craftsman. The exhibition has been kept open for two weeks.

A Revelation.

If there are doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the world. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a Black-head or Pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

New York, Nov. 11th, 1887.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Esq.

I would like to know the price of One Dozen bottles of your Oriental Cream, as I use it and like it. Would like to get a supply to take on my tour, soon as possible. Answer and oblige,

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HAPPY, thrice happy, everyone Who sees his labor well-begun, And not perplexed and multiplied, By idly waiting for time and tide! LONGFELLOW.

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Music Notes

MADAME SEMBRICH, who is recognized as a mistress of the art of vocalization, is to re-visit Toronto early in the new year. Another distinguished visitor will probably be Mlle. Chamehide, the famous composer and solo pianist.

The London Truth reveals a peculiarity of Sims Reeves, supposed to be common only to the ladies. In some personal reminiscence we are told Sims Reeves was in many respects a curious man. He had a great horror—shared by many ladies, though rarely by elderly men—of disclosing the correct date of his birth, and, indeed, in two autobiographies which he from time to time published (but which were, I believe, written by a respected and still living journalist), he gave his birthday at different dates. He really was born on September 26th, 1818, although he loved to make himself out four years younger, declaring that he was born on October 22nd, 1822.

Miss EMILY FINDLAY, A.T.C.M., pupil of Mrs. Reynolds Roburn, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has severed her connection with Westminster Presbyterian Church, to take the position of leading soprano in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Bloor street east.

Mr. ELGAR, the composer of the "Dream of Gerontius," a setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, which was brought out at the recent Birmingham festival, awoke the day after the performance to find himself famous. The Musical Times gives some interesting particulars of his life. It appears that he was practically self-taught, and never received a lesson in orchestration in his life. The son of a Worcestershire music seller and organist, he, in 1877, saved up £10 and spent £7 in a fortnight's trip to London to receive a few violin lessons from the late Mr. P. Litzler. He was a solicitor's clerk, but at twenty-two became bandmaster at the Worcester County Lunatic Asylum, and afterwards he set up as a teacher, a violinist and organist. As a young man Mr. Elgar composed quadrilles at five shillings a set, and wrote accompaniments to Christy Minstrel songs at eighteen pence each. In 1885 he became organist of St. George's Roman Catholic Church, Worcester, and four years later he married the only daughter of the late Sir Henry Gee Roberts, K.C.B., his wife's mother being a descendant of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools.

By the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan England has lost her most prominent, perhaps her most representative, composer. In the field of symphony, Mr. Frederick Hymon Cowen surpassed Sir Arthur, but in oratorio or sacred cantata, comic opera, church music, and song, the latter has not been equalled by any of his British contemporaries. To the great masses of the English-speaking people Sir Arthur Sullivan is best known by his numerous operas.

Music, Song and Story is the descriptive title of a forthcoming new magazine to be ready early in December with a holiday issue dated January, 1901. It

will attempt to answer every demand for home reading and entertainment, and in addition to the ordinary contents of an illustrated literary magazine will provide sixteen pages of new sheet music with every issue. It is to be published monthly at 10 cents a copy or \$1 a year, from 74 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

FREE We give a handsome Watch with polished Nickel case, mounted with edge, hour, minute and second hands, keyless wind, American Lever Movement, for selling only \$2.00, daily gold and silver finished Horse-shoe Pins at 10c. each. Mail this advertisement and we will send the Horse-shoe Pins, return money and your Watch will be sent you, absolutely free. The Bix Co., Box 704 Toronto.

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FREE Full set of four Boxing Gloves, free for selling only 2 dozen handsome Scarf Pins at 15 cents each. Gloves are made of strongest kid lined with curled hair—the best made. Mail this advertisement and we'll send the Pins. You sell them, return money and we'll send this splendid set of Boxing Gloves free. Gem Pin Co., Box 701 Toronto.

FASHION SUGGESTIONS



NEW SEASON FURS.

Too Practical Perhaps.

RECENTLY I read a letter from an indignant woman, written in reply to a letter tabling trailing skirts on the street. The indignant lady wrote, "If the person had not been entirely ignorant of the fashions, she would have known that long skirts are not now worn on the streets. Nevertheless, with long skirts sweeping along in front of us, worn by nine tenths of the women still, I must confess that I cannot but feel in sympathy with the 'ignorant woman'."

A Canadian journal recently published an article asking for a prohibitory law for street expectoration, "as the skirts of the helpless women were made veritable homes for disease germs and microbes." The poor woman's cry. Of course there is no remedy for this evil but prohibition of street expectoration. If this cannot be secured, we must have still the germs and microbes carried into our homes.

Would You Like a Small Waist?

To increase the size of the waist by tight lacing is simply to ruin the figure irretrievably. So much has been said and written on this subject, and the physiological reasons of this fact are now so generally known, that it is unnecessary for me to go into the matter here. The fact remains, tight lacing, so far from adding to a woman's beauty, merely detracts from the symmetry of her shape, and ultimately results in what is popularly described as a "lost figure" in early middle age. Most girls, happily, are now beginning to realize their truth, and instead of squeezing their waists into the smallest possible compass, have taken to restoring its actual size by a series of gymnastic exercises. The following simple movements, if persevered in regularly and consistently, will work wonders in a direction

First, stand perfectly upright, with shoulders back, chin pressed well back, and arms at the sides, with palms of the hands to the front. Raise the arms up over the top of the head till the thumbs touch, and then drop them slowly down again.

Second, hold the arms straight out in front of you, palms down, and then move each arm around gradually to the side and back again, keeping them on the level of the shoulders.

Third, stand with the arms stretched as far apart as possible level with the shoulders, and making a perfect cross with the body, and describe small circles with each arm, using the shoulder as centre.

Repeat each exercise half-a-dozen times consecutively.

The Care of Caged Birds.

NEVER let a bird cage hang in a room where the gas is alight, unless it is exceptionally well-ventilated; the air near the ceiling is always the most impure at night. Make a rule of always setting diekey's cage on the floor at night, and his health will rapidly improve. After the gas has been alight some time, put your own head near the ceiling and see how you would like to sleep in such an atmosphere. If the owners of birds would only realize the necessity of lowering their cages at night, they would enjoy the society of their feathered pets for many long years.

Matelasse Work.

This cloth lends itself to all kinds of pretty and useful work, and will be particularly acceptable to those whose eyesight is not good and who like some

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easy work with which to beguile the long hours of winter evenings.

The cloth can be used for table covers, chair backs, cushion covers, sachets, cosies, bedspreads, and couvre-pieds, the wider make allowing of the two latter articles being embroidered without any seam.

The cloth can be worked in various ways.



FIG. 1

In Fig. 1 you see a spray done in five shades of heliotrope filosele. Each leaf or petal is darned in one shade, veined and bordered with another. The stitches will be explained later. Six threads of the filosele are used for the darning.



FIG. 2

In Fig. 2 the flowers and leaves are darned in pink lustrine cotton. The light is veined with dark, the dark with light pink. The whole is outlined with gold cord, sewn down with gold-colored silk. The veining is done in coral stitch, and the entire groundwork is darned in sage-green tapestry wool.



FIG. 3

A fancy pattern is seen in Fig. 3. Four rows of pink darning above, and four of old gold below, pale pink herring bone being crossed with old gold. The way darning is done is seen by the needle being left in. Always darn with a blunt pointed wool needle, for most of this embroidery is done on the surface, the

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needle going under the little bars on the surface of the weaving

In Fig. 4 you see how veining is done when a line of ordinary stem stitch is used with branches of loops. In this leaf several shades of heliotrope are used in the darning, beginning with the lightest at the top, and ending with the darkest. Always use your shades consecutively in shading thus, and see that you have a set of shades in perfect sequence, as if you have not the effect is spoiled. The shading of Fig. 2 is prettier, I think, where each petal is done in one shade only. The outline and stems are done in stem stitch.

Another kind of darning is seen in Fig. 5. The position of the needle left in shows how it is done.

In Fig. 6 rope and stem stitch are seen. For rope stitch you begin as if for chain, and then instead of putting your needle

into the loop formed, you place it behind the stitch and out above the thread. In stem stitch you work upwards, taking a few threads up and making your stitches opposite each other.

As will be seen, the ground may be darned or not as you please. If you darn the ground then use a contrasting color. Old gold goes with nearly every color except yellow. For the outlines and stitches placed on the darning, of course, you must work with an ordinary crewel needle with sharp point. Excellent effects for large articles, such as couvre-pieds, bedspreads, curtains, etc., can be had by darning large bold designs in wools. A poppy design is very effective and so is a cornflower. Tapestry wool is excellent for the purpose, the outline being done in black silk, either filosele or embroidery silk.



FIGS. 4, 5 AND 6

Rich Mince Meat.

NEARLY all housekeepers who make mince pies at all prefer to make up a quantity of the mixture and keep it on hand to use as needed. In using this recipe, which will keep all winter if sealed in glass jars like preserves—you may, if you like, omit the apple when the mixture is made, and when you wish to make a pie use one cup of the mixture and two cups of fresh chopped apple. This will have a fine flavor, more like a fresh apple pie.

Four pounds of beef from the round, or shoulder of mutton, stewed in barely water to cover, cooled and chopped fine, using the fat also if there be but a small amount. One peck of tart apples, quartered, pared and chopped fine. Use Greenings, if possible. Four pounds of raisins, seeded and the largest quartered. One pound of seedless raisins, one pound of currants well cleansed, one pound of citron shaved thin. The dried and candied peel of one orange and one lemon finely shredded. One pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, two quarts of cider, one pint of boiled cider, one-half cup of salt, two nutmegs grated, one tablespoon each of mace and cinnamon, and one teaspoon each of allspice, cloves and white pepper. Cook all together slowly half an hour after it begins to bubble.

When using it for pies add one-half to one teaspoon of rosewater for each pie. Surely no one could object to the use of boiled cider, but if you prefer not to use it in any form use the extra vinegar from your sweet pickled peaches or pears, or use the juice of six lemons and six oranges, or one or two tumblers of currant or plum jelly, or any bright seedless marmalade. If the mixture lacks moisture, add at the time of baking some clear tea or coffee, or meat stock.

Often a smart, pungent flavor (which will deceive even those most firmly fixed in the idea that mince pies must have brandy or wine) may be obtained by a

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judicious blending of several perfectly harmless compounds. One of the best cooks of the last generation said to me "When my mince meat lacks flavor, I add molasses till I make it quite sweet, then I add salt to hide the sweetness, and lemon or vinegar till I have destroyed the salt taste, and by that time I have a rich smartly flavor that many persons think must be from brandy.

To Carve the Turkey.

PLACE the fowl on the platter, with the head at the left. Put the fork in across the breast-bone. Cut through the skin round the leg joint. Bend the leg over and cut off the joint. Then cut off the wings, and divide wings and legs at the joints. Carve the breast in thin slices parallel with the breast-bone. Some prefer to cut it at right angles with the bone. Take off the wish-bone; separate the collar-bone from the breast, slip the knife under the shoulder-blade, and turn it over. Cut through the cartilage which divides the ribs, separating the breast from the back. Then turn the back over, place the knife midway, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place the fork in the middle of the backbone, and cut close to the backbone, from one end to the other, freeing the side bone. As soon as the legs and wings are disjointed and the breast from one side sliced, begin to carve, offering white or dark meat and stuffing as each prefers. Do not remove the fork from the breast-bone till the breast is separated from the back. Use an extra fork in serving. If all the fowl be not required, carve only from one side, leaving the opposite side whole for another meal.

The pope's nose and the side bone are choice tidbits for some tastes, and these can be removed without cutting up the whole bird. After removing the thigh and the breast meat, press on the edge of the side bone and bend it over toward you, and cut through from the inside. In a young turkey it will separate at the joint easily.

The Care of Babies.

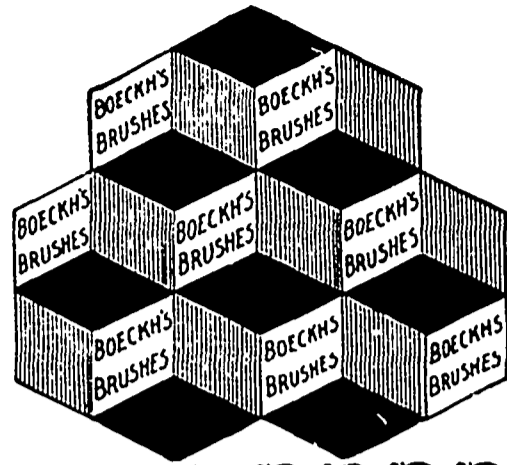
The three prime essentials to a nursery are fresh air, good food, and pure water. An infant's thirst is not quenched by milk. It needs clean water to drink with regularity.

Always hold a baby in your arms when feeding it in about the same position as if nursing it.

Regular habits, proper food, and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant.

Plain boiled water given between feeding will often aid the digestion and satisfy the child when restless.

Do not feed the baby because it cries, its restlessness may be due to pain, and it is hurtful to fill an infant's stomach at such a time.



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Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried. J. Johnston.

Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1899. Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

St. Thomas, Ont. I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell everybody why our overalls have such a good color. Maudie Logan.

Montreal. Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. Hughes.

SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.



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27 Mention this paper.



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JOSEPH LEE, Manager.

OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE Ontario Education Department FOR THE YEAR 1900.

- DECEMBER. 1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter. 11. County Model Schools Examinations begin. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to file places for nomination of Trustees. 14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. County Model Schools close. 15. Municipal Council to pay Secretary Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township. County Councils to pay Treasurer of High Schools. 19. Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools. 20. Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerk. 21. High Schools first term, and Public and Separate Schools close. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Session). 22. CHRISTMAS DAY (Tuesday) High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. New Schools and alterations of School Boards and areas go into operation or take effect by law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect. 26. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools. 29. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due. Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations, to Department, due. 31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months. Trustees' Reports to Trust Officers, due. Auditors' Reports of cities, towns, and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other Cosmetic will do it.



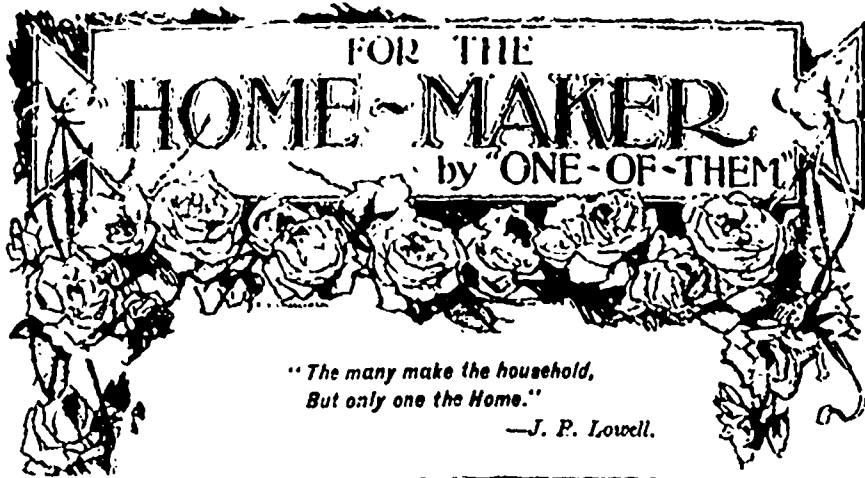
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 32 years, no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is perfectly made. Accept no count effect of similar name. The distinguished Dr. T. A. Sayer, said in his book, "The Beauty of the Skin is a patient." "As you ladies will see them, I use the most 'Oriental Cream' as the best of all the skin preparations." The bottle will last six months, using it every day. Gouraud's 'Oriental' beautifies and removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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2¢ Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



Christmas in the Kitchen.

HELPFUL HINTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

STEPPING FOR DUCKS.—One cup of onions boiled and chopped, one cup of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful of pepper, and eight sage leaves dried and powdered, mix well, and stuff the duck as usual.

FRENCH STEPPING FOR DUCKS. Scald and wring a cup of dried crumbs out of stock, or broth, or milk. Chop a little fat bacon, mix it with equal quantities of parsley, chives, shallots, half a clove of garlic, pepper and salt, and a dozen stoned olives. Fill the ducks as with any other stuffing, and sew them up.

HONISY.—Put one cupful of fine hominy in the double-boiler with one cupful of cold water. Let it remain on the back of the stove until the water is absorbed. Then add one pint of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt, and boil half an hour. Stir in one tablespoonful of butter and turn out on a hot platter.

FRINGED CELERY.—Chill and clean the celery, cut into pieces three inches long, and slit each end down about three-quarters of an inch into fine threads less than an eighth of an inch thick. Keep in ice-water until curly, drain and arrange carelessly in a low glass dish.

CRANBERRY SAUCE. Take one quart of cranberries and one pound of sugar. Pick over the berries carefully, wash and drain them and put them into a granite preserving kettle with cold water, just enough to show among the berries when they are pressed down. When they boil up all over, add a quarter of the sugar. Sprinkle it over the berries without stirring. Let it boil again a few minutes, add another quarter, etc., till all the sugar is in. Boil slowly, and do not stir the berries, but press them down under the syrup with a perforated cake spoon. After the last boiling, turn them out and set away to cool. This makes a sauce, not a jelly, and is preferred by many to serve with a turkey dinner.

CREAM TOAST.—One quart milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 shredded wheat biscuit, 4 tablespoons entire wheat flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt to taste. Put the milk to scald, covered. When scalded, add the flour, blended with a little of the cold milk, stir it slowly, cooking till smooth and thick, then add butter and set back from the fire, but keep hot. Split the biscuit lengthwise, toast a light brown. Turn

the cream sauce into a deep dish and send it to the table with toasted biscuit to be prepared there.

OYSTER PATTIES.—One quart oysters, 8 shredded wheat biscuit, 1 pint milk, 4 level tablespoons entire wheat flour, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, 1 cup oyster liquor, salt and white pepper. With sharp pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit, 1 inch from the sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then all inside shreds, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper, and put a small piece of butter in bottom. Pick over the oysters and fill the shells, season with salt, pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the oblong tops lightly in the oyster liquor, cover the oysters, put bits of butter on top, cover the pan and bake in quick oven twenty-five minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon scraped onion.

The Hygiene of Sweeping.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness; but what is cleanliness? Harmful dirt is not always that which is most evident to the eye. T. M. Johnson, writing in *Science and Industry*, reminds us of this fact, and thus discourses on the difference between real and false cleanliness:

"A certain woman, weary, worn and sad, spends most of her time stirring up dust in her house, thus keeping the atmosphere of her home almost constantly charged with flocculent solid matter, to which germs may or may not be clinging. This part of her appointed task is known as sweeping and dusting, or 'cleaning house.' She takes a broom and works it vigorously over the carpet, displacing dust and dirt in three ways. Part of it works down through the interstices of the carpet and remains there until the carpet is lifted, or, indeed, if the carpet is closely woven on the under side, the upper soft fabric will become so thoroughly clogged with dust, that nothing but a good beating or washing will remove it. Another part of the dirt, the larger particles, is swished with measured strokes to the point where the accumulation is gathered up or swept out after it has been separated from the finer particles. Most women take a delight in removing this part of the household dirt in a dust-pan, for it is visible, and, if allowed to remain long, would soon discolor the carpet. Many of them pick up a surprisingly large quantity, too, for they have the knack of throwing it forward and thus pushing the least possible amount

"They that won't be counselled can't be helped". Good housekeepers will advise you to try Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

into the carpet. But some women, and I think it safe to say all men, have the unhappy faculty of sweeping a dirty carpet without taking a spoonful of dirt from it; on the contrary, they rub it in. Men are particularly noted for 'rubbing it in.' The third part of the dirt disturbed by the house-cleaner's broom is wafted upward in air-currents produced by the motion of the broom. This is the fine flocculent dust that is almost invisible in a dingy room, but is very noticeable in a well-lighted apartment."

The writer tells us that if the housewife is desirous of effectively removing dust and dirt from carpeted floors, the carpets must be taken up and shaken outdoors. Mats or rugs are the best floor-covering, because they are not tacked down and can be lifted easily. The floor should have close joints and an oil finish. Open joints in the floors are receptacles for dirt, and they cannot be cleaned out. The dust on the closely-jointed oiled surface can easily be removed with a damp mop, and no dust will rise to vitiate the air or settle on the furnishings. The damp mop is also of service in cleaning an impervious floor, such as oilcloth, linoleum, oiled wood, rubber, flagstones, marble, tile, etc. Linoleum he considers a thoroughly hygienic floor-covering, and especially desirable for kitchens, pantries, dining-rooms, bath-rooms, and halls and passages, particularly if there are children around. The best thing with which to sweep a carpet is a modern carpet-sweeper of approved make. This picks up most of the dirt, throws it into a receiving-chamber inside the sweeper, and reduces the amount of floating dust to a minimum. Especially objectionable is the "despicable feather-duster," which simply scatters the dust to other places of lodgment instead of removing it.

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More Light on the Problem of Pure Foods

Other questions enter into the problem of "How to Live," but after all the essential of "good living" physically is the food we eat. It has well been said: The power to succeed comes from living in harmony with natural laws. Of all natural laws none are more disregarded than those in respect to the food we take. Man is built out of the food he eats, and the body can be no better than the material that enters into its construction.

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It is natural for men to be strong and vigorous, physically, mentally and morally, and nothing but natural food will make this condition possible.



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Progress in Bookmaking.

ELSEWHERE on this page we give a review of that interesting book, "Dr North and His Friends," from the press of The Copp, Clark Co. There is a peculiar fascination in this work, the suggestion of which will come from extracts that we publish. Other excellent works have come to us from this enterprising Canadian house, including an attractive book for the holiday season, entitled, "Wanted, a Match Maker," by Paul Leicester Ford. It is attractively gotten up with a picturesque border on each page that at once catches the eye and wins the taste of lovers of handsome books. The story itself is one that our readers would enjoy.

Another book from the same press that is peculiarly well fitted as a holiday book, is "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," by James Lane Allen, whose works never fail to attract the widest attention. This book has already won wide fame, and its circulation at the holiday season is fitting.

Our budget from The Copp, Clark Co. also includes a pretty juvenile book, under the title of "The Gollwogg's Polar Adventures," with pictures in colors by Florence K. Upton. The Gollwogg's story is told in rhyme and is sure to please the younger readers.

The naming of these several books from this house is suggestive of the foremost place The Copp, Clark Co. have taken as Canadian bookmakers. The growth in this department of their business has been such that within the past month they have found it necessary to occupy larger and better publishing quarters on Front street west, between Bay and York. They always recommend themselves because of their fine literary character. One does not see their imprint on anything of a trashy nature, whilst their lists include many books that rank as standards in everyone's library.

The growth of the publishing business in Canada in recent years is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

"Dr. North and His Friends."

DR. NORTH and his friends are charming people to know. From a quiet corner in the shadowy background, you listen intently to their brilliant converse, fearful of losing a word, or of missing one changeful expression of countenance. Here are no stiff portraits, no cold statuary, but warm living people with whom you want to talk, to agree or argue, as fancy tempts, only the thought of being an uninvited guest making you silent, checking speech that fate would come.

Review the circle. Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. North, side by side, gentle, quaint ladies no new-women they. Clayborne, the profound, and a capital foil for the beautiful, practical, reckless St. Clair, the legal Mr. Vincent, and Clayborne's little country bred cousin, guileless Sibyl Maywood, a lovely lily on a broken stem, bodily deformed, but with an exquisite head perhaps in compensation and a haunting voice, described as one of those speaking instruments more rare than any voice of song. You nearly overlook Dr. North, so persistently does he sit in the shadow of his friends, but they all love him and so will you, that large, kind man of mental and bodily bearing, Mary North, the blighting child-life of the com-

pany, the dear, glad little girl who loved big, wicked Xerxes Crofter, in whom her child-heart saw nothing that was not good; and here we have the master character of the book, the huge Crofter, who "plays bear" so perfectly with baby "Jary that the critical mind has relapses, forgetting the man's badness, and thinking perhaps this unusual man has only been "playing bear" to terrorize an adult world.

The subjects selected by the author are so vital with interest, so nicely discussed - and Sibyl Maywood's love story is alone worth reading the book for. No theme is neglected, from the secret of fly-fishing to the fate of a nation. Mr. Vincent gives a daring opinion regarding the success of Canada as a colony; and whether we Canadians like it or not, we should read it, and arise to prove the sayers wrong.

Here are some bright sayings overheard in the circle :-

Men are losing their instincts, and not getting brains fast enough to supply the loss of animal talents.

The thing is to make folks curious. You print a placard upside down or spell a word backward, and every second man will be mad to read them.

The worst of being a fool is that experience is of no use.

Words are like colors: the tints which surround them make or alter their value.

Entire forgetfulness eliminates the need to forgive.

Habit is the best moral legislator.

There should be a psychological consultant for schools. True education considers individuality. Teachers rarely do that or can do that.

When you present a man with a true picture of himself, he no more believes it is he himself than does a monkey who first sees himself in a mirror.

I had paddled up of a calm day from Temperance River. By the way, that river was so named by an early voyager because it had no bar at the mouth.

I have, too, an utter disbelief in biography. Usually its judgments, its omissions, and its editing, especially of letters, tell you more truth about the biographer than about the man of whom he writes.

We have stage artists, but not great actors. I think that never was the English stage so far from nature.

We may divide great men into two sets, those who die too soon, and those who live too long.

The giants of criminal finance are rarely without some fractional capacity to imitate their betters. That is no real gun. Men wholly bad are less dangerous.

Now, when this artless child said "beautiful," it acquired a fresh value, like worn gold reissued from a royal mint.

Genius is a glad freak of nature in a good humor. It has in a sense neither grandfather nor grandchild.

He had always been happy in friendship and luckless in love, and this I believe to be common.

"Oh, tact," said I, "is a gift of nature, unteachable. A duke may miss it, a mechanic have it."

I returned that there was no insurance against the fire of genius, and that other folks were apt to get a trifle singed.

I do not think, my dear, that I know people who are like books, except that

some people are unreadable, and some appear to have no table of contents.

I am for letting young people loose in a library. The reader is born, not made; you cannot help the others.

Usually in these days of concealment and self-control, only a part of a man's nature gets written clearly on his face. This is the interest of the sixteenth-century portraits. The time unmuzzled all passions, all personal qualities. It was fatal to Italy; it was fortunate for the artist.

"Selling is a particular talent," said I. "Yes, some men can sell anybody anything. I once sold a threshing machine to a confectioner. I could sell ice in Greenland, or hot-air furnaces in Ashanti."

"Dr. North and His Friends" is from the press of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, and is tastily bound in cloth and wall printed.

Christmas Numbers.

PUBLISHERS have excelled themselves this year in the number and attractiveness of the Christmas issues of the various periodicals. Our table groans under the weight of Christmas issues of all sorts and kinds - and much that is most artistic and beautiful. We are glad to bear testimony to the progress of the art of publishing in our own country, creditably represented in such Christmas issues as those of the Christmas Globe, the Christmas Saturday Night, the Christmas Canadian Magazine and the Christmas Westminster. Editors and publishers have done well.

The Presbyterian Review.

ONE of the important newspaper changes of the month is the purchase of the Presbyterian Review by the Poole Printing Co., one of the best-known of Toronto publishers. Within the past year or two in particular the Review has shown very marked growth, its subscription lists having increased, we are informed, seventy-five per cent. in the past eight months.

The Review is ably edited by the Rev. D. C. Hossack, LL.D., who has as editorial associate the Rev. R. C. Tibb, B.A., clerk of Toronto Presbytery.

Mr. John M. Poole, head of the Poole Publishing Co., is an experienced journalist, and one well-known in the Presbyterian Church, and there can be little doubt that under the new management the paper will continue to reach greater success, and more than ever cover the Presbyterian field in Canada, for it is as a church paper that the Presbyterian Review has attained its present high degree of success.

The "Minto" Photo.

A NEW SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

We have seen specimens of a new style of photographs that will become a feature of the studio of Charles H. Noble, cor. Yongo and Adelaide streets, Toronto, with the commencement of the new year. They are named the "Minto," name and idea being copyrighted. Mr. Noble tells us that these pictures will be finished in best fashion of his well-known studio. Everything will be the best - equal in all respects to his high-grade work. Two sittings will be given and two proofs furnished. All this, despite the fact that the new century price is only \$1 a dozen. The editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has had some experience with the work of Mr. Noble, and can personally bear testimony to its artistic character. We bespeak a big run for the "Minto" for 1901.

EXPERIENCE has always to be bought, and, properly regarded and acted upon, is worth the money paid for it.

Susan Obeyed.

"That fellow Phipps comes here too much,"

Said Susan's father, grim;
"We'll have to put a stop to that--
You must sit down on him."

Now, Sue is an obedient girl,
Respects parental powers;
So, when young Phipps came round
that night,
She sat on him two hours.



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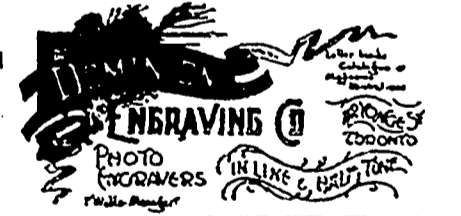


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