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CANADIAN

HOME JOURNAL

October

1896

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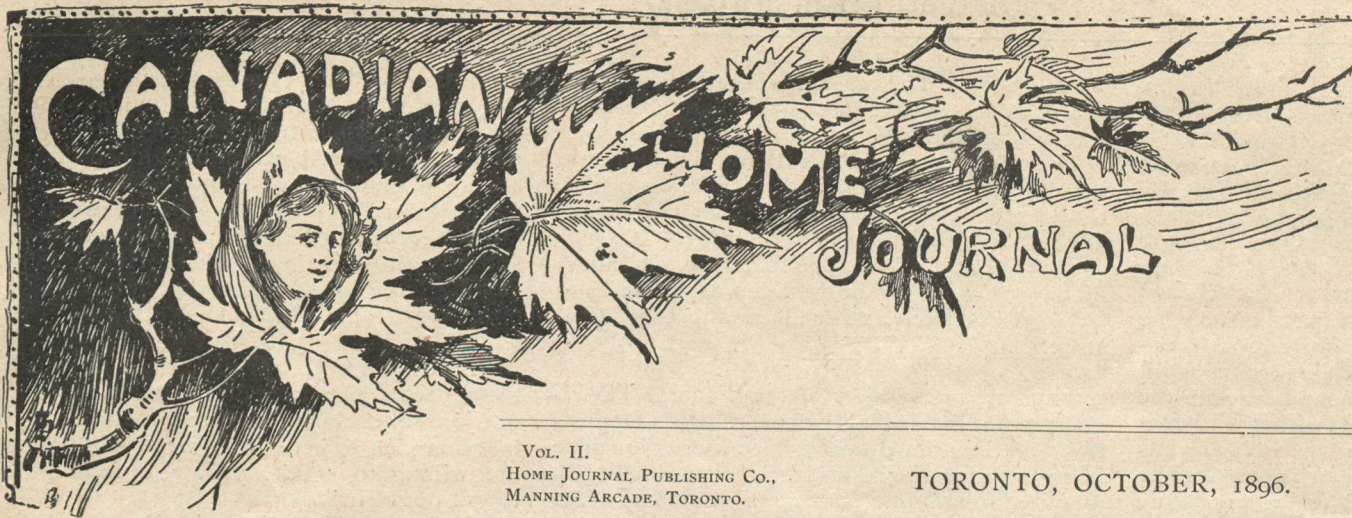
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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

IN reviewing the events of the month, undoubtedly that which stands out most prominently at the present time of writing, is the discovery of the extensive dynamite plot. The outline reads so much like police penny-dreadfuls that the English-speaking world was at first disposed to look upon the newspaper reports as a 'scare' evolved from the fertile brain of some sensational correspondent. But allowing for the license of press speculation, enough and more than enough must now be accepted as true.

So surprising and unexpected is the revelation involved in the discovery, that our thought is arrested, and we feel ourselves unable to comprehend its full bearing, or understand the conditions which induced a plot so anarchial.

To blow up Balmoral Castle when Queen and Czar and Prince were gathered in family re-union, were a scheme worthy of the mad brains of Fenian and Nihilist combined.

Yet the gravity of the revelation lies not alone in the danger threatened, but in the contemplation of the social conditions which engender such madness.

A TOUCH of amusement lightens the gravity of our thought concerning the situation, when we read that Paris, who has been all agog with expectancy, since hearing of the Czar's intended visit, gives as its concensus of opinion:

That, although the conspirators were fortunately arrested, the time of exposing their plans was inopportune, as it might result in a change being made in the arrangements for the reception of the Czar.

It was planned that His Majesty should be driven through the principal streets of the city in order to give the populace a good view of him. It is now thought, in view of the conspiracy that has been unearthed, that the route will be much shortened. This will cause great disappointment to the Parisians.

It was certainly inconsiderate of Scotland Yard not to delay the arrests.

In the meantime, the Sultan is probably rejoicing in a distraction which is withdrawing public attention from Turkey, and giving him opportunity to plan and execute a few further outrages upon the Armenians.

It is difficult for the ordinary mind to understand why the Christian nations have become aroused at this late date—too late, alas, to efface the results of their criminal inaction.

Let the mass meetings be many as they will, let the voice of the public protest be ever so strong,—they can never deaden the memory of that passionate cry for help which for long weary months rang out from a terror-stricken, tortured, helpless people, and finding no answering call upon earth, ascended skyward to bear bitter record against the Christian nations.

In connection with this subject of intervention with Turkey, Sir Charles Dilke has written a long letter, in which he says that if Great Britain shall go to war she will also plunge

India, Canada, and Australia into war, possibly without their consent.

There will be no hesitancy on the part of Canada where Armenia is concerned. Never in the history of her colonial relations has Canada been found unwilling to send her soldiers to aid the Motherland. For Armenia's sake every man would leap to his musket, and every woman say God-speed.

PRINCESS KAIULANI, who has been residing for the past eight years in England, is about to return to Honolulu with her father, who is an Englishman.

Her home-coming is causing rumors of a movement to restore the monarchy and make the young princess Queen of Hawaii, but no action is expected. The princess is reported to be an attractive and intelligent young girl, whose English education would make her a far fitter ruler than the deposed Queen Liliuokalani. She will probably receive an ovation on landing from natives and half whites, although many think that her friends will discourage such manifestations for fear that she might thereby imperil her pension of \$2,000 a year. It is not probable that the Government would feel much concerned about any such demonstrations, or interfere with any expressions of sympathy the natives might be disposed to show, as there is little likelihood of any further attempt being made to re-establish the native monarchy.

ONE of the interesting possibilities for next year is the convention of a congress of leprologists, to be held in Norway; when delegates from all civilized countries,—especially from those which, by the suffering of their own people, are interested in the question of leprosy,—will be invited to attend.

Since the congress is called by the Norway Government, the delegates will be those sent by other Governments interested in the subject. England, France, America, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii and many other countries have already promised to send delegates.

The delegates of the different Governments will form an international committee, to be permanently active. All problems concerning leprosy will be submitted to that international committee.

It is hoped that by this common and universal effort against the dreadful scourge it may, in a comparatively short time, be wiped off from the surface of the world. It is certainly worth the while to fight some years for such a tremendous result.

THE movements of the British army in the Soudan will be watched with all the interest that the meagre despatches make possible, since the object, which was ostensibly to support Italy at the beginning, is now avowedly the capture of Khartoum and conquest of the Soudan.

All the world will be glad if the re-opening of that region to civilization is achieved, while the natives of the Soudan, as well as the surrounding tribes, will be well pleased to see Abdallah, the tyrant Sultan of the Soudan, deposed.

This will throw open all Africa to white men; for now there is only one part closed against them, which they enter at peril of death or imprisonment, and that is the vast region where reigns his despotic majesty Abdallah.

ITALY and Abyssinia have come to terms that seem fair and honorable.

King Humbert's Government have agreed to pay Menelek 2,000,000 francs for support of the Italian prisoners of war. The Abyssinian King also stipulates that Italy shall define its Province of Erythrea, and that Italian citizens shall keep within it,—which appears a moderate demand.

Italy apparently thinks so,—indeed, the picturesque southern country seems to be having many wise national thoughts lately,—and peace exists on the conditions proposed.

CONCERNING the Venezuelan dispute: With its memorandums and commissions, it looks as though it may become one of those diplomatic questions like the Newfoundland 'French shore,' which are at once a delight and a torment to diplomatists, since they call for infinite finesse, and never admit of equitable solution.

Just at present the point of debate reached in the former is, in how far the failure to colonize debatable territory by one country, and its colonization by another, constitutes a claim to that territory by the colonists; which, being interpreted means, in regard to debatable land, is possession nine points of the law, and should the tenth point be yielded?

JULIA WARD HOWE is one of the 'invincibles' among advanced women. Although very near the venerable 'four score years,' yet she was last week in St. John, presiding over the deliberations of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which was for three days in session, and her presidency was not merely nominal. She read a paper, and at the closing meeting recited her celebrated Battle Hymn.

Looking back over sixty years of active public work, and tracing the wonderful changes that have come to pass, Mrs. Howe can surely say with deep emphasis:

His truth is marching on.

THE rumors concerning Mr. Chamberlain's possible retirement from the Colonial Office may or may not have foundation; but one thing is certain, that when this does occur, it will be only that this clever and fearless statesman may move to a yet higher place in the councils of his country.

Mr. Chamberlain has the courage of his con

victions in a remarkable degree, and a frankness of expression unusual in a statesman of such high office. He is long-sighted, large-sighted; and, to quote Mr. Laurier, "is one of the ablest men that has been presiding over the Colonial Office for many and many a day."

It is hardly fair on the part of the United States press opposed to Bryan, because of the riots of agitators, which he is powerless to prevent, to endeavor to associate him with anarchists. Since the 'silver' candidate has the misfortune to be associated with the demagogues, and since his platform especially appeals to the fanatical among the laboring classes, he must needs have among his followers many socialists and labor agitators. Yet there is no reason to go beyond this, nor to attribute the mad words and works of anarchists to his instigation. From present indications there appears to be a slight reaction again in favor of McKinley and the gold standard. But the contest is close, the results dubious. 'Tis a hot campaign, fought on momentous issues.

IN CANADA.

THE presence of Li Hung Chang has possibly been the notable event of the month in Dominion affairs. There is nothing to be added to the reams that have been written concerning this gentlemanly and astute old Earl; but his visit gave emphasis to the Chinese question when it was brought up in Parliament a few days after his departure from Canada. A more difficult question has rarely come before this or any parliament of a Christian country.

The natural inclination, which we instinctively feel to be the finer and truer one, moves us to remove all restriction and to open wide the doors of our great sparsely settled country to these people. But prudence, and a proper conservation of the interests of our own citizens and the country's future, prevent this. The principle of human brotherhood is not sufficiently deeply implanted in Canadians to make us willing to accept a fellow-citizenship with Africans or Chinese or Hindoos, at least not to the degree of swamping our own nationality and depreciating our own labor worth. And the difficulty is where to draw the line.

THAT the Rev. Charles Eaton is a most entertaining writer, those of us who have read his letters from England to the *Toronto Globe*, readily admit. But the reverend gentleman hardly appreciates the present disposition of the Canadian people, when he talks at three-column length of the desirability and advantages of a Canadian republic.

There is not the slightest response in the Canadian heart to such an ideal. Colonial relationship or annexation; these are the alternatives that present themselves. The latter is not seriously discussed among us, but it presents a greater attraction than Mr. Eaton's glowing picture of "an independent republic, sworn to friendship with both England and the United States from the beginning."

It is doubtful if there will ever come a time when Canada desires to stand alone; since the trend of the ages is not toward isolation, but union, and the British flag wraps a wide circle within its folds.

SINCE mining investments are so largely speculative, it is little use warning people against rash ventures. It would be as futile as to pronounce against bazaar 'fish-ponds,' raffles, or any other game in which we pay our money and take our chance. We all like to 'dip in,' in the hope of coming out gold or

silver-plated. The most that the Government can do is to see that there is some modicum of precious metal in the proffered bath.

But a safe rule for the investor is, to put in only that amount of money which he can afford to lose; by whose loss neither his family nor any one else shall suffer.

This is good advice, and therefore, of course, no one takes it. From the Eden days, men and women have staked their all, and lost or won. It is life.

THE present session of the Federal Parliament is not lacking in liveliness. Both Opposition and Government have been more than once upon their mettle; and Mr. Speaker Edgar has already found the throne a seat far from reposeful.

Although the new House has been but a few weeks in session, several points have been made plain: that Mr. Laurier's quick tact will help him over many a difficult place, and that he will rule his followers rather than be ruled by them; that Sir Charles Tupper makes a splendid leader of Opposition by virtue of his fine fighting qualities; and that the Opposition's long term in office has armed them for a power of attack which it will take all the skill of the Government forces to repel.

THE abolition of the House of Commons bar will meet with general approval; since no one now cares to take the attitude that consumption of alcoholic liquor is necessary for the proper transaction of business by our legislative bodies. While personally the members did not take advantage of its presence to indulge in excess, yet, as Sir Charles Tupper stated, the fact that liquor could be obtained in the House enabled parties to publish very strong and unjustifiable censures in reference to the character and conduct of members, and in order to avoid the possibility of any grounds for such measures he thought it was necessary to adopt the measure proposed by Mr. Craig.

That the motion passed without a dissentient voice showed that no member cared to go on record as opposing it; which speaks well for the advance of public sentiment along this line.

IN regard to the vexed question of civil servants showing political partisanship—which has been debated in press and Parliament,—Sir Richard Cartwright's suggestion that it might be worth considering whether civil servants should not be put upon the same footing as the judges of the country, who do not think they are insulted by being deprived of the franchise, is worth debate. There is no doubt such an arrangement is the only one calculated to place the civil service on a satisfactory basis.

In this connection the statement made in the House by Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, that during his previous occupancy of a seat in the House, three-fourths of his time was occupied in hearing applications for positions or increases of salary, is significant. Unfortunately, his words can be adopted by every member of the Government side of the House to-day.

THE action of the St. Thomas Conservative aldermen, who remained away from the Council meeting called for the purpose of considering how to receive Lord Aberdeen, in order to show their disapproval of his official action,—showed them not better Conservatives, and much less men. The Conservative party is not enriched by the adherence of such petty politicians as these.

The kindly thoughtfulness of the Governor-General is shown by a little incident related to the writer a few days ago. During His Excellency's present tour in Western Ontario, when attending the Dutton Fair, he remembered suddenly that one of his old servants had moved

from the Aberdeen estates some years before, and settled in Canada, in a village named Dutton. Turning to the chief of police who stood near, Lord Aberdeen mentioned the man's name and made inquiries.

The chief recognized the name, went down into the crowded Fair grounds, found the man and brought him up to where His Excellency stood, glad to greet and inquire of the welfare of his old retainer.

THE United States press is making much of the recent emigration of Canadians to Brazil, one journal declaring that the condition of the laboring classes here is so wretched that they are willing to "take yellow fever and Brazil to get out of it."

We have yellow fever in Canada, without going in search of it—a yellow fever that is carrying our men out by the score to the far Pacific coast, where the pick rings merrily, and the metal glitters in the pan; it is a yellow fever that is drawing a swift tide of emigration towards us, and from which no one flees away.

The directors of the Industrial Fair have every cause to congratulate themselves, as the citizens have to congratulate them, upon the success again attendant upon their efforts. But a protest must be entered in the children's name against the present arrangement for Children's Day, which occurs so early in the Fair days that the exhibits the children like best to see are not on the ground. The cat and dog show, the poultry, the live stock, the fruit and vegetables,—none of these have arrived, and they certainly constitute the greatest attractions for the little ones.

It is worth considering whether it would not be more satisfactory to charge a ten-cent admission for children, and to let that fee obtain throughout the Fair days.

ANENT the Rev. Charles Eaton's utterances, the following paragraph, quoted from Nova Scotia correspondence to *The Westminster*, should be of interest:

For the first time since 1867, when four provinces formed the Dominion of Canada, the elections have passed over without one whisper as to the desirability of repeal or secession. No word has been said against Confederation. No one has indulged in longings after "continental union." Anti-unionism is dead forever, which is a very distinct gain to our great Dominion. It is difficult for men living in a great central province to realize the painful facility with which prejudice and ill-will can be evoked in the smaller provinces. Happily there has not been at any time real danger of breaking the union; but now there is certainly less than ever. Discontent has vanished like an evil dream. The only question now for us all is to make Canada the freest, the purest, the best governed country on earth.

THE intimation that certain spiritualists have come to Toronto for the purpose of establishing a 'spiritualist church' in our midst is not acceptable to thoughtful citizens. No fad or fallacy is so dangerous or insidious as that which is put forth under guise of religion. Latter-day spiritualism is a fungous growth whose rank and poisonous luxuriance hides an exalted and beautiful truth, of whose existence we are yet but dimly aware.

To the self-controlled, spiritualism appeals not at all; but for the emotional and morbid it has a fascination which, when indulged, is utterly destructive of all healthful religious worship, all sanity of thought.

There was an instance of a city across the line, where spiritualism, with all its mummery of mediums and séances, so desolated the churches and filled the asylums that ministers, doctors and sober-thoughted citizens remaining, banded themselves together in solemn purpose of investigation and exposé, nor stayed their labors until the last 'medium' was compelled to leave the city.



THE re-opening of the theatrical season always brings renewed hopes of better attractions than we have seen before, better acting and brighter plays. Year by year, however, the average remains about the same. There is a boom at the start which dwindles into mediocrity as midwinter comes on, and a revival in the spring. So it has always been, and so most likely it will continue to be. Still we lovers of the theatre are content with very little.

To a good many of us there is an attraction in the theatre wholly extraneous to the effect created by the play itself. To set among a throng of excited and interested people; to listen to the scraping of the orchestra; to see the footlights glaring; to catch the peculiar, restless spirit of Bohemia that clings to the theatre at all times, is joy enough.

* * *

For my own part, I do not think the outlook for the coming season, so far as plays are concerned, is very alluring, although a great many will probably differ from me. The reaction toward romance maintains a firm hold on the theatres and star actors of the day. Romance, in the general understanding of the term, means unreality.

As a matter of fact, after some tentative advances in the direction of humanity and naturalism, the theatre has suffered a serious relapse into unreality. The star actors of the day still continue to play pieces dealing with exaggerated incident and false sentiment dressed up in satins and velvets. When critics write about such pieces they invariably praise the scenery and costumes, and a manager thinks you are a dolt if you ignore his properties. It should not matter, he considers, if the drama is sickly, so long as large sums are spent in embellishing it; the man who likes the naked truth is foolish; the way that a play is dressed, not how it is acted, counts.

The outlook is not altogether gloomy, however. There are some bright comedies and some good nonsense shows yet to be seen, and since these are unpretentious and just what they claim to be, one cannot find objection to them.

* * *

Lillian Russell is our earliest important visitor, and though at the date of writing one cannot speak of her new piece, "An American Beauty," she is always a source of interest. The comic opera she is playing is apparently an American production, and, for that reason, not an encouraging thing to think of. Last season Lillian played the most inchoate and nonsensical bit of musical trash ever conceived, that De Koven opera "The Tzigane," but she also conferred infinite delight on every one by producing Offenbach's "La Perichole."

I do not think a more exquisite evening's entertainment than this production of a comic French classic could well be provided. It was delicious and charming throughout.

There is a great deal of talk about the dearth of good comic operas just at a time when there is most demand for them. Why, then, are stars not ambitious enough to try and revive some of the glorious little works of the French composers, like Offenbach and Lecocq? There are countless pieces absolutely unknown to the present generation of theatre-goers which, in brightness and originality, put the more recent efforts to shame. The experiment with "La Perichole" proved so delightful that one is sorry to hear that Lillian Russell is again coming forward with a trumpery American piece.

* * *

The jolly little mummer, Francis Wilson, who always supplements his own drollery with a beautiful stage setting, seems to have scored a hit with his new comic opera "Half a King," a piece of French origin, which was done into American by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Engländer. It is said to be reminiscent of that happy and long-lived success, "Erminie." Wilson plays the rôle of a common little mount-bank of the same peculiarities as his famous *Cadeaux*, and who gets mixed up in the same way without the nobility. Its French origin is a guarantee of some fancy and brightness, but the announcement that two American hack workers have been at it is ominous. Mr. Wilson seldom produces anything really poor, however, and after his experience with Sir Arthur Sullivan's fiasco, "The Chieftain," he has probably sought something substantially amusing.

* * *

Turning to the legitimate drama, one finds that there is not a great deal to interest one. The coming big event at the London Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving's production of "Cymbeline," is something that, even should Irving come to America again, we would not probably have the privilege of seeing. "Cymbeline" is not a play calculated to hold interest in a theatre in the sense that "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" do, and Sir Henry is probably producing it out of sheer love for Ellen Terry's acting; for the fact that it affords her an opportunity to play *Imogen*, an exquisite study in girlish purity and innocence, is the chief matter of interest in the production.

Ellen Terry's stage career must soon draw to a close, and probably Sir Henry is satisfying some long cherished ambition of hers to play a rôle which must fascinate every really poetic actress.

* * *

Although Henry Irving is to remain in England, some of his very best contemporaries on the London stage will come to America, and as Canada always offers a lucrative field to English performers, they will undoubtedly visit us.

E. S. Willard, who has been in England for two seasons, is the most noted of the Englishmen who is coming out, and his advent is bound to be a source of interest to all who love good and sane acting. Since he went to England Mr. Willard has had bad luck in securing plays, and will bring no noted success with him, but probably he has secured something new with which to greet his admirers on this continent. There was a rumor two or three years ago that he was to act the rôle of *Mohamet*, and another rumor that he would play *Shylock*, so perhaps we may look for him in some famous rôle.

Berbohm Tree, another famous Englishman, is also going to visit us. He is more of a stranger than Willard, and an actor of different characteristics, if one can judge by what one reads. What he will play still remains a secret, but he is in a position to command the very best, and in these days when the business of management is chiefly in the hands of gamblers, the only safeguard to the stage lies in the ambitions of star actors. Mr. Tree is a man of true ambitions, who has always tried to make honest fame as well as money.

Still another Englishman, a comedian brimming with quiet laughter and sensibility,—John Hare, whose acting in "A Pair of Spectacles" was a charming study in love and kindness,—is to come to us. And here also we may look for delight.

* * *

It would appear that we must therefore look to England for what is really sweet and inspiring on the stage yet awhile. Americans do not achieve that mellow grace which is the chief lustre of art. It is a growth of older peoples. There is one American announcement, however, which cannot fail to fill one with pleasurable anticipations. It is that Julia Marlowe Taber is playing the rôle of *Romola* in a dramatization of George Eliot's famous novel. No actress, I think, could portray the girlish purity and poetic soul of this beloved heroine so well. Mrs. Taber, whom we knew erstwhile as Miss Marlowe, is still the gracious, beautiful creature who first thrilled Canadians as *Parthenia*, and with a matured and developed art she should win many plaudits this season.

Yet another actress of a strangely different genre, yet of exquisite, artistic methods, is Minnie Maddern Fiske, who, one is astonished to read, is to play "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in America. Hardy's glorious and sympathetic picture of erring womanhood is not one that we associate with such a petite and nervous personality as that of Mrs. Fiske, but that little artiste has proven herself possessed of such exquisite art and intellectuality and insight that she, in my opinion, could hardly make a real failure in anything she undertook, unless perchance she tried to be a soubrette like Della Fox, or something equally commonplace.

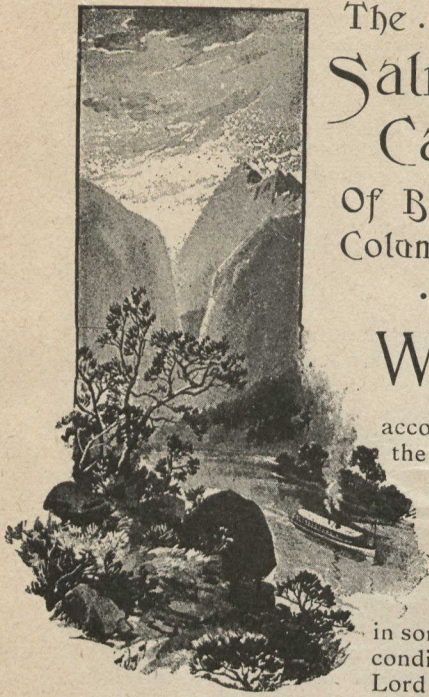
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I have tried to mention some of the bright particular announcements of the season, and, as one sees, the programme is rather meagre. There are scores of other events of less import, all indicative of a reaction toward melodrama. The presidential campaign in the United States is keeping many managers out of the field, and it will be difficult to keep the pot boiling in our city theatres.

THE PROMPTER.

* * *

Miss Loie Fuller is to be at the Toronto Gpera House next week with her wonderful wardrobe of drapery that makes the soft, filmy effect peculiar to her dance. Unlike other danseuses, she does not dance in rythm to any set measure. The charm of it is in the motion and manner in which she controls the coils and clouds of material which she whirls about her, displaying the grace of every supple movement through the gauzy draperies. Now they whirl like clouds, changing with the colored lights from storm to sunshine, then into still clear moonlight. Or, then again, she is an Easter lily, whirling and twisting her drapes into petals as she floats about the stage. The dance is completely an invention of her own, and its beauty is worthy of the triumph Miss Fuller has won. Miss Fuller comes in the company controlled by her sister Ida, and announces that immediately after she goes to China—whether on missionary intent, or whether under contract with Earl Li, is left to conjecture.



The ...
**Salmon
 Canneries**
 Of British
 Columbia.

.....
WHEN invited by a small party of friends to accompany them to the salmon canneries at Steveston—a town on the Fraser River about fourteen miles from Vancouver,—I was in somewhat the same condition of mind as Lord Dufferin, who, when asked, during a

visit to Chicago, to inspect a sausage manufactory, replied "No, thank you; I am fond of sausage."

However, my love for the novel and curious conquered every other consideration, and so, one hazy morning in August, I sailed down the Fraser in pursuit of knowledge, and peradventure amusement as well.

The smoke and mist hung over the mountains like a bridal veil, and caused the shore on either side to appear dim and shadowy. But as the day grew older, I could discern in the distance the fishing boats—some four thousand in number—wending their homeward way. For it was Saturday, and no one is allowed to fish for salmon from noon upon that day until six p.m. on Sunday.

One of the prettiest sights in this land of beautiful pictures, is to be seen when the boats start forth at sunset hour, and, spreading their terra cotta nets over the green waters of the Fraser, entered upon their week of toil.

The sounds are deafening; eight thousand men all speaking at once, and in different tongues. But the setting sun, dancing waves, bright blankets, and white sails, illumine and beautify all. * * *

After a sail of about three hours, Steveston was reached, and, as I stepped from the wharf to the main street, I felt as though I had walked right into the heart of some quaint, curious, old dream. What was there about the pine-board buildings—one-storeyed, unplastered and unpainted—so strangely familiar? Then I remembered.

Once, when a child, I was taken to an old-fashioned Methodist camp meeting, held in a large grove, and the houses confronting me were the fac-simile of those I had seen in the long ago. But, there alas, the resemblance ceased, for anything more utterly unmethodistical than Steveston it would be hard to find. A gentleman, who has lived in some of the worst European cities, told me he believed it to be 'the toughest place on earth.'

The town is fairly orderly during the day, but when the shades of evening fall, then pandemonium is ushered in, and drunkenness and licentiousness reign supreme until the day breaks again.

And yet, Steveston is, supposedly, a prohibition town; doubtless, owing to the large number of Indians engaged in the fishing and canning industries, and who are perfectly wild when under the influence of liquor.

Everywhere one's gaze is met by the sign,

"Temperance drinks for sale here," and some of the merchants engaged in the sale of these 'cooling' beverages do such a rushing business that they are obliged to keep open night and day, and instead of eking out a precarious existence, as is generally the fate of those similarly engaged, they flourish like the green bay tree

The town is very cosmopolitan, but the canning is done chiefly by Klootchmen (Indian women) and Chinamen.

The yellow rain-coats, green and red silk handkerchiefs and shawls, with which the exterior of the stores are profusely decorated, make brilliant patches of color all along the streets, whilst the Indian encampments scattered throughout the town, and the Indians themselves sauntering along in garments of every hue, give the place quite a kaleidoscopic appearance.

* * *

There seemed to be a goodly number of bibulous souls abroad, and one man who had reached the amorous stage, opened his arms playfully as I passed him, with a view to embracing me, but, fortunately for himself—my escort being of a somewhat bucolic temperament—exerted a British subject's privilege, and changed his mind.

After dining I sallied forth in the direction of the canneries—ten in all. And it was whilst wending my way thither that I came in contact with one of those touches of nature which makes all the world kin.

She was an Indian maiden, and he was of the same dusky race, and as they sat in close proximity, upon the seat bordering the dyke-path, which led to the canneries, they were unmistakably lovers.

What cared they for the noisy crowd, which surged to and fro about them with curious glances and scornful smiles? They lived but for each other. Just as I reached them, I noticed that his brawny hand was tightly closed, and that the beloved one was playfully, but ineffectually, seeking to solve the mystery of that hidden palm. Moved by a woman's curiosity, I paused in front of them, when suddenly the hand flew open, and lo, and behold, buried in its capacious depths, was a silver ring.

At that moment a wretchedly unromantic man in my rear, jostled me onward, but as I cast one last, lingering look behind me, I saw her head pillowed lovingly upon his shoulder, and her form clasped closely to his manly breast.

It is not often in this conventional age, that one is privileged to be an onlooker, during the supreme moment in the hour of courtship,—and if ever I longed for a camera, 'twas then.

* * *

Upon entering the cannery, I was conducted first of all, to a large wooden platform overlooking the river, where the salmon were being thrown up by men with spears, from the fishing boats below. There are two kinds of salmon, the spring and the sock-eye. The former are larger, but not nearly as plentiful as the latter.

After being pitched into the cannery, the fish are tossed on a wooden table, where, in the twinkling of an eye, they are shorn by Chinamen of heads, tails, fins and internal economy. They then pass into the hands of a row of Klootchmen and are thoroughly cleansed with a brush. The Chinese are never allowed to perform this part of the work, as, although more skilful, they are not as cleanly as the women, who as they stand there in their bright garments, hair hanging in two long braids, and silver ornaments, make an extremely quaint, and never-to-be-forgotten picture. The fish are then placed in a curious-shaped wooden receptacle, in charge of a Chinaman, who, by turning a crank, cuts them into five or six

pieces; after which they are thrown into a large keg of brine, from which they are taken with a net, very similar to that used in catching butterflies.

Then comes the part most trying to the onlooker, provided he or she be a fastidious soul and partial to canned salmon. The salmon, fresh from the brine, is passed to a row of Chinamen, who take it in their hands, and press it into the cans, each piece of fish being supposed to fill a can. I might say just here, for the instruction of all, and the consolation of a few, that this is the only time the fish is touched with the hands, after having been cleaned by the women; and those who assist at this stage of the work, are made to observe the utmost cleanliness.

The cans are then placed on trays and sent along to be covered, soldered and tested, before being cast into a boiling cauldron, where they remain for one hour. Upon being removed from the boiler, they are again tested by rapping the lids with a small hammer, and so wonderfully acute is the hearing of the testers that they can detect the most infinitesimal opening, just by the sound. After the needed repairs are attended to, the cans are put in a retort, where they are steamed for another hour, then tested and put away to be cooled and lacquered.

* * *

From the time the cans are closed until they are shipped they are tested no less than ten times, and one cannot but admire the thoroughness with which every part of the work is conducted. The rows of cans, piled ten and fifteen feet high, enable one to realize, as no word-picture could, the magnitude of this industry.

Although this an 'off year,'—they only look for a heavy catch every fourth year,—the season's pack is a large one, and for ten days the run was enormous.

Two fishermen made with one boat eight hundred in three weeks, and the gross sum realized will be over eight million dollars.

One vessel alone is taking to England a cargo valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. This speaks well for the hatcheries established by the Government, and which are regarded by some ignorant and prejudiced people as an unnecessary drain upon the public purse, and an impious interference with the province of the Creator.

* * *

The canning season is over, and the Indians, many of whom have come from distant parts of the province, accompanied by their families, are sailing merrily homeward, with the fruits of their labor. This being carnival week in Vancouver, a number of them have moved their canoes to the various wharves of the city, and are enjoying the festivities.

As they stroll leisurely along—an Indian never walks hurriedly—they are the most complacent, self-satisfied-looking people in Vancouver. And well they may be, for there is probably no class at the present time who have so much ready money at their disposal, or who spend it as freely. When they return next week to their winter homes, they will carry with them but little cash, but will be well supplied with clothing, blankets and provisions.

One feels sorry for the Klootchmen sometimes, for whilst the husband carries the 'bag,' the poor wife is generally expected to carry the bundles and babies. And it is no uncommon sight to see a Klootchman dragging herself wearily along, with a baby on her back, a stovepipe under one arm, and a bag of flour under the other; her liege lord, meanwhile, strolling serenely on before, with his hands in his pockets.

BETSY GADABOUT.

THE FAIR'S ART NEEDLE-
WORK.

THERE was a time when the Art Needle-
work Department at the Canada Fair
trial was truly 'a pleasure to see', when the fine-
wool work, close crochet and log-cabin quilts
were chiefly in evidence, and beauty of design
and diversity of color were the chief elements
that made for first prizes.

But year by year the artistic has gained upon
the startling, and the graceful upon the heavy
of stitches until now the fine needlework is

level of the exhibition is such an artistic
and practical as well as a pleasure to see. The
of many hands and eyes.

We do not require to say that the art
the hand work of the needle is a most effective
one of the exhibits at the fair.

It is not only a pleasure to see, but it is
a pleasure to see that many of the
work of the needle is a most effective
and practical as well as a pleasure to see.

Some exceedingly delicate fabric was shown

The people come and go in little groups,
moving softly and speaking in tones involun-
tarily low, as they view the great stretches of
canvas which fill all the little black-draped
room with a glow of color. Perhaps truest art
overs pause longest before the second of the
series, "The Blenheim at Halifax." The scene
is vivid before us as we look; nay, more, we
are in it. We stand upon the deck of the great
war ship; the heavy grey sky lowers to conceal
the vessel heights, and from out its gloom the
rain sweeps slanting down. It beats alike
upon bared heads and lifted umbrellas, upon
rough oilskins and broadcloths, upon unknown
sailors, and men whose names rank high in
Canada's national life. It spares not even the
central group, that flag-draped coffin, borne
across the glistening deck by its sturdy bearers.
How softly clear the colors of the Union Jack!
How closely it envelops the sacred box,—hiding
beneath its folds a heart that had beaten its
ast pulsation almost in the presence of the

We move away to pause before the third
picture, "The State Funeral" of the dead
Premier. A splendid color effect it seems at
first glance,—as we catch the glow of scarlet
and purple and lustrous white, against the
background of warm, dim brown. But a closer
study reveals the picture more fully.

This is the interior of Halifax Cathedral—its
pillars and arches, its choir gallery and organ,
rise out of the dim depth, in their tones of soft
brown; sprays of light spring from pillars and
walls, giving a pale gold glow of relief; far
back in the depth we discern the organ loft, the
dimmed faces of the singers; and beneath,
upon the gallery front, we read the solemn
benediction, "Requiescat in pace." A white
cross shines in misty softness from out the
background of one brown pillar and down the
broad aisles.

As we look into the cathedral depth we see,
stretching back from the brilliant foreground,
an infinity of upturned faces. Beyond and still

beyond we look into the
deep perspective, the
mass of faces growing
gradually more indis-
tinct until our eye fails
to distinguish aught
beside the dim outline.
It is the artist's triumph
in this painting,—the
fidelity of individual
likeness in this in-
numerable throng. In
the immediate fore-
ground we see the arch-
bishops in their rich
roblings of purple and
lace, the white
bishops and
scarcely
h



There is a marked difference in the
color and much finer than the other
which is dark.

The exhibit of soft
cushions was unusually
small. Evidently the
cushion cover is yet a
thing of art silk or other
fin with wide loose folds,
and not to be adorned by
the art needlework.

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spray, with many red berries. These
frames are really pretty, especially the
and bedroom brass iron. They should
be heavy and covered, and the designs should
be always light and graceful. When
the iron can be washed and restored upon
the frame.

Much of the artistic effect of embroidery
depends upon the quality of silk thread used.
There are delightful embroidery silks now in
the market glossy, firm, of delicate tints, and
washable. The finest case of art needlework
is the washed and restored upon
the frame.

The woman with artistic
charm of colored silk embroidery
as nearly as possible the
flowers in any design. The
smoothness and evenness
the real beauty of the work.

It is worth while for
before beginning any
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of the large group of the Royal Household attendants; we are interested in the presence of the Princess Beatrice, and acknowledge the distinguished appearance of the little group of Canadians; yet we are fully conscious of only one presence; eyes and thought and feeling are centred in one figure,—that of a little, old lady, standing beside a catafalque, and placing a laurel wreath upon the black pall.

We stand in reverent love before this beautiful picture of our Queen;—could Canada ever possess another half so significant? The sorrowful aged face, with its mournful droop of eyes and lips, the smooth bands of silvery hair, the silent attitude of grief beside that black-palled coffin, touches us strangely. As a mother mourning for a son, so this Queen-mother bends over the silent form of one who was truly worthy of such a sonship, and by her simple expression of sorrow acknowledges the bond.

O mother-queen! you have borne long years of care, you have suffered many a silent heart-pang for the sorrows of your people; but not until you have passed forever shall we realize something of your travail for us. Yet, this simply acknowledged motherhood of our Queen shall never be forgotten by Canadians. And if at any future time ill-favored national projects be stirred, or England's regard for her colonies be questioned, we have but to look upon this picture of the Queen-mother mourning her dead statesman—Canada's Premier; we have but to remember the loyal imperial heart at rest beneath the coffin lid, to dispel all such doubt and quicken within us our impulse of affection, our sense of close kinship with

* * * That little island
Pinged with grey seas.

* * *

...oric. They belong
...nation. They
...splendid
...remain

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Conducted by MRS. JEAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts. Answers to Correspondents will be found on page 29.

Here's to the old apple tree.

Hats full, caps full,
Bushels and sacks full.
Huzza!

ONCE upon a time long ago the above little stanza was sung by the farmers of Devonshire and Herefordshire, as in springtime, whilst the trees were in bloom, they, with their men, went through the orchards, dancing around the apple trees, singing and pouring cider upon the roots 'for luck.' With them, as with us, the apple was the most valuable fruit they had. Although we read of apples in the Bible and in ancient history, it is from a wild crab which grows in Britain that all our modern varieties of apples are derived, and though we have three distinct native crabs growing upon this continent, none of them have been cultivated to any extent. It is interesting to know that, while the smallest apples known grow in Siberia, the largest and best apples known grow in America.

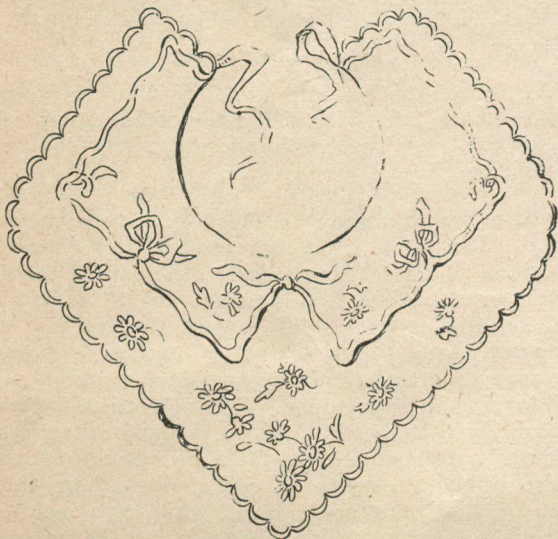
Of late years bananas have become so plentiful that they have in a measure taken the place of the apple in the heart of the small boy; but the housekeeper still owes her allegiance to the apple, for no fruit can take its place in point of usefulness.

In looking over an old-fashioned recipe book lately, I found a recipe for making pomade. Equal quantities of the meat of apples and lard. I could not help wondering if that would account for the peculiar odor of country school houses and churches.

THE FAIR'S ART NEEDLEWORK.

There was a time when the Art Needlework Department at the Toronto Industrial was truly 'a pleasaunce of quaint stitches,' when the time-honored Berlin-wool work, close crochet and log-cabin quilt were chiefly in evidence, and infinity of stitches and diversity of color were the chief elements that made for first prizes.

But year by year the artistic has gained upon the startling, and the graceful upon the infinity of stitches, until now the fine needlework en-



tered at the Exhibition is really an education and initiation to all women who love the grace of dainty linens and lingerie.

We do not purpose here giving any list of the fancy work shown, but rather to illustrate a few of the prettiest articles.

In as far as we could judge, no new device in art needlework was shown. But we noticed a marked revival of that dainty form of fancy work 'tattooing.' The marvel is that it has been so long laid aside, since it is not only capable of a thousand artistic uses, but is certainly one of the most effective and graceful employments for a woman's fingers. A swift shuttle affords wonderful opportunities for pretty hands.

Some exceedingly delicate tattooing was shown,



especially in fine lacey wheel effects for the side of a 'cosy,' also for handkerchief border.

Embroidery upon linen and silk still takes precedence of all other fine needlework, and the art has been brought to a fine perfection.

We illustrate the very choicest design in table centres shown at the Exhibition—a rarely beautiful bit of handwork, which excited the unbounded admiration of all the women. It is, as you perceive, a thistle design; the thistles tossed carelessly down, the silky tops all pale pink and purple, in soft flossiness. The shading of the blossoms was exquisite; one felt an impulse to lift the silky things, regardless of their prickles. * * *

We show also an infant's bib, with collar—a charming little affair of white linen embroidered in white washing silk with tiny daisies and love knots. The collar is cut separate and stitched on. Among the infants' clothing was a most effective baby's jacket of knitted cream silk bordered with gold edge, and booties to correspond.

In the same case with the 'thistle' centre-piece was one, which we illustrate, almost equally delicate in fine shading and embroidery. This had a poppy design, and the scarlet silky glow was beautifully reproduced. Yet another had a design of loose-stemmed yellow roses, with single petals drifting lightly and carelessly away from the blossoms.

This also was delightful; and suggested a 'yellow' tea in which a yellow-shaded lamp, golden rod or nasturtiums, relieved with early tinted maple leaves, might carry on the suggestion of color and season.

Maiden hair fern is always a graceful design for a centre-piece, and may be easily outlined from the fern itself. * * *

There was an unusually varied display of cosies. We illustrate two of the most artistic and seasonable. The first has a holly design, with its tiny crimson berries. The satin puffing is of pale green, set with knots of crimson bébé ribbon. It is really a charming idea for a Christmas gift.

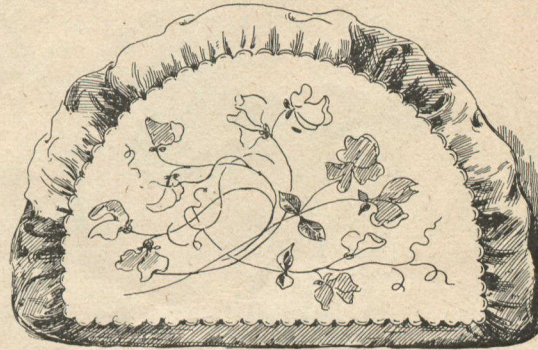
The second is a sweet pea design, the flowers being most artistically wrought, and the loose satin puffing a delicate blending of pale pink and pale green.

These were in a professional case. But among the amateur work a much-admired cosy had sides of tatted wheels, applied on silk belting cloth, which is cut away, showing the pink satin beneath. The effect was very delicate. * * *

The exhibit of sofa cushions was unusually small. Evidently the cushion cover is yet a thing of art silk or muslin with wide loose frills, and not to be adorned by much fine needlework.

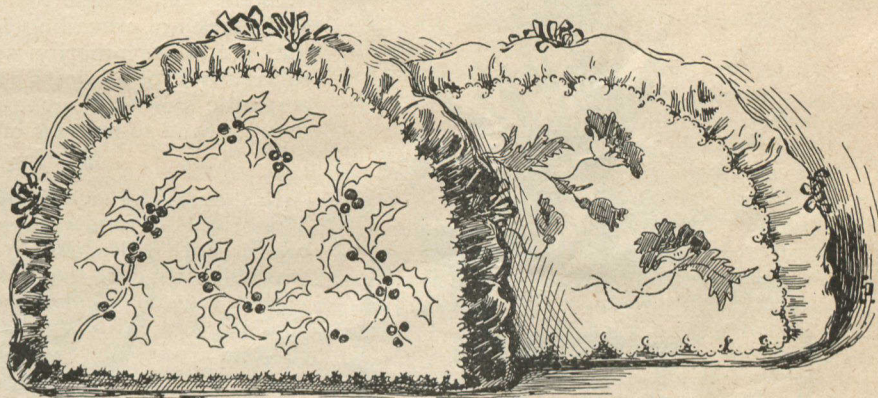
The monogram or initial, worked in one

corner, finds favor for the modish cushion, a small piece of satin being inserted for the purpose, with cut-away and reverse effect in the chief material forming the cushion. There was



only one cushion in which the use of Dresden silk was employed for the puffing. This is rather surprising in view of the very artistic effects to be obtained from the use of Dresden and Persian silks and ribbons.

An attractive exhibit of photo frames was shown, of linen, daintily embroidered in graceful designs; some conventionalized, others vine tracings with tiny buds. One such frame was arranged to hold three cabinet photos, and was embroidered with forget-me-not design. Another smaller one had a graceful miniature holly



spray, with minute red berries. These linen frames are really pretty, especially for boudoir and bedroom bric-à-brac. They should never be heavily embroidered, and the designs should be always light and graceful. When soiled, the linen can be washed and restretched upon the frame.

Much of the artistic effect of embroidery depends upon the quality of silk thread used. There are delightful embroidery silks now in the market, glossy, firm, of delicate tints, and washable. The finest case of art needlework shown exhibited linen articles that had been laundered several times, and the silken embroidery in palest blues, mauves, pinks, remained fast in their delicately shaded effects.

The woman with artistic instinct will find the charm of colored silk embroidery in reproducing as nearly as possible the exact tints of the flowers in any design. This, rather than the smoothness and evenness of stitch, constitutes the real beauty of the work.

It is worth while for lovers of art needlework, before beginning any design on linen, to make sure that their silks are of the best, and washable.

There is a marked difference in silk threads; some are much finer than others and less inclined to fluff.

Pillow shams will always remain more or less in favor. The first prize pair at the Industrial were all-over white silk embroidery on white linen, in conventionalized lily design.

Some very pretty five o'clock tea cloths were shown, chiefly of linen, daintily embroidered; one of white silk was embroidered with white silk in a graceful vine pattern, and bordered with drawn work.



THE MILLINERY OPENING.

Inquiries to this department will be answered on page 29.

GENERAL impressions are first and strongest; matters of details come later on, and in the case of the large millinery openings of the month the general impressions were decidedly emphatic.

First, we note that the hats are large, and the bonnets small; second, that moss greens, heliotropes and black are prevailing colors, and last, that felt hats are in the minority, and velvet and braid hats to the front for all dress purposes. This for the emphatic points of general impression; now we may descend to matters of detail.

* * *

In shapes, the modified Gainsborough is shown. The brim is of moderate width, and turned up at one or both sides and at the back. The hat is worn slightly over the face.

The crowns of the broad hats are generally shallow, and variously shaped; in many instances the tam crown effect is observable.

* * *

In bonnets, the crowns run into all erratic shapes, but they are usually high. The bonnets are quite small and decidedly jaunty.

Turbans and toque shapes are shown, but rather as a variety than a standard fashion for the present season.

* * *

In material, the prevalence of the velvet hat, for best purposes, is most marked. Felts are shown, but chiefly in the English walking shape or fedoras for adults, and broad brims for children.

The heavy effect of the ordinary velvet hat is quite removed this season by the use of chenille and mohair braids. The brim is made of these, and they are largely used for trimmings. Quite a pretty and popular shape has tam crown effect in velvet with brim made of one or two rows of mohair and chenille braid intermixed. This gives a soft effect, and relieves the hat either of the heaviness of the velvet brim or stiffness of the felt.

* * *

In trimmings, velvets of every shade are largely used. A deep plaiting of velvet gathered about the base of the crown and standing erect to an inch or two above it in the front, is a fashion observable on many of the new pattern hats.

Mohair and chenille braids are largely used as trimming.

Ribbon bows take the rosette form, but are loose and deep, giving somewhat the effect of large crush roses. The ribbon used for this purpose is wide and gathered the full width. Moire ribbon takes precedence of the shot, although the latter is used to an extent.

* * *

In feathers, the ostrich demi-plume is largely in evidence; three or four of these set up at the back

of the hat are well in fashion. Tips also are used freely; wings are worn, and neither hat nor bonnet appears complete without an osprey.

* * *

Flowers are naturally less to be seen, although the fine French roses are noted on many small bonnets. These roses, of silk and velvet petals, give a delightfully effective and soft touch of color when placed beneath the brim, or at the back, resting upon the hair.

* * *

The rhinestone ornament abounds on the season's hat, in pins, buckles and clasps; passementerie is also freely used for finishing the crowns. It has a rich effect when laid upon the velvet.

* * *

We show this month some of the choicest pattern hats, taken from the imported stock of one of the large Toronto wholesales, and shown at their opening.

* * *

No. 1 is a harmony in black and deep moss green. It is made of mohair and chenille braid entwined in these two colors. In shape it rests lightly over the face, and is turned up at the back and slightly at both sides toward the back. A deep puff of moss green velvet is gathered about the crown, extending nearly two inches above it and leaving the back open. This velvet is clasped in front, at the bottom, with a rhinestone spray. 'Crush' rosettes made the full depth of wide black moire ribbon are set in at either side where the brim turns up, and at the back, while two parrot or cockatoo wings (green shaded) are set up on either side at the back.

* * *

No. 2 is a black felt, with brim faced with velvet and rolling up at the sides and back. It is trimmed with crush or 'cascade' rosettes, as some milliners aptly term this new effect in ribbon bows. The ribbon is a deep white corded silk; and the rosettes are clasped or finished in front with a rhinestone ornament. Four black ostrich demi-plumes set well up at the back of the crown. Black ribbon rosettes rest beneath the brim upon the hair. This is a stylish hat for the present popular black and white costumes.

* * *

No. 3 is a unique little pattern bonnet, which attracted much attention among visiting milliners, because of the peculiar crown, which was styled 'hour glass,' 'shaving mug,' and various other frankly descriptive titles. This decidedly *chic* bonnet is remarkably small. It is made of moss green silk velvet and trimmed in front with bow of green velvet entwined with green and black chenille braid. A knot of the velvet and pink Dresden ribbon is set half way up the crown, with ends standing well up and out in 'perk' effect. Four green crush roses—the real silky French blossom—finish the back. Black ties of narrow moire ribbon are brought under the chin.

The effect of this little bonnet is startling, yet decidedly saucy.

* * *

No. 4 might aptly be termed a 'swallow' hat. The brim is made of chenille braid, two rows deep; the crown is a tam effect in black velvet. The front is trimmed with swallow wings (black) centred by a jet ornament. The side is well set up with swallow wings and knot of peacock shot ribbon fastened with a second jet ornament. Two crush rosettes of the ribbon rest upon the hair at the back, where the brim is upturned.

* * *

Two of the newest American pattern bonnets are 'Colonial' and 'Bryan,' which we show in 5 and 6. The 'Colonial' (No. 5) is a toque effect in green velvet. The crown is round and flat, and trimmed with a thick shirred roll of brown velvet, with looks like pheasant plumage. The brim is

the peculiar feature of this hat; it is made of four nearly fan-shaped pieces of green velvet, each of which is gathered at either end into side plaits and finished in the centre with a rhinestone buckle. These velvet pieces are made of buckram and covered. The back is finished between the fans with two crushed rosettes of green moire ribbon, while an osprey, springing from a built tower of the ribbon, gives the needful effect of height. The crown is covered with gold passementerie.

* * *

No. 6 (the 'Bryan') is a pretty toque in grey velvet. The tam crown of the velvet has the looseness set well up toward the front. The rolled brim is likewise of the grey, and is given a pretty effect by gathering and setting up at regular distance in tiny erect tucks or double frills, like a series of wheels. The crown is finished with passementerie, while a large bow of pink and grey Dresden ribbon and rhinestone buckle at the back, and wings and osprey at one side, complete a quiet, yet charming hat.

COATS AND JACKETS.

The short coat is again in evidence for the fall and winter season. The woman who possessed a short, jaunty coat last year, may rejoice in the fact that very little alteration is needed to make her winter wrap perfectly *la mode*.

In looking through the mantle departments of the large stores, we notice that the coats are of two kinds, with slight variations in each. Both are short, reaching a trifle below the hips. Regarding the length, we quote the words of a Toronto importer. "When we gave our order to the German manufacturers for the present stock of coats," he said, "we left it to their judgment to make them longer or shorter, if the intervening months showed any change. The result is a slight increase in length. Last season the coats were from twenty-two to twenty-four inches; this season they are from twenty-four to twenty-six."

* * *

In cloths, fine beavers, tweeds, and curled bouclés are chiefly shown for jackets. The latter when of good quality are very becoming. But a cheap curled bouclé should never be chosen. The tendency for good jackets is towards the smooth cloths of brown, Prussian blue and black.

* * *

I spoke of two fashions in the season's short coat. One is loose front and double breast, with plain, close-fitting back, whose skirt fulness is not a ripple or flare, but a loose plait. The other fits the figure closely, and may almost be called tailor-made.

The first is perhaps most in evidence and will be especially popular with younger women, but the second will be much affected by women of fine form.

* * *

Extremely large buttons are seen on all the short coats, varying in number from one to six. They are of white or smoked pearl, black, brown or blue bone to harmonize with the cloth. Frogs and tubular braid, high collars and cuffs, side and breast pockets, decorated seams, everything indeed that can conduce to jauntiness, is in style for the short coat of the season.



One stylish German coat of Prussian blue beaver cloth has a military effect with loose front, close-fitting back with flare skirt. The seams are defined with a rich silk tubular braid. The deep collar and cuffs are of black astrachan.

In the case of the double breasted front with the one or two large buttons, it is customary to make the genuine button hole and use it; but to supplement with a 'fly' and small buttons which fastens the remaining length of the front.

* * *

The lower edge of the coat is cut nearly square in front, but curved prettily around the hips. Several coats are shown with round fronts.

* * *

The new French back, which is taking the place of the flare, is a box plait about three inches in width with a single ripple on either side.

* * *

A remarkably pretty and stylish coat of dark blue cloth shows the seams outlined with narrow fur.

* * *

The collar is a peculiar feature of the present season. In the close-fitting or tailor-made coats it is of one piece, with the coat shaped in the cutting and flaring out directly beneath the



chin. Only perfect fitters should attempt this, since the least wrinkle would be disastrous; but the effect is extremely modish.

The other collars are a separate piece; but the 'storm' collar has been modified into a straight high band, with a deep ruff above it which encircles the neck.

* * *

Usters are not to be named for women during the present season; the semi-waterproof or storm cloak is its nearest approach. But some remarkably pretty ulsters are shown for little girls from nine to fifteen years. One of blue grey flecked frieze has plaited back finished at the top with a strap; a double cape, the upper one being shaped and finished at the edges with a white piping. Collar, strap and pockets are also edged with the piping. Another picturesque ulster is the Gretchen, made of brown frieze in mother hubbard fashion with yoke and box-plaited front and back. The sleeves are finished at the shoulder with epaulets slashed with brown velvet. Another has a Watteau plait carried down the back, with Carrick cape, the upper one of brown velvet.

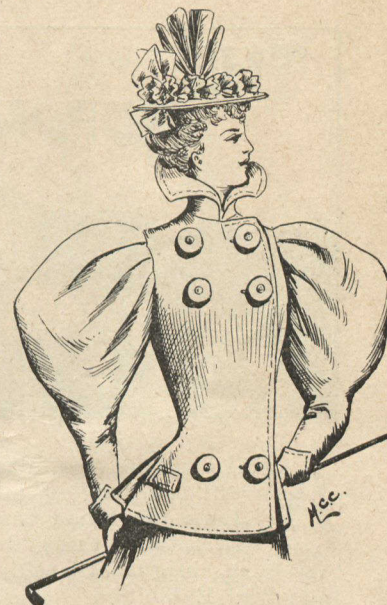
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Picturesque and jaunty effects are striven for throughout in the season's coats, and this is attained in the main by pockets, buttons, frogs, braided effects and seams defined and outlined by various trimmings.

The sleeves still remain large at the elbow. For although tight dress sleeves are certainly 'in,' they are not yet in general use.

* * *

In cloaks, last season's styles will prevail, since no improvement can be suggested on the fur-lined half-length of rich brocade with its fulness of ripple and border and collar of soft becoming fur. These cloaks will prevail for elderly ladies, to whom indeed they are a source of comfort.



NEW DEVICES IN DRESS.

The crowds of pleasure seekers who are flocking back to the city every day are hunting industriously for the changes in fashion. The godet skirts and huge sleeves are surely among the rapidly departing styles, and fashion threatens to go to the other extreme and return to close, clinging skirts. The new gowns are reduced to almost one-half of the fulness that formerly prevailed, and they fit so closely about the hips that they will be exceedingly trying to very slight figures. The tight sleeves are equally trying, and many women are moaning over the lost fulness that has been so becoming to their extreme slenderness. The sleeves in this transition period are a very important part of the dress, and although they are clinging from wrist to shoulder their shape is wonderfully relieved by the many devices employed to ornament the top, such as puffs, frills, epaulets, points, and other trimming to match the bottom of the skirt.

While the sleeves were so large, all women and all gowns looked much alike; but now more individuality of form and more taste and skill will be shown in new effects in the combinations of the silks and woollens which will be used in the demi-season toilettes. The skirts and bodices will be very much trimmed with a new coarse lace, Bulgarian, Croatian, and other embroideries, in ivory or a pale cream tone. The embroidery is protected and relieved by an edge of colored braid, gold cord, or narrow black velvet. Yokes of velvet covered with lace will be found on many of the fall gowns. Narrow Valenciennes lace will be just as popular as it has been all summer. Buttons will take a prominent part in the trimming of the fall gowns. Some of the skirts will have the front breadth outlined with buttons on both sides corresponding with the two rows on the double-breasted waist. The new buttons are very artistic.



MADAM,



A FAIR picture on a fair day: This we say without punning intent, as we walk down the broad curving avenue that constitutes the main thoroughfare of that busy, bright little city of a season—the Industrial Exhibition. The sun is shining in mellow warmth of early September. A light breeze stirs the young maples upon the boulevards, and the dancing leaves send a fantasy of yellow fleckings upon the grass beneath. White and blue of sky above, and blue and white of water beyond, environ the blithe little world, all full of color and sound.

* * *

Sound! The air is full of it. The click of the turnstiles begin it, as the people throng through the gateways; the popcorn men, fruit sellers, restaurateurs, continue it along the avenues. The band stand covers it with gay waltz notes. The Main Building sends out a harmonious hum. The piano pavilion emits a medley of musical clamor. Punch adds his penetrating squeak from some near point. From dog show, poultry shed, cattle stalls, come far-off sounds to swell the charms,—and beneath it all is the happy hum of fifty, eighty, or a hundred thousand people.

Color! Sound! Yes, and odors also,—a thousand essences mingled. From the perfume, freely sprayed by exhibiting druggists, to the grateful odors of the sausage vendors' stall, from soaps and spices to the tea and coffee stands,—all blended into a pleasant suggestiveness by the fresh puff of lake breeze.

There is no fear of overpowering odors, overwhelming sound, or crush of colors. The pure air puffs in and out and over the pretty scene, moderating both odor and noise to an attractive degree, while such gracious sweeps of sky and water is frame for a rainbow wealth of color.

* * *

We wander up and down the avenue in the fair morning sunlight, enjoying the picturesque touches of sight and sound;—the balloon man, with his sheaf of airy, floating balls; the squaw sitting blinking in the sun, with her glistening bead work spread about her, and answering her customers in distressingly good English; the sausage man, in his white apron, who, as we pause a moment before his stand, claps a fragrant morsel between the halves of a white roll and thrusts it into our hands. Not knowing what else to do, we calmly dispose of it in the customary way, and find it very good. Here is a phenom-



Selling Bead Work.

enally tall young fellow, the undeveloped intention of a giant. A staring red lettering across his back makes him an ambling advertisement. Here is a dwarf, a stub of a man, who, being a visitor, looks up with conscious superiority at the giant. They have met incidentally amid the throng, and their interested survey of each other is one of the fleeting oddities of the Fair.

Still the turnstiles click at the entrance gates, and still the people throng in happy crowds down the avenue. It is noontime now, and the Exhibition is in full swing. The traction engines clatter up and down their limited roadway. Knives flash and wheels whirr in the Machinery Hall. Bands of music are located in many corners. The grassy inclines are dotted with picnic parties. The



"Good Night."

restaurants are doing a rushing trade. Dinner bells are ringing; vendors calling; flags are fluttering;—all the merry, rushing, gay little city of a day is at its prime.

* * *

An afternoon with the live, dumb creatures.

The cat and dog shows first. What a clamor of barking overtakes us as we approach the pavilion! Such splendid St. Bernards and magnificent mastiffs; such picturesque retrievers, slender hounds and dainty King Charlies; such snub-nosed, contemptuous pugs and silken, flossy poodles. We hold our ears concernedly; but make the rounds with delight.

And then the cats. 'Tis a new thing, this Canadian interest in our household pets; and the grace of these well-bred creatures is surely educative to many.

Smooth-furred yellow tabbies curl in motherly content within their cages; beautiful Maltese look out from their inscrutable blue-grey eyes. A magnificent black fellow—

a very Mephistopheles—gleams greenly at us; while the Manx cats sit rabbit-like upon their tail-less haunches.

But prettiest and most interesting of all are the Persian pussies. Very aristocratic and of long pedigree are they; with tasselled ears, soft neck, ruff, and feathery tails, they sit in serene content, all-indifferent to the admiring crowd. There is Silver Cupid, all silky, silvery grey; Frills and Dandy; Shah and Lord Buff, two splendid fellows.

But chiefest of the Persian pets is Mr. Gladstone, a solemn, shaggy old fellow, who looks out upon the world from a face ludicrously like the massive countenance we know so well.

* * *

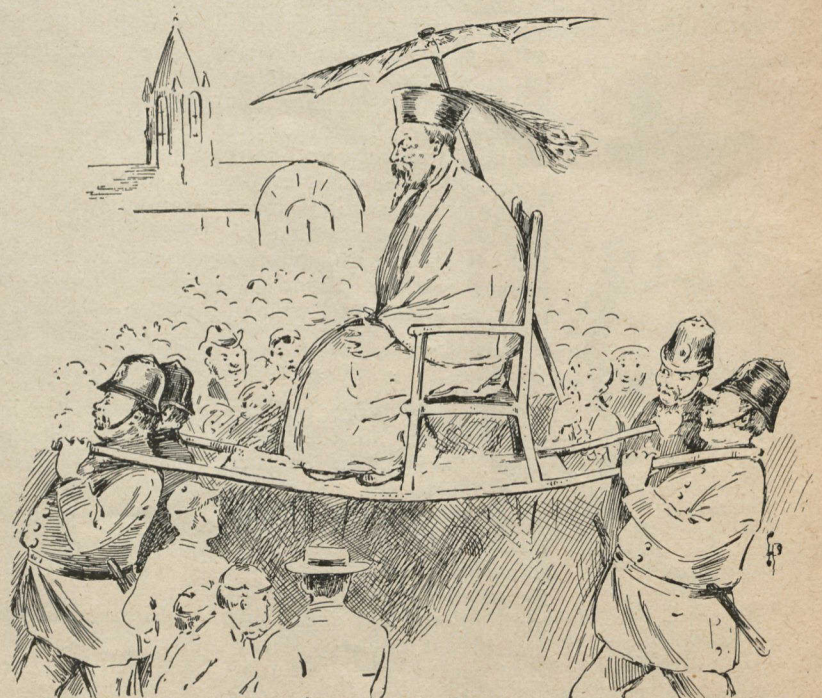
And next we visit the poultry shed. No common birds are here. See these lovely little fantail pigeons, like puff-balls, save for the perfect spread of the circling tail. They puff the tiny breasts out to aldermanic proportions.

Soft fawn or snowy white, they strut to and fro, laughable epitomes of lordly pride, that a breath of wind would blow away.

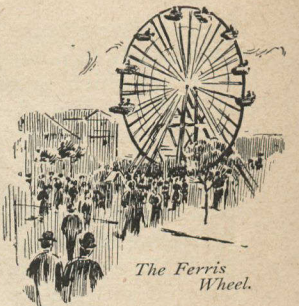
Prettier still are the Jacobins, with bright little heads nearly hidden in fluffy feather hoods. Here is a wee brown hen, who looks like some pretty little maiden all enveloped in her theatre robe and hood; and there a still daintier white knight, ready to take her in charge.

The chicks are a delight;—beautiful Andalusians, pure buff Brahmins, feathered thick to their toes; Japanese Silkies; lordly white turkeys. We stop to admire a special department where lop-eared rabbits munch contentedly, and Peruvian Guinea pigs curl up in a ball. Queer little creatures are these latter, in appearance something between a poodle and a rabbit,—but like nothing so much as a child's toy poodle come to life.

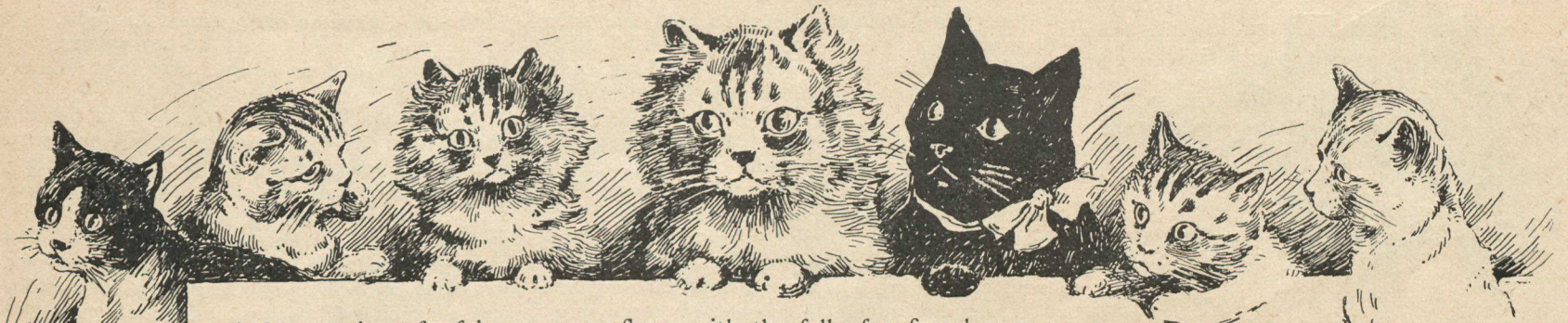
This poultry shed is full of pretty interesting creatures, and stretching far down the roadway are the cattle stalls filled with well-fed animals.



China under the Maple Leaf.



The Ferris Wheel.



A fair evening of a fair day; and we are on the grand stand, mere atoms in the mass of human beings assembled. Before us stretches the picturesque scene,—similar in

outline though differing in detail,—with which we have grown familiar in recurring Septembers; the broad platform; the darkling pond waters; the net-work of poles, meshes and gleaming wires; the old-time scenic structures so full of enchantment.

High-swung electric globes flash clear light upon the foreground. Beyond we note the fast darkening lake waters, whose outer verge is dotted with low clusters of yellow beaded gleamings. A magnificent site this for the pretty mimic show—none could surpass it.

The platform performance goes merrily on with gymnasts and tricksters of hand and foot. There is a fascination about these feats, in their exhibition of muscle, sense and nerve,—each wrought to the highest stage of perfection. We see results, not the processes; and as we laugh and admire,

we rarely think of the long, laborious days and months of training; the risks taken, the physical pain borne, before attaining the almost miraculous skill which wins our favor. Beneath the night sky, and under the magic of colored lights, these gymnasts sway and twist in mid-air, with the grace of daring which suits our mood.

How silent the vast throng grows at that last dangerous feat,—the forty-foot dive. The man's form, in its close-clinging tights, climbs swiftly up the white pole, higher and higher, until he seems a statue touching the starry sky. The men below send up a flaming torch and loose wrappings. We see him envelop himself in them; we see him apply the flaming brand,—then, in that instant of breathless stillness,

our eyes flame with the fall of a fiery human torch, which drops in swift, red flash into the water below. And even as the loud cheer reverberates, we see head and shoulders lifted, and dripping and smiling the man emerges whole from his awful plunge.

The trained elephants are a revelation. These, the slow-moving, ponderous, dignified creatures of long repute? It is nonsense. The phrase, 'clumsy as an elephant,' must vanish forever; for the elephants we see upon the stand are giddy, rakish, nimble creatures, who waltz and gymnaze, play and prank about with surprising celerity. The man with 'the elephant on his hands' will be henceforth viewed as fortunate as he with a gold mine.

How amusing it is to see the great creatures, with trunks affectionately entwined and forelegs lifted, moving about on those huge flat hind feet to the lilting valse tune; and how well they do it.

And when with table napkins fastened beneath the huge necks they sit on small chairs, with small tables before them, ringing their dinner bells, tossing their plates upon the floor, calling for food, and behaving generally like spoiled children, the apotheosis of elephantine absurdity seems to be reached indeed.

The elephants and the high dive are climactic points even beyond the dancers; but, with silken banners aripling, these

roar of harmless fusillade that constitutes the storming of the Bastille. The band play,—but it is not the 'National Anthem' nor yet the stirring strains of 'Rule Britannia,'—the gaily attired soldiers manœuvre in mimic encounter, but they are toy figures in French uniform, not our own scarlet-coated infantry or red-striped Queen's Own. And although we smile amusedly, never once do we forget that these are toy soldiers; never once do they stir a patriotic thrill in that vast sea of spectators, or rouse the loyal

spontaneous impulse of former years,—an impulse that, in that pretty pantomime siege the Relief of Lucknow brought an old farmer to his feet, with waving arms and hearty hurrah. Yet, the cannons boom, the musketry rattle, crimson fires belch forth, showers of yellow balls burst upward, and amid a hiss of rockets and whirl of darting lights the walls totter and fall. The play is ended.



Oh, Dear!

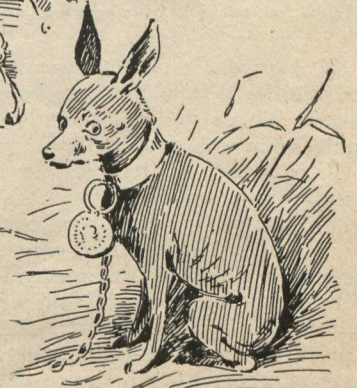
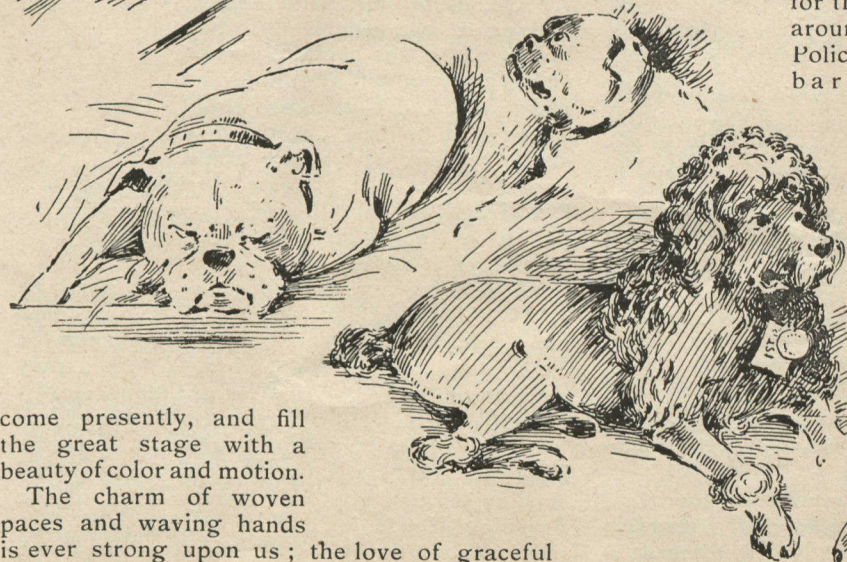
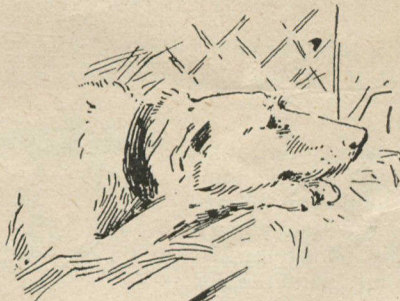
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We come away along the curving avenue, under the arches of colored lights. The young maples on the boulevard quiver their whirl of leaves beneath the brilliant white globes. The vendors yet call their wares as the people throng gaily on out through the wide gateways. With laughter and rush, they break for the trolleys that twinkled around the waiting switch. Policemen good-naturedly bar out all irregularities, and the throng as good-naturedly submit; but as each carswings into place it is deluged with the jovial crowd and then speeds off cityward.

An hour goes by, and midnight stillness enwraps the



Mr. Gladstone.



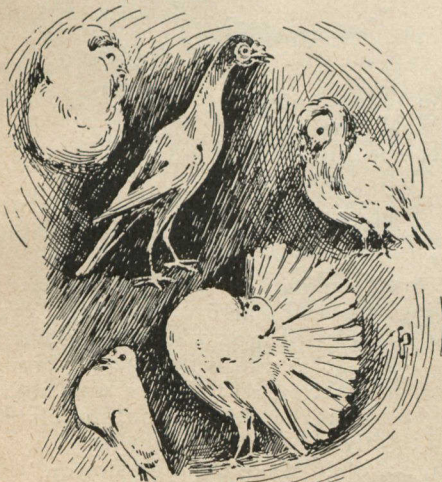
Prize Dogs.

come presently, and fill the great stage with a beauty of color and motion.

The charm of woven paces and waving hands is ever strong upon us; the love of graceful motion and curving pose is an instinct born mayhap with the angelhood of Edenic days. Under the wide starry sky on the broad stage, with illusive colored lights, and distance to add enchantment, the dance is one of graceful caprice, which our eyes, wearied with hours of busy inspection, look upon with dreamy half-veiled vision.

Then follow the closing scenes;—the picturesque pretense of revolution, the little amusing pantomime, the play of fireworks and

busy scene, the fresh, cool breeze sweeps up from the lake, and far above the lesser lights shines the still white radiance of a young moon.



In the Pigeon House.

ROSAMOND'S ADVENTURE

A
CANADIAN
STORY.

BY LILIAN CLAXTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene was a curious one. Imagine yourself in the wild Bush country; on either side rise thickly wooded hills; the smoke of little shanties curling up here and there amongst the trees shows how scarce is the population. Within a stone's throw of a certain small settlement has been erected a strange, roofless building, open to the northward. Here the inhabitants of the surrounding country have been thronging for the past month to get themselves immortalized by a mysterious instrument within its precincts—an apparatus regarded with awe by the good folk of Calanoosie, with its triple legs, black cap, and the air of calm superiority with which it faced so many palpitating hearts.

The photographer was young and good-looking; moreover, of the feminine gender. She stood, at the moment this story opens, within the rough log enclosure, one hand resting lightly on the camera, while in the other she held an open letter. Her eyes, which were grey, and very pretty, were fixed thoughtfully upon a youth of some ten summers, who stood eying the photographic apparatus.

"Who lives in the little white house just beyond the ruined school house on the Lonerock Road?" she asked.

"Dunno," said the youth, not raising his eyes from the camera.

The dealer in sun pictures tapped him sharply on the shoulder.

"Yes, you do," she said; "wake up, stupid, and tell me."

Thus admonished, her companion started, gasped a little, and then remarked, "Why, there ain't no one a-livin' there."

"H'm," said the girl, "that's funny! Was this all the mail for me?"

The boy nodded, and departed slowly, walking backwards. The girl retained her position, still glancing in a puzzled way at the note she held. We will take the author's privilege of glancing over her shoulder. It ran thus:

"The writer would be much obliged if Miss Ferrier would kindly take three photos, for him, of the old white house on the Lonerock Road, just beyond the old ruined school house. He would like the three views taken from different points. One from the Calanoosie side, another from the front, and the third from the side of the house that faces Lonerock Mountain. If the writer might make so bold, he would suggest some time about sunset for the last two views, and about seven a.m. for the first. Enclosed find \$3.00; if not sufficient, please notify bearer, who shall call for photos within a week."

"It is queer," she commented; "well written, well spelt. Who can it be in this outlandish place? Three dollars, too! My gentleman is reckless with his money."

With an eye to business she produced her purse from her pocket, deposited the bills therein, and dropping it into her pocket again, knelt down beside the camera, which she began to unscrew. She took the pieces into the 'dark-room,' a corner boarded off and roofed over, placed them in a strong box, or chest, which she carefully locked; then, shutting the door after her, she strolled down the road to the Stopping House, which stood in the centre of the small settlement of twelve houses.

The young photographer entered the open door leading into the front room, tossed aside her hat, and took her seat at the long table spread for dinner, a noticeable figure in that motley group, not by reason of her dress, which was plain even to shabbiness, but by the general air of repose and refinement, only acquired by years of careful education, which was visible in every turn of the well-poised curly head. Nevertheless, she seemed to have merged herself into the company, for the men present—lazy, easy-going fellows in a small farming line—teased her a little in a good-humored way, while the women as often as not called her by her Christian name, and she looked up and answered readily enough. In a few minutes the other occupants of the room finished their meal and departed, the women to the cook house, the men strolling away in different directions, and a new comer sauntered in through the doorway—a young man who looked at that moment decidedly discontented with his career in life. He was in his shirt sleeves, a straw hat was pushed to the back of his head, and he was mopping his face vigorously with a red and white spotted handkerchief. It was generally a pleasant, good-humored face, bearing some likeness to the girl at the table, but of a fairer, blue-eyed type.

"Feeding, eh?" he remarked, unceremoniously, sinking into a chair.

The girl nodded, finished the pie on her plate, and leaned back.

"Clement," she asked, "do you know a white house near the ruined school house on the Lonerock Road?"

"I ought to, seeing that it is the only house of its kind in the township. What of it? Do you want to rent it for the summer?"

"Goose! Is it empty then?"

"Yes, been empty for years, I should say; certainly ever since I came to teach school here."

"I should have thought people would have preferred a house like that to these frame and log shanties."

"Oh, it's lonesome—out of the way; folks don't care about moving, and there are no new comers. What did you want to know about it for, Rosamond?"

"Oh, n-nothing," said the girl, looking at him doubtfully. She knew that if she confided to this young man about the note she had received, all Calanoosie would know of it before sunset. For some reason which she could hardly define, she preferred to keep her knowledge to herself. Her companion heaved a long sigh and produced his handkerchief again.

"I hate my very existence this weather," he said. "I should like to spank those brats into the middle of next week. If by dire mishap the cholera should visit this country, I hope it may start amongst the youngsters in Calanoosie."

"Oh, Clem, what a wicked thing to say!"

"I can't help it; school teaching is demoralizing me, and Mrs. Longton pitches into me all evening because you preferred to board at the Stopping House, instead of staying with her, when you started this wild idea of coming down to photograph the natives."

"I had to make some money somehow with my camera, Clem, and this was the best place to come to, as I had friends here. I wish I could have stayed at Mrs. Longton's; it would have been far nicer than being alone here, but it is so out of the way I should never have got any sitters. I must keep in the centre of the place. Oh, there goes your school bell."

The unhappy young man groaned.

"No rest for the wicked! Say, Rosamond, will you be up at our place this evening?"

"N-no, I have an engagement to-night."

The young man looked at her rather curiously, but asked no more questions, and departed.

Rosamond returned to the scene of her artistic labors. A group had gathered and were awaiting the master touch. A young man in a plaid shirt, with a look of patient endurance on his face, sat on a straight-backed chair. He was perspiring freely, and gripping a knee nervously with either hand. Two young women, wreathed with artificial forget-me-nots, stood one on each side of him, presumably to give him the devotion due to his sex. Other sitters were looming in the distance along the irregular dusty road. Rosamond worked hard till six o'clock, then returned to the Stopping House for supper. That finished, she went to her studio again, reached a small portable camera out of the chest, locked up the larger one once more, with all her chemicals, and started to walk briskly in the direction of Lonerock Mountain.

Over the hill, past the school house where her cousin Clement taught, was a road winding westward—a picturesque road, but lonely, with flat, marshy land and cedar swamps on either side. It would have looked weird in the twilight, but just now the evening sun was blazing in Rosamond's eyes. After a while the swampy land came to an end, tall fir trees rose on each side of her, the ruins of a log shanty appeared in the distance. At the same moment, a wagon came rumbling along the road, overtook Rosamond, and came to a standstill. The driver, who had been singing, stopped, and raised his hat. This was an unusual gesture in the backwoods. Rosamond awaited further developments.



"You have quite a load," said the driver; "do let me give you a lift. There is a seat here beside me. Hand me up that gentleman." He pointed to the camera in an authoritative manner.

Before Rosamond quite realized what she was doing, she was seated on the high perch, and the springless wagon was rattling over the uneven road, at a rate which nearly brought her heart into her mouth. There was nothing to hold on to but the driver, and she clutched his arm tightly.

"Oh, oh, oh! Make them go slower."

The driver laughed, and pulled up his team.

(To be continued.)

My Angel

*If I were to take my pencil
As I sit in the dim firelight,
And draw for you here the picture
That I see in the flames to-night,
'Twould not be a stately angel,
With form that is full of grace,
But a bent and toilworn woman
With a grave and tender face.*

*No rosy wings should enfold her,
Nor golden her locks and fair;
But the face of my Angel of Pity
Is framed in snowy hair.*

*Her hands are not white and slender,
But withered by work and woe;
By carrying others burdens,
And soothing the tears that flow.*

*No halo of light surrounds her,
No wondrous power she hath;
Yet many and many a blessing
Is spoken about her path.
And you may portray your angels
With faces and forms of grace,
But my gentle Angel of Pity
Has my mother's careworn face.*

NORA HOLLAND.



JUST YOU AND I.

OUR chat concerning the fun of the Fair began it, and as we recalled one amusing incident after another, we regretted that some record could not be kept of the many quaint speeches and droll situations which the yearly assemblage of so large a concourse of people evolves. A volume entitled "Wit and Humor of the Fair" might well find place among the archives of the Industrial Exhibition. It would certainly prove an attractive folio, and one of constantly increasing bulk. It really seems a pity, in so grave a world, that so much real fun should be lost.

I wish also that some way could be found of recording the wit and humor that is wasting its medicinal properties upon the desert air of our hours and days. A bit of fun, a witty speech, a humorous situation—these are too valuable to be enjoyed by one or two individuals only. They should be held as common property; therefore there should be some method of recording them.

A merry heart doth good, like medicine. Humanity needs this medicine; therefore the merry heart is a necessity; therefore again, that

which induces a merry heart must not be wasted, but stored up for the public good.

Take the fun of the recent Fair, for instance. Suppose Manager Hill were to institute a record of the same, what a bulky volume, and what a popular one, would take its place among the archives of the Industrial Exhibition. It would be invaluable as a rainy-day antidote to the directors, while the press men would find it inexhaustable. If every visitor at the Fair would undertake to report the funniest incident or remark that came under his observation during his stay, the Exhibition staff would have employment all the year round duly classifying and recording the same, while the directors would assume Falstaffian proportions by reason of their laughter.

It was a remembrance of certain funny things at the Fair, personally noted, which started the thought of how much fun is afloat in the world, if we but had eyes trained to see and ears to hear.

Lang Tammias advocates an asylum for geniuses. I wonder whether a school for humorists—that is, for the training of them—would not be equally desirable.

We are taught all the gravities of life, the ologies and isms; we are instructed how to approach stupendous problems with becoming solemnity; we are versed in pessimisms and steeped in complexities,—but we are not trained either to make fun or appreciate it.

And why should we not be given some knowledge of the art? The natural Mark Tapleys of the world do not require it; but they are rare, and for most of us Tapleyism must be more or less an acquired habit.

How would it do to place a professor in every college whose subject should be the Appreciation of Humor, and his especial work that of training students, not merely to make fun, but to see the bright side, and discover the humor of life under its dullest aspects.

Mrs. McFayden, of poet-tasting fame, held that "A man without humor sudna' be allowed intae a poopit. A' hear that they have nae examination in humor at the college; its an awfu' want, for it would keep oot many a dreich body."

The position would be no sinecure, especially in a divinity school; but the students would be better preachers, pastors, doctors, business men. And there would be fewer suicides when the time of burden-bearing arrived, because of that faculty trained to humor.

* * *

As for women, surely they need this training in humor more than men. Women have been accused of lacking the sense of the ridiculous; but this is not so. The wittiest and most richly humored people I have met are women. But in the average of the sex, past limitations of outlook, together with the exaltation of sentiment peculiar to woman's office, have overshadowed the sense, which has become dull through lack of cultivation.

Education and the wider range of thought and work will remedy this, and in the years to come our brightest humorists will be women.

In the meantime a work awaits us,—the deliberate cultivation of the measure of humor that is within each of us. The gift is not evenly distributed more than any other good thing, but the cultivation thereof lies with each one.

* * *

How to cultivate it is not quite clear to me, unless indeed we be wise enough to insist upon the establishment of that professional chair and begin with the students. Yet, perhaps, to deliberately search for the fun is as good a way to begin as any. In order to do this, our own spirits must be in tune; we must be bright, joyous,—listening for songs, not groans; searching for color, not gloom; expecting benisons, not maledictions. A smile is the whisper of a laugh, and both are outcomes of that bright mental and spiritual atmosphere wherein abides the angel of gladness, whose children are mirth and humor.

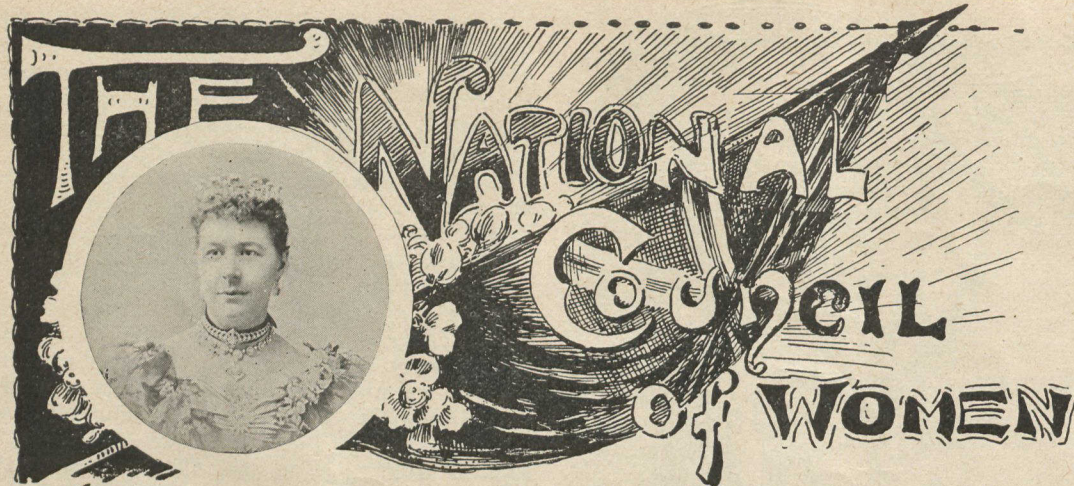
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It is such a blessed gift,—this whimsical insight, if we may so term it,—that it is worth while striving to attain it, even if we have to do a little idol-breaking upon our way.

"Some people always sigh in thanking God," says Mrs. Browning pithily, and it is this conventional sigh that is the epitaph of humor. And to sigh seems easier than to smile to most of us. But that is because we have not read God aright, nor remembered that the command is not 'sigh and give thanks,' but 'rejoice and give thanks.'

Let us start afresh, we who have sighed too much, and seek to see the fun and humor in daily life, which, being pure and reasonable, doth attune to the acceptable heart gladness.

FAITH FENTON.



CONDUCTED BY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, PRESIDENT.

NOTES OF THE COUNCIL.

All members of the National Council will deeply regret the bicycle accident which disabled their ever-earnest secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings. On her way to attend a meeting her wheel got somehow caught in the rails as she was crossing the track in front of a wagon. She was thrown to the ground with much violence, and but narrowly escaped being trampled on by the horses in the wagon. Mercifully, however, the driver was alert, and was able to pull up in time to save Mrs. Cummings from being run over. Even as it was, she was so much bruised and shaken by the fall and her left arm was so much hurt, that she had to resign herself to her physician's care, and was laid up for several days. Her presence was much missed at the Toronto meeting of the Local Council on September 9th, but her fellow-members could only feel thankful at the thought of how mercifully her life had been preserved for future usefulness.

Mrs. Dickson and her colleagues are much to be congratulated at the success of the public meeting and reception they organized during the Industrial Fair week.

The London Local Council followed their example, and we are glad to be able to give our readers a report of the public meeting held by them on Wednesday, the 16th, and which we hope will prove to be very helpful to the movement in that city. We are sure that Judge Elliot's remarks on that occasion will be specially remembered.

On the day following this meeting the London Council arranged for an evening reception in honor of their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, at the City Hall.

TORONTO LOCAL COUNCIL.

The Toronto Local Council was fortunate in being able to inaugurate the winter's work by a public gathering held on Thursday, September 10th, during the second week of the Industrial Fair. A most successful meeting was held in the Pavilion, and a large number of women visiting the city took advantage of the opportunity to listen to an address delivered by Her Excellency, the President of the National Council, and to gather further information concerning its aims and work.

The afternoon was fine, and the Pavilion presented a pretty sight, filled from floor to upper galleries with fair women in summer gowns of delicate tints, their faces turned interestedly toward the speakers. The platform was effectively decorated with tropical plants, while a bunch of glowing gladiolias upon a small central table, gave an artistic touch of color to the scene.

Upon the platform, in addition to their Excellencies, were Lady Thompson, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Archbishop Walsh, Rev. Principal Cavan, Mayor Fleming, Mrs. George Dickson, president of the Toronto Local Council; Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mrs. Mary McDonnell, Mrs. Scales, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Miss Carty, Mrs. James L. Hughes, Miss Fitzgibbon, Mrs. S. G. Wood, Commissioner Eva Booth, and other ladies prominently associated

with the work of the Council, while a large number of members of affiliated societies occupied front seats in the body of the hall.

Her Excellency was met by the president and members of the Council at the conservatory entrance, and conducted to the platform. Two little girls in white trimmed with ribbons of the Council colors, attended her as pages. His Excellency, after attending a meeting of the Boys Brigade, arrived later.

The president of the Local Council, Mrs. George Dickson, opened the meeting by setting forth, in able and attractive speech, a sketch of the aims of the Local Council, its methods of work and achievements. She then called upon His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, who heartily greeted Her Excellency, and paid tribute to the work of the National Council. Mayor Fleming added his welcome to Her Excellency and words of approval for the Council aims, after which Lady Aberdeen gave the following address:

"I think it is scarcely necessary for me to say what a pleasure it is to come again and meet the members of the Toronto Local Council, and to remember, too, that Toronto was the birthplace of the National Council, and therefore that every member of that Council coming here always feels especially at home. But it is doubly pleasant to come when one receives such a welcome as has been conveyed to me to-day. I thank His Honor most sincerely for his many very kind words, and for his presence here to-day. I thank the Mayor, too, very much for his welcome to the city, and I assure both these gentlemen that we who belong to the Council are very grateful for such words of encouragement and cheer from those in public positions of trust.

"Of late years the air has been full of rumors of all the wonderful doings and writings and intentions of the New Woman, and when an organization was formed which avowedly had for its object the federation of all the various societies and institutions in Canada connected with women and children, it was not strange that those who did not look into the matter closely should conclude that this was but the preparation for a general domestic revolution, when all the most familiar customs of hearth and home would be swept away. Our Council was in fact identified in the minds of some with a tendency to revolt against home ties and duties, and the desire to be free from all restrictions which have hitherto hedged women's lives—and so it was a theory to beware of. We had no reason to be surprised at this. Rather have we reason to be surprised that the prejudice should have been so soon overcome, and that the great majority of those whose opinion is worth having should have been found to stand by us, and enter into our schemes, regarding even what has already been accomplished, and predicting for us a career of honorable service for God and humanity.

"When fears are expressed to us as to the influence the Council will have upon the women of the country, I think it would be well if we were to ascertain what sort of ideal those who express these fears have for women. We shall all agree that to be a home-maker in the real sense of the word should be the noblest ambition of every woman. But what do we mean by that? What is our ideal of a home? Do we find it in a carefully kept house, where all is dainty and neat, where every comfort is remembered, and where the children are well kept and dressed? All this is good, most excellent and needful, but it is not all, and it does not of itself make a home. Would not the word lodging-house and house-keeper fit better in such case than home and home-maker? What is that indefinable something that makes a home—that reveals itself in the books and the pictures, in the arrangement of the rooms, in the preparation for a guest, in the tones of the children, in the expression of husband and wife? We cannot describe it, but we recognize it at once when it is present, and no house can truly be a home without some measure of

it. And it is homes we want if the nation is to be strong and righteous, and able to take its place in fighting God's battles in the world. We do not need just houses where we can eat and sleep healthfully, but we want homes full of rest and peace and beauty and refreshment; full of power, therefore, to send out men and women inspired with the spirit and devotion to all that is true and beautiful to serve their day and generation.

"And what sort of women do we want, then, to make such homes? The most uneducated and untrained woman can doubtless make a home if her heart be full of love and understanding sympathy with the life about her. The most highly trained and educated woman may fail in the attempt if the divine fire be wanting. But at the same time let us remember at what odds the untrained woman works compared with her who is trained, all other things being equal. Think of the powers, physical, mental and spiritual, which have to be brought into play in the building up of a perfect home—such a home as most of us can call up to mind, such a home as we always carry about with us as a longed-for ideal to strive after.

"There must be practical knowledge first, and it must be gained somehow—either by training or through dearly-bought experience through failures—knowledge which we secure to the inmates of that house of all ages, those essentials of light and air and comfort and good food and healthful surroundings, which are the first requisite for all human life which is to attain its fullest development. But beyond and above this knowledge there must be knowledge of how to make the home pleasing to the eye—knowledge how to make common things and common life beautiful, self-control, power of organization, unselfishness, insight into character, and an ever-ready sympathy with all. If she is to be her husband's companion and helpmate, she must have sufficient knowledge to be able to enter into his interests, and if she is to be her children's guide and friend she must be able to enter with appreciation into their studies and pursuits and recreations, and be sufficiently in touch with the life of the world without to be able to counsel and guard and prepare and equip them for the conflict. (Applause.) Wherever she may be placed, there is a society on which she must be an influence for higher or lower ends, and those who pass through her house must have received some impulse towards the love of all that is lovely and true and of good report, or else be a little more disposed than before to be sceptical as to whether life is worth the living. All these qualities, then, and much more, does the home-maker require.

"Who is sufficient for these things? Who, indeed? And so we desire for this highest, holiest vocation every help, every training, every equipment that can possibly be provided, and the more that it is insisted that home is the woman's kingdom, the more do we claim that she needs the fullest possible preparation for the right occupation of her throne, and not only preparation, but opportunities for self-education, self-culture and development all through her life. These are the rights we claim, and we claim the duties which pertain to those rights, too.

"The National Council of Women of Canada has been formed, and has grown and worked as it has done because everywhere throughout the Dominion it has found women deeply sensible of the high responsibilities belonging to the women who are making the homes, and moulding the thought and shaping the future of this young country. They are conscious of their own unpreparedness, and of the many difficulties which lie before them in the fulfilment of their God-given task. They therefore seek to bind themselves together for mutual help, and strength and counsel, trying together to accomplish the work for themselves, their children, and the poor and helpless around them, which, single-handed, they could not attain. And not only here, but in other countries, in Switzerland, Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Finland, the United States, and New Zealand is the movement progressing. It may be but the day of small things with us as yet, but we have good reason for hope and for faith in our Council."

Lady Aberdeen went on to enumerate as some of the achievements of the Council, the introduction of manual education into Public Schools, the appointment of women on School Boards as trustees in two if not three Provinces, hospitals, ambulances, health talks, training schools for servants, home reading circles, the better care of women prisoners, the organization of charity and relief of distress. Steps are also being taken to inquire into the causes which prevent so many women from being what they intended to be in their homes, and the Council is pledged to discountenance excessive hours of work. Lady Aberdeen especially urged her hearers to be considerate by not shopping late and by distributing orders.

"And why," said Her Excellency, "do we believe that we shall prosper in our mission? It was a saying of the Italian patriot, Mazzini, that no movement could succeed which could not inspire the hearts of those who strive for it, with the ever-present consciousness of "God wills it." Members of the National Council of Women, can we not echo that cry? Yes, "God wills it." Let that be our watchword in all that we undertake, and let that be our strength. In our frailty and infirmity of purpose we may often err and often

falter, but in that power, led by a love inspired by faith, we shall surely conquer."

At the close of Her Excellency's speech Lord Aberdeen spoke briefly but with apt and hearty words of sympathy. He was followed by Hon. George Ross, who strongly supported the Council aims, and bore testimony to the help it gave him in all educational advance. After which Archbishop Walsh spoke a few cordial, approving and acceptable words concerning the work of the Woman's Council.

An enjoyable reception and 'five o'clock' was afterward given in the supper room by the ladies of the Local Council, when many visitors were presented to their Excellencies.

Altogether, the gathering was a happy earnest of the winter's work.

LONDON LOCAL COUNCIL.

The visit of their Excellencies to London was taken advantage of by the Local Council, and a public meeting was held in the Music Hall on the evening of September 16th.

The heavy rain affected the attendance, and deprived many of the opportunity of listening to the excellent addresses; but it failed to dampen the enthusiastic tone of the meeting, and those who were able to brave the storm were amply repaid.

The band of the Seventh was in attendance. The platform was decorated with foliage, and at the opening of the proceedings the president, Mrs. English, on behalf of the Executive of the Local Council, presented Her Excellency with a bouquet of white and damask roses, knotted together with the Council color ribbons, light and dark blue.

The platform guests were finely representative London citizens, among them being Mrs. E. N. English, president of the Local Council, Mesdames Boomer, Hyman, Shanly, Richardson, Talbot MacBeth, Gaban, Heritage, McKinnon, Misses Graydon, Brown and McDonald, Rev. Canon Richardson, Dr. Moorhouse, Rev. E. N. English, Judge Wm. Elliot, Judge Edward Elliott, Prof. J. Andras, Mayor Little, Major Beattie, M.P., T. J. Murphy, Inspector Dearness, Hon. David Mills, P. E. Bucke, C. E. A. Carr, C. R. Sayer, Principal Merchant and others. The hall was nicely decorated, and the Seventh Band provided pleasing music.

On the arrival of their Excellencies the audience arose, and the band played "God Save the Queen." The president, Mrs. English, announced that the meeting would be opened in the usual way, and asked Canon Richardson to lead in prayer.

Mrs. English then read a number of letters expressing the regret of the writers on account of their inability to attend the reception. Among the number were seven city ministers, whose church duties prevented them from being present. There were letters from Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Bucke, Mrs. Tilley and others.

Mrs. Boomer, on behalf of the Local Council, then welcomed their Excellencies in a following happy speech of which we give synopsis:

Your Excellencies,—To me has been deputed the most undeserved honor and the very great pleasure of extending to you in the name of the members of the Local Branch of our National Council a very hearty welcome to our Forest City.

We would make this happy occasion our opportunity to tender to your Excellency as the representative of our revered and honored Sovereign our tribute of respect and fealty. We would assure you that Her Majesty has no more loyal subjects in any corner of her Canadian Dominion than the citizens of London, and that we women of the Local Council rejoice to join hands with our civic and other authorities in marking our sense of the honor conferred upon us all alike by this visit of your Excellency to London.

Perhaps, as women, it may not be very surprising that we should be conscious, not only of a sense of satisfaction, but of positive exultation in the knowledge that the Sovereign your Excellency represents is of our own sex; a Queen, it is true, but a mere woman after all. We are proud to know that should she be spared to complete the sixty years or more of her most wonderful reign, she will leave a fair and unblemished record upon the pages of England's history such as neither emperor nor king has ever left before. As Sovereign over a realm upon which the sun can never set, she has lived her life under the full glare of the light which surrounds a throne. She has shared the sorrows as well as the joys of her people, and though by virtue of the high position to which she was born she has had to fill offices and perform public functions requiring a wisdom, tact and discretion of which the nobler sex are generally assumed to have the monopoly, yet she has never been accused of one unwomanly action, nor of having failed by one "jot or tittle" in her equally God-given duties as wife or mother.

Your Excellency, then, not only as the representative of Her Majesty the Queen of England, but also as the representative of one who has by her example shown to every other woman who rejoices to own her sway, what a woman can be, and do, and who is in her own gracious self a type of all that is fair and lovely and of good report, we women of the Local Branch of the National Council cordially welcome you to our Forest City.

And now, dropping any special and individual refer-

ence to ourselves as women, we desire to say a few words in our more collective capacity as citizens. We are proud of our city. Its pioneers were far-seeing and ambitious men, who had a high ideal, and therefore comes it that it is to London (not spelled with a little 'l') that we welcome you to-day.

Your Excellency, we rejoice to have you amongst us again; not only because we hold you personally in such high honor and regard, but because we need and are always grateful for the help and inspiration of your presence. We who have already joined the National Council and who have learnt from your own lips the possibilities for good which await the concerted action of an intelligent and united womanhood, rejoice that through the medium of this opportunity others may share our privileges, and by getting a clearer view of what are the real aims and objects of the National Council and what it has already accomplished, may be induced to fall into line with the sisterhood of loving service which you, its honored founder, designed that by God's blessing it should become.

We know, but others may not, that our Council is not only local and national, but international,—that it has its recognized work and sphere on other continents than ours,—linking the women workers and thinkers of the one land as by a thousand fibres to the women workers of those other lands, all pledged as God may enable them, and "constrained by the love of Christ," to at least strive to follow the golden rule inscribed upon our beautiful little badge, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

We women of the Council have realized the full significance of this wonderful knitting together of many strands; of this blending of many streams of influence; of this hand joining hand in furthering the many beneficent schemes upon which, doubtless, earnest workers had already been prayerfully and eagerly engaged, but who are heartened and encouraged to persevere in the same by the practical help and sympathy extended to them by kindred workers in the National Council. It has taught us what an economy of force is procured for us by organization; how much more can be accomplished when many voices are heard as one in the case of much needed reforms or in the redressing of a grievance, and we have learnt also that there is no need that we should even know of what shade of politics, of what creed, or what may be the special shibboleth of the sister who works harmoniously side by side with us, so long as our aim is the same, namely, to promote as far as in us lies, at God's bidding and by His enabling, every effort undertaken on behalf of the common weal, realizing (I quote the words of a leading member of our Council) "that Canada wants of her best, not only of her men, but of her women; and that it is for us to rise to the measure of our growing opportunities, so that when our time comes to leave the world we may leave it the better that we have lived in it," and, thank God, opportunities are opening out for us, opportunities which as good stewards of that which has been entrusted to us (and of which women as well as men must give an account) we are bound to use if we would be found faithful.

We owe your Excellency a debt of gratitude for what the Council has done for us. It has tended to broaden our views, to develop our intelligence, to widen our horizon. It has taught us to look from the less to the greater, and out of the narrow bounds of self so completely as to make it impossible for us ever again to ask of ourselves the debasing question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Your Excellencies, as loyal subjects of the Queen, as citizens of London, and as members of the Local Branch of the National Council of Women of Canada, we bid you a cordial welcome to our city.

Her Excellency replied: Mrs. Boomer, ladies of the Executive Council, ladies and gentlemen,—Most cordially do I thank you for those expressions of welcome and of confidence which you have so kindly utter in your address to-night. I am afraid, Mrs. Boomer, that I cannot altogether acquit you of having worn spectacles when you prepared that address of rather a rosy color. But I am not going to quarrel with that, ladies. It is said that if you want to get the very best out of people you must believe in them; and if you think here, as elsewhere in Canada, that you will be able to get the best out of the Governor and his wife by showering upon them unstinted and generous comments, we can only thank you for what you have said and also for what you have done; and all we can do is, to promise to do our best to live up to the confidence which you have expressed in us. I cannot express to you how glad I am to have this opportunity of meeting again with the members of the London Local Council. Since we last met here in London we have gone through a good many vicissitudes, but through them all we have always been able to count upon the lively interest of the Local Council in this city; if we wanted an inquiry made upon an important subject, we knew we could always depend upon a valuable, careful and efficient report being sent in from London. If at our Council meetings we wanted some contributions to a debate upon any subject, it was more than likely that that contribution would come from one of the London women. It is to London that we owe the unfailing tact and the gentle wisdom of your president, Mrs. English. (Applause). We can never forget her services to our

Council as recording-secretary, as well as president of this Council, and none know better than her colleagues here what a help, an inspiration, a rest, her presence is on any committee in which she takes part. Again, we owe to London the earnestness of our friend, Mrs. MacBeth, on behalf of the working women. Through her, our Council has been able to come into closer touch with the representatives of working women, as a result of which we are hoping a great deal in the future. Again, there is the lady whose letter Mrs. English has just read (Mrs. Tilley), who, while coming to our National Council as representing the Kings' Daughters of the Dominion, yet must always be identified with London. She has rendered to us many valuable services in many directions, both in connection with the King's Daughters, to whom she has explained our aims and work so thoroughly that we can depend all through the Dominion on their earnest co-operation, and she has also brought up for us subjects of deep importance to our Council and the country at large, which we have taken into consideration, and concerning some of which we have made representations with good effect to the Government. Again, what would our National Council be without Mrs. Boomer? I am sure very many members of that Council feel like myself when we go into the Council-room and look to see if she is in her place, and she always is, even when she was recovering from the grip,—and we feel that with her practical judgment and her ripe talents we cannot go very far wrong. She has rendered us another special service. She represents in our Council the movement which many of us would fain see taken up by all our Local Councils throughout the country—the work of the Mothers' Union, or as it might still better be called the Parents' Union, to which I hope she will convert us all as time goes on.

Her Excellency then enlarged upon the aims and work of the Council, having been especially requested to address the gathering upon this topic.

Mrs. Boomer in her address suggested a very strange thing. She actually suggested that there were some benighted people still asking what the National Council is; what its aims are, and what is the good of them? Well, I suppose I must take Mrs. Boomer seriously. (Laughter). I shall, I think, try to mention a few of the distinctive features. I think sometimes that we should have a catechism drawn to be learnt by heart and to be presented to those who ask these questions. The first thing done by our National Council was done at the instance of our Local Council, especially those of this province, namely, the encouragement of manual education in the schools. In a very few months after, that subject was taken up, authorizing the introduction of manual education into the public schools of this province. A good deal has been done in the same direction in the sister Province of Quebec, and also in Manitoba. The same subject is also receiving attention in British Columbia and will, I trust, be there brought to a successful issue.

Another piece of work which has been achieved by our Council, has been the appointment of factory inspectors throughout the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec in those establishments in which women and children are employed. (Applause). Again, in three of our provinces we have taken up the matter of trying to get the School Act amended, so that women can sit upon School Boards as trustees.

Three new subjects have been sent to our Council recently:—regarding the effect of child immigration; regarding how medical aid and nursing can be brought nearer to the women of the North-west in Canada,—we have had some piteous appeals on this subject, and we are asking our Local Councils to try and find some scheme for submission to the National Council to be forwarded to that body to be approved of by the Government; and another question of inquiry is relative to the reasons for the increase of insanity, especially as it effects the women of this country. A distinguished physician who has made the diseases of women his special study, told me that nothing struck him more painfully than the damage done in this country, by the overstrain and overwork, especially in the country that women have to endure. He believes that if something cannot be done to lighten their work and help them to understand the laws of health, the effect upon the coming generation will be most injurious.

Continuing Her Excellency referred at length to Working Girls' Clubs and advocated their establishment in Canadian cities.

In conclusion she said: There is one other thing we want to see attempted, and that is the formation of working girls' clubs, which I rejoice to see is to be tried here. A good deal of doubt has been thrown on the possibility of such clubs in Canada. Why? They are a success in England, Scotland and the United States. Why not here?

Only the other day at Hamilton, I had the pleasure of listening to a most charming, sympathetic and practical address from Miss Grace Dodge, the founder of Working Girls' Clubs in the United States. Some years ago she and a friend were talking over the needs of the girls; the result of their conversation was a gathering of some thirteen or fourteen in a small tenement bedroom in New York.

(Continued on page 20.)



IT is a Canadian failing to refuse a full measure of recognition to native artists until such time as they have won the approval of other countries.

Singer, writer, actress, painter, may give us of their best, yet the Canadian press hesitates to voice their merit, or does so stintingly. But let some United States journal utter a eulogy over our own familiar artist, and lo, the Canadian press rouse to sudden endorsement, and his talent is stamped forthwith.

We have dealt with our writers thus; we so deal with our singers,—that is one of the reasons, if not the chief one, why so many of our native authors and entertainers depart to the States.

Practically we say to them, "Secure foreign endorsement; then we shall feel certain of your talent. We have no opinion of our own."

That the larger field and greater remunerative possibilities may be an inducement, is true. But we are speaking now of the lamentable lack of recognition given to our artists until such time as the foreign press has spoken.

Is the Canadian press not capable of independent judgment? and are not its criticisms as reliable and worthy as that of the Chicago *Banner*, the Omaha *Sentinel*, the Berlin *Zeit-Geist*, the Amsterdam *Shprech*?

Come; let us be independent and not mere echoes. Let our native artists, of whom we inwardly approve, have the encouragement of our strong outspoken praise, and when they go to the larger field of the neighboring republic or beyond the ocean, let it be with the warm words of Canadian praise by a Canadian press. So that, whatever of triumph and eulogy awaits them, they shall feel that they have but justified the good faith and belief of their native land.

This is not a plea for lavish and indiscriminate praise of native artists; there is really little fear of this from the Canadian press. It is merely a protest against permitting our artists to receive that first cordial recognition of their talent in the foreign press which it should be ours to give.

* * *

Mr. Harold Jarvis, who resides in Detroit, has, with his family, been spending the summer in one of the numerous charming residences in South Parkdale, Toronto,—or rather, he has been as much there as his numerous summer concert engagements would permit. He returned to Detroit at the close of September.

In a recent pleasant little chat with this popular and sweet-voiced tenor, I asked him how Toronto compared with American cities in the matter of musical taste.

"Toronto stands higher in this respect than any other city on the continent," answered Mr. Jarvis. "The people of Toronto have decided preference for high class music, especially in oratorio. I think this is largely due to the educative influence of the philharmonic, choral and vocal societies which, during the past twenty years, have made its citizens familiar with such works as 'The Messiah,' 'Creation,' 'Redemption,' 'Elijah,' so that they have become almost endeared to them. I hardly think it would be possible to sing a selection from any of these works at any unexpected time or place without it being instantly recognized by a Toronto citizen,—and not only that, but the manner of the singing ably criticised also," said the vocalist, smiling.

Then he spoke of that splendid rendering of "The Messiah" at the Massey Music Hall last year, and of the effect produced upon the singers. "Such an audience is an inspiration—apart from the music," he said. "I remember that I never felt in better form, nor enjoyed my solos more."

"And you sang delightfully," I answered; "but one of your listeners heard—not you, Mr. Jarvis."

He looked, inquiringly.

"No; those first clarion notes of 'Comfort ye, my people,' carried one of your audience away into childhood days; and playing about among lathes and machinery, with the odor of fresh pine rising pleasant to her sense, she sat on the saw-horse, or 'pretended' curls with long shavings, while a father's voice sang cheerily amid the whirl, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye,' and ran happily up and down the intricacies of 'Every Valley.'"

"I am more than content," he answered, with a certain quick response. "Our highest success is won when the singer is forgotten in the song."

Mr. Jarvis pays tribute to Mr. Torrington for the educative work he has done in Toronto. He spoke the eulogy, which to none of those who know him can ever be too warm, of Mr. Fisher's idealistic gifts. And he also prophesied a splendid future as conductor for Mr. Humfrey Angers, who has not been long enough with us to yet have fully proved the gift within him.

"In Detroit," he continued, "the people prefer opera and theatre music in general. They care little about oratorio; and although there are many German residents, yet the musical standard is not as high as in Toronto. Yet I like Detroit," he added. "The people could not be kinder, and although I shall consider myself first and always Canadian, my church in Detroit is to us a pleasant home, and my relations with it most cordial."

A few weeks ago, Mr. Jarvis sang at Chautauqua before seven thousand people, and there met many prominent United States musicians and singers. As a result he has already numerous Southern engagements ahead, while Michigan, Ohio, Indianapolis are already his own by conquest of that sweet, strong tenor voice.

"I will never go into opera," he said, "The life does not please me. It is too irregular, too hard and straining. I should like to preserve my voice as long as possible. I heard Sims Reeves six years ago, and it was wonderful. I should like to reach his years, with my voice as little injured."

"Grau has told me that whenever I want operatic engagement to go to him. But my

purpose is to remain upon the concert platform. Between teaching and engagements I have my time fully occupied.

"My life is delightful," said Mr. Jarvis, in conclusion. "I meet charming people. I like my teaching. And to sing—well, when one's audience comes in touch, it is an inspiration. And audiences in Canada or the United States are just the same. I find no difference. If I fail to bring them into sympathy, the fault is in my own mood. As a rule they are quick in responsive appreciation."

Mr. Jarvis has a certain royal simpleness of manner, which, taken in connection with his fine physique, adds not a little to the attraction of his voice.

We are sorry to have lost him, but rejoice in his success across the line.

Massey Hall opens its concert season on Oct. 12th, with a notable musical event in the performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by the Philharmonic chorus, followed by a programme of high chamber music by the famous Boston Quintette Club. The conductor will be Mr. Humfrey Anger.

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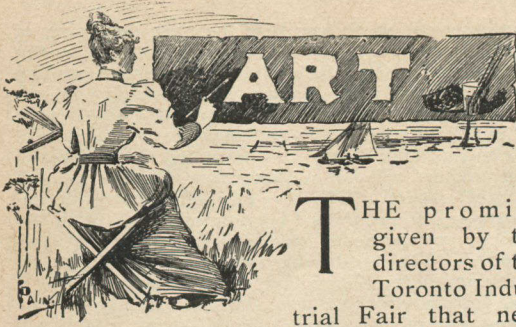
..THE LEADING MUSICAL INSTITUTION IN CANADA..

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CALENDAR for season 1896-'97 FREE i

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal School of Elocution.
Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte and Swedish
Gymnastics, Literature, etc.



THE promise given by the directors of the Toronto Industrial Fair that next year a Fine Art Building will be erected, is one which conveys much cheer to Canadian artists. There is no doubt that the erection of such a building will prove an incentive to our artists, in the matter of inducing them to send their best work to the fair.

The present gallery is an abomination. The dust of it is ruinous, the height and bald lighting ineffective, while the constant noise of the Main Building distracts both artists and amateurs from full appreciation and enjoyment of the pictures.

The Art Building at the World's Fair in Chicago, was worthy of study in its solution of the problem how best to exhibit a vast number of paintings; although even there some of the rooms were too dark. But there was always a sense of airiness and stillness,—the restful atmosphere which is essential to the proper appreciation of a picture.

The apotheosis of a picture gallery is, of course, the home, where the three or four choice paintings that adorn the walls have time and space in which to tell their story and effectively exercise their spell. But where the desolation of public galleries must exist, every effort should be put forth to give each painting an harmonious environment; while the outer surroundings that make the atmosphere should be carefully worked up.

Soft lighting, subdued color, plenty of space, and stillness,—all of these are essentials for the proper enjoyment of paintings—and all of these should obtain in an Art building.

In the Art Gallery of the Industrial Fair this year, a number of really choice pictures were hung; several fine loans and the remainder the work of well-known Canadian artists. In this page we speak rather from the point of view of the public than that of the professional artists;—very different standpoints they seem to the cursory observer; and yet, when the true inwardness is reached, not so far apart after all.

Among the paintings which attracted attention was that splendid portrait of Liszt—the master musician, loaned by the Mason, Risch Co. It is familiar to many of us; but the fine old visionary face held us in pause, as we passed, even as it does when in the company's warehouses. That involuntary pause, is the tribute to genius,—the genius of the painter.

Below it was a picture which commands the interest of artists, as well as public.

'A Cattle Studio,' by Pooter, loaned. A cow and a pig, in improvised stalls, munching contentedly at their food,—while several artists are busy with brush and palette, sketching the animals. Only that—but the realism of the work, especially of the animals, is wonderful.

Directly across from this picture, on the opposite wall, was another painting, 'Milkmaid,' by F. S. Challoner, and here we have the 'cow artistic' compared with the 'cow realistic' of the first painting. It was worth while comparing the two as types of the real and ideal. Both were good, both artistic, yet there is no doubt which we would prefer upon our home walls.

Mr. F. S. Challoner, who is yet a young artist, shows certain peculiarities of coloring and delicacy of touch by which his pictures are easily recognized. He exhibited also several delicate little landscapes. He is undoubtedly of the poet artists, rather than the realists.

Sir Frederick Verner exhibited a number of landscape studies. Perhaps the one which attracted most attention was Doon Castle, with all its grey day environment, so fitted to its sombre associations.

'At the Foot of the Grampian Hills,' a water color, by W. Smith, gives us a great full breath, as we look at the rudely thatched cottage amid the stretches of broken lowland, with the misty purpled hills in the background. The same artist showed also 'An Old Street,' an equally strong and effective study. The range of quaint steep-roofed cottages, the narrow pavement, and the glimpse of restless sea, is full of vigor.

Mr. Atkinson showed some excellent work in his 'Dundas Valley,'—a bird's-eye view of a splendid stretch of country. Possibly only an artist could fully understand the difficulties met and mastered in this painting.

Yet another of our advancing artists is W. D. Blatchley, whose 'Rainy Day' is a charming transcription of English landscape.

J. M. Kidd contributed something really admirable in 'A Spill,' a healthy lad with an upset pail of rosy apples. Another effective picture by the same artist was 'Duet Between Youth and Age,' a charming little home scene. This artist's work is very natural, and therefore effective.

Many of us who love marine pictures found pleasure in O. S. Reuben's 'Tidal Beach,' a breezy, invigorating treatment of sky and wave and rock.

McGillivray Knowles showed two fine portraits—one of his wife, a painting which attracted much attention and commendation.

A small painting, but much appreciated, was O. P. Staples' 'Kittens,' two tiny Maltese in an old hat. The study was simple, but so effective that very few passed it without an appreciative smile at the saucy, fluffy, pert little creatures. Mr. Staples showed other excellent work.

One of the choice water colors shown was an evening landscape scene by F. C. Ede—a flock of sheep winding their homeward way. It is wonderful what artistic merit may lie in this simple subject. Whether it be from Biblical imagery, or because of the inherent beauty of these innocent animals, certainly the greatest artists have chosen the homecoming of sheep for their theme; and there is none more appreciated by the picture lover.

Two effective pastels were shown by Owen P. Staples,—a woman's figure in profile, standing in meditative attitude, and a woman's face. Mr. Challoner contributed several delicate water colors. Gertrude Spurr showed an effective summer study in oils in 'An Old Farm House,' while Mrs. Thomas, a new contributor, exhibited several dainty little landscapes.

There were not many flower studies. Miss Noverre's oak leaves were rich in color, but somewhat stiff in arrangement. Mrs. Reid's roses, a glorious cluster of delicate yellow blossoms in a translucent vase, were worthy the delicate touch of this artist of flowers. Henry Martin's damask roses and Miss Noverre's blush roses were also delightful.

Some really good work was shown upstairs in the amateur department. Miss Wrinch has a free, clever touch, while Miss Hillyard also gives splendid promise. Both these young ladies, yet in their student days, may be looked upon as coming artists.

And among the children, who must not be

overlooked, we may congratulate little Miss Ridout for her excellent life study of a horse's head.

Of course, it is impossible in such limited space to even name many of the commendable pictures exhibited. We have simply taken the liberty of a visitor at the Fair to mention a few of those which attracted our attention. But the fact most worthy of record is that each year our own artists are achieving better results and entering into a fuller realization of the things which make for the enduring in art.

Rather a curious picture was on exhibition at Roberts' Art Gallery, during the September weeks—the work of a Flemish artist, Leonard, by name. Artistically viewed, very little can be said in its favor; yet the picture is certainly unique in its subject. The old Flemish conception is noticeable, but the admirable in the Flemish school of art is lacking. Shakespeare reclining upon 'trailing clouds of glory,' with the chief personages in his best known dramas grouped in dramatic pose about him, and symbolical figures in the form of angels and cupids filling up the intervening spaces, form the subject. It is altogether an odd medley of ideas, which might be tolerated were it artistically represented.

BLACK AND WHITE.

MONTREAL ART NOTES.

The advanced art classes in connection with the Art Association will re-open under the direction of Mr. William Brymner, R.C.A., on October 14th. These classes are admirably conducted and students should not lose sight of the advantages to be derived from the refining and constant influence of the beautiful collection of paintings in the gallery, always open to them for pleasure and study. The studios also are open every day, though instruction is given only upon three days of the week. Besides this, the reading room and library is open free to all students and much information may be gained from the periodicals upon the table.

A progressive course of study is adopted. The student draws first from the cast in light and shade, and continuing on to the full figure from the antique. The further advanced, painting from the cast or still-life and also from the living model.

Two association scholarships are also offered entitling the winner to two years' free tuition; but, apart from the pecuniary benefits, these scholarships create a friendly rivalry among the students, stirring them up to earnest endeavor advantageous to themselves and encouraging to the master.

The water color classes are already at work, the term having commenced on the 14th of September. It is necessarily short and finishes on the last of October, the time being limited to such seasons as allow favorable out-door sketching. The classes go out upon four days of the week and are under the direction of Mr. Chas. E. Moss.

A full session in the oil classes costs \$40, and in the water colors, \$12 for the term. Rates are also given for the half and quarter terms.

Non-residents desirous of studying art, should consider well these terms offered by the Art Association. Montreal is an art centre and offers many advantages to the pupil.

XMAN.

Delicately framed water colors are the only proper things for the drawing room, magnificent oils for the library and hall, and etchings and engravings for the dining-room.

Use Winsor & Newton's artists colors.

National Council.

(Continued.)

The outcome was the first girl's society established in that city. They secured rooms furnished them, and organized a committee, formed a set of rules and determined that the three principles of the society should be: Co-operation, self-government and self-support. They arranged that they were to contribute twenty-five cents a week each; and from this small beginning a large association of Working Girls' Clubs has developed, not only in New York, but in many of the great cities of the United States. I had the pleasure once of visiting one of these clubs in New York; it had two small rooms. The evening was debate evening. The subject was, "Use of Money." There were two short papers and a discussion followed in which all the members took part. They dwelt upon the advantages of money in a very outspoken way, and finally came down to the subject which was, after all, of most practical moment to a working girl, whether in New York or London, "What is the minimum wage upon which a working girl can live?" The discussion was interesting and presently some one threw out the remark, "It is all very well to ask whether we can live respectably and rightly upon \$3 a week, if only we were sure that the \$3 a week would last and that we should have health to earn it." That shows you the use of this sort of clubs. Last year one of them took up the following topics, "Can we find something to be thankful for?" "What is character-building?" "Why are some women more popular than others?" "What is true courtesy?" "What is the best way to keep from thinking about themselves?" "The naming of children," "How to make home attractive," "How can we keep a husband's love after marriage?" "Does a woman gain control by associating with men as well as women?" "What is meant by pride?" "How can people keep from being selfish?"

Well, ladies, I only wanted to give you an idea of what these working girls' clubs can do if managed on the basis of control by the girls themselves. There is no patronizing about them. No people of a higher class come down to help the others. If a woman of leisure is elected a member of the club and feels that she can come in as a sister and use her brains on equal terms, than let her come and help them to work out their various objects. Some of them are small, some large. They not only help one another, but often manage to help sick people; make scrap books for the hospitals; get flowers for sick friends; and form reading circles.

If any of the ladies here are thinking of forming such societies I should advise them to write to Miss Dodge for some of her papers, which will give a clear idea how to make these societies successful. But let us remember that the real basis of these societies is the old one of real friendship. True friendship touches the deepest springs of life; comes near to us; shows to us possibilities in our own lives which we have never before beheld; comforts us in sorrow; helps us in difficulties; brings us together in common bonds; encourages us to attempt something together which we could not do by ourselves. Friendship is the basis of all Christianity, for this is 'Life eternal,' to know Jesus Christ the only true God.

A pleasant incident occurred at this point when Mrs. McKinnon handed to her ladyship a purse containing \$103 that had been raised by this Council for the Armenians.

Several resolutions were then passed. His Excellency moved the first, in the following words:

Ladies and gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I accepted your invitation to take some part in this evening's meeting. I confess, however, that I had some scruples in doing so, because I had come to the conclusion that my particular role, my special functions in connection with the Women's Council had practically come to an end. What I mean is that I regarded my special duty in connection with the Council as being the bearing of witness, the offering of testimony concerning its character and as to its usefulness, as one who had watched its formation and growth from the outset. I have begun to think, however, that it is not necessary for such testimony to be offered. However, we have learnt this evening that there is still room for a statement as to what the Council is. I beg therefore to offer this resolution:

"Resolved, that this meeting, having heard with pleasure the account of the good work accomplished in the past by the National Council of Women, desires to give expression to the hope that it may have a long course of continued usefulness in the future."

I understand that it was in response to a special request on the part of the committee that Her Excellency gave this evening so full account of the chief features of the operations in the National Council, and of some things that it has already accomplished. A narrative of this sort cannot be compressed in a few sentences. But I think all of you will admit that Lady Aberdeen has shown good cause why the Council should now be

regarded as an national institution. I think we will soon come to feel that it is wonderful how we contrived to get on without that Council in the past. I, for one, endorse the hope contained in the resolution, that it may have a long course of extended usefulness in the future. Mrs. Boom r said that it has had the effect of broadening our horizon. Consider for a moment how much is involved in that at this late hour; I will not enlarge upon that, but it is most suggestive. Mrs. Boomer also remarked that you might expect criticism during your transition period. I venture to say that you will meet criticism at all periods of your existence, because you will not sit still and say, whatever is, is right. If that should ever come to be your attitude, you Council would disband. But you will be always on the watch for useful work and that will clash with something or somebody. And the something or somebody won't like that, and therefore there will be criticism. You may lay that down as an axiom, and therefore you need not be astonished if this Council, like any other vital movement, encounters criticism. I have heard something this evening about a very important thing; I mean that dangerous pest of accursed pernicious literature. There are sources of information open to those connected with the Government that are not always before the general public, and I took an opportunity of securing a little further information in regard to the subject, and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, and I do it with regret, that any who are persuaded that this is a mare's nest or a will-o'-the-wisp, are wrong. There is no use living in a fool's paradise and shutting our eyes to facts. There is no country free from the wiles of evil. Wherever there is a population, there will always be an attempt to bring in something that would be far better be absent. The Council have good reason to open their eyes to this danger, against which we should a l join hands.

Another point is the long hours, especially in the case of women workers. That is a very delicate point. I confess I have in mind one particular case in respect to which I sometimes feel aggrieved with the Council. We talk about midnight oil; I wish it were only midnight oil that is used in connection with Council work of a rather protracted description. I see Lady Aberdeen looks at me as if I had some ulterior meaning. I would say this, however, that she is not alone in the Council in this matter. It is a delicate subject, and I am glad that it is in the hands of a Council that have shown that they know how to act, not only with skill, but prudence—a most important attribute to any who are moving in the direction of social reform.

I only say lastly, that regarding that most important aspect of this work, its relation to the home, I think some of you may have seen an address recently delivered by Lady Aberdeen in Toronto, in which she alluded to the home as being the first and foremost place for woman's influence. I had a letter lately from a friend of mine, the Lord Chief Justice of England, written from Quebec. He had seen a report of that address in one of the papers, and wrote to me to express his satisfaction with it, and suggested that I should send a copy of it to certain mutual friends of his and mine who were not in sympathy with the views expressed in it regarding the sphere of woman. I venture to lay before you what one of the foremost lawyers in Great Britain says upon that point in order to illustrate the advantages of having the principles of this Council clearly expounded. I have great pleasure to move the first resolution.

Major Beattie, M.P., seconded the resolution in a few brief, pleasant words.

Mayor Little, who is a warm friend of the London Local Council, moved the second resolution:

Your Excellency, the resolution placed in my hands is in relation to the work of the Local Council in the city of London. It reads: "Resolved, that the citizens of London extend to the Local Branch of the National Council of Women their sympathy with its aims, their encouragement with its difficulties, and their hearty co-operation with its work." The resolution, it seems to me, divides itself into three parts. First, we are to extend our sympathy to this Council with its aims. I am quite sure that after hearing the aims of the Council explained by Lady Aberdeen to-night, no person who has any spark of sympathy in his composition could do otherwise than sympathize with the aims of this Council. The next step is to extend encouragement to them in their difficulties. Now, I happen to know something about the difficulties with which the Local Council will have to contend in connection with some of the matters that have been mentioned here this evening. I know the trouble they took to organize the associated charities, the days and nights spent by certain of the ladies, trying to get this society into working order, and I know something about the good they accomplish. And I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that they deserve your encouragement in the very highest sense, even if they had not accomplished anything else beyond getting this society into good working order. Another matter brought under my notice very forcibly was the inspection of factories. The investigations which were made by the ladies brought out facts that were a revelation to me, and would cause a good deal of excitement in the city if they were made public. The good accomplished in that case was certainly of untold value to many of the workers in our factories and stores. My

resolution goes on to say that they are deserving of your hearty co-operation. This seems to me to be the important part of the resolution. First, we have positive sympathy; second, comparative encouragement; third, superlative hearty co-operation. Sympathy is all very well in its way, ladies and gentlemen, so is encouragement, but without hearty co-operation, sympathy and encouragement will not go very far. I call upon you citizens of London to offer this Council your hearty co-operation. I do not think I need enforce this upon the audience; your presence here is a guarantee that you will do this. The weather has no doubt prevented many from coming here. They have missed a great treat. It is most fortunate for us that we have the first lady in the land engaged in such glorious work,—work which will bear fruit long after their Excellencies have left us and gone to some other sphere of usefulness. I have much pleasure in moving this resolution.

Judge Elliot seconded the resolution. His Honor was reminiscent, and went back to the visit to London of Lord Sydenham. He remembered Lord Sydenham's advice, in those times of 1837, to abate the rancorous feeling which prevailed. In turn His Honor referred to the present visit of their Excellencies with enthusiasm, and went on to say that it was a fixed opinion with him that there should be advancement in women's work. It was a habit of some people to sneeringly say that women should attend to their own domestic duties. But we belonged to the greatest empire in the world, and who was at the head of that empire? A woman. (Applause.) He would not discuss the question of how far woman's influence should go. He would not say whether he thought they should go to Parliament. But he would say this, that if they did they would be better than some of the men that are there. (Applause and laughter.)

Inspector Dearness and Hon. David Mills moved a third resolution, expressing the earnest hope that the efforts of the Council in the department of education might be not only conceived and carried out in wisdom, but crowned with success.

A vote of thanks to their Excellencies was proposed by Mrs. Talbot MacBeth, and seconded by Mrs. H. B. Gahan.

After a hearty singing of the National Anthem, the meeting broke up, and a brief reception was held.

VICTORIA WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

The general meeting of the Local Council of Women, held August 10th in the City Hall, was in point of attendance and of interest one of the most successful held since the date of organization. The report read by Miss Lawson, secretary of the Friendly Help Association, which has now been in operation eighteen months, showed that the work and usefulness of the society have continually increased, especially during the last five months, as previous to that time the society had not been able to extend their borders owing to lack of funds. Of late, however, money has been generously supplied.

The Maternity Home also presented the work done. During the last two years 48 patients have been admitted. The pressing need of the institution is at present an increase of revenue, \$298.55 being the deficiency up to July.

Mrs. Taylor, president of the Woman's Council of Winnipeg, was present, and in addressing the meeting congratulated the Victoria Council on its success, wishing very much to know how the Council succeeded in securing so large an attendance. In speaking on the work of the Council, she said that she did not consider that its work lay so much in making sweeping reforms as in educating public sentiment up to the required standard.

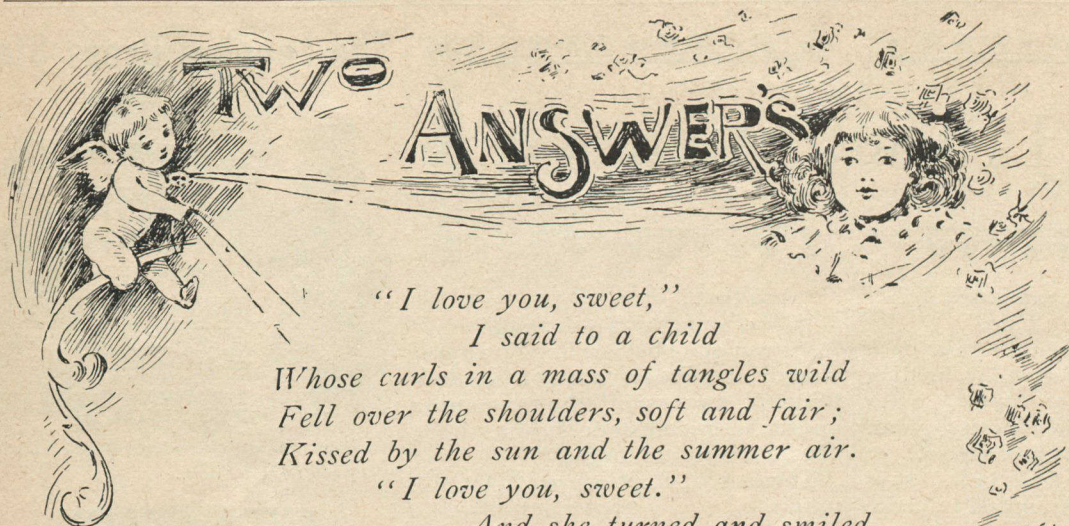
Discussion on the formation of reading circles and the methods to be adopted was one of the topics of interest that followed.

The delegate's account of the proceedings at the third annual meeting of the National Council was read by Mrs. Scaife, the report being an excellent one, embracing very minutely the proceedings of the National Council. The thanks of the Council were tendered to the acting delegate, Miss Wilson, for her very comprehensive report.

Mrs. Beaven reported the intention of starting a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, with the Bishop of Columbia as patron. The membership fee will be one dollar per annum and several ladies have already enrolled themselves as members.

A POOR MAN'S COMFORT.

Cold and hunger are no respecters of persons. The winter wind howls around the rich man just as searchingly as it sweeps through a poor one. And Fibre Chamois is equally a boon to both with its wonderful, healthful, warmth-giving qualities, its light weight and trifling cost. Those to whom money is no object prefer using it to being burdened down by the weight of many wraps and those who perform outdoor duties in cold weather find it invaluable as it keeps out all wind and cold—not for an hour or so, but for all day, and yet adds nothing which hampers them, no matter what their exercise may be. With it through their outer garments everyone can enjoy winter's coldest snaps in perfect comfort.



"I love you, sweet,"

I said to a child

Whose curls in a mass of tangles wild
Fell over the shoulders, soft and fair;
Kissed by the sun and the summer air.

"I love you, sweet."

And she turned and smiled

The frank, fresh smile of a trusting child.

"I love you, too;

I love you best,"

The lips of the little one confessed.

"I love you, sweet,"

I said to a maid;

And the dimples alternately went and stayed.

"I love you, sweet;" and the laughing eyes,

Blue as the bluest summer skies,

Looked shyly up,

And as shyly down,

Under the lashes of golden-brown.

But I waited in vain for the words confessed:

"I love you, too;

I love you best."



MADELINE GEALE.

FOR YOUNG CANADA.

EDITED BY COUSIN MAUD.

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

He who aims high may never reach the goal,
The shining mark which seems so far and fair;
But he shall learn to nobly win and dare,
And gain the strength endeavor gives the soul.

N. M. L.

* * *

THE few dull days we have had recently remind us that our beautiful summer season is about gone from us. Yet the prospect of the long, cold winter ahead is almost lost in the busy 'getting ready' of the autumn. There is always a charm about 'getting ready'; does not half the pleasure of a journey lie in the anticipation and preparation?

Getting ready for winter! How the work is going on! Peep into the cellar—coal bins filled with the glittering black stuff; shelves lined with fruit and pickles, 'put up' by patient mother, without whose watchful care we might feel a terrible difference between summer and winter.

And Mother Nature is busy, too. Some of our birds have already gone south, wondering like the rest of us what made the summer seem so short; the sap will soon leave the tree trunk and seek its winter quarters in the roots below; the frisky little squirrel exchange its leafy summer nest for a new home in a hollow tree, which he will be busy storing with nuts for the next month or so.

Go out into the autumn, children, enjoy the charm of the changing woods now when every gleam of sunshine is so precious, and you will not be among those who are bemoaning that the summer has departed.

* * *

I indulged in a little chat with you last month, but by some means or other there was no room for it in our page; think I must have spun too many yarns (or too much yarn). One thing only I remember, I asked that those who had any little anecdote or experience, funny or otherwise, that happened during your holiday making, to let us all have the benefit, at least write and tell me about it, and it shall not be published if you wish otherwise. If you all knew the pleasure your little letters bring me, I know the JOURNAL mail bag would be flooded. And let me tell you something funny I saw this summer, that you may not think your experience too trivial to give. Standing one day on Yonge street waiting for a car, a banana man passed me, leisurely pushing his cart piled high with the yellow fruit. Just then another man of the same profession and with a like load came up the other side and stealthily tried to pass him.

However, this he did not succeed in, as No. 1 spied him just as the carts were about even. Then the fun began. Away they started on a race, some desirable street corner likely being the goal. Their arms extended to push their awkward loads gave such a comical swagger to their trot, and every minute I expected to see the bananas fly. Soon, and while they were still abreast, my car came and bore me away in another direction, and I was sorry not to have been in at the finish of the queer race.

And now how would you like to hear a story from the old book I told you about last month?

MIMI AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Mimi woke up one morning, with the sunbeams peeping between her eyelids and the birds all chattering in their unknown tongues, outside her lattice window.

Who was Mimi? Well, she was a little princess, only eight years old, with yellow hair that sparkled in the light like spun gold, and brown eyes that laughed within themselves, and chubby pink cheeks like gillyflower apples. And she had a golden chair to sit upon and pillows of silk for her head, and maids-of-honor to follow her about, until she wished from the bottom of her heart that she was a little cottage-girl, to run in the meadows and weave daisy-chains, with no one to say, "Your Majesty is catching cold," or "Your Majesty's fine silk dress will be ruined!"

Mimi jumped out of her little satin nest and skipped across the room to the window where the blue morning glories were nodding 'good-day,' and the dragon flies were glancing back and forth. "If I could only go and play among the yellow dandelions by the river side," thought little Mimi, pushing back her golden hair. And then, all of a sudden she caught sight of a curious black shell, shaped like a date-seed, and pointed at the top, lying on the stone window-sill of the royal castle.

"Oh! what is this?" thought Mimi, taking up the little frail thing. "I do believe it is something that the Fairies have sent me; I'll put it in my little sandalwood box with the glass lid, and keep it!"

But when Mistress Stiff-and-prim, the chief maid-of-honor, saw it, she lifted up both her hands and rolled her eyes nearly to the top of her head. "The dirty thing!" she cried; "let me throw it away! Your Majesty surely cannot be aware that it is only a cocoon."

But Mimi stamped her foot and shook her head, and clasped both her arms round the sandalwood box with the glass lid. "I will keep it!" she said in a tone of determination that puzzled Madam Stiff-and-prim sorely.

"Let her alone," whispered Lady Straightlace, the second maid-of-honor, "and when she is asleep we will take the thing away."

But Mimi's little sharp ears overheard what old Straightlace said, and she slept with the box hugged close to her breast, so that neither of the old women could steal it away from her.

And one morning just as the red sun was rising behind the mountains, Mimi heard a little soft voice like a chime of tiny bells, saying "Let me out, Princess Mimi,—please let me out!"

Mimi sat up in bed and looked all around the room, but there was no one there; and then she bethought herself of the sandalwood box. As she lifted the cover of the box a beautiful butterfly with purple gauze wings fluttered out.

"Oh, darling butterfly!" exclaimed Mimi.

"Mimi, I am a little princess like yourself and have always lived on a beautiful island with my dear father and mother, but the grey witch of the mountains, who is an enemy of ours, has put me under a spell, but if I wash in the waters of the enchanted fountain, in front of our castle, by noon to-morrow, the spell will be broken. Mimi, you must take me there. Hasten! It is a long journey, and if I cannot reach the fountain by twelve to-morrow, I shall die."

Mimi immediately got up and with trembling fingers dressed herself. Taking the butterfly she quietly slipped out of the castle, so as not to waken the maids-of-honor, and hastened to the river.

Here she found a great leafy branch of a tree, lying close to the bank.

(To be continued.)



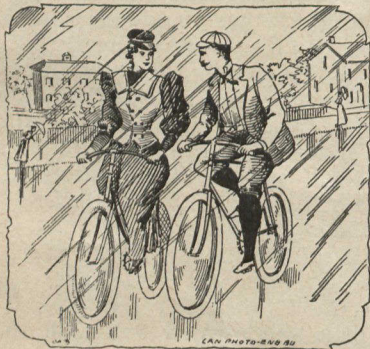
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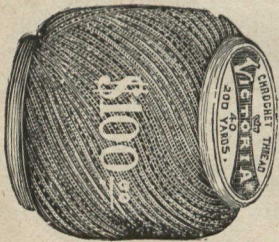
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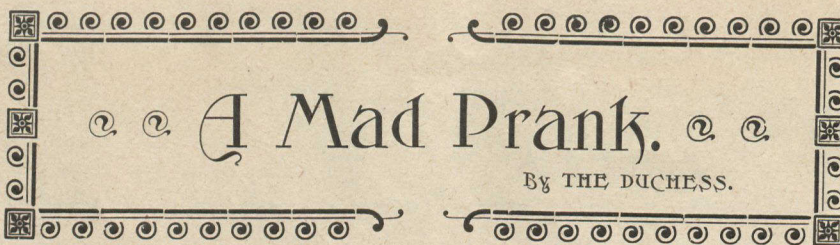
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A Mad Prank.

By THE DUCHESS.

"YOU think it *was* worth it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, then, I'll take back
that florin," says she, holding
out her hand.

He lays it in her pretty palm,
holding the palm as he does so.

"I don't see any hole in it," says
he, "and yet you promised to make
one in it, and hang it round your
neck. I am afraid," laughing, "you
are faithless."

"Did I promise that?"

"Beyond all doubt. I can see
you as you said it."

"Ah! then you did see me *that*
time?" She casts a little, quick
glance at him from under her long
lashes, and tells herself that she has
him at a disadvantage at last. "I'm
glad of that. One doesn't like to be
entirely overlooked, even when one
is a housemaid."

"And such a housemaid!" returns
he. If she had thought to over-
whelm him with reproach, she finds
herself mistaken. He is calmness
itself. He is evidently bent on noth-
ing but the payment of the florin and
pretty compliments. This enrages
her. "Still you promised, you
know," continues he, "to put a hole
in it, and hang it round your neck—
forever! Don't you remember that?"

"My memory is a mere rag,"
says Hilary. "I find it impossible
to keep it together. It isn't of the
least use to me, yet people insist on
saying that I ought to cultivate it."

"You *don't* remember, then?"

"I'm not sure—I have a mere
glimmering. Was it that day when
you told me to try and be a good
girl?"

"When was that?" asks he, col-
oring, however.

"Ah!" triumphantly. "Whose
memory is defective now?" She
stands back, smiling at him in her
pretty, irresistible way, yet with a
touch of disdain, defying him, as it
were, with her soft armory of eyes
and lips. "On the avenue again.
You recollect, surely! At the same
time you told me my hands were too
white, and you entreated me to bear
in mind that Diana was a good mis-
tress, and you begged me to—to"—
she looks down demurely—"to
desist from my fell designs on—poor
old Jim!"

Ker regards her with mixed feel-
ings. Perhaps anger is the strongest
of them, yet there is a touch of fas-
cination about her that makes itself
felt, and keeps him beside her.

"And yet you call your memory a
mere rag," says he with decided
sarcasm.

"Sometimes, sometimes!" airily.

"When you don't *want* to remem-
ber, I presume?"

"Not always. There," pausing
and looking down, "is one thing I
would rather not remember, and yet
I do."

"And that?"

"Was something you said."

"I can quite believe it. You have
already reminded me of several
things I have said, that certainly
under the circumstances you might
have managed to forget."

There is distinct reproach in his
tone.

"It was none of those. It was
worse, far worse. You said it at
luncheon."

"To apologize would be worse
than folly," says Ker. "I feel al-
ready that I have sinned beyond
redemption, and yet I confess to a
base anxiety to know my worst
crime."

"Well," resentfully, "I think you
needn't have told Diana that you
knew you would find it impossible
ever to like me."

"Look here," says Ker indig-
nantly. "I don't care *what* I said.
To be taken at a disadvantage like
that, and then be brought to book
afterward,—anything more unfair
than that—"

"It is you who were unfair. You
had never seen me, or thought you
hadn't, and yet you had made up
your mind to dislike me."

"I don't believe I made up my
mind to anything. I thought of
nothing but that confounded will
that placed us both in so false a
position. Why should I dislike you?"

"Why, indeed!" She pulls a
little fragrant branch off the shrub
nearest to her. "Well—don't you?"
says she. She does not look at him.

At this instant a light high laugh
resounds through the conservatory.
It is coming toward them. It is a
laugh once heard never to be for-
gotten. It is one of Mrs. Dyson-
Moore's 'properties.'

She has turned the corner now,
accompanied by a long-legged young
man with evidently (and this is a
sad reflection) more years than
brains. Because the years are few.

"Oh! you here!" says she to
Ker. "In this cosy corner! I
might have known it!"

Something in her tone is offensive
to Hilary. She draws a little aside,
and plays carefully with a bit of
foliage close to her.

"Your intuitive instincts are so
strong, that of course you would,"
says Ker, smiling pleasantly.

"Such a secluded nook!" goes on
Folly in her little click-clack way.
"Miss Burroughs, have you got the
monopoly of it?"

"For the moment," says Hilary
calmly. "My cousin and I are rest-
ing for the moment."

"Your cousin! Ah, true!" she
turns to Ker. "Fancy! your find-
ing a cousin down here."

"Not in the least more remarkable
than finding a cousin down *there!*"
says he, always quite pleasantly.

"Don't you think the dance is

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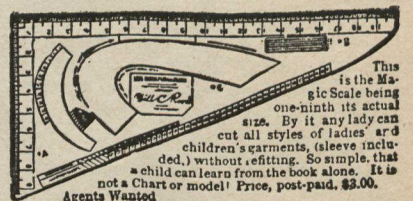
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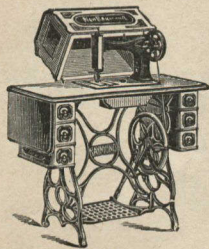


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going well—is quite a success?" says Mrs. Dyson-Moore, gayly. "Such a crush. One doesn't expect it in the wilds. As a rule country dances go all to smash. But this one is an exception. You enjoying yourself?"

"What a question!" says Ker. It is a most ordinary answer, yet unfortunately it bears two interpretations—one for each of the women listening. To Hilary it seems a compromise; she had disdained to look at him, but she *feels* as if he had parried the question with a view to pleasing this detestable little Folly—this silly little Mrs. Dyson-Moore.

To the 'silly little woman,' it seems in her vanity a direct declaration that he is not enjoying himself at all! that he could not possibly do so, being separated for the moment from her!

She turns away, looking back at Ker as she goes and smiling coquettishly.

"The next is ours. Don't forget," says she, as she moves away.

CHAPTER XII.

"What you keep by you, you may change and mend; But words once spoke can never be recall'd."

"Thank Heaven!" says Ker.

"For what?" questions Hilary, who is not feeling as sympathetic as usual.

"For——" He checks himself abruptly. "Because we are once more alone."

"You must be tired," says she sweetly. "Do you really want to talk? Am I boring you? You have had a long journey, I know——"

"What nonsense!" says he. "As if I should mind a few miles by train." He has not altogether understood her. "Will you sit down here until the next dance begins?"

"It must be almost due now, and you have promised it to Mrs. Dyson-Moore."

"So I have." He would have added "worse luck," but civilization prevents him. "Still there is a minute or two left."

She makes no answer to this, and, the silence growing a little oppressive, he breaks fresh ground.

"How fond you all seem to be of fancy balls down here!"

"Not always! But once a thing is started, you know what a run there always is on it. It becomes an epidemic. It is worse than the measles. It catches all the county."

"We are certainly of the monkey tribe. Such imitative animals! But fancy-dress balls—they must be such a worry!"

"Not greater than others. Look at red hair. Let one woman preach a crusade on the becomingness of it, and all other women will dye their hair like mad. That must be a far greater worry than giving a fancy ball. Because, at all events, the latter permits us—at least *some* of the fortunate ones of us—to show ourselves at our best for once in our lives."

"Ah! you can speak!" says he, "being one of the fortunate ones." It is very ready and very delight-

ful, of course. But to Hilary, in her present mood, it savors too much of the man of the world, of the word in season—of, in effect, hypocrisy.

"I wasn't thinking of myself," says she, quite calmly. "I am, of course, quite out of it. I should have liked to array myself in gorgeous apparel,"—here she smiles—"but I hadn't a penny to do it with. I was thinking of Mrs. Dyson-Moore."

"It was very good of you," says Ker.

His manner conveys to her the belief that he thinks it very good of her to waste a thought upon her at all, but this does not satisfy Hilary. Why didn't he *say* it?

"Good of me?" says she; a sudden desire to make him speak has driven her to this direct question.

"Yes. Why should you? Others will no doubt take that task out of your hands. *Many* others."

He laughs, and a vision of Mrs. Dyson-Moore's *very* short skirts comes once again before Hilary's eyes. Is he laughing at her? She turns her eyes suddenly on his.

"Are you a friend of hers?" asks she.

"A friend? An acquaintance, rather, and," meaningly, "a guest."

"Ah, I see! Your lips are sealed."

"They would be certainly if there was any cause for sealing." He smiles and gives himself a slight shake. "Have we not had enough of 'Folly' for one evening?" asks he, with a rather comic smile.

"I don't see how I have been foolish," returns she, willfully misunderstanding him. She gives him a little return smile, however, as she says it, which betrays her knowledge of his meaning, and at once he feels that 'peace with honour' has for the moment, at all events, been restored.

"You foolish! Never," says he.

"Not even—when—I——"

"Not even then. One can forgive you for keeping up the masquerade under our—peculiar circumstances."

He regards her steadily, as if wishing her to understand that there is meaning in his words—a desire to approach the delicate subject of the will. Hilary colors faintly, and trifles with the corner of her apron.

"I suppose you wanted to study me?" says he, a little darilyngly.

"Ah! That was what was so unfair. I know it now. Why should I study you when you had no opportunity of studying me?"

"Yet I had. I had," says Ker, gayly. He laughs as if remembering.

"But not as if you saw me as my proper self."

"Your—*other* self was not to be despised. And how do you look when you are your proper self?"

"As I look now, of course."

"What! Do you *always* go about in a cap and apron?"

"Oh, nonsense!" Here they both laugh a little. "You see I have the advantage. I have seen you twice in ordinary clothes, whereas you have never seen me except in this." She pulls out a fold of her gown.

"*This* is very becoming," says he.

(To be continued.)

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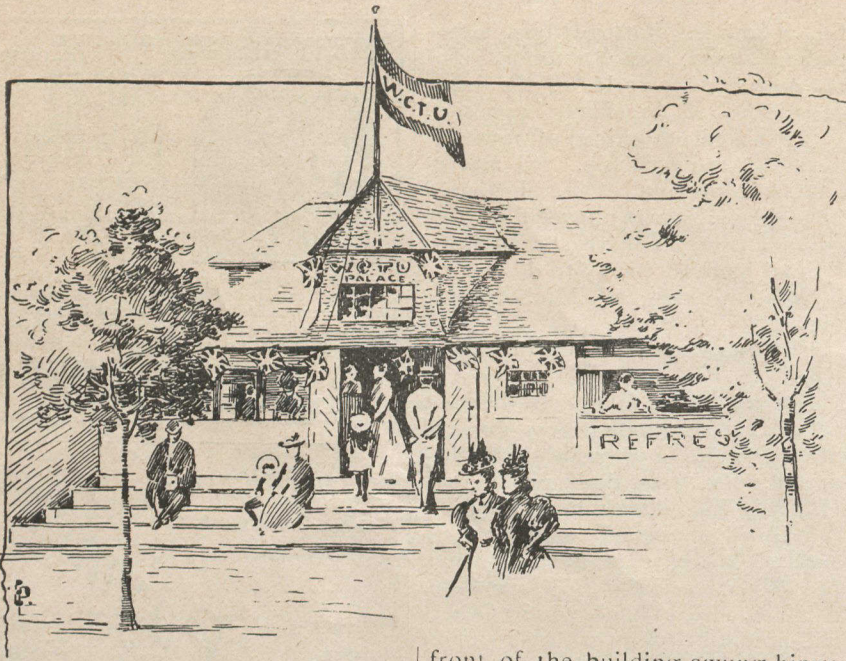


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One of the brightest as well as busiest spots in the Industrial Exhibition grounds during the Fair, was the new pavilion erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. For several years this society has confined its labors within a tent, where luncheon has been served to many hungry people, and literature of the organization freely distributed.

Because the luncheons were sweet and cleanly, and perhaps also because of the home-like sense resulting from the active supervision of the ladies of the society, the tent grew to be a favorite restaurant, and accommodation became insufficient. Again, the canvas was poor weather protection, and on chill days full of discomfort for both ladies-in-waiting and customers.

This season therefore saw the new building erected, comfortable within and picturesque without. The cost of it was greater than originally intended, which rendered the ladies somewhat anxious; but the results of the first season in the new building fully justified their enterprise.

Every day during that last thronged week of the Fair, the W.C.T.U. pavilion was filled with hungry people; while at certain hours the crush was so great that many were turned away. There was no doubt that the new building was appreciated, as one of the quietest and most home-like places upon the grounds in which to enjoy a tempting light lunch.

* * *

Standing within the doorway of the pavilion on a bright day, the interior presented a remarkably pretty effect. The long range of white-covered tables, decorated with flowers, the gay drapings of bunting and flags; the little literature table, in charge of its sweet-faced president at one corner; the cash desk with its indefatigable ladies opposite, and on the opposite side of the pavilion the serving counter, crowded with tempting pies, white rolls, sandwiches; bright with the glistening tea and coffee urns, and presided over by motherly, happy women. All around the sides and

front of the building swung hinge-doors which, being lifted and fastened, threw the entire pavilion wide to the public, and facilitated the outdoor serving of luncheons.

Standing on a sunny day in the centre of the building, one caught charming vistas of the green and gold outside;—the 'Society' tents all a flutter of flags, the bands playing, people moving about in gay groups, young trees rustling, and the blue lake water all asparkle. At such a moment it was discovered that the W. C. T. U. tent occupied one of the pleasantest sites on the grounds.

The little card bills of fare showed that the hungry might have any one of the dainties on the list for five cents. Only cold light lunches were served; yet it was possible to find much satisfaction in sandwich, white rolls, pie and a cup of fragrant coffee.

Yet not the least part of the attractiveness of the W. C. T. U. pavilion, as a restaurant, was that every detail of management and serving was performed by the ladies themselves. The faces of well-known benevolent women at the counters behind the urns and about the tables, gave a sense of kindly interest and domesticity, which the thousands of visitors seemed to appreciate.

The labor involved was certainly severe and continuous. Yet the ladies of the society have each the satisfaction of knowing that they are serving a good cause in thus fairly and honorably striving to augment the funds of their society.

The ladies in charge at the W. C. T. U. pavilion during the recent Exhibition were: Mrs. Rutherford, president; Mrs. St. Croix; Mrs. Carlyle, chairman of Exhibition Committee; Mrs. Brunnell; Mrs. Bascom, treasurer; Miss McGregor, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. F. S. Spence, Mrs. Hilborn and others.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music re-opened on September 1st with everything in readiness for the work of its tenth season. The teaching rooms, music hall, reception room, corridors and offices have undergone renovating, painting, etc.

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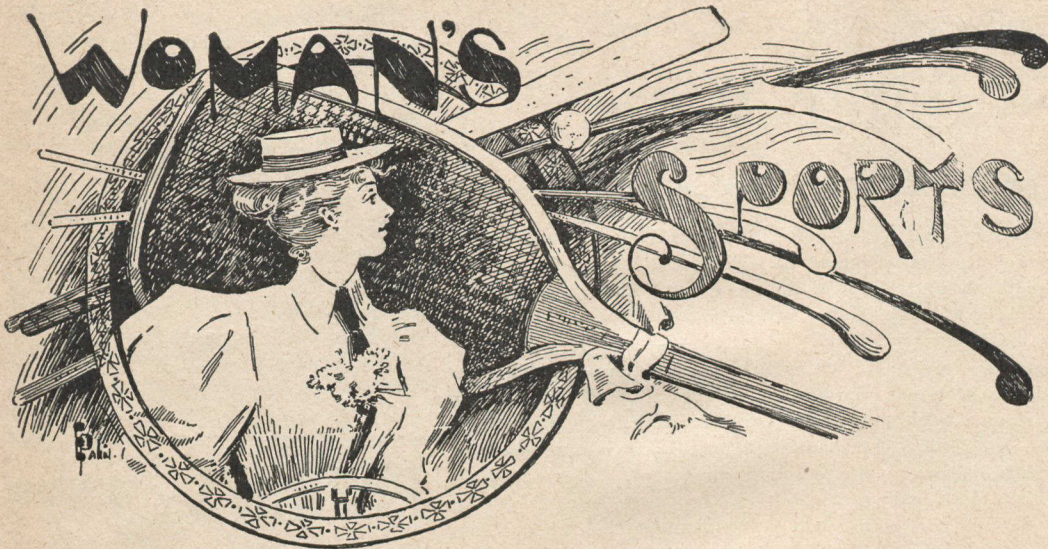
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GOLF.

The Fern Hill Golf Club has changed its name to Toronto Golf Association. A ladies' championship match will be played at an early date not yet fixed, for which a medal has been offered by Mrs. W. Cassels.

The first fall foursome of the Rosedale Golf Club, having been postponed on account of bad weather, was held Saturday, the 12th, on the club grounds; Mr. John Dick, with Mrs. Bartlett, who is a comparatively new player, being the successful winners and securing the medal for the month, Mrs. John Dick and Mr. Geo. Lyon coming in second; Dr. Scott and Miss E. Scott, third, followed by Miss H. Scott and Mr. McLaughlin. The foursome will be played for again the first week in October, when a very large turn out is expected and afternoon tea is proposed. A match with the Oakville, which is also comparatively a new club, is talked about in the near future.

Outside matches are very desirable and should be encouraged. They infuse clubs with a great deal of enthusiasm, and add much to the interest of the game, by enlarging the styles and methods of playing.

A handicap match for the president's medal will be opened by the Rosedale Club on Tuesday, Sept. 29th, and will continue during the three following weeks. At the closing match the lady with the three lowest scores retains the handsome medal.

The ladies' golf at Niagara did not take place on account of the few entries. Many of the chief lady golfers were absent from home at that time, so Miss Geale has not yet had an opportunity to dispute her championship. It is to be hoped that next year the ladies will render as excellent showing at the Niagara tournament as the men did this year in the fine play of Mr. Tucker, who is now champion of America.

The High Park Golf Club are making great effort to support the game in the west end of the city, and, now the fall weather has started, hope to have many pleasant Saturday afternoons in the park.

TENNIS.

TORONTO ATHLETIC CLUB LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather the Toronto Athletic Club's annual lawn tennis tournament was a great success, several well-known American players being present, which added a great deal of interest to the play. The ladies' matches were especially keen and well contested, and although Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, the ex-champion lady player of the United States and present lady champion of Canada, as was expected, carried off first prize in the open singles for ladies, yet some of our home players gave her a hard tussle, especially Miss B. Lefroy in the first round and Miss M. Davis in the finals, the former only being beaten by the score of 7-5, 7-5. Miss G. Scott very nearly succeeded in beating Miss K. Atkinson, the champion, in the first round, and she only succumbed after a three-set match, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4. And Miss Davis earned the right of going into the final round by beating Miss K. Atkinson after a hard fight, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2. The following is the score of the ladies' open singles:

Ladies' Singles.

Preliminary—Miss M. Johnston, Mrs. T. H. Whitehead, Miss M. Davis, Miss V. Summerhayes.
 First—Miss J. Atkinson, Miss B. Lefroy, Miss Mallindine, Mrs. Whitehead, 6-3, 6-3; Miss Davis, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1; Miss Upton, Miss K. Atkinson, Miss G. Scott.
 Semi-Final—Miss J. Atkinson, 7-5, 7-5; Mrs. Whitehead, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Davis, 6-2, 6-3; Miss K. Atkinson, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4.
 Final—Miss Atkinson, 6-1, 6-4; Miss Davis, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2.
 Winner—Miss Atkinson, 6-3, 6-3.

The Niagara tennis match held at the Queen's Royal, on Aug. 25th and succeeding days, came off too late for publication in this department. The successful lady competitors were Miss Julia Atkinson, of Brooklyn, who won the challenge trophy, and Miss De Puy, of Pittsburgh, who won the novice prize.

BOWLING.

Following the fashions set by our American and English cousins, Montreal has taken bowling greatly into favor, and the ladies of that city expect to pass many long winter

afternoons and evenings over this enjoyable game. It does not demand too much exertion, and the weather does not interfere with this sport, unless played on the green. Toronto, which boasts of so many men's bowling clubs, should encourage its ladies to take up this excellent sport. In Detroit there is a club composed of ladies of the Harmonic Society, who, once a week all winter, gather at the

bowling alley in the basement of the Harmonic building to enjoy the sport by themselves. They choose the lighter balls, and gain considerable skill in sending them straight and true into the centre pin of the triangle. Two boys roll the balls back, so that the work is not too hard to be pleasant, and it is splendid exercise and great fun. Then after a couple of hours' sport and the averaging up of the score, there is an adjournment to a small western dining-room. Here is served delicious "kaffee" and a dainty cake, brought by some skilful housekeeper. For a half hour there is a chattering of many tongues on many things.

BOATING.

The Argonaut races have an attraction for ladies which is not due to aquatic interest entirely. The well-filled balcony and dancing-room of the club house on such occasions testify to the secondary cause. A great deal of disappointment was felt in consequence of the necessary postponement of the races due to rough weather and water.

On Monday, 21st of September—ladies' day—an impromptu dance in bicycle suits formed a piquant feature of the race gayeties.

CYCLING.

Had any of the ladies of the Mowbray House Association been present at the council meet of the National Cyclists' Union, they would have been surprised at the manner in which the resolutions bearing on racing by women were received by Mr. Staveacre of the Manchester centre. That gentleman was of opinion that the "unclean thing" should be stamped out even at places of public amusement, and said that he had been instructed to impress this view upon the council. The majority of the delegates did not feel that they were called upon to interfere, and the motion passed as it stood on the paper.

The question is settled at last. Bloomers will not be worn for bicycle riding—at least not by My Lady.

The news comes from Paris that Manby, a costumer of note, has absolutely refused to make them for anyone.



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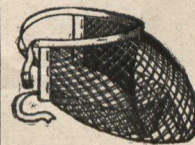
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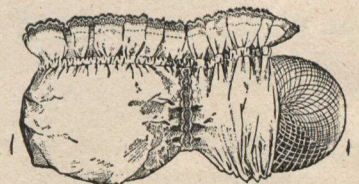


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For Winter Wear

We show in the accompanying cut a skirt and blouse recently sent out by Miss Barber. The blouse is a plaid silk in rich reds, greens and golds. It is made with bishop sleeves. Two parallel box plaits extend from shoulder seam to waist in front. The blouse is finished with a bias fold of the plaid laid on a shaped belt of lining, with a pointed centre; this induces a long-waist effect. The cuffs, collar and blouse front are garnished with silk passementerie.

The velvet skirt, which we show, will be in demand during the late fall and winter, to be worn with blouses of all descriptions. A silk velvet skirt is a thing of beauty and



durability, but cheap velveteen should not be named among women of refined taste. The popularity of the plaid silk blouse will hold the velvet skirt in style, since nothing is more fitted to effectively tone and enhance the former material.

We illustrate on page 11 a pretty evening blouse made by a well-known modiste of pink crepe de chene made in prevailing mode. The sleeve is puffed at the shoulder and shirred to the wrist, where it is finished with a frill of the material falling over the hand. The stock collar is finished with a frill and side bow. The belt is shaped and

finished with bow at the side to conceal the fastening. The front is full shirred and given square effect. The blouse fastens under the arm and on the shoulder.

We have had more than one hint that the graceful princess gown is to be revived. In New York it bids fair to be exceedingly fashionable this fall and winter for outdoor, house and evening wear. Some of these gowns button down each side of the front breadth or are fastened under a belt across the front; but as a rule they are fastened under the left arm and on the shoulder. Lace or braided boleros will be worn extensively on the gowns fastened in this way.

In chiffon-covered bodices, which will retain their popularity for afternoon and evening wear during the coming season, deeper frills are used for the bertha and epaulets, and a graduated frill serves for the front of the bodice. The collar and belt take the tone of the lining of the bodice.

Old-fashioned flounces are coming back to us—even flounces half way up the skirt; and they supply a very graceful way to renovate a black silk by flouncing it with silk muslin, covering the waist and shirring the muslin over the close black sleeves, using deep flounces of the muslin for bertha and epaulets.

If a lady of middle age remains of slight figure, she may wear the bodice of her dress slipped inside the skirt, and a round belt at the waist; in fact, she may adopt any of the patterns in vogue, unless they are of a unique or eccentric style, which she should avoid, as well as gay or very light colors.

When the figure is inclining to embonpoint, a semi-fitting jacket-bodice is the most becoming; it may be either open or double-breasted, or buttoned straight down the front; but in either case it should have a short waved or fluted basque. The most becoming of all, I think, is the jacket-bodice tight-fitting at the back and open in front, with a box-plait opened and flattened down on either side instead of revers, and a vest inside just a little longer than the jacket. In case of a decidedly stout figure, the basque had best be made quite plain and rather long. As to the skirt, it need not be different to others, always about five yards wide, with plaits at the back only and gored fronts.

The velvet corselet worn with full gathered waist is always a becoming fashion for a young girl or a slender woman under forty. The corselet may be matched by shoulder straps of the velvet set in the shoulder seam and brought around close to the sleeve in front.

The Louis Seize jackets of floral or striped patterns, which are still in great favor, are generally becoming; they may be worn either in daytime, or dinner or evening-dress, on condition of having two vests to wear with them, one high and one open in the shape of a square-cut bodice.
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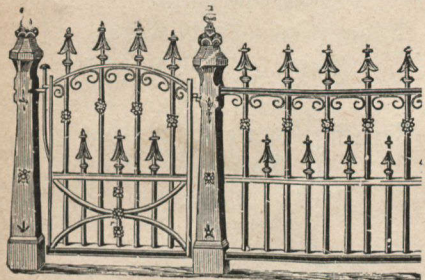
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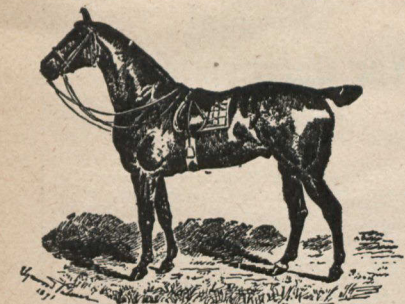
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY
FAITH FENTON.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED.)

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

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\$5,000 IN GOLD.

Commencing Oct. 1st, '96, \$5,000 in gold will be given away by the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

See CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL advertisement, page 29.

Our October issue might almost be called the Industrial Exhibition number, since we have devoted considerable space to features of the recent Toronto Fair; but in doing this we have not excluded any one of the special departments.

The Stage Chat comes from the pen of Toronto's brightest theatrical critic. Our illustrated poem is a charming and seasonable fancy, woven into rhyme by Miss Alma McCollum, one of Ontario's promising girl writers. We draw especial attention to the second of our series of bright articles on features of British Columbia life,—a chat about the salmon canneries, by a resident.

A special article this month is 'Queen and Statesman,'—an impressionism. It is accompanied by a photograph especially reproduced for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, from an oil study in Mr. Bell-Smith's possession.

A bright series of illustrations of Features of the Fair, by our artist, form an interesting and amusing study.

A page of Art Needlework, as seen at the Fair, will be of interest to women.

The Fashion pages discuss the newest styles in millinery; and the season's jackets and wraps receive attention.

Mrs. Joy gives an 'Apple Talk,' in which this serviceable fruit is set to many palatable devices.

We give the first instalment of a bright story by Lilian Claxton. Cousin Maud talks pleasantly to her children; while Music, Art and Book Chat are full of interesting and timely matter.

The National Council department should be of unusual interest this month to all affiliated societies throughout the Dominion. It contains the fullest reports that have been published, of the public meetings held in Toronto and London, as well as other interesting matter.

A description of the new W. C. T. U. pavilion at the Industrial Fair, with an account of the work carried on there, will also be found in our pages.

Chat with Our Girls, Answers to Correspondents, and various other departments are as bright as usual.

In presenting our October number to the public, we do so with the consciousness that it is worthy of their hearty approval and support.

We do not claim to have reached per-

fection; but we do claim that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL stands unrivalled in the field which is especially its own; and we do assert that it is the best journal for women and the home that has ever been published in Canada.

We are yet a young publication, and therefore unable wholly to fulfil our ambitions; but with the continued encouragement and support of the ever-enlarging circle of our readers, we hope to rapidly attain to even greater things.

We do not beg for especial favour or grace as a Canadian publication. We desire that the paper be received upon its own merits. If it bear favourable comparison with other similar magazines of foreign production, then we ask that the preference be given to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, which treats of home interests, which illustrates home scenes, which is written by home lovers, and produced by home workmen, and which breathes the true spirit of Canadian homes.

We ask for whatever of support and encouragement can be honestly given 'to the native born.'

The business department of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL desires to thank the secretaries and presidents of those societies affiliated with the Canadian National Council for their prompt return of list of members.

Our purpose in making the request, was to secure as many names as possible, in order that we might begin sending out sample copies of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to all individual members of these societies. And as the lists will comprise the names of many thousands of women, it will take some time to cover the ground.

Where immediate response to our request is impossible, we shall be glad to have the lists at the earliest convenience of the officers.

We should also like to ask our subscribers, newspaper dealers and readers in general to forward their orders for any extra copies of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL early in the month; since we purpose utilizing all unsold copies of the magazine by sending them out to members of societies affiliated with the National Council.

Apart from the desire to make our magazine known, we wish, in as far as possible, to place the monthly reports of the work of the National Council in the hands of Canadian women.

Orders have come to us for additional copies which we have not been able to fill. Therefore we request that in as far as possible they should be sent in early.



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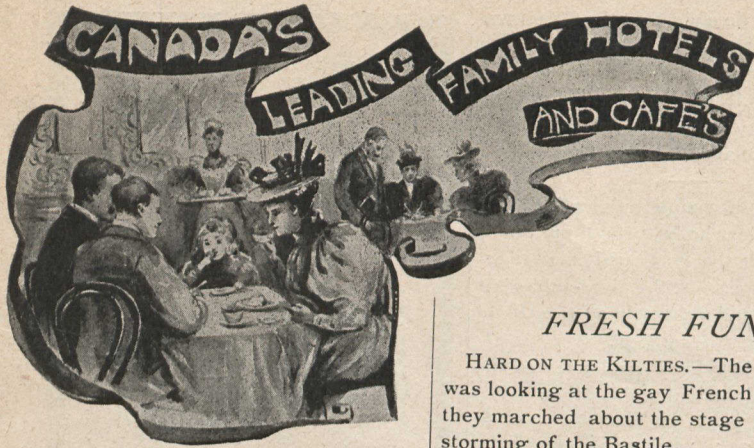
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FRESH FUN.

HARD ON THE KILTIES.—The pretty girl was looking at the gay French soldiers as they marched about the stage before the storming of the Bastille.

"I suppose they are plain citizens engaged for the occasion. Our infantry or volunteers would hardly be permitted to wear foreign uniforms—even in fun, would they?" she asked.

Then in naive after thought: "Well, of course, they may be semi-military, sort of play soldiers like the societies or the *Kilties*."

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—Seven-year brother and four-year sister in a trolley approaching the King Street subway. Boy eagerly pointing out the novelties of the trip.

"Look, Olive, now we're coming to the place where the cars run over you. Down in that dark place there. Run *smush* right over you they do. Now, we're going down: Now, they're comin'!"

An agonized wail from four-year-old: "I don't want ze cars to run over me. Let me off. Mam-ma!"

Boy looks considerably surprised, trolley man turns sharply, and passengers are generally amused.

A Toronto youngster, looking out of car window:

"What's that, papa?"

"That's a bridge, my son."

Youngster (after a second wondering look): "What did they stand on, when they built it?"

A tired woman, at the entrance to the W. C. T. U. tent on the Fair grounds, glanced up at the lettering and slowly spelled the words, "Woman,—Christian." She waited to go no further, but threw up her hands with a gesture of relief.

"Come on, Lucy; we're safe here; there's Christian women inside."

"Do you know what they mean by a Stradivarius?" inquired the amateur.

"Yes," answered the professional promptly, "Stradivarius is the Latin name for a fiddle."

A HINT.—He—"Would you marry a one-eyed man?"

She—"Why, mercy, no."

He—"Then let me carry your umbrella."

It was the day and hour of Li Hung Chang's expected visit at the Industrial Fair. Two men, evidently respectable mechanics of English nationality, were standing among the throng that surged about the Main building waiting for a glimpse of his yellow lordship. They whiled away the time discussing how often and under what circumstances each had seen the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and various members of royalty, then returned to the discussion of Li.

"They say," said one, "that the policemen h'objected to carryin' him around in

his chair; that they had to get some Chinese fellers to do it."

"Well," said the other thoughtfully, "H'I don't wonder. A H'Englishman carryin' a Chinaman; h'it don't seem right."

"No," answered the first, "that's what H'I think. H'it ought to be the other way round."

UP-TO-DATE.—"I don't think I am really any cheaper than I used to be," argued the horse. "I am worth just as much as I ever was. The bicycle has appreciated. That's all."

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.—An amusing incident occurred in a city Sunday school last Sunday. The lesson of the day was found in the text, "For He shall gird you about with great strength." As the superintendent passed among the classes, he finally stopped at one composed of half a dozen pickaninnies, who were doing their best to absorb the explanations of their teacher.

"Well, Mrs. —," he remarked, "are you getting along nicely to-day with the lesson?"

"Well, no," she replied. "I find it rather difficult to make the class understand it."

"Why, it shouldn't be so difficult," said the superintendent. "You understand what the word gird means, don't you, children?"

There were many dubious shakes of the head, but no replies in the affirmative.

"Why, now," he continued, as he moved his hands in front of him in imitation of a man tightening a belt, "supposing you were going to run a race, why would you tighten your belt?"

"To hold your pants up," squawked two of the youngsters in concert, and the superintendent turned his face to hide the smile that the conclusive deduction had produced.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., recently organized an entertainment company from among successful graduates of the Conservatory Elocution Department, to make a three weeks' concert tour through the provinces. Before starting out members of the press were invited to a rehearsal of the varied and most enjoyable program. Mr. Shaw, assisted by Miss Ida Wingfield, Mrs. Reta Ross, and Mr. C. Leroy Kenney, make a splendid combination, and their recitals and dramatic work would do credit to any stage. Mr. Shaw's rendering of "Clarence's Dream" gives conception of his dramatic, musical, and emotional strength. Miss Wingfield, as an emotional actress, and Mr. Kenney in dramatic action are of high merit, while Mrs. Ross plays an excellent ingenue role.

The U. S. Health Reports for December, 1895, say of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap: "They clear the skin, purify the blood, develop the form and clear the complexion thoroughly; for rough skin and for expelling blackheads and pimples they are invaluable. They are put up in attractive forms, and have demonstrated to thousands of ladies who have tested the same that nothing better has ever been compounded for the purpose of beautifying the face and features."

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By Thos. E. Champion
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By W. Q. Phillips
Illustrated.

Canadian Successes on the Stage

By W. J. Thorold
Illustrated.

Several Short Stories
and other interesting matter

Special War Correspondent TO THE SOUDAN

Mr. Frank L. Pollock, who represented MASSEY'S MAGAZINE in Cuba, has been engaged as our SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT to the Soudan, and a series of vivid articles will shortly appear, highly illustrated from photographs descriptive of events transpiring at the seat of war.

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Answers to Correspondents

FASHIONS.

MRS. A. F.—Wrappers are not so much worn as the street and morning blouse. The comfort gown is a new name for a dressing gown, or rather something between the dressing gown and wrapper. No woman's wardrobe is complete without some gown of this type; since nothing is more needed for the laid-up day, which happens along at unexpected times. Such a gown should never be permitted to become soiled-looking. It is not intended for household work, but for leisure hours. For the household duties nothing is better than the plain print skirt and waist—the latter lined, if need be, for warmth.

MADE OVER.—Between 24 and 26 inches is the length for this season's short coats.

ELDER SISTER.—Bonnets are always pretty for children under five years. The winter hood-bonnets may be safely and prettily worn by girls of eight or ten. They are easily made. Any milliner will tell you the amount of silk required.

Brown, dark crimson, deep blue are becoming for older girl children. White, of course, always suits the tots under five. Winter headgear for baby boys of similar age is difficult to devise. I know nothing better than the white tam or the toque, which pulls down over the little ears.

M. F. K.—You are safe to venture tight sleeves for your gown, but have a little draping, or shoulder bow of ribbons, brought from under the arm and tied on top; this will modify the effect. I saw just such a sleeve on a gown worn by a Toronto leading society lady this week.

STRATFORD.—Stitching is quite permissible as trimming, also military effects in moderation. Piped or braided seams, frogs, etc.

A. F. S.—Keep your ermine, it is quite in fashion, and will be even more so next year. We will talk of furs next month. But in the meantime here is a hint: All short furs, notably ermine, are being made up with velvet.

HOUSEHOLD.

ONE OF THEM.—In the fall cleaning of closets and store rooms, the best thing to wash the walls and shelves with is a hot solution of alum water. Use a brush and reach every crack. Hot alum water is a destroyer of all household pests and kills the eggs also.

K. K.—I do not know. Yes; stuffed green peppers are served as vegetables now and are very appetizing. At one time they were only used for pickles and seasoning. Here is a recipe for preparing them, which I have hunted up upon receiving your inquiry: Cold poultry, mutton, veal and the tough ends of steak make a good filling for peppers. The meat should be mixed with rice or crumbs and seasoned with a little parsley, tomato or onion juice.

Stuffed green peppers.—Wash sweet green peppers and wipe them. Cut out the stem end and remove the seeds. Drop the peppers into boiling water slightly salted and let them cook five minutes;

then throw them into cold water. Wash half a cup of rice and let it cook rapidly in boiling water five minutes; then turn it into a sieve to drain. Peel three large tomatoes, remove the seeds and cut the pulp into pieces. Mix the rice and tomatoes together, add two spoonfuls of melted butter and season with salt. Drain the peppers and fill them with the prepared mixture. Put the filled peppers in a baking dish, turn enough stock into the dish to come half way up the sides of the peppers (water may be used if stock is not at hand) and put a slice of onion and carrot in the bottom of the dish. Sprinkle a few crumbs over the peppers. Put the dish in a moderate oven and bake fully three-quarters of an hour, basting the peppers frequently with the liquid in the dish. Rice that has been left over from dinner the day before may be used for stuffing peppers, leaving the tomatoes out and seasoning the rice with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and celery. If the rice is thoroughly cooked it will be better to scald the peppers fifteen minutes after removing the seeds and before filling them. Then, when the peppers are stuffed, bake them until they are tender, which should be in about half an hour. Place the cooked peppers on a hot platter, thicken the liquid in the dish with a little browned flour, and when it is cooked strain it around the peppers. Scatter chopped parsley over the sauce and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATIE J.—We will try and give suggestions for novelties in art needlework next month. But in deciding on Christmas gifts, be sure that what you make will not be only useful, but the article likely to be serviceable to your friend.

MRS. E. writes as follows: In the September "Answers to Correspondents" some one wanted to know the name of a good musical novel. "Charles Aucbexter" is a very interesting and artistic musical novel, and widely celebrated. The author's name I forget. It is far superior to the "First Violin" in my opinion. Happiness and success to THE JOURNAL. You deserve them.

STRENGTH FOR THE AGED.

As age advances the recuperative power of the body decreases. Fatigue clings like a burr to the already depleted store of energy, still further wasting and dissipating it, and, in consequence, the elderly find it very hard to keep their spirits up to the 'doing' point. An anchor of hope and safety is found in the energizing action of Maltine with Coca Wine, which imparts, almost magically, strength and vigor to the failing powers, and through its nutritive and tonic properties renews those functional activities upon which depend health of body and mind. Maltine with Coca Wine rapidly restores appetite, improves digestion, imparts tone and vigor to the nervous system; in a word is a strength-giver of unequalled excellence. Maltine with Coca Wine is prescribed and recommended by physicians. All druggist sell it.



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With Our Girls

... BY MARY S. PEARSON ...

Who is the girl best liked by friends and acquaintances—we won't say by her family, since mothers and fathers love her with all her faults, while sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles are predisposed to overlook them. But the outside world loves not without reason; now who is the girl that is everyone's favorite, and what are her qualifications?

The pretty girl? No, certainly not, when her gift is prettiness only. Indeed, the lassie with claims to beauty must be more guarded than if she were homely, since other girls are just a little disposed to be unduly critical regarding her.

The clever girl? Not at all. A girl who is clever only, is priggish,—and that is most unattractive in a girl.

The sentimental girl? We shake our heads again. Sentiment is very well in its time and place,—and the time is a rare interval, the place a sacred privacy. But the sentimentality—you perceive I mark a difference in the words—which gushes and poetizes and weeps in public, is certainly not attractive.

The merry girl? We are coming more nearly to it. Undoubtedly the girl with the quick humor, bright face and ready laugh is a popular girl. Only the mirth may be too continuous, or not always kindly.

The graceful girl, the artistic girl, the domestic girl,—all these are desirable, and to be commended. But the girl of greatest attraction, the girl we all like, what quality does she possess?

Unselfishness—which also implies the absence of self-consciousness, since the girl who puts self aside is certainly not going to be conscious of its presence.

Understand me, girls: I do not mean self-abnegation. Every girl has a right to her life, and should not trample it under foot from any mistaken sense of duty. There are girls whose affections are so strong, and with obligations so exalted, that they allow their own lives to become mere stepping stones or leaning pillars for others. In the excess of their generous love they do not realize that they are doing a double harm,—encouraging weakness in others, and sacrificing the purpose of their own lives.

No girl is called to selflessness, but she is called to unselfishness; not a trampling upon self, but a forgetfulness of self in the interests of others, or in those wide world interests before which all petty thought pales into insignificance.

So it is the unselfish girl, with her absence of consciousness who is the best beloved. She has no small affectations; she is not ever posing; she does not speak or act for effect, and has no time to imagine affront.

The unselfish girl is natural in her manner, frank in speech and wholesome in her ways. She simply forgets herself, and enters into everything with a hearty interest that charms, because it is natural.

"I like Nellie," a girl remarked to me one day. "She is never too busy trying on, to take an interest in things."

"Trying on?" I repeated. "Yes; faces and fads and things. Like Josie Grey,

you know. One never knows where to find her. One week she affects the English accent, and another, Grecian poses. All last month, she studied the reposeful; and this month she affects the hoyden.

"And she is so absorbed in the results, that one feels when with her as if one were attending a stage rehearsal. There is no companionship in her. Now, Nellie is lady-like and all that; but its *inside* somewhere. It isn't trying on."

Now, there is no harm in 'trying on,' when it lies in the direction of the formation of a good habit. There is no reason why a girl should not endeavor to acquire a pretty manner of speech, a graceful walk or any desirable characteristic. But it must be no mere putting on, but rather the expression of an inward condition. As my girl friend remarked, it must come from 'inside.'

And thus we come back to the main theme of our talk—that the best liked girl is she who does not make self a centre, but who in happy self-forgetfulness is always ready to become interested in others, and to join with the happy abandon of a child in every healthy stimulating interest.

So, I will not say to my girl readers, 'be only natural,' since until good habits are formed a certain wise restraint and cultivation of manner is necessary. But I will say be merry, dainty, graceful, pretty, clever,—all or any of these in as far as you may; but with them, or rather enveloping them all with its large, lovely atmosphere, be not selfless, but self-forgetful.

The Toronto Orchestral School commenced rehearsals for the season on Monday, Sept. 21st. The school is divided into senior and preparatory departments this year. The training afforded the young people who play musical instruments in this school, is evidently appreciated, a large number being in attendance, and great interest manifested in the work.

A series of two concerts by the Yuncck String Quartette, of Detroit, is announced for this season. Lovers of the most pure and elevated of all forms of music will hail with pleasure this announcement. The concerts are on the subscription plan.

The performance of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio, "Elijah," is fixed for November 13th. The Chicago orchestra has been engaged for this occasion, and the soloists are: Emma Juch, soprano; Vandervere Greene, contralto; Mr. Reiger, tenor; Carl Duft or Arthur Beresford, bass. With these soloists and a good orchestra under Mr. Torrington's baton, a fine rendering may be looked for. The chorus is an excellent one and already well up in their work.

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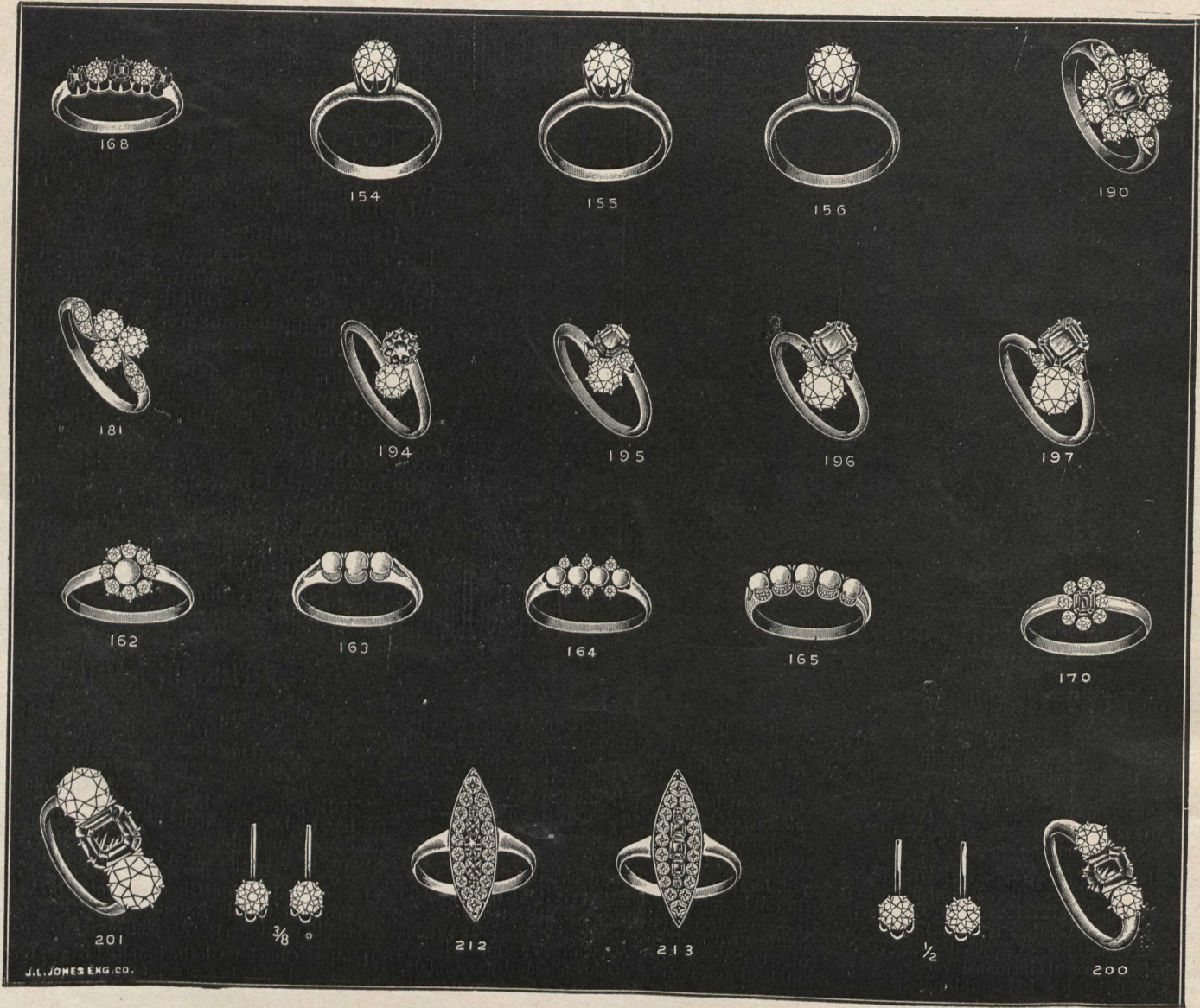
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