



NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY special permission of her Majesty, who permitted the original to be sent to the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*, that paper in its issue of March 8th contained an excellent fac-simile of the Queen's autograph letter of acknowledgment to the nation at the time of Prince Henry's death. Her Majesty is essentially womanly in her handwriting, as in her mode of expression, while the former is remarkably clear and firm. The text is as follows:

OSBORNE, Feb. 14, 1896.

I have, alas! once more to thank my loyal subjects for their warm sympathy in a fresh grievous affliction which has befallen me and my beloved daughter, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenburg.

This new sorrow is overwhelming, and to me is a double one, for I lose a dearly loved and helpful son whose presence was like a bright sunbeam in my home, and my dear daughter loses a most devoted husband, to whom she was united by the closest of affection.

To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me, and has comforted and helped me, is hard to bear. But the feeling of universal sympathy, so touchingly shown by all classes of my subjects, has deeply moved my child and myself, and has helped and soothed us greatly.

I wish from my heart to thank my people for this; as well as for the appreciation manifested of the dear and gentle prince who laid down his life in the service of his adopted country.

My beloved child is an example to all in her courage, resignation and submission to the will of God.

VICTORIA, R.I.

GREAT Queen,—yet so mere a woman in her greatness! Sorrowing woman, —yet so much a Queen!

The finest picture, the most wondrous spectacle, that the world affords to-day if we would but withdraw a moment from pettier things, to view it is that of this bowed form on Britain's throne.

The days of her years lie heavy upon her—the years of a century teeming with illustrious event. This throned form has been brain and nerve center of a marvelous national development, the standard-bearer in a magnificent and unbroken onward march of humanity.

For, talk as we will about the formality of monarchy, and the reality of constitutional government; yet now, no less than in the days of patriarchal rule, the tide of any nation's life spends itself at the foot of its throne.

THAT "once more" in the opening words of the Queen's letter is an epitome, not only of human bereavement, but of relationships which have existed through a long sixty years between a loyal, sympathetic people and their sovereign.

Yet, not until she has gone — and the time cannot be long—shall we realize how truly

magnificent at this moment is this spectacle of the century—of the world's greatest throne, with the bowed woman form upon it.

THE Armenian troubles are not over yet—nor are they likely to be, so long as the province remains a part of Turkey. The Porte's latest demand that the Armenian Patriarch should write an autograph letter, holding himself alone responsible for the past outbreaks, is a childishness on par with the Sultan's celebrated letter to Lord Salisbury. The truth is that that unspeakable monarch's hatred of Armenia will be content with nothing less than its complete extermination, and he will accomplish the same by stealth, if not openly; unless Great Britain interferes, since Russia certainly will not.

These petty, slow-increasing relief funds for that outraged people, fill one with a sense of disgust, of impotent wrath. How dare we—strong Christian nations—proffer our bits of silver to those whom we have stood idly by and watched suffering unnamable tortures? To the heartbreaking appeals that came to us through the months of their slaughter we turned indifferent ear; now we would cleanse the blood-guiltiness in pennies.

Our sacrifice shall be—must be—ininitely greater; for England and America stand accused in this matter.

THE international chess duet, conducted by cable, between America and Great Britain, is exciting much interest in lovers of the game on both sides of the ocean. Each message-move, or move-message, which ever it may be termed, is flashed under Beaver street out into the harbor at Battery place, thence out past Sandy Hook and up the coast to Cape Canso. From this point it proceeds to Waterville, on the southwest coast of Ireland, running on the principal Atlantic cable, a distance of 2,161 miles. Then by a submarine line, it is taken to Weston-Super-Mare, on the Bristol Channel. 329 miles from there, over the land line to the Royal Exchange, London, 143 miles. The entire distance is 3,483 miles.

The contestants have every opportunity of making deliberate moves.

WHATEVER delay has occurred in dealing with the Armenian question, Great Britain certainly acted promptly in coming to the aid of Italy so promptly that the other powers were a trifle disconcerted. The Mother Country evidently does not intend that her occupancy of Egypt shall be menaced.

Possibly the points most worthy of note in the campaign thus far are the revelation of King Humbert's inefficiency as a ruler, and Mr. Curzon's statement in the British House

that there are at present influences at work and forces unchained in Central Africa which, if flushed with victory, mean serious danger not only to Egypt and British occupation thereof, but to the peace of Europe and the cause of civilization.

It looks as if Africa will be the military arena of a near future.

THE youngest smuggler on record was discovered when the German liner Bremen last arrived at her New York dock. A baby carried by its mother was searched, and eighteen valuable gold watches were found concealed in its clothing. The baby was not one whit ashamed of its evil deeds, but crowed and laughed in an altogether conscienceless manner during the search.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has won her suit for \$25,000 damages against the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—or rather, the matter was settled out of court, but her ladyship was paid the full amount of her claim.

The case was rather amusing. Lady Somerset, who is nothing if not philanthropic, endeavored to reform a notorious woman drunkard, Jane Cakebread by name. Jane turned every "home" and "refuge" into a pandemonium. Lady Henry then had her examined as to sanity, and the doctors pronounced her irresponsible.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* audaciously asserted that "Lady Henry Somerset would drive anyone mad," and its proprietor, Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, was promptly served with a writ by the aggrieved lady.

Mr. Astor had the pleasure of his audacity. It was costly, but what is the use of being rich if one cannot speak one's mind?

THE life of a United States President is as thorny as that of a Canadian Premier with a Remedial Bill on *tapis*.

President Cleveland occupied the chair at a mass meeting in aid of Home Missions, held recently in Washington under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board.

It was an unusual position for the President, certainly; but he acquitted himself admirably and made a very suitable and proper address. Yet, because he ventured to suggest, in a safely indefinite way, that new Territories and States may become corrupt without the safeguards of Christian agencies, his loyal subjects accused him, through the daily press and in the Senate, of insult to the Western States, of ignorance, prejudice, a breach of propriety, and other like offences.

The question naturally arises, why are Home Missions required across the line, since even the President dares not infer that there is work for them?

## IN CANADA.

At the open meeting of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society, held on the evening of March 13th, Dr. Parkin, in his address upon the relation of the society to the work being done by Historical Societies in the Motherland, remarked that Canada has little appreciation of the significance of the historical problems it is now working out. He asserts that the history of Canada will be referred to in the future as marking an epoch in the history of mankind.

Canada, he says, is falsifying the predictions of the keenest thinkers and philosophers along historical lines. The French philosopher's epigram, that "colonies, like fruit, drop from the parent stem when they become ripe," shows no sign of fulfilment in Canada. Rather is she proving that, under a monarchical system, a colony can establish responsible government superior to that of any republic.

Also, Dr. Parkin considers Canada is proving that, under a monarchical form of government, a number of loosely bound states may be united into a federation stronger than that of a republic, as instanced by the United States. And greater yet, she has assimilated a foreign state having religion traditions, and language of its own into this federation. When such historical problems are being solved, it is no wonder Dr. Parkin thinks that the students of national history are looking to Canada to discover the means by which these results are being effected.

In the Remedial debate, the speeches of the Minister of Finance and Hon. Mr. Dickey on the one side, Hon. Mr. Laurier on the other, rank ready firsts. The ability of the first and last named gentlemen has often been tested and is well-known; but in the Minister of Justice we have a comparatively new man, whose real force had not hitherto been tested.

Mr. Dickey's speech was calm, dispassionate, judicial; such an argument as Sir John Thompson might have uttered under the same circumstances. Mr. Dickey must no longer be looked upon as a "coming" man, but as one who has fairly arrived. Should the honorable gentleman remain in politics—and it is to be hoped he will, since he is an honorable gentleman—he will be a force to be reckoned with, none the less strong because of its reserve.

WHEN we read that "Mr. Laurier is not opposed to Remedial legislation, provided there is a grievance," and also that "the Dominion Government is most anxious for conciliatory measures," we are inclined to wonder what all the trouble is about.

The pity of it is that these asseverations, which are assuredly true, reveal that in reality the question is merely a football, tossed up and down the political field and skilfully warded from either goal.

The Canadian public are weary of the game and will be glad to see it ended—either way.

REV. Dr. Carman pronounces in favor of National Schools, since he asserts "it is a poor comment on both Church and home to say that they cannot provide all the religious instruction necessary without looking to the schools."

The reverend doctor is apparently not aware that whatever the Church *can* do, she shows no desire to provide religious instruction beyond her own church walls or mission.

It is a common recognition among the

teachers of our Public Schools that ministers, although they have a standing invitation to visit the schools and address the pupils if they desire, never avail themselves of the opportunity.

They are secured occasionally, by special invitation, to attend the half-yearly closings—when impelled by a stern sense of duty; or no available excuse can be found. But beyond this they rarely cross a school threshold.

We do not blame the reverend gentlemen; we are simply stating a fact. Our ministers—those of the city, at least,—are sufficiently taxed without being held responsible for religious instruction in the schools; and, again, the instruction of youth, especially young children, is a cultivated gift which few ministers possess.

As regards the home; surely Dr. Carman knows how little of religious instruction is imparted in the home, because of indifference, lack of time, or ignorance.

The Superintendent of Education for New South Wales, who visited Canada as a delegate to the Colonial Conference, in a personal conversation with the writer, bore strong testimony to the inefficiency of secular schools.

"We tried them, and found them an utter failure. Our children were growing up godless," he said. "We were compelled to adopt some system of religious instruction.

In the Ontario Public Schools the Lord's prayer and Scripture reading, without comment, are all that is attempted in the way of religious instruction.

Surely that is not much in a country acknowledging Christianity.

THERE are no more influential bodies in our cities than the Boards of Trade. The fact that their influence is, as a rule, quietly exercised, by no means minimizes their importance. The series of meetings of the local board, at present being held for the consideration of questions suggested by the London Chamber of Commerce, should prove of unusual interest, especially in view of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire soon to assemble in London.

The value of such a congress cannot be estimated. Only two previous ones have been held—and their results have directly affected imperial commercial relationships.

These meetings held by the Toronto board will enable those representing it at the London Congress to correctly voice Canadian sentiment upon any of the questions presented, besides widening the scope of vision of all who listen or take part in the discussions.

Business men of to-day require breadth of vision, and firm grasp of existing commercial conditions if they would win the Midas-touch.

SURELY Nova Scotia can forego its old expression of unwillingness, and keep Dominion Day as a public holiday with the remainder of the provinces.

We are a confederated people; we shall always remain so, since even in national government the tendency is not toward isolation, but union. Nova Scotia has sent splendid men to the Federal Parliament; she has no small share in advancing the interests of this federated Canada. Therefore, let the little province by the sea put away her affectation of discontent, and share with us in celebrating that grand conception—Confederation.

THE case of the three Seventh-day Advent-

ists, at Darrell, Ont., who appealed the decision, given against them in December, for breaking the Sunday observance law, will be watched with interest.

There is no one more difficult to deal with from point of law than the conscience crank.

"Sunday keeping is not of true faith—whatsoever is not of true faith is sin—therefore Sunday keeping is sin." Thus they reason,—or choose to reason.

As the small boy remarked, "most things can be made out somehow, if yer want to." In cases like this, one is inclined to suspect that the "want to" exists.

The Christian faith still counts its martyrs, but they are not generally found in the public highways.

SEVERAL law-abiding Ontario towns have suffered an epidemic of serious crime during the past month; Lindsay, Barrie and Brockville in wanton shooting affrays, Gravenhurst in an alleged poisoning case, Wingham in lawless outrage.

It is not a pleasant record. In each case human life has been taken by violence, with little or no provocation.

When reputable citizens are shot down upon their doorsteps, or in the street, because of some fancied grievance; when a girl drops poisoned, within a few feet of her father's house; when a village becomes the scene of cowboy lawlessness and brutality,—it is surely time to inquire more closely into the conditions which make these things possible.

Ontario is earning an unenviable reputation in the matter of serious crime.

BETWEEN studying Abyssinian orthography and geography and following the Remedial debate, the average intellect is in danger of brain softening. "Dreibund," "Dervish," "Khalifa" and "Khedive," together with two hundred and fifteen Remedial opinions and a general election ahead,—it is too much. Even Roentgen rays will fail to discover the shadow of the man who endeavors to "keep posted."

THE first decree of divorce ever granted under Roman Catholic authority in Canada was recorded a few weeks ago, in Halifax; when a husband was given complete separation from his wife, with privilege of remarriage, under recognition and approval of Pope Leo XIII. This rare concession from Rome has excited much interest in the city by the sea.

A SOCIETY has been formed to erect a memorial to Huxley, which will take the form of a life-size statue to accompany that of Darwin in the Kensington Museum.

Women are taking active interest in the fund. Many women's clubs are contributing towards it, since Huxley was among the first to encourage the higher education of women. He lectured before their societies, and favored their political enfranchisement.

IN consequence of going to press earlier than usual this month, a number of the reports relating to women's work throughout the Dominion have not arrived. We decided, therefore, to carry over the department to next month, when double space will be allotted. Secretaries will kindly remember that the 15th is the latest date when reports can be received for the next month's issue.

The scholarships offered by this journal in the Wells Business College and Conservatory of Music in return for twenty and fifty new subscribers, continue to hold good. Details have been crowded out of this issue, but may be seen in the March number.



**A**FTER the crowded houses, the extended run and monetary profit which greeted the "Brownies" first appearance on the Toronto stage, it is venturesome to assert that the play—or rather spectacle—was a disappointment. Yet, there is no doubt many people considered it so.

Because it *was* a spectacle and not a play; and because the spectacle, while of merit in its kind, was yet not the kind anticipated, lovers of the Brownies experienced a disillusioning when the curtain fell upon the "flying ballet," the last feature of the so-called Brownie production.

The Brownies are so closely associated with child life that naturally their appearance upon the stage was looked forward to by the children; while adults expected to see something pretty, fun-full, whimsical, yet wholesome—a unique fairy pantomime—which they could enjoy with the children, and from which they could come away with the merry, kindly laugh upon their lips.

It may have been an unreasonable expectation, since elves and their gambols are difficult to reproduce with any degree of realism; nevertheless, it existed, hence the disappointment.

"Brownie-land" is in no especial sense a play for children. There are many other plays upon the stage to-day more suitable for child enjoyment. It is a Brownie play in name only. The men and women selected for the Brownie rôles are with few exceptions of average adult height; there are no children in the caste; while the dialogue is quite beyond childish comprehension and of the kind found in the average comic opera.

As a vaudeville entertainment, or one simply spectacular, the production was good, although not much above the average. As a comic opera—and it partook somewhat of this nature—it was decidedly below the average, in music, dialogue and movement.

As a portraiture of the Brownies and their deeds, as Mr. Cox has pictured them, it was not a success. Without being hypercritical, the fall of the curtain leaves us believing that a much prettier and more whimsical production might have been devised.

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"The Magic Kiss," as produced at the Grand for three brief evenings in March, is one of the best comic operas that has visited Toronto this season. It takes rank with "Erminie," "Poor Jonathan" and "Dorothy." In merit of music it is a distinct advance upon either of the latter.

The plot is much above that of the average comic opera in its suggestion of philosophic truth. Instead of the blurred impossible pretense which usually constitutes the plot of a light opera, we are given a conception containing material for an effective drama.

The shaking centenarian, quavering of his

strength and the years which he counts still before him, yet longing for the love kiss which shall restore him a quarter century; the stately, snuff-taking, uxorious, old husband of seventy-five; the roystering, full-blooded squire of fifty; and last, the gallant youth of twenty-five; these appear

each in his turn, the successive results of the "Magic Kiss."

The fun turns, of course, upon the fancy that the fourth kiss is asserted to bring the handsome young husband of twenty-five back to before birth; and between the mutual love of the young husband and wife, and their desire that the former shall continue to exist, a very laughable situation is evolved.

The music of the "Magic Kiss" is very bright, full of melodious morceaux and tuneful choruses. The dialogue is crisp, the movement good throughout.

The opera was finely presented by Camille D'Arville and her company. The voices were unusually good, the acting restrained yet full of verve, the costumes becoming yet modest.

The presentation suggested a fine taste and discriminating judgment extending to every detail, from the strong spirited rendition of the orchestra to the rolic of the comedian.

The tendency to buffoonery, which is one of the temptations to be guarded against in comic opera, was, in this instance, carefully avoided.

Camille D'Arville, who takes the leading rôle, is a refined actress, with a voice of unusual power. In her dressing-room one discovers that she is personally both attractive and cultured. The foreign touch in her speech serves to give piquancy both on and off the stage, which cannot be said of Rhéa, whose force is rather diminished thereby.

"I have been delighted with the success of 'The Magic Kiss' this season," said Miss D'Arville, as she toyed with a cluster of Marshal Neils; "we ran twelve weeks in New York, where we only expected to run two or three. And in other places it has been the same, except Toronto; but I suppose the Brownies carried away all your spare money?"

"I should like to stay in Toronto to hear that 'Messiah' with Albani in it and Norman Salmond. I know Mr. Salmond well; he is my friend; he is nice."

"Yes; I am glad you do admire the restraint in our opera. We try to keep it very bright. It is refined, too, is it not? I do not like anything that is vulgar, and there is no need of it, I think. And the music is good; we have some fine voices."

"No, I have only been in Toronto once before, when I came with the 'Poor Jonathan' company."

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Miss D'Arville wears some fine diamonds. Her voice in speaking is rather soft and low, giving no hint of its power and range upon the stage.

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Melodrama has, or should have, an attraction for really first-rank actors, since it lays strong hold upon the masses of our people. Music halls of the noted London type have

not begun in Toronto. There is no demand for them; let us hope there never will be. There is excellent catering for the emotional public in the wholesome melodrama provided at the Toronto Opera House. I have looked in many times during the present season and have never found an objectionable play upon the boards.

Such plays as "Jack Harkaway" and "Hands Across the Sea" have much real merit, since they stimulate the moralities, stir patriotic sentiment and give a "vent" for the natural emotions of a healthy people, who like their villain to be villainous in a frankly, open way, their hero to be just as laudably heroic, their forsaken wife—there usually is one—appealingly wifely, and their pretty soubrette captivatingly saucy.

And why not? Such plays are more attractive to all sane people than the morbid if mor artistic attractions for which we pay three times the price and receive six times the moral injury.

It is worth while to witness the hearty expressions of approval or disappointment in which lovers of the melodrama indulge. They hiss the villain and cheer the hero; they groan at the former's plottings and enthusiastically applaud the high moralities of the latter; while every patriotic utterance—and no melodrama is complete without one or more—is greeted with a storm of cheers and clappings.

It is all very well to indulge in critical shrugs, to talk about "rant" and "cheap sentiment." It is a good thing that sentiment is cheap, else many of us would have to go without the strongest staying force in our lives. It is easy enough to smile the tolerant smile of superiority, but the men and women who make the nations—"the masses," if you will—are healthy in their instincts when they turn from morbid analysis and demand melodrama.

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Montreal is not looked upon as a mascot in the theatrical world. There are more companies financially wrecked there than in any other city of its size.

The large French element in population probably accounts for this. Certainly it is not an encouraging city, viewed dramatically. Operas are preferred to dramas, since the French love music. But a first-class musical organization meets with greater success than any other form of entertainment in the old city under the mountain.

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The throng of men and women that awaited the first appearance of the three-headed woman upon the stage of the Crystal Theater showed the interest of the masses in the abnormal.

When the curtains were parted, revealing an apparent optical delusion, and a very simple one at that, the hisses and hootings of the throng betrayed their appreciation of the situation.

The crowd extended its scepticism to the large python, which lay with war-like stillness in its cage.

A very real freak was the man with the abnormal forehead development, who is well worth a scientific study.

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## MUSIC

THE concert of Scotch music given by the Westmister Choir has become an annual event in our midst. The very large audience that filled Massey Hall on the evening of March 20th testified to the yearly increasing popularity of this special entertainment.

The choir was assisted by good solo artists in Miss Beverley Robinson, Miss Jessie Alexander, Messrs. Norman Salmond and Arlidge.

The Scotch music in ballad and part song was rendered with the sympathy in tone and expression, the usual promptness of attack we have grown to look for under Mr. A. M. Gorrie's baton.

Indeed, the audience would willingly have had more of this charming chorus music and fewer solos. Miss Beverley Robinson sang with her usual sweetness; in her duet with Mr. Gorrie the voices blended excellently.

Mr. Norman Salmond was not in excellent voice during one or two of his songs, but his "Ruddier Than a Cherry" and the little encore song that followed showed him in his best form, these being evidently familiar favorites with the singer.

Mr. Churchill Arlidge was as pure-toned and executive in his flute solos as always.

One of the surprises of the evening was the singing of a young girl, hardly sixteen possibly—the sister of Miss Bessie Bonsall, the well-known contralto.

Miss Flossie Bonsall has a wonderful voice, a mezzo soprano full of sweet, clear flute notes, and possessing both range and power.

The fresh, sweet strength of it gives promise—nay, is in itself fulfilment of a famous future for this young girl, if it be but carefully guarded and trained.

Mr. Gorrie's brief solo was much appreciated. His voice had all of its usual charm—the sympathetic, penetrative sweetness that makes its owner one of the most pleasing tenors in Canada.

Miss Jessie Alexander, who is closing a busy season of recitals, gave a fine rendering of Buchanan's poem, "The Lights o' Leith," and a selection from "Drumtochty."

We have received from A. & S. Nordheimer, copies of three new songs, which, no doubt, will prove to be favorites with the musical public.

The "Song of the Southern Maiden," by Albert Nordheimer, for soprano voice, has a very sweet and plaintive air, with easy and flowing accompaniment. It is harmonious and nicely within the range of an ordinary voice.

"The Way of Peace," a sacred song, by C. Francis Lloyd, for either baritone or alto voice, is pretty and impressive, capable of a great deal of expression and very suitable for sacred concerts or church gatherings.

"Say Yes," by Guy d'Hardelot, is a light and lively love-song, quite in the modern style; and, although the musical intervals are of a somewhat unusual character, it is not at all difficult in execution. This will be a favorite song in many of our city musicales.

The vocal recital on March 13th at the Conservatory of Music was one of unusual interest, being given by Mr. Rechab Tandy, professor of voice culture and singing, and some of his pupils. This being the first public appearance of pupils under Mr.

Tandy's instruction at the Conservatory, the music hall was crowded beyond the doors by a cultured and critical audience. The first vocal number, Adam's "Island of Dreams," was sung in a masterly manner by Mr. Tandy. "The Promise of Life" (Cowan) was effectively rendered by Miss Theresa Wegner. In Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain," Mrs. G. B. Miller showed a full, rich contralto voice of great range and power. Lucantoni's "Una Nota a Venezia," a duettino, received a most artistic rendering by Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, A.T.C.M., and Mr. Tandy. Miss Shepherd is a gold medalist in the vocal department, pursuing further study. Miss Frances Wright sang (a) Rubinstein's "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower," and (b) Wishaw's "Vianka's Song," with feeling and good taste. Lassen's "Ah! 'Tis a Dream," and Denza's "May Morning" were rendered with much expression by Miss C. Louise Tandy. "The Kerry Dance," by Molloy, was sung in excellent style by Miss Marie Wheeler, who possesses a bright soprano voice of much range and power. Mr. Tandy sang "The Last Watch" (Pinsuti) with great power and feeling. Miss H. Ethel Shepherd's fine soprano voice showed to great advantage in Arditi's "L'Eastise Valse." Smith's "Where Are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?" a duet, was sung by Miss C. Louise Tandy and Mr. R. Tandy in an artistic and refined manner. "O, Memory," by Leslie, a splendid vocal trio, received a very effective and finished rendering by Miss Shepherd, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Tandy. The first movement of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," a violin and piano duo, was played by Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., violin, and Miss Franziska Heinrich, piano. Miss Heinrich also played "The Two Larks," a piano solo, by Leschetitzky, and Miss Hayes Czibulka's "Song d'Amour" and Bohm's "Belero," on the violin. The musicianly manner in which these numbers were interpreted made them a very pleasing feature of the program. The recital was in every way successful, and most gratifying to Mr. Tandy, whose excellent work was well demonstrated, and received with much enthusiastic applause.

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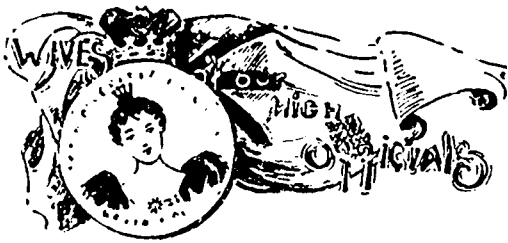
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TORONTO  
MONTREAL



This series has thus far contained sketches of Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. C. Patterson, Madame Chapleau, Madame Laurier and Mrs. Mackintosh.

It was a February afternoon, with the thermometer down in the 'twens below zero. The wind blew icily over the hills and the Ottawa River, while the far-off Chaudière Falls were locked in a sluggish, white-foamed heap. The air snapped in intense electric sparkles. One can almost see the cold on such days in Canada's capital.

It was Sunday afternoon also—a fact which gave added clearness of stillness to the scene. There were no trolleys, no busy hum of factories, no whirr of vehicles or step of pedestrian passing. None were out for pleasuring; it was a day for full furnaces and glowing grates.

The air was frosty to breathlessness, the sky a dazzle of blue, the hills and the river a white-wrapped, wide environment, as our sleigh drove over the bridge and out toward Rideau Hall.

We paused half way before a comfortable stone residence, and in a moment I was out of the frostiness and seated before a cheery grate chatting with Mrs. Mackintosh, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Mackintosh is a very attractive little lady, dark-eyed and plump, with well-defined eyebrows and a broad, low forehead. She is brown with the prairie winds, as are her merry troupe of young people. She has a gentle manner and speech, and impresses one as being an altogether sensible and lovable little lady.

Our chat was a very pleasant one, while we sat beside the fire, of the North-west life chiefly, and the duties and pleasures that appertain to the mistress of a chief office in a new land.

If in the older-settled Provinces of Ontario and Quebec we look upon Government House as the climactic center of social life, it is much more true of the newer territories, where society is necessarily in a formless condition, and where a pivotal point round which social forces may crystalize is essential to the future well-being of the country.

The question arises at times concerning the usefulness of the Provincial Government Houses in the older provinces; there is little doubt that in the North-west lands at least both office and institution when wisely filled may be made a chief developing factor in the life of the country—and that, in no narrow or limited sense.

Some conception of this came upon me as the mistress of the Government House of our young, far-reaching territories gave me glimpses of her home life.

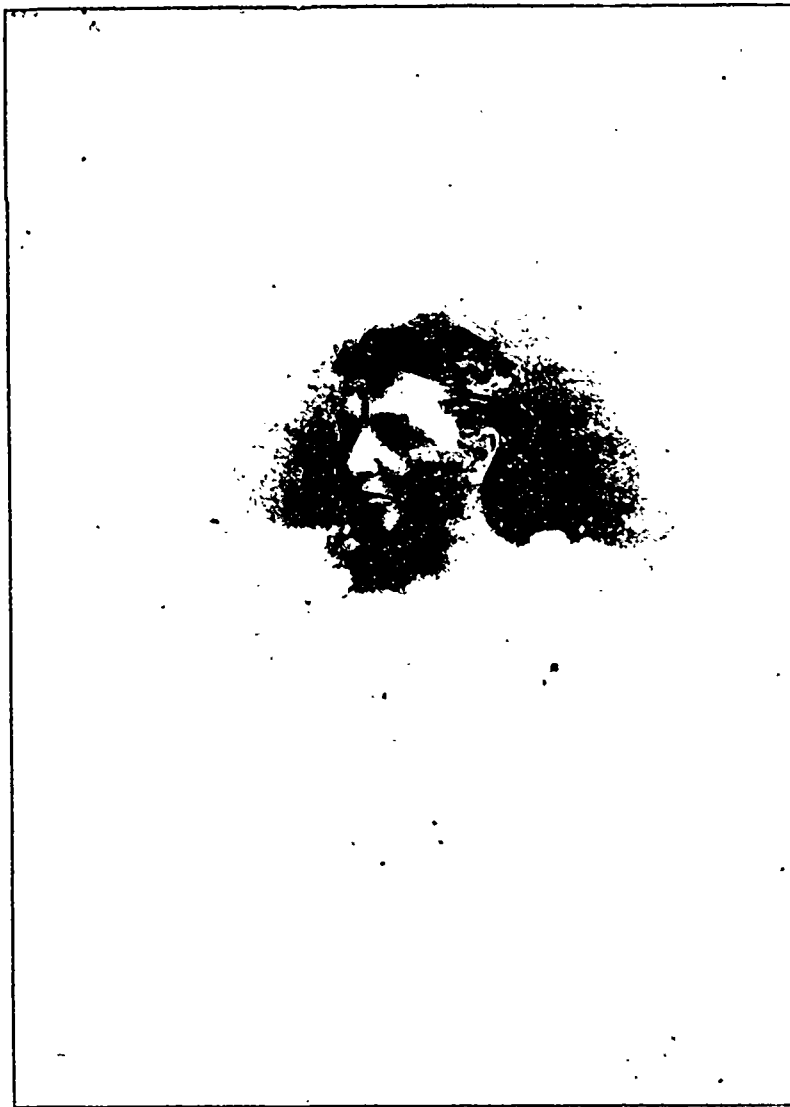
Mrs. Mackintosh is evidently a lover of nature, and speaks, perhaps, more graphic-

ally than she knows of the vigorous fresh forces of the Canadian Northland. I, who have never seen a prairie, and who hold the great Canadian West as a delight yet to be explored, gained a vivid picture of their loneliness and vastness from the words spoken so gently and evenly by my companion. Mrs. Mackintosh spoke from out a personal experience, and her thoughts found their own vivid and tense expression a word clothing which she chose all unconsciously.

"You have never seen a prairie," she said. "Then you cannot begin to understand its utter desolation. I suppose you picture it as something deep and green and wavy—like a wheat-field?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You cannot conceive it," she said,—



MRS. MACKINTOSH.

"great stretches of brown, coarse grass tufts; no green anywhere, and no rivers. Grass—the soft, velvety green that Ontario knows—is a rare exotic for us. The terraces at Government House, Regina, need the tenderest care.

"And then there are the winds. I should like you to hear the wind roar about Government House. It is situated some two miles from Regina,—a square, solid, well-built, comfortable structure. In the interior the stairways climb about an open center which extends from top to bottom storey; this seems to increase the volume of sound, and the roar of the wind at times is appalling. It took me a long time to become accustomed to it; but now I do not mind. There is always a wind. It is only a question of degree.

"But the sunrises and sunsets are glorious. I cannot describe them. One must see them to realize their beauty. Words fail to de-

pic the marvel of a prairie sunset. A painter might approach it, but yet it would be only an approach."

The barracks, the quarters of the Mounted Police, are close at hand, and Mrs. Mackintosh speaks very warmly in praise of our Northern constabulary force.

"They are splendid men," she says; "we should be lonely without them. The officers, and many of the privates, are gentlemen, as you know. We depend much on them for our social life. Many of those also who have taken up land in the North-west are refined and cultured people, with whom it is a pleasure to associate.

"When we first went to Government House," continued the little lady, thoughtfully, "there was some debating concerning whether we should expect our dinner guests to appear in regulation evening dress or permit the conventionalities to be relaxed in this respect. You see, many have to ride a long distance; while, again, others very naturally might not have in their wardrobe costumes so little required.

"I decided, however, to expect the usual conventional compliance, and I was not disappointed. At a dinner at Government House in the Territories our guests in dress and observance are equal to any assembled at her Excellency's bidding.

"I am sure," she continued, "that in progressive development of the new Western provinces, Government House may be made a strong and saving factor.

"There are so many men— young men, largely—slung into a primitive living in our North-west, freed from home restraints, freed also from the observance of social and religious duties; it is a good thing and a saving thing for them to have a drawing-room the *entree* to which demands the observance of social conventions.

"I may express myself awkwardly," said Mrs. Mackintosh, smiling, "but, in plain words, I think it is a good thing for a North-west man to have to get into his dress suit once a week, and resume with it the observance of social form that a ceremonial dinner or evening reception demands."

Mrs. Mackintosh spoke of the riding parties, which are naturally a feature of life on the prairies.

Her children are all as much at home in the saddle as on the ground.

"Indeed," she says, "they grow brown and wild, like young ponies, in spite of my efforts. We took a governess up with us, of course, so that their education is not altogether neglected."

\* \* \*

Tea and twilight, a glowing grate and a pleasant hostess, are wiles sufficient to make any woman forgetful of time, and it was with sudden remorse that I remembered my driver—out in the "below zero."

Someone else had been more thoughtful. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor came in at this juncture. "Don't worry about your driver," he said, "I looked after him"—and he had, for it was a warm, comfortable and well-satisfied man that drove me away into the frosty night.

FAITH FENTON.

## HORSE SHOW GOWNS.

THE Horse Show will bring out some charming spring gowns, which have been in preparation during the cold March days, which the Woodbine races later on will supplement with the addi-



No. 3.

tional delicacy of texture and color permitted by late April.

In dress materials, light mixed or shot cloths, lustres and alpacas are shown, while the silky poplin stands among the favorites for spring costumes.

Crepon will still be worn, but only in the best qualities. Cheap crepons are as impossible as cheap velveteens.

Honeycomb designs and canvas cloths, each with glossy alpaca effects, are shown, and will prove especially serviceable for summer outings.

Mohairs, and in fact all glossy effects, are decidedly to the fore in spring dress goods.

For tailor-made gowns the new tweeds are largely electric blues, sage greens, browns and fawns, shot with white, or perhaps interwoven will more nearly describe the mixture. They are neat and very durable.

\* \* \*

Skirts of carriage gowns promise to be as "flare" as during the past season, varying in width from five to seven yards, while they are boned to stand out to even a greater extent.

In tailor-made gowns, however, a slight modification is noticeable. Some very charming tailor-made costumes are shown of the ordinary gentleman's suiting cloth. The English styles are still severe, but on this side of the water they are modified by soft laces, which are worn almost riotously on the newest spring gowns.

In cut No. 1 we show a type of many gowns to be worn at the Horse Show. It is of electric blue shot tweed; the skirt is godet and severely plain; the vest is of electric blue and gold shot brocade, the coat Louis Quinze, with full ripple back, or "skirt," as that part of the bodice below the waist is called.

Lappels, flare cuff, and extended bishop collar of the brocade with border of harmonizing passementerie, give dressy effect to the coat, while a charming softening touch is added by frills of deep point lace falling from front of collar over the bust.

\* \* \*

No. 2 is a charming gown to be worn at the Horse Show, designed by a King street ladies' tailoring establishment. It is of amethyst cloth, with vest of white cloth braided in silver. A pretty effect is produced by a three-quarter inch fold of violet velvet on either side of the vest front, reaching from neck to edge and defining the vest.

Pointed revers of the white cloth, silver braided, and pointed military cuffs of the same, form the coat trimming.

\* \* \*

No. 3 is of porcelain blue lustre relieved with white Sicilian silk. A feature of this gown is the tight sleeve puffed and slashed at the elbow, with white chiffon falling from the cuff and gathered at the wrist.



No. 1.

Another gown is a charming affair of deep sage green, with vest and trimming of chamois yellow. The combination is exquisite.

A feature of the trimmings of this gown is revers and cuffs stitched in graceful design. The green cloth is then cut away, showing the design in the chamois yellow. The effect is similar to Roman embroidery.

\* \* \*

In spring coats the tendency is to continue the jaunty effects.

Fashion is at present divided between reefer and blazer; both are shown in the large establishments, but probably the verdict will be for the latter, since it accommodates itself best to the ever-popular blouse waist.

All the coats shown are short, varying from 22 to 26 inches, with 24 as the standard. They are half-fitting, loose fronts, double or single breasted, lined with bright silks, and seam finished in various ornamental ways.

We saw a pattern jacket, direct from Paris and very *chic*. It is of fawn smooth surface cloth, and cut with round front; single breasted, with full ripple skirt and reefer collar.

A pretty effect in trimming is obtained by shaped folds of the cloth defined by stitching and a narrow gold cord outlining skirt front, and forming a yoke. Brass buttons are used for the trimming. The coat is lined with crimson silk, and is one of the most stylish effects shown.

\* \* \*

Another coat is somewhat similar, but plainer. It is also of fawn cloth, single breasted, and cut straight in front.

The jaunty effect is given by an abundance of pockets which are neatly finished with lappel covers and straps. This coat has an especially neat back, finished with lap seams.

\* \* \*

A pretty dark blue coat has straps and military braid across the double breast. But the military coat is not in favor.

\* \* \*

Rustle percaline of the best quality is a very good substitute for silk in the matter of skirt lining.

It comes in black and colors, and it does not have a disagreeable rattle, but a gentle swish. If not quite as effective as silk, it is certainly better than most of the cotton linings, and will really outwear most of the lining silks.

\* \* \*

The princess dress never disappears entirely from our midst. Just now it is shown with handsome shoulder effects and bodice decorations, and is gaining in favor. It is always becoming to plump matronly figures,



No. 2.

and when worn by the right woman, is the most artistic gown devised.

\* \* \*

Plaids and checks are still safe materials for fancy waists or blouses.

MADAME.

EASTER MILLINERY.

**T**ULLE, fancy straw braid, mohair or horsehair lace are the novelties in millinery as shown at the spring openings.

\* \* \*

The tulle is not durable, but has very soft effect when used in combination. Not a few of the pattern bonnets are showing tulle trimmings and ties. A woman who does not look her best with these dainty illusive bows beneath her chin must be masculine indeed.

\* \* \*

Fancy straw braid in combination of shades is twisted and looped into soft effects of rosettes and bows.

\* \* \*

In shapes the spring fashion brings the hat over the face, shading the forehead and bending in flares at either side and the back. Except in the regular turban shape, which is always more or less in evidence, the hat lifted back from the face is not shown. The new shape is decidedly becoming to the majority of faces, and especially comfortable for the summer season.

\* \* \*

shaped with ripples extending completely around the brim and giving a pretty, soft effect.

The ripples are filled in with full knots of white baby ribbon. A soft knot of white satin ribbon is enclosed in black tulle, from the center of which springs a white osprey on the left front, and a small rhinestone buckle on the opposite side completes a very simple and dainty little chapeau.

\* \* \*

No. 4 is an especially dainty bonnet, a Paris confection. It is made of horsehair lace, jetted, and has a jet bow set up in front with erect ends. Small crush roses of the rose pink shade lie on either side, and beneath the lace in front a pink osprey sets well up between the jets. At the back a border of the roses rests upon the hair. Ties of narrow black velvet complete this simple yet effective bit of millinery.

\* \* \*

Many of the bonnets are finished with tulle bows and ties.

\* \* \*

In No. 5 we show the new spring sailor shape. It is made chiefly in mixed straw of smooth plait. The crown is not high, but

A FLASHLIGHT OF NEW YORK FASHIONS.

One of our leading milliners stood among the boxes that held so many lovely millinery secrets, which she had seen and captured in New York.

"I cannot give you much beyond street impressions as far as gowns are concerned," she said, "since, of course, I devoted my time especially to millinery."

"Louis Quinze coats are worn almost entirely; I saw many on Broadway, even in March, made of heavy suiting cloth and worn with furs.

"A special feature of the season is the laces. Every kind of lace is worn in revers over the shoulder and as cuffs falling over the hand, that you know is carrying out the Louis XV. effect. It looked rather odd though in March.

"Fichus of every variety are to be worn, of lace, crêpe, lisse, tulle, and all manner of soft materials, and the quaintest effect produced the better. The old-fashioned kerchief fichu is quite the thing.

"I noticed a number of rich silk velvets of every shade worn as street dresses. In Canada we should consider them dinner gowns.

"For the summer season, organdie muslins



We sketch this month several pattern hats taken from the Paris stock imported by Miss Paynter, and seen in her millinery parlors.

No. 1 is a study in golden brown. The hat is of fancy straw, shaped with abrupt flare at front and back and smaller flare at either side.

Three erect golden brown demi-plumes are on the left, one lies on the brim at the right. Beneath the front flare are a crush of golden brown and pink roses.

The back is finished with a knot of golden brown velvet, finished with small ostrich tips which rest on the hair on either side.

\* \* \*

No. 2 is also a Paris hat of the new shape; the brim coming over the face and turned well up at the back. It is of navy blue fancy straw, the braid forming a soft ruche in front. It is trimmed with an unusually large, full-plaited bow of rich navy blue ribbon bordered with a narrow green stripe and centered with a rhinestone buckle. Tinted silk poppies of iridescent purple lie one on either side of the brim, while another poppy and a knot of canary-colored satin ribbon half concealed by a spray of large purple and green leaves finish the back.

This hat is very becoming and may be reproduced in lighter and simpler trimming.

\* \* \*

The turban shown in No. 3 is one of the spring styles. It is of black fancy straw,

varies in width. The brim is deep in front, lessening at the sides and quite narrow at the back. It is trimmed with band around the crown and erect bows or bow and osprey at the side.

\* \* \*

A charming spring hat for a young girl is of mignonette green in fancy straw, with six white and pale green roses, soft as pond lilies, lying on the front brim. Black tulle gathered about the crown falls slightly over the roses. A spray of large mignonette with leaves stands erect at the left front. The back brim is turned up and trimmed with knots of green and white satin ribbon and spray of mignonette.

\* \* \*

A very dainty little black bonnet is of the fashionable horseshoe shape, trimmed with the horsehair lace, jetted with sequins and combined with fancy straw braid.

The lace is in rippled flares around the front, and a feathery black and white osprey gives the requisite height. A band of black silk poppies extends over the hair at the back.

This is a particularly graceful and very little bonnet, of the kind largely in demand for quiet matrons.

\* \* \*

In veilings, white chiffon with black spots and white chiffon without spots is preferred this spring to the gauze.

will be worn, and very charming they are. I noticed also a revival of grass linens and marseilles. These stiff goods will be popular for flare skirts, since they stand out well.

"Yes, I think the wide skirts will remain for the summer. Bustles are in, and I noticed that the newest silk petticoats have caned flouncesto assist the fulness of the gown.

"Small sleeves? Well, the fashion books say so, but I saw no evidence of it in New York. The tightness is creeping up to the elbow, but above the elbow they are worn as large as before, although drooping. I expect the large sleeve will go out very suddenly, some day, but not during the present season. They are so cool for summer.

"But to be in the fashion one must have lace. I believe there never was a more universal lace season than is promised during the coming summer.

"Concerning millinery, hats are to be worn well over the forehead. I did not see a revival of the poke shape to any degree, but the tendency is in that direction. The Marie Antoinette shape is shown.

"I saw some pretty things in belts," said the lady. "Sequin belts have gone out. Gold belts with medallion buckles are the correct thing. Medallions are in evidence, wherever a lady happens to possess one. Narrow leather belts are also worn.

"Times are very dull in New York," said the lady in conclusion. "We are doing better in Canada in that respect."

MILLINER.

M.

### BICYCLE COSTUMES.

IT is not surprising that these should have become an important factor in the art of woman's dress, since the sex have entered so heartily into this new sport and service.

The evolution of the bicycle costume will form an interesting history at some date not far distant; since the question of "to be bloomers," or "not to be bloomers," seems more nearly approaching settlement.

In Toronto, every ladies' costumer, from the simple dress maker, to the fashionable ladies' tailor, is studying the problem of how to please Toronto women, and in what manner to combine conventionalities and comfort in bicycle dresses. For the indications are that all the Toronto world of women, whose purses permit, are going a-bicycling with the first coming of April days.

One has only to go into any large establishment and ask for bicycle gowns, to be shown several varieties, from the plain tailor-made serge to the complex combination that evolves into bloomers, divided skirt, or skirt proper at the will of the wearer.

\* \* \*

We show three cuts illustrative of a new bicycle costume, made very recently at O'Brien's, after a patented design by Mr. Hassard, a Toronto man. It is a combination skirt, to be resolved into divided skirt or bloomers, as the wearer chooses.

The skirt is of dark tweed, about three yards in width, straight back, perfectly plain at the top, but gored in front to give flare and full freedom to knees.

The skirt opens in front on either side of the front breadth to the depth of eight or ten inches; the pocket is inserted here for greater convenience, while large buttons form an effective trimming. The newest bicycle gowns are all made in this fashion to avoid the ugly placket opening in the rear, when on the saddle.

From the lower edge up, the skirt is cut up back and front to within fifteen inches from the top, with flaps four inches deep extending from one side of each cut. These flaps have two rows of buttons, one on either edge.

No. 1 shows the ordinary bicycling skirt, the cuts being buttoned down, and forming a neat trimming.

No. 2 shows the cut unbuttoned from the inner edge, and buttoned to the outer edge of the flap, forming a divided skirt, the

division of which is hardly perceptible when off the wheel, because of the extreme fullness of either part.

\* \* \*

A drawing tape runs through the lower hem of the skirt, while elastic suspenders are fastened inside at the top, just below the waist band. A button hole is at the end of the tape, a button at the end of the suspender. When the tapes of the divided skirt are drawn to correct size they are caught up and fastened to the elastic suspenders. They may be drawn of course as high or low



as the wearer will. The fullness of material in length falls over below the knee.

\* \* \*

The coat accompanying this suit is a cut-away round, and jaunty in effect, without revers, but with trimming of stitching.

\* \* \*

The Norfolk jacket effect is generally popular for bicycle suits, but not a few will prefer the Louis Quinze or Eton styles, which permit of open blouse fronts.

\* \* \*

Toronto and its bicyclists form the subject of the following breezy paragraph in the London *Lady's Pictorial*. It is interesting to read what big London thinks of us and our wheels:

"Toronto—that city of telephones and blonde beauties—is going ahead in the matter of bicycling. News is to hand that the Mayor-elect intends to put down a cycling track in every new street that is constructed, and the making of new streets is chronic in the handsome capital on Lake Ontario. I wonder if, in that stronghold of the 'unco guid,' the bicyclist, male or female, is permitted on the Sabbath day; Trams and omnibuses are not allowed on Sundays in Toronto—or at least they were not when I was there three years ago—so it would seem that Upper Canada outdoes Scotland itself

in its rigid observance of the seventh day. In other things Toronto is ahead of London. There is a very complete system of telephones, for instance, and it is possible to get up a dinner or a tobogganing party in as many minutes as we should take days—or even weeks—to arrange such a thing in London. Indeed, it is curious how behind the rest of the world we are in all such scientific appliances. St. James' street is still dim o' nights with sparse and blurred gas lamps, while should you journey up to Hammerfest in Norway—the most northerly inhabited spot in the world—you will find the roads bright and gay with the newest type of electric light."

\* \* \*

It is a curious fact, on which most cyclists are agreed, that women cyclists keep their heads better, are more alert, vigilant and resourceful among the dangers of the streets, than men. It is odd, too, that neurotic folk, sufferers from all the Protean forms of neurasthenia, seem to change their skins—or rather their nervous systems, once they are mounted on two

wheels. I know women who cannot drive across London in a hansom cab without suffering nameless terrors, who will yet tackle the traffic of Bond street or Knightsbridge if only they are propelling a velocipede. Does cycling induce a fictitious bracing of the nerves? Will some medical person kindly explain?—*Lady's Pictorial*.

MADAME.

\* \* \*

De Hardupp: I'm awfully glad the cycling and dancing seasons don't fall together!

Robinson: How's that?

De Hardupp: Well, you see, I never have my cycle and dress suit at the same time!

\* \* \*

Gross miscarriage of justice—six months' hard labor for taking too great an interest in a fellow-creature's 'safety.'





**N**EXT Sunday being the Easter festival the church will mark its triumph by the usual floral offerings. All members of the congregation who are desirous to contribute will send cut flowers or plants to the church on Saturday next, not later than 5 p.m."

The words, uttered in the young minister's clear, natural tones, broke the monotone of service, arresting the attention of even the most somnolent pew occupants; and before drowsiness could again overtake them the closing hymn was sung, the closing prayer offered and the congregation passed down the shadowed aisles out into the daylight.

Up in the choir seats, so speedily vacated, a girl of dwarfed, deformed figure moved here and there gathering up the scattered music and casting an occasional swift glance at the white-robed minister, who still knelt with hidden face. Presently he arose and, meeting the shy dark eyes across the chancel rail with a kindly recognition in his own, passed slowly into the vestry. The organist played a few crashing closing chords, then pushing back the series of stops sprang jubilant from his seat.

"Well, Miss Tuman, you are the tidiest young lady in the choir. Not one of them takes care of the music as you do. Come along or the sexton will lock us in. We'll need two practices this week in order to be certain of our Easter music. Be sure you don't fail us. You are the only one who can reach that upper A easily, and we want the anthem to go well. Glad you live so close at hand, we can count on one good voice at least, no matter what the weather. What did you think of the sermon this morning?"

So chatting in good-natured content the little man accompanied his silent companion

across the street to the brown bow-windowed cottage, and with cheery "good morning" left her at the gate.

Walking slowly up the gravelled path, bordered with late-lying snow, the girl paused to watch the tall figure that emerged from the

outer vestry door and walked with easy swinging gait down the street; then turned into her own doorway.

Crossing the hall, she entered the sitting-room, a very plainly furnished room it was, shabby-looking perhaps on dark days, but glorified just now by the flood of spring sunshine that streamed in through the great bow window. What a magnificent window that was for plants! They leaved and blossomed and sunned themselves through all the winter days, growing in a joyous luxuriance that was the despair of less fortunate plant lovers, who declared that the flower fairies bestowed special favor upon the bow window of the little brown cottage.

In a comfortable rocker, pulled out of the strong sunlight, a delicate-looking elderly woman sat reading. Her face was crisscrossed with fine thread lines that had deepened into grooves on the narrow, high forehead; the thin lips were drawn into a little fretful curve, the dark eyes were dimmed by years—or tears, and upon the thin, wrinkled hand a worn gold band moved loosely.

"How late you are Bertha?" The voice, half complaining, half enduring, fitted the face.

"Yes. The Gospel and the Lessons were long to-day. It is Palm Sunday you know." As the girl answered she moved to the window and began toying absently with the green leaves. Presently she spoke again.

"Mother, Mr. Armstrong has asked for contributions of flowers for the church. Do you think I have any fit to send?"

"I'm sure your plants are nice enough for anything" answered the mother plaintively.

"But I have not any in blossom. Last week my daffodils were lovely, and a month ago the hyacinths were all in bloom. The crocuses will not be out for a week or two, and my lilies will not flower this spring. I really have nothing except my rosebush and, indeed, that is lovely. It has four buds and I am sure two will be full-blown in a week and the others partly open."

Standing in the sunlit window, her hands straying eagerly among the green leaves, her face brightening as she talked, the girl looked wonderfully attractive, despite her deformity, for she had the mother's dark eyes, enhanced by the softness and brightness of youth, and

the luxuriance of hair with which nature seems ever to try to compensate her earth-marred children. In thick, soft curls the brown hair waved and covered the curved back, forming a fit framework for the nervous face, so delicate yet so strong, so sensitive yet so controlled.

Day by day throughout the last Lenten week, Bertha sat among her plants, making the dainty child garments that brought her large custom from the mothers of the neighborhood. And day by day the rosebush flourished, and the buds unsheathed their damask petals.

Once the tall rector, in company with a fair young lady, passed the brown cottage, and discerning the deformed girl among her flowers, gave her smiling recognition. She returned the salutation, then drew back behind her green screen, while a shadow crept about the patient mouth, and the busy needle wrought a few uneven stitches.

Once, too, the fair young lady came, bringing yards of lace and cambric.

"Mr. Armstrong thinks your window is lovely, Miss Tuman," she said, after the sewing had been discussed. "He is passionately fond of flowers. Some day," with a little laughing hesitancy, "some day, when I have a home of my own, you will tell me the secret of your success with plants, will you not?"

Bertha noted the white fingers that crept tenderly over the turquoise ring, the same ring she had seen but a few days before shining from out the folds of a surpliced robe; she heard the musical girlish voice, and, without looking, saw the pretty blushing face, and her own face grew very white while she spoke a few grave words of assent.

When her visitor had departed, Bertha finished her seat, then walked slowly upstairs to her own room, and, locking the door, pulled up both blinds, and in the full noon-tide light stood before her mirror. Lifting the long thick curls, she viewed herself searchingly, pitilessly, the great hungry eyes scanning every defect. Then with a quivering sob she shut out the glaring light and threw herself upon the bed.

For a long afternoon she lay there, fighting her woman's battle, striving to drink her cup of renunciation, to look without shrinking down the solitary years that stretched in barrenness before her. Bitter was the struggle, fierce and passionate the rebellion, but it passed, and when evening came she gathered her books and crossed the moonlit street to attend the choir practice. How sweet and clear her voice lifted itself that night! Up and up she carried the triumphant Easter music, till the church overflowed with melody, and out into the still night issued the joyous alleluia.

The little organist rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

"We shall do excellently. Miss Tuman, you have surpassed yourself. But you look pale; you must not sing any more. The anthem is safe enough if that young scamp only keeps plenty of wind in the bellows and doesn't go to sleep." Good Friday came and went, and on Saturday Bertha noted, with eager pleasure, how rapidly the crimson petals of the rosebuds were uncurling and how fragrant their perfume.

"My rosebush will be just perfect tomorrow, mother," she said. "It's a pity the buds are not white. But then," with a catch in her breath, "I am not a very white bird myself."

"I wish you would take that baby robe home, and not talk nonsense," answered her mother with anxious sharpness. "You promised Mrs. Wood she should have it to-day, and the walk will do you good. You're as pale as a ghost."

Down the long, narrow town street Bertha walked, picking her way through the little muddy rills that danced and sparkled over the roadway; feeling the warmth of spring sunshine bring comfort to her weary body and sore heart.

A river, swollen with April snows, separated the town from the steep hill beyond. Standing on the footbridge, half-way from either bank, the girl watched the rapid current that whirled in white foamed chafing below, seeing in the rebellious tossing of the ordinarily smooth-flowing stream a reflection of her own troubled spirit.

Crossing to the opposite side, she continued her walk up the graded roadway that led by twist and curve to the high level of the hill-top.

Half-way up the ascent, where a long stretch of level ground lay before her, she rested for a moment, looking down on the swift-flowing water. A sound of rushing wheels, of a horse's hard gallop, of men's voices in outcry, broke the quiet air, and round the road-bend beyond came a wild, unmanageable pony in mad flight, dragging behind him at fearful pace the light basket phaeton, that swayed from side to side of the roadway. Its solitary occupant, grasping the reins that were powerless to control the frightened animal, crouched white and still beside the seat.

Bertha knew the carriage well enough. She knew too the fair frightened face; the face that but two days ago had blushed its happy secret among her flowers, that had won by virtue of its beauty what Bertha would have given her life to win.

The river! Like a cold steel, the thought chilled Bertha's heart, leaving her face set and bloodless.

Nearer tore the wild frightened creature. In another instant the level would be past and the circling descent begin, while at the base flowed the cold rushing stream. With desperate impulse she flung herself into the roadway, and as the pony swayed aside she caught the loose bridle, and clung to it while he reared and plunged, lifting the little figure from the ground, then dashing it beneath his feet. But the instant of delay had given pursuers a chance, and now the strong hands of men held the wild-eyed creature, and tenderly lifted the prostrate form.

She was not hurt, she said, only a bruise on her temple and a little dizziness and confusion in her head, and in response to the kisses and tears of the rescued girl she only reiterated the words that she was not hurt.

When evening visited the brown cottage, Bertha lay on a couch drawn up into the bow window, watching the dimly lit church and the busy figures that flitted in and out the heavy doorway bearing floral treasures in their arms.

The fair girl sat beside her, and more than once the young rector had crossed the street to make kindly enquiry and report progress.

"Take my rosebush over, please," Bertha said, "the buds are nearly open. I will rest to-night and be ready for to-morrow." So she dismissed the two at her side, following them with her dark eyes until they entered the church door.

An hour or two later and the work was finished. Lilies upheld their hite chalices before the altar, smilax and climbing roses wreathed the pillars, fragrant valley lilies encircled the white font, hyacinths, narcissus and delicate carnations bloomed before the chancel rail, while geraniums and pearly stocks bowered lectern and pulpit. And below the altar window, stretching up its cool, green leaves to the gold and purple lights, stood Bertha's rosebush. The damask buds

drooped over the white altar cloth, the sensitive petals all uncurled, revealing each deep crimson heart, while their perfume fell heavy upon the atmosphere.

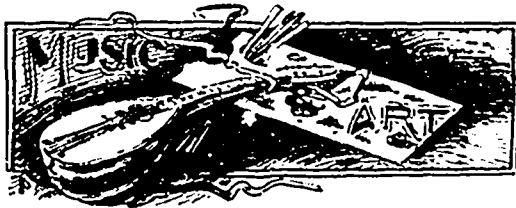
In stillness and in fragrance the church kept its garden vigil.

Easter morning broke bright and glorious, and a worshipping multitude filled the sacred building. The glad Easter anthem rose jubilantly through the heavy-odored air, but one voice, the clearest and sweetest, had no part therein.

In the brown cottage the blinds were drawn, the shutters closed, and the deformed girl lay in her last sleep among her flowers.

She had won her Easter joy.

FAITH FENTON.



**S**TUDIO Day. After the fashion of Old Country cities, Montreal now has its Studio Day. It has indeed come to be a recognized institution. We hope it may be permanent. The first Saturday afternoon of each month is the time when good-natured artists play the "at home" rôle, and make martyrs of themselves for the pleasure of curiosity seekers. But we enjoy their martyrdom, and we hope they do too. Between the hours of two and five o'clock in the aforesaid afternoons, the good-natured artists throw open the sacred privacy of their *atelier* to all comers who will take the trouble to present a calling card. The most of us cannot paint a picture, but the most of us know a little how to enjoy one. But above all others these studio days are beneficial to the student: continuous study under one master contracts the range of the student; contact with various masters expands his views and ideas. Students even from a distance should take advantage of these opportunities. The studios are in holiday attire, duly swept and garnished, and pictures in a 'stages of advancement may be seen, from the dear little souvenir which forms one of the heart strings of the artist, to the proud canvas or paper being made ready for the Royal Academy. They make good hosts, too, these artists, many of whom are yet bachelors. Truly, they are enjoyable afternoons, but whoever is responsible for the notices in the newspapers, we pray that they be more careful. A long tramp to the other end of the city on a blustery, rainy, sloppy day tends to dampen the enthusiasm enough, but when one is met at the door with "not open to-day; monsieur has been in New York for two weeks," it sends a cold stream down one's back. But there are a number of prominent artists who have not yet taken the people into their confidence. Let us hope they will soon emulate the good example set by others.

Have any of your readers heard of the "new art"? That is what they choose to call it. Perhaps it is just the "old art," after all, one stage farther on. The colors are called "Taicoon tints," for painting on silk, satin, linen or cotton. Our decorative artists know how unsatisfactory either oil or water colors are on silks or satins, even at

their best, and these tints are the height of perfection for the purpose named. Silks and satins painted with them retain their original sheen or lustre. While oils or water colors form an opaque body upon the surface of the fabric, these tints sink right in like a stain and become a part of it, producing the same result on either side. Imagine the beauty of an evening dress touched up with a few sprays of colored leaves or flowers, while mantel drapes, chair tidys, cushion scarfs, etc., are only a few of the articles within the scope of these tints. Any artist can apply the colors. No extra study is required.

\* \* \*

Lovers of art in Montreal are at present enjoying the delights of the 17th annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the beautiful gallery of the Art Association furnishes accommodation for as fine a show as the Academy has probably ever held. Students anywhere within range of the city should avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing this really excellent exhibition. It will stimulate effort and level out some of the hard roads. It should be the aim of every artist to have a picture hung by the Royal Academy. No doubt some of our friends are smarting, and continue to smart, under the judgment of the council which scores the word "rejected," and some are even known to make "nasty remarks." But this is not the proper spirit; the council is composed of competent men—we will not say infallible, but competent; they have a hard task to perform. We should help them to perform it fearlessly, accept their judgment loyally, and each rejected suitor should emulate the example of Bruce's spider.

Next month, perhaps, I may tell you something about the pictures.

"XMAN."

\* \* \*

Canadian artists are busy preparing for the C.S.A. exhibition, which is the chief annual event among our painters. Mr. and Mrs. Reid's work will be missing from the walls this season, but we may look for fine work as the result of their present tour in Spain.

Mr. C. M. Manly will probably make good showing as a result of his sojourn across the sea.

Our 'dames de luxe'—if one may be permitted to use the term—are adopting hand-painted gowns for evening wear.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists it was decided that the Art Union should be dispensed with, which will be a disappointment no doubt to many. Their annual exhibition will open on May the 4th in their rooms, 165 King west, April the 24th being the last day for receiving pictures.

The Art Students' League invited its friends to see a display of posters in the students' rooms, Adelaide street west, on Tuesday, the 10th. Mr. W. Alexander read an interesting article on the modern poster, which was especially acceptable now that poster competitions seem to be the order of the day. Another contest is coming off for the *Canadian Almanac*. Great praise is due Miss Ford in securing the Horse Show prize, when her competitors show such high grade work as that exhibited on Yonge street last month.

BLACK AND WHITE.



**T**he far spire I see the crescent moon  
Is swinging, like a lanthorn in the night,  
Dim through the mist, but welcome with its light  
To the spent seamen, toiling since the noon.  
The winds are like the waves, that softly croon  
Along the reedy shore; then turn with might  
And shout against the rocks. Before my sight  
The swift clouds wing, like birds aroused too soon.  
And as the sailor sings and feels no fear,  
But trusts the captain's hand, though frail and old,  
Their vessel drifteth seaward, like a rhy,—  
So I to-night laugh at the storm and cold,  
On the deserted roadway; for I hear  
God's voice direct this tossing world—our ship.

MARCH, 1896.

—LAURA B. DURAND.



### JUST YOU AND I.

**S**PRINGTIME and Easter. It is fit that they should come together, since both tell out the story of the Resurrection. Nature pushes hard against much of the dear old Bible accounting, until we who are neither of the scientists nor theologians are oftentimes sore perplexed at the apparent discrepancies between the two. But here and now, at this bright season, it is easy to believe this greatest, this central truth of the Christian faith, since all the world about us is one Easter song.

A new life! A new life! It is the spring-time cry. The shining streamlets trickling down the roadway, the twittering birds on nesting abent, the swelling buds upon the leafless boughs, the gurgling sap,—all blend in this Easter chant; while in the silence of wood and field, where yet the late snow lingers, we can almost hear the throb of the mother earth in pulsings that presage the new birth. Let him who hath ears to hear hearken to Nature's forth-telling of the Resurrection.

\* \* \*

How many little ways we have of recognizing this brightest festival of the Christian Church,—small unconscious ways whose significance we oftentimes fail to realize.

There is a thrill of vitality within us responsive to the quickening of the nature world. We are conscious of a sense of freshness, we realize the winter is over, that the time of the singing of birds has come; we have a vision of fair possibilities, of a shining, singing summer time stretching through warm sweet-scented days and nights. And it is to accentuate this feeling of newness that we seek for the blossoms and bits of bright-

ness wherewith to adorn our churches, our homes, our garments, for Eastertide.

The Easter blossoms and bonnets are not all vanity;—there is a very real beauty in the thought that lies below.

Being children of the dear old earth, we share her instinct to put forth a new robe in the springtime quickening; being children of a higher life, our hearts leap to like impulse at the Church season that proclaims the putting on of immortality.

Bliss Carman, our richest-veined poet, sings in pretty apostrophe of this wonderful Easter kinship of all created things.

O dwellers in the dust, awake!  
My little brothers of the field,  
And put the sleep out of your eyes;  
Your death doom is repeated.

Lift all your golden faces now,  
You dandelions in the ground;  
You quince, and thorn, and apple bough,  
Your foreheads are unbound.

O dwellers in the frost, awake!  
My little brothers of the mold,  
It is the time to forth and slake  
Your being as of old.

You frogs, and newts, and creatures small,  
In the prevailing urge of Spring,  
Who taught you in the dreary Fall  
To guess so glad a thing.

O dwellers in the desperate dark!  
My brother of the mortal birth,  
Is there no whisper bids you mark  
The Easter of the earth.

Let the great floods of Spring return  
Float every fear away,—and  
We are all fellows of the fern,  
And children of the snow.

The veriest doubter is caught in the sun-  
meshes of Easter dawn, and his spirit warms  
into faith in the glow of it.

\* \* \*

Matthew Arnold makes fine use of this truth of spiritual quickening in his dainty poem, "The Forsaken Merman."

Margaret, the earth maiden, who has lost her soul for love of her sea lover, hears above the waves—

The sound of a far-off bell.  
She sighed, she looked up through the clear  
green sea;  
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little green church on the shore to-day;  
'Twill be Easter time in the world—ah me!  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."

Her sea lover bids her—

"Go up, dear heart, through the waves,  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea  
caves."

She obeys, her heart stirring. She goes  
up—

To the little gray church on the windy hill,  
and there, in the beauty of the Eastertide,  
her soul returns to her, and henceforth, in  
simple womanly content,—

She sits at her wheel, in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings, "O joy, O joy!  
For the humming street and the child with its toy,  
For the priest and the bell and the holy well,  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun!"  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully.

\* \* \*

We all need,—we must have,—this blessed belief in the first Resurrection; but it may be that it is a greater necessity to women than to men, since a woman left groping in the dark is tripped by the very robes of her womanhood.

She cannot walk through the blackness of unbelief without stumbling; she cannot stretch out empty hands into the silence of Death-land without a numbing despair. Her love is her life; and when she lays her dead away in dreary Lenten days, for dear love's sake she must hold fast to that glad revelation of the first Easter dawn.

Believing thus, all the old earth's mysteries are less mysterious, its jangles less harsh; all its sorrows are less sad, its gladness more glad. In remembrance of the rolled stone and empty sepulchre only, life becomes worth the living.

FAITH FENTON.

"He stayed me, saying: 'Touch me not! not yet  
Am I ascended to my Father! Go!  
Speak to my brethren; say that I ascend  
Unto my Father, and to yours,—my God,  
And your God.'"

"Was he seen again of men?"

The Buddhist prayed.

"Many whiles!" answered she;

Three times on that First Day, and, afterwards  
In his old paths by silver Galilee;  
And on the Mountain; where He met His own,  
And made their cheer celestial. Last of all  
He shewed in full midst of Jerusalem,  
Amongst the eleven,—nail-marks on hands and  
feet

Rose-red, and spear-gash scarring the white side;  
And ate of fish and honey from their board;  
Then blessed, and led them forth to Olive;  
And passed—as if, they said, a waiting cloud  
Received Him out of sight." —Arnold.



## HOME DECORATION

**A**PRIL is house-cleaning month for Nature. She takes up her white-winter carpet, washes hillside and roadways, exposes hidden corners and sweetens and wholsomes things generally. It is her decoration month, too; for now the trees and hedges wear their little frills and buds of green, while down below the wee wood blossoms begin to stir, in busy consideration of delicate gown and cap.

Following Nature's example, or by reason of instinct, we turn our attention to cleansing and decorating the human home; April brings always a consideration of new home belongings—the replacing in carpets and curtains, the freshening up needful to prevent the home from becoming shabby and worn.

It does not take much to keep the home daintiness, but the renewal must be constant.

Down in one of the big warehouses that make specialties of home furnishings, we see beautiful things shut away—lovely materials in delicate tints or rich glowing shades for just such occasions of renewal.

\* \* \*

In white curtains we are shown the latest importations in net and muslins, fitted for bedrooms always, but dainty enough for drawing-rooms if the house mistress elects their airy whiteness for the summer season.

A pair of finely embroidered muslin curtains show the newest feature in finish—a plaited frill bordering. The effect of this frill—about six inches deep—is soft and pretty. The point d'esprit curtains are of net woven with dots; these are rendered handsome by border of deep embroidery in Florentine design.

Yet another pair of muslin are finished by a band of deep insertion, with border and plaited frill.

Spotted net may be bought in double width at about fifty cents per yard. This makes effective curtains or toilet covers, with colored or satin striped material beneath.

\* \* \*

The Nubia goods is a lovely thing for curtains, and not expensive. It may be obtained under a dollar per yard. It is a brocaded material of silken effect; soft, light and uncrushable. One may twist and knot it, but it shakes out again into the softest fulness. "Nubia" comes in delicate tones, and makes charming curtains where white would be inadvisable.

Chintz brocades are shown suitable for cosy corner and curtain purposes; these are in Oriental designs at \$1.50 per yard. They are stiffer and heavier in weight than the soft Nubia.

\* \* \*

Satin striped designs in curtainings are coming into favor. Some very rich effect in this line are shown. Striped curtains add much to the height of a window, and should be used in any apartment where the ceiling is low.

\* \* \*

For portières the chenille and plush is entirely gone out. Velour is the material now in vogue for doorways. It is a French brocade, extremely heavy, handsome, but stiff in effect.

Some exquisite curtain drapings are shown

in silk mixtures. One of damask pattern is double faced and embroidered in six-fold shades. These are well worth seeing.

Still richer are the pure silk broché curtains which are only produced in three tones, — coral, electric and gold.

\* \* \*

It is always necessary to have more or less upholstering done in the spring. Some exquisite satin-faced brocades are to be seen for this purpose, also dainty reversible silks in brocade designs and of five tones—nile, tan, coral, fawn and the newest, a myrtle green.

\* \* \*

The novelty in cushions is the Kashan, a mohair rug square, intended for upper side of the cushion, which is lined and finished with a heavy silk cord of finger thickness. The deep-filled cushion is vanishing. These Kashan cushions are richly Oriental and of endless wear. They are intended for low divan, floor or window seat, and are competing in all heavier service with the monotonous art silk cushion.

\* \* \*

A very beautiful mohair rug square, fit for a hall tapestry, may be seen at Foster & Pender's. It is really worth a visit. It is a landscape effect, woven with perfect fidelity in perspective and in rich tints. Standing at a distance we appear to be looking at a fine oil painting, but richer and more softly glowing in tree and rock and lake and far-off mountains. Yet we are looking at a mohair rug, hand-woven on a single loom. There is probably nothing like it in Toronto.

\* \* \*

Mohair rugs are accounted choices; the Kedhive being especially rich and lustrous.

\* \* \*

Carpets appear in shades a trifle darker than last season.

\* \* \*

In window shades, the opaques and hollandes are still in general use; the blind is edged with lace not quite so wide as during the past few seasons.

\* \* \*

A very sturdy material for any purpose requiring durability is the flowered denim, which appears in chintz designs.

Thanks due to Foster & Pender for information.

The Wakefield skirt binding can be had in black, navy blue, gray, tan, seal brown and russet leathers, and is highly recommended all over America as the latest and most approved binding for ladies' skirts. The beading of leather is securely stitched to a strong tape. It requires to be sewn on after the skirt is finished. Dressmakers frequently fail to remember this. The stiffness of the leather greatly helps the fashionable flare skirt so much in vogue just now, and prevents frayed edge at the bottom of our dresses. It is superior to other bindings of the same class in regard to the quality of leather used, one binding lasting out an ordinary dress.

That there are not a few cyclists in the capital of Belgium may be gathered from the fact that the Brussels municipal authorities have invited bids for the supply of 16,000 enamel plates, to be affixed to bicycles with the number of their license.



## THE STYLES THIS SPRING

ARE NOW ON VIEW.

**MANTLE** department is fully stocked with all the new ideas in Capes and Jackets.

### DRESS MATERIALS.

Black Crepons, Black Fancies and Crepon effects in the latest styles.

Frou-Frou.  
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Santos.  
Brilliantissimo

**COLORED FABRICS** in all the most fashionable weaves.

Resille.  
Mosaique.  
Brocatelle Damasse.  
Gaze Faconne.  
Faconne due Glaco.

### COLORED FANCIES.

Broche Epinghie.  
Bengaline Travers.  
Epingle Soie.  
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Lapped Muslins.  
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Organdies.  
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Grass Linens.  
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Swivel Silk in plain Brocade and Shot effects.

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Taffetas.  
Taffeta Raye.  
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That fit and wear well.

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All the leading makes.

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New York styles, good fitting and well made.

**MAIL ORDERS** receive such attention as places within the reach of a customer a thousand miles away every advantage possessed by resident buyers.

**JOHN CATTO & SON,**  
KING STREET, TORONTO.

## PEOPLE WE MEET

It was merely a happening that we met, in the cold grayness of a March afternoon, and in the gloam of the Grand Opera auditorium.

The big public, that knows our theaters only in the brilliancy of electric lights, warmth and glow and evening-dress audience, would hardly recognize the great places in their morning or undress appearance—so bare and chill, so full of gloom, and vague, dim stretches of space; with the crimson and gilt concealed under dusky linen, and the pretty drop-curtain hidden behind a stretch of dull green.

Time and place mean much, even in the nature world; but in the world of art they are everything.

I had asked a question. "Here is Mr. Palmer Cox himself. He will be able to tell you," answered the manager; and, turning, with a few introductory words, he brought me face to face with the celebrated brownie man.

It hardly seems the correct thing that the father of these wonderful little fellows should be a six-footer; yet I had to look up and up to the height of six feet two, in order to study the kind, quiet face of Palmer Cox, and that was a surprise, to begin with.

My question required a little searching, and while we waited the reply we stood chatting together in the rear of the big auditorium, whose gloom was relieved by the row of quivering foot-lights, while the orchestra rehearsed the brownie music for the evening performance. Mr. Cox measures the full stature of a man in more than physical proportions. He is slenderly muscular, with blue eyes set under heavy brows, high cheek bones; a face rugged in its lining; a manner straightforward, free from affectations; a speech philosophic and sensible; a most approachable man, —and really fond of his brownies, who are the only children he has. For Mr. Cox is a bachelor,

who, when he is not travelling, lives all day in his Broadway studio, in the center of busy New York, where he works among his brownies, drawing and writing the adventures of the funny little fellows; while they surround him in all shapes and forms, climbing his curtains, dangling above him from strings, peering out from picture and desk corners—hundreds of them.

\* \* \*

"I wish you would tell me how your odd little fellows were first conceived, Mr. Cox," I said. "What was the very first idea—the germ of them?"

"I hardly think there was any first idea," he answered. "The first brownie was created like Adam—whole, as far as the drawing is concerned. I advanced them in knowledge by degrees. The brownies are thirteen years old now; they had their birthday in February, and, of course, it is quite time they had outgrown their baby mischief, and knew something," he added, laughing.

"Tell me about the birth of the first brownie," I persisted.

Mr. Cox sat down in one of the vacant chairs, and listened to a few bars of the orchestral music, before replying.

"I was searching for suitable fancies to

up over the little human face, and last the broad smile that tells of a frank understanding and a sympathy established between the two—child and brownie. It is very pretty to see."

"In my brownie books, I have advanced them by degrees from babyhood pranks to graver work. I have put them to school, colleges, clubs, and brought them into the older world,—but always the principle maintains with my brownies—that good must be done for good's sake; whether people deserve it or not.

"I have written one hundred and fifty brownie stories, which are published in five separate volumes. My brownies are thirteen years old, yet I believe they are loved to-day as much as at their birth."

"That is because the children and the child heart is always with our weary old world—to save it," I said.

"Yes," answered the big brownie father, "but the grown-ups like them well also, possibly because of the suggestion of humor which is the foundation of all elfish lore. None of us get fun enough in our lives—good wholesome fun. Sometimes I think there should be a school for the deliberate cultivation of lawful humor in our midst. Honestly now," he turned to me suddenly, "do you think there is laughter enough in our lives?"

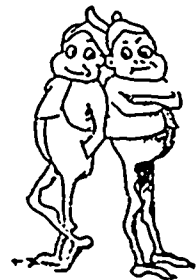
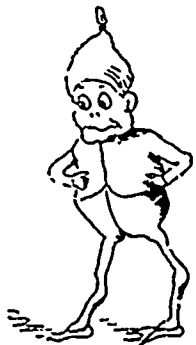
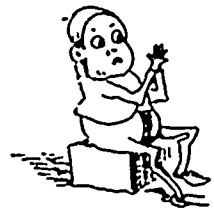
"No" I answered slowly "not nearly."

"Well" he said, smiling. My brownies make a very good primary school for fun, if it were only followed up."

\* \* \*

It is nice to be able to claim Mr. Cox as a Canadian. He was born at Granby, a village near Montreal,—somewhere back in the fifties possibly. Afterward, he tells me, he came west, and lived for a time in a little village, Lucknow, I think, by name. Finally he went to San Francisco, "to seek his fortune," as the nursery rhyme says; but the fortune came when, back again in New York, he sought and summoned the bonnie Scotch brownies to cross the waters and play their pranks for the children of the New World.

FAITH FENTON.



PALMER COX.

use in illustrating children's books. I didn't like the idea of the German gnomes and elves; since their deeds are always more or less vicious. The conventional fairies were hardly mirthful enough, not sufficiently novel, and a trifle too effeminate,—if you will pardon me," he added in funny parenthesis.

"Suddenly I thought of the brownies—Scotch fairies, all of the male sex; who are accredited with doing only kindly things. You know of them?"

I didn't know, save through Mr. Cox's merry portraiture. But I strongly suspect the brownie man has Scotch blood in his veins—which makes a difference.

I nodded in affirmative and he went on.

"I wanted to give the idea of innocent, yet kindly sprites; full of baby pranks, yet always doing good deeds—not vicious ones. And that is the idea I have tried to keep prominent in all my brownie sketches.

"It was to secure baby effects that I took the little, round, bare heads sitting down in necks—or the absence of necks—the wide open eyes, and round bodies. Have you ever watched a child studying a brownie sketch for the first time?"

"Yes," I answered. "And it is well worth while to note first the intent, puzzled look, then the amusement that creeps slowly



## SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

WE come upon it suddenly as we emerge from the pathway through the trees—so suddenly that it leaves us breathless, while the laugh dies from our lips and a great, fearsome awe creeps into our hearts. Is it this we have come so lightly to see, with no thought beyond the fun of the voyaging?—this mad, magnificent toss of waters; this tearing, seething mass of amber and white foam—so broad, so high, so mighty in volume, so

unutterably wild and wicked, that it makes one shudder and shrink with dread?

We stand before it in wordless awe and amazement.

How comes it that this falls—rivaling Niagara in grandeur, and infinitely more wild—should be thus hidden away up the St. Maurice in the heart of primitive woods? How is it that Canada is not ringing with the knowledge of it? By what strange oversight has it remained for so many years an almost unknown place save to the few voyageurs and lumberman of the region?

The questions crowd upon us in a confused jumble of thought, while every moment the solemnity grows and all the wonder of it increases.

\* \* \*

We lift our eyes to where a green island divides the St. Maurice waters into two channels,

and where the first ugly rock ledges cause it to leap in successive cascades that quicken its already deadly swift speed to a wild rush.

Now the channels meet; the yellow water bounds to the head of the fall and the wild glory begins.

It is not a sheer descent; not a straight, mighty, precipitous downpour like Niagara—No, no, no! It is a wide and torturous incline; a sloping torrent bed of giant jagged granite rocks, over which the tortured waters leap, in mad tearing, magnificent beyond words. See it spring the first mad leap! See the angry ledge catch it and send it upward in a foam of tattered white! Now it rebounds, only to be torn afresh by another hidden rock and leap again in pain.

And now it is in the very center of torment. The hidden rocks, like huge sharp teeth, tear and rend the amber mass, tossing it from each to each in cruel, grim play. Higher and higher, wilder and wilder, whiter and more tattered it grows with each suc-

cessive tearing. How it bounds! How it rends! How the mist of its tortured tears rises blindly over the boiling cauldron! Was there ever anything so wicked, so wildly fierce?

It has reached the base; it is caught in with a tempest of white churned waves, and together they fling themselves passionately across the chasm, lashing the face of the opposite rocks, then dropping in wild writhings of pain into the awful devil's whirlpool.

And here, while yet in the throes of anguish, a beautiful rainbow spans the white foam with promise of peace,—its low arch half hidden in the mist.

But the maddened water heeds not, only flings out blindly, and rushes down between the high-walled rocky chasm, two thousand feet in length, to be torn and tossed again upon its way;—until, with one final white-foamed leap, it drops down into a pretty curving bay, and, with a few last wild surgings, is at peace.

we are opposite the falls, and look once again at the tossing yellow mass.

Three hundred feet at the top, widening to five hundred feet at the base, a descent of one hundred and fifty feet, and a chasm of two thousand, before the final cascade falls into the bay. Three thousand feet in all from the first cascade above to the last mad leap below; and all the way a magnificence of tossing waters and storm-flung granite heaps.

Truly Niagara can show us nothing half so wild and wicked as this.

\* \* \*

Yet they tell us it is but a modern thing.

Two hundred years ago, when that fierce earthquake of early Canadian record rent the old Laurentides, it split the St. Maurice hills with this deep chasm, tore a mountain to fragments and flung it in scarred blocks down the gorge; while the frightened St. Maurice waters flung themselves through the rent in mad haste, tumbling, tearing, leaping, fleeing from the awful convulsion.

A mountain in shreds, a wild affrighted river, tearing over angry rock fragments that in their bitterness goad every drop into tattered foam;—this is the origin of Shawenegan.

\* \* \*

'Tis growing late. The gloaming throws grey shadows upon the rocks, and the amber tint has died from the tossing waters. Let us creep once again out upon the rocks. How slippery they are—the giant masses! and how the ceaseless water-rage has worn them into ridges and seams, and arched cavernous holes!

The spray drenches us like a summer rain; the breeze from this tempest of waters blows cool and strong about us; and the rocks thrill beneath us

with the strength of their lashing. The little bluebells are yet atremble, and even the young cedars on the island seem to quiver as they stretch their green boughs out over the wicked rushing.

How grey the world has grown, and how cold!

See the white night-mist rising. Let us creep away from these scarred rocks; away from the mad waters, to the little white Government cottage on the bank.

And all night long the sound of this wild torrent shall be in our ears;—these waters that roar and are troubled beyond all mad and tortured things.

\* \* \*

The lovely little island that divides the rushing amber waters of the Shawenegan is the property of the Dominion Government, and since it is needed for the protection of the great log slide is not likely to be sold to any private party.

This is fortunate, since it is as valuable to



SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

Come away; we have had but one view, and there are half a dozen others, equally alluring, equally fascinating; each of which serves but to magnify the wild unparalleled grandeur of this mad Shawenegan.

We walk along the bank of this prettily wooded island, that lies beside the falls, and from which we look out close upon its white swirl. We have a score of superb outlooks as we peer between the trees, or clamber out upon a projecting boulder. We cling with close grasp as we look down at the white torrent, while the tiny bluebells and ferns in the rock crevices tremble and bend beneath the roar of it.

What a grandeur lies in this rocky chasm! And how the chafed water whirls in white, champing along its great length.

These granite boulders are seamed and scarred with the water's violence. We creep down, down, and out upon the great slippery, jagged things, until we may almost touch the fierce whirlpool below. And now

Shawenagan as Goat Island is to Niagara. But it occupies a far superior position, inasmuch as it consists of a pretty wooded slope that inclines from the summit to the base of the fall.

A narrow bit of the river flows upon one side, and drops in a little cascade of its own, and it is here the big Government log slide is built. But the main body of water dashes down upon the other side of the island, and a steep sloping pathway beneath shadowy maples stretches all the way beside the magnificent toss of waters and down the edge of the rocky chasm.

So that we get nearer to Shawenagan's mad waters than ever we do to Niagara; so near that the white foam leaps to our faces; and we may walk down beneath the trees sit upon the boulders, or the roughly erected seats, and look and look into the very heart of the wild white tear.

Or we may take the other side; run down the pretty summery path, still among the trees, and come to the foot of the big slide—and here where the waters meet the scene is wonderfully grand.

There is a little railed platform built out at the base of the slide; I had supposed that it was for observation only. But monsieur the engineer smiled at the blunder, and said it was a buffet to protect the base of the slide.

Nevertheless, it answers the former purpose most excellently; and to stand out upon it and look up the height is a thing to be remembered.

The slide is one of the finest in the Government possession; it is 600 feet long, and has a fall of 150 feet. The white waters flash down it and spring in a spouting mass far out into the cascades at the foot of the gorge.

And, oh! to see the logs come down. The boom above us was nearly empty upon the day of our visit; but the boom-master had reserved a few to send at our coming.

One by one they tipped their dark, round heads over the top of the slide and slipped into the white waters.

A dark flash amid the white, a wild leap upward and outward in the foam and mist, and then a drop into the swirling waters, to emerge bruised and beaten into the calm waters of the little bay.

\* \* \*

To stand thus at the meeting-place of the waters; to look up on the one side at the swift white slide, with the pretty cascade near it; on the other, along the grim, deep gorge, to where the deep waters foam at the great fall's base, with the green, prettily wooded rock-founded island between, and the small, curving bay below—it is the perfection of beauty—neither words nor brush can depict it.

I earnestly hope that the C.P.R. will take into consideration the question of building a railway from Three Rivers out to the Shawenagan Falls.

It is only a distance of twenty miles, and the line might have a most picturesque run along the bank of the St. Maurice, passing numerous pretty cascades and falls before reaching the grander waters of Shawenagan.

I cannot speak more emphatically than I have, of the wild magnificence of these falls, and the peculiar beauty of their surroundings.

The pure cool air and constant breeze, no less than the picturesque environments of lightly wooded islands, of rock, of ridge land, of pretty curving bays, and even the Government log slide, which is splendid in itself, all go to make the place peculiarly fitted to become a famous scenic resort.

It is a shame that anything so fine should be thus shut away by only twenty miles from the traveling public.



GOVERNMENT LOG SLIDE.

There is a short line of rail belonging to the C.P.R., running within nine miles of this falls. If the St. Maurice route were not available this might be utilized, and an extension built to run the remaining distance.

The Government owns—in that lovely little island—the choicest of parks, all beautifully cleaned and wooded. There are charming paths through the trees, and beautiful views all along the banks upon either side. It is all ready; waiting only for the little railway and the people,—this beautiful wild falls; this prettiest of Canadian places. I hope some of our clever C.P.R. magnates will go out some sunny day and walk the pretty island paths, clamber out upon the rocks, watch the logs flash down the slide, ascend to the little Passion Play upon the hill, spend an hour beside the wild white foam of the mad water—then, I think, Shawenagan will not remain much longer inaccessible.

FAITH FENTON.

#### A MUTE PASSION PLAY.

It stands upon the pretty ridge at Shawenagan—the bit of rocky hill land that divides the upper bay from the lower, forming a dam against which the St. Maurice breaks in vain, and compelling the yellow river to curve about until it finds outlet in these magnificent falls.

We walked slowly up by a pretty path under the trees—up and up, an easy, gradual ascent until we came to the summit and the Cross.

There is always a cross upon every high point in French Canada. It gleams white from the dark pines of the tall mountain tops, it uplifts its arm above the wildest and most solitary heights. In the Laurentide gloom, in the Labrador bareness, on Gaspé's unsought hills, and the Saguenay's riven rocks—where human habitation exists not and only the wild birds scream and the pine trees sigh—some lover of the Holy Cross has climbed a weary way to uplift the sacred emblem and claim Christian possession of the newland.

But this, upon Shawenagan hill top, touched us strangely, for the whole sorrowful story of the Passion is contained within the little railed enclosure.

It is of coarse wood, roughly painted and flecked in crude imitation of marble. The cross itself stands in the center, a humble thing, weather stained and bearing the simple initialing of its sacred prototype, I.N.R.I.

Perched on a high corner post, looking rather jauntily cut over the pretty summer scene, is a white painted cock, life-size, and rudely constructed of metal. A 'tin rooster' I called it, in clumsy Protestant phrase, but the little French maid whispered to me softly that it is

'Peter's bird.' In one corner of the little enclosure is a wooden pillar, and suspended from it are the implements of the Crucifixion—the spear, the rusty nails, the sponge, while the little step ladder stands at its base.

In the opposite corner, and most pathetic of all, stands the scourging pillar, with the rope knotted loosely about it and the whips hung just above.

How strange it was to come thus upon this crude crystallization of the most solemn thought of the Christian faith.

Laugh at it as a superstition? Oh, no, no! Who that has pure reverence for the soul-life could?

If 'Peter's bird' brought a smile, there was the scourging post beside it; and we had but to lift our eyes to see the rusty nails and the sponge.

It thrilled us curiously, this little mute Passion Play, dramatized so roughly, yet with such tenderness, upon the hidden hill-top.

F. F.



## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I REALLY wish you would not jest about it," says his wife, who is now evidently on the verge of tears.

"But Diana," anxiously, from Hilary, "what are you going to do at luncheon without a servant to attend table?"

"I don't know," tearfully.

"Well, as I told you before, I do. I know all about it. I've drilled enough parlormaids in my time to know how to hand round plates and things myself, and how to conduct myself generally. The question is," severely, "will you two know how to conduct yourselves?"

"This is an open aspersion upon our manners," says Jim. "Diana, are you going to submit to it?"

"Time is flying," says Hilary. "Am I to attend table or not? I shan't appear in any other character, so I may as well be of use to you as not. And really, Di, I don't see how you are going to manage things without Bridget. Jim, tell her I may do it. I," laughing in a suppressed sort of fashion, "have set my mind upon it. I want to see," with a little tilting of her nose, "what my future husband is like when he is off his guard."

"Oh! so that's your reason!" says Clifford.

"I know you will forget yourself, and call me Diana," says her sister.

"By-the-bye, what's your name to be?" asks Clifford, turning to Hilary.

"Bridget, of course."

"For mercy's sake, Jim, if this awful affair is to be carried through, don't forget that," says Diana, who is still plainly aggrieved.

"Nonsense. He can't forget Bridget," says Hilary.

"True for you. I wish to Heaven I could," says Clifford, who has suffered many things at the hands of the original Bridget, who certainly does not shine as a parlormaid. Upon this he saunters out again into the garden, to read his *Cork Constitution*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Diana, having given in to the inevitable, though with a bad grace and many misgivings, now sits trembling in the drawing-room, waiting for Ker's coming. The hall-door has been thrown wide open, and it has been arranged by Hilary that Diana on hearing his footstep on the gravel outside is to go at once to the door and greet him.

"It will look so nice and friendly," said Hilary, when settling this question. Of course Hilary herself could hardly have done it, being engaged on the last touches to the luncheon table, and cook gone for eggs, and the children and their maid far away up in the wood with a little basket of goodies all for themselves, and Bridget, as we know, five miles away by this time. Diana, sitting in the drawing room, is, to tell the truth, quaking. But now she hears a step upon the gravel, and as "courage mounteth with occasion," so her spirit comes back to her, and going to the open hall-door she receives Ker with a delightful smile, and leads him back to the room she has just quitted. It is a pretty room, filled with sunlight and sweet flowers, and a few other things besides, and with all the windows lying wide open.

"I am so sorry," says she at once. "My sister——" she falters. Really it is horrible of Hilary to place her in such a position.

"Tired, no doubt—laid up? Not able to appear?"

"Well," nervously, "she hopes she may be able to appear——"

Diana, who has really meant only to temporize, now seeing where her words have led her, controls with difficulty a mad desire to laugh.

"Afterward? After luncheon? I hope so too," says Ker. "Of course I can quite understand how she feels about all this. It is very good of her not to have refused me at once, even without a trial. It seems unfortunate that we cannot meet."

He pauses.

"Yes, yes," says poor Diana vaguely. What on earth is she going to say next?

"The will was preposterous," says Ker. "There was something that suggested madness about it. But it appears it is all right."

"You tried?" Diana tells herself she is absurd, but somehow a feeling of anger toward him arises now within her breast. He had tried to break the strange bond between him and Hilary. Pray where would he find an equal to Hilary? In her heat she has forgotten that as yet he has never seen Hilary.

"Naturally. First thing. When I came back to England I went straight to my lawyer. If he will could be upset—if the money could be divided between your sister and me—what a relief!"

"To Hilary—certainly!" very coldly.

"To both!" frankly.

He is so entirely above-board that in spite of herself she cannot keep from smiling. He does seem honest. And if so, and if heart-whole (as he had assured her last night), what a husband for Hilary! And now, with all her silly fooling, she will probably destroy her one great chance.

"At you are honest! I like that!" says she earnestly.

Then she remembers that she herself is not very honest toward him, and her heart quails within her.

"Mr. Ker," says she suddenly, "I don't think you will be able to have any—any—talk with Hilary to-day, but if you will come and lunch with us again to-morrow——" She tells herself that whatever happens she will compel Hilary to see him to-morrow.

"You are very good," says Ker. But the fact is, I must leave here to-morrow, for a week. I have some business in Dublin. I am afraid I shan't be back again until Thursday."

"The day of Mrs. McIntyre's fancy ball?"

"Yes, I hope I shall meet your sister there at all events."

"There, beyond doubt! But you must not be so late as you were last night," says Diana, trying to carry it off with a high hand and ignoring his insinuation.

"Oh, I shall be early. And your sister——?"

"There is really no reason why you should not call her Hilary," says Mrs. Clifford, with a faint smile, "she is your cousin, you know."

Ker looks at her.

"Yes, of course. But such a strange cousin. A cousin who——" He stops and laughs involuntarily.

"I know," says Diana, laughing too. "Who ought to be——"

"My wife!"

"It is dreadful!" says Diana quickly. "Dreadful for both of you. But at all events neither of you are in fault. You should both remember that when you talk it over."

"When we do!" Ker lifts his brows as if amused. "Your—I beg your pardon—Hilary is, I am afraid, not anxious to talk it over. However, even if she is too fatigued to come down to-day, you promise me we shall meet at the McIntyres'?"

"Certainly she will be there," says Diana, but a little faintly. Who could arrange for Hilary? She turns to him. "You have a long leave, I hear. I hope when your visit at the Dyson-Moores' is at an end you will come here for a little while. It would give you and Hilary an opportunity of being better acquainted—of——"

"Making up your minds?" The young man laughs lightly. "Thank you very much. I shall be delighted to give Miss Burrows the chance of seeing how——"

"Yes," says Diana. She leans forward. "How charming I am." At this they both laugh.

Here, to Diana's great relief, the door opens, and Clifford enters the room. He shakes hands cordially with Ker, and in a little informal fashion tells his wife that luncheon is ready. Hilary sent him in to break the ice. A moment later the gong sounds. Hilary has beaten a wild tattoo upon it and then rushed back to her place at the head of the table, where Diana will sit behind the cold roast beef!

## CHAPTER VI.

"This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever Ranon the greenward: Nothing she does or seems But smacks of something greater than herself: Too noble for this place."

It is not until Ker has finished his salmon that, looking up suddenly, he finds his eyes met by those of the parlormaid. Her eyes are quickly withdrawn, she is handing round the cold roast beef now, but his remain on her—moving as she moves. Where on earth has he seen her before? That he has seen her before he is positive, but where? He is also quite sure that when first he *did* see her, he did not realize that she was—was—— What is she? Beautiful! Is beautiful the word?

He is obliged to take his eyes off her now, as she has come round and is standing almost behind his back.

"Potato, sir?"

Ker gives a little start. Her voice so low, almost as beautiful as herself!

"Thank you," says he. He feels as if he is apologizing to her for the trouble she is giving herself on his account. Then suddenly he pulls himself together and turns to Diana.

"I see I am not to have the pleasure of seeing your sister," says he with a slight smile.

"No. I am so sorry," says Diana, her eyes on her plate.

"I hope I haven't frightened her away," says Ker; he now addresses himself to Clifford.

"You couldn't!" says Clifford. "Nobody could frighten her! I've often tried—and failed; the mustard, Bridget. She's strong. Very strong."

(To be continued.)

TELEPHONE, 2419.

DR. G. ADAMS SWANN

(GOLD MEDALIST.)

DENTIST.

57 KING STREET EAST.

TORONTO.





## A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

For this new morning with its light,  
For rest and shelter of the night,  
For health and food, for love and friends,  
For everything His goodness sends,  
We thank the Heavenly Father.

—M. J. Garland.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow  
Some heart is glad to have it so,—  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, *that* wind is best."

## WATER DROP'S JOURNEY.

**H**IGH up in the sky a tiny Water Drop, with hundreds like himself, was quietly rocking in the soft arms of Mother Cloud.

They were gently floating through the sky when they met a cold wind, who jostled the great cloud so roughly that all her children fell from her arms, down, down to the earth beneath.

On his way Water Drop and his brothers had to pass through a very cold region of air, which changed them in some mysterious way to beautiful little white stars. Several of them clung together, and when they reached earth the little children cried, "Oh! see the big snowflakes!"

They all lay together in a big white drift, till one day Father Sun shone out bright and warm, and a soft south wind blew warm upon them, and soon they were changed back again to water drops, and the little children said the snow had all melted away. Then they chased one another merrily over the brown earth, whispering to the sleeping flowers as they passed them, "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

Down a hill they danced and slid until they all tumbled into a brook that went rippling and chattering through the woods.

Now, this brook was really made up of millions of water drops like themselves, and our little Water Drop soon got acquainted with a great number of them. Some had turned to snow and had lain quietly all winter until released by the warm rains and sunshine, and others had but lately fallen from their home in the sky.

How they chatted to one another as they merrily danced over stick and stone.

They traveled on for hours and hours until they reached the broad river.

Here they moved more slowly and silently. They knew they were on their way to the green sea, and it seemed to make them thoughtful.

They had been in the river for some days when one evening they felt themselves slowly but steadily driven up the river quite a distance. Water Drop wondered at this, but one of his companions who had taken the trip before, told him it was the flow of the tide and that they were very near the sea.

After a few hours the tide turned and carried them all out to the broad ocean. At first they did not like the salt, but after a while became used to it, and, in fact, soon grew salty themselves.

Water Drop lived in the ocean a long time and saw all the wonders of it. He saw the great and curious fish and other creatures who live in the deep, and the beautiful shells and seaweeds among which they played.

He saw the great ships, and the icebergs which came floating down from the north, and was nearly frightened to death in a storm. For two or three days he had been tossed from one wave to another; now he was thrown away up in the air, only to fall down again in a deep pit of water. When the storm was over Water Drop lay quietly rocking on a big wave, and one afternoon Father Sun drew him, with a great many others, back to his home in the sky. He left his saltiness behind him and was once more a pure, clear water drop resting in Mother Cloud's arms.

## PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy Willow wakened  
From her winter nap,  
For the frolic, Spring Breeze,  
On her door would tap.

"It is chilly weather,  
Though the sun feels good,  
I will wrap up warmly;  
Wear my furry hood."

Mistress Pussy Willow  
Opened wide her door,  
Never had the sunshine  
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet  
Seemed so full of cheer;  
"Good morning, Pussy Willow,  
Welcome to you, dear!"

Never guest was quainter;—  
Pussy came to town  
In a hood of silver grey  
And a coat of brown.

Happy little children  
Cried with laugh and shout,  
"Spring is coming, coming,  
Pussy Willow's out!"

—Child's World.

## HOW THE CROCUS AWOKE.

A dear little crocus who had lain fast asleep all winter awoke one morning from her long, long nap.

She had gone to bed so early, for she knew she would be one of the first flowers to greet the new-born spring.

But this year her bed was still piled high with snow, and all around seemed dark and cold, although she knew by feelings within her that it was nearly time to arise. However, she was a contented little crocus and just cuddled closer to the great brown earth and shut her eyes for another short nap.

She slept soundly until one morning she was awakened by the merry trickling of water all around and the pitty-pat of rain-drops falling on her bed. Her old friends had all been at work while she slept to give her a pleasant surprise. The sun and rain had taken off her great blanket of snow, and the wind had blown away the blanket of leaves, and now the raindrops were calling to her:

"Come, come, little crocus,  
Jack Frost has gone,  
Snowdrop has blown,  
Pussy Willow is here, and the birds are coming  
back!"

Oh, the joy in the heart of little crocus;  
how eagerly she obeyed the call!

Soon she was holding her pretty striped cup to catch it full of sunshine, and everyone who went by said, "See the pretty crocus, Spring is here at last!"

In the heart of a seed,  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,  
"And creep to the light,"  
"Wake!" said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard  
And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.

As I look back on childhood's years I do not know to which I looked forward with more eagerness—the coming of Santa Claus or the first trip to the woods for spring flowers.

However, this I know, Santa Claus has long forgotten me, but the flowers are still my friends, and almost as impatiently now do I wait for that first trip to the woods.

About the twentieth of this month (how I wish you could all come!) I expect to take a long tramp along a certain sandy road, climb two certain steep hills—only too certain and only too steep,—walk further along the sandy road a mile or so and reach at length a pine grove, tired and weary of limb, but there to find a magic that will banish all thought of tiredness.

Oh! the joy of the woods in the spring-time! Oh! the delicious smell of the pine! Oh! the delight at finding the first sweet flower!

I know the grove will be covered with the little hepatica blossoms of purple and white on their soft furry stems, coming up from a pretty cluster of last year's leaves.

And, best of all, I know a spot where the darling, trailing arbutus hides the sweetest flowers of the year under great bunches of dry leaves that have kept her shielded all winter.

And, again, I wish you could all come.

COUSIN MAUD.

## AMONG OUR BOOKS.



It is not a new book—as newness is reckoned in these days of literary fermentation. It is not even a book of a year; but one of five years; since it was published in 1890, and possibly at that time the tales that comprise the volume were collected from earlier magazine publications.

Yet because its contents are especially unique, because it contains a series of the sweetest, most tender, yet whimsical little sketches ever penned; perhaps,

also, because it seems to me a book of the springtime and Easter in the dainty freshness of its fancies, we shall chat about it at length this month, in the hope that by making it known the little volume will find its way into hands of thousands of pure-hearted Canadian women, to enrich their thought with its gold.

To those who have read "Fishin' Jimmie," that white pearl in angling literature, there is no need to say much beyond the fact that this volume, "The Seven Dreamers," holds that exquisite little sketch among the collection,—that "Fishin' Jimmie" is one, and the sweetest "dreamer" of them all.

But there are those who do not yet know and love this dear old man;—we almost envy them the pleasure that awaits them in first making his acquaintance;—and to these we must give reason for our enthusiasm.

"The Seven Dreamers" is a collection of seven sketches, each being a portraiture of a character common in New England villages in bygone years,—the man or woman with a "twist" in his or her brain. "Right about everything except one," as Aunt Charry explains. "Jest one little thing to make 'em different from other folks; get 'em on any other topic and you'd never notice anything queer about their talk."

These characters, with which we are all more or less familiar, have become rarer with the advent of steam and electricity. Like the songbird, the wild flower and other naturals, they push back from the glare of artificial life into secluded nooks. Only the quiet villages and country places know them. Only these indeed can take time to be gracious to them.

Yet, I think, in the rush and friction of city life, which so speedily brushes off originalities as well as rough edges, reducing human nature to a monotonous level, we lose more than we are aware in the disappearance of these innocent "dreamers" from among us.

In the introductory chapter of "The Seven Dreamers" the author gives the clue to the title of the book and its theme in the very pretty fancy which comes from the lips of Aunt Charry, as she dwells on one and another of the "dreamers" that have come within the range of her acquaintance.

Why, I haven't ever lived or been in a New England village myself where there wasn't one or more such folk. They have different names for 'em. They say they're "cracked"; they've "got a screw loose";

they're "a little off"; they "ain't all there"; and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well to my mind as to say they're all jest dreamin'.

It's the way o' the world to laugh at 'em. But I tell you, they'd be missed out of the village—they're mostly country folks, you know—more'n some of the wide-awake ones. An' I'm glad,—I ain't ashamed to say it—that they never waked up this side o' heaven. And what's more, I believe, when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' ideas o' thurn, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world, I believe, I say, that they're glad too.

The opening or introductory chapter is in itself a delightful bit of quaint conceit that moulds our mood into a ready sympathy with the "dreams" that follow.

The scene of the sketches is "Franconia Valley," a peaceful little place among the New England hills; and the writer shows herself a passionate lover as well as a student of nature in her knowledge of wild flower, herb and shrub, bird, insect and worm. It is not told in technical words; but slips into each little story until every page breathes the freshness of the woods and water, of spring and mountain air.

"Fishin' Jimmie" is the sweetest tale in the collection, and possibly reaches the highest mark of literary excellence. The description of the old man whose life had been one long day's fishing, and who loved his art with a passion that subdued everything unto it, is charmingly told. We love him, even before in his gentle voice he tells the sweetest fishing story that surely was ever penned.

"I allers loved fishin', an' knowed 'twas the best thing in the hull arth. I knowed it larnt ye more than books could tell ye. I knowed it made folks patienter an' common-senser an' weather-wiser an' cuter gen'ally; gin 'em more fac'ly than all the school larnin' in creation. I knowed it was more soothin' than ladnum, more rousin' than whiskey, more fillin' than vittles, I knowed all that, o' course—any fool knows it. But will ye b'lieve it? I was more'n twenty-one year old, a man growed, 'fore I foun' out why 'twas that way."

"A fishin' minister, a real one,—reely fished, I mean—ketched 'em," as Jimmie explains in gravely innocent way, came to preach in Franconia Village one summer Sunday.

"There wan't no sarm'n. There wan't no heads, no firstlys, nor sec'ndlys, nor fin'ly-brethrins, but fust thing we knowed we was hearin' a fishin' story. It was about Some One that was dressef foud o' fishin' and fishermen; Some One that sot everythin' by the water, an' useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on 'em an' talk with the men that was fishin'."

Jimmie's revelation comes to him there; and he begins a new life within the old. He has got a "fishin' religin'."

"I tell ye them four books that gin His story is chock full o' things that go right to the heart o' fishermen; nets an' hooks an' boats, an' the shores an' the sea an' the mountings; Peter's fishin' coat, lilies an' sparrers an' grass o' the fields, an' all about the evenin' sky bein' red or lowerin', an' fair an' foul weather. It's an outdoors, woodsy, country story, sides bein' the heav'nliest one that was ever telled."

Jimmie's desire to be a "fisher of men," and its fulfilment, closes the little sketch, which even Ian Maclaren could not surpass in ideal beauty of form and sentiment.

Next to "Fishin' Jimmie" comes "Aunt Randy," whose "dream" is almost grotesque, were it not for the pity of it. Yet, I think if Aunt Randy's "dream" could be told in all the pulpits on Easter Sunday, there would be no need of a sermon.

Aunt Randy lost faith in both God and man when her little son Jacob died and her good-for-nothing husband left her. She lived a solitary, misanthropic life until she found a caterpillar that she fancied resembled her boy.

She carried the insect home, fed and cared for it, named it "Jacob," and found an outlet for her affection in this strange way.

A day came when the caterpillar dug down into the earth in the window box and dis-

appeared. Aunt Randy believed it dead and cried her old heart out over him, because she "hadn't anything left in all the world but two little graves." The caterpillar's resurrection, "big an' beautiful, brown an' buff an' pink an' with wings," brought back her faith and hope for her boy's future rising.

"I can't put inter words how I felt when I see Jacob come out o' his very grave an' spread his wings an' fly round my room, nor how I cried out loud as I see it:

"Why not my boy, too? O Lord, you can do that jest's easy's this!"

The unwelcome return of Aunt Randy's husband, and her work and faith for him, provokes a smile that holds more of tenderness than mirth.

"I've seen wuss caterpillars nor him turn inter real sightly flyin' things; not the best nor han'somest, mebbe, but suthin' with wings, 'tengerate, an' that's a good deal. . . . I tell ye, there's wings in us all if we could see 'em. An' when Mr. Gates gits off his caterpillar skin, an' comes up an' shakes the dirt all off, I ain't goin' to be a mite ashamed on him 's long as he's got wings."

"Botany Bay" dreams that he has a double.

"God got the stuff doubled, you see, an' when He went to cut me out—or him, whichever 'twas He meant to make—He made two on us. I guess He didn't find it out till it was too late, or He wouldn't ha' let it go."

Botany Bay's trouble is that there is only one "place" in heaven, that only one of the "doubles" can be saved, and brooding over it in his cloudy brain at length he gives up his life—"stops bein'," as he phrased it, for the sake of "t'other."

"Butterneggs" is a quaint little conceit concerning heredity, that may be intended half as a quiet satire, while "A Speakin' Ghost" is a touching little "dream" of a hungry, lonely mother-heart, emptied because of the young sons who found each a sailor's grave. A little ghost boy comes to her every twilight, whom she trains in the Christian doctrines, and sends back to "his people" on Christmas Eve.

The remaining "Dreams" are equally pretty in conception.

The underlying tenderness, the purity and the human longing that gives rise to each dream is not all the charm, for much lies in the manner of telling and the atmosphere of word and field which environs this delightful, pure breathing little volume.

"The Seven Dreamers," by Mrs. Slosson. Harper Bros., New York. Briggs Pub. Co., Toronto.

Marshall Saunders, our young Halifax writer, who captured the humane reading world with the story of "Beautiful Joe," has published a story for the little ones entitled "Charles and His Lamb."

In this little volume Miss Saunders has presented scenes from the life of a real baby boy, whose passionate love for animals is prettily shown.

"Charles and His Lamb" is a glimpse of child life in its setting of love, but the author has made the mistake of interleaving the simple narrative wit' adult philosophies. The child's relations to his dumb friends are viewed and discussed from an adult standpoint. The little story is not permitted to "tell itself" or point its own lesson; while, again, much of the language is entirely above childish comprehension.

Many paragraphs and one or two chapters should be eliminated if "Charles and His Lamb" is intended, as the author asserts, "for little folks," else the story must be broken in bits, crumbled into softness for baby lips,—all of which somewhat mars the pretty baby story.

"Charles and His Lamb," by Marshall Saunders. Baines, New York. Briggs Pub. Co., Toronto.

REVIEWER.

## IN A ROSE GARDEN.

It is with a thought of Easter and the Easter blossoms that we make our March journey, for we know that in the sunny glass houses—the birth places of the winter blooms—lilies, azaleas, carnations, roses and all the flower world are now putting forth their buds, ready to make sweet the approaching festival of the Resurrection.

It is a pilgrimage worth the making, as Toronto citizens have discovered. There is rarely a day in the week, or an hour in the day, that flower lovers may not be found wandering up and down through the great acreage of the Dunlop conservatories, basking with the myriad blossoms in the glorious sunlight that flashes through the crystal roofing, sharing with them the fructifying heat, and becoming one with them in silent receptivity of all gracious natural influence.

For they overpower our humanity—these forests of beautiful things. We leave our passions and pains outside in the chill March world, as factors that are no more part of us; we enter into a newer life and growth—the growth of the lilies.

Acres under glass! A dozen great conservatories, which stretch their glittering length down through vistas of foliage; and thousands of blossoms lifting their graceful crowns in the sunshine.

It is the fairest picture that Toronto can show. It is the sweetest anthem that could be sung.

And no Easter

sermon, from lips however eloquent, could tell forth such gracious truths as do the beautiful still-growing blooms.

\* \* \*

Every one knows where the Dunlop roseries are, west and north and west again, far along Bloor street into the freshness of country air. The trolley drops us close beside them—we see the expanse of glass—a two and a half acreage glittering in the sun; and in a moment we are out of the grey and the chill and the scudding March clouds, we are out of our pains and humanities too,—we are in a tropic land and—considering the lilies.

We are greeted by Mr. Dunlop, who is always found among his blossoms; and with his permission, begin our ramble—a dear familiar ramble it has become to many of us—under glass and amid masses of rose blooms, on and on as long as we will, with ever fresh vistas opening before us.

What a walk it is! Here are rose bushes by the mile—clean, healthy, sturdy, stemmed plants with never a touch of mildew or blight. Such perfect cleanliness, such daintiness even, is about these acres of blossoms. Hardly a decayed leaf may be seen, while

the rich dark mold in the expanse of beds is as free from litter as the cherished pot in a woman's window garden.

The same condition is observable throughout the great area of grass. There is nothing of murkiness, of broken or begrimed panes; all is radiantly clear and bright. It is easy to understand how the sweet delicate blossoms flourish in such an atmosphere.

Mr. Dunlop's conservatories are built in modern style, the short span of roof being to the south, so that the sun is at right angles to the angle of the glass, giving increased heat from December to March. Eighty thousand feet under glass, a dozen great glass houses radiating from a center; and in these early months of the year, these months of hot-house blooms, two thousand roses are cut each day, while the sweet-freighted bushes push up two buds for every one that is taken.

\* \* \*

We reach the fragrant roses through a miniature forest of feathery green banks

perfect growth and development; what power of fructification, is expressed in this beautiful silent place with its long stretches of blossom. "Consider the lilies—how they grow." The involuntary sense of contrast between this gracious growth and human striving, presses strong upon us as we stand thus restfully among the Sunset roses.

And then we pass from one great glass acreage to another. Here are the crimson roses, from the deep-tinted damask to the pale shell-pink of the bridal rose. Great full-hearted American Beauties send their heavy sweetness to greet us, while the Jacqueminot awaits our coming. We pause to admire the moss roses—crimson buds enveloped in their fretted fringe of green.

Presently we are among the white roses, so delicate and pure. They too, have their great glass garden, and down among them we find that rarest and most fairy-like conception—the white moss rose. We involuntarily held our breath, as we bent over the bewitching thing, so dainty, cool, and exquisite.

Acres of roses under the sunlit glass, ready for the Easter cutting, sweet and bright for the Easter churches! It is a beautiful thing to stand in the midst of them. But other flowers were ready also. Two great conservatories are given over to carnations, a flower fast increasing in popularity and the cultivation of which is a specialty second only to the roses in the Dunlop conservatories.

One would hardly recognize the old-

fashioned, ragged-fringed 'pink' in these stretching fields of double white beauties, with their fragrant clove perfume.

We pass amid flaunting azaleas and rhododendrons, their sturdy bushes all aflame.

Violets and sweet peas, and the Easter lilies standing like tall white angels with golden harps; these we find all ablossom in the sunlight. But we come back among the roses. We walked on an elevated pathway above the rosebush tops, and looked down at the mass of delicate bloom—on and on, far down beneath the glass, until once again we are alone, hidden in a wreath of growing things.

The odor of the fresh earth beds comes about us with vitalizing power, the leaves and blossoms glisten with recent spraying. All about us, and in far reaching vistas, is a wealth of delicate roses bending in bud and blossom upon their slender stems. Up above through the arching glass the blue sky with its drift of soft white clouds bends graciously to the great stretch of bloom beneath the glass, while the sun pours an eternal summer time down. And as we stand in the midst of the flowers the joy and beauty creep into our hearts, and we gather, in the brooding silence, the secret of their peace.



MR. DUNLOP IN HIS CONSERVATORIES.

of plummy fern, asparagus and palms, with a great bed of smilax climbing skyward by means of slender cords; every leaf is agloss with sunshine and radiant with uplifting. It is beautiful to be in the sunlight glow amid this fresh young growth. But we pass through and beyond it to the first of the rose gardens—a great gleaming place filled with proud delicate fragrant beauties of cream and sunset tints.

Never a red rose here, never a touch of deep color, but only our fairest favorites, the exquisite Sunset blossoms.

We stand for a little far down in the midst of them. There is none to disturb us. The men are busy in other places. So silent it is that we can almost hear the buds uncurling their soft petals; yet it is the silence of intense life and vigor,—not of death.

The sky above the clear domed roof is blue, softened with chasing cloud drifts; the sunshine, intensified and sparkling through the glass floods us with golden warmth. It bathes the beautiful creamy blossoms, until they almost droop in the languor of light and heat, and we can watch the delicate petals uncurling and the buds breaking to full bloom.

What intense life; what content; what

## ELIZABETH BARTON'S PEACE.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

WE sat around the grate one night at Easter-tide—four of us. We talked of the pain that eats the happiness out of so many hearts; of the abiding peace of the few. Then Alice looked up at Elizabeth Barton.

"You have peace written all over your face," the young girl cried.

We followed her gaze, and surely it was there. Such a strong calm, such sweetness and gravity, seldom comes except when a great old age and well-borne sorrow have mellowed the soul and softened the features. But Elizabeth was not old—forty by the book, thirty if you trusted your eyes alone.

"Tell us how it came there—the peace," cried Alice, for our Alice was ever impetuous.

"Do," someone else said; "it will be an Easter sermonette, with 'peace on earth' for the text."

And Elizabeth began: "Years ago when the snowy blossoms of the cherry had glorified all the gaunt gray trees in an old-fashioned country garden, a young girl sat up in the branches of the one next the house. Three branches curved up from a strong upright one and formed a seat; another made a foot stool. The blooms were in their prime, and the wind coaxed a fresh odor from them that, partly sweet, had yet a tang of bitterness in it. The sunshine fell across the pages of the book the girl held in her lap, and the white flowers swaying above mottled it with flickering shadows. She had forgotten the tale she had been reading. Her eyes rested on a patch of red brick wall that flamed through the twigs. It was the farm house where she lived and to-day she loathed even the sight of its well-made bricks. Her eyes swelled with feeling and grew moist. Her bosom fell and rose with passionate breathing. Her fingers wound and unwound about the branches, which much handling had made shiny and red-brown instead of misty gray.

"Her life was so narrow, she thought, and she longed to get away from it all. She wanted to live in great cities, to move among crowds, to travel in other lands. People in books always did. There was no use reading. She envied the very fictitious people who moved through the written pages. These things passed through the girl's mind, and she kept leaning her head on her book and blistering the pages with tears because her little world was so narrow and her poor little soul so starved. Time passed, and the girl grew querulous. She fretted at the bonds that held her to the old farm house, with its heavy, dark furniture, its few books, and its meager living won by hard toil. The discontent blurred her brain. She could no longer give herself over to the spell of the outdoor world, which she had loved so well. It was all tinged with the shadow of her disappointment.

"One day a change came. The mainspring of a life snapped in a darkened room in the old brick house. Then the girl was free to wander at her will. Her purse was filled with the wealth that the dead hands had relinquished to her. Then she traveled,—here and there, year after year, until one day she thought of the old home and the cherry trees in the garden. She returned. Still she had no happiness. Money became a care. She grew suspicious of those about her.

Attentions of mere kindness became to her only bids for financial recognition. 'There is nothing in the mere "having" of things,' she said one day. 'One must themselves "be" something. To be famous—that is the end of life.'

"There was a sharp turn in her manner of living. She toiled early and late at her chosen work—toiled as if she were winning her bread by it, laying to one side all other pleasure, sacrificing every other wish. And the reward came. The world saw her success and congratulated itself for having declared for it. People said one to the other, 'I told you so; I said she had it in her,' and they smiled and bowed, while she smiled back and pretended to be happy.

"Then love came into her life. She tasted the dear delights of wifhood and motherhood. She idolized her husband and little child, but it was selfish love she gave them, and true peace had not yet come into her life."

There was a long pause. Alice had grown strangely silent. Elizabeth's face was whiter than usual, and a shadow, borne of recollections, darkened it a little. Presently she went on: "Then sorrow came to her. She laid her baby under the grass, out there on the hill, and her husband came back from a terrible illness—blind. She gave up her life to him, led him by the hand, tended him as if he were a little child, read to him, played for him, soothed him on his bad days, and forsook her acquaintances, her friends, her chosen work to minister to him. Then, little girl,"—and she stooped to pass her hand over Alice's bent head—"then the peace came.

"The restlessness had gone out of her life. There was no burning to have or to be, only to do for others something to make life's way the easier."

Alice was weeping. No one spoke for a moment, and then the philosopher cleared his throat and began in that hard dry voice which is only a cover for emotion: "But if you—that is, she—had never gone away from the farm house; if the restlessness had no chance to feed itself to death on activity, if—if—all the rest had not happened?"

He trod clumsily over the trouble, unwilling to hurt, yet possessed by the philosophy of it all.

"I scarcely know," Elizabeth said wearily, "but, oh surely—surely it could have come otherwise. It was so much to pay even for peace."

"Still, I cannot see" began the philosopher, but she stopped him with an uplifted finger.

"There comes my husband," she said, softly, and she rose to lead him in.

No one else had heard the halting steps, the fumbling of the fingers for the door that was always in the dark.

"We were talking of peace, dear," she began, as she helped him into a low chair, "the peace of Easter-tide—how it comes and what it is."

"Yes, yes," he mumbled, mechanically; and then he laughed a little. There was a vacant look on his face, and his lips parted and drooped.

She had not told us all. The illness which had taken his sight, had also clouded his brain. He was an imbecile.

## STAMP DEPARTMENT.

In the year 1875 the Dominion Government issued special stamps for registered matter only. There were three values, all similar in design, engraved and printed by the American Bank Note Co. The registration fee was: To foreign countries, 8 cents; to United States, 5 cents; throughout Canada, 2 cents. In 1878 the 8-cent value was withdrawn from circulation, and in 1889 the 2-cent also was withdrawn. The registration fee now is 5 cents to any part of Canada, United States, or to any foreign land.

Many dealers have noticed that collecting among boys is on the decrease, and credit the decline to the high price many stamps command, preventing the juvenile completing his sets. Collecting among men and women is increasing at such a rate that in time it will be an adult pastime. But the dealers realize that the boys and girls are not to be neglected, and, like good business men, are casting about for some way whereby to present the fascination of stamp collecting in an alluring light to the juvenile mind. Many schemes have been suggested, and put aside, but two seem to have attracted some attention. One is for the dealers to combine and give away free a few million of the common stamps done up in packets of 50 or more. This a good idea, but how to do it is another trouble. One party suggests advertising the fact in the daily papers, but this is too expensive. Another proposes giving the stamps to some large tobacco firm to give away with their "brain killers." This last idea is ridiculous on its face, and why wide-awake dealers would even consider it, it is strange. In the first place it would advertise the tobacco firm at the dealer's expense; second, people would associate stamps and cigarettes, and condemn the former as they do the latter; third, boys who would buy cigarettes would not make good collectors, or, to speak short, their collecting would do them no good, as observation shows that a boy or girl collectors eager to spend every cent on their stamps.

The entire set of East India stamps are now sincharged "British East Africa" in three lines.

The British Protectorate of Zanzibar has entered the postal union, and a temporary issue of stamps has been made by sincharging the full set of East India stamps.

Previous to 1887 the postal service of Honduras was in a very disorganized condition, and the transmission of mails for the interior was neither regular nor certain. Since that year great improvements have been made, and the service is now surprisingly prompt and regular, considering the lack of good roads, and the fact that the mails are carried by couriers on foot. These men make astonishing trips over mountain trails and swollen rivers, climbing steep hills and fording streams with heavy mail bags on their shoulders, yet generally outstripping mounted travelers and arriving safely at their destination. In Canada all letters addressed to Government or sent out by them are carried free, but in Honduras the bishop and all postmasters receive correspondence addressed to them free of charge.

## POSTAGE STAMPS

Brazil, 15 var., 25c; Portugal, 13 var., 15c; Mexico, 15 var., 25c; Serbia, 14 var., 30c; Canada, 20 var., 28c; Newfoundland, 5 var., 10c; Great Britain (jubilee set), 12 var., 8c; pac' t' 10 foreign post cards, 25c; 15 rare issues, India, Egypt, etc., 50c; 50 postage stamps, 10c; stamp album, holds 2,500 stamps, illustrat., 25c; Korea, 3 var., 10c; Japan, 10 var., 10c; Samoa, 8 var., 15c. Price list

rec. Old stamps bought, WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto, Canada.



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**MANY LADIES**

Have had the experience shown above and learned to obviate it by using only the old reliable "**EVER-READYS.**" Your dealer sells them if he is up-to-date; if not, he isn't, so buy elsewhere. See the name on every stay.

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**FALLING HAIR RESTORED.....**

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Please ask for Mme. Ireland, and see her personally. . . .

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201 DIVISION STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

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Be to announce that they are prepared to take orders for making

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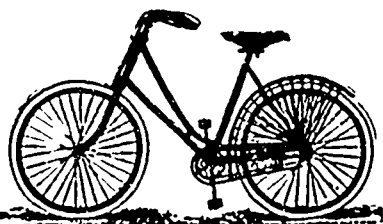
And solicit your esteemed patronage.

Orders for Children's Summer Frocks should be placed early in order to avoid the press of work before vacation.

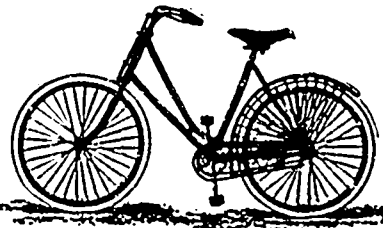
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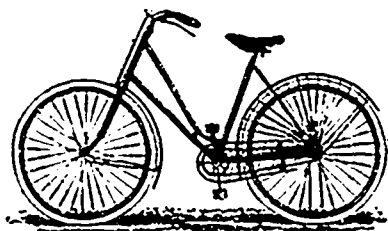


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For the higher class trade we have the

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This cycle has more useful improvements, and requires less care and attention, than any other.

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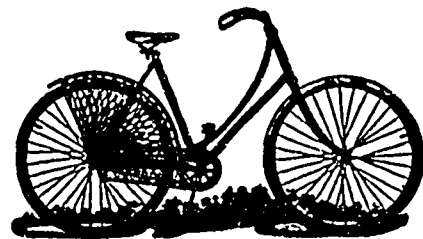
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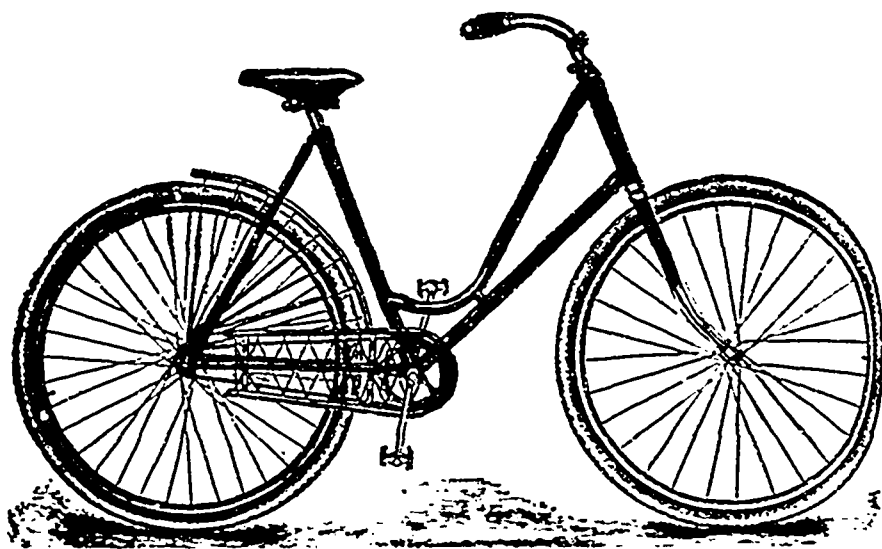
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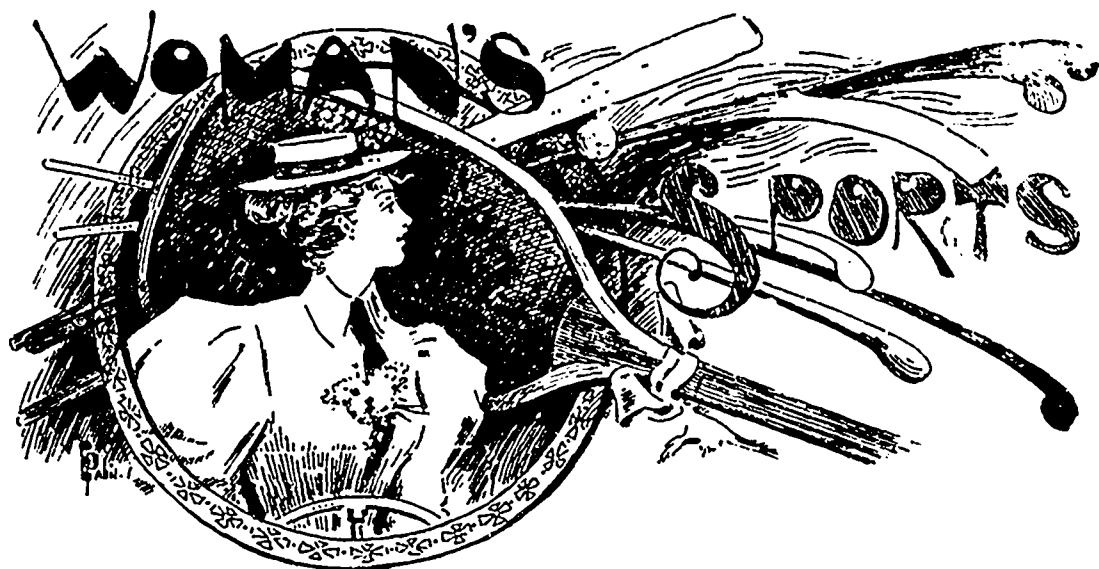


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THE JOHN GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORP’N  
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THE different bicycle clubs of the city are reorganizing and getting into good shape for the summer, and many new clubs are being formed. While there is no club that I know of, entirely composed of women, there are very few which do not admit the fair sex as members. The membership of the Knickerbocker Club has closed with one hundred and twenty-five members, nearly half of whom are ladies. The Baptist Bicycle and Social Union Club is in even a more flourishing condition than last season. Then there are many clubs among the branches of the Epworth League in connection with the various city churches. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Elm Street, Euclid Avenue, and many others have, I understand, properly organized clubs. That of Broadway Methodist Tabernacle of which Mr. E. S. Caswell is president, and Miss L. Roberts secretary—is perhaps as characteristic of this class of clubs as any. Each member wears the familiar Epworth League colors of white and crimson, on a wider crimson background, attached to the breast by a particularly handsome silver monogram pin. They meet for a run every Saturday afternoon during the season, and this year it is hoped that several enjoyable union meets may be arranged.

Thinking of a discussion I heard the other day regarding bicycling as an exercise for women, it occurs to me to give my readers the opinion of a famous medical man, writing in the *Forum* recently. After saying that bicycling is an "excellent preventive of disease and a promoter of good health," he goes on to remark that it "is of no less value as a remedy for certain pathological conditions." He tells us that, "by its effect on respiration and digestion, bicycling becomes a potent remedy for anæmia, that condition of the blood which consists in a diminution of the red corpuscles, and shows itself in pallor of the skin and the mucous membranes. Numerous nervous troubles are relieved or cured by this exercise; such as nervous prostration—a condition usually due to overwork or worry, and in which the normal strength is lost, and the slightest exertion causes fatigue and physical and mental exhaustion. The same holds good in regard to headache, insomnia, and neuralgia. Among the nervous affections benefited by bicycle riding, may also be included asthma, a cramp-like contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes which causes a painful sensation of choking. Many diseases of the intestinal canal—such as dyspepsia, constipation, and hemorrhoids—yield to the effects of wheeling."

So we see that seemingly in many cases where a delicate woman might fear to take

up the exercise, it would be in reality of the greatest benefit. Of course, though bicycling is a valuable resource in certain diseased conditions, there are numerous others in which it should only be indulged in very cautiously. "Most acute diseases," he goes on to tell us, "demand rest, and many chronic ills are made worse by riding." It would be folly for a person with advanced pulmonary consumption, for instance, to attempt to ride; and persons affected with any weakness of the heart should be careful not to over-exert themselves. But as any form of exertion is equally objectionable in such cases, I think that his opinion of bicycling is, in the main, most favorable.

Mrs. Geo. C. Gibbons has been re-elected president, and Miss Millie Harris secretary of the London Golf Club.

By the way, lovers of golf are being warned that among the new ills that attack humanity in these latter days—and are supposed to be induced by too great devotion to some particular calling or pleasure—the muscular trouble known as "golf arm" is the latest. It is a most painful tingling and numbness about the elbow, thumb and first finger. In fact, stripped of the technical terms and proper anatomical description, the symptoms resolve themselves into very much the same as those unpleasant ones caused by knocking ones "funny bone." "It appears to be due," we are told, "to the repeated whip-like and sudden contractions of the triceps, bruising the musculo-spinal nerve";—and needless to say, it decidedly interferes with one's enjoyment of the game. As the only cure suggested is refraining from the exercise for an indefinite time, it will be well for lovers of this most wholesome and delightful of out-door games, to show discretion in the amount of play they indulge in.

What about walking clubs? The delightful spring days will soon tempt to all sorts of out-door exercise. It is to be hoped that golfing, bicycling, and other sports, will not cause this health-giving and delightful diversion to fall into abeyance. Get out your neat, stout, walking boots;—see that they have low heels and sensible toes—the serge or tweed skirt that is not too long, and has a bodice that admits of freedom of respiration and motion; the jaunty coat or cape and that neat round hat which is comfortably becoming, but boasts neither feather nor flower to droop or wilt before a possible drop or two of rain. Don the easy gloves that will not be spoiled should you be tempted to carry home some of the lovely wares displayed by nature at her great "spring opening"—which has been heralded by the songs of

birds, and the music of the many voices again let loose from winter's thrall;—and take an invigorating walk to some point of interest or beauty.

See if the merry men and maids do not return with the glow of healthful exercise upon their cheeks, the brightness of pleasure in their eyes, and appetites!—well, don't offer them a cup of tea and a sponge cake.

We all knew that the bicycle schools were sure to be well patronized, still I was really surprised when I went into the Remington Cycle School, on Yonge street, the other morning, to see the number of persons who were learning to ride. All ages are represented among the pupils, from the little tot of five years to the elderly lady of three score. Since the school was opened it has been found necessary to increase the staff of teachers, and the time of those now employed is taxed to the utmost at most hours of the day.

The Hyslop, Son & McBurney school on King street is a fine place and will doubtless be much used. The managers intend holding a reception in the near future, when the public will be invited to see the preparations that have been made for the comfort and benefit of their patrons. CYCLIST.



## Cycling

*Is such a healthy and invigorating exercise and gives such genuine and lasting pleasure to the rider that it has become universally popular.*

*Our Riding Academy is thoroughly equipped with every convenience for teaching beginners to ride, and as a place of thorough conscientious instruction is unrivaled.*

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*Illustrated booklet on application.*

**McDonald & Willson**

187 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Agents for "Remington," "Columbia," and "M. & W. Special."

How many of you belong to the Biological Section of the Canadian Institute? The members specially interested in botany hold outings to gather specimens every Saturday afternoon during the summer season, and they invite those of either sex having the same tastes to join them. I understand that it is not necessary to be a member of the Institute to be allowed to go out with the botanizing section; and the pleasure and benefit to be derived from these delightful walks, is surely not understood nor appreciated by the public, or the number of those availing themselves of the opportunity would be greater than it is.

One of the features of the Military Tournament to be held in April will be bicycle exercises, in which a corps of six men and six women will participate. This is one of the latest fads among the cycling enthusiasts of England, and is called there the "musical ride." It is on the same lines as the manoeuvres of the crack cavalry regiments, and requires skilful riding.

It is pleasant to know that the senseless and cruel practice of chopping dog's ears, is being discountenanced. At a recent meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club it was decided that dogs born on and after July 1st next, will not be eligible for competition at shows held under club rules, when ears are cropped or mutilated.

It is not likely that the club will hold a show this spring, as that of last season did not pay expenses. The annual meeting of the club is to be held during exhibition week.

Miss Harriet Ford, of Toronto, won the prize of fifty dollars offered by the management of the Canadian Horse Show for the best poster design. There were forty-six designs submitted, and as a number of clever artists—both Canadian and American—competed, Miss Ford may well be congratulated upon her success. The poster is a striking picture in blue and black—the Horse Show colors—representing a woman in riding habit, with the Armories in the background. It is bold in color and outline, and the work is of the latest popular styles.

CYCLIST.

Now that house-cleaning season is here, busy housewives will do well to remember that Sunlight Soap possesses especial cleansing properties, yet does not injure the hands in using. It is a rare combination that makes a soap equally good for both coarse and delicate textures. To be obliged to keep half a dozen qualities of soap in the household stock is troublesome. Sunlight Soap serves all purposes. No household should be without it in these days of spring cleaning.

The newly discovered "Rough on Rain" should be found as useful as the Diamond Dye when the traveling world at large realize its simplicity. A pail of water and one bottle of this wash will make your bicycle suit or cloak impervious to rain or water, without in the least injuring the material beyond the usual shrinkage that always follows the first good wetting. Pressing when dry is, of course, necessary. The preparation is especially useful to cyclists, who, with cap and suit of material rendered waterproof by this means, are quite callous as to the vagaries of the weather. One particularly nice thing about the liquid is that it leaves none of the disagreeable odor that generally belongs to all garbs of the waterproof species.

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"The Yellow Fellow"  
FINISHED IN ORANGE



OR IN BLACK IF YOU WISH IT

**Supreme...**  
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**Symmetry**  
and.....  
**Strength..**

**N**OT an excess ounce in its construction, and with all the lightness there is not a weak spot. Staunch, light-running, compact, best work, best material, best ideas, no lost motion, no lost power. The merits of a bicycle are not important alone to the maker or dealer, but to the purchaser. Study the good points of all good wheels and you'll select the STEARNS as yours for 1896.

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THE '96 STEARNS MAILED FREE.

**The American Rattan Co.**  
CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS      Toronto

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at 5 per cent.

Valuations Made.  
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Marseilles—9-1, \$1.50 to 2.00.  
 " 10x10, \$2.50 to 5.00.  
 " 10x12, 4.00 to 8.00.

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Marseilles—4x5, at 65, 75, \$1.00 and 1.20.  
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 1.25, 1.30, 1.50 and 1.60.  
 " 5x6, at \$1.00, 1.20, 1.25, 1.50,  
 1.60, 1.75 and 1.80.  
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 and 1.75.  
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8x10, at \$2.75.  
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At \$1.10, 1.20, 1.25 and 1.40.

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Canadian, White, Fine, All Wool—  
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 4.50, 5.00 and 6.00.  
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 5.50, 6.00, 6.50 and 7.50.  
 " 11-1, at \$5.00, 5.50, 6.50,  
 7.00, 7.50 and 8.50.  
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 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50.  
 " 11-1, at \$7.50, 8.00, 8.50,  
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4-1, at \$1.50 and 2.25.  
 5-1, at \$1.25, 2.25, 2.75 and 3.75.  
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Printed Sateen Coverings, full bed size,  
 at \$1.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 8.00 to 18.00.  
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Full Size, at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

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Ecru, 3 yds., from \$1.00 to 1.50 pair.  
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All the new patterns, from 25c. to 35c.  
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Are extremely frequent in this climate, and their danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they will wear themselves out. That they do not and that hundreds are being hurried in consequence to untimely graves is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, a preparation of inestimable value in all pulmonary complaints. In addition to supplying the oil in a form in which it may easily be assimilated and without disturbing the stomach, it represents the nutritive properties of wheat, oats and barley, and is therefore a reconstructive and tissue former of eminent value. Not less important is the action of maltine on starchy foods. These are rendered digestible and capable of replacing the wastes of the body. This is Nature's own method. Try Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

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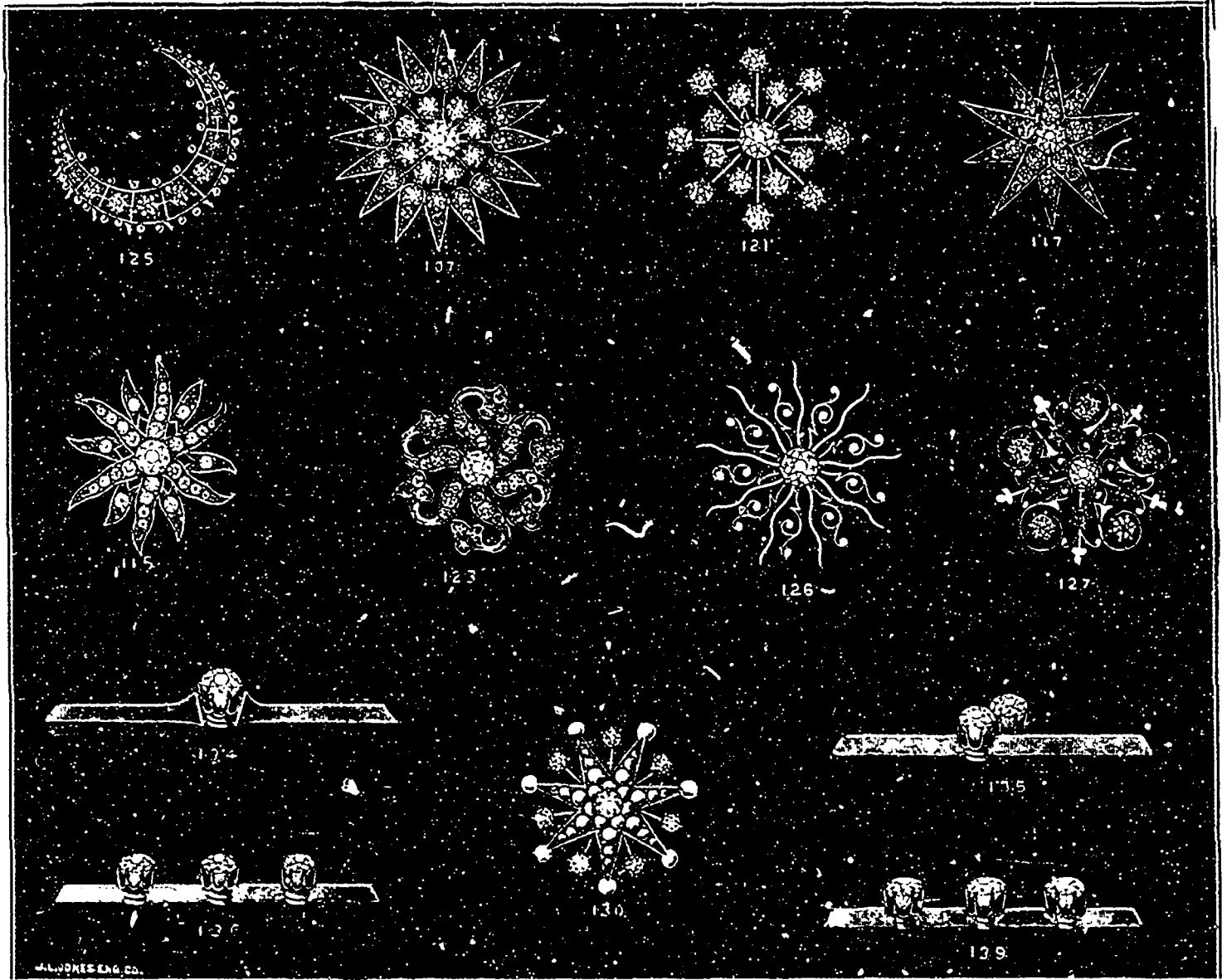
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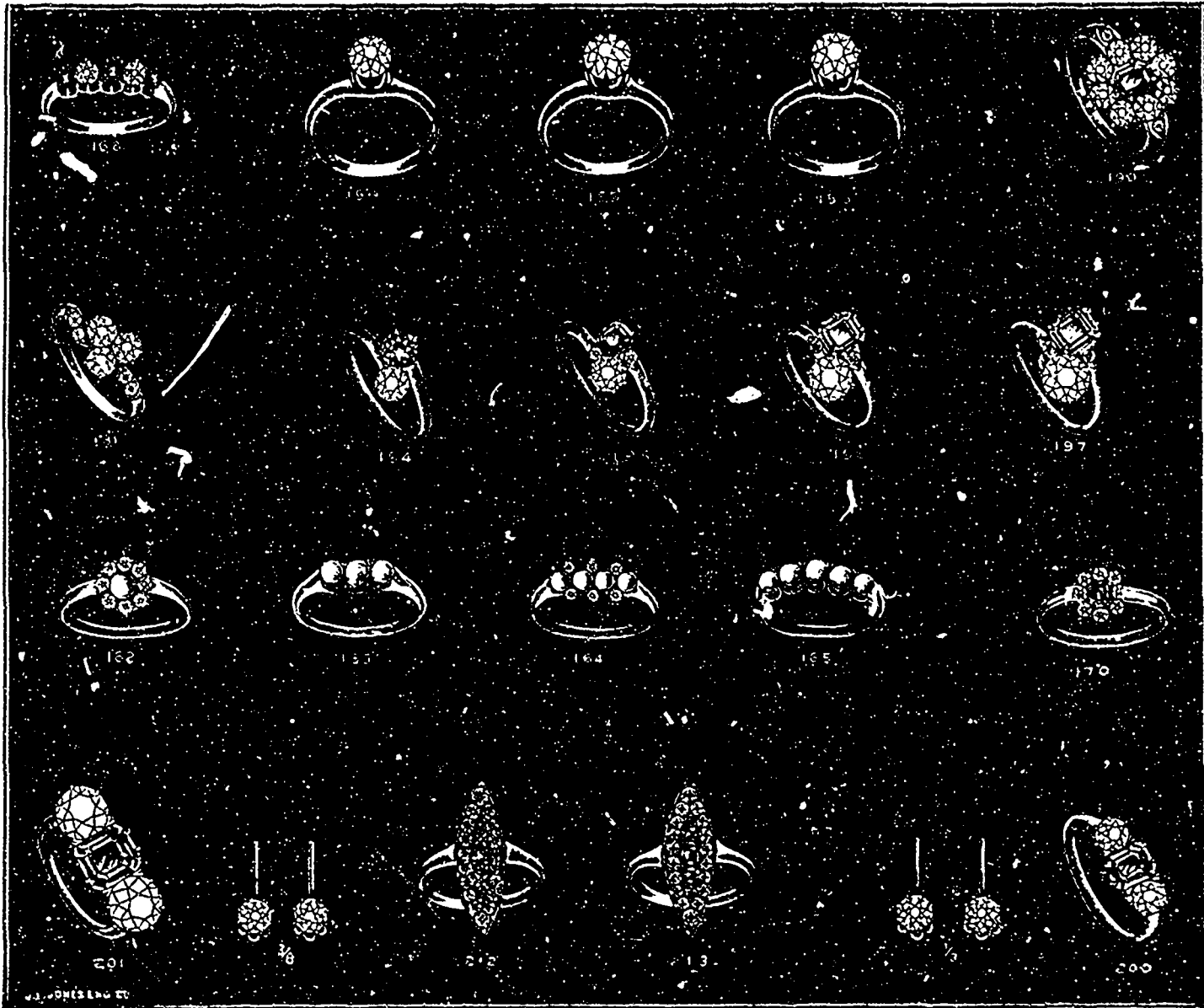
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- Natural Llama Wool Vests, H.N.L.A., in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$1.25 to 2.45.
- Scotch Merino Vests, H.N.L.A. (white), in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$2.00 to 3.25.
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- Natural Llama Wool Vests, H.N.S.A., in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$1.25 to 2.25.
- Scotch Merino Vests, H.N.S.A. (white), in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$2.00 to 3.00.
- Scotch Merino Vests, low neck and no sleeve, in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$1.75 to 2.25.
- Indian Gauze (silk and wool) Vests, low neck, no sleeve, high neck and short sleeve, and high neck and long arm, from \$2.50 to 4.25.
- Heavy Silk and Wool Vests, high neck and short sleeve, and high neck and long arm, from \$2.75 to 3.75.
- Novi Spun Silk Vests, high neck and short sleeve, and high neck and long sleeve, from \$3.25 to 7.00.
- Golf and Bicycle Jerseys, white, navy and black, all sizes, at \$1.75, 2.40 and 3.00.
- Natural Llama Wool Drawers, in light, medium and heavy weight, from \$1.50 to 2.25.
- White Scotch Merino Drawers, "knee" or "ankle" length, in light, medium or heavy weight, from \$2.10 to 3.50.
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- Ladies' Novi Spun Silk Drawers, from \$1.50 to 3.50.
- Natural Llama Wool Combination Suits, in light, medium and heavy weight, H.N.S.A and H.N.L.A., "ankle" length, from \$2.75 to 4.50.
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- Special line of Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, three pairs for \$1.00.
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Write for Spring Catalogue, which contains fuller information.

ORDERS BY MAIL ARE GIVEN SPECIAL CARE.

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## FRESH FUN.

A clergyman of the Church of Scotland took much interest in the progress of a highland student and aided him as much as he could in his studies preparatory to getting a license from the presbytery. In one thing, however, he was deficient. Both minister and student were much exercised as to how to overcome the difficulty. Neither knew anything of Hebrew, and how the young man was to meet the reverend court without it sorely puzzled them both. At last the clergyman saw his way clear, as if by inspiration. "Take your Gaelic Bible," he said, "and when you are asked to read Hebrew go on reading it." The day came, the trial proceeded and everything passed off satisfactorily. The young man was requested to read Hebrew and with fear and trembling he drew forth his Gaelic Bible and proceeded to read and translate. After he had gone on thus for a short time, "That will do," said the moderator. "What do you say, brethren?" Every reverend brother complimented the young man on his familiarity with Hebrew, and it is said the young man is now preaching in New York.

\* \* \*

The following delicious production which the *Lancet* received from the medical man to whom it was sent shows, we think, that the child mind in this country is equally interesting. The letter is written upon a small pink paper, ornamented with a picture of a pony, and we transcribe it verbatim, omitting only names and addresses: "Dear Dr. —, — I would be very pleased if you would let me have a Baby for one guinea. We want it on The 4th of Febry for Mother's birthday. We would like it fat and Bonny, with blue eyes and fair hair. We Children are going to give it to her ourselves please answer at once. — Yours sincerely,—ARCHIE.—P.S.—Which would be the cheaper a boy or a girl?" We commend this to the notice of Professor Sully. The P.S. is delightful, and who is there shall answer the momentous question? The age of the writer—the eldest child—we may add, is seven; and the letter, except for certain paternal instructions as to spelling, given without seeing the letter, is the unaided composition of "we children."

\* \* \*

Dr. Erskine an eminent Scottish divine, was remarkable for his gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pocket handkerchief that Mrs. Erskine suspected that it had been stolen, so to detect the culprit she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of the coat-tail. Half way up the stairs to the pulpit the doctor felt a tug at his coat. He turned around to an old woman and said, with gentleness, "No' the day, honest woman, no' the day; Mrs. Erskin has sewed it in."

The rows upon rows of pretty boxes with their little bright tongs and appetizing contents show the extensive business the Nasmith Co. does in the line of delicate candies. Home manufacture started in August of last year, and on account of increased business the company has had to move to much larger quarters this month. Especial care is paid to the wrapping of mail orders that the confectionery may be received in perfect condition. Pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, prune, apricot, peach, cherry, orange and lemon are the favorite fruit flavors, also one from the pitachia nut is much liked. Almonds, walnuts and filberts find favor amongst the nut candies. Delicious little bon-bon boxes are ready for Easter gifts.

## CLEARING SALE.

Now is a chance to buy shoes at prices not heard of before. We are closing out our stock of shoes in our retail store before the 30th of April. All must be sold. All our special lines at net wholesale cost for "cash."



If you want first-class goods, goods that will fit and wear, goods that will pay to buy, this is a chance to get them. All our stock must be sold, as our lease expires on the above date.

Any comments on the excellence of our goods is unnecessary, as the public know all about them. For years they have bought them and worn them and have had satisfaction.

Call early before the sizes get broken, for they will not be replaced.

**The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.**  
79 King St. East.

## H. & C. BLACHFORD

Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure, in our  
**SHOES**

**Ladies**  
and  
**Gentlemen**

Try our Goodyear Welted Boots and Shoes  
for Spring Wear.

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Examine our new stock of Leggings just  
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Are the Best Made and in the Newest  
Styles.

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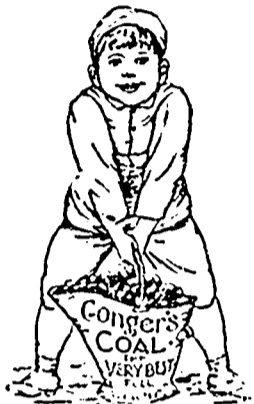
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Pure, Rich Milk, In . . . . Sealed Bottles  
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**Coal and Wood**



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A medicinal Chewing Gum, recommended by physicians for Indigestion; 5c. per bar. Sold everywhere—take no substitute.

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 THE TOUGHEST FABRIC.  
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Guarantees to restore it to health and promote and increase the growth. We do Hairdressing in Latest Fashionable Styles for Balls, Weddings and Parties. We only employ Expert Hair Dressers, and all our rooms are strictly private. Reduced prices for Schools and Large Families. We treat the Hair by the Quarter or Half Yearly. Note address. . . . .

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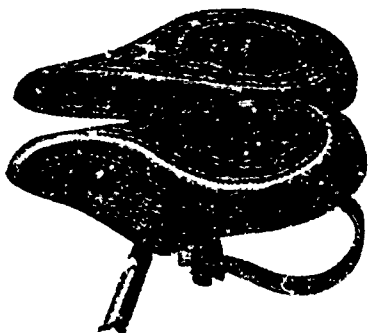
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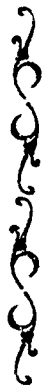
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Black Broches, exclusive designs, 75c., \$1.00 1.50. \$2.00, 3.75.

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Special offering—100 pieces Fancy Silks, Persian effects and Pin Stripe at 35c.



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Ladies', Misses' and Children's Footwear that'll not disappoint. Prices leaving your way.

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THE GREATEST GATHERING of good merchandise for the season's trade we've ever had the pleasure of exhibiting. We take strong ground, but we're back of everything we say. Absolute supremacy in variety, unmatched in prices. Spring stocks are complete. The finest makes of the best makers in the world make up a wonderland of novel new things. Conditions are bettering—service is perfect, and this house reaches out for greater usefulness to you on a real merit basis.

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### COSTUMES AND NOVELTIES

The New Styles, the New Novelties, the great variety, the wonders in color effects for this Spring, overtop the best we've ever shown, and we can honestly lay claim to having absolutely gone the entire round of goodness in selecting for this Season's trade. To test that our wish to meet your every demand is appreciated, drop in any day and note the crowds at the Dress Goods counters.

Black and Colored Mohair Brilliantine, Black and Colored Mohair Sicilians, Black and Colored Mohair Alpacas. Black and Colored Mohair Fancies, Fancy Mohair Sicilians, Silk and Wool Mixtures, Hair Stripes and Pin Dots. NEW TWEEDS Venotian Finish, Covert Coatings, Fancy Suitings. FRENCH NOVELTIES in Silk and Wool, and Silk and Mohair. Gheno and Dresden Designs.

Extra good values in Tweeds, small checks and fancy designs, 25c., 35c. and 50c. a yard. Pure Moh or Lustres, fawn, grey and dark shadings, 25c. a yard. Silk and Wool Mixtures, in colors, 44 in. wide, newest weaves and designs, 75c. a yard. Silk and Wool, two-tone effects and fancy designs, very latest combinations of colors, 50c., \$1.00, and 1.25 a yard. Pure Mohair Sicilians and Brilliantines, great range of shades, 35c., 75c. and up to \$1.50 a yard. 100 French Pattern Dresses, no two alike, elegant, rich textures, from \$7.50 to 25.00.

### NOVELTIES IN NEW SILKS.

For blouse and summer dresses. New patterns, quaint and durable. Some exclusive designs. The most beautiful effects in shades and color combinations.

Kai-Kai Wash Silks, plain and corded, 21 inches wide, all newest colors, 25c. a yard. Fancy Striped Japanese Habutai Silks, very choice colorings, quite new in style, perfect in fast colors, 35c. a yard. 50 combinations of colors, in broche, fancy designs, stripes and shot effects, wear guaranteed, 50c., 75c. and 1.00 a yard. Silk waist lengths, 6 yards to a pattern, imported for Louis XVI. coats and fancy waists, elegant designs, from \$1.00 to 2.75 a yard. Black Brocades, all the rage in London, New York and Paris, for ladies' costumes, lovely designs, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, to 3.00 a yard.

Write for Samples.

## HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Spring stocks in spring and summer weights, great variety; best and most reliable makes. We're noted for honest quality, and sales are increased because comparisons prove that we combine quality and low prices.

Children's Fine Cashmere Socks in tan, black and white, 15c. a pair. Misses' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 4-6-8-10 knee, double heel and toes, 25c. a pair. Ladies' Plain and Ribbed Cashmere Hose, full-fashioned, double heel and toe, 25c. a pair. Ladies' Plain and Ribbed Cashmere Hose, extra value, 35c. 3 pairs for \$1.00. Ladies' Ribbed Balbriggan Vests, short sleeves, slaped, 25c. Ladies' Fancy Lisle Thread Vests, 35c. Ladies' Ribbed Natural Vests, short sleeves, finest make, 50c. Ladies' Ribbed Natural Vests, high neck and long sleeves, finest make, 65c.

## Ladies' Walking Suits.

We are making a specialty of fine walking suits, ready-made or made to order. Best of styles, beautifully made and trimmed, and they are to be quite the style this season.

Fine Tweed Suits, ready to wear, at \$7.50, 8.50, 10.00 and 12.00. Fine Black or Navy Serge Suits \$10.00, 12.00 and 15.00. Ladies' Bicycle Suits, Norfolk shape, 3 pieces, jacket, skirt and Bl.-omers, to order, \$15.00. Ladies' Black Brilliantine Suits, silk lined jackets, skirt fully lined, made in best style, to order \$15.75. Ladies' Navy and Black Serge Suits, wide skirt, newest shape, jacket silk lined, skirt lined throughout, to order \$15.75.

## FINE KID GLOVES.

This store's good reputation for good values has been helped to the enviable position it holds for reliability as much by the genuine good values given in the Glove Department as any other department in the house, and maybe more so. This season's assortment is now complete; every pair has been made to our order for our own special Glove trade, and, knowing glove values as we do, we're not overstating in saying that it's the largest and best stock in Toronto this season. Every noted maker in the world has contributed to its completeness.

Ladies' 4-button and 7-hook Lacing Kid Gloves, regular value 75c., for 50c. Ladies' Buttoned and Laced French Kid Gloves, black and colored, Dent's and Pawns, regular value \$1.00 and 1.25, for 75c. Ladies' Buttoned and Laced Fine French Kid Gloves, guaranteed Perrin's and Pawns, for \$1.00. Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves, large pearl buttons, embroidered backs, Dent's and Wertheimer's, regular value \$1.35, for \$1.00. Ladies' Derby Gloves, large button, pique sewn, gusset fingers, Paris points, special, \$1.25. Ladies' Finest Quality French Kid Gloves, large pearl buttons, gusset fingers, in white, pink, primrose and pearl, embroidered with black, special \$1.35. Ladies' Derby Gloves, 3 large press buttons, pique sewn, gusset fingers, Paris points, heavy black embroidery, stylish and durable, the newest thing, special \$1.50. Ladies' Russian Leather Soft Gauntlet Driving Gloves, very stylish, special, \$1.50.

## LADIES' FINE BOOTS.

Only the best makes of the best English and Canadian makers are represented in our stock of ladies' fine foot-wear. Not an old style to offer you. Full assortment of sizes and widths. A complete range of Slater's finest makes. Prices not high on any line.

Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, pointed opera toe, mock welt edge, \$4.00. Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, needle and razor toe, hand turned, \$3.50. Ladies' Fine Kid Button Boots, needle, razor and London toe, \$4.00. Ladies' Fine Kid Oxford Shoe, razor toe, hand sewed turn, \$2.75. Ladies' Fine Kid Oxford Shoe, needle and London toe, \$2.00. Ladies' Fine Kid Oxford Shoe, needle and London Toe, \$1.50. Misses' Fine Kid Button Boot, spring-heel, neat, fine shoe, \$2.00. Children's Fine Kid Button Boot, spring-heel, hand-sewed turn, \$1.25.

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