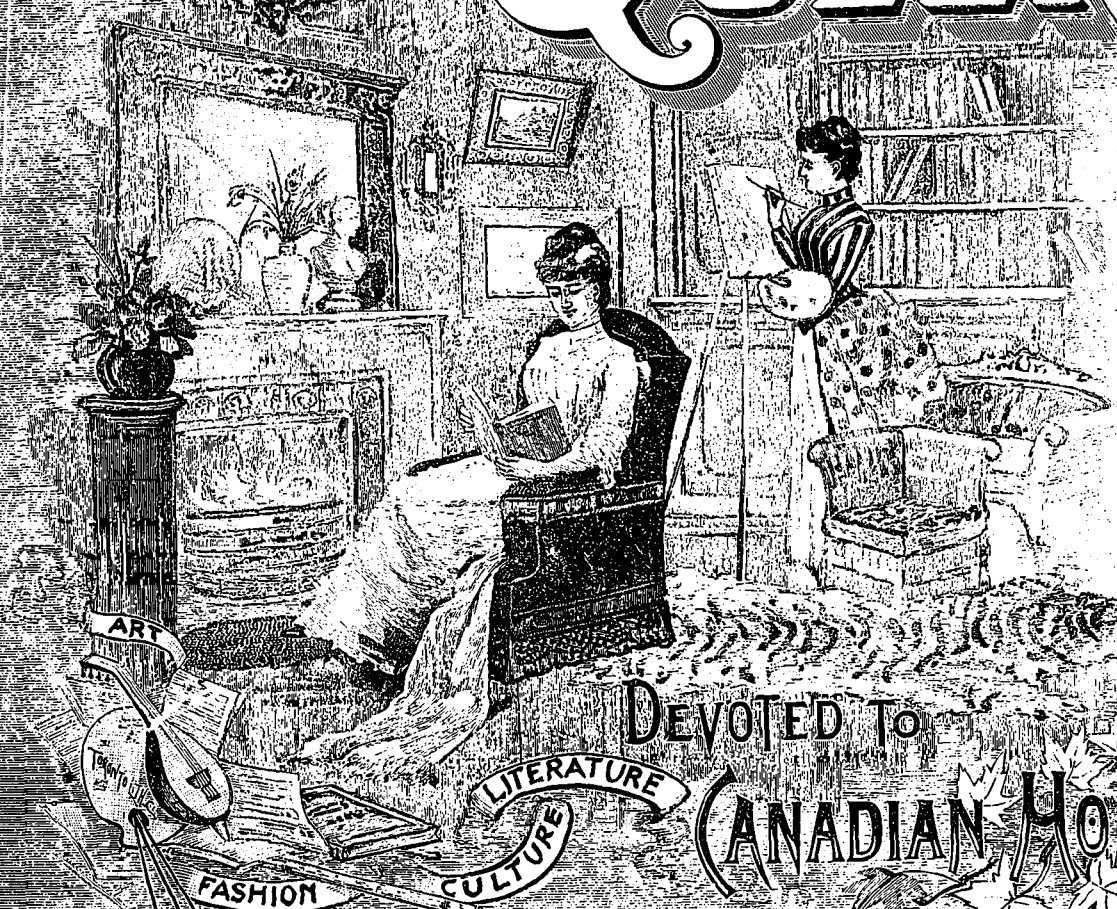


Oct. 1890.

The Canadian QUEEN



ART

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LITERATURE

CANADIAN HOMES

FASHION

CULTURE

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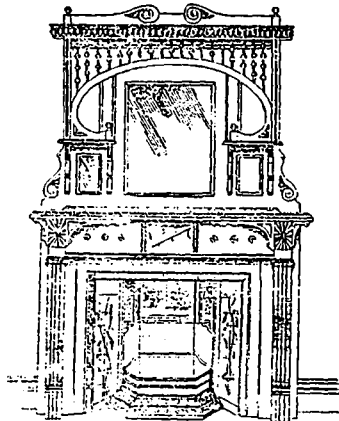
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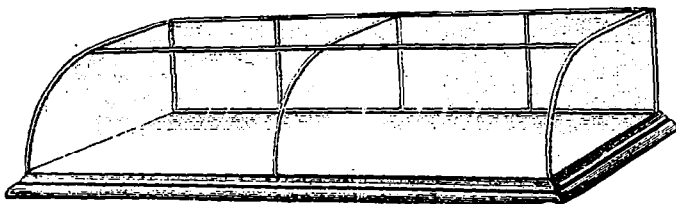
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THE CANADIAN QUEEN

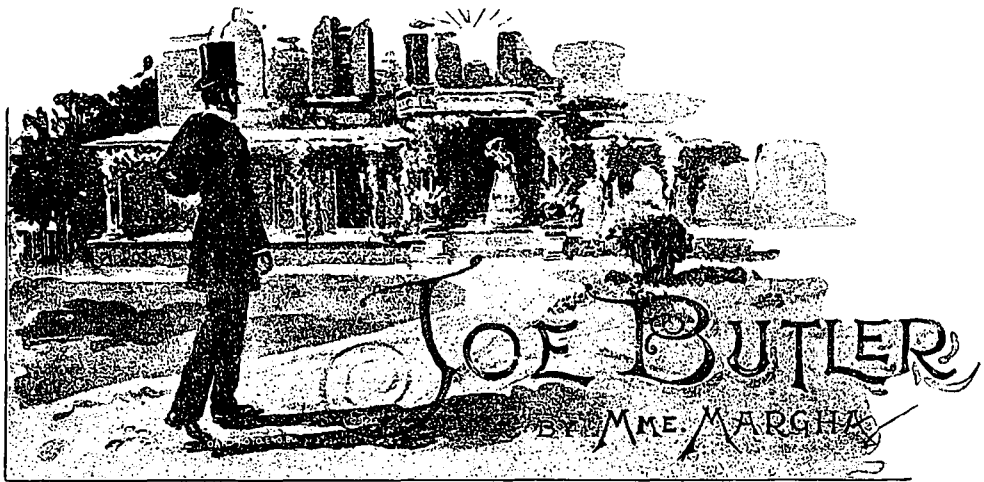
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TORONTO, CAN. CO.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 10



FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN

SECOND PORTION.

BELLEVUE, in 1860, was a pleasant town on the shores of the Bay of Trent. Its streets were shaded by the elm and maple. The painted frame houses, and more pretentious brick ones, which composed the town, showed signs of thrift and taste. The lawns were neat and well kept. Geraniums, verbenas and foliage plants in great variety, skirted the grounds, or were gathered into beds, while the never-failing rose bush and stately oleander, occupied dignified positions near the portico or verandah. Beds of mignonette, violets and pansies were to be found in the sheltered nooks, and ferns, brought from the low lands outside the town, were nursed in mimic caverns. On the lawns of the well-to-do townsmen, flourished summer-houses over whose sides climbed the scarlet-runner and morning-glory while croquet-balls and mallets, grace hoops and skipping ropes, lay quietly together, waiting for the hands of youths and maidens, to bring them into life. Yes, Bellevue was an attractive town—not on account of its wealth, for no millionaire dwelt there—but for its bright, homely ways, its comfort and cheer. Visitors lingered in the hospitable homes, loath to depart, children, reared by its happy firesides, dreaded the time when they would have to go out in the world “to do for themselves.” When they had gone and found the world not so cold, or bad as they thought, they still remembered the old home in Bellevue

as something which no mansion, however grand or stately could replace. Now it is a city. It has cast off its shell of “Old Town” and has got into its new dress of “A young City,” but to me, to those who are middle-aged, it must ever be “Dear Old Bellevue.”

Up the gravelled walk of one of the most pleasant of these homes, one afternoon, walked a gentleman, the owner of the lawn and house. If we had been observant we would have seen his name on a wooden sign at the side of his office door, on the main street:

ANGUS MORRISON,

Attorney, Barrister-at-law, etc.

Over his shoulder he carried a blue bag, which was stuffed with law papers. It is true that sometimes it contained his mail or an evening paper; but generally, he did not deceive the public. The papers that thrust their ends and sides out of the mouth of the bag were legitimate law business which had to be waded through before the lawyer could sleep. Angus Morrison was a busy man. Gifted by nature with a logical mind and a ready tongue, he was engaged in all cases where special pleading was necessary. As the people in that county had the same habit of falling out with their neighbors, contesting wills, quarreling over bits of land, and failing to turn up on the wedding day, that poor epraved human nature has in all parts of this round world;

as this small piece of Ontario was as grasping and quarrelsome as gossipy and amorous as the rest of mankind, Angus Morrison, had plenty to do.

John Butler spoke of him to Joe as, "Widow Morrison's boy." His father, who was a carpenter, died from injuries received at the raising of John Butler's barn. He left Angus, his only legacy, to his young wife. His last words to the boy were: "Angus lad, ye'll be a mon some day, take care o' yer mither, She'll hae to work hard to rear ye. Be a mon, laddie, be a mon, but dinna forget yer mither."

Angus Morrison, had not forgotten. He was called a hard man by some, he was called worldly and proud by others, but down in his heart, untouched by the clamor and strife of the world, he kept the memory of his father's last words. Often, in his office, deep in some difficult case, he would go back to the day when he stood by the side of his father's bed and the toil-worn fingers held his in their last grasp. Yes, he had taken care of his mother. It is true, she had toiled hard for him, had sewed and spun for the farmer's wives, had wrought early and late, to help him. He, too, had fought a hard battle with poverty and weariness, but he had conquered, and for fifteen years his mother had been resting. Her room was the brightest and most luxurious in his pleasant home. His children shared their joys and sorrows with her, and his wife, though she had not cared for her during the early years of her married life, was completely won by her mother-in-law's skilful nursing of her first-born child and son, Theodore. The doctor told her that, not his medicine, but Grandma's tact and experience had given her back her boy. From that time she became her friend.

Angus Morrison's wife was an ambitious woman. Her father, old Dr. Rapley, had given her every advantage, finishing her education with two years at Madame Lamonte's Academy for young ladies, in the city of Montreal.

Her coming out in the little society of Bellevue, created quite a sensation. Her hats and dresses were imitated by less favored maidens, and in turn the cooks, housemaids and nurses copied them, until Marie Rapley directed the fashions of the little social world around her.

Now, her name had been the source of untold misery to Dr. Rapley's accomplished daughter. She had been christened "Mary Jane." Her mother dying in her infancy and she not being old enough to consult, her father ventured to call her after her mother and grandmother. Mistaken man! After Mary Jane arrived at years of discretion she determined to throw off the incubus of her name. How could she be stylish or exclusive while it was written in her letters, called after her by friends' and hurled at her by her father—for he, being blessed with a pair of sound lungs, sent the hated name flying up the stairs and through the rooms after her—until her insulted taste could bear it no longer. So she called herself "Marie," not "Maria," but beautiful, French "Marie."

After reigning the acknowledged belle of the town for several years, she accepted the hand of Angus Morrison. The little world of Bellevue said it was a good match. She would give the young lawyer position, and he would make money, for every one admitted he was a rising man.

It turned out as the world predicted, money poured into the barrister's purse, and "The Maples," became one of the favorite haunts of "Society."

In the naming of her children, she ignored all ancestral claims, and selected those which she thought most aristocratic and aesthetic.

Theodore, her eldest, was a restless, assertive, handsome youth of eighteen.

Leopold, her youngest was gentler, more studious, but keener and equally well-favored.

Gwendolyn, aged sixteen, her father's pet and a general favorite. Where did she get her golden hair and blue eyes, her perfect complexion and well-moulded limbs? Not from her father, mother or any known relative past or present.

"I must have tum straight from Död, Mamma," she said to her mother one day, when a wee thing, she heard herself being discussed by a lady-caller.

"I think so," the lady answered, "no one but God could have sent you here."

Between Mrs. Morrison and her daughter, as she grew in years, there was little in common. When a child, Gwendolyn obeyed her, but as she grew older one thing was growing plainer—there was no affinity between them.

Sad ending to a mother's love and ambition, if after the tedious care-taking of babyhood, and the anxious guiding through girlhood, the child be not a friend!

The looker-on must come to one of two conclusions, either the mother is weaker than the child, and has not been able to mould her after her own image, or the

two natures are antagonistic.

Mrs. Morrison was not a weak woman, she carried out her purposes with a determined will. "The world will praise thee when thou doest well unto thyself." Why should it not speak well of its own? Mrs. Morrison's creed, her practical creed was,—to do well—to shine in society—to be the envied possessor of the finest house, and the prettiest children—to give the most brilliant parties, and to shine as the best-dressed and most handsome woman there. Her world praised her for this. It called her a clever, brilliant woman, and it spoke the truth. She cleverly spent her own and her husband's means, in adorning her home, her children and herself.

Her ball was the grand social gathering of the year in Bellevue—her smaller parties, were in their own way equally gay and fascinating.

It was very annoying to the ambitious mother to find that her daughter never thought of her dress until it was time to put it on, that she often stole from the incessant flattering of her



"A CHANCE AT LAST."

guest's, to the more congenial society of her Grandma or Leopold. It is not to be wondered at, that such a girl should be constantly replying to her mother after this fashion, "I would rather not," or, "I do not think so Mamma," or that the drawing-room and her mother were shunned, and her books and dog preferred.

But we must return to Lawyer Morrison as he walks across his lawn after a long day in his office. Gwenine is standing on the verandah ready, as is her wont, to receive him.

"You are tired, Papa," she said, as she took his hand and went with him into the library.

"Yes," he said, "I am very tired, I have been talking and writing all day."

Gwenine had taken his bag from him, and brought his gown and slippers.

She then left the room but soon returned with a sponge and towel.

"Don't tell Mamma," she said "but it will save your strength."

Then she brushed his hair, giving it many flourishes and loving pats, which he duly appreciated.

"Now, papa" she said waving the brush in the air, "if you only knew how handsome, how deliciously elegant you look, you would always let your devoted daughter dress your hair."

"No doubt, my dear," he said "but hand me my bag, there are some letters I want to read."

"No sir," she said "you shall not read a line, until you have had your dinner. There is the bell, now."

Mrs. Morrison came from the drawing-room where she had been resting, and Leo brought his Grandma from her room and put her in her chair at his father's right hand.

"Gwenie, shall we ride this evening?" her father asked as he finished his dessert

"Oh, yes, papa, and let me have France."

"No," her father said firmly, "you must be content with Fan."

Now, the lawyer had lately purchased two horses, a span or bays. Leo had claimed the honor of naming them. They were of the same height and color, but differed in disposition. One which was fiery and hard to manage he called "France," while the other, a gentle beast, he named "Fan" after Fanny Mason, a maiden who, to him, was all that was lovely and adorable. Gwenie and her father had started for their ride and Theo and Leo stood watching them. Theo spoke with all the authority and contempt of an elder brother.

"What possessed you to give such names to those horses?" he asked "I don't think Fanny Mason will be very much flattered."

"Oh, but I told her," said Leo, "and she likes it." "She is going to call her dog after me, it is a beauty, a St. Bernard pup,

her father brought her from Toronto."

"I wonder what mother would say, if she knew your name was desecrated by a dog, and Fanny Mason's dog, too?"

"Why, what is the matter with Fanny Mason?" asked Leo.

"Oh, nothing," answered his brother, "only the Mater has large plans for our future, and you know Mr. Mason is only a tinsmith."

"Well," said Leo, "there's no harm in that, they are as good as we, if father is a clever lawyer. Grandma has often told me how they had to work until he got through his studies."

"What was in your wise head," asked Theo, "when you called the other horse "France?"

"Why, every one knows that the French are a restless, impetuous nation, and hard to manage. I heard a man say yesterday that he wouldn't be surprised, if they drove the Emperor off the throne, and established a 'Republic'."

"Well," answered Theo, "if they would rather have a Republic, they have a right to establish it."

"Yes," said Leo, "but in a few years, they will want the Empire again."

"Well," said Theo, "let them have it, if they want it, but I would like to know what the French wanting a Republic or an Empire has to do with that horse?"

"Why don't you see," said Leo, "if I want him to go one way, he is sure to want to go the other, and when he is going all right and I think I am having a fine ride, he suddenly kicks up and bolts, and I can hardly save my neck."

"And you think that is like the French do you?" asked Theo, with scorn, "because we could not subdue them we abuse them. I hate that way we English have. If it were not for Norman blood which, thank the gods, flows in our veins, we would be a set of stupid plowmen or fishermen, and the whole world knows that."



"HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, JOE."

"Ha, ha Theo Morrison" laughed Leo, "I guess I know the reason you stand up for the French. Louis Roche's sister was'n't visiting at the Judge's last winter, and you didn't send her a stunning valentine did you?"

"I like the French as well as you, but they are fiery and restless and changeable; Louis Roche told me so himself. He said he felt like killing anyone who insulted him, and he wants change all the time."

"Well," said Theo, "ar'n't all boys like that? 'I am that way myself. That is the reason I am going into business; I am so tired of seeing father with his heaps of law trash. I wonder anyway why people quarrel, and go to law so much. I should think the world would grow tired of it sometime."

"You'll be glad to go to the law" said Leo, "when you are being cheated out of what you think is your own. I am going to be a lawyer, I only hope I'll be as good as father."

How long the boys would have continued to wrangle cannot be said, as they generally carried it on for an indefinite period. Gwennie and their father returning, however, they soon forgot their dispute in the pleasure of a two hours canter on the beautiful shores of the bay.

CHAPTER II.

"Now Gwennie, for my letters," said her father, as he settled himself in his easy chair in the library.

"Let me help you papa," said the merry girl as she emptied the contents of the blue bag on the table, "see here is one from Bethel, where you lived when a boy. May I read it?"

"Yes," her father answered, "but if you see that it is on private business, just leave it."

"No papa," she answered eagerly, "it is from some one who wants to be a lawyer, he wants you to take him into your office, his name is Joseph Butler."

"Ah" said her father, "just give it to me, you may run away now for a little while, I have some work that I must do to-night."

"All right papa," said Gwennie cheerfully, "I wish girls could be lawyers, I would be your confidential clerk, and do all this work for you."

"What would I do for a little girl then," said her father "to bring my slippers and brush my hair. By-the-by, Mamma, found that sponge and towel and brush on the table, I heard her talking to Kitty about it. You must not do it again."

"No papa," said Gwennie unless you are very, very tired, like you were to-night."

As Gwennie went through the hall she encountered Kitty, the housemaid. Her eyes were red and her face had a sullen look.

"What is the matter Kitty?" asked Gwennie.

"Miss Gwennie, perhaps you'll make it right with your mother. She says I took the brush and sponge out of your father's room and was fixing myself at the mirror in the library. Perhaps you know how they got there, I don't."

"You poor girl," said Gwennie "come with me," and taking her by the hand she almost dragged her to the drawing-room.

"Mamma," she said "Kitty had nothing to do with the sponge and brush being in the library. I did it. Papa looked so pale and tired when he came home that I brought them down to him to save him going to his room."

Her mother looked up from the book she was reading. "Very well, you may go Kitty, and Gwendolyne when your father becomes so weak that he cannot go to his room to arrange his toilet, we will provide him an ambulance," and she returned to her book.

When Kitty returned to the kitchen she unburdened herself to Jane, the cook. "Miss Gwennie set it all right," she said "but Mrs. Morrison never as much as said she was sorry for accusin' me of taking Master's things, and lying about it."

"Oh," answered Jane in a consolatory tone "Mistress is'n't half the lady that Miss Gwennie is, if she is her mother, she does'n't care for no one but herself." Just then Gwennie appeared in the kitchen door.

"Kitty, I just want to tell you not to feel hard towards dear Mamma, for you know she could not tell that I would do such a thing. It was all my carelessness. I brought you a blue ribbon to wear with your new dress Kitty. Do you like it?"

"Yes, miss, but ye need'n't have troubled, your words made it all right."

"Now, Kitty," said Gwennie "I want you to wear this next Sunday afternoon when you go out for a walk with-you-know-who. See, if he does not tell you that you look just sweet."

"Msis Gwennie, now you're teasing me," said Kitty as she ran laughing to her room to put the pretty ribbon away.

Left alone Lawyer Morrison took the letter his daughter had opened and read:

MR. MORRISON,

SIR.—I am the youngest son of John Butler, whom you knew when a boy. I want to study law, and I do not know how to start. Father is not willing for me to be a lawyer; he will not help me at all, so I will have to help myself. Can you take me into your office? I will do anything to get along, only I want to study evenings. I can write a fair hand, am pretty good at figures, and know some Latin. If you cannot take me please tell me what to do.

Your servant,

JOSEPH BUTLER.

"A chance at last," the lawyer sighed, "yes I'll take the boy and make a man of him. Poor Libbie Butler, how could I know that she would pine and die, because I broke faith with her. I thought she would have married some young farmer and forgotten me long ago. I only kissed her one night and told her I would come back for her, when I had made a name. But I did not go back. I married instead for position, and poor foolish Libbie pined for years, then died. The old man might have sued me, but she was too proud to complain. She was their only daughter, too, and their first-born. It was a mean thing, a dastardly thing to do. I always hate to think of it, or to go back to the old place where she lived, but I've a chance at last to make restitution. I'll take this brother of hers, and do my best for him, and perhaps," he said, "my sin may be forgiven." He sat with his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed moodily on the carpet.

The lawyer was not a sentimental man, but there were two memories that always touched and awoke the tender or better part of his nature. One was the honest father who had left him in his childhood, the other was the pretty country girl who had loved him so truly, and trusted him so implicitly that, when he forgot her as something not worth remembering, her heart withered and her spirit went, let us hope, to a country where truth reigns.

As he sits in his chair the past comes up before him, and his child Gwendolyne is in his thoughts.

What if any man, in the years to come, should treat her so, should teach her to love him, then go away and forget her? What would he do, sue him for breach of promise? "No" he said aloud "I'd shoot him down like a dog."

Now, of all living things, the lawyer loved Gwennie best. From her infancy she had entwined herself around her father's heart, and as she grew up to girlhood, the bond was strengthened by her loyalty to and affection for him. She had grown to be dearer than name or wealth, she was his idol before whom he bowed. If any one had told him that he was an idolator, he would have been indignant, he would have said he was as good as those who judged him.

His mother had brought him up to believe that honesty, strict integrity, was what God demanded, not talking or professing but "living right," dealing "well with your neighbors" that was her religion. She taught him to love his neighbor as himself, but the first great command "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and mind, and soul and strength," was secondary. The result was, Angus Morrison was an honest lawyer. He had never charged a cent more than his legal fee, he had never used one dollar of the monies entrusted him to invest. They were all out on good interest and the original owners were satisfied. He was an honest man but an idolater. He went to the Kirk every Sabbath with his handsome, stylish wife. Gwennie always sat by him in the pew, and listened to the sermon, but while the minister was expounding, propounding and trying to pound into his hearers one of the articles of the "West-

minster Confession" Lawyer Morrison's thoughts wandered to the mazes of some pending law-suit and were with difficulty brought back as the tired parson pronounced the benediction.

He gave to the poor, as a matter of course, every one did that in Bellevue. He was hospitable, that is, his wife entertained a great many guests. He worshipped, not God but golden-haired blue-eyed Gwendolyne. If he had really loved his wife, perhaps, he would not have so completely gone over to the worship of his child.

Again, if anyone told him that he did not love his wife, he would have become very angry, probably knocked the man down who could have so insulted him, yet in his soul he knew that the admiration he felt for Marie Rapley had not grown into that all absorbing, satisfying thing which men call Love. From the time that he awoke to see that his wife loved, not him, but the tyrant that either rules or casts out,—for to be thrust aside as nothing, to be rivalled by one of Society's votaries was worse than death to his wife,—from that time he gave her what she desired, "Society." Whether, she cared for more, whether she ever longed for a place in the inner temple of his heart, he could not tell, nor did he seek to know.

When his mother placed his little daughter in his arms, he opened his heart to her, he even dropped a tear on the red little face, and as she grew older she became dearer. He built an altar, and worshipped, not the Creator but the creature.

Being a practical man he did not sit many minutes gazing at the carpet, he rose, pulled himself together and went up the stairs to his mother's room. He could hear the chatter and laughter of his wife and her guests, but it grated on his nerves, so he rapped and entered at the same moment.

"Are you busy mother?"

"I'm not sae busy, that I canna attend to ye," she answered.

"You remember the Butlers, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, and you mind them too, Angus."

"I've a letter from their youngest son, he wants to enter my office. I think I'll take him."

"Ah," answered his mother as she reflected.

"I'd like to do something for him, what do you think about it," he asked.

"Why do you ask me, an old woman? Do as you think fit, Angus. They were an honest, straight-walking family all o' them. Poor woman! She's never been the same I hear, since Libbie died. Poor girl, I'll ne'er forget her, she was sae gude to me, when you were awa' Angus, getting your law through wi'. It was sae strange that she sae bonny and bright, should fade and de'e as she did. Yes, Angus tek' the boy, he'll be a faithful servant."

"I'll write him to night," said her son as he left the room.

Away in his country home, Joe Butler sat one evening on the steps of the verandah, fanning himself with his hat, for there had been another hot day. His brother Sam came up with a letter.

"Here's a letter for you, Joe, from Bellevue. I don't see who you know there."

Joe took the letter from his brother's hand and went to his room. He tore the envelope open and read :

To JOSEPH BUTLER,

I want a junior clerk in my office. I will require you to do a good deal of copying, and to make yourself generally useful. In return, I will give you your board and two dollars a week. You can also have your evenings for study. Come as soon as possible.

ANGUS MORRISON.

Joe was almost stunned by his good fortune. He stood looking at the letter, then round the room at the rough furniture, but

he thought of, neither the letter nor furniture. He lifted his eyes to the rafters which formed the ceiling of his room and said solemnly.

"This is the second time my prayer has been answered, I thank Thee and I'll not forget."

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

THIS is the age of whitewash. Modern offenders are carefully provided with a coat of white by their party organ or friendly newspaper, and monsters of antiquity are apologised for in biographies. Nero has lately been represented as a mere *fanatico per la musica* who continued to practice on the violin during an accidental fire that burned Rome. Caligula, a person with a strong sense of justice. Even Iscariot has had his apologists. On the other hand there are personages who have been badly treated by historians. Of these perhaps Lucrezia Borgia has been the most maligned woman that has appeared in all the ages. As in the days of Addison's *Spectator* scurrilous verses were circulated from hand to hand in coffee houses, so in Rome, malicious rhymsters have always been noted for vile personal libels intended for wit. The practice is as old as old Rome. Lucrezia's bad name as a poisoner, a wanton, a practitioner of the black art, and, worse still, as the heroine of an opera, has rested for three hundred and fifty years solely on two epigrams in bad Latin, of two lines each, written by two wretched scribblers, named Pontanus and Sanazarus, both of them pedants and both hostile to the Borgias. In the present strongmindedness of the sex, there is no reason why a translation should not be given of these malignant doggerels, but really they are not worth it.

All grades of the Romish Church being celibate, as they are now, they could not come under the ceremony of marriage. Yet many of the princes of the Church at the time of our sketch openly formed domestic ties, and the connection was no more looked down upon than is a morganatic marriage on the continent of Europe at the present day. In accordance with the almost universal custom, Roderigo Borgia, a Spanish bishop, formed a left-hand connection with the Signora Sanozza, a Roman lady, with whom he lived nearly thirty years, there being no statement that they were other than faithful to each other. Three children, John, Caesar and Lucrezia, were the fruits of this union. When Borgia came to the papal throne by the title of Alexander VI. Vanozza and family removed from Spain to Rome.

Alexander was fond of the children of Vanozza. Rich and highly polished they at once took their place in the first ranks of Roman nobility. Lucrezia was very beautiful. Her figure was all that is graceful. Her complexion fairer than is common in Spain. A tress of her hair, that is still extant, is tendril-like and silky and of that warm red-gold tint loved by the Italian painters. In manner she was gay and *espieghe, chic* and full of life. She was high-bred but details of her education are wanting. Convents at that time taught little beyond religious formula. No doubt she was entrusted to masters, for she shone in all the accomplishments of the highest society. Speaking of her afterwards, when she was Duchess of Ferrara, a competent authority describes her as speaking Spanish, Latin, Greek, Italian and French. She composed passable verses in all of those tongues. Painting and drawing were her pastimes, and she excelled in embroidery, specimens of which were much admired in her later years in Ferrara. She knew music, although

on what instruments is not stated, but as her brother, the terrible Caesar Borgia, who was educated with her, was not only a sweet poet but a skilled musician, she is not likely to have been mediocre in the gay science.

According to the custom of the age the young and handsome girl was a card in her father's hand to be played to the best advantage. Lucrezia was passive in his hands, as other young ladies of the time were in their matrimonial destinies. In her childhood her parent formally affianced her to the young son of a Spanish gentleman, but when she grew up set this aside and married her to John Sforza, an Italian nobleman, whom, on the whole, she seems to have loved. After four years of married life her father, with the rise of his fortunes, looked higher and therefore dissolved the marriage. Having political designs on the kingdom of Naples he next wedded her to a son of the Neapolitan king, but ere three years had elapsed new political complications had arisen. The Borgias having joined the French interest Caesar Borgia caused his sister's Neapolitan husband to be assassinated. Thus, before she was twenty-one, she had been twice forcibly widowed. In those troublous times the matter was regarded as a mere affair of diplomacy. Both after her first and second widowhood she resumed her place in Roman society, somewhat tempered with the dignity of matronage it may be, and certainly with nothing against her that has come down to us. On the contrary, from scattered notices, we should gather that she was a general favorite in the fashionable world. When young and foolish she had been an object of alarm and detestation to the grave old ecclesiastics of the Roman conclave. It could not be otherwise. Lucrezia was thoughtless, and either ignored or braved the rule that forbade women within the sacred precincts of the vatican. Occasionally she would make her way to the pope's apartments and there treat him in the free-and-easy way that spoiled daughters are apt to treat too indulgent "Pa." She would insist on opening his letters for him, and otherwise upset things in a way that caused a shudder throughout ecclesiastical circles. It was at this time the shameless epigrams above mentioned were circulated.

The sovereign house of Este of Ferrara was one of the proudest and most high-toned of the Italian principedoms. It happened that when Lucrezia was three months widowed from her Neapolitan husband, the Duke of Ferrara was looking for a suitable wife for his eldest son, heir to the ducal throne, and his eye fell on Lucrezia as a suitable consort. It is altogether improbable that so proud and irreproachable a house would have sought the alliance of a woman of evil character. In this case there was less of political consideration than in the two previous wedlocks. A solemn embassy was sent from Ferrara to sue for Lucrezia's hand for Prince Alphonso. Negotiations were successful. Pope Alexander was noted for ostentatious display, and Lucrezia's marriage cavalcade from Rome to Ferrara was all that lavish and gorgeous profusion could devise or produce. Contemporary chroniclers revel in details of the pageant. It may interest modern ladies to hear that the bride was married in a robe of gold brocade, with noble maidens holding up the train. The bridegroom's proxy placed a plain gold ring on her finger. Then the Cardinal of Este presented her with four rings, set with very costly diamonds, and placed a box on the table out of which he took sundry diamonds, necklaces, several bracelets of large pearls and four beautiful crosses, with other things of price, in all amounting to 100,000 crowns and upwards, desiring that the bride would, in the meantime, be pleased to accept of these as a mark of his own respect towards her, since

the bridegroom intended, within a little while, to offer her some other things of the same nature, but of more value, and consequently more proportionate to her merit. A handsome wedding truly, and very gallant in the reverent cardinal.

Escorted by a guard of honor, some hundreds strong, the bride made a leisurely journey between the two capitals. Her trousseau, in a vast number of conveyances, headed the procession. For Lucrezia's special use were provided, besides her usual horses and equipage, a mule with a full-sized bed on its back, richly furnished and trimmed, with crimson velvet coverlets and pillows sown with flowers, and with a canopy over it supported by men. Another mule was equipped with a soft armchair in which she could ride for a change. On arrival at the frontier of her territory she was met by the bridegroom, Prince Alphonso, with the old duchess and the principal Ferrarese ladies. Surely sufficient to stamp out the malignant epigrams of two dull wifings.

The time in which Lucrezia Borgia lived was noted in Roman literature. At the head of the *litterati* of the period stood Cardinal Bembo. As was natural around the Latin court, classic literature was in the ascendant. Latin verses passed between Bembo and Lucrezia. For years, both before and after she was duchess, a platonic and literary friendship existed between them, honorable to both. Other *litterati* and men of art found in Lucrezia of Ferrara a patroness and a friend. The history of the duchy speaks of her prudence and piety. For nearly twenty years she reigned the central star of a brilliant court, looked up to with admiration and respect. Her death occurred in 1520. The blood of the house of Este appears in the genealogy of Queen Victoria.

HUNTER DUVAR

SWISS GIRLS AS PACK HORSES.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength, than they are set to the most servile work the land affords. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her o power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side, or along a rough pathway, under the weight of bundles of faggots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped, than they hurried back for others; I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able bodied man.

I have known a young Miss, no older than these, to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step—but she must do it.

And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout limbed guide is protected by law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above 25lbs., but the limit to the burden often put upon the girls, is their inability to stand up under anything more.

But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers, till, by the time the girls have come to womanhood, there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand

103 QUEEN ST., HALIFAX, N.S., SEPT. 15TH, 1890
 To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO.
 DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased to receive the prize on Saturday. Many thanks
 Yours truly,
 EDITH A. LORDLY

A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT.

THAT IS what Beth and I call our newly equipped sewing-room, and we wonder how we ever managed without it. I think our readers will bear us out in the assertion that almost more than the semi-annual house cleaning, husbands and fathers dread the quarterly dressmaking sieges. The sitting-room, or parlor, or bedroom, whichever is for the time turned into a mantua-making establishment, loses its air of home comfort. Scraps of materials, litters of ravelings and hordes of pins bestrew the hastily "tidied" apartment; the cutting table, the frame for draping and garments in all stages of completion, monopolize corners, hooks, or chairs.

Where one occupies a whole house the fitting up of a sewing-room is a very easy matter, but we live in what a writer has wittily called a "vertical village," in other words, in a "flat," and one not blessed with too many apartments at that. Sewing, if done at all, must be done in the parlor, and although we made the dressmaker's visits as few and far between and as short as possible, we felt in every atom of our beings what seasons of torture they were to Fred and the boys. Our cosy room, half library, half parlor, in which at other times we took such comfort and pride, lost its "air" immediately upon the entrance of that useful, but not ornamental article, the sewing machine.

"Mollie," said Beth, one day, "I am going to have a sewing-room before the fall dressmaking begins."

Beth's ingenuity should have made her famous as an inventor before this. When she asserts that a thing is to be done, although it should involve the removal of mountains, I never express a doubt. In this case I calmly waited in perfect faith for further developments.

"Can you spare that 6x7 closet in the hall? There is nothing in it now except some empty trunks and an accumulation of old papers and magazines. The former can go to the store-room in the cellar and the latter be sent to a hospital where they will do some good."

Not at all by way of an objection, I remarked that the closet was perfectly dark.

"We will have a skylight placed in the roof and so arranged that it can be raised or lowered at will from the inside. For rainy days, when it might be desirable to keep it closed, there shall be a small window cut in the door."

As we live on the top floor this was perfectly practicable, and as soon as the carpenter and glazier had finished their work we began to furnish. Shelves were placed around two sides of the room, two deep, and five feet six inches from the floor. These we covered with brown manilla paper, tacking it on with gimp tacks. At either end of the top shelf we inserted screw eyes, and to these fastened a curtain of cretonne shirred on a wire. Here we purposed keeping half finished work. The shelves were ten inches wide, and under the one which ran along the longest side of the room we screwed dress hooks and allowed the curtain of cretonne here to fall to the floor. This took off ten inches from our already tiny apartment, making it practically 6x6, but gave a place in which to hang garments past the folding stage.

As if endeavoring to atone for lack of floor space this closet was fifteen feet high, the ceiling being unpainted rafters, to which we gave a coat of light gray paint. On one side, high enough up to be out of the way, our skirt form, which folds up like an umbrella, was laid across two pegs screwed into the wall. Beside it hung the cutting table, which, when not in use, can be folded flat.

Bits of wall space on either side of the door were taken up

with two home-made cabinets. Eight cigar boxes, ten inches long and three high, were obtained and the covers removed from all but two. Two flat boards about two feet long and as wide as the boxes were next procured, and to each of these four of the boxes were secured with screws, leaving space enough between each to get at the contents, and placing the covered ones at the top. A coat of cherry stain was given and they were fastened to the wall by means of screw-eyes inserted at the top. On the front of each box Beth lettered in gilt the name of its contents, such as "tapes," "buttons," "hooks and eyes," "white thread," "colored thread," "sewing silk and twist," etc.

The floor was painted a light gray and a small rug laid in front of the machine for the feet of the operator. A large and inexpensive willow basket was covered with the cretonne, lined with muslin, and hung up on the wall within easy reach of the hand, for the reception of scraps. A convenient chair for the machine operator and one light willow rocker was all the furniture which the size of the room permitted. Many convenient little accessories have been added from time to time, which we never permitted ourselves to indulge in before, because there was absolutely no place in which to store them when not in use. A number of sheets of stout manilla paper is always kept in readiness upon one of our shelves. When a tissue pattern has been tried and altered to suit, its counterpart is cut from the stouter paper, all the parts numbered and notched exactly, the directions pasted on, the whole pinned together and hung on the wall, or placed in a big pasteboard box on one of the shelves with as little folding as possible. Where a pattern is likely to be wanted frequently this is a great convenience, as the tissue paper so soon tears, wrinkles and creases in such a way that it is difficult to cut a true article from it. Needle-books, emery and thimble cases were fastened to tapes and suspended from the bottom of a shelf or of the cabinets. A crescent shaped pin-cushion, with tapes to tie about the waist, was made for the reception of pins during a fitting process.

Had the room been larger we should have added a gas or oil stove, for heating an iron, and an ironing-board; as it was we had only to step across the hall into the kitchen for these conveniences.

It is not possible for more than two workers to assemble in this room at once, but a third can take a piece of hand sewing to any other room without causing any of the derangement that followed when cutting, fitting and stitching was in progress.

Every woman will agree with me that a sewing-room in a family is a necessity, and I am sure that anyone who has ever come into possession of this necessity, after having managed without it, will also grant me that it is a luxury.

SOME one has said, "It is not the things we do *for* our children that makes them love us most, but the things we do *with* them." Then let us enter into their frolics, their griefs, their studies, thoughts and aims. Let us be one with them from their earliest years, at the same time guiding, helping and training them in the upward way, "that when they are old they may not depart from it." Then, if we should linger till life's shadows are long, till our strength fails, we shall not lack the sustaining love and helpfulness of the children we have reared.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION made quite a fine show on his wedding-day. He wore a rose-colored satin tunic; a mantle of striped silver tissue brocaded with silver crescents; sword of Damascus steel, with hilt of gold, and scabbard of silver sheath. On his head was a rose-colored hat, brocaded in gold with figures of animals.

MINOR POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

THERE are many trifles that it seems scarcely worth while to notice, and yet which inquiries are constantly being made about. If "little drops of water make the mighty ocean," so do these little, seemingly unimportant matters have a bearing on the world of etiquette, and go to make up social life. If we move in society we naturally like to understand the laws and regulations by which society is governed, and however unimportant these details may seem to us, we do not wish to be ignorant of them.

On one occasion a Northern lady, then living in a Southern city, said to her guest: "Would it be etiquette for me to snuff the candles that are on the piano?" "Decidedly not," was the reply; that is the business of your servant." "You Southern people call on the servants to do everything," remarked the lady. "That is what we have them for," was the reply; "and if your waiting-man understood his duties he would know that it is his business to attend to the candles."

It seemed a very trifling matter to this lady that any ceremony should be observed about snuffing the candles; but why perform a duty that naturally belongs to a servant? It certainly is not etiquette for the hostess to go around the room snuffing the candles, if she has servants to perform the duty.

It is not etiquette to request your neighbor at a dinner-party to hand you a dish when there are servants in attendance to whom this duty belongs. Neither is it etiquette for the hostess to order the servant to call up a departing guest's carriage. The servant should be in the hall, ready to perform this service at the order of the guest. A well-trained servant understands perfectly what his duties are, and feels rather indignant when others take it upon themselves to perform them for him.

It is not etiquette, when the summons is given for dinner, for people to rush into the dining-room pell-mell, as if their lives depended upon reaching the table first. A great many years ago, at a Saratoga hotel, a few minutes before the dinner-gong sounded, the guests thronged the corridors, pressing up to the dining-room doors, and, as soon as they were opened, fairly tumbled over each other in their haste to get in. It was a disgraceful exhibition of bad manners, such as is to be hoped is not seen now.

It is not a breach of etiquette on the part of a hostess not to wait dinner after the hour designated in the invitation for a tardy guest; but it is a breach of etiquette on the part of the guest not to be punctual. Why should many persons be kept waiting for one, while the dinner is being overdone or getting cold? A few minutes later is pardonable, but not one minute earlier than the invitation calls for, and this is worth remembering, as the too early guest is apt to find himself an intruder. If there is a necessity for the guest to be punctual, no less necessity is there for the hostess to be the same. She must be in the parlor ready to receive her guests, and not be making her toilet or giving orders while the company await her presence. Neither should dinner appear at eight o'clock when in the invitation the hour is announced as seven.

When a gentleman bows to a lady in the street he must not simply touch his hat, he must remove it from his head, and under no circumstances is a nod permissible. If the lady is sufficiently well acquainted with him to shake hands, she must not shake *his* hand, he must shake *hers*. In going from the parlor to the dining-room the lady—not the gentleman—goes first.

In helping to sauce at the table, pour it at the side of the plate, and not over its contents, and be careful not to pour it over the lady's dress, as some awkward gentlemen have been

known to do. Should this unfortunate accident occur, it is not etiquette for the lady to scold or make a fuss about it. She must do all in her power to put the gentleman at his ease about the disaster. She need not go so far as to say it is of no consequence, for it is of consequence: but there are other polite things that may be said which will tend to alleviate the mortification a gentleman would naturally feel at such an act.

It is not good form to stand arm-in-arm in a ball-room, between the dances; neither is hand-shaking admissible at balls. A cordial bow is all that is necessary. If a gentleman escorts a lady to the supper, he must escort her back to the ball-room.

These are some of the minor points of etiquette about which we have been questioned. It is no crime, of course, to be ignorant of these small matters, but it is better to know what the laws of etiquette are, however small, that govern good society. One thing must be remembered—politeness is absolutely essential if one expects to be considered well-bred. Some persons who have had a sudden rise in fortune think that an arrogant, rude, self-asserting manner is the necessary accompaniment of their wealth; and this it is that has given Americans the name of being an ill-bred, impolite people. In the best society, people are not rude, for rudeness is a sure sign of ill-breeding, and no woman can be called a "gentlewoman" unless she shows in her conduct the sweet grace of politeness.

TRAVELING CHILDREN.

THERE is much written nowadays concerning the home amusement of children. Would it not be well if suggestions were offered for the entertainment of the little people while traveling? Any one who has made a long railway journey must have had her sympathies aroused for the tired little mortals, for whom no provision had been made for varying the monotony of the trip. The mothers or aunts accompanying them were provided with books or knitting work, but the poor children had not even strings to play cats-cradle. No wonder that under these circumstances they fidgeted and wearied their companions, until traveling with children was voted a bore. If a new picture-book, a pencil and paper, a game, or a small doll had been provided, to be brought out at the first appearance of restlessness, the vote might have been different.

A lady starting on a long journey with two children, placed in her satchel some pieces of card-board, scissors and lead pencils. After the novelty of car-riding had worn off, this wise woman produced her treasures. One child cut the card-board into pieces three-quarters of an inch square; the other printed on each square a letter. The alphabet was repeated many times. Then each formed words from the letters and gave to the other to make out. In this way they amused themselves for hours. The mother might have taken the game from home with less trouble to herself, but well she knew there would be more satisfaction in making it for themselves. Paper dolls were cut out and extensive wardrobes fashioned from bright colored paper that had been thoughtfully provided. At the end of the journey the passengers declared the children wonderfully well behaved, and wished that they might always travel with such happy little people. The fact was, the children were ordinary children, but their hours had been so pleasantly occupied, there had been no opportunity for becoming weary and then disagreeable.

HOME AND MOTHER.

THESE are sacred, endearing words. How unfortunate the child who has never known a mother's love, and there are many such. Though none may measure the height, depth and breadth of her unselfish love, yet they can learn something of it as the years go by. When that mother has gone to her rest a life-light has gone to return no more, neither can it be replaced.

An unknown author says: "Mothers live for their children, make sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love freely, so that the name, Mother, is the sweetest in the human language." And yet sons know but little of the deep anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solitude, which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in her private closet, she weighs well the words which she will speak to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all her griefs, the deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love, while her heart is bleeding.

No worthy and successful man ever knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to his mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character, virtue and purity were so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey and omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with his debt not half discharged.

NOT SICK ENOUGH.

It has often been declared that money is a very good measure of emotion. The story is an old one of the man who, when a case of destitution was under discussion, remarked to the meeting, "I am sorry to the extent of twenty dollars. How sorry are the rest of you?" The *Home Journal* tells a good story of a dear little girl, who has her own bright way of doing things for others, but who never ceases to show childhood's simplicity.

One morning Elsie's mother felt very ill, and could not be induced to eat any breakfast, and the child thought she might possibly drink her coffee if she could have it in a new and pretty cup.

There was but one step from thought to action. She put on her hat and ran out to a china store. There she saw a beautiful cup in the window, and going in, found a clerk impatient to serve her.

She told him the whole story of mamma's illness and her own idea about the cup, and the sympathetic clerk at once took

down the pretty bit of china. Elsie examined it.

"Yes," said she, "I think that is just the right thing. How much is it?"

"Twenty-seven dollars," replied the clerk.

"Oh," cried the child, hastily, "my mamma is not as sick as that!"

PETERBORO, SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I received the prize which I won in the recent "Word Contest," and am very much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks for it.

I remain, yours truly,

HARRY STEWART.

162 LOWER ROAD, HALIFAX, N.S. SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I am in receipt of your note of Sept. 12th, and also of the prize for "Word Contest," for which, thanks. I congratulate you on the success of your scheme for increasing the circulation of your paper, and hope that the new competition will bring in as many more new subscribers.

M. M. BOWESTER.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—It affords me great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the handsome prize awarded me in "The Canadian Queen" "Word Contest." The prize, a Cruet Stand, is a most chaste and artistically got up affair, and is highly prized by me.

Your very obedient Servant,

JOHN WADDELL.

115 GOTTINGEN ST., HALIFAX, N.S., SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Your prize (a handsome Coffee Service) was received on the 10th inst. Pardon me not acknowledging it sooner. Our family are much pleased with THE QUEEN and will be quite interested in its welfare. I will do what I can to increase its circulation among my friends; I am anxiously waiting September's copy of it. With many thanks, I remain, yours truly,

MAGGIE T. T. O'DONOGHUE.

SANDWICH, ONT., SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for the prize, I like it very much, and wish you success in your enterprise.

Yours truly,

L. SEDDON.

ANCASTER, ONT., SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—Just received my prize, and am well pleased with it. I like your Magazine very much. Wishing you success

I remain, yours truly,

J. D. TAYLOR.

CEDAR HILL, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR.—I received the prize obtained in competition. Many thanks for the same.

Yours truly,

LIZIE S. REID.

89 GLOUSTER STREET, TORONTO.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

DEAR SIR.—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Silver Tea Service, as the prize in your word contest. I shall be glad to satisfy any persons making enquiries as to your bona fides in this, and as to its real value and elegance.

ANNIE L. JARVIS.



Above cut represents "Flo," one of THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S donies. In the September number we published a picture of "Donald." The girl or boy winning the Special Prize of the Shetland pony in our Word Competition, may choose either of them.

It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with, a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a knife has a very round or ragged edge it does not want any grinding at all, it can be brought into shape far more rapidly by aid of a whetstone and a little oil. It is no use laying the blade flat on the stone and rubbing hard; hold the back of the knife well up and sharpen the edge of the blade only. If you know how to use it, the back of a knife is an excellent steel or sharpener, but the secret is hard to acquire.

CHINA AND GLASS.

NOTHING spoils the look of a dinner-table more than ill-kept china and glass. Who would fancy the most delicately prepared dish eaten off a plate covered with smudges or scratches? The china should be kept bright and spotless; the glass perfectly clear and shining.

In the first place, the china pantry must be a perfectly dry room, otherwise the china and glass will always be more or less cloudy, and will want constant attention. The walls should be fitted with broad wooden shelves, on the bottom of which the china and glass, which are in constant use, should be arranged in sets, those that are not often used being placed out of the way on the higher shelves. The vessels should be so arranged that each particular article may be got at without having to move everything else, as constant handling is not calculated to improve the bright surface of glass or china. The under shelf should be fitted with a drawer, or drawers, in which to keep the cloths, leathers, brushes, etc., used in the cleaning process.

Having arranged our china pantry, we will now turn to the cleaning of the articles it contains. China and glass cannot be washed together; we will therefore begin with the china, dealing first with plates and dishes. Different sorts of china require different sorts of cleaning, some kinds needing more attention than others, either because they are more fragile, or because they lose their gloss and colors more easily than others. The red on old china fades quicker than other colors, as it has in most cases been laid on after burning. The Chinese often paint their china with a red dye extracted from scarlet cloth, which is not at all durable.

For the washing, two wooden bowls, one with warm, and the other with cold water, should be used. The parlor maid is far more liable to have breakages if she uses an earthenware bowl, for if she be not very careful, the china will hit against the side of the bowl. For the same reason she must take care not to put too many things into the bowl at once.

The china must first be cleansed from grease by being carefully wiped with a cloth in the bowl containing the warm water, in which a little soda has been dissolved; not much of this latter article must be used, as it makes the china brittle, and softens the glaze. When the plates, etc., are perfectly cleansed from grease, they should be plunged in the cold water to make them bright, then placed upon the rack to dry. For wiping over plates and dishes, a glass cloth must be used, and kept for this use only. It is well to mark cloths "glass," or "tea," as the case may be, so that no mistake need be made, not even by a badly trained servant. Some servants seem to delight in using one cloth for all sorts of purposes, but this habit is very slovenly, and never to be tolerated. How could a plate that has been wiped over with a greasy cloth look anything but smeary?

China ornaments and flower vases are also washed in warm and cold water, but, as they are not greasy, no soda is required. If they have not been washed for some time, and are become dirty, Hudson's soap is a very good thing to use. A soft nail brush is useful to clean ornaments decorated with raised flowers or figures, as one can clean more thoroughly in between the raised parts.

Glass requires a good deal more care than china. The best material to use in cleaning it is fuller's earth. This must be reduced to a very fine powder, entirely freed from any rough or hard bits, which might damage the polished surface of the glass.

The earth is put into the vessel to be washed, and warm water is poured upon it. After it has been well shaken, it is emptied out, cold water being put to take its place. This is a good thing to use for decanters and carafes, both of which are difficult to

clean. Another good method for cleaning them is, after having filled them about two-thirds with warm (not hot) water, to put in several soaped pieces of brown or blotting paper, shake the decanters well, then leave them for an hour or so. Empty out the soapy water, rinse several times with clean, cold water, and invert them in a rack to dry; when dry polish the outsides with a leather. The great secret by which to keep glass clear and bright is to use plenty of cold water for rinsing, and always polish with a leather, not with a cloth. Another plan for cleaning decanters is to use finely powdered charcoal instead of soaped paper.

After having spoken of the vessels in which drink is kept, the next thing to come to is the vessels to drink out of. Tumblers and wineglasses should be washed in a wooden bowl in warm water, then rinsed in cold water, wipe with a clean cloth, and polish with a leather. Clean water must always be used for glass, never water in which anything greasy has been washed, and separate bowls must be kept for washing the glass and china.

Many glass breakages would be saved if all articles to be used for hot liquids were tempered. The articles should be placed in warm water, which should be gradually heated up to the boiling point. They will then stand the hottest liquids being poured into them.

ENJOYMENT AT HOME.

DON'T shut up your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they don't have it at their own hearthstone it will be sought at other and, perhaps, at less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost, for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still;" and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden to make each other happy.

A VERY constant woman was Mrs. Lewson, of London, who never changed the style of her dress for eighty years. She died in 1816, aged 116, having lived through five reigns. Her dress was that of the time of George I. Her hair was powdered and turned over a large horse-hair *tache*; a few curls hung down her neck, and a cap was tied under her chin. Her train was long as was the waist of her dress, the dress itself being flounced. She wore elbow sleeves, a large ruff, and her bonnet was large and flat. Her shoes had high heels, and her ample black silk cloak was trimmed with lace and gold. The changing fashions changed her not, nor did the new tempt her away from the old to which faithful she lived, and faithful she died.

WHAT MAKES BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual, whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun. A man or woman inherits his or her face, and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox-terrier into the wiry kind from Airedale.

It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society.

The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in a Nyssaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otahaitan, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as near to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of the semi-civilized mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature as if the great sculptor, Nature, had used good clay but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-checked, loose-lipped variety.

The keenest race in the world, and probably the one most susceptible to culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-checked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse-dealer, who, outside his trade, knew nothing. No modern man of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who intellectually were probably animals, or the Berserkars, who were for the most part only hard drinking soldiers. The royal caste, which has been cultivated for 1000 years, seldom produces beautiful men, and still seldomer beautiful women; most princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked, as to features, by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts, like Devon in England and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant forms.

In the last century the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh, of which Gibbon's face is the best known and most absurd example; and in our own time, intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indefiniteness of cheek and chin, as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turning round, but Browning would have

passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd. The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultivated, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the royal house, and in any regiment, though an officer or two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers.

INVITING GUESTS.

THE English fashion of inviting a guest for a fixed period is a very proper and sensible one, as when a person is asked on a visit it is difficult to determine whether one would be welcome for a day, a week, or a month.

Most persons with a large circle of friends have adopted the Anglo-Saxon form of invitation, and distinctly specify the date and duration of a visit. An informal note is generally written, somewhat in this fashion:

"Dear Mrs. X.

I should be pleased to have you come on Wednesday (the 15th), and remain a week with me. The carriage will meet you at the depot. Yours cordially."

This style of note sets one entirely at ease, and one can thus arrange one's comings and goings for the season. It keeps away the parasites who consider it their privilege to prey upon the owners of country houses, enables a hostess to bring together people of congenial tastes, prevents overcrowding of the house by unexpected arrivals, and so adjusts matters that a succession of people come and go, remaining just long enough to avoid monotony or fatiguing the patience of a hostess.

In the city, where even the residences of the wealthy have their limitations of space, it is not always possible to return the many indebtednesses of the Winter, but those with homes outside of the city can get even with the world by bidding their friends in turn to enjoy the hospitality of the country.

Some hostesses deem it incumbent upon them to keep a vigilant eye upon the comings and goings of their guests; this may be well intentioned but it is not well bred. True hospitality consists in leaving a guest to do pretty much as he or she pleases, providing at the same time for his or her amusement in every way possible; it may be a picnic, a coaching party, or a hunting meet, or there is the tennis court or the boats if one lives near the water.

A hostess with tact allows her guests the privilege of choice, but should some of them not desire to avail themselves of any of the proffered gayeties, no offence should be taken.

Breakfast and luncheon are usually considered informal meals, and guests should be informed, on their arrival, that the maternal repast can be had between certain hours, and be given also the time of the other repasts.

WHEN chip bonnets became fashionable in England, the ladies trimmed them with ribbons, the color of which proclaimed their politics. White denoted adherence to the house of Stuart. This, however, being thought objectional, some ladies adopted red and white, the symbol of both parties. These moderate ladies were ridiculed by the ultras of both parties, as being ready to join either, and the nickname of *trimmers* was given to them, which ultimately was affixed to their husband, and is now used to denote a many-sided politician.

CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.

NOBLE tact and gentleness were displayed by Catherine II., Empress of Russia, according to her biographer, a lady of her court. "No one could be more imposing than the empress on formal occasions, no one more amiable and indulgent toward her friends than she," says the author of an unpublished memoir, a quotation from which appears in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

One evening Stercof, an aged chamberlain who loved the Empress sincerely, showed his impatience because she made him lose a point at cards. He threw his cards on the table, and his manner grieved her Majesty. She said nothing, but stopped playing, rose, and took her leave. Stercof was crushed.

The next day was Sunday. On that day there was usually a state dinner. After mass, Prince Bariatinski named those who should have the honor of dining with her Majesty. Stercof remained in a corner as unhappy as possible. What was his surprise when he heard his name called.

He did not walk, he ran to the colonnade where the Empress was. She rose, took his arm, walked with him through the colonnade, and returned without a word. Then she said, "Are you not ashamed to have thought I would punish you? Do you forget that quarrels between friends have no sequels?"

The old man wept, and exclaimed again and again, "O my mother, how shall I speak, how reply to such kindness! One would die many times for you."

One evening at a small ball, the Empress said to the narrator of the story, "I will have *La Polonoise* played."

"Shall I give the order, Madame?" asked the lady. "No" she replied, "I will make a sign to a page." She made a signal with her hand, which the page did not see, but which the vice-chancellor, Count Osterman, thought to be meant for himself. The old man hastened as fast as he could with his long cane to the Empress.

She rose, conducted him to the window, and talked earnestly with him for five minutes. When she came back she asked the lady whom she had left if she were pleased with her.

"I wish," was the reply, "that every lady in St. Petersburg could take lessons of your Majesty on the manner of doing the honors of her house with so much grace."

"But how could I have done otherwise?" she said. "I should have grieved the poor old man if I had let him know his mistake."

THE SNOW-FLOWER.

A WONDERFUL star-shaped flower, called a snow-flower, is said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff, in the most northern portion of Siberia. It springs up from the frozen soil on the first day of every year, and glitters for a day only. The plant has but three leaves, and the flower petals are about three inches in length and half an inch in width, with five anthers, upon which, on the third day, appear minute, shining specks, like diamonds, which are the seeds. The leaves and flower seem covered with microscopic crystals like snow. Some of the seeds were carried to St. Petersburg and planted in a pot of snow, where, on the next 1st of January the miraculous plant again appeared, and delighted the eyes of Russian Royalty.

WHAT a grand thing it is to feel that we can if we will! It wants only the wish to be morally great—the wish translating itself into endeavor. We can all attain that supremacy: and to the weakest and poorest, debarred by nature and society from personal prosperity, is opened the noble path of moral grandeur—the royal road of virtue.

FER-DE-LANCE.

ONE of the deadliest serpents of the tropics is the fer-de-lance, of which there are at least eight varieties. Lafcadio Hearn says that the reptile is of precisely the color which will enable it to hide among foliage, or the roots of trees. Sometimes it is of a bright yellow, and one can scarcely distinguish it from the bunch of bananas within which it coils.

Again, it may be black, or yellowish brown, or of any hue resembling tropical forest mould, old bark, or decomposing trees. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes, and it glows at night like burning coal.

In Martinique, the fer-de-lance is absolute lord of the forest by day, and at night he extends his dominion over parks and public roads. The only safety lies in remaining at home after dark, unless one lives in the city itself, and it is always dangerous to enter the forest even at noon, without an experienced escort. At any moment a branch, a root, a bunch of pendent fruit may take life, writhe, spring, and strike death to the heart.

One creature, however, has no fear of the fer-de-lance. Horses tremble at sight of it; dogs whine and shiver; the hen attempts to defend her chickens, and the pig offers more successful combat, but it is the cat who fights the monster most undauntedly. The author of "A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics" describes such an encounter.

The cat, upon seeing a snake, at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, and then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and then begin to feint—teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow.

How the emerald and topaz eyes glow then! They are flames. A moment more, and the triangular head, hissing from the coils, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw that dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled in the dust.

Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring. The enemy, still alive, has almost instantly reformed his coil. She is in front of him, watching, vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke, again the beautiful countering: again the living death is hurled aside. Now the scaled skin is deeply torn: one eye socket has ceased to flame.

Once more, the stroke of the serpent: once more, the light, quick cutting blow. But the reptile is blind, stupefied. Before he can attempt to coil, pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground, with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her! In vain! He will never lift his head. An instant more, and he lies still. The keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebrae just behind the triangular skull.

EXAMPLE.

PEOPLE appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would address an equal, if they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civilly, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others.

PUTTING CHILDREN TO BED.

THE mother who puts the timid child to bed, and takes away the light, and goes downstairs, and leaves him to his conjuring, careless and indifferent and disbelieving, or bent on overcoming the mischief forcibly, is destroying something that one would think of small worth to her—not only his nervous fibre, but his love of herself; and the day will come when fate will have its revenge on her in his own indifference to her, and she will recognize it, even if he behave in all outward respects like a dutiful son. It is her part to examine the matter, to reason with the child, to comfort him, to see how far it is possible with him to subdue the fear. If she cannot stay with him herself, she can at least leave the door open so that he may hear the cheerful downstairs voices, the hum of life, not to be shut into his tomb, as the unformulated thought of his desperate little mind makes it; she can leave a lamp on the hearth, and so let there be some light to dispel his fancies and to keep back the dark and its unshaped visions. She may regard it as trifling, but to him it is tremendous; and if she is wise either in mother love or human kindness, she will not let the imaginative and sensitive child suffer more than it must, remembering that that temperament, if it has more to enjoy through life than others, has also much more to suffer.

When a few nights have failed to bring calm to the little being out of the experience, and the last going to bed alone is as bad as the first, and all threats have only made the matter worse, and all reasoning has produced no good result; when he has tried to conquer, and the effort has left him trembling as violently as if he had an ague—then it is something not to be overcome by harsh or rough or peremptory measures, and the mother should see to it that this child has some active physical exercise just before going to bed that will make his little body glad of rest, and she would best lie down beside him, or find some work that she can do upstairs till he falls asleep, in order to afford him the comfort of companionship and the sense of her embracing love, and soothe his irritable nerves to repose instead of rousing them to action.

These nerves would never have been irritable if she had not insisted on her own way too long in the beginning, if she had given them no chance to get on fire, and then to go on exciting themselves. If she had put the child to bed alone from the very outset of his career, so that it was the natural order of things to him, and he had had the habit established of quiet sleep and absence of fear from the first, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there would never have been any trouble of the sort. But if through any idiosyncrasy of the child, or any remissness of her own, the fear has come upon him, she will never in all the years remaining have greater love outpoured upon her than that child will give her who sees her hovering over his pillow, moving about his room, or feels her pressure on the bed beside him till the drowsy warmth steals over and wraps senses and imagination and all together, and lets her off again to the duties that are less imperative than care of that child's nerves, to the pleasures that are less pleasant than the love he gives her in return.

AT one time, in England, the side the court-plaster patch was worn indicated the politics of the fair wearer. On one occasion a noted lady experienced great dismay on discovering that in her haste she had put the patch on the wrong side of her face she had placed it on the Whig side, when she was a staunch Tory.

HOW DEER ACT IN A SNOW STORM.

FROM a gentleman recently down from the mountains, the *Marysville Appeal* learns of the strange experiences of various sorts of wild animals during the winter. "Deer, when caught in a blinding snow storm, huddle together and tramp round and round in a circle, beating down the soft snow, so that when a very heavy fall occurs during say twelve hours, they find themselves in a snow pen, with walls above them; and if they commence to tramp on top of several feet of snow during a storm, they often find themselves in a corral of snow, with a wall surrounding them to a height of ten or twelve feet when the storm clears off, being virtually imprisoned in a snowy prison pen, from which escape is impossible until the spring thaw of the season.

"There lives an old miner on Canon Creek, in Sierra County, several miles from Brandy City, who was taking a stroll near his cabin last winter after one of the heavy snows, when he came across one of these deer pens in the snow, and there imprisoned were several deer of various sizes. They were in a circular pen of snow, with walls fifteen feet high. Upon the man's appearance the deer became quite excited, and huddled together and dodged from one side of the pen to the other. However, as hunger came upon them they became more docile, and the frequent visits of the miner with boughs and buds from adjoining trees, which he threw into the pen as food, caused the deer to become regular pets, and to watch for the visits of their protector. After a while the man placed a ladder in the pit, and spent a great deal of time in handling his pets. Occasionally he would take one out for food, as meat became scarce, and in this way used several of the deer, but he had most of the deer yet in a state of domestication. It is said he has a deer ranch in his mountain home, much after the fashion of a cattle ranch on a small scale."

The *Appeal* is also informed that a similar band of deer was found in one of those deadly snow pits near Washington. Nevada County, and was likewise rescued. The streets of Downieville were enlivened last winter by the appearance of deer which were driven from the mountains down to the river towns by starvation, and domesticated by kindness and food. As the snow has been disappearing, many carcasses of deer have been found where they have perished in the deadly snow corral. The heavy and sodden snows of the past winter have caused fearful mortality among the deer which did not escape the low altitude.

TAMED BY PERFUMES.

WILD animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee in India who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was very inquisitive, as all of the cat tribe are, and loved to stand on his hind legs, and with his forepaws on the window-sill and look out at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that. He was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lee taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped.

This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with them on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress and a lioness in the menagerie.

LITERARY SALAD.

LITERARY Salad is a new and pretty device by which an Afternoon Tea-Party can be entertained with very little extra labor.

A few days beforehand, dainty little invitations are sent out. These are written on pale green note-paper, but in other respects are in the usual form. The material part of the feast need not be described, as it is like any delicate *menu* now served under the name of Ladies' Lunch.

After the tables are cleared, the hostess seats herself before a table, on which is a plate of green leaves, and with a rap of her knife, calls the ladies to order, thus: "Ladies I want to serve a salad, and you are now invited to come up in turn and select a share."

Of course each one comes up in haste, eager to solve the mystery.

The leaves are pieces of green tissue-paper, on each of which is pasted a slip of white letter paper, bearing a quotation from some popular or standard author.

As each guest passes the table she selects a leaf, and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author. If she does this correctly, the leaf is hers. If she fails she returns the leaf, but some time afterward has another trial in her turn. Some of the quick-witted ones will soon collect a large bouquet of leaves and to the one who gathers the largest, there is given a pretty prize of some sort.

For ladies who do not care to try the "Literary Salad," a game called "Flower Anagram" may be provided.

To each lady is given a card on which are written the names of ten flowers, but with the letters entirely out of their proper order.

The game consists in seeing who will guess the greatest number of names in a certain length of time. The prize is a blooming plant—the "booby prize," a paper rose.

The following are good names for the purpose:

Loveit, or violet; Spayn, or pansy; Yachtin, or hyacinth; Sparklur, or larkspur; Swordlie, or wild rose. Other names can easily be adapted, and a long list soon arranged.

To make the leaves for the "Literary Salad," take light-green tissue-paper and cut it into the shape of large lettuce or small cabbage leaves, leaving a small strip at the bottom of each. Fold the leaf length-wise through the middle, and slip it over a hair pin, pressing it together over the rounding part of the pin. If this is done carefully, the leaf will be beautifully crinkled, like a real one just from the garden.

Now write the quotation upon small slips of writing-paper and paste them upon the piece left for this purpose on the tissue-paper leaf. Have a small book with all the quotations and the names of the authors written opposite each, so that the award-committee may have its aid in deciding who has guessed the greatest number of names.

E. A. M.

MOURNING-rings were given at funerals in the reign of Queen Anne. Two hundred were given at the funeral of Dr. Gale, Dean of York.

THE dress of an English "dude" of 1751 is thus described: A black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings. This was also the era of black silk breeches.

CLOTH of Gold has always been popular with royalty. Darius wore a mantle of this glittering stuff in battle. Tarquinius Priscus had a cloth-of-gold tunic; and the wife of the Emperor Claudius had an entire robe of it. The most glittering cloth-of-gold was made at Cyprus.

FOOLS AND MONKEYS.

THE evils of duelling have recently been illustrated by an occurrence both absurd and pathetic, which resulted from a combat in France.

A travelling circus was stationed outside Paris, and two of its acrobats one night quarrelled so seriously that they determined upon fighting a duel for the satisfaction of their wounded "honor." Accordingly they met, after the evening's performance, in the public ring, fired at each other, at twenty-five paces, and shook hands, quite content. Neither was hurt, and neither had expected to be.

There were, however, witnesses of the bloodless encounter, two monkeys, quietly munching nuts at the further extremity of the ring. They had been engaged, during the performance, in riding round the ring on horseback, firing pistols as they went.

When the duellists had left the stage, the monkeys threw aside their nuts, and seized upon the pistols. They charged them as the men had done in their presence, stood at a distance of five paces apart, took aim, and fired. Each was killed, and thus were two poor little creatures made victims of human folly.

A VALUABLE CEMENT.

PROF. ALEX. WINCHELL is credited with inventing a cement that will stick on anything: Take 2 ounces of clear gum arabic, 1½ ounces of fine starch, ½ ounce of white sugar. Pulverize the gum arabic, and dissolve it in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Dissolve the starch and sugar in the gum solution. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and kept so. It can be kept from spoiling by dropping a lump of gum camphor, or a little oil of cloves or sassafras. This cement is very strong and will stick perfectly to glazed surfaces, and is good to repair broken rocks, minerals or fossils.

EXPLANATION OF WORD CONTEST.

In reply to several inquiries, the intention of Rule 1 is, that all complete words, either in English or Anglicised, excepting proper names, will be admitted. In placing a construction on this, all words in bold faced type (not italicised) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be considered admissible. In Rule 6 the intention is, that prefixes and suffixes are not allowed as complete words, but are admissible as part of a compound word.

The uniform charge of 25cts. will be made on each prize awarded to cover expenses of packing and forwarding. This will also include the City of Toronto, and all prizes awarded in the City will be delivered at street address. All small packages will be sent by mail, postage prepaid by us; large packages will be forwarded by express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

The Editor of THE QUEEN cannot under any circumstances answer letters or inquiries by mail, relating to any competitions or tests offered by this journal. We endeavor to make the "rules" plain enough for every one to understand, and cannot possibly find time to enter into personal explanation.

To keep brass tools from tarnish the tools must be cleaned and polished so as to be absolutely free from grease. They are next slightly warmed and varnished with a solution of seed-lac or shellac in alcohol. The success of the operation depends on the clearness of the surface. A finge-touch before varnishing will affect the finish.

A CENTURY AGO.

ONLY a century ago charcoal iron was produced to the extent of about 30,000 ton yearly; twenty years later the product was but 53,000 tons. Even Great Britain in 1788 produced only 68,300 tons, not so much as some furnaces in the United States now turn out yearly. The manufacture of steel was just beginning in the States; twenty years later only 917 tons were produced in the country. The coarsest pig iron then costing about as much as steel rails do now. Last year the American product of pig iron was 9,480,739 tons, and the highest price of best foundry pig was \$21. a ton. The output of steel rails was, in round numbers, 1,350,000, and the best price \$31.50. A single American railway now buys more iron than both Great Britain and the United States made a century ago. There were neither railways, iron bridges nor buildings; no petroleum pipes, for there was no petroleum; no gas pipes, for there was no gas lighting even in Europe until later. Washington lived in an age of darkness; instead of the electric light, the people had candles, costing about two cents a piece. In all the departments and applications of chemistry the century has simply created a new world. American pressed glass, which has completely revolutionized the supply of table and house ware, is an invention of the last sixty years. Farmington, in Washington's day, knew nothing of machinery; even the first iron plow, patented in 1797, was a failure; New Jerusalem farmers thought it poisoned the soil. Mowers, reapers and harvesters began to be invented about the same time, and even ordinary implements were such as it would not now be thought possible to use. The steamboat was practically unknown, and the railway entirely, until forty years later. The cost of transportation by wagon confined the area of possible production with profit, as to most crops, to the margin of navigable waters. In fact, a new world has been created in this century.

A LONG RACE.

STEAMSHIP races across the Atlantic are common enough,—more common, perhaps, than they should be,—but a race merely from New York to Liverpool is a small affair compared with one which took place recently between the French steamship *Salazie* and the English steamship *Orizaba*, which had a little trial of speed between Melbourne and Marseilles, by way of the Suez Canal—a total distance of some eleven thousand miles.

The *Salazie* did not start from Melbourne until three hours after the *Orizaba* had sailed. She arrived at Adelaide, South Australia, at about the same time. After touching at Albany, Western Australia, together, the two steamers, though both made the very best possible time across the Indian Ocean, saw nothing more of each other until they had entered the Red Sea.

Here the French steamer was found to be some distance in advance of the English, although they were in plain view of each other. The Englishman gave chase, and succeeded in overhauling, but not in passing, the *Salazie*, and the latter preceded the *Orizaba*, through the canal.

Under their own electric lights the steamers made much more rapid progress through the canal than would formerly have been possible. The use of electricity in the Suez Canal is indeed, an interesting illustration of the economic value of the electric light. It has reduced the time of the average passage through the canal from thirty-eight hours to twenty-three hours, and almost doubled the capacity of the canal.

Formerly only a small proportion of the steamers passing through the Suez Canal could avail themselves of the advantage of the electric light because they did not have the necessary ap-

paratus. This led to the organization of a company which made it its business to rent electric light apparatus to vessels entering the canal. The motor, dynamo, projectors, and other machinery are put on board a vessel and set up ready for use in two hours, and removed after the passage has been made.

The *Orizaba* and the *Salazie* kept quite near together throughout the journey through the Mediterranean. The "race" was not really a long struggle, covering the distance of more than ten thousand miles between Melbourne and Marseilles, but rather a "brush" for precedence in the Suez Canal. The great ocean-going steamers often journey very near together on long voyages.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

ONE of the most dramatic events in the oratorical career of Henry Ward Beecher occurred in Richmond, Va., during his lecturing tour through the South. The announcement that he was to lecture at Mozart Hall on "The North and the South" filled the old building. It was his first appearance in Richmond since the war, and he was rather doubtful about the kind of reception he would get. When he walked out on the stage he saw before him a distinguished audience of Southerners, including several leading generals on the losing side. In the fourth row of the orchestra sat General Fitzhugh Lee, and just behind him General Rosser, while near by were ex-Governor "Extra Billy" Smith and Governor Cameron. No applause greeted the great preacher as he stepped before the footlights. The ladies levelled their opera-glasses at him with cold curiosity, and the men looked coolly expectant. Some hisses from a few rowdies in the gallery did not tend to dispel the chilliness of the reception. Mr. Beecher surveyed the audience calmly for a moment, and then stepping directly in front of General Lee, he said, "I have seen pictures of General Fitzhugh Lee, and I judge that you are the man; am I right?" The General, slightly taken back by this direct address, nodded stiffly, while the audience bent forward, breathless with curiosity as to what was going to follow. "Then," said Mr. Beecher, his face lighting up, "I want to offer you this right hand, which, in its own way, fought against you and yours, years ago, but which I would now willingly sacrifice to make the sunny South prosperous and happy. Will you take it, General?" There was a moment's hesitation, a moment of death-like stillness in the hall, and then Fitzhugh Lee was on his feet, his hand was extended across the footlights and was quickly met by the warm grasp of the preacher's. At first there was a murmur, half of surprise and half of doubtfulness, from the audience; then there was a hesitating clapping of hands, and before Beecher had unloosed the hand of Robert E. Lee's nephew, there were cheers such as were never before heard in old Mozart, though it had been the scene of many a war and political meeting. But that was only the beginning of the enthusiasm. When the noise subsided, Mr. Beecher continued, "When I go back home I shall proudly tell that I have grasped the hand of the nephew of the great Southern chieftain; I shall tell my people that I went to the Confederate capital with a heart full of love for the people whom my principles once obliged me to oppose, and that I was met halfway by the brave Southerners, who can forgive as well as they can fight." Five minutes of applause followed, and then Mr. Beecher, having gained the hearts of his audience, began his lecture, and was applauded to the echo. That night he entered his carriage and drove to his hotel amid shouts such as has never greeted a Northern man in Richmond since the war.

The Latest Fashion.



(For Description see page 294)

L. H. PHOTO-ENG. CO.

DESIGNS.

Large plaids, oval spots, shaded cubes, borders, pastiles and shaded stripes are the designs shown. The shaded stripes are of all widths and quite irregular, the plaids large, the greatest novelty being what is called the Astrakhan plaid which has cross bars of curled loops like those of Astrakhan fur.

TRIMMINGS.

Embroidery, braiding, applique designs of velvet and fur are largely used, sometimes the sleeves of velvet and silk being so closely braided as to cover the entire material. Velvet as a trimming will also be in great demand, being used with wool goods in preference to silks; it may be plain, striped, checked or plaided to suit the material with which it is combined. Jet will never be out of style and will be used this fall on figured as well as plain goods, but the tendency will be more for jet with silk crochet. We would advise the use of only a good quality or none at all.

Guipures have become a regular luxury, the rich material of the costume, and are used, the same as embroideries, for many purposes.

Simplicity in dress the password last year among fashionable ladies who aimed at obtaining nothing more than a perfect cut, while the material itself became an almost secondary consideration. Elegance with the greatest possible simplicity has now become a general practice among all classes, and therefore those who claim to be leaders have had to find something else in order to distinguish themselves from the masses.

Precious stone galoons are one of the last fancies of fashion. These are mostly worn on the standing collar, on the sleeve or at the waist. On white dresses a galoon of gold and turquoises



CARRIAGE PELISSE.

Pelisse in beige-colored vicuna cloth, elaborately trimmed with guipure, on which are applied various devices in cut-out mordore velvet. Jet fringe drooping from the neck-band and the Swiss belt.

is worn. On a gray dress is a galoon of oxydized silver and amethysts. Although these galoons look very costly, the stones are only imitations.

SLEEVES.

At present sleeves seem to be the most important part of the dress, which except for them, now shows extreme simplicity. In the making of these sleeves it would seem as if the drestmaker's inventive faculty had been utterly exhausted, for we have had them reaching from ears to finger tips, close, full, puffed, slashed and loose and burdened with trimming. The high shoulder sleeves are not in themselves ungraceful and in many cases they are very dressy but only within certain limits, and when these are overstepped the style becomes—there is no other word for it—ugly.

The fashionable sleeve is the gigot, or leg-of-mutton, with its many variations, and the styles most sought for are neither too high nor too long. These, are the puff which narrows in pleasant lines over the elbow down to the narrow cuffs, the high shoulder, elbow sleeve, the puffed sleeve with pleated lace cuffs, the fancy sleeve in any of these forms with pleats, rosettes, etc.

In order to make the sleeve more attractive it is made of a different material from that of the waist, and velvet, passementerie, or soutache cording are used with wool and silk, or black lace on black silk.

SUNDRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.
DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for your beautiful present.

Yours, etc.
H. S. AULDJO,
FROBIS, SEPT. 16TH, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto.
DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for the present received by me, from your list of prizes last week.

Yours truly,
Ida Horton.

NOVEL STYLE OF DRESS.

A very novel style of dress is of the fashionable purple tint called Aubergine silk, striped with black. The stripes are laid across overskirt, bodice, and sleeves. The bodice is gathered behind at the waist, and crossed over to the left in front, fastening under the arm. The trimming is of black Tosca net, draped high on the shoulders and tapering down to the waist on each side. A purple ribbon is run into the hem at the edge. A deep flounce of the same net, with similar ribbon in the hem, is slightly gathered on to the skirt. The striped silk, showing through the net, is very effective.

The novelty of the season for dinner and evening dresses is silk muslin printed with dots or floral patterns in one color over a whiteground; the silk muslin is worn over an under-slip of plain silk of the color of the pattern, which gives it a pretty shade of ciel-blue, sea-green, or ros-color.

Brocaded grenadies and Indian silks are also much employed for the same purpose. Light blue, green, and pink shades are all fashionable, but the specially favorite tints of the season are ripe corn, maize, and lemon color, and all the pinkish shades of mauve which now go by the name of anemone.

A lovely dress is of anemone-colored surah, quite plain, with several rows of velvet ribbon round the foot; the bodice is made baby-fashion, gathered at the top both in front and at the back, and also at the waist; two *bretelles* of velvet ribbon are the only trimming of this bodice; they come down from the shoulders to the waist on each side, and are finished top and bottom with small bows of the same ribbon; the sleeves are puffed up on the shoulders, and the puff is fastened up by means of a strap of ribbon finished with a bow of ribbon to match; the lower part of the sleeve is tight and clinging.



"GERMAINE.

This handsome English made Mantle is a combination of Plain and Figured Plush, and trimmed with rich Passementerie.

Dresses of the light fabrics above mentioned are very often trimmed with black lace, and very effective toilets are thus combined.

The style of mantle most in favor just now is the jacket of the same material as the dress, but without sleeves are quite a return to the *manche à gigot*, enormous in the upper part, quite close and clinging in the lower, and buttoned from the wrist often up to the elbow. A consequence of this fashion is a return to the short kid glove, not coming up beyond the wrist.

Mauve is combined with all colors, even those which had hitherto been considered quite inharmonious with it. Thus we have noticed a dress of mauve silk, brocaded with moss-rose buds, which was really very pretty, and another no less so with a pattern of bright blue cornflowers.

Elegant toilets are being prepared with the Louis Quinze coat. A tasteful model is of amethyst velvet, embroidered with steel and gold. The fronts remain widely open over a pleated chemisette of white silk muslin, with a lace frilling. The back forms the coat-basque, with two small separate lapels.

For evening and dinner-dresses, and for tea-gowns, foulard, surah, and all Indian and China silks are more fashionable than ever, but the patterns in favour are altogether different from those of the last few years. Small flowerets, of delicately pencilled outline, so long in vogue, are now seen no longer. The designs now in fashion are fantastic roses, enormous holly-hocks, peonies, and anemones; sheaves of wild oats, half-opened chestnuts in their

prickly shells, and Japanese blossoms of the strangest shapes and coloring.

Skirts for walking dresses are worn shorter. No doubt our *élégantes* have become weary of sweeping up the dust and dirt of streets and roads with the edge of their dresses.

EDISON'S SPEAKING DOLLS.

Edison's Speaking Dolls, which were exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, will soon become a favorite toy of children throughout the world. The mechanism consists of metal cylinder, covered with wax, on which the phonographic signs have been impressed. This cylinder is placed in the back of a doll, which also contains a sound amplifier, and a clockwork which can be wound up. By releasing a spring the cylinder is set rotating, and reproduces with great clearness about thirty words, selected from popular rhymes like "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," "The Spider and the Fly," "Mary had a little lamb," "Little Jack Horner," "Mother Hubbard," and others.

The doll and the mechanism, made of metal, are not liable to get out of order, and as to price, it is expected that a doll of ordinary size will be supplied at five-and-twenty shillings. As the mechanism can be made of any size, some of its possible applications are alarming to contemplate. Who knows how soon the merits of rival soaps and pills will be dinned in our ears from fixed dolls in the streets, or waxwork reproductions of M.P.'s will repeat orations to their constituents, &c.

AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.

The fabrics now beginning to be displayed for Autumn wear show us nothing but wool, for the "edict" has gone forth that wool only, is to be "a la mode" for street wear during the Fall and coming Winter. Goods having a rough surface will be the most stylish, but although rough in appearance these goods are in reality light in weight, supple and very soft to the touch. This fancy will extend also to expensive wool goods which will present, in appearance only, a rough, coarse material. Although goods will take the first place, smooth stuffs as cashmeres and what are termed faced cloths, will be employed for house, church and traveling dresses.



EVENING BODICE.

Semi-high Bodice, in Louis XVI. brocade, cut with the stripes slantwise to meet in a point in the centre. Buttery bows at the point of the waist and on the elbow; sleeves in white lace, like the chemisette, which forms a pleated stomacher, with a frilled heading displaying the points of the lace, in keeping with those framing the vacant space. A Medici collar rises at the back of the neckband.

COLORS.

In colors we find many new shades, but those most prominent in dress goods are the reddish heliotropes which range from the darkest tints to the pale tint of Persian lilacs; all shades of brown, from the clear dark browns to the light Castor (fawnish brown) and beige (creamish brown) shades, Bleu, Saxe, or royal blue, and deep marine blue; while the lighter blues, Vierge—a dull medium blue, Turquoise—a greenish blue, Chinchilla and Edison-light grayish blues, will be used in combination with dark colors to lighten their sombre effects. Among the greens Indic is the newest color, combining blue and gray shades. This is a most beautiful color but should be used with the greatest caution as it is trying to most complexions.

FEATHERS, HATS, ETC.

Short boas, or rather neckties of ostrich feathers, are to be seen in white, black, grey, beige, or in the same color as the dress. These feather ties are very becoming and afford sufficient protection to delicate throats on cool days they are generally made to match the feathers of the hat. These neckties are also found in white or colored tulle. Besides these are the long ostrich boas—white, pale blue, gray, pink or yellow—and the long boa of coq's plumes winding down to the feet.

THERE is no great change this month in the make of dresses; the skirt is plain, trimmed with insertion, ruches, or embroidery. The bodice, for light materials, is made full a la vierge. The only novelty there is about it is the trimming of velvet ribbon or galloon put on *en bretelles* over it.

RUCHES are very fashionable, not only as a trimming to dresses, but also by way of collerettes, of tulle or lace, fastened round the neck, at the back, with long loops and lapels of ribbon.



TRAVELLING COSTUMES (PINGAT).

Fig. 1. Zouave jacket and draped tunic in grey cashmere, a band of steel embroidery surrounds the neck, and is carried down the front into a point to catch up the centre of the vest into a few pleats, and raise it to describe a vandyke, revealing the bodice with its gathered gerbe in pongee silk of a lighter grey. Hat in grey straw encircled with a tinsel braid; white wing and a bow of white crape.

Fig. 2. Low and short polonaise in tan-coloured chevrot, spotted with brown; puffed elbow sleeves to match. Round skirt, high and close fitting bodice and long narrow sleeves in biscuit-coloured cloth, ornamented with rows of brown velvet, which surround the hem of the skirt, and cross diagonally both sides of the bodice and sleeves, to meet in *chavros* points in centre. Hat in Manila straw, trimmed with brown velvet, and a cluster of wings—red, brown, and cream. Veil in chenille-spotted Russian net. Puffings round the wrists, and from neck band to the top of corset in white mousseline de soie, ornamented with moire ribbon bows.

LACES.

Laces which had been thrown into the back-ground by the favor displayed for embroidery and passementerie trimming, are having their innings and are such special favorites that they are used whenever and wherever it can be done. The greater favor is shown for black laces, whether Chantilly, Spanish blondes or point. Small capote hats are made with valuable old lace, surrounded by a flat ruche of dull gold colored or old rose taffeta and ornamented with a small tuft of black feathers and velvet tie ribbons, which help to show the beauty of lace. Very effective for this purpose is the wide Chantilly lace, the design lines of which are surrounded by fine silk cord worked in. Embroidered tulle and cord passementerie help to increase the stylish appearance.

PARIS LETTER.

Your lady readers are, no doubt, greatly interested just now about the colors, design and materials upon which "Dame Fashion" will set her seal of approval for the coming season.

The fashionable world here, has, as yet, given hardly a thought to Autumn styles, for our Summer lingers longer with us than with you across the water; still we know that all the modistes have been quite busy for several weeks preparing most beautiful and exquisite costumes with which to gladden the eyes, and delight the hearts of their patrons.

Among the many new colors which are shown in all materials



CAN. PHOTO-ENG. CO.

PROMENADE DRESS.

High straight bodice and fourreau skirt in Suede-colored cloth, crossed with wide and tapering bands of otter cloth; sash belt in black moire, falling with fringed ends to the hem of the skirt; coat sleeves, apparently fastened with gilt buttons. This tailor-like costume was made by Worth for the Comtesse de Mailly.

are *Orchidee* a dark, rich red, wood colors, grays, among them a new greenish gray called *reseda*, deep blue, a dark purplish *heliotrope*, and old rose which now appears merged in a brownish lavender tint.

From present indications, it is predicted that grayish blue tints such as *Edison*, electric, and a new *chin-chilla*, also *Indic*, a bluish green shade with a gray reflex, will take prominent places.

For evening tints the most prominent are deep cream, pearl gray, ecru, lavender, faint rose pink, ice blue and yellow. One color chevots and cloths will be worn in combination with suitably colored velvet, the latter being used for the waist, and sleeves, or for the trimming. All the fashionable winter colors will be represented in these combinations.

Fancy Scotch chevots are seen in black, gray and white; red, drab and white; *heliotrope*, brown and drab; *goblin blue*, white and red, etc. *Largesquares* on a small square ground are also seen. *Squares*, however, are far from monopolizing all attention.

The latest novelty is the new rough finish half cloths; among these, color mixtures are seen on light and dark grounds, the color mixtures rendered airy looking by means of the net work of white wool threads which cover the colored grounds giving a very pleasing effect. Other favored styles are the woven *Eiffel lace*

stripes, which are seen in black and white on plain, one color grounds of rose, gray, green and light brown.

For more stylish dresses is shown a material of one color with suitable panels and corners in silk, the lightest being the favorite. This net like border is darker than the ground color, such as red on old rose, dark blue on light blue. On violet and other dark grounds the netting is made in the same color, the effect being obtained by the brilliancy of the silk.

Among plain goods, vigognes are very desirable. These are like Indian cashmeres but do not have the hairy look of the latter. These real Indian cashmeres have fine stripes in the color of the ground; other vigognes having a more woolly finish will be also extensively worn.

There is a tendency, just now, to lessen the eccentricities into which fashion has been gradually falling. Sleeves are less voluminous than at the commencement of summer and skirts are not made so long in the back, nor are they as narrow and clinging.

As all days are not days of sunshine, even in summer, there must be some dresses for rainy day, or at least for dull ones in the country, or by the sea-side. The most practical are those of checked or *chined* fancy woolen material made quite plain without any trimming; the skirts has merely three rows of stitching above the hem. The bodice is made in a variety of ways. Sometimes perfectly tight fitting, buttoned on the left side or with invisible hooks and eyes, sometimes draped in front with several rows of gathers at the top and bottom; or, again, the fronts simulate a jacket and open over a chemisette of surah or crepe.

A pretty costume of white and black checked fancy material, forming a gray *tout ensemble*, has a bodice opening with deep revers over a chemisette of black surah, the sleeves also being of surah.

Another is of beige material; a deep hem turned up on the right side is finished with a piping of golden brown silk, the jacket bodice is of golden brown silk with brocaded spots, with a plastron, and sleeves of sulphur colored crepe.

Jackets having proved to be such convenient as well as dressy garments will, no doubt, hold the most prominent rank in Fall wraps. They will be richly ornamented and many will be seen with velvet or kimmer sleeves. For these jackets black will be the color most in demand.

A new style of fancy jacket is composed of two materials, generally a plain fabric and a brocaded one. For instance, the body of the jacket, which is tight fitting at the back and open in front, is of bright silver gray glace silk, while the full sleeves, and collar, and long revers tapering down to the waist, are of brocaded silk of the same shade.

Another model is of putty faille forming a pleated vest in front; the sides and back are richly trimmed with brown braiding in a large, handsome pattern, and edged with brown silk fringe.

The shapes in Fall and Winter hats are flat topped, and have broad borders, the border being cut shorter at the back. Another style has a medium high crown, more rounded, and the brim raised at the back.

Small brimmed hats of the toque family, the boleros, are seen in longer shapes and have plush kimmer or silk ribbon round the crown. But feathers will be the favorite for garniture, and especially the long amazons.

Among the Fall and Winter bonnets which the modistes are jealously guarding for their opening days, we saw a toque with a crown of gold passementerie surrounded by a slightly twisted arrangement in corn-flower blue silk disposed on the top as a mesh. This arrangement was surrounded by gold passementerie which carried in front a garland of golden ears. The tie ribbons were of velvet.

Another specimen was a low, brown felt hat with brim that broadens forward, natural ostrich feather ornament and two yellow velvet meshes. A capote for the theatre was of white lace tulle, embroidered in gold thread and gold pearls. The top was raised a little on both sides and had a few folds in front. High side pieces of white folded tulle carried two gold wings with feather ends. The tulle was arranged on the right and left side so as to take the place of tie ribbons. A round hat for Autumn had a felt brim raised behind and flattened in front, which carried ostrich feathers and rosettes, the top being covered with velvet.—FELICE LESLIE.

ROYAL AND OTHER DRESSES.

On page 288 our readers are presented with illustrations of the costumes worn on Cup Day, at Goodwood, by the Princess of Wales and her daughters the Princesses Victoria and Maud. The Princess of Wales' dress is of dark satin foulard, studded with flowers, the jacket, which has a high collar and plain sleeves, is beaded and embroidered. A tuscan straw bonnet, trimmed with black velvet and pink roses completes the suit. The Princesses wore dark foulard dresses, with white silk shirts, fawn jackets and small floral hats. The group at the upper right hand is a sketch at a window of the Royal stand of Lady Dudley, Lady Cadogan, and Princess of Saxe-Weimer. No. 7 is a dark blue gown, with white silk shirt; the sleeves are tucked and piped with red, which has a novel and stylish effect; the revers on the front of the jacket are red, the bordering of both skirt and jacket is also red. Bonnet of black jet and red velvet. No. 8.—Dress in white crêpe de Chine, ornamented on both bodice and sleeves with rich embroidery, taking the form of vandykes. No. 9.—Dress ivory crepon. The corselet and the sleeves are in gold embroidery. The bow and parasol are in muslin chiffon. No. 10.—Costume in printed blue muslin, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. The skirt is bordered with several very narrow flounces. Small floral bonnet, with black velvet strings.

MILLET.

It is said that Millet imposed upon himself a "mission;" that he felt impelled by strong convictions of duty to paint the sadness and dignity of agricultural life; that he read his Bible nightly and believed what he read. That a man should paint under the influence of such impulses, and paint pictures of striking power, seems to a technical critic not only distasteful but incomprehensible. Indeed, one of the modern critics, in despair at such a phenomenon in the French art-world, is driven to express his opinion that this peasant with his Bible-readings, his convictions, his love of the laborer, and his wooden sabots, must have been a good deal of a charlatan, and all these things a kind of pose. But if Millet had a "mission," let us hope that more artists will be inspired in the same way. There are none too many prophets willing to go into the wilderness and endure hardship for the truth's sake. The world needs such in art to protest against mere cunning imitation, and to insist upon offering to man's love of the beautiful something better than sensuous beauty, something which is not only beautiful to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination, charming to the fancy, and uplifting to the spirit.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, ONT., SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1890.
To the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR.—On my return from Murray Bay, in the small hours this morning, I found yours of the 9th awaiting me, together with an express notice dated the 10th, and to-day I received the handsome Tea Set which you had forwarded, the value of which I appreciate. I desire to express to you my recognition of the bona fides of your offer, and of the promptitude with which you have fulfilled your promise.

Yours truly,
THOS. JNO. RICHARDSON.

Household Information.

THE CARE OF HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

OUR groceries have been bought at wholesale for many years, and the plans devised for caring for them may be of interest to some who desire to try the economy advised by Mr. Terry in *The Rural*.

Cod fish is picked up and bones and skin removed, then it is packed in old fruit cans with paper neatly passed on the top when the original covers of the cans are missing.

Raisins are stemmed and thrown into a large pan, then covered with boiling water. This kills all insect eggs in case they may exist. After five minutes the water is cooled so the hands can bear it, the fruit is washed, drained on sieves, and dried quickly either in a fruit drier or a hot oven. It is then packed in fruit cans while hot.

Tea and ground coffee are packed in tin cans of the kind used for maple syrup. A funnel will be required to fill them, but except for that the small hole is an advantage. Spices are put in baking powder boxes and a strip of paper is pasted around them to hold the covers firmly. All packages are carefully labelled to prevent mistakes. When mackerel or other fish in brine is bought, care must be taken to keep the brine over the fish. An earthen plate laid over the fish, kept in place by a clean stone, answers the purpose nicely.

The sack of dairy salt is hung from a rafter in the garret, a moderate supply being kept in the cellar in a butter jar.

Unused butter packages are also kept in the garret, where they remain dry and sweet until wanted for use.

I never buy citron, as I like that which I prepare myself quite as well. I take out what I need from a can of citron preserve, drain it carefully for several hours, then cut it into thin slices, and use as though it were dried. Possibly the rule for preserving citron may be of use. Cut the melon in thin slices, peel and remove the seeds and boil in clear water till nearly tender. Make a syrup, using one pound of granulated sugar for one pound of melon, boil and skim. Slice five or six lemons for each 10 pounds of the preserve, and remove all seeds. Drain the melon carefully and put it with the lemon into the hot syrup and boil until clear. Then can in self-sealing cans. I sometimes add a few raisins to a part of the preserve; it is improved in flavor to most tastes, but the appearance is rather injured by their presence.

THE CLEANSING OF UTENSILS.

Frying-pans should be scoured with sand or pumice-stone and water, by rubbing with a clean rag and then rinsing them several times with water. If any spot remains it should be rubbed again with sand or pumice-stone and rinsed with water. For those who do not care about a little more or less expense, sand-paper, No. 1½ will be found superior to the rag and sand for cleansing.

Take the frying-pan and rub it dry with a piece of sand-paper two or three inches square, and when apparently clean wash the pan with clean water (no soap or soda to be in the water). If any spot remains to be cleansed, go over it again with sand-paper, rubbing and rinsing with clean water. Now dry the pan with a clean cloth and it will be ready for immediate use. If the pan is not to be used immediately it might be well to give it a rubbing with a piece of bacon or leaf-lard, to keep it from getting rusty.

BUTTER.

It is much to be regretted that real butter became such a rare article, and every lover of good butter ought to look with con-

tempt upon the originators of the miserable compounds of oleomargarine which are now smuggled into the article found under the false name "Butter." The delicious flavor of browned butter is seldom to be found now; in place of it we have the rancy, soapy, lard flavor.

Milkmen have been prosecuted severely for adulteration of milk, when milk was merely *diluted* with water, not adulterated, at the instigation of the same parties who have taught people how adulterate butter. Heat the supposed butter in a frying-pan to brown it, and you will soon find out by your sense of smell whether you have real butter or oleomargarine.

Butter should be kept wholesale in white pine casks or tubs, and these casks or tubs should never be used more than once. White pine is so cheap that the empty packages can be used as fire wood, if not needed for other purposes. Expensive receptacles of hard wood, and even stone jars, will have more or less bad odors after being cleansed with soda and water or other substances.

CHINA-WARE.

All ordinary china or earthen-ware is porous, and the fine pores will fill up with grease or fatty substance, which in time becoming rancid will give an offensive odor and tasty to any food put into such vessels. Soap should not be used for washing such ordinary china or earthen vessels (the solution of soda is better), and all vessels should be afterwards well rinsed with clean, hot water, free of any fatty substance. Soda forms with any grease on the vessels a soapy compound, but acting stronger than soap, it will remove the grease more thoroughly. The harder the porcelain the less porous it is, and the less it absorbs; but the better the more costly it is. If means allow, only the very best porcelain should be used, not for show but for its quality of not becoming rancid. The rancidity of plates, cups, saucers, bowls, milk pitchers, pots, etc., creates the unpleasant odor in the cheap eatin'-house.

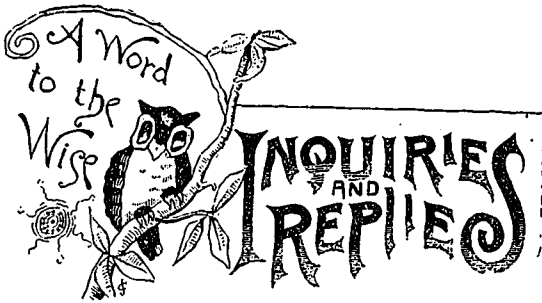
HINTS ON RE-POTTING PLANTS.

If you have put your house plants out of doors during the summer, you will find when you come to take them in in the fall that many require re-potting. If not convenient to do this, remove as much of the top of the soil in the pot as possible without seriously disturbing the roots, and put on fresh compost in its stead.

If your plants were turned out of their pots you will find, when you come to take them up, that their roots have run through the soil for feet on each side. In taking them up these roots will have to be cut off, and this will greatly injure the plant. It is a good plan to cut down all around the plants with a sharp spade about a week before you are ready to lift them. This severs the long roots without disturbing the others, and in a short time new roots will be sent out like branches from those which have been cut inside the ball of earth which you have cut about. This will give you healthy, growing roots which will not have to be disturbed when the plant is potted.

Never take a newly-potted plant whose roots have been disturbed into a warm room. Set in a cool place, after watering it well, and leave there till it has become established in its pot.

One of the very best winter-flowering plants we know anything about is the *Primula Obconica*. It is much more desirable in every way than the good old Chinese Primrose, of which it is a relative. Its flowers are tingle, small, but borne in loose clusters and produced in such profusion that the plant is almost always covered with them. They are not a clear white, but nearly so. Sometimes there will be a slight lilac tinge. They have a delicate primrose odor, and a very pleasing wild-flower air about them.



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

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

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

NELLIE.—(1) Is it necessary to take off one's gloves at a five o'clock tea? (2) Is it sufficient acknowledgement of a call to leave a card on the lady who paid the visit? ANS.—(1) Gloves are very rarely taken off at afternoon tea. (2) You could not return a call by leaving a card without asking if the lady were at home. The laws of etiquette are very strict in this particular. A call must be returned by a call and a card by a card.

F. G.—Can you tell me of a way to remove black marks from a white silk? ANS.—It depends somewhat on the nature of the stains. You might try rubbing the spots with stale bread. This very often removes such marks at once. If this fails send the dress to a professional dyer.

ROYAL BILLS-OF-FARE.

A PARIS correspondent writes entertainingly of royalty at table, as follows: "Pope Leo XIII's way of living is more like that of a country curate than of a prelate. It is lucky that etiquette makes the Pope invariably eat alone, for his guests would have but meagre cheer. After celebrating mass, which he does all the year round at 5 a.m., in his private chapel, he takes a cup of coffee, prepared by his body servant on a spirit lamp. During his residence in foreign countries, His Holiness acquired the habit of drinking coffee prepared as in Turkey and with out sugar, and he clings to this habit even against the advice of his physicians, who tell him that coffee prepared in this way is too exciting, especially when taken on an empty stomach. At about ten o'clock the Pope eats his first meal, which is very frugal and always the same. It consists of two poached eggs, a piece of the breast of a fowl, and, for dessert, some fruit or preserves. Leo XIII drinks but little wine—never more than one glass of white Frascati—during the whole repast. He will not touch Bordeaux, which is more heady and tonic than the wines in the neighborhood of Rome. At five o'clock the Pope eats his second and last meal, which is as frugal and simple as the first. Many a commoner sits down to a far more sumptuous repast. Soup, one kind of meat, a vegetable, fruit, and a glass of Frascati wine—such is the Pope's *menu*."

"Queen Victoria breakfasts alone at nine o'clock in summer, at Osborne, Windsor or Balmoral. This meal is generally served out-of-doors, in some arbor, tent or summer-house. Formerly the Queen took oatmeal porridge as a part of her morning meal. But in the midst of her gold and silver plate and the wealth of orchids, which usually decorate her magnificent court table, the Queen's digestion compels her now to forego the toothsome dainty for lighter tapioca, and to use only stale brown

bread, made especially for her needs, and which resembles German rye bread. Her physicians also advised her to give up green tea for cocoa. Luncheon is served at 2, and the royal dinner at 8:30 p.m., when boiled mutton, venison and chicken form Her Majesty's staple dishes. Sir John Cowie, the Queen's aide-de-camp, says that Her Majesty delights in baked potatoes and in cracking a dozen nuts after dinner. The Queen formerly drank every day two or three glasses of champagne or Bordeaux and after dinner a glass of Tokay; but here again the medicos interfered, and after her recent attack of sciatica, the royal lady had to give up wine for a dilution of whisky in water or soda water. In her published diary the Queen admits her extreme partiality for Scotch cream and savory haggis. Victoria's household expenses amount to the neat little sum of \$425,000 a year.

"President Carnot is a quiet man, who evidently thinks that simplicity is the chief secret of a good *menu*. He delights, as most Frenchmen do, in *café au lait* (coffee with milk) at 8 a.m. and enjoys his beef-steak, mutton-chop and an omelet *aux fines herbes*, with half a bottle of Chambertin, at noon. Dinner at half-past seven usually ushers in oysters, soup, fish and *entrees* or the dish preceding the roast. This is the first course, washed down with Bordeaux, and the President declares when he has got so far he has had quite enough, and that the roast which begins the second course, including beside the game, *relevés* and sweet *entremets*, is superfluous. Of the third course which includes ices, sweet-meats, preserved and fresh fruits—in short, the dessert—he partakes lightly, and corrects the richness of the whole by a cup of good black coffee, cognac, or chartreuse, and a *londres* cigar.

"In Russia, eating and drinking take up no small part of a man's existence. Alexander III. breakfasts early, at 7 a.m., on ham and eggs, a slice of roast beef and tea. At eleven o'clock he lunches off a poached egg in broth, a mutton chop, cold chicken, game and two vegetables, the whole washed down with three cups of strong black coffee. The Czar, who is a great angler, has the fish he hooks, served up on his table. At 2 p.m., he takes a little rice-milk. Dinner affords a plain but well cooked meal in the French style.

"The young German Emperor, who was raised in England, has retained a decided taste for eggs and bacon, which so often figure on an English breakfast table. He has muffins and crumpets sent to him from London. All sorts of baked loaves are eaten at the Berlin court, from the commonest kind of oaten bread to the famous Cummin cake, the recipe for the making of which is a State secret. William II. drinks beer, and has discarded French champagne for sparkling Muller wine. Within the last twelve-month he has revolutionized the imperial kitchen, dismissed his French cook, and, in his determination to out-German the Germans, ordered the bill-of-fare to be henceforth written in the national language! Even the word *menu* has been done away with and *speischkarte* substituted.

"The Empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe. Her kitchen is a huge room, with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish, fowl, and beast for the table. Fifty chickens can be cooked at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the side walls, from floor to ceiling, stand scores upon scores of chafing-dishes. In these dishes, all of which are self-warming, the meats are carried to the carving-room, whence they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling, baking, frying, carrying and cutting occupy a small regiment of servants. Twenty-five male cooks, in white clothes, dress, spit, season and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings and the salads. A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish, and

joints from the kitchen to the carving-room, where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

"The kitchen utensils fill a big room opening into the kitchen. This room is the ideal of German housewives. The high walls are covered with pans, kettles, griddles and covers, which shine as only German hands and German elbow-grease could make them shine. There are soup-tureens in which a big boy might be drowned, and kettles in which twins could play house.

"The Austrian Court dinners are famous on the Continent. The delicacies which result from the protracted meetings in the council-chamber of the *chefs*, are so fine that favored guests not unfrequently observe the old German fashion of taking a choice bit home to their friends in the name of the Empress and with her best wishes. And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this elaborate kitchen, neither the Emperor nor the Empress eat much of the savory viands or dainties elaborated in it.

"Good, kind, gentle, generous and open-hearted old Francis-Joseph takes beer at luncheon, champagne at dinner—never more than two glasses—and smokes the commonest kind of Austrian cigar, a long thin weed with a straw in it, called a "Virginia." This is the favorite smoke of Viennese cab-drivers. Over-indulgence in it, spoiled his stomach, and for a long time he was forbidden to smoke, but since last year he has begun again.

"King Humbert is a true vegetarian. He lives entirely on vegetables, *antepastos*, and fruits. The doctors have forbidden him to drink coffee, and his only beverage is at present a little Bordeaux and plenty of water. The King never feels so well as when his fare is bread, potatoes and oranges. When asked by the young German Emperor what his favorite edible was, the King of Italy replied peaches. William II. thereupon ordered \$500 worth of the finest samples from Thommerey, near Fontainebleau and sent them to him. The Queen, who used to be very slender, but has of late been growing stouter and stouter, wishes to diet; but it is very difficult to do so, as she enjoys every dainty of the table, and the court revels in the national *frittura* of artichoke hearts, liver, mushrooms, brains, cock's-combs, and so forth, served in a solid-gold service. Margherita has tried several times to become a vegetarian, but has given up in despair."

AMMONIA.

AMONG the discoveries in science and chemistry, none is more important than the uses to which the carbonate of ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food, says the *Scientific American*.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into a gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is more effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking, the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace of residuum whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuit, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the

finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined, of course, with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as it seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.

THE GOLDEN CASKET'S CONTENTS.

THE Germans have a story which the home loving people love to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which in her keeping would be of inestimable value to her as mistress of the house. Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining-room, the library, the bed-room, and remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After the lapse of three years the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which was written these words; "The eyes of the mistress are worth 100 pairs of servants' hands." The wise father knew that the practice of the inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self-perpetuated—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.

THE CORONATION SPOON.

AMONG the regalia or crown jewels of England, to be seen in the tower of London, one of the oldest and most beautiful is the Coronation spoon. It is of pure gold, encircled with gems, and at the coronation of a British sovereign it is used to receive the consecrated oils out of the ampulla, or eagle-shaped receptacle, which contains it in bulk. This anointing spoon is by far the most ancient of all the British crown jewels, and dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died in the year 1066, and was succeeded by Harold, who was defeated and slain, in the same year, by William, Duke of Normandy. After the execution of Charles I, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the parliamentary or Puritan party, seized the regalia, with the single exception here mentioned, and the crown jewels—diadems, sceptres, orbs, bracelets, spurs, swords, ampulla, white tower, salt-cellar of gold, silver wine fountain and font—were made after the restoration, 1660.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER, who, at the last state ball at Buckingham Palace, wore diamond epaulettes, a diamond corselet, many coils of lightly mounted diamonds—like glancing serpents—among the laces of her toilette, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzled beholders could count, is not a mere fine lady. At Maynooth, Ireland, she has established an industrial school for poor women and girls, under charge of nuns, where the pupils are taught various industries, and where the beautiful young Duchess herself both teaches in the classes, and tries to improve the forlorn condition of the peasants, who adore her.

44 GORE STREET, HAMILTON, ONT., SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1890.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful "Mantel Clock" awarded me in your late "Word Contest." It was indeed a great surprise to me to receive such an unexpected present from you—a splendid ornament for my mantel-piece. Accept my sincere thanks for your impartial award.

Yours truly,

FRANK VALE.

Our Cooking School

THIS Department will, in future, be conducted by a lady of wide experience in the culinary art who will be happy to answer enquiries and who will also furnish *recipes* to those requesting the same. Further announcements in regard to this will be made in November issue.

RECIPES.

TO CAN TOMATOES.—Of course to make a success the tomatoes must be in good condition. Have ready a porcelain-lined kettle, a sharp knife, a large pan to hold the tomatoes while preparing them, the cans with their fixtures, the jars with porcelain-lined tops are perhaps best, a large plate and coffee cup. Pare the tomatoes, and cut out the hard pieces at the blossom end, without putting water upon them. Throw them into the kettle and set over the fire. Do not add either pepper or salt. The matter of the length of time in boiling is of no consequence, except that they must cook until the whole mass is not only hot, but in a boiling state, whether it takes thirty, sixty, or more minutes. Place a can upon the plate after putting the rubber around the neck; with the cup dip out and pour into the can the boiling tomatoes, hold the cover in your left hand, and when the liquid overflows clap on the cover, and screw it down quickly. Set the can aside, and several times see if you can screw it a little tighter, for, as the steam condenses, it will leave a little space at the neck of the can.

STEWED CELERY.—Wash six or eight heads of celery and take off the outer leaves, cut the heads up in bits three or four inches long, stew them till tender in half a pint of veal broth or white gravy, then add two spoonfuls of cream and an ounce of butter rolled in flour; season with pepper, salt and nutmeg, and simmer the whole together. The leaves will do to flavor soup that is to be strained.

MILK TOAST.—Toast a goodly number of slices, and arrange in a deep dish. Put into a saucepan one quart of sweet milk, and stir into a smooth paste with a little milk. Stir constantly till it boils; cook a moment or two; add a little salt and small piece of butter, and pour over the toasted bread.

PEACH MAHMLADE.—Take ripe, yellow freestone peaches; pare, stone and quarter them. To each pound of peaches allow three-quarters of a pound of powdered white sugar, and half an ounce of peach kernels blanched in scalding water, and pounded very smooth. Scald the peaches in a very little water, mash them to a pulp with the sugar and pounded peach kernels, and put the whole into a preserving kettle; let it boil to a smooth thick jam, skimming and stirring it well, and keeping the kettle covered as much as possible. Fifteen minutes will boil it, but if you see it is not quite thick enough boil it a little longer. When cold put it up in glass jars or very small stone ones.

PEACH JELLY.—Take fine ripe juicy freestone peaches and pare and quarter them. Scald them in a very little water, drain and mash them, and squeeze the juice through a jelly-bag. To every pint of juice allow one pound of granulated sugar and a few of the peach kernels. Having broken up the peach kernels and boiled them by themselves for fifteen minutes in just enough water to cover them, strain off the kernel water and add it to the juice. Mix the juice with the sugar and when it is melted boil them together for fifteen minutes till it becomes a thick jelly. Skim it well while it boils. Try the jelly by taking a little in a spoon and holding it in the open air to see if it congeals. When the jelly is done put it in tumblers and lay on the top double tissue paper cut exactly to fit the inside of the glass, pressing it down with your fingers; then over the top of each tie a thick paper.

STOVE BLACKING.—2 parts copperas, 1 part bone-black, 1 part black lead, mixed to consistency of cream, with water. Two applications are recommended.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water. Pour one quart of rich cream on one half-pound powdered sugar. Let it stand half an hour and whisk until very light. Pour in the gelatine and beat until it begins to stiffen. Pour some ice cold water into the moulds. Shake it around and empty the moulds and fill immediately with the cream, seasoned with lemon or vanilla. Eat with rich cream seasoned and whipped very light.

ORANGE CAKE.—Take two even teacupfuls each of sugar and flour, half cupful of water, the yolks of five eggs beaten very light, also the whites of four, the juice and grated rind of one orange, and two teacupfuls of baking-powder sifted with the flour. Bake in four layers. Take the juice and grated rind of one large or two small oranges, three-fourths of a teacupful of sugar, and the white of one egg beaten stiff. Spread this between layers, adding more sugar to that used for the top.

QUEEN PUDDING.—One pint of nice fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg; bake until done, but not watery; whip the white of the eggs; beat in a teacupful of sugar, in which has been strained the juice of a lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, pour the whites of the eggs over this; replace in the oven; bake lightly; to be eaten cold, with cream, if preferred. This is decidedly the best of all puddings.

FRUIT CAKE.—Wash one pound of butter in some rose-water, beat to a cream, then add three-fourths of a pound of sugar; beat ten eggs, yolks and whites separately add them to the sugar and butter, then add a pound and a quarter of flour, half an ounce of spice, a pound and a half of currants, nicely cleaned and dried, a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded, and a quarter of a pound of citron, cut not too thin. Mix all together. Add half a pint of orange-flower water. Beat all very thoroughly an hour at least

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup and a half of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter or lard, one teacupful of soda, one-half a cupful of water, two teacupfuls of ginger. Mix soft, and roll thin; bake in a quick oven. Put in the pan so they will not touch each other.

ONION PICKLE.—Take two gallons of small white onions and one pint of salt. Pour on boiling water and let it stand twenty-four hours. Slip the skins from the onions and boil them about five minutes in sweet milk and water. Soak a few days in vinegar. Then scald good cider vinegar with mace and cloves, and pour over the onions, adding a few little pods of red pepper.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—To one-half box of gelatine put a teacup two-thirds full of cold water. Let this stand half an hour. In the meantime whip up one quart rich cream. Just before you finish whipping the cream, pour two-thirds of a cup boiling water on the gelatine, stirring until all is dissolved. Add to the gelatine one teacup of pulverized sugar and three teacupfuls extract of vanilla. While this is cooling finish the cream. When the gelatine begins to thicken, stir it into the cream, mixing well. Pour into a glass bowl lined with ladies' fingers.

WHITE CAKE.—The whites of five eggs well beaten, one cup of white sugar, one-third cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teacupful cream tartar, and half teacupful of soda. This batter was baked in loaves, and also used for layer cakes.

POUND CAKE (a very old recipe).—Take one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two teacupfuls of rose-water. Beat the sugar and butter together as light as possible, then add gradually the rose-water and about one-fourth of the flour; whisk the eggs until very thick, then stir in the butter and sugar gradually, then the remainder of the flour, a small quantity at a time. Beat all well together. Line your pan with white paper, put in your batter, smooth the top with a knife, and bake in a moderate oven about two and a half hours.

YELLOW CABBAGE PICKLE.—Take enough small, compact cabbages to fill a flour gallon jar. Quarter and tie together with twine. Boil in very salt water until tender enough to eat. When cold, press the cabbage between the hands to free it from the salt cabbage water. Pour over them weak vinegar and let it remain a week or two. Then take strong vinegar enough to cover them, one teacupful each of cloves and allspice, three ounces of turmeric, two of ground cinnamon, and one of celery seeds. The seasoning should be put in a bag and boiled in the vinegar, after which should be added a few slices of race-ginger, a little mace, and three pounds of light brown sugar. Squeeze the cabbage out of the first vinegar, then remove the twine. Sprinkle over the pickle a half-pound of well washed white mustard seeds, cover with the boiling vinegar and tie up closely, adding first a cupful of made mustard.

BALTIMORE CHOWDER.—Take three very thin slices of salt pork, two small onions sliced, three or four large potatoes sliced, and boil them together in just water enough to cover; soak two dozen crackers in milk, and when the potatoes are nearly done add four dozen oysters, one quart of milk, the crackers, a little salt and pepper and a teacupful of Worcestershire sauce; boil about two minutes and serve.

SPINACH.—Miss Maynard gave the following rule for cooking spinach: Wash one-half peck of spinach, put it into boiling water and boil until tender. Drain and chop fine, then melt two teacupfuls of butter and add to the spinach. Season with a teacupful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper; cook five minutes, stirring often. Mould it in cups and serve with eggs.

QUICK LOAF CAKE.—Beat two eggs, with two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter and one of milk; add two cupfuls of raisins, half a cupful of shredded citron, four cupfuls of flour sifted with two teacupfuls of cream of tartar and one teacupful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water. Bake at once.

DRIED APPLE FRITTERS.—Beat three eggs, add a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, a teacup of stewed dried apples, half a teacup of sugar, a few drops of extract of cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg and flour to make stiff batter; drop a spoonful at a time in boiling lard, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve hot.

BREAKFAST DISH.—One fourth of a pound of old cheese, a teacup of milk, two eggs, a pinch of salt, a pinch of pepper, a small bit of butter. Cut the cheese very thin, put it into a frying pan with half of the milk, butter, pepper and salt. Stir until the cheese is melted, then add the eggs, well beaten, with the rest of the milk. Cook for one minute and spread on hot toast.

A NEW WAY OF COOKING EGGS.—Boil five eggs hard, then chop them fine. Melt a teacupful of butter, and add a teacupful of flour, cook a little, then add one cup of hot milk. Season this white sauce with one-half teacupful of salt and a few grains of cayenne and a teacupful of anchovy paste. Add the eggs, pour the whole over slices of toasted bread. Anchovy paste having a strong flavor is not always liked upon first trial, and, like curry powder, the taste for it must often be cultivated. It comes in little jars, costing thirty cents, and covered lasts a long time, as so little is used at a time for flavoring.

MINCED FOWL.—Cold roast fowl, four ounces lean ham, a pinch of nutmeg, a little roux, one small tin of mushrooms, one pint milk, seasoning, two pounds mashed potatoes. Cut the meat off the fowl, place the bones in a stew-pan; add the milk, liquor from the mushrooms, and seasoning; simmer ten minutes, strain off the liquor into a stew-pan, add the roux, and boil five minutes; mince the fowl, ham, and mushrooms finely, place in the sauce, add a little nutmeg; boil the potatoes, mash them, line a pie-dish with them, put the mince in the centre, and bake for fifteen minutes serve very hot.

EGGS, SCALLOPED.—Cold meat, pepper, salt, two ounces breadcrumb, three ounces butter, six eggs; mince any kind of cold meat, season with pepper and salt, and add a few breadcrumbs; cover the bottom of small saucers with this mixture, put half an ounce of butter in each, break an egg on the top, stand in a hot oven; when the egg begins to cook, sprinkle breadcrumbs and seasoning over, and serve very hot.



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

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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

WOODEN SHOES.

ONE of the most interesting places in a Holland village is the "*klompen*" maker's shop, where *klompen*, or wooden shoes, are made.

Not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by high dykes, lies the little village of Rijsoord; in that village, beside the Skalkydyk River, is a shop in which an old man and his son work early and late, supplying the peasants (who never go barefoot) with shoes. These are first roughly shaped from blocks of willow wood, as a statue is first rudely outlined by chipping the marble block, and afterward the shoes are finished smoothly with sand-paper and pumice-stone.

The willow trees are grown for this purpose, and when they attain the required size, they are cut down, the branches are trimmed off and only the trunk is used, being divided into blocks each one of which is the length of the longest shoe.

The work goes on without interruption through the morning, unless some friendly neighbor looks in over the half-open Dutch door; and this is the occasion seized upon by the two men for refilling and lighting their pipes, and drawing a few long whiffs, while they listen to a little village gossip.

At eleven o'clock the good *wrouw* appears at the door with "*koffij, jongens*" (coffee boys), and they follow her into the adjoining room. It has a low, thatched roof of deep-yellow reeds, and contains the great fire-place, where in damp weather the newly-made shoes are placed before the fire to dry.

All their food is cooked in the same fireplace, excepting the bread, which in every peasant's home is supplied by the baker.

The shoes are piled round the smouldering embers, often with the tea-kettle simmering among them; and while the sap dries out, they give little groans, and sighs, as if they knew the hard

fate awaiting them when the time shall come for them to cover the feet of some sturdy Dutch peasant or workman and to clatter over the pavements of the town.

After this morning's refreshment, which all of the peasants enjoy, they return to work.

Sometimes, among the piles of white shavings, there are customers waiting to be fitted with new shoes; and from the rows of shoes suspended from the ceiling, and across the side walls, for the *kinderen* and grown folks, the right size is always found.

The Hollanders make so many uses of wooden shoes, one is persuaded to believe the "Old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do," was a Dutch *wrouw*. The children turn shoes into boats, and paint them a rich deep brown, in imitation of the large boats which sail on the river Maas. As they trim the tiny sails of their ships, and launch them upon the waters of a *sloot* to some imaginary Van Dieman's land, not to be found in a geography, they seem possessed with the same spirit which inspired the Dutch navigators of earlier days.

There are very many *sloots* (which are deep ditches full of water), used both to fence and to fertilize the land; so the voyage of the shoe may be a long one, and the owner of the little vessel will have abundant opportunity to indulge in dreams of future wealth to be realized "when his ship comes in."

The boats that one may see on the rivers and the coasts of Holland are not unlike the wooden shoes in shape, and the same model may have served for both.

The school-boy, heated by play, stops beside the nearest stream, pulls off his shoe, and fills it with water, which he drinks with as much satisfaction as if it were a delicious draught from a silver cup.

Wooden shoes are ornamental as flower-pots, and many a bright flower whose roots are firmly bedded in a shoe has graced the window of some peasant's cottage—a joy to the owner, and a pleasure to the passing traveler.

They are useful as hammers, and it is not common to see a *koopman* (merchant) by the wayside, with a few taps of his shoe mending his cart, piled high with yellow carrots or little round Dutch cheeses, while his dogs rest in the traces.

These shoes also take the place of the obsolete birch-rod of our grandmothers' days. The good *wrouw*, in her quaint cap of spotless white, with gold spiral pins, called *krullen*, placed above the ears, does not look very much like such grandmothers as we have known, but her discipline resembles theirs in severity if not in kind.

During the week after school hours, the little girls walk along the dikes in rows, knitting; and the clatter of their shoes, to an ear unfamiliar with it, is, except that it is without the military regularity, like the sound of an advancing regiment.

Saturday is the great cleaning day in Rijsoord, when everything is made ready for Sunday, the day of rest. The houses are scrubbed inside and out, and among the pots and kettles, are seen the wooden shoes; these scoured snowy white, hang upon forked sticks near the doorway to dry in the wind and sun.

The morning brings the sound of *klompen* along the dykes, and rows of people are seen walking toward the kirk. At the door they leave their shoes, like faithful servants, to await their return later, after a three hours sermon by the dominie.

In the afternoon, the young men and women stroll up and down the Promendijk, which is the "Fifth Avenue" of the village—its general promenade and meeting place. They exchange nods and friendly greetings until sundown, when the busy week begins again, and the wooden shoes soon take on their week-day coat of tan.

Children's Department.

ANGEL AND IMP.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

ONE is a little angel,—
An angel full of grace,—
For he makes almost beautiful
A homely, careworn face.
The other is an imp, perverse
Who keeps an evil vow
To make as ugly as he can
The smoothest, whitest brow.

You know the angel and the imp,—
You know them both so well,
Their dictionary names it seems
Superfluous to tell!
And yet to make my riddle clear,
I'm forced to write them down:
The angel is a smile, of course,
The little imp, a frown!

THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY RABBIT.

ALL day long the snow came tumbling down on the trees and evergreen bushes of the woods wherein the little gray rabbit had his home, or, rather, his homes; for in various parts of the woods he had beds under brush piles, and in more than one upturned root he had also a deep hole in which he could take refuge if ever the fox, his old-time foe, should press him too hard. It was the first snow of the season, and Bunny did not like it at all for he had not a white coat and thick furry boots for winter like his cousin the white hare, but winter and summer was compelled to go in the same clothing. He did not usually move about much in daylight, for too many of his enemies were then abroad; besides, the glare of the sun hurt his eyes. Now, with the additional reason of the ground being covered with snow, he did not move an inch from his bed all day. But at evening the snowfall ceased. The little gray rabbit was beginning to feel very hungry; so, bracing up his courage, much as a boy does when going into a cold bath, he jumped out of his bed under the brush pile and into the snow. Hop-hop-hoppety-hop he went, making his way through the familiar though now strange-looking thickets, toward his regular feeding-grounds. It was not so very easy, however, to find his favorite herbs; for six inches of snow lay on everything, and he had to go from place to place, picking a few blades wherever he could find them sticking through the snow.

When, after an hour or more, the moon arose and everything was lighted up nearly as in daytime, Bunny was still running about nibbling the grass and plant stems. Presently he heard the "hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo" of the horned owl, and knowing that it was dangerous to run about much when the owl was near, he hopped quietly away toward his brush pile. Then shortly afterward, he heard a noise which made him stop and sit up with his broad ears erect to make out the nature of the sound. Tramp, tramp, tramp; trot, trot, trot; snap; grind, grind, grind, went the sounds, not more than fifty yards behind him; but still Bunny listened, for he knew it was no owl but must be some large animal. What had he to fear from anything on four legs? Still nearer came the tramping, and still Bunny waited, when all at once a rolling bass "booo-ooo-ow" re-echoed through the woods, and in an instant Bunny saw the form of a hound rush by, bounding over the snow on his track.

At so short a distance on the snow, in the clear moonlight, a hound can easily see a rabbit: and when he does so he puts forth every effort to increase his speed, while his baying becomes deafening and almost continuous, and is calculated to terrify even an experienced old rabbit; and so it was now. Our little friend did not usually fear the hounds very much, since he had often been chased by them, and had had little difficulty in elud-

ing them by several tricks which he learned when quite young. Indeed, he had on several occasions actually played with the dogs, leading and misleading them to his great amusement, and finally throwing them off altogether without having to make use of his last resource: running into one of his burrows. But the present pursuit was so sudden, and the rabbit was so taken by surprise, that he completely lost his presence of mind, and set off at once at the top of his speed, straight for his nearest burrow, with the hound close behind him.

In a few seconds he was snugly ensconced in the furthest corner, while the hound was at the entrance keeping up a continuous and deafening baying.

Several minutes more the dog bayed and scratched at the hole; then down the winding burrow there came a new sound, the voice of a man, and Bunny heard the dog called off. For a few moments there was silence. Then came a faint pattering of little feet, and then—oh, horrors!—trotting about in the hole and ever coming nearer, Bunny made out in the dim light the form of a new and dreadful enemy—a ferret. The hunter had carried one in a bag in case his prey should take to a hole. Now this little creature was doing its part. Sniff, sniff, went the snake-like little fury; nearer and nearer he came, till Bunny could see the faint green glitter of his wicked eyes. Then, suddenly, the ferret discovered the crouching and terrified rabbit and made a spring to seize him; but Bunny gave a great bound past him and rushed toward the entrance of the hole, determined to face anything rather than fall into the power of his merciless little foe. There was silence at the entrance of the burrow, but it was a treacherous silence, for the moment the rabbit reached the opening, he was seized by the hunter, and in an instant he was transferred, unhurt, to a stout bag. Then for a time he heard nothing but the tramping his captor made in going through the woods.

A few hours later, the hunter brought the rabbit alive to me, the writer of this story, and proposed that we should let it go and shoot it as it ran. But I would not hear of this, though I agreed to let two little puppy hounds chase the rabbit after I had sketched it.

On being put down, poor Bunny at first seemed dazed; but the sight of the dogs aroused him, and away he went with the puppies running merrily after him. The rabbit was by far the swiftest, and the little dogs were left behind, though they continued to follow until at last Bunny slipped through a high fence. Then the dogs gave up the chase. And now the hunter with me, seeing that the rabbit was making his escape, gave a loud whistle. In a few minutes his old hound came running up. At once this dog took up the track of the rabbit, baying loudly, and again Bunny was running free through the woods with a hound in full cry behind him; but remembering how, on the evening before, he had been caught, and had almost lost his life through giving way to terror, he now set out with a stouter heart, determined to keep above ground till the last, and never, if possible, again run the risk of meeting the ferret, his most detested enemy. And how he ran!

I could not follow, for night came on, and still I heard the baying of the hound as he circled about in the distant woods; but after two or three hours the hound came back looking so dejected that I knew the rabbit had outwitted him.

Early next morning, therefore, I went to the wood that I might learn from the tracks in the snow how the dog had been baffled. The whole history of the chase was clearly to be read in the snow. Small wonder that so cunning a rabbit should make good his escape and continue to live happily and safely in that same swamp, as to my knowledge he did for many a long month



TANGLED THREADS.

WITH the coming of the cool Autumn days, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, inaugurates a new Department, which, will surely interest all our young readers. We hope by the time the long Winter evenings have set in, that a large number will be competing for the prizes offered below. "Tangled Threads" will not be found in such a snarl, but that they may be readily untangled with a little perseverance.

We want all young people, into whose homes THE CANADIAN QUEEN goes, to compete for the prizes. "Uncle Joe" who conducts this Department, will be glad to receive, for publication, contributions such as Enigmas, Charades, Riddles, etc.

PRIZE AWARDS.

TO the girl or boy sending in the largest list of answers, to Puzzles published this month, we will give a HANDSOME TRICYCLE OR BICYCLE, of one of the best manufacture.

An additional prize of a GIRL OR BOYS WATCH will be awarded to the one who sends in the best Puzzle of any kind, to be published in November number.

RULES.

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

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

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

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

I.
RIDDLE.

Unseen, I have the power to work you woe,
To oftentimes bring suffering and death;
But, in another form physicians owe
To me their power to aid the halting breath.

My face is known upon the busy mart
And commerce ever finds in me a friend;
But, woful word! I call on men to part
From hearth and home when warring foes contend.

2
TWO WORD SQUARES.

I.—1. A nest. 2. A musical term. 3. A limit. 4. A city in Europe.

II. 1.—A sac. 2. A possessive pronoun. 3. Strong. 4. A plant.

3
BURIED RIVERS.

1. She passed on without looking at me. 2. St. John was an Evangelist. 3. Here is the top, Owen, that I promised you. 4. Tom pulled up that weed by the roots. 5. That ham, Esther, is excellent. 6. Annie, you must sew up that rent in your dress. 7. Did not Richard win a race.

4
DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. An animal. 3. Strength. 4. A show. 5. A precious stone. 6. A house for lodging travellers. 7. A consonant.

5
ENIGMA.

My first is in sun, but not in moon.
My second in fast, but not in soon.
My third in flute, but not in pipe.
My fourth in red, but not in ripe.
My fifth in false, but not in fair.
My sixth in sworn, but not in swear.
My seventh in venture, not in dare.
My whole is the pride of the teacher.

6
CONUNDRUM.

Why is the sugar with which a ship is freighted lick a locomotive?

7
CHARADE.

A silver, my first is a gift for a child,
Oft presented because of his name.
My second's a word used for plant or for herb,
'Tho' 'tis scarcely a word you may claim.

Of my whole the French peasantry gather a wreath,
And wear it on midsummer eve,
To preserve from attacks of bad spirits or men,
It has power they firmly believe.

8
PUZZLE.

To three letters that stand for betwixt and between,
Annex an amount, 'tis a word you have seen
In the school-room—now join to the end a mistake,
And you'll find that the heart of the year it will make.

9
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 12, 20, 21, 10 is an herb.
My 1, 6, 7, 22, 2 are enemies to mankind.
My 3, 4, 17, 14 are used in building railroads.
My 16, 15, 11, 9 is proud.
My 3, 4, 9, 12, 2 are parts of a pitchfork.
My whole is a familiar saying.

10
WORDS WITH ONE SOUND AND TWO MEANINGS.

1. Lucy's father refused to give her a— as he wished to— her extravagance.
2. John could not find a word to— with thyme, which would signify the— on the edge of the meadow.

H. & F. HOERR,

GRAND
SQUARE
AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS



Office and Warerooms
201 Queen Street East.



Factory
26, 28, 30 and 32 Britain Street

TORONTO.



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

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

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



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HAVING ABSORBENT QUALITIES.

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A Certain Cure without Medicine.

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and Appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

All Home References ; No Foreign or Manufactured Testimonials.

- W. J. Gould, Gurney Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in 4 days—Sciatica.
- Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen Street East, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the 6th day—Neuralgia.
- A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King Street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.
- Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
- Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
- Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes Street, City, cured of Sciatica in 6 weeks
- E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide Street West, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
- Miss Annie Wray, Music Teacher, Manning Avenue, finds Actina invaluable.
- John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in 2 weeks by Actina.
- L. B. McKay, Tobacconist, cured of Headache after years of suffering.
- C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer Street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
- R. Austin, 84 Adelaide Street West, City, Dyspepsia 6 years, Butterfly Belt did him more good than he expected.
- Miss Laura Grose, John Street, City, Constitutional Sore Eyes cured in 1 month.
- Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King Street West, City, after years of sleeplessness, now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
- Richard Hood, 40 Stewart Street, City, used Actina 3 months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
- Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declares Actina worth \$100—Headache.
- Mrs. Hatt, 342 Clarence Avenue, cured of Blood Poisoning.
- Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant Street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, 12 years standing.
- J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.
- Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in 15 days.
- Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis Street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.
- H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
- Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
- Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas Street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
- Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
- J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency. Many such letters on file.

Any Belt requiring Vinegar or Acid WILL burn the Skin.

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Given on 15 days trial.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

"TIS I—BE NOT AFRAID!"

By MUNSA.

WHEN earthly pleasures, one by one,
Wither, and droop, and fade,
What whisper gently greets my ear?
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

Though earthly friends forsake my side
I will not be dismayed;
For One, true Friend is ever near;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

Death's angel came and hovered o'er
My darling—dark the shade!
Anew—divine—the message came;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

"My Father, take *this* cup from me!"
In agony I prayed,
"I drank it deep for thee, my child!"
"Tis I be not afraid!"

And e'en, when clouds of sorrow burst,
My soul on him is stayed,
I listen for the murmured words;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

And when I hear Death's flowing tide,
And,—shrinking—cry for aid,
O Saviour! let me hear thee say;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

BARKED HIM OFF.

WILD beasts are easily alarmed by the unexpected. The Italian's organ monkey that saved itself from the bull-dog by taking off its cap, evidently seemed to the startled brute a creature that could pull off its own head. A stranger instance is related by an African hunter who had returned from the Hottentot country, where he had been trapping for the animal collectors of Hamburg. He was out one afternoon with some of the natives preparing a bait in a rocky ravine.

"We had built a stout pen of rocks and logs and placed a calf as a bait. The sun was nearly down as we started for camp, and no one had the least suspicion of the presence of danger until a lion which had been crouched beside a bush sprang out and knocked me down.

"In springing upon his prey the lion or tiger strikes as he seizes. This blow of the paw, if it falls on the right spot, disables the victim at once.

"I was so near this fellow that he simply reared, seized me by the shoulder and pulled me down. I was flat on the earth before I realized what had happened.

"I was on my back and he stood with both paws on my waist facing the natives and growling savagely. The men run off about three hundred feet and then halted, which was doubtless the reason I was not carried off at once.

"I can say without conceit that I was fairly cool. The attack had come on so suddenly that I had not time to get "rattled." I had been told by an old Boer hunter, that if I ever found myself in such a predicament as this I must appeal to the lion's fears.

"Had I moved my arm to get my pistol the beast would have lowered his head and seized my throat. So long as I lay quiet he reasoned that I was dead, and gave his attention to the natives.

"Suddenly I barked like a dog, following the bark with a growl, and that beast jumped twenty feet in his surprise. He came down between me and the natives, and I turned enough to see that his tail was down.

"I uttered more barks and growls, but without moving a hand, and the lion, after making a circle around me suddenly bolted and went off with a scare which would last him a week.

"If you had picked up a stick and discovered it to be a snake you would do just as the lion did. He supposed he had pulled down a man. The man turned into a dog. He could not understand it and it frightened him."

WIDOWS IN INDIA.

THE practice of treating widows as quasi-criminals, outcasts or slaves is among Hindus of high antiquity. It is probably a substitute for a still older custom, once universal among the conquering tribes of the Asiatic world, of slaying the wives of chieftains on the burial-places of their lords. As manners grew milder and men less desperate, and new religious ideas were born, that practice was abolished, and widows were permitted to live, but only as persons whose right to survive must be regarded as imperfect. Their position became that of household slaves, or rather family outcasts, entitled to no honor, bound to servile offices, dressed in the meanest clothes, fed with the cheapest food, and regarded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded. Had not the very gods themselves, or the fates, pronounced them deserving of heavy suffering?

It is the rooted belief of every convinced Hindu that unexpected or severe misfortune, brought about without human hands, is evidence that the sufferer has in some former state of being deservedly incurred the displeasure of the higher powers, and is justly expiating by his own misery his own actual, though forgotten, guilt. They think this even about themselves, and we have known a respectable Hindu, full of life and energy, and by no means specially bigoted, upon the death of an only son suddenly to renounce the world, and thenceforward to live, covered with ashes, and repeating only prayers, the painful expiatory life of the sunyasee, or Hindu hermit. What he believed about himself his friends were more ready to believe about him, and, as the death of a husband is the highest misfortune his wife can endure, those who insult or degrade his widow, even if her own closest connections, do not carry out the visible will of the Divine. The widow is, therefore, in theory, at all events, abandoned to her fate.

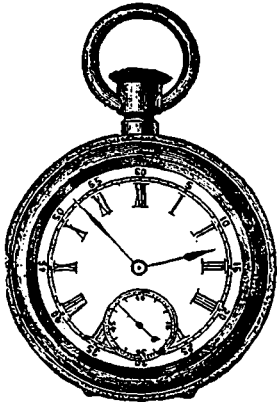
Of course, natural laws are not wholly suspended even by superstition, and thousands of widows protected by personal affection, or their own abilities, or by their wealth—for widowhood does not cancel rights of property—lead decently happy and contented lives. The majority, however, suffer under the ban typified by the shaving of their heads, that is, they are regarded, till death, as fallen from all title to respect, and are treated with an habitual indignity which, even when they are exempt from actual oppression, makes the position of millions of unoffending women no better than that of slaves or convicts. So severe is their lot that it excites pity even among those who believe that it is sanctioned by religion, and it would probably have been ameliorated long since but that it fits in with one of the principal Hindu social arrangements—that of early marriage.

RETALIATION is like the storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction. Kindness is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed and upholds their leaves, flowers and odors.

BARON LIEBIG, the great German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

An Opportunity Not to be Missed!

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



BOYS' NICKEL WATCH,
Value \$4.50.

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

CONDITIONS.

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

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

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

FOURTH.—All Clubs must be completed and forwarded not later than December 20th, 1890.

As we desire but one Club in each neighborhood at this special reduced rate, it will be necessary for you to notify us at once if you desire to organize a Club.

We will forward you sample numbers of THE QUEEN, to assist in the canvass, and give you the exclusive right for your neighborhood.

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

HOW TO ORGANIZE A CLUB.

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

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

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

START YOUR CLUB TO-DAY AS THE TIME EXPIRES DECEMBER 20th.

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

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

BOYS' NICKEL WATCH.

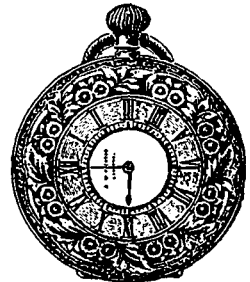
We will deliver free in Canada or the United States, one of these handsome, perfect time-pieces, valued at \$4.50, to any one who will form a club in their own neighborhood, of Fifteen new yearly subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, at the special price of only 80 cents each, sending us the Fifteen names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

MISSSES' SILVER WATCH.

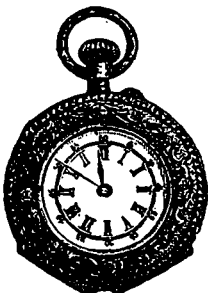
We will deliver free in Canada or the United States, a Stem-Winding, Stem-Setting, Coin Silver Watch of elegant pattern and design, valued at \$12.00 to any one who will form a club in their own neighborhood of Twenty-five new yearly subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, at the special price of only 80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

LADIES' GOLD WATCH.

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