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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

WITHOUT doubt the chief international event of the month is Lord Salisbury's statement regarding the progress of negotiations in the Venezuelan arbitration in particular, and the scheme of a permanent and obligatory arbitration system between Great Britain and the United States, in general.

The rapid advance of this latter movement since December of last year, and its favourable acceptance by the people of both countries, is one of the optimistic signs of the times, and the happiest augury for the future of the nations.

Since the sudden friction between these two great English-speaking nations, which occurred at the close of last year, has resulted in the inception or stimulation of so mighty a movement, we may not view it as a matter of regret.

The need of slow advance, of careful consideration, of extreme caution, will be acceded by every thoughtful citizen. The fine considerations involved are palpable to even the most ardent advocate of peace. But the prominence given to the scheme, and the general desire for its accomplishment, are so markedly significant, so prophetic, that, like the golden streak upon the morning horizon, they show us the fair probabilities of the breaking day.

In an extremely ironical review of England's foreign outlook, which appeared recently in the *New York Sun*, the following reference is made to Armenia:

Turkey, Armenia, Crete? Now, there is a situation to which an Englishman can turn with equanimity and satisfaction. The only point which gives him any uneasiness is the fear that the supply of victims for murder and torture may give out. That would upset the *status quo*. The normal conditions of crime, rapacity, bloodshed would be disturbed. According to Lord Salisbury, and most Englishmen apparently agree with him, such a change in the existing conditions within the Turkish empire is fraught with the most awful dangers which could possibly threaten the nations of Europe. So terrible are they that the Prime Minister has only to hint at them with bated breath whenever news comes of a particularly dreadful massacre in order to stifle all promptings of humanity in English breasts. But there is no need to borrow trouble yet on this score. There still remain some thousands of Armenians and Cretans for slaughter, and until they are gone the situation in the near East will continue normal—and therefore right.

England deserves it. But the United States is—from the civilised and Christian standpoint at least—equally culpable. That the people themselves recognise this, was made clear by the Armenian demonstration in the recent Christian Endeavour Conference held in Washington.

THE final passage of the Deceased Wife Sister's bill in the British House of Lords is an occasion almost sufficiently momentous to demand public celebration. A whole generation has arisen since first the bill was introduced, and with it has come the broader outlook and more tolerant attitude of the last quarter cen-

ture. Now, it is almost with amusement that we recall the bated breath and lowered tone adopted in speaking of this very shocking measure, whose passage, it was felt, would rend the whole fabric of British morality.

Prejudice dies hard; and the bishops have prevailed for many years, until the curious anomaly is presented of an act that is legal, and therefore presumably moral, in the colonies, being illegal, and therefore presumably immoral, in the Motherland.

Were the history of this bill in its relation to and effect upon the honourable loves of men and women but recorded, it would be a romance beyond any fiction.

As is a people, so is its Government, therefore Lord Salisbury's statement, made when speaking of the arbitration scheme, that "the tendency of the Government of the United States is to desire a rapid and summary decision," applies equally to the citizens of that country.

This desire for rapid accomplishment and decision, in any matter, is a national trait, and to it is due the present Presidential problem which is agitating the country.

The account of that Chicago Convention is one unparalleled in modern political history. Yet it is only the outcome of this impulse toward wild rush of decision rather than deliberative judgment, which has been steadily gaining upon the people, both individually and as a nation; until now, in this year of '96, it has carried them so far from the self-control and impartial tribunal of their Puritan ancestry, that six hundred cool, calculating delegates, representative of tens of thousands of the people, have been swept, in a moment of excitement, into nominating a Presidential candidate whose platform means financial wreck to the country.

The sober ones among them are shocked, the outside world looks on amazed. Yet again we say this is no surprising thing. The philosopher who searches for the mainspring, will find it far back in the fervid sense of freedom that came upon the people in 1776, and which has grown through the century into an intoxication.

Who says that the day of oratory is done? Let him look to the records of the Chicago Convention; let him ponder the history of this new Presidential candidate, before whose magnetism of personality and electrifying eloquence, grave law-makers became as emotional as women, and astute politicians impulsive as little children.

The dynamic of politics is always some one individual around whose person the passion of his followers may centre. This man, handsome, brilliant, eloquent, dramatic, yet poor, honest, earnest, frank, himself passionate, emotional, magnetic to a degree, and a demagogue,—is it to be wondered that an impulsive popu-

lace should enroll itself under his banner, without much regard as to where it may lead them,—and follow him, if need be, to the death.

And all of these qualities, with many others equally attractive, are granted him, even by his enemies.

W. J. Bryan's personality and seductive platform are a conjunction strong enough to draw the great labour world of the United States—an underworld chiefly—into a blind, passionate adherence.

THE money issue of the Presidential campaign is too intricate and complex a problem to be within the full understanding of the average citizen,—and therein again lies a danger, since half knowledge is often worse than ignorance, as a half truth is worse than a lie. 'Demone-tisation of silver,' 'appreciation of gold,' '16 to 1,' 'monometallism and bimetalism,' 'money unit,' 'repudiation',—these are mystic terms to the uninitiated. And initiation is not always possible, since the explanation of these involves an understanding of commercial and financial technique possible only to the capitalist or the student of economic science.

Again, so many large issues are involved: the banking system, the national debt, silver and gold mining and produce, and that stupendous labour problem—these certainly, and mayhap a score of others.

After listening to a discussion on the all-absorbing silver question, we would not be surprised to find that it also comprehended north poles, isothermal lines, measles and X rays.

ONE of the amusing incidents in connection with the Presidential nomination and campaign, is the wild rush of the American press to secure the greatest news-novelties concerning either candidate or platform. It turns the cathode rays of its inquisitory upon the former, until every shred of shelter is pierced, and the man's private life stands revealed in minutest detail;—his birth, babyhood, home, school, relatives, what and when he eats, drinks, sleeps; when he enters an hotel, when he steps out again, and with whom he shakes hands.

The *Chicago Times-Herald* published full-page horoscopes of both Bryan and McKinley's nomination, in which Saturn exercised his malignant influence upon W. J. Bryan, and Jupiter, the beneficent, beamed upon McKinley. Another equally enterprising journal published in its Sunday issue some sixty 'gold' and 'silver' Bible text references, as 'handy reference for orators during the campaign.' Yet another brought out a phrenological diagram of the brain, with special reference to 'language centres,' so that Bryan's oratorical gifts might be duly considered.

It is all very amusing, were it not just a trifle within our contempt.

CONCERNING the recent visit of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, of Boston, to London, it is reported that the Hon. Chauncey Depew, in his speech delivered at a banquet given to them there, made a joke which some of the corps were afraid their entertainers might take seriously.

Mr. Depew explained that America owned three kinds of military bodies: the regular army, which fights; the National Guard, which fights when called upon, and the Ancient Artillery, who would not fight under any circumstances.

There was just point enough in this witty after-dinner speaker's fun to give it piquance, and somewhat disturb the equanimity of the noble Company.

Having permitted or invited these armed guests, it was only within ordinary courtesy that they should be hospitably entertained.

The occasion, however, gains significance in view of the disturbed relations between the countries that began the year. The marked recognition extended them by royalty and the lavish entertainment provided for them may be correctly interpreted into expression of desire for a perpetuity of good-will and friendly alliance between the two countries.

DETAILS of the disaster caused by the terrible tidal wave in northern Japan have been slow in reaching the western world, which has had time to forget its slight realisation of the same in nearer and more present issues.

The tragedy occurred on June 15th, while the people were celebrating one of their simple, time-honoured fêtes. Within a few minutes from the first warning a wave from twenty to forty feet in height, resulting from a submarine earthquake, swept over two hundred miles of coast of Hondo, the largest island of the Japanese archipelago, destroying all the towns and hamlets, and drowning 30,000 persons.

We read it calmly. It seems far away and foreign. The very extent of it possibly prevents our realisation. Humanity cannot feel in thousands, even as it does not suffer in thousands. But there is something very pitiful in the thought of a whole province made desolate; a host of those simple, engaging little people, in the midst of their childlike enjoyment, being lifted, crushed and beaten lifeless by the great wave that left them, with all their laughter gone, lying bruised upon the sand.

IN CANADA.

THE letter forwarded by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen to the mother of the young Scotch groom who was accidentally shot in Rideau Hall grounds, gives evidence of that tender sympathy and deep motherliness which has shown itself in a thousand ways since she has been among us.

It is not a formal condolence, nor yet the courteous expression of a real regret, but the relation of the details so longed for by a mother heart,—so dear and comforting to loved ones denied the last presence. The complete understanding, the simple tenderness, make of this kindly act a most beautiful thing.

If the dynamic of politics be devotion to a person, there is every probability that Canada's new Premier will prove a splendid force in Canada's empiric progress. The magnetism of his personality, his stainless record, his fine honour, courtesy and chivalry, his courtly presence and eloquent yet dignified speech, unite to win a passion of devotion from his friends, and a cordial admiration and goodwill from all who have come within the spell of his influence.

That he is statesman rather than politician,

time is rapidly proving; that he has strength beneath the sweetness, has been already revealed.

Canadians of both parties like to be proud of their Premier, and in Hon. Mr. Laurier they find one who at every point gratifies their pride.

THE 'cross of gold' of the United States becomes the crown of gold in Canada, since British Columbia is prepared to supply from her rich revealed veins sufficient of the yellow metal to make us all kings and princes.

The question arises whether, in view of these undeveloped riches in British Columbia and South Africa, it will not soon become necessary to 'demonetise' gold and institute a silver monometallism.

Bryan and his Populist followers might find the pick and pan of British Columbia mines a speedier road to riches than even a Presidential campaign.

Speaking seriously, in the rush of speculation which the discovery of Rossland gold has engendered, there will be the usual false bait and reckless investments, the usual mad haste to be rich, with its concomitant ruin: yet the gold is there, the climate is healthful, the country beautiful, and it is of our own Dominion.

All hail to British Columbia!

Now that the elections are over and the new Government established, a general confession and now-we-may-say-what-we-think attitude marks both Conservative and Liberal with refreshing and cleansing effect.

A contemporary recently remarked, ironically, that it is surprising how many Conservatives have discovered since the election that a period in Opposition would be beneficial for the party.

It is not surprising that they failed to give utterance to this sentiment before the election. Any man, Liberal or Conservative, who believes in his party platform naturally hesitates to refuse it his support merely because of some measure or view of his leaders in which he does not concur.

He realises that he may not understand the full bearing of the case, or the many side issues involved, and, if he be a sensible man, waits for further enlightening.

Again, a man may not approve of his party leaders, yet remain loyal to his party principles. And whichever way he may feel impelled to vote, at least he is not called upon to make public the weaknesses of his party.

THE question came up recently among a group of Toronto journalists regarding what constitutes a good political cartoon, and whether humour is an essential element.

The writer put the question to many men of many minds during the past month, and the consensus of opinion was that a cartoon should be pointed, humorous and free of detail, with a touch of exaggeration sufficient to accentuate the situation depicted.

In this connection it will not be amiss to voice the enjoyment afforded by the excellent political cartoons which appeared in our Toronto journals during the campaign.

All were good, but the palm must be awarded to the *World* and its clever cartoonist, Mr. Sam Hunter, to whose witty pencil, pointed yet never aloof-dipped, we owe many a laugh.

ONE further word concerning newspapers and the elections. There are no brighter average newspaper men to be found than in Canada. We refer not merely to the staffs of the city dailies, but to the editors of country weeklies. While bound by limitations of small means, yet the weekly and daily town and country journals of the Dominion show in every page the quick appreciation of their editors for clever points and good work. The general commen-

ation of the Toronto *Globe* made by the newspapers throughout the country is an evidence of this.

The contrast between the *Globe* of ten years ago and the *Globe* of to-day is a marvellous instance of what the true newspaper instinct can do.

The *Globe* of to-day is edited with a tact, skill and good judgment that makes it not merely the first newspaper in the land, but one of the strongest influences among the people. To its efforts is largely due the Liberal success in the recent elections. But greater than this—far greater—is the influence it is exercising in moulding the minds of the Canadian people into a true patriotism, and stimulating them to a large and noble empire building.

IN a recent letter to the London *Times* on woman suffrage, Prof. Goldwin Smith makes a funny digression from the discussion of woman suffrage to the 'new woman,' as he conceives her, and whom he evidently considers responsible for the movement. He writes:

I find general opinion in the United States, as far as I can ascertain it, adverse to the change. The new woman, perhaps, shows herself there even in a more startling way than with you. She is now asserting her right to appear as a riding master and as a clown in a circus. The other day there was a public match of 'basket-ball' between two bodies of female athletes, before a large body of spectators, who, according to the report, were "paralysed to see the proficiency in slugging suddenly developed by the gentle players."

The learned professor apparently considers the time-honoured pink and gauze circus equestrienne a safe institution. Although why she as well as the clown should not demand woman's suffrage is not apparent.

The professor concluded with an ominous, far-sighted prophecy to the British Parliament:

We shall presently see a woman in the House of Commons—for to that, if woman suffrage is carried, you will logically come.

THE resolution pressed by certain members of the Dominion Alliance in its recent convention in Toronto, raises rather an interesting question as to how far a man should subordinate all other qualifications, in a candidate for Parliamentary honour, to what he deems a chief plank, or even a leading principle.

Should any man be pledged to support a candidate because the latter is a prohibitionist or a free trader or a remedialist—or advocate of any other political principle?

Should not any voter be left free to exercise his own judgment, concerning not merely for whom he should vote, but to whom he should give public support?

Those members of the Alliance who censured Hon. G. W. Ross for giving support to other than a prohibition candidate surely forget that the highest type of citizenship is in that man who, in the disposition of his vote, as in the exercise of all other public and private judgment—endeavours to hold things in their right proportion.

ONE longs for the good old-fashioned days in these times of thirty-two page dailies and four-ringed circuses. Both are weariness of the eyes and vexation to the spirit.

When shall we return to the neat four-page or even two-page daily, with its concise summary, and clear print; its freedom from flare headings, mournful woodcuts and Saturday supplements?

And when, oh when shall we return again to the one-ringed circus, with its blessed sense of a full money's worth, no distraction and nothing missed?

The thirty-two page daily is less than that of four pages; and the four-ringed circus than that of one ring. Where is the wise manager who shall arise to understand that this, also, is human nature?

EVENING AT HANLAN'S POINT.

SEVEN o'clock, at the close of a sultry day. The bells of St. James' are sounding out the hour, the slow, even toll beating dully through the lazy atmosphere. The grey stone of warehouse and pavement, after long hours of fierce mid-day blaze, yield a sullen heat that unites with the dust of the roadway to accentrate the prevailing sense of sultriness.

The wide, descending thoroughfare, free from the noise of heavy drays and shouts of drivers, is almost deserted, save for the few citizens who are hurrying wharfward to catch the waiting ferry. An hour later, when early tea or dinner is over, they will come down in throngs, and the ticket-stand will be pressed by a crowd of busy workers, eager for an hour or two of Island breezes, plus the pretty environments and many attractions that are to be found at Hanlan's Point.

The roomy ferry moves slowly from its dock, passes through the narrow crib, and presently we are out in the centre of the bay and heading slowly for the low line of kaleidoscopic light that shows faintly through the sunset.

A yellow haze lies over the water, while the city we are leaving rises every moment more distinctly into its envelopment of smoky atmosphere.

A little breeze ripples the yellow waters; we feel its breath about our brows; we look out into the golden west, where the sun is dropping—a glowing globe—behind a low-lying bank of dark cloud, which it turns with Midas touch into marvellous pillars of gold. We look eastward, where Island Point and breakwater show in shadowy lines; we move in a world of sunset yellow of water and sky, encircled by little, friendly, twinkling points of light.

Suddenly our ferry stops its easy motion. We are at Hanlan's Point.

* * *

Eight o'clock.—The muffled tones of St. James' reach us across the bay. We are on the western piazza of Hotel Hanlan, and beyond the pretty bit of private lawn stretches the placid lagoon, all rose red with the aftermath of sunset.

A dainty pleasure skiff drifts lazily on the surface, the oars feathering a soft ripple. The young man bends to his companion, and the girl's gay laugh floats toward us, as she trails a bulrush through the rosy water. The hour is theirs; the world also is theirs,—this beautiful world of dimming rose-light, of fresh soft breeze, of magnetic influence.

The light bridge, the baths beyond, the swaying stretch of rushes, frame the pretty picture that grows momentarily more hazy and indistinct.

There is stillness and absolute privacy on this

western piazza; we have the soft summer night all to ourselves. The retirement so possible and perfect at Hotel Hanlan, amid the pretty gaieties of the Point, is one of the things to marvel over.

* * *

Eight-thirty.—And we have climbed the stairway, and are seated in the roof garden—a pretty little upper pavilion, bright with its gay curtains, hanging baskets and neat little stage. The crimson side awnings are gathered up; and while waiting for the concert to begin, we enjoy the breeze and the outlook

Presently the pretty stage takes our attention, with its clever tricks, its refined light amusement. It is an excellent little programme, at which all may laugh and none may cavil; and to enjoy it thus—with the fresh soft breeze and lovely night views—is a piquant summer delight.

* * *

Nine-thirty o'clock.—We have left the roof garden and are out upon the broad promenade, the evening gathering-place of the people.

The tall pillars of kaleidoscopic lights—crimson, blue, white, purple, green—throw a dainty, fantastic variety of tints over the scene. In the pavilion the band is playing—a choice band with choice programme of familiar favourite airs. The people are gathered thick about, the seats are filled, the promenade is thronged; while below the range of lights cluster the pleasure boats, rowing gently or resting on their oars. It is a remarkably pretty and effective scene—a pleasure-place and hour that words are too weak to paint.

At intervals there is a pause among the instruments; a figure moves to the pavilion front; he stands bareheaded, facing the people. The night breeze lifts his hair; the tinted lamps shower their colours over his face, and throw his figure in fantastic shadow upon the promenade. There is a soft orchestral prelude, then a splendid baritone voice breaks out into some fine old melody, tender love song or stirring patriotic strain. The notes ring out over the darkling waters. The people listen with entranced enjoyment of place and hour; and as the last notes drop over the darkling waters,—break into cordial applause.

The open pavilion, with its brilliant interior agleam with brass instruments; the seats thronged with listening people; the broad promenade with its moving throng,—girls

in their summer gowns, business men in sombre dress, Islanders in free-and-easy costume, young men campers in an ecstasy of careful deshable, mothers with little children, the bright shop girl and the lady of leisure,—all caught and glorified under the changing light-tints; the shoal of pleasure skiffs and their occupants, glorified also into a dainty spirituelle, beneath these magic lights.

And out beyond,—the darkling water with its moving ferries, the far-off, gleaming city, and high up in the sky the golden moon-boat.

'Tis a magic world, filled with wondrous transformations, filled also with a perfection of restfulness, coolness and pleasure for Toronto citizens.



upon our left, over the darkling bay. Such a charming series of dissolving views stretches before us. Sky and water have darkened into a blue-black depth, aglitter with faint stars above and gleaming little wavelets below. A thousand points of light twinkle from the distant city; the big, brightly lit ferry boats move slowly to and fro; snowy-sailed yachts flit like white birds across our dark canvas; while here and there a little rowboat passes for an instant into a stream of light and is lost again from our view.

We turn to the right, and here our canvas is more closely framed; but here, too, we have a lovely picture of a dim lagoon, a few softly green rustling trees, and a night sky in which sails the yellow young moon.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



WHEN the chronicler of bonnie Drumtochty sends out a new book, he finds that the great mass of common people—who have heard him so gladly—are ready, with more than passing interest to listen to his further words. Any author who establishes rapport between himself and his readers, by the creation of a common sympathy,—whether it be song, sermon or story,—comes to occupy the position toward them of a master and teacher, as well as a friend beloved. They are in receptive condition—will-

ing to listen, eager to learn, ready to believe. It is an attitude which, if the author but perceive and use wisely, not only gives him a magnificent opportunity for doing good, but strengthens his own position until he becomes firmly entrenched in the hearts of his readers.

It is always a critical point in an author's literary life when, having roused the reading world to appreciation and watchfulness, he sends out a new venture. Full frequently it means either permanent literary success or oblivion.

Happy is the writer who understands his public and their expectation from him.

* * *

It is very evident to us that Ian Maclaren has made no mistake in this latest volume, "The Mind of the Master."

It is a book for the people—first his own congregation, to whom their minister proffers it in the simple dedication, "To my people, in grateful recognition of their love, loyalty and patience"; and afterwards for that larger audience, almost world-encircling, who are also his people in love and sympathy created by that dear Drumtochty bond.

Such a dedication removes "The Mind of the Master" from the critical sphere of theology. It is not written for theologians nor ecclesiasts, but for the people,—the common people who hear of Christ so gladly when He is brought in sympathetic touch with every-day life. Therefore it should be pronounced upon, 'reviewed,' if you will,—since the word that has come to be so formidably interpreted signifies only a thoughtful 'viewing back,'—by one of the people.

I hardly think any apology is needed for the gravity of our chief book choice this month. If there were, it would be offered thus:

Here is a new book by an author who recently stirred the reading world to its merriest, tenderest depths; who gave us exalted conception of humanity; who discovered divinity in the lowliest guise; who suggested in his previous writings the possibility of a broad, beautiful interpretation of religion. In this book he gives a revelation of the faith which made the Drumtochty ideal possible; and being human, and athirst from long feeding on theological husks, we are eager to consider and accept the same.

Here is a writer whose style has charmed

and fascinated us—with its simple Saxon, its terse phrasing, its force and vividity. We would again enjoy it.

And, not least, here are readers,—not theologians certainly, nor yet the light thought-lutterflies who dip no deeper than the fluttering leaf; but men and women of spiritual perception, who, being all unversed in dogmas and all perplexed by creeds, yet look out with broad and gentle vision into the unseen.

It is for these that "The Mind of the Master" has been written; and since such thoughtful spirits are found as much or more among women than men, since this is a valued volume for their bookshelf,—we write our thoughts concerning it. * * *

"The Mind of the Master" is a book to charm by its magnetism of literary style; all the magic of the pen that wrote Drumtochty is in it; and we are kept in perpetual pleasure by the breezy speech that is so simple, yet forceful and fresh.

In the hands of one less skilled, the grave topics dealt with, chapter by chapter, would become inert; but as we turn the pages, each sparkles with thoughts that indeed may not be new, yet arrest us by the frank vigour of their expression. The author wastes no words, but the very crispness of his phrasing serves to accentuate his meaning.

So we read through this volume of over three hundred pages, turning back many times to re-read and ponder over the broad, generous conceptions of this modern theology. Now the breeze of a sweet reasonableness sweeps through the book; while a robust common sense is its chief basic element.

Often we are thoughtful, many times surprised, yet always interested, and, as a rule, acquiescent, in the statement made. Whether these frank, reverent audacities of belief be acceptable to the theologian, we, who are of the people, know not; whether they be of the humanitarian, latitudinarian, or any other polysyllabled school, we care less. That they clear away perplexities, make faith easier and more beautiful, give a larger hope, glorify human service, uplift the dull plane of daily living, and always and ever magnify the Master, is sufficient for us.

Yet, as our eyes rest upon the many startling statements, so vigorously couched, we know that for less than these the Presbyterian minister of a quarter century, nay, even a decade ago, would have suffered the ban of the Church.

* * *

It is difficult to choose the chapters which take strongest hold upon us, since all are trenchant utterances upon important phases of religious belief, and every chapter is illuminated with spiritual insight, every page with truth shafts tersely winged.

Possibly certain topics will appeal to certain readers according to their mental bias. Yet, to many of us, the chapters entitled 'Ageless Life,' 'The Dynamic of Religion,' and 'Fatherhood, the Final Idea of God,' stand first, not merely in the importance of the subjects with which they deal, but in their newness and beauty of thought and their fulness of conception.

The author's plea for a revival of the personal devotion, the ancient Passion for Jesus, which led the early Christian martyrs to glory in death, comes with a shock of surprise in an age when religion is almost entirely subordinated to reason, and the words 'mystic,' 'enthusiast,' 'visionist,' are looked upon as terms of reproach.

This book appeals essentially to reason and common sense; yet here is one of its finest chapters given over to the magnifying of Jesus, not as an abstract conception, but a real, living presence; while this Broad Churchman (for

the writer is surely that) entreats for a return of the sublime passion of adoration for the person of Jesus which once made men saints and martyrs.

At first the reader feels as if the 'Dynamic of Religion' were an isolated chapter, a Middle Age conception grafted between modern ideas; but as he dwells upon the thought, it becomes a natural and telling part of "The Mind of the Master," since the note sounded throughout the book, in keys minor or major, is always and ever—Christ.

The author's treatment of Christ's conception of the Fatherhood of God,—"Jesus' dearest thought," as he terms it,—and its influence upon the new theology, is very beautiful.

There are other chapters equally fine,—'The Law of Spiritual Gravitation'; 'The Culture of the Cross,' a remarkable monograph; 'The Continuity of Life,' which is really a carollary of 'Ageless Life'; and that concluding chapter, so filled with spiritual insight, 'The Kingdom of God,'—which the author also aptly terms 'the Kingdom of the Beatitudes.'

The first and last named of these chapters are thoughtful expositions of the attitude of Christianity toward society, and the solvent of social problems.

Three words form the ever-recurring dominant in this thoughtful and beautiful interpretation of the mind of the Master,—keynotes which sound the full chord of His teaching. They are Beatitudes, Love, Fatherhood.

Beatitudes, the social human lever; Love for a personal Christ, the dynamic; and Fatherhood, the highest and final human conception of God. * * *

To give any adequate idea of the thought gems which bestrew the book were impossible. They are as the sands upon the seashore. The pages of the volume before us are dotted thick with pencilled passages, from which it were impossible to make choice.

At rare intervals we come across an expression that jars with our sense of fitness, or of truth. We give instances. The italics in each are our own:

Jesus, by the *one felicitous stroke of the Cross*, has replaced the rule of rights by the idea of sacrifice. . . . Christ arranged His life for Calvary. . . .

The Gospels contain the account of *this delicate experiment in religious science* (Christ's training of His disciples).

But these are stray flaws in gem-strewn pages. There are innumerable brilliant passages that arrest our attention:

When Jesus gave His doctrine of Love in final form, one is struck by a startling omission. He laid on His disciples the repeated charge of Love to one another. He did not at once command them to love God. . . .

The Cross has been too exclusively stated in terms of Justification and Propitiation. . . .

When one passes from the Gospels to the Psalms, he is struck by the absence of the Father. When one returns, he is struck by its presence. The Psalmist never said the word; Jesus never said anything else. . . .

The children of Light are not so much those who have walked in the Light as those who love the Light. . . .

Jesus nowhere commanded that one cling to His Cross; He everywhere commanded that one carry His Cross. . . .

Many beautiful thoughts we find. We have space to quote but one. In the chapter on 'The Continuity of Life' the author says:

Round us on every side are cramped, hindered, still-born lives,—merchants who should have been painters, clerks who should have been poets, labourers who should have been philosophers. Their talent is known to a few friends; they die, and the talent is buried in their coffin. Jesus says No. It has at last been sown for harvest; it will come into the open, and blossom in another land. These also are being trained—trained by waiting. They are the reserve of the race, kept behind the hill till God requires it. They will get their chance; they will come into their kingdom

"Where the days bury their golden suns
In the dear hopeful West."

"The Mind of the Master," by Ian Maclaren. Fleming Revell Co., Toronto.

REVIEWER.

THRESHING



I
Oh! the merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go;
All the pretty maids in ribbons their approach will herald so;
The hardest now is o'er, the grain is gathered in,
And soon the garnered fructage will fill the empty bin.

II.

Oh! the merry, merry threshers are a healthy, sturdy lot;
Oh! the pretty maids in ribbons that can weave a Cupid's knot;
Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings, the everything that's good, —
These pretty maids are artists when it comes to drink and food.

III.

Tho' they may not play sonatas, or trill a love-sick song,
They can trip it with a thresher when the working day is gone;
The music they all love is the hum of the machine,
And the rousing, rolling voices of the threshers strong, I ween.

IV.

There's Janet, Meg, and Mary, with their hair all crimped and curled;
A thresher's weak as any when such charms at him are hurled.
Now, Mary's eyes are blue, there's a rose upon each cheek;
Meg's eyes are grey and downcast, and her voice is soft and meek.

V.

Yet, she's saucy, is our Meg, and I wouldn't trust her far;
But such sly arts are graces, and graces never mar!
Black as night are handsome Janet's, with the moonlight's softening ray,
And she knows well how to use them in a killing sort of way!

VI.

Oh! the merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go;
Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings their approach will herald so;
Oh! the sly and saucy maidens, pretty tricks and ways they feign,
All to win Love's golden harvest with the threshing of the grain.

MAUD TISDALE.



A Visit to Whittier.

By "FIDELIS."

IT was with a feeling of excited expectancy, that, in fulfilment of a previous appointment, I found myself gliding out of the Old Colony Station at Boston and steaming away into the pleasant pastoral country of northern Massachusetts, which Whittier's muse has made almost as classic as the Ayrshire of Burns. Old, quaint New England towns with familiar names were passed one after another, and then the bracing air of the sea made itself felt, and one could discern, in the distance, the long, indented line of coast that Whittier's flowing lines have taught us to love. How that soft, distant blue, contrasted with the line of yellow sand that outlined bay and promontory, with their background of sloping woodland, suggested the lines from "The Tent on the Beach":

"Northward, a great bluff broke the chain
Of sandhills; southward stretched a plain
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeple of the town."

Quiet old Newburyport, with its placid river, Wenham, recalling one of Whittier's most striking ballads,—Beverly (a favourite haunt of both Whittier and Holmes), are passed; and then we branch off from the main line on a road which seems private for Amesbury itself, as it rambles amid green pastures and still waters, beside purling brooks and among dusky pine-woods, till, with a whistle that seems rudely to break on the charmed quiet, we draw up at a little station, and dismount into the old-world quietude of old-fashioned Amesbury.

Now, the writer, in her simplicity, expected that every man, woman and child in Amesbury would know all about the man who has made the place a household word with so many readers. But the old story of the prophet in his own country seemed to be at least partially true, even with regard to so popular a poet as Whittier, and it was only after repeated inquiry that, at last, I took my way, as directed, along the winding main street, somewhat recalling the "High Street" of old-country towns, and past a quaint old clock-tower, which seems to date back to the palmy days of Fanueil Hall. Then, turning into a quiet, shady street or lane,—in which neat wooden houses stand at dignified intervals,—each embowered in the shady seclusion of its own 'door-yard'—I stood at length at the door of the modest, but typical pale buff mansion, its doors and windows picked out with white, and its gateway shaded by a magnificent maple; which I ascertained was the one I sought.

"Yes! Mr. Whittier was at home," and I was ushered by a grave elderly domestic into an immaculately neat, but somewhat prim parlour, evidently the 'best parlour' and not in the habit of being lived in. I had scarcely time to scan the old family portraits on the walls, one of them a fine crayon portrait of the poet's mother, when the door opened, and I stood up to be cordially greeted by a tall, spare, but dignified old man, in old-fashioned attire, as befitted his age, with the combined dignity and simplicity of the true Quaker. It too often happens, alas, that the first meeting with some cherished hero of the imagination is fraught with disappointment; but there was nothing disappointing about meeting with John Greenleaf Whittier. The tall, erect form, unbent by his eighty years; the simple, unconscious dignity of

mien; the soft, yet keen and penetrating dark eyes; the thoughtful, spiritual, yet kindly and sympathetic expression, seemed to fit harmoniously with one's ideal of the author of "Snow-bound" and "The Eternal Goodness." So did the quaint old Quaker "thee," which he used, after the oddly ungrammatical Quaker usage, with the verb in the third person singular. It was a point in which he tenaciously clung to the habit of his people and the traditions of his youth.

He led the way at once into his study—a pleasant room occupying the whole breadth of the house, and having in front a glass door opening into a front piazza, and at the rear two windows looking into the plum and apple trees of an old-fashioned garden. Everything in it was in quiet tones of drab and brown, and, like the rest of the house, it gave the impression of immaculate neatness. On the walls was a modest working collection of books, chiefly poetry. As he told me, most of his books were at Oak Knoll, the beautiful country residence of some relatives, which he latterly made his chief place of abode. But notwithstanding the beauty of its woodland surroundings, as he described them, Amesbury was the fitting place to meet him in, for it was the place where he had worked and written during the greater part of his busy life; ever since he had left the old homestead at Haverhill, which he has so tenderly immortalised for us in "Snow-bound," Amesbury was the place where he had 'beaten his music out,' where his genius had matured from that of the dreamy young versifier into that of the man of action and passion, and finally into the seer and prophet who has left us some of the noblest spiritual lyrics in the English language. Here, too, he had helped to fight and win the battle for the freedom of the slave, and that other battle against a false public opinion which, at first despising the ardent young Abolitionist, as it did all his brothers-in-arms, ended by venerating, as he deserved, the Nestor of American poets.

Seating his visitor, with careful courtesy, in a comfortable chair, on his left side, he explained playfully, "my right ear is my wrong ear," for a slight deafness was apparently the only sign of failing faculties. In the pleasant two hours of friendly talk which followed, he touched on many subjects, but among the most interesting was his reference to his early days in the old Quaker home, with its dearth of anything that could be called literature, especially of poetry, of which indeed there was none outside of the Bible. He spoke of the never-to-be-forgotten evening when his friend, the young school-master of "Snow-bound," brought in the magic volume of Burns' immortal lyrics, the reading of which first introduced him into the enchanted realm of poesy, and set his own muse at work. He has left us, in his own lovely poem to Burns' memory, a vivid record of the witchery of this music over the impressible young poetic soul, whose genius had so much in common with that of the Ayrshire poet.

"I have never been in Scotland," he observed (for, strange to say, in this age of travel he had never crossed the sea); "but if I were to go there, I should know every spot Burns has sung."

Then he began to put his own fancies into verse; and it was through his sister, without his knowledge, sending one of his productions to the country newspaper, that he first came into contact with its editor, his future friend and comrade, Garrison; and also, with the aid

of Garrison's persuasion, gained his father's consent to proceed with his hardly won education.

"Then," he said, "I got into the Abolitionist campaign," and for a time he threw the whole force of his being into the conflict, which brought out all his latent powers, and, while it diverted for a time his poetic genius into polemical channels, nevertheless made Whittier a nobler man than the mere poetic hermit he might have otherwise become. To the storm and stress of that contest we owe such stirring poems as "The Old South," and the noble burst of thanksgiving entitled, "Laus Deo." It roused him from a dreamer into the poet-seer.

And the passionate sympathy with the oppressed—the passionate protest against wrong—could still be seen to flash from the dark, deep-set eyes, when he touched upon the sins of the age and the failure of the Church at large to discharge her mission against the natural selfishness of humanity.

"To me," he said, "the selfishness of the very rich—the token of moral poverty—is more painful to witness than the material poverty of the very poor." And it was difficult for him to understand how men could so forget the claims of human brotherhood—not to speak of the commands of Christ—as to grind riches for themselves out of the sufferings and necessities of their suffering brothers and sisters. Yet he was thankful, too, for the growth of that purer spirit which he has defined as the essence of Christianity:

"Who holds his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
Who loves, forgives and pities,
He serveth Me alone."

In Canada he had evidently a strong interest—though on learning that his visitor was a Canadian by birth, he playfully remarked, "Then thee is an American!" He himself, he said, just missed being Canadian by birth, for he told how his father, when a young man, had planned to go with a band of others into the Canadian wilderness, but was deterred by the accounts they heard of wild beasts and Indians,—and inclement winters. And so we thus missed the chance of claiming Whittier for our first Canadian poet.

Of Tennyson, he spoke as of an acknowledged master in poetical art, and referred to his exquisite poem, "Crossing the Bar," as a perfect lyric. "I wish I could have written that poem," he said, with a half sigh which made one feel that Whittier, as one said of him, 'was a very human man,' true saint as he was! Two portraits on his wall he pointed out, one of his friend Emerson, a gift from himself, and the other, of his 'favourite hero,' Gordon, of Khartoum. He also showed me the portraits of his mother, whose eyes he inherited, and of the sweet early-lost young sister, whose memory so inspired some of the most beautiful lines of "Snow-bound."

"And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?"

It was in the very spirit of these lines that he said reflectively, "I value the friends I have left, but I think most of those who are gone; and I am waiting!" It was only about fifteen months after that that he had to wait: and who can doubt his welcome!

The happiest visit must come to an end, and with his kindly words of farewell and patriarchal benediction still in my ears, I caught from the gate my last glimpse of the venerable face and form of him to whose life and works we may so fitly apply the closing stanza of his own poem on Wordsworth:

"Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With Him surviveth all!"



TWO valued photographs lie upon my desk as I write; and as my eye rests upon them, I recall one of the most interesting personalities it has been my privilege to meet, the sister,—almost twin in personal resemblance and character, of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe.

'The late'—nay, how I dislike the term. It is one which we, as Christians, should never use; since it implies so surely a discontinuance of life—a ceasing to be. His portrait before me is of Mrs. Stowe as she was before

"Her thread of life wound higher."

She is—she must be—her full self restored, in the beyond.

I remember distinctly how the sudden death of her brother, the famous Brooklyn preacher, seemed in itself so markedly a proof of life continued rather than cut off; since it is impossible to conceive of these men of marked intellectual vitality,—these strong, magnetic personalities, so intensely alive,—ceasing to exist.

The power that stills the body is surely impotent to hush the vivid, intense soul. It is not dead, but only lifted higher.

But I have wandered from my photographs. Let me begin again.

* * *

The first is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Stowe and the one most preferred by her family. The snowy-white hair, the classical features, the penetrating eyes beneath perceptive brows, the strong, characterful lower face, would suggest a woman of sixty rather than eighty. But the vitality, the eternal youthfulness, of the Beecher family is a thing to marvel over.

The second picture is a photograph of Mrs. Stowe's cottage in Jacksonville, Florida, her favourite winter residence in her later years. Beneath the giant trees that shadow its lawn are seated an afternoon group—the famous authoress, her snowy-haired husband, her daughter, and her sister, Mrs. Beecher Hooker, to whom I am indebted for these valuable autographed mementos of the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Three summers have gone since I met Mrs. Beecher Hooker. It was the week of the Woman's Congress—an assemblage of fine representative women,—in those fair days, when the world gathered in the least artistic city on the continent to marvel and worship the loveliest Dream City that the century has known.

Chicago and the White City!—the two were utterly incongruous. And yet the one conceived, brought forth, enfolded the other; even as the begrimed real contains the ideal, the fallen human holds the germ divine.

* * *

My first view of Mrs. Theodore Beecher Hooker,—or Isabella Beecher Hooker, as she usually signs herself,—was across the dining table at the Palmer House, one of the big hotels in big Chicago.

My attention was at once attracted by the

distinguished-looking old lady as she sat at dinner—a white burnous wrapped about her shoulders; her silvery hair falling in long curls about her face, emphasising the keen blue eyes and classical features.

"You would like to meet the sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe, would you not?" inquired a mutual friend; and then, in a moment, I was presented, and received a cordial hand-grasp from this one of the few remaining members of the

Beecher family—whose name shall be remembered in the annals of American philanthropy and literature.

"Now leave me to get my dinner in peace, even if you have finished your own," she said humorously. "I'm not young, and I cannot talk and eat, too. But you may come and see me by-and-bye, if you like. I can find an hour to spare this afternoon."

I did not require a second invitation, and,



*Harriet Beecher Stowe
Isabella Beecher Hooker*

when by-and-bye came, promptly presented myself, and was kindly welcomed in Mrs. Hooker's private parlour.

The life of a great hotel was all about us, the rush of a vast city surged up and down outside the windows; but thick walls and rich, soft carpets shut out all sound, and we talked together in undisturbed stillness.

* * *

It was the first of several little half-hour talks; for this keen, intellectual, humorous old lady, with her genuine Americanism, her wide outlook, her long years of culture and experience, held a strong fascination for the young woman coming fresh from a quiet Canadian conservatism. I appreciated to the full the privilege extended to "come in whenever you find a spare hour." My only regret was that in that beautiful White City time ceased to be. Within its boundaries were neither days nor hours, but only an unending loveliness.

Mrs. Hooker told me many things about her

famous sister, Mrs. Stowe, of whom she spoke always with perceptible love and pride.

"I see that the papers announce Mr. Stowe's presence in Chicago," she said, with a smile that yet was half sad. "She is not here; it would be impossible. Perhaps they have made a confusion of names or personages; people say we resemble each other very closely. Here is her latest photograph."

Mrs. Hooker bent over for a cabinet portrait that lay within her reach, and handed it to me.

How like the face upon the card was to the living one beside me: the same clearly defined features, keen eyes, and firm expression; the same loose, long, soft, curling hair.

"Mrs. Stowe has lost her memory for all things of the present," said her sister. "She remembers much of her early life and past events, but the present is a daily—hourly blank. Yes; she has been, and is now, a believer in woman's suffrage. When I tell her that I am going to lecture at any place upon woman's suffrage, she looks up and smiles her approval, and says very simply, 'All right.'"

Mrs. Hooker is one of the most ardent advocates of woman's suffrage I have ever met. "The Beechers could not be anything else," she told me, with a whimsical smile. As wife of an eminent divine her life is not open to public reading; but throughout the years she has advocated this cause in season and out of season.

Mrs. Hooker gave me, in her vivid, trenchant speech, rare glimpses of the later days of her sister, Mrs. Stowe. How she was waiting, patient, gentle, childlike rather than childish, for the summons that would not rob her of the faculties remaining, but rather restore her to a full and perfect intellectual life again.

"If I were to try to tell you of the touching tributes of remembrance and affection she receives from every country, my tale would never be done," said Mrs. Hooker. "But if you come to Hartford some day, I will take you to see her, and show you her splendid collection of mementos. It is wonderful," she added thoughtfully, "wonderful, how 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' touched the world's heart. But, of course, it was a book for the time."

"It is a book for all times," I said. Its charm and power is in its—intense humanity. It shows us the tremendous possibilities for good and evil that lie in the human heart. It declares on every page how truly the Kingdom is within, and not a matter of outer circumstance.

"I do not know whether, in all modern literature, St. Paul's 'more than conquerors' was ever more effectively illustrated than in the depiction of the relations between *Legree* and *Uncle Tom*."

"And in spite of the brutalising effect of slavery, so clearly set forth, the book is bright throughout with touches of humour, as well as a splendid sense of the redemptive possibilities that lie in the worst—even *Legree*. We feel that even for him shall come repentance."

"It is for these things that all the world loved 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—even as all the world loves 'Thruis' and 'Drumtochty.' They are literary apostles of the 'larger hope' and the broader charity, the more spiritual perception."

"Yes," answered the silver-haired lady. "My husband says the hope of the ages lies in that."

* * *

When our last good-byes were spoken, Mrs. Hooker took the autographed photograph of Mrs. Stowe, placed her own name beneath it, and put it in my hand, together with a picture of the Florida cottage.

"For a memento," she said, bending to kiss my cheek; while a soft, silvery curl strayed across my forehead.

FAITH FENTON.



IN view of the disappointment experienced in early June by the many who anticipated hearing Nordica and her company in the "Stabat Mater," it will be of interest to know that the chorus practices will be resumed again early in October, when an effort will be made to give this Rossini gem with fit setting of soloists and orchestra.

The uncertainty of famous singers is one of the trials to be endured by an impressario.

All geniuses are proverbially unreliable, but none so much so as a prima donna. She is largely a creature of caprice; her successes make her indifferent concerning the approval or disapproval of her managers. Once assured that the public are at her feet, she puts her foot on the neck of the poor impressario and compels his capitulation.

The condition does not endure, since fame is fleeting; but in the meantime Melba and Nordica must have their way—as did Patti and Albani in the days that have gone.

I think we hardly appreciate as we should the good work that is being carried on in the Toronto Orchestral School.

Mrs. Torrington, in the admirable paper which we published in June, made modest reference to the fact that Toronto has such a school, but gave nothing of the interesting details.

Anyone, of either sex, who, having inclination, and little leisure or means, is welcome to join this school and profit by the careful drill and practice under the personal instruction of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

One night of each week, throughout the season months, Mr. Torrington freely devotes to this class; being well repaid by the knowledge that he is helping those who would otherwise have to struggle on alone, and in many instances developing a real gift.

The scholarships awarded at both the College of Music and the Conservatory are real benevolences to many.

Sometimes a little girl in a faded frock will show the divine touch, even on her cheap little wooden violin; or, again, it is some rough young lad, whose future salvation lies in this spirit of music, hidden somewhere within.

To see these develop beneath skilled guidance; to note the educative and refining power

of their gift upon them as they advance,—surely this is worth while. And such good work is being accomplished everyday by our schools of music.

Toronto needs more of open-air music during the summer season; we want our bands, not in distant parks, but in centres easy of access, where the people passing to and fro might pause to listen.

And why not have one or two evenings per week devoted to some fine organ or orchestral music in that lovely, airy Massey Hall?

Say, at four o'clock, or in the evening, when the summer light is soft. If it were known that some one of our many fine organists or orchestral clubs was to give an hour's recital within the cool, airy hall, the necessary five or ten-cent admission fee would not be considered in the pleasure afforded.

Yet there is no reason why such educative hours should not be free, since the city might incur the cost.

And surely it were in keeping with the purpose and hope of the donor of Massey Hall.

The closing exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which took place on June 29th, too late for our last issue, formed an interesting conclusion to the year's work. Association Hall was filled, as it invariably is at these quarterly concerts, whose attraction lies largely in the surprises of fresh talent given by the young artists.

Not rarely, the possibilities of great futures may be detected in the fresh-voiced young people who come forward, often full of nervous tremours, but under the encouragement of their teacher, to contribute their share to the evening's programme.

Of the well-known professional artist we know what to expect; but these young students keep us expectant.

The human voice holds always such wonderful possibilities and uncertainties.

On this especial evening an attractive programme of song and recital was increased in interest by the presentation of diplomas to the graduates.

Paderewski's statement that when he proposed to cut his hair a fortnight before the close of his American recitals, his managers objected, is an amusing evidence of the whims of the public. "They actually pretended," he said, "that it would be regarded as a breach of faith by those who had purchased tickets for the last concerts."

There is no doubt that Paderewski's mop has become so closely associated with his genius in the mind of the people, that they believe it is a Samson-like source of his power. It is difficult to imagine that Paderewski shorn could yet be—Paderewski.

Before leaving this side of the water, and within a week or two after his Toronto recital, he spoke of his future:

"My plans are to spend the first few weeks on the other side in Paris, after which I intend to go to southern Switzerland to devote myself to composing. I shall work on my new opera, the instrumentation of which I have already outlined. I have not decided yet what the name of the opera will be, but it is a mistake to suppose that it will deal with Polish subjects, merely because the music will be Slav in its character. I have played so long and so much now that I can certainly afford to devote myself to composing alone for a few years to come. That is why I do not expect to return to America very soon."

In view of the fact that he cleared about two hundred thousand dollars during his last tour

in the States and Canada, his statement concerning his being in a position to do—whatever he may choose, will not be doubted.

All the musical world will watch for the production of a Paderewski opera.

In these days when closer imperio-colonial relations are the desire of every loyal Canadian, songs that voice this popular sentiment are always welcomed.

"God Bless the Queen of Canada" is a new song with stirring words by the well-known song writer, Charles D. Bingham, set to music appropriately steady and strong in movement by Horace W. Reyner. It is a song for all occasions when the people are roused to express their patriotism.

From the same author comes also a sacred part song—solo and quartette—entitled, "The City of Love," with music by C. A. Haven, organist of First Baptist Church, Chicago.

The sacred concerts of instrumental music at Hanlan's Point on Sunday evening are proving a great and deserving attraction. AMATEUR.

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MISS Ethel Palin, who is a member of the staff of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and whose clever pencil has done so much to render its pages attractive, was successful in winning a diploma and medal at the Columbian Exhibition, in '93.

Miss Palin and Miss Maud Parkyn were the only two young Canadian ladies—members of the Toronto Art School—who were awarded medals for their work. Miss Palin contributed a dog's head, in oils; Miss Parkyn, a portrait.

We give a reproduction of the medal, which is very handsome and is encased in a dainty box. Both medal and diploma are works of art, and arrived at the office in careful packing.

Mr. J. L. Jones, who is engraver for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, was also awarded medal and diploma for fine exhibit of wood engraving.

Our magazine is justly proud of the success of its artists.

The five following professional Canadian artists also were awarded medals: Messrs. F. C. V. Ede, G. A. Reid, H. Watson, J. A. Fraser and R. Harris.

* * *

That handsome, boyish sculptor, Mr. W. S. Allward, has deservedly won the congratulations of his friends by his work, the monument commemorating the heroes of Batoche, recently erected in Queen's Park, Toronto. It consists of a base and pedestal of Canadian granite, bearing a bronze statue in heroic size of Canada proffering in the extended right hand the olive branch of peace and wearing a sheathed sword. The statue is beautiful and effective in design, and finely finished in detail.

Every Saturday afternoon at 1.30, weather permitting, the following artists—members of the Art League—are seen in travelling outfit with folding camp chairs, large umbrellas, canvases, paints, brushes, and all that is needful for their work, strapped over their shoulders or fastened on the handle-bar of their wheels; with a simple sketch book or pen and ink stowed away in a commodious pocket, each bent on catching the effect of sun and shade at some pretty point of vantage. The members are as follows: Misses Spur, Macklin and Wills, who, with several of the gentlemen, are the happy possessors of wheels; the Misses Hemming, Hegler, Hettie Hancock and Wrinch are also members, together with Messrs. W. D. Blatchley, C. M. Manley, C. Clark, W. W. Alexander, F. H. Brigden, C. Williams, J. Wilson and E. Sheres. A meeting time and place is always arranged by those who wheel and those who go by rail. The ladies of the party provide the biscuits, while the gentlemen forage for ginger ale.

When the sketching grounds are mapped out,

then ensue long tramps over dusty roads, skirting along wheat fields or apple orchards, climbing snake fences or creeping between loose pickets, climbing over the brow of one hill and trudging down into the hollows of another. What matters it though feet are covered with dust and clothing clustered with burrs? With colour box beneath one arm, and sketch book and lunchbox slipping from under the other, they journey happily forward, inspired by the leader's encouraging voice as he expatiates upon the artistic beauties of a broken-down mill, or blossoming orchard on a distant hill slope.

New life and energy infuses them, and with quickened step and jingling paint boxes they hasten forward.

The evening brings them home, dusty, soiled, but contented, to work into huge canvases or mount on large white margins these results of a summer day's sketching.

The time and places of meeting for August are as follows:

Aug. 1.—Weston, by electric cars; meet, terminus Queen and Dundas cars, 1.30 p.m.

Aug. 8.—Scarboro'; G.T.R., 1.30 p.m.

Aug. 15.—York Mills; terminus N. Toronto cars, 1.30

Aug. 22.—Sandbar; Woodbine avenue, 1.30 p.m.

Aug. 29.—Black Creek; terminus Queen and Dundas cars, 1.30 p.m.



The collection of paintings of Canadian birds recently exhibited in Toronto by Mrs. Hemsted, of Dundas, Ontario, showed a careful and accurate study. In colour, softness of tone and scientific detail, Mrs. Hemsted produces realistic effects. This lady has a special permit to obtain her bird studies in still life at any season of the year.

Our Toronto artists have scattered on many summer sketching tours in many parts of the globe.

Messrs. W. Cruickshank and Atkinson are sketching at Baie St. Paul.

Miss Spur is at Doone, from which place Miss Harriet Ford has just returned.

Miss F. S. Challoner is at the Catskills with Mr. and Mrs. Reid, who have just returned from Spain.

Mrs. Dignam is enjoying a delightful sketching tour through Holland.

Mr. Bruenech has returned from his long sojourn in Norway and Sweden with a portfolio filled with sketches of the effective scenes and accentuated colouring of the landscapes of those countries.

F. McGillivray Knowles is at present in Winnipeg, looking after the art exhibit of the Industrial Exhibition in that city which is being conducted by the O.S.A.

Messrs. R. Blatchley and C. M. Manley are contemplating an August trip to an undiscovered country.

Mr. Wyley Grier is sketching at Niagara-on-the-Lake with his pupils.

Mr. E. Morris, who has been studying in Paris, is again in town.

Mr. R. L. Foster has removed his studio to comfortable quarters in the Manning Arcade, where he is busy putting the finishing touches on his portrait of Sir John Thompson.

* * *

MONTREAL ART NOTES.

During the hot months of July and August, when the fortunate artists betake themselves from the city to cool breezes and shady retreats, there is little of news from town in the way of art to interest readers. Montreal's artists have nearly all beaten a retreat for the holidays, and those who are not so fortunate have at least closed the paint box and relegated the easel to some convenient corner. But we can allow our friends to depart with pleasure, assured that in the autumn, when the wanderers return, we shall be treated to many fresh little bits of colour gathered up from those green pastures in the interval of summer, and produced anew for our benefit upon a studio day or art exhibition.

The Women's Art Association rooms are now closed up for the hot period, after a good winter's work by the members, followed by a short term of out-door sketching about the mountain and other places in the vicinity of the city.

Montreal art lovers have not realised yet that a most handsome addition has been made to the collection of pictures at the Art Gallery in the late donation by that benefactor, Lord Mount-Stephen. It is a picture by T. Faed, R.A., "Sunday in the Backwoods." In fact, we think this gallery

is never half appreciated by the public generally according to its worth, or as it should be in a city the size of Montreal.

The new canvas is about 36 x 40 inches, and is sure to become a favourite with all visitors. It would scarcely convey to one the idea of its name except for the very slight impression of a few dusky redskins whose outlines appear on the very small piece of distant background which the picture affords. Nearly the whole foreground is taken up with a stoutly-built log house, about the front of which gathers the family—children and grand-children. At the corner of the house sits the eldest son with open Bible in hand, and all, except a very young child and babe in arms, give reverent attention. There are no less than eleven faces in the picture, and each one is a study—some, indeed, are divine. All are painted with that beautiful smooth colouring, devoid of any artificial effects, and admitting of close examination. The harmony, values and textures are excellent beyond comment. A plate attached to the frame bears this extract taken from a Canadian letter:

"Sunday in the Backwoods."—We have no church here, but our log home or the wild forest—and a grand kirk the forest makes; not even the auld cathedral has such pillars, space, nor so high a roof—so we e'en take turns about on Sunday in reading the Bible. We are all well, except Jeannie, and as happy as can be, considering the country and ties we have left. Poor Jeannie is sadly changed; her only song now is "Why Left I My Home." But for her illness, our lot ought not to be an unhappy one.

XMAN.

MIDSUMMER BEAUTY HINTS

EX-KM-MOOTE (Specialist)

THE first fact I should like to impress upon women is that no two skins are alike; even as no two heads of hair are exactly similar, and no two faces are precisely the same. There may be a close resemblance, but in detail there are differences that any specialist will at once notice, and to suit which she will vary the treatment. This is the reason that women who undertake to treat their skins or hair often fail. They adopt some method or remedy that has proved efficacious in the case of a friend; without understanding that it may prove the opposite of beneficial to their own case, which perhaps requires entirely different treatment.

A woman who would not dream of taking a medicine that has cured some friend, without first discovering whether she had the same disease, will apply indiscriminate specifics in the shape of lotions and washes to her delicate skin, and be surprised if they fail of results, or aggrieved if they have deleterious effect.

I should suggest, as a very first precaution in the care of the skin, that each woman should, either by a little thoughtful observation on her part, or a few questions of the family doctor, discover something of the nature of her skin,—whether it be fine or coarse, dry or oily, naturally dark or fair. The physician who knows something of her temperament and constitution can answer these and other questions, which will give her some idea of what she may or may not use in outer applications and remedies.

* * *

For practical purpose, we may divide skins into the naturally dry and naturally oily, fine or coarse. I use the word 'naturally,' since it is possible for a skin to become either of these under diseased conditions. Each of these skins require different treatment. The dry skin—largely common to 'negative blonds,' as a well-known writer terms them—should never be laved in hot water. The dry skin has a tendency to wrinkle easily, and the free use of hot water facilitates this.

I think a large number of women use hot water for face laving too freely. It may be used safely and with advantage where the skin is oily, but in any case a free application of cold water should follow; it acts as a tonic and stimulant.

Massage is not required as frequently in summer time. Its chief purpose is, of course, to soften the skin and make facile the muscles of the face. In hot weather the natural perspiration accomplishes this. In winter, when dry air both within and without the house stiffens the skin, massage is beneficial. We dispose of incipient wrinkles and retard others by massage, unless indeed the skin is starved for want of nourishment; then a skin food, specially prepared, should be used.

Wrinkles are a matter either of inheritance, facial expression, nerves, or irregular living—especially late hours. The first cause may not be done away with, but the effects may be certainly lessened; while the other three may be largely controlled. I should advise the woman with wrinkles about her eyes to stroke them softly at night and morning, and to get plenty of sleep. The forehead wrinkles should be massaged with a soft, fine cream; while the lines about the lower face become less marked under effective friction and stimulating.

But in these summer days the care and comfort of the face and hands—subject to the fervour of sun-blaze—and the preservation of a

delicate freshness, becomes rather a question of outward applications; since, taking the healthy condition of the inner woman for granted, there is tan and sun blister, perspiration and black-heads to contend with—to say nothing of possible bites from insect marauders.

First, lave the face with cool water—not ice cold—for the dry skin; hot water, followed by a brisk laving of cold water, for the oily skin. This should be a night and morning bath, with one at mid-day, if necessary. But too many applications of water on a hot day are not good for the skin, any more than are too many cold drinks for the stomach.

After the water laving any woman whose skin is not thin or dry may apply lemon juice; it dries, whitens and cleanses the skin, removes any scaly substance, and is also good for black-heads. If the lemon irritates the skin, a cold cream should be used afterward.

I have a great deal of faith in lemon juice as a skin purifier; women usually do not appreciate its value. I recommend it as a valuable summer tonic and regulator, taken both outwardly and inwardly.

For the naturally dry skin, a fine cream is advisable without the lemon. Some skins are not susceptible to hair growth; but for those that are, it is safer to use creams that do not contain animal fats.

The 'Kosmeo' is a fine cream, and one I usually recommend. Vaseline is not safe; it very often produces a growth; while glycerine, even when diluted with rose water, parches and browns fine, thin skins.

* * *

A woman who is going out into the sun in August should lave her face in cool water, rub in some delicately perfumed cream, wipe off lightly any that remains, and apply a fine dust of powder.

When she comes in after exposure, with her face sunburnt, an application of good cream, followed by powder, will remove the discomfort and make her presentable. A good powder is comparatively harmless, and suits a fine skin better than a coarse one. I would not advise anyone to use any water, or lemon juice either, immediately upon coming in. A good cream would neither smart, set the tan, nor make one look old or wrinkled, as water or lemon juice would at that time.

Veils in summer time are a protection, but they should be used with discretion. They should never be worn when they have a 'worrying' effect upon the eyes, which is frequently the case when the eyes are tired. It injures the sight and produces wrinkles.

The 'fish net' and gauze veiling is the least harmless. The spotted veiling affects the eyes. Veils at night are quite out of place.

* * *

The hands, especially those of the housekeeper who does her own work, require attention in the summer time to keep them comfortable.

There are many simple cooling lotions which may be used, although again I recommend my favourite lemon juice. Elder-flower water is also very good. Lavender and Florida water are very pleasant, but it is possible to grow weary of the perfume.

For the hand-bath, almond meal and oatmeal are both cooling. The housekeeper who finds her hands swollen and stiff after much dish-washing should lave them in oatmeal water, then apply lemon juice, and afterward a cream or a lotion containing oil.

These are home remedies. There are always delightful toilet washes to be obtained at the specialist's. For clammy hands we advise:

Wash in tepid water to which has been added a few grains alum or a few drops aromatic sulphuric acid. Dry well, and dust them with powdered starch or good face powder, wiping off the superfluous powder with a soft cloth.

* * *

For the foot-bath I recommend sea salt or common brine. The swollen feet from which so many people suffer, are caused largely, I believe, by a condition of the nerves.

The feet should be bathed always once a day, and in hot weather both morning and night. After the bath any cooling lotion, such as would be applied to the hands, gives comfort. It is hardly necessary to say that fresh hose should be put on every morning in summer time, and easy-fitting shoes worn,—if comfort and wholesomeness is sought.

Concerning corns, I advise great caution in the use of corn salves. Many of these remedies are too violent, and poison the foot. I have had women come to me, whose feet have been badly irritated by some strong corn salve, which has eaten not only the corn, but the surrounding skin.

I come once again to my lemon. A slice of lemon, or half a one, slightly scooped out to fit upon the corn, applied every night for a week will soften the hardest excrescence, allay the inflammation, and make the removal of the corn possible. But a loose shoe must be worn during the time.

For ingrowing nails and other troubles a specialist is desirable.

* * *

For the full bath I advise tepid water rather than cold—for the majority of women. It is safer and is just as cooling, especially if finished with a shower bath. Sea salt, bags of almond meal or oatmeal,—any of these make an inexpensive and pleasant accessory to the bath.

A half ounce ammonia or a tablespoonful of borax in the bath is far better than soap. A delightful toilet essence for the bath may be made as follows: Tincture gum benzoin, 1 oz.; oil lemon grass, 1 oz.; acetic acid (aromatic vinegar), 1 oz.; alcohol, 2 o.s. One-fourth of this in the bath will make it milky in appearance and the perfume will cling to the body twenty-four hours afterwards.

* * *

Just let me add a few words about the hair.

It requires more frequent washing in summer time; yet I would not advise it more than once a month. The woman who can afford a shampoo from a regular hair dresser enjoys a luxury; but for those in the country I advise the egg shampoo rather than borax, soda, cold tea, or any similar infusions. I do not like artificial bangs, and suggest that during hot August days women brush their hair up lightly, or use the small cunningly hidden rolls over which the front hair may be puffed into bright effect about the face.

Certainly it looks much more thoroughbred, and adds in the majority of instances to refined expression.

If the hair be shampooed once in four weeks, it is not likely to have time to become heavy enough to look sodden—even where it is naturally oily.

Take ¼ lb. white castile soap, shave in small pieces and melt in 1½ quarts water. Take ½ pint bay rum, ½ pint alcohol, 2 ounces carbonate ammonium, 1½ ounces carbonate potassium, add ½ dram oil rosemary or any perfume preferred. Dissolve the carbonate of ammonium and potassium in the liquid soap, add perfume to alcohol, then mix the whole together. An excellent and very effective liquid shampoo is the result.



COLLARS AND CUFFS.

VERY plain gowns are given dressy effects by the adjustable finishes of collar and cuffs; and greater variety is afforded in these during the present season than at any previous time.

August is not a month for new designs in gowns; but rather a time when old muslins and lawns are brought to light from the wardrobe depths, carefully laundered, touched up with a fresh ribbon or two, and made to serve sultry-day purposes of coolness and neatness.

There are two essentials for August gowns. They must be spotlessly fresh; they must also have cool effects. Otherwise they may be plain, and old-fashioned as a woman chooses.

A print, gingham or muslin—however plain, if freshly laundered—is in better taste than a more elaborate gown lacking the freshness.

Unless, therefore, a woman is able to pay extensive laundry bills, it is better that her summer gowns should be made very simply, so that she may be spared long hours at the ironing board or costly laundry accounts.

* * *

A print gown should be made with deep hem at the bottom of the skirt; waist tucked or gathered, and bishop sleeve. Such a gown is easy to do up; and the finishing effects may always be added by fichu, deep collar, velvet

stock collar and cuffs,—or the many adjustable trimmings of the season. A very pretty print gown made by a home dressmaker was a white ground, lilac sprigged, and finished with lilac ribbon stock collar, and bands of the same at the wrist. It was made in a day by a dressmaker who charged seventy-five cents for her day's work; and the material, ribbon included, cost two and a half dollars.

* * *

Muslins may be made as ornate as the owner chooses; but for August days the old style of our white muslins worn over white skirts is always in favour. One of the surprises of a woman's wardrobe is the perennial freshness of the muslin gown in August.

Five or six weeks is the limit of its season, when it again disappears—to emerge no more from the wardrobe depths until the brief 'dog days' of our Canadian climate return. One or two such gowns, simply made, should last several seasons.

* * *

There are several 'don't's' applicable to August toilettes, the observance of which marks the woman of refinement.

Don't allow your print or muslin gown to touch the pavement. It should be shorter than a stuff gown and clear the ground by a couple of inches.

Don't make it so elaborately that it must be taken to pieces before being laundered.

Don't use shirrings on the bodice, nor yet a surplus of tucks.

Don't wear torn lace, even if it is clean.

Don't wear soiled lace, nor spotted ribbons.

Don't forget to iron the gown skirt if it becomes crumpled.

Don't forget to wear spotless and well-stiffened underskirts with muslin or print gowns.

Don't imagine that lace and fancy trimmings will compensate for lack of freshness.

Don't fail to pay especial attention to hose and shoes.

We illustrate this month four designs in deep fancy collars made by a skilful Toronto fashioner of lingerie.

No. 1 is of silk crepon. The revers are broad upon the shoulder. The collar ripples over the bust and narrows to a point again just above the waist line. A deep fine-lace insertion and edging form the decoration.

This collar is of the nature of a fichu, and is especially becoming to a woman inclined to embonpoint. It requires about a yard of any material that is a half-yard in width.

Deep-pointed cuffs of the same material lined and tacked in flutes are pretty accompaniments of this collar.

* * *

No. 2 is of grass linen, with insertion of the same showing a band of violet ribbon which is run beneath. It falls straight upon the shoulder and is trimmed with linen embroidery. The stock collar is of violet satin ribbon.

* * *

No. 3 is especially pretty for a young girl. It is of all-over embroidery, with a frill of deep edging and insertion to match. The collar lies perfectly flat, and is closed at the back.

A standing collar of ribbon is finished with butterfly bow at the back. It requires about three-quarters of a yard of the all-over embroidery when three-quarters of a yard wide.

* * *

In No. 4 we show the sailor shaped collar which may be worn by a child of either sex, or by young ladies. It is not so graceful for a woman of adult years, except when used as an adjunct of the regulation 'outing' costume.

This is of linen, with linen insertion and lace.

It forms a pretty finish to a linen or duck blouse. It is also worn with dark serge or flannel blouse.

About four yards of lace edging is usually sufficient for these collars. They may be made with or without the stock collar.

* * *

In linen collars and cuffs much variety of shape is permissible. The only stipulation is that they shall be above reproach in spotless stiffness.

The Endicott collar (shown on right of border), deep and pointed, is a present favourite. The sweetbrier (left upper corner) is equally popular.

The 'tab' collar is a revival of an old Stuart fashion. In fact, the 'sweetbrier' and 'tab' collars might be appropriately named 'Puritan' and 'Cavalier.'

The cuffs in each case are made to correspond. The revival of the white linen collar and cuffs is a pretty one, since nothing so well conveys the idea of neat and dainty finish so desirable in a woman's dress.

The hospitals discovered this long ago; we have simply adopted their idea.

* * *

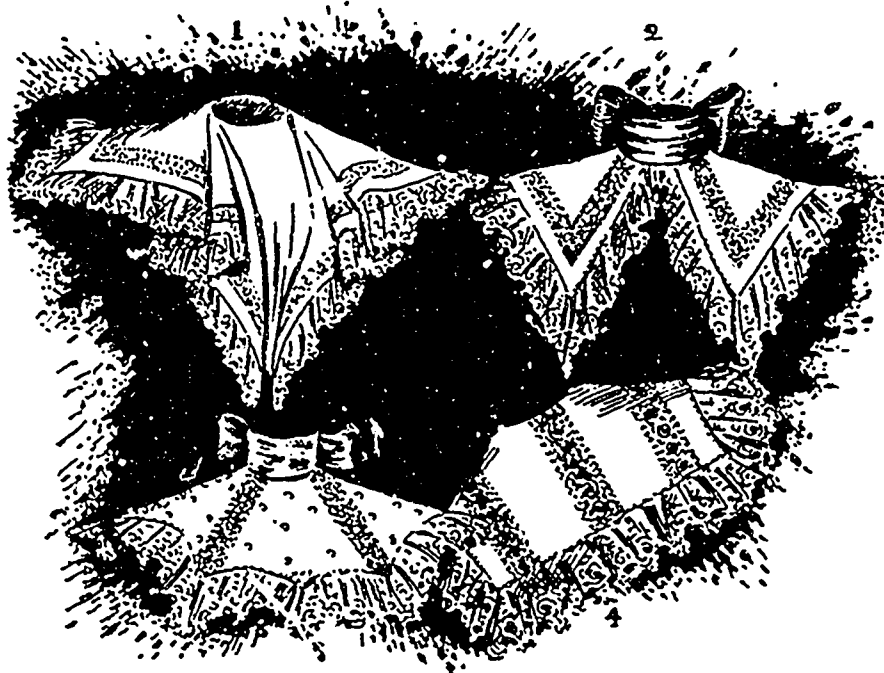
In ties the short black tie is holding its own, although the long tie and four-in hand are worn.

Fewer vests and deep shirt fronts are to be seen, and more of the Norfolk basque and dickey; this especially for cycling on cool days. On warm days is the blouse tiresome, the blouse monotonous, yet the blouse serviceable and therefore perpetual.

Nevertheless, there are signs that its reign is nearly over.

Answers to Correspondents will be found on page 14.

MADAM.



THE GIRL WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FACE.

By ALMA S. McCOLLUM

I SAW her first at Union Station, Toronto, and was standing next in line when she bought two tickets for Heartease, Muskoka. Strange to say I was destined for the same place, and that alone interested me even before I saw her face.

She was about as tall as I am, and as she turned around we accidentally looked straight into each other's eyes. She seemed confused, and coloured slightly, and as for me, I do not know what I did, but I shall remember those eyes and that face always.

I am an artist, and a successful one, too. You would recognise my name in many an American paper if I told you what it is, but this is a story about the girl with the beautiful face, and my name is not a necessary part of it.

If I was as skilful at pen pictures as I am with my brush, I could present to you an ideal that would live in your memory forever; but I can only, in a very inadequate way, tell you of a clear Canadian complexion; soft, large hazel eyes, which one might study for a lifetime and never find their depth; lashes, long, thick and brown, slightly darker than the hair, which was all aglow with golden lights; a perfect Grecian nose, and a mouth, just such a one as should have gone with those eyes.

The gods have certainly been good to her, was my uppermost thought in that first swift glance.

When we started on our journey she was sitting three seats ahead of me, and occupied most of her time in looking out of the window, at the same time unconsciously affording me an excellent opportunity of studying her profile.

Her companion was an English looking lady, whose thin lips were constantly parting over white, regular teeth, which reminded one of the keys of a piano. She commenced the tedious task of cutting the leaves of a new magazine, and religiously sawed through the last page before she glanced at the contents, a thing I have rarely seen a woman do.

When she turned and saw me she gave the same little start as the girl did, and looked the second time. Perhaps they think they know me. I sincerely wished they did, and consoled myself with the thought that my journey ended at the same port—Heartease, and in due course of time we could not help meeting; but it is always the unexpected that happens, and my desire was gratified sooner than I had dreamed of.

When we changed cars at Black Water Junction, the girl with the beautiful face met with an accident, and I was the hero of the hour. She was in the waiting room leaning on the window sill with her arm half out, and something must have been defective with the fastening of the sash, which was raised, for as the stiff rim of her sailor brushed against it it fell with a crash, I half caught it and saved her arm from being broken, for my hand came between it and the heavy sash. She did not scream, but all the pretty colour left her face,

"I am very thankful," she murmured.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, and the English lady insisted that she was, and was not satisfied till the sleeve was rolled back, disclosing a round, white arm only slightly bruised.

When we re-entered our train, new passengers had crowded in, and the only empty seats were two tucked over. I hesitated for a moment, and as neither looked repellent, sat down opposite them.

"Will you allow me to tell you my name?" I asked, and handed the English lady my card. She read it and the keyboard gleamed again.

"Ah," she said, holding up her finger in a pretty warning way, "I have heard of you, but you have not that advantage over me. I am Mrs. Ellington Ellis, of Clipperton, England, and this is my Canadian niece, Miss Kingsley."

I thanked her for her goodness in introducing me. I was, indeed, truly grateful.

Then she told me that of course she was familiar with my name as an artist, but she knew me in a social way also. My English cousins, the Ashunth's, were intimate friends of hers, and she had heard them talk of me and had seen my photograph.

Just at twilight the steamer touches Heartease in a little inlet on Lake Rosseau. When we arrived there a soft haze hung over everything, and musical cowbells were tinkling in the distance. It was an ideal spot for a poet or an artist, and Miss Kingsley's face was a study as we approached it. She seemed to have forgotten everything and everybody just for the moment, and her face was aglow with a radiantly happy expression, which I never again saw, although I am sure it often wears it now.



We were the only arrivals that evening, and as we knew each other, were considered as one party and placed at the same table.

There was the usual jolly crowd at the hotel; the same dances, bonfires and berry parties, and through everything Miss Kingsley and the aunt and I were constantly together; but it was the aunt and I that generally did the talking. Miss Kingsley puzzled me. She was very intelligent, had quaint ideas, and a pretty way of expressing them, but it was hard to interest her in conversation. I had never met a young lady so seemingly indifferent to my society, and perhaps that made the fascination all the greater. I knew that she liked me, but she treated me as she would another girl. Without a doubt she was the belle of the hotel, and would have held that position in a much larger community.

Although she appeared to join heartily in all the gaiety, she seemed utterly indifferent or unconscious of the sensation she created, and I do not think that anyone in the place, except myself, knew that she was unhappy. I also knew that I was falling in love with her, and perhaps the aunt knew too, and for that reason took me into her confidence.

It was the day after I had mailed a letter for Miss Kingsley, who had come down with it after the mail bag had been sent on board the steamer. I had offered to ask the captain to

take it, and only saw the back of the envelope, which was extra large and stamped with a peculiar violet crest, which I remembered afterwards.

Mrs. Ellis told me that the letter went to Toronto, and contained the final dismissal of one of Miss Kingsley's admirers.

"You know," she said, "the dear girl has a fortune besides her face. Both her parents died many years ago, and she lived with her grandmother in Toronto and attended the University there. She became infatuated with a young student and insists on marrying him, but he is a penniless young lawyer, of no family, and only wants her money. I see that plainly, and have determined to take her back to England with me, but have had great difficulty in making her realise the situation. At last I have succeeded, and we are going home in September. With her beauty and her money she can marry whom she pleases."

Ah! I do not believe she can, thought I. If she had not the latter she might.

So that is why the beautiful eyes had a sad look sometimes. I never heard what tactics the aunt adopted to accomplish her scheme, but I could picture the process.

Now, the strangest part of it all was that I bore a striking resemblance to the unfortunate young man, and had they had both noticed it that day on the train. I was some three years older then; he was just twenty-two, and Miss Kingsley was twenty. If he had lost there was no reason why I should not win. But I did not believe it was money he wanted.

There had been one of those unfortunate misunderstandings which take the light out of the future, and which a word or a look might set aright.

The days wore away, and she must have known that I loved her, for the eyes speak plainer than words can ever tell. I thought she knew, for she seemed to like me better and talked oftener to me.

It was rumoured through the hotel that we were engaged. People must have something to say at a summer resort, but if Marian—that is her name—Marian Kingsley, one of the sweetest sounding names in the world—if Marian heard the report, she never appeared conscious of it. The aunt seemed pleased. She liked me, and I was related to the Ashunth's, and that was sufficient. But things were brought to a sudden climax.

It was the night of the fancy ball, and dressed in a Grecian gown of soft, creamy white, Marian looked more beautiful than ever. To be sure, the costume was only of cheese cloth, bought at a district store, and I had helped with the draping, but the effect was wonderfully good.

One cannot be always love-lorn, and I think she almost forgot "my double" that evening. After a spirited two-step, danced to the music of one of Sousa's marches, we strolled together on the southern verandah.

The light in the light Japanese lantern there had burned away, and we were alone with the moon shining full in our faces. The music of "Manhattan Beach" floated softly out to us, and blended with the music of the faint tinkling bells, in the far distant wood. It was an ideal spot and an ideal night, and I was alone with Marian! May I not be pardoned if I lost my wits? Her hand was within my arm—just as we had come from the dance, and she was looking far out on the moon's shining track on the dark water.

(To be continued.)



PRETTY sweet pea blossoms,
Nodding in a row,
May I tell the story
How you came to grow?
In the long ago, dears,
You were quite unknown,
Never was your perfume
On the breezes blown;
But one day in spring time,
Seven youthful Quakers
At a quiet meeting
Talked about their shakers,
And one maid, Priscilla,
Who was rather vain,
Thought their snowy bonnets
Were a little plain.
Patience then suggested
That each shallow crown
Should be puffed up higher,
"It was too low down."
Next they all decided
That from snowy white,
Each the hue would alter
To some colour bright.
Where they got the dye stuff
I can never think,
But soon all were coloured
Purple, blue and pink.
Only gentle Prudence
Wore the simple white.
She thought wearing colours
Was quite far from right,
But as she went with them
In their bright array,

Every one would think her
Quite as bad as they.
When the wind first saw them
All was calm and warm,
But the gay sight vexed him,
So he raised a storm.
Every shaker snatched he,
Far away he blew
Pretty pink and purple
And one white one, too;
Far away he blew them
O'er the country round,
And a short time after
Blossoms new were found,
Blossoms new and fragrant
Colours all so bright,
Here and there a rare one,
Prudence like, in white.
When the Quaker maidens
Told the story o'er
They were soon forgiven
And now sin no more.
Patience and Priscilla,
And dear Prudence, too,
Soon were called the sweet P's
They so gentle grew,
So the new-found flowers
Then were called the same.
Thus I end the legend
As I tell their name.
You a lesson teach us,
Blossoms dear we love,
For to earth you cling not,
But climb straight above.

ALMA FRANCES MCCOLLUM.

JUST YOU AND I.

"**W**E really need a special supply of grace for midsummer days,—or perhaps a special grace to meet the demands of the season."

It was a little housekeeper who spoke suddenly from the dining-room doorway. She made a prettier picture than she knew, with the rolled sleeves, the tucked-up skirt, the brown hair brushed damply back from the forehead, the flushed face and the big blue eyes looking half petulant, half earnest; while a large wooden spoon in her hand and certain stimulating fruit odours which exhilarated through the open door gave emphasis to her words.

I looked up from my book. "Come and talk it over," I said.

"Well, if you don't mind my leaving the door open, so that I can keep an eye on those preserving kettles—"

She crossed the dining-room, took a low wooden rocker, and sat down beside me; and together we looked through the broad low-ledge eastern window out upon the shaded bit of lawn. Beyond it was the vegetable garden, the raspberry bushes laden with their crimson berries,—the trees, the broad common, and then the slowly rising hills—magnified by local perspective into 'mountains.'

It was the intense heat of midsummer early

afternoon. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees; the grass drooped languidly even in the flood of sunlight, the crimson fruit burned dully in the heat.

The triple stillness of country, season and hour was about us. Even the insect hum was stilled; and the only sound that reached us was the soft bubble of the preserving kettle.

"It is almost too warm to talk, it is certainly too warm to think," protested the housekeeper, as she reached for a fan. "The first is much easier than the second, you know. Continuous thought is an effort; that's one of my reasons for that first statement.

"We have a way of calling July and August vacation time,—which means, I suppose a condition of emptiness—or nothingness. But it is really the most trying time of the year, and the fullest of temptations and worriments for most of us."

"Have a glass of lemonade," I urged, laughing. "Two preserving kettles and a thermometer in the nineties is a rather trying combination."

"Well, the fruit wouldn't keep. And how could I know that Jane's mother would fall over a wash tub, sprain her wrist, and need my 'reliable' during this especial week?"

The little housekeeper emptied her glass, and leaned back with a more restful look upon her face.

"Of course, I am not referring to the people who go to the seaside, cross the ocean, sail the lakes, or seek the mountain tops, thus avoiding the excessive heat—and the temptations; but to the mass of humanity, in the cities, towns, and country places—for a hot day in the country is as unendurable as it is anywhere—who simply have to bear the heat, plus the day's duties, and to accomplish as much high thinking and noble living as is possible under such adverse circumstance.

"Special grace—I should think so! Why, with the physical relaxing there is sure to be a corresponding mental and spiritual loosening.

"People are hardly aware how much of self-respect and moral backbone they owe to—clothes. No, I do not mean it in any Carlylean sense;—it's too warm for 'Sartor Resartus'; I mean just these ordinary every-day garments, prosaically considered.

"Now, clothes are an affliction in sultry midsummer days; we are in continual discomfort because of them; we indulge deshabille, we venture toilet relaxations, we reduce our garments to the limits of the proprieties, and our moral and spiritual status relaxes in correspondence. A due observance of the conventionalities and full dress go together; and how can a man be properly self-respecting with the consciousness of a wilted collar, or a woman with limp bangs?"

The little housekeeper was smiling to herself now in half amusement, but the thread of sincerity ran through her banter.

"Now, at this minute," she went on, "I do not feel the slightest desire to be arrayed in either starched muslins—or manners; and I haven't a single spiritual aspiration. I should like to be a mermaid, or a dusky squaw; but since neither of these is possible, a bath, a lounging gown, a French novel, and a hammock are my desideratum.

"You see, dear," with a mournful shake of the nut-brown head, "one does feel so dreadfully of the earth, earthy, in August days.

"And then there are the petulances and irritations. Husbands and children are fretful; babies cry, and beetles get into the flour; there are sunburns and mosquitoes, long choky nights and languid mornings, mouldy bread and mustiness;—such a strong sense of humanness, such a weak sense of divinity! August may be vacation time for the body, but it's a busy season for the powers of evil,—from insects to iniquities. Again I declare that we need a special grace for midsummer days."

The little housekeeper grasped her wooden spoon and retreated to the kitchen.

* * *

Two hours passed. I had written a letter, had a half-hour nap, made a fresh toilet; and was again at the window with my book, when she rejoined me.

She wore a crisp muslin gown, her hair was braided glossily, the flush was gone—with the spoon, and in her hand was a quaint china bowl full of fresh-gathered raspberries.

"We will have a delicious cup of tea presently, and some fresh cookies," she said. "It is five o'clock, and Jack won't be home until seven. How cool the lawn looks; and do you notice how prettily the breeze rustles those white-lined poplar leaves? The sun will be behind the mountain at six, and then we will have a drive along the river bank. We'll meet Jack at the depot; and there's a new moon, so we need not hurry home. Do you like my muslin? and aren't August evenings lovely?"

"Why, what has happened in the past two hours, little woman?" I asked.

"Jane has come back, and I have put my new dress on," she said simply.

And I was answered. FAITH FENTON.



11.

AS a natural consequence, when the examination actually came memory played him false, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he kept his attention concentrated on his papers; and as he walked from the lecture room like a man in a dream, he overheard the fatal words spoken by the examining chaplain to a brother clergyman, "Poor Selby! he looks ill; worked too hard, I expect; at any rate, *he's done for*," and therein he found that his best fears were realised.

He had escaped as best he could from his companions, and turning his back on the town with a wild longing for the peace and quiet of the country, he had tramped along through the tranquil meadows.

For to him it meant absolute failure. Other men might try again, but for him there could be no second opportunity. No, it must be given up once and for all. He had tried his best; he knew that; but he had not been accounted worthy. He must go back to the dreary bank-books and ledgers. And poor Patience, who had hoped such great things—how should he tell her? And then the iron entered his very soul.

It was at this juncture that he had met his bishop, and almost against his will was drawn into conversation with him.

He was not in a state to reason calmly about anything. He was in that curious stage of over-wroughtness, mental and physical, when even the most reserved can be made to open the doors of their hearts; his defences were down, and he could not but respond to the touch of human kindness which bridged over the chasm of age and position and set the two men for the moment side by side. It was the man himself in his unfeigned sympathy, not the great bishop and his recent judge, who won his confidence; and as has been said he was ill-matched in his present frame of mind with his wily interlocutor, who beguiled his secrets from him without his realising how much he had revealed.

Lamely and prosaically enough as it seemed to him he told his story, in answer to the stream of questions to which reverence for the questioner added the force of a command. And when he had got at the kernel of the matter the shrewd ecclesiastic, who was a student of men as well as of books, fixed his piercing eyes on the troubled young face as if he would read him through and through. It was in truth a frank and earnest face, though it was clouded enough just now; not handsome or striking in any way, yet the honest grey eyes looked fearlessly on the world, and there was a certain ineffaceable look of truth and goodness about

it that inspired unquestioning trust.

Colouring in spite of himself beneath that sharp scrutiny, Selby was startled by hearing his companion say:

"Well, Mr. Selby, are you quite sure that this must be your last chance? Have you no friend who could give you the money for another year's study? My chaplain tells me your work shows promise. Another time you would be sure to succeed. In fact, I think I know of someone, a friend indeed of my own, who would give well, not give lend you the necessary means, and you could repay him again at your leisure."

The young man started, the colour flashed into his face and the light into his eyes, and then as swiftly died away, leaving him very pale.

"Your lordship is very good," he said slowly; "indeed I am more than grateful; but it is impossible, quite impossible. I am not clever, I might not succeed, and I dare not start in my career with a debt which for all I can see I might be years discharging, if I could ever do so. Besides which there is no time for me now; I have strained things to the uttermost already. I have others depending on me, and their claims cannot any longer be put aside. No; I have thought it all out, and I am sure that this is, and ought to be final."

"And yet it is no light thing to give up the service of God, Mr. Selby," said the bishop, with one of his sudden questioning glances.

"I hope I shall never do that," answered his companion simply. "Surely He has some work left even for laymen! and surely, before all things ought one not to serve Him with clean hands? I could not do this if I began by doing what I know to be wrong."

Again the other began to speak, but Selby put out his hands with a pleading gesture.

"It is more than good of you to have listened to me, sir," he said; "but for pity sake do not, I entreat you, ask me to go over it again. You do not, you cannot know all that stands in the way. I am not myself this afternoon; I dare not trust myself—it would take so little—and no one can judge but I of my duty—to make me go wrong!"

The bishop laid his hand kindly on his companion's arm. "I will not ask you," he said; "nay, more, I believe you are right, and I respect your decision. One thing I am sure of, Mr. Selby, that wherever you are and whatever you do, the Master we both seek to honour will find in you a very faithful servant."

Then, with a sudden dismissing of the subject, he set himself to talk with that fascination which was one of his special gifts, compelling the younger man's thoughts into other channels, so that the walk ended cheerfully enough. When the oddly assorted pair parted near the Cathedral gates, and Selby began to stammer out his thanks, the bishop cut him short, saying cheerily:

"Well, I may see you again before you go. At any rate, go home now and eat and get to bed and to sleep. You young folks are so fond of taking your troubles by wholesale; when you are as old I am you will be wiser. Perhaps—I don't know—I may have time for a word with you to-morrow."

He waved his hand and departed with a tranquil smile; while Selby, much mystified, and a little disconcerted by this apparently

somewhat uncalled-for cheerfulness, returned to his lodgings, followed the bishop's advice, went to bed and slept from sheer weariness.

It was after dinner and the bishop was in his library with his examining chaplain opposite to him, talking over the various candidates.

The latter had been telling the story of his afternoon walk, and it had gained, not lost, in pathos from his graphic recapitulation. Dr. Fraser was hard-headed and despised emotion, but he was stirred in spite of himself; yet he was angry enough all the same.

"And the long and the short of it is——" he began.

"The long and the short of it is," interrupted his chief, "that you must look over Selby's papers again—indeed, I will have a look at them myself."

The chaplain was also an old friend, and he did not scruple to grumble freely as he unearthed the unfortunate papers, and a hot discussion followed, which was finally ended by the bishop saying:

"I don't care—they are inaccurate here and there, and he hasn't done enough, but they show talent; flashes of something more than talent, in fact, and earnestness of purpose. Besides, there is the fellow himself. I don't want men with brains only in my diocese. I want heart and character, and trifles like those when I can get them. It's no use fighting against fate, Fraser; *you've got to scrape him through!*"

"Well, of course it's within your lordship's discretion," returned the chaplain, doubling up the papers with an air of ostentatious resignation. "But I must say it's irregular—*highly irregular.*"

If the proverbial thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Austin Selby could not have been more astonished than when he received Dr. Fraser's letter as he was lingering over his breakfast on the following morning.

"Although your papers are not altogether up to the requisite standard of merit," wrote the chaplain, "his lordship considers that they yet show evidence of intelligence and industry, and this, coupled with his personal knowledge of you and of your somewhat peculiar circumstances, has determined him to give you the benefit of a pass. From what the bishop has told me about you," finished the worthy examiner, determined to speak a word in season, "I do not think you are the kind of man either to forget or to presume on his lordship's undoubted leniency."

It is impossible to describe the revulsion from despair to hope, from disbelief to realisation that swept over Selby's mind when at last he succeeded in convincing himself that it was a fact and no delusive dream that had once more changed for him all the horizon.

Some years later Selby was called upon to preach in the cathedral of his ordination. He had already made something of a name as a powerful and eloquent preacher, though he clung too closely to his work in the little out-of-the-way First End parish ever to become fashionable. That evening, at the bishop's table, one who knew him well was describing his ceaseless labours in the waste places he was striving to redeem, aided and encouraged in all his efforts by the sister who had done so much for him.

"And to think of the jugglery we had to practise to get his papers through," sighed Dr. Fraser, as if the memory of that irregularity weighed upon him still.

"You had, you mean," retorted the bishop, with a twinkle of his eye; "for I had previously put him through a most difficult examination, *viva voce*, and I consider that he *passed—with Honours.*" [THE END.]



Conducted by MRS. JIAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts. Answers to correspondents will be found on page 23.

PREPARED FRUITS.

PROPERLY prepared canned or preserved fruits and vegetables are a most desirable addition to our food resources, as they are sterilised in the process, and offer some of the safest and best foods we have especially in the winter—for which time they are mainly prepared.

Have you ever made red currant jelly that would not 'jell' properly? I have, and find that if the jellies are not satisfactorily firm after standing for six or eight hours, it is a good plan to set the jars in the sun, with bits of window glass over them, to keep out insects and dust (which means bacteria). Every evening remove the glasses and wipe off the moisture which will be found on the under side, and replace. It will take several days to evaporate the excessive moisture in the jelly thus; but this method is preferable to boiling the jelly over, as that both injures the flavour and darkens the colour of the jelly.

PEACH JELLY.—Pare, stone and slice the peaches; crack about one-third of the stones and put them with the fruit into a jar. Heat in a pot of boiling water, stirring well from time to time until the fruit is well broken. Strain through a flannel bag, and to every pint of peach juice add the juice of one medium sized lemon. Measure again and allow one pound of loaf sugar to a pint of liquid. Heat the sugar in the oven, and when the juice has boiled twenty minutes add the hot sugar to it. Let all come to the boil and remove instantly from the fire.

Crab-apples also make a very excellent jelly.

CAN. ED PLUMS.—Pierce with a needle to prevent them bursting, and make a syrup, allowing a gill of water and quarter of a pound of sugar to every three quarts of fruit. When the syrup is quite warm, but not boiling, put in the fruit; bring slowly to a boil and let them boil for five minutes slowly, or they will break. Fill up the jars with plums and pour in the scalding syrup until it runs down the sides of the jars, and seal.

Too much care cannot be taken in having everything scalding hot and scrupulously clean; for if the jars are well screwed down, the danger of spoiling does not come from the outside, as was in old times considered the case. Many old-fashioned recipe books direct that preserves, etc., should be kept in a cool dark place, as the light will cause them to ferment. Owing to the investigations of modern science, we now know that the light itself will not cause them to ferment, if we have not shut up any yeast plants or fermentative bacteria inside the jar. And as we also know that the bloom of the fruit itself is composed of yeast plants; that the air is laden with fermentative bacteria, and that a temperature of 212° (or, in other words, the boiling point) is antiseptic to both yeast and bacteria,—we will see the reason for having everything, even to the covers and rings, as hot as possible when putting down fruit, if we would not have it spoil.

SUMMER DRINKS.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two quarts of raspberries into a stone jar and pour over them one quart of good vinegar. Cover and let stand for two days; then drain off the liquid without mashing the berries. Pour it over a quart of fresh fruit, and stand as before. Do this once more, the last time straining through a muslin bag. Then add one pound of sugar to every pint of this liquid. Boil slowly for five minutes, skim, let stand fifteen minutes, bottle and seal.

Strawberry, grape and blackberry vinegars are made in exactly the same way.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Take fresh, ripe berries and mash them with a wooden spoon or mallet. Strain the juice, and to every four quarts add one quart of boiling water. Let it stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally. Strain again, and to every gallon of liquid add two pounds and a half of the best white sugar. Stir well, bottle, and cork well. This is an excellent drink for invalids.

EGG LEMONADE.—Take one egg, beat it; add sugar to taste, some bits of ice and the juice of one lemon; shake thoroughly; add water or soda water from a siphon to fill the glass.

Egg phosphate may be made in the same manner, using acid phosphate instead of the lemon.

Some of these beverages may be classed as real foods—the egg drinks especially—and are most valuable in hot weather, when it is often such an effort to eat solid food.

SANDWICHES.

As picnics will be the order of the day, now that the hot weather has come, sandwiches will be much in request. The three following recipes will be found delicious:

CURRY SANDWICHES.—Pound together in a mortar the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a tablespoonful of curry powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful stale bread crumbs which have been rubbed through a sieve—moisten with Tarragon vinegar, and spread on thin slices of buttered bread, press together; garnish with nasturtium leaves and blossoms.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.—Skin and remove the bones from eight or ten sardines; put them in a mortar and pound to a paste with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg; add a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, half a teaspoonful of essence of celery (or some celery salt), and a tablespoonful minced cucumber pickle; spread between slices of stale bread, press together, quarter and serve on a plate with a napkin. Or they may be cut

in the shape of a tennis racquet and a baby olive firmly pressed into the middle of the large end, and you have a good representation of a racquet and ball—as good to look at as to eat.

For a tennis luncheon or tea these are very effective. To produce in the racquet shape, cut a pattern in cardboard the size desired (that is, as long as the slices of bread are wide) and then, by turning it end to end, the sandwiches can be cut with very little waste.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Mix three ounces of Mrs. Parsons cheese; which has been rubbed through a sieve with a tablespoon of butter and a teaspoonful of very finely chopped parsley; spread the mixture between any light crackers, press together and serve each on a fresh, crisp lettuce leaf.

* * *

Many mothers, I have no doubt, will be vexed at the numerous grass stains on little frocks and trousers, etc., which seem to baffle the skill of even the best laundresses. Alcohol is a sure, though somewhat expensive, solvent for chlorophyll, or the green colouring matter of plants. It must be applied whilst the stain is still fresh. Fruit stains, another bugbear of the careful mother, are generally removed by the well-known process of pouring on boiling water. In some cases oxalic acid will be found necessary.

Iron rust and mildew are also at this season troubles with which many laundresses have to contend.

Red iron rust is most readily soluble in muriatic acid, which is very easily washed out with clear water, and does not affect most fast colours. Black iron stains may best be removed by the use of oxalic acid, after using which it is well to wash the article with ammonia in the water to remove all trace of the acid.

It may or may not be a comfort to know that mildew is beyond the art of the chemist. If deep seated, it is impossible to remove it; but if it is only superficial, successive washings and bleachings in the sun will eventually remove it.

* * *

I have heard a rumour lately that we here in Toronto are to be benefited by the establishment of a training school for professional domestics such they have in Boston. I hope that it will not fall through, as it would fill a long-felt want. For it requires training as well as brains to 'run' a modern kitchen, and training as well as brains and grace to satisfy an exacting nineteenth century household. In Chicago they go even deeper into the ever-exciting problem of domestic service, and propose establishing a training school for both mistress and maid; and in New York also—that is, in one of the suburbs—they are considering the best plan for a school for servants. So I hope we will not be behind the age in this respect.

* * *

A word or two about the care of gas or coal oil stoves will not be amiss here. The main difficulty in the use of coal oil stoves is that people will not keep them clean. If the stove is cleaned as carefully as is the lamp for the dining table, and placed where there is no draught from door or window, there will be no disagreeable odour or smoky dishes. The best oil is the essential oil and is cheapest in the end. The burners must be brushed frequently and scoured with soap and water occasionally.

Many people will ask if the average servant can be trusted to use the gas stove with discretion. Perhaps not, but an intelligent girl soon finds that it adds so much to her comfort, that it pays to learn how to cook with a gas stove without wasting the gas. Even with an up-to-date stove the duties of the housekeeper and cook are most burdensome at this season of the year, when the thermometer registers up about the nineties.



NOTES FOR THE COUNCIL.

A very universal and most heartfelt sympathy has been felt by all the members of the National Council with Lady Tilley in the great bereavement which she has experienced in the death of her much-loved husband, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley. Sir Leonard's public life and the great services which he has rendered to the Dominion are too well known to need any mention here. But all may not be aware of how warm a friend he was to the National Council of Women. He took a most cordial and practical interest in the organisation of the St. John Local Council, and had ever continued its hearty supporter and wise counsellor. And when we remember how much our Council work in New Brunswick owes to Lady Tilley, we can realise to some extent the debt of grateful remembrance that is due to Sir Leonard. We are sure that many prayers have been offered up that Lady Tilley may be sustained and strengthened in her deep sorrow by One whose comfort alone availeth.

In another column we record the pleasant announcement made personally to the Quebec Local Council by the Hon. T. T. Flynn, Premier of the Province of Quebec, with reference to the appointment of women factory inspectors. It will be remembered how earnest a part the Local Council of Montreal has taken in urging this reform and both its members and those of the Quebec Local Council will feel equally gratified to hear that on the 2nd of July Mr Flynn was able to officially communicate to the President of the National Council the appointment of two women factory inspectors for the Province of Quebec, namely, Mrs. King, *nee* Vesot, and Madame Provancher. The work and reports of these ladies will be looked forward to with much interest, and an earnest expectation is entertained that they will be able to do much for the comfort and well-being of the toilers in the factories and workshops of the Province. Mr. P. T. Tobin, president of the Trades and Labour Congress, has written a very cordial letter to Her Excellency, on behalf of the organisation whom he represents, to express its appreciation of the efforts made by the National Council and by the Local Councils of Montreal and Quebec to obtain this appointment.

With reference to this subject, the substance of an interesting paper by Mrs. G. A. Smith, concerning some inquiries set on foot on the industrial condition of working women in Scotland, will be found in the report of the Quebec Council meeting. Mrs. G. A. Smith and her husband, the Rev. Professor Smith, the well-known writer and theologian, have both taken an energetic part in promoting the Council for Women's Trades in Scotland.

Many of our delegates at Montreal will have heard with concern of the distressing accident whereby Miss Walshe, one of the Halifax delegates, was detained in Montreal for several weeks owing to a dislocation of the shoulder, sustained through a slip when getting out of a tram-car. We are all glad to learn that she is now very much better, and trust that she will owe no grudge to the Council.

To another of our delegates, one of the earnest secretaries of the Quebec Local Council, Miss Stuart,

we all unite in tendering heartiest congratulations and most cordial good wishes on her approaching marriage. We condole with the Quebec Council on losing her; we congratulate Montreal on making such an acquisition.

We are glad to hear that Miss Skelton, the secretary of the Home Reading Union, is about to put herself in communication with the different Local Councils with a view of facilitating the formation of the reading circles, which we so strongly recommend, and of explaining how the books required may be obtained.

MEETINGS OF COUNCILS.

MEETING OF QUEBEC LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

There was a large attendance at the Citadel meeting of the Local Council, held June 9th, at which the delegates to Montreal were expected to give in their report of the National Council.

After silent prayer, Miss Ronand read the minutes of the last Council meeting, and later on each of the delegates, namely, Madame Routhier, Miss Ronand, Miss Stuart, Madame Jules Tessier and Madame Lavry, made some remarks; Miss Stuart leading off with a very full and interesting account of the doings at the annual meeting. Great appreciation was expressed of the hospitality received in Montreal. A pleasant feature of the gathering was the hearty congratulations tendered to Miss Stuart, one of the Council secretaries, on her approaching marriage. The members of the Quebec Council have every reason to feel grateful to Miss Stuart for the devoted service she has rendered to them from the outset of the Council, and it is without some very natural pangs of jealousy that they relinquish her to the sister Council at Montreal.

There is another reason why the Quebec Council meeting of June 9th will be remembered with peculiar gratification. At the commencement of the meeting, after Her Excellency had welcomed the members and expressed her own and His Excellency's pleasure at seeing them at the Citadel, she continued:

We have preceded, also, an unexpected pleasure for the members of the Council in having secured the attendance of the Hon. Mr. Flynn, whom we welcome very cordially to this, his first meeting of the Council, and we trust that it will be by no means his last. (Applause.)

This afternoon there was to have been a resolution introduced by two of our members, asking our secretary to inquire from the Provincial Government whether any steps were proposed to be taken regarding the appointment of a woman factory inspector for this Province. I think, ladies, you will find that resolution altogether unnecessary and that when I call upon Mr. Flynn, he will make a statement to you on the subject. (Applause.)

Her Excellency then called upon Mr. Flynn to address the meeting.

The Hon. Mr. Flynn spoke as follows: I feel extremely thankful to their Excellencies for their kind invitation to attend for a moment at this meeting. Having had a conversation with Her Excellency on the importance of having a lady inspector of factories added to the other inspectors already existing, and Her Excellency having pointed out to me what had already been done by your Association in that direction, I am most happy now to state publicly before you ladies that I concur fully in the views that you have expressed, and I am most happy to confirm and ratify the assurance given by my predecessor, the Hon. Mr. Taillon. It will be a pleasant duty for me immediately (to-morrow probably) to examine the law on this subject and see if the law, as it is now, is sufficient to permit of the appointment of a lady inspector. If it is not quite sufficient, I presume that a temporary arrangement might be made by which your views could be carried out. In any case, I have no hesitation in saying that if the present legislation is not sufficient, at the next session of Parliament

the necessary amendment will be introduced in order that the Government may have full power to make the appointment. (Applause.) I am not here to make a speech, ladies, and would not feel quite at home if I attempted to do so. Accustomed to the usages of Parliament, accustomed to speak before gentlemen in our legislative chambers for a number of years, and accustomed to speak at meetings of the electors throughout the Province, I must say that I am at a loss when addressing myself to a Parliament of this kind, composed exclusively of ladies, and feel rather timid when called upon to speak at such an assemblage as this. (Laughter.) I must, however, say that I cannot but heartily congratulate Her Excellency and you ladies on the good work that you have been performing since your Association has been established. I have read in one of the French poets, I think, these words, and as I do not believe we can completely translate the idea into English, I will quote them:

"Le monde est un océan de sympathies dont nous ne buvons qu'une goutte, lorsque nous pourrions en absorber des torrents."

I believe, Your Excellency, that that is your motto, and that in this Association you are indeed endeavouring to carry it out literally. "The world is an ocean of sympathy of which we only drink a few drops whilst we may absorb torrents."

I like it that in your Association the principles of goodwill and of unity amongst all classes throughout the Dominion of Canada are what you aim at most, and as regards your other work of charity and philanthropy you have a large field, no doubt, for your usefulness. Taking simply the point to which you have referred—the inspection of factories by lady inspectors—I may say that in visiting many of the factories in Quebec and the Dominion of Canada generally, I have myself very often been struck by the number of operatives, young girls and women, who, if they had any complaint to make, must apply to the inspector, and often it has occurred to me that there was some room for improvement. It is therefore due to Your Excellency, and to you ladies, that this idea should be now put in practice. Much credit is due to your Association in this matter. I shall conclude by saying that I am in full sympathy with you, Your Excellency, and the other ladies present in your good work of charity and philanthropy. (Loud applause.)

Lady Casault moved, seconded by Madame Jules Tessier, that the Quebec Local Council of Women have heard with great pleasure the statement made by the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Premier of this Province, and beg to tender him their cordial thanks for the assurance he has given them regarding the forthcoming appointment of a woman factory inspector.

The resolution was carried unanimously amid applause.

Her Excellency then addressed the meeting in regard to the subjects remitted to the Local Council from the National Council for consideration and report.

Working Women in Scotland.

A most interesting paper was read at the same meeting on the work of the Council for Women's Trades in Scotland, by Mrs. Smith, wife of the Rev. Dr. Smith, Professor of Glasgow University.

Mrs. Smith said: If there is one branch of labour about which we are more ignorant than another—about which economists know so little that they are not able to reckon its effects upon industrial conditions—it is women's labours. There is no doubt that this is one of the greatest problems of the present day, for the women's labours question involves so much else with it. The whole matter of men's labour is affected by it, and it is almost impossible to determine how penetrating that effect is.

In England and in Scotland people have been considering these things recently, and a few years ago our National Council for Women's Trades was formed in Scotland. Under the name at first of the Women's Protective and Provident League, it tried to impress upon women the duty of saving and carefulness, and combining for purposes of protection and investigation.

This has now developed into the larger organisation known as the Council for Women's Trades. It is representative of all women's trades, it is quite un-denominational; its centre is in Glasgow as the largest industrial centre in Scotland, but its meetings are attended by delegates from all parts of the country. Its committees are formed of both men and women—many of them persons of influence and position who are interested in these questions—along with workers themselves from the various trades.

The Council has in view three great objects. (1.) That of inquiry and investigation as to the condition of women's labour. (2.) The assisting and organising women. (3.) Seeing that the necessary legislative reforms are brought up and carried out.

Of these three sections, the stress of the society's effort is laid upon the first, mainly for the reasons already touched upon, that the conditions of women's labour are so little understood, and its results must, of course, determine any efforts in either of the other two directions.

This committee seeks to get at facts of women's labour, for without an accurate knowledge of these it is impossible that any efforts of improvement can avail.

It seeks to understand women's labour, especially in its sanitary and economic conditions.

We have a lady, the secretary of the Council, Miss Irwin, who is recognised as an authority upon these questions, and with whom the burden of the committee's work lies. Her labours among the Glasgow girls have shown, that while a large number of them do work under good sanitary conditions and are well paid, there are many others whose lives are passed in unhealthy conditions and whose hours of labour are simply monstrous. She has found that a considerable number labour from 72 to 96 hours a week, *i. e.*, from 12 to 16 hours a day, and that the sanitary conditions are very evil. Her evidence is confirmed by all who have anything to do with women, by doctors, by Bible-women, and clergymen and others whose official position brings them into contact with these classes. As regards sanitary conditions, we are only beginning to arrive at any real understanding since we have had women factory inspectors. It was found almost impossible for men inspectors, however conscientious and well-meaning, to arrive at a real comprehension of all the sanitary conditions, or the lack of them, under which woman labour. It is a fact that women will not make their complaints to them. Either they have not the opportunity or they have not the courage, while a judicious woman has been able to understand and to have these conditions improved.

For instance, recently there has been a wise provision in many of the shops of seats for their assistants, a thing that a few years ago was almost unknown. When we consider that in Scotland there are 44,000 women shop assistants, 15,000 in Glasgow alone, we can realise how important and how far-reaching this single improvement in their condition must be.

The committee is now engaged upon an inquiry concerning work done by women in their own homes.

This is a question about which economists know absolutely nothing, and yet it is of the greatest importance. Its effects upon the labour market are so profound and the amount of suffering it implies is so very terrible.

It is most difficult to arrive at facts where we have the workers not gathered together in factories, but scattered over the whole city, so that they have to be followed up one by one. Miss Irwin has already investigated a large number of these cases and is continuing to do so, but it will be a long time before we can reach generalisations in so scattered and obscure a department of labour.

The other two great sections of work attempted by the Council of Women's Trades, I can do little more than mention. Perhaps the most important of all is that of making the working women understand their own responsibilities and urging them, where possible, to co-operate. Among some of the women's trades, notably among the tailoresses, there has been brave co-operation and the good of it has been distinctly felt. This end can be reached only by the women being taught the advantage and necessity of union; and therefore this part of the National Council tries, by meeting with working women, to instruct and advise them as to their responsibilities and opportunities.

But as yet we have been able to do but very little in this respect, and what seems to me to be most needed in this connection is personal interest and intercourse between women of different classes in quiet, friendly ways, for their mutual enlightenment and understanding.

The said section concerns itself with the business of approaching our legislators,—of laying before them the facts we have gathered,—and influencing them for the passage of reforms.

This committee meets with our local members of Parliament of both parties, who cordially sympathise with our efforts, and are grateful for any information we are able to lay before them.

So much industrial legislation in England has been purely experimental. It is recognised as such by the legislators themselves, and they realize—with us—that what is most wanted at the present day is careful inquiry, honest, painstaking investigation of facts, upon which to base the necessary measures for reform in the labour questions as they affect both men and women.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF MONTREAL LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Montreal Local Council, held on Wednesday, June 10th, considerable time was given to the discussion of what the National and Local Councils can do to promote the interests and extend the usefulness of the various affiliated societies. This question had been discussed on previous occasions, but from pressure of other business had been temporarily laid aside. Now that the Council was steadily gaining in public favour and recognition, and in the confidence and affections of its individual adherents, it seemed right and expedient that the claim of the affiliated societies to benefit as societies by their connection with the Council, should receive special consideration. For registration in the Council is recognised as of two-fold value: First, to secure the united action of women in any matter of general interest. Second, to strengthen and improve the work of women in any special direction by uniting

local efforts and obtaining a thorough knowledge of all similar work being done either locally or through the Dominion.

While the efficiency and value of the Council in regard to its first object is becoming increasingly apparent, much consideration and effort need to be given towards the realisation of its second aim, and it is to be hoped that each Local Council will initiate plans for aiding its workers, so that, by united experience, the best methods may be found. The matter was referred to a sub-committee of the M.L.C. for immediate consideration. In accordance with a resolution passed at the National Council meeting, the question of the commitment of insane paupers was discussed. It was agreed that the Quebec law was satisfactory, but a committee was appointed to see that suitable temporary accommodation is provided at an available police station with the attendance of a matron.

A letter was read from Her Excellency, which gave a most comprehensive review of the subjects treated at the third annual Conference of the National Council of Women and indicated the various work to which the Local Councils had pledged themselves for the ensuing year. Her Excellency pointed out at the same time, that each Local Council could only undertake a part of this work.

As 'new business,' the meeting discussed the question of "Women on School Boards," and resolved to forward to the Provincial Government an expression of opinion to the effect that the appointment of women to School Boards is greatly to be desired.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF HAMILTON LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The Hamilton Local Council of Women held its quarterly meeting on Thursday, June 11th, at 8 p.m., in the Hamilton Ladies' College, with Mrs. Lyle, the president, in the chair.

After the opening prayer, roll call, reading of minutes and treasurer's report, the president called on the delegates to the annual meeting of the National Council in Montreal, to give their several accounts of the meeting.

Mrs. Ballard who went as substitute for the first vice-president, had prepared a graphic and interesting resume of her visit to Montreal, of the meeting and its attendant functions. Mrs. Gibson followed, touching on the subject of immigration as viewed by the National Council. Mrs. Freed dwelt briefly on what had been said of pauper immigration and need of medical help in the North-west. Mrs. Charlton described the reception given in Montreal by the Women's Art Association. The president remarked on the reports on Shorter Hours and Impure Literature.

Our meed of praise was accorded by the delegates to the courtesy and hospitality received in Montreal, and fitting tribute was paid to the gracious administration of the President of the National Council, Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Mrs. McKeown, president of the Brandon Local Council, was then introduced, and kindly addressed the meeting, giving a most interesting account of the organisation and work of the Local Council of Brandon, and also commenting on the National Council meeting in Montreal.

After a cordial vote of thanks to Mrs. McKeown, the subject of Manual Training in Schools, and Nurses' Work in the North-west, was treated of by Mrs. Hoodless.

Mrs. Lyle spoke of the "National Sanitarium Association," especially with reference to institutions for the isolation and treatment of persons affected with consumption.

Committees on the following subjects were appointed to receive and collate facts for the National Council and otherwise to forward its work:

National Sanitarium Association, Shorter Working Hours in Factories, Impure Literature, Pauper Immigration, Care of Children's Teeth, Commitment of Insane Persons, Criminal Code, National Home Reading Union, Manual Training in Schools.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Burns for kindly placing a room at the disposal of the meeting. The meeting then adjourned.

MEETING OF EXECUTIVE—TORONTO LOCAL COUNCIL.

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Toronto Local Council was held on Tuesday, July 7th, called to consider particularly with other business the programme for the first public meeting, after the summer holidays, of the Council to be held in October; but before touching on any business it was proposed by one of the members present that as their Excellencies will be in Toronto at the opening of the Exhibition in September, a meeting of the Council should be held to which the public should be invited, if their Excellencies could find it possible to spare to the Council an hour for this effort from their much overtaxed time. In this proposition all present most heartily concurred.

Realising the great pleasure and benefit that the members of the Council would derive from having their Excellencies with us, and also that many women would

be visiting in the city to whom the Council idea is unknown or not understood, and who may want to know at what it aims, and that to have it explained to them by Her Excellency would enable them to come into touch with us, all through the country districts, and might encourage them to form Local Councils in the towns or cities where their homes are,—a letter was sent to Her Excellency at the close of the meeting containing our request, and we are happy to say that it has been most graciously and kindly complied with. The details for this meeting will be announced at an early date.

The other business of our meeting that may be of interest, was the arranging of our programme for the October meeting. We decided to try a new plan, to have the work of that meeting given in two sessions, an afternoon and evening session; the business to be taken in the afternoon, also the reports of affiliated societies.

Two important items of business will come under consideration. (1.) The reconsidering of the "Memorandum," selections of work from it for our Council, and drafting of committees to attend to the same during the year. (2.) Dealing with a motion, of which notice has been already given, to the effect that the constitution and by-laws for the use of Local Councils as suggested by the National Council be adopted, instead of the constitution and by-laws which are now in use. In the evening three departments of work, taken from the memorandum of work for the year, suggested by the National Council, and so kindly arranged for us by Her Excellency, viz.: (1.) Reading Circles. (2.) Health Talks. (3.) Length of Working Hours. Each of these departments is in the guidance of one or two ladies, whose duty it is to secure a fifteen-minute paper on each subject, and also to arrange with others to discuss the topics at the close of each paper. In this way we hope to secure more information and interest in these important subjects. There will be two musical numbers in the programme. We regret that at present there is no musical club in affiliation with our Council, but hope that before the season is far advanced to have with us such an organisation, so that the "harmony" of our Council may be the more fully assured.

Submitted on behalf of the Council.

MINNIE DICKSON, President.

FORMATION OF A NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND.

We have much pleasure in announcing to the members of the Canadian National Council of Women that the women of New Zealand have now organised a National Council, and have sent our President the following account of their first meeting:

The gathering of representatives of the various societies throughout the colony, which was convened by the Christchurch Women's Institute, was an unqualified success. The meetings were held in the Provincial Council Chamber—probably the most beautiful hall in the colony—the use of which had been granted by the Government.

There were present: Mrs. Schnackenberg and Mrs. Daldy, Auckland; Mrs. Sievwright, Gisborne; Mrs. Williamson, Wanganui; Lady Stout, Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. T. Aker, Wellington; Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Widowson, Mrs. Izett and Miss Sheriff-Bain, Christchurch; Mrs. Alley and Mrs. Isherwood, Malvern; and Mrs. Hatton, Dunedin.

The sessions opened on Monday, April 13, and were—with one exception—continued morning, afternoon and evening throughout the week, concluding with a conversation on Saturday evening. At the first meeting it was resolved to form a National Council of Women. Mrs. Sheppard was elected president, and Mrs. Wells (to whose labours the success of the gathering is mainly due) was elected secretary. The list of subjects discussed was as follows: National Council of Women, Federation of Women, Unitary Homes, Sweating, State Bank, Marriage and Divorce, Economic Independence of Women, Village Settlements, Pauperisation, Single Tax, Land Nationalisation, Constructive Socialism, The New Woman, Party Government, The Referendum, Elective Executive, Reform of the Upper House, The Treatment of Criminals, Technical Education, Problem of Purity, Old Age Pensions, Undesirable Emigrants, The Criminal Code Bill, Political Disabilities of Women, and Women in the Service of the State.

It was decided that the meetings of the Council should be annual, and that the next meeting should be in Wellington. It will be seen, on referring to the list above, that the number of subjects for discussion was sufficient to satisfy even a glutton for work. It cannot be pretended that sixteen sittings of the Council afforded nearly enough time for adequate discussion of so many difficult subjects. But the different questions were ably treated, and were valuable from an educational point of view. Much public interest was shown throughout the sessions, and the attendance of the public in the gallery was large and, without exception, orderly.

Isabel Aberdeen



CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"WELL, I was too polite to tell him that, but the fact is, I went into the garden after luncheon to pick a few laurel-leaves, and Jim was there, and of course we both talked over the luncheon."

"Well?"

"Well. My dear fiancé was in the window and saw the parlour-maid of a few minutes ago in confidential intercourse with the master of the house. Of course he was amazed. After all," with a judicial air, "I dare say under the circumstances that I should have been amazed too."

"How unfortunate that he should have seen you!"

"Yes, very. But that was not all. He accused me on the spot of being a disloyal servan. to your royal highness."

"What on earth are you talking about, Hilary?"

"About my future husband. He evidently thought I was behaving very badly toward you. Oh! Jim!" as Clifford enters the room, "come here."

"Jim, do you know what has happened?" says Diana. "Mr. Kerr saw you talking to Hilary in the shrubberies, and he thinks—"

"That Hilary is in love with me," says Clifford. "Well," thoughtfully, "I can't blame him."

"Jim!" says Hilary.

"Well, my dear!"

"You know he must have thought—idiot though he is—that it was *you* who were in love with me!"

"Ah! Don't make him out a greater idiot than he is," says Clifford sweetly.

Here Diana, who had been laughing a little, breaks into the discussion.

"It's all very well," says she, "but how are we going to meet him next week at Mrs. McIntyre's dance?"

"What!" exclaims Hilary. For the first time in all this wild adventure of hers she looks really stricken. "You don't mean to say he is going there?"

"Certainly he is. He told me so. He is going to Dublin on business to-morrow, but will be back in time for it."

"Chut! He'll never be back in time. What do you think, Jim?" turning to her brother-in-law, with much apparent courage, but evidently with a sinking heart.

"I don't know," says Clifford, with deep and depressing reserve, who feels this to be a likely moment in which to drop into deadliest gloom. "He was able to put in an appearance last time, though he arrived at midnight. I decline to give an opinion. One never knows what may happen. It is bad to be wildly previous."

"Oh! something will happen to prevent him," says Hilary. "It would be too much. How on earth could I meet him?"

"How indeed!" says Clifford, "after this base deception."

"You might stay at home," suggests Diana anxiously. "But I shouldn't like you to do that."

"Stay at home! From a dance! Never!" cries Hilary with decision. "If the worst

comes to the worst, why I'll meet him, and give him a dance or two!"

This audacity makes them laugh.

"I shall be the worst off," says poor Diana, sighing. "He will think me terribly to blame! And as for you, Jim, when he meets *you*—"

"When he *does*."

Mr. Clifford is now sitting in an arm-chair, teaching a little terrier to beg for his bread.

"But, my dear Jim, you will meet him at the McIntyres'."

Not if I know it. I'm going to play hide-and-peek that night in and out of the rooms—Sit up, Trot, can't you?—And I defy any one to catch me at *that* game once I put my mind to it. Oh, what a night I'm going to have! Such splendid exercise—"

"I think I'll play it, too," says Diana, with a rather faint laugh. "I don't believe I could meet him after this."

"I hope, Diana," says her husband severely, "that you will see your way to playing it with me."

"Oh, you can laugh," says Diana, growing rueful again, "but I know exactly how it will be. You and Hilary will be out of the way, and it will be left to *me* to explain to him this daring imposition."

She looks at Hilary, but that culprit's head is downbent, and no comforting words come from her.

"Well, look here," says Diana, taking a step forward, and growing endued suddenly with a touch of spirit, "I won't do it. No. Nothing shall induce me. I've told him so many things already, that I *can't* tell him any more."

"You needn't!" says Hilary; she too is looking distinctly uneasy, but a smile breaks through the little cloud that dims the brightness of her face. "You can leave it all to me. I'll tell him. I'll explain. When he sees me as Bridget—"

"Oh, Hilary, you *won't* appear again in that dress?" pointing to the dress Hilary has worn during the luncheon.

"I shall, indeed. He—" she stops short, "admires me in it," she was going to say, but found it impossible; she colours vividly, and says instead, "will probably have forgotten all about me."

"Oh, modesty, thy name is Woman!" says Clifford, who has now almost induced the terrier to wait for the infinitesimal part of a second before devouring the biscuit.

"I'm not going to be ashamed of anything," says Hilary perversely. "Why should I? I think I have been such a *good* girl all through. I have helped you out of your difficulty with your parlour-maid. I helped *him* to everything I could think of—I even gave him his stick. What more does he want?"

"Nothing, I hope," says Clifford. "Or he must be the most unreasonable fellow alive. And I wouldn't marry an unreasonable fellow if I were you, Hilary."

"As to marrying him, that is out of the question," says Hilary warmly. "There is only the question of putting myself straight with him. That I can easily do."

"Yes, I'm afraid the marriage question is at an end," says Diana sadly. "I told you, Hilary, that you should not have trifled with him in this way. And," sighing, "he would have been such a good match, too."

"Brilliant!" says Clifford. "Fiery!"

"Don't, Jim. I really wish to speak seriously to Hilary. He *would* be a good match."

"Well, my dear, am I not agreeing with you there? A match of the finest quality, I call him; warranted to—"

Here a sound, evidently coming from the lower regions, attracts their attention.

"Cook has come back, says Diana hurriedly. "For heaven's sake, Hilary, go and get that dress off before she sees you."

CHAPTER X.

"And now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And gives the scene to light."

THE first three dances are at an end; Hilary, as she enters the ball-room, can see this by the card hanging near the musicians. She can see, too, after a hurried glance over the room, that the Dyson-Moores and their party have not yet arrived. The fourth is a waltz—she has arrived just in time for it—and she gets through it with a tail Crusader, enjoyably enough, but always with a sense that she is watching the doorways.

The Crusader, who is young and immensely in earnest over his waltzing, which like himself has not yet come to perfection, permits her, toward the close of the dance, to rest a moment, and in that moment she knows that her fate is upon her.

Her heart almost stops beating. Yes, there is Mrs. Dyson-Moore, and Ker with her. Mr. Dyson-Moore is here too, straggling somewhat in the rear—he is always in the rear, poor man—and several other people, mostly men from the barracks in the next town. Hilary, however, sees only one man, and that is Ker; he is dressed as a cavalier, and looks absolutely handsome, a thing one would not have quite expected from him. He is now standing talking to Mrs. Dyson-Moore, and it suddenly occurs to Hilary that that elastic person is wearing the triumphant expression of one who has just added another scalp to her belt. Is it Ker's?

He seems at all events thoroughly content with his present position, and in no wise eager to withdraw from it. All his attention seems to be indeed given to his hostess, who has discarded the Amazonian dress, and is now declaring herself to an admiring, if slightly astonished crowd, as Folly! By this change she has added considerably to her charms, but unfortunately nothing to her skirts, the ends of which are to-night even perilously closer to her knees. She has just whispered something to Ker, and Hilary, who has drawn back into the shadow of a curtain, can see that they are both laughing in an irrepressible sort of way.

Never was there so radiant a Folly—or so picturesque a one. She seems to gather a fund of joy from the sensation she is so evidently creating, and especially from the withering glances of old Miss Kinsella, who is staring at her through her gold-rimmed glasses from the distant doorway with stern and open disapproval. Miss Kinsella always stands near the doorway wherever she goes; it gives one so much a better chance of seeing each new arrival, and the manner of their reception, etc. Nothing escapes Miss Kinsella.

Mrs. Dyson-Moore, who has been nodding and smiling at her from a low couch, with overflowing affection apparently, has now nearly gone into hysterics behind her fan over the return she has had.

(To be continued.)

A CHANCE FOR US ALL.

The possibilities of winter comfort seem now to be only limited by the extent of the spruce trees in the land. So long as a "wooden cloth" (and this is practically what Fibre Chamois is), can be had for a trifling expense to line our outer garments with, no one need ever suffer from the sharpest winds or frostiest air of winter. An absolute non-conductor of heat and cold, Fibre Chamois is also durable, light and pliable so that the presence of a layer of it through a coat is never felt save by the protection it gives from a roaring gale or icy temperature. As its thorough worth has long since been proved there is no possible chance of disappointment in preparing to enjoy the healthful warmth it always provides.



"GAY and good is the little maid!"
So the lilies and clove-pinks said.
Red rose heard them, and whispered low,
"Pale little thing—I love her so!"
"Ah, as sweet as these bells of mine!"
So said the morning glory vine

Climbling boldly over the wall,
Peeping into the windows tall,

Ever greedily drinking dew,
Ever swinging its bells of blue,

Swinging its bells of mauve and white,—
Swinging them softly, day and night.

The red carnation told the bee,
"Never a brighter child than she!"

Each gay poppy, in scarlet drest,
Vowed that it loved her pale face best.

"Very like us is the little maid!"
Whispered a pansy, half afraid.

Even the solemn four-o'clocks
Gossiped about her to the stocks.

Not a word said the daisies small,
Though they cared for her most of all.

Soft brown eyes, and dear little face!
So the flowers all talked of Grace.

FOR YOUNG CANADA.

EDITED BY COUSIN MAUD.

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

OUR STORY.

Grasshopper Green lived up the country quite a distance, and was a fine, strong fellow for his age. The leaps he could take were simply marvellous, and he was the pride of his family and the envy of other grasshoppers for fields around. He had grown tired of his aimless life, however, and was sitting on a fence, with serious notions of travel in his queer, long head.

He had not sat there long when a friendly robin flew down beside him.

"Well, Grasshopper Green, how are you to-day? You lazy fellow, nothing to do but eat and jump. What a fine time you have, while am I almost worked to death."

"You worked to death, Cock Robin? Why, it seems to me you have an extra good time. I always thought it would be delightful to live in the air as you do."

"So it is, so it is, my friend. The air is a charming place to live in, but one could not live on it for any length of time, so I have to come down to earth and work quite hard for enough food to keep two birds going.

"My mate is now sitting on her second batch of eggs, and I shall soon have six mouths to feed.

"I tell you the old lady has an appetite, too, and bringing out a family seems to try her temper, and worms are so scarce just now. Oh, Grasshopper Green, you do not know what it is to live."

"I admit that," said Hopper Green, "but I

very soon shall. I am thinking of taking a trip to the city."

"You foolish boy! you do not know when you are well off. I met a sparrow last week who said city life was extremely dangerous. The boys there are always on the watch for birds, with catapults and nets; and as for cats"—here words failed, and Cock Robin almost shuddered.

"Boys! cats!" echoed our lively friend; "I'd catch myself sitting still long enough for either to get near me. I tell you, I am tired of this just jump and eat, jump and eat, and I'm going to see the world. So good-bye, Cock Robin!"

With these words he gave a spring and was soon some distance down the road. The robin looked after him and, with a little nod, made a few wise remarks about 'rolling stones' and 'far-off fields.'

Our little friend thought if he went right along the road he would in time

reach the city, and he was right; but travelling was not all fun. About noon he halted on a nice broad leaf in the sun to rest, but was rudely awakened from his day dreams by someone pinching him by the hind legs and saying, "Grasshopper, Grasshopper, give me some tobacco or I'll kill you!" at the same time bobbing his nose violently against a little brown hand. He immediately gave up a generous mouthful of the brown liquid, and regained his freedom, but felt stiff enough for the next hour or so. Towards evening, as he passed through a village, he barely escaped being swallowed by a duck with a great yellow bill. Nothing daunted, however, by these and several other narrow escapes, he pushed on.

After two days' steady travel, he entered the outskirts of the city, not feeling in the best of health and spirits, for the grass and other green upon which he had fed for the past few miles was very dusty and dried up. But he was brave and would not allow himself even to sigh for the crisp leaves of the delicious peas he had left.

Soon he reached a part of the city where no grass grew, and it was indeed a great experience for him. For a time he forgot his hunger in the wonderful sights and sounds of the city streets, but he very soon realised that if he did not get food and rest he would not live. So after turning several corners he hopped over a high board fence and found himself in a small flower garden at the back of a house.

He proceeded to make a good meal on some tender sweet peas, and felt so comfortable and so much at home that he congratulated himself on the success of his trip.

"If Cock Robin could see me now," thought he, "he'd soon change his opinions of city life. How silly I should have been to have listened to him!"

But poor Grasshopper Green did not triumph long. A new danger threatened him, and he was too weak and tired after his long trip to jump into safety. The little girl in whose garden he had taken up his abode, with no intention of being cruel, caught him and put him in a bottle to take to school next day as a 'specimen.'

She very carefully put in some dandelion leaves and grass, and a few drops of water, and was very much surprised next morning to find her little prisoner dead.

Lack of air, and being confined in such close quarters, proved too much for one who had been used to frisking over the whole earth.

The young naturalist emptied out her little victim, and resolved to imprison no more such 'specimens'; but she would have felt twice as sorry if she had known she had taken the life of such an ambitious little rover as our poor friend, Grasshopper Green.

* * *

I want all my older children to read and lay to heart something I have copied from one of John Ruskin's books:

In general I have not patience with people who talk about the 'thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently; I would infinitely rather hear of the thoughtlessness of old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions?

A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.

* * *

A month or so ago, I repeated to you a little story containing some mistakes of fact, and asked those who recognised them to write.

Here is the first correct reply:

Dear Cousin Maud,—I am a city boy, but go to the country every summer. Am very fond of birds and know pretty well the habits of a good many of our Canadian birds. I think the mistakes in the story in June's "Young Canada" are in regard to hopping and walking.

Crows and pigeons walk and do not hop, sparrows and robins hop.

Yours truly,

SAM SMITH.

* * *

DAME DOT'S SCHOOL.

Dame Dot's school is closed just now; all her children are having their holidays. But here is a letter that Dame Dot, who has gone down the St. Lawrence, received from one of her little ones. She had written before and this is a letter in answer to Dame Dot's reply. Lillie does not know how to use her stops yet.

TORONTO.

My Dear 'Dame Dot,'—This letter is not written so nice as the other. Are you well I saw Marguerite and she said that she could not. Remember your address and I told her it. Did you like the thousand islands did you have a good time at the social. I am sure you like ice cream, I do. My mother and sister wish to be remembered to you it is raining very hard here. I guess you are having a delightful time at M— Ontario (I can't spell it) You must excuse this bad writing as I must get ready for dinner with love. Good-bye.

LILLIE—YOUR FRIEND.

Dame Dot herself is having a good holiday time. She is not lonely without her children; since she knows that when the first of September comes, they will all be back in their little seats in the pretty school room, with faces brown with sun kisses and ruddy with health, and then she will hear all about their doings in dear vacation time.

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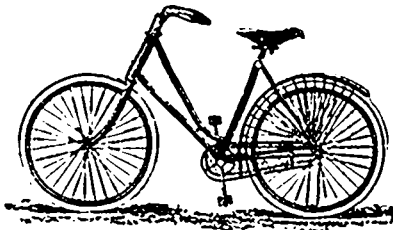
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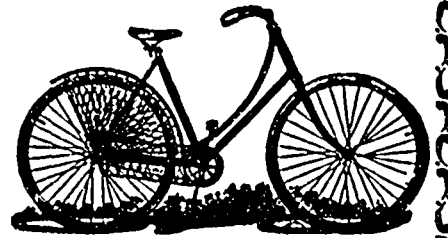
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Woman's Sports

LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

THE seventh annual tournament of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association for the championships of Canada was concluded on Saturday on the beautiful courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel, and in no way could it have been a more complete success. There were a greater number of entries than at any of the tournaments held here during the past few years. The weather from Tuesday up to Saturday evening was literally perfect, and the tennis, from the preliminary rounds to the exciting finals, was of the highest possible order. Among those who entered for the open singles were W. A. Boyd, of Barrie, one of Canada's crack players; E. W. Fisher, Middle States and Middle Double champion; Arthur Hawes, of Boston; J. P. Paret, M. D. Whitman, E. Rapelyea, R. H. Carlton, D. J. Davis, R. P. Davis, J. G. Lay, W. A. Bethel, B. C. Rumsey, C. M. Pope, F. G. Anderson, A. C. McMaster, R. V. Beach, J. T. Walker, R. H. Carlton, of Harvard; B. Wright, of Boston; C. A. Voight, of New York; Scott Griffin, of Toronto; A. N. Macdonald, H. H. Syer, Royal Military College, Kingston, and R. D. Wrenn, ex-champion of the United States. Among the ladies who entered were Miss St. John and Mrs. Barrett, of St. Catharines; Miss Bessie Moore, United States champion, and her sister Miss May Moore, Miss Juliette Atkinson, ex-champion of the United States; Miss Kathleen Atkinson, and Mrs. Sidney Smith, of Ottawa, who won the Canadian championship from Miss Osborne (now Mrs. Eustace Smith) last year. With two champions and three ex-champions on the courts, putting aside the names of many of the others who have distinguished themselves at the net, the spectators who assembled in hundreds every day to watch the games rightly looked for some of the best tennis ever witnessed at a tournament in this country. In the preliminary on Tuesday, Bethel, of West Point, who plays a good strong game, beat Lay rather easily in two straight sets. Whitman, of Harvard, another young player rapidly climbing to the top of the ladder, had little trouble in disposing of Rumsey, of Buffalo, in two sets, 6-1, 6-1. Fisher defeated Davis, of West Point, in one of the most exciting games of the day, 6-4, 6-4. Pope and Anderson played a close set that was watched with interest, resulting in a victory for Anderson, 6-1, 8-6. Another of the most exciting matches of Tuesday was that between D. F. Davis and Arthur Hawes, the latter winning two sets to one. A. E. Wright beat Voight, 6-3, 6-3, and Paret beat A. McMaster, 7-5, 6-1.

On Wednesday the best games of the day were those between Fisher and Bethel, and Paret and Wrenn. In the first, Bethel played such a strong game that, although Fisher finally won, at one period of the game the West Point man stood a splendid chance of coming out victor. At the start few doubted what the end would be, but as the game proceeded Bethel seemed very much the dark horse. Both played splendidly and won round after round of applause. The match between Scott Griffin and R. V. Beach was another good one. There was some remarkably good play on both sides of the net, but what the onlookers enjoyed most was the fun that went with the game. Here and there on the courts could be found the sober kind of player, who seemed too much

in earnest to spare time for a smile or an unnecessary word. A pleasant contrast to those were Mr. Griffin and Mr. Beach. Scarcely a ball went over the net that a witty say and a return retort did

not go with it, and the laughter of the spectators did not in the least disconcert these two social favourites. The match went finally to Beach, 6-4, 6-3.

In the match between Paret and Wrenn the constant applause of the spectators showed their appreciation of good play. Paret was at his best and played pluckily against the ex-champion, but he stood no chance at all against Wrenn's wonderfully strong game, the latter winning two sets, 6-1, 6-2.

On Thursday the play during the morning and afternoon was positively brilliant. Irving Wright, of Boston, a little chap of twelve, was one of the greatest surprises of the tournament. He was scarcely double the height of his racquet, and yet his quick judgment, his strength of arm, and the cool, quiet way he played, won the hearts and prolonged applause of the spectators. He defeated Davis, of St. Louis, after rather a lengthy struggle. The game of the day, however, was between Wrenn and Whitman. From all over the terrace the spectators crowded to No. 1 court, and the excitement and enthusiasm ran high. Whitman played marvellously well. His long arm seemed to reach all over the court, and no ball seemed to be too far away for him to get. Wrenn was too much for him, however, and won both sets, after a match which aroused as much interest and as great applause as any during the whole tournament. Beals Wright, another small chap of fifteen or sixteen, also played a really splendid game, and is counted upon for a crack player in the tournaments of the next year or two. In his match with Beach he won 4-6, 6-1, 6-3.

Aside from the cup-holder, Mrs. Sidney Smith, the only Canadian ladies playing were Miss St. John and Mrs. Barrett. Both were defeated in the singles on Thursday afternoon, Miss St. John losing to Miss Moore, and Mrs. Barrett to Miss Kathleen Atkinson.

On Friday, as the finals drew nearer, the crowd of spectators increased, and every event was watched with the keenest interest. The only grievance the onlookers had was that so many splendid matches were going at the same time and at different ends of the ground. There were six or seven courts, and on each one a match was being played which everyone present wanted to see, and it was obviously impossible to be everywhere at once, consequently one-half of the crowd had to miss one-half of the matches. The match between Fisher and Wrenn on Saturday outclassed anything of the week. The play on both sides was magnificent, but Wrenn's wonderfully accurate eye, his keen judgment in placing his balls in the exact spot most difficult for his opponent to reach, and the utter absence of nervousness went far towards his victory. On the other hand, Fisher, who in all his other matches had kept his head well, lost nerve in the finals, and although taking it altogether, he played a wonderfully strong game, sometimes equalling Wrenn, occasionally even outplaying him in all-round play, he smashed his balls into the net, or sent them outside so frequently that the result of the match was anticipated before it was finished.

The mixed doubles were intensely exciting also. Mrs. Sidney Smith and Whitman played against Fisher and Miss Atkinson. It was a wonderfully strong match on all sides, Mrs. Smith finally losing to the American cracks.

In the match between Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Atkinson better tennis has never been seen. Both played a game that few men could equal. Miss Moore has wonderful strength, and smashes from the net in a perfectly amazing way. Her judgment is good, and her eye almost as accurate as Wrenn's, but Miss Atkinson, who held the championship of the United States last year and lost it to Miss Moore, again won back her laurels, defeating Miss Moore three sets to two. She serves a very strong ball, and her returns are so swift and placed so well that her opponent requires the alertness of two to prove equal to the emergency. In the finals for the championships on Saturday the excitement of the week culminated. Wrenn and Fisher on one court, and Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Atkinson on the next, fought long and well for the coveted cups. The terrace was crowded with fashionable enthusiasts, and for an hour and a half the results hung in the balance. Mrs. Smith played bravely against her strong little American opponent, but was evidently not up to her usual form, and lost. In the other match Wrenn came out victorious, all four receiving constant applause and encouragement from the spectators. Miss Atkinson is small, and as light as a feather on her feet, and yet she manages to smash her balls with the strength of a Sanson. The men's doubles were won by Fisher and Whitman, who in the finals defeated Bethel and Davis 8-6, 6-4, 6-3. The mixed doubles fell to Miss Atkinson and Fisher against Paret and Miss Moore, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4. Wrenn, with over 30, defeated Davis, of West Point, in the handicap.

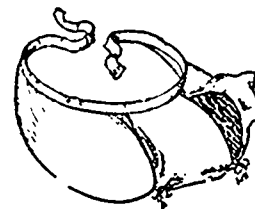
The prizes were presented at the ball on Saturday evening, when speeches were made by the secretary of the L. T. A., Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Houston, and Professor Goldwin Smith. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Houston, who managed the tournament in such an able way, may justly be proud and pleased at the complete success which crowned their efforts.

M. GEALE.

BRAIDED WIRE

HIP PADS, BUST FORMS, SLEEVE DISTENDERS

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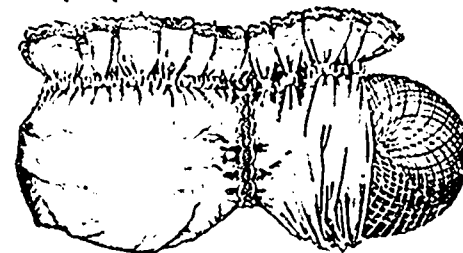


THE COMBINATION HIP BUSTLE gives graceful fullness over the hips and in back of skirt. It is not only very stylish, but it renders admirable service by relieving the weight of the full skirt now worn. Price, 75 cents.

THE EMPIRE SKIRT CUSHION, at 50 cents, is a small pad, but very popular.

THE NEW "HYGEIA" BUST FORMS are light as a feather, perfect in shape, adjustable, comfortable, non-heating. Cannot injure health or retard development. Tastefully covered, so that the Forms can be removed and the covering washed. Price, 50 cents.

THE "B.W." SLEEVE DISTENDERS keep their shape, are light, stylish and comfortable. Price, 75 cents per pair.



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ON THE WHEEL.

The one thing which seems to puzzle women most is learning to mount the wheel with grace and ease. It is very simple to mount properly, but women rarely do so. They should stand on the left side of the wheel, with the pedal on that side lower than that on the other. The nearest handle-bar should be seized with the left hand, and the right foot placed on the pedal on the right side. The right hand should be used to adjust the skirt before grasping the right handle-bar. The rider should then spring into the saddle, at the same time placing the left foot on its pedal. A forward movement on the right pedal will keep the wheel from lurching. In dismounting, a woman should let the left foot touch the ground first, and when that much has been accomplished the other foot can be removed from the pedal. At times women alight by placing both feet on the ground at once with a slight jump, but only experienced riders should try that.

Next to mounting comes the difficulty of a graceful dismount. Many good women riders are only able to mount and dismount on one side.

This is dangerous when riding on a public thoroughfare. No woman is safe on her wheel until she can dismount easily on either side, since it is frequently necessary for her to spring from either side in case of unlooked for contretemps.

Her best plan is to practise by mounting and dismounting from alternate sides, until she feels quite as free with the left as the right.

An annoyance complained of by many women riders in Toronto is the trick of cart drivers, who amuse themselves by driving their vehicles within close range of a woman's wheel, in order to enjoy the malicious pleasure of making her nervous. The butcher and express carts are usually driven by young boys, who do not realise the discomfort to the wheelswoman, and the real danger, when she is a novice, since with the first touch of nervousness her wheel is almost sure to incline toward the passing vehicle.

Confidence and practice, together with due caution, not only make a woman a safe rider, but one who is not a source of exasperation to trolley-men and the owners of vehicles.

A woman should never ride too fast. On the level it is ugly, going up hill it is injurious, and on a down grade she is apt to lose control of her wheel and nerve at the same time.

The woman who looks well on her wheel is she who rides at easy pace, and has her saddle at proper height. The woman who looks vulgar is usually one who sits in a low saddle, rides immoderately, and wears white undershirts.

There are too few women who make it a business to understand their wheel and its needs—of oiling, and general adjustment. She should

make up her mind to be independent in this matter, and keep her wheel in good condition. A bright, neatly gowned woman, sitting erect and easy on a neat, well-polished wheel, is as pleasant a sight as a graceful equestrienne.

It is with wheeling as with any other form of exercise. The woman who is refined enjoys it in refined way; the woman who is coarse makes apparent her coarseness.

The thoroughbred woman is thoroughbred, whether on the wheel or off it, and attention to detail in carriage, dress and wheel is the surest indication of this.

Every woman rider should have a bell on her wheel, since she cannot whistle, nor yet shout, to attract attention.

The question of lamps is an open one. Many riders contend that they are confusing and not necessary in city streets, but, at least, they should be used in country riding.

The bicycle academies, in spite of the warm weather, are crowded with pupils every day, the majority of whom are women. Persons seeking instruction are eager to master the art before leaving town for the summer, because 'everybody rides in the country.' An instructor in one of the up-town academies said the other day that women are really very apt pupils, and learn to ride much easier than men, in spite of the fact that they are hampered by long skirts and the feeling that they look like 'frights.'

Bicycles are creating a good of new law in Great Britain. In England they have been declared to be vehicles; in Scotland, in a case to recover insurance for death due to a bicycle accident, they have been declared to be not vehicles, the judge declaring that they could be no more considered such than skates.

GOLF.

ROSEDALE CLUB NOTES.

Mr. Geo. Lion and Miss E. Scott won the monthly foursome medal at golf for July.

Miss H. Scott won the president's handicap medal, and holds it till it is played off in September again.

Extra foursomes are to be arranged with additional prizes, contributed by the members.

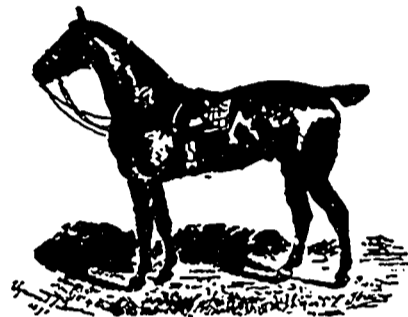
A golf game of great import is to be played off in September, between the United States and Canada on the Old Fort grounds or large commons about Fort George, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The ladies' play is always well worth seeing.

Golf players are to have special privileges on some of the English railway lines. They will receive certificates entitling them to return tickets for a single fare when the distance is over thirty miles and for a fare and a quarter when it is less.

CYCLIST.

LADIES I MAKE BIG WAGES — AT HOME — and want all to have the same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay \$14 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars FREE to all. Miss M. K. Stobbins, Lawrence, Mich.

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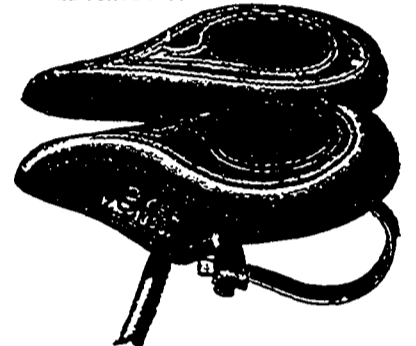
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For Beauty, Lightness and Durability it has no equal. Our Ladies' Bicycle is a Poem. CALL AND EXAMINE.

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Automatic Bicycle Saddle Co'y,

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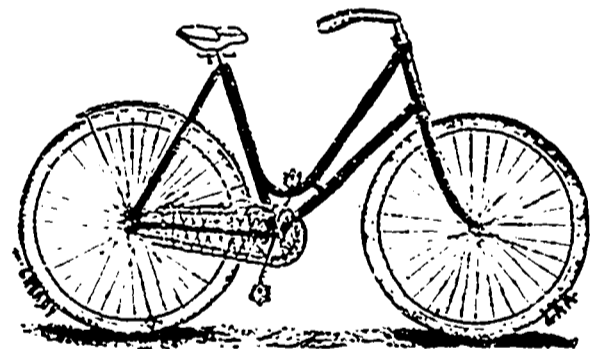
This Cut shows one side. Titled as in use

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It moves with the motion of the leg; made to fit any wheel.

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An up-to-date wheel—built on honor—built of the best materials

FOR LADIES

that can be produced. The frames are best cold-drawn seamless steel tubes. The bearings are from the best selected high-grade tool steel, highly polished, carefully tempered and perfectly dust-proof. Fitted with the celebrated Fauber One-Piece Crank Axle. The most comfortable and easiest-running ladies' wheel in the market to-day, and best judges say so. Our handsome catalogue tells you all about McCready Wheels.

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 Can there be anything more exquisitely beautiful than a lovely young girl just blooming into womanhood, with a skin soft as velvet and as pure as the driven snow, with a sufficient tracing of pink to suggest the
BLUSH OF A ROSE?

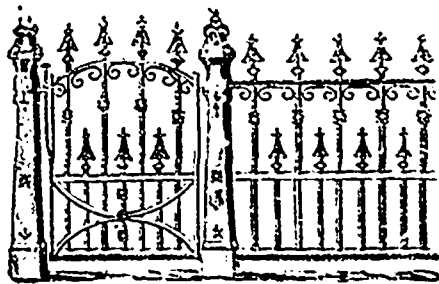
These are charms of the complexion which invariably result from the use of
DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS, and

FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

These world-famous Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Soap are Wonderful Purifying Agents, and Guaranteed to remove Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Wrinkles, Blotches, Muddiness and Every Trace of Beauty-marring Defects; they give to the Plainest Features a complexion which is a Perfect Dream of loveliness. For sale by Druggists all over the World or sent by mail on receipt of price.

WAFERS, 50c. and 5c. six large boxes, 5c. SOAP, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Protect and beautify you. Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building). JOSEPH LEA, Manager.



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whereby women may easily be emancipated from the shackles of ill-health. This is a simple, safe, and satisfactory means of self-treatment; easily understood and applied. No trouble, no danger, no shocks.

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Answers to Correspondents

FASHION QUERIES.

A.F.F.—To make dresses for yourself does not require you to learn a system, as one form is all you have to fit, and that can be done by having one well-fitting lining on hand.

MOTHER S.—You can clean your baby's white cashmere cloak with powdered magnesia, which is very cheap. Dip a clean white rag in it—an old lawn or linen handkerchief is best—and rub the cloak with it. Then brush the powder off with a clean brush.

K. SMITH.—Sashes are worn. They usually appear with muslin dresses. Black or white chiffon sashes with long frilled ends are the latest. Silk sashes may take the place of belts as a blouse finish.

(2.) There are indications that the blouse is returning into morning wear, and full costume of one material is demanded for afternoon dress.

HOME DRESSMAKER.—The little bolero jacket is quite fashionable, a recent revival indeed. They are made very short, and worn with wide belt. The Princess Maud has several in her trousseau.

HOUSEHOLD.

A subscriber writes: A correspondent asks in your journal of last month how to get rid of those awful things, water bugs, and you do not give her much encouragement in that direction. Now, I cannot feel my duty done without just telling you how I got rid of them one time. We got an awful stock from a case of fruit which came from one of our city warehouses. There were actually hundreds, so I took a puffer which had been used for fly-powder, but instead of fly-powder use Paris green, and they'll never come back any more.

E.F., City.—You had better ask a druggist what is the matter. It may not be a case of poison ivy, but of hives, which is very prevalent both among children and adults this season. For the latter, try frequent sponging the parts with solution of baking powder. For poison ivy, wood lye is almost a sure cure. Tie wood ashes in a bag and boil for a few minutes. Dilute a little, yet do not make it too weak. Paint the parts affected, and in fifteen minutes wash it off with tepid water, then anoint with vaseline. Repeat this several times and cure will be effected.

A subscriber (2) writes in praise of the recipe for raspberry foam, which appeared in the July issue. Since the small fruit season is nearly at a close, it is well to remember that the same recipe may be used in the preparation of peaches, pears and bananas.

COUNTRY READER.—I would not advise you to try removing your parlour carpet and staining the floor, unless it is smooth and well finished.

Rough stained floors are an outrage; yet, since until recently floors were expected to be covered, many of them are unfit to be bare.

If your floor is smooth and well finished, and you have something nice in rugs or carpet squares, the bare wood effect is artistic. But failing these, keep your floor covered with carpet.

(2) Matting is nice for study and for bedrooms.

BOOKS.

A.L.M.—Miss Dougall's chief books are: "Beggars All," "What Necessity Knows," "Zeit Geist," "The Madonna of a Day."

I have read all except the last. I consider the author very clever. "Beggars All" is perhaps the best, from the point of view of the general reading public. Miss

Dougall's writings are most acceptable to lovers of the metaphysical and religious in fiction. Mr. John Dougall, of the Montreal *Witness*, is her brother, I believe.

A QUERY.—If you do not love journalism or literary work for its own sake, and not simply for the measure of success in fame or money it may bring, keep out of it. Any other 'line of business' will pay you better.

Sara Jeannette Duncan makes this clear in her novel "A Daughter of To-Day." "It is not achievement you want, but success," is the word that sounds the keynote of *Elfrida's* failure. After all it is only what the highest life demands of us in every relation—self-sacrifice and surrender. Your writing must be to you more than a matter of so much per column. You must be prepared to put ten, twenty, one hundred dollars worth of work into the five dollar article—nay, you must forget dollars altogether, and labour patiently for pure love's sake—if you would achieve. And there is no reason why we should not be glad that achievement usually means success.

BEGINNER.—Have your manuscript typewritten if possible. If not, write clearly and paragraph carefully. An editor fights shy of solid-looking matter.

A.C., Hamilton.—A number of queries have reached me concerning Miss Maud Tisdale. I am glad that our readers endorse the judgment of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. The literary future of this young girl is in her own hands. But for her, as for all of us, must come the persistence, the careful work, and plodding, which alone ensure mastery of any talent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M., London.—Is golf possible upon frozen or wet ground?—Certainly it is, a writer says, although, of course, skill is at a discount then. Supposing you are playing during a severe frost, with the surface of the ground as hard as rock. You drive off all right, but how are you to know where your ball will rebound when it drops? The least inequality, and it is deflected at an acute angle, and will naturally travel a considerable distance. If I had my choice of ground, I should certainly select a wet one in preference to one that was frozen. There would be no 'life' in the turf if saturated with water, but your ball would not 'glance,' and there would be a greater opportunity of exhibiting skill in reaching the hole.

Miss Mary French Field, eldest daughter of the lamented poet, Eugene Field, will embark this season upon a career as reader and recitationist, for which she is said to possess unmistakable talent. She will read selections from the writings of her famous father, and there should scarcely be any doubt of the warm reception awaiting her.

For a considerable number of years Miss Field has frequently charmed a large circle of friends with her clever imitations and delightful readings, and recently she has enjoyed a thorough course of Delsartean elocution with Mrs. Milward Adams, a teacher of rare and unusual accomplishments.

Miss Field will commence her professional career under the management of George H. Yenowine, the long-time manager and friend of her father, and friends everywhere will wish her the utmost success in this new undertaking.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN.

I have learned of a very simple home treatment which will readily cure female disorders. It is nature's own remedy and I will gladly send it free to every suffering woman. Address Mable E. Rush, Joliet, Ills.

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 anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure
Sunlight Soap
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Books for Wrappers For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVIN BROS., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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 Winsor & Newton's colours flow evenly under the brush. The colours come out strong and rich. Nothing is saved in using cheap water colours. A pan of Winsor & Newton's colours goes further and lasts longer and gives better results. All art dealers have them.
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It removes Blisters, Freckles, Tan, Livermarks, Pimples and Black heads. Prevents Wrinkles, oily conditions of the Skin, Chapped Hands and Lips. Price 50c If not at Druggists, telephone 2027 Will deliver bottle within city limits. If you are at a distance get a friend to join you and enclose \$1. for two large bottles. Address, Peach Bloom Drug Co., cor. Simcoe and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

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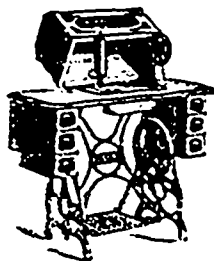
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Newest Design. Just put on the market. Elegant, light running and best attachments. Adapted for all kinds of work and fully guaranteed. Be sure and see the Drop Cabinet before buying.

Toronto Agency,
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By sending in \$1 for a year's subscription before the 1st of September you can get a coupon which will be accepted for five dollars (\$5) by the New Raymond Sewing Machine Co., 256 Yonge St., Toronto, in payment for one of their latest style machines.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

GOVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL

When required to handle the Nipples, use GOVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 10c in stamps to C. L. GOVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

PRINCESS MAUD'S TROUSSEAU.

Following the fashion set by Her Majesty and adopted by her daughters and granddaughters, Princess Maud's wedding dress has been made at Spitalfield's and is 'marvellously beautiful' in texture and appearance. It is of white satin, ivory in tone, with a silvery sheen. The bodice is cut low, as is the custom at royal weddings, the square décolletage being trimmed with folds of mousseline de soie and trails of orange blossoms, jessamine, myrtle flowers, with here and there a dark-green leaf peeping through. Below the satin on the bodice is drawn downward, across the figure back and front, terminating on the left side in the deep ceinture delicately embroidered in silver and brilliants. The short sleeves are arranged in snowy frills of chiffon, with lines of the bridal flowers drawn down between them. The skirt is plain of the lustrous satin, with a ruche of chiffon, orange blossoms, myrtle, and jessamine around the hem. The train is cut in one with the skirt, about four yards and one-half long, and fastens at the left side with bows of chiffon and trails of the snowy flowers passing through them. The bridal veil of old lace will be worn off the face, as all English royal brides wear it. Ornaments will be included among the many orders which the bride is entitled to wear.

The going-away gown depended upon the weather of the wedding day. Probably it will be of pale blue-grey canvas over blue and pink shot silk. The bodice has a deep folded belt of black satin falling in a little bow at the left side, and pointed revers of black satin, edged with grass lawn guipure. The vest and collar are of blue and white chiné silk flowered with pink roses. With this will be worn a burnt straw toque, with puckered brim, into which are tucked clusters of shaded pink roses. At the back is a full pink and white osprey.

A visiting gown of petunia cloth has sleeves of the cloth with an upper puff. The jacket bodice, of a darker shade of velvet, opens over a full blouse front of amythest and gold shot silk covered with a tracery of gold sequins and mauve-tinted crystals encircling roses of the jewelled work.

An afternoon dress is of black brocade in small and graceful floral design. A yoke of tucked chiffon, black, is set in by a deep embroidery of jet beads and sequins taking the lines of a corset. The body part is of black chiffon, worked in broken tapering lines of jet. Another visiting dress is of pale pinky-mauve striped chiné and glacé silk, the stripe of satin a shade or two paler than the silk. The bodice is simply fashioned with a soft fichu, so arranged that it looks as if carelessly placed around the shoulders. A handsome gown of shot black and green silk, with black pinspots upon it, has sleeves and chemisette of plain lighter green silk, veiled in black mousseline de soie. A handsome

gown of shot black and green silk, with black pinspots upon it, has sleeves and chemisette of plain lighter green silk, veiled in black mousseline de sole, a waistcoat of rich cream-coloured brocade and a tiny vest of soft black shiffon, and a collar of the same. There are tabbed epaulets of the silk, edged with green sequin passementerie. A high belt of black satin completes the costume.

For a summer dress there is a grass lawn with a design in forget-me-not blue woven into it, with white feathery silken lines connecting the flowers.

Blouses there are many. The most elaborate is of pale-blue glacé silk flowered with pink rose buds. A second blouse of pale-pink shot silk is in two shades of this colour. It is simply made with a box plait down the centre of the front. This has an unique collar. It is the only one that is frilled and high at the back, while plain in the front. This also has the Empire belt of black satin. A severely plain navy blue surah and a black surah, relieved with Irish crochet, arranged in a series of Vandykes down the full front and sleeves, are more fitted for use than for ornament. The cotton blouses are more fully trimmed in proportion to their requirements than the others. They are made with box-plaited fronts, formed of embroidery, the plaits bordered on each side with a frill of narrow Valenciennes lace. Several of these models are of fine grass lawn, the centre plait, collars and cuffs being of fancy embroidered grass lawn.

Among the evening dresses may be mentioned a full plain cream satin skirt, with bodice veiled in black chiffon, drawn in folds and worked over in a pattern of bows and ends carried out in the narrowest white silk cord set in by the finest gold thread and pearls. The centre of each knot is accentuated by a glistening spangle. The waist is encircled by a band of black satin edged and studded with brilliants, fastening with a chiffon bow behind, and the décolletage is bordered with scallops of black velvet prettily embroidered in jet. The sleeves are full puffs of black chiffon. A black broché dress, with small scrolls lightly traced, has a low corsage with a white satin sash tied in a bow at the back. Round the top is a berthe of black lisse, embroidered in graduated scrolls, done in jet cabochous, surrounded by fine beads so disposed as to thicken in shoulder straps above the lisse sleeves.

One of the most elaborate ball dresses in the royal trousseau is a delicate hue of primrose satin with the bodice draped in bud-green net worked over in groups of little natural-looking green currants mounted on silver. This drapery is drawn into a deep-folded satin waist band, and the sleeves are to correspond. On the full demi-trained skirt a panel of the embroidered green net is introduced and is finished off at the foot with a large fancy bow. An evening dress of geranium pink taffeta has the bodice drapery encrusted with pearls, silver, and

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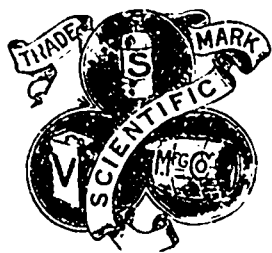


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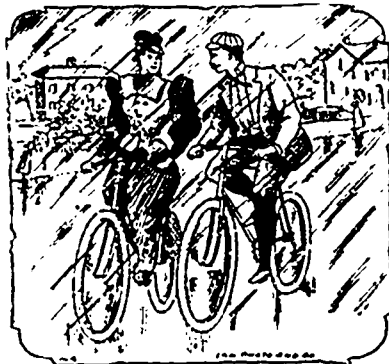
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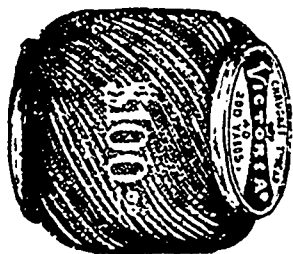
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coral, and is finished by braces of pale green velvet. A ball gown of pale blue moiré velours is richly worked in silver and turquoises, and has the skirt cut in tabs over a flounce of blue chiffon.

A demi-toilet gown for the theatre is of rose pink Roman satin. The bodice is fastened invisibly at the side and crossed at intervals by diagonal lines of delicate black lace insertion, as also are the long sleeves. Another is a clear sky-blue fancy silk gown, narrowly striped white, with a brocaded line in floral design. This is arranged with tulle and lace.

Princess Maud is an active participant in sports and all outdoor amusements, so she has a cycling costume of fawn-coloured Venetian cloth. The skirt is not very wide, but is arranged in plaits at the back to divide and fall each side of the saddle. It is lined throughout with silk serge, and at the hem are little pockets with flaps to button over, which when riding in windy weather will hold tiny bags of shot to keep the skirt in place. A little single-breasted coat is fastened with three fancy white and brown bone buttons, and the lapels and collar are cut like those of a habit bodice with detachable collar and lapels of unbleached linen over them. The basque is close-fitting and is rounded away from the buttons in front, and has crescent-shaped pockets. A yatching costume of navy blue serge has a short coat bodice with pearl buttons, and a roll white cloth collar and belt which is fastened with a gold buckle. A pink cambric blouse arranged with narrow Valenciennes lace is worn with this. There are two riding habits. One is a very dark, almost black, rough-surfaced cloth. The skirt is an ordinary perfect-fitting saddle garment. The basque is rather long coat shaped and close-fitting. It is single breasted, fastened with three buttons, and showing about a quarter of an inch of snow-white drill inside the lapels and a couple of pearl buttons of a white drill waistcoat below the buttons of the coat.

The second suit is of pale tan melton cloth, perfect-fitting at the back, with seams all strapped. It is semi-fitting in front, and so made that it can be worn either closed with a fly front or open to show a pretty waistcoat. The lapels are like those on a man's covert coat, and the collar is faced with velvet a shade or two darker in tone than the cloth. The sleeves are put in flat on the shoulder. The whole coat is the English ideal of what a lady's dress in the saddle ought to be. There are additional white drill waistcoats, single breasted, fastened with pearl buttons and having little flecks of blue or pink upon them.

If the weather upon the day of the wedding should be stormy, a travelling costume of pale brown Venetian cloth will be worn for the going-away gown. The skirt has the seams strapped, but is otherwise quite plain. The coat is double-breasted, tight-fitting at the back, with the seams strapped, and the basque a little full and not very long. It is fastened in front with

bone buttons, has a brown velvet collar and cloth-faced lapels, one of which has a buttonhole worked in it. The sleeves are put in with flat plaits on the shoulders and are finished at the cuffs with five rows of stitches. Yet another tailor costume is a pale blue and white mixture in a summer tweed, the coat open all the way down to show pretty blouses.

The tea gowns are soft and dainty. One in Louis Quinze style, is of creamery hued crimped mousseline de soie, printed with a design of pink flowers, and made over cream-coloured glacé silk. A shaped collar of creamery chiffon over glacé silk is edged with deep frills of soft, creamy lace. The sleeves are of shirred chiffon, and the back is arranged in a Watteau fold. Of matineés in silk and muslin, frilled and trimmed with lace and ribbons, there are numbers. The under linen is all of the finest description, trimmed with real lace and marked with an 'M' and a crown in satin stitch. The handkerchiefs are likewise marked. The stockings are of finest silk—black for ordinary wear, but in delicate open work for the evening in all colours. There are quantities of gloves. The day gloves have four buttons, as a rule and the greatest number of evening gloves are twelve-button mosquetaires of white kid, which are the court gloves. There are, of course, delicate shades to match dresses, and heavy ones for driving and hard wear.

The shoes and slippers are in proportion to the gowns, of dainty colours, elaborate work, and good, serviceable material, but of English make. Great attention has been given to the walking shoes, that they may be rendered impervious to water and never wear out.

And then there are very elegant wraps, particularly a full seal cape, lined with with black and cherry broché, and chinchilla collar. A royal purple velvet cape, lined throughout with the finest Russian sable, is a present from her mother. It is a comfort to be able to say in conclusion—in these days when it is the English fashion to wear anything short of a whole conservatory upon the head—that the hats of the royal bride are described as 'severely plain.'

A GLORIOUS AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

We ought, more frequently, to cast our thoughts upon the marvellous achievements of the age in which we live. In the department of medicine alone there has been an advance all along the line, securing to mankind ever-increasing exemption from pain and suffering.

Perhaps the discovery most important to that large class of sufferers known under the general designation of "Nervous"—those people all run down in nerve and muscular force—is embodied in the preparation known to doctors as "Maltine with Coca Wine."

A builder-up of nerve and muscular tissue is this—as of buoyancy and nerve—not, indeed, by a fitful galvanizing that speedily exhausts itself, leaving the last condition even

more deplorable than the first. No! Maltine with Coca Wine gives the needed impetus to the flagging power of body and mind; strengthens the digestive organs; improves the assimilative functions, and sustains the vital forces until, by the improved conditions it brings about, the equilibrium of functions is restored and health renewed. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

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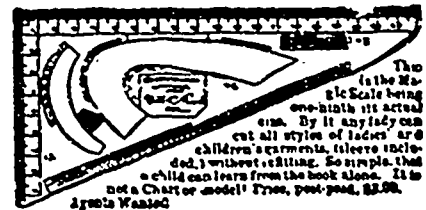
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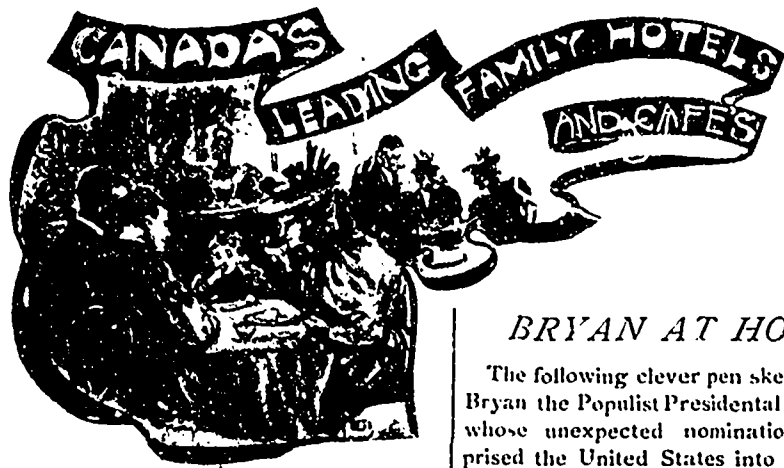
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SUMMER RESORT ASSOCIATION,
TORONTO. Mention this Advt.

BRYAN AT HOME.

The following clever pen sketch of W. J. Bryan the Populist Presidential candidate, whose unexpected nomination has surprised the United States into its present political ferment, will be read with interest by Canadians. It is taken from the *New York Sun*, a paper entirely opposed to him, therefore the fine characterisation is the more remarkable:

It has taken the people of Bryan's home a full week to calm down. For two or three days after the nomination the free silverites and Populists and half the Republicans were in a state of frenzy. The novelty of having one of their neighbours chosen as the Presidential candidate of a great party was almost too much for them. The people are more rational now, but the feeling of local pride, always strong in a Western community, is aroused as it has never been aroused before, and it is safe to say that of the votes that will be cast for Bryan electors in the State outside of what has been his legitimate following for six years, three-fourths will go to him not because of a sudden conversion to the cause of free silver, but because Bryan is a Nebraskan. It is difficult to make Eastern people understand the depth of this feeling of local pride.

The people of the country have not yet ceased wondering at Bryan's hypnotic feat at Chicago. It is not at all surprising to the people here who know the man and are familiar with his remarkable dramatic gifts and oratorical graces. Bryan had already won all the distinction it was possible for him to win in this State before the Chicago Convention, but he had many friends and admirers who for the last year have looked forward to the time when he would get a place on the Presidential ticket of the Populist or Democratic party.

The sober, intelligent, conservative people of Nebraska have long since taken an adequate measure of the character and mental capacity of Bryan, and although they give him credit for the possession of admirable personal qualities, they have him firmly fixed in the category of demagogues, Socialists, and cranks.

Bryan has taken the crude demagoguery of Altgeld and Tillman and worked it over in the crucible of sophistry, and refined it and polished it until the product as he turns it out is so softened and disguised that many people are fooled by it. The most radical utterance of the pitchfork Senator or the Anarchist Governor finds in Bryan ready and emphatic endorsement, but his endorsement is in the seductive guise of sentimental sympathy. Altgeld and Tillman assail the cause of sound government with hammer and tongs, with bomb and battering ram. Bryan's endeavours are in precisely the same direction, but he avoids the tactics of bull dog belligerency and seeks to win his way by beguiling first the outposts and then the garrison itself.

He is diplomatic, facile, agile, oily-tongued. He is a finished actor—a bril-

liant low comedian. He represents everything that Altgeld and Tillman represent, many things that are distasteful to most thinking, reasoning people, but he presents his views in such manner as to delude and deceive. Radical to the last degree, he somehow succeeds in passing himself off on the average audience as reasonable. Dangerous, as the demagogue is always dangerous, he yet convinces people that he is as innocent as a lamb. Acting in the role of an ingenu, he is full of guile. He wages warfare from behind the mask of conciliation. He appears to be pouring oil on the troubled waters, while he is in reality adding to the turbulence.

Bryan is singularly fortunate in his physical presence. He is a handsome man. His features are classic, clear cut, fine lined. When he appears before an audience he awakens interest and sympathy. When he begins to speak he takes on an air of the most perfect sincerity, the greatest candour. His manner is so simple, so plain, so earnest, so frank that his hearers are irresistibly drawn to him. Then good humour is depicted in his countenance. As he speaks he smiles, and his smile grows and expands. It is infectious. It catches the audience. He is so pathetically honest! It is doubtful if there is another man in the country so gifted in the superficial, showy qualities of oratory. He has wonderful surface brilliance.

Bryan is not a hypocrite in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used. There is no affectation in the simplicity of his manner of living. He is honest in his comparative poverty. He does not seek to hoodwink the public for the benefit of some financial interest. He cannot be accused of lack of integrity. But he does use questionable means to accomplish the end he is seeking. He has talked so long about the 'common people' and the bondage in which they are held, and has so persistently advanced specious theories for their relief, that he has worked up a certain amount of ecstatic fervour that makes him passionate and emotional, and he has convinced himself that salvation can be found in no other way than that which he advocates. The end must be attained. The people must be stirred. He has a pretty accurate idea of human nature. He deliberately appeals to emotions, prejudices, and passions. He employs artifice in subtle pleas to human cupidity. He does all this in the full knowledge of what he is doing, but excuses himself on the ground that the end justifies the means.

No man possessing Bryan's superficial brilliance was ever intellectually great. Even here, at his own home, where idol worship has been going on for years, it is not contended that he is a man of intellectual depth. He took up the cause of free silver after Bland had given it a good start and invested it with a glamour of specious brilliance, but he has not added one new idea to the philosophy of fiatism. He invented the phrase, 'without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth,' but he has never originated a principle or propounded a new theory.

SHE MARRIED HIM AFTER ALL.

You love me? Ah, I know,
As men love, no better, dear.
Worship? Yes, a month or so.
Tenderness? Perhaps a year.

After that, the quiet sense
Of possession; careless care,
And the calm indifference
That all married lovers wear.

Blame you, dearest! Not at all.
As fate made you, so you stand.
As fate made you, so you fall
Far below love's high demand.

Yet strange is love's deep law!
I can look you through and through,
Tracing plainly nature's flaw
In the heart she gave to you.

Knowing all my heart must stake,
All the danger, all the fear,
And yet glad, even so, to make
This! my losing bargain, dear!

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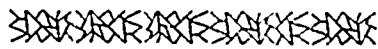
Madame Ireland, the Hair Specialist, will carry on business, after April 15th, at 174 Jarvis Street.



Massey's Magazine

Fiction
Number

August



The British Army of To-day,

By MAJOR-GENERAL GASCOIGNE, Commanding Militia of Canada.

Illus. by A. H. Hider and F. H. Bridgen.

Cuba in War-Time,

By..... FRANK L. POLLOCK.

Illustrated with Photographs.

The Camps of American Canoe Association,

By D'ARCY SCOTT.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Stories

By.....

Duncan Campbell Scott, Clifford Smith, Byren H. Basinia, Edward F. Slack

and many other stories of absorbing interest.....

BOOK CHAT.

There is no doubt at all that our own especial authoress, Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), is very clever. Indeed, we knew it when her first volume of gaily-recorded travel appeared, to amuse and interest a world somewhat weary with stereotyped accounts of globe trottings. "A Social Departure" began a series of ventures into literature, each of which has won her a well-deserved measure of success, and in all of which—save one—the writer preserves and reproduces the style and method peculiarly her own. The exception is that delightful little story of "Sunni Sahib," whose pretty tenderness and naturalness achieves a result altogether charming.

For there is the lack in Sara Jeannette Duncan's novels. With a wonderful colour touch, vivid atmosphere, keen satire and pungent phrasing, they yet lack the touch of passion that, developing either in tenderness or tragedy, moves us to an impulse of kinship. Her books are beautiful transcriptions of Anglo-Indian pageantry, and we lay them aside at the closing page with the little wearied sense of one who returning from the brilliant spectacle, finds himself somewhat thirsty and dazzled.

But "His Honour and a Lady" is a very clever book and a decided advance upon either the simple "Adventures of a Mem-Sahib" or "A Daughter of To-day," chiefly in that it is less official and more human. The relationship between the Hon. Mr. Ancram and Mrs. Church is very cleverly depicted, while the pretty love scene between Phillip Doyle and Rhoda gives the touch of tenderness which we usually miss in Miss Duncan's writings.

It is easy to see that the writer herself loves her adopted country. We feel that she ascribes to Mrs. Church much of her own sensation concerning it.

"This India that lay all about her, glowing, profuse, mysterious, fascinating—a place in which she felt that she had no part, could never have any part but that of a spectator. The gesture of a fakir, the red masses of the gold-mohur trees against the blue intensity of the sky, the heavy sweetness of the evening wind, the soft colour and curve of the homeward-driven cattle, the little naked babies with their jingling amulets in the bazaar. . . . She felt the East to her finger-tips, and her mere physical life there became a thing of vivid experience, to be valued for itself."

Again she says:

"It's delicious to live in a place that hasn't any weather—only a permanent fervency. I like this old Calcutta. It's so wicked and so rich and so cheerful. People are born and burned, and born and burned, and nothing in the world matters. Their nice little stone gods are so easy to please, too. A handful of rice, a few marigold chains, a gnat or two; hardly any of them ask more than that. And the sun shines every day—on the just man, who has offered up his goat, and on the unjust man, who has eaten his instead."

Her characterisation is excellent also. Lewis Ancram John Church, Rhoda Doyle are clever studies of types. That they do not go beyond studies, that they fail to impress us save as lay figures, may be the fault of the type rather than that of the authoress.

The book abounds in clever quotable satire of Anglo-Indian officialism, a real humour betraying itself in various instances, such as that of the interview between the two native editors of Bengali journals.

"His Honour and a Lady" is replete with all the rich atmospheric colour, the keen observation and clever satire characteristic of this brilliant Canadian authoress.

"His Honour and a Lady," by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). McMillan & Co., London; Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

* * *

"Where Highways Cross" carries us into a world so different from that of Anglo-Indian society, that it takes a few moments to adjust ourselves to our environment.

This is a tale of country life in Yorkshire. Only an incident in the life relationships of a woman and man, and the plot is by no means a new one, yet the method of telling is so well and wisely chosen that we are won to a very real interest in this simple story of a Yorkshire farmer and his serving lass.

The tale is like a series of etchings, and we appreciate the artistic instinct which sets it forth with so much of repose and restraint. In *Hepworth*—farmer, preacher, lover and hero—the author has created a character full of possibilities.

Readers of "Where Highways Cross" will look with interest for any further work by the same author.

"Where Highways Cross," by J. T. Fletcher. McMillan & Co., London; Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

REVIEWER.

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Recently enlarged by the addition of the Frances Hall, and provided with every modern comfort in the shape of steam heating, electric lighting, bath rooms, etc. Universally acknowledged by all who have seen it to be the largest, most elegant, and best equipped college for women in Canada. In educational work it stands unequalled, being the only Ladies' College in the country taking up a regular university course. Full Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial branches. Will reopen January 7th, 1899. Send for Calendar to Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph. D., Principal.

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Ladies and gentlemen, be alive to your own interest. There has recently been discovered, and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this excellent remedy boys raise an excellent moustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair, have it immediately by use of this "Hair Grower." We also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of "Whitening," for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this "Whitening" the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 30 cents per bottle, and the "Face Whitening" is 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to

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P.S.—We take P.O. stamps same as cash, but parties ordering by mail will confer a favor by ordering \$1 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose. Agents wanted.

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Branches Throughout City

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian Women.

EDITED BY
FAITH FENTON.

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

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

BUSINESS OFFICE AND PRESS ROOMS:
24 King Street West,
Rear Building, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

MONTREAL OFFICE, 246 St. James St.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
\$1.00 Per Year; Single Copies 10 Cents.

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

We do not claim to have reached perfection; but we do claim that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL stands unrivalled in the field which is especially its own; and we do assert that it is the best journal for women and the home that has ever been published in Canada.

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

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

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

The August issue is an unusually attractive number, both in illustration and reading matter. The special contributions of summer verse are by the graceful and tender poet, Jean Blewett, and two bright young writers, Maud Tisdale and Alma McCollum.

An interesting personal reminiscence of a visit to the poet Whittier by Miss Agnes Maule Machar, and a cleverly illustrated sketch of Evening at Hanlan's Point, are features of this number. An untheological review of Ian Maclaren's "Mind of The Master" will also prove of interest to many; while Midsummer Beauty Hints are given by one of Canada's cleverest skin specialists—Miss Moote.

The many departments, Fashion, Household, Music, Art, Women's Sports, etc., are up to their usual standard of interest; while Cousin Maud's chat for the children is as charming as usual.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Agents for our magazine are asked to make returns weekly. We also urgently request subscribers to notify the business office promptly—

1. If their magazine does not arrive.
2. If it is delivered in a damaged condition.

Complaints have reached the office concerning the torn or soiled condition of several magazines upon delivery. This is a fault of the mailing office, which we and they also are anxious to prevent. We can only do this by such cases being reported.

* * *

A WORD TO ADVERTISERS.

"Upon the Pocketless Dress of . . .
Women Hang the Keys of Trade."

Woman is the buyer of everything, everywhere woman is the active partner of the home and silent partner of the office.

The better the woman, the more directly she is interested in her husband's stockings, hats and other things. The woman clothes the children; she is thrown into relation with every establishment where goods for men and boys are sold.

Woman directs the care of the garden. Woman has the hand or the underhand of designating everything used in the house, on the house and about the house.

A woman who would not read advertisements would not be a woman, consequently all women read advertisements.

Advertising statements are really news to women. The shrewdest advertisers in the world are writing advertisements which appeal directly to women. The publication which has succeeded, and which will always succeed, is the one printing the most matter of general interest to women and the family.

This paper is printed especially to reach the Canadian homes, and contains the official reports of the National Council of Women and affiliated societies, which represents many thousands of the best class of women in Canada.

Advertisers cannot reach a larger or better field than this and cannot select another medium in Canada of such general interests solely for women as the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



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In Purity, Richness and Delicacy of Flavor,
Nasmith's Chocolates and Bon-Bons are unexcelled

We will forward on receipt of price—

1-lb. box, 65 cts. 3-lb. box, \$1.50
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Delivered FREE in any part of Canada.

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To Curl It

and make it stay,
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CURLINE

Proof against warm air and dampness, and retains its effect for days, often weeks. A boon to ladies at this season. A 25 cent bottle gives ten times its price in Comfort and Satisfaction.

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to any desired shade, use the

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HAIR REJUVENATOR

Far superior to any ordinary dye. It produces fine, natural shades, without greenish tints. Is harmless and will not rub off. Anyone can apply it. 8 Colors, 3 Sizes, \$1.32, \$3. With Full Directions.

To make it Grow

and to remove Dandruff,
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HAIR MAGIC

A tonic which acts direct upon the Follicles and Scalp, reviving nature's flagging energies and restoring a beautiful and bountiful growth, besides restoring it to its natural color. A fine dressing and should be on every toilet table.

These Preparations are for sale by all first-class Druggists and Hair Dressers, or will be sent on receipt of price.

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Don't use drugs that are called complexion remedies that you must continue to use in order to keep the complexion nice. After a while you become so addicted to the habit you cannot get along without them.

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Is your Hair weak, faded, falling out, or getting gray? If so, consult BARNES, THE HAIR DOCTOR, and take a course of thorough treatment. He guarantees to promote and strengthen the weakest hair to a strong and healthy growth. If you have dandruff, scurvy or itching humors at the roots, try BARNES' DANDRUFF CURE and HAIR GROWER. It prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, grey or wiry, and preserves its luxuriance and color; it keeps the scalp cool, moist, and healthy; cures itching humors; thoroughly removes dandruff, as well as toning up the weak hair roots and stimulating the vessels and tissues which supply the hair into nutrition, and adds the oil which keeps the shafts soft, lustrous and silky. No other preparation will do as much as BARNES' DANDRUFF CURE and HAIR GROWER.

Ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing, Shampooing and Dressing contracts for ladies' schools out of town, for weddings and parties.



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2348

Fresh Fun

Sence Simpson went to hyvingly bliss,
The hours crawl slowly by,
An' every now an' then I ketch
A wetness in my eye.
I sense it's juty calls him thar,
An' yet—old fool I be—
I've hed him under foot so long
I miss him po'rfully.

I only hev to shut my eyes
To see him s'tin' thar
Amongst 'em in the meetin'-house,
Big-boned an' tall an' spar'.
I sight his freckled face, his head
All slick with ile an' comb;
I'm mighty proud o' him, an' yit
I wish et he was home.

I know his voice is riz on high,
A-shoutin' hymns o' praise;
I know his groans is deep an' loud
When preachers ask a raise.
I see his buzzum heave, I see
His clinchin' fistis lock;
But, oh' I druther hev him here
A-growlin' at the stock;

A-squabblin' with the neighbour-men,
An' hangin' round the place,
A corncob-pipe betwix' his lips,
A scowl across his face.
I pine to see the critter 'round
A-whittlin' with his knife,
A-sassin' back at me as big
An' 'ast as mean as life.

A friend from Montreal contributes the following:

Three children, aged three, five and seven years respectively, in one bed, talking and carrying on.

Father (watching, impatient to get away)—“Now, you children, stop talking and let me see who'll be asleep first.”

Seven-year-old—“I can't go to sleep till those kids stop talking.”

Five-year-old—“I'll be asleep in a minute, papa.”

Three-year-old—“I am asleep, papa. See my eyes?” (Eyes tightly closed).

Father—“Your eyes may be asleep, but your tongue isn't.”

Three-year-old—“Well, my tongue can't go to sleep, cos it ain't got any eyes. See?” (Shows tongue.)

Miss Sentimental—Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secrets of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolved as long as time shall endure?

Charles—No-o, I dunno as I did. You see, I've had to earn my livin'.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say, when he was going out, “I'm going to steal just one, and—” Why, what's the matter, Maud?

“I been readin' most every day in the papers about them hossless kerridges,” said Deacon Applejohn, of Hunlock, at the circus yesterday, “but I've got one that suits me to a T and works like a charm, b'gosn!”

“How is it built?”

“Jest like any other waggon.”

“How do you make it go? Electricity?”

“Nope.”

“Gasoline?”

“Nope.”

“Kerosene?”

“Nope.”

“Steam?”

“Nope.”

“Well, what furnishes the motive power?”

“Come agin!”

“What makes it go?”

“Oh; why, oxen, by cracky! Haw, there, Bill!”

A traveller by postchaise wished to buy a piece of cherry-pie in Brussels; but not daring to leave the vehicle lest it should leave him, called a lad from across the street and requested him to purchase the pastry at some shop in the vicinity, and then, ‘to make assurance doubly sure,’ he gave him another piece of money, and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and presently came back eating a piece of pie, and looking complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the postchaise, he said, with the most perfect nonchalance, returning at the same time one of the pieces of money given him by the gentleman, who, it may be remarked, was extremely hungry:

“The restaurateur had only one piece of pie left, and that I bought with my money that you gave me!”

He is like all boys, forgetful. Johnny has perhaps a greater faculty for remembering to forget than the ordinary boy, and that led him into trouble. His employer told him that the next time he forgot what he was told his services would be dispensed with.

The cashier is a kindly fellow. He told Johnny to make a memorandum of each thing he had to do during the day. That afternoon the cashier noticed a paper pinned above Johnny's desk. It read:

“Memo.—Leave at six o'clock.”

The perfection of toilet powders is Mennen's borated talcum, a skin tonic, perfectly harmless, beneficial for all skin troubles. Approved by highest medical authorities. There is nothing equal to it for prickly heat, nettle rash, chafing, sunburn, blotches, pimples, etc. Makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Be sure to get “Mennen's.” At all druggists, or by mail for 25 cents. Free sample by sending to Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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Mid-Summer Bargains in TRUNKS.

We sell Trunks all the year round, but the summer season gives an opportunity with its much travel for largely increased sales, and we make prices special for the season.

Chestnut, Roan, or Orange Leather Club Bag, nickel lock and trimmings, extra quality, 12 inch.; reg. price, \$1.25, for	\$1 00
Black or Brown All Leather Gladstone Valise, nickel lock and catches, large size, 20 inch.; reg. \$2.25, extra value	1 85
Marbelized Iron, Tray Covered Hat Box, Barrel Top Trunk, special	1 35

Mid-Summer Bargains in FURNITURE.

Our Furniture trade is large at all times, because our claims are true. They are in every case substantiated to the letter.

Hall Racks—solid oak, handsomely carved, large beveled plate glass, 4 double hat pins, box seat, well finished, worth \$10.50, for	\$8 00
B. R. Suites, fancy designs, antique finish, large beveled plate glass, bed 4 feet 2 inches wide, worth \$11.50, for	8 75
Solid Oak Extension Tables, 6 heavy, fancy shaped legs, 4 leaves, well finished, worth \$11.75, for	8 50

Ladies' UNDERVESTS for August.

Several Specials that we are determined to clear quickly. Someone will lose by the transaction, but you will certainly be gainers.

White Maco Cotton, fancy open work front Vests, worth 35c., for	\$0 20
Child's Ribbed Cotton Corset Waists, all sizes, reg. 40c., for	25
Ribbed Balbriggan Vests, very nice goods, reg. 25c., for	15

Merchandise

Achievements

THE Wonderful completeness of all our stocks is talked of at home and beyond. Completeness more complete than competition comprehends—no department an exception. A stocky store, the people say—in other words, abundance of everything to choose from.

Great Sale of WASH FABRICS.

We have just made one of the most gigantic purchases of Wash Goods ever handled by an individual house—a million and a half yards of new goods, bought in bond at forty-five cents on the dollar. Everything will be cleared quickly at prices that will effect a quick clearing. Sample prices out of a score:

60,000 yds. Scotch Zephyrs, 150 different patterns, in stripes, figures and brocade effects, sold regularly at 15c. and 20c., to clear	6½c.
15,000 yards Plain Chambray, the finest quality and only the best shades, worth 20c. for	3c.
17,500 yards White Crinkle Stripes, muslin weights; do not miss the line, worth 20c., for	7½c.

Clearing in HOSIERY.

Some down-right bargains for the present, as examination of stocks will easily prove. Suggestive prices:

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, spliced heel and toe, Hermsdorf dye, worth 12½c., 3 for	25c.
Boy's Ribbed Cotton Hose, double knee, heel and toe, Hermsdorf dye, reg. 30c., for	19c.
Ladies' Tan Cotton Hose, full fashioned, spliced heel and toe, stainless dye, reg. 18c., for	10c.
Children's Plain Cotton Hose, black or tan, spliced heel and toe, 2 for	25c.

Mid-Summer Prices in BOOTS and SHOES.

Accept the two following specials as indicative of what we are doing all through the department:

Women's Fine Vici Kid Oxford Shoes, hand-turned, patent leather tip and facings, needle toe, reg. \$1.85 to \$2.00 for	1 35
Men's Fine Casco Calf Lace or Elastic Side Boots, Goodyear welt, Piccadilly toe, reg. \$3 and \$4, for	2 50

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FAITH IN THIS STORE IS LARGE. Thousands all over the broad Dominion who have never seen the store shop here through our well-managed Mail Order system, and it is needless to say they are not disappointed. The same personal care is given to orders by mail as when the shopper stands before the counters. Secure summer edition of Canadian Shopper's Handbook, 192 pages, free on receipt of name and address.

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TORONTO, ONT.

LOYALTY IN CANADA.

The following readable extracts are taken from an essay submitted by Mrs. Warwick Chipman in the prize competition of the Montreal Local Council of the National Council of Canadian Women :

Gratitude has been defined as 'justice made beautiful.' Loyalty is duty (whether self-imposed or not) made lovely. Mingled with the obligation implied in the root of the word, over and above the exactions of the 'loi,' there is the hint of fidelity, of obedience, of reverence, of trust, of love, of enthusiasm. . .

So many brilliant examples have drawn it out to the measure of their noblest self-surrender and most devoted service, that it cannot easily contract to fit a bare discharge of duty. Precedent leads us to expect with the quality large perquisites to the credit of humanity. . .

No galled and sorry drudge is true loyalty, but so full blooded and gallant as fitly to bear against all odds the flower of chivalry, heroism, and generous emulation. . .

Emblems and symbols in relation to Loyalty may at first appear matters of but slight relevance, but we in Canada, with our large Celtic admixture, must see their importance, especially in dealing with the masses. . .

Attention to the beginnings of great national events and movements shows the symbol to occupy a prominent place. As illustration, millinery, ecclesiastic, military or civic is found practically necessary to render the machinery of the several functions perfectly effective. Spontaneous and involuntary respect is yielded to persons whose dress (a mere symbol) denotes their investiture with authority. Deference becomes an instinct before a uniform. . .

Love of home and early associations has given us many symbols. The Eastern fig tree, the English fireside, even the American old oaken bucket, all are symbols to conjure sweet thoughts of home. . .

A cry to rally round the flag brings love, pride, fortitude, and daring-do, in eager crowds to the front. The very tatters of the fluttering emblem are several lashes to the torrent of glorious memories, high enterprise, and noble emulation, which swell the tide of battle to full flood. . .

How heart-inspiring too is a national air, a symbol that alike cheers the soldier on the field and fires with patriotic zeal the civilian at home. A national anthem, like England's, lifts the emotions beyond vulgar boast and lust of glory to the region of religious duty and loyal piety. . .

If the doctrine of loyalty become part of our school system, educationists well know the value of suitable emblems and symbols, and the trained instincts of the growing generation will rise obedient to whatever call Maple Leaf or Union Jack shall make, and the great bulk of the nation will yield as ready a response to motto or national hymn as ever did a select few, the knights of old. The various school cadet corps, and the setting up of a Canadian

flag are a good start in the right direction. . .

We would have our youth taught their relation to the State, and its dependence on their faithful discharge of dutiful service for a happy condition of affairs. And since the hero's part may be played by but few, the only outlet for the loyalty of the vast majority lies in upholding the hands of authority in worthy citizenship, to the full capacity of each one. . .

The impulse, the spirit of this new individualism, is aboard and ripe for guidance. . .

Communism, in the vulgar sense, is but its misdirected energy pushed to insane use. But the ideals of Plato's Republic, of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, of Primitive Christianity, held the mutual interdependence of State and individual a first essential to the common. . .

It is a happy-go-lucky faith and deserves the rebuke of disaster. . .

To sum up, this virtue of loyalty is of the highest ethical value to the race :

As a factor in national success its presence is imperative :

To be perfectly effective it should be cultivated and directed to the wisest use, by all practical means. . .

There is nothing chimerical in the idea of a community, a province, a widely spreading nation, so deeply imbued with a sense of duty and cordial service toward a State that is administered with closest attention to public welfare, as to make loyalty the distinctive characteristic of that people. It would be difficult to dare or daunt a people so equipped; well nigh impossible to bar the happy progress of a people so conditioned. Life amid such circumstances must become a gradation towards that existence

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light."

STILL GROWING IN FAVOUR.

Manager Garland, of the American Dunlop Tire Co., feels highly gratified at the manner in which "Dunlops" are winning their way among the rank and file of riders. As a consequence, the output of the Dunlop factory in Toronto for '96 is already larger than that reached during the whole of '95. This result is doubtless to be laid to the fact that no expense that experience can suggest is spared to make the tires as mechanically perfect as possible. The fabric used in the construction of the covers is so closely woven that it is very difficult to puncture, and this resistance is increased through the unstinted use of rubber, adding at the same time a degree of resiliency the equal of which, experts acknowledge, no other pneumatic possesses.

In proof of this may be pointed out the long array of records held by the Dunlop tire. With mighty few exceptions all the English and French cracks use them, and witness the tallies recently established over there—Tom Linton's hour record of 30 miles and 214 yards (better than a two-minute clip throughout), and Hurst's 50 miles in 1:43.42 1-5.

"Pure as Pure Gold"

The Prudent Housewife

Uses only the purest goods she can procure for her baking—she believes in the only true economy—that the best goes farthest. . . .

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IN TINS ONLY

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BAKING POWDER

Is an absolutely pure cream of tartar baking powder—recommended by the best cooks in Canada.

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Woman's Health, Strength and Beauty

ARE all dependent upon the regularity with which nature asserts her sway over them. The innate delicacy of the true bred woman often prevents her from applying for medical relief when suffering from the ills so common to her sex, and she endures in silence because she knows of no delicate means of securing ease. Thousands of ladies who read this Journal know how true the above remarks are, and to all such who will address, in the strictest confidence, the firm below named a treatise will be sent free, which will relate fully the means of securing and retaining the most perfect development of womanhood, without any suffering whatever.

Address,
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136 BAY ST., TORONTO

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you wish to purchase or not. *

The J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd.

3 King Street East, Toronto

Established 1836.
Incorporated Capital, \$100,000.00.