

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ON June 20th of next year the Queen will have completed the sixtieth year of her reign. That there should be a fitting commemoration of this event, unprecedented in the annals of the British throne, is generally conceded, and that such observance should take the form of an empiric benevolence is equally to be desired.

Were it possible that by a common impulse of the two great English-speaking nations, the present movement toward the establishment of an international tribunal of arbitration could be consummated upon that date,—this, of all others, would be the crowning tribute to the gracious sovereign whose rule has been always for honour, but whose influence has been ever for peace.

LORD RUSSELL'S address at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association has given renewed stimulus to public interest in the question of international arbitration, which received strong impetus from Lord Salisbury's speech last month. Because of the high authorities engaged in discussing it, and also in no small measure, because the trend of public thought is in favour of the movement, it has become suddenly one of the live issues of the day.

The largeness and high purpose of a movement is its best earnest of ultimate consummation; since these very qualities attract statesmen and advanced thinkers in every walk of life. When brilliant legal minds like that of Lord Russell, versed in the shortcomings of international law, and cognizant of the many difficulties of this most difficult question, yet see ground for hopeful and encouraging outlook, there is every reason to anticipate a consummation of what but a few years ago would have been deemed a chimera.

LORD RUSSELL'S speech should be read and re-read, until the fulness of thought embodied therein unconsciously moulds the minds of all of us upon this great question. As he says:

It behoves then all who are friends of peace and advocates of arbitration to recognise the difficulties of the question, to examine and meet these difficulties and to discriminate between the cases in which friendly arbitration is, and in which it may not be, practically possible.

And again:

In dealing with the subject of arbitration, I have thought it right to sound a note of caution, but it would, indeed, be a reproach to our nineteenth centuries of Christian civilisation if there were now no better method for settling international differences than the cruel and debasing methods of war. May we not hope that the people of these States and the people of the Mother Land—kindred peoples may, in this matter, set an example of lasting influence to the world?

THE Queen's speech at the prorogue of Parliament says:

The condition of portions of Turkey continues to cause anxiety, and at present Crete is the principal centre of the disturbances. I have observed strict neutrality, but, in conjunction with the powers, I endeavoured to reconcile the contestants by proposing a system of government which should be equally acceptable to Christians and Mussulmans.

If the Armenian and Cretan outrages have emphasised one fact above all others, it is the criminality of 'strict neutrality' under certain conditions, and the impotency implied in that strong-sounding phrase, 'in conjunction with the powers.'

WITH the death of Lady Tennyson, we feel as if the last link had broken which held us in near and present communion with the sweetest lyrical poet, outside of the Bible. For next to David, none can so woo us with his songs to higher things as Tennyson.

The present has become past, the touch that lingered through one who shared his closest life, has vanished. Yet, it is impossible to conceive of any future in human history when Tennyson shall not be with us in the beautiful lyrics that express our heart fears, heart loves and heart aspirations for all time.

IN studying the lives of public men, nothing is more remarkable than the instability of their hold upon public favour, and how slight the incident that may accelerate their rise or fall.

One false step—nay, less—one ill-advised phrase is sufficient to cause the downfall of governor or general, great statesman or petty politician.

A year or two ago, Cecil Rhodes, the stalwart South African, was a small king in controlling the affairs of that colony. The favour of the Imperial Government was his, even to making him a Privy Councillor.

To-day it is purposed to strike his name from that honourable roll; his prestige has gone for ever. And all because of his ambition, which led to indiscretion.

General Wolseley came dangerously near the point of losing his long-continued and well-won popularity, in his indiscreet remark concerning Her Majesty's Indian troops, that he would not like to lead them against any European soldiers: and his ambiguous explanation has not improved his position.

His comment may have been pointed, but it was ill-considered in one occupying the position of commander-in-chief; and the public is merciless, it makes no allowance for blunders either in conduct or speech.

THE British Parliament closed with a show of cordiality between the opposing members, that was evidently not all upon the surface. One of the healthiest signs in any Assembly constituted with organized opposition is, that when the tussel is over, they should realize a hearty feeling of good understanding, a mutual

appreciation of each other's work and purpose.

When opposition becomes virulent personal attack, and adverse criticism degenerates into bitterness, then such feeling is impossible. And where this condition of affairs endures, it predicates a certain downfall.

LI HUNG CHANG, the feted Chinese Viceroy, who is to pay Canada a brief visit this month, is evidently amenable to the wiles of women. When in England he refused to be interviewed by reporters, but granted that favour to Miss Elizabeth Banks, a young American, on account of her nationality.

He was most cordial to the young lady, and asked her unnumberable questions about her family, her income, her age, and love affairs. Finally Miss Banks in desperation retorted: "But your Excellency, I came to interview you, and you are interviewing me;" whereupon Li Hung Chang burst out laughing. He continued his inquiry, however, and the enterprising visitor got little satisfaction from him. But when she departed the Viceroy produced a purple velvet jewel case containing a gold medal bearing a Chinese inscription and a well-executed profile of his features, which he begged her accept as a souvenir of her visit.

It is very evident this astute old Chinaman is equal to the demands of any situation, when he can so skilfully handle an American reporter both as news-gatherer—and woman.

DR. NANSEN'S Arctic achievements apparently surpass all earlier efforts. First bringing his ship to a point further north by several hundred miles than any other vessel has attained, he left it and with two dog teams and a single comrade made a dash overland—or rather over ice—for the North Pole. He succeeded in coming within two hundred and fifty miles of it; but then the terrible sledging conditions compelled him to turn southwest for the nearest land.

There is no doubt that the North Pole will be reached in the near future. That 'two hundred and fifty miles' will act as a tantalizing enticement until the prize is grasped, albeit it will be an extremely cold grasping. Nansen's ship, the "Fram," which he left far up in Arctic waters, is also reported safe within habitable regions again.

ONE good result—possibly the only one—arising from these repeated Polar voyages, is the scientific knowledge gathered. The Polar sea will soon become as definitely marked in its shores and soundings, its shoals and currents, as any body of water in habitable zones. While not a little may be added to geologic lore.

It is worthy of note that Nansen carried an electric light plant with him, under the belief that heat and light are the best preventives of

disease. And he reports that it fulfilled all his expectations, since all his party remained well and strong. M. Andree will make the next polar trip, in his balloon.

The heroic spirit of the explorer was splendidly present in the instance of Prof. Lillenthal, the German inventor, who fell from his flying machine and died within twenty-four hours. After rising fifteen metres above the mountain from which he chose to ascend, the machine turned several somersaults and finally shot down like a rocket. The enthusiasm of the scientist came out in his last words, "Mine is the true inventor's death. I am satisfied to die in the interests of science."

MRS. BRYAN, the wife of the 'silver' candidate, deserves our sympathy; but fortunately she does not appear to be aware of the fact. Here is the manner in which the details of her everyday living are at present laid open to the public gaze:

The Boy Orator was accompanied by Mrs. Bryan, who wore a gown in which she has not before appeared in public. It was black, and was trimmed with velvet and peacock blue silk. She also wore a new hat. It was a black straw, trimmed with flowers, and there was a bunch of cherries that nestled in the coil of her hair.

And again:

A moment after this first yell there was another one; it was for Mrs. Bryan.

"She's eating dinner," said the Boy Orator. "We must see her," said the crowd. Mr. Kerr was equal to the occasion. He rushed into the car, pushed his way into the Boy Orator's seat, hoisted the window, reached over and hoisted the window beside Mrs. Bryan, and then, leaning half way out, he cried:

"Now, ladies, come and look! This is Mrs. Bryan. Come and look. She is eating her dinner now." Mrs. Bryan, not disconcerted in the least, looked out of the window and shook hands with all who wanted to shake.

Surely this is not political fervour, but idiocy and impudence.

Let us be thankful that in Canada we preserve and permit some semblance of dignity and self-respect during political campaigns.

WOMEN are entering actively into the presidential campaign. A number of Bryan clubs have been formed in each State. Mrs. Mary E. Lease and Mrs. Minerva Roberts are selected as campaign orators on the Populist side. The latter lady was chosen to second Bryan's nomination at the St. Louis convention on behalf of Colorado, and her speech met with much favour.

It is probable that, without understanding the silver question in all its complex bearings, a very large number of women will favour the Populist cause. The platform is attractive; appeal is made largely to sympathy and emotionalism; superficially viewed it is the cause of the underworld; and last, yet not least, the candidate is handsome and magnetic.

That three States in the Union have woman suffrage makes the trend of woman's vote an important consideration.

If the present 'silver' campaign in the States has no other result, it will at least prove markedly educative to the masses in the matter of finances. Seeing how the people are led away by specious reasoning, the wealthy and the more sober-minded citizens are using every practical means to impress the truth upon the former. Object lessons in the values of silver under varying conditions are being given by the big stores, manufacturers and newspapers. Mexican silver dollars are being brought north by the barrel, and given together with a fifty cent purchase in exchange for American dollars. Old silver is being bought up, smelted and sold in lumps; employers give their hands the choice of being paid in American money or double the amount in Mexican silver.

When the campaign is over every United States citizen will be a financier.

THAT was a remarkable scene at Old Orchard Beach during the Convention of the Christian Alliance, when the people were seized with a mad epidemic of missionary giving, and munificent checks, gold, silver, watches, jewels, were poured upon the plates. A satirical politician's comment upon it is that the emotional convention is spreading, and that we may soon go back to the good old word 'camp meeting' to describe such hysterical gatherings as either the Chicago political convention or the Old Orchard religious conference.

Doubtless a more deliberate and well-considered offering is better for the giver; doubtless, also, the true value of the gift is proportionate to the calmly pursued motive. Yet, in accomplishing His holy purposes God makes use of many imperfect tools, and it is better for a man to give to a good cause under the influence of emotion than to never give at all. Yet the instances reported of donors repenting their action at this conference, and making demand for return of their jewels, is not surprising. The larger and more perplexing question is, in how far a religious exhorter is justified in working upon the emotions of his audience in order to achieve certain dramatic results.

DURING the intense heat of early August, the ten o'clock rule concerning vacating the Brooklyn parks was suspended, and the people were permitted to remain in them all night if they chose.

There was no question about their choice. Entire families left the choky tenements and came out to sleep beneath the trees. Many brought pillows, a few brought mattresses, but the majority were content to lie upon the grass. On the hottest nights the parks resembled open-air lodging-houses, so thickly were they tenanted. The rules governing those who wished to sleep thus were very strict, and rigidly enforced by police patrol. Everybody had to sleep in plain view, and women and children were limited to certain parts of the grounds.

It was an experiment; but all who watched the tired sleepers resting under the open sky, pronounced it a most happy and successful one.

IN CANADA.

THREE is not much serious need of warning people possessing small savings against rash speculation in the present mining boom. The average citizen of modest means is more inclined to invest in something he can see—real estate, for instance—than in the far-off and more intangible mining venture. The capitalist and professional speculator are aware of their risks and must accept them.

Concerning women investors, there is no reason why a woman should not invest, provided she has good business understanding, and there are plenty of such throughout Canada. Otherwise she should get only on reliable advice from a disinterested source; and, otherwise, again, she should let all speculation alone. But so also should a man under similar conditions.

THE proposal that a Minister of Mining be appointed, and that this industry form a separate portfolio in the Dominion Government, should receive consideration.

If the assertion that there are already too many Ministers be allowed, then, at least, some provision should be made by which the mining interest of the Dominion may be thoroughly protected. In a country of as varied resource and developing as rapidly as Canada is doing,

one Department of Interior is too comprehensive to be able to do justice to the varied interests included under it. If Agriculture demands a Minister and portfolio, certainly Mining should, especially when it is discovered how much of the country's wealth lies in this industry.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON's suggestions are usually both practical and valuable. Since commissions are the order of up-to-date government, the proposal of the Dairy Commissioner, who knows the North-west well, is worthy of thought. Speaking on the subject of immigration he says:

I believe in the North-west so thoroughly that I think its problems and difficulties need to be investigated still further in a thoroughly systematic way, probably by a special commission, in order that progress, settlement and development may be made along lines which may be followed year in and year out with the greatest measure of benefit to the settlers, the lowest cost to the Government, and the largest possible advantage to the whole Dominion of Canada.

FRANCES WAYLAND GLEN, an ex-Canadian resident in Brooklyn, declares it his purpose "to devote for the remainder of my life, my physical, mental, and moral powers without intermission" to the promotion of political union between Canada and the United States.

With such tremendous odds against the maintenance of her autonomy, Canada might as well give in at once. Frances Wayland Glen and the Quebec correspondent of the *New York Sun*, are a combination not to be resisted,—to say nothing of Professor Goldwin Smith.

THE present session of the Dominion Parliament is not likely to be a long one. It is the third consecutive summer session, and members on both sides of the House are weary of the conjunction of dog-days and debates. Neither Government nor Opposition are fully prepared for action. The former have not got their Windsor uniforms, nor the latter—at this time of writing—a duly credentialed leader. A few months later will find both parties well furbished and in fighting form. Unless an unexpected move or attack prevent, the House will probably follow the course outlined in the Speech from the Throne,—pass the estimates, and prorogue until the beginning of the new year.

THERE is certainly much putting in order required among the Conservative members before an effective Opposition can face the Government. Dr. Nesbitt's speech at Owen Sound revealed the lack of harmony yet prevailing in the foremost rank of the Conservative party. With such dissention comes the lack of organisation and its concomitant weakness.

The serious aspect of existing conditions in the new Opposition is whether antagonism between certain of its members has not become too bitter to make healing possible. In such case the only hope lies in one or other dropping out into the silence of private citizenship.

MONTREAL wants an International Exhibition next year, and Toronto has been 'lotting' on something almost, if not quite as big. Montreal has 'spoken first' in petitioning for Government assistance, and Toronto cries out, in consequence.

It is altogether likely that Government will deal fairly in the matter, and assist both cities provided Montreal carries out her scheme. Perhaps if the big commercial city is prettily approached, she may waive her right in courtesy to Toronto for that especial year. But under any circumstance, Toronto will have her Industrial Fair, the Conference of British Scientists, the British Medical Association, the Cabot historic celebration, and the commemoration of Her Majesty's sixtieth anniversary as Queen,—this should surely be enough for the 'Queen' City.

Among Trick Dogs

By F. E. P.

THE matinee was over; the reluctant audience had dispersed from under the cool canvas roofing into the hot glare of an August sun. The large tent was nearly empty, but a few entranced children still lingered to pat or gaze upon the clever canine performers, or wait their chance of a ride on the back of the trick pony—Prince.

A baby girl of four occupied the coveted position at the moment, her fair curls tossed over the small, flushed face, her blue eyes shining, two fat hands tight grasping the bridle, two fat little legs thrust out on either side. The pleased mother, the eager group of waiting children, the big, white Newfoundland dog sitting on his haunches in idle watching, the fresh odoured sawdust in the ring catching the fleckings of sunshine through the tent edgings, the slight

lift of the canvas roof, the changing lights and shadows, made an artistic moment in a hot August afternoon.

In the smaller 'stable' tent the canine performers, off duty until evening hours, were indulging in rolls, barks, yelps and restless arguments indicative of their dissatisfaction with the heat, and therefore with one another. The ponies, some dozen or more in number, and quiet as is their kind, stood munching their supper, and eyeing the restless dogs with a calm superiority. The attendants moved about busied with their duties,—which when the thermometer ranges within the nineties are neither few nor agreeable. But as both dogs and ponies had done their part bravely, it was not for the men to flinch.

It was a very amusing and interesting entertainment that these clever animals provided for their audience. Under their trainer's direction the dogs climbed ladders, jumped through hoops, rode the ponies, turned somersaults, leaped kangaroo fashion on two feet, walked a rope, and disported themselves as skillful gymnasts. One clever Spitz stood with his feet set firm on the four legs of a reversed chair, while the professor lifted the latter high in the air. Another made his way to the top of two perpendicular ladders, set apart the length of his body. This he accomplished by raising

front and back legs alternately. They played prayer meeting, hiding their faces most decorously in their paws until the trainer's 'amen' gave them relief; they impersonated a McGinty family, mother, father

and baby. They vaulted high above the professor's up-lifted hands.

The clown dogs were excellent in their rôles, going to sleep, hiding when sought, peeping at prayer meeting, riding the ponies, and showing thorough disobedience.

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The ponies, by many clever excellent tricks, gave pleasant variety to the show. Perhaps the trick par excellence was that of the pretty pure white Shetland—a rare fellow, for whom Professor Norris is vainly trying to find a mate—who descended the steep ladder backward. When we remember how difficult it is to induce a horse to go down even a gangway in forward position, the patient teaching for this trick is appreciated.

In addition to the ponies, a monkey, goat and peacock, all tricksters, added their quota of fun to the entertainment, which yet may be considered as first and chiefly a dog show.

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"My brother and I have been brought up to this business of animal trick training," said the



young trainer. "My father was in it before us; only he confined his attention to horses. We find that trained dogs are more attractive to the public, as a rule, so have given our chief attention to them.

"No! I cannot say that we have any one method of training, nor yet any sure one. We usually try any proposed new trick for a month. If by that time we have made no headway, we give it up, or at least lay it aside for a while. We are careful never to tire the dogs and thus disgust them with any trick.

"When the trick is learned they are to be fairly well relied upon. A dog rarely refuses a trick unless he is sick, or exceptional weather, like this, for instance, has made him fretful; then we make allowances.

In reply to a further question, Professor Norris good-naturedly chatted on.

"We have about seventy animals in the troop," he said. "We like to keep the number up, as there is always one or more off duty. Just now we have a monkey and dog on the sick list, while this pony"—he laid his hand on a pretty little sorrel, which an attendant was leading—"has gone lame this afternoon. No, the life is not hard, but accidents will happen. Trick dogs may be counted on for ten years of public life. We have one or two now in our troop over twelve years, and there is no sign of falter in them yet. We usually begin their training at two years. We travel winter and summer, with perhaps two months off. But this coming winter, I think we shall be able to lay up for the entire winter, and get up some new tricks. How do we invent tricks? Oh, I hardly

know; if we find a dog teachable, we just lead him on from one thing to another.

"Now, the most difficult trick of the afternoon," continued the young professor, "was the series of somersaults turned by that little poodle. Yes, and that erect jumping on the hind legs. Dogs are naturally averse to these motions, and it is difficult to teach them. The pony that descends the ladder backward,—a most difficult trick also,—is a pure white Shetland, the only one we know of. We would pay a good price for a mate if we could find one. They are very rare."

"The clown dogs? Yes, they require most patient and careful training; since they have to be taught to act simply at certain times, and must simply watch, rather than obey the word of command. We require dogs of unusual intelligence for clowns.

"It is a mistake to imagine that thoroughbred dogs are the best tricksters. We find the ordinary mongrel about the best. The Esquimaux and Russian poodle varieties are very intelligent; and the latter are pretty animals, which is also an advantage. We breed our dogs, and certainly the offspring of a trick dog starts with a higher degree of intelligence in that direction than one new to the business. We find that they are more easily taught, and do better than others. It is a matter of heredity.

"This," pointing to a St. Bernard, "promises to be a valuable fellow; he is only seventeen months old and already weighs two hundred pounds.

We have not begun his training yet. He will be valuable for the heavy work in the ring. This Portuguese cattle dog is also valuable.

"What are the needful qualifications for a trick trainer and manager of such a show? Well, I hardly know," said the professor, smiling. "Patience of course and tenacity of purpose; good judgment also, and general executive ability; pretty much the same qualities that go to make a man successful in any other business.

"To the audience, the work in the ring may seem easy; but it is really very exhausting. The dogs are susceptible and the mood I am in influences them. I always like to go into the ring feeling fresh and bright; because I know the animals will respond more readily, and all their tricks are performed with a zest which 'takes.' Nothing has worse effect upon an audience than to have friction between trainer and animal. Women and children especially dislike to see the slightest suggestion of force or severity exhibited; so that I really prefer missing a trick in the ring to compelling a dog to perform it by any show of severity.

"When we have two performances per day, my brother and I conduct them alternately, so that neither of us have to appear in the ring, both at matinee and evening. But we like the work—which means much. A good show pays, but it must be good, or the public soon discover it, concluded the Professor.



The clown dog

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



THE sun was shining hot—so hot upon the pavement; the trolleys clanged with loud incessance in their passing; the great drays rumbled; the carts rattled, and all the clamour of city life seemed to vibrate with doubled intensity, as I stood within the cool interior of the big book store, glancing distastefully over paper-covered fiction laid out for summer reading. From Hardy to Haggard, Meredith, Crawford, Corelli, Crockett, my eye wandered restless and half distasteful. "Give me something worth while," I said, "yet suited to the season.

Something dainty and full of pretty fancies."

The bookseller, who is also a book-lover, smiled and laid before me a little volume in yellow and gold,—itself seeming a bit of August sunshine. "This will suit you," he said. "It is delightful. You will enjoy every page of it."

He was a wise bookseller and knew his customer; for, lo, with the first turned page, all the restlessness and weariness vanished, the days of my years counted as naught, and I was away in the child-land, living over again the wonderful 'golden age.'

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"The Golden Age," by Kenneth Graham, is one of the daintiest little volumes it has been my pleasure to come across in many months; and the daintiness extends from thought and expression to outer form and appearance. This small book of 'sketches,' as the writer modestly terms his work, is a series of beautiful little etchings of childhood and that wonderful world of imagination,—or is it the truest reality?—in which we have all a one-time dwelling, but from whose shores we sail far, far too soon.

The author adopts the reflective attitude of the child, and it is from this standpoint that we view life. We are out for 'A Holiday,' we are searching for 'A Princess,' we are the 'Argonauts'; while the 'Olympians' in the inimitable prologue, are those we knew and remember so well in the long ago. Yet it is the attitude of the child grown up, who, looking back, perceives that the world which he once dwelt in was all blue and gold.

There is no childishness nor undue simplicity of speech; indeed, the literary style is perfect; and to this fact, together with the insight and sympathy displayed, the charm of the book is due.

Children will enjoy it much, since it tells of the 'Age' which is their to-day. But older folk will enjoy it more; since to them it is truly a 'Golden Age,' all agleam with the enchantment of distance.

In the prologue, which is devoted to a child view of 'grown-ups',—is it in sad satire, I wonder, that the author terms them 'Olympians'?—the utter lack of understanding and sympathy between the world of child and adult is aptly and amusingly set forth from the standpoint of the former.

"These elders,—our betters by trick of chance,—having absolute licence to indulge in the pleasure of life,

yet get no good of it. They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gun-powder, free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn; yet they never did any of these things. No irresistible energy hauled them to church on Sundays; yet they went there of their own accord, though they betrayed no greater delight in the experience than ourselves.

It was incessant matter for amazement how these Olympians would talk over our heads,—during meals, for instance, of this or the other social or political inanity, under the delusion that these pale phantasms of reality were among the importances of life. We *illuminati*, eating silently, could have told them what real life was. We had just left it outside, and were all on fire to get back to it.

How could reasonable people spend their precious time so? That was ever our wonder, as we bounded forth at last—to the old clay pits to make pots, or to hunt bears among the hazels.

The book contains a score of bright little essays, each rich with the thoughts and imaginations of the dear 'Golden Age;' and because the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and the imaginations wondrous pure, because also the author is one of those few who, passing from the 'Golden Age,' yet lives within the light of its shining,—we read them with delight.

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In 'Heather From Brae,' a series of character sketches of Scotch country life, the author, David Lyall, becomes a student in the school of fiction of which Maclaren and Barrie are masters. Only a student, since these sketches, lacking the vivid characterisation and pungent humour of the dwellers in Drumtochty and Thrums, are but indistinct portraits, which soon fade from our memory. Yet they are very charming in their pretty tenderness, and will give a pleasant hour of reading to the men and women who yet love gentle thoughts.

The first sketch, 'At the Door,' is somewhat suggestive of 'The Doctor's Story' in "Bonnie Brier Bush," while *Lisbeth Gray*, of Stanerigg, is a character essentially formed upon *Margel Howe*. It is almost a pity that this pretty little volume of tales should appear so closely imitative, since it is thus brought in disadvantageous comparison. Viewed apart, and from basis of merit alone, it may be most pleasantly commended.

'Robin' and 'A Lost Lamb' are two touching and effective tales of the influence of a little child. In the latter a baby girl wanders away in a snowstorm and is lost all night; her distracted parents and friends believe her 'buried feet deep in the drift,' but with early morning she is found in the sheep 'bucht.'

Betty saw a sight in the eve-bucht, which made her heart leap within her. She thought it was full of sheep with their lambs, and that in a far corner, crouching close to the dike, in the bieldest bit of all was an old, gentle, grey-faced ewe with her own little lamb beside her; but there was something else—a bit of bright colour, and a gleam of white above it, and the sheen of a child's golden head. . . . Betty stooped down with a great soul and gathered the child close to her warm breast, scarcely waking her, though she crooned over her in a fashion which made a strange stir in her husband's heart.

'A Wastrel Redeemed' is perhaps, and, alas, one of the most realistic portraiture is the book, while the little closing sketch, 'Worthy of his Hire,' is not only fraught with ethical truth, but is in literary value indicative of a certain strength and genre which shows the writer to be capable of creating greater works if he but comes out from the shadow of imitation into the light of individuality.

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As we turn from these gentler literatures to Hardy's "A Laodicean," we are impressed afresh with the wide divergence of fiction, which, indeed, is varied as the mold and trend of human thought.

As readers, we each have our preferences, our individual inclinations. We have each our favourite authors, with whose thought our own

is in close touch. Meredith for one, Corelli for another, Crockett for a third, Kipling for—well, possibly, for all, or nearly all. There are readers who do not appreciate this master of tropical virility, but they are few in number.

So it is that we may say we like or do not like this or that author, without necessarily suffering the stigma of stupidity, since we merely mean that he does or does not appeal to us, and we find or fail to find response within us to his call.

Personally, I do not care for Thomas Hardy. But what of that. This writer who has made the Wessex of his novels known and beloved, staging every mile of it with his strong scenes, peopling it with his characters,—shall he lack a great clientele of readers? For this author appeals largely to a certain grave—I had almost written pessimistic class—"into whose souls the iron has entered, and whose years have less pleasure in them now than heretofore." And the class unfortunately is an extensive one.

But in "A Laodicean" Mr. Hardy lays aside, as best he can, his customary sombre gowning of thought, and writes a lighter tone story for "comfortable ones whose lines have fallen to them in pleasant places." The plot,—if so slight and placid a construction may thus be termed,—is sufficiently original to command and retain the interest. A young Philistine, *Paula Power*, becomes the possessor through her father's demise of an old castle, which he, a wealthy railway constructor, purchased from the last member of an almost extinct line—the De Stancys.

The mediæval influence of castle and lands upon her, and the struggle between her inherited puritanism and acquired royalism, which continues under various guises and incidents throughout the book, is cleverly told. It begins when upon the very brink of the baptistry she refuses to be immersed, it continues in her indecisions concerning the renovation of the castle; whether it shall be modernised or repaired in keeping with the original mediæval architecture. It enters into her love affairs, causing her to hesitate between the young architect without ancestry, and the last of the castle line—a De Stancey. Because this modern maid is thus between two impelling influences, within and without, because she is neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, she wins the title apelative, "A Laodicean."

That the term befits her even to the last is shown, when having married the young architect, and being perfectly content with her choice, she watches the burning of her castle,—which has been set on fire by a graceless illegitimate scion of the De Stancey house,—with the following comment:

What I really am, as far as I know, is one of that body to whom lukewarmth is not an accident, but a provisional necessity, till they seem more clearly. . . .

'Never mind' said her husband, 'We will build a new house from the ground, eclectic in style. You, Paula, will be yourself again, and recover the warp given to your mind by the mediævalism of the place.'

'Very well. We'll build a new house beside the ruin and show the modern spirit for evermore. But, George, I wish ———' and Paula expressed a sigh.

'Well?'

'I wish my castle wasn't burnt; and I wish you were a De Stancey.'

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A book of charming tales for children and child-lovers, entitled "Twilight Hours," comes to us this month from the pen of Mary S. Claude.

No child will read or listen to these delightful stories without loving Nature and Nature's children the more.

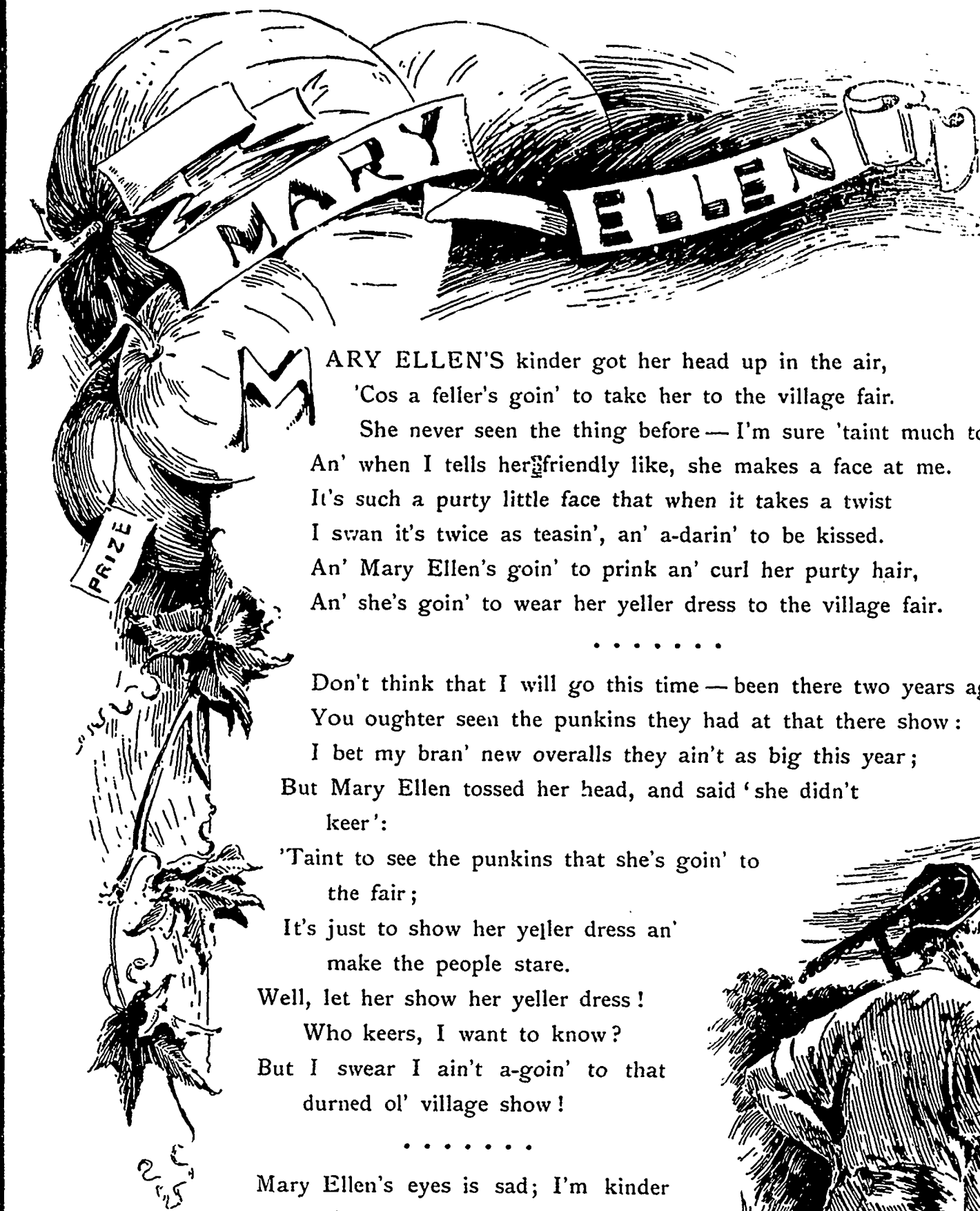
REVIEWER.

"The Golden Age," by Kenneth Graham, Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

"Heather From Brae," by David Lyall, Fleming H. Revell Co.

"A Laodicean," by Thomas Hardy, McMillan & Co., New York, Copp Clark, Toronto.

"Twilight Hours," by Mary Claude, Copp Clark, Toronto.



MARY ELLEN'S kinder got her head up in the air,
 'Cos a feller's goin' to take her to the village fair.
 She never seen the thing before — I'm sure 'taint much to see —
 An' when I tells her friendly like, she makes a face at me.
 It's such a purty little face that when it takes a twist
 I swan it's twice as teasin', an' a-darin' to be kissed.
 An' Mary Ellen's goin' to prink an' curl her purty hair,
 An' she's goin' to wear her yeller dress to the village fair.

.....

Don't think that I will go this time — been there two years ago.
 You oughter seen the punkins they had at that there show:
 I bet my bran' new overalls they ain't as big this year;
 But Mary Ellen tossed her head, and said 'she didn't
 keer':
 'Taint to see the punkins that she's goin' to
 the fair;
 It's just to show her yeller dress an'
 make the people stare.
 Well, let her show her yeller dress!
 Who keers, I want to know?
 But I swear I ain't a-goin' to that
 durned ol' village show!

.....

Mary Ellen's eyes is sad; I'm kinder
 curious why,
 An' so I think I'll ask her. Oh, durn! she starts to cry.
 Of course, I hev to soothe her like, and give her hand a
 press;
 An' then she sobs an' tells me, — that she hates that
 yeller dress, —
 An' she'd love to see the punkins, — but she
 wouldn't go a step
 With that horrid Simpkins feller; — and then, —
 Oh well, I bet
 That Mary Ellen's yeller dress 'll be
 the purtiest at the show;
 For we're goin' to see the punkins together, don't
 you know!

MAUD TISDALE.



THE GIRL WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FACE.

BY ALMA F. MCCOLLUM

A LIGHT vine from one of the hanging baskets swayed gently in the breeze, and a fresh puff blew it streaming out across her face.

"Look!" she said, and caught the long tendrils. "What is it, do you know?"

She was looking into my face, and I was looking into her's.

"No," I whispered, "but I think it is Canadian mistletoe."

I drew nearer, but she almost screamed an astonished "Don't!" and the next instant I was alone.

When I recovered my senses, I rushed after her to try, if possible, to explain my conduct, and obtain her pardon, but she had left the dancing room, and after waiting in vain for her, I wrote a short note begging her to return and give me five minutes to vindicate myself. I entrusted it to Jennie—one of the maids—and told her to wait for an answer.

In a few moments she gave it back to me, and my heart sank, for I thought she had been unable to find Marian; but she said the answer was within, and in opening it I found the following lines hastily pencilled under my signature:

"I think I understand, and forgive you freely on condition that you never again refer to the subject.
MARIAN KINGSLEY."

In the morning she greeted me with her usual pleasant smile, and the days passed as other days, except that she carefully avoided being left alone with me; but Muskoka had lost its charm and I determined, if possible, to leave on the following morning.

The evening mail brought me several letters, and one of these I made a pretext for my sudden departure.

Marian had disappeared after supper, and was not present when I told Mrs. Ellis of my change of plans. I sat on the verandah talking to her till twilight, hoping that Marian would return, and making arrangements to meet her and Mrs. Ellis in New York when they sailed for Europe.

The twilight deepened and still she did not come, and Mrs. Ellis suggested that I would look for her and bring her cloak, for the night air had become chilly.

Inwardly I was very reluctant to go, for I knew the meeting would be awkward for both of us, but Mrs. Ellis insisted, and I could not let her see me hesitate. I asked her to come with me, but she declined, as she had thought Marian had gone to Sunset Rock (a favourite spot of hers at this hour), and the distance was too far for her this evening. Of course she was only scheming to give me a few moments alone with Marian, but after last night's episode, I felt that they were useless to me, and it was with slow, unwilling steps that I wended my way towards Sunset Rock, a steep, high bluff overlooking the lake at the west of the hotel.

In ten minutes I was in sight of the rustic summer house, perched on its summit, and could dimly distinguish Marian sitting with her face hidden in her arms, which were leaning on the back of the bench within. She did not hear me approach till I spoke, and she started nervously, and her voice trembled as if she had been crying, when she thanked me for the cloak. I put it around her, but her fingers could not manage the clasp at the neck, so I fastened it. As I did so a sob rose in her throat, but she stifled it.

"What is the matter?" I asked, taking both her hands in mine. "Sit down again and tell me."

"Oh! I am so foolish and childish," she

began, but I assured her I did not think so, and thought that she must have some serious trouble to unnerve her so.

She attributed the cause of her tears to her intended departure from Canada. She had never met many English people and disliked leaving her friends here. I tried to console her by saying she would surely make friends wherever she went and would soon be very happy in England.

"No!" she declared, jerking her hand from mine, "I will never be happy, and I wish the old Paris would sink on the way over, and end it all."

"I saw that she was in an unreasonable mood and on the verge of hysterics, and as I was certain she was keeping the real cause of her emotion from me, I could offer no suggestion or comfort to help her, so I told her of my sudden departure in the morning. She said she was very sorry, and I believed she was, but not in the way I wished her to be. I asked her to pardon me if I referred to last night, for I could not help thanking her for her forgiveness, and also for sparing me the humiliation of telling her what she could not agreeably listen to from me. Then I waxed eloquent and unconsciously acted after the manner of a noble rejected in a dramatic novel. After all, books of that class are sometimes true to life, although one almost needs a personal experience to find it out.

I held both her hands in mine and told her that in me she would always find a friend whose every thought was for her welfare, and I made her promise to send for me, be she in England or Canada, if, at any time I could do her the slightest service. After that we walked silently back to the hotel, and I think that I, knowing that she was lost to me, suffered as much as she did in thinking of her former fiancée.

In the morning, when I departed, the hour was made hideous with sounds of tooting horns in various stages of huskiness, and clanging cow bells and tin horns surreptitiously borrowed for the occasion, for it was the custom of these merry people in this manner to speed the departing guests, and the louder the clang the deeper the sorrow and the greater the appreciation of your presence as a guest at the hotel.

On this occasion—and I tell it to my credit—every available noisable article on the premises was pressed into service. Someone even plied the handle of the squeaky force pump to add to the din, and to crown all, just as we were disappearing around the last point, a loud salute was fired, and the flag was lowered to half mast.

Marian and Mrs. Ellis came with me as far as Port Carling, and we talked constantly of meeting again in September and of the possibility of my being in England at Christmas time, for I had determined to keep informed of their whereabouts, and if my double was not again in the field to continue my suit.

In a mechanical sort of way I returned to Toronto. I believe my only reason for doing so was that I had purchased a return ticket there.

I left home with the intention of visiting all the beauties of Canada, but suddenly wearied, and longed for the seclusion of my mother's cottage in the Adirondacks.

Two men sitting behind me were discussing their return trip to New York, and decided to sail down the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and I adopted their plan and bought my ticket by the same route. We sailed on the same morning by the R. & O. line, and a fresh breeze was blowing, rippling the lake into a myriad dazzling points of light. My fellow passengers failed to interest me, and I stared vacantly at the bright water or roamed aimlessly about the deck. No one sought my society, as all the

men on board seemed attached to some party—all save one, and he was quite alone like myself.

He had drawn a deck chair far forward in the small corner in the bow, and was sitting with his back to everyone. I could not help noticing him, for I coveted his chair in the position he had placed it, and also there was something very familiar looking about his face, and I sat watching him, trying to trace a resemblance to some one I knew. He was a young looking fellow, with a very gloomy countenance. The mouth drooped at the corners and the brow was creased into a frown, which was not habitual because no permanent lines were there.

A stiff breeze fluttered the leaves of a book he was reading, and he smoothed them back impatiently several times, then suddenly after an especially vicious gust, threw the book fiercely into the water. Then he lay back in his chair, pulled his cap over his eyes, as if he contemplated following it to its watery grave, and wished to shut out the sight. I could cheerfully have kicked him, for the book he threw away was "The Lilac Sunbonnet," and how he could wilfully cast it from him without finishing its contents was more than I could understand. It was evident that the world and he were not on the best of terms.

He did not look as if he had dyspepsia and I was wondering what had gone amiss with him, when suddenly he sat upright, re-adjusted his cap and took several letters from his pocket.

He selected one, and had only removed the envelope when the wind blew it out of his hand, far over the deck almost into my face. He sprang after it, and I caught it quickly and gave it back to him, but in the moment it was in my hand I recognized the same square envelope and violet crest that Marian had sent from Muskoka not two weeks ago. I looked at him closely again and it suddenly dawned on me whom he resembled. He certainly had the advantage over me, for he was several inches taller, and his hair had a becoming soft curl, which mine lacked, but the eyes and mouth were the same, and he might easily have passed for my younger brother.

So this is my double I mused, and I watched him. His attitude was one of such utter dejection I felt extremely sorry for him.

If I had waited till selfish motives arose and had not acted on the impulse of the moment. I might now end my story differently, but I immediately determined to try the role of peacemaker, so went smiling forward and tried to make him talk to me.

It was very hard at first, but I adroitly directed the conversation to Muskoka, and when I mentioned Heartease he began to show a little interest. Then I talked of the people there, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Kingsley among others.

"Oh!" he said very solemnly, "they are from Toronto. I am acquainted with them. Miss Kingsley and I were in the same year at 'Varsity.'"

(Concluded on page 26.)

LIVE UP TO YOUR PRIVILEGES.

If we read of some new fabric made in some foreign country which gave protection from cold, providing a healthful warmth in all sorts of weather, we would consider it wonderful and be envious of the people who could take advantage of it. But because Fibre Chamois is quite inexpensive and easy to get perhaps some have not yet tested its merits and found out for themselves the splendid winter comfort a layer of it will impart to all outdoor garments. Its weather-proof qualities are genuine, founded on the fact that it is made entirely from Spruce Fibre, and is therefore a complete non-conductor of cold. This, as well as its light weight, makes it an ideal addition to everyone's fall and winter clothing.

People We Meet

MISS Helen Fraser, daughter of Mr. James Fraser, of Walker Avenue, Toronto, who has been for the past five years superintendent of the native training school for nurses in Doshisha College, returned home in August, bringing with her one of her pupils, a charming little Japanese maiden, who purposes taking a three years' course of training in one of the hospitals of the western world before returning to Japan.

She is such a little creature,—only four feet nine inches in height. "Small—a little," she says, in her shy English, when I ask her whether she reaches the average height of the Japanese maiden. Plump, yet well proportioned, with the prettiest of hands and small, slender feet, that even the white 'tabi' cannot render shapeless, dark hair tossy and soft, narrow brown eyes, and rows of perfect little white teeth. Although her face is rather large, with the high cheek bones of the Mongolian, she is a most attractive little maid, whose twenty-four years are difficult to realize, although she declares it 'old, old' in Japan.

Her name, Shidzu Naruse, has a liquid sound as she says it in the softest voice. Really, her voice and her laughter are like the tinkle of bells, the murmur of a brook, or any other innocent lulling. When she speaks her imperfect English she pronounces it as if each word were a caress; but her vocabulary is limited, and she makes much gentle laughter fill in the spaces. When she falls again into her native tongue it sounds so liquid and softly sibilant that we are quite content to learn her thought through her friend and interpreter, Miss Fraser.

Shidzu cannot yet number her days on the Western Continent by months—only by weeks. She likes Canada, she says, but the houses are 'big.' That is her surprise at present. Coming from a miniature land, she can only look in childlike surprise at the bigness of things, the tall men and women, the giant, many-storied buildings, and the rash, up-reaching trend of western life at large.

We sit out upon the piazza during these warm August nights, and Shidzu comes and curls herself beside her friend in the group upon the steps. She is in native dress, which she always wears in the house. To-night it is of grey material,—a kind of Japanese crêpe. A broad sash terminates in the usual large bow about her waist, and the little white tibi gleam out in the gathering darkness from beneath the narrow Oriental drapery.

The little round, brown throat rises plumply from the folds of the kymano, and the full loose sleeves fall away from the brown round arms, and the plump little hands that wave so prettily as she tells us Japanese fairy stories.

We recognise traces of our own fairy stories as we listen. This woman who ill-treated the sparrow, and afterward found her gift-box full of snakes, is surely akin to that unkind girl whose mouth dropped snakes and beetles for every word she spoke.

This of the frogs who went ajourneying—not to woo, but to view strange sights; and having eyes in the backs of their heads, unconsciously surveyed their own cities from neighbouring hill-tops, then went home filled with astonishment at the marvels thereof,—this little satire

maiden shows us her pretty silks, so fine and soft 'for best'; or she takes down her blue-black hair,—it is knotted softly now, as is the Western custom,—and illustrates how it is dressed, all perfumed and stiffened, when at home. She has only been wearing shoes,—our hideous, civilized affairs,—a week or two.

"Oh, yes, I walk slow,—but no, I do not like them," she says. And in the house the spotless white tibi are slipped on. She thrusts them out for us to see, and we all wish we had known no other footwear than these soft moccasin affairs.

Shidzu's home is in Kobè, a seaport of some sixty thousand population. She interests us



Shidzu Naruse

by stating that it is the residence of that brilliant descriptive writer, Lafcadio Hearn, who so fell in love with gentle Japan that he married one of these dear musumees and made his home among them. He is on the staff of a foreign paper. "He makes more, and he is not good," says Shidzu, with a little negative shake of her head. By which we infer that Mr. Hearn, like other foreign literary folk who become enamoured of Japan, has a reputation for license not merely in his beautiful descriptive work, which, indeed, might be well allowed, but in his moral bearing.

Presently we speak of the tidal wave disaster in northern Japan. Kyoto is about the centre of the islands; but Red Cross nurses went up from its hospital to attend to the many bruised and injured. We talk a little about the recent China-Japan war, and Shidzu raises her head

also has a familiar ring. But Shidzu does not know "Mother Goose," and has no Japanese version of "Arabian Nights."

Then we talk of dress. The little Japanese

from her friend's shoulder to strongly dissent from our careless conclusion that, as they are kept so much in seclusion, the Japanese women are probably not patriotic. "Indeed we are,—oh, yes,—we love country," she protests. Then in fluent native speech she tells us that the revival of anti-foreign sentiment during the past five years has had a marked effect upon the dress of the Japanese woman. The European dress, once so eagerly sought after, has been almost abandoned, save at Court, and the Japanese women of the interior now wear their native dress on the street and at home. The men in the cities generally wear the European dress, which, while not so graceful, they have found more convenient for business purposes.

* * *

Shidzu has been for five years in the Doshisha training school for nurses. She understands English fairly well and speaks it falteringly, quite enough to give her a fair start in the New York hospital, where she hopes, in a few months, to be received. She is a convert to the Christian faith, although her family are not. The fact that this bright little maid should be permitted by her parents, not merely to receive her training under avowedly Christian auspices, but to come away into the great western world to complete the same, is evidence of Japanese appreciation of our better educational facilities, and their desire to avail themselves of the same.

After three years course of training, she expects to return to Japan, and devote herself to the work of nursing among the woman of her native country.

She gives us her autograph presently,—when we ask it,—in both Japanese and English, also her photograph, taken together with her sister of fourteen years. The long robe of rich black silk crêpe, lined with pink,—a 'best occasion' dress,—makes her look oddly tall and old, quite unlike the little brown, soft-laughing, childish creature who is standing in the doorway leaning against her Canadian friend and calling a pretty foreign 'good-night' to us.

FAITH FENTON.

* * *

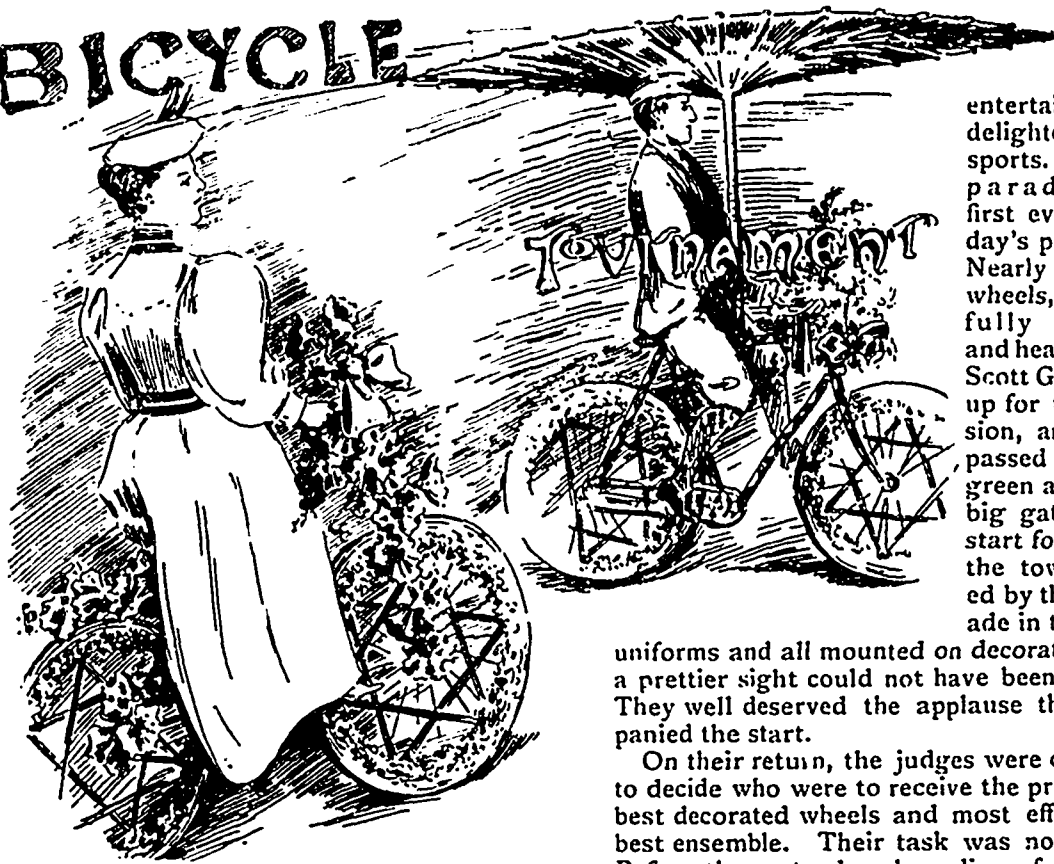
[The instance of Doshisha College, Kyoto, Japan, illustrates the present anti-foreign feeling existent in that country, as well as the keen business instincts of the natives.

Doshisha College, one of the largest and most comprehensive educational institutions in Japan, was founded some twenty-five years ago for the Christian education of the Japanese youth. It has since been largely endowed by American benevolence, and the work, which comprises hospital training school for nurses, departments in theology, science and many other subjects, has been carried on under the control of the American Foreign Mission Board.

Owing to the existent law that prevents foreigners from holding property in Japan's interior, it was necessary to place the valuable institution in the trusteeship of native gentlemen who were in sympathy with Christianity. During the years these have died, and younger native men have succeeded them, who are influenced by the anti-foreign feeling at present existent. In three years,—that is, in 1900,—the present estate laws will lapse, and it will then be possible for foreigners to legally possess property in Japan. Foreseeing the possible results, the trustees of Doshisha College are now taking action to dispossess the American Mission and assume full control of Doshisha College, which will henceforth probably be devoted to the secular education of the Japanese youth.

The present feeling in 'Chrysanthemum Land' is emphatically Japan for the Japanese, and success to the native-born.—Ed.]

BICYCLE



THE hundreds of people of wealth and fashion from all parts of Canada and the United States who are in the habit of coming every season to pretty, picturesque little Niagara-on-the-Lake have become accustomed to expect great things in the way of sports. During July and August one tournament follows another—tennis, bowling, angling and golf, and each event seems a greater success than the last, and attracts a greater crowd of people. The managers of the Queen's Royal Hotel, on the beautiful green of which all the sports are held, have added to the list of tournaments a very novel affair—a bicycle gymkhana and battle of flowers, which they purpose making an annual event. Such things have been held in England and California, but never before here, until under the able management of Mr. Scott Griffin and Mr. Stewart Houston the people of this part of the world witnessed one for the first time on Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th ult. And a remarkably pretty sight it was. Rows and rows of spectators, representing the fashionable social circles of New Orleans, New York, Baltimore, Buffalo, Hamilton, Fort Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto, looked on and applauded from the terrace above the green—as pretty a spot, perhaps, as any to be found in the whole Dominion. On one side, not a quarter of a mile away, standing out on a point, and silhouetted clearly against the western sky, is old Fort Mississauga—a ruin of grass-grown ramparts and crumbling walls. Beyond that, and stretching miles and miles to north and east, are the blue waters of Ontario, spreading away in a wide, unbroken view. On the other side of the grand old river Fort Niagara stands in marked contrast to the ruins of Fort Mississauga and Fort George. Over here is a quaint, picturesque village with streets wide and tree-shaded, and tokens everywhere of the war of 1812. Across the line of blue stands a fort in perfect repair, surrounded by new barracks, new officers' quarters dotted along the river bank, and a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes floating high over the trees from the centre of the parade ground, while the beautiful music of the 13th band comes clearly over the water. Not a thing is wanting to make the spot a most beautiful and attractive one, and the hundreds who assembled to witness the first gymkhana were as charmed

with the surroundings as entertained and delighted with the sports. A floral parade was the first event on the day's programme. Nearly a hundred wheels, all beautifully decorated, and headed by Mr. Scott Griffin, lined up for the procession, and as they passed down the green and out the big gate on their start for a tour of the town, preceded by the fire brigade in their bright uniforms and all mounted on decorated wheels, a prettier sight could not have been arranged. They well deserved the applause that accompanied the start.

On their return, the judges were called upon to decide who were to receive the prizes for the best decorated wheels and most effective and best ensemble. Their task was no easy one. Before them stood a long line of wheels, all pretty, and all artistically decorated, and beside every wheel stood a rider with a bright, animated face and a costume in keeping with the style and colours of their bicycles. And confronted by such an array, the judges fully realized the dangers and difficulties before them. They came out with flying colours, however, and their decisions met with the full approval of the spectators. The tandem ridden by Miss Sibyl Seymour and Mr. Van Koughnet, of Toronto, won first prize by unanimous opinion. It was a most artistic thing, elaborately and beautifully decorated with pink and white dahlias, the canopy over head, a veritable work of art, underneath which Miss Seymour looked radiantly beautiful in a costume of white and pink. Her skirt, short and very wide, was of white duck, with a pink blouse, and white hat with pink band. Mr. Van Koughnet also wore a white suit with pink band on his hat. Both were handsome, both rode gracefully, and from the moment the procession formed no one doubted who would be the prize winners. First prize for best decorated wheel went to Miss Mattie Winnett, whose decorations were white and yellow roses, smilax and Japanese lilies. Mrs. Willie Boughton, of Buffalo, without a rival, won first prize for the best and most effective ensemble. The moment she appeared on the green a murmur of admiration announced the verdict of the spectators, and no one was surprised when the judges gave their decision in her favour. Her wheel was very beautifully decorated with quantities of bright scarlet poppies and smilax, the wheels intertwined with smilax and ribbon in a very effective design, giving the idea of double triangles crossing each other. A huge bow of scarlet satin ribbon fastened the poppies below the handle-bar. The charming little rider wore a white duck tam with a scarlet band fastening two white quills at one side, a white duck blouse with scarlet and white belt, a short, full white duck skirt showing a pair of small feet encased in beautifully fitting white shoes, and scarlet stockings. Her whole costume was complete, and the contrast of the scarlet and white was most effective, entitling her without question to first prize for ensemble.

Miss Althea Birge won first prize among the small girls for the most effective wheel. It was very pretty with sunflowers and smilax, and streamers of yellow ribbon. First prize for the

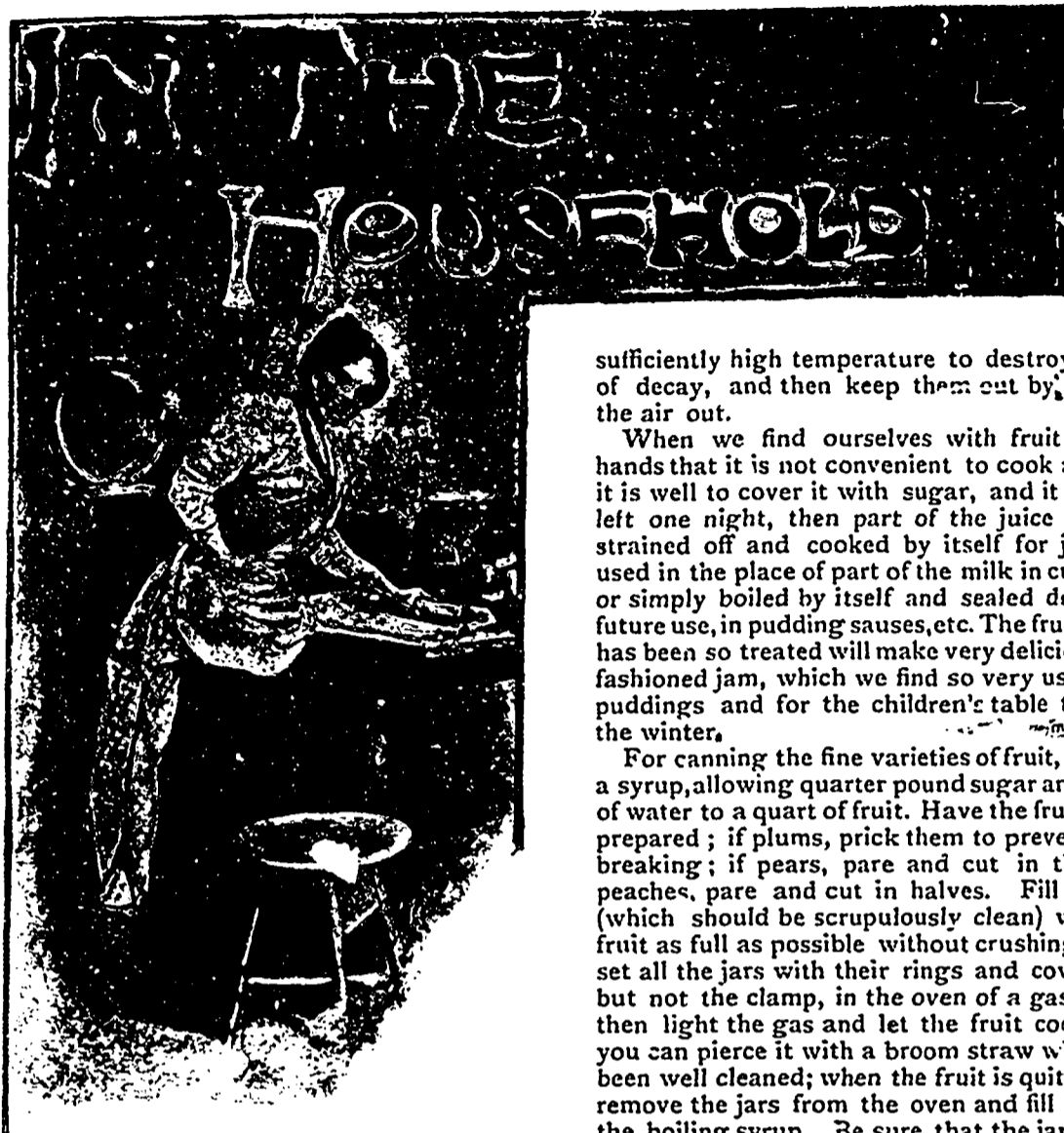
boy's most effective wheel was given to Rousseau Kleiser, whose decorations were yellow dahlias, golden rod and streamers of yellow ribbon. Mr. Guy Boughton won first prize for most effective ensemble. He wore a white suit, and white peaked yachting cap. His wheel was very pretty with golden rod and smilax, the wheels intertwined with green and yellow ribbon and a bunch of green and yellow streamers from the handle-bar. Covering his whole wheel and himself was a huge Japanese umbrella. Mrs. Fleischmann's team of six won first prize. Those riding in it were Miss H. Lantz and Mr. C. Brady, Miss Ella Fleischmann and Mr. Frank Stowe, Miss C. Fleischmann and Mr. De Witt. One of the sweetest mites on the green was a little tot of about five, Josephine Hoyt, who rode herself into the hearts of everyone. She wore white and pink, and her wheel was gay with pink and white sweet peas. Mr. Percy Papps, of Hamilton, won first prize for men's wheels. His decorations were red and black ribbons, maple leaves and gladioli. In the kindergarten race for girls under twelve, Miss Geraldine Beddome, of Hamilton, came in first; Miss Laura Hespeler second, and Miss Etta Fleischmann third. First prize in the juvenile race for boys was won by Hugh Labatt, of London; Roy Buchanan second, and Charlie Du Puy third.

On Saturday the events were well worth seeing, and as usual, the spectators were not long in singing out their favourites. Among them were Miss Seymour and Miss Gladys Buchanan, who looked lovely in a brown short-skirted suit, tan shoes and leggings, and her thick, long waves of golden brown hair falling loosely around her face and over her shoulders. She rode beautifully, especially in the side-saddle race, and was very graceful both mounted and off her wheel. Miss Pauline Foy came second to her in the side-saddle event. In the maidens' scurry Miss Buchanan also came in first, and second in the tortoise, with Miss Marie Foy first. The needle and necktie race afforded more amusement than any of the other events. Miss Seymour proved herself most deft at tying a bow, and Mr. Van Koughnet threaded his needle and was ten yards away on the home stretch before the others had mounted. Mr. Guy Boughton and Mrs. Willie Boughton came second, with Miss Fleischmann and Mr. Scott Griffin third. Another very pretty event was the tent pegging, in which Mr. Guy Boughton again came out first. He was certainly the favourite of the day, and as he came wheeling down the green with the troublesome peg securely stuck on the end of his spear, which he carried triumphantly over his shoulder, he was greeted with applause, which he well deserved. Mr. Van Koughnet came second, Mr. Griffin third. The tournament finished with the tankard race, and once again Mr. Boughton won, Mr. Van Koughnet second, and Mr. Ince third.

The prizes, which covered a large table and were all well chosen, were presented during the ball on Saturday by Mrs. Hardy. As usual, Mr. Griffin had a lot of very clever and amusing things to say as he called upon each one to come up and receive the prizes. And in spite of the heat, and the crowd in the ballroom, which was fully as great as at the International tennis ball, everyone was jolly and good-natured, and everyone enjoyed the proceedings immensely.

M. GRANTLEY.





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

THIS is the season when without intent of irreverence the familiar litany petition that "the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved into us, so that in due time we may enjoy them," falls upon the ears of the busy housekeeper with a deeper significance. Visions of pickles, jams and jellies, and the staple canned fruits ranged in rows of well-filled jars upon the cellar shelves, intrudes upon her devotions. But it is a comfortable vision, and one which the housekeeper is not disposed to banish, but rather to make a reality; since next to a well-filled linen closet, nothing is more conducive to ease of mind than the consciousness of a well-stocked fruit cellar.

Perfect fruit is of course always best served in its own natural state, without cooking and without the addition of any foreign substance. But to do so is not always convenient, nor is it by any means the most economical, or at times the most digestible. Therefore at this season, whilst our markets are so well supplied with such varieties of fruit, it is well for us to store our shelves, in anticipation of our winter needs, with what is one of the most valuable of our food resources, properly canned or preserved fruit or vegetables. It is not necessary to do so in a wholesale manner, but by doing a little at a time, and keeping at it, one does not get wearied of the sight and smell of any kind of fruit and the results are also apt to be more satisfactory. Be very careful in preparing fruit to use no utensil which could discolour it or injure the flavour—wooden or silver spoons and silver knives if possible. Cook as a rule very slowly and gently, as much like the ripening progress as possible, so that the natural flavour, shape and colour be not destroyed, but at a

sufficiently high temperature to destroy germs of decay, and then keep them out by keeping the air out.

When we find ourselves with fruit on our hands that it is not convenient to cook at once, it is well to cover it with sugar, and it may be left one night, then part of the juice may be strained off and cooked by itself for jelly, or used in the place of part of the milk in custards, or simply boiled by itself and sealed down for future use, in pudding sauces, etc. The fruit which has been so treated will make very delicious old-fashioned jam, which we find so very useful for puddings and for the children's table through the winter.

For canning the fine varieties of fruit, prepare a syrup, allowing quarter pound sugar and a pint of water to a quart of fruit. Have the fruit nicely prepared; if plums, prick them to prevent their breaking; if pears, pare and cut in three; if peaches, pare and cut in halves. Fill the jars (which should be scrupulously clean) with the fruit as full as possible without crushing; then set all the jars with their rings and covers on, but not the clamp, in the oven of a gas stove; then light the gas and let the fruit cook until you can pierce it with a broom straw which has been well cleaned; when the fruit is quite tender remove the jars from the oven and fill up with the boiling syrup. Be sure that the jar is full; then immediately put the cover on again and screw down at once; try the screws the next day, and if possible give them an extra turn before putting away on the shelves.

COMPOTE OF PEARS.—As compote of fruit is understood to be different to stewed fruit, in being richer with sugar, and the fruit being either whole or in large pieces. As compote is usually served with rice, either the rice may be formed in a mould in the middle with the compote round it or the compote may be in the centre with the rice forming a border around it. Six large pears: one cupful of sugar; one-half cupful of water. Piece of thin lemon rind and six cloves; put the water, lemon rind and cloves on to infuse for fifteen minutes; remove the cloves and lemon rind, add the sugar, boil, then drop the pieces of the pears which have been pared and had the cores removed and cut into three into the boiling syrup, cook until the pieces of pears are quite tender, then remove them with a fork, and add fresh pieces until all are done; after being pared if left free to the air the pears would change colour, therefore put them as soon as possible into a basin of cold water until time to put them into the syrup.

SPICED GRAPES.—Six pounds of grapes; four pounds of sugar; three-quarter pint of cider vinegar; one teaspoonful cloves; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Pulp the grapes, boil the pulps for about twenty minutes or until the pulp separates easily from the seeds, put through a sieve to remove the seeds, add skins, put all back in the kettle and boil fifteen minutes, then add vinegar, sugar and spices and boil gently until it will jell, when put upon a saucer in a cool place.

The above is not a 'cooking school' recipe, but was given me by one of the ancient housekeepers in one of our eastern towns, and when properly made is simply delicious served with cold meat.

GREENGAGE JAM.—To every pound of fruit, weighed before being stoned, allow three-quarter pound sugar. Divide the fruit, take out the stones, put the fruit into the preserving kettle and bring to a boil; then add the sugar, and keep stirring until it is melted. Remove the scum as it rises, and just before the jam is done, boil rapidly for five minutes. To ascertain when sufficiently boiled pour a little on a plate and if the syrup thickens and appears firm it is done; have half the kernels blanched, put

them into the jam before the final boil of five minutes. This jam keeps excellently if kept in brown stone jars. First cover with oiled paper and lastly tissue paper which has been brushed over with the white of egg on both sides and stuck down firmly to keep out the air.

CARROT JAM.—To every pound of carrot pulp allow one pound sugar, the grated end of one large lemon, the strained juice of two bitter almonds chopped, two table-spoonfuls brandy. Select young carrots, wash and scrape, cut them into round pieces, put into a saucepan with water to cover, and simmer until soft, then press through a sieve, weigh the pulp, and to every pound allow the above ingredients. Put the pulp into a preserving-kettle with the sugar and boil for five minutes, stirring and skimming all the time. When cold add the lemon-juice, rind, almonds and brandy, mix well with the jam and put into pots, cover well and keep in a cool dry place. The brandy may be omitted, but the preserve will not keep without it. When made according to the recipe it will keep for months.

APPLE GINGER.—Two pounds of any kind of hard apples, two pounds loaf sugar, one and a half pints of water, one ounce Jamaica ginger. Boil the sugar and water into a thick, rich syrup, then add the ginger, have the apples pared, cored and cut into quarters—if not too large dip into cold water to preserve the colour then boil in the syrup until tender and transparent; be careful not to let them break; arrange neatly in glass jars, pour over the syrup and cover well. Keep in a cool, dry place.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Wash the rhubarb, but do not peel it, simply cut it into small pieces and never mind if it be stringy. To every pound of fruit add half a cup of water and let it stew slowly in a granite or porcelain pan until it is all in shreds. Then strain through a fine cloth. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow one pound of sugar. Let the juice simmer ten minutes or until it begins to thicken on the edges, then add the sugar and let it simmer till it jellies when dropped on a cool plate; remove the scum carefully as it forms; turn into glasses which have been rolled in hot water and left standing in it until wanted, and when cold and firm pour melted paraffin over the top, cover with tissue paper which has been brushed on both sides with white of egg and keep in a cool, dark place.

This is a recipe of Mrs. Lincoln's, and she advises it being made in September, as she says that it jellies much better than when made of the spring rhubarb. Another recipe of hers for canned tomatoes I find is most excellent, and so easily done that I will give it you.

TOMATOES CANNED WHOLE.—Select smooth tomatoes of uniform size and not too large to go into the top of the jar. The latter should have top and a new, tightly-fitting rubber. Skin the tomatoes by plunging a wire basketful into boiling water to cover, then into cold water, when the skins will slip off easily. Pack them closely in the glass jars without crushing. Place the covers and rubbers on, but do not fasten the clamp. Set the jars in a boiler with a board or perforated tins underneath the jars so they will not touch the bottom and break. Pour in cold water to come nearly to the top of jars and boil from forty to fifty minutes. Have ready a kettle of boiling water. Lift the jars out on to a thick wet towel, fill with boiling water until it runs over, put on the covers, adjust the clamp, and when cold set away in a cool, dark place. When tomatoes are out of season these will be found nearly as nice, and may be served in slices the same as the fresh ones.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—One-half bushel of tomatoes or 25 pounds, one bay leaf, one-half head garlic, three pints vinegar, one-half cupful of salt, one tablespoonful of cayenne, one ounce bruised peppercorns, one ounce blades of mace, one ounce of cloves. Wash the tomatoes and cut out the green part around the stem. Cook them at the side of the range or over a very slow gas fire in a granite kettle with a very close lid on, and steam for an hour in their own juice with the spices. Mash through a colander to remove the skins, then put the pulp through a sieve that will not let the shreds go through. Add the vinegar to help it through, as it is rather tedious; then boil it down half. Great care must be taken to keep it from scorching at the bottom. Keep it stirred up with a broad wooden paddle and make over a very slow fire. Bottle it whilst warm and keep in a cool, dry place.

CIDER PUNCH.—One bottle of champagne cider, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sherry, two lemons, one-half cupful of water. Mix the sugar, water and wine together and stir until the sugar is dissolved; slice the lemons, remove the seeds and add; put in a lump of ice, and lastly, add the cider.

EARLIEST AUTUMN HINTS.

Inquiries to this department will be answered on page 23.

THE buyers for Canada's big wholesale houses have returned from their trips to the great manufacturing centres, where prophets of fashion are paid fabulous salaries to interpret the signs of the coming season; and even now boxes and bales are arriving from London, Paris and Brussels, beneath whose lightly raised lids we catch glimpses of lovely novelties for autumn wear.

It is yet a little early for full knowledge; but we skilfully trap these wise modistes, milliners and buyers of stocks, and learn the signs of the near approaching season.

And while our pencil is busy with its jottings, our eyes are catching glimpses of colours and materials that will appear in full vogue at the September 'openings.'

* * *

In dress materials broadcloths are to acquire popularity, partly supplanting the favourite boucle cloths, although the figured boucle will still continue in demand.

The broadcloth comes in every possible shade. It is being manufactured in about twenty colours, so that the suggestion of sombreness conveyed by the word is needless.

With its smooth, even surface, and in the delicate new tints, it will prove very handsome material.

Serges will continue to hold their own; the blue and storm serges have become almost a staple goods.

* * *

Plaids and checks are 'in' for the autumn and early winter. This is emphatic. Tartan is the order of the season close upon us. It appears in wraps, blouses, skirts, even belts, in every variety of colour grouping, and representative of every clan that ever existed.

Very effective double plaids are shown. Black and tan shades appear in each of them, together with combinations of olive and green, green and red, blue, etc.

It is surprising what rich additional effect is gained in these plaids by a touch of silk woven in the material.

* * *

In making up early fall costumes skirts that 'sheath' about the hips are again to the fore. As close a fit as possible about the hips is the desideratum.

The godet skirt will still exist; but the godets will cease to be at the sides, and be confined to the back only, which possibly predicates their final extinction.

The new style of skirt varies between absolute and relative plainness. The skirt is made plain to the back of the hips, with some fullness at the back in the

form of a few close-set gathers, or a plait with gathers on either side.

* * *

The really remarkable change is the disappearance to a great extent of skirt lining. The 'foundation skirt,' which has been confined to transparent materials during the summer season, will be extended to heavier goods. In the case of stiff materials, such as mohair, pique, taffeta, no form of lining is necessary, but in others,—cloths and solid woollens, for instance,—they will be made with false hem enclosing an interlining. These hems should be from twelve to fifteen inches wide.

In view of this, the quality and make of underskirts assumes a greater importance.

* * *

The modification in width of the skirt is unimportant, since the change only demands a perfectly close fit over the hips; but five yards around is ample for light fabrics, while heavier ones require only four yards.



No. 4.

No. 3.

In ready-made clothing establishments

the skirts are usually cut in four breadths, one for front and back, one for each side.

This necessitates the sewing together at the further side seams of two biased edges, and when the fabric is of a nature to stretch readily it is preferable to tack a narrow tape on the seam, stitching it together with the edges.

Both tailor-made and silk skirts are cut with a larger number of breadths.

* * *

Home dressmakers do not always appreciate the fact that the chic fall of the skirt resides in the disposition of the seams. The central front seam, when well managed, adds much to the style of the skirt, especially if the material be striped or checked.

* * *

Autumn walking gowns are to be made somewhat shorter. But dressy skirts show a slight inclination to train. This very rightly emphasises the distinction between the purposes of the two.

A revival of a becoming mode of three or four seasons ago may be seen in a skirt to be worn with a blouse. The upper part of its closely-fitted breadths are carried up in the form of a wide-shaped belt or corselet, garnished at the upper edge with bows. This sort of skirt is open at the side.

'Pocket' trimmings, straps or other similar decorations, will be a favourite form of ornament. The skirts also show indications of trimmings of braid, ribbon, velvet or piping.

* * *

Insertions of lace will be applied to silk gowns.

* * *

An effort is being made to promote the taste for double skirts. But as yet it has gone no further than to mount a sheath skirt of brocade on lace underskirts.

* * *



No. 2.

For the warm gown needed in one's wardrobe during the late summer season no colour takes the place of dark or navy blue.

It may be effectively relieved with facings or pipings of crimson silk, but this must be done with judgment and taste to produce the correct result. The crimson or scarlet silk blouse is a useful article in a woman's wardrobe during September month. This season it may be a plaid. Dark blue skirt and natty Eton coat, with scarlet silk blouse, and hat with poppies, is an outline of a most effective outdoor costume, which each woman may adapt in minor details to suit her individual requirements.

* * *

The plaid belt, with silver thistle buckle design, which we illustrate, is one of the pretty fads of the season, and will be much worn with the plaid blouse.

NEW GOWNS AND WRAPS.

We show this month a very pretty yet simple 'slight mourning' gown sent out in August by a leading Toronto firm. It is of black peu de soie silk, and has a short bodice reaching just below the waist line.

The back of the bodice is trimmed with two deep side plaits which begin at each shoulder seam and almost meet at the base of the bodice, giving a deep V effect to the foundation silk. The front is full gathered between a wide bo. plait on each side, caught in at the shoulder seams and extending to the base of the bodice.

These plaits are garnished with an over



trimming of black Valenciennes insertion edged with narrow lace. The touch of colour is given by a double row of mauve helé ribbon run through the insertion. The standing collar is similarly garnished with the lace insertion and ribbon, and finished with a large bow of wide mauve satin ribbon at the side.

The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and puffed. The wrist is slashed in three and filled in with lace, giving a soft and small effect to the hand.



No. 1.

No. 2 is one of the latest cycling suits turned out for a Toronto wheelwoman.

And, by the way, one of the first things that strikes the eye of our American visitors this summer is the unusual length of the Canadian woman's cycling dress.

In Boston, New York, and all the American cities, a skirt falling eight or ten inches below the knee with leggings, is the average costume. Visitors from across the border pronounce the long skirt worn by Canadian wheelwomen decidedly dowdy, and dangerous also. The shorter skirt and leggings are more stylish, quite as modest when one is accustomed to them, and much safer.

The costume we show is of brown covert cloth. The skirt falls eight inches from the ground. The close-fitting Eton coat is made to be worn with dickey, and meets in front, or it may be more open, showing blouse waist. Revers, roll collar, and jaunty breast pocket, make effective trimming. But the most stylish effect is produced by fawn leather buttons of graduated sizes, which extend down the bodice from base of the dickey. The pocket openings on either side are also trimmed with these buttons, the larger button coming at the top and the buttons diminishing in size as they go downward. Knevers, cuffs, breast pocket are edged with brown leather one-half inch deep; and faced or lined with brown silk. The skirt

black and white makes a very effective one. These wraps should be purchased from the importers, since very few mantle makers succeed in reproducing the woven effects, which give the genuine style and tone.

HATS AND CAPS FOR THE WHEEL.

This month we show a range of the latest hats and caps imported or designed for the wheel.

With the early September days, wheeling jaunts will become more general, and fitting head gear is one of the points of comfort.

The tendency is toward close-fitting Derbys or toques, an absence of trimmings and neat chic effects.

Something lighter than the riding hat is permissible for the woman on the wheel. She may try a wing, a knot of ribbon or even a flower, yet simplicity must be retained.

* * *

In No. 1, called 'The Wheel,' we illustrate a felt Derby of dark blue. The brim is slightly deeper in front than at the back, which renders it becoming.

No. 2, a fedora of soft felt called 'The Stanley,' is a felt of pale grey

MILLINERY NOTES.

Except for cycling, felts should not be worn in September or October. If so, they grow monotonous before the long winter is over. The dark straw, which need not be expensive, is most suitable for early autumn. This does not alter the fact that people coming into the cities for the industrial fairs are desirous of seeing and even purchasing the winter hats.

* * *

The bird of paradise plumes are pre-eminently the feature for early fall trimming. The genuine feather is expensive, but the imitation spray is very pretty and appears in all colours.

* * *

A pretty autumn hat shown by a fashionable Toronto milliner, is of brown chip straw, English walking shape, with high crown. Four brown ostrich plumes, two on each side, lie on the brim. These are half reversed to give



is 3 1/4 yards wide and has no fulness at the back. Brown gaiters and gloves and hat to match make this a remarkably neat autumn wheeling suit.

* * *

Since plaids are the order of the season, the comfortable golf cloak in various forms will be fashionable. We show in No. 3 one of the newest. The 'Deeside' cloak of fine Scotch fawn and bronze tweed, with inner facing of the Gordon tartan. It has a splendid hood, a large loose genuine affair, much superior to the fancy silk-lined affairs usually achieved by home modistes, and is finished with a deep fringe. The fronts are given a turned-back effect by means of revers stitched on to show the tartan.

* * *

No. 4 is the Braemar,—a remarkably handsome cloak with all-wool fawn exterior of camel's hair effect tweed; while the reversible interior is a glowing plaid of navy blue and crimson. The large hood and cloak is finished with deep all-wool fringe, with turned-back effect given by the revers showing the plaid surface. The whole appearance of these cloaks is stylish and dashing, while they are the embodiment of warmth and durability for the months of autumn and early winter.

* * *

Other golf cloaks are shown in every variety of plaid. The shepherd or Douglas plaid of

in shade, and is rather stylish, but trying to the face. The brim is of even depth.

No. 3, the 'Chevalier,' is a rather becoming shape in felt. The edge or brim is finished with fine lace, crimson and white cord, while the crown is bound with thicker cord and tassel finish.

No. 4 has felt sailor brim and tam crown of velvet or silk. A chic effect is produced by the side quill. This hat is generally becoming.

No. 5 is a walking hat made of cloth en costume, and machine-stitched to give the required degree of stiffness. The crown is prettily shaped.

The final style (No. 6) is the plaid tam of woven wool with side buckle and wing. In view of the reign of plaids, these tams promise to become popular for autumn outing suits.

* * *

Grey promises to be a strong colour for the coming season, and will predominate in millinery above previous years.

* * *

Quantities of quills, wings and birds are being laid in by importers. Rhinestones also will continue popular.

* * *

A Torontonion returned from Paris reports that that city has placed the actress Rejane upon its fashion throne for the season, and Rejane wings, buckles, blouses, etc., make the bid for popular favour.

* * *

An autumn hat may be given the summer hat by the adjustment of new ribbons.



them a piquant upward turn, and the tips fall lightly over to brush rather than rest upon the hair. Brown wings set well up in front with stiff bows of wide shot ribbon, green and brown.

* * *

Much trimming is the autumn fashion. Fruit, wheat and straw clusters are out, the preference is for rich flowers, and always feathers in every form.

* * *

The fine French rose with silk centres and velvet outer petals is much in vogue. The favourite tints for autumn are the flame colour, damask, petunia. These roses are in shaded tints and have a delightfully warm, rich effect.

The fine French flower is always expensive, but it is worth while.

* * *

High crowns, with brims not too deep or broad, are the tendency in fall shapes. The English walking hat and the small, round fluted sailor shape are in vogue, and both are becoming.

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The chenille trimming and braid will continue to be popular for winter hats, while velvet foliage promises to be much used.

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The Derby and Alpine hats, which show under other names in our illustrations, will be in style for walking suits as well as on the wheel.

* * *

Fine felt braids are being laid in by the milliners, who anticipate using them largely for making entire hats as well as for trimming during the coming season.

MADAM.

Glimpses of Vancouver

BY BESSIE GADABOUT.

VANCOUVER is sometimes called the 'jumping-off place.' I think the 'gathering-up place' would be an equally appropriate title, for truly, here we have a mingling of all nations.

And often as I stroll down Cordova street, — the main thoroughfare of the city, and rub elbows with Singalese, Japanese, Russians, Danes, etc., with a very slight effort of the imagination I can transport myself once more to the Midway Plaisance, with its motley throng, and live again the happy days that have flown.

My first impressions of Vancouver, when I arrived here a year ago, were not very favourable. Fresh from the older civilisation of the East, the city's crudeness and incompleteness jarred upon me at every turn; for it is full of incongruities, and a funny mix-up of Queen Ann, Mary Ann and Chinaman. The majority of the houses are constructed of wood, and built on stilts without any foundation, so that a cellar is somewhat of a luxury.

However, this is not as great an inconvenience as might be imagined, owing to the cool nights—which necessitates in the heat of summer a covering of at least two blankets—and the fairly cool days.

On account of so many of the houses having been erected very hurriedly, some humorous soul has dubbed them 'mushrooms,' a name which impresses one as being peculiarly applicable, particularly on a windy night. The climate, especially during the rainy season, is extremely enervating, and most of all in Vancouver. As a result, stimulants are used pretty generally; the women take tea and Pink Pills, the men drink, well, ginger-beer—with variations. They are specially fond of the variations.

The feeling of disappointment referred to earlier in this article has changed to one of unbounded admiration, as I have been led to realise that this city, with its unlimited resources and undoubtedly great future, is but a child-city after all.

Ten years ago it was a mass of smoking ruins; a picture of utter desolation. To-day it is a city of at least fifteen thousand souls, with splendid electric light system, electric street railway, fire department, unsurpassed water supply, six Public Schools and one High School, and last, but not least, one of the finest harbours in the world.

The old-timers who came to the city ten or twelve years ago seem to have a very kindly regard for each other, even though their relations in days of yore were not always of the pleasantest nature.

I saw an amusing illustration of this a few days ago whilst engaged in making some purchases in the store of a merchant whom we will call McDonald. The day was sultry for British Columbia, and Mr. M—, minus his coat, had seated his portly form in an armchair in the inner office; his good-natured face turned meanwhile towards the gentleman with whom he was conversing. Suddenly a coloured man, dressed in railway uniform, rushed into the office, and slapping Mr. M— upon the back, exclaimed dramatically, "McDonald!" For an instant Mr. M— gazed at him in a bewildered manner, then with a look of joyful recognition shouted, "Glory Hallelujah!" and

jumping to his feet shook the new-comer's hand in the most cordial manner possible. Then turning to the friend at his side he said, "This fellow used to be in the laundry business here, ten years ago. I knew him well; he stole a pair of red socks from me."

I have also observed another amusing characteristic with regard to old-timers; namely, the gusto with which they regale new-comers with tales of earlier days. You must know that there is not any copper coin in circulation here; nothing less than a nickel. If you were to present a copper to anyone, he or she would probably smile significantly at the nearest bystander and whisper, "He came from Bruce," meaning that you were decidedly backwoodsy. As I was riding in the street car one day I overheard the following dialogue between an old-timer and new-comer:

O.T.—"You know they won't accept any coppers here."

N.C. (with a look of great surprise)—"Is it possible?"

O.T. (scornfully)—"You are astonished at that. Why, man, I've seen the time here when they wouldn't take even nickels. A man might starve to death right on this hill (Mt. Pleasant) with his pockets full of nickels. Couldn't get anyone to take 'em!"

(Collapse of new-comer).

The burning question of the hour here is that of Chinese immigration, and it is one that demands the attention of every thoughtful person, not alone in this province, but in Canada at large. It is not simply a question as to whether we will allow John Chinaman to sell his vegetables in Vancouver, but how long before he will be selling them in Halifax. For they are coming over from China, per Empress, at the rate of from 600 to 1,000 per month; are working in stores, laundries, canneries, mines, ships, boats and houses; also as fish, wood and vegetable vendors.

Charity begins at home, and as our own countrymen have the first claim upon us, we should endeavour to regulate the influx in some way or other. John is not as guileless as doth appear, and under his bland exterior there lies concealed considerable of the old Adam. It is astonishing how little he 'saveys' (understands) if you want him to do something for you that is not congenial. But if, on the other hand, you proffer him a kindness, his knowledge of English is really remarkable.

The Chinese have a way of communicating with each other, something similar to that in vogue among tramps in the East.

To illustrate—a lady living in Vancouver had occasion to dismiss her Chinaman. He said, "I belly glad to leave you." "Why, Sing," was the indignant response, "you are the first Chinaman that ever said that to me; they are always so sorry to go." "No," was the grim reply, "they all belly glad, they all say you belly cross woman," with a wave of his hand towards the pastry-board; "you look on board and you see." Sure enough, on examining the article referred to, she found a number of Chinese characters inscribed thereon. Whether the lady ever summoned courage to have them interpreted I cannot say.

The American and English press have for some time past been suffering from an acute attack of 'inflammation of the imagination'

regarding the dearth of marriageable women in British Columbia, and have drawn heartrending pictures of lonely men perched disconsolately on doorsteps and fences with their eyes turned longingly towards the East. As a result of this mental aberration, the mayor and postmaster of Vancouver have been flooded with a shower of letters and photos from the would-be married. One individual, moved with a tender compassion for the unmarried, kindly volunteered to send out a car-load of women—for a consideration. They have not reached here at time of writing.

Now, as far as my observation extends, the supply is quite equal to, if not in excess of, the demand, and in my journeyings throughout the province I have met with any number of good-looking, amiable, intelligent girls who are eminently qualified to make any (reasonable) man happy.

The newspapers wax eloquent over the large majority of men in British Columbia, but fail to mention that a large percentage of the aforesaid majority are composed of Chinese, Japs and other ineligible. True, there may be, and doubtless are, some ranchers who find it hard to procure suitable wives. But let me tell you that ranch-life, in a land of weeping skies, is anything but a rosy existence. Many ranchers have been obliged to give up their homes on account of their wives, for the rainy season in British Columbia is unutterably trying to women, even under the most favourable conditions.

I do not think that a Ruskin could do justice to the scenery of this wonderful country. One could fill reams of paper with a description of the mountains alone, with their snowy peaks and ever-varying tints. Stanley Park, with its colossal trees, covered with mosses and ferns, its exquisite views of mountain, sky and water, is an Elysium for all beauty-loving natures, and owing to the hard-shell roads, the paradise of cyclists. Last evening as I wheeled leisurely around—a distance of seven miles—my soul was filled to overflowing with the loveliness of it all, for the recent rains have given to it a fresh baptism of beauty, and the grass and foliage are as green as in May. As I stood upon Prospect Point, with the waters of English Bay lying three hundred feet below me, and watched the sun sinking to rest behind the Cascade mountains in a glory of crimson and gold, I felt for a moment as though I had reached at last a spot long dreamed of, far removed from the earthly ways with their heritage of pain.

The people here have a saying that one year spent in British Columbia forever spoils one for life in the East. And, verily, I believe it to be true in the majority of cases. For in spite of many discomforts there is a charm, a fascination, about life out here, that one cannot fully understand until under the spell. Owing to the coming and going of ships of all nations, and the continual influx of tourists from every clime, one feels in touch with the whole world. As I was being rowed across the harbour a few days ago, glancing about me I saw the Danube from Alaska, the Empress of India from China and Japan, the Wanimoo from Australia, the new flagship, H. M. S. Inperieuse, lately arrived from England, and felt a nearness to these distant lands never before experienced.

The eyes of the whole world are upon us, the gold of many nations is flowing into our land, and to the seeing eye and the understanding heart, there awaits this fair young country,—whose feet are shod with gold and whose head is snow-crowned and glorious,—a future brighter and more dazzling than the world dreams of.

FARM ETCHINGS.

THE FARM HOUSE.

IT is not a modern building. It is not even the fresh-painted, glaring, unshaded new house of the average Ontario farm of to-day. For it was 'raised' sixty years ago, when Farmer Mynheer, then a young man, brought his bride up from the more closely settled precincts of Little York to this unsettled and almost trackless portion of the province. The thickly wooded land, richly loamed and free from stones, with its northern shelter of hills and gentle slope toward the water, and the presence of the pretty blue ruffled inland lake, whose counterpart may be found a score of times repeated throughout the province, determined his choice, and the first axe-blow rang out a cheery prophecy of the new home.

Twenty years of pioneer struggle, when the axe and the plough were ever busy; when the young wife spun and wove her days and months into busy middle age. . . .

Twenty years of life's prime, with hours of leisure now; with little festivities, weddings and good-byes, and a gradual thinning of the household group. There was a pulling down of barns to build greater; the flower garden was more carefully tended; the young people had their lawn and tennis courts; the cedar hedge grew tall and thick. But the little log house remained. "It will last our time," said Farmer Mynheer. When mother and me are gone you children can do as you like about buildin' another."

Twenty years of life's decline. It is an old, old couple now who sit out upon the stoop. The children are married and in new homes; some within call, others in the far North-west, "a country as likely to get at as the North Pole when I was young," says Farmer Mynheer, "but things has changed since those days."

The flower garden is full of sweet old-fashioned bloom, still lovingly tended by trembling withered hands. Great barns and stables, wide fields of yellow, heavy-headed grain, environ the old log house. The blue lake shows here and there a white sail, while a steel track encircles its shores, and the shrill whistle of passing trains break the stillness.

Farmer Mynheer lets his old clay pipe go out while he looks over the stretch of yellow fields, all ahum with drowsy August heat, beyond the great barns and well-travelled road, to the rippling lake; then he lays his knotty, trembling hand on the soft ample lap beside him.

"Sixty years since I brung you here, a bit of a seventeen-year-old girl, and me only twenty; but you were a brave one, Lucy, and my axe was strong," he says.

Then the old, old couple seem greater than monarchs, and the little log house better than a palace.

* * *

ON THE SELF-BINDER.

A bevy of gay girls walk up the lane. They 'let down' the bars and cross the fresh-cut stubble field, where the shocks of grain lie loosely waiting the approach of the stackers. They reach the shore of a swaying yellow sea, a rippling forest of heavy-headed gold that bends beneath the breath of their merry laughter. They pluck the full-lipped grain and thrust it in among their ribbons.

The big mowing machine comes slowly toward them, the sturdy horses planting their feet firmly yet cautiously down in the stiff-stemmed ground, the clatter of the revolving knives and swish of the falling grain sounding musically through the wide field spaces.

The driver's "whoa!" brings the big machine to a pause. He deserts his horses and comes

down among the gay girls, who affect a world of interest in the intricate workings of cogs and wheels. Presently there is a little leap, a swirl of light skirts, and the merriest of the group is perched on the high, isolated seat, and with reins well in hand rides off among the billowy grasses. The breeze catches her tossy, sunny hair; her slender figure sways with the movement; the light summer gown and bright ribbons form an accentuating point above the stretches of yellow grain. Above her is the deep blueness of a midsummer sky; all around her to the cool verge of far-off maple bush and rippling lake waters extends the soft bending sea of plenteous yellow, while the great sun drenches the earth and water with August heat.

Slow and steady the sturdy horses step across the great field, the careful farmer beside them. With swish and clatter the ripe grain falls; and in a wealth of gold the sunay-haired, laughing girl moves on—a Canadian goddess of plenty, seated unconscious upon her throne.

* * *

"DR. BASSWOOD."

It is not his real name. That has either never been known or has been forgotten in that far-away past of which he is the only surviving record. The memory of the oldest inhabitant recalls him only as a dispenser of harmless medicines at a time in the pioneer history of the province when country doctors were few. One of his favorite prescriptions was a basswood poultice—hence he became 'Doctor' Basswood.

It was at Kirkfield that we made his acquaintance, but the old man is known all up and down the county as he journeys from village to village, from farm to farm, collecting imaginary rents. For it is his delusion that he is a wealthy property owner, and that farm, country store, and hotel is leased by him to tenants, good or bad according to the grace with which they humour his belief.

We were waiting in the big country store when the odd old figure passed down the street.

"Come in, Dr. Basswood," called the genial proprietor; "your rent is ready."

He came blithely up the step and took the proffered chair, a slender shrunken figure whose age it was impossible to guess, save that it went far up into or beyond the nineties. Nose and chin nearly meeting, toothless, mumbling lips, light blue eyes, restless yet clear, a few wisps of fine white hair, a heavy stick, a curiously compounded garb,—such an old, old man. But the motley clothing was clean, the face free from all repellent lines, while the shrewd, kindly eyes, humorous mouth and ready smile gave the queer old fellow a very likable personality.

"Now give us a song, doctor," said some one, after the rent in the shape of a nickel or two, had been gravely accepted and transferred to his pocket. The old man's laugh had a quaver, but the merry look was in his eyes as he struck the floor with his staff and broke out into a Gaelic "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The voice was worn with the tears and laughter of nearly a century, but the verve and humour remained, while the words rang stirring and distinct from his toothless mouth. The verses were many, the staff kept energetic time with the oft-repeated chorus in a series of sharp raps, while the odd figure and head swayed in rhythmic bend. A high quavering note, one last sounding rap, and the song came to an end. Then the humorous old face turned to us with a whimsical expression which seemed to indicate that the amusement was not all on one side.

A 'month's rent in advance' was his payment for the song, and in excellent mood Dr. Basswood started down the village street to 'look up a recreant tenant.

THE COUNTRY RIDE.

A steady horse; a high topped buggy, whose occupants are two young women—a pretty girl and one of graver years. A long country road stretches narrowly ahead of them; a long country road stretches behind. On either side range ripened grain fields, giving hints in sound and sight of whirring machines and slow-moving horses. The young women chat or are silent, in the easy confidence of their sex. All the day is before them; all the world is blue and gold.

"It is so much nicer to be without a man along," remarks the pretty girl tentatively.

The graver one cordially assents.

"Of course men are all right sometimes, but they never will believe that women can get along or have a good time without them. I'm so glad we got off alone to-day; although, to hear Uncle Tom, one would think women were no. to be trusted with a horse one hundred yards from the farm gate. Hello! what's the matter with Ben?"

Ben had suddenly gone woefully lame.

"Perhaps he's tired," suggested her companion.

"He can't be; we've only gone eight miles. But we'll let him rest for a few minutes."

Ben rested in the middle of the road, while the young women discussed his sudden indisposition. When a gentle slip of the reins started him again, Ben was lamer than before.

"Oh dear! I believe he's got a stone in his foot. Why, he's turning pale with pain:—poor Ben!"

"Couldn't it be taken out?" asked the older woman.

"Yes, of course, only it's a hind leg, and he might kick. If there was only a man around now!"

The yellow fields and long roadway were scanned carefully, but no man was in sight, save where in far back across the glimpse of a self-binder might be seen.

"I suppose we might find out what's the matter, but a man would do it so much better," continued the pretty driver, her white forehead puckered up into troubled little wrinkles. And as Ben proceeded slowly and lamely upon his way, these two independent young women searched with eager eyes in the boarding fields.

For a mile their quest was vain. Then "There's one!" they exclaimed together, as they reached a yellow-burdened field, at whose farther side a strong man's figure walked beside the whirring machine.

The pretty girl skimmed the fence lightly and made her way across the stubble. The whirring mower stopped in its passage down the field, and presently both maid and man came toward the roadway, where the graver woman and lame Ben rested in all the drenching noontime sunshine of an August day.

"Which leg is it?" queried the farmer.

"I think it's that one," answered the woman, with an indicative forefinger.

"Then I guess it's the other," he responded placidly, and lifting that 'other' he dislodged a large stone which lay beneath the hoof.

He took their proffered thanks easily, with a courteous lifting of the big straw hat; but there was a lurking amusement in the sun-browned handsome face, and a laugh in the eyes, that indicated a full appreciation of the situation.

"I'm so glad we found a man at last," remarked the graver woman, as Ben started off briskly.

"Yes; though of course we could have done it ourselves," said the pretty maid, as she turned to watch the tall figure striding over the stubble. "But wasn't he handsome, and wouldn't Uncle Tom laugh?"

FAITH FENTON.



CHAPTER X.—Continued.

HER nods have been received with a stony glare, her smiles with a glassy eye. Hilary can see that Ker has gone behind the fan too, and that now the fan is shaking.

Such a charming fan, and so big! What was it Miss Kinsella had said about her always having a big fan? To hide herself behind, was it? This is a big fan any way, and a delicious one too, all blue and gold! Indeed, Mrs. Dyson-Moore is a dream of blue and gold all through. A rather scanty dream it, must be confessed, but a dream for all that. The few—very few—inches of clothing that she wears, are made of blue and gold satin—a blue and gold cap rests upon her naughty head, and (perhaps to make up for her deficiencies elsewhere) she is literally covered with golden bells. She tinkles as she goes!

A touch of burning envy saddens for a moment Hilary's heart. If she could have got a lovely costume such as that—not that of course—but something equally lovely—she might have shown up well to-night. There are one or two costumes in which she has often told herself—only herself—that she would be well—very well worth looking at. But any of them would cost at least ten guineas, and she—well, she hasn't got ten guineas. That's all. It is a finished argument.

The fifth dance on the programme is the Lancers.

"A beastly shame," mutters the Crusader, *sotto voce*, who thinks all dances should be waltzes, if only to oblige him.

The musicians have struck up the opening bars and there is a little stir through the room. Some are running away from the slow dance, others are running toward it. Hilary sees Mrs. Dyson-Moore rise from her seat and Ker with her. They take a step in the direction of the middle of the room. Plainly they are going to dance it—together.

She turns to her partner, and says a little hurried word or two. If Ker advances still farther into the room he will probably see her, and as yet she seems unprepared for the fight. She moves toward the door nearest to her with a view to escape. The Crusader, whose noble mind is bent on waltzing and nothing else, seconds her efforts with all his might. At the doorway, however, she is stopped by a bluff and hearty old King Hal.

"Will you give me these Lancers, Miss Hilary?" asks Lord Emherst. "It is given to youth to be happy enough to hear you off in the fast dances, but perhaps you will spare an old man like me a little walk through."

The pleasant-faced old gentleman holds out his arm to her. It is impossible to refuse.

"I shall be delighted," says she, smiling.

She puts her arm through his. All at once, her courage returns to her. Yes, she will dance these Lancers, and if Mr. Ker sees her, well—well, then, this embarrassing situation will be at an end. And she could hardly bring it to a finish in better company.

Lord Emherst is the one big man in the county, and certainly the best beloved by all classes.

When she and he have taken their places, Hilary for the first time lifts her eyes. A sigh of relief welcomes the fact that her *vis-à-vis* is

not Ker. A second later the relief is dead. Killed by another fact.

The man on her left hand is Ker!

He and Mrs. Dyson-Moore are dancing at the sides. In another moment or two she will have to place her fingers in his. He will turn her round. What will he say? Do? Nervousness seizes upon her. She is afraid to lift her eyes, but with the nervousness comes a strange, uncontrollable sense of amusement. She feels that she would like to laugh, but dare not. Oh, that luncheon!

The time has come. She turns and holds out her hands to him. For the first time to-night Ker's eyes rest upon her.

That dress! That face! His fingers close on hers mechanically. He is looking at her, but he sees only the avenue, the rhododendrons, the girl holding up her white hand for his inspection. The hand is lying in his now. He flushes a dark red.

The music restores him to his senses. Once again the steps are gone through—once again the parlourmaid is holding out her hands to him. One hand is a little closed. It holds something. She opens it, and slips the something into his palm.

"Forgive me," breathes she.

It is *the florin!*

"It will be difficult," returns he. "I know you now. Your name is not Bridget."

"No."

"Nor Maria, nor Sarah, nor Henrietta."

"No."

She is ashamed of herself, but she *does* laugh.

"It is Hilary?"

"Yes."

She has returned to her place, but a little while later they are face to face again.

"Will you give me the next dance?"

She shakes her head. "Engaged."

"You will give me one, however? You owe me something."

"Do I? Very well, I'll pay it."

Another little chance comes.

"Let me see you after this?"

She smiles.

"Who is Miss Burroughs dancing with?" asks he, dropping back to his place with Mrs. Dyson-Moore.

"Lord Emherst. You know her?"

"Slightly. As a fact she is a sort of cousin of mine."

"Is she? Of course, I remember. You went to see the Cliffords one day when you were here a week ago. Some people say she's handsome."

"Not handsome!"

"No?" delightedly. "Well, I agree with you. And dowdy! My word, I'd rather stay at home forever than go about in a rig-out like that. I'm so glad you"—with emphasis, and a glowing glance from under her blackened lids—"don't think her a beauty."

"As for that, I only said I didn't think her handsome."

"Well?"

"Strictly handsome people, you know, are seldom beauties."

"Oh, I see," with distinct offence. "You think her then—?"

"A very pretty girl," says Ker.

"One could say that of every other girl one meets," says Mrs. Dyson-Moore, with a little offended hitch of the shoulder nearest to him.

The Lancers are over now. Ker, slipping through the crowd here and there, looks everywhere for Hilary. But in vain. Has she been avoiding him? When the next dance is in full swing, he looks for her in the ball-room, and sees her waltzing gayly in the arms of a Mephistopheles.

He stations himself doggedly in one of the doorways, and watches her. When the dance

is over, she moves through it. He stops her.

"Miss Burroughs, you promised me a dance. I think."

"Yes?" She looks at her card. "I have nothing until the ninth. That," without looking at him, "is free. It is a polka, and I hate polkas. Will you have it?"

"Grateful for small mercies," murmurs he, bending over her card to scribble his name on it. He looks at her as he gives it back.

"You will remember?"

It is plain he has little faith in her. Hilary gives him in return a strange little glance.

"I always remember," she says.

CHAPTER XI.

"She will encounter all
This trial without shame,
Her eyes men Beauty call,
And Wisdom is her name."

"At last," says Ker. He comes up to her and holds out her arm. "This is the ninth."

"Is it?" says she, innocently enough. Though, to tell the truth, she has been quaking over the fact during the past five minutes.

"You hate polkas, I think you said," continues Ker. "So do I. We shall therefore have a chance of a nice long *tele-a-tele* in here!"

He leads her in relentless fashion, into the conservatory close at hand, and up to the farthest end, where, behind some flowering shrubs, two vacant seats can be seen. He does not sit down, however, or ask her to do so either. He stands looking at her somewhat remorselessly.

"So!" says he, after a minute. And then: "Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

Here they both laugh. Hilary, it must be confessed, rather shamefacedly.

"Oh! I know—I know," says she with a divine blush, "what you are thinking. And it is true! I am a fraud—a swindle." She covers her face with her hands, still laughing, and presently looks at him through her fingers. "But you mustn't say it."

"Thinking is good enough for me," says Ker, with a shrug. He takes her hands from her face and brings them down. "What on earth made you do it?" asks he.

"I don't know. It was a whim—a prank. It came into my head, and so I had to do it."

"Do you always do everything that comes into your head?"

"Not always. But—" She breaks off. "After all I do know why I did it. You," with charming audacity, "made me."

"I made you?"

"Yes. You. You! If you had not given me that florin, I should never have known that I looked like a *real* housemaid."

"Oh! come! That's very unfair," says he, colouring. "I didn't even look at you."

"More shame for you," demurely. "However, that won't get you out of it! If you hadn't time to see me when I was giving you a glass of water, you had, at all events, plenty of opportunities of seeing me when I was giving you your luncheon."

"That was far too confusing a scene to admit of calm judgment. How could one fairly class a girl who was called six or seven different names in the space of thirty minutes?"

"Ah! that was too bad of Jim. But even if that opportunity failed you, another was given I," with a little glance at him, "gave it! You must have seen me when—"

She pauses.

"When you told on the avenue that a glass of water given by you wasn't worth two shillings."

Yes. You remember, then?"

"Who could forget such a libel?"

(To be continued.)



EDITED BY COUSIN MAUD.

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

It is not so much what you say
As the manner in which you say it.
It is not so much the language you use
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart,
The words may be soft as the summer air
And the tones may break the heart.

ONLY THISTLES.

IT was a warm summer evening and in a neglected corner of a great field, grew some tall thistles and broad-leaved burdocks.

The thistles were covered with their sweet-smelling purple flowers and the burdocks hung, heavy with great clusters of green burrs.

Some children, an hour since, had passed that way, and stopped to gather the daisies and golden rod that grew in the same corner.

One of them, a boy, pulled some burrs and proceeded to make a basket, but growing playful, began tossing them at the others.

A little bunch caught in the golden curls of a small girl, and she made a brave effort to keep back the tears while her sister took out the burr and several hairs with it, scolding the mischievous brother the while.

"A big thistle stuck me, nasty old thing!" This from another sister, who had kept on gathering flowers, and she held up a finger from which hung a tiny crimson drop of blood.

After a few words of sympathy from the big sister, the little group passed on, and the last words the thorny weeds in the fence corner heard were, "What do thistles and burdocks grow for, anyway?"

This made them feel very sad, and they began grumbling to one another at the uselessness of their existence.

"Everything seems made for a purpose but us. Here we stand," said the thistle, "of no use to anyone, and only permitted to live because this corner is too rocky to plough."

And thus they murmured, too dissatisfied and unhappy to even hear the contented hum of the honey bees as they gathered sweet drops from the purple thistle tops. Presently a wise-looking robin, who had lit on the fence and had been listening to their conversation, addressed them.

"Why, friends, you must certainly be feeling blue, else you would never talk like this. Why, old burdock, you are of great use. In your root is valuable medicine, and how often do you provide shelter to the butterflies from the heavy rains.

"Then old dame Brown, in whose apple tree I have my nest, might have had no cabbage and tomatoes this year, had she not covered the tender young plants with some fine

large burdock leaves to protect them from the hot sun until they got a start."

"And as for you, friend thistle," kept on the kind comforter. "Why, what would the bees do without you? And it was only yesterday I heard a lady who was passing say, 'Smell the sweet thistles; we shall soon have some delicious thistle honey!' So cheer up, my friends; you are both of great use in the world, else you would not be here."

With these words he flew away, leaving the thistles and burdocks a good deal happier for his kindly words.

* * *

OUR STORY.

I am only an old book with faded covers and worn, uneven edges, and I scarcely remember when I was bright and new.

My earliest recollections are of living together with hosts of other books, in the professor's library.

I had been there for years and would likely have been there still—for the professor had no children—had it not been for a young girl, a niece of his who had come to make him a visit. She it was, little Nell, who had taken me down from the high shelf on which I had lain so long.

Nell was fond of reading, and spent most of her time in the library, and one day, while she was hunting for another book, she came across me.

"Folks and Fairies!" she exclaimed, "Oh, good!" and soon was sitting on the floor, eagerly scanning my story titles—"Mini and the Butterfly," "The Fairy Silverwing," "The Silver Penny," "The Tree of Treasures."

Here was a treasure, a book of fairy tales she had never read before, and from then until the end of her visit, Nell and I were very seldom apart. On her return home, her uncle said it would be a pity to separate two such friends, and the consequence was, I was snugly packed, with her other belongings, in Nell's little trunk.

Soon I was in my new home, on a shelf in a bright little bedroom, far different from the professor's sombre library, and many a happy afternoon Nell and I passed in the comfortable branches of an old apple tree.

For a while I had a happy time, but trouble was in store for me. My little owner loaned me to her best friend and playmate, who promised to take good care of me. And she did; she handled me almost as tenderly as my own little Nell, but she had an orphan cousin, who lived with her, a rough, harum-scarum of a girl, who insisted on having instant possession, the moment she spied me.

"Folks and Fairies," that sounds good! Where did you get that book? Let me read it, won't you?"

And now my troubles began. She turned me back to back, wet her fingers when she turned a leaf, threw me down with a bang when she was tired reading, turned down my pages to

keep the place, and in other ways made life miserable for me.

One evening, when she should have been studying her lessons, she was sitting on the edge of the verandah, deep in the mysteries of "Giant Thunderscal," and on hearing her aunt approach, hastily threw me under the verandah and took up a school book.

Here I lay all night, and before morning a horrible rat attacked me and gnawed several leaves.

"One-Eyed Dick" was nearly all gone, and several pages of "The Silver Penny" destroyed. What a terrible night it was!

When my little owner got me back again, many were the tears shed over my altered condition. Like the owner of "Dapple Gray," she vowed never to lend me again, and has kept her resolve.

After several years, I find myself in my present quarters, a cheerful nursery. Nell is now in a home of her own and leads around by the hand another little Nell, to whom I, in time, expect to be as much a companion as I was to her mother, for already in the twilight bedtime, she listens with delight to the oft-told tales read first so long ago by the other little Nell in the professor's library.

* * *

Little Charlie, who had been listening to his auntie's account of a trip to the sea shore, with most intense interest, at last in great earnestness exclaimed, "Aunt Lily, Aunt Lily, I really think the right time to go to the sea shore is when you're young! Now, what would big persons care about getting a crab fastened to their toes?"

* * *

The following letter has been received by the matron of the Children's Aid Society Shelter. It comes from a little girl who was sent by the society to a foster home in the North-west. I am sure our little readers, who are happy in the love of real parents, will be glad that one poor little girl has found so happy a home:

Dear Mrs. Chapman,—I have a lovely home here. We have lots of flowers. I have two little gardens of my own and a little calf. Auntie is going to give me a hen with some chickens. I am going to learn to milk cows. We have five big lakes and we are going to get a boat. I have had a row already. I have a little pup called Toby. We have lots of horses and cows and chickens and ducks and dogs and calves. I am going to Sunday-School to-morrow. My little red cap was not in my parcel. I am going to learn to ride horse-back. I have a little colt of mine. The girl's towel got lost on the train. We have a nice house. I got some little adopted cousins. We are going to a picnic at Pelican Lake, some twelve miles from here, later on in this month. We have a very large farm with lots of trees and wild fruit bushes. There is a swing and a hammock. I have a little baby cousin living with me. I had a lovely time coming up on the train. The conductors were very good to us. They took us off at every restaurant that we came to. Tell me how many children in the shelter that I know. Is Laura there? and is little Johnny still with you? Uncle calls me Foodles. Give my love to Mr. Wotton and the nurses and to you. I remain, your affectionate,

VIOLETT.



NOTES FOR THE COUNCIL.

During these summer months we shall not have many meetings of our Councils to record, but for all that work is being done and preparations are being made for an advance all along the line next winter.

In particular, we are right glad to hear that in many quarters inquiries are being set on foot, with a view of commencing Home Reading Circles a little later on. For example, Halifax has decided to form a Committee for this special object, and Mrs. Archibald, the president, and vice-president for Nova Scotia, is to address a circular letter to all the country newspapers telling them of the scheme and asking them for names of persons in each place willing to act as agents for the Home Reading Circles in their locality.

The Local Council of East Kootenay is also forming a Home Reading Circle at Donald and others are moving in the same direction, which we hope to report later.

We have to announce the receipt of the additional sum of \$214.69 from the Halifax Local Council in aid of the Armenians, making in all the splendid total of over \$2,400, collected for this purpose by that Council.

Vancouver Local Council has also sent \$50 to this fund and both contributions have been duly forwarded through His Excellency, the Governor-General, to the British Committee formed under the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Westminster for the aid of this distressed people.

A full list of the contributions, collected by Local Councils, for this object, will be printed in these columns later on.

We have still a few more items of news to report from Halifax. In the first place we grieve to hear that the accident which happened to Miss Walshe, one of our delegates in Montreal, has resulted in a considerable disablement of her right arm, and we know that all our members will desire to express their hearty sympathy.

Then this Council has had regretfully to accept the resignation of Miss Creighton, its faithful recording-secretary and has appointed Miss Annie Stairs in her stead, and lastly, we understand that it intends to be active in the promotion of branches of the Woman's Art Association and of the Woman's Historical Society.

We have no further formal report from Toronto, but are delighted to hear of the probable formation of a Training School in Domestic Science. More will be said about this shortly and meanwhile we may note that a public meeting is being arranged by the Toronto Local Council at the Pavilion at 3 p.m. on September 9th, at which their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, hope to be present. As His Excellency has a meeting of the Boy's Brigade the same afternoon, he will only be able to look in for a short time.

We have reports of meetings of the Local Councils of Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Regina, and Rat Portage, but the most of these were occupied with the reports of the delegates to the Annual Meeting at Montreal, and the reading of the President's letter, which was printed in these columns.

The London Local Council is also organising a public meeting on September 16th, on the occasion of their Excellencies' visit to the Agricultural Exhibition.

We note with pleasure that the directors of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition received with cordiality the deputation from the Toronto Local Council requesting that there might be some women amongst the members of that Board, and we hope that we shall be able to record the fact that that request has been granted, and that the inclusion of women may prove to have a beneficial influence on some departments of exhibits.

Our secretary at Winnipeg reports that in all probability a Home for girls immigrating to this country will be established there by the generosity of Miss Fowler (daughter of the late Sir Robert Fowler, Lord Mayor of London), who has, we understand, volunteered her services at the Home personally for a time. Under such auspices, the undertaking has every prospect of success in a centre where it is much needed, and the members of our Council who took part in the Immigration Conference at Montreal look forward to co-operating with this new effort heartily.

Lady Reid, the president of the Vancouver Council, has gone to Halifax for rest and change after serious indisposition, and accompanied by her daughter, Miss Reid, the secretary of the Council. Miss Beecher, vice-president, has kindly undertaken to see to all business in their absence.

The Victoria Local Council has appointed Mrs. David Jenkins to act as press reporter on their behalf to these columns.

We wish to remind all Councils that we shall be glad to receive items of interest regarding their work by the 10th of each month. We shall be much obliged if such communications can be sent on separate sheets of paper to those in which other correspondence regarding Council is sent to the President and if such sheet can be labelled, "FOR CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL."

It is with peculiar pleasure that we hear of two events of interest for the Aberdeen Association:

1. A French branch of the Association has been formed at Montreal, which will undertake the duty of forwarding French literature of a healthy character to all French applicants throughout the Dominion. This meets a definitely-felt want.

2. Lord Herschell, the chairman of the Board of the Imperial Institute in Great Britain, and his colleagues have been good enough to respond favourably to the request that the use of a room at the Imperial Institute might be provided for the purpose of receiving literature collected in Great Britain for the Association. The services of one of the clerks at the Institute will also be granted for the arranging and despatching of the parcels for a very moderate charge.

The work of this Association, which sends out monthly parcels of literature to settlers not able to afford the luxury of books and magazines, is ever increasing, and the grateful thanks received from all sorts

of recipients are very touching. Branches now exist at Winnipeg, Halifax, Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Regina, Vancouver, and some seven or eight hundred parcels are sent out monthly by ladies banded together for the purpose in these places.

The Association gives a considerable amount of work to those connected with it and has to be worked with much system and regularity, and the labour involved by the weeding out of the literature sent by friends is by no means inconsiderable. But nevertheless, it fascinates those who undertake it, and the revelation of its helpfulness to the most desirable class of our settlers makes them enthusiastic in its cause. Friends having magazines, books, etc., of a good class, which they can spare, will be greatly helping us if they will forward them to any of the branches above named. Consecutive numbers of good magazines are the most valuable and children's literature is much in demand.

Mrs. W. B. Scarth (office of Aberdeen Association, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa) will always gladly give any further information needed.

We print this month a few hints for the use of those desirous of forming new Local Councils, which we trust may be of service.

It will be remembered that amongst other recommendations made by our Literature Sub-Committee was one to the effect that the formation of school libraries should be encouraged, and in the discussion on the subject the regulations by which school trustees in Ontario could contribute from the school funds for local libraries and books for the same were read. Mrs. Thomson, one of our St. John delegates, mentioned that the New Brunswick Government directly encouraged the formation of libraries in connection with the Public Schools, and she has now provided us with the official report on these libraries and the interesting catalogue of books compiled for the use of school trustees and teachers by the Education Department. We are sure that our members will like to see the extracts which we are able to give them from this report, and hope that it may help them in any efforts they may make towards getting more school libraries established.

The twenty-five cent Council badges seem to continue to give satisfaction; several orders for them have been received.

It will interest our members to know that Miss Teresa Wilson has again undertaken to visit several of the National Councils in Europe on Her Excellency's behalf this season.

HINTS ON HOW TO ORGANISE NEW LOCAL COUNCILS OF WOMEN.

1. Apply to the President, the Countess of Aberdeen, Government House, Ottawa, or to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, 44 Dewson Street, Toronto for copies of the Constitution and Rules and papers bearing on the aims and working of the Council.

2. Distribute these papers to ladies representing the different churches, societies and institutions in the district who would be likely to take an interest in the formation of such an organisation.

3. Invite these ladies to come to a little private meeting to discuss the possibility of forming a Local Council in your district and to have a little friendly talk about it. Be sure you understand the Constitution and the aims of the Council before this meeting or have some one present who does and who will be able to answer questions.

4. If the general feeling of these ladies is favourable to going forward, let a small Provisional Committee be appointed to arrange a public meeting at a suitable date, when the whole subject can be brought before the public, and especially before the members of local societies and institutions connected with women and children.

5. The first duty of this Provisional Committee is to obtain a list of all existing societies, guilds, institutions of all descriptions, schools, clubs, etc., which could be represented on a Women's Council. Then let an invitation be sent to the officers and members of each such organisation to attend the meeting, enclosing papers explaining the work of the Council.

(NOTE.—Sometimes it may be found best to call a preliminary meeting of the presidents and secretaries of all local societies before arranging the public meeting.)

6. Let seats on the platform be reserved, if possible, for the presidents of local societies, and seats in the centre of the hall for members of these societies.

7. Make it quite clear that this is a public meeting and that all ladies and gentlemen will be welcome.

8. Invite the prominent officials of the district, and the leading clergy of all denominations to be present, and provide the platform seats for as many as possible.

9. Let some lady be prepared to explain the aims of the Council, what it really means and what it can accomplish, and let her also be ready to answer any questions. Then two ladies should be prepared to move and second a resolution to the effect "that a Local Council of Women, in affiliation with the National Council of Women of Canada, be formed for the district of —, and that the Constitution and standing orders recommended by the National Council for Local Councils be adopted." This will throw open the question for general discussion.

If the feeling is favourable to the formation of a Council and the resolution is carried, it is advisable that another resolution nominating provisional officers should be proposed, and, with this in view, the ladies responsible for the management of the meeting should have consulted as to which representative ladies would be willing to act in this capacity, and be prepared with a list. Great care should be taken that these ladies should represent the different churches and political parties, and that those chosen for president and secretaries especially should understand and be in earnest about the work.

10. It is generally found desirable to invite some of the prominent gentlemen present to say a few words at some stage of the proceedings, either during the discussion of the resolution or later, as it is most essential that the men in the district should understand the object of the Council from the outset and be willing to co-operate with it. If some of them will join at once as patrons, it will be very helpful in all ways.

11. Before the meeting breaks up the representatives of local societies present should be asked to bring the work of the Council before their Executives, with a view to affiliation, but in addition to this, the first care of the newly appointed officers will be to send a formal announcement of the formation of the Local Council to each society, with an invitation to affiliate. The presidents of all organizations which affiliate become members of the Executive.

12. At such time as the Executive may deem fit, the first regular meeting of the new Local Council will be called, when the appointment of the provisional officers should be confirmed or new ones elected in accordance with the standing orders adopted, and when the secretaries of affiliated societies should be requested to read a short report of the aims and work of each of their societies. It is very desirable that some paper should be read at this meeting on a subject of general interest, indicating some line of work in which all can join for the common good of the neighbourhood. Such common action is the best method of making the Council understood by the public.

13. It is desirable that fixed dates for the meetings of the Executive should be decided upon, and that it should also be agreed that so many general meetings of the Council should be held in the year.

14. A formal notice of the formation of the Local Council, with names of officers appointed and copy of resolution passed, with application for affiliation, should be forwarded by the provisional corresponding secretary to the corresponding secretary of the National Council as soon as possible after the first meeting. The affiliation fee should be sent by the local treasurer to the National Council treasurer as soon as funds may permit.

NOTE.—It is not wise to form a Local Council unless it seems possible to secure the adhesion of representatives of the different sections of the people of the district.

REPORT ON PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARIES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

EDUCATION OFFICE.

FREDERICTON, JAN. 2nd, 1895.

To encourage the establishment of Public School Libraries the Legislature of New Brunswick has enacted as follows:

SECTION 98. Whenever any school district shall raise a sum of money for the purpose of establishing a library, or adding thereto, the Board of Education may grant to it a sum equal to one half the amount so raised, not to exceed twenty dollars in any one year, to be expended in the purchase of books therefor.

And the Board of Education, under the authority granted to it by section 5 (4) of the School Act has made the following regulation for the purpose of carrying out the intention of the Act:

REGULATION 1. *School Libraries*: No book hostile to the Christian religion or of an immoral or sectarian character shall be permitted in the school library. The trustees shall hold school libraries in trust as a part of the school property of the district, and shall make such regulations for the preservation and circulation of the books as they shall deem necessary. A catalogue of the books to be purchased for the district shall be submitted for the approval of the Chief Superin-

tendent. The grant made by the Board of Education under the provisions of sec. 98 shall be paid on the presentation of the invoice of books purchased, and the certificate of the secretary or trustees, as follows:

I hereby certify that the books referred to in the accompanying invoice have been purchased for the School Library of District No. — in the Parish of — in — County, during the present school year.

Sec. of Trustees.

To promote still further the purpose of the Act and to aid trustees and teachers in making a suitable selection of books for school libraries, the Board of Education has authorized the publication of the following catalogue.

Trustees and teachers are at liberty to purchase for their School Libraries approved books not included in this catalogue: but in such cases a list of the books to be purchased shall be submitted to the Chief Superintendent for his approval, in accordance with the provisions of Reg. 34.

The catalogue gives the publishers' retail price of each book. Books may be ordered through any book-seller in New Brunswick at prices not exceeding those given in the list. Discounts from these prices may be obtained in most cases. It is recommended therefore, that before purchasing, a list of the books selected be sent to the book-seller or publisher asking for net prices.

Rules for School Libraries.

The following regulations for the management of school libraries are recommended for adoption by District School trustees. (Unless formally adopted by the Board of Trustees at a regular meeting, the rules in regard to fines shall not be enforced):

1. The principal of the school shall be the librarian and the treasurer of library funds, shall have charge of the library, keep a catalogue of all books in a book to be provided for that purpose, and shall disburse all funds on the order of the Board of District School Trustees.

2. The books shall be covered with stout paper. Each volume shall be numbered on the back of cover. On the inside of the front cover shall be pasted a written or printed label, giving the number of the book, the number of the district and the name of the parish and County. The books shall be kept in a suitable book-case provided by the trustees.

3. Every volume loaned shall be entered by the librarian in a book to be provided for that purpose.

4. No person shall be allowed to have more than one volume at a time, or to retain the same longer than two weeks; nor shall any person who has incurred a fine imposed by these regulations receive a book while such fine remains unpaid.

5. On the return of every book to the library, the librarian shall examine it carefully, to ascertain what injury, if any, has been sustained by it, and shall charge the amount of the fine accordingly.

6. The following fines shall be assessed by the librarian as herein provided:

First. For detaining a book beyond two weeks, five cents per week.

Second. For the loss of a volume, the cost of the book, and if one of a set, an amount sufficient to purchase a new set.

Third. For a leaf of the text torn out or lost, or so soiled as to render it illegible, the cost of the book; and if one of a set, the cost of a new set. In either of the above cases the person paying the fine shall be entitled to the book or set so injured.

Fourth. For any injury beyond ordinary wear an amount proportionate to the injury, to be estimated by the librarian, subject to revision, upon appeal, by the Board of District School trustees.

Fifth. Whenever any book shall not be returned within six weeks from the time it was loaned, it shall be deemed to be lost, and the person so detaining it shall be charged with its cost.

7. All books belonging to the library shall be called in and placed in the book-case during the last week of the term; and no books shall be loaned during vacation.

8. On the 1st Friday of each term, the librarian shall make out in duplicate a statement showing the number of volumes lost during the term, the amount of fines collected, the number and cost of books purchased during the term, and the number of volumes in library at that date, together with such other facts and suggestions concerning the library as may be of interest to the trustees and the rate-payers. The librarian shall send one copy of this report to the secretary of the Board of Trustees, who shall place it on file and carefully preserve it for future reference; the other copy shall be mailed to the Education Office, Fredericton. In case of a librarian leaving a district before the end of a term, he shall before leaving submit to the secretary of trustees of the district and to the Education Office a report as above indicated.

9. It shall be the duty of the teacher, before assuming charge of a school library at any time, to ascertain whether or not the number of volumes in the library and their condition correspond with the last report made to the secretary to trustees and with the librarian's book left by his predecessor. In case of his finding any discrepancy, he shall report the same in writing to the secretary of the Board of Trustees.

J. R. INCH, Chief Sup't Education.

LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF WINNIPEG.

A meeting of the Winnipeg branch of the National Women's Council was held in the city council chamber on Wednesday, July 10th. Mrs. (Judge) Taylor, the president, presided. A meeting of the executive was held, when business arising out of matters submitted at the National Council was transacted. Mrs. (Dr.) Bryce, who was a delegate to Montreal, submitted a report, which is to be read at the autumn meeting.

Mrs. Parker, who attended the National Council at Montreal as a delegate from Winnipeg, read a most interesting report.

LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF RAT PORTAGE, ONT.

The quarterly meeting of the Local Council of Rat Portage was held on July 27th. After the meeting was opened among communications read was one from Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, relative to the badge to be worn by members of the Women's Councils. It was moved and carried that the sample accompanying the letter, which costs twenty-five cents at Birmingham, should be held satisfactory by the Rat Portage Local Council.

Next was read the "Memorandum of the Business transacted at the National Council of Women of Canada, at Montreal, 1896." A resolution of sympathy with the matter contained therein was moved and carried.

It was found advisable to postpone until next meeting a full discussion of Reading Circles to be formed in affiliation with the National Home-Reading Union.

A committee from the Council was appointed to wait upon the Rat Portage Hospital Committee; that as a preliminary in furthering the establishment of an hospital here. The Council then adjourned.

ALICIA ROBINSON, Cor.-Secy.

REGINA LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

A public meeting held last Thursday evening in the town hall under the direction of the local branch of the Women's National Council was interesting in many respects. Mrs. Mackintosh, of Government House, was in the chair, Mrs. Herchermer, the president, being unavoidably absent. The N. W. M. P.'s string band contributed to the evening's enjoyment. The first regular event was the report of Madame Forget, representative of the local branch at the Montreal Convention, along with Mrs. Beneke.

Madame Forget's account of the proceedings at Ottawa was full of life and interest, and left a vivid impression of the importance of the Council and its work on the minds of her audience. Madame Forget pointed out in the course of her address those departments of the work of the Council which bore on the North-west Territories, and expressed the hope that many members of the Regina Council would provide themselves with the Verbatim Report, which would shortly be published.

Mrs. A. Ross, the treasurer, presented the report, which gave a balance on hand of \$347.40.

The town was divided into districts: two ladies were appointed for each district to solicit subscriptions for the hospital fund. They received promises to the amount of \$700, of which \$83 have already been paid. The balance has not been called for, owing to the uncertainty of what assistance the Town Council would agree to give towards the scheme.

We requested from the Town Council \$300 to be paid on completion of building, and \$25 a month towards maintenance. This the Council did not see their way to grant.

Our intention is still to go on and work to attain this laudable object, in the hope the Town Council next year may see their way to accede to our request. We trust the members and patrons will use their influence to that end.

Mrs. Phipps, secretary, read a communication from Maggie A. Nicoll, secretary of the Willing Workers' Mission Band of the Regina Industrial School, desiring affiliation with the Women's Council, and naming Mrs. A. J. McLeod as representative.

A similar application from Sister Gault, matron of the Fort Qu'Appelle Industrial School, and nominating Mrs. Kate Hayes, as representative, was read.

By resolution the two applications were granted.

Mr. J. K. McInnis expressed regret that the attitude of the Town Council towards the hospital scheme had been understood. He entered into detail concerning the matter and assured the ladies that if they persevered in their good work, and continued to augment their funds, there was no doubt that as soon as the financial stringency was relaxed, the scheme would be even more generously entertained than was anticipated by its promoters.

Mr. A. E. Forget, who was also in Montreal at the time of the Convention, and who was present as a spectator at its various proceedings, described some of the features of it very humorously.

The proceedings concluded with the usual votes of thanks to the delegates and the president of the evening.

Isabel Aberdeen



AUGUST is the quietest of quiet seasons in musical circles; and the recent hot wave has proved unusually subduing. To feel like singing with the thermometer in the nineties, one should be more or less than human.

August finds the theatres closed, the concert halls silent, the church choirs slim and dragging. Only the roof garden and the bandstand vocalist endures.

Toronto is especially blest in this respect; inasmuch as not a few American vocalists find our pretty city a cool retreat from their own great Gothams, and throughout the cool, inexpensive watering places of Ontario and Quebec many a sweet-voiced singer enjoys his or her vacation; their whereabouts being only discovered perchance when they good-naturedly contribute to the pleasure of camping party or the al fresco concert of the summer resort.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, of Detroit, has a summer home in South Parkdale; and, in as far as numerous engagements will permit, takes pleasure in Toronto lake breezes. He and his family return to Detroit early in September.

Planquette, the composer of that old-time favourite, dear to the heart of amateur companies, "The Chimes of Normandy," is under engagement to write a new ballet for the Alhambra in London. He has chosen as his subject the legend of Rip Van Winkle. The ballet seems to be booming itself in London just at present. There is talk of Sir Arthur Sullivan and a host of the smaller musical composers turning their attention to this pleasing form of musical composition.

The pianiste had finished dusting the piano keys with his abundant hair, and his fingers hung with languid grace like branches that had not yet recovered from the onslaught of a fierce storm. A throng pressed around him, and told him the pleasant things that make life worth living. The relation from the country was there.

"There's no use in talkin'," he said, "ye done fine."

"Thank you."

"An' I must say that the man that made the pianny deserves praise, too. Ye couldn't pick up an insterment anywhere 'tall thet 'ud stand the pace you put it through."

"Perhaps not."

"I'll never fergit the way ye got yer fingers all twisted up an' then untangled again. It's a sight ter tell the neighbours about, that is."

"I—I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Wall,—I admired it more'n I eng'yed it. There's jest one thing yer order do."

"What's that?"

"Yer order come up to Higginville some time an' git Mirandy Slocum to teach ye 'The Monastery Bells' an' the 'Fisher's Hornpipe.' They take practice, but you could git 'em purty soon, an' then ye'd have a couple o' pieces that was worth layin' yerself out on."

"I've heard of nerve," said a piano dealer, "but the worst case I ever had in my business was that of a man who bought a piano on instalments, and though he has never paid a dollar, threatens to sue me because I refuse to send a tuner for the fourth time within a year."

"Oh, that's nothing," said another dealer. "I have a man on our books who has had a piano two years, and has renewed every note in payment, and who called this morning to know how much we'd allow him for his old piano on a new one to be paid for on the same terms as before."

Patti is said to choose her servants for Craig-y-nos with an eye to their vocal powers rather than their domestic attainments. The castle is always full of company, and as operatic performances in the theatre of the castle are of constant occurrence, Mme. Patti must recruit her troops from the servants' hall. Patti is reported to be such an admirable manager that the double avocations of her servants never clash. She pays them very large wages.

Her little opera house costs her about \$50,000 a year.

Clerk—Mme. Belleanto wishes to endorse our pianos.

Piano man—But she has endorsed them, and she has endorsed all the leading pianos.

Clerk—But she is willing to state that ours is the best piano she has ever endorsed.

A curious story is related in a recent number of the *Musical Times* concerning a Christian Scientist, a locomotive engineer of Kalamazoo, Mich., who asserts that he has learned by Divine communication the secret of making a Stradivarius violin.

He relates that for many years he was a great admirer of violin music, and that he had many times wished that he could be a violin-maker and be able to make a violin like the old Italian masters were able to do. And he made one, he says, and the story of how he did it has been secured from his own lips. While what he says seems almost incredible to non-believers in his doctrine, his truthfulness has never been doubted in anything.

"Believing that I might accomplish this result," said Mr. Potter, "I put myself into communication with the Deity in the almost vain hope that I might gain the secret of the great masters, for I believed it could be accomplished. After repeated efforts, which were fruitless, one day, while earnestly praying that I might gain some knowledge, it was suddenly communicated to me while sitting on the floor. I at once got some pasteboard and shears and right there, directed by the universal mind, I cut out the pattern for the violin," handing the correspondent a beautifully finished instrument.

"No," said he, in a reply to a question, "I never made a violin before, nor did I ever see an instrument made by any of the old masters."

"Soon after making it I showed it to some friends, and I was at once questioned as to where I got the instrument, and, replying that I made it, they wanted to know the source of the pattern. I replied that its origin was in the universal mind, and told them the incident. I had not until this time discovered the fact that my desire had been gratified and that I had turned

out an exact model, in its most minute details, of the instruments made by that famous Italian master, Stradivarius. But later I was privileged to see a production of this famous master, and, upon comparing mine with it, found the two to be identical in every detail.

"Being strengthened by this victory over self, I then longed to be able to master the secret of making the varnish which was used upon these old instruments, and which gave them that tone and finish which was almost unknown to to-day. In this, too, I believe that I have succeeded."

At this Mr. Potter called attention to the finish on the violin, which was certainly beautiful. He exhibited two bottles which contained a quantity of the varnish, of which the method of making, he claims, is a secret with him. He showed a piece of what he said was pure amber, which he claimed was the base of the varnish, but the method of "cutting" the amber he refused to divulge.

"My instruments have been tested by competent musicians," he said, "and are pronounced equal to those of Stradivarius. That one there," pointing to an instrument hanging on the wall, "is well worth \$250."

Another feature noticeable was that by rubbing the varnish used on the violin electricity was generated and sparks easily produced, a feature which Mr. Potter claims is not to be found in the finish of any instrument except those of the old masters. This, he says, is another evidence that he has discovered the finish used by them.

AMATEUR.

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SINCE in these days of decoration no newspaper, book, pamphlet or business card is complete without illustrations in many and varied styles of design, a few words on the subject may not come amiss to those of our readers who are amateur devotees of the pencil in all its whimsical vagaries.

Originality is the first essential for beginners. They should make Nature their one greater teacher, and her handiwork their object lesson. They should remember always to keep their values in light and shade, since almost the whole art of illustration after the conception is the exercise of strength in proportion to intensity, and depth of shadow and relief.

Line or pen work proves the artist's merit to a greater degree than wash or half-tone, as each line in the former is facsimiled in reproduction, whereas in the latter a certain amount is lost, sometimes beyond recognition, much to the distress of the artist. Originally high lights had to be left to the discretion of the engraver's tool; but recently a new medium, albanine, has been found, which photographs white and is a great acquisition to illustrators in half-tone.

In pen work, cross-hatching is to be shunned as much as possible, letting the strokes of the pen have clearness as well as meaning.

When lines are broken and blurred in reproduction, much of it is due to the pen and quality of paper and ink used. Strong sweeping lines which only come with practice are very desirable.

Sketch first in pencil, getting an accurate drawing of the chosen subject, then fill in with ink. Gibson, whose celebrated drawings are known so well, makes a finished pencil sketch before applying his pen; and one sees for one's self with what spirit and expression he infuses his sketches.

The poster craze has broadened this field not a little and in this, most effective illustrations are made with flat washes in black, leaving the white paper for high lights. The original design loses less in reproduction with their strong effects than in any other method of illustration.

It is best to first sketch the figure, afterward putting in the black shadows and working up to the softer ones.

Wash or half-tone sketches are done in many ways, with lamp black, laid on with a water-colour brush; always remembering that the more relief that can be indulged in the better.

Oils are a medium much used for half-tone work, and good results may be secured with a black and white tube, especially in mysterious and evening effects, or smoky camp scenes. It is often preferred to the water-colours.

Photographs may be advantageously embellished by painting out the original background and inserting a suitable and artistic background with the paint brush and the invaluable bottle of white.

The illustrating world of New York has lost a valuable artist in the death of Mr. C. Johnston, one of its well-known illustrators, who achieved so many artistic and dainty things to beautify American magazines. His delightful little cupids and artistic conceptions in illustrative verse are inimitable. Many American illustrators are doing exceptionally strong work; in fact, surpassing their older

competitors in this branch of art. We hope Canada will not be far behind in this respect.

The present poster craze is doing much to encourage the decorative in art. It can hardly be called a new branch of art, as posters were devised by some of the early Italian masters, for pictorial advertising. The spirit of the Japanese dominates the modern poster in boldness and freedom of outline, with suppression of detail. A cleverly designed poster is very attractive; but a poor poster is a poor thing indeed. The success of the poster rests in its power to attract and entertain.

Realism is not an essential of the successful poster. Grotesque distortions and whimsical effects that yet must possess certain artistic qualities of grace and pose, effects that achieve criticism if not admiration—these are essentials of the modern poster.

Mrs. M. H. Holmsted, of Dundas, is engaged working up views of historical points of interest in the neighbourhood of Hamilton. Her work is in connection with the Wentworth Historical Society.

These sketches will be exhibited in Toronto at Roberts' gallery, during the second and third weeks of September.

The mural decorations for the new Congress library at Washington will be very beautiful. Robert Reid, one of the artists selected to assist in this work, has just finished five panels intended to represent the five senses. They are 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, and when mounted will be 35 feet from the floor.

In works of this character, artists usually make use of severely classical figures. Mr. Reid has taken a wide departure from this custom. He evidently sees no reason why a nineteenth century girl cannot exercise her senses as well and as picturesquely as a maid of the time of Homer. He has, therefore, taken for his models very modern and very beautiful New York girls.

In the panel "Hearing," a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, clad in a blue figured silk skirt, with the draperies above the waist so arranged as to reveal most of the bust and all of the bared arms, is sitting on a bank of fleecy blue and white clouds with a shell held to her ear.

Another very good-looking girl of the blonde type, also seated on a cloud bank, represents "Touch." Out of a summer sky, flecked with blue and white and pink clouds, the sunshine lights up her yellow hair. There is an expression of mild surprise on her face as she looks at a butterfly that has just alighted on one of her arms. Until the coming of the butterfly the girl's attention had been entirely taken up with a great hound lying behind her.

The lap of the maid who typifies the sense of smell is heaped up with roses and lilies, and out of the mass of flowers she has picked out a great white rose, which she is holding to her nose. The expression of the face indicates that the girl would rather sit on a bank of blue clouds, inhaling the fragrance of a rose, than do anything else she knows of.

A happy inspiration came to the artist when he gave form and shape to the sense of sight. A young girl in a light green gown, which blends well with the pale blue of the cloud she sits on, is looking at her pleasing personality in a mirror which she holds before her.

The only brunette in the group is the girl who illustrates the sense of taste. She is in a gown of purple silk, figured with white flowers. She is holding a vessel to her lips.

In the execution of his commission, Mr. Reid has striven for simplicity and to have the panels convey the idea that they are simply mural decorations.

BLACK AND WHITE.

MONTRÉAL NOTES.

Your Montreal readers observed with pleasure the excellent cut of the medal which appeared in the columns of the August number as having been awarded to successful competitors at the Chicago Exhibition in '93. All Canadians take pride in the success of their artists, at home or abroad, but in the higher fine arts, Montreal in particular is proud of its artists and especially its lady artists. They will be pleased to know that Miss Sarah B. Holden—whose pictures have always been a source of delight to us—has received her medal and diploma for her successful exhibit in the Department of Fine Arts at the great Chicago Exhibition.

It is worthy of note that Miss Holden is the only young lady among the professionals in Canada to receive this diploma and award. We find in the official publication the following names of Canadian artists to receive the award, viz.: J. A. Fraser, G. A. Reed, F. C. U. Ede, Sarah B. Holden, Robert Harris.

Visitors to the fine arts building will remember Canada's little section containing 196 pictures; a mere drop in the bucket amongst the thousands of all that was great and noble in art. Canadians will be glad to know how well we held our own, and the women especially, that one of our successful ones was of their number.

Miss Holden's pictures were three in number; one, a portrait, also "A Brittany Interior" and "To His Taste." This last a Salon picture.

We had the pleasure a short time ago of viewing the work executed by the pupils in connection with the classes of the Art Association during the past winter. The stages of progress acquired reflected great credit upon master and pupils alike. These classes are in charge of Mr. Wm. Brymner, and the advantage of class work here, amid refined surroundings, should be more freely emphasised. The Life class scholarship was awarded to Miss Ethel Arnton, whose work breathed earnest endeavour, and with the two years' tuition accorded to scholarships she will, no doubt, prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of artists. Miss Pauline Lounsend and Miss Fitzgibbon followed close upon the winner, and received honourable mention. In the Antique class, the highest position was awarded to Master Zolique H. Fabien, quite a youthful artist, and one who is sure to be heard from in the future, as many others of his race in the art world before him have been.

We note with pleasure that our already excellent high school is to be advanced a step further in the interest of art. We know of nothing so favourable to the fostering of art in any country as the teaching of colour in its primary uses and stages to the young. These stages of study have been so arranged as to come in their simplest forms within the scope of the 'tots' in the kindergarten. The intention is to commence first of all with the junior classes, and when school opens again this fall the pupils of these classes will each be provided with color tablets and paint boxes. Later, or so soon as success is promised, colour will also be introduced into the senior classes, and will continue to advance until the art of sketching from nature is reached. The arrangement of these details is under the clever management of Mrs. Simister who has given much time and attention to this work as carried on in the schools of other countries. For some time past Mrs. Simister has conducted classes in the art of wall-paper and oil-cloth designing, and with so much success that many of the executed designs have been accepted and purchased by wall-paper manufacturers.

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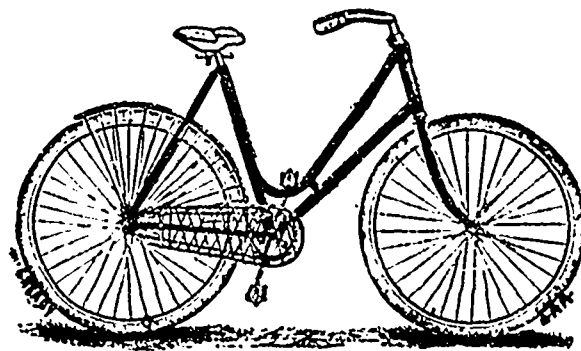
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"Just a little better than the best."



The **McCready**

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

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.

The **R. A. McCREADY CO., Ltd.**

TEMPORARY PREMISES:
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Have removed to the commodious premises, 61 King St. East opposite Toronto Street. Our importations of Carpets, Linoleums Furniture Coverings, Draping Materials and Curtains are the choicest that could be had among the best manufacturers in Europe and America.

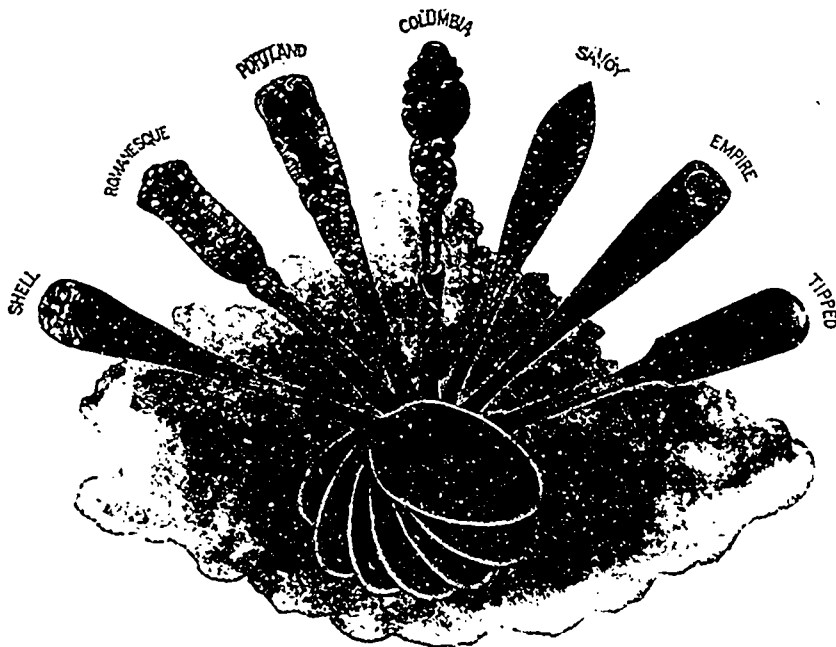
Special prices for Church Carpets and Seat Upholstering

It will be to your advantage to inspect our stock.

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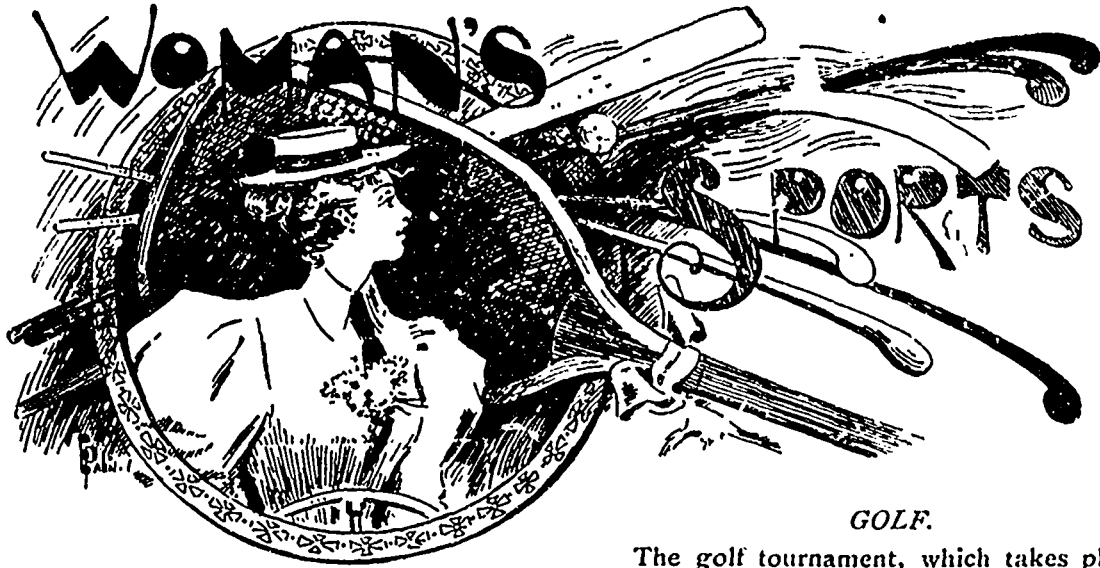
"Silverplate that Wears."



Meriden Britannia Co.,

MERIDEN, CONN.

HAMILTON, ONT.



ON THE WHEEL.

A FAIR CYCLER.

See her spin down the street,
Natty from head to feet,
Saucy, bewitching, sweet,
Gay as a linnnet!
By all the gods! but I'd
Mightily like to ride
By that fair cyclist's side
Just for a minute!

Ah! what nymphean grace!
What a pose! what a pace!
Surely, were she to race,
She could win medals!
Gown trim, yet flowing free,
Hat what a hat should be,
Boots pressing prettily
Down on the pedals.

Presto! the vision's gone,
Passed like the blush of dawn!
Seem from the scene withdrawn
Love, light, and laughter.
Bless me! how glum I feel!
By Jove! I'll get my wheel,
Mount in a trice, and steal
Speedily after!

A PAPER chase on bicycles is a novel idea for a wheeling party. The leader makes a good start, dropping the little bits of paper as he goes, doubling, crossing whenever he can, to elude his pursuers, who follow the trail until he is within hail.

Since the success achieved by the bicycle gymkhana at Niagara, this form of entertainment is likely to become popular. People who have travelled over in India inform their friends that the gymkhana was originally a military institution intended to test the skill at arms of the native troops. In time it came to be an athletic meeting, with a few military features thrown in—such as tilting at the ring, tent pegging and the like. But the bicycle gymkhana is different from either of those forms. In its application to bicycles, the gymkhana has degenerated in the comic side of sport, and is little more or less than a series of absurd events in which fun, and not real exertion or tests of strength and skill, is the chief object. The bicycle gymkhana brings such things as bill-posting races, 'egg and spoon,' 'cup of tea' and 'parasol' races, slow races, musical rides and other nonsensical things of the sort. But even if such events are nonsensical, they are not necessarily unentertaining. On the contrary, they are said to be highly enjoyable to both participants and spectators.

The hot August weather has checked the enthusiasm of all except the most ardent wheel-women, but with the incoming of September, it will receive a fresh impetus, and long country rides will be the most popular form of social activity.

GOLF.

The golf tournament, which takes place at Niagara, opening on Sept. 2nd, and continues until the 5th, is exciting much interest. Mr. Hiram Walker is presenting a handsome silver cup as first prize for ladies' competition. The same gentleman will also give two medals for amateur and professional champions respectively. The design of the medals is a handsome carnelian centre surrounded by heavy gold band, with inscription on the reverse side.

Full particulars of the issue of this match will be given in our next number.

Golf is rapidly developing a peculiar symptom among some of its devotees, which, for the lack of a better name, may be called 'the golf eye.' It is a peculiar and perhaps unclassified form of disease, if indeed it can be called a disease, and may exist at any period of a golf player's career. In brief, it is the faculty of seeing an object without having the eye communicate the fact to the brain.

Take any golf course in the country and let a person walk around it, keeping within the playing bounds of the links. Without making any perceptible efforts at searching, the chances are that the pedestrian will be able to pick up several golf balls. Those balls have been lost during play, and have occasioned the loss of no end of time and temper to the players and caddies who have searched industriously for them. The chances are that each golfer who lost a ball saw the exact spot where it dropped and that his forerunning caddy was within a distance of 50 feet of it when it struck the ground. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, a perfect stranger to the location of the ball may walk around two days after it was lost and without a search see the ball revealed to his eyes at the very place the golfer and his caddies had tramped up and down in rain for 15 minutes.

Golf or 'goff,' as a Scotch friend of mine declares it should be correctly pronounced, shows a girl's disposition as no other game can do. The temptations to exasperation are many. A mishit, or to have your ball obstructed by sandhill or bunker, incites to anger that is hearty if not healthy. A girl wants to count that restraining 'ten' many times during the progress of the game; or let the quiet stamp of her foot become her safety valve.

OTHER SPORTS.

On Tuesday, 25th ult., the tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake opened. It continued until the 29th and closed with a hop at the Queen's Royal hotel.

The Country and Hunt Club has arranged with the O. J. C. Executive to give a fall race meeting on the Woodbine course on Saturday, September 26th; Wednesday, September 30th, and Saturday, October 3rd. A good programme

will be drawn up at once, and some excellent sport may be looked for under the active energies of the Hunt Club committee.

More entries were received this year for the Island amateur sports entertainment, especially in the double (ladies' and gentleman's) canoe races, than in any former season. This is probably due to the fact that the water in the lagoon is higher, and the course much improved. The stands were as usual prettily decorated; and the large new stand was especially serviceable.

The gymnasium classes in connection with the Y. W. C. Guild will reorganise early in September under a new teacher, Miss Browne. A medical examination of the incoming pupils will be conducted by Dr. J. Palmer, before permitting them to practise, in order to guard against injurious effects. These classes are open to all young women at the reasonable fee of \$1 for the season.

Professor Goldwin Smith should include this young lady among his "new women who demand suffrage":

Jessie Findley is the champion girl cowboy of the west. She is only 17 years old, but as a horse-breaker she has no rivals among her own sex, and but few among the sterner sex. She is a product of Oklahoma. She has lived an outdoor life always, and the broncho does not buck that she fears to tackle.

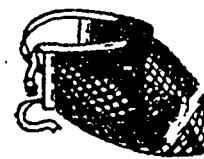
On one occasion she rode 250 miles in five days, and wore out the men who accompanied her. At another time she rode her pony into the north Canadian river when it was bank full, and swam across. No one of her male companions dared to follow her lead. She has great success in taming bucking ponies which male owners can do nothing with. She seems to have a hypnotic influence over them they cannot resist.

AMATEUR.

BRAIDED WIRE

HIP PADS, BUST FORMS, SLEEVE DISTENDERS

Are Light and Graceful, and meet the requirements of the new Spring Styles



Empire Skirt Cushion.

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

THE COMBINATION HIP BUSTLE gives graceful fullness over the hips and in back of skirt. It is not only very stylish, but it renders admir-

able service by relieving the weight of the full skirt now worn. Price, 75 cents.

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

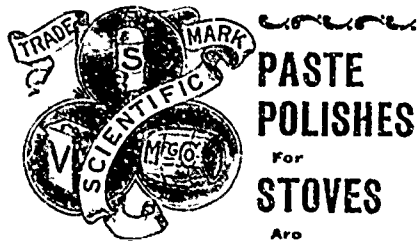


THE NEW "HYGEIA" BUST FORMS are light as a feather, perfect in shape, adjustable, comfortable, non-heating. Cannot injure health or retard development. Tastefully covered, so that the Forms can be removed and the covering washed. Price, 50 cents.

For sale by leading stores, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

BRUSH & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Mention the Home Journal.



PASTE POLISHES For STOVES

All the Rage.

They are taking the place of the old-fashioned dome leads...

NO DUST! NO DIRT!

And instead of a dull grey shine you get an intense...

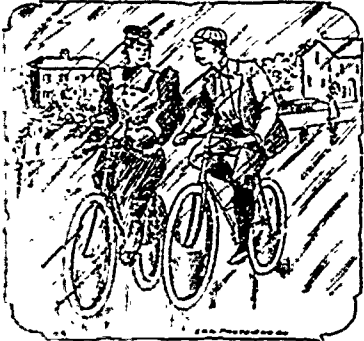
Black and Quick Shine.

USE

"Scientific"

'TIS THE BEST.

INSIST ON GETTING IT FROM YOUR GROCER.



27 CENTS

MAIL ORDERS

Send above amount and receive by return mail one package of

ROUGH ON RAIN

The only preparation which will effectually render ordinary clothing rainproof. Full directions on each package

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The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada...

THE BASSINETTE INFANTS' OUTFITS

Silk and Muslin Hats, Caps, in Latest Styles, also Ferris Good Sense Corset Waists.

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and want to have the same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and well paid. This is not a deception. I want to help you and will gladly send full particulars FREE to you. Write to: Mrs. E. L. Robbins, Warren, Mich.

ENTERPRISING YOUTH.

The case of five youthful dime-novel warriors, who on a recent August days tarted out to do valiant battle with 'Indians' in Brooklyn suburbs, is amusingly told by the York Sun thus:

The thanks of the United States Government are due to Policeman Woodruff, of the Twenty-third sub-precinct of Brooklyn. But for him the race of Indians undoubtedly would have vanished from the face of the earth within a very brief period.

The party started West on Tuesday. They were scouts, and they went all the way to the trolley car on tiptoe. With them they took canned provisions, bean shooters, and some old canvas for a tent.

All went merrily at first. The warrior band, with the deadly bean shooters in readiness, scoured the boundless villa plots for the foe, whether in the form of the hideous red-skin or of the ferocious grizzly, and almost scared the senses out of two little girls who were picking black raspberries in a thicket by the roadside.

"The dusky foe is before us! Forward and spare them not."

Being swift of foot, the little girls escaped into civilisation, leaving their berries as booty for the conquerors. This added to the prospects for the evening meal, but meat was still lacking.

"Never mind, me men," said Jimmy McGown. "Two days' journey toward the settin' sun an' we will have grizzly bears to burn."

That night there was some doubt in the minds of part of the band whether a surplus of grizzly bear wasn't loose in the neighbourhood, for a deep-voiced roar shook the darkness.

"What's that?" asked a tremulous voice from a corner of the tent.

"That?" said the intrepid leader. "Why, that's a-a-a squirrel or somethin'."

"I don't like it," said the tremulous voice.

"I want to go home," quavered another voice.

"Hounds!" shouted Jimmy, finding courage in his disdain of the others' cowardice. "Stir not a step or my bullet shall piece yer hearts."

Then dropping into the vernacular, he added:

"I'll lick the stuffin' out of the first lad that makes any breaks about skinnin' out."

Meantime the roar, which was that of the bull seen in the afternoon, recurred at frequent intervals, and was unpleasantly punctuated by the sniffling of the smallest boy of the party, who was as much afraid to stay as to go.

"We ought have some birds to take along before we start on West, so's we'll have plenty to eat," said the leader.

But the birds were wary, and barring a frog, which Buck Newman killed with a stick, no game fell to them.

"This sundown we perced on our way," he said, "and we shall soon see the peaks of the Rockies. But first I will go out on a scout to see if the trail is clear."

The trail was the road near which they had camped. Cautiously Jimmy McGown made his way to the road and stretched himself in concealment beneath a tree.

"He comes!" cried Jimmy loudly. "Now, let him beware this warning," and he fired a shot from his revolver into the air.

Mounted Policeman Woodruff hove in sight and located Jimmy by the smoke.

"What are you shooting at?" he demanded.

"I-i-ndians," graped Jimmy.

"Come up here into the road," ordered the policeman.

"Please, I-I-I-I didn't mean no harm," said the valiant leader of the band, coming up with trembling knees.

"What are you doing here, any way?" "Campin' out," said Jimmy.

"This plea was of no avail, however. The boy was taken to the station house, where he told the whole story.

Word was sent to Jimmy's parents, who live at 84 Dean Street, and he was taken home. He promised never to go out slaughtering again.

This was the wiping out of the aborigines prevented.

PRAISE OF THE CLEVELAND.

No more important topics occupy the English editorial space in the columns of the English cycle publications than the invasion of Britain by the American manufacturers. Every week the papers comment either favourably or adversely on the product of some United States maker who has introduced into England a consignment of his wares.

"If American manufacturers can make a machine which will suit the requirements of the British public in fittings and design, and which is, as some of our contemporaries would appear to assert, superior in construction and finish to anything else, why, then, the British manufacturer will have to take a back seat. But it is not fair to assume off-hand that such is the case, or is going to be the case.

DE MINIMIS.

So small are her feet, the glassy shoe Of Cinderella would hold the two. So light are her hands, they could unite The spider's tremulous tapestry. And her heart is both so light and small That it is hardly a heart at all.

The Leading Dress Stay OF CANADA.



All merchants sell dress stays. Ladies everywhere use them.

EVER-READY DRESS STAYS

Are the BEST dress stays MADE.

Nearly all merchants sell, and all ladies who know a good article

Use EVER-READY DRESS STAYS. DO YOU?

WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM TAILOR SYSTEM

OF CUTTING LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS

The simplest and most complete and satisfactory system. Froctrial. Taught personally or by mail.

Agents Wanted W. SPAULDING, GEN. AGENT FOR CANADA 278 EUCLID AVENUE, TORONTO

THE LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY.

18 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

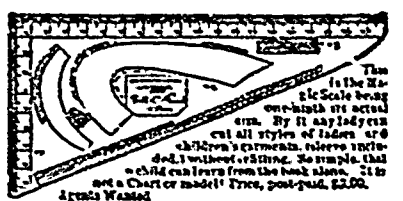
Begin to announce that they are prepared to take orders for making

Ladies' Silk Waists, Print Blouses, Children's Frocks, Fine Underwear, Infants' Layettes, etc.

And solicit your esteemed patronage.

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

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE



MISS K. C. MACDONALD 4 1/2 Shuter St., Toronto General Agent for Ontario.

Whooping Cough Cure.

THOMPSON'S SPECIFIC.

It never fails, cures taken, acts promptly and restores quickly. Hundreds cured by it in Toronto. Order through your druggist. Price 50c.

D. L. THOMPSON, Homoeopathic Pharmacist, 394 Yonge St Send for Pamphlet. TORONTO.



THE KENSINGTON DAIRY
Tel. 3901 453 Yonge St., Toronto
Headquarters for Fine Dairy Products.
Specialties:
Milk, Cream and Ice Cream.
Order a trial bottle of Park Farm Milk.

The Kensington Dairy Co., the leading dairy establishment of Toronto, will give all their customers an order which entitles them to a year's subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL on buying \$5 worth of milk or cream tickets.

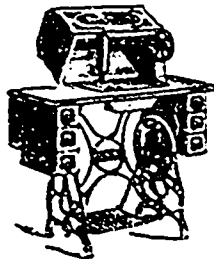


CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ladies who are acknowledged leaders in society and admired for their tastefully arranged Toilet all use **PEACH BLOOM SKIN FOOD**.

It removes Blotches, 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. Simco and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.**

MY MAMMA USES
CLAUSS SHEARS AND SCISSORS,
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
CLAUSS SHEAR CO. TORONTO.



RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE

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 Dr. p Cabinet before buying.

Toronto Agency,
256 YONGE ST.

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 hasten the Nipples, use GOVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose the stamps to C. I. GOVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Beary and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

Answers to Correspondents

FASHIONS.

RETA—(1) The crepons in best quality (pure silk) are still worn. They are very expensive and not likely either to go entirely out or to become common. The cheap quality crepon—an inartistic thing—is not to be seen.

(2) The plaid belt is very pretty, and promises to be the fall fashion. It should be of pure silk.

AMATEUR.—Make your skirt close-fitting about the hips; it may be of average width at the bottom, but the tendency is toward sheath skirts.

MRS. E. C.—The present sleeve is close-fitting to the elbow, and full draped at the shoulder. But the draping is perfectly soft and drooping. The bishop sleeve is still much worn. It has a certain artistic grace; but requires care to prevent this degenerating into slovenly effects.

NEW WHEELWOMAN.—You had better take a medium length skirt, say about eight inches from the ground. This, since you are living in Canada, where, in spite of their dowdy effect, long skirts continue on the border I should emphatically suggest a shorter skirt. But it is not desirable to be conspicuous.

SEAMSTRESS.—Whata nice old-fashioned name you have chosen. We have quite lost our seamstresses in 'modistes,' 'costumiers' and other awesome folk. It is difficult to say at this early date just what kind of dress material will be the most fashionable. I had a real advance hint this month that the manufacturers are getting lovely broadcloths ready. But risking a trifle, and with the little prophecies that have come to me, I should suggest a pretty dark grey, brown or navy blueskirt, of boucle or broadcloth material; a plaid silk blouse in bright colours, and a jaunty Norfolk or Eton coat to match the skirt. Such a suit of good material and well made should carry you through into December, especially if you add a little fur trimming—which is going to be worn—about the first of November.

CARLETON JUNCTION.—You gave me no name, so I take your post-office address. I'm afraid I can hardly discuss the ethics of 'bargain days' in this column. Some-one has to suffer for these sales under cost, I suppose. If by refusing to purchase, you or I could correct the wrong, why then our course would be clear. But I am not sure that this would be the case. I imagine the root of the evil is over-production; and that is a phase of the labour question too stupendous for you or me to handle. But the fact remains that some splendid bargains are to be had on 'bargain days,' and in as far as I know, the big stores keep their advertised word in prices.

JESSIE K.—We do not usually undertake to do these things, but if you send a small sample we will find out where the best 'match' in colour may be obtained; also the width and price, so that you may order. Enclose stamp for reply.

HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. W. K. Merriton.—The household page contains this month the latest hints and recipes concerning fruit canning and preserving. Very often the failure in keeping fruit is the fault of the fruit itself and not of the method used. The same recipe followed two successive years may produce quite different results, because of the difference in the fruit. In 'putting down' fruit, housekeepers should first look well to its quality, flavour and degree of ripeness.

A DISGUSTED WOMAN.—Try white of egg and quicksilver. Apply with tip of

feather. Make the application daily, in every crevice, for a while. They are hard to get rid of; but you must persevere—or move.

I have discovered this season that the odor of carbolic acid balls, used to put in the clothes closet among furs and flannels, acts as a wholesome deterrent of mosquitoes, flies or any insect. My bedroom, which is very light, has been perfectly free of flies on account of the slight odor coming from one or two of these balls lying exposed on the closet shelf. Some people may prefer the flies to the odor of the balls, but I do not.

BOOKS.

A. F. J.—I do not know. Write to the magazine in question. *The Editor*—a small monthly published in Franklin, Ohio,—would give you much useful information concerning the standing of newspapers and magazines that accept and pay for contributions.

JESSIE F.—The author of "The First Violin" died several years ago. The name is Jessie Fothergill. It is the best 'musical novel' I have read. I shall be glad to know of any other.

A BUSY WOMAN.—I know of no better magazines for your general reading than *Review of Reviews* and *Current Literature*. The first gives a comprehensive outlook into practical current events of the world. The second is a readable selection of cullings from the day's literature, scientific, religious and fictional. These magazines are monthly.

C. B.—Type-written if a story or sketch. If you are sending brief paragraphs, news items or jokes, they will be just as readily accepted if written clearly with a pen.

ART.

We acknowledge the following kind words from M. H., who writes concerning the poem, 'Sweet Pea Blossoms,' which appeared in the August number. "Your 'Sweet Pea' maidens were charming illustrations of the pretty poem. I shall never again see sweet peas without thinking of it. I consider poem and illustration simply perfect, and am delighted with it."

A LITERARY SOLUTION.

We stood in the bookstore together,
She chatted of this and of that;
My heart kept the time with the feather
That clung to her Gainsborough hat.
On Stevenson, Stockton, and Kipling,
And poets galore she enthused;
But how to propose to her, rippling
With music and laughter, I mused.

On this one and that one she tarried
To label their place on the shelf:
"This How to Be Happy Though Married,
Absurd!" and I thought so myself.
"But those who have tried it may surely
Be trusted to know," I replied.
"I tell you," she said, "it is purely
The tone of the age to deride."

"The task for solution," I ventured,
"Is, how to be married, though poor;"
I know that I ought to be censured
She looking so sweet and demure;
Her voice was so low, 'twas the border
Of thought where it breaks into word:
"We might," she said, "solve this, in order
To prove that the book is absurd."

MENNEN'S DORA ED TALCUM TOILET PODER
APPROVED BY HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS A PERFECT SANITARY TOILET PREPARATION For Infants and Adults.
Delightful after Shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples, marks the Skin Smooth and Healthy. Take No Substitutes. Sold by Druggists, or mailed for 25 Cents.
Sample Mailed FREE!
(Name this paper)
CERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Smart Millinery...

Latest and Prettiest Novelties
First Floor. Ascend by elevator.
Miss Paynter French and English Millinery...
7 King Street East, TORONTO, Ont.

Coal and Wood CONGER COAL CO. LTD.
BEST
6 King St. East Branches Throughout City

FASHIONABLE Dresses



Gowns, Blouses, Silk Under-skirts, Bicycle and Riding Costumes.

MISS K. BARBER,
3 KING STREET E.

Over Ellis' Jewellers Store.
Call and inspect the latest fashions.

ASK YOUR MUSIC DEALER FOR THE NEW AND PRETTY SONG
 "Fair Canada."
 Price, 25c. Published by
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,
 158 Yonge Street, TORONTO.



PEERLESS BEAUTY

Can there be anything more exquisite 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

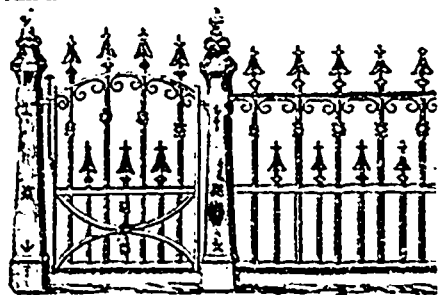
DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS, and

FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

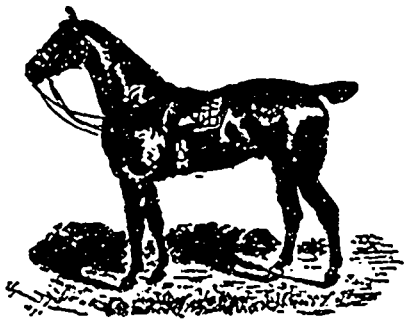
These world-famous Safe Arsenic Complexion Waters and Soap are Wonderful Purifying Agents, and Guaranteed to remove Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Wrinkles, Blotches, Muddiness and Every Trace of Beauty-mararring Defects; they give the Plainest Features a complexion which is a Perfect Dream of loveliness. For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

WAFERS, 50c. and 5c. six large boxes, \$6. SOAP, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, 144 Y. nge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Protect and beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 77 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building). JOSEPH LEA, Manager.



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We always have on hand a large number of first-class Horses, including well-matched pairs, both in the Carriage and Cob classes. We have largest stock in Canada to select from.

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A Wonderful Invention

LADIES are respectfully invited to send for circular describing the wonderful curative properties of

Dr. J. T. Petit's

PATENT Electric Battery

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.

ONTARIO SUPPLY CO., Agents for Canada
 77 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

GET YOUR SPECTACLES

Telescopes, Microscopes and Opera Glasses from a strictly optical institute

"My Optician," 159 Yonge St.

WITH OUR GIRLS

There is a good deal of nonsense talked in the present day about the up-to-date girl, the modern woman, the new woman. Just a few minutes ago, I laid down a recently published book in which the author, taking two sweet elderly Scotch country women as his types, says:

"And as I think on these things which are known to me and listen to the clamour we hear of the 'new woman' and her rights and privileges, I wonder much that women are so blind. For the 'old women,' of which these are the types, exercise rights which are divine, and have secured to them privileges which the angels about the throne might envy. And I pray that when this empty clamour shall have died down, our women will return to the simpler life, and be, as aforetime, ministering spirits to the many who need their sweet ministry; faithful servants, whom, when the Lord cometh, he shall find watching."

Now, you and I are aware that while this is a very pretty sentiment, it means nothing, and amounts to nothing. We are quite conscious that the writer (he is a man, of course) has never met a new woman, but has gained the conception of some curious anomaly such as is pictured in floating scrap or 'fill-in' to be found in every journal of the day.

Let us put together this 'new woman' as these dear stupid men conceive her. She is a bicyclist, a bloomerite, a pugilist, an Amazonian, a circus clown. She is a doctor, a minister, a lawyer. She goes to the university; she takes degrees. Occasionally she comes out senior wrangler. She wants to vote; she believes in clubs. She keeps bachelor hall. She has a latch key. She adores bargain day. She dresses well and has opinions of her own, and if she likes a man, she manages to let him know it.

That is all we remember just now, and every one of these 'features' are taken from high class journals, or the sober lips of sober men; so, although presenting a curious anomaly, we must perforce accept them as truth.

Now, imagine a circus clown demanding woman suffrage, or a pugilist taking a university course,—yet each of these are given as attributes of this impalpable hybrid—the new woman.

You have never seen her, nor have I. Women—athletic, bookish, thoughtful, flighty, fast, mannish, weak, strong, intellectual, spiritual, commanding or retiring, these we have met and meet every day; but they are the old, old women, and there is nothing new about them save the environment to which they are so cleverly adapting themselves.

If the writer of our opening quotation were to place his two dear country Scotchwomen of fifty years ago in the centre of the busy city life of to-day, how would they suit their surroundings?

He would be the first to hasten them back to their own humble

duties and quiet hills, and to turn relievedly to the woman of to-day.

It is little wonder that girls grow weary of the continual caption and misrepresentation to which the daughter of to-day is subjected. They know that of a truth they are God's women, full as womanly as that first Eve. They realise that the conditions of life are complex, that the onward march has been taken in big strides during the past quarter century, and, if in endeavouring to keep pace, they have stumbled a little, or their step has been irregular, surely the men who walk beside them should not cavil nor condemn.

The girl of to-day is filling to-day's needs. She knows that she is not strong-minded in the sense of being mannish,—but educated. She is not fast, but free; not sentimental, but sensible. She is simply adapting herself to changing conditions and her individual circumstance.

These dear 'ministering spirits' which men affect to admire and love so well, may they not be found in thousands and tens of thousands among the women of to-day? And if the ministering be done a trifle more intelligently because of the preparatory education, is that a matter for regret? Is it evil that nurses, women doctors, teachers and mothers should have training and scientific knowledge for their duties?

As for love,—ah, well, you and I know that which men do not understand,—that neither education nor wealth nor fame nor all the adverse influences of modern social life shall be strong enough to separate a woman from a man she loves.

And if she does not love,—or, loving, misses him,—then surely if the 'new' conditions enable her to live her life alone in comfortable self-support, and intellectual fulness,—all hail to the new woman.

MARY S. PEARSON.

COCA AND ITS USES.

We are wont to associate this new drug of marvellous medicinal properties with the grateful beverage of the breakfast table, but they are quite different in source and in properties. Coca is a most beneficial gift to the sick and suffering, as is attested by its rapid rise in estimation and the reliance now placed upon it by the most eminent practitioners in Europe and America.

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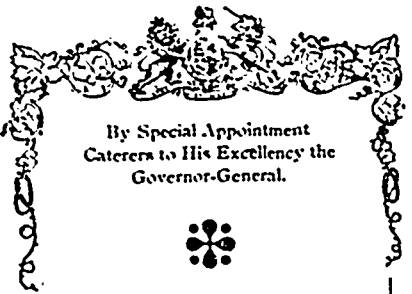
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In Merry Mood

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

The women have many faults,
The men have only two.
There's nothing right they say,
There's nothing right they do;
But if the men do nothing right,
Say nothing that is true;
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do!

They were engaged. She came to him,
With eyes that glowed as hot as Hades,
And said, with angry look and grin,
"I'm told, sir, you have kissed two ladies!"

"Why, darling, how absurd you rage!"
He, laughing, cried, "'Twas but in fun;
Together add both maidens' age,
'Twould not amount to twenty-one."

Her anger soon was laughed away;
She only thought of ten and eleven;
Her eyes again shone bright as day,
Reflecting there the lover's heaven.

O rogue! Though what you said was true,
She did not know the truths between,
That one of them was only two,
The other temptress—sweet nineteen.

JUST BACK FROM TOWN.

Old friends allus is the best.
Halest-like and heartiest;
Knewed us first, and don't allow
We're so blame much better now!
They was standin' at the bars
When we grabbed "the kivered kyars"
And lit out fer town to make
Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went
Into, beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we'd make there
Would beat any anywhere!
And they do—fer that's their biz:
They beat all the friends they is—
'Cept the raal old friends like you
'At staid home, like I'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit
I ain't shet of, is to quit
Business, and gi' back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here—
These old friends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!
Here's a feller come from town
Wants that air old fiddle down
From the chimby! Git the floor
'Cleared fer one cawtillion more!
It's poke the kitchen fire, says he,
And shake a friendly leg with me!

SAVED BY A MOTTO.

With skilful steering through the dancers
thick,
A flash of eager import in his eye,
A youth of modern mould his way doth
pick,
Nor pauses as fair faces pass him by.

Unto his breast he clasps a treasure-trove,
And onward sails to find the maid he
seeks.
At length he stands before her, though, by
Jove!
His brow with perspiration fairly reeks.

Now, to restore the circlet she has lost
Seemed simple when he first the thing
espied;
But when he comes the lady to accost,
The difficulty cannot be denied.

A bright idea then to the youth occurs
(He speaks the subtle tongue of La
Belle France);
So, with a smile of triumph, he avers:
"You've dropped your *Honi soit qui mal
y pense.*"

HIS LONGING.

I'm a-goin' back to the country; I'm sick o'
this derved old town;
It's a reggeler flyin' Dutchman, a-whirlin'
aroun' an' aroun'.
I'd as lief be locked in a prison an' workin'
away in a cell;
I don't say farms is heaven, but a city is
most'ly hell.

Death is the food an' water, an' nary a
soul to care;
Death on the streets an' crossin's, an'
death in the cussid air;
Why, blamed if the men an' women draw
hardly a quiet breath,
Fer broodin' over the city is the black-
faced angel o' death.

I want to git out in the country an' set on
the ole side porch.
Long of a Sunday mornin', when folks is
goin' to church,
An' hear the waggins a-creakin' along the
dusty roads,
Filled to the backs with children—the
ginooine Sunday loads;

A-settin' there in the sunshine an' smokin'
away like a Turk,
An' up in the furdest corner a-watchin' the
wasps at work,
An' squintin' 'cross to the orchard where
apples is goin' to waste,
A sizin' up the biggest an' wonderin' how
they'd taste;

A-thinkin' about the winter an' the girls an'
the cider-press
An' hick'ry nuts an' apples, an' the rest of
it—well, I guess!
You kin talk of your life in a palace, in the
city or out to sea,
But if you would like to get livin', come out
on the farm with me.

Ar' I'll make you waller in clover till you've
clean forgot the choke
Of the dust of your tarnal city an' its
hangin' clouds o'smoke;
An' I'll take you out to the pasture an'
show you a chunk of sky
That you needn't be feared of lookin' at
fer a cinder in your eye.

So come with me to the homestead an' rest
your heart an' eyes,
An' git your fill of o' chicken an' doughnuts
an' apple-pies.
I'm dyin' to see a river as clear as a pane
o' glass—
I'm like old Nebbykudnezzet, so turn me
out to grass.

AT THE BALL.

A silken cord upon her arm,
So soft and round and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance,
The ball has just begun:
But some one's taken every dance—
She might have saved me one.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That waltzes seven some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite.
But as I turn I hear her say:
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispered: "Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while—
That D was meant for U."

TETE-A-TETE.

"If you were me and I were you,
Just tell me now what you would do
"If I were you and you were me,
I think that I your wife would be."

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THE STANDARD FUEL CO.
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**THE GIRL WITH
 THE BEAUTIFUL FACE.**

(Continued from page 6.)

"Then you will be interested
 in these photos," said I, taking out
 my wallet and producing several
 unmounted proofs. Among these
 was a flashlight of the fancy ball,
 and Marian had a good position in
 it, and came out splendidly in the
 Grecian gown.

He flushed crimson when he saw it.

"You seem to be having a jolly
 time," he said. "That is you stand-
 ing behind Miss Kingsley, is it
 not?"

"Yes," I answered. "Do you
 notice the slight resemblance be-
 tween you and myself?"

He looked angrily into my eye.

"Yes," he said, "there is. Then
 you are her artist friend!"

"How do you know that I am an
 artist and her friend?" I asked.

"Oh, there is always some kind
 person to tell me pleasant things,"
 he said sarcastically, "but I see you
 recognize me, and I suppose you
 know more of me than I do of you."

"I mailed that letter you have in
 your possession, and Mrs. Ellis told
 me that the man who received it was
 once Miss Kingsley's fiancée, and
 that he bore a striking resemblance
 to me. I saw only the back of the
 envelope, and do not even know
 your name," I answered.

"I am Philip Lestley. Who are
 you?" he asked.

I gave him my card and offered
 him my hand, which he hesitated in
 taking, but I grasped his heartily,
 saying, "I am her friend and yours,
 and although she has never men-
 tioned your name to me, I know
 that this misunderstanding you have
 had is breaking her heart."

He leaned back in his chair and
 gazed at me in astonishment, while
 I spoke rapidly and earnestly, telling
 him everything, but he did not look
 at all hopeful till I described Marian
 weeping in the summer house. Then
 the weary look left his face and he
 asked a hundred questions concern-
 ing her.

He gave me an inkling of how the
 trouble occurred. Mrs. Ellis disliked
 him from the first, and found a
 thousand ways of occupying Marian's
 time, so that they were seldom alone
 together after her arrival. Then his
 cousin, who was also his adopted
 sister, returned home after being
 abroad for two years, and he devoted
 the time to her that he would gladly
 have spent with Marian.

"Perhaps I was too attentive to
 'Ada,' he admitted, "but I did not
 think that Marian would misinterpret
 what the aunt sarcastically called
 our cousinly affection. I am very
 proud and fond of her, and she is
 considered quite as beautiful as
 Marian, but she is my sister. I know
 Mrs. Ellis wants to take Marian to
 get her a title, but she will not."

While he was speaking the boat's
 whistle blew preparatory to stopping.

"This is Brockville," he said, and
 rushed off without further ceremony.

He appeared again, breathless and
 excited, just as the gang plank was
 thrown out.

"Good bye!" he said, almost
 wringing my hand off, "I couldn't
 wait till we came to Montreal. I'm
 going to Muskoka."

"Good bye," I said heartily, "I
 am sure you will have no difficulty
 in finding Heartease."

When I reached my mother's cot-
 tage I found it filled with a happy
 house-party, but even the jolly
 people failed to make me forget
 Marian Kingsley's face. It haunted
 me with a strange persistence till the
 idea seized me to produce it on
 canvas.

I set up my easel and astonished
 myself with the rapidity of my work.
 The face seemed to grow like magic,
 and caught the wrapt expression
 which she wore when we approached
 Heartease the first evening.

It created not a little excitement
 in our small party, and was known
 as the "Ideal," because as I had
 had no visible model, it was sup-
 posed that the face was a creation
 of my imagination, and I kept my
 own council regarding its origin.

In September I looked in vain for
 Marian and Mrs. Ellis, but when the
 "Paris" sailed I saw the latter's
 name alone in the passenger list and
 concluded that this was a good omen.

My judgment was correct, for in
 three weeks' time I received a marked
 copy of the Toronto society paper,
 announcing the engagement of Miss
 Marian Kingsley, granddaughter of
 Mr. Barton Kingsley, and Mr. Philip
 Lestley, junior partner in the firm
 Leigh, Lesley & Son, barristers in
 this city. They were married at
 Christmas time, and a letter of grati-
 tude from Philip Lestley came with
 my invitation.

I would certainly have been pre-
 sent at the ceremony had I not
 promised to act as best man at a
 brother artist's wedding, which un-
 fortunately came on the same day,
 so I sent my warmest congratula-
 tions and her portrait.

I could trust no one to do the
 packing but myself, and as the final
 nail closed the case, I felt as if I had
 parted forever from a dear friend,
 and sighed at the thought that I had
 looked for the last time on the girl
 with the beautiful face.

(THE END.)

A pretty children's book is "A
 Little Candle," by Miss Debenham.
 The plot is laid in Scotland at the
 time of the Revolution, and the
 actors are the family of a clergyman
 who, through his loyalty to the
 Stuarts, has lost his living. Major
 Ferguson is one of the noblest char-
 acters to be met with in modern fic-
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 written and likely to prove interest-
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STAMP DEPARTMENT.

(We will be pleased to answer any questions which readers of this journal may send. To benefit all is the aim of this department.)

During the month of August stamp societies hold their annual conventions, and a right jolly time the members make it. In Canada the Dominion Philatelic Association will hold their first convention at the Toronto Fair on Wednesday and Thursday of the second week. This will be the first Canadian convention for several years.

The publisher of the *Canadian Philatelic Magazine* (Toronto) intends issuing a weekly stamp paper regularly. In the States there are several such papers, and in Canada one ought to be a success.

New issues still continue coming out. They please some collectors and others they do not, the latter objecting to the amount of money it takes to 'keep up,' while the former are pleased because unused issues present such a handsome appearance in their virgin state, unmarred by cancellations, etc.

In the near future we may present our readers with some of the types of new stamps as issued from time to time. We aim to make this department interesting to every collector, and while many discontinue their hobby during the hot season they will be at it again in the fall and winter. If any, no matter whether young or old, desire information, we will be only too pleased to reply.

The Toronto Fair this year will have exhibits from a few dealers, and no doubt they will attract much attention from those who visit the Exhibition.

Some time ago we announced that Greece has issued a new set of stamps to commemorate the Olympian Games held at Athens, and also chronicled the different values of issue. At that time some speculators had bought up the 60 lepta value, and collectors lacking this stamp in their set had to pay a good figure to get it. Such an outcry was raised that the Grecian Government issued this value again (the stamps did not sell anything like what was expected, owing to their being 'tabooed' by the leading dealers throughout the world) in order to dispose of their remaining stock in sets, but, according to those who have seen them, the printers who turned out the job must have been colour-blind, as the stamps are different. Collectors should be wary of most new issues,

as they are simply got up to fleece collectors.

Some people wonder what becomes of all the old stamps dealers are continually hunting for and advertising. There is not a city of any size throughout the world that has not within its borders one or more dealers, and each of these dealers has his own customers in that city and in other places. For instance, some dealers cater to local trade only; others do a mail trade, receiving often fifty letters a day from everywhere. The mail of one Toronto dealer recently in one day produced letters and cards from Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Chili, Argentine Republic, England, Austria, Italy, Spain, either asking for price lists, containing orders for stamps, or offering stamps for sale, and every day there are many letters from Canada and the States.

Some sharp person recently visited a number of residents in the western portion of the city, having in hand a fine 'steel engraving,' and taking orders for same at 25 cents each. Many unsuspecting householders gave an order, thinking they would receive a duplicate of what the agent had in his hand. Their surprise and indignation may be imagined on their receiving same week an unused three-cent stamp of Her Majesty. PHILATELY.

Andrew Lang's little volume of verse, "The Grass of Parnassus," is one of the best of books to take with one on a lazy summer vacation. His lines have the soothing sway that can best be hearkened to lying in the woods with the sun falling through the leaves and chequering the page with light and shadow, and his translations are exquisite. Listen to his reaping song:—

"Mowers weary and brown and blythe,
What is the word that methinks ye know?
Endless overword, that the scythe
Sings to the blades of grass below,
Hush, ah, hush! the scythes are saying;
Hush and heed not, fall asleep;
Hush! they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush! they sing to the clover deep.
Hush!—'tis the melody Time is singing;
Hush and heed not, all things pass;
Hush, ah, hush! and the scythes are
swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.

In this one seems to hear the long sweep of the scythe, the whispering of the breeze in the long grasses, to see the mowers toiling at their work. Other lays, too, he has for those who prefer them, stirring battle pieces, songs of love and of sorrow, tiny gems of folk lore or delightfully humorous poems. Indeed, all that this author has ever written is well worth reading. NORA HOLLAND.

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NO WOMAN FEELS WELL WITHOUT STRENGTH
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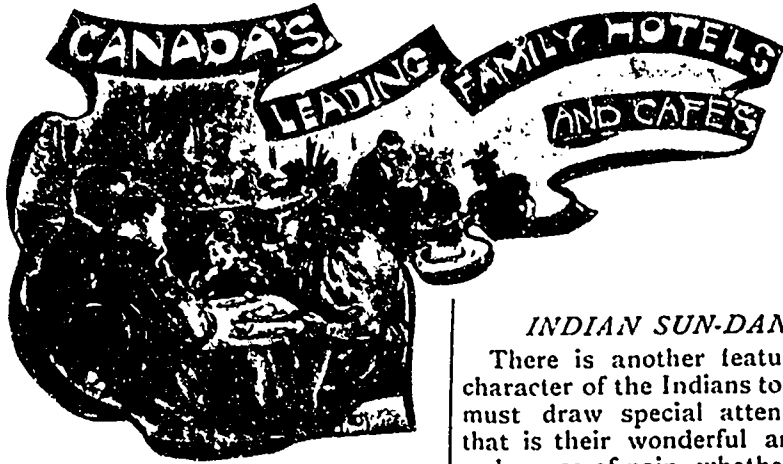


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Elegantly Furnished Rooms en Suite.

Cor. King and John Sts., Toronto.
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Cor. Church and Shuter Sts., TORONTO.
OPP. METROPOLITAN SQ.

An especially fine hotel on account of superior location, pleasant and healthy surroundings, modern conveniences.

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THE JOHN EATON

Departmental Cafe.

(FOURTH FLOOR - TAKE ELEVATOR.)

Temperance and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

Brightest, largest, coolest, lunch room in the city, and less to pay than anywhere.

CONSUMPTION

Asthma, Bronchitis
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Treated in Air Tight Cabinet by inhalation of recognized germicide remedies, vaporized by steam process at

THE SANITARIUM

1363 KING ST. WEST - TORONTO

MARVELLOUS RECORD ALREADY

Send for Pamphlets. Hours of Medical Board, 12 to 3 p.m. Visitors always welcome.

INDIAN SUN-DANCE.

There is another feature in the character of the Indians to which we must draw special attention, and that is their wonderful and heroic endurance of pain, whether in times of war or in going through certain ceremonies required of them by their religious beliefs. Take, for instance, the sun-dance, a great ceremony amongst many of the tribes, on the occasion of which the young men are made 'brave', or recognised warriors. And we must remember that the dances of the Indians, grotesque and strange as they may appear, are as sacred to them as many of our religious ceremonies. One gentleman told us that, after seeing some of his Indian friends, dressed and daubed in feathers and barbaric colours, going through all sorts of fantastic antics, to the sound of unearthly music of tom-toms and whistles and trumpets, in the streets of the town, he remonstrated with them, and asked them how such wise men as they could make such fools of themselves. And, on hearing these remonstrances, they looked much shocked and said, "But are you an unbeliever? Do you not know that this dance is a solemn thing, a tribute that we *must* yield at this time of year to the Great Spirit." I think these words will make us recall to mind professing Christians who have much in common with these Indians whom they would look on as mere savages.

But to return to the sun-dance. On passing through an Indian reserve, near Calgary, we saw a large number of trunks of trees leaning against one central pole, forming a circle, and surmounted with what appeared a collection of rubbish, sticks and feathers, and such like. Our guide explained to us that this is where the sun-dance takes place, though last year, owing to the persuasions of the missionaries, the ceremony did not take place, and the authorities are anxious to do all in their power to prevent its recurrence with its attendant cruel practices. We give you a picture of what a young man who desires to be made a 'brave' has to go through. He first goes up to the pole in the centre, and, clasping his arms around it, prays for strength to go through the ordeal, for which he is afterwards prepared. This preparation consists in first painting the whole body a dead white, and then making a slit below two muscles in the chest, underneath which a wedge of wood is introduced. The wedge is then attached by cords to the top of the pole, and the candidate for the honours of a brave has to sway himself backwards and forwards and jerk himself until the wedge is torn out

of his flesh by force. He must not utter a groan or a cry during the process, but is given a whistle wherewith he may divert himself, and he is considered the bravest who laughs and jokes most during his agony, which often lasts for hours.

When the gasty object is at last accomplished, the fly-made brave is taken charge of, often in a fainting condition, by the medicinemen, who have various processes of their own whereby to heal the cruel wounds. The bravery which is required to go through such tortures clearly shows what backbone there is in the Indian character, if it can only be made use of for the service of the God of love, and the betterment of their race, instead of for such purpose as the deliberate maiming and wounding of themselves in order to please the imaginary requirements of their Great Spirit. Many other stories could be told of prairie tribes, which would excite our sympathy; but we must pass on in our next paper to the coast Indians, and their customs and arts, and home manufactures. —From "Through Canada with a Kodak," by Lady Aberdeen.

Canadians who love their country have within late years awakened to its value historically. It may be deemed a late awakening, but we may be content that the sleep of years has at last been disturbed. Writers such as Kingsford, Read, Mrs. Edgar, Miss FitzGibbon, Dean, Harris, Judge DesBrisay, and others, have been prying among the dusty records of national or local history, and giving to the press books worthy of the time and of the past which they reveal. To the names above mentioned are to be added soon those of the Misses Robina and K. M. Lizars, who have a work of exceeding interest in the press, which is shortly to appear bearing the well-known imprint of William Briggs. The Misses Lizars have chosen a field than which, in many respects, Canada presents none better to the historian. Their work is entitled "In the Days of the Canada Company," and in brief the history of the settlement of the Huron Tract.

The story of the work is well sustained. The writers have written

con amore in a most delightfully style, and evidently have made extensive collateral research. "In the Days of the Canada Company," we are convinced, will rank among the most valuable, as it will undoubtedly be the most interesting and readable of the historical works that have been offered to the public.

A careful sifting of evidence adduced has evidently been made regarding the then vilified Canada Company, with the result that justice is done to both public and Company. The three most interesting people, perhaps, who ever came into Canada—the Dunlop brothers and the woman whom the elder made his wife—are set before us in a life-like sketch, and such chapter titles as "The Spirit of the Times, Canada as the Company Found It, From Champlain to Gooding, Huron's Age Heroic, The Canada Company vs. The People, The People vs. the Company, A Social Pot-Pourri, and others as striking, partly indicate the interesting matter which is to be found in the . . .

STILL GROWING IN FAVOR.

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.

Skirts Stand Out Stylishly

WHEN BOUND WITH

"New Corded Wakefield Skirt Protector,"

(Special process in tanning).

"Wakefield Leather Binding"

NEVER WEARS OUT.

It saves the edges of your skirts and at the same time makes them flare out. Every yard is marked "Wakefield patent." Everybody wears it, and nobody wants to be deceived when they ask for "Corded Leather Bindings."

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.

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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 September 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 September issue which we now present to our readers, contains an interesting article on Trick Dogs and the manner of their training, especially prepared and illustrated; a most entertaining article on that the wonderful little city of Vancouver, written by a resident; a chatty interview with a young Japanese girl, recently arrived from Kyoto; a timely and bright bit of dialect verse, by Maud Tisdale; and a sketch of the bicycle gymkhana, by a Niagara girl.

The Household Department gives attention to the subject of fruit preserving. The Fashion pages give reliable advance hints of the coming season; while Music and Art and Children's departments are interesting as usual, and "Reviewer" chats of several inviting books.

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

Our purpose in making the request, was to secure as many names as possible, in

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

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

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

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

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

We require agents to canvas for subscriptions on liberal commission. The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL contains departments brimming with interest for Canadian women, and the work of canvassing is easy. Every woman who sees the JOURNAL is desirous of having it. Every second woman is ready to subscribe.

It is a common thing to hear a woman say, when the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is brought to her notice: "Why, I had no idea we had so nice a woman's paper in Canada." And she takes it and recommends it to her friends. There are hundreds of towns and villages yet untouched by our agents, and scores of city streets uncanvassed. Their is money in canvassing for our JOURNAL. Write to the business manager or call at the office for information and details concerning commissions, premiums, etc.

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.

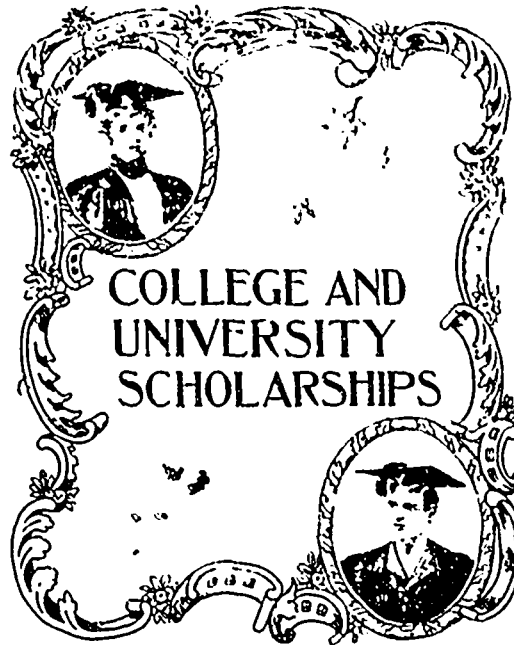
"Upon the pocketless Dress of . . .
Women Hang the Keys of Trade."

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.

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



THE HOME JOURNAL

Scholarship

@ @ Announcement.

A Grand opportunity for the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada to secure

Free Commercial, Shorthand, Vocal or Pianoforte Education. . . .

The Home Journal Publishing Company (Ltd.) have completed arrangements with the proprietors of the Wells Business College, one of the leading Commercial Educational Institutions of Toronto, which enables us to offer a three months' course of instruction in either the Commercial or Shorthand Departments of this successful College, *free of charge*, to every young lady or gentleman who will take the trouble to secure twenty (20) new subscribers for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, *Canada's favorite family magazine*.

The Company has also entered into a contract with the Toronto Conservatory of Music whereby they can award a Scholarship for one year's instruction in either Vocal or Pianoforte Music to every person sending in fifty (50) subscribers for this publication. Regarding the Conservatory of Music, it is hardly necessary to state that it occupies the foremost position in Canada, and is so well known that the mere mention of its name is a *guarantee of the highest musical excellence*; its graduates always taking the highest positions in musical circles.

It may fairly claim to possess all the principal requisites of a complete Conservatory of Music, and to be endowed with facilities for furnishing to students a *thorough musical education in all branches of the art*, preparing them fully for the profession as Teachers, as well as for Concert, Church and platform work; also for the drawing-room and social circle.

You lose nothing by trying for these special offers of a musical or commercial training—you are certain at least to make money.

Those who may not succeed in securing a list large enough to entitle them to any of the Scholarships, may claim twenty-five cents (cash) commission for each subscriber they have sent us.

Send us the names of subscribers as fast as secured, even if only three or four at a time; they will be credited to your account.

This is *undoubtedly the most liberal offer ever made* by the publishers of a Canadian periodical, and there is no reason why at least one person in each locality should not succeed in obtaining one of these Scholarships. By adopting this plan we expect to add many thousands of new subscribers to our lists.

If you wish further information write the Business Manager,

Manning Arcade, Toronto.

Canadian Home Journal.

Women on the Wheel.

A discussion has been started as to the influence of bicycle riding on the physical and the moral health of women. So far as we have observed, those who oppose the practice as deleterious do not seem to know anything about it experimentally. They are not themselves bicycle riders. Their opposition to the exercise is theoretical purely, or is due to the effect they imagine it has upon those who engage in it. We have seen no notable medical opinion which sustains their assumption as to its necessarily injurious physical consequences, and unquestionably there is no general agreement among physicians that it is hurtful to women especially.

If bicycle riding produced the immorality which a few sensational writers attribute to its use, the evidence by this time would have become indisputable and overwhelming. In many a rural community the great majority of the young women are wheelers, and in all the large cities there are many thousands of the daughters of the most respectable families who indulge regularly in the amusement. Great numbers of matrons also are bicycle riders. This summer there are twice, probably many times, as many feminine wheelers as there were last year. Wheeling has become a fashionable feminine practice; and hence the opportunity is at hand for obtaining a mass of evidence as to its moral and physical consequences upon which to generalize with certainty. If the evils charged as almost inseparable from it really existed, they would appear beyond the possibility of concealment. They would be shown unmistakably in many thousands of households to the watchful eyes of physicians and the anxious scrutiny of parents. Who has seen them? Where have the deleterious consequences been made apparent? Could they be all about us without exciting the restraining influence and positive prohibition of priests and clergymen? How is it that there are so many clerical wheelers if the exercise is demoralizing?

It is enough to ask these questions to show how evil are the minds if not the deliberate intentions of those few who raise the cry against the use of the bicycle by women. It is not a new device to cater to vicious tastes by pretending to discover depravity. That is an old trick, and its revival under the guise of pointing out a danger is an insult to bicycle riders.

The charge against the practice by women that it fosters immodesty is attributable to the depravity or the narrowness of the minds of those who make it. So far from being immodest, the special bicycle costumes of which the so general use of the wheel by women has caused the fashioning are both modest and suitable. They are all becoming. Moreover, they are tending to a change in the outdoor dress of women which is altogether desirable. The bicycle is producing a dress reform demanded by good sense which otherwise would have been long delayed. Women are learning the convenience of shortened skirts for wear outdoors and in business occupations. They are getting accustomed to them, and the novelty which once attracted unwelcome attention to such a costume has passed away. Women have discovered, too, that the dress can be made very becoming, more especially to young and graceful figures. Pretty girls in pretty bicycle costumes are wonderfully pretty to look upon as they stand by their wheels or walk about in the intervals of rest from riding. Neither is there anything in their appearance which indicates that they are suffering from the physical ills attributed to the use of the bicycle by writers at a loss for something to say that will attract attention. They look strong, hearty, and vigorous, and seem all the better for the exercise. They have acquired a new freedom of movement which is graceful in its naturalness.

Nothing in recent times has done more for the desirable advancement of women than the bicycle.

ONE WOMAN'S VIEW.

You see women out wheeling who would like to return home except for the torture of putting on house dresses. They are feeling healthy and comfortable, but as soon as they get in the house they must abandon comfort and such health as they have gained and put on long, heavy skirts and tight waists again. The lugs that are now expanded must be laced together. The hips, now moving naturally, must be tied down and weighted with tons of heavy skirts. The knees that are positively revelling in their new-found freedom must go back to the old imprisonment. No wonder the women linger along the high roads and in the byways and on stone fences and in hedges, hesitating about going home and "getting dressed."

It is for the bicycle dress that I am going to speak. Not the bicycle dress on the wheel, but the cycle dress in the house. You have never seen such a thing. Neither have other people; but they will.

The cycle dress in the house is a short one that reaches a little below the knees. It is put on on hot days, or when the cyclist is tired. It can be made as fanciful as one pleases, but it is the length and shape that makes it what it is. It must hang loose from the shoulders and be short. Those two features are requisites.

Now, I expect to be told I am crazy. Mrs. Bloomer suffered a martyrdom in her day for being "crazy" in the same way, and now women have erected a monument to her memory for "the courage of her convictions."

Two years ago the women who went bicycling in short dresses were considered anything but that which they wanted to be. They were looked at askance by nice women and frowned at by men who had their wives along. It was a very "sporty" thing to go cycling in a short dress.

With my house bicycle dress I expect opposition. The feature of this dress is that it is to be put on in the house after wheeling. It is primarily intended for cyclists because they are the only ones who will wear it. They have got used to short skirts, and know how nice they are. They are the ones who will take it up first.

The short dress is a merry little affair of nice materials, and as full of furbelows as you please. It can be absolutely fancy, high necked, long sleeved, ribboned, and trimmed as you like. But it is short.

The shortness is its peculiarity, or one of them. The length is exactly the same as a bicycle skirt, and it is to be worn in the same way, with gaiters, if you must have them, or with dark stockings and slippers. It is sure to be becoming, just as cycle dresses are becoming to every woman, making an old lady discernible from a young one only by her white hair.

The way to wear the cycle house skirt is first with bloomers, just as though a wheel. No women are wearing those mushy underthings nowadays; that is, no women who are athletic. The starched ruffles would drive them crazy.

They jump into tights, perhaps silk ones, and over these, which reach from ankle to chin, they slip a pair of stockings. Next comes this little cycle dress. It is of silk, and made as pretty as possible.

In this rig the woman athlete is ready to go on. Her muscles, now getting strength, continue to improve. She is now dressed for the day at home. In this neat little dress she receives her callers, takes luncheon, lounges on the couch, looks out the window, and spends a happy afternoon. She is not wound up and tightened up into those awful swathing things which women have so long worn. When it comes dinner time she can don her conventional dress, if she pleases, and spend a conventional evening. But many wear them all the time, except for the street, then put on a cycling dress.

HELEN WARD.



THE
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51 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO LIMITED.

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IF NOT, WILL YOU?

TRY NASMITH'S
DELICIOUS
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BON-BONS

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
2-lb. box, \$1.05. 6-lb. box, 2.30

Delivered FREE in any part of Canada.

By sending in \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, you can get from the J. D. Nasmith Co. of Toronto, a 1-lb. box of their choicest Chocolate Bon-Bons, sent post paid.

1896.

1896.

EXHIBITION

We invite all those who are visiting Toronto Exhibition to call and see the Grand Display of

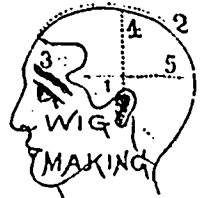
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at Our Showrooms, 103 and 105 Yonge St.

We are Leaders and Original Designers in the manufacture of Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Front Pieces, Switches, etc.

WE import our raw material direct. OUR goods are the best.
WE sell wholesale as well as retail. OUR prices the lowest considering quality.
Send for Circular—FREE.

The Dorenwend Co., Ltd., of Toronto,
103 and 105 Yonge St.



TO CLEAR THE SKIN

of all impurities or blemishes, such as Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Eruptions, Eczema, Freckles, Flesh-worms, Scrawny Neck, Red Nose, Falling or Grey Hair, Undeveloped Chest, etc., etc., there is nothing to equal

THE PRINCESS TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Ask your druggist for them. If he hasn't got what you want in stock, have him send for it. Send a stamp for our booklets on "HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS." They contain much valuable information for ladies.

NOTHING TO EQUAL

Princess Complexion Purifier for Freckles, Liver Spots, Red Nose, Eczema, Tan, etc. Price \$1.50, express paid; or

Princess Acnotino and Dermo Norvino for Pimples, Blackheads, Acne and Flesh-worms. Price \$1.50 and \$1.00, express paid.

For Superfluous Hair there is no successful remedy but Electrolysis. We remove it permanently and always satisfactorily. Avoid depilatories.

Consult us FREE, personally or by letter.

41 Carlton St., TORONTO.
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Misses Moote and High,
The Graham Institute.

HAIR TREATMENT

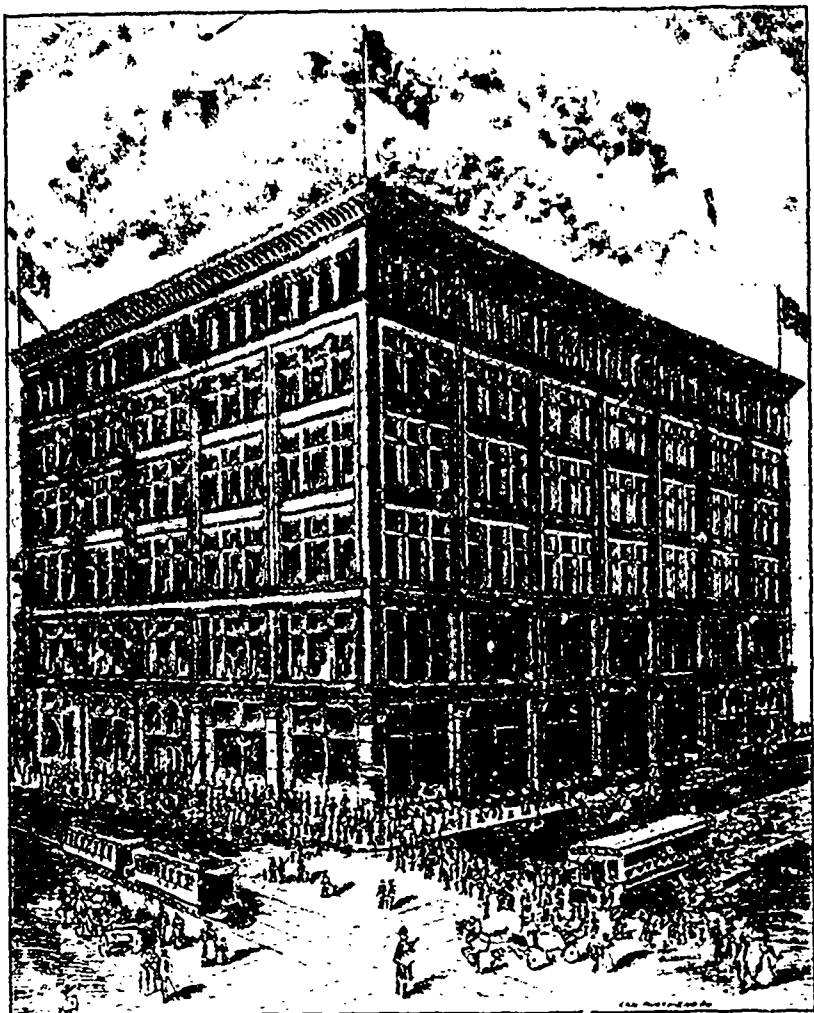
Is your Hair weak, faded, falling out, or getting gray? If so, consult BARNES, THE HAIR DOCTOR, and take a course of thorough treatment. He guarantees to promote and strengthen the weakest hair to a strong and healthy growth. If you have dandruff, scurvy or itching humors at the roots, try BARNES' DANDRUFF CURE and HAIR GROWER. It prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, grey or wiry, and preserves its lustrance 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 photos.



F. BARNES, 413 Spadina Ave.

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CANADA'S FOREMOST RETAIL STORE.

Fresh AND Foremost.

FRESH GOODS

THERE is an air of crispy freshness about the goods we offer. No old stuffs here to worry you or us. Fresh goods all the year round. The purling mountain brook is fresh and sparkling, because its source furnishes constant newness. No such another outlet for goods as Simpson's in this whole land—and so this stream of trade runs on—with more freshness of stocks as the fall season opens than ever shown before. Dependable goods were never so cheap.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

They are arriving, for our buyers were early on the market. Loads of beautiful goods. But we must not anticipate. A mention of three lines:

- 42-in. Striped Knicker, beautiful goods, very special, at 50c.
- 42-in. Checked Knicker, a dainty line, very special, at 50c.
- 44-in. Scotch Check effect, very special, at.....50c.

SPECIALS IN LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Light and medium weight underwear that will be of service to you at the present time.

- Ladies' Ribbed Egyptian Cotton Undervests, 4 for. . . 15c.
- Children's Corset Waists, all sizes, special..... 25c.
- White Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests, shaped waists, regular 35c. for..... 25c.

STORE NEWS OF THE PICTURE GALLERY.

In pictures, as in dry goods, the buying is keen and the margin small. But you always find prices here a shade better than the lowest that are offered. There is interest always in visiting the picture gallery:

- Fac-simile colored pictures, framed in handsome tinted, green, white and gilt, and brown, white and gilt mouldings, sizes 13x6, attractive subjects, each..... 19c.
- A special lot framed in similar style, larger subjects, sizes 14x16, each..... 23c.

SALE OF SILK GLOVES.

Not end lines, but new goods just opened. Bought at prices that enable us to turn them in to you thus:

- Black Silk Gloves, all sizes, would be special value at 45c., selling at..... 35c.
- An extra heavy Black Silk Glove, special at 45c
- Children's Lisle Thread Gloves, colored.... 15c.
- Children's Taffeta Gloves, at..... 25c.
- Ladies' colored Taffeta Gloves..... 30c.

EARLY SELLING OF BLANKETS.

You will certainly want them a little later, and the nights are already getting chilly. A special purchase and consequently special prices now.

- 5-lb. Blanket, 56x74, reg. \$2.25, for..... \$1 65
- 6-lb. Blanket, 60x60, reg. \$2.75, for..... 2 10
- 7-lb. Blanket, 64x84, reg. \$3.25, for..... 2 50
- 8-lb. Blanket, 68x86, reg. \$3.75, for. 2 90



Drug and Patent Medicine Department.

There seems, in a measure, little need of much talk to bring this steadily growing department to shoppers' notice. Success has come to it. The character, the thoughtfulness, the exactness, the quality of our work, have appealed to you, and to-day this department has a high place in the minds of the physician and the public as a careful, conscientiously conducted drug store. Need we say more? Your prescriptions are always safe in our hands—and how little are our charges contrasted with the old way of doing things in the ordinary drug store.

FURNITURE WAS NEVER SO CHEAP.

We want readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to know of the unusual values that we are offering in furniture just now. It is impossible in the present space to attempt anything like a list of the bargains. We want you to see them. But here are a few prices suggestive of others:

- Special Solid Oak Bedroom Suites, handsomely carved, 36x18 bevelled glass mirror, large cheval bureau, combination washstand, reg. \$24.75, for.....\$16 65
- A handsome Bedroom Suite, antique, dark and light finish, large bevel plate glass, worth \$11.50, for..... 8 25
- Bedroom Suites, in birch, 16th century and natural finish, bevelled fancy shaped mirror, combination washstand, polish finish, reg. \$36.00, for..... 27 00
- Sideboards, quarter-cut oak, 18x40, British bevelled fancy shaped glass 21x46, best polish finish, worth \$43.00, for..... 32 00
- Special Solid Oak Sideboards, nicely carved, large British bevelled plate glass mirror, three drawers and cupboard, brass locks and best trimmings, well finished, reg. \$19.50, for..... 14 75
- Solid quarter-cut Oak Sideboards, handsomely carved, 14x18 British bevelled shaped glass, polish finish, reg. \$31, for 24 00

BY MAIL.

Order anything the store sells. Our transactions are with shoppers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Send name and address and secure new edition Canadian Shopper's Handbook.

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S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN STS.
170, 172, 174, 176, 178 YONGE ST. 1 and 3 QUEEN ST. W.

TORONTO, ONT.

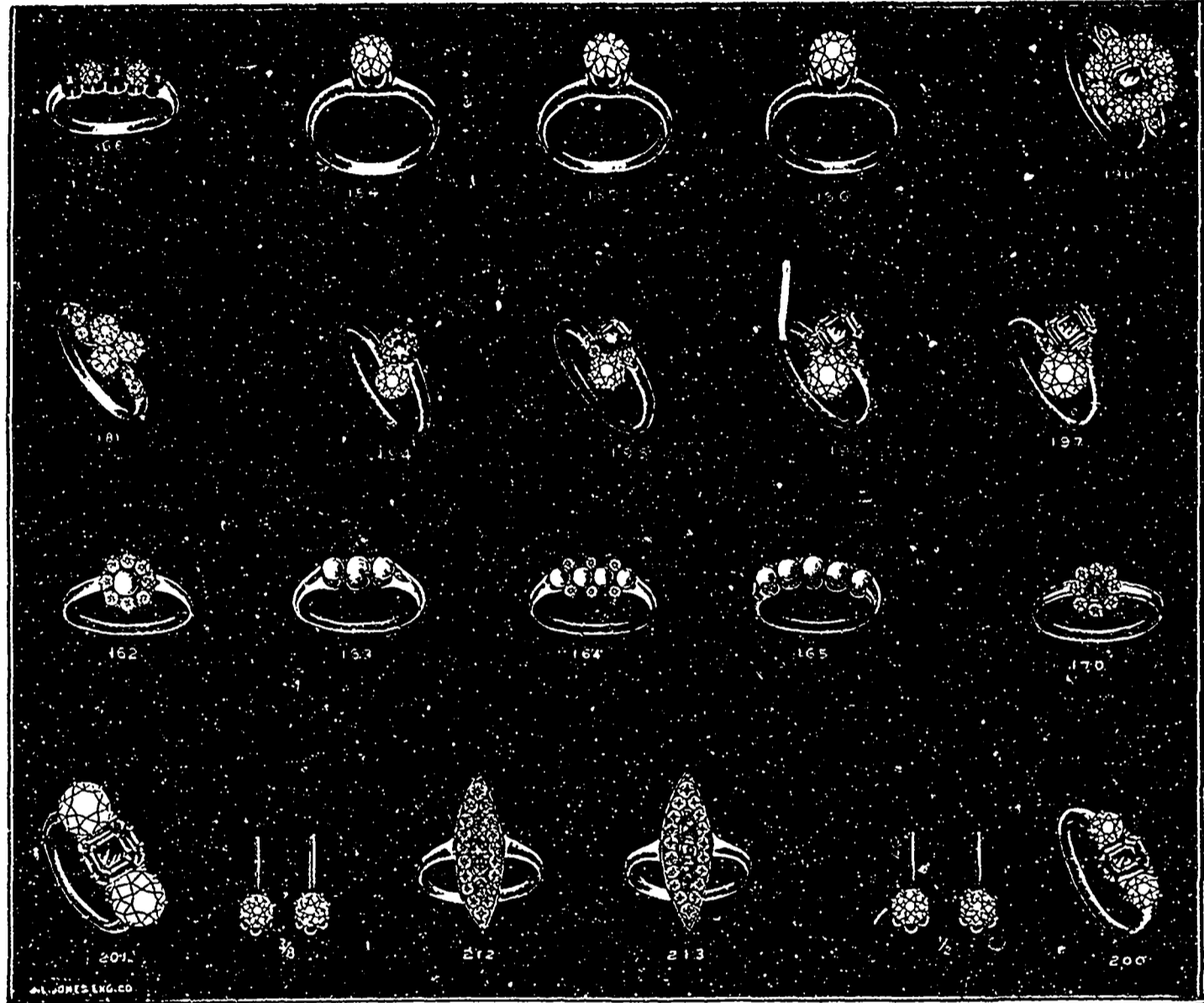
Incorporated Capital
\$100,000.00.

Established 1836.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO. LTD.

DIAMOND DEALERS

3 KING ST. EAST, - TORONTO.



SOLITAIRE DIAMOND AND COMBINATION RINGS.

NO.			NO.	
168	—Diamond and Sapphire	\$ 50.00	162	—Diamond and Opal
154	—Solitaire Diamond.....	60.00	162	—Diamond and Sapphire
155	— “ “	80.00	162	—Diamond and Pearl
156	— “ “	100.00	163	—Pearls, 3
190	—Emerald and Diamond.....	175.00	164	—Pearl and Diamond.....
190	—Sapphire and Diamond	165.00	165	—Pearls, 5
190	—Opal and Diamond	165.00	170	—Diamond and Emerald.....
181	—Diamonds, 7	120.00	170	—Diamond and Sapphire
194	—Diamond and Sapphire.....	65.00	201	—Diamond and Emerald.....
194	—Diamond and Opal	65.00	201	—Diamond and Sapphire
195	—Diamond and Emerald	150.00	212	—Ruby and Diamond
196	— “ “	165.00	213	—Emerald and Diamond.....
197	— “ “	175.00	200	—Emerald and Diamond.....

We import our Diamonds and precious stones direct from Europe and make our own mountings. Write to us for special designs or estimates.

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