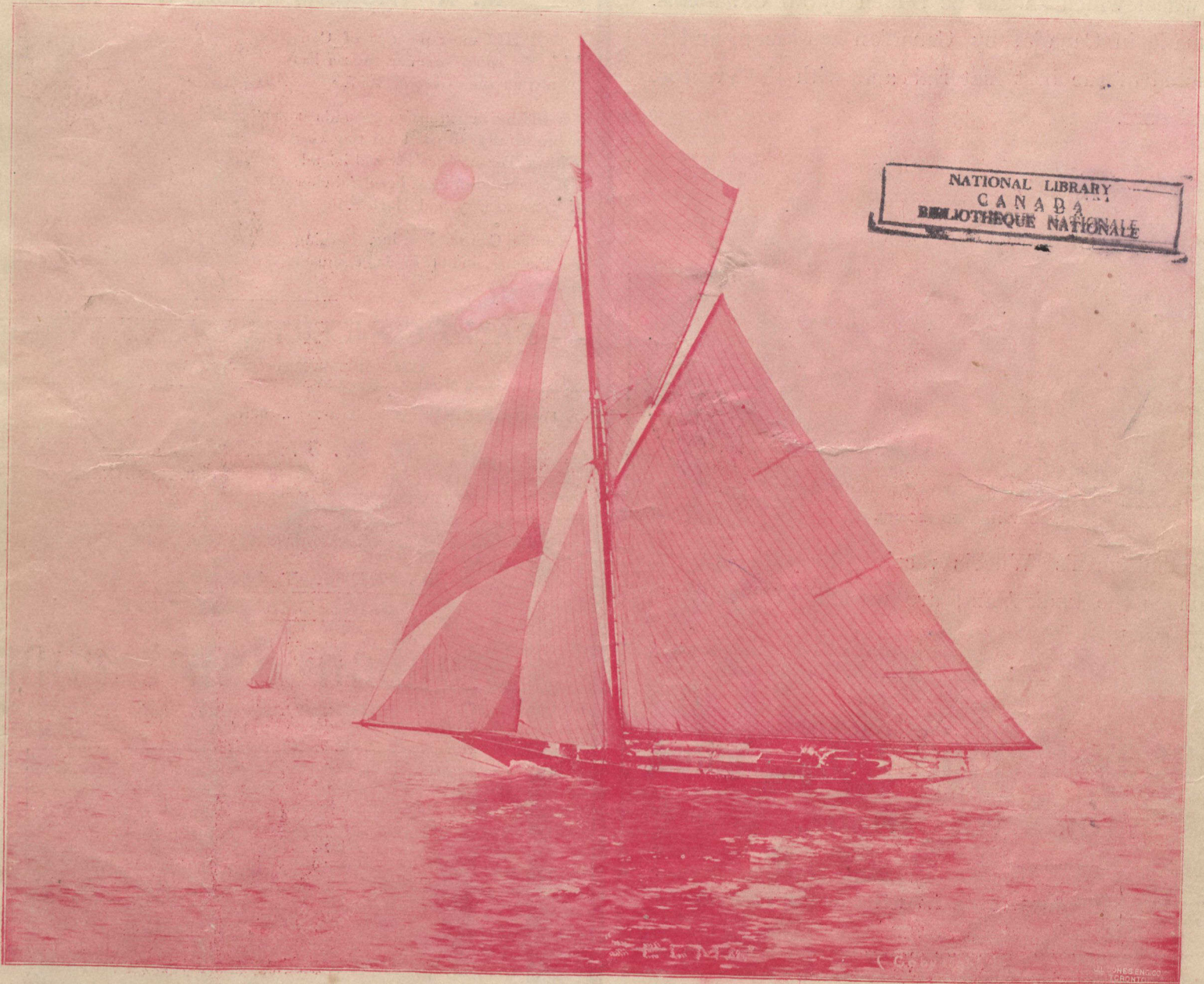


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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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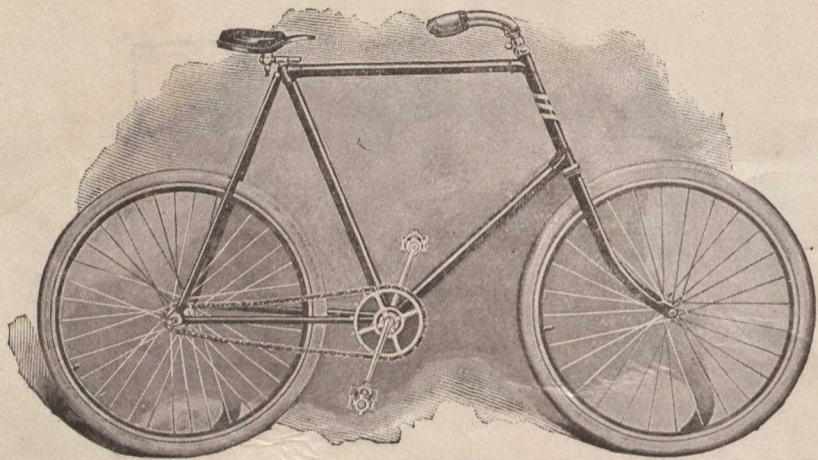
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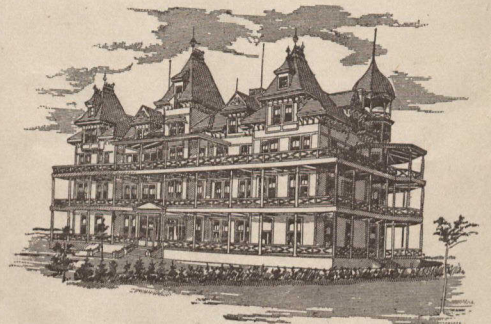
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. III.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1897.

No. 4.

The Women of To-day.

WE read of that misguided man, Macauley, saying, not so many years ago, that "if there is any truth in history, women have always been, and still are, playthings, captives and beasts of burden." But Macauley was speaking of his own and past times. Words that applied to the sex fifty or a hundred years ago would be meaningless to-day; and although there are still many who, on platform and paper, urge that woman should reign only within the walls of her kingdom—home, yet the fact stands glaringly out that the women of to-day are forced into the not altogether enviable position they hold in the business world. It is not always from a love of notoriety, or from idle ambition, or because they realize that they are intellectually man's equal, and consequently competent to rival him in all arts and professions. It is, alas! too often because so many of them must work or starve. And why more now than in the past? Those who have studied the question offer numerous answers—that in many countries women outnumber the men, and thousands must take up the burden of self-support, also that the tendency of the times is to shake off the absolute dependence on man that characterized the women of a hundred years ago. But a greater and more potent reason seems to lie in the fact that where a hundred men, for reasons not always entirely unselfish and chivalrous, do their utmost to keep women out of the positions they are so steadily working their way into, a thousand will shift the problem of ways and means for the family's support on to the willing shoulders of the woman. The little ones must have the things necessary to life and comfort, she herself must live, the home must be kept together, and so the woman bravely takes up the duties and responsibilities that are by nature man's—responsibilities which he ignores or neglects, and leaves her no alternative but to assume. She goes out into the ways that for ages have belonged to the fathers and brothers and husbands; and to-day, sometimes from free choice and self-gratification only, but oftener from necessity, we find women in nearly every profession, and almost every business, making their way to success.

In speaking of the future of woman at the annual banquet of the New Vagabond's Club in London, England, a short time ago, Hall Caine says: "There are more Marthas than Marys in the world to-day. The time has gone forever when singing and dancing are woman's only accomplishment, and even a charming daughter of Herodias cannot quite dance a man's head off. When the law has done its best, and society its utmost, there is yet something unfair, or at least difficult, in the position that woman by nature holds in the world. Great numbers of them have come out in competition with men, and some have a hard and

cruel time of it. On the fate of our women, especially our working-women, the future of our country depends, and it is amazing that parliament and the press, and above all, the Church, have hitherto given so little attention to so great a problem. Going in and out among our own ways of life, are many women of education, refinement and great gifts, our own sisters and daughters, who are standing up in the battle of life, and are fighting it inch by inch like men, determined by God's help to come out of it straight. Some rumors, we hear of masculine jealousy, that women are competing, perhaps too successfully, with some of us in some professions, but I will not believe that any man worthy of the name ever yet owed a woman a grudge because she was beating him in his craft, and I appeal to fair-minded men to see that, when a woman crosses their path in her struggle to live, she has a fair field, fair play, and every chance and every help a man's hand can give her. Let us remember our own knock-down blows, and if we get up and fight again, perhaps to conquer, let us remember how much more their like may hurt a woman than a man."

The world would be a better place, and the women have a less hard and bitter fight for existence, if there were more men who think with Hall Caine.

Now and then we hear of those who go to the other extreme, and take upon themselves duties and responsibilities, in reality, not their own. They may have ambitions of which they never speak, and hopes that are as dear to them as those of their more fortunate neighbors, but they stoically bury them deep in their hearts and plod on, year after year, carrying loads which other hands imposed—loads, in the faithful carrying of which they lose all chance of realizing their own dreams. Such are rare in this nineteenth century, and when one crosses our path we thank God that men of that kind did not all pass out with a dead age.

The complaint that women are crowding out the men is easily answered. Not from choice will one woman in a hundred give up her sweet, quiet home-life to join the jostling crowds in the paths of business. She does it in self-defence, because those fail who should give her a just measure of her rights. And so, with the growing independence of the times, she faces the inevitable, and goes out to win for herself what she would otherwise do without. Too much praise cannot be given the women who, often so unfairly handicapped, have fought and won their laurels equally with the men. To-day they can be found filling, with honor and credit, important positions everywhere—in literature, in the hospitals, in journalism, in medicine, out on the field of battle, with their tender care and brave hearts, in offices and shops—almost in every sphere; and wherever they go they carry with them an influence that purifies and refines.

A Question of Conscience.

WE often wonder at the strange and inexplicable faculty men, and for that matter women, also, have of forgetting their small debts, and the petty loans that may have been made them. Here it is the fifty cent piece borrowed for luncheon; there the unredeemed concert or opera ticket. Yet they do not forget their larger debts, the promissory notes, or the maturing drafts. And not only in the matter of redeeming the odd tickets here or there, but the voluntary taking of a number of them to dispose of for some church, or other worthy purpose, and after the affair is over, the neglect to make any return whatsoever of either tickets or money. This is a practice that is becoming most lamentably common, and yet those who are guilty of it deem themselves honest. Not along ago an instance of this occurred. An entertainment was given in aid of a worthy institution, the whole trouble and responsibility, falling, as usual, on the shoulders of a loyal few. Many others, equally interested, took tickets—for themselves and to dispose of—yet the number who did not make any returns at all, although they were repeatedly requested to do so, was surprisingly large. These religiously attend church, wearing expressions of sincere piety and deepest spirituality, but watch closely, and when the plate comes around they will dive deep into pocket after pocket in search of the smallest coin they possess. When one sees so much of this present day Christianity, it seems truly wonderful that there are any free churches at all, the solution, of course, being that the burden falls on the few.

And on the subject of church collections does not this custom of passing the plate bring us back most unpleasantly to the sordid side of life, coming as it does in the middle of a beautiful service. The plate goes from one to another, from you to your poverty-stricken brother, who feels his poverty never more than at this moment, and is ashamed to let it pass without his contribution, and in the rebellion against his unhappy lot, which the occasion helps to arouse, his heart grows hard, when the service might otherwise have filled it with love and peace and contentment. Could we not all with much less show and ostentation, quietly drop our tithes into boxes placed in each vestibule as we pass out, or in! None would know, for none would see, following the best of precepts "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth."

But unfortunately this nineteenth century Christianity steps in. We give not proportionately to our means, but in accordance with the opinions and demands of our neighbors, as has been amply proven by the greatly increased offertories since the substitution of plates in many of our churches for the deep bags used a few years ago.

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THE flag of a country represents its people as a nation, and however largely they may differ in politics or religion, the protection of the national banner is to them a common interest, and excites feelings of patriotism in which all may share.

The British flag, as we at present know it, has passed through several stages of development. In its present state it embodies a trinity of crosses, containing those of St. George, St. Patrick and St. Andrew, but as it is now it has existed only since the year 1801.

Before the beginning of the 13th century England had no recognized national banner. Each knight claimed the right to bear his own pennon, and the great lords gathered their retainers, each beneath his own private banner. But as national feeling developed, the need of a flag which would represent the whole nation became apparent, and the cross of St. George was selected for a national standard, the design being taken from the shield-device of the Red Cross Knights, heraldically described as "Argent, a cross gules." This is only one of the three flags of which our national banner is composed, and which is still in official use, being now flown at the masthead of an admiral's ship.

Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, James VI. of Scotland, came into undisputed possession of the English throne. Ruler over two nations, his dearest wish was to see them united, but his closest approach to the fulfilment of that wish was the draughting of a design for a national flag, which, however, was destined to remain unused until more than a century had elapsed, and the last of the Stuarts was seated upon the throne of England.

Anne, the second daughter of James II. became sovereign of England and Scotland in 1702, and shortly after her accession the project of union between the two countries was laid before parliament. A commission was appointed to enquire into the matter, but neither side would agree to the terms of the other, and the subject was dropped, only to be taken up again in 1704, when a Treaty of Union was framed which after much determined resistance from the majority of the people, was in 1707 passed through the Scottish Parliament by a majority of 101 votes, and which was, after nearly a year's delay, finally assented to by both houses of the English Parliament, in January, 1708.

Up to this time, then, the flag of England was the red cross of St. George on its white field. It is to it that reference is made by Scott in the first canto of Marmion, as "St. George's banner broad and gay;" of it that Campbell says with more spirit than historical knowledge, that it has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." It floated above the ships in which "Harry the Fifth" went forth to conquer the "vast fields of France." It waved above the decks of "The Little Revenge," when Sir Richard Grenville with one hundred men fought the fifty-three Spanish vessels for a night and a day. Under it John and Sebastian Cabot, Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh and many another valiant and venturesome seaman went forth to seek strange lands, and beneath its folds died Sir Philip Sydney, bravest of knights. The shores of America and the coasts of Spain learned to know it well. Before it fled the great Armada. At Sluys and Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt, La Hogue, Gibraltar, Blenheim and Ramilies, and at many another victory it floated at the masthead of proud ships, or was borne before victorious hosts, and beneath it have grown up the army and navy of Britain.

Upon the union of England and Scotland was first flown the Union Jack, which was upon that occasion declared to be the National Ensign of the United Kingdom. It is formed by the union of the cross of St. George (red upon a white ground) and the saltire or diagonal cross of St. Andrew (white on a blue ground) or heraldically described as "azure a saltire argent surmounted by a cross gules fimbriated or edged of the second."

Of the origin of the term "Jack" there are two explanations given. The first, and that which seems the more reasonable, is that it was derived from the name of the designer of the first Union flag, James I. who signed himself as Jacques or Jacobus. Hence the Union became known as Jacques or Jacobus Union, and the flag which he had designed, as the Union Jack. A second explanation is that the uniforms upon which the cross of St. George was first worn were called Jacks, and when this emblem was adopted for the national banner this name also came into use.

In this second stage of the development of our flag, many great names were added to the list of its victories.

On land Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, Dettin-gen and Plassey, Minden and Quebec bore witness to its fame; while at sea, Amherst, Howe and Nelson maintained its supremacy in many a hard fought fight.

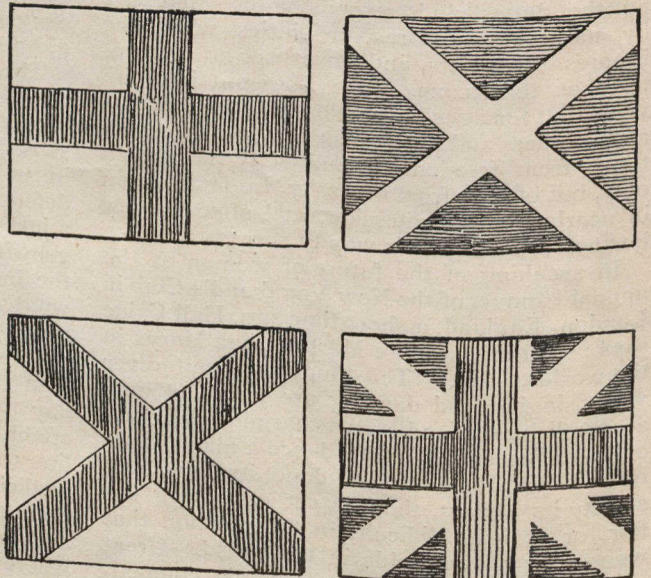
At that time Spain, England's old enemy, was slowly dying. At the sending forth of the Armada she had been at the zenith of her power, but the check which she had at that time received had put an end to her efforts against England. France, a yet older enemy, which had for some time retired from the conflict, started forth anew to fill her place. But neither Spain nor France could stay the forward march of that banner in the strong hands that upheld it. Into India and Egypt it was carried, and before it foes fled swiftly.

Poet and novelist made it their theme, and "never was isle so little, never was sea so lone but over the scud and palm-trees" flew the British Banner,

In the year 1801 came the third and last stage in its development, in the union of the red saltire, or cross of St. Patrick, with those of St. George and St. Andrew, of which it had hitherto been composed. After many hundred years of experimental government in Ireland, during which the short period of Strafford's rule had been the most successful, Pitt's great plan for domestic peace was carried into execution, and in January of that year Ireland was united to Great Britain, and was henceforth governed by the British Parliament to which she sent representatives. From that time there has been no change in the design of our national banner.

During this present century many a victory has been won beneath the folds of this ensign. Alexandria, Trafalgar, Vimiera and Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Albuera and Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria and Toulouse, Quatre Bras and Waterloo, brought the power of France to the ground. Under it Denmark was crushed at Copenhagen and Russia in the Crimean peninsula. The rebellion against its power in India was signally defeated. At Delhi and Lucknow, where a small body of men under that flag repelled and finally routed three times their number of rebels. At Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir the forces of Egypt were forced to fly. The names of Wellington, Nelson, Roberts and Wolseley have been inscribed upon the roll of fame as having gone beneath its folds to victory.

Nor is it on the field of battle alone that its triumphs have been gained. In literature, art, and science the empire which it represents has advanced with mighty strides. "That empire," said one of the greatest of England's statesmen, not many years ago, "was formed by the enterprise and energy of our ancestors; and it



is one of a very peculiar character. I know no example of it in ancient or modern history. Its flag floats over many waters; it has provinces in every zone; they are inhabited by persons of different religions, different races, different laws, manners, and customs. Some of these are bound to us by the ties of liberty, fully conscious that without the protection of the British flag they have no security for public freedom and self-government; other are bound to us by flesh and blood, and by material as well as moral considerations. There are millions who are bound to us by our military sway, and they bow to that sway because they know they are indebted to it for order and justice. All these communities agree in recognizing the commanding spirit of these Islands that have formed and fashioned in such a manner so great a portion of the globe. That empire is no mean heritage; but it is not a heritage that can only be enjoyed; it must be maintained, and it can only be maintained by the same qualities that created it—by courage, by discipline, by patience, by determination and by a reverence for public law, and respect for national rights."



Written for
THE CANADIAN HOME
JOURNAL

WE find from a letter recently received from London, England, that Mr. J. W. L. Forster, one of Canada's many talented artists, has been to the island of Guernsey in search of historical relics. The letter goes on to quote from an article in the Guernsey Star which says:—"A Canadian artist from Toronto, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, held in high repute in that city, has recently visited and will shortly return to this island for the express purpose of carrying back to Canada a reliable portrait of Sir Isaac Brock. He has reproduced from the original small painting of General Brock, now in the possession of Mr. John Lavery Carey, a most pleasing and faithful life-sized oil painting of the General in uniform, the coat being depicted from that actually worn by him on the fatal day in 1812 at the battle of Queenston Heights, and kindly lent the artist by the owners, the Misses F. B. Tupper of Candie. The memory of Sir Isaac Brock, who by common consent of the Canadian public was given the title of "The Hero of Upper Canada," is justly revered throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, for as Mr. D. B. Read, Q.C., in his 'Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock' remarks, 'It was his genius which laid out the plan for opposing the large (American) force employed in the hopeless task of conquering Canada,' and 'how well he performed the duty entrusted to him is manifest from the successful result of the conflict.'"

Lovers of the beautiful may shortly look for some pretty things from the brush of another of our Canadian artists—Mr. Mower Martin who has been enjoying the beauties of Springfield-on-the-Credit. Those who have never visited that charming and ideal spot will be able to see at least one or more of its lovely nooks when Mr. Martin gives to the world—on canvas—his recollections of some of Canada's most delightful bits of scenery.

Miss Cornelia Sage, of Buffalo, a young

artist of whom the world beyond her own city has not yet heard very much, but who is destined to make her name known among the rising artists of the day, has been doing some splendid work in oils recently. She is at present studying under Mr. Wyly Grier, who is summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

* * *

A veteran artist was asked one day by an enthusiastic young student what he should do in order to get on quickly, complaining that although going in for regular training he did not make the progress he desired. He was ready and willing to undertake anything and everything, however difficult. "Young man," replied the mentor, "there is no royal road to success, and one piece of advice I will give you: do not confine yourself to your stereotyped work at the Art School. Draw whatever you see around you, everywhere and always. At the end of six months compare the work just finished with that done in the first month. If you have worked conscientiously during that time you will no longer complain that you do not get on, for a proof to the contrary will lie before you."

* * *

In sketching from nature don't put in everything you can see because it is there. An authority tells us that "selection is as much a part of the artist's work as the painting."

—

The State Dinner Set.

AMONG the recent exhibitions of art in Toronto, nothing has held its own more worthily than the State Dinner Set of over a hundred pieces, which has been completed in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada, also of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. It illustrates the places of historic interest, and represents the various fruits, flowers, game and fish of the Dominion.

It is all of Doulton china, imported specially by the Pantechnethca and the Woman's Art Association of Canada, and decorated by the following members:—Miss A. Egan, of Halifax; Miss A. L. Kelley, of Yarmouth; Miss Alice M. Judd, of Hamilton; Miss Clara E. Galbraith, of Hamilton; Miss Phoebe Watson, of Galt; Miss M. McClung, of St. Catharines; Miss Elizabeth Whitney, of Montreal; and the following Toronto members—Miss M. Irvine, Miss Louise Couen, Miss L. O. Adams, Miss H. M. Proctor, Miss J. A. Harrison, Miss M. Roberts, Miss J. Bertram, Miss M. Logan.

With the exception, perhaps, of one or two, the pieces are all beautifully done, and if the Dominion Government purchases it, which the Association hopes it will do, Canada will have a monster piece of work from its women artists of which it may be proud. Some of the historic scenes represented are Fort Henry, Kingston; Nanaimo, B.C.; Site of the 1st Port Royal; Old Fort, near Annapolis Royal, N.S.; Fort Frederick, Kingston; Halifax from York Redoubt; Mission Church, St. Anne's; Martello Tower, on the Plains of Abraham; Cabot's Head; Remains of French Fortifications, Luisburg; Fort Mississauga at Niagara-on-the-Lake, as it was in 1767; an old church at Tadousac; Brock's Monument; Old St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Prescott Gate, Quebec; Old St. Louis Gate, Quebec; Old Prescott Gate, Quebec; Old Fort Chambly, Quebec, (which at a glance closely resembles Fort Niagara, N.Y., only without the high stone wall, and flying the Union Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes). Encampment of the U. E. Loyalists at Johnstown 1784; Old St. John's

Gate, Quebec; The Three Rivers, 1836; The old Mohawk church at Brantford, and the Citadel of Kingston, 1838.

The cups and saucers are exquisitely done in lovely Canadian flowers, and the fish, game and dessert plates have suitable designs most artistically worked out. Added to its value as a work of art, it holds the charm of immortalizing—in so far as such a breakable thing as china can immortalize—the historic places and the chief beauties of our glorious country.

—

The Epworth League.

ONE of the largest and most successful gatherings ever held in Toronto was the Third International Convention of the Epworth League, which began on Thursday, the 15th inst., and closed on Sunday the 18th. From everywhere across the line they came, from West and East and South, and Toronto gave them a reception which left in their minds no doubt that they were welcome indeed in the Queen City of Canada. Over twenty thousand strangers were present during the week, and from private houses and shops, from public buildings, and over the streets floated the crossed flags of the two nations, and the word "Welcome" in the colors of the League—scarlet and white. Verily it was an invasion such as Toronto has not seen for many years, but it was an invasion that brought with it an influence which has done much to link closer together the two nations, divided only by such a narrow line. It brought what it took away and yet left behind—a broader and kindlier feeling, a realization that in the higher and better object of their coming all question of race and nationality was buried, and the thousands were as one in their great aim. Methodism has indeed made wonderful strides in the past few years, and the people so ready to say that materialism is over-riding religion need only the evidences of last week's convention to prove the fallacy of the thought.

In speaking of the Convention, Professor Goldwin Smith calls attention to the fact that the majority of those who came were women. All credit to them that it was so! From the day when they were last at the Cross and first at the Tomb the women of the world have been the pillars of their religion. They mainly fill the churches; with their cheerful and zealous efforts they keep alive the societies and organizations to which they belong; and wherever there is work to be done in the parish they generally far out-number the men.

In speaking further of the League, Professor Goldwin Smith says: "The great Massey Hall and the principal Methodist churches were filled again and again to overflowing . . . and over the vast meetings of the league floated in amity the two flags which it is the delight of Jingoism in its crazy vanity on both sides of the line to tear down.

"In the meeting of the Epworth League the Methodist Church once more showed its force and the strong hold which it has upon the attachment of large classes. Methodism had the great advantage of owing its birth, not like other Protestant churches, to doctrinal controversy, but to a revival of religious feeling and Christian morality in antagonism to the irreligion, worldliness and sensuality of the nineteenth century. This has made its preaching less dogmatic, less political, more truly evangelical. Rarely, it is believed, do we find a Methodist minister engaged in dogmatic controversy or hear a controversial sermon from a Methodist pulpit. Wesley was a great ecclesiastical statesman, and if he was tenacious of power, his ascendancy was the life of his infant church."

A Tea Room for Toronto.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

NOW and again during the past year or two rumors of a ladies' club-room in Toronto have been afloat. The pity of it is that they seem to have been only rumors! And yet why should ours be so far behind other cities of the same size? Every lady in our beautiful Queen City would willingly give her influence towards establishing something of the kind, for winter and summer she needs it. As things are now, in arranging a shopping expedition with a friend from another part of the town she makes a Hobson's choice of a rendezvous, and says "meet me at such a corner, or at such-and-such a shop." But woman is renowned for her inability to punctually keep an engagement, and nine times out of ten somebody impatiently waits, a frown gathers on a pretty face, and a foot angrily taps the pavement, or the floor, as hundreds jostle past and the right one fails to come. To wait on a street corner, or in some department of a crowded shop for a tardy comer is not the most pleasant occupation in the world, and yet in a pretty club-room, with windows looking down on the crowds below, and papers and magazines to help while away the time, the punctual one could very happily give twenty or thirty minutes to the woman who spends half her days scurrying in the wake of broken engagements. And after an afternoon's tiresome round of the shops, how delightful to have some retreat where everything is daintily done, with an atmosphere of home about it, sweet home-made bread and butter, cut thin and tempting; tasty cakes, such as are never to be found at a restaurant, delicious tea or fragrant coffee, in transparent china, with lump sugar and thick cream, foreign to any but a good housewife's management; flowers and pretty surroundings, and the knowledge that by right of a paid-up subscription, or charge, you may wait as long as you like without the guilty feeling of a trespasser, which eventually makes uncomfortable the man or woman who hangs around a shop watching the hands of a clock slowly creep past the hour of appointment. An hundred advantages of a club-room could be mentioned. Every woman knows them. Every woman appreciating them would willingly give her patronage, for instance, to such a tea-room as has recently been opened at Greenwich, of which we read in Harper's—just such a thing as Toronto has been clamoring for—a thing so absolutely necessary that when it is finally established—as it is sure to be in time—everyone will wonder how the women managed to exist in the days before it was started. To carry it on successfully, it would need at its head someone of refinement, someone who realized that cooking was an art—of which not every woman is mistress—someone with pretty taste and sound judgment. And among our bright Canadian women we have many eminently qualified to undertake and make a grand success, financially and socially, of just such a tea-room as the one at Greenwich, with perhaps, a few improvements. For instance, the counter at one end with tea, coffee, and chocolate drawn from urns savors too much of a restaurant. Everything out of harmony with an atmosphere of home should be well out of sight; and the deal tables and plain wooden chairs could easily be improved on. A woman of innate taste and tact would think of a hundred little things that with only a little added outlay would make the place charmingly attractive,

THE GREENWICH TEA-ROOM.

Following in the footsteps of their older sisters, Mrs. John A. Lowery and Miss Wilmerding, two more society women are about to open a summer tea-room in Greenwich, Connecticut. Miss Elizabeth Vanderpoel Duer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duer, of "Hauxhurst," Weehawken Heights, New Jersey, was the first to conceive the idea of establishing a tea-room in Greenwich, and interested her friend Miss Gertrude Houghton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. George Clark Houghton, Rector of Trinity Church, Hoboken, in the scheme. After talking it over it did not take them long to materialize their plans, and they settled upon Greenwich as a likely place for success, being as it is such a favorite resort for summer boarders. They have taken rooms there, on the ground-floor of a building on the corner of Putnam Avenue, opposite the Lenox House, and have fitted the tea-room up in exquisite taste in pink and white. The wall paper is of a lovely shade of pink, with roses strewn over it, and a border of a deeper shade. The curtains are of dotted Swiss with tiny ruffles, and are tied back with broad pink satin ribbons. Across the end of the room they have had placed a counter, on which will be served hot tea, coffee, and chocolate, drawn from large urns, as in any restaurant. They have invested in two dozen plain deal tables and about one hundred plain wooden chairs. This will be all the furniture of the room, excepting a little desk in one corner, at which Miss Houghton will preside as cashier.

Both Miss Duer and her partner realize the advisability of making their "tea-room" as attractive as possible, so they have engaged two very pretty maids to wait upon their customers. The maids will wear a uniform of pink calico gowns, white lawn aprons with straps over the shoulders, and small caps with pink ribbons.

The present plan, liable to change later in the season, is not to open the "tea-room" until eleven o'clock in the morning. They will then serve ice-cream at fifteen cents a plate, which will be made "at home" and not ordered up from New York. In the same way these enterprising young women hope to make a success of their water-ices.

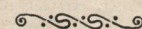
As Miss Duer is a most excellent cake-maker it will be easier for her than most girls who do not understand this art to make a specialty of all kinds of delicious home-made cake, which she intends to do. She will have for sale during all the summer nut cake, pound-cake, sponge-cake, ginger-bread, lady-fingers, macaroons, in fact all sorts of home-made cake, for which she has valuable old family receipts. Any of these cakes may be bought in the tea-room by the slice, or whole, as one wishes, and many a woman may find it a great convenience when an influx of visitors is expected, to have some place where she can get good cake at a moment's notice. Miss Houghton at her desk will be ready to take orders for any of these delicacies all through the week.

Bicyclists are cordially invited to "drop in on their winding way" and partake of any of these "soft drinks," accompanied by delicately made sandwiches of tongue, ham, or chicken; or, if their appetites crave not food so coarse, they may feast upon lettuce sandwiches, or even plain white or brown bread and butter. Ten cents apiece is all they will be expected to pay for them.

Any one who has spent a summer at an hotel or boarding house realizes the fact that it is a very difficult matter to procure a decent luncheon of any kind to take off on a boating or yachting party, picnic or excursion. Miss Duer and Miss Houghton being thoroughly alive to this, have decided to be always prepared to

supply good luncheons neatly packed in square boxes lined with Japanese napkins, and containing Japanese napkins sufficient for a party, to any who may call for them.

The "Greenwich Tea-Room" is a courageous experiment for these young women to undertake outside of New York city. If they had started here they would immediately have had the custom of some of the most prominent people in the city, as both Miss Houghton and Miss Duer come from very old and well-known New York families. However, those who know them well believe that they deserve far more credit in starting off in this way, away from home, depending entirely upon their own exertions, than opening their tea-room in New York and expecting it to be patronized by their relatives and friends. With failure or success they need never feel ashamed of having tried to help themselves! But they are sure to succeed!



Canada's Great Victorian Era Exposition and Industrial Fair.

UNDER the management of Mr. H. J. Hill, Toronto's Industrial Fair promises to be a more monster success than ever. From the opening day, Aug. 30th, to the closing, Sept. 11th, there will be greater and finer attractions than have been offered in its history. The display of manufactures, agricultural, industrial and mineral products, live stock, etc., will be on a magnificent scale. An unusual number of medals are being offered in all departments, and among the special spectacular attractions will be a most gorgeous Jubilee procession, rivalling, as nearly as possible, the actual one which aroused the enthusiasm and admiration of thousands upon thousands in the streets of London, Eng., on Jubilee Day. From all quarters of the globe people flocked to the metropolis of the world to witness one of the greatest sights of the century; but although thousands went, there were thousands who stayed at home, for no other reason than because circumstances kept them there, and for these the Industrial Fair at a cost of over twenty thousand dollars will reproduce the wonderful scene. Mr. Seymour Penson is at present in London securing the costumes; this wide continent is being searched for some one who nearly resembles the Queen in figure and face, and already the six snow-white horses which are to draw her chariot have been secured. Nothing will be omitted which can perfect a fac-simile representation of a scene which will find its way into the pages of every history of the Victorian era—a scene, a reproduction of which, every Canadian should make an effort to see.

For many reasons those who have the management of this colossal affair have determined to make it eclipse any of former years. They remind us that the year 1897 is one of great importance to all subjects of the Queen, and to none more than to the people of Canada. It is the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria; it is the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery by John Cabot of the northern portion of this continent, now comprising the Dominion of Canada, and it is the thirtieth anniversary of the confederation of its various provinces. For these, and many other reasons, they have decided to make the Exposition of '97—their nineteenth annual fair—one equal in importance to the times.

Without doubt they will succeed, and greater crowds than ever will find their way to the grounds—fortunately over a hundred acres in extent—on the shores of blue Ontario, and within a few minutes' ride by electric cars from even the most remote parts of Toronto.

Fancy Work

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
by Kenmore.

The fin-de-siecle girl has relegated the traditional "trunk in the garret" to the past, she finds Dame Fashion so very fickle and unreliable a personage. At one time it was thought there could not be too many sets of underclothing, nor too much of the housewife's pride, household linen laid by for future use; but, alas! the style in underwear changes almost as often and as rapidly as our out-door garments, while the household linen will vary with the size of the pillows, the use or disuse of the time-honored bolster, and the growing fashion for single beds.

And so it is with fancy work and art needlework—with but a few exceptions. It would be utter folly to hoard up the dainty and pretty trifles of the hour with the idea of having a good start for the future new home.

A lovely little carriage robe for His Royal Highness, King Baby, may be made of two thicknesses of white linen, with an interlining of white canton flannel, or a few layers of sheet batting. The upper side should have small roses and rose buds thickly scattered over its surface, embroidered in their natural shades with Japan floss, and Rose sachet powder plentifully sprinkled through the interlining. This cover may be finished about the edge with a double frill of pink silk, and the upper side fastened to the lower by little bows of pink baby ribbon, tacked over the surface here and there, and full bows or rosettes of the same ribbon fastened at the four corners.

This same idea might be carried out in making a cover for the little one's pillow.

Perhaps the most popular lace work of to-day is the Battenburg. It is employed not only for all sorts of fancy work, such as tea cloths, doyleys, centre-pieces, tea cosies, etc., but for decorating fancy bodices, blouses and summer gowns. It makes a most effective trimming when used for collars, cuffs, revers and the fashionable Bolero jackets. It is both durable and serviceable, and possesses the additional charm of not being at all difficult to make. Braid is so much heavier than that which is used for the Honiton lace work, that the stitches do not require to be so fine, so that the design is filled in quite rapidly. The rings, which play so important a part, may be purchased ready made, at any fancy goods shop, but it would be a very easy matter to make them by winding the same sort of thread that is used for the lace stitches, into rings of the proper size and thickness, and afterwards working them round in buttonhole stitch.

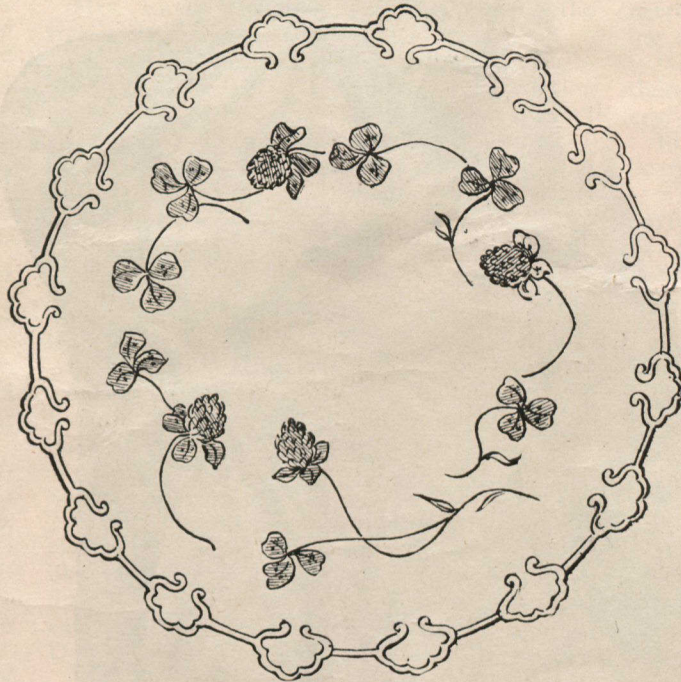
The twisted bars that are used so much in this work, are made by a thread connecting two points of the braid, the needle being twisted several times around this single thread which is fastened securely at both ends.

A most effective filling for the petals of flowers and leaves is produced by cat-stitching. Very elaborate lace may be made of this work by using many of the fancy lace stitches, which will, of course, require much more time and patience.

Black silk Battenburg lace makes a very handsome trimming for black silk and black velvet gowns, as well as for the richly

trimmed short shoulder cape. It is made in the same way as the ordinary white Battenburg lace designs, the color and quality of the braid and thread being the only items of difference.

Centrepieces do not seem to diminish in popularity as the seasons roll by. Indeed, they seem to have come to stay, if one might judge by the number and variety that appear at Christmastide, Easter, or among every bride's wedding presents. They too well fill a long felt want to be quickly abandoned for newer fashions. They may be made any size or shape so that they may never be out of harmony with the arrangements of the other table decorations. The Persian embroideries seem to vie with the jewelled in their richness of color, but the gay little Dresden flowers are always pretty, even if they are a bit old-fashioned. A very beautiful centrepiece could be made of fine white linen, having the Dresden floral design scattered over the surface with careless grace, and these wee flowers embroidered in their natural colors with Japan floss. Instead of working the button hole edge with white silk, as is usually done, alternate colors could be used in the scollops, old blue, old red, yellow, pink and green carrying out the Dresden effect. This idea could be carried out very effectively with



several shades of violet silk, the Dresden flowers being replaced by the modest violets.

Round centrepieces are perhaps more effective than square ones, and they should vary from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter.

The opalescent effects are very lovely and suggestive. They may be produced by means of small flowers or with small conventional designs.

The jewel work is much more decided and striking in character than the opalescent, but one must be careful to observe harmony of color as well as richness and variety. Sweet peas make a very charming variety of coloring and if one has regard for the Scotch craze which seems to exist in almost everything at the present day, a thistle centrepiece could be made with very excellent results.

A rather novel one recently seen had a border of butterflies, wing touching wing. The four wings were made by means of medallion braid, applied with button hole stitch, the linen being cut away beneath. The bodies and heads were worked solidly with Turkish floss. This idea could be carried out in the brilliant hues of the butterflies, or be entirely white, which would be exceedingly dainty.

Another very beautiful centrepiece consisted of a large round piece of fine white linen, button holed all around the edge with white silk Spanish floss. Four large fleur-de-lis were placed equi-distant from one another, close to the border, at the same time extending well towards the centre. The edges of these French floral emblems were button holed, with white silk spanish floss, while the rest of the flowers consisted of an "airy nothingness," which pleasing effect was produced by that dainty net which is used so much for some kinds of fancy work, the linen beneath being cut away. These four large fleur-de-lis were connected by four of the most enticing little chains of wild roses. Pink silk was placed beneath this to accentuate the design, as well as to add a little more color.

The Battenburg lace makes a most effective border for a fine white linen centrepiece, and this could be further beautified and brightened by embroidering a few carnations partly upon the lace and partly upon the linen. In order to get this effect the carnation is first made on a bit of linen, or some finer material, and then placed upon the lace, the stems being embroidered in green silk upon the linen foundation.

We illustrate this month a very graceful clover design, which is not at all difficult to work. The border should be button holed with white Spanish floss, while the leaves and stems should be done in several shades of green, the clovers being embroidered in their natural bright hues also with Japan floss. Care must be taken in embroidering the clovers, or they may be mistaken for strawberries.

We also illustrate two pretty doyley designs of a conventional order. These would be found to be very quickly and easily embroidered, the only solid work being the button holed borders, the rest of the pattern being done in outline stitch. These patterns might be enlarged and used for centrepieces.

A very appropriate centrepiece to be used with white and gold china would be the narcissus pattern. These flowers should be embroidered with white floss, shaded with pale yellow and greenish gray, the centres being filled in with yellow. The leaves should be worked with three shades of silvery green floss.

The old French designs are much in vogue at the present day for artistic needlework, and one finds them quite a relief from the too frequent floral designs. A very beautiful design that takes its name from Louis XV. of France is admirably adapted to all kinds of fine embroidery work, many beautiful arrangements being made of the lattice work and the irregular scrolls.



AN EXPERIMENT.

By Nancy Rivers.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. Lavington and her niece, Leighton Kennedy were driving home from the Blackwood's Thursday evening crush at Buckingham-gate.

Mrs. Lavington was a widow of the smart type, and Leighton had for some time been on what she euphemistically alluded to as "her mind." That she had very nearly reached her nerves as well was indicated by the irritable note in her voice when she at length broke a somewhat protracted pause in the conversation.

"I should like to know whether this drive is to be continued to the bitter end in dead silence?" she inquired, frigidly, turning a little towards her companion.

Leighton started. Then she laughed a little.

"I was thinking," she explained. "These bad habits grow on one. I'm very sorry, auntie! What shall I talk about? Shall I give you a graphic account of Mr. Reivert's conversation with me in the conservatory? Or would you like the meanderings of the philosophic, if slightly satisfying, Mr. Merton? Or—"

"You know, Leighton," her aunt broke in, sharply, "it's all very well for you to be clever at the expense of every man you meet, but men hate that sort of thing, and— Well, please yourself, of course, but you'll never get married, and you'll only have yourself to blame—"

"Like 'Sweet Lizer.' Auntie you are too severe," murmured Leighton, plaintively. "The fate you condemn me to is surely out of all proportion to the offence. You should make the punishment fit the crime better than that. Even Herbert Spencer says so."

"Considering," said Mrs. Lavington, warming to the subject, "considering that you have done your best to put men off. A great many of them already think you are clever—what with your writing and one thing and another—and you know how men dislike cleverness in women—to marry, I mean. Considering how foolish you've been, you've had more opportunities than you deserve. You see how you neglect your chances! Well, I shall wash my hands of you," she concluded, with a gesture, "and if you're never married—and I'm really beginning to be afraid you never will be—it will be entirely your own fault."

"You have, at least, a flattering way of conveying a reproof, auntie," Leighton answered, with becoming meekness. "Won't you go on and give these rather vague 'opportunities' a local habitation and name? There's something quite fascinating about the idea of a concrete 'opportunity,'" she added with a reflective air.

"Do you mean the men you might marry?"

"Yes; but don't put it in the plural, auntie—it's shocking!"

"You know quite well yourself," returned Mrs. Lavington, unheedingly. "To begin with, there's Mr. Reivert. He's very well off; he's a thoroughly good fellow; he—"

"Yes; he has all the virtues, but his brains were left out—by mistake, I suppose. Also

two front teeth. I don't know whether that's also by mistake, but I hope not. If so, it indicates a careless and slovenly disposition in Mr. Reivert. You wouldn't wish me to marry a man with two teeth missing, auntie, surely?" she asked, with great earnestness. "One could forgive the brains—the want of them, I mean, of course—but the teeth—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted her aunt. "Any dentist could put that right in no time. I must admit that I can't think why he doesn't have it seen to—What are you laughing at, Leighton? As for me, I've always thought it un-Christian—even in bad taste—to jeer at the afflictions of others." Mrs. Lavington bridled, and fanned herself vigorously for a moment.

"So it is. I'm sorry. I hope he'll go to a good dentist," Leighton answered, with preternatural gravity. "But go on, auntie; let us imagine Mr. Reivert put aside for subsequent consideration."



"Well, why not Mr. Marriott? You can't complain that he isn't clever, Leighton! He's forever lecturing somewhere or other, for the spread of something."

"Best butter, mainly," Leighton murmured, abstractedly.

"Or the enlightenment of somebody. And he reads incessantly, and recites, and has views and theories enough, I am sure."

"Oh! he has—he has!" groaned Leighton, "and I'm so sorry for him; but what can I do, auntie? the disease is incurable!"

"Disease!" echoed her aunt. "What are you talking about, my dear child! Why Mr. Marriott's the picture of health! His complexion is lovely—but there, what is the use of talking to you, Leighton? I might just as well save myself the trouble. You'd take your own course, as you always do. Why didn't you talk to Mr. Graham to-night? You used to have plenty to say to him. Indeed, I

thought that just because he is the least eligible man of your acquaintance, you might—What have you to say against him?"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing!" The carriage had stopped, and Leighton was getting out; "and that's just the worst of it," she added, with a laugh as they went up the steps together.

"Good-night, auntie"—she put her wraps down on the hall table as she spoke—"I'll go straight upstairs, I think. Don't trouble about me. If I join the noble army of spinsters after all, no one can say it is your fault. I have at least been very frankly warned."

CHAPTER II.

Leighton went upstairs with a light step, humming the refrain of a little French air someone had sung during the evening.

She locked her bedroom door, crossed the room rather hurriedly towards the fire, and, kneeling down before it, burst into tears. When the fit of crying had worn itself out, she rose slowly, and began to walk restlessly about the room.

Her writing table stood open. On the shelf above it was the photograph of a girl. She took it down, and looked a moment at the clear, steadfast eyes which returned her own gaze. Then she sat down at the table, opened her blotting case, and began to write.

She had filled a sheet of notepaper, however, before the following words appeared.

" . . . Of course, you know what all this is the prelude to, and as I daresay you will skip the preface, I won't waste any eloquence upon you. I told you about Jim Graham. He proposed to me to-night at the Blackwood's, and I said No. It sounds very simple, doesn't it? But it wasn't. I wish you were here. When are you coming home? I want your advice badly. Don't say, with that aggravating air of calm good sense (which you know drives me wild) that there can be nothing to say, since I have settled the matter.

"There is everything to say. Have I done right or wrong? I want you to tell me, and you may be quite sure that, whether you decide for or against me, I shall disagree equally with either decision.

"Do you remember, Joan, you used to prophesy I should never marry, because the man I could marry doesn't exist, and never has, and never will?

"A man who is in the first place, tall and strong and good to look at—a man who has brains, and, without being effeminate, something of the poetic temperament—who has a considerable amount of earnestness (very well disguised or else he would bore me) about some of the great questions of life—and more than a touch of the devil with regard to others. A man, in fact, who, while he is above all things manly, possesses what is most complex and most fascinating in a brilliant woman, you wisely assured me I should never meet, and I thoroughly agreed with you.

"Well, I have met James Graham. You will smile, superior, of course, but I thought he approximated, at least, to all this, and, what is more, I think so still, and if only I could find myself mistaken it would be such a relief.

"Then why—' you will begin. Yes—why? That is just what I want to know! Why don't I love him? I'm going to perpetrate a platitude, but I've warned you. Love is the most mysterious thing in the world! If he were different in every respect to my ideal man, I should most likely be in the seventh heaven at this moment.

"As it is—I'm not. And yet—I wonder if you understand?—I feel so near caring for him.

The little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

"Is that how it goes?"

"Now can you in the least realize how unhappy I am about it? Ought I, liking him so well, to have said 'No,' on what most people (though not you, fortunately) would call a mere fanciful objection? I don't know. The fact remains that I don't love him, though I might if—"

"Ah, well; principles are dull things, and when one reflects how ridiculously out of proportion to their practical usefulness is the fuss that is made about them, one is tempted to cry aloud in the words of the Pharisee. Still, I have done to-night—for the sake of a principle—the cruellest thing I ever did in my life."

She threw down her pen with a sigh and a weary gesture, and pushed the half-written letter into her case.

Then she stirred the fire absently, and drew up a low chair in front of it. The idea of going to bed was not attractive; she was too restless and troubled.

Her eyes wandered listlessly over her bookshelves, but she did not rise from her seat. The lamp near her burnt low, and as she stretched across to turn it to a higher flame, she noticed a magazine lying on the table behind it. It was a new number, and had evidently been brought to her room while she was out.

"This will do; heaven grant something light inside!" she thought indifferently.

"Where's the paper knife? Ah! here's a story. A very thin layer of jam between two thick slices of bread. Stale bread, too—'Dis-establishment' and the 'New Woman.' Yes, in that case I'll take my jam—neat."

She settled herself against the cushions and began to cut the leaves.

Twenty minutes later the book dropped into her lap. Her eyes were shining; she pushed back her fair hair with an excited gesture, rising as she did so.

"Now," she said, deliberately, apostrophising the photograph above her writing-table, "all things being equal, I'd marry the man who wrote that story—if he asked me!"

She began to wander about the room with bent head, thinking.

"That's what I meant, and couldn't put into words. The man who wrote this understands."

"Would Jim Graham understand all my moods? No, I'm sure he wouldn't! Would this man—this," she glanced again at the page—"Henry Fergus, understand? Some of them, at any rate."

"I wonder—," she paused and suddenly stopped short in her restless pacing to and fro. A smile crept slowly into her eyes. Then she sat down again by the fire, with her hands folded.

Her stillness as she sat gazing at the leaping flames conveyed in some curious fashion a sense of the growing excitement which possessed her.

"Why not?" she said at last, half aloud, moving at length from her low chair.

She sat down once more before her writing table, the smile still hovering about her lips, and took up her pen. It moved slowly at first, but before a quarter of an hour had passed it was flying over the smooth sheet.

She wrote straight on, at white heat, with scarcely a pause for two or three hours.

With a long sigh she pushed the papers back at length, and rose slowly from her place, stiff and cramped.

Her story—in effect, a half-playful rejoinder to the one she had just read—was finished, but she had been writing all night.

The room was filled with the curious unreal light of dawn. Leighton started as she looked about her, and glanced half-guiltily at her own white-clad reflection in the glass.

"I never did such an absurd thing before in all my life, as to sit up all night," she thought, seizing her dressing-gown hastily. "Whatever time shall I get down to breakfast? and how furious Aunt Mattie will be if I'm pale tomorrow—no, to-day, I mean!"

CHAPTER III.

"Mr. Graham is obliged to leave town," observed Mrs. Lavington one afternoon some time after the "Grand Remonstrance." She glanced severely at her niece as she announced the fact.

"Is he?" Leighton answered, serenely examining the tea-cosy. "How shabby this is getting. I must make another. When did you see him, auntie?"

"This afternoon. He called when you were out, to say good-bye. He reminded me again that his sister is coming to town on a long visit and hoped I would look after her sometimes. I said I should be delighted, of course. So likely that I should want to fill the house with a host of girls! Does he imagine that it's all the same to us whether he comes himself or sends his sister as substitute?"

Mrs. Lavington put down her cup on the tray with an irritated rattle.

"I don't think it's likely," observed Leighton, musingly. "He would be an exception to the usual run of men in that respect, don't you think? When does Miss Graham come?"

"Oh, next week—the week after next—I'm sure I don't know," exclaimed her aunt, in an exasperated tone, picking up *The Queen*, with the air of one who wishes to be left in peace.

Dolly Graham had been in town some weeks when the Harringfords gave their annual picnic.

The evening before she had run in to consult Leighton on the subject of cotton versus muslin blouses for the next day, and the all-absorbing question of dress being in abeyance for the time, she strolled across the room to her friend's bookshelves.

"What a lot of books you have," she exclaimed, "and so many of them poetry. You like poetry, of course? Well, I don't. I frankly own it. Ah! Why," she cried, presently, "you have Henry Fergus' verses. Don't you love them? I do."

"I thought you didn't care for poetry," Leighton began mockingly.

"Ah! but then, you see, I know Henry Fergus, and—" She hesitated a moment and began to examine the shelves with a great show of interest.

"Really," Leighton observed, in a very creditably indifferent tone; "what is he like?"

"Oh, splendid!" began Dolly, impetuously; "but then, you see, I'm very fond of him."

Her voice was a little tremulous. Leighton started.

"Dolly! and you never told me!" she cried, reproachfully. "I—congratulate you," she said, slowly, after a moment's silence.

"Isn't that rather premature? You don't know him."

"No—that's true; but I like what he writes."

"Ah, yes. Did you see that delicious little sketch of his in *The Falcon* some time ago? Wasn't it charming? And have you seen this month's number?" she went on, carelessly. "There's an answer to it! Such a dear little answer! He's delighted—it's so flattering, you know; and, after all, he is but a man! You'll never see to thread that needle if you stoop so, Leighton. Give it to me!"

"What did he say?" Leighton inquired, after a moment's pause.

"Oh! he jumped up and threw the magazine down on the table and said 'Good heavens!' After that he laughed."

The laugh rang in Leighton's ears; her face burnt so painfully that she dared not look up.

"He was very interested; I know," pursued Dolly, who harped delightedly on the subject of her absent lover. "He read it twice, and then he walked up and down the room and smiled to himself. Oh, a man's a vain creature. I expect he thought it was a woman, and I dare say it was—the wretch. You'll see him tomorrow, Leighton. I meant to tell you all the time, really, dear; but I wanted you to see him first, and—"

"See him?—I?" exclaimed Leighton, turning round so suddenly that Dolly drew back, startled.

"Yes; he's going with us," she replied, in surprise. "You don't mind, do you? I hoped you'd get on splendidly together—two such clever people!"

"Oh, yes; of course," Leighton assented, vaguely turning over in her mind the chances of escape on the morrow.

* * *

"Such a bother, he couldn't get away by the first train," Dolly remarked for the fiftieth time.

She and Leighton, a little apart from the rest of the party, were covering the strawberries with cool leaves, and incidentally driving off inquiring spiders.

"But I should think," pursued Dolly—"Ah! there he is!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous cry.

In spite of the uncomfortable beating of her heart, Leighton could not repress a smile.

"That is what I call becoming maidenly coyness," she began with mockery in her voice, but Dolly was half-way down the mossy path.

She bent her head a little lower over the baskets, arguing angrily with her own stupidity. He need never know, unless, indeed, she was idiotic enough to—

"Leighton, may I introduce Mr. Fergus?" said Dolly's voice close to her.

She rose quietly to her feet, and raised her eyes a little proudly in spite of herself.

"Mr. Graham! I thought—Dolly said—"

"No! I never said, you said!—and oughtn't a girl to be fond of her only brother?"

Dolly laughed till Leighton with difficulty repressed a desire to annihilate her on the spot.

"May I explain Miss Kennedy?" Graham asked. "Certainly—I shall be glad if you will," she returned a little stiffly.

"It is true my name is Fergus—but professionally only—for a wonder Dolly has respected a confidence, and so"—

"Oh! how mean, and I've kept silence and refrained even from good words when people have praised your work! Never again, as long as I live!" Dolly declared emphatically.

"Mrs. Harringford I can't wait another moment for lunch!"

* * *

She hardly exchanged a word with him all day long; yet, throughout the day she knew he was waiting his opportunity to speak to her, and at length his moment came.

They were walking together across the gorse-covered common to where, late in the evening, the carriages were waiting.

She felt dazed with the whirl of new, conflicting feelings. If only she could be alone to think! Was it possible that the man who wrote the words that had so stirred and charmed her was, after all, James Graham? Then there was one side of his nature she had never known, possibilities of whose existence she had not dreamed—

And now—did it make any difference to her? She could not tell. She—

The silence had been for some moments unbroken. She felt vaguely that the air was very

still and sweet. There was a lingering glow in the west, and a faint crescent moon was outlined on its saffron field.

She noticed how the night moths flitted like the ghosts of fairies amongst the tiny flowers under foot, and all at once—he was speaking.

Her heart was beating so fast that for a moment the sense of his words did not reach her.

"You have answered one of my questions," he said, "and you have made me so proud and happy that I am daring enough to ask you another one. May I, Leighton?"

She stopped suddenly and faced him.

"What do you mean?" she said, slowly, raising her eyes steadily to his.

"Don't be angry!" he said, smiling a little. "I know you don't want me to find out, but—"

Her eyes fell swiftly beneath his; she began to walk on hurriedly.

"You see," he continued, deprecatingly, "your style is so distinctive that a pseudonym isn't of much avail, but it was quite by accident that I knew certainly that the story was yours. Do you remember where Dallas shows Katherine the little vellum-covered book? You describe minutely the cover and the lettering on the old volume. Well, that's my book! Don't you remember I showed it to you one day last summer! I have never taken it out of its case since you had it in your hands. It belonged to my grandfather, and for years before I rescued it it was lying at the bottom of an old sea chest in the lumber room at home. Therefore—" he paused.

It was true. What a simple thing it seemed! Yet it had betrayed her.

A picture of the quaint old-world volume had risen vividly in her mind as she wrote, with no consciousness of where, or under what circumstance she had really seen it.

She drew a deep breath, and made a hasty movement away from him.

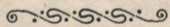
"I don't know why I did it," she said at last, in a tense voice. "It was a—stupid impulse. I hope you—didn't think—that you believe that I didn't know—" she went on incoherently. "I—"

"Leighton, may I ask you the other question?" he interrupted, irrelevantly, seizing her hands.

"No; I don't know. I can't think. Give me a little time—a long time, I mean," she stammered, blushing with anger at the knowledge that she was behaving like a school girl, yet conscious of the rising of a most unusual flood of happiness.

"I will give you two minutes; not one second longer!" he cried, exultantly.

It was with quite a fine idea of artistic propriety that somewhere above them a nightingale began at that moment the first thrilling notes of his impassioned song.



The Zelma, which so prettily adorns the cover of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL this month, was until last year the fastest racing yacht in Canadian waters. She is of the moderate cutter type, with fairly large midship section, thirty-seven feet long on load water-line, ten feet beam, and forty-two feet racing length. She was designed by William Fife, Jr., of Scotland, for the late Mr. Norman Dick, rear commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; Mr. Widmer Hawke and Mr. Stephen Haas. In her first season she met and showed her superior speed by out-sailing the champion, Yama, of Oswego, a position she retained until she met the "Canada" last year. She is now owned by Commodore R. A. Lucas, of Hamilton, Ont.

The Highlanders.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
By V. De Castro.

THE return to Toronto of the military contingent from the Diamond Jubilee celebration in London, England, was marked by a popular demonstration unequalled in the history of the city. All citizens were no doubt glad to see the representatives of the different regiments after their trip to the motherland, but it was the bayonet team of the 48th Highlanders that drew the enormous crowds. So much has already been written about the victorious Kilties that it is needless to refer again in detail to their doings.

On their arrival they were dined in the commodious Union Station dining-hall, after which the procession formed up on Simcoe St. and wended its way via King, Yonge and College streets to the Pavilion in the Queen's Park. The



I 'jes set here a-dreamin',
A-dreamin' every day
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'
On the waters, fur away.
And I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish,
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why—a feller orter fish.

While I'm studyin', or a writin'
In a dusty, rusty town,
I can feel the fish a-bitin'!—
See the cork a-goin' down!



And the sunshine seems a-tanglin'
Of the shadows, cool and sweet,
With the honeysuckle danglin',
An' the lilies at my feet.

And I nod, and fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish,
Fer if the Lord made fishin'—
Why—a feller orter fish!

Jubilee contingent occupied drags, and were escorted in full force by the 48th Highlanders, and representatives from the regiments of the Grenadiers, Queen's Own, 13th Battalion of Hamilton, Governor General's Body Guard, Church Boys' Brigade, and the city council. The whole line of procession was thronged with thousands upon thousands of our citizens, who cheered themselves hoarse as the drags containing our brave boys came into view.

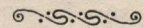
On arriving in the Park and appearing in the Pavilion, the Kilties were greeted with an outburst of applause from over sixty thousand strong-lunged Canadians, who had assembled to honor the victors. No words can describe the enthusiasm that prevailed. When the cheers had somewhat subsided, an address of welcome was read, and speeches made by the Mayor, Lieut.-Col. Davidson, and others.

The handsome medals, donated by the city, were then presented by Mrs. Davidson, wife of the proud Colonel of the 48th; and as each man received his decoration, the very sky seemed to be rent by the lusty cheers of the crowd. But the climax was reached when every member of the victorious team was made the recipient of a purse of gold, each unit of the mighty assemblage shouting himself hoarse.

The Kilties have honored the Dominion—Toronto in particular—and on that occasion Toronto did justice to herself and honored them in giving the Highlanders a reception which has never been equalled in our fair city.

The only thing which made incomplete this grand demonstration was the fact that two of the famous team, Messrs. Stewart and Wallbridge, had remained behind. Stewart, especially, was the man Toronto wanted to see. He is at present in Scotland, having entered for various events in the great Caledonian games, and, it is hardly necessary to predict, will again cover himself with glory, and bring back fresh laurels to this Canada of ours.

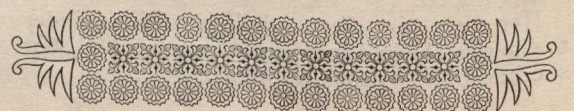
Not enough has been said of Sergt. Williams to whose unselfish work so much of the success of the team is due—work all done in a quiet way, very seldom heard of, very seldom praised. He coached and trained his team with untiring energy, necessarily neglecting himself, and sinking his own personality for the benefit of his men. Such work ought to be more appreciated. It is the spirit that we need to foster in our volunteers and athletic organizations generally, for wherever it is found, there also you find success.



CARE OF HAIRBRUSHES.

The hairbrushes on many of the daintiest dressing tables would strike horror to the heart of a physician were he to examine them closely. They are dainty, with silver or beautiful fragile handles, but the bristles! They may not look dusty or full of dirt to the casual glance, but run the comb briskly through them and see the particles fly! Every one of these atoms means death and disease to the hair, "the crowning glory of woman."

Hairbrushes, to be in a good condition, should be washed once a week, and that very carefully, as too frequent exposure to water softens the bristles and spoils them. One teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water is the correct solution, and in this the bristles of the brush should be dipped hastily in and out, taking care not to allow the back of the handle to touch the water. Dry near artificial heat, but not too quickly.—Exchange.



IN OUR LIBRARY

PERHAPS the most pressing need of the literature of the present day, is that of a good writer for girls. The opposite sex is wellcatered for. The boy would be hard indeed to please who failed to be satisfied with such works as those of Mayne Reid, Fenn or Henty, but for his less fortunate sister no such feast has been provided. True, she may, if she will, read his books, but if she turns to those supposed to be written expressly for her benefit, there are few among them in which a girl of healthy mind would take pleasure.

The favorite of our own early days, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, seems to be passing out of vogue. Beechcroft, The Three Brides, and many other similar stories, which were the delight of a simpler age, are now but little read, and their place is taken by such tales as the Elsie books, stories of impossibly perfect children, and impossibly hard-hearted parents. The code of morals which inculcated such old-fashioned notions as the obedience of children to parents and the greater wisdom of the aged, has vanished, but whether the new one is an improvement remains to be seen. For our own part we must confess to a warm sympathy with Mr. Dinsmore in his unconverted days, and a wild desire to shake his immaculate little daughter.

Too much of the American fiction of the present day has fallen into this morbid view of childhood, and to some extent the disease has spread across the ocean, and infected our English literature. One writer, however, there is, who has kept herself free from all taint of this error. Miss Mary Debenham in her book, A Little Candle has drawn for us a picture of simple and unaffected girlhood which it would be difficult to surpass.

The beginning of the tale is laid in a little hamlet in the lowlands of Scotland, during the brief reign of James the Second.

Bride Galbraith, the heroine, granddaughter of the clergyman of the village, is a charming study of girlhood, "a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food," but natural and childlike, full of small faults, but striving bravely to conquer them. The coming of her godfather, Major Ferguson, and her cousin, Alan Murray, brings a new interest into her life, and the happy days in the Scottish parsonage glide swiftly on. But with the Revolution trouble comes upon the quiet household. The grandfather, holding fast his loyalty to the Stuarts, is thrust from his living and shortly afterwards dies; and Bride, her mother and Alan, under the care of Major Ferguson, flee to France, the refuge of many a loyal Scot.

The Major joins the little company of Scottish gentlemen who volunteer to fight under King Louis, and we get a vivid picture of the deeds of that gallant little band, and the want and hardship which they suffered. At last, in tending a dead comrade's child, who is sickening with smallpox, the Major catches the fell disease, and comes home to die. We cannot forbear from quoting his death scene, which for simplicity and beauty equals any similar piece of writing of which we know.

Bride was a great deal with Major Ferguson in these days, for whether he recognized her or not, he liked to see her there. She never asked, perhaps because she feared the answer, why he was so often trusted to her now. She fancied sometimes that he must be better, for he always smiled at her, and spoke almost in his old way, and the restlessness and anxiety

seemed all gone. One evening he bade her commend him to Alan and bid him goodnight, but she scarcely knew whether he were wandering or not. Only, that night, some dim foreboding kept her in his room till morning. A still, sultry night, so different from that on which Bride had watched her grandfather, amid the wailing of the storm round the Highland shieling. As she sat in the window she fell to comparing the two who were foremost in all her thoughts—little Prue, with her nine years of easy duties and simple pleasures, and the Major's changeful, storm-tossed life with its ups and downs, its many disappointments and few successes. * * * She leaned her head wearily against the window frame, for the room was perfectly still and she was too young for even anxiety to be stronger than sleep. Still she only half lost consciousness, and roused directly at the sound of her godfather's voice. She heard her own name, and thought he had called her, but he was not conscious of her presence. He was back again in his young days among the Athole mountains.

"Tak' tent where ye're walking, little Bride," he said, "Brother will carry ye, my bairn, or we'll never win hame by supper time. Yon's the light we maun follow, but 'tis a kittle path for such wee feet." And after a moment's pause he repeated sadly—

"A kittle path—ay, a crooked path and little light to walk by."

Bride drew nearer to him, shading her lamp with her hand; but he was looking over her head, and his eyes had the untroubled brightness of a child's.

"Eh, see now," he said—but not to her—"The sun's aboon the hill."

Bride turned awe-struck to the window, almost looking to meet there the familiar sight of sunrise over the rugged hill-tops; but the garden and meadows were still and shadowy in the twilight between darkness and dawn. A bird stirred among the thick summer leaves; the cool breath that heralds the morning went up to heaven like an ascending prayer.

Another hour and the sun would be up, and the world waking to new hopes and fears, new longings and struggles. But one tired soldier would never fight any more, though upon his rugged path the sun had already risen.

But it was the dawning of an endless day. The rough sketch which is all we here have space for cannot give half the charm of the little tale, but if anyone should wish to present a girl with a book that would give her pleasure he could obtain none better than this. It is well bound and illustrated, and published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's latest tale, Mistress Spitfire, which has been sent us for review by the Bain Book and Publishing Co. has added one more to the catalogue of historical romances which his gifted pen has given to us. Those who have read his former works will not be disappointed in this one, which is a vivid picture of the years between 1642 and 1644, told from the Parliamentarian point of view. The hero, Richard Coope, does not strike the fancy, but Mistress Alison French, the heroine, is a well drawn portrait of a spirited English girl, and the siege of the old manor and the events which follow furnish most interesting reading. Having once opened the book it is well nigh impossible to put it down unfinished. Towards the end of the tale comes an exceptionally vivid picture of a cavalry charge, which is worth quoting.

"With a swing and a clatter that woke all the echoes of the neighboring houses the troops dashed round the corner of the farmstead and into the presence of the Royalists. Every man of the latter had his sword drawn, and as the

Roundheads swung by, pulling on their horses' reins lest they should go over the river bank, they charged with a crash that made the blood tingle in my veins, and Alison cover her face with her hands. And in good sooth 'twas no pleasant sight we gazed upon. Three men had gone over the bank and were perishing miserably in the grey stream, calling on their friends for help that could not be given. Here and there, trampled underfoot by the horses, and presently battered into unrecognizable masses of flesh and blood, lay men that had been cut down ere ever they could draw weapon. High above the curses and cries, the shouting of the men and the neighing of the horses, rose the clatter of the swords, as Roundhead and Royalist hewed away at each other, and the battle cry of the latter, roared from the leathern lungs of Sergeant Strong, who was here and there like a mad bull, slaying at every stroke."

Those who are interested in the Stuart period will find this tale profitable reading. The plot is well worked out, and the characters sharply defined.

Rudyard Kipling's name is so well known among us to-day that it is strange to think that ten years ago it was scarcely heard. The ode given below is appropriate to this Jubilee season, as it was written by him for the last Jubilee. It is one of the finest of his poems, and is included in the American edition of his Barrack Room Ballads, but not in the Canadian one.

By the well where the bullocks go
Silent and blind and slow,
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard as the dull earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the great Queen's voice:
'My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power;
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.'

And the ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod,
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God.
He sent the Mahratta spear
As he sendeth the rain,
And the Mlech, in the fated year,
Broke the spear in twain,
And was broken in turn. Who knows
How our Lords make strife?
It is good that the young wheat grows,
For the bread is life.'

Then, far and near, as the twilight grew,
Hissed up to the scornful dark
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,
That rose and faded, and rose anew,
That the land might wonder and mark.
'To-day is a day of days,' they said,
'Make merry, O people all.'
And the ploughman listened and bowed his head,
'To-day and to-morrow God's will,' he said,
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

He sendeth us years that are good,
As he sendeth the dearth.
He giveth to each his food,
Or her food to the earth.
Our Kings and our Queens are afar—
On their people be peace—
God bringeth the rain to the bar,
That our cattle increase.

And the ploughman settled the share
More deep in the sundried clod;—
Mogul, Mahratta or Mlech from the North,
And white Queen over the seas—
God raised them up and driveth them forth
As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the breeze;
And the wheat and the cattle are all my care,
And the rest is the will of God.

If Mr. Kipling had but been made Laureate what a Jubilee ode we should have had.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD



BY
MRS. JEAN JOY.
Principal of Domestic Science
Department in
Toronto Technical
School, and
Pupil of Techni-
cal Institute,
Massachusetts.

THIS page might almost be called "in the Camp," for the following recipes are all such as may be used by those fortunate people who can leave the house behind and live in the open air.

Roasted Eggs.

Prick the eggs several times at the small end, to prevent them from bursting. Place them on the large end in hot sand and cover them with leaves, hot sand and embers, and cook for ten minutes. When opened they will have a velvety softness that is delicious, and quite unknown to those who have never eaten eggs cooked in this way.

Roast Potatoes

Seem almost too simple a dish to need any recipe for, but they will be found much more appetizing a dish, if before being buried in the hot sand and ashes each potato is well washed and wrapped in a piece of wet brown paper. Cook for about three-quarters of an hour. Onions are very nice cooked in the same way.

Chicken Baked in Ashes.

Remove the entrails and crop, but not the feathers, wet the feathers to make them lie smoothly, cover with a thick paste of flour and water. Make a fire in a hollow in the sand, and when well burned out put the chicken on the embers and cover with hot ashes. Bake one hour, strip off the dough, and with it will come the feathers and skin. Serve with salt, pepper, and butter, and you have a dish fit to set before a king.

Roast Fish.

Any small fish may be easily cooked in the following manner: Remove the heads, and clean the fish thoroughly, cut them through to the bone on each side, and sprinkle well with salt and pepper both inside and out. Take a clean branch from a birch tree, strip it of the leaves, and stick the fish upon the twigs, running a twig through the fish above the back bone, so that each fish will present a flat appearance. Hold the branch before the fire, turning and watching carefully until the inside of the fish is firm and white, and separates easily from the bone.

Another way to cook small fish, which may be called,

Steamed or Baked Fish.

Is as follows: Thoroughly clean the fish, but do not remove the heads. Season well with salt and pepper, and wrap each in a piece of brown paper that has been well buttered, taking great care that no part of the fish is exposed. Then fold each again in several thicknesses of coarse brown paper. Soak them in cold water until each is thoroughly wet through, then place them in a bed of hot ashes and embers, covering all closely with hot sand, cook for ten or fifteen minutes. The buttered paper next the fish protects them from the water. When cooked, draw them from the ashes by inserting a long forked birch stick under them. When unrolled upon a hot flat stone, and spread with butter, they will be found sweet and delicious.

Planked Fish

Is a nice way in which to cook and serve the large kinds. Clean the fish, remove the head, and split entirely open. Nail to a piece of clean board, set it in front of the fire, and broil until the fish is browned and cooked through. Spread with butter, salt, and cayenne, and if dishes are scarce, as they are very likely to be in camp, serve upon the plank, as a platter.

Hoe-Cake

Is the delight of the average camper's heart, as of old it was the delight of the plantation darkey, and here is the recipe for making the bona-fide article. Pour boiling water on one cup of corn meal (white, if possible), until the meal is well scalded and the batter thin enough to spread easily. Then the darkies used to spread it upon the blade of their hoes, which had been well greased by rubbing them over with a piece of bacon fat. Now they cook it upon the top of thin stones, and we may cook it upon a hot frying pan, or griddle, which has been well greased with bacon fat, or salt pork-rind. Spread the batter on the pan by tablespoonfuls, forming each spoonful into a "pone." When cooked and browned on one side, turn and brown the other. The cake may also be cooked on a hot, flat stone.

Short Cake

Is another easily made bread for campers. Take one quart of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt, mix with cold water into a soft dough. Then, if you have no moulding board, take a table napkin, or a piece of clean paper and put it on top of a box, or some flat surface, and roll out with a bottle until half an inch thick, and cut into rounds with the top of the baking powder tin. These cakes can be baked on a hot stone, or in the frying pan.

The following extract from an English paper called *The Table* appeals to me very strongly during this present hot weather, and as I doubt not the majority of my readers are housewives, I repeat it here. "If there is one 'right' more than another, which a woman is justified in demanding, it most certainly is an annual holiday from catering for her family. Women with husbands and children go on ordering three hundred and sixty-five dinners per annum, year in and year out. There is no change for her from the eternal joint, the everlasting curry, the same old fish, the stews, and hashes, and inexpensive puddings, to which she has to impart some appearance of novelty in order that my lord will not grumble too much—this he does under any circumstance, as a rule. He wonders why this or that cannot be served sometimes, and why he can't get things just as he gets them at the club. He always finds dinner ready, and, therefore, he thinks it the easiest thing in the world to order it. If materfamilias complains that she is harassed to death to know what to choose day after day, he says 'make out a list and choose from it, then you will have practically nothing to do.' This of course, quite regardless of the fact that scraps have to be used up—that certain things may not be in season, that it may not be convenient or possible to get somethings else, and so on."

FARE FOR THE SICK.

No matter how much care one may take to guard against it, sickness comes to every household some time. Then the housewife's brain is taxed to the utmost to provide suitable and tempting fare for the patient. The preparation of dishes for an invalid is a perplexing problem, for the food should be nourishing and nicely cooked and served in the daintiest and most attractive manner. In addition, changes are

constantly required to tempt a capricious appetite. These few simple hints may be of assistance to some one.

An excellent thing for a delicate or exhausted stomach is a glass of hot milk. Sweeten it slightly and put in a piece of stick cinnamon while it is being heated.

One of the most satisfactory ways of giving an invalid raw beef is in a sandwich. Butter lightly on the loaf bread twenty-four hours old, and then slice it very thin. Scrape a choice, tender piece of beef, season it with salt, and also pepper, if the latter can be taken; spread it upon the buttered bread, put another piece of bread over it, and then cut the sandwich into finger pieces, being sure to remove all the crust. Serve them upon a prettily embroidered doyley or a fringed napkin as soon as they are made.

When a stimulant is required, try putting a spoonful of whiskey, or wine, in a cup of beef tea instead of a glass of milk.

Beef tea is a food of which an invalid quickly tires. Try making it into a jelly. Soak for an hour a third of a box of gelatine in water enough to cover it; then pour over it a pint of hot beef tea; season to suit the taste, and turn the liquid into small cups, or individual moulds, and set it away to cool. When needed, turn the jelly from one of the moulds out upon a dainty saucer. Served with a nicely toasted cracker it will be very inviting, and the same amount of nourishment will be obtained as when the beef tea is taken in liquid form.

COMMONPLACE LIVES.

SUSAN COOLRIDGE.

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say, and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky

Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail, and the sun shine not,
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

Rennet custard is a valuable delicacy to serve to an invalid and is quickly and easily made. Take one quart of fresh milk and sweeten it with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Flavor with vanilla or anything that is pleasing to the taste. Stir into the milk one teaspoonful of wine of rennet; cover and stand in a warm room. It should commence to thicken in an hour; if it does not, stir in a little more of the rennet and let it be cold when served. Whipped cream should be eaten with this dish, and a little currant or bright-colored jelly looks pretty with it.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met.

"How was it?" asked everybody.

"I was at an hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master.

"One or the other of us," he declared in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!'

"So let it be," I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Hints on Swimming.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

BY V. DE CASTRO.



VERY few parents seem to realize what a foolish thing they do when they send their children, or for that matter, go themselves, as Toronto Iska, Niagara-on-the-Lake, or any other of the resorts where boating and bathing are the chief amusements, when they cannot swim. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would find it such an easy thing to accomplish. It only requires a little patience, a little perseverance, and not more nerve than most human beings are endowed with. Moreover, it is simply challenging a lesser form of suicide, a deliberate taking of precious life into reckless hands for a boating expedition to be organized of those who trust themselves on the face of the treacherous waters with no means whatever of saving themselves should an accident occur. Those who make boats do not guarantee that they will last forever, and too often some one finds himself in the position of the pitcher that went to the well ninety-nine times. Something gives way, a not over-strong piece of timber grounds on a rock, a sudden squall comes up, somebody thoughtlessly insists on taking the oars in the middle of the stream, and over goes the boat. It is nothing new. Thousands who should know better manage the foolish feat year after year, and season after season the tragic list swells. And yet the remedy is so simple. If children were taught the means of guarding against the chance of going to a watery grave, most of the awful casualties that so often overshadow the various watering places would be unknown. It is not a difficult thing to learn to swim. It is not a matter of years, or even months. A few lessons from someone qualified to teach, or a clear, well-written article thoroughly mastered, and the simple directions followed, should be sufficient for an ordinarily intelligent young person. The main thing, however, is to learn young—the younger the better; and parents should realize that to have their children taught this art is as much their duty as to give them those other advantages which they rightfully claim to fit them for the ups and downs of life. A girl may have the best possible education. She may be able to chatter glibly away in half a dozen languages, she may handle her violin like a Norah Clench, or sing with the sweetness of a Patti. What good will it all do her if, unable to swim, she upsets from a boat, and has to rely solely on a companion as little equal to the occasion as herself, or on one who, in a panic of fear, strikes off alone for the shore?

Take the little one of six or eight, see that she is not intimidated in any way, and put her in the water up to her neck. Extend her flat on her chest, lightly supporting her under the chin. Explain the motions required, and she will swim in twenty minutes. The movement is a natural one, and comes almost immediately. With older people it is not such an easy matter. They do not seem to have the same confidence as the child, and invariably insist upon staying in such shallow water that it utterly precludes the idea of swimming at all. In the first place see that the bathing suit is of the lightest kind, and entirely without sleeves, or with the merest apology for them. They fill with water and become like balloons, rendering it most difficult to take a forward stroke with the arms.

Have full confidence in the instructor, or if alone, have confidence in yourself. Go into the water until you are at least shoulder deep—the deeper the water the easier to learn. The old-time custom, and perhaps after all the best, is a leather strap fastened under the chest, attached to a long pole which the instructor keeps in his hand while he walks along the pier. The swimmer, being in deep water and absolutely safe, can practice the motions to good advantage. This method very seldom fails.

If one is learning in the ordinary way, that of walking out from the shore and then attempting to swim in, he should never lose confidence in himself. Remember that water is extremely buoyant. To test this, throw an egg into water, say five feet deep, and try to swim down to it. You will soon find that it is much easier to swim on top of the water than under it.

In first attempting to swim, throw the head fairly well back, the chest resting flat on the water, the hands close to the chin, joined thumb to thumb, palms down, fingers close together, spring forward, throw out the arms to the full extent, the legs also at the same time making a corresponding motion. As the hands reach their full forward extent, turn the palms outward, taking care to keep the fingers together, and bring the arms around in a circle—the hands being about half a foot beneath the surface—until they get as low as the hips. Bring the arms close to the sides, take again the first position, and repeat the movement.

Another important thing for a beginner to remember is to go slowly and deliberately. Two, or not more than three, long and not too hurried strokes should be taken to every breath.

Among the Shadows.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Summer and winter sky—
So the long days go by;

Go by with sigh and song,
So short, and yet so long!

And as they hurry by
—Summer and winter sky—

God give my breaking heart
Strength to play out its part,

And to my loneliness
Something to hold and bless.

So may the days go by—
Summer and winter sky.

Wheeling.

HOW few women seem to think it at all necessary to understand and thoroughly master the small details of their machines. Ask some of them what a sprocket wheel is, and see how indulgently they will smile at you, as though they thought you were joking in assuming they would bother their pretty heads about such trifles. Ask one of them what gear her wheel is, and see if she can explain what "gear" means. To most girls it is enough that they are gliding along over smooth roads with a congenial companion beside them, that the air is sweet and fresh, and that they can ride away for the time being from every care and trouble in the world. They ask nothing more, except a becoming costume, and a wheel that runs easily, even if they cannot explain why it does run so. For the benefit of those who are interested in the subject of the proper height of gear for bicycles to be ridden by women and girls Adelia K. Brainerd says:—

Experience has enabled well-informed riders to draw their own conclusions as to the respective benefits of high and low gears, as far as their own cases are concerned, but there are many women cyclists who do not understand the subject at all, and who are ready to take any gear recommended to them, quite unconscious of how powerfully it may affect their comfort on the wheel.

In the first place, although it has been explained many times, it is better to state once more, briefly, just what the gear of a bicycle means. It is an arrangement by means of which a comparatively small wheel is made to revolve as if it were a very large one—that is, to cover as much ground as the large one would in every revolution. Practically all bicycles now are made with twenty-eight inch wheels, and thus, if a sixty gear is spoken of, it means that the rear wheel of the machine (gear always refers to the rear wheel) revolves as if it were sixty inches in diameter. It is by means of the chain turning over two sprocket wheels, the large one in front and the small one behind, that this result is accomplished. The variations in the number of teeth on the sprockets determine the gear. Fifteen teeth on the front and seven on the rear give the gear sixty; nineteen on the front and eight on the rear give sixty-six-and-a-half, etc. The formula for finding the gear is to multiply the actual diameter of the rear wheel, usually, as was said above, twenty-eight inches, by the number of teeth on the front sprocket, and then divide the result by the number of teeth on the rear sprocket.

Now, so far as I have been able to observe and judge, a gear of about sixty-three is high enough for the average woman to ride. The higher the gear, just so much the harder must be the push on the pedals at each revolution, and it is certainly less taxing to one's strength to push a little more frequently and lightly than to be at great effort in making each movement. Especially in hill-climbing, or in riding on the level over rough roads, does a high gear make its disadvantages felt. On a smooth surface, where there is no grade, the high gear is very pleasant, because with each push one covers a great deal of ground, and the machine moves rapidly in proportion to the effort expended. But there are few persons who can be sure of always riding on roads like academy floors, and in fact such a daily routine would be extremely monotonous. The pleasantest cycling trips are those which take one out into the country, and there one must be prepared to encounter all sorts of up-and-down grades and varying conditions of the road-bed. Of course it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which would apply to all women, but sixty-three seems a fair average. Any one who is not strong would do better to choose sixty, and riders of good muscular power and endurance can ride sixty-six, and even sixty-eight without injury. Nothing above the last figure seems advisable for women. For girls who have not the muscular strength or physical constitution of the fully developed woman, gears from fifty-six to sixty would be better.

Here is a point which may be useful to those who have had trouble with an excess of graphite on the bicycle chain. When the graphite is applied in the usual way, by rubbing or brushing it into the links of the chain itself, it is almost impossible to avoid putting it on too thickly. Some of it is likely to spread out upon the upper part of the chain, too, where it not only does no good as a lubricant, but is pretty sure to soil the rider's skirt. A far better plan for putting it on is to apply it only to the lower edges of the teeth on the front sprocket. Then, as the wheels revolve, the graphite adheres only to those parts of the chain where it is needed, and the lubricating is accomplished cleanly and satisfactorily.

Bathing Suits.



ONE of the materials which will be very much used for bathing suits this season is lustre. Serge and flannel, especially the former, cling to the body in a most unpleasantly tenacious way, leaving the bather, when on the sands, a dripping, soggy looking object. One great advantage of lustre is that it will not cling; and further, the water runs off and leaves it glistening prettily in the sunlight. Another of the newest things is ticking, which also possesses the advantage of not clinging. Illustration 1 is of bright blue lustre, prettily tucked. No. 2 is a striking costume, such as a daring little French girl would don, of scarlet lustre braided in



black, and worn with black stockings. No. 3 is blue and white ticking, with white duck collar trimmed with blue braid, the skirt bordered with a band of white duck and a line of narrow blue braid. No. 4 is a bloomer suit of white canvas finished with blue braid. No. 5 is of navy mohair and white braid.

There is no better authority on the fashions of the day than Toilettes. It not only gives what is being worn, but anticipates as few journals have the art of doing, and long before they are really in, Toilettes tells us what is going to be the thing to wear during the coming months.

On the subject of hats Madeleine De Genraye says colored straws are almost the rule, although black is still preferred by a great many.

Picture hats are the thing, and the "amazon" is one of the favorites.

A great many have the trimming on one side, arranged from underneath the brim, which gives it a slight tilt, becoming only to youthful faces and looking ridiculous on others.

A great many Gainsborough hats will be

worn for the country, and for these rice straw, either white or black, will be used. Geraniums and camellias of odd shades are to be used a great deal as trimming.

In order to illustrate what is going to be worn in millinery I will describe a few beautiful hats seen at the *Maison Violette* on Madison Avenue.

Amazon hat of black straw with handsome black plumes, on the side a bow of satin with rhinestone javelot stuck through it.

A very odd English walking hat of mordore straw with Prince of Wales crown and narrow biases of velvet "en jarretiere." The brim is covered with a wreath of violets. Goura quills on the left side.

A turban hat of blue and green straw has a narrow brim, but the crown is also the very popular Prince of Wales shape. Rosettes and drapery of blue moire taffetas ribbon with twists of white gauze and aigrette of natural preserved grass, which gives it a particularly smart appearance.

A dream in red is for a garden party. It has a ruching of red mousseline de soie around the straw crown; in the back quill-aigrettes, and as "cache peigne" red geraniums and a twist of the mousseline de soie.

A natty evening bonnet is an "Arlequin" hat of green straw with a sky-blue aigrette of ribbon. The whole shape is almost covered with forget-me-nots and leaves. This is a very

chic and simple headgear and most becoming to a blonde.

A very smart sailor is of mixed green and black straw. The oddity of it is that it has taffetas folds of all the different shades of green ruched on upward to the crown. On the left side black quills as aigrette.

A symphony in heliotrope is a wide shape of straw with mauve gauze and a profusion of roses, heliotrope, violets, and lilies of the valley as "cache peigne" and holding the brim high up in the back.

Lace also trims this season's hats to a great extent, and it makes such ravishing "tours de cou" or neck garnitures. I consider lace as a trimming or material the handsomest and most becoming thing for either young or old. In former years the only objection to it was its expense; but now that it may be had almost for the asking, and imitation lace being hard to detect from the real, and coming in such very pretty designs, everybody can afford it and ought to have it.

Skirts will be decidedly much trimmed either with ruffles of the goods themselves, if a sheer material, or with mousseline de soie.

The trimmings may either be arranged in side panels as tablier, or as simulated drapery.

Capes, of which we may certainly be tired, but without which it seems hard to exist, are now of supreme elegance. They seem to more and more take the appearance of an accessory to the toilette rather than a garment. They are made a great deal of white, ecru, or black lace, upon a lining of white satin or light colored damask with complications of trimmings, frills, ruffles, plaitings, passementerie, appliques, and fringes of gold, silver, and jet. Thus they gain a very dressy appearance, and can no longer be worn with woolen costumes. They are short, full, and much trimmed in contrast to the longer capes, which are very simple. But for street wear jackets are generally preferred.

The Jubilee craze while still fresh in the minds of every one, is on the wane. A few weeks ago, for instance, the Victorian bonnet with its lavish display of white ribbon bows, its red, white and blue plumes, its roses, thistles and shamrocks, was considered the correct thing to crown the most elaborate or the simplest coiffure, and frame faces of all ages and kinds. How often do you see one now? The fever of the times has abated a little, and the conviction has grown that they do not enhance the charms of the pretty faces of '97, whatever they may have done for features of the maids of

sixty years ago. As a compromise—just a slight surrender of loyalty, and a little sacrifice of vanity—a modification has been evolved from the late extreme style, and although they are still seen, the Queen's colors are worn in a much more sensible and less exaggerated form.

To be ridiculous is not to be convincing, and a parade of constancy to a bygone manner of dress convinces nobody of the undesirability of preferring the style of the present to that of the past. Fashion is the pivot upon which turns the commercial world, and those who denounce it as foolish, unnecessary and even sinful, have evidently failed to penetrate beneath its surface.

In the highest and best sense the ever-changing mode of our garments represents woman's eternal endeavor to reach the unattainable ideal of perfect beauty and grace. In another sense too, woman's apparel is the outward expression of her own individuality, and the woman of taste and culture will instinctively select the style which harmonizes with her personality.

Blouses grow prettier and more elaborate

every day Three of the latest styles are given below. No. 2 is a beautiful one particularly suited for theatres, calls, or small dinners. It is of primrose-colored brocade, cut away to show vest and under sleeves of full white chiffon. The brocade is edged with a tiny, fanciful ruching, and held together by small diamond buckles, which match those which fix the smart neck and waist-band.

The lady who is pinning the rose into her dress wears a particularly charming evening blouse of pale blue silk brocaded with roses. All the bodice part is a most elaborate arrangement of gathered chiffon and insertion. It would be very pretty worn with a pale blue skirt for a smart race gown, or bride's-maids toilette.

The pretty body with the Zouave is quite inexpensive. The Zouave is finely tucked, and striped with insertion, and bordered with a ruching of lace. It looks most charming when made in pale-hued silks, such as eau-de-nil, turquoise, or old rose.

* * *

Another lovely evening bodice has a berthe of pale pink roses, black velvet straps over the shoulders, and the daintiest puffings of white tulle, a touch of mauve appearing in the sleeves while a pale pink ribbon is round the waist. Three shades of pink form the high belt to a charming bodice in pale blue chiffon, with lace draperies caught on the shoulders with pink geraniums, the décolletage showing in the centre a bow, while the sleeves are long and made of transparent lace. A most effective touch of color is an orange belt on a grey cloth dress; and most becoming to the waist is a belt on another dress, formed of two bands of black satin shaped upwards almost in Swiss belt fashion, and drawn through long steel buckles.

* * *

White will be worn more than ever this summer, and what could be prettier? The only drawback is that white frocks must always be spotlessly white, and with the heat and dust of the days, and the dew of the evenings, it is no light matter to keep the edges as they



are when they come from the modiste or from the laundry, and better a black—better anything, than a crumpled or soiled white. Nothing could look worse.

A great consideration in season gowns is that they should stand the wear and tear inseparable from the gaieties of this time of year, and and should have an element of dressy smartness about them, for at all the several entertainments people seem now to affect a grande toilette, whether it be for races, fetes, or afternoon receptions, and the like. An ecru canvas answering all these purposes was made up over blue, which was seen through it, and the bodice was trimmed with embroidered lisse, the bolder flowers in the design being made in blue also. Blue chiffon forming a deep double frill, was down the front. The skirt, which was quite distinct from the silk, had the embroidery all round. A very open check gauze of pale green, made up over blue, was handsomely trimmed with guipure laid over green velvet, while another pearl grey gown was exquisitely embroidered. This was trimmed with deep yellow. The shade which we used to call fraise ecrase, but is now known as bois de rose, is in Paris blended with grey.

* * *

A charming little cloak for a girl about twelve is made in fancy cloth and lined with



In the summer time there is no color more charming than light primrose or maize, and gowns of this tint in light silks, muslins, and woollens are arranged in sunray pleats for the skirt, with narrow but full lace edged frills at the hem. Kilted flounces, cut in vandykes and edged with lace, are much used for trimmings. Pev-enche, the exact shade of the periwinkle bloom, is another which is becoming to both young and middle aged women. A handsome glaze, shot with white, has a skirt which opens at the side to show light green kilted chiffon, and the Russian blouse that forms the bodice is trimmed with the green, a pleat of this color going down the centre of the back. It has a sailor collar of the periwinkle silk bordered with lace. Another dress, of a similar shade of silk, has a small bolero of green velvet shot with white, almost entirely covered with the new guipure which has the pattern outlined with a very decided cord; this does not open in the front, but at the side, and between the fastenings puf-fings of white chiffon appear. On every shade of color black chiffon is deemed appropriate, and a beautiful gown of green satin, apparently cut en princesse, has a vest of this fabric covered with a handsome applique pattern in the velvet, out-lined with the finest gold cord. The sleeves form three frillings edged with lace. Some entire bod-ices are made in a bold Renaissance design of green velvet applique on silver grey, and the bro-cades and satins, which will certainly be in the minority, are notable for the exceeding richness of the embroideries; some of the bodices in the brocades having the patterns entirely out-lined with gold thread, paillettes, and jewels. But without doubt the preference will be given to light materials and light colors. It is "a pride which apes humility," for they are very often the most costly, and quickly wear out. There are a number of soft silks, woollens, and muslins with minute spots, and many have the pompadour bouquets divided by some three or four black-lined stripes. White grounded muslins striped with black, make the most charming dresses, suggestive of the period of Louis XVI.

green shot silk. It is of the cape order, and trimmed to simulate a bolero in front, with some pretty embroidery introduced at the top and sleeves. Sacque backs are very popular for children, whose outdoor garments are now frequently adorned with narrow gold galon carried down the sleeves, the garments trimmed with striped silk. A box-cloth cape has cross-cut bands of the material employed for the strap seams, the trimmings on the front, collar, and belt being all of checked silk. So many of the little outdoor garments to be worn this year are to be made with full fronts of silk introduced at the opening.



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By Permission of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto.

GOOD BYE, SWEET DAY.

Words by CELIA THAXTER

Music by KATE VANNAH.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I have so loved thee, but
 2. Thy glow and charm Thy

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "can - not can - not hold thee". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the melody. The voice line has the lyrics "Fad - ing like a dream, The shad - ows fold thee, smiles and tones and glan - ces. Van - ish at last And Night ad - van ces;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

The third system includes a tempo change to "Slow". The voice line lyrics are "ly thy per feet beau - ty fades a way — Good bye, Sweet Day, Ah' Could'st thou yet a lit tle lon - ger stay — Good bye, Sweet Day,". The piano accompaniment features a more delicate texture.

The fourth system includes tempo changes to "*f un poco piu animato*", "*rit*", and "*a tempo*". The voice line lyrics are "Good bye, Sweet Day Dear were thy gol den hours of tran - quil splen - dour, Sad - ly thou yiel - dest Good bye, Sweet Day All thy rich gifts my grate - ful heart re - mem - bers, The while I watch thy". The piano accompaniment is more active and rhythmic.

rit. *a tempo*

to the even - ing ten - der Thou wert so fair from thy first morning ray, Thou wert so fair from
 sunset's smould'ring em - bers Die in the west be - neath the twilight gay, Die in the west be -

rit. con fristezza

rall *a tempo*

thy first morn - ing ray, — I have so loved thee, but can - not can - not hold thee,
 neath the twi - light gay, — Thy glow and charm, Thy smiles and tones and glan - ces,

p

cresc

Dy - ing like a dream, — The sha - dows fold thee; Slow - ly thy per - fect
 Van - ish at last, — And Night ad - van - ces; Ah' Could'st thou yet a

cresc

beau - ty fades a - way — Good bye, Sweet Day, Good bye, Sweet Day!
 lit - tle long - er stay — Good bye, Sweet Day, Good bye, Sweet Day!

Camping on the St. Lawrence.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By Geraldine.

HURRAH for the Thousand Islands!

Convention to the winds! We are going to live al fresco for the next month, for, although we have engaged a cottage on an island in the neighborhood of Gananoque, it is little the cottage will have of our company, save when we are obliged to be in for the purpose of dressing, sleeping or eating—or on rainy days, which will be devoted to correspondence.

Taking the steamer at Kingston, we pass the Martello tower and Cedar Island on our right, and the Royal Military College on our left. It happens that the College grounds present an unusually attractive appearance on this particular afternoon, as a cricket match is on, and scores of friends of the cadets have wended their way across Cataraqui bridge, and are standing in picturesque groups on the green sward, watching the progress of the game.

The players in their recreation suits of white flannel, cadets in red tunics and jaunty forage caps, officers in the uniforms of their respective regiments, and ladies in gay colors such as have not been allowed by Dame Fashion since the early days of the Victorian era until the present season, form the component parts of this brilliant scene, which we watch until a projecting point intervenes to bar our view, and we turn our attention to other objects of interest.

Fort Henry, with its ancient fortifications, guards the Limestone City from approaching foes, and one of the passengers, who is inclined to be communicative, tells us of the beautiful view to be had from the ramparts of this Citadel on the hill. He also informs us that he has heard there are subterranean passages which lead he is not quite sure where. We smile at this piece of information, remembering that, some years ago, we enjoyed the privilege of exploring the subterranean passages he refers to, which lead from the fort, and go beneath the inner ditch into the glacis, and expand into rooms which, in military parlance, are termed "reverse fires," where howitzers are placed at portholes formed in the counterscarp, so that the ditch can be enfiladed from end to end "in case the fort should fall into the hands of an enemy." The designer of Fort Henry did not contemplate any ignominious mode of escape. He knew it was to be occupied by British and Canadian soldiers who would yield it up only with their lives. But, when the fort was completed, it was discovered that it was defective, inasmuch as it was built wrong end foremost, and the designer, when made aware of this, committed suicide.

Our gaze is next directed to "The Maples," or "Cartwright's Point" as it is sometimes

called, a point and grove, back of which may be caught glimpses of a roomy old house peeping from amongst the maple trees—the summer home of Sir Richard Cartwright. Beyond this, for several miles down the main shore, are camps—some of them clusters of tents, and others gaily painted bungalows, the occupants of which take possession early every season, driving or sailing to Kingston for business hours and returning to "Arcadie" at sunset.

One of the stopping places between Kingston and Gananoque is Pittserry, on the mainland, which is the destination of a number of our fellow passengers who have taken rooms at a neighboring farm house. The wharf is a most primitive affair, but our friends speedily cross it, and make their way up the narrow, winding path, bordered on either side with graceful bushes, cone-shaped fir trees, and huge boulders in all their pristine beauty, for in this spot the hand of man has made no attempt to smooth rugged nature into the grooves of civilization.

But soon we reach a point where our boat changes its course.

for we see her leave the slip at the foot of the hill, and climb up and up the long, steep flight of wooden steps leading to her grounds, so high above the islands which they overlook.

Bounding along by her side is "Frisky," her skye terrier, who is a prime favorite with his mistress. But Frisky soon disdains the conventional stairway and makes the ascent by the rocks in a more direct, if less easy path, reaching the summit first, and barking a welcome to his indulgent mistress as she more slowly gains the level height, where she rests for a while in a wicker chair with a table by its side, which is only one of the many inviting seats to be found distributed at each point of vantage at Ferncliffe. As we see all this, we cannot help thinking that one less gifted than Fidelis might surely find inspiration for literary work amid the surroundings of Ferncliffe (which is all that its name implies,) with the pretty islands, and ever-changing waters of the St. Lawrence to look down and out upon.

At Gananoque we take leave of the steamer which continues its way to Brockville, and after resigning our luggage to the tender mercies of the owner of a yawl, who promises to deliver it safely at Tremont Park, we take our places in a "river boat," as the long, narrow skiffs in use about Gananoque are called, and row to our island home.

"Breezy Point" is the very suggestive name of our camp, and we are told that a breeze is always to be had on either side in turn, as the wind may change. This is very reassuring, for we expect some hot days in the month to come, and Breezy Point has a refreshing sound.

After tea—for which our trip down the river, and the exertion of settling things in their proper places about the cottage have given us regulation camping appetites—we adjourn to the piazza, from which is to be had an excellent view of the river. To our right is Corn Island, and in front of us Gananoque, whose new summer hotel, "Gananoque Inn," scintillates with

a hundred incandescent lights, while wafted across the water come the strains of the Citizens' band. A hop is in progress at the Inn, and the enlivening air of "Put me off at Buffalo" determines us that we will take an outside ticket to the next hop and drift about the harbor listening to the music. Then one of our party suggests that we launch our canoes, and paddle up among the islands back of Tremont, so, pushing off from Breezy Point, we set out upon a tour of exploration.

It is a clear moonlight night, and a faint ripple stirs the water just enough to prevent the idea of stagnation. As we follow "the path of the moon" a voice from one of the canoes calls out, "watch the glinting of the moonbeams upon the rippling water. Of what does it remind you?" And while we are trying to find a fitting metaphor, the matter-of-fact girl of the party exclaims, "Doesn't it look like cold grease!" and straightway our poetic thoughts vanish!

Gliding past "Tara's Hall," where music and laughter indicate that the young people



A Summer Cottage on the St. Lawrence.

Had we been going to Thousand Island Park, the most direct route would have been straight on, but to reach Gananoque we must turn to the left, and no sooner is the point rounded than a scene of fairyland bursts upon us, for, if Kingston is guarded by ancient fortifications, Gananoque has, as a guard of honor, a retinue of islands large and small—a group so full of beauty as to defy description in words. Amongst some of these we thread our way as our boat approaches the town, but many more lie out and beyond our course, a wildering maze of loveliness to our unaccustomed eyes, and we forthwith anticipate a succession of delightful trips in canoes and small boats up among them, where we can follow our own sweet will, losing our way in unfamiliar haunts only to turn a sudden corner which brings us to our bearings again.

Here, too, on the mainland, we pass close by "Ferncliffe," the home of "Fidelis," whose books and poems are so well known throughout all Canada. The clever authoress has evidently just come in from a sail on the river,

assembled on the spacious verandas are having a merry time, we turn in the direction where the river appears to be most thickly studded with islands, passing "Dorasdale" with its symmetrical walks and flower beds on our right, and, on our left, Hay Island, where a large number of Americans, boarding at Dewitta's, are rivalling their opposite neighbors at Tara with songs to the accompaniment of banjo and guitar.

The rocky bluffs, forming a natural fortress to one part of the coast of Hay Island, cause us to rest on our paddles while we gaze with admiring awe at the dark, massive heights, looking as if planted there by a giant's hand. And we can imagine what a glorious sight it would be to watch the angry waves beat against this adamant front, only to be dashed aside, broken, and scattered in a million drops, while the proud old rocks look calmly down at the roaring waters.

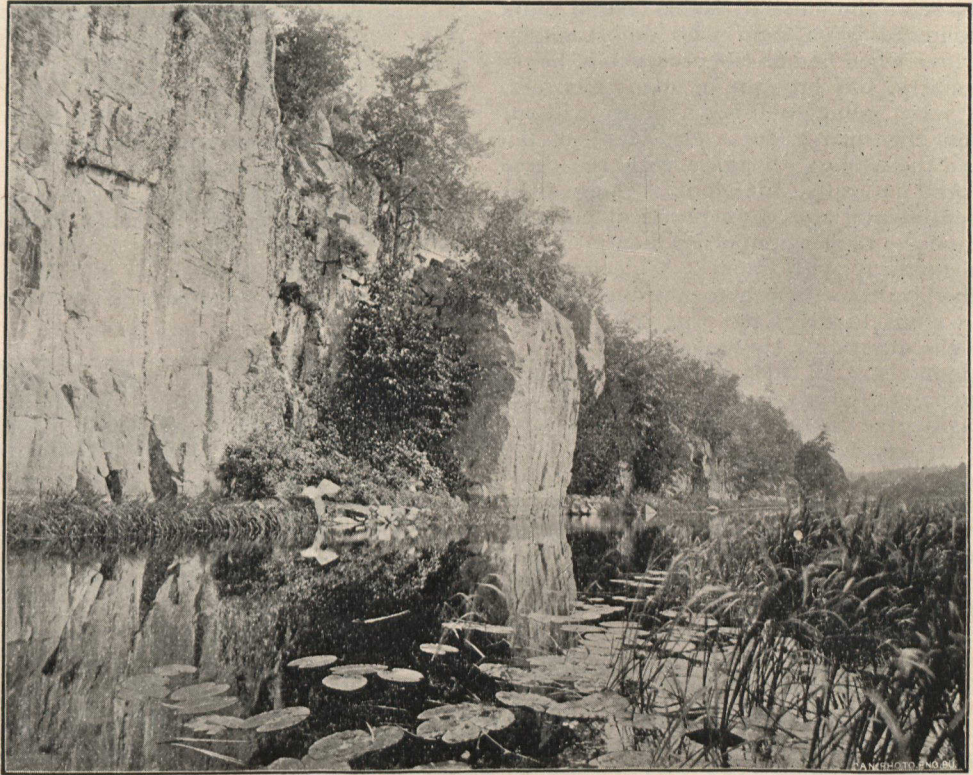
But the thought comes that eventually the waters will have the best of it, for, as constant dropping will wear away stone, certainly this continued dashing will undermine even these strong rocks, and some day—though possibly not for centuries—the waters will gain the victory, the rocks will shiver, and great will be the fall thereof.

However, the occupants of the other canoes did not stop so long to philosophize over Hay Island bluffs, and finding ourselves left behind we set to work to overtake the party, which we soon do, for again they have come to a standstill. Upon enquiring what is the latest attraction, we are answered by an impatient "Hush!" and listening we find that some of the city people are enjoying their first "frog concert."

Now is our chance to lead the procession, and as the frogs appear to have prepared an interminable programme, we are presently followed by their audience.

as to overflow its original quarters, and that the boys are relegated to sleep beneath canvas. Crossing to the left, the next inhabited island we come to is "Little John," on which are three houses. Passing the first—from the veranda of which a steep, broad flight of stairs leads down to the water's edge—we discover, in the second, another festive gathering, and

finished. But scarcely has the last sweet note died away, ere a chorus of voices pleads for another song—"just one more!" And we wish that we might wait to hear if the request will be granted, but the hour waxes late, and we must return. We take our homeward way via the front of Tremont, thus passing the pretty little island of Cleonia, and the quaint



Rocks at Landon's Rift



A View of the Shore at Lake Ontario Park, Kingston, Ont.

Paddling close to Longley's Island we see on the lighted piazza a sweet-faced, silver-haired lady surrounded by her children and grandchildren, while a somewhat dilapidated military tent in the rear of the cottage leads us to suppose that this happy party has grown so large

strangest of all, the people seem to be in a glass house! A bright-complexioned girl, whose abundant hair is the color about which the old painters used to rave, stands by the piano singing "For All Eternity," and we are loth to tear ourselves away until the song is

cottage at Apohaqui, Tremont House, bright with colored lanterns, and River View Cottage, the home of a Toronto lawyer and his family.

Other camps and cottages we notice, en route, all the occupants of which seem to be supplied with an unlimited amount of bon hommie, and the spirit of good fellowship, and when we disembark once more at what is to be our home for a month, it is with the conviction that we will thoroughly enjoy our sojourn in the heart of the Thousand Islands.

Among the Thousand Islands.

FIDELIS.

ALL dark and silent, each shadowy island,
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground;
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing,
As the boat drifts idly the shore along;
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds, the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight
calm;

And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom,
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

An Arkansas editor, reading that a young lady in New York kneads bread with her gloves on, says: "We need bread with our boots on; we need bread with our coats on; and if our subscribers in arrears don't pay up soon we shall need bread without anything on."

A Corner for the Girls and the Boys

THE discussion started in our last month's issue on the most advisable course to be followed by a man who unfortunately falls in love when he has no prospect of being able to marry, has brought us many answers,—some wise, some foolish. Almost without exception the men endorse the views of the man, and the women all agree with the three girls. And naturally. Men look at things from a less sentimental and more practical point of view; and the tender, impulsive hearts of the women run away with them. Aside from his naturally chivalrous thought for the one he loves, the man stops to weigh the pros and cons of the question. He looks more dispassionately at all sides of it, and if reason points to the sacrifice, he can more easily give up the happiness of holding to-day what he realizes he must surrender to-morrow. Not so the woman. With her reason goes to the winds. She gives her heart with a free and sweet unreserve; and having given it, she cares and asks for nothing but a heart's love in return. For her to-morrow may never come, she wants only the bliss of having and holding to-day what is more to her than reason, or riches, or any other consideration—the knowledge, the sweetness of knowing that she possesses the love of the one who is to her dearest on earth; and having that, she is willing to face any consequences that may follow. The man argues that if he avows his love the lady may consent to wait, and the best years of her life be wasted while he struggles to build up a home—a struggle that may end in failure after all. The woman answers that even so, she has, while she waits, that which she prizes most. She shares his joys and his difficulties only a little less acutely than if the same walls surrounded them; and if the dream ends in unfulfillment—they have at least spent the sweetest years of their lives together. Whereas, once having given him her love, what has she left if she loses him? Days, and months, and years of heart-hunger, or a love-less life shared with some one who can hope for nothing from her but an unsatisfying regard. One correspondent, to strengthen her argument reminds us that:

Night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
But the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
But the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

IN answer to our last month's invitation to young writers to try what they could do in the way of literary work one ambitious boy of ten sends us his views on Canada's Public School system. He tells us it is his first attempt, and very cordially we hope it will not be his last. He has expressed himself very clearly, and unlike most beginners he did not think it necessary to cover two pages with what could be said on one. He has the rare faculty

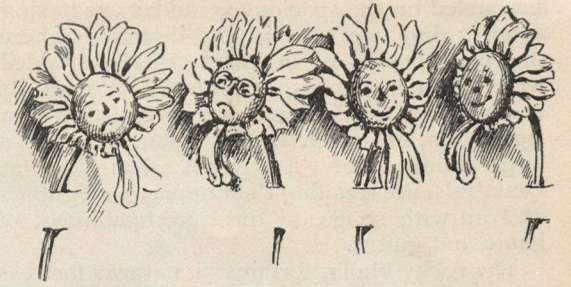
of condensing what he wishes to say, without omitting necessary details, and has chosen his subject well.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY BEVERLEY BOWES.

The Public School System of Canada is one of the best ever formed. It is one of the greatest boons to the poor man. What would his children do if there were no Public Schools? Why nothing but wander about the streets, getting in the way of carts, being run over by trolley cars, and perhaps it would lead them to steal, or worse. But when they go to school how different things are. They are taught all that is necessary to them in after life—everything to make them good business men and women, everything that will make them honest, upright citizens; everything in fact, to make them what they should be,—all without cost!

Of course some people say that their child-



assessed as a school supporter, and the poor man's burden is lessened; and besides a great many live in tenements, and do not pay taxes, and yet their children go to school and derive the benefit without paying a cent.

Nearly every person in Canada is indebted to Dr. Ryerson, the founder of the system, and I am sure they are at least grateful to him. Many countries have adopted it, and it is prospering everywhere. Dr. Ryerson, it is thought, took the idea from the National Schools of Ireland, and perfected it in 1848 or '49. The number of public schools in Canada at the present time can be reckoned by thousands, but in 1850, or thereabouts, there were hardly fifty, which shows how far a good thing will go.

We don't want to tempt any boy into experimenting with his mother's cut glass treasures, but if he will take some good strong glasses that won't break easily, here is something that he will find a little difficult to do:—

With three matches and three glasses form a bridge between the glasses strong enough to hold a fourth glass, each match resting on and touching one glass only, and at a single point.

Here is another,—With six matches form four triangles.

A Rosedale lady who was summering at the Island sent the nurse over to the city house to make some of the preserves for the coming winter. It grew late, and the elf of the home—a little maid of five—became anxious. Bed-time arrived, and with her heart full of forebodings for the safety of the absent one, she wound up her prayers with the petition—"and God bless Nin, and bring her back safe. She's gone over to do the crabs."

The row of smiling daisy heads at the top of the page just show what a child can do with a pair of scissors and an imagination. One minute's work, and four perfect marguerites are converted into four faces, smiling or grotesque, funny or pathetic, according to the fancy of the little fingers that hold the instruments—pen and ink and scissors—which work the change.

HIS ONLY FEAR.

The dentist's chair may fairly be said to be like conscience. It makes cowards of us all. So it was with the youthful hypocrite mentioned in the following story.

"What!" said the little boy's mother, "back already? Well, I'm glad it's over. Did it hurt you much?"

"I—I didn't have it out."

"What? Didn't you go to the dentist's?"

"Yes, but there were two people ahead of me."

"Why didn't you wait?"

"I—I was afraid they'd feel very much ashamed if I stayed and heard them holler."

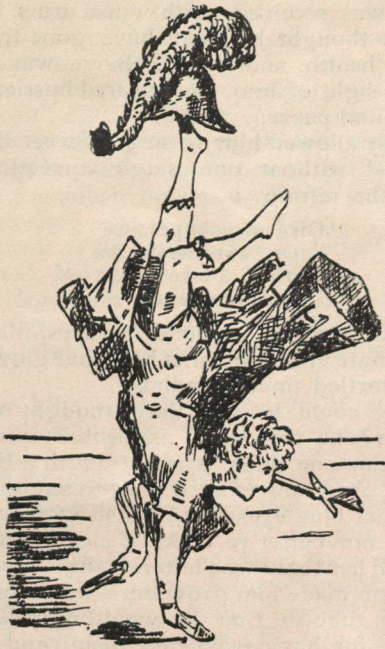


A Message.

She wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the lawn,
The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on.
We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see
If sleeping under rose tree, or lilac she might be.
But nothing came in answer to our very anxious call
Until, at length, we hastened within the darkening hall;
And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone,
The darling mite was standing before the telephone,
And softly as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:
"H'lo Central! Give me Heaven. I want to say my prayers."

ren's education is paid for in the taxes. What does that matter? Does not everybody pay taxes? Are not the schools included, and are they not assessed as school supporters, either of Public or Separate? Does not everybody pay taxes, whether they have children in the schools or not? Why yes, of course, everybody is

HOW DID CÆSAR ENTER THE SENATE?



Cæsar entered on his head
His helmet on his feet
Sandals in his hand
His trusty sword in his eye
An angry gleam.

Look well to your stops, boys and girls. The above is the manner in which Cæsar entered the Senate, as put by one of our nineteenth century school boys, who remembered the words of the famous passage, but neglected to punctuate.

A HUGE HORSE.

Perhaps the biggest horse in the world is the "White Horse" of Berkshire. It is a figure 170 yards long, cut in the side of a hill. A long way off it looks as though drawn in chalk lines, but the outlines are really deep ditches in the soil, kept clean and free from grass by the people, who take great pride in it. The ditches are six yards wide and two feet deep. The eye of the horse is four feet across, and the ear is fifteen yards long. It can be seen for sixteen miles. When the time comes to clear out the ditches, the people make a kind of picnic of it, and play all sorts of rustic games. Who made the "White Horse," or what for, is not known for certain, though King Alfred has been mentioned in connection with it. It is certainly very old.

THE BROKEN WING.

IN front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory,
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of that bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent,
But for me, I am sick, for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle:
"Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

It does one a world of good, sometimes, to remember:
"A joy that is shared is a joy made double,
While a sorrow shared is but half a trouble."
We make promises to Heaven, and when we break them, say—"After all nobody heard me."

About China Decoration.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
by M. L. Miller.

AWAY up on the hill that looks down on the little lazy stream, called Grand River, that runs through the busy town of Galt, Ont., lives the writer of the following article on china painting. Her reputation as a teacher in this art, which in the last few years has become so fashionable, is wide and well-established, for she is not only a teacher, but an artist of whom Canadians are justly proud. Her studio is filled with gems from her own brush, exquisite pieces of china, superb little landscapes in water-colors, and larger and richer bits in oils. In fact, she excels in every branch, and a visitor to her studio reluctantly leaves behind the many and rare treasures of her art with which Mrs. Miller has surrounded herself—all evidences of the talent and ability which so well fit her for the position she fills.

The amateur china painter of to-day can scarcely realize the difficulties those of long ago experienced, nor the fear and trembling with which articles painted with unnecessary labor were sent to the kiln. The latent hope that firing would make the wrong right, strengthen the weak, and beautify the whole, and the almost certain dismay experienced after seeing the result of the baking. What had before seemed rather clever in the partial criticism one's own work inspires, had disappeared altogether, and the aggressive item and muddy shading stood out in bold relief.

Now the way is made comparatively easy. The combination of colors, and the methods of applying them are taught by those who have studied and experimented successfully, so that almost any one may learn to do very creditable work. Fearing one has "no taste" for painting often deters from trying, but in my experience as a teacher I have almost invariably found, that if there be a desire to paint, there is generally an undeveloped talent.

The different stages are passed through by nearly all beginners—first the astonishment and pleasure of seeing a design actually painted by oneself, then the bestowing of some of the first work on admiring friends, and afterwards the longing to, by some means, get those gifts into one's own possession again and utterly destroy them—after that the gradual improvement, and the preference for quality in work rather than quantity.

Good drawing is of course very desirable, but the lack of it is not an insurmountable drawback to decorating china. With assistance from a teacher, and other aids, the pupil may succeed admirably. I refer to those who wish to decorate china simply for an amusement, and have neither the time nor inclination to spend years in drawing first.

Simplicity in design, and a small range of subjects are to be recommended. The desire for new shapes in china and a variety in flowers I think a mistake.

Most people learn from imitation, and naturally adopt the teacher's style and mannerism.

The exhibits of decorated china which are held so frequently in private studios, and by clubs, are beneficial in stimulating some to excel, and warning others to desist.

The kind of painting where each flower seems to vie with the other to come to the front, and the absence of anything that would suggest that some were a little farther away, is rarely to be seen now, except when painted by some one who is proudly heralded as "never having taken a lesson."

In nearly every town there is at least one kiln, and designs are abundant in many art magazines, making decorating china a pleasant pastime instead of the uncertain and unsatisfactory thing it used to be.

Apropos of china painting, there has recently been invented by a pupil of Mrs. Miller's a cabinet, most complete in every way, for those who devote much of their time to this fascinating art. To handle half finished work is more than liable to spoil it; and to leave it exposed on a table until it is dry, or until such time as the artist can finish it, is running even greater chances. The Miller cabinet prevents any such undesirable alternative. There are innumerable little nooks, pigeon holes, and drawers for paints, palettes, brushes, and everything necessary for the work. Underneath is a well for undecorated, or unfinished china; and a sliding table, which runs into place and allows the top of the cabinet to come down, cover, and protect the work from dust and accident, completes an exceedingly useful thing.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

At a certain country church it was decided by the members to assemble together at a given time to pray for rain, which was badly needed for the growing crops. At the appointed hour the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself.

"What did you bring that for, youngster?" someone asked, with a smile.
"So's I wouldn't get wet going home," was the confident reply.

It is safe to say that no one in the large gathering had come similarly provided, and that not a housewife of them all had set out her tubs and pans to catch the rain-water as it would pour from the roof in answer to the ascending petition.



THE DOUBLE WOOING OF TWO INDISCREETS.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
by Hope Hampton.

Continued from last issue.

IT was late when Billy reached his room. Daisy's laughter, natural and infectious, kept ringing in his ears as he picked up a letter he had overlooked in his hurry. It had arrived in the morning and was from Lilian. He tried to read it, but how dull it seemed, and instead of Lily smiling at him sadly from the pages, the merry triumphant face of Daisy mocked him. How dazzling were the teeth, how bright the beautiful brown eyes! The dimples came and went, and blushes flitted across the clear, olive skin. Again he tried to read the letter, but in vain. He felt Lilian's blue eyes fixed on him reproachfully, and then Daisy's brown ones flashed with fun, and brought an answering smile to his own. He turned away impatiently and looked at the photograph that always had had a subtle fascination for him, but he could see nothing but disdain in the attitude of the girl. How pure she looked—pure as the lilies at her feet! No wonder that she turned from him with contempt. After all those protestations of love, after all those entreaties to be allowed to see her, to speak to her, to have become so enamored of another girl.

The next evening he went to the rink. He had found himself sauntering in the direction of Blank street, and with a sudden fierce determination not to see Daisy, he went to skate.

The ice was good and plenty of college girls were present. The band was playing better than he ever remembered to have heard it before.

A scarlet hat flitted past that he thought he knew, and he waited till it came in view again. The light fell full upon the upturned face of the wearer, and he recognized Daisy. She saw him at the same time and smiled enchantingly. The next band he claimed her, and without a word she put her hand in his. Neither spoke; the music sounded far away. The place seemed some enchanted spot with only they two in it.

The next time he saw her she was popping corn and behaved more fantastically than ever. Her flippancy jarred upon him, though when he tried to read between the lines, he concluded that the nonsense was merely a cloak for her real feelings, but what those feelings were he could not define. At the rink after that first evening he did not skate with her. She was always surrounded, and laughingly told him she was engaged for every band. Then he received a letter from Lilian telling him that she would be in the city the following month. The intelligence had an odd effect on him. The meeting he had so longed for and looked forward to for the past eight months, or more, now presented itself in the form of a calamity.

As he had been at 38 just a few evenings previous to this they scarcely expected to see him for a week, but his wanderings brought him to the door, so he entered. He was going up to the sitting-room when the edge of a dress on the stairs arrested his attention. It was made of some light stuff covered with stars. He saw that the little feet were sandaled, and then the wearer came in view. It was Daisy. Her hair hung loosely down her back between the wings of gauze; the long, straight gown was buckled on her shoulders. A starry circlet crowned her head. She saw him and stopped

suddenly, her great brown eyes startled—frightened. Mrs. Milton coming after her stopped, strangely disconcerted, too, and the embarrassing silence might have lasted several minutes had not Hazel Laurie dressed as a Dresden China Shephdess, appeared eager for Daisy to show her the skirt-dance before they went to the dance.

After they were gone Mrs. Milton entertained Billy with a little family history of Daisy's.

"You know," she said, "Her mother is dead, and her father was in bad health. The doctors recommended a sea voyage, and he and Daisy decided that he ought to go to South Africa. It seems that there was some romance of his long ago, connected with a lady who is now a wealthy widow in Cape Colony. Daisy thinks that he never really loved her mother, though he was always kindness itself to her, and the fact that he is now engaged to be married to this Mrs. Derwent seems to verify the supposition."

"Why didn't he take his daughter with him?" queried Billy.

"Oh! he couldn't afford to. Besides he knew she would rather stay, but she was woefully lonely after he left, poor child! She was



devotedly fond of him. I think they will be sending for her before long."

Billy tried to think connectedly of the events of the day, but the apparition of Daisy as "Queen of the Fairies," was ever in his mind. Was it a mere coincidence, or was she in some way connected with Lilian? The thought of her probable departure oppressed him. Her face haunted him always. How had she bewitched him so completely? With a sigh he summed up the situation with characteristic conciseness thus, "Half engaged to one girl, and wholly in love with another."

He did not go to the Milton's for nearly three weeks, and then, inclination being stronger than his will, he turned one evening in the usual direction. He wondered how Daisy would receive him. Would she punish him for his long absence by treating him unkindly? Or would she blush with pleasure and dimple with smiles? How the bright, dark face haunted him! After all was it wise to go into temptation? For a few steps he walked on undecidedly, then with a muttered imprecation he wheeled around and faced—Daisy.

"What steps you take!" she exclaimed, amusedly. Her face was radiant, her eyes sparkling; two little dusky curls strayed over her forehead. They crossed the street together,

Daisy's light steps almost dancing, Billy with a dogged determination to have one last night of pleasure.

He was received with open arms. Teddy said he thought he must have gone travelling for his health, and Miss Le Barre was inspired by the sight of him, and retired hurriedly with pencil and paper.

Daisy allowed him to sing "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" without one single correction, and when the refrain

"Give me your promise
Oh! sweetheart, do,
Darling, I love you,
Will you be true?"

thrilled through the room, his eyes, filled with passionate adoration, met hers that glowed with shy, startled understanding.

How could he ever have thought of giving her up? he wondered as he hastened home. As if this one daisy was not worth a thousand lilies. And now what was he to say to Lilian? How her blue eyes would flash with scorn, yet was it not better to make a clean breast of it, and tell her that those letters—the very thought of them made him grow hot—were only meaningless rubbish, that he would despise himself always for having written them, and humbly beseech her pardon? After all was not she to blame? She had started the correspondence.

The following day was Saturday, and with feelings akin to desperation he opened a letter from Lilian. It had been posted in town. "I arrived unexpectedly," she wrote, "and will see you to-morrow. Come to St. James' in the morning and after service come home with me. Will you recognise me, do you think? In spite of all your protestations, I'm afraid not. Well, look for a young lady of medium height (not tall) dressed in green jacket and hat and sable caperine. I will know you, and will speak if you come near me."

Sunday morning dawned bright and cloudless. With doleful forebodings Billy went to church.

It was much easier to think of speaking to Lilian at some indefinite time than to actually go to undeceive her. He walked up the aisle slowly, filled with a nervous dread every time a green hat came in view. When the service began he tried to forget all else and enjoy it. The morning sun flashing through the stained glass windows turned the curate's fair hair to gold, and his gown to crimson and purple. The whole church was bathed in changing colored light.

After the benediction was pronounced he rose, and from his superior height took a hasty survey of the ladies of the congregation till his eyes reached the door, through which a young lady was departing. Her hat was green, the same color as her jacket and the high fur collarette which hid her hair was the counterpart of the one Miss Darwin wore. If he had not been so worried he might have recognized the petite figure of the wearer. But without a doubt in his mind he hurried out. A few steps and he had overtaken her. "Lilian," he said, softly, and then again "Lilian." The girl looked up quickly, and he stopped suddenly, confused, for the eyes—half timid, half deprecating—into which he gazed were brown, not blue. The upturned face was Daisy's. Unable to recover from his surprise at once he stalked along in silence till a letter fell from Daisy's muff and fluttered to his feet. He stooped to pick it up and could not avoid seeing the address. To his unutterable astonishment he saw that it was "Miss L. Lindsley, Milville," in his own writing. Instead of returning the unlucky missive to Daisy he crammed it into his pocket, feeling angry, resentful and perplexed.

Up the steps of No. 38 they went in moody

silence. From the dining-room could be heard the clatter of knives and forks mingled with talk and laughter. The sitting-room was deserted, and Billy, following Daisy in, stood frowning down at her as she commenced leisurely to draw off her gloves.

"Now tell me," he said sternly.

"What?" icily.—"Don't equivocate."

"I don't understand you," she answered with a dignity he had not though her capable of. "If you mean how you always got those letters on time——"

"I mean who wrote those letters?" he interrupted, brusquely.

Daisy looked up, her eyes wide with surprise. "Do you mean to say that you don't know?"

"Certainly; who was it? and who is Lilian?"

"Why Lilian——Don't you really know?" she said incredulously.

"Certainly not."

"Well, Lilian——" blushing vividly and then paling—"How dense you are!" she paused, but he did not help her out. "Don't you see?" she was certain that if he didn't soon see she would cry. With a little distressed explanatory movement she spread out her hands. "Why, I—am Lilian—its me."

He took the little out-stretched hands and held them in his strong, firm clasp. "Eh?" he ejaculated, and then "Daisy," he said sadly, "don't deceive me—tell me the truth."

"Oh!" she exclaimed wildly, "haven't I deceived you long enough. I—I know you will never forgive me, but I did commence that correspondence—I did write those letters, I am Lilian Lindsley Darwin, nicknamed Daisy because—I am—so—dark." She stopped, checked by a sob. Her head was bowed. Billy pressed his lips to the soft coil of hair, then putting his hand under her chin raised it till the brimming eyes looked into his.

"Then was that photograph of you?" he questioned, still doubting, and yet longing to believe in her.

She nodded bravely.

"But the hair is light," he persisted.

"Covered with diamond dust, and the light was bad."

"And the girl is tall," but he smiled as he said it, and drew her to him. "It was the dress," she answered, in a rather muffled tone. "It hangs so straight, and you know you got it into your head that I—that Lilian was fair and tall, and I didn't like to disillusion you, for I didn't suppose we would ever meet."

A few minutes later she insisted on explaining how the letters were sent and received so promptly, which she did with many interruptions.

"You know," she said, "Miss Thomson who keeps the post office out at Milville is a friend of mine, and that Christmas when I went to see her it was so awfully lonely in town that I dreaded the thought of returning, and remembering the name I had seen on your grip I decided to write to you. Miss Thomson was delighted with the idea, and at once formed a plan for me to follow. Her niece, Laura, comes to college in the city every day on the train and I gave her my letters to post at Milville, and she gave me any letters from you."

The clock struck two and Daisy started up. "Oh! Mr. Martin!" she exclaimed.

"Wh—at!"

"Well then, B-Billy," she stammered shyly, and then with the old mischievous twinkle, "Little Billee?"

He laughed, and taking her left hand in his slipped on her finger a beautiful old-fashioned ring, "It was my mother's," he said, tenderly. "Don't you think you ought to thank me nicely for it?"

Daisy pressed her lips to the inanimate thing,

and putting her arms around his neck she kissed him, too.

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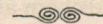
And they never knew that Mrs. Milton sat two hours on the stairs lest anyone should interrupt them.

THE END.



There is nothing to prevent a man from being a poet because he wears a clerical garb. One of these happy combinations sends us the result of his observations in the following:

Wit and sarcasm are sharper than knives,
But punning women will never be wives;
For as the crow flies from the gun
So will the suitor shun the pun.



NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM.

In a large north country church recently a fashionably dressed lady, happening to enter one of the private pews, the verger, who is known to be a very stern old chap, immediately hurried up to her and said: "I'm afraid, miss, you'll have to come out of that; this is a paid pew." "Sir," said the young lady, turning sharply round, "do you know who I am? I'm one of the Fifes." "I dinna care," said the old man, "if you are the big drum, you'll hae to come out."



HOW A WOMAN MAY RETAIN BEAUTY.

True beauty rests on plain living and high thinking, on blood, bearing, and brains. It is in one sense a relative thing. To dip far into philosophy on the subject is not necessary. Beauty means harmony, balance, the mental fire of sensibility, as well as bodily attractiveness. Banish fretting, trivial perturbation, scowling, whining, wailing, excessive laughter, and pointless smiling.

In the first place, health is all-important. Flesh texture and tint, for example, depend upon it. A complexion lacking lustre, plumpness, and elasticity, shows a lack somewhere in the vital or nutritive system. A mild diet, gentle temperature, even digestion, open-air exercise, sleep, and a tranquil mind pertain to good looks. Mistakes in diet begin usually in childhood. Often a girl sits down to a potato and pickles, several cups of strong tea, pies, cakes, ices, and fiery condiments. If meat be on the bill of fare, there is a chance that it has been spoiled in the cooking. As a result, when the girl is twenty her eyes are dull, teeth yellow, gums pale, lips wan, flesh flaccid, and skin unyielding. Recourse is had to padding, face washes, stains, and belladonna. The habits of life are unaltered. Before there can be an improvement, a change must be made and firmly persisted in. The diet, while generous, must be temperate. Peppered soups, stews, game, pates, ragouts, and spices are not good for the complexion. What is termed the epicurean woman will have, before she is thirty, a blotched face and flabby flesh. Women of nervous and sanguine temperament should restrict themselves to a diet of eggs, milk, bread, fruit, light broths, etc. Pure water should be the daily beverage.

A great deal of beauty at low cost can be obtained through the plentiful use of rain water, sunlight, and open-air exercise. Frequent bathing is a healthful luxury. Bodily exercise should be carried on temperately, its aim being facile muscles, supple joints, and pliant limbs—in a word, physical beauty.



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- Black Seal Grain Belts, harness buckle, 1½ in. wide, reg. 40c., special..... 25c.
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- Morocco Belt, lined, stitched, harness buckle, in brown, navy and black, special..... 50c.
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Music Notes.

IN future THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will make a special feature of music, and will publish every month one complete piece, either vocal or instrumental.

* * *

Blind Tom, once so prominent a figure on the concert stage, is now described as a "tall, broad shouldered, neatly dressed colored man, whose gray hair and sightless eyes increase the impressiveness of his appearance." He lives with his guardian, Mrs. Eliza Lerche, at the Highlands of Navesink, on the New Jersey side of the lower New York Bay.

* * *

Canadian composers are coming very slowly to the front, but now and again we hear of one publishing a really good thing. Among the dance music lately out is The Pickanninies (Barn dance), or, under its Canadian name, The Diamond Two-Step, composed by Dora E. Langston, which has been played at a number of recent public entertainments, and been most favorably received. It is bright and sparkling, and is refreshingly free from the repetition which has given such a tone of sameness to the dance music of the past few years.

* * *

There are two very pretty little songs just published which are on sale at the Ladies' Work Depository. One is "The Lover's Quarrel," words by Jean Blewett, whose poetical pen is so well-known, and the music by Mary O'Hara, who also is winning a reputation for herself among Canadian composers. The other, and prettiest of the two, "Rest in Paradise," is sacred in character, and was composed for, and dedicated to Harold Jarvis, whom also Canada can claim, and whose glorious tenor voice has charmed so many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

* * *

Jennie Lind's daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, of London, has much of her mother's brilliancy of voice, but has always refused to sing in public. Of her three children none are musical.

* * *

Miss Margherite Peterson has for several seasons been concertizing in Europe with pronounced success. The English critics are especially enthusiastic in their praise of her; she is said to be a second "Swedish Nightingale." Americans will soon have an opportunity to pass criticism on this new star in the realm of song, as she contemplates visiting America at an early day, and is even now in correspondence with a New York manager with a view to arranging for a series of concerts in this country.

* * *

Among A. & S. Nordheimer's latest music is a delightfully sweet little love song, called "Red Roses," the music by N. O. Forsythe, and the words by Charles D. Bingham. It is destined to charm many an audience, in Canada and farther afield, as it is dedicated to, and no doubt will often be sung by Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, the famous Canadian soprano. Miss Robinson will be a great deal at Niagara-on-the-Lake this summer, and while there will give lessons in the art which has made her name so well-known in the musical world.

M. Rosalind Harrison, of Guelph, Ont., has just published (through A. & S. Nordheimer) a pretty waltz called Teresita. Anything composed and published by a Canadian—always provided it can weather the attacks of the musical critics—should be taken up as heartily as possible by the people of Canada, or the day will come when our composers will be compelled to take their productions elsewhere. The saying goes that "a prophet is of no avail in his own country," and it is a matter of history that those who have wares to offer frequently find a better market for them elsewhere than at home. This, a big publishing firm of Toronto tells us, is the case with those who give us our songs, and much of our instrumental music. These are sold and copyrighted across the border where there is a wider market and a better field, and so the great country on the other side of the line threatens to get possession of the works which Canada should claim and hold with pride.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

THE tennis tournament for the Canadian championships held last week at Niagara-on-the-Lake, under the auspices of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association resulted in victory for two Americans. Leo Ware, a young student from Harvard University, and a member of the tennis club of Boston, won his way most brilliantly to the finals, defeating E. P. Fisher, and ultimately capturing the cup by default of Robert D. Wrenn, who won last year. The lady's championship fell to Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, and any one more entitled to it it would be difficult to find. She plays a beautiful game, with the tact and strength of a man, and the agile lightness of a fawn. This is not her first victory, however, nor the first by very many. Last year she won the Canadian championship, the double championship, with Miss Moore, of the United States, and the mixed championship of both, with Mr. Fisher. Except when she occasionally loses to Miss Bessie Moore, who seems to be her only formidable rival on the courts, she wins everything for which she enters. A jolly, good-natured player she is, too, always ready to allow any doubtful point to an opponent, and never so deadly in earnest that she has not time for a smile, or a laughing interchange of remark over the net. In this respect she resembles Mrs. Eustace Smith, who as Miss Osborne, Canada's lady champion, in '93 and '94 was always such a favorite at the Niagara tournaments. Mrs. Smith, unfortunately, was very much out of practice this year, and although her many friends were enthusiastically glad to see her again on the courts, and helped her with every possible encouragement to re-capture the cup, hardly anyone imagined it would be a successful venture, considering how zealously her opponent has been practicing her charming little self into a condition to hold the honors which she won last year. Miss Davies of Oakville, however, who has been covering herself with glory at many lesser events this season, made a very plucky fight to add to her victories the crowning one of being Canada's champion. Personally, everyone present admired Miss Atkinson immensely, but it was a case of the United States against Canada, and as the majority of the spectators were Canadians, and the contest was for the Canadian championship, it was only natural that Miss Davies should have the lion's share of sympathy. Considering how comparatively little practice she has had, she did wonderfully well, and although she lost, finally, to her indomitable little enemy from across the border, she has at least inspired the hope that next season the championship will remain with a Canadian.

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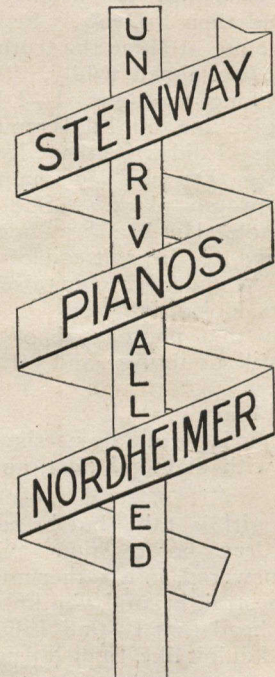
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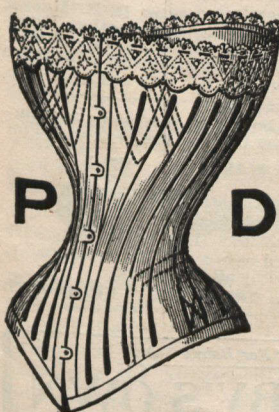
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A Threnody of Love.

Written for THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL by I. Icarus.

A MELLOW summer's night; fit closing to a day so gloriously bright with its relay of lavish blossoms, its wealth of leafy green from whose shadowy depths poured fourth the song-bird's roundelay; and over all this fairest face of Mother Nature, the falling splendor of the sunlight.

Out of the very fulness of joy and thanksgiving, well might one exclaim with Hawthorne, "O perfect day, O beautiful world, O beneficent God!"

But all light has its counterpart of shadow, all joy, its undertone of sadness; and now over the earth broods that sable-vested goddess, Night.

With the ushering in of her reign comes a curious depression, a feeling of sadness, an unaccountable longing of the soul, mayhap, for the kinship of its Father's house.

I sat in the low-cushioned window seat one calm night of early summer, looking out at the panorama spread before me in the moonlight that brought a soothing, restful influence, such as Mother Nature always bestows on those who turn to her for heart's ease and surcease of sorrow.

The graceful maples that lined the avenue were swaying softly to the music of the night-wind, which now rose in swelling cadences as though voicing the pain and sorrow of earth, and anon died away in low tremulous tones of anguish.

A few stars peopled the spaceless vault of blue above the rich green of the maples, while over all was cast the witchery of the soft moonlight.

With the sad, weird music of the wind, mingled the hum of the busy city that, softened by distance, reached my shadowed retreat, as I sat weaving a spell that bound me to the Past.

I watched the moonbeams shifting through the tree-tops, dappling the boulevards and casting grotesque shadows across the green sward, even to my feet.

As I gazed, these shadows seemed to come trooping from out the darkness of the Past and to take to themselves the semblance of loved ones long since vanished from my tear-dimmed vision.

Upwards towards the stars and the milky way, I glanced; then, listened to the murmuring of the leaves and the sighing of the wind as if each were anxious to unburden itself of the secrets it had gleaned from these misty phantom figures of the night.

"Whence come you?" I asked of one who seemed the leader of the silent band, from the haunting chambers of whose eyes seemed to speak a message to my earth-worn, weary spirit.

The sobbing wind and whispering maples seemed at first the only sounds that reached my listening ear—then came the response:

"I come from beyond the Valley of Lost Sunsets where dwell the phantoms of the Past; where black-robed Memory sits brooding through the cycles in the Land of Long Ago."

"Bring you no message?" eagerly again I queried.

The wind and the trees seemed to cease their grieving plaint, to catch the message from the Land of Long Ago.

Like a faint echo, a dim reminiscence of some loved voice from out that Past came the accents, sweet and sad:—

"O sorrow-laden pilgrim! To rainbow-tinted palaces and wondrous temples built of sunset rays and gemmed with sparkling dewdrops, to that radiant land of love and laughter where all nature is ever young, your loved ones have passed; from the distance, the darkness and the solemn shadow of the Land of Long Ago."

"But sent they no message, no tidings, the beloved ones, that through the long and weary years that part us, may comfort me?" despairingly, I faltered.

The figure seemed to waver and sway with its weight of secrets from the Dawn-land, the heart of the world for aye—then a passing cloud veiled the face of the moon—the phantoms vanished in the darkness, and only the mournful rustling of the dark maples, the wailing of the wind filled the gloom and mystery of the silence.

How long I sat enshrouded in the darkness, deeming my love of no avail, and my tears but idle drops, I know not, for "sometimes one minute folds the hearts of all the years."

Suddenly from within her veil of tremulous cloud, the pure-eyed goddess looked out upon me, the stars blossomed out one by one, the maples murmured joyously, while the voice of the wind swelled to a paean of victory.

"Love knoweth all thy longing; Love lifteth up and enlighteneth," was the message borne in upon my soul in thrilling melody, as an undertone to the glad strains of the night-wind.

I arose and softly answered to myself—

"I stand and thank God for the Light! I know the sun and storm of Past; I know that shine and shade will last; But fear not how the fate be cast. For I have that which conquers fate; Hope high as Heaven; its shining mate, Pure love; and faith to work and wait."

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Yesterday and To-day.

WE hear a great deal about the forwardness of young people—how they crush heedlessly along without respect for their seniors, but not enough blame is meted out to the old men who cling tenaciously to the topmost rungs of all the ladders up which men climb, long after the period when they should have moved out of the way into comfortable retirement. Mr. J. T. Clark, discussing these phases of life, says: We see old men on every side of us going through the motions that have occupied them all their days, vainly imagining that they are producing the same profitable financial results that once attended their labors. Here is one who in his prime built up a great business, and now in his senility deems himself shrewder than ever. He must be consulted about every little change, every altered item of routine, every new venture. He will not allow this; he insists upon that. The employees call him "the old man," and while fearing and hating him, humor him as they would a child. There is a tacit understanding between the hands and the old man's son, or the junior partner, as the case may be, that whatever the old gentleman says must be taken as law for the moment, but as drivel so soon as his back is turned. And thus the potent business man ends his days—pottering about the scene of his former activity; hampering the permanent success of the enterprise he so ably founded; trying the patience of those who respect him for what he was; earning the ridicule of those who only know him as he is; discharging employees out of one door who re-enter by another and resume work; worrying his softening brain to no purpose; complaining, interfering, until on his final removal there is a sigh of relief.

Here is another old man, not so old as the first, but old enough and wealthy enough to retire, yet if he lives to be a thousand years of age he will run his own business, and treat his sons as irresponsible boys. They are steady men, as safe and shrewd as he was in the best of his life, yet his will is law—his changing, peppery, dyspeptic will is final, undebatable law to them. They have spent too many years with him building up the trade which he calls his own, to cut loose now and get nothing, so they submit when he bullies, turn a deaf ear to him when he badgers, and never fail to read any item in the papers telling how some fat old man has died suddenly. Before them lies a cheerless prospect, or—the loss of a parent. The family is engaged in a test of endurance; can the sons endure the unjust treatment accorded them as long as the father can endure against the fate that overtakes hot-tempered old men? And when at last there is a paragraph in the papers about their own particular old man, even though they have out-stayed him in the test of endurance, can these sons weep over his clay? If they do, will it not be because of the memories that will be called up?—not that late ties have been broken, but that memories will crowd on them of what the father used to be, and thoughts of what their relations might have been had he been different.

There are old men similar to the types mentioned. There is the old man whose temper has soured so gradually that he still considers himself a model of compatibility, and because his son will not submit quietly to his crabbed nagging,

expels the young man from home as incorrigible. There are young men being ground under the wheels of adversity in all parts of America as I write, who are in their present extremity because in hot anger they rushed off anywhere to escape surly fathers who never thought it necessary to be carefully fair with their boys. When father and son fail to agree, the fault nearly always lies with the father. When a family is a failure the fault is in its head. When father and son quarrel the father begins the row, for a son trusts and respects his father until he finds his trust misplaced. Original sin may be strong in a boy, but it is hereditary. It is not necessary to refer to the way in which old men cling to offices once they get them. I wonder if any man over sixty years of age—except Gladstone, and he pouts if his gratuitous advice to his party is not taken—ever resigned an office without compulsion? Let a man of sixty once get the reeveship of a township, and he will never leave the chair until death pulls him out. The desire to die in harness is a mulish virtue—its realization a mule's fate.

What is the matter with our old men? How is it that good humor withers within most men as middle life is passed? Is there any creature that can compare with a cheery old man? He would be none the less admirable if less rare. Education for the young is beneficial, but the reformation of the world must begin at the other end. We can never attain to the millennium until we generate old men who are fit for it. They must cross the edge of the dawn before the middle-aged and the children, and the present variety would not know a millennium if they stood in the middle of it. Age should be respected, but it should be respect-worthy.

The inveterate pursuit of gain might be illustrated in allegory somewhat after this fashion: In the glad morning a young man entered a berry patch with a cup and pail. Depositing the pail in a cosy shelter he picked the luscious fruit into his cup, pausing to eat every other berry with evident signs of relish. Once the cup was filled he emptied it into the pail and began again. Still he enjoyed the berries as he plucked them; he heard the birds singing and sang himself, cheerily calling to his fellow-workers. But when he emptied his cup again the bottom of the pail could not be seen, and his ambition bade him try to fill the vessel. He picked harder; he observed where the berries grew thickest, and cunningly misguided others to the places thinned by his hand; he spoke less, filled and emptied, filled and emptied his cup. The heat of noon came and went, the pail was filled; his children sat around it, eating and wasting, picking nothing for themselves. Still back he came with his cup, and emptied it on the ground until piles of berries were on all sides, through which his children crushed and pranced. They gathered up handfuls, and cast them far and wide. They traded them off for colored leaves, thistledowns and valueless nothings. Coming back with his cup the father reproved them, but they said: "Well, we have no need for all these. We cannot eat them with cream; we cannot preserve them. You are gathering them for fun; let us have our fun in scattering them, and treading the red juice out of them." He had no time to argue, for he had just found a rich patch and hurried back to it. He fell over a log and spilled his cupful, slipped into a brush heap and got his hands and face torn, yet persevered with fiercer desire than before. But now he had grown deaf to the songs of the birds, insensate to the odors of the woods. As night fell he was still floundering among the brambles, and at last

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The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LESSON FOR THE WEAK.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side-track? Something has broken down about it. There is not a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, Do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering at it would make it go? Not a bit. Nothing on earth will make it go except by steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, you say. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies?

Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says: "In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, desponding state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fulness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together, and had barely strength to move.

"At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse, she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still 'she did not get her strength up'; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and 'her food gave her strength.' In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly twelve years ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and if any of my family ail anything a few doses puts us right.—Yours truly, (signed) George Walker, Grocer, etc., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25, 1893."

We call attention especially to those words in Mr. Walker's letter which are quoted. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines the doctor or any one else can give us.

For example, Mrs. Walker was ill with indigestion and dyspepsia. Her symptoms, and how she suffered, her husband tells us. The disease destroyed her power to obtain any strength from food, and Nature suspended her appetite in order that she might not make bad, worse by eating what could only ferment in the stomach and fill her blood with the resulting poisons. The only outcome of such a state of things must be pain and weakness—weakness which, continued long enough, must end in absolute prostration and certain death.

Well, then, she failed to get up her strength under the treatment of either doctor. Why? Simply because the medicines they gave her—whatever they may have been—did not cure the torpid and inflamed stomach. If they had cured it then she would have got up her strength exactly as she afterwards did when she took Seigel's Syrup. But the trouble is this: Medicines that will do this are rare. If the doctors possessed them they would use them, and cure people with them, of course. Mother Seigel's Syrup is one of these rare and effective medicines. It (the Syrup) cures the disease, drives out the poison, repairs the machine.

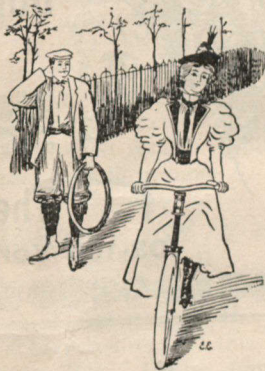
Then comes the appetite (all of itself) and digestion and strength. You see the order—the sequence. The mechanics set the engine in order; then the stoker gets up the steam. And of the human body—the noblest of all machines—Mother Seigel's Syrup is the skilled mechanic.

Yesterday and To-day.

(Continued from page 24).

crawled, in decrepitude, with a few dried berries in his cup, to where his harvest lay strewn, and there he died. And his sons upset the pail, and the berry pickers from far and near came hurriedly and scooped up the fruit, so that his sons were forced to go forth at last, untrained, to pick for themselves, or starve.

How is that a man will use every endeavor while his children are young, to win their confidence and love, whereas when they get older he so often cares not a rap for their affection—or rather, takes no care to retain their respect and sympathy? A man who may be a jolly old chap among his acquaintances is too often a gruff tyrant to his wife and children. They never see his jolly side. Madam generally can amuse herself, and defend herself at need, and so, as a rule, it is the sons who get the worst of it. The old business man rails at them constantly. He is getting old; he is not as hearty as he used to be; little things no longer amuse him; his old pleasures are empty now; he grows grim, moody, meddling. Should not old men study philosophy, guard and guide themselves into agreeability, and stop picking berries when their pails are full?



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Little Venice.

A STORY OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

NIGHT was falling over the beautiful St. Clair Flats. There was neither moon nor stars; there was only a dull gray dusk that crept down from the sky and stole noiselessly over the waters folding the marshes little by little out of sight in its wide, soft, restful arms. Madeleine Brabau sat alone in her rough little white boat among the reeds, leaning forward on folded arms and looking steadily off through the darkness towards that spot in the distance, far out of reach of even her clearest mid-day vision, where lay the great city of Detroit. She had never seen Detroit. She had never seen any city. She had been no farther from the Flats than to Algonac, a sleepy village some ten miles away at the mouth of the St. Clair River, where, spent with its rapid course, it empties itself breathlessly into its beautiful namesake lake. But she hated Algonac. On occasional Sundays she rowed over there to church with her grandmother and with her father, if there were no sportsmen from Detroit needing his services as punter, and if the lazy fellow could sufficiently bestir himself to wash and dress in time. And it was there that the little household bought the scant table supplies that supplemented the fresh-water fish caught at their door; and thence too, came Madeleine's lively-hued calicoes and few gay ribbons, and her grandmother's sober stuff dresses and unbecoming caps. Yet she hated Algonac.

But she hated the Flats still more. She had been born there and had lived there all the seventeen years of her life since, in an old scow, converted into a little one-story, three-room house, and made fast in one spot or another to a few piles driven in here or there among the marshes. Moving-day is not difficult when you have but to set your house afloat upon the water and tranquilly drift where you will. It was a small enough abode compared with even the very smallest houses at Algonac. Yet, after all, where the lares and penates are few, it requires but little space besides for the actual necessities of sleeping and eating, so that Madeleine's home was amply spacious for her needs.

First there was a little sitting-room, some eight feet square, through which one passed into a still smaller room where she and her grandmother slept, and beyond that was a yet tinier spot which answered both as a storeroom and as a place for her father's bed. The front door of the little "ranch," as such cabins are called at the Flats, opened directly into the sitting-room, and to the right of this door, occupying half of the little covered porch, stood the stove, inclosed on three sides, and so making a tiny, open-air kitchen, quite big enough for the cooking of some very savory messes by the grandmother's not unskillful hands. It was all extremely com-

pact and very neat. The sweet, pure air blew freshly through the narrow windows, and the clear, swift running, grass-grown water was all about them; their garden was the whole of the wonderful St. Clair Flats.

Strangers often asked permission to see this ranch of Louis Brabau's as a curiosity, and would have come in had his mother permitted it. But Mrs. Brabau was a peculiar old woman, with a remarkably set will of her own, attended with small reserve in the expression of it, and she kept all strangers at a distance. There were many strangers nowadays at the Flats. Madeleine wondered what charm brought them there. Surely better duck shooting and fishing were to be had elsewhere. Here one might spend many a long, hot day upon the shining water without so much as once catching sight of a canvasback or a maskalonge, and as to the perch and bass and pickerel, what were they to tempt anyone to the place? What did people mean when they called the Flats "strange," and "beautiful," and "unique"? Madeleine looked out across the wide green marshes and marveled as she looked. Who knew the marshes so well as she? Yet she saw no magic in them whatever, only loneliness and dreariness and an unendurable monotony. They stretched out for miles and miles across the upper end of Lake St. Clair, those broad, green unmarshlike marshes, like a prairie dropped down in the bosom of a beautiful rushing sea. As far as eye could reach was a level stretch of tall bright grasses and waving green reeds of varied hues through which the swift water ran unimpeded, as a flood might run over a meadow. There was no foothold anywhere in all that treacherous green field, save for the waterfowl and the birds. Indeed it was no meadow at all, but only a part of the lake still, and the grasses were so many green signal flags held aloft that the sailor could see where the shallows lay. Three great natural channels there were, however, so deep and so wide as to be navigable for the very largest vessels, while radiating from these was a confusion of smaller channels like little lanes of twisted silver, crossing one another at every angle, winding now backward, now forward, now advancing, now receding, now hurrying merrily out to nowhere, and now turning abruptly back upon themselves with a sudden whim not to go there. These were so clear and so shallow that one could almost count the grains of sand at the bottom, and were open to no craft more unwieldy than a rowboat, while even then only those that held the clue might venture far within the lovely blue labyrinth, so soon would the way of return be lost. Seen from the low deck of a yacht, the larger as well as these smaller channels were completely hidden from sight by the reeds that fringed their borders, and the ships presented the singular effect of sailing upon dry land, apparently turning and



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—Nicholas Nickleby.

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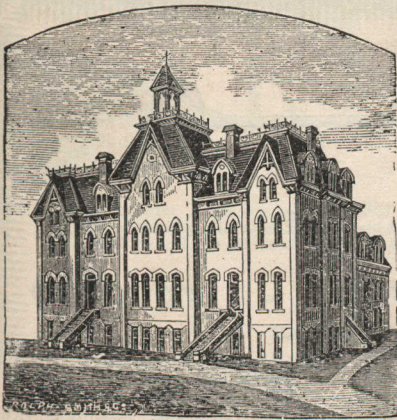
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returning upon their tracks in the most aimless way, as if they had lost their bearings and were wandering hopelessly about in search of a road of escape.

(To be continued.)

AT THE BRANCH.

A very amusing incident took place the other day at a summer resort near Toronto. A party of young men from the city, who were camping out, had had a case of provisions sent them by the steamer. This had been deposited on a smaller wharf, and two of the young fellows, resplendent in duck and blazers, came along in their canoe to transport the eatables to the camp. The box was placed on the end of the little dock, and the boat ranged broadside, one of the men in each end standing with one hand grasping the deck, the other the ends of the box. Then they attempted to lift the case into the boat, but their efforts in doing so forced the canoe outwards, and they were powerless to stop it, as the box was balancing between canoe and wharf. Finally, as they worked out the weight on one side upset the boat, the men went in, and the box, which they had not been able to push back, on top of them. The little comedy was ludicrous in the extreme, and those who witnessed it are wondering if the men are still hungry.

A GLORIOUS AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

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

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Bridget—'No, mum; I might forget others, mum, but I never forgets myself.'

Young Man—'I want an engagement ring for a young lady.'

Jeweller—'Yes sir; about what size?'

Young Man—'I don't know exactly, but she can twist me round her little finger, if that's any guide.'

SKIED!

(Overheard at the Royal Academy.)

She—'What sort of a dog would you call that in the picture nearest the ceiling?'

He—'That? Oh, that's a terrier—a sky-terrier, you know!'

OPTIMISM.

Good luck and good humor together should run,

But do they? A matter of doubt—
The merriest fellow is oftenest one
Who's least to be merry about.

THERE is nothing in the world more aggravating to a man with a secret than to meet people who have no curiosity.—
Atchison Globe.

'THEY talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.

There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing nor a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, nor death, nor birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.'

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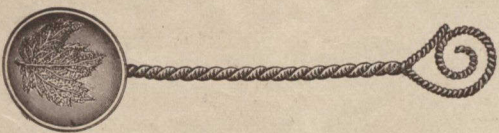
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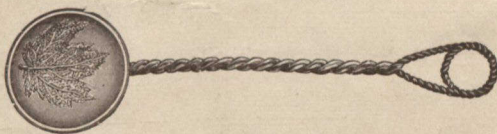
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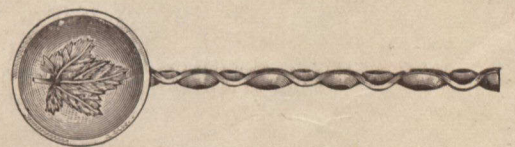
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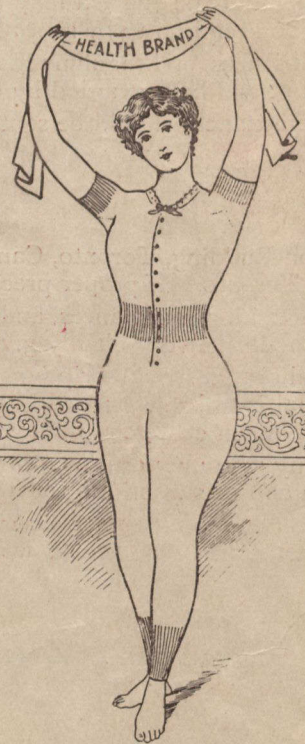
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