

Pages Missing

LONDON PUBLIC LIBRARY
& ART MUSEUM
LONDON - ONTARIO

SEPT., 1892.

Miss Frances Cleveland

The Canadian QUEEN



DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE

CANADIAN HOMES

FASHION

CULTURE

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

TORONTO, ONT.



SINGLE COPIES 10¢

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

THE GERMANIA LIFE INSURANCE

Company of New York.

Established 1860. - - Assets, \$17,000,000.

Policies issued on Terminal, Whole Life, Limited Life Endowment, Bond and Tontine Plans.

Loans made on Policies after they have been in force three years or more.

Policies payable IMMEDIATELY after they become a claim, either by death or expiry.

Apply for particulars to the nearest Agent, or to

JEFFERS & RÖNNE,

MANAGERS FOR CANADA,

46 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Agents wanted. Liberal terms to right men.



MOUTH ORGAN Chart and circular free. Will teach a tune in ten minutes. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue of Musical Instruments. Agts. wanted. MUSIC NOVELTY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Mention THE CANADIAN QUEEN 11-92

The

Acme Silver Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

The Finest

Quadruple

Plateware.

Toronto, Canada.

LADIES

WANTED on salary to sell Roses, Shrubs and Clematis. BROWN BROTHERS COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

HAIROREMOVED

Permanently, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury with "Pills Solvenc," Sealed particulars, 6c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about \$13 from Detroit or \$18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, \$2.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.



MATRIMONIAL PAPER
Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with residences) of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

8-92

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.



Billiard goods of every description; ivory and celluloid billiard and pool balls manufactured, repaired and recolored; bowling alley balls, pins, foot chalks, marking boards, swing cushions, etc., etc.; estimates for alleys given on application.

SAMUEL MAY & CO.,

83 King St. West, Toronto.

McLAREN'S CELEBRATED



IS SUPERIOR IN ECONOMY, EQUAL IN

Purity and Healthfulness

to any. Distinguish it from Alum powders by Biscuit and Cakes made with it, having a pleasant flavor and not becoming dry or prematurely stale.

10-92



LEVER BROS.,

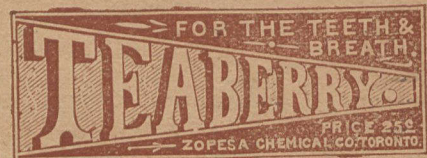
MANUFACTURERS OF

"SUNLIGHT" SOAP,

Have been appointed, under Royal Warrant, as

SOAP-MAKERS TO THE QUEEN,

An honor and a privilege enjoyed by no other laundry soap firm in the world.



SELL MUSIC We will pay a liberal Salary to Agents who will take subscribers for Woodward's Musical Monthly. Send four cents and receive sample copy with five complete pieces of latest vocal and instrumental music. Address WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, 842 Broadway, New York.

4-93

Walker's **PURE CANDY**
Sent to any address. Enclose from \$1 for sample Box to Headquarters, 254 St. James St. Montreal.

CATARRH.

In order to fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh free of all charge. For free treatment, address

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,

286 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

4-93



MICAJAH'S WAFERS. Indorsed by physicians as the best local remedy for Female Ailments. Easy to use, clean, and sure to cure. Two weeks' treatment free. Address **MICAJAH & CO., WARREN, PA.**

A Piano and Other Valuable Articles Given Away.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN, which has become a household word in the homes of America, has entered another era of its career. Its magnitude has passed beyond the capacity of a private enterprise, and it is now the property of a Joint Stock Company. Its power for good will be increased by the accession of unlimited financial resources and business energy. Our motto is "**Excelsior.**"

To attract the attention of all to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, and to imprint our motto on the minds of the public in a profitable and pleasing manner, we make the following liberal offer:—

To the person sending us the largest list of words constructed from the letters contained in "**Excelsior,**" we will award *absolutely free of expense*, one **Mason & Risch or Heintzman fine toned, high grade, superbly finished upright Piano.** To the *two next* largest lists, one **Lady's Gold Watch** each. To each of the *next five* largest lists, one **Sewing Machine**, with all the latest improvements; **value \$40.00** each. To each of the *next ten* largest lists, one **beautiful Five O'Clock Tea Set**; and to each of the *next ten* largest lists, one **Imported Opera Glass.**

EXTRA OFFER.

In addition to the above awards, we will give a prize to the person whose list is received **first each day** throughout the competition.

The competition will close on the **30th October** and awards will be announced as soon as possible after that date. The lists will be submitted to disinterested parties for examination as to merits. No favoritism will be shown any person or locality. The lists will be numbered as received. In case two lists contain exactly the same number of allowable words, the one numbered **earliest** will receive the award.

Winning list will *positively be published* in the issue of our magazine following the close of the competition.

Conditions.

Present Subscribers will enclose with their list of words twenty-five cents, for which they will be sent their choice of a fifty cent sheet of popular music, "**The Canadian Queen Galop,**" or "**The Canadian Queen Military Schottische,**" a beautiful **Souvenir Spoon** of Canada, a quadruple plated **Butter Knife**, or a quadruple plated **Pickle Fork.**

Non-Subscribers will send twenty-five cents, for which they will receive THE CANADIAN QUEEN for three months.

Every prize winner is expected to send at least one year's subscription for THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Rules.

- 1st.**—No letter must be used oftener than it occurs in "**Excelsior.**"
- 2nd.**—Any word defined in the main part of Webster's International Dictionary will be accepted.
- 3rd.**—Words must be written on one side of paper only; must be numbered consecutively, and total number of words plainly marked at bottom.
- 4th.**—Lists must be signed with full name and address of sender.
- 5th.**—No alteration can be made in lists after being received by us. Lists can only be amended by treating as entirely new matter. Address

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., L'TD., "Excelsior,"
TORONTO, CANADA.



LOVE'S SILENCE.

[See poem next page.]



Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1892,

No. 2.

Love's Silence

(See frontispiece.)

A flash of azure ; a folded wing ;
A waft of song on the winds of spring ;
Listen ! I hear the bluebird sing.

A feathered arrow ; a bolt far thrown ;
The silent flight of a form swift flown ;
A pause—and I hear the wood-dove's moan.

Bluebird, hued like the plains above ;
Summer's messenger, fleet-winged dove ;
Hath autumn never a song of love ?

And the one replies from a bough breeze-swung,
And the other the still green glooms among :
" Sweet, oh, sweet, are the songs unsung !"

—HENRY CHARLES LUDERS.

Catching a Colonel.

The colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted, of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified this Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning that was highly original, but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London frog, or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "to give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in disrespectful silence by his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods, garnished with numerous expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "doing Old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the army list will tell you, was Col. Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat" of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's Bank or the cold-meat train to Woking.

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very rife among the officers whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amicably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experience in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere colonel in a Hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be every prospect of some lively scenes when the colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat, and gives it him hot when he begins his usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision, Col. Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother-officer of Sir James Macleod's, to whom he had written in order to make some inquiries with regard to the new importation into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the baronet's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it, as usual," wrote Capt. Fletcher, of the Blues. "Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure deviltry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow, no damned nonsense about him in any way is a good sportsman, A1 shot, and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. *Don't bet with him.* He is a very devil at bets, and always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Colonel Power; "and he may be the very devil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's meself that would like to see the colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern."

Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good-looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner, however, was that of a man of the world; and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe, in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a bit."

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed good-humoredly.

"What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe, in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scarecrows and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reekie'? I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick."

"What do you mean?" inquired the other.

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would be furious if any one contradicted him?" inquired Macleod, fixing a very wary gray eye on the other.

"Furious! I think he would have a fit."

Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then he said quietly:

"I should like to make a bet with you. I will lay you two ponies to a five-pound note that, if you will draw the colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, we will have a most angry discussion, and at the end the colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if—well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe, shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to hold you in less than no time."

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod, blandly.

"No; I won't bet on a certainty."

"Are you sure," inquired Macleod, with an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel—quite—up—to drawing Old Pat—"

"You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe, haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose, you will have no one to thank but yourself."

"Quite so," said Macleod, calmly, and he made the entry in his pocket-book in the most business-like way. "And if I lose—well, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement."

And so it came about that that same evening, after dinner, when the wine was circulating pretty freely, and a mellow glow was beginning to make its appearance on the colonel's ripe visage, young Fanshawe, to the consternation of the mess, introduced the subject of a deceased Irish politician.

"What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said young Fanshawe, *a propos* of nothing, and dragging the dead leader into the conversation precisely as Mr. Dick used to hoist King Charles the First's head into the "Memorial."

The other subs looked at young Fanshawe with an expression of amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on—some game at the colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be as well to be in at the death. Every eye was therefore fixed on the colonel. Old Pat was not to be drawn by a young Fanshawe. He snorted indignantly, but reserved his steel for worthier foes.

The circle of watchful eyes now turned to Fanshawe. What would be his next move?

"My *pater* has just bought a hogshead of the finest Scotch whiskey," said the youth, coming up to time with commendable alacrity and a cheerful smile. He launched out into some details on the subject concluding with the following significant remark: "I hate Irish whiskey. It is such sickening, soapy stuff. I think Scotch is much the best."

A joyful gleam shone in the attentive optics. This was getting interesting. Young Fanshawe was actually of *malice prepense* "going for" Old Pat. "Hooray! Yoicks! Tallyho! Go it, young Fanshawe!" were the sentiments reflected in the breasts of that hopeful youth's brother-subalterns; while even the major, who certainly ought to have known better, grinned with intense enjoyment.

"Don't you think so, Macleod?" said young Fanshawe to the Scotchman, who was cracking walnuts with the utmost *insouciance*.

"Don't I think what?" he replied.

"That Scotch whiskey is better than Irish?"

"Why, of course. Can there be any doubt? Does any one dispute it?"

This sally was too much for Old Pat. He plunged at once into the fray, and a heated discussion ensued. At least it was heated on his side, for Macleod retained an appearance of judicial calm that would have put Job himself in a bad temper. Young Fanshawe, it may be added, at once seized the opportunity to retire from the forefront of the battle, and took up the safe position of an interested spectator.

In a comparatively short time a great deal of unpalatable information was shot upon the colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whiskey far more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of Old Pat's passionate and profane defence, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was really good and great in the Irish nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually something in the climate or the soil of Ireland which deteriorated the physical and moral character of the inhabitants. He said this with the calm utterance of a lecturer who demonstrates facts. There was even a softer undertone perceptible now and then, as if he pitied the advocate of so miserable a cause.

The colonel became almost incoherent with rage. His face assumed a deep purple hue. He manifested an inclination to foam at the mouth.

"For proof of this," continued Macleod, "it is quite enough to refer to a well-known and incontrovertible fact. Whether it is due to the potatoes that they eat or the bog-water that they drink, I don't know; but it is quite enough for my purpose that every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, colonel, I am sure."

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly choking with suppressed laughter. Young Fanshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young scapegrace was obliged to go to the sideboard, where he gurgled subterranously for several minutes with his back to the company.

"It's a lie!" roared the colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie!"

"How? A lie, colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?"

"I mean," shrieked Old Pat, "that the Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest families in Ireland; that they were on intimate terms with Brian Boru; and that when the blissid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestors that gave him the *Cead mille failthe* to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intirre family, may the devil fly off with the soul of the dirty varmin."

And with these words the colonel struck the table a blow that made the glasses ring.

"This is very interesting indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the colonel as if that dignity were the missing link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one—even an Irishman—would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought of examining your own mouth?"

The colonel's reply was of a nature that would have been an expensive one, had he made it in the presence of a magistrate who enforced the penalties against swearing.

"Strange, very strange," said Macleod, who was still quite calm. "Now, I think I will lay you two to one in ten-pound notes that I am right."

A wolfish light shone in the colonel's eyes, but he held back with the most praiseworthy control. It would be undignified to bet with a mere sub—and on such a subject.

"I will make it five to one in twenty-pound notes," continued Macleod, with an air of great confidence, "that you yourself have a black roof to your mouth."

"I will take that bet," spluttered the colonel, who was now in a white heat of rage. "By me soul, I will take that same, just to teach you not to bet on subjects of which you know nothing. It will be a useful lesson. And now how do you propose to decide this bet?"

Sir James Macleod suggested that ocular inspection would be the quickest and most satisfactory method—ocular inspection by the senior officers of the mess. Their words would probably be sufficient for both parties.

The colonel demurred a little to this proposition. It seemed to him totally subversive of discipline. He was quite sure that the commander-in-chief would not approve of it. No other possible way of settling the question occurred to him, however, and, now that he had got so far, he was determined to win that hundred pounds at all hazards, and give the young Scotch jackanapes his much-needed lesson.

Candles were accordingly sent for at once, and a dead silence ensued. Every man looked at the other as if inquiring what would be the next act in this singular drama. Even young Fanshawe forgot to laugh. The colonel breathed heavily, and his eyes glared at his adversary, who still retained his unmoved demeanor.

At last the lights came. Armed each with a candlestick, the major, the captains, and the senior subaltern in turn examined the gaping orifice which the colonel revealed to their gaze, during which inspection young Fanshawe threw himself headlong on to a sofa and kicked like a person in mortal agony; while two other subalterns expressed their feelings in a bear-fight behind the colonel's unconscious head.

The verdict of the judges was unanimous. They declared that the roof of the colonel's mouth was red, not black.

"Decidedly red," said the senior captain, with a curious chuckle that seemed fraught with a world of meaning. "Not a trace of black."

"Not black?" cried Sir James Macleod in tones of amazement. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the major, judicially.

"Pon honor!" remarked the others in chorus.

"Well, gentlemen, you *have* surprised me," said Macleod, glancing from one to the other as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Of course I believe you—but—if the colonel will permit—I should like to look just to convince my own eyes."

"Look away, me boy," chuckled the colonel, hoarsely. He was convulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep."

"Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider, colonel; and will one of you hold the light? Really, colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must really let me open your mouth a little wider."

With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the colonel's nose and the other on the colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions.

There was not a man, among all the reckless crew that stood around, but held his breath in anticipation of a terrible explosion.

The colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb.

The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance.

"I have lost," he said quite cheerfully. "And I owe you an apology, colonel. Luckily, I have the notes about me."

He produced his pocketbook, extracted two fifty-pound notes, from it, and handed them to the colonel.

The latter took them with the most portentous gravity. He was clearly puzzled and uncertain as to the right course of action. He puckered up his face in the most curious wrinkles. Then he rubbed his nose reflectively.

The humorous side of the question, however, presented itself very forcibly to him, and he broke into a broad grin.

"Well," he said, with a loud roar of laughter, "you are a damned impudent young rascal. But I didn't think that a Scotchman and his money were so easily parted."

And amid sympathetic rears from the entire mess, who thought the whole thing a capital joke all round, the colonel's indignation melted into intense enjoyment of his own success. The only person who was unsettled in his mind was young Fanshawe, who could not understand why Macleod should have risked a hundred pounds in so foolish a way.

"I don't think much of that Scotch chap you sent us," wrote the colonel, a few days later, to his old schoolfellow, Captain Fletcher, of the Blues. "Too much brag; too little bottom. He'll never set the Thames on fire. Only a few

nights ago he actually bet me a hundred pounds to twenty that I had a black roof to my mouth—cheeky young devil! Well, I took the bet, just to give him a lesson. You ought to have seen his face when he lost. Really, I couldn't help roaring with laughter to see how confident he had been and how sold he was. You must be a dull lot in the Blues if he always wins from you. Anyhow, I have broken the record."

Captain Fletcher wrote by return of post to his old schoolfellow, Col. Dominick Power:

"Confound you! Didn't I caution you most pointedly not to bet with him? Couldn't you have known that there must be some devilry on, or a man would not throw away his money in such preposterous fashion? Before he left us, Macleod laid me one hundred pounds to a thousand that he would pull your nose in the presence of the mess before he had been a week in the regiment, and without being court-martialled or even placed under arrest for it, and I have just received a round-robin, signed by your mess, declaring that he has won the bet."

Duties of a Philadelphian.

It is the duty of a Philadelphian

To attend church twice on Sunday.

To prepare to go to bed at 10 o'clock and to be asleep by 10:30.

To go to the zoological garden (menagerie) on Saturday afternoon.

To walk on Walnut Street on Sunday morning after church and to go to Fairmount Park if irreligiously inclined after the two o'clock Sunday dinner.

To buy his groceries at the place at which his grandfather bought groceries from the present grocer's grandfather. This is a religious rite.

To go to Narragansett Pier in the summer.

To have his front steps and windows washed every morning before breakfast.

To have a waterspout run down the outside of the house and to have the waterspout and the shutters painted green every spring.

Never to use the front parlor except for sewing parties, weddings and funerals.

The Latest Bernhardt.

Courtenay Thorpe told a story not long ago of an experience of his once in a far Western city during a call on Sara Bernhardt. Sara consented to see, while Mr. Thorpe was with her, a reporter sent by a local paper to secure an interview. The reporter—a woman—spoke no French, and Sara no English, and Mr. Thorpe was called upon to act as interpreter. He says that it was easily the worst quarter of an hour of his life. For the reporter asked questions of an intimate and impertinent familiarity which, said Mr. Thorpe, "I would have as soon thought of translating to Sara as shaking hands with the tiger at the Zoo"—and Sara having conceived at sight a violent distaste for the reporter, refused to answer any questions whatever, merely, like Mr. F's aunt, insisting, in varied phrase, that she should "get out!" Thus:

Reporter. "Ask her if it is true that she took a death-mask of her late husband's face and afterwards exhibited it at the Salon?"

Mr. Thorpe. "She—she asks, madame, if you do not find the east winds very trying?"

Sarah. "Tell the creature it is her bonnet that I find trying, maddening, impossible! Tell her if she does not leave the room I will cr-rush that bonnet with a sofa cushion!"

"If it had lasted three minutes longer," said Mr. Thorpe, "I should have fallen in a fit. As it was, the reporter got off with her life, and I with mine. But to this day I break into a cold perspiration when I think what Sara would have said if she had had the curiosity to get a translation of that interview."



Things New and Old.

Splendide Mendax.

When God some day shall call my name,
And scorch me with a blaze of shame,
Bringing to light my inmost thought,
And all the evil I have wrought!

Tearing away the veils I wove
To hide my foulness from my love,
And leaving my transgressions bare
To the whole heaven's clear, cold air.

When all the angels weep to see
The branded outcast soul of me,
One saint at least will hide her face,
She will not look at my disgrace.

"At least, O God—O God most high,
He loved me truly!" she will cry;
And God will pause before He send
My soul to find its fitting end.

Then, lest heaven's light should leave her face,
To think one loved her and was base,
I will speak out at Judgment Day,
"I never loved her!" I shall say.

Dolce Far Niente.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

The rhododendrons sleep and take
The dewdrops they would weep away,
Among palmettoes of the lake
Beyond the bay.

Shores where we watched the eve reveal
Her cloudy sanctuaries, while
The bay lay lava'd into steel
For mile on mile.

We watched the purple coast confuse
Soft outlines with the graying light;
And toward the gulf a vessel lose
Itself in night.

We saw the sea gulls dip and soar,
The wild fowl gather past the pier;
And from rich skies, as from God's door,
Gold far and near.

Two foreign seamen passed, and we
Heard mellow Spanish; like twin stars,
Where they lounged smoking, we could see
Their faint cigars.

Night; and the heavens stained and strewn
With stars dark waters realized,
Until their light the molten moon
Epitomized.

Night—but the pine-wood balms will wake;
Buds laugh the dewdrops from each face;
The bay will burn, and on the lake
The ripples race.

Far coasts detach sweet purple from
The blue horizon, and the day
Behold the sunburnt sailor come
To sail away.

The bird that dreamed at dusk, at dawn
Will sing again—And who shall pine?
Not I!—for thou, when night is gone,
Wilt still be mine.

A Little Book.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

A little book, with here and there a leaf
Turned at some tender passage; how it seems
To speak to me—to fill my soul with dreams
Sweet as first love, and beautiful, though brief!
Here was her glory; on this page her grief—
For tears have stained it; here the sunlight streams,
And there the stars withheld from her their beams
And sorrow sought her white soul like a thief!
And here her name; and as I breathe the sweet,
Soft syllables, a presence in the room
Sheds a rare radiance; but I may not look.
The yellowed leaves are fluttering at my feet;
The light is gone, and I—lost in the gloom—
Weep like a woman o'er this little book!

This Awful Heat.

Steaming in the sunshine,
Broiling in the shade,
Everybody out of town,
Dreadful dull in trade;
Drinking fizzy phosphates,
Swearing off on meat—
Goodness, ain't it awful!
This is summer heat.

Wish you were a merman
In the ocean deep,
Or a jolly satyr
In the woods to sleep;
Like to be a walrus
Minus brains and feet,
Anything to get away
From this infernal heat.

Written for THE QUEEN.

SAINTS AND BUTTERFLIES.

By LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER XII.

Flutterby Terrace again.

“WELL, if I ever!” Cecilia King exclaimed, forgetting the society creed, “*Nil admirari!*” and raising her plump, white hands in a Miss Ophelia “how shiftless!” sort of way.

“The little imposter!” ejaculated her not less surprised sister Muriel. “I never was so taken in in all my life.”

“How well she played the part!” commented Miss King, the youngest, again.

“After all, though ‘Sis,’ she wasn’t really the perfect lady. Her manner was so—so—oh! I don’t know what to call it.”

“Well, it was, I declare. I do remember now that her knowledge of real good society manners was well, not just—oh, you noticed it yourself, you say, Muriel.”

“Of course, though I never spoke of it to a living soul before.” The third lady, a cold faced but very beautiful blonde, was quite prepared for the next speech.

“Where is she now? We heard she was separated from her husband. Is it so?”

“Yes, quite true,” was answered. “She left her husband, having proved marriage a failure in less than six months, and went back to her aunt’s in Mayville. I saw her the last time I was there.”

“What did you do? Did you not give her a severe lecture for presuming on the resemblance?”

“No! she had suffered enough from her folly,” returned the lady, gently. “She loved not wisely, but too well—that was the secret of her whole unhappiness. She is a girl whose heart is intensely susceptible, and an impression once formed never fades. Such natures are unfortunate ones. Deepest bliss or deepest sorrow is always their portion—a tranquil medium is an impossible experience.”

“She deserves her unhappiness,” declared the girls. “The little fraud that she was!”

“Well, let us speak of her no more,” said the girls’ guest, Miss Nyle Fairgrieve, the genuine. “I am not going away again to let things get into such a tangle. I am here to keep my place until death.”

“Or till you take pity on the prince.”

“There is no prince for me,” smiled the stately beauty.

“There must come one soon, though,” prophesied her companions as they walked away, one on each side of their friend, to the conservatory, where the girls pulled some roses for the corsage of the *grande dame*, whose presence awed them by its dignity and whose face was of a most statuesque beauty.

It was a wonderful resemblance indeed—this between the two Nyle Fairgrieves—there was the same tall, slender figure, the chiselled clearness of profile, the firm loveliness of a rose-red mouth, the glorious starriness of dark blue eyes under dark lashes and brows, and the same tint of melted gold in the silken hair. Only Nyle of the Flower Garden was a lovely *girl*: Nyle of the European connections and long standing society relations was a woman, beautiful and all conquering, but with a hauteur of manner and gravity of smile and speech that did not attract like the first Nyle’s adorable naturalness.

“A veritable Adonis must come along before that proud heart will glow with the *lumen purpureum* of love,” her friends said, shaking their heads. And our Juno hearing it smiled.

“What do you do with yourself?” was frequently asked her, as weeks passed and she entertained less and less and went out still more infrequently.

“Amuse myself with work,” she would answer. That and nothing more; but it got out what her work was. She was planning colonial cottages and improved tenements for the better accommodation of the crowded masses of the poor. She was drawing plans and executing schemes and building homes for the homeless.

When she was not doing this with brain and pencil and pocket-book she was administering to the wants of the op-

pressed with personal concern, visiting and feeding and clothing them. Lady Bountiful she began to be called, and a very gracious and sweet one she made. Could her friends have seen her in the haunts of vice and the habitations of poverty they would have been amazed at the tenderness of her smile, the softness of her haughty eyes, the relaxed dignity, the winning grace of her unaffected manner in her dealings with her objects of charity.

When she came back to Flutterby Terrace she changed into the “patrician daughter of a hundred earls,” as it were, American born though she was.

The young man sent from the offices of Darr & Darby to select from her architectural plans one suitable to build from on a new lot she had purchased, looked on her with something more than admiration. She stirred his heart to the centre. He sometimes forgot to listen to her explanations about the drawings in his observations of the face across the little onyx topped table whose cool surface pinkened faintly just under the edge of her warm, soft hand, resting on it so lightly.

“You will not mistake this double line for other than what I have meant it,” she concluded, pointing out the part to him. “Some of my houses have been spoiled by the architects’ mistaking my attempts to detail my plans. I know I may draw badly myself, but I always take care to go over the plans with someone, and I think they might remember,” laughingly.

“So they might,” acquiesced the young clerk. “I will.”

“Will you?” she inverted, with a brightness he did not expect of so stately a woman.

“Yes, surely,” he presumed to answer in the same way and with a sweet smile that was peculiar only to such masterful mouths as his. Their eyes met—and fell again with a painful suddenness of regained gravity.

Miss Fairgrieve gave the plan selected a little quick roll together and reached for a bit of cord to tie it. When he took it they said “Good afternoon” simultaneously, and Darr & Darby’s clerk went out.

Miss Fairgrieve went to the window and cautiously opened the slats of the inside shutters. She stood looking out till her caller had vanished up the street.

That was not the last time he called. He came the next day and the next, about the plans, of course. This one and that one had to be altered. This one would cramp the lot into a mere apology for a yard, the other one was too wide for the roof she wanted on it, another too narrow for beauty.

“Oh, dear,” Lady Bountiful said one time, “I haven’t any ideas at all worth reproducing in wood and stone, I am afraid.”

“Oh, your interiors are excellent,” she was hastily assured. “If you had a better knowledge of exterior materials, your houses would be perfect. If you would allow me to remodel this drawing—just a little—”

“Certainly,” she said. “I would be pleased to have you do so.”

That necessitated his occupying a seat at her desk, and he took it and settled himself to work. And all the time he sat there Miss Fairgrieve’s eyes travelled over his face, from the prominent chin to the noble forehead, from the slight hollow of his cheek to the easy curl of his moustache and the lines of his tense mouth. Once he looked up.

“I am very long about it, am I not?” he asked, lowering his eyes respectfully again.

“Oh, you have not been long at all yet,” she declared, glad to be able to continue her enjoyment of his beauty. For beauty he certainly had.

“He is the handsomest man I ever saw or ever shall see,” Lady Bountiful decided, when he had gone away.

“You should work in connection with the Anti-Poverty Society,” he suggested to her once.

“I am,” she told him. “I am working on the principle that there’s something wrong in the management of this world and its opportunities for happiness. If there is no God to straighten matters, it is someone else looked after things.”

He looked up into her undisturbed eyes.

"If there is no God," he repeated in low tones. "Do you doubt it?"

She moved the papers on the table into new arrangements and with just a wee smile that broke the harmony of her usually noble expression returned, "Don't you?"

He bit the end of his pen and leaned back in the chair.

"Look at the pain and the misery and the suffering in this world," she went on, with the same unlovely smile. "Look at the injustice, the misery, the condition of society. If there be a God why does He allow this kind of thing to go on?"

"Look at the wonderful flowers—the stars, the birds—look at the lovely things of life, 'Consider the lilies of the field; Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' What do you think when you look at such a marvel of inanimate life as this?" and he took a great velvet hearted rose from a glass near by and held it out to her. She took it and put caressing fingers on the glowing petals.

"Why do you use such an argument?" she asked softly, her eyelashes sweeping a white rose cheek. "Not because it has any weight over all others, I know."

"Because it is the only one that had any power over me," he returned. "The only one."

She looked at him with kind eyes—with something more than kindness.

"And yet it had not enough power to wholly assure you," she drew him on by.

"The preaching and the practice of the arguer did not agree," he said, bitterly. "It was Eve playing the Madonna, I found out afterwards—after I married her!"

He arose from his seat and paced the floor for one moment. Then he sat down again composedly to his work.

"Do you care if this staircase turns twice?" he asked, showing her the drawing.

She could not look at it just then. He exclaimed when he saw she was crying:

"What is it?" he said, nervously. "Good Heavens! have I said anything—"

"No, no!" she interrupted him with. "You have not said anything. I wish you had."

He looked at her with a flush.

"I wish you would tell me something," she went on. "Do you love your wife now? I know the story, you see."

One moment he looked into her lifted eyes. One moment he read his own and her heart.

"No!" he burst out. "I do not love her." Then he stopped and abruptly turned to his work. "I could not forgive her," he added, with a sigh. "She was false as an apple of Isthahar—fair to see, but oh, so false!"

"Where is the staircase?" asked Miss Fairgrieve, in a still calm tone. "Let me see."

She was very composed and cordial the rest of the time. Was she glad to know his heart was free? Did she recollect how easily divorces were gotten in these latter days? Ah! who shall say what passes in the heart of a woman in love?

"So you do not believe in God?" the young man asked her, presently.

"Don't bring up the subject," she returned, indifferently.

"I am glad I know your views," he said, as he gathered up his papers.

She inquired, "Why?" by a lifting of her brows.

His answer astonished her by its audacity.

CHAPTER XIII.

The tale is told.

"Because, married man though I am, I should be falling in love with you if I did not know you to hold a mental position which I abhor in a woman. You know, I suppose, how you resemble my wife—of course."

She sat perfectly still. Her hand on the table never moved. But she did not speak. Only her eyes travelled slowly to the door.

"I beg your pardon," Audrey De Vere said. "I have been more than rude. I cannot hope for pardon for such presumptuous words. I will go. That is all there is left for me to do." So he went out, with but one glance more at the face of his hostess. It was very still and cold, even severe and he did not care to be so looked at.

The shutting of the door was the signal for a change in attitude, expression, everything. She cried out with a low moan that was piteous to hear, and rising, fell on her knees beside the chair he had sat in.

"They laugh at love!" she murmured, sobbing. "But if they had ever loved as I do, they would cease.

'And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison flowers and all the measureless ill.'

There was a note came next day to the mistress of the Terrace. It was read with eyes blind with tears—we will not say whether they were happy tears or not.

"I was more than presumptuous yesterday, to allow my awakened love reveal itself. I find however, your likeness to my wife a dangerous thing to contemplate, day by day. When one has once loved as I loved, the passion dies slowly. Reassure yourself, it is this that made me so rude. One other thing, I have to say. I was an atheist. I am so no longer. Affliction and chastisement has turned me to the right source for consolation. I hope you did not give me a true impression of your attitude on the question when you sounded mine. I cannot believe it. Try and give me your pardon. I long for a place in your respect.—AUDREY DE VERE."

"In my respect!" Nyle exclaimed. "If he knew how he is enthroned in my heart."

And it was not long before she found an opportunity for letting him know how she forgave him freely.

Audrey De Vere's father had again gone down in a crash worse than the first. Not only had the family disappeared from society this time, but seemingly from the city. Even Audrey had lost sight of them. Grace did not know, nobody knew. It was a strange thing to lose one's relatives so completely, but improbable circumstance as it seemed, it had happened.

When Audrey came in one day to his rooms the letter lying on his table inspired him for a moment with hope that some clue of them was at last found. But when he had broken the seal and read the type written lines he knew his hope was vain. Nevertheless, the letter was interesting and he wrote an answer to it at once.

"Miss Fairgrieve?" he said.

"Your invitation to go over your houses with you and Mr. Draper is accepted with thanks. I am flattered at your choice of an adviser. I will call at three.

AUDREY DE VERE."

A few hours later he was walking beside the heiress giving her points on the inner decorations and making notes for her in her ivory-backed memorandum book. Mr. Draper, the man who was to furnish the houses, copied and acted upon these notes later on.

"I have already found enough worthy people in need of a home to fill two of these colonial cottages," Miss Fairgrieve informed Audrey presently.

"You have?" he answered, in a pleased tone. "Ah, you are getting on famously in your work of putting the mass of huddled-up humanity into roomier conditions. What a philanthropist you are. I like to see a woman doing good with her money."

"You do?" she responded, looking at him sideways as if she had another question to follow what he should answer.

"Certainly," a little surprised at her tone.

"Still, you would not let your wife have that chance," quickly.

"Who told you so?" abruptly.

"She, herself."

"She has told you the whole story, I presume!" he uttered, in bitter sarcasm.

"Yes, I know it all."

"We will not discuss the subject further," he suddenly exclaimed. "Though you are an angel of goodness to take her part. Most women are more ready to condemn their sisters than men are. I wish the resemblance between you had been continued as far as character. I could never have ceased to love her then."

"You were very unjust," sighed his companion, her eyes tender and sad. "I am afraid you did not love her."

"Would you like me to forgive her and receive her back to my heart and home?" Audrey asked, turning as they ascended the stairs, and catching her hands as he added

in a quick intense undertone, "Or turn to you for the happiness I cannot but believe you *could* give me if you would and if I were free."

She gave a little gasp and a stain of red made her statuesque face sweet with a warmer beauty.

"Take care!" Audrey cried out as she took a little step back, and he caught at her convulsively. But it was too late to save her from slipping down a couple of steps and spraining her ankle.

Audrey put his arms around her and lifted her to the landing.

"Don't faint," he said, beseechingly. She was looking very white, but when he said that she opened her eyes and looked with a faint smile into his. The look that passed between them was full of something indefinable in cold language.

"Nyle, Nyle!" he uttered, passionately. "Oh that there had been but one Nyle and that Nyle, you!"

Her lids drooped and her mouth trembled. Then she lay back a dead weight in Audrey's arms. He laid her gently on the floor and called Mr. Draper, from the lower part of the empty house. Assistance was summoned and she was taken home.

Audrey called often to inquire after her. A few flowers were sent up once, but he took care never to go up to see her—till one day, the servant said "Miss Fairgrieve wishes you to come upstairs, sir."

What could he do but go?

Entering the half-gloom of the upper parlors, he only saw a white robe shimmering translucently in the dusk, but in a moment he made out a fair face against a background of pale blue plush and a hand stretched up for him to take.

"May I raise the blind?" he asked, after he had pressed the hand slightly and said a word of commonplace greeting.

"No," she said, in a low tone. "I don't wish to look at you."

"But I wish to look at you," he returned, "Say I may let the light in. Let us understand one another. Something in your voice says you do not really mean you do not want to look at me. Nyle, if you love me, let me know it. See, do not be afraid! I will stand far off from you. Only tell me what I am to do—seek my freedom and try a second time if marriage be a failure. I know it cannot be, with you."

The light streamed in on a face full of sadness.

"Audrey," she called out as if he had gone from her. "I want you!"

He was at her side.

She put trembling hands out and pushed him away as if, after all, she had decided on another course.

"No," she contradictorily spoke, "Go away again. You must forgive your wife first."

"Nyle," he uttered, perplexed at both words and action, "if I forgive her, I must take her back. That would not be happiness for you."

"Yes, it would! Oh, why can you not overlook her fault of keeping her secret from you when you yourself forbade her to speak to you of money matters—you hated such, so you said. She was not to blame for being the heiress of the Esmond fortune instead of Cecil, her cousin, the factory girl, whom she made take her place while she tried winning a heart for herself and not her money. For, she loved you the first time she ever saw you, Audrey; one time when you did not see her. Loved you with that passion that is now breaking her heart. And when she once more met and regained your love, while she was here in this house, she feared to tell you she *was* wealthy after all, lest you should renounce her. Oh, you were cruel to think it such a crime against you. But more so yet when you found out where that sum given her by Lawyer Overmeyer came from her own fortune. You were unjust. You surely see it so yourself."

She spoke hurriedly, but her voice was sad.

Audrey passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed manner.

"What is this you are telling me?" he asked, slowly. "This is all new to me. I never knew this side of the story before. I have indeed been unjust. I thought her unfaithful to me." His face burned and he looked away. "I was jealous of Overmeyer."

"He managed her money affairs for her," Miss Fairgrieve said, her face covered by a white hand.

"But where did the money go to?" Audrey suddenly inquired. "Can you tell me that?"

"I will send you to someone who can tell you," Miss Fairgrieve said. "Your mother can tell you—if she will."

Audrey exclaimed: "You know where she is," he asked. For answer she gave him an address.

"Yes!" she answered.

"Why, it is one of your own houses—one of your new ones."

Audrey turned to go—then he came back.

"It is good-bye," he said. Their eyes met. Hers drooped.

"Go!" she said faintly, "I cannot bear your delay. I shall not be happy till I see you reconciled to your wife. I want your mother to set all right."

"And I thought you loved me," he murmured. "You are a strange woman. Still, I *must* make reparation to that other Nyle. But it seems as if I would give up life itself, if you would but let me hear you say you do love me."

"Will you go?" she asked, impatiently

"I will go at once," and he turned.

"No!" she exclaimed, all at once. "What is the use of my sending you to my mother! I can explain all, myself."

A lovely smile irradiated her face. She stood up, a little weakly, but still erect, and stretched out her arms to him. Audrey was startled at her relaxed expression.

"Can't you understand?" she said, and she came near to him. "Nyle, of the Flower Garden, played no false part when she came to the Terrace. She was the genuine mistress. She had only been enjoying country life at the house of the aunt of Cecil and seeing that Cecil, a dear girl rescued from the toil and misery of a factory girl's life, did the same in the Hill House, it being a happy change of circumstances for both. Oh, don't you see?"

Audrey put a hand out to meet hers.

"But who you are!" he whispered, knowing even as soon as he said it, that she was herself and that self, his too, in the position of wife.

"Your Nyle of Mayville days," she told him. "Oh, the cruel tangle my secret has made of itself."

"It's all straight now," he answered and they ceased speaking to clasp each other in an embrace that means all that cannot be spoken.

"Just one thing, Nyle," Audrey said, after a little, "if you had told me what you did with that money—it was a very large sum to dispose of so speedily."

"I had drawn it for the very purposes of my present work—to purchase land for the erection of houses for some poor families I had in mind. I wanted so much to show you practically how I wanted to help the cause—but I did not use it that way after all. I sent it to your father when I found that it would benefit him. Your mother told you all—you said. I thought it so strange you were still angry."

Audrey kissed her tenderly. "You were a noble girl all through. My mother told me nothing like that. She told me lies about you and Overmeyer. Thank God, it has come right again. We shall be happy once more."

"Yes," she whispered, happily. "I do believe in Him, Audrey. The words I spoke to you that day were only said to discover *your* attitude."

"I could not think it otherwise now. My dear little saint. My—" but we need not repeat more.

In Nyle's best and most comfortably appointed house, Mrs. De Vere dwelt, with her family. Broken down in health and spirit, pride gone, repentance in its place, shame at her unwomanly acts and feelings, she had long ago come to Nyle and begged of her the aid and love which Nyle had given freely, though half suspecting that her mother-in-law had made her son's anger against his wife stronger by tales of her own. She took the family under her care and even after finding out the truth of the whole affair was magnanimous to a fault and persuaded Audrey to forget and forgive. It has been a long story perhaps for the lightness of the plot, but it is small things in this world of ours that make up the sum of life. And it is the secrets held from our friends that make such mischief between us.

[THE END.]

The Sketch Book.

Ibsen's Wooing.

HOW THE QUEER NORWEGIAN DRAMATIST WON HIS WIFE.

When he fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Pastor Thoresen how to make known the fact to her troubled him for weeks. At last he resolved to write to her. He would come and fetch his answer the same afternoon at 5. Did the lady accept him she would be at home, otherwise not. At 5 o'clock he presented himself and the maid asked him to go into the best room. He was very hopeful and glad to have time to collect himself before he met the lady. But when he had waited half an hour awful doubts began to assail him. After an hour had passed he imagined the letter had not reached the young lady. Some fatal mistake was making a fool of him. Still he waited on. After two hours he began to be ashamed of himself. She would learn that he had sat two hours in that deserted house and would laugh at him. At last he jumped up in a rage and ran to the door. He was opening it when a loud peal of laughter arrested him. He turned and saw the fair head of his adored emerge from under the sofa. Her mouth was laughing, but her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, you dear, good fellow, to wait all this while!" she said. "I wanted to see how many minutes a lover's patience lasts. How hard the floor is! Now, help me to get out and then we will talk." In less than a week the marriage was arranged.

An Interrupted Tale.

He—Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me to-day while—

She—Where did you see Jack Burroughs?

He—Oh, we went to luncheon together, and—

She—How did you happen to go out to luncheon together?

He—Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack at the restaurant, and—

She—What restaurant?

He—Calloway's, and Jack—

She—How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's?

He—I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Calloway's to-day, along with Jack, and—

She—Does he always lunch at Calloway's?

He—I'm sure, my dear (a little sharply), that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if—

She—Oh, of course not. (Hastily). I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

He—Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack—

She—What kind of soup?

He—Oxtail. Jack said that—

She—I thought you disliked oxtail soup?

He—Well, I don't care much about it, but—

She—How did you come to order it, then?

He—Because I did. (Severely.) But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

She—Oh, of course not. (In a grieved tone.) I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get cross over a simple question. Go on.

He—Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in, and—

She—They did?

He—I have just said so.

She—Well, you needn't be so cross about it.

He—They came in, and—

She—Is she pretty?

He—Pretty enough. Jack bowed, and—

She—Does he know them?

He—Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I—

She—How was she dressed?

He—How should I know? I never looked at her dress.

What I was going to tell you was that—

She—Did they sit near you?

He—Yes, at the next table. And while they were ordering, Jack said that they—

She—Couldn't they hear him?

He—Do you suppose (fiercely) that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now—

She—James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion, you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?

He—He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and—

She—How did he know that?

He—Great Cæsar! There you go again!

She—James, will you please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir?

He—No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about—

She—James!

He—Every time I try to tell you anything you begin, and you—

She—James (rising with dignity and saying stiffly), I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and—

He—You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If—

She—When I ask you a simple question, you—

He—I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million "simple" questions in the last half-hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that—

She—I do not wish to know what Mr. Jack Burroughs said. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot! (Retires scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.)

The Jired Young Man.

The tired young man went yachting last Sunday on his friend's cutter. He didn't seem to know anything about boats, and even the captain of the crew almost smiled as the young man tumbled over the coils of rope that seemed to be all over the deck. The breeze was "sou'-sou'-west, sir," with hot puffs every other minute. When the tired young man had looked all over the shapely craft, he went below, filled a pipe and smoked contentedly.

The trip from East Boston to Hull was made with the mainsail, jib, and staysail all set, and the lee rail under water most of the time.

After dinner on the yacht off Hull, all hands except the indifferent youth lent a hand to furling the mainsail, housing the topmast, and then pulling up the anchor, for there was no time to use the windlass.

The air stiffened till it was nearly a gale. Water poured in over the lee scuppers. The faithful deck-hand was away out on the foot rope under the bowsprit, and by some means or other his foot became tangled in a trailing sheet-line.

Somebody must go to help him out of his unfortunate predicament. Every time the boat rode over a wave it plunged again, and the deck-hand got a lively ducking.

The captain didn't care to leave the tiller and the other fellows thought it was all a good joke.

"Beastly shame!" yawned the tired man. "Somebody ought to go to him."

"Go yourself!" was the only consolation from his critics. "Jove! I fancy I'll have to," and he went up forward.

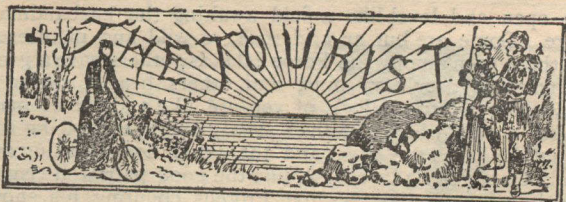
In a twinkling he was far out on the bowsprit, while every time the nose of the boat ducked he got a soaking; but he helped the man, and by the time he got back into the standing room everybody was praising him for his courage.

He seemed to overlook them. He lighted his pipe and looked rather doubtfully at a pair of new spring trousers thoroughly drenched.

Clambering down in the cabin his friends heard him bustling around in the forecabin.

"What are you doing in there?" asked Nat, who spied him watching a weather-worn flat-iron on the naphtha stove.

"Never do to go back to town this way, you know. Must put a crease in these trousers!" And nothing was heard but the hiss of the iron on the wet cloth.



German Gallantry.

I had rather a unique experience the first year I was in society, for I "came out" in New York, Berlin, and afterward in London; and I am obliged to say that I found more kindness and real courtesy in Germany than anywhere else, although many of the customs struck me as very curious. A stranger in either London or New York has a hard time of it in society, unless she is exceptionally gifted with beauty or money; but in Germany every one is at least welcomed with cordiality, and the habit of universal introductions puts one at one's ease at once. Coming straight from New York, where, I must confess, I had been received, if not with rudeness, at least with the most uncomplimentary indifference, the contrast was most striking. The evening after my arrival, I attended a little gathering, where there was some dancing and more conversation, and, to my surprise and gratification, every man in the room asked to be presented to me. This was, indeed, a pleasant change from New York, where I have felt myself forlorn and an alien, and I was none the less pleased with the kindly young officers to learn that these marks of civility were not personal at all, being merely the usual way of welcoming a stranger. Some of the German ways, however, struck me, as I have said, as being very queer indeed. I never quite became reconciled to the habit of hand-kissing. At first it gave me quite a shock when, after a dinner-party, the man who took me in to dinner escorted me to the door, and, with a low bow and a "Gesegnete Mahlzeit, Gnadigste" ("A blessed meal, most gracious one"), kissed my hand. I am told that this formality is generally omitted now, but several years ago it was quite universal; but the hand-kissing still continues, I believe, for partings and greetings and so on *ad libitum*. In Germany, by the way, no girl ever gets "stuck" (horrid word); a girl being returned to her chaperon directly after a dance, as a matter of course. The said dance belongs to the man who has engaged it, and any one who begs for an "extra tour" must ask the gentleman, not the lady, which always seemed to me rather odd.

The Traveler's Wardrobe.

If you are ladies and want to travel comfortably to Europe and in Europe, take by way of luggage a small steamer trunk, a large valise and a covered shawl strap. For absolute comfort on board ship a steamer rug, a heavy shawl and a small down pillow are necessary, for if you are seasick you will most likely freeze and will need the two wraps, as suggested. Any old dress, no matter how disreputable it may seem at home, is desirable for daily wear on the steamer. From six to ten days on a steamer, huddled up in a chair all day or rolled into a bundle at night, subject to spray and fog and wet decks, will make any gown unfit for land duty again. Warm woollens and heavy stockings and shoes are also desirable, for people inclined to seasickness generally sit on the windward side of the deck, to avoid as much as possible the smell of cooking. A very light-weight flannel gown to sleep in is preferable to silk or cotton. A cap is more comfortable than any other sort of headgear, as it holds a veil well, has no protuberance at the back to come in contact with the steamer chair, fits well over the head, and keeps its shape. A bottle of unperfumed smelling salts is necessary to counteract ship smells. A short wrap is quite as good as a long one, and not as heavy to carry in a shawl strap later. Any sort of fur is a joy. A writing tablet and fountain pen for use on deck is much nicer than to resort to a general writing room at stated hours. On the last day out you can

don your travelling gown, which, if you expect to look respectable at the end of two week's travel, should be of some mixed woolen goods, rather light than dark. Nearly all Americans wear blue serge gowns; they have become a sort of uniform; but the Europeans who know the discomfort of traveling here and the dirtiness of the cars wear the mixed gray and brown homespuns and serges. A hat with a brim is preferable to the close toque, because the glare seems intense after dim cathedrals and cool picture galleries. The sailor hat is the hat par excellence for the tourist. Send your heavy clothes and rugs to the steamer's office in your trunk to await your return, carry your valise, which should contain a China silk gown, and a shawl-strap, containing the heavy wrap that may be necessary on cold days, and a silk waist to replace the cloth one on hot days; take a small, light-weight umbrella; wear shoes quite large, for you will grow into them after a few days of cathedrals and museums, and you are very well fixed for a brief European trip, winding up in Paris, where you can make such additions to your wardrobe as your purse, your taste and the United States custom officers will allow.

Americans have an erroneous idea that ladies cannot travel in Europe without the escort of a man. Stories without number have been told of the insults to which they are subjected by foreigners and of the difficulties of travel. The real fact is that ladies are as safe traveling alone here as in America. They excite some little attention, but it is because of their entire self-dependence, which is in striking contrast to the helplessness of European women. No man in all Europe will offer assistance of any sort to a woman. They seem entirely destitute of the common courtesy which distinguishes Americans. A lady will be allowed to lift the heaviest luggage into the racks while a man looks stolidly on. The nicest thing I heard in the way of politeness was from a big blonde Hollander, who spoke English as most people do here—"a leetle." He said, on leaving the coupe at Rotterdam: "Ladies, I wish you a pretty journey."

The St. Lawrence River.

Not so wide as the Amazon, nor so long as the Mississippi, not so famous for historic traditions as the Hudson, nor for ruined castles as the Rhine, yet the St. Lawrence is more attractive to the tourist than either, and suffers by comparison with neither nor allox of them. As the channel through which all of the waters of the great lakes find their way to the ocean, it could not be otherwise than majestic, and being navigable its entire length, it presents unusual attractions and delightful contrasts to the voyager who takes a daylight trip among its charming scenery.

Kingston on the Canadian side and Clayton and Alexandria Bay in New York are the gateways to the noble river, the starting-points of all trips which are made through the Thousand Islands and the river beyond.

The vicinity of Kingston abounds in lovely scenery, and the onward journey by rail is scarcely less attractive than the trip by steamer. The railway crosses numerous streams, which empty into the St. Lawrence, and occasionally a charming bit of scenery is presented to the view of the observant traveler, as the train dashes through some lovely glen, or skirts the shore of some quiet lake.

The steamers for the passenger service, which is largely increased during the season of summer travel, are large and commodious. The trip down the river occupies the entire day, and from its inception at the wharf at Kingston or Clayton to the landing at the dock in Montreal, is a succession of changing delights, embracing a panorama of shifting scenery in endless variety.

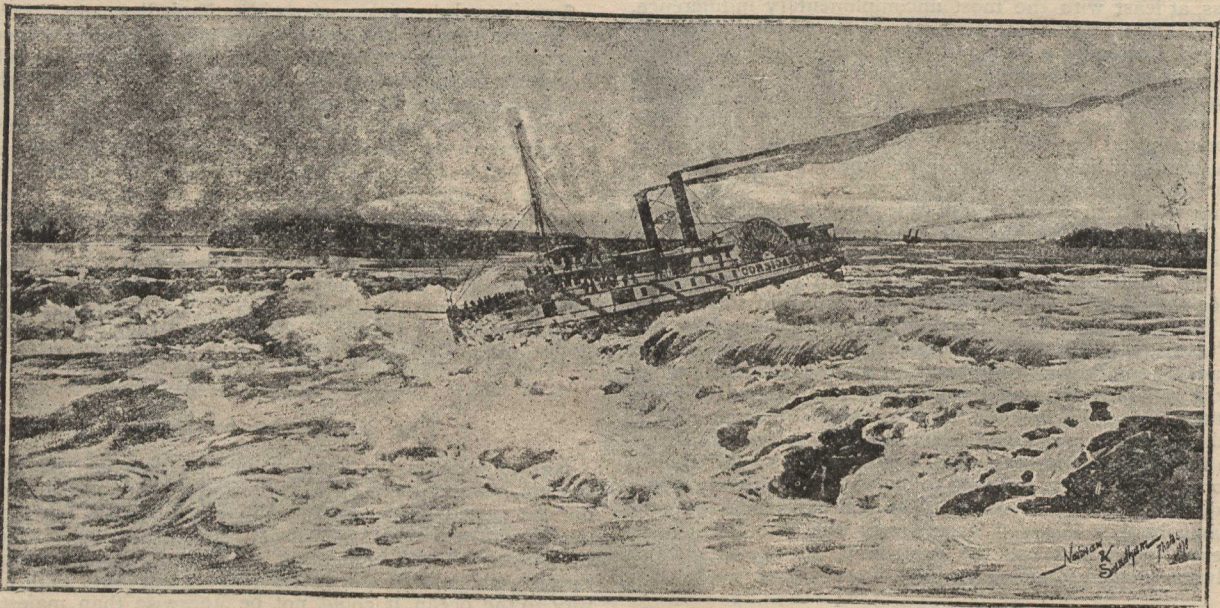
As the lake begins to contract to a river, it would seem as though the land disputed its onward progress, and in the struggle for supremacy the resistless current has broken the firm earth into a thousand fragments, some larger, some smaller, which vainly endeavor to entangle the waters in their downward course to the sea. A more picturesque river archipelago probably nowhere exists, and while much

has been written in its praise, the attractions of the locality have never been overdrawn. The islands number more nearly two thousand than one, and are of every conceivable size, shape and appearance, from the merest dot on the water to an extensive tract of many acres. At times the steamer passes so close to these islands that a pebble might be cast on their shore; while looking ahead, it appears as though further progress were effectually barred. Approaching the threatening shores, a channel suddenly appears, and you are whirled into a magnificent amphitheatre of lake that is, to all appearance, bounded by an immense green bank. At your approach the mass is moved as if by magic, and a hundred little isles appear in its place.

As the journey progresses the vision is greeted, not by castles in ruins, as in a tour of the Rhine, but by the view of castellated towers in modern architecture, in a most comfortable state of repair, being the summer homes of some of America's celebrities. These may be less picturesque than crumbling ruins, but are exceedingly suggestive of ease and luxury, for which this locality is celebrated. Nor is this comfort confined to the castles, as evidenced by the less pretentious summer villas, and the tiny cottages

lie open and level like a field awaiting the husbandman's care. Some are but an arid rock, as wild and picturesque as those seen among the Faroe Islands; others have a group of trees or a solitary pine, and others bear a crown of flowers or a little hillock of verdure like a dome of malachite, among which the river slowly glides, embracing with equal fondness the great and the small, now receding afar and now retracing its course, like the good patriarch visiting his domains, or like the god Proteus counting his snowy flocks. In the old Indian days this beautiful extent of the river was called Manatoana, or Garden of the Great Spirit, and well might the islands, when covered with thick forests, the deer swimming from wooded isle to wooded isle, and each little lily-padded bay nestling in among the hills and bluffs of the island, and teeming with water fowl, seem to the Indian in his half-poetic mood like some beautiful region dedicated to his Supreme Diety."

The locality is also a favorite resort for sportsmen, as the hunting, fishing and boating facilities are excellent. Many fine yachts are kept by the summer residents, and with a "favoring breeze" the white-winged craft will often be seen skimming over the broad expanses of water in trials of speed.



STEAMER RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

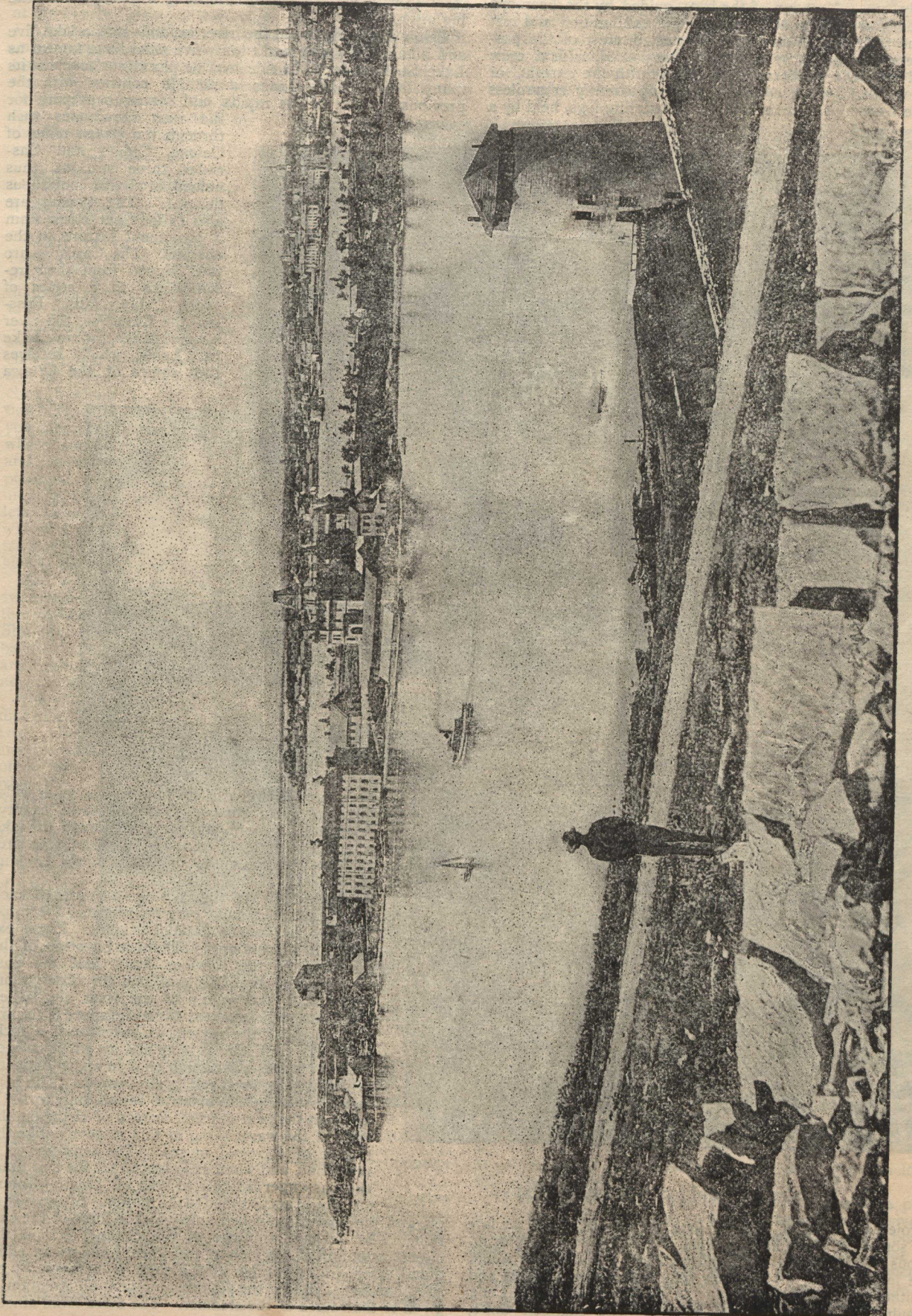
which nestle here and there along the shores, while an occasional tent gives indication that camp life here presents its attractions to those who are disposed to "rough it" for the sake of a temporary sojourn in this health-giving climate.

This artistic grouping of views is composed entirely of photographs taken among the Thousand Islands. It will readily be seen that aside from its popularity as a watering place, this resort has more than ordinary attractions for the artist, who here finds abundant material in nature for summer sketching to adorn many a canvas in his winter work.

Clayton, N. Y., is a flourishing town of some commercial importance, and quite a popular summer resort. Passing several large islands, on one of which is the Thousand Island Park, Alexandria Bay is reached, also on the New York shore. This is one of the most widely known of summer resorts, and has been aptly termed the "Saratoga of the St. Lawrence." Its hotels and villas are elegant and commodious, and here and in the immediate vicinity may be found some of the finest summer residences on the river. The islands adjacent are dotted with cottages, perched upon rocky bluffs, or nestling in some beautiful cove, springing into view as if by magic as the boat rounds a curve, or assuming shape and proportions as a nearer approach separates them from the rock of which they seem a part. Some of the islands "are bristling with firs and pines, others

The last of the Thousand Islands are called "The Three Sisters," from their proximity and resemblance to each other. They are nearly opposite Brockville on the Canadian shore and Morristown on the New York side, the two towns being directly opposite each other. The former was named after General Brock, and has received the title of the "Queen City of the St. Lawrence." Its glittering towers and church spires give it an appearance of splendor, which the tourist will observe as a peculiarity of the Canadian cities to be seen in his trip, the metal with which they are covered retaining its brightness in a remarkable degree, owing to the purity and dryness of the atmosphere.

While the current has, in many stages of our journey thus far, been swift, the smoothness of the water has given no suggestion of the speed which is imparted to the steamer. The first rapids, the Gallopes, and the Du Plat, are comparatively unimportant, and the enthusiasm and excitement of the passengers are not fully aroused until the arrival at the Long Sault. These are nine miles in length, divided in their centre by several islands, forming two channels, both of which are navigable. The scenery in the passage of these rapids is grand and beautiful. The surging waters, in their onward rush, are here and there thrown into wild commotion like the ocean in a storm, while occasionally a line of breakers reminds one of a dangerous reef at sea. The

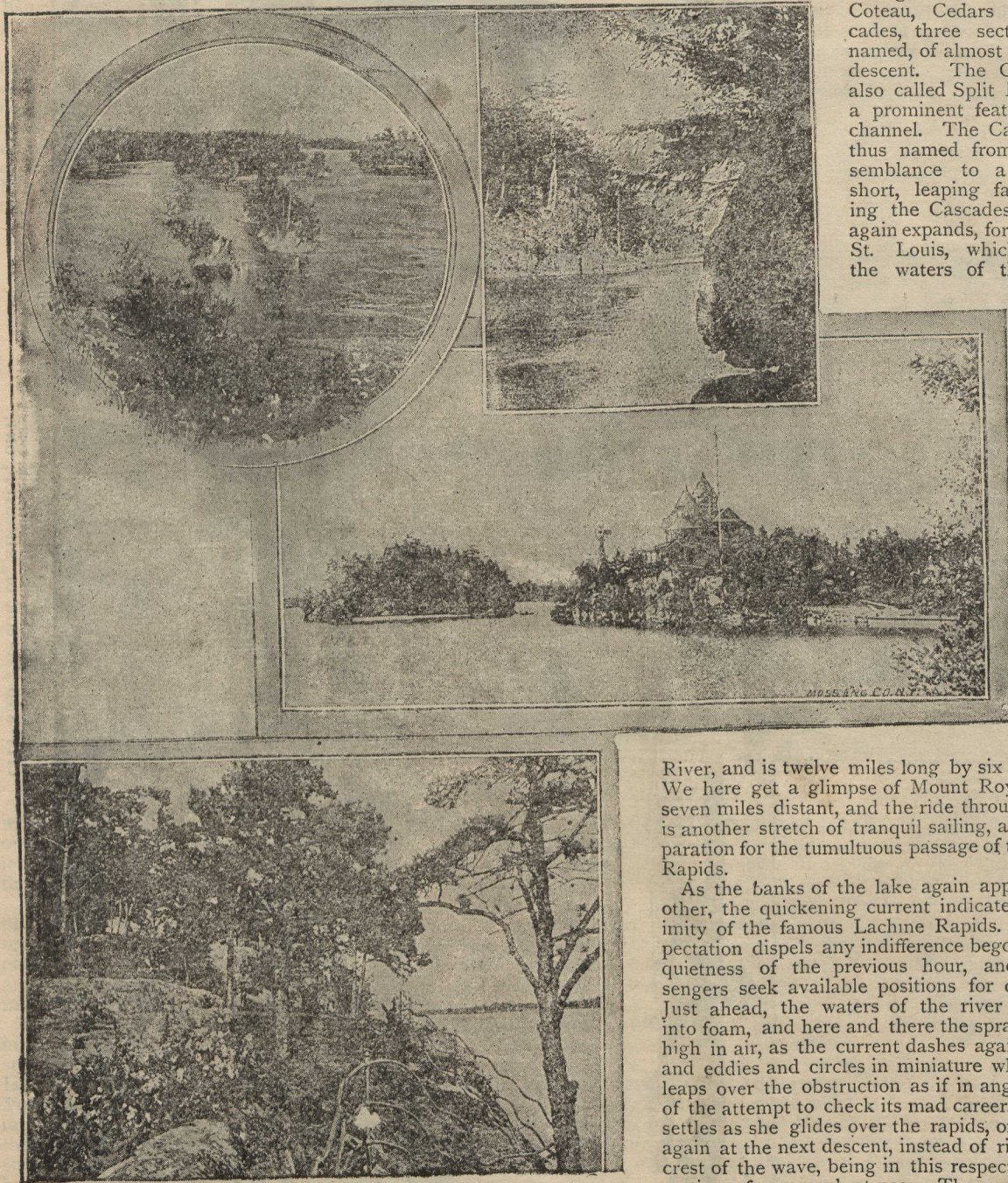


CITY AND HARBOR OF KINGSTON, ONT.

steady, onward motion of the boat, guided by the keen eye and unflinching arm of the pilot, gives exhilaration and zest to the trip, and awakens the keenest interest of the passengers. Occasionally a raft will be passed, with a crew of adventurous lumbermen struggling with the current, or singing merrily as they glide along, apparently regardless of the hardships of their voyage. Scattering logs, held by a

meeting with no little violence, forming what is called "the big pitch."

Below the Long Sault, the river expands into a lake, five and a half miles wide and twenty-five miles long, known as Lake St. Francis. The ride over its placid surface, past its many little islands, forms a notable contrast with the previous descent of the rapids, and serves to prepare for the next tumultuous rush through the eleven miles of Coteau, Cedars and Cascades, three sections, thus named, of almost continuous descent. The Cedars are also called Split Rock, from a prominent feature in the channel. The Cascades are thus named from their resemblance to a series of short, leaping falls. Passing the Cascades, the river again expands, forming Lake St. Louis, which receives the waters of the Ottawa



GEMS OF THOUSAND ISLANDS' SCENERY.

projecting rock, or lodged along the shores, attest the fate of some raft which has preceded them; but still the cautious ventures are made, and with less fatality than would be imagined, as we see their frail craft whirled hither and thither by the seething river. At the lower end of the Long Sault Rapids, the currents from the two channels unite,

River, and is twelve miles long by six miles wide. We here get a glimpse of Mount Royal, twenty-seven miles distant, and the ride through the lake is another stretch of tranquil sailing, a fitting preparation for the tumultuous passage of the Lachine Rapids.

As the banks of the lake again approach each other, the quickening current indicates the proximity of the famous Lachine Rapids. Eager expectation dispels any indifference begotten of the quietness of the previous hour, and the passengers seek available positions for observation. Just ahead, the waters of the river are lashed into foam, and here and there the spray is thrown high in air, as the current dashes against a rock, and eddies and circles in miniature whirlpools, or leaps over the obstruction as if in angry defiance of the attempt to check its mad career. The boat settles as she glides over the rapids, only to settle again at the next descent, instead of rising on the crest of the wave, being in this respect unlike the motion of a vessel at sea. The sensation is a novel one, and when experienced for the first time, the passenger is likely to hold his breath involuntarily until accustomed to the motion. Steam is shut off, and the boat is propelled solely by the force of the current. The devious windings of the channel compel the closest attention of the men at the wheel; and as an additional safeguard, the tiller is manned by an adequate force, and for the supreme moment all attention is given to the course of the steamer. The more timid among

the passengers glance alternately at the foaming waters and at the swarthy giants at the wheel.

After passing the Lachine Rapids the river widens again, and a turn in channel reveals ahead of us the famous Victoria Bridge, and we are soon at our wharf in Montreal, at the close of a day that has been filled with a succession of delights, unapproachable in a day's experience elsewhere on the American Continent.

Mrs. French Sheldon.

A DARING WOMAN, AND THE FIRST TO PENETRATE THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

Many of our readers who have read of the daring exploits of Mrs. Sheldon, have doubtless pictured her as a veritable Amazon, big, strident, and masculine, for never has woman stepped quite so far from the conventional beaten paths trodden by ladies of the cultivated class to which this fair explorer by birth and education belongs. Such, however, is not the case. Should you succeed in penetrating her luxurious apartments, where she sits surrounded by a fascinating jumble and interesting collection of Masai spears, shields, poisoned arrows, fire arrows, cups, vases, household utensils, amulets and girdles of leads, bracelets, anklets, belts, wigs, rings, and many other curios, you will find a dainty little woman in an old-rose plush tea-gown. She has the bluest of eyes and masses of hair as curly and fluffy as a girl's.

You will notice that the little hands are literally swamped with rings, for Mrs. Sheldon confesses to a thoroughly feminine adoration of these ornaments. She says rings talk to her, and she wore all these beautiful rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and opals through the wildest portions of Africa, and never missed a gem.

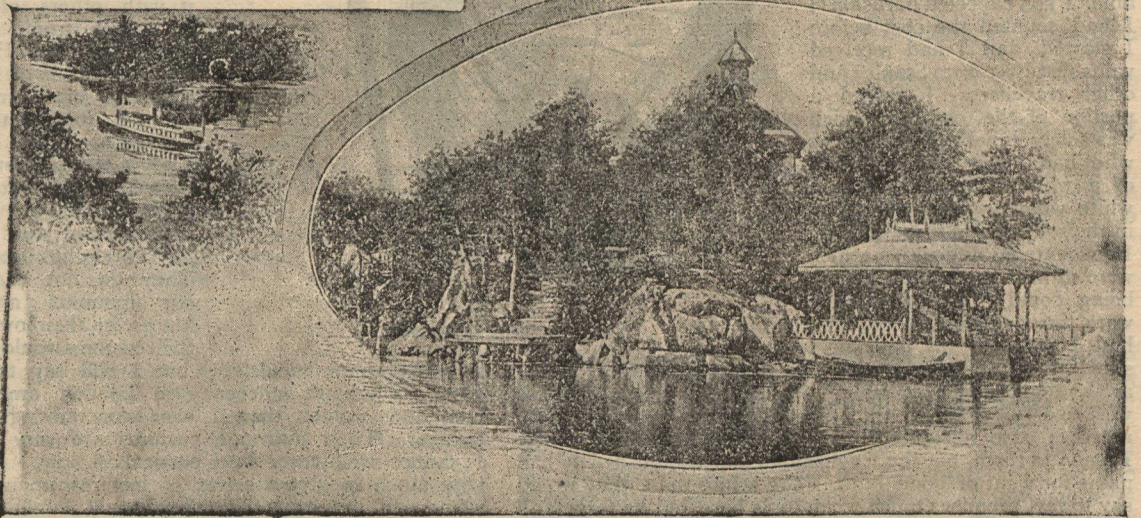
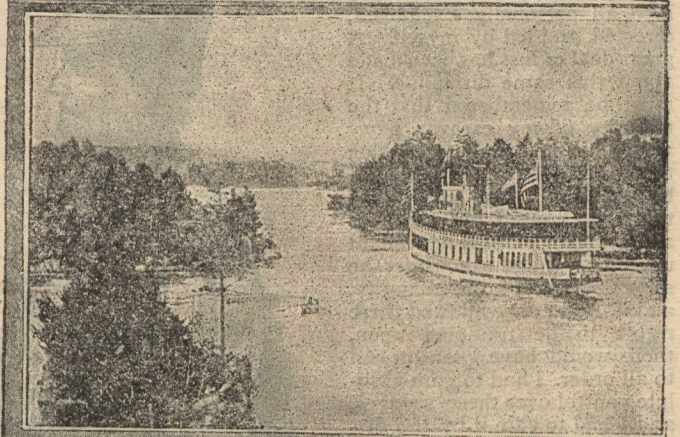
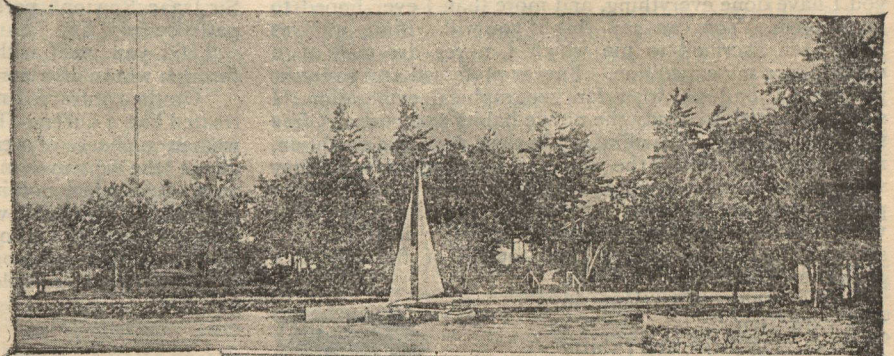
You will discover, too, the suspicion of a lisp when Mrs. Sheldon speaks, and you will catch a glimpse of marvelously little feet in Parisian slippers, and you cannot in any way reconcile those feet and high-heeled slippers with the nine hundred and ninety

miles which this lady tramped, at the head of her caravan through an African wilderness.

But we will let her tell her story in her own way, and give the following interview with a lady correspondent at the time when she had but partially recovered from the very serious accident by which she so nearly lost her life :

I found the lady traveller in her lovely old-fashioned garden, which is situated on the very banks of old Father Thames, enjoying the delicious cool breezes wafted from the

river. A noble tree overhung the stream, and in this Mrs. French Sheldon has ingeniously constructed two most comfortable seats, access to which was gained by a wooden staircase artistically covered with grass matting. It looked so delightfully cool and comfortable there that I readily responded to an invitation to clamber up, and I was pleased



GEMS OF THOUSAND ISLANDS' SCENERY.

to notice that, in spite of her severe accident, Mrs. Sheldon was able to follow me.

"I am ordered to be out in the open air as much as possible," she said ; "it is quite as good up here as on the river ; indeed, I prefer it. I am very glad to see my friends, but I trust you are not going to interview me. I have been so terribly ill I have not been able to do anything since I returned. When I am stronger I shall hope to arrange all my materials and write an account of my expedition."

"I only want to chat with you, and to hear from yourself how you succeeded in your undertaking. You have done what no woman has attempted; indeed, women should be proud of you; your courage, perseverance, and indomitable resolution have caused you to succeed where hundreds would have failed."

"I should like my sex to feel proud of me, and I can assure you I have done everything, and more than I ever hoped to accomplish. You can say this if you will. Many motives have been ascribed to me which I never dreamed of in undertaking my expedition. I never professed any scientific purpose; I had no wish for geographical exploration; I simply wanted to study the native habits and customs, free from the influence of civilization, in their primitive condition, more especially among the women. I started on my journey without any companionship; not even a medical man accompanied me; my English stewardess, too, the only white woman in my expedition, was taken seriously ill at the outset, and had to be carried three-fourths of the way in a dangerous condition."

"How many were there in your expedition?"

"One hundred and thirty men, all personally disciplined, directed, and led by myself. A great deal of fuss has been made about this same discipline. It must be remembered that the majority of my caravan party were untrained and unreliable; there was also a disposition to be rebellious. Not only had I to protect myself, but the lives and property of those dependent upon me. I had to consider the sacred rights of the majority, and if I had once allowed these rights to be trampled upon, there would have been an end to all order. I had to gain absolute control over these savages, and I had to gain it by the discipline which seemed most suitable. I had expected hardships; I had counted the cost before I started, and I had received valuable advice from Stanley and other travellers. I visited a portion of the country which was solely inhabited by natives who had never seen the face of a white man, much less a white woman. Day after day in the solitudes of these deserts, I encountered difficulties, which were almost more than human being could overcome. There were times when I really think, had I followed my impulse, I should have shot more than one of these savages. I lay awake night after night trying to solve the problem of justice with mercy. Patience is essential in dealing with these natives; also absolute truth. I never broke a promise I made to them, but the Englishman has established a bad name for want of good faith. The white man, they would say to me, promises much when he is here, but he forgets all about it when he is gone. I never shirked dangers or difficulties myself. I was always the leader. If a ford had to be crossed, I always swam across the first; if a mountain had to be climbed, I took the lead. I never asked them to do anything more than I did myself, and I shared every hardship with them equally. Thus I established a reputation for courage and truth; while, if punishment had to be meted out, it was done with justice, and I waited patiently for the execution of orders. They saw I had absolutely *no fear*, and they gave me the name of the 'Fearless One.'"

"You must indeed have had courage and perseverance; not another woman in the world would have done as you have."

"My education as a child was a help to me in this respect. I was brought up like a boy—to swim, ride, shoot, fish, etc., and I led a free life. I have always been a great traveller; I have read most books of travel and have met nearly all the great travellers. I spent two years in Cuba, and I have known Du Chaillu, Garibaldi, and other noted men. I belong to a Quaker family; my great-great-grandfather was Sir Isaac Newton; perhaps I inherited my perseverance and patience from him."

"Did you meet with opposition from the various chiefs through whose districts you passed?"

"On the contrary, I may say without egotism that I was treated like a queen. The natives could not understand a woman in charge of a caravan; they called me in their language 'the woman-man.' They never showed me any rudeness; I received nothing but deference and homage from everyone. The chiefs would constantly send messengers and couriers ahead to find out if I intended to pass through their territory, either going or returning. I went straight ahead to Kilima-Njaro, completed the round, and returned by the

German side. I frequently received as many as ten oxen as a mark of homage, and the natives would come down to meet me. If ever they avoided me or held aloof, I would go frankly up to them with extended hands and offer them attractive gifts."

"Were you able to see much of the native customs and ceremonies?"

"I particularly wished to get acquainted with the women and children in their home life, such as it is, and they freely admitted me. I witnessed their marriage feasts, and even their sacred burial ceremonies. When a native dies, the friends burn the body and char it, with many secret rites. They cut off the head and place it with others of the family in a tree trunk, burying the body elsewhere. Hence the tree trunks are full of skulls, which travellers often find. It must not be forgotten that these natives are at the best savages. They were interested in what I showed them, but I question if they will ever be civilized; certainly not until better communication has been opened up. They do not care to adopt our manners and customs, but prefer their own. Many of their customs would seem strange

to us, perhaps repulsive; but I will say this: I have seen far greater indecency in London among civilized men and women than I ever saw among these poor savages. Their marriage customs are very strange, but I cannot well enter into particulars now. I would like very much to give a series of lectures upon the African women to my own sex; they would be full of interest. I went to Africa prepared to accept things as they were. I found great delicacy of feeling. Once a band of warriors visited me at my camp in the usual state of nudity. I insisted upon my own expedition wearing clothes, and these warriors, seeing them, divined by instinct that their own appearance might be distasteful to me, and the next day they reappeared clothed. I can give another instance of kind feeling and sympathy. A young girl noticed one day I had not any rings on; I had merely left them off. She felt so sorry for me that she immediately drew off the ring on her own finger and placed it on mine."

"You visited Lake Chela?"



MRS. FRENCH SHELDON.

"Yes, I started to explore it on April 26. The descent is so precipitous we had to slide down rocks, crawl over prostrate trees, and force our way through the forests, swinging from tree to tree like monkeys. The high cliffs entirely surround the lake, and there is a strange, weird stillness, only broken by the murmur of the waves; although how the waves were caused I cannot discover, there being no current, neither inlet nor outlet. We constructed a kind of raft and thus circumnavigated the lake, a distance of about six miles. The lake is infested with crocodiles, and is evidently very deep, as we failed to touch the bottom. The heavy rains considerably impeded our progress—unfortunately, it was the commencement of the rainy season when I set out; we were often up to our armpits in the water and marshes."

"How did you meet with your accident?"

"I was being carried in my palanquin across a swollen torrent. The porters stumbled, and seeing a fall was inevitable, they let me go, and I was thrown into the water from a height of forty feet. Had it not been for the palanquin I must have been killed; as it was, I greatly injured my spine. Then the carriers dropped me again, with further injury, and this was the sole cause of my illness. I never had a touch of fever even, but I suffered terrible agony from my fall, and the forced marches in that state utterly prostrated me. I am still suffering and ill, though much better. I have, as yet, been able to see no one. I attended the meeting of the British Association at Cardiff, and read a paper before them which was very well received, but I suffered greatly from the strain in my weak state."

I saw Mrs. French Sheldon was beginning to look very weary, and would have taken my leave, had she not begged me to come into the house and see some of her curiosities. Upon the lawn the famous tent has been erected, which was occupied by Mrs. Sheldon during the whole of the expedition. Here she slept and received her audiences. Inside was the palanquin which so fortunately saved her life in the terrible fall.

The photographs which Mrs. French Sheldon has taken are marvellously faithful in reproducing the effects. The difficulties of photography were very great, owing to the enveloping clouds. The portraits of the natives must have been instantaneous; the exact expressions have been caught, even the attitudes and actions, and I should have much liked to reproduce some of the types of native men and women which Mrs. Sheldon has taken. They have intelligent faces, full of life and expression, while some are even handsome.

Her collection of native ornaments, jewels, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, skins, spears, baskets, cups, and decorations of all sorts are extremely fine; they are all neatly labelled with the date and occasion of presentation or purchase, and may have interesting histories attached. The whole, when arranged, will form one of the most complete and unique collections ever gathered together, and well deserves to be exhibited in a museum. The enormous weight of jewelry worn by the native women is quite extraordinary, and would very seriously impede, if it did not altogether weigh down, an Englishwoman.

The patience and perseverance which Mrs. French Sheldon must have exhibited in collecting all these representative curiosities are alone sufficient to show her careful and accurate powers of observation. Her book on her African expedition will throw considerable light upon many a phase of native life never yet touched upon by any of our men travellers, and she has conclusively proved that patience and truth are the essential virtues when dealing with the natives. Her own courage and success have carried her through unheard-of difficulties, and will cause her name to be handed down to posterity with those of other famous explorers.

Society in Burmah.

Burmah is the paradise of women. From the wicked Queen of Theebaw, who murdered seventy relations in a single day because they were in the way, to the pretty girls who coquettishly hold stalls in the bazar, in order to maintain their independence, Burmah is the land of women *par excel-*

leuce. Women and priests—who is it said they were the two curses of humanity? Well, here they are, and nobody seems much the worse for them. In the bazars are women selling women's things. Little tiny clogs and slippers of Cinderella-like dimensions and daintiness, of the colors of the rainbow, gold-embroidered, silver-embroidered, pearl-embroidered, high-heeled, pointed-toe. Of Paris fashions you see nothing out here, and yet what strange and wondrous effects! All Burmah is a lesson in color, a feast for the artist eye, a mass of barbaric splendor, costly intricacy of carving, dazzling yellows, brilliant pink, rose madder, cerulean blue, burnt umber—a palette full of tints. Verily a paradise of open-air feasts, of fun and frolic, of dancing and singing children is Burmah, the home of the brightest, merriest, most good-tempered and good-hearted of children, who lounge in the sun, profiting by a climate and soil that makes severe labor unnecessary.

The Emperor of Germany's Wardrobe.

According to a writer in a New York paper, the Emperor William has twelve dozen of every piece of underwear, and of socks and handkerchiefs not less than fifty dozen. As he does not care for silk, his underwear is of merino, with the exception of the socks, which are of silk. His handkerchiefs are of batiste, and as a rule he uses them only once. A number of embroiderers are employed the year round to make the initials, etc. As he is not fond of jewellery, his wardrobe contains only a limited selection of cuff buttons and studs, all in gold and diamonds. The number of gloves, on the contrary, is very large; there are chamois gloves for driving, beaver for riding, dogskin, white lambskin, and the innumerable white kid gloves for uniforms that are worn only once. In civilian dress he uses gloves of a distinctly different color to the suit.

To Be a Novelist.

Do you want to be a novelist? Then listen to some good advice. It comes from Mr. Walter Besant, who knows what he is talking about:—

"Practice writing something original every day, either a description of scenery, a report of conversation, or a portrait of someone you have met. Cultivate the habit of observation.

"On coming home from a walk set down everything you have seen.

"Never attempt to describe anything with which you are not familiar.

"Read the best models, and try to write simple, strong English.

"Be deeply and genuinely interested in your characters, so that you cry and laugh with them; and if you have natural aptitude for the profession the characters will soon be living in your brain, working out their own destinies independently of you."

The New Royal Peer.

It may be expected that the elevation of Prince George of Wales to the peerage as Duke of York will be followed in due course by the announcement of the approach of a still more gratifying event. We speak of his elevation to the peerage advisedly, for, in spite of their royal titles and special precedence, not only the grandsons but even the younger sons of the reigning sovereign are, in contemplation of law, commoners until they are created peers. The heir apparent doubtless is born, and not made, a peer, since he is Duke of Cornwall by birth, although he is Prince of Wales by creation. But all the other members of the royal family are, constitutionally speaking, commoners until they are admitted into the House of Lords.

MISS JEAN LOUGHBOROUGH is to be the architect of the Arkansas State building at Chicago.

Eglantine and Lysiart.

“MAY I take some books with me?” I asked my physician, when he spoke of sending me away to a remote village among the Tyrolean Alps.

“Certainly you may,” answered he—“that is to say, a time table and a Baedeker. Anything else I strictly forbid. Above all, I insist that you shall not exert your brain in any way during your short holiday.”

I listened obediently to his orders, and promised to perform wonders in the way of doing nothing during the next three weeks. Then an intimate friend and I packed our trunks and started on our wanderings. In Munich we bade farewell to the world. Here, by chance, a performance of Wagner's youthful opera “The Fairies” was being given, and I enjoyed it hugely, remembering that it was not I who should write a criticism of it for the morning paper.

From Munich we travelled some hours by rail; then drove through a well-known valley; then by a long and narrow mountain pass to a small side-valley, the end of which is surrounded by glaciers; and here we stopped at the little Alpine village, St. Tufteil, a spot of ideal loneliness, which you will not find on any map.

If I were to count up all the things that one can *not* obtain in this charming village, I should quickly step over the space allowed me in this paper. Before all, there is no hotel.

We obtained lodgings at the pastor's, and had the satisfaction of learning, during the first minute of our stay, that there was not another stranger in the entire valley. We soon found that we had come to the right place. A delightful feeling of apathy overcame us. The outer world, which had disappeared from our sight, began also to fade from our remembrance. We inhaled the air from the glaciers like laughing-gas, and it impregnated us with the bacilli of idleness, which increased and thickened until the will, as well as the intellect, was enveloped by a compact, even layer of indolence.

Far away, in the stormy world, where men hurry and live, war might have broken out and we should not have heard of it. With the connivance of the pastor, it had been cunningly arranged by our friends that no letter, no newspaper should disturb our twilight existence. Out of reach, out of sight and hearing, released from the bustle and striving of busy men, our souls floated in that wonderful space which Indian sages call Nirwana.

Our bodies, it is true, we fostered with a most earthly tenderness, and cared not in the least for the deterioration of our intellects. Our division of the day included three breakfasts, two dinners, and two suppers; in addition to these important labors, we abandoned ourselves daily to an extended siesta, and proved with inward content the amount of food and sleep a man can take in one day, when he has nothing else to do.

After the third day, we had pretty well accustomed ourselves to silence; short, broken sounds, used with a view to sparing the lungs as much as possible, were the means by which we exchanged our few thoughts. For my part, my only intercourse, my friend Richard excepted, was with two goats belonging to the pastor, which I had learned to know and love in the meadows below the house. Alas! that the rest and peace of our idyllic life should suddenly be cruelly disturbed!

Fate willed it that, returning from a walk one day, I should, with a most unusual effort, put my hand in my overcoat-pocket, and chancing to feel a folded piece of paper, draw it forth and mechanically open it. It was the playbill of “The Fairies,” which we had seen at Munich.

Against my will, my thoughts began to wander to Wagner, from him to “The Fairies,” from that to Tannhauser, from Tannhauser to Lohengrin. How did it happen that I thought of Weber's “Euryanthe”? Ah, I see. Euryanthe is in some respects the prototype of Lohengrin. At any rate, the figures of Ortrud and Tetramund are analogous to the sinful pair in Weber's opera,—to—to—what *are* they called? Just for a moment I could not recollect their names. That was certainly a curious failing of my memory—to forget the names

of two characters in an opera of Weber's, two characters as well known as Max and Agatha in “Der Freischutz.” Well, they would occur to me in a second.

But they did not occur to me!

I endeavored to put away all thoughts of Euryanthe. What interest had the romantic opera for me in my world-forgotten retirement?

After some minutes I understood that not thinking is much more exhausting than thinking. I felt as if a distant voice called the wished-for names continually to me, only not clearly enough; as if a phonetic picture of the words danced before my eyes and I could not see it. Well, I was firmly resolved that seize those two fugitive names I would, and I would martyr my brain until it confessed them.

In front of the house, I found my companion, and hurried to him saying: “Richard, tell me quickly all the characters in Euryanthe. I cannot remember the names of the alto and bass, and have been worrying over them for the last hour.”

Richard blinked lazily at me, and gave me by signs to understand that he had not the slightest intention of fatiguing himself on my behalf. Only after urgent persuasion, he declared that he had never seen the opera, as “there were no dances for Fil. dell' Era in it.”

I left my second supper untasted and went early to bed. Oh, this torture! A reptile in the shape of an interrogation-point was in my brain, and twisted itself with horrible, snaky movements through all the windings of my thoughts. In vain I represented to myself that a thought is only useful when it binds causes with consequences into logical chains, that it is absolute waste of time to work at a dead point in one's memory. In vain reason preached that this point was nothing but a point, a nothing, the coming to life of which would not bring me the least reward; unreason held fast to it that the lost word was a treasure of unknown value, and worried and brooded, hoping, despairing, always in the same direction.

Toward morning, my demon decided to rest awhile, and delivered me over to a deep but uneasy sleep. A sudden noise of falling and broken crockery awakened me. My friend had just dropped the water-jug.

“Wretch, what have you done?” I cried, sitting up. “I was just dreaming I had Hanslick's ‘Modern Operas’ here and was reading the notice of Weber. If you had let me sleep a minute longer, I should certainly have found the two lost names.”

Richard looked at me with a concerned air. A slight suspicion crossed him that my Euryanthe was going to shatter the peace of our summer rest. In the careful manner in which one speaks to a sick person, he began to tell me that there are certain practical methods for renewing an obliterated spot in the memory. There is, for instance, the alphabetical method; one must repeat all the letters of the alphabet in order, and form different syllables upon each one, until a chance resemblance in sound leads one on the right track.

I devoted my morning to this intellectual pursuit. At 11 A. M. precisely I announced, with a cry of joy, that I had achieved a result. I was absolutely certain that the last syllable of the woman's name was “ine.”

The tail of the monster was found! Now it was necessary to construct a body for it. I went through all the combinations from Josephine and Adeline to oleomargarine and brilliantine a hundred times, backward and forward. All in vain. The method contained a gap which I was unable to fill. I reasoned that, in my capacity as opera-critic, I had written that accursed name ending in “ine” often enough. How had I written it on those occasions? “The universal favorite Frau Klatsky was excellent as,—‘ine.’” “Frau Standigl proved herself equal to the difficult role of—‘ine.’” Deuce take it!

It was impossible to bring it forth. My travelling library—the time-table and Baedeker—contained not the slightest allusion to Euryanthe. The resources of the village were limited to some Bibles and hymn-books, which also were not calculated to assist in the unravelling of an operatic conundrum. The worthy pastor watched me with a distressed eye.



LADY CAREW.



THE COUNTESS DE GREY.



THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



LADY BREADALBANE.



PUBLISHED AT

72 BAY ST., - - - TORONTO, CANADA.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1892,

NO. 2.

TERMS.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN is published monthly at 72 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, at the subscription price of \$1.00 a year, payable IN ADVANCE. NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year. Twenty-five cents extra is required on each annual subscription for foreign countries excepting the U. S.

PAYMENT FOR THE QUEEN, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money Order, or Express Money Order. Fractional part of a dollar can be sent by Canadian or U. S. postage stamps of 1, 2 or 3 cent denomination. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

All subscriptions are discontinued by the publishers at expiration of subscription.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN having the subscription list set in type and printed for the entire year, it will be impossible for them in future to change the address of any subscriber. Those removing from their present P.O. address must instruct the postmaster to forward the Magazine to their NEW address for the balance of the year.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

ARTICLES.—State the price of all articles for which pay is expected; nothing will be paid for, unless the proper arrangements are made at the time of acceptance. Send all MSS. at least six weeks in advance.

NAME.—Always send the full name and address to the Editor, even if not intended for publication. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

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

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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

CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

The Book Shelf in the Den.

The Editor's Difficulties.

TO strive after one's own ideal and at the same time, after the ideals of other people; and contrive these thousand and one into a definite and material standard and finally, to attain to this composite photograph of a goal—such is the pleasant task of an editor. It is not easy. To assume a new editorship is a race of which often the starting-point, course and goal are enveloped in darkness and gloom. There is the past, present, and future to consider. What has the magazine been? What the aim of its last editor? What want does it fill? Wherein has it succeeded, where failed? How to keep on in its path and yet improve? How to break away and yet do its duties?

The new racer stands with eagerness, yet half afraid of the darkness, unable to see the course, struggling blindly to find it with one idea firmly in her mind—to reach the goal. There is at first much groping, many mistakes, many losings of the right path, some weariness, some discouragement, much labor and breathless running. But the clouds will lighten and soon the goal will shine out clearly and the straight

course will lie before. After that the burden and heat of the day gives way to the excitement of the race and the sight of the real prize.

Help from Readers.

BUT while she is groping, won't you help her to find the right road? How? Dozens of ways. Read this journal through from beginning to end. Tell her what you like in it, what you dislike, what more you would like to see in it. Write her dozens of letters and suggest improvements. She is a mild sort of person, usually, and just now especially humble. So that now is your opportunity. Possibly later when the mist lifts and the way is clear before her she may not be so amenable, but she will always want to know how she can better please you. She does not make any rash promises about adopting all suggestions, because if she did not think a good deal of her own judgment, why be an editor? But it is safe to suggest anything at present and she will be very glad if you all do so.

The Aims of the Editor.

WITH the present issue THE CANADIAN QUEEN comes under my management. I have set a goal before myself—a standard of excellence to which I shall endeavor eagerly and faithfully to attain. I feel that there is great need of discrimination in literature. I know that there is a great lack of a home paper for Canada and our brothers and sisters over the line have so kindly welcomed THE QUEEN in the past that she walks in confidently there to thousands of homes and announces that she has come to stay. The home literature can never be too carefully guarded and I can safely promise that for the future as in the past THE QUEEN'S influence will be ever for good. I do not strive to please all. There are many thousands of people whom it would be lowering to please. The honest praise of the few is worth all the hootings of the multitude. And it is, moreover, neither elevating or strengthening to show people what they ought to do or ought to read. What one can do, however, is to put people in the way of finding out for themselves what is the noblest and best. With your help I shall try to be of some little assistance. A lifetime spent in reading, and with exceptional opportunities for reading the best books, ought to be productive of some good results; and added to this an intense love of literature, there is a prospect that I can at least tell sympathetically of what has been, and is being, done, in the world of books.

What the Den is Like.

FROM The Den shall come sometimes growls, sometimes grunts of satisfaction. You shall know its book-shelf book by book. You shall watch unworthy new-comers fired from the premises followed by growls and mutterings. You shall see the warm welcome to the best of new books and note the place they shall have on the "Bookshelf." "The Den" is so only in name. Here are no disfiguring burnt matches, no feet on the table, no chairs tilted back, no men smoking. Instead there is a dainty wicker-chair and rose-ribbons, great bunches of starry margerites, a white and silver desk carefully dusted and put in order, a waste-basket of pure white straw and pale pink bows and the big "Bookshelf" is curtained with soft silk hangings. Here no dirty books enter and the letter-bag is left outside on the mat until dusted. It is in the heart of the city, but the city's grime and dirt never enters. Inside there is only the editor and her books. There she reads and writes and only the printed and written visitors are admitted. The rosy-

faced maid at the door is firm as a rock and though she smiles and smiles, no one enters whom she does not wish to see me.

★ ★ ★ ★

Off the Bookshelf. A DOZEN or so summer novels lie on the shelf in a heap, face downward. They are for the most part the worst trash, and to-morrow they shall be no more. But one among them is worth some hundreds of other paper-covers. "When a Man's Single," by Mr. J. M. Barrie. This prince among men, the author of "A window in Thrums," &c., is the ideal of the present occupant of the Den. Whatever of love and enthusiastic admiration she has to bestow has been freely given to the chronicler of "Thrums" people. He is a great writer and the most human of the present novelists. "When a Man's Single," has been termed autobiographical. I cannot think so, excepting of course its journalistic experiences. The Mr. Barrie we love is not Angus. He is still in the heart of Thrums and is of its people. Angus, the determined, the ingenious, the successful, who marries the great lady and becomes a great man, never touches us as the stern "Auld Lichts" of that incomparable village. And the part of the book we love best is the touches of village life. It is worth all the love-making of Angus and Mary to read how Thrums took the news that one of their number had married a great lady. The news was telegraphed from an absent Thrums woman to her father. "The thing is true Rob Angus has married the colonel's daughter at a castle Rob Angus has married the colonel." The message puzzled everyone for some seconds until Sneaky Hobart said admiringly: "I see what Leebie's done. Ye're restrected to twenty words in a telegram an' Leebie found she had said a' she had to say in fourteen words, so she's repeated hersel' to get her full shillin's worth."

★ ★ ★ ★

In the *North American Review* an Amazonian controversy has been raging, and such well-known English and American women as Gail Hamilton, Lady Jenne, Lady Frances Balfour have been tilting at each other in full armour. The glove thrown down is the state of London society compared with American—New York in particular. In this war of words, not by any means a mere tempest in a teapot, the state of the glove has been lost sight of. It needs mending sadly, both sides of it, as each of these dames has successfully shewn. Then why not mend it? Everybody is quite satisfied that there are plenty of bad places in both London and New York society. Whether the rents are bigger or smaller, many or few, need not be made a subject of controversy. Where there is linen to be washed it is unwholesome to let it remain dirty while you point out that the clothes in the next household are filthier. It is a good sign of the times, however, that these writers are likewise moral washerwomen. The practical and the denunciatory are rightly mingled. Lady Jenne's philanthropy is a feature of English reform. That the reviews contain, as regular features, several articles by women is a decided advance and that these articles should be reform in their tendency is what one always expects from the gentler sex. Surely this is of itself a sufficient reason why women should be admitted into *all* the affairs of men. As a proof—if one were needed—the number of a review I have before me contains Gail Hamilton's "The Point of View," The Nun of Kenmare's article on "The Deaconess Movement," and "A Last Word on London Society," by Lady Frances Balfour. This seems to be women's place in literature. That she shall always be found on the side of right goes without saying; and it is not saying too much to assert that nearly all reforms are due to feminine

influence, active or otherwise. The women-writers who have not exerted an influence for good have been few indeed and as I write, I can think of but two. These two are rapidly becoming unfashionable and everyone knows what that means. There have been of course hosts of poor women writers, but they have not been wicked, merely feeble, and it is only the powerful writer who sways the world even the tiniest jot from its steady course.

Our Portraits.

Ladies of Fashion.

Lady Carew is a daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lethbridge, and is niece of Sir. W. A. Lethbridge. In 1888 she married the third Baron Carew, of Castle Boro, Enniscorthy, Wexford.

The Countess de Grey is the youngest sister of the present Earl of Pembroke. She was born in 1859, and married in 1878 the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, who died in 1882. In 1885 she married the Earl de Grey, heir of the Marquess of Ripon.

The Duchess of Rutland is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Hugham, of Aird, N. B., and married, in 1862, as his second wife, the seventh Duke of Rutland, K. G., then known as Lord John Manners.

Lady Breadalbane is the daughter of the fourth Duke of Montrose. She was born in 1854, and, in 1872, married the first Marquess of Breadalbane of the second creation,

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

Three prizes of \$30.00, \$25.00 and \$20.00 will be given for three best Thanksgiving stories received at this office before the 1st of October, 1892.

CONDITIONS.

1. All manuscript must be written on one side of paper only; must be accompanied by full name and address of writer.
2. All manuscript must be on hand before 1st of October, 1892.
3. Stories to be addressed to Editor "CANADIAN QUEEN," Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., Can., and must be marked for "Prize Story Competition."
4. Each competitor must be a subscriber to THE CANADIAN QUEEN.
5. The stories are not to exceed (3,000) three thousand words in length.

Results of competition will appear in the November number.

The three Prize Stories will be published in the November number.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given for the best design for this Thanksgiving cover of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

CONDITIONS.

1. The designs are to be accompanied by full name and address of sender, and if return is desired to be accompanied by sufficient stamps.
2. All designs must be sent in before October 1st, 1892.
3. Each sender must be a subscriber of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.
4. Address "Editor CANADIAN QUEEN," Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.



"THAT ALL MAY INHERIT WHAT EACH SURRENDERS."

Irregularity of Meals.

A common cause of indigestion is irregularity respecting the time of meals. The human system seems to form habits, and to be in a degree dependent upon the performance of its functions in accordance with the habits formed. In respect to digestion this is especially observable. If a meal is taken at a regular hour the stomach becomes used to receiving food at that hour, and is prepared for it. If meals are taken irregularly, the stomach is taken by surprise, so to speak, and is never in that state of readiness in which it should be for the prompt and perfect performance of its work.

The habit which many professional and business men have of allowing their business to intrude upon their meal hours, quite frequently either wholly depriving them of a meal or obliging them to take it at an hour or two later than the usual time, invariably undermines the best digestion in time. Every individual ought to consider the hour for meals a sacred one, not to be intruded upon by any ordinary circumstances. Eating is a matter of too tremendous importance to be interrupted, or delayed by ordinary matters of business or convenience.

The habit of eating should be cultivated early in life. Children should be taught to be regular at their meals, and to take nothing between meals. This rule applies to infants as well as to older children. The practice of feeding the little one every time it cries is a most serious one to its weak digestive organs. An infant's stomach, though it needs food at more frequent intervals, two to four hours, according to its age, requires the same regularity which is essential to the maintenance of healthy digestion in older persons. The irregularity usually practised is undoubtedly one of the greatest causes of the fearful mortality of infants from disorders of the digestive organs, as appears in the mortuary reports.

A Plea For The Gastric Juice.

Water cures are older than the century; but only at a comparatively recent date was the virtue of hot water discovered as a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia. Physicians agree that exaggerated leanness, as well as excess of flesh, is the result of an impaired digestion. In one instance dissimulation of the food is too slow; in the other, its abnormal rapidity generates a fatty substance under which so many groan and find life a burden.

It is all well enough for slight, gracefully proportioned people to sneer and cry "vanity!" when the plethoric man or woman resorts to drugs, fasting, or Indian clubs to reduce his or her weight. Only those suffering from the ever present discomfort of obesity can realize the desperation it begets.

Just at first it is difficult to appreciate the exact cause of a certain clumsiness of movement, sure to be an early and inevitable symptom of the disease. It is usually attributed to age, the weather, biliousness, in fact, any cause rather than the right one, until its victim is forced to acknowledge the truth. Only when languor, irksomeness to exercise, and invariably discomfort after eating combine to render her wretched, will even the best of women confess her prosaic weakness. As a sex women fear and abhor *embonpointe* that in this land of liberal living soon effaces those lines of youthful slenderness of which every American girl is proud.

Now, the woman, wise in her generation, will never permit

the enemy to encroach beyond that initial stage. She knows that when her skin is tautly stretched and figure has yielded half a dozen inches, lost ground can only be regained at a temporary sacrifice of beauty, and complete restoration has become an impossibility. Understanding this, she should refuse to surrender a fractional extension of her stay strings, and when conscious of their undue pressure, take instant measures for bringing herself back into condition.

Nor is this promptitude urged wholly from the standpoint of personal appearance—although the preservation of her good looks within reasonable limitations is every woman's earnest obligation. Fleshiness is always more or less unhealthy, and no woman supporting unnecessary *avoirdupois* is as well fitted to fill her sphere of usefulness, as when bone, blood, muscle, and fat are evenly proportioned. As a rule, it is while acquiring increased bulk that she most frequently complains of dyspepsia—dyspepsia, that king of physical ills, that seldom kills outright, but maliciously turns and tortures his victims, employing in the process instruments of torture in endless variety, each one inflicting more exquisite pain than the wrack and wretchedness preceding it.

At this stage the sympathetic doctor is resorted to for relief, and the sad eyed patient listens in rapt attention while a professional explanation is given of internal disorders. She hears how food enters his stomach, usually floating on a sea of some icy liquid, water, or wine; how the gastric juice rushing enthusiastically forth to grapple with boiled, baked, or fried—generally fried, however—is weakened, chilled, and discouraged by a reception so cold and wet, and grows acid under the disappointment, and finding itself unable to perform its proper function, merely remains to set up an action and revengeful fermentation. About this time the human being carrying around inside a combined insult, challenge, and revolution of nature, longs mournfully to be under the sod, buried, and out of sight. The disorder grows with what it fuels upon; the oppression is insupportable; the patient flies to her soda bottle, mixes a copious dose, her pangs are partially mitigated, and what cares this irresponsible, she, that the soothing mass of indigested food is now thrown into the intestines, there to sow the seeds of serious ailments in future.

If it were not so stupid and pitiful, it would be positively amusing to watch mature intelligent creatures abuse their organs ruthlessly as they do, and then whine noisily over the result, all the while calling on fate to change their entire innocence of offense.

Just try to picture the acidulated fury of the American gastric fluid, if ever it is able to combine for protective purposes, and to punish its tormenters, a new and stronger synonym would then have to be coined for the new awe-inspiring term dyspepsia, and it is safe to suppose that among the guilty who failed to find death crisping in a frying-pan, they would surely meet retribution by drowning in their own ice-pitchers.

For those who appreciate the enormity of their course, and who honestly care to reform, also for persons anxious to shake off superfluous flesh, Celia Logan's little pamphlet, "How to Reduce your Weight and How to Increase It," is recommended. She adds force to the sentiment that should inspire every one suffering uniformly from indigestion; namely, that it is a form of physical uncleanness, as abhorrent and to be fought against as vigorously as though it were an exterior blemish. Of what avail to have the outside of the body polished and pure, if the inside is full of fermenta-

tion and poisonous elements? Too many sufferers treat dyspepsia as a dispensation of Providence, an infliction to be borne meekly, because by looking below the surface they will find themselves at fault. With nine out of every ten dyspeptics, the case is a plain one of feeble self-indulgence, an easy yielding to appetites; the very disease confesses them too weak to control.

Celia Logan sets forth eloquently the remedial and purifying effects of the hot water treatment. She correctly denominates it as the "natural scavenger of the body," promising those who persevere in drinking it, that they will obtain not merely a reduction of their obesity, but a surprising clearness of complexion, and a lightness and elasticity of motion they have not experienced since losing their slenderness.

By sipping a pint of water as hot as it can be taken, from an hour and a half to two hours before eating, the channels through which the food must pass are thoroughly scoured, all impurities are washed away, and the digestive organs are well warmed and stimulated to receive the next meal. It is imperative that when food is eaten, only an infinitesimal portion of liquid should be drunk, liquid that should be hot as tea or coffee, or in event of drinking water, that should be no colder than the surrounding atmosphere.

It is under such changed and favorable circumstances that the dejected gastric juice is encouraged to start out and do its duty. It again becomes spry and strong, reduces the toughest beef of the prairie to mince meat, whirls the vegetables into pulp, sorts out accurately component parts of various materials given it to work on, and yet even the complicated machinery with industry so admirable that not one jar or twinge disturbs the person on the outside of it. To get the full benefit of the cure, not only should the water be drunk very hot, but in ample time to permit its every bit passing out of the stomach before any solids are introduced. In addition to the three pints before meals a fourth cupful should precede retiring, cleansing the organs for the night.

When You Entertain for the First Time.

The most important word of advice to give to persons who are about to entertain guests for the first time is: Don't be too ambitious, do not attempt too much in the beginning. Then if you fail, you will not have the mortification of knowing that your fall was the just reward of foolish pride. It is a great mistake to attempt to entertain friends in an entirely different style from that in which you yourself live every day. Kill the fatted calf for them, by all means, but don't kill yourself! Add a certain amount of formality to the laying and service of your table, but let the difference be one of degree rather than one of kind. Do not let the occasion of guests coming to your household resemble a sort of *coup d'état* during which the entire *menage* is turned topsy-turvy, and everyone in the whole household becomes anxious, flurried, and nervous.

Preparations for an event of this sort should be made beforehand, and with due deliberation. A careful housekeeper will write out her bill of fare (for her own use) even for quite a simple entertainment; she will also write down a list of the various articles to be purchased and the various duties to be attended to by herself and her servants. She will remember, too, not to "cut her time" too closely, allowing a certain leeway for accidental delays, and for the almost inevitable friction of a change of household arrangements.

What dreadful scenes ensue from the neglect of these simple rules most women know to their cost. The havoc, the confusion produced by a single party, often causes sinister effects which do not subside for months. Books, papers and clean clothing are hastily put away in what is intended for a temporary hiding-place. Alas! like Geneva in the fatal trunk, articles thus rashly thrust out of sight often disappear for dreadful lengths of time, perhaps only to reappear after their usefulness has entirely departed.

If our young housekeeper is wise, she will not undertake to give a dinner party until she has had some experience in the practical art of entertaining. At least she will not call it

a dinner-party. If it be more convenient for her to receive her friends at her usual dinner hour, she may call the meal luncheon, in the middle of the day, or stout or high tea, at night. Nor will she be guilty of hypocrisy in doing thus. Dinner has become such a formal and ceremonious meal within the last twenty years that persons whose mode of life is very simple and inexpensive may naturally hesitate to say they dine—when in the estimation of their more fashionable and wealthy friends they *never* dine—at home. Of course one may always invite one or two intimate friends to dine strictly *en famille*, or even to take hot lunch.

Our young housekeeper should choose her bill of fare not from some ambitious French cook-book, but from among the dishes which she knows by experience that her cook, or that she herself, can prepare really well. It is wonderful how simple are the tastes of your *true* epicure; he may enjoy exquisitely cooked French dishes, but he also very certainly enjoys plain food well prepared—a nicely cooked and juicy beefsteak, fresh vegetables properly cooked and seasoned, or a salad made of lettuce fresh from the garden, thoroughly washed and carefully dried.

Let Beatrice, therefore (if I may so call our young married friend, since a newly married man is always Benedict), keep a mental tally of the dishes which Bridget knows how to render really palatable, and let her reproduce them when she entertains her friends. No matter what Mrs. Retrousse, who has a *chef*, gives people for luncheon, nothing is more melancholy than to have a mysterious dish come on the table, whose nature not even the hostess can fathom, until it suddenly flashes upon her that those curious, tasteless puddings are Bridget's first attempt at fried bananas!

In regard to the company who should be invited to Beatrice's first feast, I would warn her to restrain her ambition, in this as well as in other directions. She will be wiser to trust herself, in this her first effort at hospitality, to the indulgence of tried friends, rather than to the harsh criticism of new and fashionable acquaintances. If among the latter there should chance to be one or two persons whom she specially wishes to invite, she may perhaps venture to do so, especially if they are people who have shown kindness to our young hostess, and who will therefore be in all probability lenient in their judgment of this, to the neophyte, all-important occasion.

But Beatrice should especially endeavor to secure the presence of some friendly but truthful critic who will tell her candidly of her errors—not of course, in the presence of the rest of the company, but at some convenient opportunity. Indeed the importance of a social godmother to play the part of teacher and friend to a young hostess, can scarcely be over-estimated.

Such a fairy godmother, however, is not easily found, and Beatrice must carefully avoid the numerous needy gentlewomen whose position in society is very precarious, and who are only too happy to fasten themselves and their fortunes upon newcomers to whom, of course, they can render little or no real assistance, but perhaps just the contrary. Far be it from me to say that all ladies who are not blessed with wealth belong to this category, for, as we all know, poverty in itself is no degradation, least of all is it so in this country, where fortunes are won and lost with such startling rapidity. A little judicious inquiry among her older friends will usually help Beatrice to find out the true social status—and more important still, the moral worth—of any lady who may show a wish to take our young friend under her patronage.

Ice Cream For Stomach Troubles.

The value of ice cream as a remedy for certain intestinal troubles is being considerably advanced. Some, indeed most, physicians permit it through typhoid fever, always insisting it shall be of the purest make. To the story recently going the rounds in print of the entire cure of a case of ulcer of the stomach by the sole and persistent use of ice cream may be added that of a woman known to the writer. She suffered from a serious affection of the eyes directly traceable to digestive disturbance, and her physician finally put

her upon ice cream as a sole diet. For eleven months she literally lived upon ice cream with the result of effecting a complete and apparently permanent cure. The theory is that the cream furnishes ample nourishment, while the diseased intestines, chilled from the low temperature of the food are prevented from getting up inflammation during the process of digestion carried on by the healthy parts.

To make a cement that will unite card to tin, boil one ounce of borax and two ounces of powdered shellac in fifteen ounces of water till the lac is entirely dissolved.

SPANISH women believe oil to be the proper skin cleanser, and when needed wet their face and neck with a woollen rag dipped in olive or almond oil.

LAIT virginal is a solution of benzoin in rose water; it has always been a favorite cosmetic of French women. It is made by taking one ounce of tincture of benzoin and adding one quart of rose water, pouring a few drops of rose water at a time into the tincture.

TOO much water used on the face and hands is apt to wrinkle and discolor them. Many Frenchwomen have adopted the custom of the beauties of the harem, who use the dry washing process, cleansing their skin with finely ground almond meal. Corn meal is excellent for the purpose.

COLD cream is a harmless and beneficial ointment for the skin. It may be made economically at home by taking four ounces almond oil, four ounces rose water, one-quarter ounce spermaceti, one-quarter ounce white wax, sixty drops spirits of camphor, and five drops attar of roses. Put the spermaceti and wax in a thick porcelaine cup and melt, adding the oil slowly until mixed. Then remove from the fire and add the rose water drop by drop stirring constantly, and beating it to a smooth cream; add the camphor next; do not stir in the perfume until cold. Pour in a glass jar.

FOR making the hair soft, silky and clean, no nostrum comes up to the old-fashioned method of washing the head with the yolk of an egg, and afterwards thoroughly rinsing it in hot water, to which the juice of a lemon has been added. If you well brush and comb your hair night and morning, it is sufficient to wash it once in six weeks.

LITTLE red ants cannot travel over wool or rag carpet. Cover the shelf in a closet or pantry with flannel, set whatever you wish to keep from the ants on it, and they will at once disappear. They may be caught also in sponges, into which sugar has been sprinkled; then the sponge should be dropped into hot water.

IN washing grained woodwork use clear water or cold tea. Where there are finger marks to be removed, such as around the door-knob or on the window sill, a little fine soap can be used, but only just enough to do the work, for soap should be used for this work only on very rare occasions, and ammonia never used.

To destroy flies, boil the parings of potatoes in a little water for an hour. Skim them out and boil the water down to a few tablespoonfuls. Sweeten with molasses and turn into plates. It is a deadly poison. Another method is to steep quassia chips to a strong decoction, sweeten and proceed as above.

KNIVES should never be put into hot water, which injures them, first by loosening the handles, and next by spoiling the temper of the steel. Wipe them first with a damp cloth and then rub on a smooth board which has been previously rubbed with a scouring brick or knife powder.

WHEN a woman begins to show her age, the first part to lose its firm, youthful contour is the face and chin—that is the reason why nuns look so young, as these parts are covered with white guinpe—then the neck and bust, and after a time no amount of alum water washes nor “astringent pomades” can restore firmness to the flabby muscles, and it will become necessary to look about for some other beauty that nature spared a little longer, and the upper part of the arms and back keep their whiteness and delicacy long

after the rest of the women is *passee*. For that reason was the V-shaped back invented, and therefore were sleeveless waists made, which leave the arm exposed up to the shoulder. Long gloves hide many a wrinkled hand and withered forearm, and the moderately high front of the waist veils the faded bust, while the black velvet ribbon tied tightly round the throat retains the loose flesh in its snug embrace, while it whitens the rest of the neck by contrast, and it also sustains the baggy, double chin.

THE tendency of table salt to pack together in cruets and containers may be entirely overcome by thoroughly drying the salt and intimately mingling with it a small percentage of dry corn starch and arrowroot. From eight to ten per cent is amply sufficient for the most humid atmosphere, while a much less percentage of the starch is sufficient for ordinary use.

SLEEP taken in the afternoon is beneficial. It acts as a stimulant. After one has been working and worrying for several hours during the morning, forty winks taken in the afternoon seem to revive one. Women claim that a few moments sleep taken at odd intervals during the day, preserve youth and beauty. It certainly rests the muscles of the face and rests the working of the brain, which is so telling on youth. Sleep taken before midnight, usually termed “beauty sleep,” is not particularly beneficial, any more than sleep taken at any other time. Sleep, of course, is more beneficial when taken during the hours of darkness, one does not seem to be able to rest when the sun is shining brightly in the windows. Sometimes eating will make one sleep, and then a few moment's sleep is refreshing. Sleep taken while in a sitting position is beneficial; it is a rest. Some people who are suffering from heart disease, never sleep except when sitting down; they cannot lie down. The temperature of a sleeping apartment should be about 65 degrees. It should be thoroughly well ventilated, and a person sleeping should keep the feet warm and the head cool.

Our Fair Critics.

Under the head of “Our Fair Critics” we introduce a novel feature by inviting our lady readers to offer their opinions upon some current subject which we shall select for pleasant discussion month by month. It must be understood that in no sense do we ask for very serious, lengthy reviews or detailed analysis. But rather a short, condensed summing-up, characteristic of table-talk and drawing-room gossip.

We offer three months' free subscription to THE CANADIAN QUEEN to the “Fair Critic” who will send us the best answer to the current query.

Our query this month:—
“ARE VERY SILENT OR VERY TALKATIVE PERSONS

THE MOST TRYING TO DEAL WITH?” The conditions are:—

1. Each “Fair Critic” must be a yearly subscriber to THE CANADIAN QUEEN.
2. The answer must not be one hundred words in length, and must be written on one side of paper only.
3. The answer must be in hand of Editor of this department by the 15th of September.
4. Three or more of the best answers will be published each month.
5. There will be no return of manuscript.
6. The full name and address of writer must accompany each answer.
7. Address “Editor Current Topics,” care of CANADIAN QUEEN, Bay St., Toronto, Ont., Can.



streamers in the centre. fan-shaped epaulettes; throatlet of lace or pinked-out ruching; short Watteau fold at back.

Review of Fashions

One naturally thinks of powdered Louis Quinze beauties, of dainty figures upon fans, when looking at wearers of the graceful Watteau plait, which is now almost omnipresent in the realm of dress. Only those with slim, lissome figures should attempt them; on a too short or too generous figure the effect is apt to be bunched. The fancy extends to brides' dresses, to the lace-trimmed matinee that "my lady" wears in her boudoir, to the short carriage-wrap, and the attractive tea-frock in which rosebud girls and pretty matrons dispense hospitality. But the Watteau effects, like everything else, differ. Sometimes one sees the genuine Watteau plait, descending from the nape of the neck, falling in long, graceful folds to the end of the train; while the next one seen may fall in fan-shaped plaits from a filmy yoke of lace, or from an embroidered or braided silk one, the effect in all being elegant and refined. For tea-frocks, the Watteau is gathered and proceeds from between the shoulders, where it is surmounted by a long-looped Watteau bow. The material for these dainty frocks is some soft, silken fabric that adjusts itself in graceful lines to the wearer's slender figure, and whose ground is literally besprinkled with wild-roses, forget-me-nots, or violets. These are trimmed with the finest of laces, the cream-tinted having preference.

But there are days when the Watteau plait is laid aside, and the capricious feminine element dons the plainest of costumes for a shopping excursion or an "outing," when the comfort and convenience of a "blazer" suit, with the accompanying shirt of silk or cambric, is as fully appreciated as the beauty of the dainty house-gown. The wearers of these shirts are not limited in their choice of colors. Any shade that will blend with the skirt, without a startling effect, is worn. Pink and golden-brown may be used with navy-blue; black—striped or figured—cardinal, or dark-blue, with gray. Straps of the same material as the gown pass over the shoulders and are adopted not only for ornament's sake, but for utility. The weight of the skirt then hangs from the shoulders, and a health lesson lies in the so-called "suspenders." Sometimes the straps are attached to the belt of the gown, when worn only with a short-waist, and hook in front and back, or pass at the back under a ribbon bow. When used in conjunction with the corselet, or Swiss bodice, they are strapped with pretty black or steel buckles. Do not think, however, that their use is confined to woolen gowns. Straps of velvet, silk, and satin ribbon are worn with the palest and sheerest of summer organdies, lawns, and mulls. They are gracefully tied in bows and drooping ends upon the shoulders, or they pass through small silver or steel buckles.

In the pretty, crinkled Bedford cords, which are cooler than *crépons*, one sees shades as faint as tintings in a western sky. Gray and lilac are among the prettiest. These are simply made, with yokes of *point de Gêner*, ecru laces, and embroideries. Some of these yokes are rounded, some have a square effect, while others point downward and are outlined with *bretelles*. For slender persons the square yoke is best. A removable yoke, made of lace and edged



LACE CAPE.

with a frill of lace of like design, is a novel idea in the interest of economy, as it can be worn with different gowns. Nothing is so refreshing, in the summer season, as a bit of lace; its very freshness is felt when glancing at it. Two or three of these yokes should be made, giving the wearer an opportunity to don them with any gown, whether of foulard, chally, or satine, or a simple washable fabric.

The sheerer lawns and organdies with all the contents of Flora's basket poured out upon them are popular for mid-summer. Garnitures of ribbon and lace, at throat, wrists, and foot of skirt, are used. Sashes, which play an important part in the midsummer toilet, are of India silk with fringed and hemstitched ends, forming a charming addition to a mull or organdie costume. They are tied in two long loops, and have floating ends that reach the hem of the skirt. For these dainty dresses round waists are worn; indeed, one sees them made in all the thinner fabrics, and in washable materials for morning wear. They are not apt to stretch like the ordinary basque, and when belted in, adapt themselves nicely to the figure. The "bell" or "Lancker" skirt, finished with four or five tiny frills, or with the edge cut in turret-fashion and edged with lace or embroidery, or bordered with any of the simpler styles of skirt garnitures is worn with a waist of this style.

Fashions in Millinery.

(See following page.)

No. 1. Papillon black straw hat, with coral bow and jet butterfly; roses, veiled with lace, under the brim.

No. 2. Margarita hat, formed of the stalks of daisies, with daisies at the edge. The top of the crown is jet; black lace in front, wheat ears and grasses at the back; narrow black strings, caught together behind a bunch of daisies.

No. 3. Parisian brown straw hat, with both brim and crown lined; heliotrope chiffon at the edge; a bow of heliotrope chiffon and chartreuse velvet ornaments the front of the brim, large shaded heliotrope poppies on the crown; chartreuse velvet strings.

No. 4. Duchesse hat, with white straw brim, and full crown of white silk, with band of gold and straw passementerie; tip and osprey shaded from coral to lemon.

No. 5. Eglantine hat of white fancy straw, trimmed with pink velvet bows, pink ice flowers and foliage.

No. 6. Elegant bonnet, formed of pale green stems, trimmed with emerald-green velvet, and bramble spray; smart little jet crown and coronet, with bow of black lace.

No. 7. Marquise bonnet, for elderly lady. Crown of tinsel jewelled gauze; brim of roses veiled with black guipure; sprays of rose foliage; black velvet strings.

Floating.

BY WALDO P. JOHNSON.

Idling and dreaming, I lay on my oar,
Listlessly watching the lights on the shore
Gleaming and twinkling and trembling there,
Miles away through the misty air.

Far in the front, with their silver-capped crests
Rolling along from the star-jeweled west,
Tide-driven waves lap the ripple-kissed sand
Seeking to rest on the breast of the land.

Far through the mist of the future, to me,
Gleaming more brightly, it seems I can see,
Lining the shining and silvery strand,
Lights on the shore of another land.

Idling and dreaming, I lay on my oar,
Listlessly watching the lights on the shore.

MISS LAWSON, the young Cincinnati sculptor, is reported to have sold her statue of "The Mermaid" to Mrs. Alexander McDonald for \$6,000.

A Glass of Water at Bedtime.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn produces fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day. Hot water is one of the best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliver of insomnia than many drugs.

MRS. F. M. DRYDEN, Manager of the American Lutheran School for Girls at Guntoor, South India, has applied for space in the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition for an exhibit of work from that institution. The display will be made through the assistance of the Nizam (Mohammedan king) of Hyderabad. The Nizam has been petitioned to furnish money to buy the costly material for the silver and gold embroideries which, in the form of curtains, wall hangings, table cloths, altar cloths, and dress trimmings, will constitute the principal portion of the exhibit.

HOM BOT, a rich Chinese merchant, has been denied permission, under the Chinese Exclusion Act, to land his young and pretty wife at the port of San Francisco. His own papers proved his previous residence in this country, but the Custom House records had no mention of the departure of his bride five years ago, so Judge Morrow decided she could not enter the country. She was richly dressed and had to be carried into the court room as she cannot walk without help. When she learned that she would have to return to China she burst into tears and refused to be comforted. Her husband swears he will spend a fortune, if necessary, appealing the case to the Supreme Court.

HERE is what Mrs. Stanley modestly said to the voters in Doulton a few days ago, when she was urging them to send the famous explorer to Parliament: "I voted for Henry Stanley two years ago in Westminster Abbey, and I call on you to vote for him, not for himself but for yourselves, and in your interests, because he is a great and a good man, and when you and I are passed away and are forgotten, he will be remembered as having been a great man who had served his country well, and done noble things for it. You can't make him a greater man than he is by putting M. P. after his name. [Laughter.] There are nobodies who want to be somebodies, and in order to get this title they will promise to do everything, but Stanley is a man of his word, and when he says he will do anything he will do it. Stanley wants to extend your trade, and to do all he can to develop commerce. Here is Stanley, and if you turn your back on him, I say it will be a disgrace to Lambeth, for I think, and I do not say it because I am Mrs. Stanley, that he is the greatest man in England at this moment."



NEW FASHIONS IN MILLINERY.

The Song of the Pear-Tree.

I.

A pear-tree stood at the end of the village. In the spring-time it seemed like a nosegay of flowers. The gardener's lodge stood back from the road; the gardener's daughter was called Perrine.

We were lovers.

II.

She was sixteen. What roses in her cheeks! As many blossoms as there were on the pear-tree. It was beneath the pear-tree that I said to her:

"Perrine, my Perrine, when will you marry me?"

III.

Everything smiled about her; her hair, in which the wind played gently; her figure; her bare feet in their little wooden shoes; her hands, which drew down the overhanging boughs to breathe in the perfume of the flowers; her pure brow; her teeth, white between her red lips. Ah! I loved her dearly.

"Our wedding will be in the harvest-time," she said, "if the Emperor does not carry you off as a soldier."

IV.

When the day for the drawing of lots arrived, I lighted a taper; the idea of leaving her was more than I could bear. The Holy Virgin be praised! I drew the highest number! But to Jean, my foster-brother, a worse lot fell.

I found him weeping and saying: "Mother, my poor mother!"

V.

"Console yourself, Jean; I am an orphan, and will go in your stead," I said to him impulsively.

He would not believe me.

Perrine stood under the pear-tree, her eyes filled with tears. They were more beautiful than her smiles.

She said to me: "You have done a noble thing. See, my Pierre, I will wait for you."

VI.

Right, left, right, left! Forward, march! So we reached Wagram. Pierre, be brave! Here is the enemy. I saw a line of fire. There were five hundred cannons thundering at once, and smoke oppressed the lungs and blood soaked the feet.

I was afraid and looked behind me.

VII.

Behind me was the village and the pear-tree whose blossoms had changed into fruit. I closed my eyes and saw Perrine, who was praying for me. God be praised! Pierre, be brave! Forward, forward! Right, left! Aim, fire! Charge bayonet!

"Ah, ah! the recruit does well. Boy, what is your name?"

"Monsieur, my name is Pierre.

"Pierre, I make you a corporal!"

VIII.

Perrine, O my Perrine! Corporal! Hurrah for war! The day of battle is a holiday. To rise in the army, all that is necessary is to put one foot foremost. Left, right.

"Was it you, Pierre?"

"Yes, your majesty."

I received my epaulets.

There were plenty on the shoulders of the dead.

IX.

"Monsieur, a thousand thanks,"—and on to Moscow! On the vast, snow-covered plain, a road marked by the

dead; here, the river; there, the enemy; on both sides, death!

"Who will place the first pontoon?"

"I, Monsieur."

"Always you, Captain."

He gave me his cross.

X.

God be praised! Perrine, my Perrine, you will be proud of me. The campaign is ended, and I have my leave.

Ring, bells, for our wedding. The road is long, but hope travels fast. Down there, behind that hill, there is the village.

I recognized the belfry. The bells are ringing.

XI.

Ring, but the pear-tree? The month of flowers has come, but still I do not see the flower-laden branches. I had always seen them from afar. That was because I used to come on foot. They had cut down the tree of my early love.

The blossoms had come. All the bright blossoms, but its branches lay scattered on the ground.

XII.

"Why are the bells ringing, Matthieu?"

"For a wedding, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Matthieu did not know me.

A wedding! He told the truth. The bride and groom ascended the steps of the church.

The bride was Perrine, my Perrine, joyous and more beautiful than ever. Jean, my brother, was the bridegroom.

XIII.

The people around me were saying: "They love each other."

"But Pierre?" I asked.

"What Pierre?" they answered. They had forgotten me.

XIV.

I knelt at the church-door. I prayed for Perrine, and I prayed for Jean; all that I loved on earth.

The service over, I gathered a blossom from the pear-tree—a poor little withered blossom—and went on my way without looking back.

God be praised! They loved each other. They will be happy.

XV.

"Monsieur!"

"You are back already, Pierre?"

"Yes."

"You are only two-and-twenty. You will be a General, and you will be knighted. If you wish, I will give you a countess for a wife."

Pierre took from his breast a withered flower, plucked from the fallen pear-tree.

"Monsieur, my heart is like this. I wish a post in the vanguard, where I can die as a Christian soldier."

XVI.

The post in the vanguard was given him.

At the end of the village there is the grave of a Colonel killed on a day of victory—two-and-twenty.

In place of a name there are these three words:

"God be praised!"

Music.

"While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the water die."

How and Why I Whistle.

BY ALICE J. SHAW.

Why do I call it "whistling?" The lark in the meadows, the thrush in the hedgerow, the nightingale in the grove, all "sing." Singing is not limited to sounds proceeding from the throat, nor to the chanting of words to a melody. Anything that possesses harmony is music, and the art of whistling, as we must, I suppose, call it until some clever person furnishes us with another and better word, is capable of as wide an interpretation as is vocal music. Mme. Marchese, that charming and famous Parisienne singing teacher, once said to me:

"Never again say that you whistle. Anything so beautiful as is your labial music should never bear so common a name. Say, rather, that you have a peculiar way of singing, and that you use the Marchese method to perfection."

There is, you must know, a vast difference between the whistling of a schoolboy and the art of whistling as I have found it to be. There is about as much resemblance as between a chop-sticks exercise and a Paderewski recital. There is little doubt that the same thing is true of whistling as of most branches of art: a fine whistler must be born and not made. The natural gifts necessary are a good ear, a sound pair of lungs, a favorable formation of the cavity of the mouth, good, whole teeth, and a flexibility and agility in the orbicular and buccinatory muscles. The strain on these muscles is great. After an hour's practice I have been compelled to treat my lips with electricity to get them into a normal condition.

I breathe like a singer, from the diaphragm, and whistle as an artiste would sing. Trilling is to me as easy and natural as ordinary speech. It is the *crescendo*, and the notes which must be long sustained, that are most difficult.

I whistled much as a child. I think whistling denotes temperament, and I was always happy and light-hearted. A melancholy, morbid, mercenary, or pessimistic nature will not find satisfaction in whistling. For three months before I appeared in public I took lessons from Professor Belli, of the Conservatory of Music in New York City, who gave me my first idea of breathing and phrasing. On December 19, 1887, in Steinway Hall, before the Teachers' Association, two thousand strong, I gave my first public rehearsal.

Dear, how did I have the impudence to stand up there, and whistle songs that Parepa-Rosa had made famous! My execution was so crude! But I was applauded, and since that time I have thought my success was due to the very fact that I had an idea, a determination, that I would succeed. Some people are prejudiced against whistling; I don't know why.

"Well," drawled a young lady at one of my recent recitals, as she surveyed me through her gold-mounted binoculars, "well—aw—strange performance for a lady, but, do you know, she isn't unpleasant to look at."

Let me quote a portion of a letter in my possession, written by a prominent musician and critic living in New York.

"Whistling, no doubt, has been regarded by musicians as a clever performance, but more or less clap-trap, and unworthy of being discussed from a musical point of view. Last night's performance, however, it seems to me, completely knocks that attitude all to pieces. No unbiased artist would deny your performance its rank equally with the highest singers and instrumentalists."

A famous English critic wrote the following description of one of my whistling rehearsals:

"It seemed as though a flute had become suddenly endowed with life, and, at the knowledge of it, had set off to playing as though it would go wild with delight."

I consider the whistle to be a wonderful instrument. My compass is two and three-fourth octaves. I never whistle on an inward breath. My notes are always directed outward. The higher the note, the closer my lips; the lower the note, the larger the orifice. The possibilities of a whistle are almost unlimited. The art is at present in its infancy. There are no schools where it is taught, and no hand-book for the would-be pupil. It is my intention to fill this latter want before long.

I phrase music as does the most careful singer. I can fill Albert Hall in London easily, and indeed any large place, because the sound of the whistle is more penetrating than vocal music. But this was not acquired without constant practice. During my first performance my lips became so dry that it was hard to produce a clear, liquid tone. I now use an ointment which obviates that difficulty entirely. I am compelled to learn by actual experience the needs of a whistler, and endeavor to fill each and all as I come to them.

I practice an hour—sometimes more—daily, and this has had a doubly beneficial effect. It has not only enhanced my proficiency as a whistler; it has caused my chest to expand four inches in the last three years.

My ear is so acute that I can detect at once any imperfection in the acoustic qualities of a room or hall. If the surroundings be uncongenial, my notes seem to return right to me, instead of penetrating upward and outward into the room.

There should be no draperies near, and no carpet. The whistle vibrates more clearly when it comes in contact with wood. I have stood upon a glass floor in Russia, and was surprised at the clearness of my notes.

I do not imitate the music of birds. I do not warble. I simply whistle, and always and only the best of music. I never studied bird-music, much as I would like to. I had not seen a nightingale up to last year. I was in Constantinople, and had been entertaining the graduating class of Roberts' College, which is situated on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus. I arose early one morning to take the boat, and as I passed down the hill side I heard the nightingales singing. The woods were full of them. I whistled, and first one and then another of the Attic warblers came toward me, until the whole groveful followed me down the hill, trilling away in accompaniment to my whistle.

There is one trying feature about whistling. The hardest thing in whistling is the holding of the mouth in one position



ALICE J. SHAW.

for so long a time. When teaching, pupils need to be guided by practical illustrations, and it stands to reason that a teacher of the whistle could stand such an occupation but an hour or so each day. I have one or two pupils, and have received applications from many more who would like to be under my tuition during my short stay in America. It is too exacting a task, however, and then there are few who are really naturally adapted for successful whistling.

My friends have been so kind to me, and fate has been so good to me, that I have paraphrased the old proverb :

Whistling women and
crowing hens,
Always come to bad
ends.

And made it
read thus :

Whistling women and
hens that crow
Make their way wher-
ever they go.

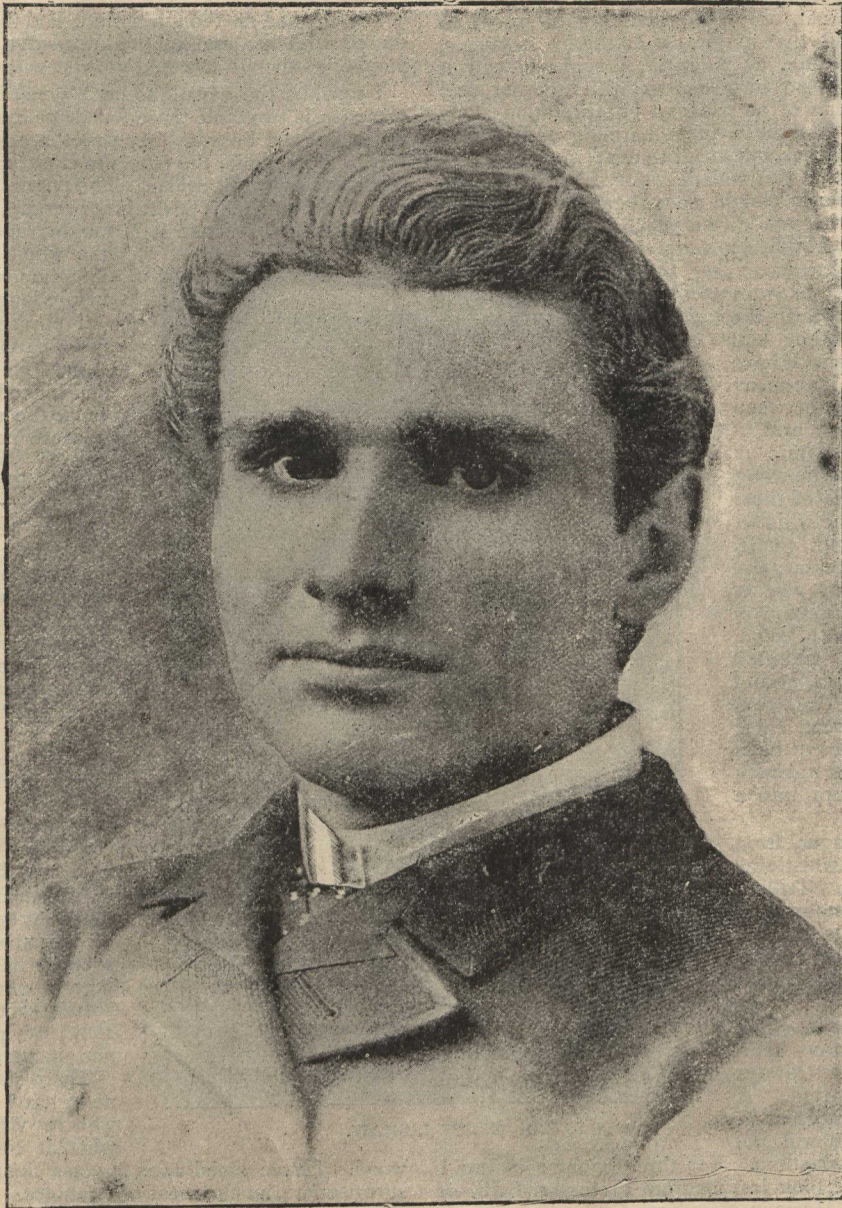
—that is, if they
have the all-es-
sential feature
of success—de-
termination.

Walter Damrosch.

The amount of work done in New York by the young conductor during the past season is certainly very remarkable. There has been the elaborate programmes of the Symphony Society; the long series of Sunday night concerts; the series of Saturday populars; the experiment of Young Folks' matinees; the superb entertainments given by the Oratorio Society; and a large number of casual concerts for which Damrosch and his orchestra were engaged. He has also appeared with his talented orchestra in Boston, winning the warmest encomiums of the public and the press in the very home of Nikisch and the Boston symphony players. His name is now known in musical circles all over the country and he is nobly sustaining the reputation of his distinguished father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The career of Walter Damrosch has been passed so entirely in New York that his history is known to every one. He came when a boy, with his father, to this country, and was educated, both musically and otherwise, in this city. He sang as a boy singer in one of our church choirs, and his

musical instruction was early carried on, both by his father and mother. When about nineteen years old he directed a choral society in Newark, N. J. For a time he was organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and meanwhile was developing his talents as a pianist, though he has not been prominent as a soloist on this instrument. He played on one or two occasions at the Brodsky Quartet recitals, and attracted favorable comment. As an accompanist he is dainty, refined and sympathetic, and in this capacity has displayed his

skill in the encore pieces selected by various artists who have sung at his orchestral concerts. Very great musicians, like Rubinstein and Liszt, had the versatility of taste which permitted them to recognize the value of vocal art. Damrosch appears to be treading in their footsteps. He has here a great field, and from present indications he seems well able to fill it. He has gained for himself a most enviable reputation as a musician of sterling worth, and may now be considered an important figure in the world of music.



WALTER DAMROSCH.

MISS UME TSUDA, now a special student at Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa., is anxious to raise \$8,000, to found a scholarship to give Japanese women a four years' training in America, and fit them to return home as teachers for Japanese girls. She says: "There are Japanese women anxious to prepare

for the work of educating the girls of Japan. They are willing to devote their lives to it, if only they were suitably prepared; but few of them have opportunities of study such as men have, for none of the higher institutions are open to women, still less have they the means to come abroad for study. Yet they are better fitted already than any foreigner could be to take up the work among our women, especially among those of the higher classes, who in their impenetrable reserve cannot be reached by foreign ladies."

Sports and Sportswomen.

"It is but a poor creature who does not delight in healthy sport."

Fencing.

The *assaut d'armes* is the imitation of a real fight; consequently it should be short, each thrust received being immediately announced by the one touched, and the position on guard taken anew at a distance out of reach, as at the beginning.



It would be well if this rule were adopted in all fencing rooms.

A single effective thrust can put a fencer *hors de combat*; therefore, in making *assaut d'armes*, pupils should try to avoid the adversary's point by any correct defensive means—retreat or parry—and when they have the exact point on the body-line of the adversary between the neck and the hip. A reasonable fencer only accepts that kind of thrust which, on a true field of battle, is capable of ending a fight.

The fencer who wishes to become an expert should take advantage of

all occasions offered to him to fence with different swordsmen. There is always something to learn, each one having his individuality and possessing naturally a personal means of offense and defence sometimes instinctive. This is interesting to study in regard of the true principles of the defensive, which should suffice for all eventualities whatever.

If the adversary is superior, the inferior fencer is bound to develop his quickness; he seeks to ascertain fully how he has been touched. It is a lesson from which he can draw profit for a subsequent meeting.

If the adversary is inferior, the superior should take advantage to practice with confidence the use of all the different positions in both parts of the body-line, high and low, as this is not possible sometimes with a stronger opponent, who would overwhelm you with his superiority; in any case, the fencer should have but one aim: to do well according to the principles; it is the only way to improve his form and style.

For the *assaut* the fencer should protect himself against accidents and wear a costume suitable for this purpose. The jacket, not too much padded, should be made of substantial canvas, buttoned behind so as to allow the use of the left as well as the right hand in fencing. The collar should be very high in order to protect the neck. A belt is never necessary, neither is a leg-protector, if the position on guard is correct. The mask should protect the head completely, be of best quality and solidly attached, to not be dragged off during the *assaut*. The blade should be neither too soft nor too hard and should be straight; the accuracy of the thrust depends on this.

A pair of gloves is absolutely necessary to avoid the blows. The feet should be at ease in slippers with soles identical without extension, admitting that the fencer should use both hands.

All fancy costume should be discarded as being unbecoming to a true fencer.—THE CAPTAIN.

Rational Physical Culture.

To those interested in club swinging—light movements intended especially to develop the upper part of the body—I

want to speak of the method devised by W. R. McDaniel, M. A., which appeals to me as both useful and attractive. It is intended to save time, and drudgery of mere imitation, in learning the club swings. The principle involved is the same as that employed in music. Certain swings are regarded as elementary, and are compared to the notes of the musical scale, out of which all the various complex swings are made. The elementary swings are represented by symbols called notes; and when these notes are written in a proper succession, one may read and swing, and produce the evolutions they represent. Like music, this system has certain signs indicating rests, repeats, etc.

Rational physical culture admits of swinging dumb-bells and clubs; executing movements with wands and rings, and all exercises of a large and well-appointed gymnasium; as well as light, free movements. The one point to be kept constantly in mind is, that energized movements must not be used to the exclusion of devitalizing movements; that rollicking, exciting action must be supplemented by reposeful movements, or the result will be muscle at the expense of grace and expression. There is wonderful power in graceful motion, which need not and should not be sacrificed. Cicero tells us the Roscius gained great love from everyone by the mere movements of his person; and Bacon declares that, "In beauty, that of decent and gracious motion is more than that of favor," showing the sway that graceful motion has held through the ages. Occasionally a person has talent for grace, as others have for music, painting, or sculpture; but all can cultivate it to a marked extent. A graceful mien places a person *en rapport* with any company, and he who neglects physical refinement does not live up to his highest privileges, for he closes an avenue of good, rendering himself less useful and agreeable to others. Make physical education the basis of all education. Let your work show forth the power and skill, but not its image.

A Swimming Lesson.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS SEASONED WITH A LITTLE ADVENTURE.

We were nearly all young fellows of about 12, and we were playing on a float over deep water one day in July, when suddenly one of us fell in. The rest of us stood petrified with fright and watched our companion sink and rise, struggle and gasp, but we raised never a hand.



Fortunately, a young girl, about two years our senior, was of our number. She quickly lowered herself into the water and with two strokes of her slender arms she was beside our friend and had a firm though painful grasp on his hair.

One stroke back, and the unfortunate was in reach of helping hands. That stroke, while it rescued

him, forced her completely under water; but that was nothing to her! She was on the surface again in an instant and was standing erect on the float before the frightened and exhausted boy could be helped to his feet, and I must confess that the rest of us forgot our sympathy for him in our admiration for her, as we followed the dripping heroine to the firm land and left our playmate to come on as best he might.

The tomboy is not a good model for girls to follow; but if a girl cultivates active exercises so that she has good strong muscles and can climb a moderate mountain or leap a brook at a pinch, no discredit falls to her for that—indeed, quite the contrary. And concerning swimming, which is the subject in hand, it is a delightful and a graceful accomplishment for girls as well as for boys, and sometimes a very valuable one, as in this particular case.

While I purpose to tell how I learned to swim, I can't resist the temptation to tell how I didn't learn that art. The big fellows, who were always diving off the high places of our country bath-house, used to tell us younger ones that

there was only one way to learn and that was, to allow ourselves to be thrown overboard where the water was over our head, the instinct of self-preservation would do the rest—so they said. All good swimmers, excepting themselves, had learned in that way.

We were all very anxious to learn, but, somehow, our desire flagged when we heard this. It may be that these big fellows took a special interest in my education—at any rate, they were of course actuated by the best of motives when, in the middle of a lazy sun-bath one day, they pushed me off the bath house platform into five feet of water.

I don't remember that I was frightened as I struggled with a watery death; I was hardly allowed time to be; they were the frightened ones as they saw me sink and heard me gurgle, and the one that pushed me in had to follow and pull me out. If my memory serves me, they abandoned their theory on the spot.

After this abject failure on my part, I tried—when the big fellows were not around—the life-preserver method. This was better, for it at least gave me practice in the motions of swimming, though I had already learned these fairly well before vacation time by sprawling on the piano-stool and working arms and legs.

But it was through my fondness for being under water that I actually learned to swim. As long as there was a solid bottom under my feet I loved to sink and crawl about and hold my breath for the longest possible time, finally to dart gasping to the surface, like a jack-in-the-box, at the very last moment.

One day when, with wide-open eyes, I was minutely examining the snail-dotted bottom, a great discovery dawned upon me. My limbs were motionless, yet my head and body were slowly, surely rising! I tried it again, forcing myself to the bottom and then remaining perfectly still. Up, up I rose until the crown of my head was out of the water, and thus I remained, rising and falling with each wave, until I could hold my breath no longer—even though I had drawn my feet up under me so that they were quite clear of the bottom.

Being a very thoughtful fellow in those days and fond of working out problems, I sat down upon the bath house steps and pondered until I felt my back scorching in the sun.

Further experiment convinced me that by simply resting face downwards in the water my head would invariably float, though my feet would slowly sink, and becoming thoroughly confident of this I soon began to take short swims of four or five strokes in shallow water.

When I became flurried, as was sometimes the case, I invariably swallowed a pint of water, lost my breath and sunk, but when I took matters calmly I was able to do my five strokes handily, and one day I surprised even myself by swimming quite around the borders of the bath, where the depth was much over my head.

I kept my new accomplishment to myself, and on one well-remembered day, when an elder relative was gingerly thrusting his toes into the cool water, my youthful bravado suddenly rose. I plunged in where it was six feet deep and when my horrified companion had recovered from his momentary stupefaction and plunged in after me, I beat him back to land by a full length.

The gist of this is that one cannot sink as long as his lungs are full of air and his mind full of confidence. It requires no effort to keep the head up, while the feet will rise as high as necessary merely by using them in the usual frog fashion.

Learn the motions of arms and feet, employ them leisurely and, as soon as you lose your fear of going under, you will find that you stay on top. It is necessary to keep only the

nostrils above water and the head should be tilted far back accordingly, the breathing to be done through the nose with the mouth kept tight shut. If the beginner proceeds according to these few rules—proceeds calmly, remember—he will be in a fair way to speedily enjoy all the luxury of a deep-water swim.—JUDSON N. SMITH.

Taking a Rest.

These girls are wheeling through Europe and having the jolliest time. Don't you wish you were with them.

Society's Latest Rules.

There is so much in the way of abstraction and fine spinning in literature nowadays that it is a relief to come upon something explicit and positive and to the point. There is no beating about the bush in "What To Do," a miniature book by Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce (D. Appleton & Co.). This is a work only four inches long and three inches wide, and containing only seventy-two pages; and yet it is concerned with the details of the great subject of polite behavior. It is, within these compact limits, guide, counselor and friend to that great body of mankind who are conscious of their hands and feet and otherwise deficient in the ways that such consciousness implies. It is a book of instruction and advice, and being such a small book, it is naturally mandatory in tone. It talks sharply, like a drillmaster, without hesitation and without explanation. Inquisitive recruits who may wish to know the reason of the goose-step will have to apply elsewhere. Here they may become acquainted merely with what the goose-step is.

I may direct attention to one or two points which have interested me particularly in "What To Do." I find that "a gentleman on being presented to two ladies should never turn his back on one while addressing the other." This is a piece of bad manners which it is easy to avoid. It is, perhaps, worth remarking that the back of a gentleman may become presented to a lady, so far as he is concerned, in two ways. It may become actively presented, through motion on his part, or passively, through motion on hers. So far as the active offense is concerned, it need never be given, of course, by any gentleman who is reasonably thoughtful; and thoughtfulness and a very slight measure of agility, it may be added, are all that is necessary for the avoidance of the passive offense. If the gentleman, keeping his eye on the lady whom he is not addressing, observes that she is edging about in a way liable to bring her behind him, all that he need do is to move slightly in an orbit of like direction. It will be seen at once that she can never get ahead of him—or perhaps it is better in this case to say behind him—because her motion is a motion at the circumference, and can never reasonably hope to surpass the mere pivotal motion which it is necessary for him to maintain. Of course by persistence she can effect a rather grotesque state of things, but she cannot, if he preserves his presence of mind, force him to violate this very important canon of polite behavior.

FRANK L. STANTON, the Georgia poet, is a young man of many talents. His verses are copied far and wide, and consist of three distinct styles, dialect-humorous, dialect-pathetic, and genuine lyrics of love and longing. These songs have recently been gathered into a volume that is having a cordial reception throughout the country; it is divided into two parts—Songs of a Day and Songs of the Soil.



TAKING A REST.



"No frowns, no poutings, no complaints,
In my bright garden fair."

Doronicum Harpur Crewe.

Our drawing represents a plant of the greater leopard's bane, known also as *Doronicum plantagineum excelsum*. It was named after Mr. Harpur Crewe in the first instance on account of its having originated in his garden, beyond which it has never been traced. The *Doronicums* are nearly all useful and effective plants, especially valuable from their early flowering habit, and of the whole genus the plant represented is decidedly the best. The flowers are much larger than in any other species, and it is also the tallest kind. There are no plants more easy of culture than the *Doronicums*. They allow of almost unlimited division of the roots, and small pieces spread very rapidly. They are best planted in the autumn, and are not particular as to soil or situation. All the *Doronicums* have bright yellow flowers, and are extremely effective for house decoration. Treated as pot plants, *Doronicums* give excellent results. One species, *D. caucasicum*, which naturally flowers very early, is especially adapted to this mode of treatment, as when left on the hardy border it is liable to have its blossoms cut by frost. Two other species, *D. austriacum* and *D. Clusii* make a pleasant variety in the hardy garden. *D. Harpur Crewe* can be grown in pots and forced slightly, and is a particularly good plant for the cool greenhouse in spring, but so strong a plant is naturally seen to the greatest advantage in the open ground.

A Visit to Mr. Gannell's Swanley Nursery.

Mr. Cannel's nursery has been truly styled "The Home of Flowers." After having been through his double range of plant-houses on a warm day in early spring, one comes away with an altogether wrong impression of the time of year, and can hardly imagine it other than the height of summer, so bright and sunny does everything seem in that Kentish valley. Work, in preparation for the coming season, was being carried on with great vigour at the time of my visit, for Mr. Cannel is one of the largest growers of subtropical and bedding plants, for which there will shortly be an immense demand. Large quantities are sent by him to America, where, he tells me, the more elaborate and expensive styles of carpet bedding are in great favour. One large house is given up to the propagation of Dahlias; on the one side are the old tubers, planted close together in

shallow soil, and throwing up innumerable young shoots; on the other side, shaded cases to receive the newly-made cuttings, and stages for those already struck. I was interested to learn that the Tom Thumb single Dahlias, which were brought out last year, are likely to be the coming thing for bedding out. Another house is devoted to Tuberous Begonias, perhaps the most popular of all bedding plants. Thousands of seedlings are raised at Mr. Cannel's. Those that I saw were in the one-leaved stage, and had just been pricked into boxes; but not a gap was visible to mar the regularity of the rows. I noticed a fine collection of *Abutilons* getting into readiness for summer bedding. These are fashionable subjects to work with Cannas and such-like subtropical plants. Golden Fleece, a clear yellow; Emperor, maroon; Thompsoni, for yellow variegated foliage; and Madame Gabriel de Revira are the best kinds. An interesting new variety is Eclipse, an improvement on *Vexillarium variegatum*. Close beside these was pointed out to me a fine collection of the Night-flowering Stock, which I was told was perhaps a unique assemblage of these old-fashioned plants, now almost lost to gardens. Cannas, Coleus, Iresines, Alternantheras, and Echeverias are grown in immense quantities at Swanley, as, in fact, is every sort of bedding plant. Some of the variegated-leaved Geraniums, which are specially attended to here, deserve mention. One of the most striking is Black Vestuvius, a plant with almost black leaves and brilliant flame-coloured flowers, which would look most effective in beds. Another of the same class is Freak of Nature, which has leaves oddly blotched with creamy white. I was shown several novelties in the way of foliage plants for bedding, which those who have summer beds to plan would do well to bear in mind. These were a variegated *Hydrangea* (*H. speciosa variegata*), *Cineraria maritima aurea* (a golden variety of this useful plant), and a variegated *Agapanthus*. Bedding Gem is pronounced a particularly good new *Pyrethrum*, with fine yellow foliage, a variety from Halleri maxima. The fame of Mr. Cannel's Zonal Pelargoniums is world-wide, and for all the year round. I was fortunate in seeing some of the newest varieties in full flower. Lady Brooke, a white flower, blushed with salmon colour, is one in which the firm take special pride. Mrs. R. Cannel is another striking novelty, also salmon-coloured. Two new pink varieties, Princess Maud of Wales



DORONICUM HARPUR CREWE.

and Duchess of Portland, cannot be spoken of too highly. Spotted Gem is quite a new departure in Pelargoniums, the petals being distinctly dotted with colour; and King of the Purples is almost equally new in its colouring. As a white, Swanley Single White is one of the best. Primulas and Cyclamens, which are raised in enormous numbers at Swanley, were over at the time of my visit, but I was in good time for the Cinerarias, which were a remarkable sight. Before turning to the singles, I would mention the new double strain, which Mr. Cannel has lately brought out, and which won him the personal congratulations of the King and Queen of the Belgians at the Belgian International Exhibition. Of these A. F. Barron, J. Black, and Beauty are the most taking varieties.

The collection of single Cinerarias was as fine a one as could be desired, and the choice of good varieties immense. One which took my fancy particularly was a very deep blue self, called T. D. Spalding. The self colours, I was told, are decidedly more popular than those mixed with white, though such varieties as Convolvulus, a good blue and white, Symmetrical, and Mrs. Paterson Nickalls are admirable of their kind. Lady Rosebery, a splendid purple and white flower, is one of the newest. To turn to a wholly different department, Mr. Cannell has some very charming new ferns of a tufted nature. One of these, Adiantum Legrande, a kind of tufted Maidenhair, is becoming popular already, and another, Pteris Serrulata Smithiana, is in the same way. Another remarkable fern I saw was Bull's new Pteris Victoriae, an interesting form, with serrated silver veining.—QUIDNUNC.

Lilies of the Valley.

Lilies white by the garden wall,
Under the shadow they cluster all,
In rich profusion.

Gently swayed by the summer breeze.
White bells resting in dark green leaves,
In sweet seclusion.

Bees may hum by near the garden wall,
Birds to their mates, or little ones, call,
In silver warbling.

White lilies see not, nor hear, nor care ;
On their leaves they rock in the soft, warm air
All the morning.

Night comes down, and the garden wall
Is dimly seen, but the lilies all
Are shining.

White in the darkness, a silvery light
Brightens the garden—the lilies at night
Are gleaming—MAID MARION.

Answers.

PRIMROSES.—“B. B. H.” might make a bed for these on either the W. or N. border. They succeed best in partial shade, and in a moist situation. This applies to primroses of all kinds, either double or single. I should say that the west border would be the best for “B. B. H.,” taking into consideration the locality of the garden.—S. R. V.

VIOLETS.—The best position for violets in the garden described would be on the border facing south. They like plenty of sun. They should not be in a position which would be very dry in summer, as the leaves are liable to attacks of red spider. However, in a garden in Argyle they would probably get a good deal of moisture all the year round.—S. R. V.

POPPIES.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that poppies do not bear transplanting. The Oriental poppy is most difficult to rear from seed ; but when the plant is obtained, it is absolutely necessary to thin out the bed, having another bed prepared for the young plants.—EXPERIMENTA DOCET. [Our correspondent was referring to annual poppies, which do not transplant well. The Oriental poppy is a perennial, and “Experientia Docet” is correct in saying that when raised from seed it requires to be transplanted. We cannot, however, agree with her in considering it difficult to raise ; we have always found the seed germinate freely.—ED.]

Papa's Baby Boy.

Charming as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about 1 o'clock in the morning, when you are dead for sleep. There are young and talkative children who have no more regard for your feelings, or for the proprieties of life, than to open their

peepers with a snap at 1 or 2 a.m. and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort :

“Papa !”

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet ; but again the boy of 3 pipes out sharply :

“Papa !”

“Well ?” you say.

“You 'wake, papa ?”

“Yes.”

“So's me.”

“Yes, I hear that you are,” you say with cold sarcasm.

“What do you want ?”

“Oh, nuffin !”

“Well, lie still and go to sleep, then.”

“I isn't sleepy, papa !”

“Well, I am, young man.”

“Is you ? I isn't—not a bit. I say, papa, *papa* !”

“Well !”

“If you was rich what would you buy me ?”

“I don't know—go to sleep.”

“Wouldn't you buy me nuffin ?”

“I fancy so ; now you—”

“What, papa ?”

“Well, a steam engine, maybe ; now *you go to sleep*.”

“With a whistle that would sound, papa ?”

“Yes, yes ; now you—”

“And would the wheels go round, papa ?”

“Oh, yes (*yawning*). Shut your eyes, now.”

“I say, papa.”

No answer.

“Papa !”

“Well, what now ?”

“Is you 'fraid of the dark ?”

“No” (drowsily).

“I want a jink.”

“No you don't.”

“I do, papa.”

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the “jink,” and you scurry out to the bath-room in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

“Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night,” you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says :

“Papa !”

“Look here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—”

“I can spell ‘dog,’ papa.”

“Well, nobody wants to hear you spell at 2 o'clock in the morning.”

“B-o-g—dog ; is that right ?”

“Yes, yes ; now you lie down, and go to sleep, instantly !”

“Then I shall be a good boy, won't I, papa ?”

“Yes ! You'll be the best boy on earth. Good night, dearie.”

“Papa !”

“Well, well ! What now ?”

“Is I your little boy ?”

“Yes, yes ; of course.”

“Some mans haven't got any little boys ; but you have, haven't you ?”

“Yes.”

“Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys ?”

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over two or three times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

MISS EMERY, of Maine, a four years' student at Bryn Mawr College, has received the European fellowship entitling her to a year's study in any European university.

Crowded Out.

By NORAH MARBLE.

"**L**ITERATOOR!" What a cloud the word brought over the old man's face as the gaunt white horse jogged on its way to the station. "So you be one of them literatoor fellows, eh? Well, well!" and the speaker eyed the complacent, prosperous-looking man by his side, with a curious mingling of admiration and pity strange to see. "I never hears that word," he went on, sadly, "but I thinks of our Allen—Allen Day, sir, the likeliest young feller airy country town ever turned out. You never heard onto him? No, I reckon not; but you would hev, mister, if the dear soul hed hed half a chance; but he were crowded out, you see—crowded clear out into another spheer."

The speaker's hands twitched nervously upon the reins which lay idly in his lap, and the working of his seamed, homely old face betrayed the tears which lay unshed beneath his sandy-lashed eyelids.

"You'd like to know," after a pause, "how our Allan were crowded out? I say our Allen, 'cause I worked in the field with his father long afore ever he was born, and when I hed hopes, in fact, of winnin' Patty Higgins, his mother, fer myself. Yes," shyly, flicking a fly off the horse's back, "I hed hopes that onct, sir; but Amasa Day, a likelier feller'n me—and who'd a-gone through college if he hadn't been expelled for some prank or 'nother—was lookin' that way hisself, consequently I stood no airthly chance of winnin', even if I hed entered the race. So Amasa and Patty was married, and him and her, nor nobody else, ever guessed how cut up I was over the matter. It weren't but a few years, howsomever, afore Amasa died and left Patty a widder with one son, delekit like his father, and given like him to dreamin' over books and sich, so out of friendship's sake I took the managin' of the Day farm, that was considerably run down and purty well mor'gided to boot."

An expression upon his companion's face made him pause.

"No," sadly; "you aire mistaken in your calkerlations, mister—you aire indeed. No; Patty somehow hed growed clear out of my reach, and I would no more hev asked her to yoke herself to a clodhopper like me then—then—a shang-hie would think of matin' with a dove—not a bit more, sir, not a bit more. But that didn't hinder me from dedicatin' my life to her service and the boy's, so I worked airly and late without any hope or thought of reward, feelin' myself well paid when the boy come home from school lookin' so gentle and speakin' so refined and scholar-like."

"Well, Allen weren't more than nineteen afore he took a sitation in a bookstore up in the great city. That jest suited him, you see, and his letters to Patty and me was as full of poetry as—as life is full of sorrer and disappointment, sir, jest as full. Yes, that boy was a born poet, if there ever was one, and he only wanted half a chance to— But," he broke off, a little bitterly, "if it were intended from the beginnin', no doubt, that Allen were to be crowded out—fore-ordained, as it were, sir, you know—foreordained."

His companion making no reply, the old man, after a longer pause than usual, resumed:

"For some cause or 'nother Allen's employer failed, and there he was without a sitation. He was hopeful, though, and writ as how he was expectin' to git into one every day. He had lots of promises, sir, lots! It were astonishin' how many were ready to give him a place as soon as airy openin' offered, and right proud was Patty and me that our boy stood so high up in the great city."

"A month, then two, well-nigh three, went by, and it was hopin' and sendin' him money to git along on while a-waitin' for them aire promised 'openin's' till Patty and me were despairin'. The crops, too, turned out bad that season, and at last we writ for Allen to come home, thinkin', contrariwise to him, that them openin's would be held for him, wherever he might be."

"Thin and deliketer than ever he apeared when he did come home, and it weren't long afore Patty drewed out of

him how he had been livin' on one meal a day; me and her not calkerlatin', you see, sir, onto advertisin' and other city expenses when we sent him the little we could spare. No wonder he looked run down, and from that hour Patty and me looked onto the city as a great monster what had to be fed daily with strugglin' innocent lads from the country."

"Then it weren't long afore we were staggerin' under another mor'gidge. Winter was a-comm' on, too, and Patty was a-grievin' over Allen's shabby overcoat, and wonderin' how she was goin' to get him a new one. Me and her didn't keer for fine clothes for ourselves, mister, but Allen was our pride, and it was hard to see him wantin' for anything that a gentleman ought to have. As for me," he added, glancing from the well-appointed person of his companion to his own cuffless wrists, and with a slight motion toward his collarless and cravatless throat—"as for me, I never hev lived in the city, you know, and consequentially hev had no use for its superfluities, sir; none whatever."

Involuntarily the listener's soft white hand fell upon the rough labor-worn one of the other, as if in tribute to his simplicity and honest, humble nature.

"Thankee, sir," said the old man, gently, partly divining his companion's thoughts—"thankee, sir."

"Well," resuming, "Allen had been used to shuttin' hisself up every day alone for hours, and onct, when Patty had been worryin' over things, he says, says he, 'I haven't been idle all this time, mother. Wait awhile longer and I may be able to change all these things for you.' It weren't long after that afore Patty came to me one day with great tears rollin' down her cheeks, yet with smiles a-strugglin' through like—like a blade o' grass a-peepin' from under the snow."

"'Silas,' says she, 'Allen is writin' a tale all in verse; then she looked at me reproachful, 'cause I didn't fall into a apoplectic fit to onct."

"'A tale,' says I, 'in verse?' for all the world as if she hed said the buckwheat was out, or the pertaters gone to seed."

"'Yes,' says she, defiant like, 'a poem after the style of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."'

"'Idols of the King,'" says I; 'somethin' Scriptural, then, I take it.'

"You see, sir," humbly explained the old man, "I didn't know as much about literatoor in them days as I do now. Since then I've read some mighty purty verses by that same Tennyson, and I calkerlate onto'em doin' me more good then airy hymn into airy hymn book I ever see. There was one," he ruminated, "called 'Dora,' all about a meek and patient maiden whose heart yearned toward William, who loved and married another; and one, what ennymost broke my heart, about Enoch and Annie and Philip. 'Not to tell her,'" he quoted brokenly; "never to let her know." Poor Enoch!"

The listener understood fully all that was passing in the heart of the simple, tender being beside him, and again did his hand fall in a sympathetic pressure upon the toil-hardened one of the other.

"And so," with a sad smile, "Patty was the happiest woman on the planet, when Allen, all blushin' and hesitatin', told us the poem was done, and when, at her coaxin', he read it out loud, I don't know which was the prouder of that boy, mister—her or me; I raily don't. Afore he was through we was both a-sobbin' as though our hearts would break, the poem was that true and simple and affectin'; a tale of simple lives like our own, a-hopin' and lookin' for better days, as we hed been doin' for so long. Me and Patty said never a word when it was done, and Allen set pale and quiet, as though lookin' at something we couldn't see, with great beads of perspiration a-glisten'n' like dew agin the purple shadders under his eyes. There weren't no need of words, sir; our smiles and tears had said enough, and Allen was satisfied."

"The next day the precious poem was mailed to a magazine up in the city, and Patty and me fell at once to specu-

latin' what sich a touchin' piece of writin' would bring to the author; she reckonin' onto its liftin' the mor'gidges, tellin' me over and over agin how much Mr. Tennyson got fer a poem not half so long or affectin', and what a Mr. Longfeller got fer just four lines, and what some folks got fer allowin' their names to go as a recommend to soaps and medicines, and sich, till I begun to think our Allen's pen might prove an Aladdin lamp. A twist o' the wrist, a scratch of a pen, and down would pour the dollars.

"Allen never mentioned the poem no more, but went about nervous and pale-lookin' specially when I went out fer the mail. None of us, mister, never laid our heads onto the piller without sayin', 'To-morrow—we'll hear to-morrow.' In that way a month, then two, well-nigh three, had passèd, and still it was 'To-morrow,' and Allen had growed almost to a shadder. Whichever way we looked trouble stared us in the face; 'and the reapers reaped, and the sun fell,'" quoted the old man, "and all the land was dark."

"Then one day, one happy day, there came a letter from that magazine, and the way I did put off home with it, mister, was astonishin', I assure you it was.

"My cheery whistle had warnèd Allen, and there he stood in the doorway a-palin' and flushin' like—like a boy up fer 'zamination. Without a word he took the letter, and, turning into his own room, locked the door. Pretty soon he came out again, and we knew by the sparkle in his eye and the color in his cheeks that—that—"

"The poem had been accepted!" interrupted his companion, with a glad thrill in his voice.

"Yes, sir, that was the word, 'Accepted, and will appear shortly.' The shortness of it disappointed Patty purty considerable, but the word 'shortly' pacified her somewhat; and so, womanlike," with a sad smile, "she was a-hagglin' for an overcoat the very next day with the village tailor. 'A Christmas present,' says she, 'for my son, my poet.' Natural like in a mother I, reckon, sir; though that word did set the loungers in the shop to sneerin' and a-nudgin' of one another. It were singular," reflected the old man, "what little stock the coarsegrained folks around took in our gentle Allen. 'It's human natur,' Patty always said when I felt hurt over it; and raily, mister, I do believe the dear soul felt mighty set up on account of them very sneers and nudgin's; I do, indeed."

"She had need to be," quietly said the listener; upon which, with some bewilderment, the old man continued:

"So November passèd, and December sot in, cold and stormy, but nothin' more was heard from that editor. Week after week went by, and no money nor no printin' come to gladden our eyes.

"'It ain't fair,' says Patty to me more than onct—'it ain't fair to shut a body's brains up that way, it jest ain't'—to which I agreed, mister," deprecatingly, "not knowin', you see, so much about literatoor and literatoor ways in them days as I do now."

Reminiscences of Enoch and Annie and Philip seemed to arise in the narrator's mind at that wanlike word "literatoor," but the station looming up in the distance seemed to cut his reverie short.

"Well, sir, Christmas was well nigh unto us, and I hed about concluded to run up to town and ask that editor what he meant by treatin' our boy in that way, but Patty kind of hoped it would come out fer New Year, seein' as how she reckoned onto that poem doin' more good than airy ten sermons.

"'Ef nothin' comes by that time,' says I, 'I'll—I'll—' Yo see, mister," he broke off, abruptly, "I hed about give over prayin' by now, and was feelin' purty much like a chained elephant who sees her little one tortured before her very eyes, and I— But mebbe," with a pitiful glance at his companion's face, "seein' as how you are in literatoor yourself, mebbe you can understand, sir, just how I felt."

The expression upon his companion's face reassuring him upon that point, the old man continued:

"Well, New Year's Day dawned most bitter cold, and what was wuss, the day a quarter's interest fell due on the mor'gidge.



"WHEN, AT HER COAXIN' HE READ IT OUT LOUD, I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAS THE PROUDER OF THAT BOY, MISTER—HER OR ME."

you could have seen into my heart when I turned back home with a big envelope directed in a firstrate hand to our boy, and bearin' in print, in one corner, the name of that aire magazine. It was full of bank notes, to be sure, and the way I did shout 'Happy New Year!' to every man, woman and child on the way was a caution, I assure you.

"Allen had dropped down beside his little writin' table that day when I went out, and, as though to save hisself from disappointment, set there still, not glancin' onct out of the winder. Through the settin' room I rushed, a-wavin' the precious envelope that Patty might see it, then into the room where Allen set all of a tremble.

"'God bless you, Allen!' says I, layin' the big envelope down in front of him; 'God bless you, my boy! Then, without waitin' fer an answer, I left the room, closin' the door softly behind me.

"Patty's head was bowed onto the kitchen table, sob after sob a-shakin' of her slender frame. Fer myself, mister, I couldn't settle to nothin' jist then, so I walked up and down the floor, expectin' every minute to see him come out happy and smilin', as he had done onct afore.

"'He'll be as chipper as a bird arter this,' says I to Patty,

"'The agent won't come out sech a day as this,' cheerfully says Patty, 'and mebbe by to-morrow—' She didn't go no further, for she see Allen's haggard eye fixed on her with a pleadin' expression most hard to bear."

"'Never mind,' says I, makin' ready to go fer the mail; 'somethin' tells me I'm not comin' back to-day empty-handed. A happy year is dawnin' most like for us all, but more specially for our Allen;' and out I went, hōpin' it would prove as I said.

"Well, mister, talk about happiness! I wish

DON'T GO TO SCHOOL TO LEARN BOOK-KEEPING,

When you can learn it AT HOME,
within 100 hours' study,
without the aid of a teacher

From **GOODWIN'S IMPROVED BOOK-KEEPING AND BUSINESS MANUAL**—(Guaranteed) *****

"I learned the science of book-keeping from your work in less than three weeks, and am now keeping three different sets of books. What I learned from your work in so short a time cost a friend of mine \$600 and over a year's time!"—**THOMAS TANTISH**, Skowhegan, Me., March 29, 1890. * * * "You illustrate what I never saw in any other work of the kind—*practical book-keeping*."—**E. H. WILDER**, book-keeper for Pratt & Inman, Iron and Steel, Worcester, Mass. * * * "Worth \$500!" **N. TOMNEY**, Vermillion Bay, Ont. * * * "Without the aid of a teacher I studied your book just eight weeks, sent my work to you for examination, and succeeded in obtaining

your 'audit.' I then came to this city, without ever having seen the inside of a set of books, and immediately took control of a set of double-entry books for this firm, whose receipts during 1890 were about \$1,500,000. I am now the firm's chief accountant and have five direct assistant book-keepers under me. It is said—and I do not think exaggerated—that I have the largest set of books in Indianapolis. The above surely stand as self-evident facts that the channel of success was opened to me through the medium of your book."—**WM. O. SHILEY**, head book-keeper for the Parry Manufacturing Co., road carts and road wagons, Indianapolis, Ind., February 23, 1891.

SIZE OF BOOK, 7 1/2 x 10 1/4 INCHES; PAGES, 293; PRINTED IN RED AND BLACK; RICHLY BOUND. 32,967 COPIES SOLD AND 3,124 TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED UP TO THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1892. PRICE, \$3.00. (SENT POST-PAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.) FOURTEENTH EDITION PUBLISHED MAY, 1892. **THIS BOOK IS NOT A LUXURY, BUT A NECESSITY**—PARTICULARLY TO THE **PROGRESSIVE!** IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO **MONEY-MAKING—MONEY-SAVING.** THOSE WHO POSSESS IT AND USE IT SUCCEED! WHO WOULD NOT BUY **ASSURED SUCCESS** AT A COST OF ONLY **THREE DOLLARS?** YOU WILL **SURELY** HAVE TO HAVE THIS BOOK **SOME DAY.** DON'T FAIL TO **SAVE THIS ADVERTISEMENT,** AS YOU WILL PROBABLY NEVER SEE IT AGAIN. SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS **EXACTLY** AS FOLLOWS:

J. H. GOODWIN, Room 239, 1215 Broadway, New York.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

Having made arrangements with the manufacturers of **SEWING MACHINE**, we are able to use them as a premium for advertising our **Journal**. This machine is sold at **\$45.00 to \$55.00**, has all the latest improved attachments, is solid, substantial, and finely finished. Agents who get a commission of from **\$15.00 to \$35.00** on every **Sewing Machine** they sell, will argue against ours. Of course they will: they want their commission. However, we guarantee our Machine to fill the wants of every household, and it can be examined and tried at our office in Toronto. All you have to do to get this Machine for **Only \$17.50**, is to become a subscriber to **THE CANADIAN QUEEN** for one year, and get up a club of three subscribers in addition. Write for circular and full description. Address

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA.

A SMOOTH FACE

Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, especially so in the case of ladies.

VAN-DAL-INE. Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair-follicle.

NO { Arsenic. Irritation. Emollient. Humbug.

Perfectly harmless. Wonderfully effective.

Sold by reliable druggists - - - Price 50 cts.

Agents Wanted.

The Berlin Chemical Co.,
BERLIN, ONT. 8-92

A Correction.

He was a Boston lad and his mother had occasion to say:

"I am very sorry, Willie, to find you have told a story, and on George Washington's birthday, too."

"I beg your pardon, mamma," he responded gently, "George Washington's birthday anniversary."

ASK FOR

The Crown Invigorating



LAVENDER SALTS

(REG'D.) The delightful and ever popular Smelling Salts and agreeable deodorizer. Appreciated everywhere as a most refreshing luxury. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—Le Follet.

Genuine only in Crown stoppered bottles as shown. Sold everywhere. Made only by the **CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,** 177 New Bond Street, London, England.

Reject spurious imitations which cause disappointment to the purchaser. 6t

A B.ow-over.

Hoffmann Howes—Wheah has Howell Gibbon been lately?

Rockaway Beeche—Staying at home, deah boy. His name was misspelled in one of the society papahs, and he is waiting faw the affaih to blow ovah.



A Sketching Camera that reflects any small picture to life, or any size sent on trial. Catalogue free. **C. R. JENNE, Fort Wayne, Ind.** In your reply mention THE QUEEN.

A Great Problem.

"I dined with Rittenhouse in Philadelphia the other day."

"Well, perhaps you can tell me. What wine is derigueur with scrapple?"

25 CENTS (silver) for my new design **BUTTER DISH**, triple plated on white metal. Mailed to any address, neatly packed, on receipt of price. Send at once, you will not regret it. **E. WRIGLEY, 1018 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. 6t**

Willie's Idea of the Flowery Kingdom.

"I'm glad I'm not a Chinaman," said Willie. "It must be awful unpleasant to have it dark all day and the sun shining all night."

FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

Important Notice.—Every reader of THE QUEEN is entitled to receive for one year on trial free of all charge The Family Journal, a large 8-paged, 40 column family paper filled with choice reading for the family; we want every reader of this paper to send us at once their full address and they will receive a first-class family paper free for one year; the Journal is to-day one of the best family papers published; send for it and see. To the first one hundred people who send us their address we will send each of them a fine and valuable present worth one dollar; remember this is no fraud, we guarantee to do just as we promise in every respect; we want every person who reads this to send us their full address and they will get a first-class family paper one year free, and the first one hundred names received will get a valuable present that will pay them well for their trouble; write name and address plain; send 10c. silver for postage on paper, and send to-day; satisfaction guaranteed. Address **THE FAMILY JOURNAL, 236 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ont.**

EVE is the only woman who never turned round "to see what the other woman had on."

SILK DRESS FREE!

We will **GIVE AWAY** absolutely **FREE** of cost, an elegant black or colored **SILK DRESS** pattern of 16 yards to any young lady in every town in America, who is willing to introduce among her friends "**THE MODERN QUEEN**," a large 16-page, 64 column, illustrated magazine, one of the best published. Devoted to Fiction, Fashions, Flowers, Fancy Work, Home Decorations, and everything pertaining to the household. Send at once **25 cents** for the magazine one year on trial and a package of elegant silks to select from. Address **THE MODERN QUEEN CO., 76-78-80 Center Street, New Haven, Conn.** if

Mention this paper.

CHAPPIE (on being snubbed)—What do you take me for?
ETHEL—A cigarette holder.

VISIT YOUR FRIENDS,

but first let us engrave you some visiting cards, or perhaps they may not be at home. 50 Engraved Steel Plate Visiting Cards for 50 cents, to test this "ad." Samples 2 cents.

WM. H. HARRIS, Engraving Works,
6t Salem, N. J.

ETHEL (showing her engagement ring):—"Don't you admire his taste?"
MAUD:—"Y-e-s, so far as jewelry is concerned."

CARDS 450 Samples, Verses, &c. Full Arts. Outfit, 16 p Sample Book, Name Revealer, Oracle of Kismet, and present, all 2c. None free. **GLOBE CARD CO., Box 51, Centerbrook, Conn.**



Bound to Go Somewhere FOR A WATCH

We are selling this month—our No. 140 Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case American Watch, stem wind, beautifully hand engraved, fitted with a Frank S. Taggart & Co. special grade American new model movement, guaranteed for five years and kept in order free of charge,

At \$20.00

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. If not to the entire satisfaction of purchaser it may be returned any time within one month and the full amount paid us will be refunded.

Send for a copy of our 208 page Catalogue Album illustrating a full line of what we sell.

Frank S. Taggart & Co.,
89 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

WHAT EVERYONE IS LOOKING FOR.

Is a good Piano or Organ at a Moderate Price and on Easy Terms of Payment.

We Can Furnish

Just such a desideratum and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,

And other Pianos taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order and can be sold at prices from \$100 to \$200 on terms of \$5 to \$8 per month.

KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,

And other Organs in fair order at from \$50 to \$90—all slightly used.

OUR SECOND SOURCE OF SUPPLY

IS IN OUR FAMOUS

MASON & RISCH, STYLE "A"

Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7½ Octave—our regular selling price for which is \$350 with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this Paper.

OUR \$90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN

Style 191 at \$5.00 per month is creating a sensation. It is an 11 stop Organ with four sets of reeds—solid case, 6 feet high with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for 2 months in order to introduce this beautiful new design. More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.

MASON & RISCH, 32 King St., West, TORONTO.

A Magnificent Diamond Bracelet,

A Real Stone in Solid Gold Setting, Beautifully Enamelled in Turquoise.

A HANDSOME IMPORTED OPERA GLASS

ENCLOSED IN A FINE LEATHER CASE.

The Above Are For Lucky Guessers.

TO every person correctly naming the next President of the United States, we will send, *prepaid and free of customs charges*, a splendid **Diamond Bracelet, with real stone in solid gold setting, beautifully enamelled in turquoise**, and enclosed in a handsome plush-lined case. This is not a toy, neither is it tawdry. It is chaste in design, elegant in appearance, and, above all, it is *genuine*, and will be appreciated and can be worn by the most fastidious lady in the land.

To every person naming the next Vice-President of the United States, will be sent, *free of duty*, a handsome **Imported Opera Glass**, enclosed in fine leather case.

If you desire a chance to secure either or both of the above beautiful and valuable articles, carefully read the attached coupons, note the conditions, fill up and send to us at once.

Either of these awards cost us many times the sum we ask you for; our sole object being to increase the circulation of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, which now ranks fourth on the Continent with a circulation of **101,562**. The present proprietors assumed control of THE CANADIAN QUEEN on the first day of July last, and with ample capital, experience and integrity, solicits and deserves your confidence.

If these rewards are not as represented, we will refund the money sent.

Extra Special Prize.

In addition to the above very liberal offer, we will give a magnificent pair of **Diamond Ear-rings**, enclosed in a beautiful plush-lined case, to each of the *first hundred* correct answers received. These are in addition to the other awards, and will be sent *prepaid and free of duty*.

N.B.—No answer can be amended after being sent in. A second answer will be accepted only on receipt of another subscription.

TO THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., LT'D.,
TORONTO, CANADA.

I name..... as next President of the United States.
I herewith enclose you \$1.00 for one year's subscription for THE CANADIAN QUEEN, to be sent to the address as below. I agree, that if I have named correctly the next President of the United States, to send you 75cts. to pay the cost of packing and insurance (\$30) of the **Diamond Bracelet** offered by you.
Bracelets will be ready on November 1st.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE.....

(Write name and address plainly.)

TO THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., L'TD.,
TORONTO, CANADA.

I name..... as next Vice-President of the United States.
I herewith enclose you \$1.00 for one year's subscription for THE CANADIAN QUEEN, to be sent to the address as below. I further agree, that if I have named correctly the next Vice-President of the United States, to send you 75 cents to pay the cost of packing the **Opera Glass** offered by you.
Opera Glasses will be here November 1st.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE.....

(Write name and address plainly.)

EXPRESS OFFICE.....

GOOD SALARY Guaranteed, Ladies willing to devote spare time to pleasant home employment, address, in own handwriting, with stamped envelope, JOLIET TOILET CO., Joliet, Ill. it

FAT FOLKS You can reduce your weight from 10 to 15 pounds a month without injury, without starving, without anyone being the wiser, at home, at small cost, by the use of **Old Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment.** Perfected in over 40 years special practice. Send for proofs and testimonials. P. B. CLARKE, M. D., Drawer 133, Chicago, Ill. Established 1851. y-At

FREE.

In order to fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh free of all charge. For free treatment address

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,

286 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT

The Biggest Success of the Season.

THE NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED.

The "TRAVELERS' OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE" for May says, editorially: "The excellent management of the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE impresses itself upon the traveler, and it is no disparagement to the many excellent examples of DINING CAR SERVICE to state, as the result of our experience, that this service on the 'Rock Island Road' is the best of any we have enjoyed."

No other service in the world like it.

Try the new "Limited" that leaves Chicago daily at 10.45 A. M., is only ONE NIGHT OUT, and arrives at Denver, Pueblo, or Col. Springs next afternoon, earlier than all competitors.

The only direct line to Manitou.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A.

Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN Beeman's Pennyroyal and Tansy Pills. Never fail. Always sure. Sealed \$1.00 Stevens & Gustavus, Sole U.S. Agts. 57 Washington St. Chicago, Ill

TO LADIES ONLY!

JEFFERSON'S VITALIZING PILLS.

Great System Vitalizer, Invigorator, Renewer of Broken-down, Wasted Constitutions. Specially adapted to females, and guaranteed to cure Nervous Prostration, Physical Debility, and all ills peculiar to the sex. Adapted to all ages and conditions of life. One box by mail, \$2.00; three boxes, \$5.00. JEFFERSON MEDICINE CO., Adams, N. Y. When sending mention CANADIAN QUEEN. 10-32

Niagara Falls Line.

STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

—FOR—

ST. CATHARINES

—AND ALL POINTS ON—

WELLAND DIV G. T. R., NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, Daily from Geddes Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, at 3:40 p. m.

EXCURSION CHARTERS

Can now be made at Low Rates for above points. Special rates for

Sunday Schools and Church Parties.

Committees are asked to see us before closing elsewhere. Apply at

STEAMER OFFICE, 69 YONGE ST.



The GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., Glasgo, Conn., will distribute in Premiums \$2,000. Gold Coin, for the best specimens of fancy work, to be made only from the Glasgo Twilled Lace Thread. Open to all residents of the U. S.

Send 10c. for Sample Spool Twilled Lace Thread. 500 Yards.

\$2000.00 GOLD COIN in Premiums.

Ask your dealer for circulars giving full information. If not to be had of him, write us. DO NOT DELAY. Thoroughly satisfactory proofs of our reliability furnished. GLASGO LACE THREAD CO., GLASGO, CONN.

Send 10c. each for Illus. Crochet Books, No. 1 and No. 2.

A Standard Book as a Premium!

Whether you go to the World's Fair or not, you should own a copy of

—THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF—

Christopher Columbus

BY

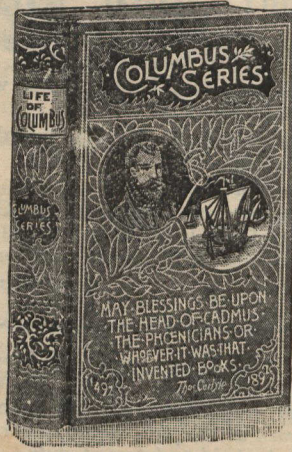
WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Best and only Complete Edition.

Fine Cloth; Embossed from beautiful designs in Ink and Gold.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

735 Pages, beautifully printed. Large, clear type.



THE POPULAR 12MO. SIZE.

THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is one of the recognized masterpieces among the works of WASHINGTON IRVING. With the most careful attention to detail and a masterly sub-division of the material into eighteen parts, each one treating of some particular epoch in the life of the discoverer, and with a valuable appendix containing the developments of later years, and additional facts which had not been secured at the first publication of the work, this LIFE OF COLUMBUS, covering 735 beautifully printed and illustrated pages, forms an exhaustive and comprehensive treatise on the subject, which will more than satisfy the demands of all who desire an accurate history of the famous navigator. Beginning with the birth and early life of the great voyager, the author follows him step by step through his vain attempts at securing a patronage which should make possible the carrying out of his plans; following the first voyage and his thousand and one discouragements and experiences; taking up the landing in the new world and the return to Spain; giving all the particulars of his second voyage and return; the decline of his popularity; the disappointments in the preparation for his third voyage, and so on through the countless episodes of a most eventful career, to his death and burial. All these constitute a work more fascinating than fiction, full of instruction and replete with historical facts. It is

The Great Standard Biography of the World's Greatest Navigator.

COLUMBUS' FLEET.—One of the most remarkable and interesting features of the World's Fair will be the reproduction of the three original ships with which Columbus sailed in quest of the New World. These vessels were built in Spain by the government, and will be in all respects exact reproductions of the "Santa Maria," "Pinta" and "Nina," from their keels to the top of the mainmast. Great care has been taken to produce all the details just as they were in the time of Columbus, and the ancient instruments and appliances of navigation will be placed on the queer little vessels just as they were then. The "Columbus Fleet" is to be complete in all respects. The Spanish government will provide crews, dressed, armed and uniformed as they were when Columbus sailed from Palos four hundred years ago. This edition shows illustrations of Columbus' ships.

This book should lie on the centre table of every home, not only as a book of entertainment for the mature members of the household, but as a work of instruction for the young. Nothing is so important for the youth of our land as the possession of the complete and accurate knowledge of the history of our great country. We, therefore, urge our readers to avail themselves of

OUR LIBERAL PREMIUM OFFER.

Send us \$1.25 and get this interesting book and THE CANADIAN QUEEN for one year, postage prepaid. Do not delay sending, as this offer will hold good only for a short time.

Department "A,"

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., LT'D.,

TORONTO, CANADA.



NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT!

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits.

GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with Shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits.

Trade Mark. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$500 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a SILK DRESS, 15 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.

Home References.—The Lytle Safe & Lock Co., 146-150 Water St., J. D. Park & Sons Co., our Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GIVEN AWAY FOR 30 DAYS.

Now is our dull season, and yet we desire to do business and keep our staff of artists employed. To introduce our work in your neighborhood, we will make you free, one of our LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAITS from any picture of yourself or member of your family (living or dead) which you may send us, provided you will have it framed and exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and allow us to refer to you as a patron of our Association. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect condition. Only one sample crayon will be given in same family or neighborhood, so send at once if you desire it. There is absolutely no charge on Crayon itself, so you run no risk. Catalogue of frames mailed free after receipt of picture. Send 10-day and address Anglo-American Art Association, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

LADIES Mail 2c. stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust 5 inches, by using "EMMA'S" Bust Developer. Guaranteed. 24 page illustrated catalogue for 6 cents. Address EMMA TOLLET BAZAR, 224 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. Mention this paper.

A 32 page Health Book for mothers and daughters, will be mailed free to any address on application. Address J. P. GUILLOT, AGENT, WINDSOR, ONT.

\$90.00 Special Offer in Organs \$90.00

IN order to save the expense of travellers, we have decided to try the effect of direct advertising. We will ship one of the famous G. W. Cornwall & Co's Organs, exactly the same as this Cut, with 11 stops, 4 sets of reeds, Handsome case 6 feet high with plate glass mirror—free on board Cars at Toronto addressed anywhere in Ontario. Instrument fully guaranteed

For \$90.00.

For \$90.00.

The Regular Price Is \$135.00.

The Regular Price Is \$135.00.

Secure One Immediately.

Secure One Immediately.



Write at once for Illustrated Catalogue.

Write at once for Illustrated Catalogue.

This offer only holds good for one month. Terms, \$15.00, to be sent with order, which amount will be refunded if Organ is reported unsatisfactory within 10 days. Balance payable \$10.00 per month. If the whole cash is paid within 30 days of shipment, a discount of five dollars will be made.

Mention this paper in writing.

MASON & RISCH, 32 King St. West, Toronto.

DENT'S Toothache Gum STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY.



(A SWELL AFFAIR.)

This is not a Chewing Gum.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Sold by all Druggists, or send 15c. to C. S. DENT, DETROIT, MICH.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED Mrs. N. J. Hayley, Belleville, Kan.: "When I began your treatment I was so exhausted by ailments that I could not work. The accompanying figures show the result of 3 months' treatment. I now feel like a new being. I have gained 35 lbs. and pains all gone. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp enclosed." **PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.** Harmless. No Starving. Send 6c in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO.

THE LINE OF LAKES.

The above name has been applied to the Wisconsin Central Lines on account of the large number of lakes and summer resorts tributary to its lines. Among some of the well-known summer resorts are Fox Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Antioch, Ill., Waukesha, Mukwonago, Cedar Lake, Neenah, Waupaca, Fifield, Butternut and Ashfield, Wis. These lakes abound in numerous species of fish, such as black bass, rock bass, pickerel, pike, perch, muskallonge, while sportsmen will find an abundance of game, such as ducks, geese, quail, snipe, etc. In the grandeur of her scenery, the charming beauty of her rustic landscapes and the rare perfection of her summer climate, the state of Wisconsin is acknowledged to be without a peer in the union. Her fame as a refreshing retreat for the overheated, careworn inhabitants of the great cities during the midsummer months, has extended southward as far as the Gulf of Mexico and eastward to the Atlantic.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to THOS. RIDGEBALD, D. P. A., Wis. Cen. Lines, Toronto, Ont., or JAS. C. POND, General Passenger Agent and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. 12-92

Hamilton Steamboat Co.

"Shore Route."

—PALACE STEAMERS—

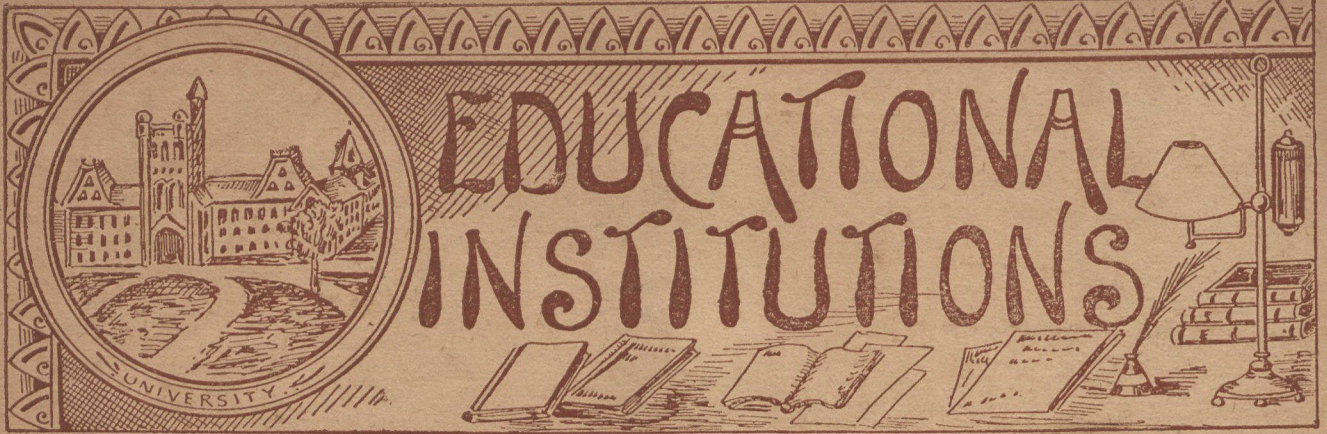
Macassa and Modjeska.

4 TRIPS DAILY 4

Leaves Toronto 7:30 a. m., 11 a. m., 2 p. m., 5:15 p. m.
Leaves Hamilton 7:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

F. ARMSTRONG, J. B. GRIFFITH,
Agent, Manager,
Geddes Wharf, Toronto. Hamilton.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fall. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.



HOME STUDY.

SECURE A COMPLETE
BUSINESS EDUCATION
AT YOUR OWN HOME.

Thorough and practical instruction given by MAIL in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Business Law, Letter-writing, Grammar and Shorthand. Prepare for Success in Business. A practical education insures a prosperous career. Low rates. Distance no objection. Satisfaction guaranteed. Over 1000 students registered. A free Trial Lesson and Catalogue sent upon request. Write to BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 32 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y. 7-92

FOR A
BUSINESS EDUCATION
ATTEND
THE

British American Business College

ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
C. O'DEA, Secy.

STAMMERING.

CHURCH'S
AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL.

No Fees in Advance.

Send for Report.

No. 2 WILTON CRESCENT, TORONTO, ONT.

CANADA LIFE BUILDING.

French, German,
Italian,
Spanish.

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER
SCHOOLS OF MODERN LANGUAGES

Natural Method,
Native Teachers.

Special Classes for Children.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION.

EIGHT PROMINENT SPECIALISTS have charge of the different departments. Our specialist in Gesture Pantomimic, Physical Culture and DELSARTEAN GYMNASTICS has received seven years of training under the ablest teachers in America. Fall term begins Oct. 17th. One, two and three years courses. For Calendar address Principal MOUNTEER, Arcade, Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto, Canada.

THE COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

TORONTO.

LEADING

BUSINESS & SHORTHAND

School. National reputation for maintaining highest standard. No vacations.

Write to W. A. WARRINER, Mgr., for prospectus. Mention QUEEN when writing.

CANADIAN HOROLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

133 King St. East, Toronto.

Is the only School for Watchmaking and Engraving in Canada. Watches manufactured complete from the raw material.

Write for circulars.

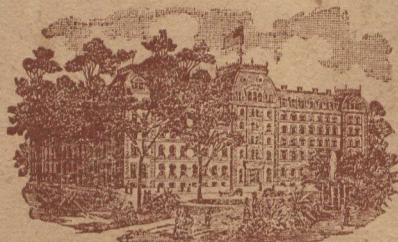
International Business COLLEGE.

Northwest corner College St. and Spadina Ave.

TORONTO.

J. M. MUSGROVE, Prop.

No blowing. Good solid work Send for Circular.



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

Founded by Dr. Eben Tourjée. **OF MUSIC.** CARL FAELTEN, Director.

Music, Elocution, Fine Arts, Literature, Languages and Tuning. A safe and inviting Home for lady pupils. Send for Illustrated Calendar.

FRANK W. HALE, Gen'l Manager, Boston, Mass.

Toronto Business College,

J. M. CROWLY,
(High School Trustee, Toronto.)

General Manager,

Begin to inform the readers of THE QUEEN that special sessions will be held during the months of May, June, July and August.

Special Shorthand and Book-keeping courses for School Teachers and Students of High and Public Schools.

Students can enter any time. Individual instruction. Situations secured for our Graduates. For Catalogue and Full Particulars Address

J. M. CROWLY, Manager,

Toronto Business College,

COR. YONGE & SHUTER STS., TORONTO, CAN.
When writing mention QUEEN. 12-92

\$5. SHORTHAND
By Mail or Individually \$5, Until Proficient.

We teach the Isaac Pitman system, a system used by 95 per cent of the Stenographers and Reporters in Canada.

Book-keeping, Typewriting, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Shorthand and Commercial Correspondence are the subjects taught, \$5. being the entire charge until proficient.

Hundreds of our graduates are now holding positions throughout the Province as Book-keepers, Stenographers, Cashiers, Bank Clerks, etc.

OVER 1000 Students have graduated from this Academy during the past five years, which is equal to the combined attendance of all Business Colleges in Toronto during the same period.

PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS.
LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,
346 Spadina Avenue, Toronto



Richard's Banjo School.

YONGE ST. MARKET BUILDING,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Thorough instruction on Banjo, for parlor and stage.

One of the best equipped Banjo Schools in Canada.

Prospectus sent free on application.