



LIBRARY BOOK

DEAR EDITOR.—Your correspondent on the corset question, "Petite Taille," it seems to me, leaves the matter just where she found it. All we can gather from her letter is that she believes that a hideously small waist is more beautiful than the average one of nature's making. The niece who was reared in the country and left to nature, who has no idea of what the female figure should be, was sent to "Petite Taille" to have her figure "improved." The girl is sixteen. Many girls are almost full-grown at that age. The waist measures twenty-six inches! "Fancy," exclaims horrified "Petite Taille," who forthwith set about the "improving" process, and laced the "neglected" bucolic maiden down to twenty-three inches, which is just two inches more than the circumference of an ordinary seven-inch stovepipe. In the course of a few months she brought down the waist of this atrocious sample of nature's handiwork to twenty inches, which is just one inch less than the circumference of a common stove-pipe. She will further reduce it one, if not two inches, the latter being the measurement of a six inch pipe! Fancy! If the girl's chest measurement at all approaches what that of even a small woman ought to be, the disproportion between chest and waist will be monstrous, yet "Petite Taille," having thus horribly deformed the female figure, has the simplicity to talk about "displaying its curves." Fancy, say I, what the Venus De Medici or any other Venus would look like with her waist reduced to the size of a six-inch pipe! I say nothing here about the inevitable injury to health resulting from this tight-lacing infatuation. I am surprised, however, that "Petite Taille" should imagine she has proved anything beyond the fact that she thinks a hideously small waist beautiful. If asked her reasons for this fancy her answer would probably be, "because it is."

Napawee, Dec. 20. AUNT SQUEEZUM.

most instances at the expense of pocket money. It would be an insult to college-bred men to affirm that their love of families and homes was less ardent than the love which laboring men and artisans give to their wives and children. Nobody asserts that men are "acquiring mental knowledge at the expense of heart affection." Yet the rule should work equally well in both cases.

The entire article appears to be based upon the apprehension that if woman takes one single step in the direction of progress, that step will land her outside of the sacred sphere of home, the front door of which she will slam with a viciousness that will make every peace-loving husband shake in his shoes. And this in face of the multitudinous facts which prove that the best home-makers in the country are the so-called "advanced women." Such a woman applies to domestic difficulties the same intelligent attention and cultivated reasoning power that she formerly brought to bear upon her studies. She is not a door-mat in her own home, nor is she a family donkey. Least of all is she a doll. But by every degree in which her own mental life has been broadened and bettered is the life of her family broadened and bettered. "When you educate a man," says the sage, "you educate an individual; when you educate a woman, you educate an entire family." Genuine womanliness is not of so frail a texture that it is going to be destroyed by a cultivated mind, or a self-supporting life, or an abundance of ideas, or any other creature.

It is always interesting to observe a man laboriously stoop down and carefully chalk out a circle large enough in his opinion to include more than half the human race, and then say, "There, now, all you ladies just step inside of that, and don't let me hear another chirp out of any one of you!" But the trouble with Mr. Bok's circle is that it is too small for even a single self-respecting woman. "The average man," he says, "would much rather that his wife nestle close to him and ask him to advise her, than that she should strut around his house in an assertive manner, and lay down the law to his children and his servants." His house, you observe, his children, his servants. What belongs to the wife? Nothing, apparently, except the proud consciousness that she is standing inside of that dear little chalk circle. This is the sort of sentiment that we cannot choose but call the wishiness of washiness. But we have heard it designated as the boshiness of Bokkyness.—*Wives and Daughters.*

### BEING A HUSBAND.

The desire to be a man has never taken deep root in my heart, but I have often thought I should like to be a husband for a little while. It is true that a missionary life has its charms, and various philanthropic enterprises are alluring. It is a grand thing to be a minister who ministers unto the needy, or a physician who heals the sick, or a musician, or an artist, who makes life beautiful, but nevertheless the greatest opportunity for being a benefactor—for leading a noble, magnanimous and self-forgetful life is given to the husband. It is of course true that an equal opportunity for nobility, magnanimity and self-forgetfulness is afforded to the wife, but this truth has been preached and practised for generations past. It is time now to give the other side a chance.

Previous to becoming a husband I don't think I should fall in love. On the contrary I should rise into love. Instead of stumbling into a pitfall I should be as it were caught away in a cloud. Once above the world I should strive to maintain this ascendancy and never again become of the earth earthy. As for the object of my love, I should not dream of asking her to be mine. It would be impossible for me to respect a woman who belonged to any one. "Give me, I entreat you, the best right to make you happy. That is and always will be the strongest desire of my life." Such or something like it would be the form of my address. But lovely words drop easily from lover's lips. In any case these flowers of speech should, of course, bloom perennially.

After entering upon the life matrimonial my first care should be to establish firmly and guard jealously the divine right of all husbands—the right to make their wives as happy as possible. I should constantly bear in mind that the delicate, imperceptible, intangible thing called happiness is dependent upon trifles light as air. I would try to please my wife in trifles. Her finer taste and acuter perception should rule my life and conduct. I would come home in the evening with the same eagerness and gladness that made me so welcome in our courtship days. If she were cold and unresponsive I should remember that there is no text in the Bible that says, "We who are strong should be indifferent to the infirmities of those who are weak, and ought always to please ourselves." I would study to please. If it were possible I would share her trouble or take it entirely on my own shoulders, but if not I would make her forget it. By every gracious and graceful means in my power I would compel her to be happy. The only way to make a woman angelic is to treat her as if she were an angel. So far as I can see the best advice to be given to husbands is, be good and you will be happy. To wives, be happy and you will be good.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Fenwick, Ont.

### WELL-SHAPED WOMEN.

Here is an interesting extract from an article in The New York Mercury:—

Art should always be based on nature, and no art is true which does not take nature for its model. A perfect, symmetrical, healthy woman of five feet five inches in height, must comply with the following standard:—She should be 133 pounds at the least, and could stand up to 10 pounds more without injury to health or artistic perfection. The distance between the tips of her two middle fingers when the arms are extended should be exactly the same as the height, or 10 times the length of her hand, or 7½ times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of her chest from one arm-pit to the other. The distance from the junction of thighs to the ground should be the same as from the former point to the top of the head. The knee should be exactly midway from the junction of the thighs to the bottom of the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin, with the head posed naturally, should be the same as from the level of the chin to the arm-pits, or from the heel to the tip of the largest toe. The bust of a woman of the height named should be 43 inches, measurement over the arms, and the waist 24.

The upper part of the arm should be from 13½ to 14 inches and the wrist six inches. The ankle should be six inches, the calf of the leg 14 and the thigh 25. Any woman of the height mentioned should be well-shaped.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### MORE ABOUT CORSETS.

DEAR EDITOR.—The corset question, as dealt with by the readers of "Woman's World," has amused and interested me. I entirely agree with Bel Thistlethwaite, and firmly believe lacing to be both ridiculous and hurtful. A girl whose waist measures 24 inches will have shoulders and hips in proportion, and we will all admit that "good proportions" are the elements of a fine figure. Curves are always more beautiful than angles, and the laced figure is angular undoubtedly. The taste that admires the "squeezed" waist is, to say the least, decidedly inartistic.

Then as to results:—When we think of the duties the several organs are required to perform, how each pulsation of the heart sends the blood to all parts of our bodies, and how each breath purifies and brightens the blood charged with carbonic acid gas, we must realize the importance of giving heart and lungs all the room they require. Nature did not intend the heart to be pressed against deformed ribs, and it has been said that he who violates nature's law, suffers for it, so, if we wish to escape her punishment, we must obey her laws, for she is pitiless in her administration of justice.

Tight clothing is the cause of the pale faces we see on King street, when the ultra-fashionable belles take a walk. It accounts for the red noses some persons possess, who are not addicted to the use of strong drink. It explains the shortness of breath of which so many complain. It is the cause of many diseases which baffle physicians, and which bring untold misery upon womankind. This figure so much admired and which resembles an hour glass more closely than the figure of Venus, is obtained then by the distortion of the organs about that part of the body, which is incased in the corset. I am speaking of what I know, not what I imagine, or have read of or heard of, when I say that in the culture of the voice the tightness of some of my pupils' clothing prevents their attaining the strength, resonance and flexibility of tone which without that restraint would be comparatively easy to acquire.

In breathing, the whole lung should be used in each inspiration and expiration, for if not used the lower part of the lung becomes solidified. It is an impossibility to take a deep breath when the clothing hampers the swelling out of the lungs. Moreover, the laced figure is stiff in its deportment. How can it be otherwise when the muscles—in whose flexibility the grace of the whole body depends—are bound up in unyielding armor.

Then, even if a laced figure was beautiful, there is the red nose, there are the red hands (for the hands will be red if the circulation is interfered with), there are the short gasps instead of the deep, regular breaths, which are important aids to health, to counteract its fancied beauty, and we can readily see that "the game is not worth the candle."

So now let us be sensible in this matter. If lacing is injurious (and few there be but will be able to comprehend the reasons why it is so); if it is not conducive to a fine figure; if it restricts the muscles and prevents a woman from carrying herself with ease and grace, why will people lace? Answer—Because they are ignorant of its consequences and of true loveliness in the female form.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Oakville, Dec. 21.

### THE WISHINESS OF WASHINESS.

A new sort of woman has been unearthed by Mr. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he occupies nearly a page of the last issue in describing her and telling her why she ought not to exist. "They," he says, "are donning masculinity, not only in their garments, but in their ideas; they want to vote; they are beginning to believe more in certain fanciful 'rights' than in their children; they are acquiring mental knowledge at the expense of heart affection." Where is the proof of these remarkable statements? Ordinary observation shows that the fashion of wearing vests, cravats and mannish-looking shirts is as common among weak-minded as among strong-minded women. As for donning masculine ideas, that would be as difficult a performance as swimming in a masculine lake, building a masculine house, or eating a masculine pie. Ideas are sexless and free to everybody. They are also capable of being assimilated in large quantities by the human mind, whether that mind happens to be encased in a male or female body.

Knowledge is not acquired at the expense of heart affection—it is acquired in

ing in his brain w...  
He lived...  
can doubt that his...  
been driven from one...  
to another?

Anyone may be cured of even a serious and long standing trouble by carefully considering in what way he has strayed from the right path, and in coming back again as persistently and resolutely as he went away.

Feb 14

### UNWILLINGLY IDLE.

DEAR EDITOR.—Can Bel Thistlethwaite or some one tell me of some way in which I can earn money without leaving home? I, like many other women, have home duties enough to prevent me from leaving the house to earn a livelihood, yet have some spare hours in each day, in which I think I might be doing something towards helping on my husband and myself. To sew, I don't know how; and sewing is badly paid, anyway. I am neither a musician nor an artist, but a plain, practical housekeeper. Is there anything left by which I can get employment besides taking in boarders, which you know, spoils the home, if not the house.

If you could solve this difficulty for me you would benefit me and hundreds of others.

UNWILLINGLY IDLE.

Aug 17  
1901

### The Failure.

ETHELWYN WETHERALL.

A Failure who had ne'er achieved  
Self-victory, at last lay dead.  
"Poor Failure!" Thus his neighbors grieved;  
"Poor, miserable wretch!" they said.  
His weakness was the worst of crimes;  
He failed at least a thousand times.

Meanwhile the Failure gave to God  
His vain attempts. Remorsefully  
And prostrate on the skyev sod,  
"I failed a thousand times," said he.  
"Welcome!" rang out the heavenly chimes.  
He strove—he strove a thousand times!

house with walls and floor and roof and a front door that could be locked might be built in our old willow."

We rushed down the new-moon-shaped path to the willow, which is a giant among its kind, stretching out its limbs to the pond on the west, to the belt of pines on the east, and to the asparagus bed, the Sweet Bough and Snow apple trees on the south.

"I suppose a house under a tree wouldn't do?" said the Visiting Brother, in that teasing way he has.

"Oh, the idea! Under a tree! Anyone could have a house under a tree. No, it's in a tree that I want it, with the fresh air and the leaves blowing all around it and under it, and the birds flying in and out, and not a vestige of dampness anywhere. Couldn't it be ten feet above the ground?"

"Yes, it would have to be at least that," said the Visiting Brother. "It might be six by eight," he continued, casting a calculating glance into the branches.

"Oh, yes, do have it six by eight,

small table. Mattress cushions and a steamer rug embellish the seat, while the table is fitted out with books and pencils, paper and ink. The entire edifice is braced and supported by the southward-stretching limbs of the willow, yet it does not present an unbalanced appearance, as there are a number of unweighted limbs. Seen from the side road, the house in the willow might be mistaken for a huge unfinished dry goods box, did not the steeply sloping roof, with its unmistakable eaves and charming air of crowning a worthy achievement, show to all the world around that it is a real house—meant to work in, rest in, sleep in.

On the night of the 5th of March the builder slept in it, with a cool breeze just at freezing flowing through (for there is nearly as much window space as wall space), and no disturbance save an occasional inquisitive squirrel and the softly gurgling brook.

"In the wide awe and wonder of the night," what dreams may not have come to him, what secrets may not have been revealed? Purity and loneliness, the divine outer air on the face and the brook-song in the ears, and on all sides the wise old willow busily perfecting her buds. We are a part of Nature. What buds of promise might not be perfected in us if we were nearer to the skyey influence!

By day it is a cheery spot. The sun shines so warmly at the south it might almost be called a solarium, and when Sol is behind a cloud it is at least an airium. We have half a dozen names for it: "The Air Castle," "The Eyrie," "The Bird's Nest," "The Retreat," "The Dream of Summer," and another very charming little name, made of the initials of all the ten different woods that go into its construction. There is pine in the floor and roof, hemlock in the joists, elm, linden and birch in the seat, ironwood and cherry in the railings outside, ash and maple in the door posts and spruce in the siding. It's a very woody house.

But its chief beauty lies in the fact that it is in a tree. The summer house built on the ground, under a group of evergreens, is dank, not to say soggy, and open to the "varmints and serpentine insects" that may stroll up from the pond, whereas "The Eyrie" is dried out with sun and wind within an hour after a spring rain. Another great attraction is the fact that the tree in which it finds shelter is a willow. As I write these words the whistles are ripening on all sides of me and above my table, as a most appropriate wall ornament, are these words from our great Canadian poet, Mr. E. W. Thomson:

Sweetest Whistle Ever Blew.

A day when April willows fringed the pool  
Of fifty years ago with freshening gold,  
Myself came trudging from the country school  
With my tall grandsire of the wars of old;  
His peaceful jackknife trimmed a ravished shoot,  
Nicked deep the green and hollowed out the white,  
To fashion for the child a willow flute,  
His age exulting in the shrill delight;  
"For so," he said, "my grandsire made  
The sweetest whistles ever blew,  
When I and he were you and me  
And all the world was new."

To-day in mine a grandchild's balmy hand  
Eagerly thrills as toward the pool we go.  
Now, blade unclasped, I skirt the marge to choose  
One withe from all the willow's greening throng,  
The imperfect branches tacitly refuse,  
To clip at last the wand without a prong.  
Its knots I scan, the smoothest reach to find,  
Cut true around the tender bark a ring,  
Bevel the end and artful tip the rind,  
Draw out the pith and shape the chambered thing.  
Exactly so as long ago,  
In April weather sweet as this,  
My grandsire did when he would bid  
A whistle for a kiss.

Now Billy snuggles palm again in mine,  
"Over the hills," he blows, "and far away."  
O pipe of Arcady, how clear and fine  
Thy single note salutes the yearning day.  
The breeze in branches bare, the whistling wing,  
The subtle-bubbling frogs, the blue-bird's call,  
The quivering sounds of ever-piercing spring,  
That one thin willow note attunes them all;  
And, far and near at once, I hear  
The sweetest whistle ever blew,  
Lilting again the olden strain,  
And all the world is new.

and have the front door so tall that Gladys, who is five feet ten, can go in without stooping."

"Well, if Gladys will stay where she is and not attempt to grow any more."

"Oh, she may grow some more. She is only sixteen years old."

"Well, at least we can build it tall enough to suit her present requirements."

The work began forthwith. Happily, there were boards left over from the straw-shed built near the barn, but it was necessary to bring poles from the woods, and to procure spikes, nails, hinges, and screws from the store. Hatchet and hammer rang merrily out on the pleasant March air, and in a week it was finished—all but the mosquito netting and the awnings. The way into my parlor is up not a winding stair, but a ladder. An ash pole with the bark on serves as a banister. At the top of the ladder is a landing, and just in front is a rustic out-of-door seat, set in among the greening and yellowing willow shoots. On the left is the door of the mansion, which, when opened, discloses two articles of furniture. One is a broad seat running the length of the house, and which is designed:

"A double debt to pay:  
A bed by night, a davenport by day."

The other piece of furniture is a

## the Willow

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

IT WAS the neighbor's boy who began it. One hot, summer evening a year or two ago, when he was over here, he happened to remark that in their backyard was a spreading apple tree, and in that apple tree he had made a platform, to which, on a warm night one could convey a pallet of straw, a blanket and a pillow, and sleep out among the leaves, the tree toads and the stars. Instantly the iron of envy entered my soul, and has only recently been extracted by the Visiting Brother. "Why not have a house in a tree?" said he.

"In what tree?" was the breathless counter-inquiry. "There are plenty of trees big enough and strong enough to support a few boards with a cot-bed thereon, but——"

"But," he continued, "a real little

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## Canadian Women Play Well Their Part In Heroic Deeds and in Literary Art

### A Balm for Pain

Every common day that we live is clasped and jewelled with love;  
The stars of night are beneath it, the morning stars above.  
The peace of God broods on it, as on her nest the bird,  
And over its weariest moments the music of hope is heard.  
So when my life-work is finished, and I go to God for my wage,  
I wonder if He can give me a heavenlier heritage  
Than to feel that each day that I live is clasped and jewelled with love,  
With the stars of night beneath it and the morning stars above.

This poem, happily entitled "The Common Day," expresses, but no better than scores of others, the spirit of cheer, and good-will, and helpfulness that animates and permeates the verses penned by that talented poetess, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, which Charles G. D. Roberts so appropriately characterized as "A balm for pain," which breathed

"The spirit of the sun and stars,  
The spirit of the wind and rain,"  
and surely no writer could desire a finer or more worthy tribute than this, especially coming as it did from "The Dean of Canadian Poets".

But not all her poems are thus suggestively didactic, for she is equally felicitous in her beautifully descriptive nature poems, in her humorous verse, in her rhymes for children, in her exultant love poems, in her simple portrayal of "the common deeds and experiences of the common day," as well as in her more serious but always stimulating lyrics of life and wisdom.

In her love for literature, in her fine poetic instinct and in her capacity for felicitous expression it might be said that Miss Wetherald was "as to the manor born." Her father was a man of rare literary attainments, an able educator and an eloquent preacher. He was the founder and for several years the principal of the famous Rockwood Academy, and afterwards of Haverford College, near Philadelphia, so Miss Wetherald grew up in an atmosphere of refinement and literary culture, and her fine gift of poesy was the spontaneous emanation of a spirit animated with the love of the true, the beautiful and the good.

Many poets, even some of the best, view nature, and write of it, as something quite apart from themselves. They describe what they see, beautifully, perhaps, but extraneously. They are spectators rather than participants. Others, like Tennyson, use nature chiefly for didactic purposes—"to point a moral or adorn a tale". But Miss Wetherald, while fully conscious of its external beauties, seems on occasion to see right into the heart of nature, to be imbued with and able to interpret its various and variegated moods and transformations, to become, as Ulysses was, "a part of all she has seen." Following are some examples:

Ope your doors and take me in,  
Spirit of the wood;  
Wash me clean of dust and din,  
Clothe me in your mood.

All your dusky twilight stores  
To my senses give;  
Take-me in and lock the doors,  
Show me how to live.

Ope your doors and take me in,  
Spirit of the wood;  
Take me, make me next of kin  
To your leafy brood.

### "A spirit through my window came":

She knew the speech  
Of all the deep-pink blossoms of the peach,  
Told in my ear the meanings of the trees,  
The thoughts of each;

Explained to me  
The language of the bird and frog and bee,  
The messages the streams and rivers take  
Unto the sea

I lost my heart in the heart of the woods;  
It stayed there through the day,  
It stayed there through the solitudes  
Of a night with no moon ray.

Through the day so dusty, worn and sere  
My heart was cool and free;  
Through the wild night, tempest-tossed and drear,  
My heart slept peacefully.

Face downward on the grass in reverie  
I found how cool and sweet  
Are the green glooms that often thoughtlessly  
I tread beneath my feet,

And felt with thoughts I cannot understand,  
And know not how to speak,  
A daisy reaching up its hand  
To lay it on my cheek.

The woodland stretched its arms to me,  
And into its arms I went;  
While by my side invisibly  
Walked musing-eyed content.

The woodland spake no word to me,  
But, oh, its thoughts were sweet;  
Against my spirit like a sea  
I felt the thought-waves beat.

In the urgent solitudes  
Lies the spur of larger moods;  
In the friendship of the trees  
Dwell all sweet serenities.

### Wordsworth, that high-priest of nature's temple, wrote:

"To me the meanest flower that blows,  
can give  
Thoughts that often do lie too deep for tears"

And in no less worshipful a spirit has Miss Wetherald entered into the inner sanctuary of nature, and in the following lines has she no less impressively voiced her love for even the commonest object that the Peter Bell's and other "blind" people do not see:

Give me the poorest weed  
To satisfy my spirit's need.  
The brownest blade of grass  
Will know and greet me as I pass.

Of their own feeling wrought,  
They live like simple, vital thought;  
The mind could not invent  
A better thing than Nature meant.

Wordsworth says of Peter Bell, who is typical of people who have no interest in or appreciation of the wonders and beauties of nature,

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

Miss Wetherald, in the following poem, portrays quite as expressively, but more fully, the persons—of whom there are many,—who, having eyes, see nothing, or at least derive no enjoyment from the lavish beauties of nature, their minds and hearts and souls being encased in the sordid affairs of business:

### The Blind Man

The blind man at his window bars  
Stands in the morning dewy dim;  
The lily-footed dawn, the stars  
That wait for it, are naught to him.

And naught to his unseeing eyes  
The brownness of a sunny plain,  
Where worn and drowsy August lies,  
And wakens but to sleep again.

And naught to him a greening slope,  
That yearns up to the heights above,  
And naught the leaves of May, that ope  
As softly as the eyes of love.

And naught to him the branching aisles,  
Athrong with woodland worshippers,  
And naught the fields where summer smiles  
Among her sunburned labourers.

The way a trailing streamlet goes,  
The barefoot grasses on its brim,  
The dew a flower cup overflows  
With silent joy, are hid from him.

To him no breath of nature calls;  
Upon his desk his work is laid;  
He looks up at the dingy walls  
And listens to the voice of Trade.

Some of the most delightful of Miss Wetherald's poems are those written for or about children. These display a rare insight into the child-mind and a sympathetic, sometimes whimsical interpretation of the moods and imaginative outlook of boys and girls upon objects and activities in the world of nature, that often reminds one of Whitcomb Riley. Not unlike Riley's "When the World Busts Through" in its humorous portrayal of the effect of violent displays of nature's forces on a boy in the act of wrong doing, is Miss Wetherald's poem that tells about Benny who had climbed a tree to steal a robin's nest. Just as he had taken hold of the nest there was a sudden thunder storm, "and here's the way it went":

"B-r-roar, gr-r-roar, bad, lad, bang!  
Cr-ack, is it back? Flash, whack, bang!  
Grumble-rumble bumble dumble,  
Put it back before you tumble,  
Cr-ack, put it back, flash, crash, bang."

He put it hastily back and as in terror he fled homeward, a rushing wind pursued him, and in his startled ears the thunder ripped and roared:

"Br-owl, gr-r-owl, bad, lad, bang!  
Cr-ack, is it back? Flash, whack, bang!  
Yes, you've had the best of luck,  
Or you surely had been struck.  
Hear me, Ben, never again!  
Crash, flash, bang."

It is reasonably sure that Ben never again tried to steal a bird's nest.

How many of us recall the uproarious fun we had in playing blindman's buff "When Father was 'It'"; and we are sure all boys and girls would love to have "Professor Goodfellow" for a teacher who teaches out of doors "and never go inside at all excepting when it rains." And what a jolly time the children had playing "that you are porpoises and I will be a whale" in the old swimming hole, or "Playing Teddy Bear" or "Going a Nutting." But we have space for just this one other of her children's poem:

### Little Millionaires

Twenty little millionaires  
Playing in the sun:  
Millionaires in mother-love,  
Millionaires in fun,  
Millionaires in leisure hours,  
Millionaires in joys,  
Millionaires in hopes and plans,  
Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they,  
And in dancing blood,  
Millionaires in shells and stones,  
Sticks, and moss, and mud:  
Millionaires in castles  
In the air, and worth  
Quite a million times as much  
As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires,  
Playing in the sun;  
Oh, how happy they must be,  
Every single one!  
Hardly any years have they,  
Hardly any cares;  
But in every lovely thing  
Multi-millionaires.

When Miss Wetherald's volume of verse entitled "The Last Robin" was published in 1902 a copy fell into the hands of Earl Grey, then Governor-General of Canada, who wrote her a long and very appreciative letter, and ordered twenty-five copies from the publishers to send as gifts to his friends. About the same time a copy was presented to Sir Wilfred Laurier, and during an address in the House of Commons in 1911, he very effectively quoted the following poem, with its clarion call to duty:

### My Orders

My orders are to fight;  
Then if I bleed or fail,  
Or strongly win, what matters it?  
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught  
Except to serve with might.  
I was not told to win or lose, —  
My orders are to fight.

What is it that really makes a home? In the following poem, Miss Wetherald tells what are the three essential requirements:

Poverty bought our little lot,  
Flooded with daisy blooms;  
Poverty built our cot,  
And furnished all its rooms.

Yet Peace leans over Labor's chair,  
Joys at the fireside throng,  
While up and down on Poverty's stair  
Love sings the whole day long:

"I am not told to lose or win,  
My orders are to fight"

even if "I bleed and fall". This truth, that the best that a man can do is the

very best that he can do, is strikingly expressed in the following poem;

A failure who had never achieved  
Self-victory, at last lay dead.  
"Poor failure!" thus his neighbors grieved,  
"Poor miserable wretch," they said.  
"His weakness was the worst of crimes—  
He failed at least a thousand times."

Meanwhile the failure gave to God  
His vain attempts. Remorsefully  
And prostrate on the skye sod,  
"I failed a thousand times," said he.  
"Welcome," rang out the heavenly chimes,  
"He strove, he strove a thousand times."

This is a stimulating philosophy, surely, which is similarly expressed by J. G. Holland in his poem, "Grad-atom": "For men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things"

At "The Tall Evergreens," the poetic name given to the family homestead near Fenwick, in Welland County, Miss Wetherald is spending her declining years. Hers has been a busy and useful life in varied literary activities. As "Bel Thistlewaite" she contributed articles to the Toronto Globe, was assistant editor of "Wives and Daughters," a small magazine once published in London; was a welcome contributor of poems and articles to Youth's Companion, New York Outlook, Detroit Free Press, Puck, Judge, St. Nicholas and other journals; was assistant to the literary editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, and assisted in compiling the last volume, the 13th, of The World's Best Literature. This volume consisted entirely of verse in which Charles Dudley Warner, the editor-in-chief, included several of Miss Wetherald's poems. In what better way can we close this scant sketch than in the words of her own kindly wish, her legacy, her confession of faith, and her prayer:

#### Under the Arches

An arch of blue, an arch of green,  
Whichever be above me,  
God send a happiness serene  
To all the hearts that love me.

For while I walk beneath the blue  
Their love is still my solace true;  
And when beneath the green I'm laid  
'Twill make a sunshine in the shade.

#### Legacies

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,  
Unto my God my soul,  
Unto my foe I leave my love—  
These are of life the whole

Nay there is something—a trifle—left;  
Who shall receive this dower?  
See, Mother Earth, a handful of dust—  
Turn it into a flower.

#### Either — Or

Either God's heaven is all—  
All of our fondest belief,  
Or life is a year at the fall  
And death is the drop of the leaf.

Either God's will is the whole  
That we can imagine or dream,  
Or time is a storm, and the soul  
A straw on the merciless stream.

Either God's love is the kiss  
Of peace at the end of the strife,  
Or woe is the meaning of bliss,  
And naught is the meaning of life.

#### My Prayer

This is my life's desire,  
This is my prayer of prayers:  
Not for the soul of fire,  
Not for the will that dares;

Not for the brain of power,  
Not for the heart that leaps  
Light as a climbing flower,  
Over the ruggedest steps—

These must I have if I live;  
Yet were they naught but a sword  
Rending me, didst Thou not give  
Courage to master them, Lord.

#### "Divinely Dowered Isabella Crawford"

"Your book has just arrived and I have already read several of the beautiful poems it contains with great plea-

sure. . . . It is time now that Canada should have a literature of its own, and I am glad to think that you should have so nobly shown the way." So wrote the Earl of Dufferin from the British Embassy in Constantinople, on receipt of Isabella Valancy Crawford's first book of poems, issued in 1884, which did not include some of her best poems, written later. These are all included in her collected poems, edited by J. W. Garvin, and published in 1905, with a beautifully appreciative introduction by the no less gifted poetess, Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Isabella Crawford, daughter of a refined gentlewoman and a scholarly physician, was born in Ireland in 1850, being one of a family of twelve. While Mr. Crawford was on a trip to Australia to spy out the land, seven of the children died of a fever. In 1858 the family came to Canada, settling first at Paisley, where two more of the children died. In 1864 they removed to Lakefield, and then to Peterborough. In 1875 the father died, the only remaining and idolized sister soon after, the only brother was working in the wilds, and Isabella and her mother only were left to live together when they moved to humble quarters in Toronto. There Miss Crawford, to support herself and her mother, wrote with untiring zeal till her sudden death from heart failure in 1887. A brief, sad career, surely, yet with proud self-reliance and unbowed head, she faced her life's more than full share of sorrows and reverses, one of the bitterest of which was the coldness and indifference of the public to her literary work, though she is now lauded as one of Canada's very best poets—some there are who place the laurel wreath upon her head.

Perhaps her greatest production was "Malcolm's Katie", which might be regarded as the epic of Canadian pioneer life, and of love's unflinching truth and ideal fruition. It is an idyll of a true man who goes forth and cuts him a home with his axe, and of a maiden who remains true to him despite all allurements and deceptive appearances; a love so pure and true and outshining that through it he "woke to sorrow for his sins" who had tried to win her for himself by false tales about her true lover.

The plot of this poem is well-conceived and wholesome, is enriched by a wealth of imagery and beauty of sentiment, and, though it is written in blank verse, there are interspersed in it several lovely lyrics, after the manner of Tennyson's Princess. The following, in musical quality, in chaste and delicate sentiment and charm of verbal expression, is a gem that cannot be surpassed in all literature:

O Love builds on the azure sea,  
And Love builds on the golden sand,  
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,  
And sometimes Love builds on the land!

O if Love build on sparkling sea,  
—And if Love build on golden strand,  
And if Love build on rosy cloud,  
To Love these are the solid land!

O Love will build his lily walls,  
And Love his pearly roof will rear  
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—  
Love's solid land is everywhere!

Following is another of these lyrics, beautifully expressive and appropriate, the very apotheosis of the pioneer's axe:

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!  
What doth thy bold voice promise me?"

"I promise thee all joyous things  
That furnish forth the lives of Kings;

"For ev'ry silver ringing blow  
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!  
Tell wider prophecies to me."

"When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red,  
A nation strong shall lift his head!

"His crown the very heav'ns shall smite,  
Aeons shall build him in his might!"

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!  
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!"

Max smote the snow-weigh'd tree, and lightly laughed.

"See, friend," he cried to one that looked and smiled,  
"My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—  
We build up nations—this my axe and I!"

And so he toiled, and so she waited,  
In happy anticipation, and in perfect mutual faith. When asked, "Perchance you love?"

"Yes," said Max, proudly smiling, "thus Do I possess the world, and feel eternity."

And when her wily and lying tempter, after vainly trying to convince her that Max was false, and, when that failed, that he was dead, asked

"And have you, Katie, neither fear nor doubts?"

She, with the flower-soft pinkness of her palms,  
Covered her sudden tears, then quickly said,  
"Fears—but never doubts, for true love never doubts."

And the end was truly idyllic, for after his recovery from his nearly fatal accident

"Again rang out the music of the axe,  
And on the slope, as in his happy dreams,  
The home of Max, with wealth of drooping vines

On the rude walls, and in the trellised porch  
Sat Katie, smiling o'er the rich, green fields,  
Upon her knee a little smiling child."

Of vital significance is the lesson—that reason is potent but love is omnipotent—taught in "Love and Reason".

"Once Reason, calm, majestic maid", wandered through a garden wondrous fair. But

Though such beauties all were there,  
It yet lacked much of being fair;  
The blossoms bloomed in formal pride,  
The fountains played in measured tide,  
And in that cold and formal school  
No flower dare bloom except by rule.

Once, as Reason wandered through the formal glade,

"She saw, couched lightly on a rose  
Arch Cupid in profound repose.  
With horrent brow and darkening frown  
Reason on Love stood looking down;  
She raised her hand to crush the fawn,  
When loud a rolling voice cried, "Stay,"  
Imperial thunders in the tone;  
And looking up, upon a throne,  
Upborne by eagles, eyes aflame,  
Great Jove to Reason's vision came.  
"Thy hand restrain, great nymph divine;  
As thou henceforth to men would shine  
In all thy beauties known and blest.  
Take Love, and bear him in thy breast;  
With thy sage counsel him restrain,  
And so let Love and Reason reign."  
The mandate Reason quickly obeyed,  
And joyous Love securely played,  
And brightened that once formal spot  
Where Reason reigned but Love was not.

Miss Crawford's poetry scintillates with glowing colors and vibrates with melody. Here are a few gems typical of the charm that pervades the whole:

"Day was at her high unrest;  
Fevered with the wine of light,  
Loosing all her golden vest,  
Reeled she towards the coming Night."

A mother is waiting for the return of her soldier-boy:

"In the first dawn she lifted from her bed  
The holy silver of her noble head,  
And listened, listened for his tread."

#### The rising sun

"Laughed with the noise of arching cat-  
aracts,  
And with the dove-like cooing of the  
woods,  
And with the shrill cry of the diving loon,  
And with the wash of saltless rounded  
sea."

"What doth the Moon, lily white,  
Busily weave this summer night?  
Silver ropes and diamond strands  
For Baby's pink and dimpled hands;  
Cords for her rosy palms to hold  
While she floats, she flies,  
To Dreamland, set with shores of gold,  
With its buds like stars shaken out of  
the skies.

Where the trees have tongues, and the  
flowers have lips  
To coax, to kiss

The velvet cheek of the Babe who slips  
Through Dream-gate up to a land like  
this."

In his edition of her collected poems, Mr. Garvin has very appropriately, placed, as a sort of poetic preface, or fore-taste, a facsimile copy of Miss Crawford's manuscript of her poem, "Faith, Hope and Charity," which, probably better than anything else she has written, expresses her creed and philosophy of life. It embodies the concluding sentence of Paul's magnification of love, underneath which, as a sure, unshakeable foundation, he places the three things that abide amid the crash of creeds and chocks of doom: Faith—the first thing in the world; Hope—the last thing in the world, and Love—the greatest thing in the world, the crowning grace, the supreme attainment, the omnipotent motivity of life.

#### Faith, Hope and Charity

A star leaned down and laid a silver hand  
On the pale brow of Death;  
Before it rolled bleak shadows from the  
land—  
The star was Faith!

Across wild storms that hid the mountains  
far  
In funeral cope,  
Piercing the black, there sailed a throbbing  
star—  
The red star, Hope!

From God's vast palm a large sun grandly  
rolled  
O'er land and sea,  
Its core pure fire, its stretching hand of gold—  
Great Charity!

#### The Singer of Common Things

Mrs. Jean Blewett, like Mrs. Roberts McDonald, belongs to a literary family. She is related to Duncan MacIntyre, the famous Scottish poet, her brother is Archie P. Mc Kishnie, a widely known novelist and writer of animal stories, and her younger sister is a valued contributor to leading journals.

Mrs. Blewett has been designated "A woman's poet", which is surely a high compliment. "Hers is an everyday sort of poetry, simple in theme and treatment, domestic, kindly, humorous, and natural," and it is largely because of these qualities that her writings, in both prose and poetry, are so popular among a large class of the Canadian public, so much so, that in at least one city in the Province there is a "Jean Blewett Study Club." This, of course, is not devoted to a special study of her works, but each meeting is closed with the reading of one of her poems. Mrs. Blewett is a woman of a lovable personality, most charming, gracious and kindly, of whom her own poem, entitled "A Heart of Gold" is an apt description:

A woman with a heart of gold  
I heard her called, before I knew  
How noble was that heart and true,  
How full of tenderness untold.

Her sympathies both broad and sure,  
Her one desire to do the right—  
Clear visioned from the inner light  
God gives to souls unworldly, pure.

A heart of gold that loves and gives,  
God's almoner from day to days,  
Of her there is but this to say;  
The world is better that she lives.

#### O Radiance of Life's Morning

is charmingly illustrative of Mrs. Blewett's cheerful and cheering outlook on life:

O radiance of life's morning! O gold without alloy!  
O love that lives through all the years!  
O full, O perfect joy!

The hills of earth touch heaven, the heaven  
of blue and gold,  
And angel voices swell the song of love and  
peace untold!

O radiance of life's morning!  
O dew within the rose,  
The fragrance fresh from Eden,  
That freights each breeze that blows!

Continued on Page 7

## Classroom Locals

Eileen Barratt was seven years old on March 13. She had a birthday party. Her mother sent her a box, also some money to buy a birthday cake, some ice cream and candies. Eileen and her little friends enjoyed themselves very much. Mrs. Barratt was kind.

Clifford Martin got a nice parcel from home with some candy and a picture-book in it.

Ruth McMahon was very pleased with the Easter postcard she received from home.

George Calder had a birthday on March 24. He is eight years old. His mother sent him a tie, a pair of trousers and braces. She also sent a birthday cake, some little cakes and candies. We wish to thank Mrs. Calder for her kindness. George and his classmates had ice cream and oranges too.

Nelson Wedge is pleased to get his letters from home. He usually finds five cents in them and sometimes some gum.

Phyllis Copeman got some candy men from her sister Pal who had a birthday party on March 21. She also got a puzzle from her aunt.

Lawrence Corcoran found some money in his letter. He bought some catsup which he likes very much.

Irene Quest had a birthday on March 31. She is nine years old. She had a birthday party in her classroom. She got a birthday box from home.

Kathleen Bartley was pleased to get a letter, some funny papers and five cents last week.

Maureen Stewart and Eileen Barratt get their funny papers regularly. There is usually a surprise inside too.

Murray McClelland was host at his birthday party held on Monday, March 20, in the classroom. He had a birthday cake with five candles on it, some ice-cream and candy. Everyone had a good time.

Bert Pollington's mother visited him on his birthday. She brought him a new windbreaker and a watch and left some money for his birthday party which he had in school. He had a birthday cake with six candles on it, some ice-cream and candy. He had a good time.

Allan Leach received some pretty marbles and a bag to carry them in from home. He was very pleased.

Helen Cope got a nice colour book, some crayons and some balloons from home. She was very pleased with them.

Louis Leathen received a letter and five-cents from Bert Pallington's mother. He was pleased.

Ronald Hazlitt gets some funny papers and a card from home almost every day. He watches for them now and is very pleased with them.

Irene Quast got a shin plaster in a letter. She was very pleased.

Shirley Scott is pleased with her new middies.

Wilfred Stewart was delighted with a jig-saw puzzle which he received from home last week.

Joe Mancini is very lucky in getting twenty-five cents and funny papers from his mother every week. Last week he received four Easter eggs and was very much pleased.

Roy Toulouse was very sorry to know that his mother is sick. Roy hopes that she will be feeling better soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Owens sent a large box of candy for Gordon and his classmates. Their kindness is greatly appreciated by Miss Burt and her pupils.

Mary Churchill had a party to celebrate her tenth birthday. She is delighted with the nice wrist watch her parents sent. Mary's class enjoyed the birthday cake, candy and ice cream provided by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill.

Evaline Billings was pleased with the new clothes she got for her birthday. She was happy to receive some Easter eggs and a chocolate hen from Miss Christie.

George Hood and Gordon Owen received money in their letters and asked Miss Ford to buy catsup for them.

Billy Wingfield received another nickle the other day from his grandmother and grandfather.

Elah Alford is very pleased to have a jar of peanut butter all his own.

Joyce Brohm was seven years old on March 12. She had a party on Monday afternoon. There was a birthday cake with seven candles on it, ice cream, apples and candy. Mr. Fetterly and Miss Ford came to the party. Joyce's uncle came to see her Monday morning too.

Harry Saul was very happy to see his father.

Bertha Canning is very proud of her new shoes.

Miss Benedict's class enjoyed their walk the other day very much. They saw many things that interested them, but a boat on the bay, the green grass and a robin drinking from a clear pool of water seemed most attractive.

Roy Godden's friend, Ernest Emery, who has been ill in the Sanatarian for some time, is much better and expects to return home in the summer. He is very fond of Roy and sent him a shinplaster. He went to the movies and bought some catsup with the money.

Albert Smith was all smiles the other day when he received a letter from his mother. She is buying a new cow and its name will be "Blossom." Albert is very keen on milking.

Rose Stevenson and Mary Drobina were very lucky girls. They received boxes of Smiles'n Chuckles from home.

Opal Mac Donald had a very pleasant visit with her grandparents and brother when they visited the school last month.

The pupils of Miss Code's class know nine Nursery Rhymes and have a good time playing "London Bridge" and "Nuts in May". When they go home for their vacation they will know how to play games with hearing boys and girls.

George Margo enjoyed reading his letter from Albert Smith's mother.

I got a letter, funny papers and ten cents from my mother. I was pleased. I shall buy some suckers. My mother, father and brother Bobby will come to see me on Easter Sunday. I shall be very happy. Bruce May.

I got a letter from my sister Clara. She said that there was a bad sleet storm at home. It broke down many telephone poles and wires. I was very sorry. Clara sent me a pretty picture that my little brother colored all by himself. I was very surprised. It was very good. He is five years old. He is a nice boy. Ruth McKitrick.

Last Monday afternoon we went downstairs to the basement. We saw a muskrat. It was swimming around and around in a bath tub. We saw it washing its face with its paws. We laughed at it. Some of the teachers' coats are made of muskrat fur. Loretta Bonneville.

Last Saturday Ronald and I got a box from our aunt Dorothy. We got apples, bars, pop corn, cakes, cookies, candy, Easter cards, puzzles and red currant jelly. We liked them. We love Aunt Dorothy. Every day we eat some of the things. Arthur Hazlitt.

Last week we made a plan of the school and grounds on the sand-table. We made the school, the boys' residence, the girls' residence, the boys' rink, the print-shop, the shoe shop, the carpenter shop, the laundry, the hospital, Mr. Fetterly's house, and many other buildings out of paper. We put them on the sand table map. Then we made paper sidewalks, the road and the railroad. Some of the boys made a train and some boats. We enjoyed it very much. Elizabeth Smith.

I got a letter from mother. She moved to Kemptville. I am glad. I did not like Winchester. Some boys and I played ball last night. We had lots of fun. After a while I roller-skated on the sidewalk. I like to roller-skate. Gerald Bilow.

April 6 will be my birthday. I shall be eleven years old. My mother will send a box for my birthday. I am happy to have a birthday. William's and Loretta's birthdays are in April too. Perhaps we shall have a party at Easter for the three of us. Vivian Richardson.

On Monday, my father, mother, sister Thelma, brother Donald and my baby sister came to see me. I was glad. My mother gave me three boxes. I thanked her. I was very happy to get them. I got a new dress, stockings, shoes and candies. My baby sister was holding her doll in her arms. She is cute. I like her very much. Thelma showed her pretty dress to me. I said, "It is nice." I said, "Good-Bye." Then they went home. Ruth Shore.

On March 31, I got a box from my mother. I got a pair of stockings and underwear. Wanda Wojcik.

I got ten cents in my letter from my sister Luella. I was so glad. She told me that my mother is sending me two pair of stockings and a pair of shoes. I shall be very glad. Catherine Culhane.

I got a letter, gum and ten cents from my mother and some funny papers from my brothers Bill and Norman. I was pleased. My father told me to behave at school. My mother said my sister Kate came first in class and my brother Roy sixth. I was happy to hear it. Thomas Blower.

### The Bible Conference

The Thirty-Third Annual Bible Conference of the Deaf will be held in The Evangelical Church, 56 Wellesely Street, Toronto, beginning at 2.30 o'clock on Good Friday afternoon, and continuing until Easter Sunday evening. These are always delightful and inspiring gatherings, and are largely attended by the deaf throughout the Province. A feature of special interest this year will be the presence of Rev. Georg Almo, the world-famous mission worker among the deaf in Sweden, who is on a lecture and investigating tour in America. We are indebted to Mr. W. R. Watt, the very capable and enthusiastic Superintendent of the Conference, for an invitation to be present, which we will be in spirit if not in person.

Omitting the formal opening and closing exercises at each session, the programme is as follows:

Good Friday, April 14th, 2.30 p.m.  
Hymn Mrs. W. R. Watt  
Addresses of Welcome—  
Superintendent, W. R. Watt  
Ontario Mission Convener.  
F. W. Terrell  
Platform Convener, H. E. Grooms  
Hymn Mrs. S. Baskerville and  
Miss B. Wilson  
Tea at 5.30 p.m.

Good Friday, 7.30 p.m.  
Hymn Senior Choir  
Illustrated Talk C. McLean and  
F. E. Harris  
Hymn Miss Evelyn Elliott  
Address A. H. Jaffray

Saturday, April 15th, 2.30 p.m.  
Hymn Intermediate Choir  
Address W. H. Hazlitt  
Hymn Miss A. James  
Address W. Bell  
Tea at 5.30 p.m.

Saturday, 7.30 p.m.  
Hymn Junior Choir  
Address J. T. Shilton  
Hymn Mrs. C. Wilson and  
Miss I. Hermon  
Address G. W. Reeves

Easter Sunday, April 19th, 9 a.m.  
Prayer Rev. Dr. Ramsey  
Hymn Mrs. H. Mason  
Holy Communion Rev. Dr. Ramsey  
Hymn Mrs. Doyle

Easter Sunday, 11 a.m.  
Hymn Mrs. McCaul  
Sunday School Lesson H. W. Roberts

Easter Sunday, 3 p.m.  
Hymn Mr. F. E. Doyle  
Address Rev. Georg Almo  
Tea at 5.00 p.m.

Easter Sunday, 7 p.m.  
Hymn Miss James  
Address C. A. Elliott  
Hymn Mesdames Harris and Doyle  
Address H. L. Lloyd  
Doxology Mrs. Watt

# THE CANADIAN

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15th, 1933

## The Message of Easter

By universal assent, Easter is the most joyous and inspiring of all the Christian festivals. Christmas is a happy time, which we rightfully celebrate with glad heart and open hand because of its promise of redemption to all mankind. But the joyfulness of that occasion is tinged somewhat by the memory of the griefs and suffering of the Man of Sorrows, who was then entering upon his earthly career of hardship and calumny and rejection; and across the manger-bed ever falls the dark shadow of the cross. It is the tragedy of sin and its awful and irrevocable retribution, that is uppermost in our thought of the Incarnation. But Easter strikes a note of triumph in which there is no discord; it expresses a joy that is unmarred by any shade of sadness; it floods the earth with an effulgence undimmed by any cloud; it opens a door of hope that can never more be closed.

The significance of the Resurrection has created a new philosophy of life, and a new outlook into the future. It has completely altered our whole attitude towards the supreme issues that affect mankind—the great verities of life, and death, and immortality. It touches into nobility all human activities and gives a new and deeper meaning to all human relationships. It is the divine assurance of the ultimate realization of the world's highest hopes and deepest longings. It is difficult for us to conceive the conditions existing before that great event. Across all of life,—the dark shadow behind all rejoicings, the grim skeleton at every feast, the bitter drop in every cup of happiness,—had always been the fear of a sleep that knew no awaking, a separation that could know no reunion. This it was that cankered every love, that made the deepest and richest affections of the heart the very source of the bitterest pangs of sorrow and despair. The air was "full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead."

Excepting possibly the Jew, so far as mankind's knowledge and assurance regarding the future was concerned, over every grave, on every tomb might have been emblazoned the fearful words that Dante saw on the portals of Inferno, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," and from the anguished heart of humanity was heard

"O'er and o'er  
Eternal greetings to the dead,  
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave' said,  
'Adieu, adieu forevermore.'"

This dark pall of gloom and fear and anguish was rent asunder on that glorious Easter morning, and since then the earth has been luminous with undimmed hope and reverberant with the echoes of Paul's triumphant strain,

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But Easter teaches other great lessons of far-reaching import, which it would be well for us to take to heart at this great crisis. The Resurrection is the positive, absolute guarantee of the ultimate triumph of justice, truth and righteousness throughout the universe, and establishes the vital and comforting truth, that when the principles of evil seem most to prevail, its complete overthrow is the most assured. To all human appearance, Christ's earthly career was the most pathetic, the most colossal failure recorded in the history of mankind. He came, he said—and this he affirmed over and over again—to establish a kingdom that would dominate the whole earth and endure throughout all the ages. And at the end, rejected by even his own people, he hung there upon the tree, his followers scattered and dismayed, and only one or two men and two or three women faithful to the last. The Crucifixion seemed to mark the end of all that the Messiah was expected to accomplish for humanity. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," said his despondent and despairing disciples. And now he is dead and laid away in the tomb, and with him is buried all the world's hopes. This surely seemed to be the coronation of the powers of darkness, and the final triumph of evil. But the reverse is true. That dark hour on Calvary was the crowning victory of all the ages; it was the pivotal point in all human history; it was the consummation of God's age-long purpose for the redemption of mankind; it was the reversal of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe; it marked the beginning of the mighty conflict which will end in the overwhelming discomfiture and overthrow of the Prince of Evil.

The third day, he rose again, and ascended to heaven, committing the carrying on of his work into the hands of his few weak, unlettered, erstwhile faithless and despondent disciples. The conflict seemed very unequal and, from a human standpoint, utterly hopeless. Eleven despised, illiterate men against the whole world and all the embattled hosts of evil! Never were odds so great before. Eleven men, did we say? No—eleven men and God, which totals infinity and omnipotence. So the risen Lord spoke of the ultimate issue with the calm assurance of One who already saw the glorious consummation; and with equal confidence we should view and anticipate the result of every conflict between good and evil. For the Christian believer there is absolutely no excuse for doubt or dismay, no matter how the contest seems to be going, or what the present outlook may be. For the germ of truth is immortal, the principles of justice and righteousness are elemental and immutable, the sword of the spirit is invincible, the sanction of the Great Commission is divine.

But the contest of good against evil has not been one great triumphal march. Not once or twice only during the succeeding centuries, has the issue for a time seemed doubtful. Yet never was it doubtful in reality. This is the lesson of Easter. "He is dead," they said. They buried him in a rock-hewn sepulchre. They rolled a great stone before the door. On this they stamped the insignia of the power of the mighty Roman Empire. Around it they placed a guard of the invincible Roman soldiers. "This," they said, "is the end." But he rose again, triumphant and all-glorious, rose simply,

naturally, easily, because he was the Life Eternal over which death had no power.

"It is dead," men have said again and again of the principles of His Kingdom. So spake the Roman persecutors of the early church; so spake the Mohammedan conquerors in the zenith of their power; so spake the hordes of Huns and other barbarians who swept over all christendom in the dark ages; so spake Rousseau and Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century; so spake the atheistic but now discredited science of half a century ago. But justice and truth and righteousness and love are not dead, will never die, for they, too, are immutable and immortal. There is no grave deep enough, no tomb strong enough to hold secure the forces and tendencies that make for righteousness. Though they seem to be dead, yet shall they rise again, glorified, omnipotent, invincible, and go forth conquering and to conquer.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.  
The eternal years of God are hers.

## Spring

Spring! why,—that's a pretty stale subject to write about, now isn't it? Surely we know every possible thing that has been, or could be written, sung or said about the matter. There has been a spring every year since the world began. Again and again as each year rolled by, there has come a springtime of beauty and warmth, love and flowers, to follow the dreary cold days of winter, when even the hearts within us seem sometimes to become frozen like the world outside.

Sure! Spring comes every year. We wouldn't like it if it didn't. There was a small boy once, in a little country school, who was told to write an essay on Spring. The crows were busy outside, and the sun was shining. The trees were beginning to bud, and the whole country side seemed just ready to spring into life again. And the little chap felt the spirit of that Spring morning and he wrote: "Spring is coming, I know. And how do I know that Spring will come? Why, because it came last year, and the year before, and the year before that! And very soon the birds will sing. And how do I know that the birds will sing? Why, because they did last year, and the year before, and the year before that!" And on and on, he went, mentioning all the things that come in Spring-time and after each one, repeating his little chorus, "because it did last year, and the year before, and the year before that."

That's what you'd call Faith.

And Spring's best message to us is one of faith. The whole world is troubled to-day. It needs cheering.

Hope on, smile on, work on! for Spring is the year's merry ring-time, and brings thoughts of cheer to the whole world.

And it's housecleaning time as well, so why not make it heartcleaning time too? Away with all those little spiteful thoughts, all those tiny gossips and jealousies, hates and revenges, that are hiding away so far in the corners of our hearts that we hardly realize they are there. Turn them all out and face the glorious days ahead with a heart full of gratitude and love. Let the glorious sunshine of spring permeate your whole beings. Do not harbor even one tiny resentful thought. Do your work gladly and bravely. Laugh, be happy, and say a good word for somebody. You beat the whole of woe every time you bravely smile. What circumstances, what misfortunes, be they never so overwhelming, can possibly conquer your spirits when you are of such undaunted faith and freedom, that you can grin no matter

what happens? You remember how little Pippa in Browning's fine poem, "Pippa Passes", on the morning of her one day's holiday in the year, sang:—

"The year's at the Spring;  
The day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His Heaven;  
All's right with the world."

## Those Who Tear Down

There is a considerable number of rather disagreeable people in the world, known as iconoclasts, who regard it as their mission to tear down reputations, magnify the failings of great men and women, depreciate or deny heroic exploits, throw doubt upon generally accepted historical records, belittle literary and artistic genius, besmirch, if possible, the characters of statesmen and philanthropists and divines whom the world has delighted to honor. They tell us that Horatius did not defend the bridge, Caesar did not cross the Rubicon, Diogenes did not live in a tub, Caesar did not say, "Et tu, Brute," Blondel did not discover the prison of King Richard, Columbus did not make an egg stand on end, Nero was not a monster and did not put his mother to death, Washington did not cut down a cherry tree nor say he could not tell a lie, Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith and so on ad lib; even with profane hands relegating many of the Old Testament worthies to the realm of myth and legend, tearing the Scriptures to shreds and tatters, and stripping Christ of his divinity. These latter iconoclasts adopt the more euphonious title of higher critics—a rather indefinite and confusing term. Higher criticism has its place and value if used reverently, with intellectual honesty and open-mindedness, but, as Tennyson says of knowledge, "a higher hand must make her mild", and "more of reverence in us dwell".

These remarks are apropos of the story of Laura Secord, told elsewhere. The assertion has recently been made that she was not responsible for saving the British troops at Beaver Dams, as Fitzgibbon had already been informed of the movements and plans of the American force. Even if this is true, it in no way detracts from the heroism displayed by Mrs. Secord. But it is not true, for in a letter written by himself, Fitzgibbon says: "Thus did a young, delicate woman brave the terrors of the forest in a time of such desultory warfare that the dangers were increased tenfold, to do her duty to her country, and by timely warning save much bloodshed and disaster."

This issue of The Canadian is especially dedicated to our women readers. In the roll of Canadian heroes, women hold a most honorable place, and elsewhere we tell the story of four of these, that of Laura Secord being brief because it is so well known to every Canadian, especially in Ontario. The thrilling and pathetic story of another famous heroine, Madame La Tour, was given in the issue of February first.

In literature, also, woman authors hold an exalted place in both numbers and ability. In Mr. Garvin's anthology of Canadian poets, the best and most complete one yet compiled, fifty-two poets are included, of whom twenty-two, being about forty-four percent of the total, are women. And some of these rank among the very best. In this issue we give a glimpse—we have room for no more—of three of them. A write-up of Miss Pauline Johnson appeared in a previous issue.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, APRIL 15th, 1933

Home News

On the 3rd inst, the older Presbyterian pupils were guests of the young people's society of St. Andrew's Church at a very enjoyable social evening entertainment.

We are all delighted to see Miss Fetterly able to be out again after her many weeks of serious illness. She is looking and feeling fine, and is fast regaining her normal health and vigor.

Dr. George Christie, President of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and brother of our Miss Christie, paid our School a brief visit on the 4th inst, on his way to Belleville, where he gave an address to the Kiwanis Club.

The carpenter shop boys are keeping the School supplied with many useful articles. In addition to those mentioned in previous issues, they have recently produced two fine dinner-wagons for the dining-room, and a table to use with the new amplifier in Miss Handlev's room.

Presto Musical Club Visits O.S.D.

Members of the Presto Musical Club and the Association of Teachers and Instructors of the Deaf held a joint meeting at the Ontario School for the Deaf April 5, and the evening was a happy one in the annals of both organizations. The auditorium of the school looked its loveliest for the occasion with ferns and spring flowers, and cosy furniture artistically grouped about two handsome concert pianos.

The guests were welcomed by the superintendent of the school, Mr. H. B. Fetterly and by Mr. M. Blanchard who presided in the absence of the president of the Association, Mr. E. B. Lally. Mr. Blanchard introduced the president of the Presto Music Club, Mr Alec Gordon, who in a brief and interesting address explained the aims and origin of the Club. It was composed of music lovers of the city who met every three weeks at the various homes for an evening's programme.

The brilliant programme was enthusiastically received and the insistent applause expressed the keen delight of the audience. The numbers reflected many moods of many composers in piano, violin and vocal music. The piano selections predominated and were heard in solo, trio, duo and quartette arrangement. The violin and vocal numbers were especially well chosen and made an unmistakable appeal.

After two hours of lovely music, beautifully presented, the audience, hopeful that at least one more number might be given, heard with reluctance the announcement that the Presto Club programme was at an end but as many remarked during the evening, the hosts will look forward with keen anticipation to next year's visit of the musicians.

The heartfelt appreciation of the Teachers' Association and guests was well expressed in the vote of thanks moved by Mr. Morrison and seconded by Miss Bell. A delightful social hour followed during which lovely refreshments were served by the social committee of the Teachers' organization. The tea table was charming with Springtime blossoms, and tall green tapers. Miss Deannard and Miss Ford poured. Before the pleasant evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem, Mr. S. Anglin, on behalf of the Presto Musical Club, thanked the teachers for their hospitality. —Ontario Intelligencer.

Thursday evening, April 6th, was a distinctively O.S.D. night at the Belleville Lodge, A. F. and A.M., No. 123 G.R.C., when Mr. M. Blanchard, one of our teachers, was initiated. The initiation ceremony was conducted by the Masonic members of the Staff, assisted by H. J. Clarke, B.A., our Inspector, whom we regard as one of ourselves, Mr. W. J. Campbell, a former member of our Staff and by Col. W. N. Ponton, our near and greatly esteemed neighbor, who has always so closely identified himself with our School. A number of our pupils, accompanied by Miss Ford, Miss Keeler and Mr. Gordon, were the guests of the Lodge in the subsequent social proceedings, and contributed several numbers to the program, to the enjoyment of their kindly hosts. At the close, Col. Ponton, in his quite inimitable manner, had some very complimentary things to say about the pupils present and the School in general.

Baseball

An early opening of the baseball series is planned by Mr O' Hara and Mr. Morrison, organizers of this sport. Already a three team league has been formed. N. Wojcik, J. Cecchini and E. Meloche are respectively captains of the following teams: Leads, Slugs and Dashes.

J. Matthews, R. Thompson and Mr. Cunningham, the pitchers, have started training, while the remaining players are loosening up their joints throwing the ball around.

O. S. D. win Bowling League

In the third and last game of the Teachers' playoff, O. S. D. 'B.' team took all four points from Queen Alexandra and won the league. For the winners Mr. M. Blanchard was high with 175-283-187-645, for Queen Alexandra, Mr. Anderson led with 155-232 191-578. Miss Potter had the high single and high three string for the ladies.

O.S.D. 'B.' Team—

Miss Bu.t	328
Miss Hegle	509
Mrs. Blanchard	525
Mr. Blanchard	645
Mr. Cunningham	620
	2927

Hamilton

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Breen and daughters entertained a good crowd at their home on Saturday evening, Mar. 18th. A number of new and interesting games were played off with very appropriate prizes.

Miss Monica and Miss Winnie Breen take a great interest in the affairs of the deaf and did everything to make the evening pleasant and enjoyable for all.

Mrs. Taylor entertained the Sewing Club at her home recently. There

was a good turn out. A very pleasant evening was spent and the table was very daintily arrayed in St. Patrick's colors green and white.

For some time past the deaf have been trying to find a suitable room for our Club Meetings but found it difficult to secure a very satisfactory place where we could all meet on Club nights.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris tried several places, then our good friend, Mr. Royal, who is a brother-in-law of James Matthews of the O. S. D., spoke to Rev. Dr. Judd, of All Saints' Church, and together they made arrangements for the use of a room in the Parish Hall of All Saints' Church, which they very kindly offered us free of charge, and we very gratefully accepted their kind offer and met there for the first time on Saturday, Mar. 25th. Arrangements were made to meet there again the last Saturday of each month. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Royal with an invitation to become one of us whenever he could. He replied very appropriately.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Harris made it possible for the deaf to enjoy another of those very delightful evenings recently when they invited a number to gather at their home. Through the kind and friendly interest and efforts of Mr. Royal, Rev. Dr. Judd, of All Saints' Church, came to Mrs. Harris' that evening and Miss Catharine Storey sang "Nearer My God to Thee" being accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Manderson. Dr. Judd then gave a very touching address on the subject "Jesus Cares for you." There were a number of hearing friends present and we are all very grateful and appreciate sincerely the kindly interest these good friends take on our behalf.

Mrs. Harris certainly arranged a double treat for us that night, as Mr. Shilton of Toronto was their guest that night.

Away back last fall he said he would come again and give us all the very interesting story of "Julius Caesar", and at the conclusion of Dr. Judd's service Mr. Shilton had the floor for the rest of the evening and certainly put his best and most forceful signs into the interesting story. A hearty vote of thanks was given him and an invitation to come again if we may beg for another story some time soon. Mr. Shilton kindly offered to conduct the service in Centenary Church the next day. There was a good turn out too that afternoon and his sermon on "The Goal of Life" was immensely enjoyed. It did us all good.

Mr. Asa Forrester came from Dunnville in time to take part in Mrs. Breen's party and took charge of the service in Centenary Church, March 19th, while Mr. Gleadow was away in Toronto. We were pleased to have the Misses Foster and their married sister, Mrs. Ball and brother Kurven Foster, also Mr. Randall of Paris, with us that day, though the roads were very slippery. Mr. Forrester gave a fine sermon on Genesis 3.-9 and took as his subject "Where art Thou?" The hymn "For God so loved the world," was rendered in unison by Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Breen and Mrs. Gleadow.

Mr. Forrester said he would be going to Toronto the following Sunday to see the minister now visiting there, Rev. Georg Almo of Sweden, and he offered to stop and pick up Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gleadow. The trip was very much enjoyed by both and as Mr. Forrester was staying over till Monday, both Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gleadow returned Sunday night, delighted with having had the chance to attend the service of Rev. Georg Almo of Sweden.—G. M. Gleadow.

Laura Secord

"On the sacred scroll of glory  
 Let us blazen forth the story  
 Of a brave Canadian woman, with the  
 fervid pen of fame;  
 So that all the world may read it,  
 And that every heart may heed it,  
 And rehearse it through the ages to the  
 honor of her name."

"That position once captured, Upper Canada is ours." The speaker was Colonel Boerstler, of Maryland. He stood in the house of James Secord at Queenston Heights, on the 23rd of June, 1813.

That this did not occur was due to the heroism of one frail woman. Mr. Secord had been wounded and confined to his bed, and Mrs. Secord resolved to go to the position referred to at De Cews, 13 miles away, where Fitzgibbon with 50 Canadians and 160 Indians stood guard over the provisions and ammunition stored there. To surprise Fitzgibbon and capture these stores was Boerstler's object. The details of this journey are too well known to need repeating. The journey was a very arduous one. It had been a rainy season, the streams were swollen, and where the rude bridge had been swept away she was compelled to creep on her hands and knees over the rushing torrent on a fallen tree, and to all these were added the danger from wild beasts and prowling Indians, but she kept bravely on and gave her message.

Fitzgibbon acted promptly. The Indians were sent off into the beech woods to ambuscade the road along which Boerstler must advance. In a very short time they saw the advancing lines of the enemy, and by ten o'clock the action had commenced.

Boerstler had six hundred and thirty men, but surrounded as he was in a ravine, the banks of which seemed alive with Indians, he soon found himself in a terrible dilemma. Boerstler was wounded twice, his horse was killed, his men were falling on every side, his officers disabled, and no advantage gained. He commenced to retreat, but was again surrounded. In the meantime Fitzgibbon marched and remarched his little army of fifty across the field, and his buglers scattered at different points in the woods sounded the advance. The poor American leader, unnerved by defeat, and pain of his wounds, and the fear of the Indians, capitulated at four o'clock in the afternoon. Thirty Americans were killed and sixty wounded.

This is not the only brave deed for which Laura Secord has been honoured. She helped to save her husband's life as he lay wounded on the battlefield at Queenston Heights where General Brock was killed. The battle had been raging for a long time and Mrs. Secord was waiting very anxiously for news from her husband when word was sent to her that he was wounded.

Rushing to the battlefield, she was just in time to see three American soldiers approach him. Two of them raised their muskets to club him to death when Laura threw herself between them.

"Kill me and spare my husband," she cried.

Roughly the American soldiers told her to get out of the way, and again one raised his musket when a stern voice bade him stop. One of the captains had come up just in time. Mr. Secord was then carried to his own home, and afterwards he and captain Wool, for that was the American officer's name, became good friends.

Mrs. Secord is buried in the churchyard at Niagara Falls, and a beautiful monument now stands above her grave.



## Classroom Locals

I received letters from my grandma Brown and my cousin Pinky in England. Pinky told me that grandma has been worrying about my father and mother for a few months. Grandma wrote to them but they did not write back to her. She has been very ill for four years. Her heart is troubling her, the doctor says. I wrote a letter to my mother. I am very sorry for grandmother. I pray every night that God will make her well. I shall write a letter to Pinky very soon.

Doreen Brown.

My Aunt Mildred has a new baby boy. His name is George Allan Taylor. He is my cousin. I shall be glad to see him when I go home.

Mary Ferguson.

This is spring. The boys and girls are very glad because it won't be very long until we go home. We shall have a good time in our holidays. I shall go away to see my married sister Beatrice and her little baby.

Jessie Lake.

A boy hit my forehead with a hockey stick on Feb. 18th. It was very sore. My eyes went purple. I wrote a letter to my family about myself. My mother told me that she was worried. My forehead is better now but it is a little swollen. A supervisor told me that I must go to the hospital every morning. I hope it will soon be better.

Russell Manning.

Saturday was April Fool's day. I got fooled four times. I fooled the girls many times. I had lots of fun.

Lillian Dubeau.

I received a letter from my father. My parents are very well. My father told me that I must write a letter to my Aunt Edith. She lives in Toronto. Perhaps she will invite me to go to Muskoka next summer. I shall be glad to go there.

Betty Ballard.

An April 2nd. we came to Sunday School. Mr. Gordon told us about Jesus. We went to rhythm and went to church. The girls and boys went for a walk to get some fresh air. Winnie Cresdee's father and brother came to see her.

Violet Hannah.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Gordon took a picture of us. We thanked him for taking our pictures.

Last Saturday he bought another film. He brought it to school. Tomorrow afternoon a few pupils will have their picture taken again because the first one was spoiled.

Charles Possnett.

Last week we studied our notes before we had our examinations. Mr. Gordon wrote them on the blackboard. We were tired writing them.

Marie St. John.

Last Saturday afternoon after dinner we went to the boys' residence. I put on my blue suit. I looked fine in it. I did not need my overcoat so I went to the city without it.

Soon it rained a little and I ran to the capital theatre. My suit was a little wet.

After the show it was still raining. I ran back to the O.S.D. I was late.

Charlie Smith.

I got a letter from home last week. My mother told me that we have 430 little chickens. She told me that we might have more chickens. We are very glad.

I received a letter from my father. He hopes that Dalton and I can go home for Easter and bring my chum. Her name is Margaret Shepherd. She will be glad. She wants to see my farm. She wants to have a pet dog. She will visit my grandma Storrington and will play the piano. I shall show her my grandpa's four cottages. There is a lake near them. It is called 'Beaver Lake.'

Marion Storrington.

April 20 will be my birthday. I shall be thirteen years old. Perhaps my brother and mother will come. I hope so.

Lloyd Johnson.

Last Saturday I told Jack Bossence, Karl Wolfe, Maddan Geatano and Harold Smith that they got boxes. Then I said, "April Fool." They laughed very hard.

Michael Wilson.

I got a box from home last Wednesday. I got two dresses, a pair of stockings, a green coat and a hat. I broke my roller skate. George fixed it for me. I am glad.

O. Bostnari.

I often think of my sister Dora. I wish that she could come to see me sometime.

Anna Hedden.

I got a letter and twenty-five cents from my brother. He told me that my little sister Molly is first in her class. She is improving. I am first in my class too.

Harold Smith.

Last Saturday James Brennan and I went down town. We bought some bars, cheese, candy, gum and corn-flakes.

Maddan Geatano.

I got a letter from mother. She told me that my fine dog weighs 89 lbs. I am surprised. He is a very large dog.

Karl Wolfe.

My father, grandmother and little brother came last week. They gave a new coat, apples, candy, popcorn and ten cents to me. I was happy.

Roberta MacDonald.

We went out of doors. We saw a little dog. It barked at us. We saw two pails of sap.

A boy cut a tree with a knife. We tasted the sap.

Raymond Burrows.

The girls skipped and played on the swings. We played ball.

Helen Reble got a bar and a letter from her mother. Raymond Cork got some bars, candies and nuts.

Carder Wilson.

A boy gave a candy rabbit to Donnie Donovan. We saw some robins and blackbirds.

Raymond Cork.

I had a birthday last month. I was nine years old. My mother sent a pretty birthday cake. Miss Ford bought some ice cream. I had a party in the dining-room. I was happy.

Donnie Donovan.

I got a letter from my father. He told me that he will come to see me perhaps. I am very glad. The boys told me that they wish my brother Gordon would come too.

Gladys Webb.

I got a puzzle from my sister. I worked it out. It was very hard. It is such a pretty picture when it is finished. It is a picture of a little girl sitting on a wall looking up at a bluebird.

Violet Salminen.

I got a letter and twenty-five cents from my mother. She told me that my brother and she will come to see me at Easter. I was surprised. I am so glad.

Hazel Blair.

I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Jones last Saturday. After tea we played games. I had a very good time.

Etta Leggott.

I saw a robin in a tree on Monday morning. It was building a nest. I saw many robins, red-winged blackbirds, and other birds at home.

Lyyli Janhonen.

My mother told me that the ice-breaker would start breaking ice in the harbour at Fort William about April 1st. The ice extends for twelve miles out on the lake and is about twenty-nine inches thick.

Donald Mackenzie.

I got a box from my sister with a piece of her birthday cake in it. When I ate the cake, I found five cents. I was surprised.

Dorothy Presley.

I got a letter from my mother last week. I was glad to hear from her.

Louis Eidt.

I hope that I shall get a letter from Mrs. Jardine soon. I think of her very often.

Helen F. Hoy.

I got a letter from my mother last month. She told me she, father, Bobby and Clifford will come to see me perhaps. I shall be so glad to see them.

Ethel Mary Hooley.

At noon Hazel gave me some peanuts. I thanked her. We skipped with ropes. We had a good time.

Margaret Krause.

I got a box for my birthday. I got a silk nightgown from my sister Muriel. It is very pretty. I had a party at school on my birthday. Evelyn's birthday was March 19th., and my birthday was March 26.

Beatrice Paul.

Miss Fetterly, Evelyn Cook, Margaret Shepherd and I walked to Mr. Fetterly's house. Miss Fetterly said, "Come in." We sat down on chairs. Miss Fetterly gave us some candy. I saw a bird cage and a yellow bird in Mr. Fetterly's house.

Ethel McLean.

On March 23rd Beatrice and I had a birthday party. My birthday cake had 16 candles. Beatrice's birthday cake had 17 candles. At our party we ate some cake, oranges, candy, cocoa, and bananas.

Evelyn May.

It is spring. The weather is warm. The boys play in the yard. We play ball. I threw a ball. My arm is sore.

Michael Melnyk.

Perhaps my father and mother will come to see me at Easter. I hope they will come. I would like a chocolate egg and a rabbit for Easter.

James Ready.

I go to the show every Saturday and I go to church on Sunday. I had a new glass put in my watch. I talk to James every day.

Elwood Bailey.

All the teachers are having a Social Evening on Wednesday, Apr. 5th. The Presto Club, some men and women from Belleville, are to play the piano and sing. The teachers will hear them. They will clap their hands.

Merretta Clark.

Some boys and girls and I went to the hospital. Miss Allison weighed us. I weigh 110 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. I gained.

Inez Harris.

Miss Ford gave some jig saw puzzles to some boys and girls and me. We do them every night. We like to do them.

Madeline Geddes.

I saw two dogs fighting. One of them was big and the other was small. They were brown. I watched them for a long time.

Elva Richardson.

Some girls and I went to the domestic science room. We made some rice pudding. We had it for dinner. It was good.

Beatrice Cook.

I fixed Olga's roller skate for her. She was surprised. She thanked me.

George Traini.

Ralph and I went to a show at the Capitol theatre. The show was about Jackson Richards. It was interesting. Ralph gave some candy to me. We rode home in the school bus because it rained very hard.

Lloyd Sproul.

I broke one of my roller skates. George fixed it for me. I thanked him. I roller skated last night. I like to roller skate.

Lillian Reed.

I went to a show at the Capital theatre. I bought a coconut. It cost ten cents. I liked it.

Britton Grimoldby.

I got some funny papers and newspapers from my sister Rose. She sent me some Easter eggs and a pretty puzzle. The name of it was "Tennyson's Home." I played with it. It was hard. I like puzzles. I got twenty-five cents from my friend Mr. Keane. I was glad.

Harry Husak.

My father sent me a letter yesterday. I got twenty-five cents in it. I was glad to get it. I took it out of my letter and put it in my purse. I want it to buy ten suckers, some peanuts and a tin of sardines. My father sent it to me because I came first in my classroom for February. I shall try to stay there again.

Frank Mair.

My mother sent me some funny papers. I liked to read them. I laughed. They were lots of fun. I gave them to the boys. They made some paper hats and caps with them. They put the paper hats on their heads. They pretended to be soldiers. They pretended to shoot me. I laughed very hard. We had a good time.

Clifford Baillie.

I got a letter and ten cents from mother. She is sick in bed. I am sorry. I hope she will be better soon. My sister Margaret had a birthday. She was six years old. I shall buy some gum next Saturday when I go down town.

Bobbie Pierce.

Last Monday night Toronto and Boston played hockey in Toronto. They played for a long time. Then Doraty got a goal. Boston will not play again. Toronto will play New York. We hope Toronto will win.

Stephen Graziano.

## O Radiance of Life's Morning

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear Christ, the wine of Cana pour out in rich supply  
These hearts keep young with gladness while all the years go by!

O radiance of life's morning!  
O gold without alloy!  
O love that lives through all the years!  
O full, O perfect joy!

As this issue of *The Canadian* is devoted largely to the records of some of Canada's female heroines as well as authors, the following poem by Mrs. Blewett, dedicated to the women who "heard the bugle call" and gave their services, and some of them their lives, in the Great War, is peculiarly appropriate:

### Goes Marching On

They heard the bugle calling  
In the stillness of the dawn;  
They answered to a woman,  
And went bravely marching on.

They had no time for grieving,  
They had no time for tears,  
They prayed away their heartache,  
They worked away their fears.

And when came white robed Peace  
In beauty and in power,  
There were those who did not answer  
In that solemn roll-call hour.

The sacrifice supreme was theirs;  
O the bugle call of dawn!  
And the souls so true and steadfast  
That went marching, marching on!

And the music of that marching,  
Like the tread of warriors' feet,  
Will go ringing down the ages  
In a measure grand and sweet.

Ah! though they sleep in silence,  
The women that have gone,  
Their souls so true and steadfast  
Go grandly marching on—  
To the hills of the Eternal  
Their souls go marching on

Very beautiful and inspiring, and greatly true is the sentiment expressed in her poem, "The Workman." The workman "fashioned a beautiful thing", ever his thought being that his friend would

"Be glad for what I have done;  
I will be paid a thousand fold  
If he do but say, 'Well done!'  
And he surely will say, 'Well done!'"

Others praised his work, but "his own friend never came", and he was greatly disappointed and grieved.

Then an angel came to the workman's side and told him not to grieve that his friend had failed him, but "Its' up and work for the love of the work, and work to the toil crowned end."

Then the workman wrought with a grander thought,  
And the prayer that grew in his breast  
Was not, "Let my friend take note of me;"  
It was, "Dear Christ, let me do my best."

Then the workman wrought with a grander thought,  
And higher his purpose ran,  
For now he worked for the love of the work,  
And not for the praise of man.

And the angel whispers to you and me:  
"What matters who pause or scan;  
It is ours to work for the love of the work  
And not for the praise of man."

Similar in sentiment regarding what should be the highest purpose and reward of work, and also the supreme ideal and the crowing recompense of life, is the poem entitled.

### Life's Grandest Things

What is the greatest work of all?  
The work that comes every day,  
The work that waits us on every hand  
Is work that, for us is truly grand,  
And the love of work is our pay.

What is the highest life of all?  
It is living, day by day,  
True to ourselves and true to the right,  
Living the truth from dawn till the night,  
And the love of truth for our pay.

What is the grandest thing of all?  
Is it winning Heaven some day?  
No, and a thousand times say, no;  
'Tis making this old world thrill and glow

With the sun of love till each shall know  
Something of Heaven here below,  
And God's 'well done' for our pay.

Though born in Ontario, Mrs. Blewett was of Scotch descent, as is evinced by a number of her poems, the best known being "For He was Scotch and so was She," one stanza of which is:

"And O, they loved to talk of Burns,—  
Dear, blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!  
They never wearied of his song,  
He never sang a note too strong;  
One little fault could neither see,—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she."

Ireland, also, seemed to have a warm place in her heart, as quite a number poems attest. Here is just one little taste:

"Here's to old Ireland—fair, I ween,  
With the blue skies stretched above her!  
Here's to her shamrock warm and green,  
And here's to the hearts that love her!"

But it is our own land that she loves the best of all:

"My Canada!  
I would that I, thy child, might frame  
A song half worthy of thy name.  
Proudly I say—  
"This is our country, strong, and broad,  
and grand,  
God guard thee, Canada, our native land?"

and again;

Something sings it all the day,  
Canada, fair Canada,  
And the pride thrills through and through  
us,  
'Tis our birthplace, Canada.'

Very tender and sweet are her poems of love, and home, and childhood:

The woman with the heart of gold  
She just keeps house for me

The fairest picture of the past—  
Life's tenderest page till all is done—  
A glad young mother holding fast  
God's wondrous gift—her little son.

From "Daddy's Boy":

I tickle him under the chin, just so,  
And I say, "Please can't I, dad?  
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say no  
To his own little black-eyed lad.

And then that so common and so tragic contrast in "The Boy of the House." "Such a jolly, rollicking lad", noisy and mischievous, the trial of his parents, the annoyance of his aunt, the despair of his sister. Then comes the pathetic change:

There's nobody making a noise to day,  
There's nobody stamping the floor,  
There's an awful silence, upstairs and down,  
There's a crape on the wide hall door.

The grown-up sister is kissing his face,  
And calling him "darling and "sweet."  
The maiden aunt is holding the shoes  
That he wore on his restless feet.

How strangely quiet the little form,  
With the hands on the bosom crossed;  
Not a fold, not a flower out of place,  
Not a short curl rumbled and tossed!

So solemn and still the big house seems—  
No laughter, no racket, no din,  
No startling shriek, no voice piping out:  
"I'm sorry I isn't a twin."

There's a man and a woman, pale with grief,  
As the wearisome moments creep:  
O! the loneliness touches everything—  
The Boy of the house is asleep.

Miss Blewett has exemplified in her life the sentiments of love, and tenderness, and good cheer, and high ideals that she has so beautifully expressed in her writings, and though, because of illhealth, her pen has been laid aside, yet her glowing words will inspire and enrich the hearts and lives of multitudes of people in the years to come, to whom, even in times of sorrow and discouragement, she brings this message of faith and assurance:

God takes our Yesterdays, dim, dim and old,  
Touched with sorrow and sinning,  
And gives to us with a grace untold,  
The new Tomorrow, with dawn of gold—  
Gives us the fresh beginning.

## The Woman Who Saved Kingston

One hundred and twenty years ago a Canadian woman took a perilous journey to warn and save a body of British troops near Niagara from great danger. Her exploit was recorded and she became famous. Ninety-five years ago another Canadian woman performed an equal if not greater service to Canada in a similar spirit of patriotic heroism. Laura Secord lives immortal in Canadian hearts, but how many have ever heard of Elizabeth Barnett, who foiled a plan to capture Kingston, and merits an honorable place in the ranks of Canadian heroines?

This is a story of the troublous days of 1838, during the futile Mackenzie rebellion. In the border states some old soldiers of the war of 1812 were getting together to "liberate" Canada from British rule. Out of this activity developed the "Patriot Armies of Liberation" and the Pirates of the Thousand Islands. General Van Ransselaer was chosen commander-in-chief, but Bill Johnston, the Pirate, was the brains and driving power of the undertaking.

Mackenzie had learned there were traitors in the militia garrison of Fort Henry at Kingston who would spike the guns and open the gates the moment a Patriot force appeared. Here, then, was a golden opportunity. If Fort Henry fell, Kingston would fall; if Kingston fell, the key to Upper Canada would be in Patriot hands; if that transpired, thousands of Canadians might flock to the Patriot standard and victory would be assured! Bill Johnston advised immediate action. "On to Kingston!" became the Patriot slogan.

Recruiting began at once, money and supplies poured in, and within three weeks an "army" of two thousand men stood pledged to muster and march at the word of command, and on Feb. 21 some 600 men, the vanguard of this army, so their leaders said, assembled at French Creek across the river from Gananoque. The plan of campaign was a clever one. The invaders were to assemble on Hickory Island, dash across the ice to Gananoque, which contained stores of flour and other supplies, then on to Kingston, whose gates would be opened by the traitors within. It was a serious threat against Canada, as no one dreamed of an incursion at this point and no military precautions had been taken. Success depended on secrecy, and Feb. 22 was the day set for the advance.

But a woman foiled their plans.

Elizabeth Barnett was born in New York state but had migrated to Gananoque, liked Canada and Canadian people, and became a staunch Canadian citizen. She was appointed to the staff of the Gananoque school, boarding at the home of Dr. Wm. Potter, by whose family she was greatly esteemed.

In February she made a brief visit to relatives at her old home and was surprised to find herself in the midst of the Patriot excitement. On Feb. 20 she chanced to overhear a conversation by which she learned of the proposed descent on Gananoque on the 22nd. She made her instant decision. Friends of hers at Gananoque were in danger of their lives and property. Friends of hers, too, were in the army of attack, so she might have been excused if she had remained neutral in the matter. But she did not temporize with principle or duty. Like Laura Secord, she had unexpectedly learned a secret of military and national importance. Like Laura Secord she set forth to warn and save fellow Canadians.

Cutting short her visit on pretext of illness, and keeping her own counsel, she, early next day, was driven in a onehorse cutter to French Creek. There she saw for herself something of the Patriot preparations. In the afternoon she continued in the same conveyance toward Gananoque—a ten-mile journey across glare ice swept by the freezing winds of February. Few noticed her departure. None suspected her mission; otherwise she would have been held as a traitor.

Twilight had fallen when, chilled to the bone, she reached the Canadian shore. Snugly under snowy roofs and frosty skies reposed the little town which was her home. She told her tale to Dr. Potter. He carried the news to Postmaster John MacDonald. One name alone was sufficient incentive to action—the name of Bill Johnston. Within an hour the community was in commotion.

Women and children ran from house to house, and fled to the country for safety. Men were called to arms. Couriers were despatched to Kingston, Brockville and other centres. Colonel Bonneycastle, Commander at Kingston, called out the Leeds militia. Six companies of these, together with the Brockville Rifle Company, a detachment of the First Frontenac Troop of Cavalry under Colonel McLean, a volunteer company with three field pieces, and some Indians from the Mohawk reserve, were rushed to the threatened town.

Black and menacing loomed the shadow of War near peaceful Gananoque.

On Hickory Island, strange unwonted scenes were being enacted. Bill Johnston himself, clad in gray homespun, led fifty picked men to the rendezvous. Teams and sleighs in endless procession crossed from the mainland, bringing volunteers and equipment; some discharged their loads and returned; others, more cautious, returned with their loads intact. But the tide of fortune had already turned. By noon that day the Patriots faced, not a defenceless town, but two counties in arms. Gone was the advantage of surprise on which they had based their hopes. Rumors spread from the island to the American shore, and one thousand men who were expected failed to appear. Those who had kept the faith lost heart; their courage sank like a barometer before a storm. Half frozen, they lingered, talked and tramped around a while. Then their forces began to disintegrate. Company after company retreated whence they came. Bill Johnston was the last to leave.

Gananoque was saved—in all probability Fort Henry and the city of Kingston were saved—the Patriot movement against Upper Canada was given a set-back from which it never recovered—by Elizabeth Barnett.

### Brave Madeleine

Madeleine de Vercheres was a young French girl about fourteen years old. She lived not many miles from Montreal on the side of the broad St. Lawrence River. Her home was right in the path of the Iroquois as they made their trips to Montreal, and so was often troubled by the Indians. For this reason the house had been given the name of the Castle Dangerous of Canada.

One bright fall morning more than two hundred years ago, a little girl might have been seen standing on a small wharf by the river, looking up and down.

This was Madeleine. Her father and mother were both away and she was in full charge of the house. Just now she was looking for a friend who

was coming to help her pass some of the time she had to stay alone.

Suddenly as she stood there, she heard the sound of the gun. A man standing near her shouted, "Run! run! the Iroquois!" and Madeleine turned to see some fifty of the hated Indians not far off.

She did not need to be told again to run, but swift as a deer sped to the house, the Indians firing after her.

For safety in those days a fort was built near the house and as soon as Madeleine was once inside of it she cried to the men "To arms! to arms!" But the men were terribly frightened and could do nothing. Then, brave little girl as she was, Madeleine took charge. With her own hands she helped the men to mend broken places in the walls and make the fort strong. For the Indians she knew were only waiting a chance to get in the fort.

They were afraid to try, for they did not know how many soldiers were in it. Madeleine's plan was to try to make them believe that the fort was full of soldiers. We will see, too, how well she carried it out.

A long, covered passage led from the fort to the block-house, as it was called. This was a strong wooden fort where the guns and powder were kept.

There were only two soldiers here and they, too, were much afraid. When Madeleine ran in, one of them stood with a match in his hand ready to put it to the powder and blow them all up. This was to save them from the torture of the Iroquois.

But Madeleine faced him, and in anger knocked the match out of his hand, crying as she did so, "You are a miserable coward." She then sent the two soldiers to the fort, took a gun herself and then spoke to her two little brothers, Louis and Alexander, both younger than herself.

"We must fight," she said gravely. "Remember that our father has taught us to be brave. We are fighting for our king and our country." Then the two soldiers took their places in the fort with the others.

In that fort and house there were but two soldiers, a servant, an old man of eighty, two boys, and some women and children. For the Iroquois had fallen upon the men at work in the fields around about. There was no one to lead them but this little girl of fourteen. If the fifty Indians waiting round had only known this, they would have rushed in and made short work of them all.

But they were afraid, and so they watched and waited, hoping to get into the fort by some trick or plan.

Very soon a canoe was seen coming slowly near.

In this canoe was Madeleine's visitor, a young French lady with her husband and family. Poor Madeleine was very much afraid that the Iroquois would see them, fall upon them, and kill them at once. None of the men would go to the river to warn them, so Madeleine by a little trick fooled the watching Indians, ran to the river and by her courage soon got the whole family safely into the fort. And now she had some more frightened, helpless ones to care for.

For a whole week, they kept the Indians away. When any of them came near, they were fired at. Madeleine even had the only cannon in the fort fired off, and the wondering Indians waited, thinking the fort was indeed full of soldiers.

At night they could hear the cry, "All's well!" ring out from the fort to the block-house.

During all the week Madeleine hardly dared to stop watching to eat her meals, and she slept like a soldier indeed, with her head on her arms and her gun beside her.

Her two brothers, brave lads they

were, did all they could to help her, and the two soldiers though frightened at first, soon became a great help to their young leader.

The Indians did not quite see how it was done, but they found that if they went near, a gun went off close beside them. So they kept far enough away. But help was near. Some of the men who had been working in the fields when the Indians came, had got away to Montreal. There they told of the Indians coming, and help was sent to Castle Dangerous. The two boys in the fort brought the great news to Madeleine. A French soldier and forty men were seen in canoes on the river.

Madeleine was glad enough to give up her place of leader to the brave captain whose coming was so welcome. The Iroquois did not wait long when they saw the French soldiers, but quickly made off.

The Governor at Montreal was told the whole story of Madeleine's bravery, and we may be sure that her father and mother soon came home to rejoice over the safety of their brave children.

Today the visitor to Vercheres cannot escape the contagion of pride which that episode and that Canadian Joan of Arc inspire. Philippe Hebert, the sculptor, has created a statue which thrills and uplifts the spectator. Madeleine stands in heroic proportions, a figure fifteen feet high, on a pedestal of rough stones from the neighbourhood, and resembling in form the bastion of a fort. Her face is to the west, chin uplifted and chest thrust forward in intrepid manner toward the foe. A broad-brimmed hat, the front turned up, exposes a refined, girlish face, but the hands bear a heavy musket. Braids of hair down her back give a final touch of immaturity to the figure called by Destiny to guard a settlement from annihilation, and to infuse courage into skulking men who would have surrendered.

Thus she raised their drooping courage, matchless maiden, Madeleine; And the cry, "To arms!" re-echoed, till the roof-trees rang again; Cannons thundered, muskets rattled, and the clank of steel was heard. Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely scared.

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated breath, They held the fort against the foe that lurked around them plotting death. At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Monnerie, And up to Heaven arose a shout, "The foe has fled, and we are free!"

### The Story of Abigail Becker

A Canadian Grace Darling

One wild November night in the year 1854 a blizzard was raging over Lake Erie. Abigail Becker, the wife of a poor trapper on Long Point Island, heard the winds and waves roaring, and they disturbed her rest. She and her children were safely sheltered in the little cottage on the hill, but her husband was away. She was astir very early in the morning. As she went to dip a pail of water from the lake she heard a noise of sails flapping in the wind; and there not far away was a schooner, the Conductor, on the rocks.

Quickly she hurried back to the house. "Children," she called, "there is a vessel ashore about a mile up the beach. Go and see if we can help them."

Edward, the eldest boy, although lame and walking with crutches, was so anxious to help that he was the first on the spot opposite the wreck. Mrs. Becker, too, hurried to a point where she could get a good view, and they discovered eight men clinging to the rigging.

"If they cannot get to shore they will all perish," declared Edward.

Eight men to be saved! Mrs. Becker didn't quite know how it was to be done, but she wasn't the one to waste any time sitting down and shedding idle tears. Leaving the eldest girl, her step-daughter, to look after the younger children at home, she and the two boys did what they could on the beach.

First they gathered up a pile of drift wood, then made a good fire. As the blaze flashed up brightly, three cheers from the sailors were borne to them faintly above the noise of the storm. Mrs. Becker had brought a good large kettle. She heated water, made some tea, and waited, but the sailors made no attempt to cross the raging water. Evidently they hadn't a boat. Mrs. Becker had none either, and anyway, no row boat could have breast-ed those wildly tossing billows.

She called loudly to them to try to swim over, but the winds and waters drowned her voice. She beckoned with her hand to them, but still they paid no heed. Morning passed and the hours of the early afternoon crept on.

"This won't do," thought Mrs. Becker. "Something has got to be done."

She waded right into the icy water toward the wreck, calling and beckoning, trying to assure the men that she would help them if they would only trust to her.

Meanwhile the poor half-frozen men looked longingly at the glowing fire on the beach, but still clung helplessly to the wreck. What else could they do? For,

"It was cold—oh, it was cold!  
The pinching cold was like a vice;  
Spindrift flew freezing—fold on fold  
It coated them with ice."

How could their benumbed limbs keep them afloat on those heaving, howling waves?

But at last Captain Hackett said, "If we stay here we shall be lost. I will go first. If I get to shore safely the rest of you can follow."

The other sailors tried to persuade him not to attempt anything so rash, but he had made up his mind. He pulled off his coat and shoes and plunged into the water. It was a desperate struggle. The waves seemed to reach hungrily for their prey, and folding him in their foamy arms they carried him away down the beach.

Then Mrs. Becker, who was very tall and stout and strong, waded far out and caught him by the hand, nor did she let go until she had him safe beside the fire. Quickly she poured him some hot tea, and then hurried back to help the rest.

The mate was the next to come, but the baffled waves redoubled their fury. For some anxious minutes he disappeared, and it seemed that he was lost.

Edward, in spite of his lameness, felt that he must go to his mother's assistance. Poor boy, his frail strength was as nothing in those wild waves, and the result was that Mother Becker had them both on her hands.

She sought them near, she sought them far.  
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight,  
With both together up the bar  
She staggered into sight.

These two were also cheered with hot tea, but there was no rest yet for Mrs. Becker, for her vigilant eyes had seen another sailor leave the wreck.

And still the gale went shrieking,  
And still the wrecking fury grew;  
And still the woman, worn and wan,  
Those gates of death went through.

One by one they came to land. Some were rescued more easily than the others, but more than one had to

be dragged from the water quite unconscious, and did not revive for some time. At last they were safe beside the fire—all but the poor cook who could not swim. Sorry as they all were they just had to leave him; nothing could be done to rescue him that night.

Even now after all her exhausting toil Mrs. Becker did not stop to think of herself. She put her big shawl and her shoes on the men, one by one, and took them to the house, where in the large old-fashioned fireplace a splendid fire had been kept up by the girl and her little brothers. The men sat and stood in its welcome glow until their clothes were thoroughly dry. Everything possible for their comfort in this very humble home was done, but the thought of their unhappy comrade shadowed their rejoicing.

Mrs. Becker, much as she must have needed rest after her unusual exertions, could hardly sleep all night thinking of that one lone castaway. Very early in the morning she got up and called the men to see if something could not be done to rescue him, for the wind had gone down and the lake was calmer.

They saw he was still there, for he had lashed himself to the rigging; so they quickly gathered some boards together and made a raft. With this they were able to reach the wreck and bring back the poor despairing cook. He was still living, but badly frozen. Mrs. Becker put his feet in cold water to draw out the frost before she allowed him near the fire, and in a few weeks he was able to walk again.

Everybody was quite happy now. They shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy glad. Cried: "Never yet on land or sea Poor dying, drowning sailors had A better friend than she."

When later on in the day eight men came over from the mainland to hear all about it and add their praises to the grateful tributes of the rescued sailors,

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,  
She blushed as girls when lovers woo.  
"I have not done a thing," she said,  
"More than I ought to do."

Yet dear Mother Becker was very happy when the Buffalo merchants and sailors gathered for her a sum of money—\$550—which enabled her to buy a fifty-acre farm and a more comfortable home on the mainland. And she was proud and pleased to receive from the American Humane Association a handsome gold medal. Still other honors came to her, for by and by she received a letter from Queen Victoria, and also one from Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, commending her heroic achievement. Her step-daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, who greatly loved and honored her, tells us that Mrs. Becker was very proud of these.

Captain Dorr, of Buffalo, one of the eight men who came to Long Point the day after the rescue, told the story of Miss Amanda T. Jones, an American writer who had lived for a time at Glen Elgin about nine miles from St. Catharines. As Captain Dorr had hoped, Miss Jones wrote a poem in which she told the story just as it happened; and we are grateful to her for this stirring poem of Canadian heroism, some stanzas of which are quoted above, the closing one being:

Billows may tumble, winds may roar,  
Strong hands the wrecked from death may snatch,  
But never, never, nevermore  
This deed shall mortal match.

Mrs. Becker died in 1905 and was buried in beautiful Oakwood cemetery in the town of Simcoe, and her gallant deed, not the only one to her credit, and nearly equal in heroism to that of Grace Darling, should be recognized by the erection of a suitable monument, even though it was an act of peace and not of war.

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## Ethelwyn Wetherald's Poetry, An Appreciation,

By John W. Garvin

It may be regarded as almost a truism that if a poet be placed in any environment, particularly of Nature, things of beauty will soon be observed and sung about. Most of her life Miss Wetherald has lived at what is now the old homestead in Pelham township, Niagara Peninsula, which is environed by every rural charm; and scarcely an object or phase of beauty thereabouts has escaped her observation and poetic expression. And human life as well, as she has seen it lived, or has read of it, or as her wisdom has interpreted it, has been given manifold utterance in rhythmical, musical poems. A complete edition of her lyrics and sonnets, three hundred and fifty in number, has just been issued by Nelson's. Her 'Lyrics of the Seasons' are seventy-nine in number, and exquisite indeed are most of them. She she was born in April this may account in part for the warmth of feeling which inspired such lines as these:

When spring unbound comes o'er us like a flood,

My spirit slips its bars

And thrills to see the trees break into bud  
 As skies break into stars.

\* \* \*

How shall we fasten the door of spring  
 Wide, so wide that it cannot close?

Though buds are filling and frogs  
 are trilling

And violets breaking and grass  
 awaking,

Yet doubtfully back and forth it blows  
 Till come the birds, and the woodlands  
 ring

With sharp beak stammer—

The sudden clamour  
 Of the woodpecker's hammer  
 At the door of spring.

\* \* \*

A spirit through  
 My window came when earth was soft  
 with dew,

Close at the tender edge of dawn, when  
 all

The spring was new,

And bore me back  
 Along her rose-and-starry tinted track,  
 And showed me how the full-winged day  
 emerged

From out the black.

Birds and their warblings have attracted poets the world over; and English poetry is rich in melodious lyrics, giving expression to their appeal. But no other Canadian poet has attained to the high level of excellence in songs about birds, reached by Miss Wetherald. The Indigo Bird' will serve to illustrate:

When I see,

High on the tip-top of a tree,  
 Something blue by the breezes stirred,

But so far up that the blue is blurred,  
 So far up no green leaf flies

'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,  
 Then I know, ere a note be heard,

That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,  
 And naught between but the breezes high,  
 And naught so blue by the breezes stirred  
 As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear  
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,  
As though of some airy jest he had heard  
The last and the most delightful word:  
A laugh as fresh in the August haze  
As it was in the full-voiced April days;  
Then I know that my heart is stirred  
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,  
And naught between but the breezes high;  
And naught so glad on the breezes heard  
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

Miss Wetherald's love songs are replete with restrained passion, but as to their message a number are quite unusual in modern verse. They give emphasis to the danger of too close an intimacy:

Dearest, give your soul to me;  
Let it in your glances shine;  
Let a path of ecstasy  
Stretch between your eyes and mine.  
Should you press me to your heart,  
That enchanted,  
That enchanted little pathway must depart.

\* \* \*

If you love me, tell me so  
In your greeting, in your eyes,  
In your footstep, swift or slow,  
In your tender-voiced replies.  
Love that stays in heart and blood  
Lives forever in the bud;  
Once in words 'tis past recall—  
Down the lovely petals fall.

The humorous poems for adults are fourteen in number. They are original and deliciously amusing. 'Self-Righteousness' is a characteristic example:

Unto the diamond with a flaw  
The perfect pebble spake:  
'Alas, poor sister, some great law  
Of heaven you did break,

Since Imperfection's curse I see  
Whene'er your form I view;  
But cheer up! someday you may be  
A perfect pebble, too.

There is no other poet known to me  
whose heart is so charged with tender

sympathy for all things that have life." There is no sentimentality or affectation in this. It is genuine affection. In Miss Wetherald's religion and philosophy, the kinship of all finite living things is unquestionable, for they are the creation of the One Loving All-Father.

#### The Screech Owl

Hearing the strange night-piercing sound  
Of woe that strove to sing,  
I followed where it hid, and found  
A soft small-throated thing,  
A feathered handful of gray grief,  
Perched by the year's last leaf.

And heeding not that in the sky  
The lamps of peace were lit,  
It sent abroad that sobbing cry,  
And sad hearts echoed it.  
O hush, poor grief, so gray, so wild,  
God still is with his child!

\* \* \*

From 'The Song Sparrow's Nest':

Then in the summer night,  
When I awake with a start,  
I think of the nest at the height—  
The leafy height of my heart;

I think of the mother love,  
Of the patient wings close furled,  
Of the sky that broods above,  
Of the Love that broods on the world.

There are one hundred and twenty-two 'Lyrics of Life and Wisdom.' To be fully appreciated they must be read and re-read. The wisdom of an exalted personality, observing life with serenity but with keenness of vision, and with enduring faith in the supremacy of good over evil, is invariably expressed, and that with rare simplicity and beauty of art. Two short examples:

#### The Fire-Weed

Where forest fires have swept the land,  
The musing traveller sees  
These little bright-faced flowers stand  
In crowded companies.

So in the heart that grief has charred  
New fairness decks the sod,  
And every blackened life is starred  
With tender gifts from God.

#### Legacies

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,  
Unto my God my soul,  
Unto my foe I leave my love—  
These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;  
Who shall receive this dower?  
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—  
Turn it into a flower.

Ethelwyn Wetherald is one of the best of Canada's sonnet writers. She has used the most difficult form of the Petrarchan or Italian School, yet the thoughts and lines flow with the same grace and freedom as in her lyrics. This is an unusual achievement. One example out of thirty-eight:

#### At Waking

When I shall go to sleep and wake again  
At dawning in another world than this,  
What will atone to me for all I miss?  
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,  
The press of leaves against my window-pane,  
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,  
The moon's enchantment, and the twilight kiss  
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore  
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,  
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush  
Of roses through the summer's open door;  
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring  
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

In poems for children—sixty in number—this author also excels. Her happy rhythms and rhymes and the humour of which most of the verses are redolent, are a constant source of pleasure to young hearers and readers. To illustrate:

**The Baby Who was Three-Fourths Good**  
'Now will you be good?' said little Bob Wood,  
To his baby sister Sue,

As he lifted his hand with a look of command,  
And the baby answered 'Goo.'

'You've sucked Noah's paint till he looks quite faint  
And wrecked nearly all his crew.  
Is that being good?' asked stern Bobby Wood,  
And the baby gurgled out 'Goo!'

'You mean pretty well, so seldom you yell,  
And you never were known to look blue;  
But you're not always good—that's quite understood—'  
And the little one laughed and said 'Goo!'

'Goo is three-fourths of good,' said wise Bobby Wood,  
'I suppose that's the best you can do;  
But when you're as big as I am, you sprig,  
You'll have to be good clear through.'

In conclusion let me say that I find no ground for adverse criticism. It is seldom one meets with such perfection in word, phrase and line. The thought is invariably original and the expression artistic and lucid. Indeed Ethelwyn Wetherald's poetry charms and delights all readers, from the University Professor down to the Kindergartner. And this, it seems to me, is the supreme test of genius.

#### \$100 SHORT STORY CONTEST

No story entered in this competition to exceed 3000 words. Each contestant may submit one story only. The story must be submitted under a pen name, with the author's real name and address and return postage enclosed in a sealed envelope. This envelope should bear on the outside the title of the story and the author's pen name. No story that has had previous publication will be eligible for this competition.

Each contestant must be a paid up subscriber to this magazine.

Manuscripts, typewritten and double-spaced, must be submitted by July 1st, 1932, to CONTEST DEPARTMENT, The Canadian Bookman, 516 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

## HAIL CANADA, VAST WAITING NORTHLAND!

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Majestic and mighty,  
In my lone fastness dreaming,  
Age on age;  
I, the Great Northland, kept the peace,  
And waited—  
Keyed to heroic silences I waited;  
Keyed to cosmic silences  
Vast as God's purpose.

Couched in solemn quietude,  
Unconquered and unconquerable,  
I, the Great Northland, kept the peace,  
And waited—  
Binding the centuries into my sinews;  
Into my heart the heroism  
Of shadow generations, gone like leaves—  
Dreamdust borne on the breath of ages!

Serene and mystical,  
In virgin patience girded,  
I, the Great Northland, kept the peace,  
And waited—  
Strong as Faith's self, I waited;  
Watching the march of Death—  
The trampling Tyrannies  
Treading God's wrath!

Crowned and set apart  
From the beginning,  
I, the Great Northland, kept the peace,  
And waited—  
Freedom's first footfall,  
Love's first faint hymning.  
Too vast for man to mar,  
I, the Great Northland,  
Still wait Christ's Regency—

Hope of the years to be,  
Land of true liberty,  
This God decreed for me,  
Vast waiting Northland!



**Brown Earth and Bunch Grass**, by A. M. Stephen. Vancouver: Wrigley Printing Co., 1931.

Reviewed by Lionel Stevenson

It is a commonplace of Canadian criticism that the years 1860-61 marked the birth of a noteworthy group of poets; but I do not think that anyone has remarked the similar, though less numerous, group who first saw the light exactly twenty years later, between 1880 and 1883. The most important of these coevals, named in chronological order, are Wilson MacDonald, A. M. Stephen, E. J. Pratt, and Marjorie Pickthall; and, with the exception of the last-named, they reveal an unmistakable community of purpose in the attempt to embody the virility and expansiveness of Canada, whether on the plains of the West or the heaving reaches of the Atlantic.

A. M. Stephen has published three books of verse in the past eight years. The first was ambitious, mystical, chaotic; the second was decorative, melodious, full of deft technical devices; now comes the third, in which most of the poems show an entire departure from any of their predecessors. Toward the end of the book there are a few musical lyrics which carry on the mood of "The Land of Singing Waters," but the bulk of the volume is made up of emphatic, slangy, free-verse poems, chiefly dealing with Western Canadian themes and perhaps inspired by the author's trans-Canadian reading tour and the insight which it must have given him into the country's vastness and vigor. The poems are in the tradition of Whitman, as revitalized in the present generation by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Stephen writes of Vancouver and the prairies as Mr. Sandburg writes of Chicago and Wisconsin—with the same cadences and vocabulary, the same

abrupt transitions and contrasts, and the same somewhat evangelical exhortations and defiances of the reader.

Closer to home, however, and more remarkable, is Mr. Stephen's kinship with Wilson MacDonald. I say "kinship" advisedly, and not "derivation" or "reminiscence;" the strong and distinctive personalities of the two men stand out clearly in all their work, and each has important traits which the other lacks, such as Mr. MacDonald's whimsical and pathetic gentleness in poems about children, and Mr. Stephen's exultant outspoken eroticism in his passionate moments. The significant fact is that despite their manifold dissimilarities, these two poets, when they face the task of interpreting the present era of Canadian life, respond in almost identical ways. Both preach the gospel of human brotherhood, both furiously condemn modern religion and social organization as "Mammonism," both turn frequently to Christ as the exemplar of their views, both are conscious of their own importance as prophets and revealers of truth—extending frequently to a certain sense of martyrdom—, both insist on the contrast between the evils of urban civilization and the healing inspiring power of the wilderness, and finally both indulge in magnificent visions of Canada's future glory when a golden age of equality and simplicity sets in.

It would be easy to make a long list of poems from "Brown Earth and Bunch Grass" and pair them with parallel utterances in Wilson MacDonald's work, particularly in his book "The Song of the Prairie Land." Noteworthy pairs would be Stephen's "The Unpardonable Sin" and MacDonald's "Whom Shall My Heart Condemn?" Stephen's "Poems" and MacDonald's "Cry of the Song Children," Stephen's "Travel with the Wind" and MacDonald's "A Song to Canada," and

the "Preludes" of the two books. There is a metrical resemblance in the strongly rhythmical free verse, and there is a resemblance both in the ideas expressed and in the intense—even savage—manner in which the poets hector and beseech the reader.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Stephen has mastered some of the most effective devices developed in modern *vers libre*. In particular, he can produce that sharp epigrammatic effect which results from a combination of neatly phrased images and abrupt omissions. Some of his brief imagistic poems, such as "Pussy Willow Patterns," are wholly successful in this style, and in many of the longer poems the same devices figure. Of course, no decision is yet in sight in the debate as to whether colloquial phrases, "indelicate" allusions, and "ugly" objects are genuinely appropriate in serious poetry, and the present review does not assume to decide. Unquestionably, however, Mr. Stephen gains attention and arouses a vigorous response, of some sort, in his reader, which is a desirable result, by no means easy of accomplishment.

Brief quotations would be almost certain to do injustice to these poems. A few lines, taken by themselves, would appear absurd, or needlessly crude, or entirely pointless, whereas in their proper place in the poem they might have much power and even beauty. Mr. Stephen has eloquence and earnestness, phrase-making skill and ferocious invective. Many of the poems treat their subjects vividly and convincingly. "Stampede" is effective, and "On the Air" is perhaps the first outstanding poem of the radio. "Steel Cliffs" would be a fine paean of the skyscraper if it were docked of its melodramatic conclusion, in the good old "Lights o' London" vein, of a charwoman sheltering a street-girl. In some of the poems, however, one feels that the author is consciously setting out to shock the reader by his "hard-boiled" modernity:

The venerable Victorian poet,  
dissolving his grief  
in the oil of conventionality,  
let it ooze  
through multitudinous pages,  
mellow, soporific, deadly  
as the air of an undertaking parlor.

Again, an otherwise effective poem is marred by a gratuitous insult to the reader's intelligence in the title "A Poem—Which You May Not Understand."

Like Whitman and Sandburg, Mr. Stephen occasionally lets his poem lapse into mere jerky cataloguing. And like those same kinsmen, as well as Wilson MacDonald, he is not always able to keep his invective form becoming shrill and bombastic. The emotions of anger and disgust are among the most difficult of poetic themes, and it requires an Old Testament prophet to keep them consistently on the necessary level of dignity and sincerity.

**The Square Circle, by Denis Mackail  
(Musson) \$2.50**

The Square Circle is a book of sunshine and fog—joy and sorrow. If its pages could be tinted to betray the tone of the book, they would be a seemingly reluctant yellow interspersed with indescribable grey.

What a secret satisfaction the reader has peering into the inmost thoughts of such a variety of minds. The author does well in feeding the fires of human curiosity by giving his readers tastes of many wondering thoughts and fond imaginings.

It is such fun to live for a few hours not in one house but in a square of houses. One feels like Puck darting from home to home, laughing here, sighing there, and hoping that everything will turn out for the best.

This tale of a year in Tiverton Square is written with understanding sympathy. The author makes plain the fact that one cannot escape altogether from the narrow confines of civilization; but rather than treat it with callous sneers, one must live on patiently while the years go by, until the black angel appears—"soon we shall all be dead."

This book should not be listed directly under the headings of comedy or tragedy. Neither is it a novel of fast moving action. The quietness of it is delightful, while its pleasing intimacy gives one that cherished feeling of friendly warmth.

Blanche Parker.

**Finch's Fortune, by Mazo de la Roche—  
Toronto: Macmillan \$2.50.**

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

Towards the close of "Whiteoaks of Jalna," the second and best of the famous trilogy, the reader discovered how astounded and chagrined the other members of the family were, when they learned, after their grandmother's death, that she had willed her fortune of \$100,000 to the immature and emotional Finch. And it did not surprise us when the family's censure caused the susceptible youth to attempt suicide.

As indicated by the title, the theme of the second sequel to "Jalna" is particularly Finch and what he did with the inherited fortune. It was subject to his control and disposal after his 21st anniversary.

Finch was naturally generous and he felt, moreover, that the other members of the family had not been fairly dealt with. So he pressed his brother Piers to tell what he would like done for him. Piers, with some hesitancy intimated that a new automobile and an up to date piggery would be acceptable. They were provided. Sister Meg suggested that he take over the \$15,000 mortgage on her husband's estate, as the present mortgagee had been rather disagreeable. Finch cheerfully acquiesced and charged a lower rate of interest. Renny was appealingly urged to accept at least as much money as he had spent on Finch's education, but his pride caused him to refuse. The old uncles, Nicholas and Ernest, had no scruples about accepting a trip to England with Finch to visit their sister Augusta, who had a charming home in Devon. On board ship they met one of Alayne's friends, Miss Rosamond Trent, who so attracted Uncle Ernest that he persuaded his nephew to lend her \$10,000 to invest in antiques for sale in New York. But I overlooked stating that Finch's chum, George Fennell, who had entered a brokerage office in the city, had induced him before he left for England to invest \$30,000 in margins in New York stocks. . . . this is amusing comedy, but the tragedy came when the crash in the stock markets caused the loss of the \$30,000, and also of the \$10,000 loaned to Miss Trent.

Miss de la Roche and her cousin Miss Caroline Clement, have had a home in Devon for two or three years and the descriptions of scenes in that shire are rarely beautiful. Indeed in scenic descriptive writing and in vividness of characterization, this brilliant author has few peers.

The whole account of the trip to England and especially of the sojourn in Devon is entertaining to a degree. Finch meets there a lovely cousin from Ireland, a Court to whom his heart goes out, but through shyness, he loses her,—his University chum, Arthur Lee, supplanting him and then with innocent cruelty insisting on Finch accompanying them on their honeymoon. This would be deliciously humorous were it not for the tragic fact that the girl really loved Finch the more, but he had not proposed.

The poet brother Eden, (Alayne's first husband) and his mistress, Minny, are found camping on Aunt Agatha's doorstep, so to speak, (they were domiciled in the Lodge) and our interest in their fortunes and misfortunes are again aroused. Eden developed a cough and a migration to the south of France was financed by Finch.

All the members of the Whiteoaks family are brought vividly to our attention once more, but we miss the dominating, irascible old centenarian, Grandmother, and the occasional exhibitions of her parrot's swear words. Poor Boney dumbly mourned his mistress for nearly three years, until near the close of the volume he poured forth one volley of horrible Hindoo oaths: "Shaitan! Shaitan Kabatka! Iflatoon! Chore! Chore!"

How sensitive proud Alayne failed, as Renny's wife, to effect desired changes in the home life of the family, and finally became absorbed as one of them, is also an interesting study.

The author's unusual skill in blending comedy and tragedy is again much in evidence and cannot fail to entertain many thousands of readers even though this sequel, as a whole, does not fully measure up to the high standard of excellence of the first.

The other day I was asked where Miss de la Roche was born. Let me repeat that she is a native of the city of Toronto, and has dwelt here much of her life. For



some years she lived in Galt and later on a farm on the west coast of Lake Ontario, the scene of her novel "Possession." Though now residing mostly in Devonshire, England, she still retains her summer cottage at Clarkson, Ont. Recently she has adopted two orphans, a boy and a girl.

**The Windmill on the Dunes**, by Mary E. Waller, (Little, Brown) \$2.50

Here is a man, Seth Michel Chilworth, son of a French mother and a Cape Cod sea captain, who stood in his own light so successfully that, until the very end of a long artistic career, he missed love, happiness, and God.

This, of course, makes the story, and, for that reason, I suppose, one should be patient with his blunderings. For it is a delightful tale, full of the dear, delightful people of two lands, from Uncle Zuby of the Cape, to Yvon Baz, the fisherman of Brittany. Romance shines out at you from the gray windmill guarding the low, curving dune facing the Atlantic, which offers Seth shelter in his moods and a work-shop in which to write his book. Romance fairly roars at you from the defiant rock buttresses of the Race of Sein on the Breton coast, and the tide-washed island of Sein with its rare sunsets. An artist's brush has added light and colour to the word-pictures scattered through the pages.

"They had a story. Everybody has one, and each could become interested in the romance of his own life if he had comprehended it." This thought, gleaned from an evening with Georges Sand and Balzac, impelled Seth to write an account from jottings in his journal and recollections written afterward, with a view to distilling from it his life's hidden meaning.

To put on canvas the refracted light over the dunes and rocks of the sea coast, was his all-absorbing passion, from the time when as a boy he freed himself from the slavery of the art school in Paris to sketch ships and tides along the Breton coast. Art was his mistress. So, when the graceful girl, whom he took as helpmeet, without any love in his heart for her, left his cold arms for those of his more passionate brother Pennryn, he put

all blame on her and none on himself. So too, when Susan Chelworth, his cousin and second mother, accused him of this sin, he ignored the accusation pulled out from under his responsibilities, and went to France. Here, for twenty years, he studied and painted, forming new ties that in the end were to win him back to the old. He befriended Marjolaine, a girl of the streets, grew to love her son as his own, and at her death adopted the boy, who thus became Jerome Jean-Marie Giroden-Chelworth.

Into Jerry's life and his, there had come the dancing feet of little Tonton. Something irresistible about her charmed them both; in Jerry's case it turned to love, to Michel she brought the sweetness of the daughter that was denied him. But her identity and that of her mother, Madame Herve, is the unknown factor in the story, and the shock of its discovery can be yours only when you have lived with Seth through all the bitter, lonely hours, that lead up to it.

Because he is blind, foolishly and needlessly blind, you want to shake him. That this blindness did not blight his art, is due possibly to the indulgence of the author. It is an artificial thing, that clogs the end of the book and taxes your patience beyond measure. But this charge is not as serious as it seems; and, anyway, you are won to forgiveness by sun, sky, stars, and the illimitable expanse of water and the dunes.

Louise Garbutt.

#### Open House

Rather than cut down the space to be devoted to a review of "Open House" a course which would be necessary were this book to be reviewed in this issue, it has been decided to delay the review until a later issue, possibly the next. Unquestionably this book is of more than ordinary importance among recent Canadian publications. In fact it is a milestone marking progress in the development of Canadian literature. To all who have an interest in this phase of Canada's development, this book is recommended, not only for the engrossing subject matter which it contains, but also for the enterprise and the courage of those responsible for it in adding so unique a volume to the annals of Canadiana. (Graphic, \$3.00).

**A Book of Verses**, by Willa Hoey.

There are many more pretentious volumes of poems that have been received with acclaim by the accredited critics, in which I find less to get right at the core of me, in striking responsive chords of appreciation and genuine interest, than does a little chap-book of poems by Willa Hoey that has just come to me. The diversified appeal of these poems is surprising in a collection that comprises only twenty poems in all.

Every dog-lover will like:

#### This Friend of Mine

I am his God—he worships me, I know,  
For quick he is to follow where I go;  
Nor questions he the wisdom of the way—  
The meed he asks is by my side to stay;  
Whene'er I gaze into his faithful eyes,  
Reproach within my heart is prone to rise—  
That I should lack a dog's perception fine.  
He teaches me to trust—this friend of mine.

And who that has sought out and revisited woodland paths will not appreciate:

Paths are so friendly, every shady nook  
Breathes of romance, just like a story-book;  
The trees vibrate with secrets new and old,  
Along the way where folks, unthinking, strolled,  
Who knew not that the flowers, trees and grass  
Retain the songs and sighs of those who pass;  
Paths are not lonely to the one who hears  
The wondrous tales they tell of by-gone years.

Then read this tribute to age:

#### She Sits With Folded Hands

She sits beside the fire when night swings low,  
A picture quaint, while flick'ring embers glow;  
The shadows play about her rocking-chair,

Making a halo 'round her snow-white hair,  
And when she smiles, with gentleness and grace,  
Expectancy is mirrored in her face—  
A faith that bridges this and fairer lands,  
While peacefully she sits with folded hands.

Do no these three inspire a desire to see more of the fine work of this poet? It is to be hoped that a new and larger collection will follow.

J. M.

**Buried Treasure**, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Mac) \$2.50.

The story of "A Buried Treasure" is so simple that it may be told in a paragraph: A poor farmer and his wife find a kettle of gold hidden in the earth on their farm. Their problem first is knowing how to dispose of their gold and later how to conceal it. With this plot as her starting point, Miss Roberts leads her reader into a charming love story, with the dark shadow of a father's love behind it as menacing as that in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street;" another tale of a youth who returns to the mouldering graves of his ancestors; the story of a robber who has stolen a fortune from a tea-pot, and the change that comes over men and women when they are plunged into sudden wealth.

#### EDISON AS NEWSPAPERMAN

The following is taken from the chronology of the life of Edison as published with the obituary:

1862—Printed and published first newspaper ever printed on a moving train. Another reference to an experience in his early career relates that an irate Port Huron man threw young Edison into the river on account of something he printed as a cub reporter on his father's newspaper.

#### DEATH OF EDITH L. GROVES

The death occurred in Toronto on Saturday, October 17th, of Edith L. Groves, educationist and author. Her principal literary output comprised poems for children which were marked by more than ordinary merit, one book "The Kingdom of Children," running into nine editions. She was a graduate of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

## It is Reported

THAT—

—organization of the Canadian Authors' Foundation has now matured from Coast to Coast and on October 20th at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, a public Meeting was addressed by Premier Bennett and other speakers of note from Montreal, Ottawa and western cities, with the object of acquainting people regarding the national significance of the Foundation.

—"Janey Canuck," the author who is in her regular sphere of life Judge Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, has recently been in the East addressing Kiwanians and others. She voiced her faith in true Western style:

"The Western farmer is not down and out. We're down, but we're not out," she declared. "Alberta has a solid present and an immeasurable future. There are 15,140,000 acres of arable land in the Peace River district—enough to grow more wheat than now produced in Canada." We want manual work whether in communities or separately along the railways. Don't let anyone persuade you with a panacea other than manual labor at the present time. Agriculture is the Cinderella."

—Miss A. Merrill, well known newspaperwoman, formerly of Toronto, is now in Sherbrooke, Quebec, on the staff of the "Daily Record," of that fine city. She says she fell in love with Sherbrooke on her first visit which was accidental, occasioned by an automobile detour, and now she wonders "why everybody does not come to live in the heart of the Eastern Townships."

—there has just appeared, a new volume of the work of Martha Martin, whose original work included contributions to "The Canadian Bookman." The name of the collection is "Caught in Flight," published in a \$1.75 edition. Quite a number of Martha Martin's love poems have been set to music by well known composers.

—Beatrice Knowles, talented young Canadian, successfully produced three plays each year since graduating from Columbia University's School of Journalism ten years ago. She is a native of Brantford, Ontario, second daughter of the late Maria Kenning and William J. Knowles; a niece of McGillivray Knowles, the artist, and a descendant of James Sheridan Knowles, dramatist and theologian, in Cork, Ireland, in 1784. She received her early education in Brantford Collegiate and Brantford Ladies' College. Of the plays produced in the past ten years the Women's Press of New York, and the Presbyterian Board of Education, in Philadelphia, have published many, among them "The Gifts," "The Wise Man," "Suffer the Children," "Esther," and the more recent fairy plays, "The Naughty Princess," "The Bogie Man," "Bag o' Gold," "Open Sesame" and "The King's Backyard."

### WON \$1000 PRIZE

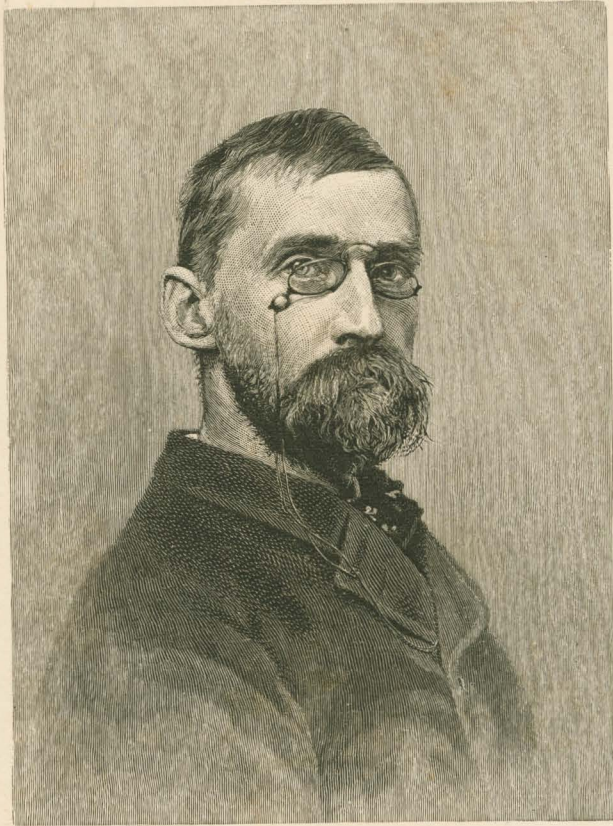
S. A. Saunders, blind since he was a youth, now a student in the department of political science in the school of graduate studies at the University of Toronto, won the first prize of \$1000 in the essay competition sponsored by Acadia University on the subject of the economic welfare of the Maritime provinces. The work is considered the broadest treatise yet written on that subject according to one of the judges. In 1923 he attended the school for the blind in Halifax and two years later entered Dalhousie University from which he received his Bachelor of Arts. Three years ago he came to Toronto and was awarded the Alexander Mackenzie fellowship for 1928-29. In 1929 he received the first award of the Maurice Cody research fellowship at the university here. Two years ago he won second place in the Royal Bank of Canada essay competition. He has an M.A. degree from the University of Toronto.

### EDGAR WALLACE

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**HENRY BERGSON.** The study of the French philosopher, by Jacques Chevalier. An attempt to find the place of Bergsonian doctrine in the philosophical tradition of France and Europe. New York published at \$2.50 in 1928.

**JOCKEYS, CROOKS AND KINGS.** A story of Winnie O'Connor's life as told to Earl Chapin May. The book is full of glamour and adventure recalling the incidents in the crowded life of Winnie O'Connor, the internationally famous jockey. Illustrated with photographs and with decorations by Lynd Ward. Published at \$3.00 in 1930.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN IDEA,** by James A. MacDonald, LL.D. A first edition published in 1917. This book by one of Canada's most famous editors and orators, the late Dr. Macdonald of the Toronto "Globe," is a volume of special interest to collectors of Canadiana.

**LIQUOR LOOT AND LADIES,** by Chester T. Crowell. The actual dyed-in-the-wool, confessions of a mighty political boss, indeed it is a stark recital of what actually goes on in the dim half world of politics. Published at \$3.00 in 1930.

**GERMANY AFTER THE ARMISTICE.** By Maurice Berger a Belgian engineer (a college professor before the war.) This book of 333 pages published in 1920, is based on personal interviews with the former war-lords as well as leaders of the new regime. The translation is by the noted war correspondent W. L. McPherson.

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## WORKS OF O. HENRY

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George Frederick Cameron

Toronto, Oct. 9th, 1931.

Editor, The Canadian Bookman:

You did well to give a place, in your September Number, to a brief study of the work of George Frederick Cameron who really belongs, in our Canadian literature, to the creative period. Cameron was certainly one of the group that, during the closing years of the last century, gave us, not great poems it is true, yet poetry dipped in something like the mystic light of heaven. In any event it was poetry of true inspiration.

To-day, I fear, a noisy and commercialized mediocrity has the literary world by the throat. There is but one exception, in my opinion, to this. England still, in the realm of literature, holds the torch of scholarship on high; and, while in poetry she is creating nothing notable, her creative work in prose, witness to the plane of her intellectual thinking.

On my last visit to France, in 1929, I learned that the epidemic of mediocrity is ravaging, too, the literary fields once full of the opulence and splendour of Moliere, Hugo and Lamartine. Anatole France, by the way, seems to have been the last great literary Frenchman.

Across the lakes in the land to the south, where poets are chirping from every hilltop, in the hope of being anthologized, the fall has been great indeed from Hawthorne to Dreiser; and from Lowell to Edgar Lee Masters. Yet, let us be merciful; for it is the age of the aeroplane, and the radio, and the gasoline station. Did not blind Homer spin out his tale, in verse, of the Fall of Troy, while visiting the shepherds' huts of Greece; and Dante fashion his great Trilogy while eating the bread of an immortal Paradise Lost to an unsympathetic daughter? Is not suffering stranger, in exile; and Milton dictate his then the badge of all our tribe?—I mean the poets.

Thomas O'Hagan.

'ARK TO THIS!

"Now, Jimmy," said teacher, "I'll give you an easy question: What do you know about the ark?"

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# THE CHALLENGE

NEW SERIES—VOL. II

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1933

NUMBER 10

## Port Fairfield Folk

By OLIVE DELAHAYE

WITH an exclamation of disapproval, old George Brown rose from his seat on a box at the end of the Port Fairfield pier.

"You chaps make me sick," he broke out, addressing the group of youths waiting for the arrival of the fish boat. "You haven't half the grit your fathers had."

"Oh, come now, George," remonstrated Phil Stanley, who had always been a favourite with the old man from the first moment that George had seen his dancing, blue eyes and merry smile. "I don't see how you make that out. What about the aviators?"

"We are not talking about aviators," George retorted, shaking his burly shoulders to emphasize his point. "For that matter you've all got courage enough when it comes to something spectacular. It's the long, steady grind that shows up your weakness. I mind how your father put himself through college, Phil, and his father before him. You chaps just say it's not possible. Trouble is you're afraid of hard work. Life's been too easy for you. Forty years ago there were no eighteen year-old boys at Port. They were all busy earning money."

Phil Stanley flushed. "I'd have liked a job well enough," he defended himself, "but mother set her heart on my having a holiday before I go into the bank in the fall."

"Bank!" repeated the old man, surprise in the brown eyes under the bushy eyebrows. "Bank! Mean to tell me, Phil, that you are not going on to college after winning that scholarship and all? I thought you'd set your heart on studyin' doctorin', like the Stanleys before you."

"Well, so I had," Phil replied, "but Uncle Andrew got sick, and had to give up his law practice. The doctor says he must stay here in Port Fairfield, winter as well as summer. Mother and the children will stay, too. That means that in Toronto I'd have to pay board as well as tuition, so I'll try this other job instead."

"Too bad," the old man observed in a disappointed voice. "I've never seen the Stanley yet who was good at keepin' books. Doctorin' or law, that's the work for a Stanley. Well, I must be movin'. Anyone feel like earnin' a quarter helpin' with the ice?"

Phil laughed. "Keep your quarter, George, but I'll help," and he followed George towards the long, gray shed in which the ice was packed. Here, helping to load the big blocks into the light waggon George used for delivering ice to the cottagers, Phil was struck by his old friend's obvious fatigue.

"Say, George, this work is getting

too hard for you," he blurted out. "You ought to get help."

To the boy's surprise this suggestion did not bring the objection he had expected.

"I know I should," George admitted. "I need a partner. Now that I've got my little house paid for and something laid by in the bank, I'd be glad to hire a likely young chap to help me out, but no one will come to Port Fairfield in winter. The young chaps all head for Detroit, where there's movies and dancin' and goodness knows what else."

Here George was silent for a moment. Then he went on: "How would you like to stay yourself, Phil? I'd pay you handsome. You'd be farther ahead than with that banking job I know you'll hate. Maybe in a year or two you could save enough to go to college after all."

At this suggestion Phil laughed a ringing, boyish laugh filled with amusement.

"Stay in Port Fairfield, I!" he exclaimed. "You're crazy, George. Besides it's all arranged about the bank. I leave here next week, but I'll be back for Christmas, and I'll come to see you then."

When Phil returned to the old house in Port Fairfield, which had been in the Stanley family for several generations, and was now used as a summer home, he repeated George's conversation to his uncle, who did not consider George's proposal as foolish as it had seemed to Phil.

"There's money in this ice business if properly run," old Mr. Stanley pointed out. "Of course, George merely supplies the people at Port Fairfield, but there are all the girls' and boys' camps springing up along the lake, as well as the little inland towns which are too small to establish artificial ice plants of their own. I believe it would pay to build several ice houses and to have a gang of men cutting ice in the winter. George would be

afraid to make the venture himself, but if someone else put money into the business he could direct it. He's been cutting ice here for forty years. If you're interested, Phil, I'd consider the scheme."

Phil shrugged his shoulders. He visualized getting up on cold winter mornings to go out in below-zero weather, and face the wind which so often blew over ice fields from the open water beyond them. He thought of long, quiet evenings in the house, and his spirit recoiled at the idea of such dullness.

"Not I, Uncle Andrew," he remarked, emphatically. "I'm not keen on going into the bank, but I certainly prefer it to spending my winters here."

"Humph," commented his uncle. "I didn't think my idea would appeal to you. You're as soft as butter, Phil, like all the young boys nowadays," and he turned back to his book as if to show that as far as he was concerned there was no need for further conversation.

Before Phil had been two weeks in the Toronto bank he realized that old George Brown and his uncle had known his limitations better than he knew them himself. Nothing about the work suited him. He hated going about with drafts which might or might not be accepted by harassed business men. He detested looking over piles of cheques to see whether the stamp demanded by the government had been duly affixed to the little strips of paper. He learned to loathe the very atmosphere of the busy branch in which he worked, from the stale air in the lobby to the clink of coins in the teller's cage, and the clatter of typewriters and adding machines. Never did Christmas holidays seem so long delayed as those which finally saw him back at Port Fairfield with four blissful days to look forward to.

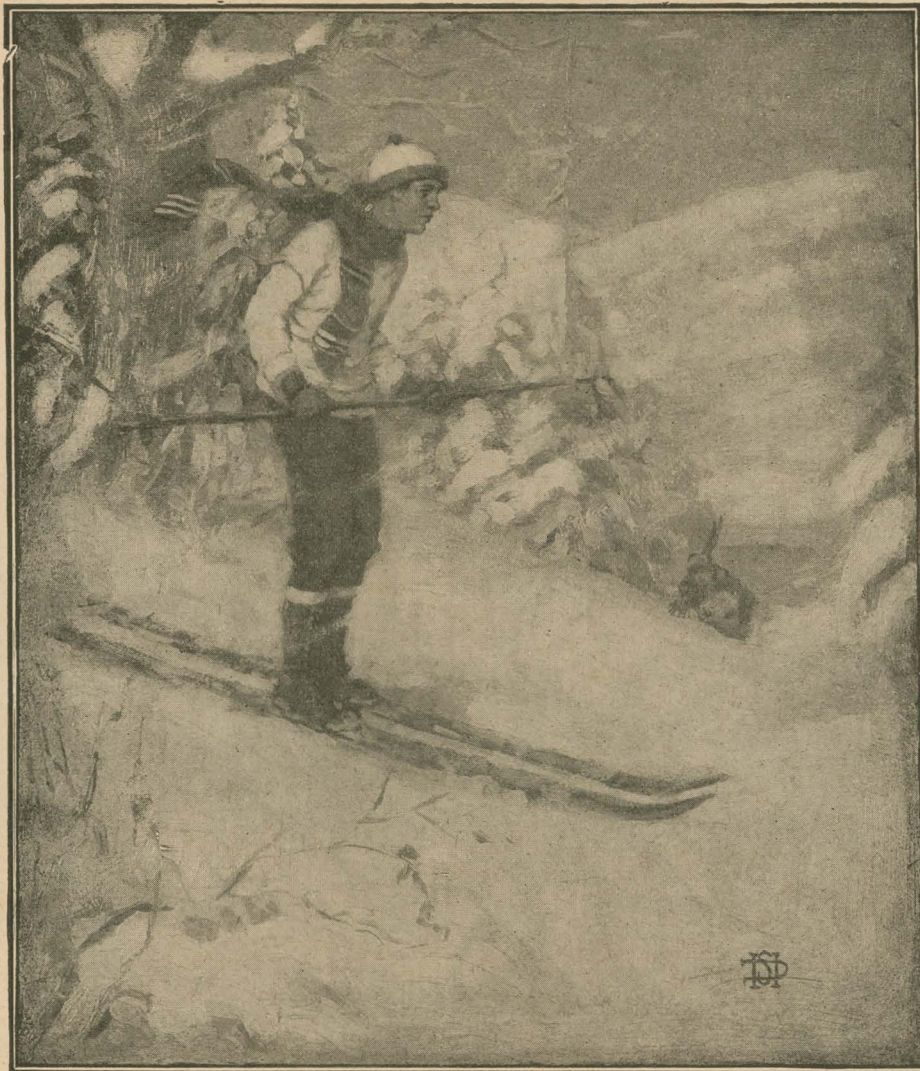
That year in Toronto there had as yet been no skiing. Snow when it came descended in wet, sticky flakes which soon dissolved into a mass of slush, but at Port Fairfield it lay smooth and white and firm on the hillsides, offering its invitation for sport. Phil viewed its wide expanse with delight.

"Want to come for a hike, Ken?" he asked his younger brother as soon as he had finished his first breakfast at home, and as Ken gave an enthusiastic consent soon the two boys found themselves several miles from home at the top of a high bluff which at this point overhung the lake.

"Here's a perfect place for a jump," Phil decided. "There's the take-off, Ken. I've a notion to try it."

Ken looked doubtfully at the place which Phil pointed out.

"It's all right for you, Phil, but I'd be afraid to try it," he decided. "I'll go around by the road. It's



HE . . . GATHERED SPEED FOR THE LEAP INTO THE AIR



just a little farther. You can wait for me on the beach."

Eagerly Phil measured the distance with his bright, blue eyes. Then he slid several yards until his body had gathered speed for the leap into the air, and the exhilarating drop on to the snow at the base of the hill.

"Fifteen yards," Phil exulted. "I've never made as long a jump before."

He gave a long halloo to reassure Ken waiting anxiously at the top of the bluff, heard his brother's answering call, and then began to skirt the shore of the lake until he came to a tiny cabin which he could not remember having seen before. Wondering what its purpose could be, Phil pushed open the door, then started back with a cry of surprise, for stretched out on the floor lay the body of a man.

Quickly Phil stooped over him. "Why, it's poor old George," he cried aloud. "I'm afraid he's unconscious."

"No, I ain't," came the old man's voice. "I slipped out there on the ice and my leg cracked, I think. I dragged myself here where the fishermen keep lines and things, because I knew someone would come along in the course of the day. You'll run and bring help, won't you, lad? The pain is pretty bad, and my chest hurts, too."

"I won't need to go far for help," Phil said encouragingly. "My brother, Ken, will be here in a few minutes. We can make a stretcher with our skis and that piece of canvas I see in the corner. It won't be hard to carry you home."

Although Phil spoke so bravely, it was a pair of exhausted boys who staggered up the road leading to George's little house. The snow, which had seemed so firm for skiing, was soft enough for their boots to sink down into it at every step, and they had never dreamed that George could weigh so much as he seemed to before they reached his home, where they could lay him on the bed in the little room which fortunately opened off the kitchen instead of being upstairs as they had expected it to be.

"You call the doctor, Ken," Phil told his brother. "I'll stay here and get mother to send over a little broth or something. We can't expect a doctor for at least a couple of hours."

On the arrival of the doctor it became evident that a broken leg was the least of poor old George's troubles. The long exposure before he was able to drag himself to the little cabin had done its work, and George's difficult breathing told its tale of threatening pneumonia.

"There's no help for it, Mr. Brown," the doctor told him. "We'll have to take you to the hospital in the city. There isn't the proper equipment here to give you proper care, and besides I live too far away."

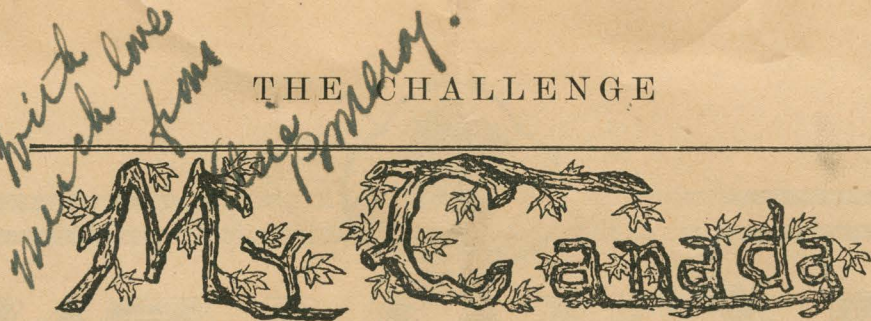
"I always said Port Fairfield needed a doctor of its own," George muttered. "Well, have it your own way, but I want Phil to come with me. There's things I've got to talk about."

Tired though he was, Phil found it impossible to resist the appeal in the old man's wistful eyes, and he rode with him in the ambulance all the way from the little lake port to the big city hospital.

George talked continually, not about his accident, but about the ice.

"It'll be the first time in forty years that the Port people ain't had their ice. I don't see how they'll make out without it. It's not as if there were cellars in the cottages, and they live ten miles from a shop," the old man lamented. "I got to get well fast, in time to take

(Continued page 3, col. 1)



## Ethelwyn Wetherald

By ELSIE POMEROY

Photos courtesy Thos. Nesson & Sons, Publishers, Toronto

IF one were asked to imagine an ideal place where a poet might sit and dream new songs, what could be quite so perfect as, "A House In The Trees"! Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a Canadian poet, Ethelwyn Wetherald, did have just such a house. It was built among the branches of an old willow tree by a devoted brother who gave it the name of Camp Shelbi, a name made up of the first letters of the ten kinds of wood used: chestnut, ash, maple, pine, spruce, hemlock, elm, linden, birch and ironwood.

The entrance to this dear tree-house (and ideal writing-room) was by means of a ladder. It was erected in 1910 and there, during the following ten years, the poet spent many happy hours. Unfortunately, for the house-in-the-trees, the willow kept steadily growing and so worked itself loose from the house which was fastened to its branches. It was also used as a sleeping-room, for some time ago Miss Wetherald wrote, "The last nights I slept in it were memorable. Every joint and ligament shrieked and groaned in the wind; so finally when the dear thing was pulled away by the gale and fell to the ground, roof downward, I saw that *Finis* had been written."

Ethelwyn Wetherald was born in 1857, at Rockwood, Ontario, and so belongs to the earliest group of Canadian writers. When she was but seven years old, her father resigned the principalship of Rockwood Academy and became superintendent of Haverford College near Philadelphia. Two years later, he returned to Canada and bought a farm at Fenwick, in the beautiful Niagara Peninsula. Miss Wetherald was not the only member of the family to love trees, for the following year, her father and brother (the one who many years later built the house-in-the-trees) planted so many spruces and pines that the farm became known as "The Tall Evergreens."

Trees must have been very precious to this poet when even a little girl for she

says, "I was seven years old when we left Rockwood, but the hills and rocks, woods and the 'smell of cedar,' all come back in the name." Rather a frail child, she could not enjoy outdoor exercises while at Rockwood but she so greatly enjoyed the all-day excursions after wild raspberries and the long walks through the woods at Rockwood that they still remain lovely memories.

Many years later Miss Wetherald published her first book entitled, "The House Of The Trees." The opening stanza of the title-poem is

"Ope your doors and take me in,  
Spirit of the wood;  
Wash me clean of dust and din,  
Clothe me in your mood."

Doubtless, the Spirit of the Wood opened his doors to her in those early days for she has written many lovely poems of the trees and woods, such as, "Pine Needles," "The Sun On The Trees" and "June Apples."

"Here where the pine tree to the ground  
Lets slip its fragrant load,  
My footsteps fall without a sound  
Upon a velvet road."

"The sun within the leafy woods  
Is like a midday moon,  
So soft upon these solitudes  
Is bent the face of noon."

"Green apple branches full of green  
apples  
All around me unfurled,  
Here where the shade and the sunlight  
dapples  
A grass-green, apple-green world."

Of course no one could love the trees as Ethelwyn Wetherald does without also loving the birds. She calls "The Screech-Owl"

"A feathered handful of grey grief"  
When a lover of her poetry sees that wonderful bit of colour, the red-winged blackbird, flash among the trees, he listens for

"—that exquisite call, with its sweet, sweet fall—

*O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!*"

And I've never known a boy or girl who, having heard "The Indigo Bird," did not want to copy the poem at once.

"When I see  
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,  
Something blue by the breezes stirred,  
But so far up that the blue is blurred,  
So far up that no green leaf flies  
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,  
Then I know, ere a note be heard,  
That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,  
And naught between but the breezes high,  
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred  
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear  
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,  
As though of some airy jest he had heard  
The last and the most delightful word;  
A laugh as fresh in the August haze  
As it was in the full-voiced April days;  
Then I know that my heart is stirred  
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,  
And naught between but the breezes high,  
And naught so glad on the breezes heard  
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird."

It is not only to the trees and birds that the poetry of Ethelwyn Wetherald has brought an added charm. For instance, we have all seen a few withered leaves in a deserted bird's nest in the autumn. So did Ethelwyn Wetherald, and in a few magic lines, she paints vividly, yet so tenderly, a picture of the birds, who had lived there.

"Dead leaves in the bird's nest,  
And after that the snow;  
That was where the bird's breast  
Tenderly did go,  
Where the tiny birds pressed  
Lovingly—and lo!  
Dead leaves in the bird's nest  
Under falling snow."  
The falling leaves become,  
"Little fellow-travellers, gently, frail  
and flaming,  
Near of kin you are to me as  
brother is to brother;"

Perhaps we are apt to generally associate Miss Wetherald's name with poetry of nature because her two best known books are, "The House Of The Trees"



ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Left.—CHILDHOOD HOME OF ETHELWYN WETHERALD, ROCKWOOD, ONT.

and "The Last Robin." But she has written many poems that deal with human life and emotions, her best work, according to some competent critics, and it is not only boys and girls who love her poetry but "grown-ups" in all walks of life. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of her many admirers and in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, he quoted her poem, "My Orders."

"My orders are to fight.  
Then if I bleed, or fail,  
Or strongly win, what matters it?  
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught  
Except to serve with might.  
I was not told to win or lose,—  
My orders are to fight."

This poem was published in the collection entitled, "The Last Robin." At the time of its publication, Earl Grey was the Governor-General of Canada and he indicated his appreciation by ordering twenty-five copies as well as writing a very appreciative letter to the author.

For many years Ethelwyn Wetherald held important positions in the literary world in Toronto, London and Philadelphia but, like the city-worker in her poem, "Tangled In Stars," she too was "Tangled in stars and spirit-steeped in dew," and so she returned to "The Tall Evergreens" where she still resides. While no new poems have come from her pen in recent years, her many friends have often been blest by her letters which reveal, as does her poetry, the radiant spirit, the sympathetic gentleness and the charming personality of the poet, Ethelwyn Wetherald.

◆ ◆ ◆

### Port Fairfield Folk

(Continued from page 2)

out ice before the spring comes. You'll tell the doctors that, won't you, Phil?"

When he returned to his home, Phil explained the situation to his Uncle Andrew, who seemed unusually interested in George's worries.

"The old chap is right. It will be awkward for the cottagers to manage. If I were a bit younger I'd see to the ice myself," Mr. Stanley remarked with a scrutinizing look at his nephew, who fidgetted uncomfortably on the edge of his chair.

There was a little silence. Mr. Stanley seemed to be considering something, and Phil was thinking of many things. He pictured poor old George lying in the hospital worrying over his business, not because of the money it brought him, but because it was necessary for the comfort of the Port people, whom George loved to serve. Phil visualized the problems of keeping food without ice, and the worries of tired mothers endeavouring to adjust themselves to a new method of house-keeping in which refrigerators had no part. He thought of the bank he hated, and of the dim, distant goal of college, from which that autumn he had turned aside. Suddenly he spoke.

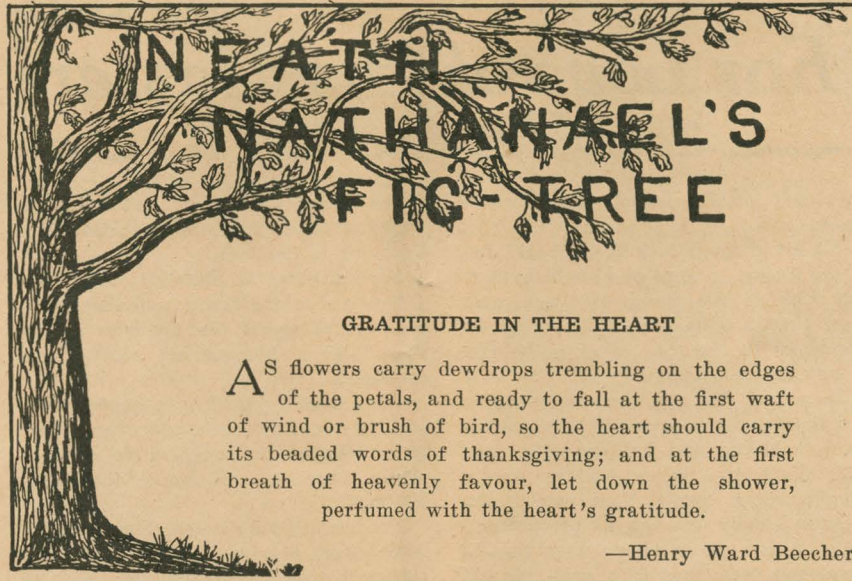
"If I weren't tied up at the bank I'd be tempted to take over George's business myself."

Mr. Stanley's face brightened.

"I could easily arrange about the bank," he volunteered. "From what the manager tells me there won't be any trouble about your dropping out. Banking isn't your forte, Phil, any more than it is the rest of the Stanleys. Still you need to be sure of yourself before you tackle this ice job. It means all sorts of hard work, early rising, going out in every kind of weather, everything to which you have not been accustomed."

"All the same, I'll try it," Phil decided. "Apart from anything else, old George won't get well unless someone takes his work in hand."

Never in all his life did Phil Stanley



#### GRATITUDE IN THE HEART

AS flowers carry dewdrops trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving; and at the first breath of heavenly favour, let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

work as he worked that winter. He often remarked afterwards that only the care which his mother and the other members of the family lavished upon him enabled him to stand the unaccustomed toil, but in the spring, when a very pale old man hobbled down to the beach to see the old ice house, and the new one Mr. Stanley had erected packed to the top with ice, Stan had his reward.

"I didn't know you had it in you, lad," old George exulted. "It's the good Port Fairfield blood coming out at last. The charm of old Huron will get you, Phil, as it got me forty years ago. Tell me, honest now, wouldn't you sooner be here watching the waves roll in than stuck in a bank counting dollar bills?"

Phil chuckled. "Maybe I would," he admitted. "Not in this business forever though. I still hanker to do a bit of doctoring before my life's over."

George's eyes glowed with approval. "Maybe you'll get to college yet, Phil," he encouraged. "You'll make a tidy sum this summer. All the profits are yours, Phil. Let me sit around and talk to the folks and I'll be satisfied."

"No, sir!" the boy objected warmly. "We'll share fifty-fifty, and as soon as you are fit for it you can boss the whole business, George. Why you know more about ice than I'll be able to learn in ten years. What about those shipments up the lake? Should we make them by boat or by truck?"

George responded eagerly to Phil's question, and all through the summer the same thing held good. With the old man's sound advice to guide him, Phil made a steady profit. His business grew as new camps along the lake shore began to draw their supply of ice from Port Fairfield, and towards the end of the

season Phil began to think of continuing in the work for another year. What was his amazement then when one morning George showed him a letter, the offer of a London firm to buy George's ice business at a substantial figure.

"You'll sell, of course," Phil commented in a flat voice, cut to the heart to think that the old man had not appreciated his endeavours.

George put an arm around Phil's shoulders.

"Now, don't make no mistake, lad," he begged. "You've been the best partner a man could want. I'd like to have you the rest of my days, but there are bigger things than dealin' in ice waitin' for you, son, and when your uncle told me he wanted to send you to college after all, I couldn't stand in your light."

"College, Uncle Andrew, why I thought he'd washed his hands of me," Phil cried wonderingly.

"Better scoot home and talk to him about it," the old man advised. "I can look after things here for the rest of the day."

Eagerly Phil hurried back to the big, old house, where he found his uncle reading on the veranda.

"What's this George tells me about college?" he asked excitedly. "I thought you said last fall that it was quite impossible for you to send me, Uncle Andrew?"

Mr. Stanley smiled. "Last fall and this summer are two different things, Phil. Last fall I thought you would just idle your way through the university, as so many men do now, barely passing the examinations, and scarcely profiting by their opportunity. In the winter you showed a capacity for steady toil which

astonished me. Now I know I can trust you in Toronto, but even yet, Phil, even yet I couldn't send you there if a friend of yours hadn't loaned us the money at a very low rate of interest. He's set his heart on seeing a doctor's name on this old house in Port Fairfield, another Doctor Stanley to follow in his father's steps."

"George is loaning the money," guessed Phil. "Dear old George."

Mr. Stanley nodded. "It's a wonderful trust, the savings of a lifetime to help you, Phil. He makes just one condition, that for five years after you graduate you will practice here, serving Port Fairfield folks. I think you might do worse. I think I'd consider it a privilege."

"I think so, too," Phil agreed, looking lovingly across the fields to where the breakers made a white line against the shore, and that evening up in his tiny cottage an old man went to bed with a blessing on his lips because he knew that at last a dream of his was going to come true. Once more Port Fairfield would have a doctor of its own, a doctor with the old Port spirit in his blood and the love of Lake Huron in his heart.

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### Our Adjustable Language

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
Or a key for a lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy  
Because there are pupils there?

What jewels are found in the crown of  
your head?

Who crosses the bridge of your nose?  
Do you use in shingling the roof of your  
mouth

The nails at the end of your toes?

Can the crook of your elbow be sent to  
jail?

If so what did he do?

Where can you sharpen your shoulder  
blades?

I'm darned if I know, do you?

Can you sit in the shade of the palm of  
your hand?

Or beat on the drum of your ear?

And if the calf of your leg ate the corn  
on your foot,

Why can't we have corn on our ear?



#### DO YOU KNOW?

7. That if we could convey ourselves off into space 500 miles that the sky would be Black—not Blue. There would be no Day and Night. The Sun would shine as a star like other stars in an inky black sky.

8. That Mercury is the *smallest*, the *fastest*, nearest to the Sun of all the major planets—and we know less about it than any of the other planets.

9. That as much water runs up hill as down.

10. That were our Earth not protected by an atmosphere we would be pelted by meteors so that life and property would be destroyed.

11. That it would require about 111 worlds like ours put side by side to go across the face of the Sun.

12. That were the Sun a shell you could place our world in the centre of it. Then take in our Moon and place it at its proper distance from the Earth which is 240,000 miles. The Moon could go around the Earth inside of the Sun—and be 200,000 miles from touching the shell.

## A Thing of Beauty

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Its loveliness increaseth.

It shall never pass into nothingness . . ."—Keats

### :: The Power of Beauty ::

I REMEMBER one October night visiting a friend who was lying very sick. There was a full moon that night; and as I walked down the village street on my sad mission I felt the silvery beauty of it quiet my heart. The world lay lustrous. There was no scrawny bush nor ugly clod that was not transfigured in that glory. A little breeze over the brimming salt tide brought aromatic marshy odors. It seemed to me that some power was trying to make beauty take away my sadness.

—Archibald Rutledge

FROM his cabin door, Joe Blake, a prospector old and bent, but whose clear, grey eyes bespoke a soul that sees beyond the stars and sunset, stood looking at a dull, ominous sky that seemed to-night to rest on the tips of the towering pines, the poplars and tamaracks.

Beside him was his constant pal, Wolf, a big huskie, that he'd got from a Cree Indian five years before. "Yess," said the old man, "it's a threatening sky yonder," and into the dog's eyes flashed a look of almost human intelligence, as he followed his master's gaze.

"We've got careless, Wolf, you and me have—about looking ahead," continued the prospector, pretending to lay an equal share of the responsibility at Wolf's door. "Yes we should have set out for town two days ago.

"Well, we've got to go easy on the grub, Wolf, that's all," and the big husky placed first one paw and then another into his master's hand as if to assure him that all would be well.

Inside an hour the storm broke. Down the wooded hillside it swept and swirled about that little, lone cabin in the hollow, piling high the drift.

"It's on Wolfie," said his master as he looked out into the blinding fury, and then closing the door on the night the old prospector sought his bunk, and went off to sleep with untroubled mind; resting securely in that same unbounded faith and hope that had led him on year after year in his search for gold in the wilderness depths—and without which no prospector could carry on. At daybreak the wind was still piercingly cold, but it had stopped snowing.

"It's not going to be easy Wolfie," said the old prospector, as he cut a slice of it at half a loaf of bread, and gave the rest to the dog. "But we've got to face it Wolfie," continued he. "No flour and a small piece of chocolate, with thirty miles of wilderness between us and supplies. That's where we're at Wolfie!"

A little later the old prospector on snowshoes, accompanied by his faithful pal, fought their way against a stinging blast, breaking trail in the direction of Hardwood Ridge.

"Yes, Wolf, if we can just hang out till we sight old North Swamp, we'll have a pan of rattlin' fine venison for supper." Whereupon Wolf leaped long, joyous leaps, putting him yards ahead of his master, who floundered heavily onward.

They had come to a more sparsely wooded part and the old prospector stopped for a few easy breaths and to look about him; then with eyes on the big, white and yellow figure of the husky who was wallowing on ahead through the birches and jack pines, Joe started on and was just rounding a big oak when the toe of one of his snowshoes caught on a stub. The snowshoe turned side on and he fell headlong—his right leg coming full force on the axe—that he was carrying on that side.

Almost instantly he felt the warm blood, and with what quickness he could muster, unrolled the sock to the gash halfway between the knee and ankle, from which came the blood in jets and spurts.

"An artery's cut," said the old prospector aloud, tearing off a piece of his handkerchief and stuffing into the wound, while he tied the remaining part tightly above the cut, and rolled up the socks.

Wolf, sensing something wrong had returned to his master's side, where he stood the picture of dog grief, every

once and awhile licking his master's cheek.

"A bit of tough luck Wolf," said Joe, to the husky. "And now we'll have to get back to the cabin—it's not much more than a mile," said he, tying his snowshoes to the oak, so as to be free of any excess baggage.

Then with his gun over one shoulder and the axe for support, he plunged onward, hobbling and half-dragging himself along by means of the frozen boughs, which dusted their over-burden of snow cruelly into the old prospector's face. A few yards on and then the old prospector was forced to prop himself against a tree and rest.

On again a short distance, then he'd stop to tighten up the bandage, and again Wolf was at his side to wait, and to lick the cold, half-frozen furrowed cheek of his dear master.

On and on they plunged, his faithful

Joe dozed off again and when he awakened, Wolf was still on patrol from the bunk to the door.

For awhile he watched him, that yellow and white figure, and listened to the scratching of his toe-nails on the floor. Then he got up and opened the door.

Wolf paused just long enough outside to give one short bark, which he always gave to his master in return for a favour shown, then was off across the snowy whiteness.

For hours Wolf scoured those woods of jack pines, balsam, poplar, spruce and tamarack, the home of the squirrel, rabbit, bear, the deer and moose; and then as though he'd suddenly recalled a duty, and mustn't tarry a moment longer, he turned and in long leaping bounds through the heavy snow, sped homeward.

Late in the afternoon Joe, weak and



"AN ARTERY'S CUT," SAID THE OLD PROSPECTOR ALOUD

pal in the lead, and again and more frequent stops for rest, for the old prospector was feeling the loss of blood.

When at last after weary hours, the stumpy clearing was reached, and the little cabin half-buried in the snow was sighted, tears stood in the eyes of the old prospector, while Wolf barked loud, rapture barks as he led the way to the cabin door.

Soon a fire crackled on the hearth, and Wolf was given all the bread, but a mere slice, after which Joe lay down on the bunk, his face grey with exhaustion. Two hours later he rose to re-ignite the fire and to dress the wound.

"It'll be a week before I can travel much on that leg," said Joe aloud, "and it'll be two or three days before I can make it even to the edge of the timber line. Well, there'll be a way Wolfie," said the old prospector, tenderly as he hobbled back to the bunk.

Morning dawned bright and calm. Long before daybreak Wolf was astir, walking back and forth from his master's bed to the door, to give those impatient scratches.

"Settle yourself for a while," said his master patting the husky's head. But Wolf couldn't be still. Something was bothering him.

shaky, opened the door to admit him and noting the dejected droop of Wolf's tail and the wistful appeal in his eyes, offered him a dish of water to help stay the pangs of hunger.

Again the hush of eventide enveloped the woods, and the moon shone through the forest trees.

Long since the old prospector had sought his bed for the night, while Wolf lay in his accustomed place on a bear rug on the floor beside the bunk.

Once just as he was dozing off, he felt Wolf thrust his muzzle into one of his weather-beaten palms and whined softly, and his master gently stroked the husky's head as he whispered half incoherently, "there'll be a way Wolfie."

About midnight, something roused the old prospector.

He listened. It came again—those terrible cries—high-pitched and wavering and trailing off into melancholy strains.

Wolf heard too—stirred in his sleep, and answered his blood thirsty relatives with a low growl.

"They're going on down the lake," Wolf, whispered the old prospector, reassuringly.

Next day Joe never left his bunk,

except to open the door for Wolf early in the morning, and to light a fire.

He had hoped to-day to take his gun and make his way to the timber line. But his head reeled. He was weak and worn from loss of blood and no nourishment.

As the afternoon wore on, with no return of Wolf, an awful sense of loneliness came over the old prospector as he tossed restlessly on his bunk.

Somehow he felt as though he needed the big husky's comforting presence just now, more than anything else in the world.

Presently he heard it in the distance—Wolf's thunderous barking, and a smile of content passed over the old man's face, as he lay there with closed eyes measuring his old pal's progress through the snow by those welcome barks.

It was coming nearer—that barking. But suddenly it changed sharply to a nagging, nerve-wearing series of yaps, at which the old prospector sat bolt upright, while his arm reached for his gun.

Instantly he was on his feet. One glance from the window, and in another moment he'd reached the cabin door—excitement and will, seeming to lend double strength.

Just as he opened the door a buck bounded into the clearing, with his tormentor, the husky, close behind and keeping up a constant yapping.

Up went the rifle. But the hand that never failed now shook from weakness. A moment only though, and it steadied itself.

Just as the buck paused to wheel again on his tormentor, a sharp shot rang out, and in a few minutes Wolf was at the cabin, wild with excitement.

"Fine work you did Wolfie," whispered the old prospector a little later as he lay resting on his bunk. But there was no joyous thump of Wolf's tail in reply. With his huge form jammed close to the side of the bunk, he watched his master with sorrowful eyes, every once and awhile touching his face with his sympathetic muzzle. For with true dog instinct he knew that although he'd succeeded in fetching home the venison, that it was not enough—all was not well with his master even yet.

The shadows lengthened. Night dropped. Still lay the old prospector on his bunk with his faithful pal beside him.

He had sunk off into a doze when a low growl from Wolf awakened him.

"Nothing will touch it Wolf," smiled the old man thinking the husky was over-anxious about his trophy.

Suddenly the husky stood up, his hair stiffly erect from his neck to his tail and gave a savage growl, starting towards the door.

"Come here!" commanded his master, which brought Wolf back to the bedside though his eyes narrowed to greenish slits and his fangs were bared as the door opened slowly, admitting a tall figure with knapsack on his shoulders and a gun.

"Dave!" exclaimed the old prospector reverently.

A look of pain passed over the visitor's face as he noted the old prospector's drawn face and the fire out; but was gone almost instantly.

"Fine buck, Joe!" was Dave's only reply, unloosening his pack strap and throwing down a knap-sack of needfuls.

Wolf ceased growling and stood watching Dave kindle up a fire, and prepare a steaming hot meal.

He approved of him, and later in the evening the big husky was swirling back and forth from the cabin to his game,

(Continued next page, foot of col. 1)

II. TO LIVE AND DIE FOR AFRICA

Last week, we stated that the discovery of John Livingstone, druggist at Listowel, Ontario, as the only living nephew of Doctor David Livingstone, held as much drama as the finding in the heart of Africa by Stanley of the famous African missionary-explorer. The Ontario druggist has many letters in his possession that were written to him by his illustrious uncle in the depths of the Dark Continent.

TO get back to Africa. When Doctor Robert Moffatt arrived, he brought his daughter Mary with him. Poor Mary! It was her destiny to give her life into the keeping of a man who spent his life in the heart of Africa. She never complained, however. Both had dedicated their lives to a High Work. After they were married, Mary Moffatt followed her husband bravely on many a trek, suffered unspeakable privations, kept on without a murmur. A newly-born child, victim of a virulent jungle epidemic, was to die in her arms. She was to hear her children cry for food and water.

The Livingstones pushed onward. Tales came back to the civilized world of a new land full of rivers and rich in vegetation. On August 1, 1849, David Livingstone was the first white man to gaze upon the stretches of Lake Ngami, an inland sea which took three days to traverse by shore-line, the opposite bounds of which could not be seen on the clearest day.

On December 4th, 1850, he wrote: "The Royal Geographical Society have awarded twenty-five guineas for the discovery of the lake. It is from the Queen. Next time she comes your way, shout till you are hoarse. Oh, you radicals, don't be thinking it came out of your pockets." (More dry, Scotch humor).

Mary Moffatt's children paddled in this lake as their father looked on. They were the only Europeans in this vast area. Fever again drifted across in wraith-like mists. Tsetse flies came in swarms. Two of the children were down with fever. Mary Moffatt endured it all without complaint but her husband could not. By native escort, he sent Mary and the children back to the coast and thence to England.

Tender, loving and devoted, David Livingstone yearned for his loved ones

nearly upsetting Dave in his wild desire to help. Not till the old prospector's every need was supplied and the venison ready did Dave sit down.

Then while he filled his pipe he told Joe how he'd been overtaken by the storm on his way east and had stopped at an old abandoned mining camp near West's lake.

"Decided," continued Dave, "to stay a few days longer till the snow settled, and started out this morning for meat."

"Had got as far as Owl's Head when I sighted a buck—and soon I heard thunderous barking, throwing a glance towards Wolf."

"Well, anyhow, I trailed him close to old North Swamp, and all the time this half-submerged dog, kept after him too, worrying and hecktering him."

"Twice I fired at the husky and I swear I don't know what saved him, unless it is, he's bullet proof. The old fellow must have known too, he was playing with possible death, but he kept it up, and I kept a-comin'."

"I knew your shack was here, but thought you were up north."

"Yes, sir," repeated Dave, "that husky was sure determined to get that deer."

And the old prospector smiled contentedly, as he stroked the big husky's head saying, "There's always a way, Wolfie," and the husky thumped his tail lazily in response.

LIVING LINKS IN CANADA WITH LIVINGSTONE IN THREE PARTS By R. A. McSTAY

and wrote to them some of the most touching and poignant letters on record. Mary, during her sojourn with her husband in Africa, had conducted schools for native children. There were sixty in her school at Koboleng. As they both pressed onward, she had watched her husband build three houses for her at different periods. What depths of emotion these two faithful hearts must have felt on parting!

With his wife and loved ones safely bound for England and the proper facilities of good schools for his children, Doctor Livingstone began in 1849 the first of that series of journeys into the deeper interior of Africa that brought him fame as an explorer. He attained this fame involuntarily for the link-up lay in his desire to place native Christian agents at as many points in the interior as were possible.

Plunging north alone, Doctor Livingstone discovered the Zambesi River, a feat of exploration that gripped and startled the world. The importance of such a discovery, on the missionary's account, was offset by his discovery of slave traffic among the adjacent tribes. He gave this story to the world. In retaliation, the Boers descended upon his home at Koboleng and completely gutted it. Sofas, tables, desks and crockery were smashed. Bottles of medicine were dashed upon the ground. Leaves from Livingstone's books and diaries were torn out and scattered. The Boers set fire to the small native community that had been built around the missionary's home. Even crops were wantonly burned.

The African missionary was still north of his home, many miles distant. Along the Zambesi River he had found the natives vicious and hostile. He had placated them with gifts of shawls and beads. He was nearing the coast and, despite the slaving activities of the Portuguese, found kind treatment, food and shelter among these people. Doctor Livingstone discovered Victoria Falls. This took hold of the popular imagination, a 320-foot drop of rushing torrent that roared through a series of falls in a 30-mile zig-zag fissure.

Livingstone felt that the continent of Africa must be surveyed. He wanted to locate healthy localities for mission stations. His wife and children had suffered enough through lack of knowledge. He also felt that the products of this vast country should be turned to account, preparing the work of many years ahead. He wrote: "The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise." He resolved to enlist the aid of England and sailed for home.

When the steamer bearing Doctor Livingstone arrived at Cairo, the great African missionary was saddened by the notification that his father had

just died. The great sorrow was accentuated by the fact that the elder Livingstone had been ill only a fortnight before his death, and that this was the doctor's first journey home since that day, many years before, when his father had said good-bye to him at the Glasgow docks.

Part of that grief must have been alleviated when Mary Moffatt, the missionary's wife, met him at Southampton. Touching must have been their re-union. But Doctor Livingstone was quickly snatched up by the Royal Geographical Society representatives as their pet property. Oblivious of his missionary activities, they hailed him for his journey from the Cape to

Loanda, that traverse from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean that had meant the coverage of 11,000 miles, his discoveries of lakes and rivers, new flora and fauna.

The African missionary-explorer was honoured by the London Missionary Society, was interviewed by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, given the freedom of the city of London, received by the University of Glasgow and the city's corporation, the Faculty of Surgeons, the United Presbyterians, the Associated Cottonspinners of Scotland, given the freedom of Edinburgh.

Doctor Livingstone's discoveries and researches were given full news-value. Little was said of the strength of his affections, the depth and purity of his devotions, the intensity of his aspirations as a Christian missionary.

Details of all the public honours came back to the great missionary's Canadian relatives at Listowel, Ontario. He wrote: "I finish my public spouting next week at Oxford. It is really very time-killing, this lionizing, and I am sure you pity me in it. I hope to leave in January."

When the time came to leave, Mary Moffatt proposed to accompany her husband back to Africa. Doctor Livingstone dissuaded his wife and, bidding her farewell, said he would return in two years. When his absence neared five years, Mary and one of the children set sail for Africa and joined her parents at Kuruman.

Doctor Livingstone was far in the interior. His work kept him in the jungles. There were no means of communication. Shortly after her arrival, Mary Moffatt sickened and died.

When the great African missionary heard of his loss, there were no complaints about that feminine obtuseness that had brought her to fever-ridden Africa after he had made arrangements in England for his wife and family. He wrote: "I loved her when I married her and the longer I lived with her the more I loved her. Oh, my Mary, my

Mary! How often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolebeng." Again, he wrote: "A brave, good woman was she. All my hopes of one day giving her quiet home for which we both had many a quiet longing are now dashed to the ground. She is, I trust, through Divine mercy, in peace in the house of the blest."

Livingstone could not be idle though his heart was breaking. He once again buckled on his armour and plunged farther into the northern areas of the Dark Continent. He aimed to pass along the northern end of Lake Nyassa and around the southern end of Lake Tanganyika to ascertain the water-shed of that part of Africa. In spite of former sufferings, he took not a single European upon the venture. In this area, the slave-trade flourished with vicious success. It was Doctor Livingstone's intention to not only teach the truths of Christianity to the African natives but to rouse public conscience throughout the world. He felt that by discovering the real sources of the Nile, he would be leading his countrymen to the great work of Christianizing the natives and civilizing the millions of people in central Africa.

When he got into the country of the war-like tribes, his followers deserted him. When the party arrived at Zanzibar, they told of an attack in the heart of Africa in which the famous missionary had been nearly decapitated by an axe. His followers had flown but not before they had buried Doctor Livingstone in a shallow grave.

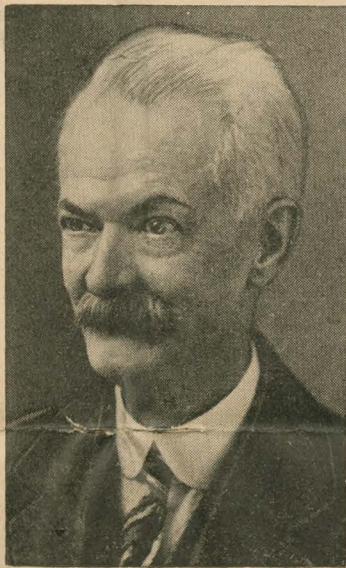
Newspapers printed Doctor Livingstone's obituaries but the Geographical Society, loyal to their comrade, organized a search-expedition. When this neared the end of Lake Nyassa, after many months' privations, and learned from many sources that Doctor Livingstone was still in the interior long after the reported attack, the members of the party returned to England, well-satisfied that the missionary still was safe.

Half-starved and deserted, Livingstone all this time was pushing on to Lake Tanganyika. At this time, he wrote: "He who dwelleth on the light which no man can approach unto condescends to provide for the minutest of our wants, directing, guarding and assisting in each hour and moment, with an infinitely more vigilant and excellent care than our own utmost self-love can ever attain to. With the ever-watchful eye constantly upon me, I may surely follow my bent, and go among the heathen in front, bearing the message of peace and good-will."

Doctor Livingstone continued to send back graphic tales of the depredations of African slave-traders that shocked the world. He found that his explorations were bringing further groups of Portuguese who were preying upon their black brothers.

Over the question of slavery, a great civil war broke out in the United States. The missionary's son, Robert, joined the Northern army which sought to abolish slavery. He was wounded and taken prisoner and died at the age of nineteen. Far off in Africa, his father was plunging through the jungles of the continent fighting the battle against the slave-traffic in his own way. Young Robert's body to-day lies in the great national cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, a national shrine of the Republic of the United States.

(To be concluded)



JOHN LIVINGSTONE, LISTOWEL, ONT., ONLY SURVIVING NEPHEW OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

## Jesus and the Multitude

By REV. JOSEPH WASSON

ON receiving tidings of the death of John the Baptist, and with a view to securing much needed rest, Jesus determined to cease working in the cities of Galilee, and to seek refreshment in a change of scene. The disciples too, who had just returned from their Mission, would benefit by an interval of quiet, so, our Lord, who knew the needs of human nature, made the proposed break in the spirit of thoughtful kindness—"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

Starting probably from Capernaum, at the side of the lake, Jesus and the Twelve took ship and sailed across the six miles to the neighbourhood of Bethsaida. But rest was not to be secured so easily: the course of the boat was seen, and the eager people made their way by the shore to the expected place of landing. The result was that when the Master and His disciples came ashore, they were greeted afresh by the multitude.

**Need.** It is noteworthy that our Lord did not regard this interruption with impatience, but with compassion. They were "as sheep not having a shepherd." When He had taken up His position, He saw before Him an ignorant, helpless crowd, some anxious to learn, some idly curious, but all needing guidance and care and the knowledge of God that their scribes would never impart. So, forgetting His desire for rest, He began to teach the people of the Kingdom and love of God and, in the exercise of that love, to heal their sick.

As the day wore on, the condition of the tired and hungry multitude gave rise to anxiety. In the hurry of pursuit, the people had forgotten to bring food. The evening was coming, and it was evident that they were in no condition to return home fasting. It was characteristic of the difference between the Master and the disciples, that *they* said, "Send them away," but *He* said, "Give ye them to eat."

Bushnell has a great sermon on that phrase, "Give ye them to eat," which he entitled, "Duty not measured by Ability." Christ is always asking us to do impossibilities. He commands us to do what is quite beyond our power. But the marvel is it gets done. "Give ye them to eat;" it sounded foolish, but it was done. Duty is not measured by ability.

**Resources.** When the disciples were forbidden to send the people away, they began to estimate their resources. Phillip, in his precise and matter-of-fact way, calculated that "two hundred pennyworth of bread" would not be sufficient to provide for such a great number, and it was hardly likely that any such sum was lying in the common purse. Andrew, the ever-ready brother of Peter, drew attention to a lad who had come there perhaps to sell, and who had still left "five barley loaves and two fishes," the coarse fare of the poor, but even he could not help adding, as he saw no way out of the difficulty—"what are these among so many?" Boys sometimes serve the occasion when men fail, and Jesus seeing in this lad's little store the commencement of the miracle said promptly—"bring them hither to me." All else followed in orderly arrangement. The great mass was separated into companies. The food was blessed, and divided: and, as each company received a portion from the hands of the dis-



By A. T. B.

## Like Father, Like Son

THE whole town was agog with excitement! Jack Parsons, a most likeable chap, and a member of the Collegiate Hockey team had disappeared, no one knew where. He came of one of the best families, known for its wealth and philanthropy over a quarter of a century. He had always had more pleasure and amusement in life than anyone else, was always well dressed, and wanted for nothing. Why he should take it into his head to disappear was a mystery. And ugly rumours were going around! Gossip had it that things were not well with him, that he had been spending money too freely, and that, when he went off so suddenly, well—there would have to be an accounting to his father for a cheque made out in his father's name. It all looked bad—very bad!

Jim McKenzie was sitting eating principles, it was multiplied until all were fed.

Duty is not measured by ability, but ability is not measured by the sum-total of our resources. It was not with five loaves and two fishes that the disciples fed the crowd, but with these blessed and multiplied by Christ. As we compare our tasks and our resources we grow faint and despairing. Yet if we bring our poor resources for Him to bless and multiply, He will use them for His great purpose. All through the ages He has been using weak instruments to do impossible things.

**Abundance.** "And they did all eat, and were filled. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes." The quantity taken up showed the liberal measure of the provision: after the feeding of thousands more remains than was possessed before.

The spiritual significance of this Lesson is very obvious. The Lord of Life seeks to feed all men with the Bread of life. But He does this in His own way, not by modes of man's devising. He calls upon His followers to obey His directions, and to surrender to Him such gifts as they possess, however meagre they may seem. In such willing service the most meagre gifts are increased, and success is assured. There is an abundance for all. Thinking of one of his books, John Bunyan wrote these words: "I did carry my meditations to the Lord Jesus for a blessing, which He did forthwith grant according to His grace: and helping me to set before my brethren, we did all eat and were well-refreshed, and behold also that while I was in the distributing of it, it so increased in my hand that of the fragments that we left after we had well dined I gathered up this basketful."

**Sunday School Lesson for March 12th**  
LESSON TEXT: Mark 6: 30-44.

**GOLDEN TEXT:** *The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.*—Matt. 20: 28.

**DAILY BIBLE READINGS:** M., Mk. 6: 1-13; T., Mk. 6: 14-29; W., Mk. 6: 30-44; Th., Mk. 6: 45-52; F., Mk. 6: 53-56; S., Phil. 2: 1-11; S., Isa. 35: 1-10.

supper with his chum Tom Johnston. They had just come in, Tom accepting Jim's invitation to stay. "Too bad about Jack, isn't it?" said Jim, "but I can't understand for the life of me why he should indulge in such an escapade." "Well, it is rather strange," said Tom, "I was talking to him only yesterday, and he seemed to be in fine fettle. Didn't seem to have a worry about a thing!" "Maybe that's what's the matter," responded Jim, "things came too easy for him. If he'd had to work and do things like you or me, maybe this would not have happened." "You're right," answered Tom, "too much money isn't good for us, and when too much easy money and too much time get together, then something's sure to happen. Perhaps we are the best off, after all, because we have to scratch at times to get enough to be able to go to a hockey game."

Over at the manse, the minister was sitting, talking to his sons, who were likewise engaged in discussing the disappearance. "Boys, I want to tell you something," he said, "It is just a few months ago, that Jack Parson's mother called in to see me. She was a bit worried about her son. Of course, she hadn't been in church for seventeen years, but that didn't matter evidently. I believe, years ago, before I came

here, the Parsons family were very regular in attending church, but the pew has been empty, except for an occasional visitor, for years. Well, I wondered just why she wanted to see me. "It's about Jack," she began "he's been getting a bit out of hand lately, keeps late hours, and won't listen when I try to reason with him. I wish you would have someone call and take him to church." I listened to her patiently, and promised to look after Jack, and I did; but how can one accomplish such a task, when neither of the parents have been in church for years! To get Jack Parsons to go to church would be a miracle accomplished in spite of his parents! And my attempt was all in vain. Now, this is the consequence!" "I suppose it's just carelessness on his parents' part," asked Bill, "he wasn't trained to go to church." "I don't know about that," replied the minister, "but I do know that all the training in the world will be of no avail, if folks don't live according to the training they would give their children. There's a text you've heard, no doubt: 'Train up a child in the way he should go.' Well, my boys, there should be added: and go that way yourself. There's no use sending children to church or Sunday School, if you never darken the doors of a church. That's the trouble with too many people to-day, and then they wonder why a boy makes a break as Jack Parson has done. Here's hoping, nothing serious will result eventually."

### FOR LEADERS

If the Order of the Burning Bush is to amount to anything, it must show some concrete results. That is the test of the effectiveness of a program. Not  
(Continued page 7, col. 4)

## Y. P. S. TOPIC

By W. M. K.

March 12, 1933

### THE KIND OF GOD JESUS REVEALED

I John 4: 16, John 14: 1-12

THE burden of the Old Testament revelation is to convince Israel, and, through Israel, the whole world, that there is one living and true God. "Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God is one Lord." No wonder someone has said the Old Testament is the long story of an attempt to give Jehovah His true place. For many hundreds of years the children of Israel had thought of God as the Almighty Creator, the supreme and absolute Ruler, the avenging and righteous Judge. Then came further stages of revelation, foregleams of a brighter and tenderer radiance, when exceptional minds began to feel assured of the compassion, the tender mercy of the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity. In the prophecy of Hosea, with its pathetic tenderness, we seem to tremble on the verge of full revelation (Hosea 11: 14). But centuries had to come and go before that little distance was traversed, before there arrived One upon the scene with a new consciousness of God—religion's ultimate conception, "Abba, Father!"

### God is Love

It remained for the disciple, who leaned upon Jesus' bosom at the last supper, to give to the world this short, simple, yet most profound, definition, "God is Love." And that thought never would have come to him if he had not learned it from Jesus, with

whom he had been so closely associated.

Now that consciousness which enabled Jesus to strike this note, to interpret Godhead as Fatherhood, not in a formal sense, but as the symbol of deepest love, was something new, which He brought into the world. It was unique, for only He who knew Himself as Son, could know God as Father. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." Matt. 11: 27. Only by virtue of His perfect filial disposition could Jesus gain this particular, this final knowledge of God which saw in Him not the stern Judge, the King of kings, but a loving Father. And only as we become sons can we know the Fatherhood, can we experience what to Jesus was the supreme certainty, the Divine Love of the Father. It is not a question of the mere "knowledge" of God's being but of the *kind* of knowledge. This assurance of God's Fatherhood is not a native endowment with us, but is bestowed on us when it pleases God to reveal His Son in us, to awaken in us, too, the filial disposition, to make us willing to be taught of Christ.

### Fatherhood

We can sympathize with Philip, who, after listening to the Master as He told about the Father's house in which are many mansions, said, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." The reply is most significant, "Jesus saith unto him, have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not

known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

This reminds me of the following incident as told by a traveller. "I remember standing with a party of tourists on a mountain top in Switzerland. We had made the long ascent in order to see the view which our guide books described as being so glorious. We hoped to see the snowcapped peaks of Oberland, and beyond the Savoy Alps to the towering head of Mont Blanc. But the clouds hung about the mountain on which we stood and we strained our eyes in vain. Then I noticed a lady of the party busy gathering handfuls of flowers, violets and forget-me-nots. We had, most of us, been so eager to see the distant view that we missed the glories at our feet."

Something very similar to that experience often occurs in our search for truth. We are out to see the view. We strain our eyes to penetrate the mist. We want to see the big things, the distant majesty of the mountains and the splendor of transcendent truths. And all the time the place whereon we stand is holy ground. There is infinite beauty close at hand, so near us that it has been overlooked. Thus men have sought to peer into the mystery of the Divine Being, and have returned from their quest, baffled and defeated. "Who by searching can find out God?"

Wise men had been doing that for ages when Jesus came and showed that what the world most needs to know is not away in the hazy distance, but is lying close around us. "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father," He said to those who were standing at His side.

But when we have discovered the best father on earth he falls short of what God is. Find the best in man, the deepest love, the greatest kindness, the profoundest unselfishness and we have yet failed to plumb the depths, and to scale the heights of the Fatherhood of God.

Sovereignty

Jesus was very careful to protect us from a wrong or low conception of fatherhood when applied to God. When He spoke of God as Father He was careful, when He had the opportunity, to describe and define the fatherhood. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth," He said on one occasion. Again, we have this in our Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Or, notice the seventeenth chapter of John. The word *Father* occurs in the first verse; in the eleventh *Holy Father*; in the twenty-fifth verse *righteous Father*. And we cannot get a finer conception of God anywhere than, "Father holy and righteous." Thus we see the balance given to our idea of God whose sovereignty we must always recall when we think of Him as Father.

How thankful we should be for this assurance. The most perfect human father is sometimes too lenient and sometimes too severe with his children. But the Heavenly Father whom Jesus revealed will make no such mistake. With implicit confidence we can thus say in the words of the Apostle's Creed "I believe in (I entrust myself to) God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

The Challenge

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Enlisting

THROUGH the medium of our Sunday School lessons we have been led to know something more about Jesus, the Son of God, the Servant of mankind. How clearly and forcibly Mark pictures His busy life! How simply he relates the lessons which Jesus taught! How real and near he brings Him to us! Are not our hearts moved to give Him our love, our devotion, our lives for His control? As a group, do we not wish to know exactly what it means to become a member of the Christian Church, an enlisted follower? Would you not ask your minister to organize a communicant's class, probably on the night of your regular meeting, that he might discuss with you the meaning of becoming a communicant? If a course of study, covering six or seven weeks can be followed, immediately preceding the Easter communion, those who desire to make a public confession of their faith at that time would be prepared to do so.

There is a "Manual for Communicants," by Rev. A. F. MacGregor, which you may purchase through the "Presbyterian Publications," at 10c. per copy. This little booklet makes a splendid guide, and a copy should be in the hands of each member of the group inquiring into Church Membership. Possibly the Leader could lead the study for three or four sessions and invite the minister to take the last three. By this time you should have a number of questions ready for him. These would naturally arise during each discussion, and should be entered in a note-book and given to him.

The Christ of two thousand years ago needed the youth of His day with their eager inquiring minds, their enthusiasm, and their energy. He needs the youth of to-day with those same capacities, and He calls, "Follow me and I will make you . . ." Will you seriously heed His call; earnestly consider what it means to enlist beneath His colours? Will you decide what you think about the Christ? Will you ask yourself, "Do I need Him in my life"? Church members are those who have decided to put their faith in Him and are looking to Him for guidance in their everyday life. Will you join them in the quest of the abundant life?

For information: See the Shorter Catechism—questions 82-98; the Apostles' Creed; Manual for Communicants; our Bible.

Something to do: Keep a note-book during the course of study. Answer problems given at each class. Enter questions which arise in your mind as you read and meditate. Hand these in to your minister to check over.

Discuss with others what the church means to them.

Thoreau, the great New England lover of nature and of solitude, was once asked why he was not like other people. He replied, "If I do not keep step with the multitudes, it is because I hear a different drummer."

Dare we keep step with the Master?



A SUGGESTED ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE COMMUNICANT'S CLASS

Call to worship:

"O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean, Help me throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee."

Hymn for the month: 554. . . . .

Bible readings: Bring Bibles or Testaments, and read together or alternately passages which picture Jesus and His disciples: Mark 1: 14-22; Luke 5: 27-32; John 1: 35-51, etc. Choose one each night.

Prayer: "O Best of Friends: grant me grace to know Thee better and to love Thee more; guard me from evil, from doubt and from sin; lead me in right paths; help me to fight the good fight of faith; teach me the joy of service, and enable me ever to live for Thee." Amen.

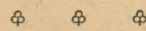
The study period—20 minutes

Discussion period—15 minutes

(Combined period 30 to 40 minutes)

Closing hymn should be a choice suggested by the study.

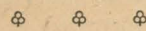
Prayer: Silent, followed by, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."



For Busy Hands

AND still there are homes in our land with insufficient clothing to keep them warm at nights! Have you made a quilt in your group? Of course it sounds a bit old-maidish, and out of date, so thought some other girls, but they decided if the little F—'s had no quilts over them, and just the coats which they had taken off to throw over the bed at nights, that it was time they got busy. So the tailor was visited, and beautiful samples, pounds of them, were carried away, mother's scrap basket was then searched for old clean, thin material, scissors, needles, and thimbles, and coloured thread. With fourteen inches of a thin material for foundation, the heavy patches were soon basted into position, and a CRAZY QUILT was under way! Fifteen girls can make enough blocks for a quilt in about three evenings, yes, and learn the fancy stitches, too! Then, of course, the W.M.S ladies will be only to glad to put it together, and assist you in quilting or tying the quilt.

Probably you have noticed the advertisements from the departmental stores for quilt blocks, envelopes containing the materials and patterns for beautiful up-to-the-minute print quilts! It is the thing to do! Let us make our first quilt, preferably a heavy one, and then a fancy print one, if we still have the time!



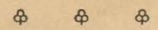
China and the United States will soon be linked by direct radio telephone service.

THE ORDER OF THE BURNING BUSH

(Continued from page 6)

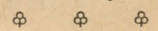
only should it be leading boys into the church, but it should also be providing a training ground for the future leadership of the church. As the boys graduate from the O.B.B., what are they going to do? Really, they should be taking their places as teachers in the Sunday School, and filling other vacant places in the church's life. Of course, it is true that there are older folks in the church who are opposed to youth usurping places of leadership—at least that is the way they look at it. Well, the church that has no field of endeavour for its youth is a dying organization. True, the older people, who pay the bill for the maintenance of the church, should decide its policies, but, at the same time, room should be provided for the young men, who have come up from the boys' organizations, to fill vacancies on Boards of Management, etc. In the boys' groups, they should find the training-ground for future service.

The Meeting will be under the direction of the Devotional Guide. In the course of studies: The Place of the Bible in Life, have a discussion on the value of a letter. As a basis, have the group read responsively Paul's letter to Philemon. Have one of the boys tell the story of Philemon, the runaway slave, and of Paul's forgiveness. Then have a general discussion of how a letter may affect one's life. Think of the story of the young man, facing a great burden of perplexity and doubt, who received in reply to an appeal he made to a friend, a letter that saved him from despair. Have the boys relate instances where a letter helped. Have expressions of opinion about the letters mother wrote to their boys. Close the meeting with some popular hymns, as found in the new book of sacred songs, published for young people by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.



The True Gentleman

PETROLIA Advertiser-Topic—Venerable Archdeacon Scott of Quebec, in addressing a body of students, stressed the necessity of being true gentlemen, drew from his pocket a well-worn New Testament, and emphasized his point by substituting the word "gentleman" for the "charity" in St. Paul's famous chapter: "A gentleman suffereth long and is kind. A gentleman envieth not. A gentleman vaunteth not himself. A gentleman is not puffed up. A gentleman doth not behave himself unseemly. A gentleman doth not seek his own. A gentleman is not easily provoked. A gentleman thinketh no evil. A gentleman rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth." The same may as truthfully be said of a true lady.



Two Good Rules

LIFE is a battle, as every human being finds out somewhere between the beginning and the end of it. Every man and woman who is worth anything has fought through more than one discouraging struggle along the way.

The publisher of a big modern magazine, who has fought his own way to success, quoted the other day two rules, which he said he has learned from an old cavalry captain and had found to be the best on guiding aphorisms:

First: "When in doubt, charge."

Second: "Admit nothing to be a hardship."



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## THE CONNING TOWER

By the Watchman

**N**INA Moore Jamieson, one of Canada's dreamers and poets died in November last. She was not old as we measure years. Her life, however, was "as the wine poured forth." She gave freely of her frail strength. Canada will not soon forget her "Finis" article published in one of Toronto's newspapers. Pain and weariness were her portion toward the end. She found it hard to smile, she confessed. Then in her well-known whimsical way, she discovered and said that "a twisted smile was better than no smile at all." God grant her a safe landing and a warm welcome.

It is said that public memories are short. We believe it. Within the space of a few months, our Lord knew what it was to hear the cheerful "All hail!" and the strident, "Crucify Him; crucify Him!" A recent article states that the victor of Waterloo had his windows smashed at Apsley House by a London mob. David Lloyd George has known something of this adulation and cursing. It is true that public memories are short. So is the individual memory, too. People for whom you go to much trouble to help are apt to forget. What hurts me sometimes is to see children forgetting their

parents—allowing them to come to want and loneliness.

Someone has taken the trouble to revise a few old sayings. "Here they are," as Bill Hay says every night when he introduces Amos 'n Andy: Not all gold glitter. Fine feathers make dear hats. A rolling stone acquires a fine polish. A penny saved must first be earned. There are many fools just like old fools. Small acorns on tallest oak trees grow. A long lane is likely to have many a turn. Cheap talk makes revenue for the telephone company. Absence makes the heart grow fonder of someone else.

Already I have mentioned Waterloo in this week's notes. Years ago, before most of our readers were born, there was sent to me a battle hymn that was sung in the lines before that great battle. The middle verse seems appropriate to these times.

"Comrades, in these days of terror,  
What are Britain's sons to do?  
Law despised and God forgotten—  
What if God forget us too?  
Trust in Him and keep your order;  
Comrades, let them scoff who will;  
God is still the God of Britain  
Britain's sons are loyal still.

## Our Canadian Quiz Corner

Conducted by QUIZ ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTIONS (241 to 244)

241. MILTON AND CHEADLE

Milton and Cheadle, the first a Lord and the second a Doctor were famous explorers of the far west, who added not a little to the knowledge of this pioneer area. They headed an expedition in 1862 to the Western Plains and in the next year reached Edmonton and crossed the Rockies by the Yellowhead Pass. They finally reached Kamloops by way of the Thompson River worn out with fatigue and at the point of starvation. The record of their travel known as the North-West Passage by Land is one of the most interesting books of its kind written about Western Canada.

242. THE EARLY HISTORY OF ST. JOHN  
The history of St. John antedating the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists in 1783, goes back to 1604, and June 24th, the Feast Day of St. John the Baptist, when the first record appears of the contact of the harbour with European civilization when Captain Samuel de Champlain discovered the spacious and deep water harbour while exploring the Bay of Fundy in the interests of De Monts and his French colonists. This was 179 years before the English-speaking migration of Loyalists laid the foundations of a new and more permanent state under the British flag. But the more remote period of French occupation provides a page of romance that is a valuable asset in Canadian history.

243. MOUNT WADDINGTON

Mount Waddington is one of a chain of high peaks found on the Pacific Coast of British Columbia within 175 miles of Vancouver in a region scarcely explored as yet to any extent outside an occasional topographical surveyor. A man named Waddington, who had penetrated this region, has his name recalled in Mount Waddington, long known as the Mystery Mountain. Its height is estimated at

13,260 feet and is claimed to be the highest peak in Canada outside the St. Elias Range. Don and Mrs. Munday of Vancouver tell of their visit to this giant peak in the *Canadian Geographical Journal* for January-December, 1932.

244. PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

Parliamentary government in Canada started with the first legislature of Nova Scotia, the first in British North America, in 1758. Prince Edward Island followed in 1773; New Brunswick in 1786 and Upper and Lower Canada in 1792. It was merely the beginnings of responsible government, however, as the governor held most of the power in his own hands as he appointed the members of both the Executive and Legislative Councils, thus being practically independent of the Legislature. Responsible government as now understood was not granted until 1841 under the Union Act of that year, following the resolutions of the Durham Report.

Questions for Week of March 5th

- 245. What is La Chasse Gallerie?
- 246. Where is Rocky Mountain Portage?
- 247. What are the chief features of the St. Lawrence River?
- 248. Where was the first French seat of government in Nova Scotia?



ILLEGAL

For weary hours the angler had sat watching his float. It never moved, save when a ripple of the river made it tremble and raised false hopes in his heart.

Then, with the snort of an enraged bull and the foot-tread to match, the village constable came to him.

"'Ere, you!" he snapped. "'No fishing ain't allowed in this pond. 'Op it!"

The fisherman turned bored eyes to him and jerked the hook out of the water.

"I'm not fishing," he replied, with weary sarcasm in his voice. "I'm teaching this worm to swim."

"A-a-ah!" snorted the policeman triumphantly. "Then come along wiv me. Bathing ain't allowed in the pond without costumes, and he ain't got one on!"

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Stillweed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best natured man that ever lived; and sometimes I think it's mere laziness!"

Dolly: And what did your poet do when you turned him down?

Kay: Oh, the poor dear threw himself into the wastepaper basket.

A parking space is where you leave the car to have the tail light knocked off.

"Buy a bunch of violets for your sweetheart, sir?" urged the flower seller. "Haven't got one," replied the young man.

"Take a bunch home to your wife." "Sorry, I'm not married." "'Ere—buy the bloomin' lot to celebrate your luck!"

Marion: Where is your chivalry?  
Boy Friend: I turned it in for a Buick.

It's a queer world. Remain silent and others suspect that you are ignorant; talk and you remove all doubt of it.

This country was all right while we only tried to keep up with the Joneses—the depression came when we tried to pass them.

Mrs. Goodhart: I am collecting for the church rummage sale. May I ask what you do with your old clothes?

Mr. Hardup: Certainly, certainly. I hang them up carefully at night, and put them on again in the morning.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

### The Presbyterian Church in Canada

I give (or bequeath) to The Presbyterian Church in Canada (that is the continuing Presbyterian Church not merged in or associated with The United Church of Canada) the sum of ..... Dollars, to be used for \*Home or Foreign Missions, or both, and I direct that this legacy be paid to the Treasurer of the Church whose receipt shall be a good and sufficient discharge in respect thereof.  
\* Note.—Specify whether for Home or Foreign Missions, or both.

# Ethelwyn Wetherald

BY CLARA BERNHARDT

WITH the passing of Ethelwyn Wetherald, beloved Canadian poet, another of that shining company in Canadian literature, known as the Group of '61 (Carman, Lampman, Drummond, Pauline Johnson,

and represented now only by Roberts) has crossed into the realm where beauty is eternal. To those who knew and loved her poetry, its singing heritage remains. And to those who knew and loved Ethelwyn Wetherald herself, there remains a vivid memory of a gallant soul and a sparkling personality.

Her intense zest for life is the thing about Miss Wetherald that will always stay with me. That and her scintillating wit and ready humor. Straight and slim as one of the tall evergreens marking the road to her home, Miss Wetherald's body, like her spirit, made little concession to advancing years. Deafness rather increased the solitude in which she lived at her country home near Fenwick, Ontario, but poetry lovers still found their way to her door. Only last summer she was garden party hostess to the Canadian Authors' Association in the quietude of "The Tall Evergreens" — an afternoon which will live long in the hearts of those privileged to attend.

IT WAS through requesting a handwritten copy of what is probably her most widely known and best loved poem, "Legacies," that I first became acquainted with Miss Wetherald several years ago. In complying with characteristic graciousness, she remarked wistfully that she wished she too were young again, and at the beginning of a literary career. That this enthusiasm for life, which was amazing in one of her years, stayed with her to the very end, was evident in a letter written several weeks before her death.

"I am feeling divinely happy today, partly because light came early this morning, and will come earlier tomorrow. I am almost unnaturally well and feel correspondingly gay. I hope you too are going on your way rejoicing."

On her way rejoicing! What a rare and admirable attitude for a deaf, solitary old lady of eighty-three! People half her age might well envy this spirit. It was through keeping alive her interest in the changing work, and in the younger generation, that Miss Wetherald retained her youthful outlook and verve. She wanted to know what the younger Canadian writers were doing. For in the letter she wrote me just a week before her death, received with an autographed gift copy of the life of Homer Watson she wanted me to have, was this adjuration: "Tell me about the younger poets with whom you feel in closest affinity. I am always interested."

THEN she spoke a few words of artistic perception, evoked by her reading of a review of my book of poems to which she had written the foreword last April: "After all, your own best critic is yourself. Your knowledge of your own aims, your own soul, your own invisible personality is greater than any attained by others." Words which any writer, surely, would do well to ponder.

And nowhere is Miss Wetherald's own "invisible personality" more evident than in the final lines from the personal poem with which she greeted her friends last Christmas:

"Be thine the sense of wings, the subtle call

That comes from some bird-breasted waterfall;

The comradeship of trees, the hearts of friends,

And one Near Presence where the footpath bends."

## ETHELWYN WETHERALD: An Appreciation

By Clara Bernhardt

The death of Ethelwyn Wetherald removed one of the most gracious and best loved figures in Canadian literature. Born in 1857, for over fifty years her personality has been a quiet, yet vital force in our literary scene, her poetry attaining rightful rank alongside that of Lampman, Carman and Roberts. And while her poetry had the universality of appeal without which nothing enduring is written, Miss Wetherald was also a poet's poet.

The delicacy of her perceptions, the sincere intensity of her emotion, and the careful craftsmanship with which her ideas were moulded into lyric form, are a delight to lovers of fine poetry. Lines linger in the mind long after the poem is read:

"The wind blows loves like leaves apart—"

"The words of earth are of little worth

When a song drops out of the sky."

Although *Legacies*, which she once told me would be graved upon her tombstone, and *The Winds of Death* are probably her most widely known pieces, much of her work meets what she herself considered to be the final test of good poetry: It is worth reading aloud, and worth memorizing.

It was my privilege to know Miss Wetherald through correspondence during the last three years of her life, during which period we met once at "The Tall Evergreens" near Fenwick, Ont. Her unquenchable zest for living never ceased to amaze me. She was generous with her appreciation, and had an unflinching interest in the work of younger poets, although possessing little patience for strictly modern verse.

Her quick mind, ready humor, and deep

understanding made her a delightful person to know. Anent reviews of my book of poems to which she contributed the foreword last April, she had this wise word to say: "After all, your own best critic is yourself. Your knowledge of your own aims, your own soul, your own invisible personality is greater than any attained by others."

Only a week before her death, which occurred on March 10th., I received an autographed gift copy of Page's life of Homer Watson, accompanied by a gay letter requesting copies of my newest poems. She was, she said, divinely happy, because light was coming earlier now, and she was going her way rejoicing.

Which is how I shall always think of Ethelwyn Wetherald—going her way rejoicing.

### LET MUSIC SOUND

(For Ethelwyn Wetherald)

And can it be that you who loved the earth  
Now lie beneath its stirring, unaware?  
That all the songs you sang of lyric worth  
Are mute along the Farther Path you fare?  
There will be other Aprils now for you  
Who loved the scent of lilacs after rain,  
And more exultant songs to sing; a view  
Unlimited by finite hope and pain.

Play Mendelssohn and Chopin—but in joy!  
Let music sound in accents of delight,  
For one whose gallant spirit could destroy  
The fears which rise in silences of night.  
In tribute now of this intrepid voice,  
The very hills and meadowlands rejoice.

Clara Bernhardt.

Saturday Night  
Volume 55, April 13,  
1940, p. 11

Canadian Author and  
Bookman, Volume 17,  
April 1940, p. 8.



Ethelwyn Wetherald -

Give a picture - Tall, slim, brn. eyes, clr. & brt. regardless of age. In latter yrs. hard of hearing, considered this blessing rather than handicap, spared senseless conversation. Made for "clearer thinking". Her voice always a surprise. Spoke beautifully a pure & complete pronunciation rather than accent.

Love of Nature *zest for life. a spirit of gallant sail sparkling pers.*

Not a surface thing, did not draw on nature to express self, expresses nature itself. Sang of every phase of its beauty & to her relationship of nature with human life seemed very evident & clear. READ Green Beginning

Unselfishness.

Thoroughly & completely selfless. Never thought of self, in small things or big. Why her friends thought she should be honored never failed to amaze her. A new thrill any time anyone took trouble to write her they had enjoyed or found satisfaction in her poems. Tell story of editor who returned story asking her to improve grammar used by the waitress. Derived deep, sincere pleasure from doing kindness for others, performing generous deeds was a habit. Joy in others expressed in one of her poems

READ "A Lovely Time".

Her Humour -

A side not so well known is her humour. Pretty much a recluse for thirty odd yrs. seeing only handful of people, shrinking from publicity, one wonders at this characteristic. Turn a phrase beautifully, quips very much to the point. Represented in collection of humorous verse made by John Garvin.

READ "Omar for Housewives".

Philosophy of Life -

Her sense of humour helped her develop well balanced philosophy. Individuality important in person, but no person really important ~~except~~ outside their own home. Happy just to have lived. One of her friends yrs ago was the widow of Thomas George Thomas Lanigan, author of the celebrated Canadian humorous poem "The Ahkoond of Swat". Miss W. would rather have written it than any other poem in the English language, with the exception of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees".

~~xxxxxxfxkaniganxxxxthxxxxREAD  
xThexAhkoonxxxxfxSwatxx~~

When she found herself taking life too seriously, she'd turn to this and regain a proper balance.

Tell of Lanigan & READ "The Ahkoond of Swat".

*70 or 80 to be exact  
Can. poet. Born 1842  
before 1870.*

*Her work -  
ly precise - grey  
eyed, liveliness,  
short simple words,  
rather involved,  
vague or ambiguous.  
Words a man can get  
hold of & understand.  
Intensity of emotion, care-  
ful craftsman's work are  
a delight*

# Beloved Author, Poetess Passes Away at Fenwick

## Death Comes to Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald In Her 83rd Year; The Funeral on Tuesday

Fenwick, Ont., March 11 — Death has ended the career of one of Ontario's most renowned and well loved women in the person of Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, distinguished poetess and writer. Miss Wetherald passed away early Sunday morning succumbing to an attack of pneumonia.

Deceased was a daughter of William Wetherald and Jemima Harris Balls of Rockwood, Ont., where she was born on April 26, 1857. She was the sixth child in a family of 11 children, of which she was the sole survivor. Her maternal grandparents were Irish while her father was English coming to Canada from Yorkshire in 1820. Mr. Wetherald established in 1851 a boarding school at Rockwood, it later being known as Rockwood Academy, from which graduated many distinguished men. He later resigned his principalship to become superintendent of Havergal College, near Philadelphia, returning a few years later to settle on the farm near Fenwick, known as "The Tall Evergreens," where he became an ordained minister of the Society of Friends. He had a fine mastery of English which he imparted to his family and it was in this home and under the fine tutelage of her father that Miss Wetherald received her early education. Later she attended The Friends Boarding School at Union Springs, N.Y., and subsequently Pickering College, Ontario.

### Literary Career

As a writer, Miss Wetherald won her first prominence in the years 1887-88-89" when she contributed articles frequently to The Globe at Toronto. Each article was about a column in length and was signed by the nom de plume of Bel Thistlethwaite, a contraction of the maiden name of her paternal grandmother. In June 1889, Miss Wetherald was requested by the editor to come to Toronto to write "Notes and Comments" and an occasional editorial. The editor was John Cameron,

The following year Mr. Cameron resigned and returned to London, Ont., where in 1890 he founded a small monthly magazine titled "Wives and Daughters" and Miss Wetherald became assistant editor. This little  
(Continued on Page Six)

magazine continued publication for three years during which time Miss Wetherald capably wrote nearly all the editorials, as well as the book reviews, and was responsible for selected poetry, the children's department, etc. It was during those years in London that Miss Wetherald began writing her exquisite lyrics and sonnets, which have since charmed so many readers. By 1895 she had enough for her first book, "The House of the Trees," and other poems. In 1902 appeared "Tangled in Stars," and in 1904, "The Radiant Road." In the autumn of 1907 a larger collection of her verse was published in Toronto, "The Last Robin; Lyrics and Sonnets."

Miss Wetherald returned to her home in 1893, going to Philadelphia in the winter of '95-'96 as assistant to Francis Bellamy, the literary editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. Her chance to assist Forrest Morgan, one of the editors of "The World's Best Literature" came about through correspondence. He had written in praise of her "Wind of Death" and later asked her to be his assistant, in which capacity she acted for nearly a year and included in one of his volumes five or six of her poems.

### Active To The End

Miss Wetherald, in company with her brother, Samuel, travelled extensively before returning to the quiet life she lived of latter years. One by one her large family predeceased her

and for a number of years she has left the shelter of her home only on rare occasions.

Happily engaged with her books, her writing and a large correspondence with friends far and wide, this quiet, unassuming little woman with her keen intellect and wide interests in the affairs of the world of today lived out her life to a happy end. Although she left her home but seldom, many famous people renowned in the world of letters and art found their way to her door.

A complete edition of lyrics and sonnets containing every poem which Miss Wetherald wishes preserved and comprising 350 in all, was arranged and published in 1931. John W. Garvin was responsible for the arranging of this work. A couple of her better known poems also had the distinction of being a part of the public school readers in Ontario.

Miss Wetherald leaves to mourn an adopted daughter, Miss Dorothy Wetherald; two nieces, Mrs. R. D. Linden of St. Paul, Minn., and Mrs. Thomas Wollright of San Francisco, California; one nephew, Rene Wetherald of St. Paul; and a host of sorrowing friends.

A private service for intimate friends will be held at the home on Tuesday, March 12th, at 2 o'clock, proceeding to the Friends' church at Pelham Corners for public service at 2.30 p.m. Burial will be in the Friends' cemetery.

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## BELOVED POET LAI TO REST

### Glowing Tribute Paid To Long Life and Service

Fenwick, March 13.—Friends and neighbors gathered on Tuesday afternoon to pay their last respects to Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, who passed away early Sunday morning. A short service for intimate friends was held at the family home, "The Tall Evergreens," then the funeral cortege proceeded to the Friends church, Pelham Corners, for a public service. The pastor, Rev. Stanley Van Every, officiated.

It was fitting that the final ceremonies for Miss Wetherald should take place in the place so closely associated with the life of the Wetherald family. Here for many years, Mr. Wetherald, father of the deceased, preached for divine worship, and Miss Wetherald herself was always a faithful adherent.

Mr. Van Every paid glowing tribute to the long life of love and service of the one who had gone. She had not really died, as her spirit would live eternally in the many lyrics she left behind, and which were so much a part of herself, the pastor stated.

Six friends of many years standing acted as bearers, Frank Page of New Dundee, Wm. Dorland of St. Catharines, J. A. Daboll of Ridgeway, Stewart S. MacInnes of Welland, Walter McRaye of Grimsby and Louis Blake Duff of Welland.

After a short service in the church, the remains were reverently laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery.

Ethelwyn Wetherald -

Born in 1857, never considered herself worthy of being included in the Group of '61. Claimed she was not a Canadian poet, because Confederation did not take place until ten yrs. after her birth.

Give a picture -

Amazing woman physically. Very tall, very slim. Beautiful brn. eyes, clear & bright regardless of age. Slightly hard of hearing in latter yrs., but this had been turned into a blessing rather than a handicap, by thinking of the senseless conversation she was spared. Claimed it "makes for clearer thinking".

Her voice, ~~xxxxxxx~~ deep & strong, always a surprise. Spoke beautifully, with what she has referred to in memoirs as a hopelessly British accent. However, I believe it to have been ~~the purest~~ pure and complete pronunciation of every word, rather than an accent.

Her love of Nature -

This was not any surface thing. Not a poet drawing on nature to express herself, ~~rather~~ her work expresses nature itself. She sang of every phase of its beauty, & the relationship of nature with human life seemed to her to be very evident and clear. Read GREEN BEGINNINGS.

Unselfishness -

Perhaps, as one grew to know Ethelwyn Wetherald, the outstanding quality of this amazing woman was her selflessness, her unselfishness. Never did she seem to think of herself, either in small things or big. I remember some few years ago she told me of an Editor who had returned a short story she had written in which the "leading woman" was a waitress. The Editor told ~~Miss Wetherald~~ Ethelwyn a waitress would not use such bad grammar! How we laughed and then I felt resentment. But she replied that she had had the fun of writing it and several hearty laughs at the letter from the Editor, and what more could ~~xxxxxx~~ be expected of a mere short story! She claimed no right to any appreciation for what she had done. "Canadian Literature would still have been without me". But it would not have been so rich. ~~Story of the Christmas~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ Why her friends thought she should be honored never failed to amaze her. When she received a letter from someone who had read one or some of her poems, she was always delighted. In the same ~~way~~ kind way after a long correspondence between us, she asked: "I'd love it if you felt you could be less formal. Would you mind calling me "Ethelwyn" and see how you like it?" Again making the other person feel they were ~~granting~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ She derived real, deep & sincere pleasure from doing kindnesses for others, ~~generosity~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ performing generous deeds was a habit. ~~The pleasure~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ Her joy in others is well expressed in one of her poems, READ A LOVELY TIME.

Her Humour. -

A side not so well known is her humour. Living as she did for the past thirty odd years, pretty much as a recluse, seeing only a handful of people, shrinking from publicity, one wonders that

this side of her character did not die from non-use. She could turn a phrase beautifully, her quips were ~~short and to the point~~ very much to the point. Represented in collection of humorous verse made by John Garvin. Not in her own collection. READ Omar for Housewives.

Ethelwyn Wetherald's sense of humour, keen and bright, helped her develop a well balanced philosophy of life. ~~The She says that individuality is important~~ Individuality is important in a person, but outside their own small circle, there are very few of us who are really important. She was a ~~personal~~ friend of Mrs. George Thomas Lanigan, widow of the author of ~~the~~ a famous Canadian humorous poem "The Ahkoond of Swat". Miss Wetherald would rather have written it than any other poem in the English language, with the exception of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese". ~~She told me that on occasions when she found herself taking her self too seriously she did read "The Ahkoond of Swat" and regain her proper balance~~ Read The Ahkoond of Swat.

## THE HOME FORUM

### A Tribute to the Late Ethelwyn Wetherald

The little village of Rockwood, Ont., did not know on April 26, 1857, that the soul of a poet had come to dwell within it. Born and cradled in the arms of Mother Earth, Ethelwyn Wetherald lived close to nature, except for a few years in the full life of a journalist and writer in the heart of the city.

Contemporary with Duncan Campbell Scott, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, the late beloved "Seranus," and John W. Garvin of beloved memory. Together with these immortals, Miss Wetherald has left behind a priceless legacy to Canada, songs of rare simplicity and beauty. Serenity, keenness of insight vision and enduring faith shone through all her work.

Of Mr. Garvin's friendship, the poet wrote: "All things through thee take nobler form." What higher tribute could one poet pay another? And again she said: "He was the unfailing encourager," and "under the spur of his faith I re-wrote many lines."

In some personal correspondence with me following the writing of a sonnet dedicated to her, which she so graciously received, Miss Wetherald wrote: "If I could have written 'I would not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more, I would have gladly cast all my lyrics and sonnets into oblivion.'

At such a time as this our thoughts turn instinctively to her poem:

#### At Waking.

When I shall go to sleep and wake again  
At dawning in another world than this,  
What will atone to me for all I miss?  
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,  
The press of leaves against my window pane,  
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,  
The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss  
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.  
Will not my soul remember forevermore,  
The earth's sweet hunger for the spring,  
The wet cheek of April, and the rush  
Of roses through the summer's open door;  
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring  
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

Living close to nature as she did, Miss Wetherald sang of every phase of its beauty. Birds on the wing, trees, flowers and bees, were the

themes of her impassioned pen. From her vantage point, a house amid the trees, she drew near to her beloved nature, and heard the sweet song of "The Last Robin," and became "Tangled in Stars."

In a later letter to me, Miss Wetherald said:

"Every human express train has to slow down as it nears the station."

Ethelwyn Wetherald's train has entered the Grand Central Depot at the end of the railroad of life, and her farewell words are found in her immortal poem:

#### Legacies.

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,  
Unto my God my soul,  
Unto my foe I leave my love—  
These are of life the whole.  
Nay, there is something, a trifle left,  
Who shall receive this dower?  
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust . . .  
Turn it into a flower.

Mother Earth has received her child, and God will fashion her dust into a flower of everlasting bloom and rare beauty, and her sweet influence will shed its perfume down through the years, and true lovers of beauty will rejoice in its immortal fragrance.

Voyageur.

#### A SWEET VOICE STILLED.

The death of the poet, Ethelwyn Wetherald—who long ago contributed regularly to The Globe a column devoted to women's interests—recalls my one glimpse of this gentle lady, a good many years ago, and a brief but pleasant exchange of letters of more recent date.

My father was, many years ago, a pupil of Miss Wetherald's father, the Rev. William Wetherald, at Rockwood Academy, of which boarding school he was founder and principal.

It is comforting to think that the bright spirit passed from the aging body so quietly, in sleep.

We are glad to have tributes to a lovely memory in today's page from Voyageur and Quinte Gal. The former was read at a recent gathering of poets and poetry lovers held in the Heliconian Club.

BLUE ANN

Excerpt from lr. written by Ethelwyn Wetherald on Sept. 22nd 1937:

"Have I told you that a distinction I value is that of being the first Canadian writer to have a poem reprinted in a school reader. More than once going out on the road to our mail box, I have been accosted by some school-child, "Did you wite the wed-winged blackbird?"

#### A Birthday:

We have learned that this is the birthday of our Canadian poetess, Ethelwyn Wetherald, and hope to publish one of her poems in the page today. How happy we were just a week or two ago to receive a kind note from herself, with a poem enclosed, which appeared in the page of April 14. And we have also a treasured memory of having met and talked with her a good many years ago. Of late years she has been living very quietly at her home in Fenwick.

Ethelwyn Wetherald, we learn from John W. Garvin's book of Canadian poets, was born of English-Quaker parents at Rockwood, Ont., and her father, the Rev. William Wetherald, founded Rockwood Academy, of which school I have heard much from my own father, who was a student there in his boyhood. It was evidently a very fine school, and its good work has not been forgotten to this day, when one still hears of great things accomplished by Canadian men who got much early inspiration there.

Miss Wetherald herself attended a Friends' boarding-school at Union Springs, N.Y., and also Pickering College.

She began writing poetry later in life than most poets, and her first book of verse did not appear until 1895, when it immediately established her high rank among Canadian poets, and E. Dee writes us that she was the first Canadian poet to have her work included in our Canadian readers.

Previously she had collaborated with G. Mercer Adam in writing a novel, and, as we have mentioned in this page before, she at one time conducted a Women's Department in The Globe over the pen-name "Bel Thistlewaite."

Following the first book, "The House of Trees and Other Poems," then in 1902 "Tangled in the Stars," in 1904 "The Radiant Road," and in 1907 "The Last Robin."

In conclusion Mr. Garvin has written:

"For years Miss Wetherald has resided on the homestead farm . . . and there in the midst of a large orchard . . . has dreamed, and visioned, and sung, pouring out her soul in rare, sweet songs with the naturalness of a bird. And like a bird she has a nest in a large willow tree, cunningly contrived by a nature-loving brother, where her muse broods contentedly, intertwining her spirit with every aspect of the beautiful environment."

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1940.

# n a k e r P

## THE HOME FORUM

### Tribute to a Poet

It was appropriate that, on March 11, the eve following the quiet passing of a beloved Canadian poet, Ethelwyn Wetherald, a memorial gesture should be paid her in the home of a young poet in whom Miss Wetherald had evidenced a deep and kindly interest—Miss Clara Bernhardt of Preston. Some years ago the Quill Club of Preston came into being through Miss Bernhardt's efforts. Strangely, on this particular evening, the founder of the club was hostess.

The theme planned for the program was one of sad significance—Finland. But the tulip and daffodil decorated living-room where the members were assembled was alive with the breath of spring.

Before Miss Bernhardt began her talk on Sibelius and his compositions, she paid tribute to Miss Wetherald, and read excerpts from a letter which she had received from the poet only ten days earlier. Miss Wetherald, with characteristic spirit, had written that she was "divinely happy, almost unnaturally well, and correspondingly gay." What a beautiful last message before setting out on the last high road to Beauty! Miss Bernhardt concluded her sympathetic tribute with the recital "Legacies," Miss Wetherald's most widely loved poem, and also the inspiring message which was contained in her Christmas card. It was all so simply a tribute of fine and reverent feeling, coming to a close with Miss Marguerite Carney's playing of that music which a famous Canadian pianist, Ernest Seitz, had played recently as a final tribute to his father—Mendelssohn's impressive Funeral March. In the hush that lived for a few moments in the bright room, it seemed as if the spirit that was Ethelwyn Wetherald lingered there—a spirit of gay courage, comprehension, vision, serenity—eternal beauty.

Lillian Collier Gray.

## Correspondence

### A RARE SPIRIT.

Dear Homemaker: On learning of Ethelwyn Wetherald's passing the thought came to me: Being frail and earth-weary, what could be lovelier than closing one's eyes in the velvet darkness of a March night, alone with God, and opening them at the golden portals of Eternal Spring. Peace to her gentle spirit.

In her reminiscences Ethelwyn Wetherald has told us of a memorably happy holiday many years ago at the island cottage of Helena Coleman in the St. Lawrence, near Gananoque, where Marjorie Pickthall and a few other congenial souls were guests. Outdoor meals were a delightful "movable feast" according to sun and wind, and she continues:

"My choicest pleasure came in the morning for, as the early light awakened Marjorie Pickthall in the room next to mine and Helena Coleman just across the hall, we fell into frequent talk and discussion before arising. . . . I remember distinctly that Marjorie Pickthall did not argue. She questioned, mused awhile, differed gently, or expressed her differing attitude by a little laugh that was as charming as it was free from self-consciousness. She was a poet to the innermost fibre of her beautiful and unaffected nature." Ethelwyn Wetherald earned a worthy share of this generous tribute for herself as poet and woman.

A few years ago she visited the book store of a town not far from her home. The proprietress told a friend that she was enchanted by her guest and long afterward still thrilled with the meeting of so "sweet" a woman.

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,  
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

Quinte Gal.

Thank you, Quinte Gal, for a lovely letter.

Agnes Ethelwyn Nettelald Born on April  
26<sup>th</sup>, 1857, at Rackwood, Ont. She ran the  
Wauwau's Page in the Globe under the nom  
de plume "Bell Histlewaite".

Her first book of poetry "The House of the  
Trees and other Poems" was published in 1895.  
Second volume "Sungled in Stars" published in 1902.  
Third volume "The Radiant Road" in 1904.  
A collection "The Last Action. Lyrics and Son-  
nets" was published late in 1907.  
"Tree Top Musing; children's verse, published  
in 1921.

Now lives near Kenauick, Ont.  
(See Canadian Poets, by John W. Parvill).

*Monday*  
*Oct 31*  
EATING AND DRINKING.

In all the records of travel that I have read it was the custom of the writer to describe the towns through which he passed, but when one travels by boat one does not pass through towns, but merely coasts along the edge of them, pausing now and then before what the geographies call "a small collection of houses and inhabitants." Too many of us, it is to be feared, are like the old lady, whose only recollection of Rome was that that was the place where she bought the bad stockings. Buz and I remember Kingston as the place where we bought the good apples. They were in reality inferior to most of those that grow on our own trees at home, but we had been living, from necessity, as carnivorous animals since our departure, and that was what gave flavor to the apples. What is the reason, I wonder, that in steamers and hotels one is expected to eat meat three times a day? Few people perform such an unnatural feat at home, but under the stimulus of travel and change of air, combined with a menu that perhaps offers few attractions apart from the meats, they partake in haste and afterwards repent in the enforced leisure of a fit of illness, too often the sequel to a pleasure trip.

At home I am a vegetarian, and I have often thought that the diet of most people would approach more nearly to vegetarianism, with the result of increased health and comfort to themselves, could they know how well it is possible for one to live without any form of flesh food whatever.

For instance, at breakfast one might have either pin-head hominy, or oatmeal, or Graham porridge, the latter made of good wheat, finely ground, and sifted into well-salted boiling water. This must be constantly stirred in the five minutes it takes to make it, and afterwards set back upon the stove, where it may boil slowly for ten minutes. Eaten with cream-colored milk, it is delicious, digestible, and very wholesome, as it contains all the nutritious properties of the wheat. There might also be some milk toast, or brown bread, or oat cake, and baked pears, and if there must be something to drink let it be milk or lemonade. Nothing fried; no lard; no beef-steak; no sacrifice of life.

For dinner there could be two or three of such vegetables as salsify, cauliflower, eggplant, squash, sweet potatoes, parsnips, canned peas, canned sweet corn; each thing so good of its kind that it needs not the foreign aid of frying pans, though it may be served if necessary with cream sauce, made of rich milk, further enriched with butter, and thickened with a little flour. These to be followed by a simple custard or pudding, and by apples, oranges and grapes. No suet, no soda, no dead animal of any kind.

For supper, brown bread and milk, Graham gems, Graham crackers; any sort of stewed fruit from canned peaches to dried elderberries; no saleratus; no fried cakes; nothing to remind us of the butcher.

Something like this is our usual bill of fare at home, but as shipwrecked voyagers, who, for many days have lost sight of land and of provisions, are fain to devour their hats, boots and other unappetising articles, so we, looking when at the morning meal upon a depressing expanse of crockery, fried potatoes and bakers' bread, and hearing the names of three or four kinds of the brute creation gabbled in our ears, mentioned the one which seemed least deadly in its immediate effects. Nevertheless, we were very glad to get to Kingston and to sour apples.

We would have liked to explore that solid-looking town further, but, as Vernon Lee says, "the steam let off by the engine screeched a series of hoarse screeches," and we deemed this a sufficient warning that we should return to the boat. Really, one ought not

to give any impressions (or to have any impressions) of a city that is seen only from the river. One might as well judge of a house from a glimpse at the back shed, or of an estate from a look at the chip-yard.

The approach to Montreal, going through the canals, was slow, and it was clouded by the knowledge that there was no man with us to act as a mediator between us and the hackmen, hotelkeepers, street car drivers, ice cream vendors, dealers in fruit and confectionery and others whom we are not accustomed to attack personally. Also, we wanted some one to go round with us and point out how high this building was, and how wide was another, and to urge us at meal time to eat more and in the morning to sleep less, as is the manner of men. We didn't know what it would be like to wake in the morning and not hear the youngest Thistlethwaite boy relieve the dull routine of dressing by singing, "Tum te iddity, idy O!" nor to have a tap at the door, accompanied by the softly-uttered words, "Sleep on, gentle seraph," or some similar nonsense, supposed to be an appeal to the better nature of the would-be sleeper. But it was too late to think of that now. The vessel ceased its heavy breathing and floated safely into port; the plank was lowered; the people were eager to be off the boat. Buz and I came off with the rest, and found ourselves alone in the great, strange city.

"It wouldn't be so bad," observed Buz, "if there were only a dozen hackmen vociferating in your ears. Why, there isn't a solitary vociferation here. I never saw a place so scrumpy of its hackmen."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

*Oct 26*

T

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### WHILE WE WERE AWAY.

Among the passengers on the steamer which conveyed us to Montreal was a young lady, apparently well up in the twenties, who interested us a good deal. She was independent, yet sympathetic in her manner, pleasant to all, and yet showing very clearly in her behavior that she was accustomed to depend upon herself, not upon the chance accidents of life, for enjoyment. Her glance was slightly critical, yet kindly, and she looked as though she were not thinking about herself and the probable effect that she was producing. I found that, as I had guessed, she was self-supporting, and that she had chosen for a holiday excursion this long lake and river sail to a week in Toronto at Exhibition time. "There is nothing more fatiguing," she said, "than the self-imposed necessity of looking at different things for hours and days at a time. I am already fatigued, and I want rest. Could anything be more restful than this?" She indicated with a glance the vast colorless expanse of sky and water, between which the winds were reveling. "I cannot understand," she continued, "why nearly all the women on board prefer to sit inside, playing cards and talking gossip, when they might be enjoying this delightful breeze." I could not understand it either. It is not considered respectable for women to sit outdoors in a



fall from their lips. In this case it was taken for granted that we were perfectly able to take care of ourselves, and, of course, it would have been too humiliating to hint at the contrary. The fact is, we can rely upon ourselves when there are no men about, but we hardly know what it is not to have several men about. At the last moment, as the steamer was being loosed from the wharf and while most of the passengers were assembled outside to say a last good-bye to their friends, I saw the Thistlethwaite boy who had brought us to the boat hastily tie the horses and run down to the bank. Great joy overcame me. At last, I said to myself, he has thought of some piece of good advice—something for us to “go by,” if it is no more than Beware of pickpockets, or, Don't get run over when you cross the street. Instead he smiled and said, “I hope you'll have a pleasant time.” Turning away sick at heart—and yet with a fervent hope that the sickness might not spread to any other vital organ, for the water inclined to be rough—my eyes fell upon a woman very fussily dressed, who was reading a novel with some such name as, “Alone! Alone!” or “Thrust Away in the Cold.” It struck me as an ill omen. Whether it turned out to be ill or not, I must leave, as the author of *The Spectator* would have said, to a “future speculation.” BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### WHAT WE NOTICED.

Oct 19  
Wed.

One of the first things that Buz and I noticed when we started off on our trip to Montreal, a few weeks ago, was the sensible attire of most of the women on board the steamer. Several girls were arrayed in flannel—or what had the appearance of flannel—being thick, warm and soft. This attractive goods did not crumple nor wrinkle, was in quiet, neutral shades, and was made up generally into a perfectly plain skirt and basque, with the simplest and least obtrusive of overskirts. These well-fitting gowns, surmounted by sailor hats, or the soft boyish-looking travelling caps that are so “awfully English, you know,” seemed to make simplicity a fine art, and the comfortable and stylish looking wearers were the only women on board who could lean or lounge about or indulge in an afternoon nap without detriment to their attire. They were surveyed with anxious, half-puzzled, half-envious looks by two or three would-be fashionable dames, whose dresses served as foundations for all sorts of inexplicable patches and contortions in the way of trimmings. Women of this kind are sure to be met with in travelling. They want above all things to be well dressed. For this they sacrifice comfort and ease and expend infinite labor and pains. They will wear ugly things that are supposed to be fashionable, tight things that are supposed to be graceful, and burdensome things that are supposed to be beautiful. Surely with tortured bodies they at least deserve to have ease and peace of mind, and this hard-earned tranquility seems for a time to be their portion. But how insecure are the fond hopes of feminine humanity when based upon insufficient common sense! The cherished convictions of these poor ladies were all routed by the suitable, serviceable costumes

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that so charmingly combined the essential elements of simplicity and style.

But the most objectionable sort of woman we met in our travels was the one who took no interest in her own appearance. This is not written to advocate prolonged “prinking,” for she who looks too long upon the glass in her sleeping apartment is but little superior to him who follows the same practice in the bar-room; but it is written for the opportunity it gives to say again what has been said so many times before, that absolute personal cleanliness is the greatest charm that any woman can possess. There are bodily odors that, however faint they may be, are sure to betray the absence of the daily bath, and there are little marks of neglect that, whether they appear on finger nails, teeth or the inside lower edge of the skirt of the gown, are sure to lower the exhibitor of them in the estimation of every one she meets. Self-respect may be sufficient to keep a man in good repair; a woman should cultivate nothing less than self-reverence.

There are not many things to notice in a trip across the lake beside the appearance and behavior of one's fellow-passengers, but these are sometimes of an entertaining nature. There is the lazy girl, who bewails the absence of a rocking-chair, the restless girl who, as our American neighbors would say, is “always on the go.” She carries a paper-covered novel, but is never seen to read it for more than three minutes at a time. She paces to and fro, giving her skirts a pull and her hair a twitch before the mirror, then goes to the front of the vessel, and gazes alternately first over one side then over the other at the water. This performance is repeated at the other end of the boat, but not before you have met her in that narrow outside passage-way between the fence surrounding the boat (I am not acquainted with nautical terms) and the state-room windows. She is always accompanied by a companion and their conversation consists of such phrases as, “Oh, it's too stuffy in here; let's go outside!” or, “Oh, it's too windy out here, let's go inside!” or “Isn't it poky down here, let's go above!” or “Isn't it tiresome up here? Let's go below!” There is also the woman whose domestic arrangements, like those of a third-class boarding-house, apparently include meals at all hours, so frequently is she discovered in the act of doling out all sorts of sticky, crumbly, greasy or otherwise objectionable viands to her brood of hungry young ravens. During this first afternoon of our sail no one is anxious to make acquaintances, but there are some genial old ladies who beam benevolently on the rest of us, not on account of any special merit on our part, but simply from the force of a life-long habit of their own.

But now darkness falls upon the water, and the closely-watched and hungrily-anticipated preparations for the evening meal are culminated by the ringing of a bell. Every one starts to his or her feet. “Come, ladies,” says the captain, and in a great, confused, unlady-like heap the ladies come. Such pushing, and crushing, and scrambling for seats! One would think that every feminine cheek would blush for its sex. Buz says there is no such thing as feminine cheek, but I don't know. After such a display of it—well, I never use slang except in cases of sickness—mental sickness—but—

My meditations are interrupted by a whisper from Buz. “Have you seen our stateroom yet?” she asks. “It's the nicest little cupboard you ever saw, with only two shelves in it. I think you'd better sleep on the top shelf.”

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Sept 30 BROTHERLESS GIRLS.

The other day at the dining table in a lake steamer I chanced to sit opposite a young girl who, with cast-iron indifference to the attention of observers, was carrying on a very open flirtation with the commercial traveller at her side. "Poor girl," said my companion, "probably she has no mother." My own belief is that she has no brother. There are mothers silly enough to care nothing about their daughters misbehavior, or even to smile complacently upon it, but I never yet knew of a brother who would not protest against the spectacle of his sister making, what in his honest downright phrase he would call, a complete fool of herself.

A great deal of sentiment has been written about a sister's influence. Let us glance briefly at that equally admirable force, a brother's influence.

The fact that is first to strike the disinterested observer of brothers as a class is that there is no nonsense about them. They are unromantic, apt to say what they think and apt to think in a matter-of-fact way. No compliment can carry quite so much value on the face of it as the compliment a man or boy pays to his sister. Your father and lover or husband are naturally prone to exaggerate your charms, and a chance acquaintance may merely wish to make himself agreeable, but a word of commendation from your brother means what he says, and probably means a great deal more, for the typical brother is chary of praise and given to understatement when expressing admiration of his sister. So when your brother tells you that your performance is not half bad, or that you look fair to middling, or that your dress will do, or that he is glad that you know enough to behave yourself, you may be tolerably certain that in all these points you are above reproach. Also it must be considered a mark of high appreciation for a man to tell his tall sister that he hates a dumpy woman, or his short one that he can't bear to walk beside a giraffe, or his thin one that it's a pity some fat girl of their acquaintance is as shapeless as a bag of salt, or his fat one that it's a comfort to see one woman who doesn't look as though she were always hungry and cold. For myself I never weary of the compliment to my companionableness conveyed in the oft-repeated words of that member of the Thistlewaite family who is said to be wedded to his sisters, "Oh, don't bring out your writing to-night; this is the first long talk we've had to-day."

A brotherless girl may have a languid air, a simpering expression and the habit of using long words where short ones would be better, but any one who can boast of from two to eight brothers is sure to have her little affectations well weeded out. The girl whose brother is one of her best friends will not make eyes nor drawl nor give her photograph to an acquaintance of yesterday, nor answer advertisements whose object is "mutual improvement." She will understand that there are some sorts of innocent sounding slang that ought never to be used, and she will remember that the women who wish to retain the reverence of men should decide how little slang they can possibly get along with and not use a quarter of that. She will learn that men, good and bad alike, treat a silly woman civilly to her face and pronounce her an awful goose behind her back; that nobody has a profound regard for awful geese except the men who marry them, and that even they—well, we will not go further into the subject, but at any rate they find out a great deal of which the brotherless girl knows nothing at all.

A great deal is written about selfish and depraved boys who are ruined for life by the injudicious fondling received from their mothers and sisters, and it may be that, to a youth of naturally evil tendencies, petting and adulation are almost as bad as snubbing and scolding; but even a bad boy has a strong sense of justice, a love of fair play and a willingness to stand up for those who stand up for him. Any girl who really interests herself in her ten or twelve or fourteen-year-old brother, who acquaints herself with his ideas, furthers his plans, shows that she takes a genuine pleasure in his society, will find not only that her influence over him is daily increasing, but also that his wholesome, practical and sensible way of looking at things is a decided benefit to her.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Oct-13 FEMININE SUPERSTITIONS.

"All women are superstitious," says a recent novelist, and yet if you boldly charge any one of the sex with the weakness she will uniformly deny it. "Oh, no," she will say, "I am not really superstitious, but there are some things that," with a small recoiling shiver, "I would a little rather not do—begin a piece of work on Friday, for instance. If it is not finished on that day it invariably drags along for two or three weeks." I have heard of an old gentleman who could sneeze with perfect enjoyment on any other day of the week save this. When a sneeze overcame him on Friday he always followed it with the heartily uttered words, "God bless me! as a charm against the 'sorrow,' which, otherwise, it is supposed a sneeze on Friday would surely bring upon him. Some superstitions are susceptible of explanation. It is reasonable to suppose that the act of sitting upon a table denotes a state of unusual hilarity, that cannot in the nature of things be of long duration, but must be followed by a state of corresponding depression. Hence this action may very well be believed to denote approaching trouble.

It is a "bad sign" to watch a departing friend completely out of sight, because the anxious and foreboding mental state which would prompt such a proceeding is precisely the one which would magnify the evil of the least unfortunate of events that should shortly afterwards occur to the loved one. When a spider walks over your shoes it is said you will soon have a pair of new ones, or over your dress you will shortly be the happy possessor of a freshly made gown. But these things need not deceive us. Spiders, as we know, are fond of ruins, and when articles of apparel reach that stage in their career they are usually with the majority of people succeeded by new ones.

The dropping of a knife, fork or other utensil upon the floor seems at first glance to have no vital connection with the approach of an unexpected guest, but among all the curious influences of mind over mind there is none more generally believed in than that which teaches that one cannot allow one's thoughts to dwell upon another without making an impression upon the mind of that other. If you think earnestly and continuously of your friend, and the believers in this theory, the probabilities are that your friend will think of you; if your

thoughts though less concentrated still tend in his direction they will beget a degree of absent-mindedness, or nervousness, quite sufficient to account for an unsteady hand.

If you sing before breakfast you will cry before night, is a saying whose occasional truth may be explained on the same principles as those which make sitting on a table a precursor of sorrow, but why should opening an umbrella in the house betoken a bitter disappointment? Why if you trim your nails on Sunday will the devil follow you all the week? and does the wearer of a skirt, which chances to show itself below the gown, invariably regard her father with more affection than she does her mother? And why should the spilling of salt at table, the breaking of a mirror, the howling of dogs, putting on the left shoe first and a score of other trifling occurrences be supposed to be harbingers of evil? Why is it "good luck" to find a four-leaved clover, and "bad luck" to pluck a five-leaved one? In the light—very obscure light—of these problems it seems as if the minor superstitions of the age were as silly in their small way as the ancient belief in fairies, witchcraft and deadly charms.

A superstition whether little or large has power over us in direct proportion to the amount of faith we put into it. If that indigestible scrap of wedding cake under your pillow does not exercise any influence over your dreams, it is simply because you are not thoroughly convinced of its limitless power in deciding your fate; your imagination has not been stirred by the awesome thought of its unrevealed potencies. If, however, you are deficient in credulity and imagination, a more efficacious way would be to eat a large slice of the same cake before retiring. This may be relied upon to produce a dream in which you will see a man, whom you may or may not marry, but whom it is safe to say you will not have the slightest desire to marry.

Some old sayings are so manifestly absurd that no one can be found to attach the slightest belief to them. That one, for instance, which announces the gloomy and wholly improbable destiny of girls who whistle and hens that crow. Bad ends, indeed! Do whistling girls ever grumble, I should like to know. Do they ever repine? Are they as a rule tearful, nervous, despondent? All honor to the red-lipped little maid, the corners of whose mouth are never drawn down; and let her be assured that to the persistently cheerful and courageous spirit there can be no such thing as a bad end.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Monday Oct 17

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### HOW WE WENT AWAY.

All summer long Buz and I had talked of the pleasure it would be to go away somewhere for a change, but we did not go—partly because, as Buz says, in hot weather you have to be hot everywhere and how much better to sit and stifle quietly at home than to measure one's unpleasant sensations by the number of miles traversed with them, and partly because it is as completely out of the question for farmers' mothers and sisters to leave the farm in the middle of summer as for a good soldier to leave a battle in the thickest of the fight. With plenty of help on a farm there is not so very much to do,

but there is always a great deal to be "seen to." Buz could not think of trusting her beloved chickens to alien hands, and I have ever been accustomed to regard all the fruit grown on the place, from the first slim stalk of rhubarb and blushing strawberry down to the latest and hardiest of winter apples, as especially pleading with me that it might be pickled, dried, canned or otherwise prepared and kept for future use. If one does not make raspberry vinegar when berries are ripe, or devote one's leisure time to plums when they are approaching perfection, the day will quickly come when bushes and trees will be empty and the housewife's search in the storeroom for something to tempt the flagging March appetite will be fruitless in both senses. As things have a fashion of ripening at their own sweet will any time from May to November, it will be understood why they require a good deal of "seeing to."

However, Buz and I really did manage to leave home in the interval between grape jelly and pear preserves. We left manifold directions with the rest of the family what to be sure and do, and what on no account to do in our absence, and they said they would, or wouldn't, or could never dream of such a thing, as the case might be. They said good-bye with great cheerfulness, and we could not help wondering secretly whether they would pour cream on everything they ate in our absence and give the rest to the cat. We don't grudge our cat the common necessities of life, but with butter at thirty cents a pound—Great Scot!

These sordid cares were all forgot when we set forth on our journey. It was, to quote the immortal lines of Mother Goose, "A misty, moisty morning, and" (strange to say!) "cloudy was the weather." But a light heart makes sunshine everywhere, and, as though that were not enough, our way was brightened by clusters, masses and sometimes a long procession of that beautiful weed, the golden rod, glorifying the fence corners and smiling back a sunny welcome to the overhanging boughs of yellow maple. If tired women only knew it there is real rest and refreshment for body and mind in a drive on any autumn day along a common country road.

But this was only the beginning of our journey. We drove not to the station, but to the boat, for our trip was to extend as far as Montreal, and we were to go thither by water. There is something leisurely and restful in this mode of travel. At this time of the year there is no crowd, and there is never the hurry and dust that makes the pleasure of every other sort of journey consist in the getting there, not in the going there. We fully intended to enjoy every watery foot of the way. As to whether our enjoyment would continue after we reached our destination, I for one felt rather dubious. I had expected that the older male members of the Thistlethwaite family would have overwhelmed us with directions and advice as to the way we should conduct ourselves in Montreal, what hotel we should go to, what sights we should be sure and see, and what we could afford to leave unseen; in a word, how to spend our time and money to the best advantage. Of course, after listening in dignified silence to their instructions, and making a mental note of the most important of them, I had intended to reply, with the half-pitying toleration of one who, though infinitely weary, could never stoop to resentment, "Oh, I don't doubt we shall get on very well;" thus leaving them with the impression that I was too considerate to show off my perfect acquaintance with all the ins and outs of travel in strange places. But "men folks"—even my own familiar men folks, in whom I trusted—are not to be relied upon. The information you long to ignore, and the advice you are more than willing to treat with silent disdain, will, "likelier 'n not," never

## A LINE FROM EMERSON.

" BUT thou, God's darling, heed thy private dream !"  
 To thee is given to know that the ideal  
 Is the immortal spirit of the real ;  
 From every liquid-throated bird shall stream  
 Thy wordless joy ; for thee alone shall gleam  
 The stars, the flowers ; e'en grim old age shall steal  
 Upon thee soft as summer twilights feel,  
 And Death's dread touch thy mother's arms shall seem.

To thy soul's highest instincts, oh, be true !  
 Though thick around thy heaven-girt solitude  
 The earth's low aims, low thoughts, low wants shall teem ;  
 The myriad voices of the world shall sue  
 With scorn, persuasive wile, or clamours rude,  
 " But thou, God's darling, heed thy private dream !"

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## A COUNTRY DONATION PARTY.

Reader, didst thou ever attend a donation party in the country? I ask thee this in the Quaker language, as I have just returned from an assemblage of this sort in the house of a "ministering Friend." Peradventure thou art acquainted with the donation party of literature, in which such comparatively inexpensive articles as stove-pipes, bed slats and beans, with a framed motto, "Contentment is Wealth," are represented, as taking too painfully prominent a place among the gifts of an unthankful but thrifty congregation. Let it be my privilege to acquaint thee with the donation party as it is with proverbial disregard for malice and extenuation.

The idea that there was shortly to be a party of this sort was conveyed to us in an aside at the regular fifth-day evening Bible class, and it was graciously intimated that we might take anything we liked, with the exception of quilting frames and dried apples. As though we ever liked those household abominations! "And," added the Little School Ma'am, in the well-known words of the refrain to a much-recited poetic selection, "Don't forget the potatoes!"

The assemblage at the parsonage to-night was of the sort that I have heard described in the States as a Massachusetts party—that is to say, there were more women than men present. The weaker sex (fifteen men are weaker than forty women, are they not?) evidently felt their position to be one of marked inferiority, and looked about them—poor cumberers of the ground—for some remote corner, free from the haunts of women, where, at least, they could not be accused of being in the way. I am convinced that people who meet together in the country are more exhilarated at the sight of each other than they are when their homes are on contiguous streets. Such remarks as, "Why, Susan, didn't thee blow away in the winds coming over the mountain road?" or, "Matilda, I should think thee would have stuck fast in the ruts in those clay roads," give one the impression that in even the smallest country gathering the element of heroism is not

missing. The servile sex referred to above strive to lighten the sense of oppression by discussing the prospects of "Elias," and his probable chances of becoming Toronto's Mayor. The Quaker bonnet is disappearing, and the broad brim hat is no more, but Friends still cling to the custom of calling each other and speaking of each other by their Christian names.

After all, a donation party is nothing but a picnic under a roof. The Little School Ma'am and two or three other kindred spirits have never been to anything of the sort before, but we treat each other to weird tales on the subject. One of us heard of a donation party where the entire congregation went to the minister's with nothing but a lunch basket or two of provisions, and they pretty nearly ate the objects of their benevolence out of house and home. While they were trampling up the carpets and ruining things generally, the minister slipped out the back door and purchased a large share in the corner grocery in order to stem the raging appetite of the multitude. This tale of horror was succeeded by another Zolaistic sketch, in which the congregation brought about forty baskets of buns to their minister and scarcely anything else. The minister's wife waxed wroth at this, and as the parsonage was surrounded by a sharp pointed picket fence she went out early the next Sabbath morning and put a bun on each picket. The effect of this long procession of shining brown buns, glittering in the beams of the morning sun, moved them to shameless mirth, but it made a different impression on the mind of the congregation and the minister shortly afterwards moved to another scene of labor.

Another of us started to tell of a party she once went to, which was called a Pound Party, because each guest brought at least a pound of some sort of dry-goods or groceries, when the sound of excited voices and hurrying feet drew our attention to an inner room, where half a dozen children were having a remarkably good time. The game was too intricate to be easily followed, but it called for a good deal of adroitness in running at the right time and in running quickly enough. There was much laughter when some coveted point was gained. Occasionally the game necessi-

tated odd and grotesque positions, as in the case of a long-limbed child, who was frequently seen with one foot in the corner of the room and the other one advanced to an alarming degree toward the opposite corner. "Dost thou know the name of this game?" asked the First-day School Superintendent. "Perpetual motion?" was the interrogative reply, but the correct guess was "Pussy Wants a Corner." To think that the gambolings of that antiquated pussy should have deceived us so long!

But now from the dining-room return the gay revellers, with step not quite so buoyant as that which erstwhile conveyed them thither. 'Tis a significant sign, and after listening to their feeling remarks upon the merits of cold chicken and pickles we can contain ourselves no longer, and—two score of souls with but a single thought—we proceed to the dining-room for the purpose of containing something else. The table does not look as if the minister would have to resort to the grocery to supply its deficiencies. On the contrary, it suggests that there may be some baskets full of the fragments that remain.

After "tea"—any meal taken after dark in the country can be nothing else but tea—there are more games, in which all ages join. And yet they say that Quakers are a grave and sober-minded people. BEL THISTLEWHAITE.

## HOUSES AND HOMES.

*See 21*  
Is it not strange that with all the houses there are in the land there should be comparatively so few homes? The building may be of wood or brick, its furnishings may be rich or poor, its carpets so costly or so shabby that one would hesitate to have them in general use, it may possess all the modern conveniences, or all the ancient inconveniences, but not till we have spent some hours or days with its occupants under their own roof, can we decide whether the house is or is not a home.

It is true that everybody calls the place where he sleeps and eats "home," because it is a convenient designation, but the homeless look is readily discerned. There are people with plenty of money, and influence, and friends, who have no home. They have become accustomed to the want of that which they cannot buy.

There are so-called homes, where the husband and father goes at night, looking sad and worn-out from the cares of the day, and where he emerges twelve or fourteen hours afterwards, looking sadder and more worn-out from the cares of the evening and morning. This is the sort of home where the wife never comes to the door to smile and wave her hand at parting, and where the children, instead of running down the street to "meet papa," are apt to mysteriously disappear when he comes in sight. He is quite willing that they should disappear. He seldom speaks to them except to say, "Stop that noise!" "Do as you're told this moment, sir!" or "I wish that baby wasn't always kicking up a row." If the children answer these remarks they are punished; if the wife answers them an angry altercation is apt to ensue. Everyone is in an unpleasant frame of mind; the older ones taciturn and morose, the younger ones quarrelsome and discontented. At the supper table the family is like a company of animals, who feed noisily and hurriedly and leave the moment they have had enough. The father usually spends his evenings out, and the boys envy him that privilege and longingly anticipate the time when they will be allowed to follow his example. The grown-up girls regard the place as a

sort of combined millinery, hair-dressing and dressmaking establishment, where, beside sleeping and eating, they do nothing but fit themselves to make what they believe to be an attractive appearance in public halls and streets.

The true home in no way resembles this. The true home is a perfect place of refuge from all the storms of life. Above its portals should be written, "All care abandon ye who enter here." Things may go wrong—indeed, it seems at times as though that were the natural tendency of things—but the evil consequences of their wrong-going, instead of being talked about and aggravated, and fretted over, are quietly modified, or averted, or passed over in silence. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because nowhere else do they have such pleasant words, or see such

bright looks, or receive so much genuine kindness. Not that they should be spoiled. Why is it that people are afraid to treat a child with decent consideration, for fear of spoiling him? One might as well tell a farmer that he must not keep his young animals comfortable, as by that means he will certainly spoil them. In all probability he would reply that they would never thrive unless they were kept comfortable. It is not so easy to make a child happy as it is an animal, for the reason that the child has a mind, and much of his unhappiness rises from that source.

An old bachelor, who talked a good deal about wives and homes, was asked why he did not have one of each, instead of having so many ideas about them. "Ah," he said, "if I had not had some ideas I might have had them both."

To make one's home approach as nearly as possible to one's highest idea of what it should be, is to have an ideal home. There are many homes, elegantly upholstered and richly adorned, that to the spiritual sense reveal nothing but barrenness and dreariness; but the true home is occupied by the spirit of love, and in its light the meanest furnishings reflect a beauty impossible to understand or to resist.

BEL THISTLEWHAITE.

## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

*See 22*  
How many families in which THE GLOBE is a regular visitor are in the habit of decorating their homes in preparation for Christmas? There is a great deal of pleasure in united home work, and a project in which all are interested and busy is sure to strengthen home love and happiness.

The best sort of evergreen for the purpose of house decoration is the fir or hemlock. Cedar is pretty when first arranged, but soon looks dry and faded, while the hemlock will remain bright and glossy as long as one cares for it, giving no trouble about shedding its leaves. Let the younger children ship the pieces of hemlock for more deft fingers to arrange on the walls. Cut the pieces for trimming about a quarter of a yard long; that gives a good end and a tiny branch on either side. Commence with one of these pieces, holding the stem, the foliage

hanging down; then place another piece upon that, making it look as much like a vine as possible. Several yards of trimming may be made in like manner, securing each twig by winding firmly with cotton yarn. In festooning the trimming over an arch two separate pieces should be used, each seeming to grow toward the centre. The ends require a twig of hemlock tied on, hanging down, to give them a finish. The evergreen should be looped over doors and windows, and allowed to fall among the plants in the south window. In the evening, when the shadows are reflected upon the walls, this trimming is particularly attractive, giving the appearance of vines creeping all around the room.

If a stock of leaves has been secured in autumn, there will be no lack of bright hues to enliven the green. There should be small leaves as well as large ones, and sombre hues along with the lively tints of scarlet, orange and yellow. A few ferns will add grace and delicacy to wreaths, bouquets and semi-circles. Around the pictures of those dear faces who are with us now only in memory may be twined wreaths of evergreen, intermixed with clusters of bitter-sweet.

The old, joyful, familiar greeting, "I wish you a Merry Christmas," will never wear out; but in too many cases the merriment is simulated. In the holiday season, as at every other period of the year, some of us are in the habit of opening our eyes in the morning apparently for the sole purpose of looking in the face some accustomed and rather ancient burden. Suppose that for the present we give ourselves up to the occupation of planning and executing pleasure for others. This can be recommended as a sure and satisfactory method

of lightening our own troubles. To some of us Christmas can never be an anniversary of pure joy. It brings present pleasure and delightful and blessed memories, but with these are very often mingled sad and painful recollections. Still, if we could be as mindful of our joys as we are of our sorrows, —if we could only brood over our joys, and wake up in the night to count and consider our mercies—we should find that our blessings greatly outweigh our griefs.

The pulse quickens at the bare thought of the good we would do if we only could. If our income were limitless we think that our charity would be the same, but if our imaginary possessions were real ones the generous instinct would probably be sluggish beneath their weight. Such simple gifts as a marine view painted upon a clam shell, or landscape upon a stone, a small blank-book filled with pretty sea mosses, or a transparency made by arranging bright-colored leaves between black and white lace, are likely to give more pleasure than those which are fresh from the shop; because the former, besides containing the rare quality of individuality, are a memento of the giver's good taste, and a tribute to that of the receiver.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Dec 29

TI

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### WOMAN'S DEBT TO CHRISTIANITY.

Christmas, as the anniversary of the birthday of the founder of Christianity, is the great holiday and holy day of Christendom, and its celebration can scarcely fail to remind the women of our land of how much they are indebted for their social status and their many privileges to Christian civilisation. Of course we have all read in our missionary books of how baby girls in Africa were buried alive, or along the Ganges were thrown to the crocodiles, and we remember in a general way that in heathen lands, woman in her best estate has been the victim of man's cupidity, and the slave of his worst passions. This is not altogether the result of dense ignorance, for our sex has fared little better in countries that were certainly enlightened enough to know better. Under the old Roman law woman had no voice in the government of the family, and was esteemed as a sort of sister to her own children, and the adopted daughter of her husband, who had over her the power of life and death. By her marriages she lost all family rights, and could bequeath nothing to her own relatives. She was despised and satirised by philosophers, even Seneca characterising her as a foolish, wild creature, incapable of self-control. And this was in a country where law was the boast of the people and the admiration of mankind. But as soon as the Christian religion gained control in that empire the absolute power of the husband was broken, the tutelage of woman was abolished, and she had rights in property.

Among the old Teutonic tribes the woman was purchased like any other piece of property and her husband had the right to sell, to punish or to kill her.

The great religious teachers of the East are popular among a certain class of people in this country, but we do not find that the women of Japan, China and India are to be envied. The great Confucius considered a woman no better than a slave. "Ten daughters do not equal one son," said he. "A woman when young must obey her father and elder brother; when married she must obey her husband; when a widow she must obey her son. She must not be known for good or evil beyond the threshold of her own apartments. She must not come to any conclusion on her own deliberation." Confucius considered a man to be justified in wanting to divorce his wife if she were dishonest, or sickly, or disobedient to her mother-in-law, or talked too much. The great Buddha, who taught the idea of the transmigration of souls, encouraged woman with the hope that she might turn to a man some time or other. The famous Brahmin says that woman is soulless without man. The Shastas teach, "She must revere her husband as she would a god. If she speaks unkindly to him she must be divorced without delay, and when he is dead she must burn on his funeral pyre."

"The threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born," is a Mount Lebanon proverb. Among several choice selections from Arabic literature on this subject, I have space but for the one which says, "Women are the whips of the devil."

"Educate a girl!" exclaimed a Mohammedan to Dr. Jessup, a missionary among the Arabs, who was urging him to place one of his daughters in the girls' school in Tripoli. "Educate a girl! You might as well try to educate a cat!" Several aristocratic Mohammedan gentlemen of Beirut were induced a few years ago to place their daughters in one of the Protestant schools there, and one of them remarked, "Would you believe it? I heard one of the girls read the other day and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a preposition! I never heard the like of it! The things do distinguish and understand what they read after all!" The others replied, "Mashallah! Mashallah! The will of God be done!"

The religion of Him whose birth we celebrated the other day is the only religion that recognises the social, educational and religious rights of woman. In every Christian land her individuality is an acknowledged fact; she leads in all the great moral reforms; her personal privileges are equal to those of her brothers, and she has every opportunity to qualify herself for any honorable position.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

mourning for

Dec 30

#### HELPING THE POOR.

"Pity the poor!" "Help the poor!" "Remember the poor!" These are the remarks that at this time of year are most frequently vouchsafed to us by our conscience, our minister, our religious paper, our secular paper and the tramp within our gates. He is a cheerful and confident fellow, this tramp. He finds a belated apple or two under the trees in the lane, eats them on his way to the house in a leisurely, defiant manner, and "fires" the core at the dog, who flies precipitately before him. He comes into our presence as unabashed as an emperor, for well he knows that we, his humble subjects, are simple and soft-hearted, and very, very easily imposed on. It will cost but a trifle to give him a warm dinner, and a second-hand coat, whereas if we denied him these things that denial would cost us what? Nothing less than a troubled spirit, an aching heart, and a sleepless night. We may venture to question him humbly concerning his antecedents, and his invisible means of support, but he waives these rude inquiries with such quiet dignity that we begin to realize how remiss we are in true politeness. There are no men about the place, and we try to give his Imperial Highness a hint that it would be just as well for him to be lost to sight before they arrive. Evidently he is of the opinion that there is nothing so vulgar as haste. We are in a tremor of nervous excitement, not that we object very much to the reproaches of our kindred, but we could not endure the thought of exiled sovereignty being evilly entreated at their hands. At last he has gone and we draw a breath of relief—no, two breaths of relief, one each—and then the boys come home, and one of them says he met a tramp, "a big, stalwart, worthless rascal," with a coat on that belonged to him (the boy) coming out of our gate. "Did you let that fellow bamboozle you?" they ask. Ours not to make reply, ours not to reason why. The very dog, unforgetful of the apple-core insult, looks scornfully upon us. In this connection we may give publicity to the painful fact that if a man have nineteen old coats cumbering his sleeping room, and his sister choose the meanest of them all to bestow upon a needy

soul who (oh, rare unheard of chance!) might be deserving, it will turn out that all the rest are no good, and the dear departed coat is the only one that he likes and can wear. This assurance, combined with the use of the intolerable word "bamboozle," does not have a sedative effect upon the nerves, and one cannot help wondering whether it is better to go to sleep with the horrible reflection that you have sent a needy fellow-creature away hungry and cold, or to be wakened in the night by the unpleasantly inelegant remembrance that you have been "bamboozled."

And still the burden of every blast that blows is, "Pity the poor," and truly they are to be pitied. We read of wretched sewing women in New York getting one and a half cents for each pair of trousers they make, and of other white slaves who are thankful if for sixteen hours' work on cloaks which sell for from \$35 to \$75 they can get as much as fifty cents. But the philanthropy that sighs over the crazy attics and loathsome basements in New York and Chicago, where whole families are hived in a single reeking apartment, is not the philanthropy that will do the most good in one's own particular city or county. Benevolence loses its force by going too far away. There are plenty of heathen in Canada—plenty of poor people in the back streets of the city and the by-ways of the country.

Organised charities are good, but there are a class of people that they cannot reach. Not the bold beggars who came to the door, of whom it may be said that their face is their fortune (with special reference to that part of the face lying below the eyes and on either side of the nose and mouth), but the people whose pride is greater even than their poverty and to whom the struggle for subsistence is an almost literal struggle, the effects of which are plainly to be seen in their care-worn faces and toil-worn hands. Surely we might help these in ways that would not impoverish us and make them rich indeed.

One of the best of charitable organisations is composed of two members—a practical mind and an actively loving heart. With these a person with the ordinary amount of time and talents can in his or her own neighborhood do an incalculable amount of good. Individual inquiry and effort in the direction of individual cases of need is the most difficult to give, but by far the most profitable to those concerned.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

#### MORE ABOUT CORSETS.

DEAR EDITOR,—The corset question, as dealt with by the readers of "Woman's World," has amused and interested me. I entirely agree with Bel Thistlethwaite, and firmly believe lacing to be both ridiculous and hurtful.

public place on land, but once on the water this privilege is immediately accorded them. Then why don't they avail themselves of it?

However, as the wind grew stronger, my new acquaintance would have been left entirely alone on deck if it had not been for a couple of pairs of weather-proof young lovers, who seemed to enjoy what Emerson calls the "tumultuous privacy of the storm." About 8.30 a middle-aged friend of her father, whom (the friend, not the father,) she had not seen since she was a little girl, came out on deck and had a pleasant half hour chat with her, which was suddenly terminated by a beckoning nod from his wife, who appeared in the open doorway with the reproachful words, "Charlie you ought to be ashamed to keep Miss Brown out here so long. She'll be sure to take cold."

"Oh, I never take cold," said the lady pleasantly, yet positively.

But the next moment, with a hastily murmured excuse, the gentleman went within and joined his wife, on whose fair face evidences of rapidly accumulating materials for a certain lecture were not lacking. Miss Brown also came inside, not that she wanted to do so, for she was well wrapped in blanket shawls, and her enjoyment of nature in her semi-savage moods was as great as her distaste for the society of gossipers and card players, but she could not maintain the attitude of waiting for the re-appearing of "Charlie," with his pleasant, but not at all necessary, conversation.

"It shows," I said to Buz, as we were preparing to go to bed in the very limited seclusion which the stateroom grants, "that an emancipated woman is never wholly emancipated. She may be free, self-dependent, courageous and strong-minded, but she will all the more surely find her social limitations, and chafe against them. She will not dare to do the slightest unconventional thing, even from the most innocent and praiseworthy of motives, simply because the knowledge of the motives ascribed to her will make her writhe in secret."

"Yes," said Buz, as she meditatively concentrated all my belongings upon two hooks, and appropriated the rest to her own use, "the first duty of a woman is to be a perfect lady, and that is what makes it so hard for the pushing ones. It isn't exactly lady-like to push."

The next evening, seeing Miss Brown's predilection for the open air, the captain invited her to a seat beside him on the upper deck. But she came down again in less than twenty minutes.

"Wasn't it pleasant up there?" I asked.

"Very pleasant. I enjoy so much the sensation of being quite a height above the water, and feeling the fresh winds about me."

"You didn't stay very long."

"No, I didn't want the captain's wife to think that I was taking cold."

"But I don't believe the captain's wife is on board."

"That doesn't matter. I'd scorn to take cold any quicker with the captain's wife on shore, than I would with her on board. Besides I don't want any one's wife, or sister, or daughter, to imagine for a moment that I was taking cold."

"I'm afraid you want me to think you a very taking sort of person."

"No, yet still I could endure that more easily than the horror of fearing that I had given any poor down-trodden wife reason to believe that her husband was in danger of finding me so."

We had a real liking for Miss Brown, and were sorry when she left us. Her father drove down to the wharf to meet her, and with the usual obtuseness of fathers in general, he inquired whether the silk handkerchief about her neck indicated that she had sore throat. She waved a last adieu with despairing hand. "Even my own father," she tragically exclaimed, "thinks me one of the weaklings who are liable to"—with ineffable disgust—"take cold!"

BEL THISTLETHWAITE

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

IN MONTREAL

In the new Canadian novel "Twok" a friend of the heroine, writing a letter from Montreal, says that on her arrival in that city she was soon "driving furiously along a rather narrow street, lined with very handsome stone buildings. It didn't take long to get to the house although it is a long way from the station, for the hackmen, or carters as they call them here, drive much faster than in Hamilton or Toronto."

This bit of local color is, I believe, perfectly true to life. At any rate the hackman who conveyed Buz and me from the wharf to the hotel, did so with a "cheerfulness, courage and vim" that made our first emotion on again touching the sidewalk one of profound thankfulness for our miraculous escape from the dangers which had threatened us.

Then we took a long and very hilly walk, and rode several miles in a street car, after which we had dinner and sat down to rest from our labors. But Buz would not rest. "Time is flying," she observed, with more emphasis than originality. "We have only the rest of to-day and to-morrow in the city, and what will you say to the boys when they ask what you did in Montreal?"

"Say that I reclined in deep content on a couch in an hotel parlor, and was glad to think I had no male relative near to urge me onward and upward. A good many of the thoroughfares in Montreal do seem to lead up."

"Some of them lead down," observed Buz, impartially.

"Then that is the downward path," was my sleepy rejoinder, "and it leads to wrath. Dear Buz, we have come abroad for rest and recuperation. Why should we gad about like a couple of domestics on a half-holiday?"

For answer Buz immediately donned her out-door wraps, and brought mine to me. My arguments may be unanswerable, but none the less so are the actions of Buz.

We went to the nearest livery-stable, and asked its proprietor at what rates he could let us have a horse and carriage from that time (three o'clock) until six. He said it would be "a dollern a half."

This was much cheaper than we had expected, but it is woman's instinct to get as much as she can for the money. "Including the driver?" we asked.

"No; not quite. A man's time is worth money, you see."

"We must have a driver," I said.

"Yes, indeed," assented Buz, "for we'd never find our way back alone, and I don't suppose you'd be willing to part with your horse and carriage forever for one fifty?"

This golden financial opportunity did not seem to tempt the man. He said he'd tell us what he'd do. He'd let us have a comfortable, covered, two-seated conveyance and a good horse, and his only son should drive us, all for \$2.

This offer was at once accepted. A lady whose acquaintance we had made in the boat coming down, who was a resident of Montreal and had recommended us to a very good hotel, had told us that the cabmen in the city would charge us a dollar for the first hour of driving about and seventy-five cents for each succeeding hour and that this was "as cheap as one could do." Intending visitors to Montreal are notified that by going to a livery stable they can "do" cheaper still.



We leaned back and talked a great deal, and laughed at nothing, as is the fashion of silly women when no masculine relative is at hand to direct their thoughts into serious channels. The only son maintained the dignified attitude of a man whose time is worth money, though, according to his father's estimation, it was only 16¢ cents per hour. He was apparently dumb, and we wished that, for our own sakes, he could have been, without inconvenience to himself, deaf also.

We went at a brisk rate up the mountain—that massive background against which, as in a picture, the vast, beautiful city is spread. Like a picture it looked that sunny autumn afternoon, the streets and houses growing smaller and smaller as we caught glimpses of them from ever-increasing heights through the foliage of the trees that fringed our way. Yet so gentle is the ascent that, on coming out at the top, we were surprised to see that, as the Yankee says, we had come over "considerable risin' ground." The city lay before us like a map, and beyond in the sunlight sparkled the river.

"And even if there was no view at all," said Buz, "we ought to get out here, in order to give that poor horse time to rest."

The livery steed looked at her narrowly, and with emotion. In all the busy years of a long, over-driven life, he had never listened to words of this sort.

"For pity's sake, Buz," I said, "don't indulge in remarks of that nature, or we'll have the horse fainting with gratitude, and then we'll be obliged to walk back."

Instead of this, however, after driving through the cemetery, we went rushing and plunging down to the city, where we visited in rapid succession every notable sight of which we had ever seen or heard. Even then our allotted space of three hours was not yet spent, so we requested the only son to drive us—slowly, if possible—through some of the oldest streets in the city. They were dreadfully dirty, I dare say, but we did not think of that. To look down a narrow, gloomy thoroughfare, with grimy, toppling warehouses on either side, and at the other end an old-fashioned cart, with a foreign-looking woman chattering in French to her companion beside it, gives me a pleasure quite unexplainable, were it not that it reminds me of the pictures in a French story book I read when a child, and that it is so different from what we are accustomed to at home, that it almost seems as if we were in a far, foreign land. BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

nice about that blue stripe, a compliment to our good taste which induced Buz to invest quite heavily in his wares. There's no doubt that politeness pays.

Some of our doings in Montreal I prefer not to mention here. Not that they were misdoings by any means, but we were guilty of little errors in judgment and exhibited proofs of inexperience, which, if they came to the ears of the Thistlethwaite boys, might induce them to make the remark, "Oh, you shouldn't have done that; what you ought to have done would be," etc., etc. Our advice to "lone, lorn wimmin" who may be travelling, or earning their living, or engaging in any occupation in which they have been accustomed to depend upon the masculine eye or head or tongue, is for them to profit by their mistakes, but not to make them a subject of conversation. Let a woman do the wisest and best that she can, and even then it will be a very strange male guide, philosopher and friend who can listen to her experiences without interrupting her with the remark, "Oh, you ought never to do that. What you ought to do in such cases would be," etc., etc.

We left Montreal with regrets as shadowy, and memories as bright, as the mingled twilight and starlight that lay upon city and river, when after our engine had again "screeched a series of hoarse screeches," we moved slowly away. After all it seemed good to get back to the old familiar boat, and the not uncomfortable cupboard shelves, where we always slept so much better than we expected.

Among the strangers on board was a little fellow of three or four, who took the greatest delight in the varied scenes about him. The next morning we heard him calling to his mother:—

"Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Come and see the lovely trees, all full of red cherries!"

Every one on deck looked in the direction indicated by the child, as ripe cherries in September are rather unusual phenomena.

"No, no, dear," said his mother. "Those are only red leaves—not cherries at all."

An hour or two later we heard the piping voice again:—

"Oh, Mamma! Do come quick and see the piles and piles of big yellow oranges lying on the ground!"

We all smiled at this, and the mother said:—

"No, darling, those are not oranges—they're pumpkins."

Happy child! May he always, as the tractist would say, find ripe cherries among the dead leaves of life, and the largest sort of oranges in its coarse-grained pumpkins. (Tractist is a new word, signifying one who writes tracts, just as psalmist means one who writes psalms.)

It was on our way back that I invented a new way of making congenial acquaintances. It is quite possible that others have invented this method before me, but I never heard of it. A congenial soul, like other rare game, is difficult to catch unless you set a trap. My trap was simple enough. It consisted of a volume of poetry, carelessly left on the centre-table. The poetry was the very best of its kind, but most of those who picked the book up were quick to lay it down again. At last came a middle-aged lady whom I had previously mentally characterised as interesting but frosty. From the moment that she began to read the book with signs of pleasure in her face she was, in the fearful slang of the day, "my meat." My approach was wary but inexorable, and we had a delightful talk.

But she left us at Brockville, and I had to set the trap again. This time the victim was a young man returning to Toronto University after the holidays. Seeing me lay the book down he glanced through it, and then came

Wednesday Nov 27  
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## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### COMING HOME.

Is there a pleasanter city in Canada, I wonder, in which to do a morning's shopping than Montreal? The clerks, as Buz truly says, are as polite as peas. They are anxious to suit, not only your requirements, but your taste, your fancy, your whim. One of them, just after we had purchased a necktie for one of the boys at home, pulled out half a dozen cases of cravats of the same price as the one we had just bought, thinking we might like to exchange it for one of the others. We thanked him, but remained steadfast to our first bargain. He smiled even more winningly than before, and said there was something rather

over to ask me to explain some of the marked passages. He listened with attention, but confessed he did not care for poetry—mathematics was his hobby. At this, in some dismay, I changed the subject to the higher education of woman, on which topic his views were mathematically correct. He thought it was silly for men to say a word against women getting all the education they had a mind for. They needn't be afraid that the world would soon be "out" of empty-headed women. There would always be enough of that sort to go around among the men who objected to the other sort. He seemed to have a very high opinion of the girls attending Toronto University.

An elderly clergyman, a shorthand reporter and a music teacher comprised the rest of the "haul" made by this new method of baiting for acquaintances, and the bait is just as fresh as ever.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## MUSKOKA IN AUTUMN.

OUR OWN SUMMER RESORT IN ITS BEST CLOTHES.

A Sojourn Among the Fairy Lakes when the Summer Visitor Has Ceased to Visit and the Hotelkeeper Is At Rest.

(Correspondence of THE GLOBE.)

We went to the Exhibition this year, we four, including the Chief, the Duchess in disguise, the Irrepressible and the Other One. It was the best exhibition I ever visited, and though it was very slightly advertised and scantily attended, it was, I venture to say, a greater Fall Show than any of those whose dates are made known so punctually and whose details are printed so minutely in the daily papers. The exhibition grounds are unlimited in extent and the charges for admission are nothing. These facts are against it, for we set a greater value upon rarity and expense than we do on beauty and would prefer to gaze upon over-fed animals, intricate machinery and the intricacies of needlework to spending eight or nine days at Nature's exhibition.

This exhibition, as most readers are aware, opens generally the first week in September and lasts sometimes till the end of October. During these months it can be visited at any time and almost anywhere, but

TO BE SEEN IN PERFECTION

one should go to the region round about the Muskoka lakes. There from every tree, save only the brooding pines, float autumn's red and yellow banners, and in the woods the air is bright with ever-falling leaves. What other fall show in city or village could surpass this cheap, every-day marvel?

We left Toronto one morning a week or two ago and journeyed by rail to Gravenhurst and by boat on Muskoka Lake, Muskoka River and Lake Rosseau to a point not far from the Village of Rosseau, which we reached about eight o'clock. It is true we had made the same journey on the previous evening in the space of twenty minutes, but that had been on a huge map, laid upon the floor, upon which we all knelt to explain the highways of Muskoka travel and discuss the visions that would delight our eyes on the morrow. When these enchanted visions actually met our gaze we did not kneel to them, but they stirred in us feelings more akin to adoration.

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush alive with God."  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

OUR COURSE FROM TORONTO TO GRAVENHURST was brilliantly illuminated by the trees on both sides of the track, but the really beautiful part of the trip began when the steamer left Muskoka wharf and made its way among groups of islands quite fairylike in appearance, each as gayly adorned as an Indian princess; but our pleasure was increased by the lovely winding ways and seemingly impossible curves of Muskoka River. The stream at times is so narrow that it is only by what sounds like increased efforts of respiration on the part of the vessel that it is able to get through, and its turns are so abrupt and unforeseen that it forms the best material illustration of moving by faith, not by sight. So interested were we in trying to discover whether the next turn would be to the right or left the Chief forgot the daily papers, weekly periodicals, and small library of books which usually accompany him on his travels, the Duchess forsook her sheltered spot near the boiler, the Irrepressible dropped her most absorbing work of fiction, and the Other One's attention was resistlessly drawn from the new Canadian novel, *Two*, and even from its admirable essays, in which there is not a single word too much nor a single obscure thought. The hotels on the various lakes we found almost deserted. No longer is the pier black with summer visitors, to whom the arrival of the boat is the chief event of the day;

NO MORE ARE HALLS AND VERANDAHS thronged with airy forms and airier toilets, and far, far distant are the active feet and thrice active tongues with which they once resounded. If the uches likes to be exclusive and none of us care to be in a crowd; but still, in a multitude of empty rooms there is small comfort, and the sound of our voices in the vast, vacant dining-room and afterwards in the elegant desolation of the parlor had rather a startling effect.

But all this was forgotten in the view that lay stretched before our eyes the following morning—Lake Rosseau, dimpling and sparkling under a dazzling sky and glorified on all sides by groups of glad-colored trees. I believe there is no such word as glad-colored, but it is quite time there was if that comfortless expression sad-colored keeps on gaining in popularity. It was Sunday, and we went to church in a row-boat—not at all a wicked proceeding when most of the congregation do the same, and our first thought on entering the pretty leaf-adorned church was, "What a blessing we bought a trunk," for, behold! every feminine form before us was as scrupulously arrayed as though it were not in the wilds at all. You may rough it all the week in comfortable cap and serviceable ulster, but on Sunday you must be elegant even in Muskoka.

Before leaving Rosseau we went for a row on Shadow River—loveliest, most irregular and most transparent of streams. The chief, being what the Irrepressible would pronounce the "noblest Roman of us all," took the oars, but our progress was momentarily impeded by the INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY OF OUR SURROUNDINGS and by their perfect reflection in the water. Think of floating over a sky of deepest blue, toward which inclined the tips of resplendent trees, growing larger and finer in outline as they approach upward to the earth, their roots overgrown and encumbered with countless vines, sapling, low-growing bushes, mosses, ferns and fallen logs, of which it was difficult to say where reality ended and the semblance began. Our eyes followed the beautiful procession of vari-colored things in the stream, rather than on the shore, for in the water they took on a fresh, glossy, new washed look that was very attractive. Even that which was unsightly above became beautiful below.

"The silence is absolute," said the Chief.  
"Save for the flash of wars," added the Duchess dreamily.

"And the rattle of exclamation points," said the Irrepressible vivaciously.

"I wish we could see a bear," began the other one inconsequently, when there was a sound of rustling leaves among the underbrush. The Chief turned around with a well-simulated expression of alarm, there was a fresh rattle of exclamation points from the Duchess and the Irrepressible, and the other one began to pray that her wish might mercifully be left ungranted, when

A SQUIRREL SPRANG FROM THE UNDER-BRUSH and took a flying leap across a log that spanned the stream. There are bears in Muskoka, but they did not reveal themselves to us.

From Rosseau to Port Cockburn, a distance of ten miles, we went in a farm waggon. The dreary solitariness of that part of the country could not be disguised, even by the flaunting tints of autumn. The soil is hard and rocky, and I do not remember that we passed a single house on the road. Our driver had children of twelve and fourteen years of age, but there was no school to send them to, and his nearest neighbor was five miles distant.

At Port Cockburn there was another array of empty rooms, and another entrancing view to be seen from them. However, we fared just as sumptuously as though the house had been full, and averted any pangs of impending indigestion by practice in the bowling alley. The moist, mist-enshrouded afternoon was made memorable by a long ride in a steam yacht—the Edith May—to which we were invited by the kindness of its proprietor. It is to our minds the most charming mode of travel imaginable. Instead of looking down from the deck of a huge, unwieldy vessel, "a mile above the water" (this is an Irrepressible phrase—she is an authority on the subject of miles), you find yourself in a trim, taut little craft, where the delight of being close to the water is mingled

with the exhilaration of moving through it at a good rate of speed. The outlines of the islands we passed were blurred with mist, but their veiled beauty was dimly visible. Some of their names are rather odd—One Tree Island speaks for itself and so does Pork Pie Island. Faith, Hope and Charity are a pretty group, and it is as true here as in the Scripture phrase that the greatest of these is Charity.

#### A REMARKABLE FEAT

performed by the three ladies of the party was a walk from Port Sandfield to Port Carling. To quote the Irrepressible, it is "five miles there and five miles back," but according to the local resident it is exactly a mile and a half if you row across the bay and take the path through the woods. This was the way we came. In the woods there are several declivities, ravines and other picturesque things and one fearful hill which, as the Irrepressible says is three-quarters of a mile in height, and steep, stony and slippery in proportion. The words were ablaze with color, and as we rushed wildly on over hill, and dale, and stream, and fallen log, through brushes and brambles, and on snags and stones and other impediments we found the woods even warmer than they looked. The Duchess observed that excessive exercise was very weakening to the intellect. To this fact the remarks dropped by the others gave painful evidence. We all firmly resolved that never again would we walk eleven miles for the sake of reaching a village where there were two or three stores containing things we did not want.

After this we were glad to rest, but we did not wish to rest for two days and three nights, and this is what we were obliged to do.

for the smoke came up in dense clouds from the bush fires, and not only reddened our eyes and made our throats sore, but blotted out the view, made it nearly impossible to go for a walk, and dangerous to take a row. The boat could not come in, there were in consequence no papers or letters from the outside world, and we began to talk over the plan of a novel to be entitled "Smoke Bound." Our host assured us that such a degree of smokiness had not been known for eighteen years. "But the worst of it is," he added, with real anxiety, "that the provisions are getting out and there is no getting any more till the boat comes in. Goodness knows when that will be."

#### HERE WAS A SITUATION

for the proprietor of a hotel that had been known to shelter the chief dignitaries of the nation. Already the chipper dining-room girl had changed her usual morning roll call of succulent meats to the pathetic inquiry, "ham and eggs, or eggs?" We have no love for either, so fall back upon the buns. These were of every size and quality, varying in the degree to which they contained spice, sugar, soda and shortening. At last they pulled upon the Duchess. She closed her eyes wearily, warned us to beware of the seductive bun when it is embellished with currants and anointed with lard, and bade us not to mourn. We said we would not. Instead we adapted the words of an old epitaph to suit the present case and made it read as follows:—

Under this rustic mound of stones  
There lies a girl who died of bones;  
She died of buns, it was not bones,  
But bones was put to rhyme with stones.

But a brighter day dawned. It was preceded by a wet night, and never did rain sound so cheerily in our ears, for were not these the welcome drops that were to put out the fires that supplied the smoke that made our life a burden. We had a few more days of unalloyed sunshine before we departed from Muskoka. Beautiful Muskoka! When shall we see thee again? When shall we not see thee? For every night brings back visions of sunny skies and waters inconceivably clear, of shores whose stately woods are wrapped in splendor, and of countless islands whose indescribable beauties are continually wave-washed and wind-caressed.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### PROGRESS IN COOKERY.

A writer in The New York Tribune, not long ago, compared the things our grandmothers had to eat with those which grace our own tables. The difference is greatly in our favor, but in all such comparisons one must, of course, take into account the circumstances in which the particular grandmother lived. My own mother's mother ate her home-grown vegetables with milk from her own cow, and sweetened her wild raspberries and gooseberries with sugar from her own maples. When anything further was desired she walked nine miles into Guelph, and back the same day. Her descendants have a greater variety of things to eat, and when they go to the postoffice, less than two miles away, it is with a horse and buggy.

But in contrasting the food of grandmothers and grand-daughters in similar circumstances, The Tribune writer finds a great advance in fifty years. This is especially the case in the supply of fruits and vegetables. Tomatoes were then called "love apples," and were grown for ornamental purposes. The culture of small fruits was unknown then, and there were no strawberries but the wild fruit, whereas today a strawberry-bed is almost as necessary to a tiller of the soil as a potato-patch. Owing to the scarcity of fruit it was very seldom eaten with just enough sugar to sweeten it, which is the rational, healthful, palatable way; but it was boiled with its weight in sugar into a rich preserves, of which no one dared eat more than a spoonful or two lest sudden sickness should overtake him. By this means the fruit was made to "go farther," always an important point with the careful housewife. In the story books of that day it is noticeable that fruit is spoken of as though it was some kind of poison, and the bad, greedy little boy, who has eaten half a dozen thimble-berries, and is represented as being brought to death's door in consequence, is in reality reduced to that perilous condition by the amount of sugar with which the innocent berries were cooked. For myself, whenever I am prevented from eating as many plums, or peaches, or crab-apples as I want, because they are submerged in sugar, I feel as injured as though I were prevented from eating as many potatoes, or peas, or parsnips as I wanted, because they were deluged in salt.

There has certainly been an improvement in raising and fattening beef, veal, mutton and lamb in the last fifty years. As to pork, it is pleasant to know that there has been a steady decrease in its use, as proportioned to the population. I am glad of that. Yes, I know what Charles Lamb has said about roast pig, and I usually take great pleasure in his sayings. If eating roast pig would give one Charles Lamb's style, or if eating opium would give one De Quincey's style, then indeed there might be some reason for the use of drugs and pigs.

The modern cook finds in canned fruits and vegetables a great addition to her resources. But as this modern cook herself is too often untutored, whereas in old times the mistress of the house did not disdain to attend in person the various processes of boiling and baking, it is doubtful whether we live a whit better than did they who helped and span in enviable ignorance of hired help fifty years ago.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

jealousy. If you are zealous in good works, it will be said that you neglect your family. That quality which in yourself you call economy, in your neighbor you are apt to term miserliness, and what in you is a generous indifference to the sordid details of dollars and cents, in her is reckless, if not wicked expenditure.

It is a strange thing that the hydra-headed critic, Other People, having perceptive powers similar to your own, cannot be induced to see the things that concern yourself most nearly just in the way that you see them. If I am brutally honest why am I always sure to commend my own honesty, and why are you equally sure to condemn my brutality? Why should I listen passively while you call the neighbors' idiosyncrasies by their hardest names, and when you treat my own the same, begin at once to feel wounded or indignant?

It is not a pleasing reflection, but the truth seems to be that we live and move in an atmosphere of self-deception. If that cheap but brilliant illusion could be stripped away, how quickly our complacency would vanish. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to see ourselves as others see us. The law of vanity rules us every one. You may be selfish, hateful, envious, obstinate, or bad tempered, but in each case you will justify the failing to yourself, and call your weakness by its pleasantest name. Even if you are willing to believe it a fault, you will find it much more agreeable than your neighbor's fault, and wonder why your neighbor doesn't think so too. Or, the next hour after acknowledging it to be a sin, you will unconsciously commit it again. The minister whose fault of exaggeration was complained of said:—"Brethren, I know exaggeration to be a grievous sin, and it has troubled me often; in fact, I have shed barrels of tears over it."

A lady who prided herself on holding a high standard of conduct and who strove with good success to keep up to it, was righteously indignant with the shortcomings of others in this respect until she found herself spoken of as a dreadful faultfinder. The public is apt to make mistakes in counting up our virtues, but it is always sure of our one fault—the miserable little black sheep that is more conspicuous than its ninety and nine white brethren. But we have no right to complain. We are a part of the public and help to determine its character.

Were not vanity the controlling motive of existence we might gain real benefit from the unpleasant things said against us. I bear no malice against the old lady, who, in speaking of me, said, "Isabel never was no great hand at the mending," simply because the world does not belong to the people who are fanciful about their grammar, any more than it belongs to those who never neglect the mending basket. We all have our limitations. I shall never understand how my friend can take pleasure in sewing a multitude of patches into intricate designs for a bed quilt; neither can she realize that the secret joy with which I stuff an old garment into the rag bag is more than worth the price of a new one.

It is a truth that any one may prove for herself, that if we are gentle in our judgment of others' infirmities, they, though ever so harsh in their comments upon people in general, will make an exception of us. They will be almost as tender to our favorite little frailties as we are ourselves.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## *Saturday* AS OTHERS SEE US.

*Nov 5* Did you ever make an earnest effort to get acquainted with yourself? And did you ever succeed? The reason why I ask is that most people seem to find great difficulty in viewing, not only their actions, but the motives that underlie those actions, in the same light in which they are so plain to others. If you think yourself ambitious, people will say you are discontented; if you cherish the delusion that you are spirited, they will say, "And she's got a pretty quick temper, too, I tell you!" If you dislike some other woman—you can't tell why, but you simply can't endure to be in the same room with her—it's no use trying to furbish up a reason by saying that she is affected, or selfish, or vain, for every one knows at once that the real reason must be

Imagery  
hand

### TEACHING GOOD BEHAVIOR.

A child of my acquaintance, who is by no means a morbidly good boy, always asks to be excused if he is obliged to leave the table before the rest of the family, never forgets to say "if you please," when making a request, and "thank you," when it is granted, is gentle in his manners, considerate in his speech, and thoughtful of the comfort of all around him. This child did not become the lovable and well-bred little fellow that he is in consequence of being "well whipped" for his misdeeds. Men gather grapes from thorns quite as often as their children gain a sweet disposition from a "sound thrashing." Neither has he been plied with line upon line, precept upon precept. His father never says, "How many times must I tell you to come when you're called?" Nor does his mother weary him with, "Now, never let me know you to do such a thing again!" He has learned how to behave in the same way that he learned how to walk and talk—simply and solely by imitation.

It will be seen at once that a child who has always been accustomed to hear people say "good morning" to each other when they meet before breakfast, and "good night" when they separate at bed time, will think it very queer to omit this custom. If he never sees an arm stretched across the table, or hears any unnecessary sounds made in the mouth while eating, he will not be apt to render himself conspicuous by any actions of the sort. No amount of direct teaching would have given him the habit of courtesy, which he has unconsciously absorbed from association with parents, who are invariably polite to each other, and to him as well. Whatever children see older people do, they will do, whether they are told to do so or not. When I hear a woman say, "I can't teach my children to behave well," my silent comment is, "You have never learned to behave well yourself."

Little peculiarities of speech or manner, characteristic of entire families, are the result of imitation quite as often as of inheritance. This is proven by the ease with which brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law shortly after marriage reproduce the drawl or nasal twang of the family to which they have joined their interests. When ill-mannered children are not the children of ill-mannered parents, it is safe to assume that they have been thrown into constant association with servants, whose morals and manners are not always the best models for imitation. Receptive little souls cannot be turned over to the ignorance of hired

nurses without gaining what may cause their mother a thousandfold more pain than that which the temporary absence of their noise would spare her delicate nerves. Imitation is as powerful an agent for evil as for good. Tell me the sort of a person with whom you most like to associate and I will tell you what you are. Tell me the class of people whom you oblige your child to associate with and I will tell you the sort of man or woman that child is most likely to be.

Obedience and respect are exacted from children. Food and clothing and unlimited nagging are frequently the only return. There is no quicker way of driving one's dearest friend from one than by fault-finding; no surer way of drawing him nearer than by love and a sympathetic interest in whatever interests him. And one should have no dearer friend than the innocent son or daughter, whose manners and morals are formed so easily upon the model of our own.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Nov 14

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Indian summer is over; its happy, quiet, sleepy, "spider-webby" days are gone. The feeling of airiness imparted by the absence of the stove, has given place to the feeling of coziness caused by its presence. The storm-door has taken the place of mosquito-netting, and the cushioned chair in the chimney-corner is a more alluring object than the hammock under the pines. The rocker on the porch has returned to its old stand at the sunny south window in the kitchen; among the witticisms in our favorite paper are to be found jokes about sealskin sacques and dealers in coal, but no longer jokes about summer bonnets and ice men; instead of the peach festival has grown up the tea-meeting, and instead of planning for summer travel we are making preparations for a winter at home.

The cold weather makes the outer world comfortless and contracts our sphere of living, but even after "the winds that will be howling at all hours" have driven us to the shelter of the roof tree, it is better not to get into the habit of abiding there. It is not so easy to be neighborly as when hospitable summer beckons us forth, and strews our paths with plenty, but what a sound of desolation is conveyed by the words, so frequently used by country callers at this time of year, "I thought I must come over and see you before the roads get bad," or, "You must be sure and come down before the fine weather goes."

In the country the roads and the weather govern the opportunities of social intercourse, and as in the winter season these are apt to be objectionable to a high degree, it follows that, after the melancholy days of autumn have come, they are succeeded by days more melancholy still, when all the land is little less cheerless than a graveyard, and all its inhabitants have the painful privilege of realizing that though buried they are not yet dead.

I ought not to make lone dwellers in the country discontented, ought I? And yet that is exactly what I would like to do. If they could be made so discontented with the loneliness and dullness that they would be compelled instantly to organize sewing circles, or cooking clubs, or literary societies—anything, anything to give them an interest in lives other than their own—it might involve uphill work, but it would also involve uphill progress, and that is the direction in which I am sure we all want to go.

Discontent, when it does not show itself in action, is apt, as the doctors say, to "strike in," and then it is altogether bad; but the reformers are discontented to a man, and it is scarcely possible that we should make any change in the existing state of things so long as we are satisfied with it.

If it were merely a question of what we liked, then, indeed, it would be easy to draw the blinds and close the shutters fast, and before a bright fire, and beside a book-strewn table, converse with the most congenial minds of all the ages. Surely of all forms of enjoyment this is the greatest, the most elevating, the best worth while. From that tranquil re-

treat you take a certain pleasure in assuring your friends, who invite you to social visits and evening festivities, that the delusive joys on which their hearts are bent are altogether lighter than vanity. Your own outgoings are limited to the postoffice and prayer meetings, perhaps only to the postoffice, for why should a person who has everything she wants care to pray for anything more? You take various periodicals, and the news of the world comes to you every day. Your complacency remains intact until the morning when you discover, by three lines in small type in the death column of your local paper, that your neighbor's little child is dead.

Well, of course, it isn't your fault. The child would have died any way, and if it hadn't been so cold, or so windy, or if the days were not so short, or you were not so averse to walking, or—

—or— You break down miserably, but as self-condemnation is the hardest of all condemnation to bear, you begin again to say that you always hated gadding about, and that for your part, when you were taken sick, you hoped the neighbors would keep their flannels and jelly to themselves, and that the doctors all said that visitors oughtn't to be admitted into a sick-room.

And still you cannot choose but remember what George Eliot has said about the power for good there is in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul. Merely in the glance! Would that have been too much to give? You are a sincere and loving human soul. Is it possible that the neighbors are making the mistake of supposing you to be an indifferent and selfish one?

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Nov 15

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### PECUNIARY DEPENDENTS.

Is a wife a pecuniary dependent? It would be a satisfaction to self-supporting girls to have this question settled one way or the other. A dependent is one who makes no adequate return for bounty received. Now, if a woman who earns her living in store, or schoolroom, or business office, is an independent person, and the one who fills the honored (?) place of wife and mother is a dependent person, and if independence is a good and noble thing, and willing dependence a servile and despicable thing, doesn't it follow that the millionaire who marries his servant girl reduces her to the lowest social position and degrades her in the eyes of society?

But if the wife is the equal of the husband, and not his dependent, any more than he is her dependent; if she is equally with her husband a partner in the profits of his work, and has equally with him a right to say how they shall be spent or invested; and if these profits are really the common fund, and not the private property of either, then why is it that occasionally we know of a wife who goes to her husband with meekness and shamefacedness to ask for a dollar and twenty-five cents, and who fails not to give an account of her stewardship every time her purse is empty. Is this the way that partners in business behave when they are both men?

There are, no doubt, countless homes in which there is so much confidence and regard on both sides that the money question is never a source of pain to either; homes in which the husband, instead of being carefully reticent about his affairs, is particular to tell his wife all about them, so that she may not work in the dark, without any means of knowing whether she may be lavish, or must be economical. But there are many others in which this simple lack of trust and confidence has caused the wife to exclaim, "I used to be able to earn the money I used; now I have to beg for it."

The wife of a man who was earning in a railway office \$250 a month wished to send to her parents in Scotland a Christmas present of \$25. This was the sum which she had yearly abstracted for that purpose from her earnings as dressmaker before she was married. As the wife of a well-to-do man, she supposed it would no longer be necessary to continue at her trade. She had everything she needed except money, and as Christmas approached she became almost sick with anxiety to secure \$25 for the old folks in Scotland, without lowering herself in her own self-respect by asking for it. They were poor people, accustomed to receive this amount from their daughter at Christmas, and they would surely think she had grown unmindful of them if she omitted to send it. At last she asked permission of her husband to dismiss their cook, and take her place at the same wages. He was greatly astonished. "Why, we can afford to keep half a dozen cooks!" he exclaimed, "and the idea of my wife receiving wages! If you want money," he added in his kindest tones—and he was really a kind man—"You have only to ask for it. I am sure I have never denied you anything."

This was perfectly true. It is also true that for a woman to ask a man for money, and explain what she wants it for, is as humiliating as for a man to ask a woman for money, and explain what he wants it for. The \$25 that left this lady's hands to go over the sea the following Christmas was earned by dressmaking.

Every feminine wage-earner is worthy of honor, but the work of not one is worthy to be compared in importance with the work of that noblest and greatest of all the world's workers—the loving, loyal wife and mother. In her hands is the destiny of her children, and in their hands is the destiny of the nation. All honor be to her! All honor—and a little ready money!

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Nov 22

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### PERICLES—AND OTHERS.

The standard of knowledge for admission into the best society is not high. By best society is not meant that which is composed of our superiors in knowledge, or ability or generosity, but as, in the customary acceptance of the term, that which is made up of people who have nothing in particular to do and a great deal of money to do it with. If the fathers and grandfathers of these people were, during their lives, in a similar predicament, then they are spoken of as belonging to the very best families. Those who have the most money are the best, those who have not quite enough are just middling, and those who have none are the worst. These are the long established and generally accepted facts of the case.

But a recent essayist has the audacity to declare that the present divisions of society are purely arbitrary, and founded upon false notions of social organisation and relations, and that the real, natural line of demarcation is that which separates those who do know Pericles from those who do not. It seems that this writer had made some reference to the accomplished statesman of ancient Greece in the presence of a lady, who interrupted him and confounded him with the exclamation, "Pericles! pericles! what are pericles?"

We are not told what the lady supposed them to be, but doubtless they were associated in her mind with something eatable—herrings, perhaps, or possibly huckleberries. How astonished she must have been when she learned that Pericles was a man, not a vegetable, and that he was never fried in a pan, or sold at fifteen cents a dozen, or a shilling a peck.

I wonder if there are not a few select dinner tables even in Toronto, where it would scarcely be safe for a young collegian to declare his fondness for Pericles, lest the fair girl at his side should wonder whether they would make a good picnic dish, or were better adapted for breakfast. It will not do for her to ignore anything of which the young man is fond, and she must really find out from his mother the best way to prepare Pericles for the table.

It is to be feared that the average hostess does not care whether you know Pericles or not. If you are gayly dressed and glib of tongue, light of heart and light of heel, you will be entirely welcome. You may refer to Achilles as Ash-heels, and Goethe as Go-eath, without disturbing the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. There are a few men in society who, before they became fully accustomed to the perfection of modern manners, used occasionally to mention such people as Socrates, or Shakespeare, or Shelley, but they were soon broken of this bad habit and compelled to come up to the standard of conversation established by social custom—which is, that nothing shall be said above the intellectual level of the least informed mind present.

There should be a law enacted to protect society from the ravages of those who know Pericles. Nothing is more annoying to me than when I am listening to a really intelligent man to have to keep wondering what the long words mean, what Pericles are, and who Anachronism is. And how difficult it is to try and appear interested and entertained when one is really embarrassed and bewildered. It would be so much nicer if he would only talk about the arrangement of my hair, the color of my gown and other matters of real importance.

But I do believe that it's as bad for him as for me, for at the end of our talk he always gives me a hard look, as though he had been walking a long distance, and had suddenly discovered that he had been walking in a circle, and had reached, in a very fatigued condition, the place from where he had started.

But it serves him right. Every man ought to know that if he shows a spark of intelligence or a particle of information above the ordinary gossip of the day he is liable to be labelled—pedant. BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## THE ART OF ENTERTAINING.

At this season of the year numberless little brown country wrens are being invited to the cages of their crimson and gold-clad city friends, who are birds of a very different feather. There are supercilious glances on one side, and resentful feelings on the other. The russet suit of the visitors, which looked so well in their own native woodland, shows to painful disadvantage in the smart city parlor. They are expected to sleep in a room made hideous by all the long continued noises of the street, and they are not expected to eat more than half as much breakfast as they want. Mrs. Macaw occupies her slender, claw-like fingers with fancy work, and says:—"I don't see how you manage to support existence in the country this time of year. It must be insufferably dreary. Oh, I think I should simply die of ennui." Miss Macaw, the invalid girl who visited Mrs. Wren last summer for the sake of getting plenty of country air and milk, does not act quite as friendly as she did then. But as the time of departure approaches the Macaws are much more cordial and kindly, leaving on the minds of their visitors the impression that this unwanted warmth of heart is prompted only by the glad thought of swift-coming freedom from their irksome guests.

This I believe to be not a true picture, except in rare cases. The only cure for such an uncomfortable condition of things is conformity to the following rules:—

First, never go uninvited to anybody's home.

Second, accept invitations sent by those who love you, not by those who feel that they are under an obligation to you and who want to get rid of it.

I have lived long enough in a large city to know that city people are not the worldly, artificial creatures they are represented to be; and country people are anything but stupid and dull. If farmers and their wives had not such remarkably acute perceptions, it might not be necessary to insist that the hospitality of their city friends should be real and not forced.

Sincerity in this, as in every other relation of life, is the principal thing. If the presence of your guest really makes you glad, be sure that the reflection of your gladness will speedily shine in his eyes. If you are sorry to see him, the greatest politeness of manner, the most thoughtful courtesy, the most delicate consideration will avail you nothing. Mind reading is supposed to be a difficult art, but it is one of the simplest and commonest imaginable. Nearly every one we meet is to some extent a mind-reader.

Attention to the physical comfort of the guest is a point familiar to all who have a stranger within their gates; in addition to that there should be a conformity to the visitor's tastes in the way of occupation and amusement. What is one man's pleasure is another man's aversion; what is the chief joy of one will fill the other with rage and grief. If there is anything worse than the condition of a society man, who is condemned to rely for entertainment upon his host's dull yarns, and his hostess' unbroken silence, it is the condition of the bookish, thoughtful man, who enjoys an intimate interchange of ideas with his friends, a solitary stroll, or the reading of a long-desired book, and who is driven wild by a succession of expeditions to places that do not interest him, and of incursions of intolerably noisy people, who have been invited to meet him. Give your visitor not only the rare pleasures which are denied to him at home, but also the simple joys which he most prizes when he is at home.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## CORSETS AGAIN.

Nov  
28

Is it worth while to write against corsets again? It must be that constant dropping will at last make some impression, even upon the stony heart that attempts to beat within the rigid limitations of its fashionable surroundings. Successful advertisers have learned that people who do not see the first appearance of their advertisement, will glance at its tenth appearance, and carefully read and consider its fiftieth claim to attention. In like manner it is to be hoped that the confirmed corset-wearer will first endure the ideas of those who persist in writing against her favorite implement of destruction, and at last embrace them.

One emancipated woman of my acquaintance tells me that twenty years ago, on the occasion of a visit from her English aunt, that rigid dame had scarcely said, "How do you do," before exclaiming, "What! seven years old and not yet in corsets?" Then turning to her mother, "This will never do; the child will have no shape at all." Surely there are no children of seven nowadays whose tender bodies are laced into "shape."

At the boarding-school which I attended six years ago it was a custom of many of the girls to loosen their clothing before sitting down to an evening of study in our rooms. One might have thought that we expected all the knowledge freshly assimilated to go direct to the region of the waist, but the physiological principle was sound. When respiration, digestion and circulation are impeded the brain cannot do its best work.

But there came a time when this deplorable custom, long continued in secret, threatened to be proclaimed on the housetops. Most of us were established at the tables in the girls' parlor, during that fatal hour when a party of ladies and gentlemen, escorted by the governess, were shown through the building. At each girl's room they rapped, and hearing no reply took a glance within—a glance sufficiently comprehensive to reveal a pair of corsets folded upon the bed, laid on a chair or even flung disdainfully upon the floor. "At the first three or four I saw," said the governess, who came to us afterwards with flaming cheeks, "I felt ashamed; at the next six or eight I was horrified, but at the last half dozen I could scarcely keep from laughing." Here the guilty crowd laughed, too, and one of us informed our preceptress that, according to a German scientist, no less than ninety-two diseases were directly traceable to the wearing of corsets.

"Oh, wear them or not, just as you like," cried she. "I'm sure I don't want any girl with ninety-two diseases under my care. But for pity's sake don't leave them about. Put them in the closet, or in the fire, or anywhere out of sight."

The trouble with many women is that they have advanced far enough to remove their chest contractors for a brief period, but not far enough to put them into the fire. They will go without them, perhaps for a morning, or for an invalid afternoon, or for some special occasion, when they are about to make an unusual mental or physical exertion. They may even develop independence of character sufficient to enable them to go uncorseted to church, to a concert, or to make a call. But still one could scarcely presume to say that such an one had discarded corsets forever. But show me the woman who, with brave heart, unbound with whalebone, can face her dressmaker, and be measured for a new dress, and I will show you one who has burned her ships behind her, and who doesn't care if she never sees another ship.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, in her novel, "East Angels," says she never saw a woman with a large waist who was not proud of it, and it is certain that a woman with a naturally-formed waist has greater reason to be proud of it than she who has a deformed one. The signs of the times are favorable to the development of feminine bodies as well as of feminine minds, and though we often hear the remark, "Oh, my dress is very loose; I can almost turn round in it," contradicted by the involuntary deep breath which follows the removal of the "very loose" clothing at night, it is still some comfort to know that the modern corset is not such a grievous affliction as that old-fashioned instrument of torture that was bound upon helpless babies of seven and kept on them till they died. The old-fashioned corset ground slowly and it ground exceeding small. BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## A DEVOTEE OF THE CORSET.

DEAR EDITOR, — Reading "Woman's World" in THE GLOBE with great pleasure at all times and taking a personal interest in Bel Thistlethwaite's article on "Corsets Again," I hope you will permit me to occupy a small portion of your space. I do not agree with the writer that the corset is falling into desuetude, and I think the advertising columns of the papers bear me out. Certainly among a rather large circle of acquaintances I do not know of one who has abandoned the corset, while I know many mothers who are not only enthusiastic lacers themselves, but are very strict in employing this article of dress in the foundation of their children's figures. Each of my own daughters—I have four—on her seventh birthday was provided with a snugly fitting pair of corsets, which she wore from that time out, by night as well as by day, unless in case of decided illness. As the child grew, more bones were added, and the chest and hip measure was increased; but no alteration was made in the waist, and no expansion being allowed during the hours of sleep, its tenacity was retained and there was no necessity of resorting to tight-lacing, which becomes requisite where corsets are not worn, until the figure has grown large. It goes without saying that I wear corsets myself, and though I have left youth far behind, I still have a figure that provokes admiration, and I cannot find that either my daughters or I have become unduly the victims of the "ninety-two" diseases mentioned by the German doctor referred to.

Toronto, Dec. 2. M. F.

Dec 14

THE

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### TO THE "DEVOTEES OF CORSETS.

I was inclined to pride myself on the article "Corsets Again," partly on account of its intrinsic merits, partly because I got safely through it without a single reference to the Venus de Medici. The goddess of beauty has been measured so often in public, that it seems superfluous to say that though only five feet three inches in height, she was twenty-six inches about the waist, and that these proportions have been universally admired as the ideal of perfect womanly beauty.



Although several centuries old, this famous statue still has a figure that provokes admiration.

Who shall decide when doctors do not disagree? No intelligent physician will deny, even in the face of the most "enthusiastic lacer," that it is a dangerous thing to interfere with the three vital functions of the body—respiration, digestion and circulation. Will any thinking man or woman affirm that it makes no difference in the health of a woman, or in the health of her prospective children, whether her lungs are as well developed as those of her husband, or as insignificant as those of a child seven years old? Does any thinking or thoughtless person really believe that the health of the vital organs is not of vital importance? And how can they be healthy when they are deprived of strength to do their work and room to do it in? Wherever the waist is deformed by tight lacing, or by not being allowed its proper growth, the liver is thrust down from its proper place, and this causes other and more serious displacements, from which nearly every corset-wearing woman in the land is a sufferer.

Then I am not an admirer of a good figure? Indeed I am; but the goodness should be thorough, not superficial. A woman cannot have too good a form for the work that nature expects of her; but what is really good cannot be harmful—not even in the slightest degree. When a polite behavior covering a sneering heart is considered good manners, than a stovepipe waist concealing a pair of lungs that have been deprived of half their working power may constitute the attraction of a good figure.

Does M. F., whose letter in a recent GLOBE is the text of this article, remember what Lola Montez said on this subject, "How to obtain a Handsome Form?" Lola was not what could be called an old maidish sort of a person. She was entirely too fond of gadding about, for her own good. But in her time she was one of the famous women of Europe, and celebrated as much for her beauty as for her remarkable talent for political intrigue. "The foundation for a beautiful form," she says, "must undoubtedly be laid in childhood." On this point the Countess of Lands felt and M. F. are agreed. "That is," explains Madame Lola, "nothing should be done at that tender age to obstruct the natural swell and growth of all the parts." Please observe, *all* the parts.

"Common sense teaches us," continues the lady, "that the young fibres ought to be left unencumbered by obstacles of art, to shoot harmoniously into the shape that nature drew." Let me interrupt with the remark that, though I am capable of saying courageous things when necessary, I have never yet dared to begin a sentence with the words, "Common sense teaches." "Obstacles of art" is not a bad name for them. In speaking of the importance of a beautiful figure, Lola Montez further says, "The first thing to be thought of is *health* (the italics are not mine), for there can be no development of beauty in sickly fibres. Plenty of exercise in the open air is a great recipe. Exercise, not philosophically, and with religious gravity undertaken, but the wild, romping activities of a spirited girl, who runs up and down as though her veins were full of wine. If you would see the chest rise and swell in noble and hearty expansion, send out the girl to constant and vigorous exercise in the open air."

Not a word in the entire chapter in favor of compression; every word alive with the necessity of expansion; and these are the ideas of a woman whose beauty lives in the world's memory. How much "constant and vigorous exercise" can be taken by the girl who has worn corsets night and day since she was seven years old? Does she run about as though her veins were full of wine? Or does she dawdle along as though her veins were full of water?

One thing is sure: she cannot walk rapidly or make any extra exertion without panting or gasping, or declaring that she is all out of breath. My dear girl, no one has any right to be all out of breath—except dead people. The oftener you become breathless the sooner you will join the silent majority. But if you take vigorous exercise in snugly fitting corsets you will frequently lose breath, and if you never take vigorous exercise, then there is reason to fear that you will never be a vigorous person.

Let me make a confession. From a tight-lacing grandmother I inherited a body so weakly and meanly formed that when I had attained my full growth a twenty-inch belt easily encircled the waist. Of course there were not lacking ignorant fashionable people to tell me that this was a pretty figure, but in the other hand I met with a great many pitying glances from those whose opinions I valued most. But the heaviest humiliation was being obliged to give up cherished plans of work and study for lack of physical strength. What pleasure in life is there for the woman whose physician tells her that she must not read, or write, or think, or do anything in particular but rest and recuperate? "There is no disease," he said, "only a lack of vitality." "What do you mean by vitality?" I demanded rather savagely, for I dislike glib generalities. "Vitality, my dear young lady," said the doctor slowly, "is another name for breathing-power. It means great depth between breast-bone and back-bone, great width between the shoulders, twenty-seven inches waist measure, and the upper chest developed in proportion. It is not that likely you will ever know anything about it."

Well, I have learned something about it since; by discarding corsets and by gymnastic and other exercise I have added three inches to my chest and waist measurement. Let me assure every young lady who honors this article with her attention that the most delightful and profitable study imaginable is the culture of vitality.

I must make an end, and yet I have but just begun.  
BEL. THISTLETHWAITE.

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

"Do not marry without love," is frequently and sensibly said to young people, to which I would like to add, "and do not marry without friendship." If your lover is not your best friend it would be better to dismiss him at once, for there is no more melancholy spectacle under Heaven than that presented by a married pair, who, under the influences of returning sobriety, are constrained to view with something like disgust not only themselves, but the companion of their intoxication. To insure happiness in wedded life it is necessary not only that the blood should leap at glance of eye, or touch of hand, but also that if one is fond of society the other should be fond of it too; if one is a housekeeping youth the other should have comparatively homely wits; if one is interested in politics, or architecture, or machinery or poetry the other should not take a nap while these topics are being discussed.

"It is just as well," says the wise newspaper paragrapher, "not to marry your opposite, as you will grow opposite enough in a very short time." Physiologists advise the union of opposing temperaments—the fair with the dark, the brown eyes with the blue, the nervous with the serene, the melancholy with the hopeful, the impatient with the phlegmatic, the ideal with the practical. This is in the theory that the idiosyncrasy of each will be modified and improved by close association with its opposite. It is an experiment that is worth trying only when each values the other's peculiarity as much as the one that owns it.

Does not experience prove that he that is bookish will after marriage be bookish still, notwithstanding the efforts of his butterfly wife to interest him in the doings of her social world; and she that is obtuse will be obtuse still, the efforts of her clever husband to render her otherwise resulting generally in dissatisfaction and bad feeling on both sides.

The truth seems to be that in marriage it is desirable that there should be unlikeness in temperament, in personal appearance and possibly in disposition, but in every other way there cannot be too much similarity. When the aims, aspirations and tastes are identical, when the lovers comprehend each other even better than they love each other, when they live and move on the same spiritual and intellectual plane, their chances of happiness are increased a thousand fold.

Love is blind; friendship is open-eyed. Love, falsely so-called, in the common acceptation of the term, is hasty, restless, changeable, unhappy when craving, unhappy when satiated, and always veering between the two. Friendship, which is the only name we have for the highest love, is changeless, unwavering, devoid of pretence, concealment or indirection. When love ignores friendship love ignores itself, for the first year of wedded life terminates either in the garden of friendship or the desert of indifference.

The sexes to-day are better friends than they have been in all the centuries gone by. It is debasing to a high-natured woman to feel that the only sort of regard she can expect to receive from a man is the passion common to creation. Love matches, it is said, too often prove lucifer matches. Anyone can assume the appearance of devotion, but only the rarest and finest souls are capable of maintaining an intimacy, constant, intelligent and unfailingly sympathetic. A woman may satirise or depreciate her lover, but against the man who has bestowed upon her the priceless boon of his steadfast and untiring friendship, she can never utter or listen to the slightest aspersion. How could she? For this man has in her eyes redeemed and ennobled the entire race of men.

Union of minds is rarer than union of hearts and of very much slower growth. Sometimes a wedded pair fail to attain it from the fact that one of them has no mind to speak of, but in all other cases, when there is intelligent sympathy with each other's tastes, pursuits and interests at the outset, the chances for happiness are far greater than when they merely fall in love, and fancy that they cannot live without each other. Lovers flatter or upbraid each other; true friends can do neither. The man who has learned the delicate art of flattery will never consent to limit its use to any one woman.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

Dec 12

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I have been requested by "Three Little Maids" to give them some seasonable hints on the subject "Christmas Gifts and How to Make Them." As the month is now too far advanced to leave time for the making of anything very difficult or elaborate in its construction, I shall mention only a few pretty trifles, some of which I hope may suit the purposes of the inquiring "Little Maids."

**Traveller's Workbag.**—Cut two pieces of material, circular in shape and twenty inches across, one for the outside the other for the lining. On the piece intended for lining sew two pockets and fasten on two sets of straps,

one for holding scissors case and the other skeins of thread or braid. Bind the edges with ribbon of a contrasting shade. Sew small-sized curtain rings at equal distances from each other and about three inches from the outer edge. In these rings run a narrow ribbon for closing the bag. When in use the bag can be opened out flat.

**Dainty Tea-apron.**—The material may be of silk, bolting cloth or linen batiste. Above a deep hem the threads are drawn for about a quarter of an inch wide, leaving the same space between each drawing, until there are five or seven open places. Through these run ribbons in harmonious colors. Tiny pockets are added and adorned with rosettes of the ribbons. A broad hem is made at the top, through which a wide ribbon runs to tie about the waist.

**Postage-stamp Holder.**—Take a linen letter envelope and open it out. Cover with dark green or crimson satin outside and yellow within, and bind with narrow ribbon the color of the exterior. Fold the envelope again and fasten three corners together with an embroidered flower. Sew narrow ribbons to the top and back to tie, and keep it closed. Place a postage stamp in one corner of the holder.

**Penwipers.**—May be made in the shape of an umbrella or a shawl strap. For the umbrella, cut a number of round, black silk pieces, match them on the edge and cut a small hole in the centre of each. Use a small rustic stick for the handle, and make a groove in it near the bottom; run a thread round the hole in the centre and fasten it in the groove, then catch the pieces in several places and fasten them to the handle. To make the shawl strap, use a tiny roll of old black silk, which has been notched on the ends, and cover it with a piece of plaid ribbon. The straps and handle may be of narrow black ribbon.

**Work Bag.**—Take a flame-colored silk handkerchief, and turn down the four corners, leaving a space of a few inches between them. Make a hem in them about half an inch wide, and run a narrow ribbon through it to draw it together. Turn the corners and trim round the top with white lace.

**Photograph Frame.**—Cut a square or oval opening in the centre of a Japanese fan, and cover it on the outside with light blue or bright red satin. Sew a few small peacock feathers upon it, in such a position that they will seem to be peeping out from behind the photograph. Baste a lining of silesia on the other side, and overhand the edges neatly together round the opening, but not the outside edge. Cut a fan out of cardboard of the same size as the body of the one you have covered. Cover it on both sides with silesia, and overhand the two together, leaving a space large enough at the top to slip in the picture. Finish the fan on the edge with a gold cord, tie a bow of satin ribbon on the handle, and sew two small brass rings on the back to hang it up by.

**Shaving-paper Case.**—Take rough and ragged edged paper, such as is used for water color paintings. Cut two pieces for the front and back, making the back a trifle smaller; pierce two holes in the top corners of the pieces, and corresponding ones in the tissue paper which is to be placed between the front and back: run a silk cord through all by which to hang it. Pansies painted in bold colors, with a monogram, and the words "Shaving-papers" in gilt letters form the decoration for the front of the case.

**Key-holder.**—Draw an enlarged pattern from an ordinary door key, and saw it out of holly wood; make it eight inches long, the rest in proportion; screw six brass hooks into it (carefully so as not to split the wood) to hang keys upon. A ribbon attached to each end is tied in a bow at the top by which to suspend it.

**School-bag.**—This very pretty and durable school-bag is made of heavy cotton canvas, the material used for awnings. Either the dark-red and brown, or blue and grey striped may be used. Take a piece thirty-one inches long, and fifteen wide. Cut one end in a deep point to form the flap; fold the remainder together, and cut the lower corners rounding. Cut two pieces two and one-half inches wide, and the depth of the bag when folded; round the corners on one end, and sew them in the sides to form the bag. Stitch a piece of braid flat on the flap, and two pieces together to make a stout handle.

**Sachet.**—Take a strip of pink or blue sateen, twenty-four inches long and six wide. This is covered with transparent muslin on which a dainty bunch of flowers is outlined in washing silk. The top is turned in and gathered to form a frill, and tied with a ribbon of the same shade as the sateen. Pack it with sweet clover or lavender, and use it for perfuming clothes-drawers, linen-closets and wardrobes.

**Pillow-sham.**—Join four linen hem-stitched handkerchiefs together with a fancy stitch, and edge it with linen antique lace. The size of the handkerchiefs will depend on the size of the sham is to be. It can be lined with pink or blue silesia, but there is nothing prettier for a bed than spotless white.

**Quaint Tobacco-box.**—Take a nicely shaped cocoanut shell in its rough state, just as it is after the outer fibrous husk is removed. Saw off the top, remove the "meat" from the interior, and allow the shell to dry. Use the part sawed off as cover to the box. For a base the third of another shell will be needed. This should be sawed in some fanciful pattern to serve as feet, and the top of this portion should be cut away to allow the shell to rest on it, and it should be glued in place. Cross a couple of pipes and fasten to the side of the shell, the one to hold matches and the other for burned matches. Fill with your favorite smoker's favorite band.

**Lamp Shade.**—Very pretty and easily made of strips of buff or pink satin ribbon and lace insertion of equal widths. The pieces should be an inch longer than the porcelain shade and made pointed at one end by turning under the corners and catching them together on the wrong side. The pieces are then neatly overhanded together and a lace edging to match the insertion sewed in at the top. A little tassel of silk is attached to each point. A fine cord made of the silk is run in at the bottom of the lace edging to draw it around the neck of the porcelain shade. A tassel is fastened on the ends of the cords and it is tied in a bow on one side.

BEL TRISTLETHWAITE.

## HOW TO KEEP WARM.

This is the problem that engages our attention for at least one-half of the year. Not only comfort, but life itself depends on our solution of it.

At first glance it does not seem very difficult. All that is necessary is to keep the atmosphere of the house in which you live at the most comfortable degree of heat, to dress warmly, and to be careful not to admit the least cold draught of air from without. But after conforming to these rules for a few weeks you find unaccountably enough that the temperature of the house has to be raised several degrees higher, and as time goes on, it must be raised higher still in order to keep it at the most comfortable point. Even then the feet and hands are apt to be cold in the warmest room and the head is dull. At this period you may chance to read an article which proves that your methods of keeping warm are all wrong. Why pile wood on the fire and flannel on the person, says this writer, when most of the food we eat is heat-producing in its nature. So long as you eat plenty of sugar, corn starch, fat pork, butter and everything that is sweet and oily in its character, you will be perfectly warm.

But by adopting this plan, without any other change in your habits, you will find that it only adds dyspepsia to the evils you already endure. It is true there is a vast amount of heat in food; there is also a vast amount of heat in wood. If the wood is bad, and it is put into a stove to which very little air is admitted, the result will be very little heat, and a fire that is in momentary danger of expiring. If the food is bad, and it is put into a body to which very little air is admitted, the result will be very little heat, and if the person does not actually expire, she is at least in a fair way to do so.

Fresh air is in reality one of our warmest friends, for it is only by the union of the oxygen in it, with the carbon and hydrogen taken from the digested food and brought by the blood to the lungs, that heat can be produced. Put fire in a perfectly air-tight stove and it dies; there can be no flame without oxygen. It is because there is very little oxygen in warm, ill-ventilated rooms, that the people who continuously live in them are chilly. Brisk exercise in the frosty air makes us hungry; that is to say, most of the carbonaceous elements in the food we have eaten, having been quickly changed into heat by their union with the unusual amount of oxygen in the lungs, the system calls for more.

These are old truths, so old that I hesitate to put them into print. But though most people are aware that we have to breathe in order to live, not many seem to know that we have to breathe deeply of pure air in order to live a life that is worth living.

Some one says that the length of a man's life depends upon the size of his chest. This may be true or not, but it is certain that a person's enjoyment of life depends in a great degree upon the amount of air she breathes, and this depends upon the size of her chest. Do not say that you have nothing to do with the size of your chest. There is no other part of the body that so quickly enlarges and improves in appearance by exercise. Why is it that women who are so particular to give clean food to their stomachs, are perfectly willing to give unclean food to their lungs, and this not three times a day, but every moment of life? Why is it that women who like to live in large, comfortable rooms, persist in keeping their lungs—one of the most important organs of the body—in a narrow, ill-ventilated, uncomfortable little chest?

BEL TRISTLETHWAITE.

Sept 10

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THEIR EARLY SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

The Land Grant from Governor Simcoe—Settlement in York, Niagara, Oxford, Pickering and Prince Edward—The Yearly Meeting at Pickering—A suit and a Split—General Work of the Denominati-

The Society of Friends finds its claim to the title upon the words of our Lord, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," and traces its origin as a church organization to the year 1648, when George Fox began to preach the "Light of Christ within," as a surer guide for life and service than edicts of council or conclave. The name "Quaker" was given in contempt, not, as is commonly supposed on account of bodily tremor, but because, in 1650, George Fox counselled Judge Bennett at Derby to "quake at the word of the Lord."

In the spirit of the text above quoted obedience became the watchword of the Society of Friends; obedience, not to priest or hierarch, but to the felt monitions of the Holy Spirit, the "light within" as the one passport to divine acceptance and approval. They also upheld the doctrine of atonement by Jesus Christ, redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. This is clearly stated by George Fox in his famous letter to the Governor of Barbadoes in 1671, and is maintained in every authoritative confession of faith from that of 1693 to the present time.

They denied the necessity of human learning in preaching and exhortation. Holding that under the new covenant it is the prerogative of the Holy Spirit to prompt and direct vocal service, anointing and using whom He will, learned or unlearned, male or female, they contemned a "one-man ministry" and allowed no prescribed order of divine service. For more than 200 years they have maintained, however feebly, this testimony to the spirituality of divine worship as an adoring response of the heart and mind to the direct operation of the Spirit of God. Keeping this in view, we can understand the

POSITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

as to the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's supper. Whatever may have been written in the heat of controversy, they do not presume to condemn the many who find comfort and strength on the use of outward ordinances. But believing that He who "baptises with the Holy Ghost and with fire" is "Christ in us the hope of glory," they find in this "one baptism," linked with one Lord and one faith, power to walk worthy of the calling wherewith they are called, in obedience to the will and commands of the Master. Loyal to the indwelling Christ they may daily sit in the spirit at the Lord's table and are made partakers of the Holy Communion. They believe they have been thus led beyond externals into the inner life, beyond the symbol to the essence, beyond the type to the antitype. As a natural sequence the Friends are advocates of peace, peace in the heart that passeth all understanding, peace between nations, and passive obedience to the powers that be. For conscience sake enduring rather than resisting. Hence all war is considered contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, a direct repudiation of the teachings of the Prince of Peace. They dare not take an oath in a Court of justice or anywhere else, because our Lord forbids anything beyond a plain avowal or affirmation. The adoption of two standards, one of them of sterner obligation than the other, has undermined the sense of the sanctity of truth in social life and in business intercourse. With such principles held in the face of misconception and obloquy, it is no marvel that the Society of Friends has

ALWAYS BEEN ACTIVE AND OFTEN FOREMOST in works of Christian philanthropy. In the long fight for religious liberty in England they suffered much spoiling of their goods, and not a few endured imprisonment unto death. The first to free their own slaves, they were the chief support of Wilberforce and Powell Buxton in securing suppression of the slave trade and abolition of slavery in the British colonies. On every line of philanthropic effort their record is worthy of praise and imitation. The principal settlement of the Friends in Canada were made near the end of the last century or early in the present one, chiefly by immigration from Vermont, New York and Pennsylvania. In 1799 Governor Simcoe granted to a colony of about forty families, most of them from Vermont, a wide stretch of land on both sides of Yonge street, between Aurora and Newmarket, and immigrants chiefly from Pennsylvania settled between this tract and Holland Landing. A numerous colony settled at Pelham, in the Niagara district. A few years ago an octogenarian Quaker lady pointed with pride to a noble willow growing in her door-yard. Said she, "When I was a slip of a girl I rode on horseback from Pennsylvania, carrying the same riding switch all the way. Then I stuck it right there and it sprouted." When, early in the century, a colony of Friends reached their allotment at Norwich, in the County of Oxford, and had lighted their camp fire, one of them, gazing upon the abundant fuel supply, remarked, "Well, John, if we starve to death here we'll die warm." Other important settlements were made

AT PICKERING AND IN THE COUNTY OF PRINCE EDWARD.

Previous to 1867 the Friends in Canada were a component part of New York Yearly Meeting. At that date a Canadian Yearly Meeting was established and opened its first session at Pickering on "the last sixth day in the sixth month," that is the last Friday in June. From the first, discordant elements were at work in the church. Perhaps both parties were equally sincere, but their lines became so divergent they failed to dwell together in unity. A Chancery suit followed, pending through more than four years, which further interfered with the harmony and work of the church. Into the details of this pitiful controversy the writer declines to enter. Suffice it to say that the Court of Appeals unanimously reversed a decision of Judge Proudfoot in the lower court, and in June last the Supreme Court, without a dissenting voice, sustained the judgment of the Court of Appeals. The effect of this decision is to give at least a legal right to the property and name of Canada Yearly Meeting to that body which has met in annual assembly on the last Friday in June for twenty-one successive years, and is in fellowship with the parent yearly meeting of London and with that of New York, of which it is an offshoot. This year its sessions opened at Pickering on June 24, and continued six days. They were marked throughout with reverent zeal and a missionary spirit. Epistles were read from

TEN YEARLY MEETINGS,

all breathing a spirit of brotherly love and fellowship in the Gospel. Reports on Sabbath schools and home mission work were bright and encouraging. A strong minute was entered on the evils of the liquor traffic, and the clerk was instructed to forward a copy of it to the Governor-General and the Dominion Parliament. A letter to the Minister of Education was also adopted, approving of the steps taken to introduce textbooks on the evils of intemperance. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society supports one missionary in Mexico and helps to sustain another. Information was received that one of our young men, a graduate of the University of Toronto, believed himself called to labor in the foreign mission field. In a few minutes about eight hundred dollars were subscribed, that he may go to Japan or wherever the spirit of the Lord shall lead, under the direct auspices of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Canada Yearly Meeting. Liberal donations were also made for the Home Mission service. Imbued with such a spirit, surely a bright future lies before the Friends in Canada, when the pocket is consecrated as well as the lips. The Friends' meeting-house in Toronto is a neat building on the west side of Pembroke street, a little above Shuter, where meetings are held at the usual hours and all are welcome.

Estlin's Westward  
Sweep Book  
Dating around 1805-6

THE LONG STRUGGLE.

Dear enemy, the fight is long,  
I cannot win nor leave the field,  
You shall not win—you will not yield—  
And I am weak, and you are strong,  
And who is right, and who is wrong,  
I cannot tell; I look to see  
The day that brings to you—or me—  
The dreaded—longed-for—victory.

I feel your arrows pierce my hands,  
They fling back nay to your demands;  
I feel your arrows touch my brain,  
Then lightly fall to earth again;  
I feel your arrows in my knees,  
They shall not bow to your decrees,  
Until the day of days shall be,  
The day that brings to you—not me—  
The great, the dreaded victory.

Ah! could your arrows pierce my breast,  
My secret strength would stand confessed;  
And did your arrows wound my heart,  
No hand but yours could heal the smart;  
And did your arrows rend my frame,  
My blood would still repeat your name;  
And did your arrows blind mine eyes,  
I could not hide my bitter cries;  
For when your face I cannot see,  
Then that will end my life for me,  
And whose will be the victory?

Dear enemy, the fight is hard!  
And I am spent and battle-scarred.  
I wound you? Yes, with trembling aim,  
And still my blood repeats your name.  
I cannot yield—your heart is steeled—  
Would I could gain or leave the field!  
God knoweth what will be the end  
For tender foe, for stubborn friend.  
God grant I may not live to see  
The day that bringeth victory  
To you, not me—to you—not me!

1888 Jan 5  
WOMAN'S WORLD.

TO LACE OR NOT TO LACE.

In response to M. F., who reminds me that I have virtually conceded one point, I would like to say that I will gladly concede every point in which I am mistaken. In this controversy it is not a matter of much importance who is right and who is wrong. It is a matter of the greatest importance that we should know what is right and what is wrong. Principles, not persons, should triumph, and just so far as my principles are bad I hope my arguments may be overthrown.

The point conceded is that more corsets are advertised now-a-days than ever before. Very likely. Then there is all the more need that the feminine public should be warned against the evils of yielding to the great, the almost irresistible, temptation which assails their devotees—the temptation to make the woman fit the corset, not the corset the woman.

The best that tight-lacing women can say of their habit from a hygienic point of view, is that it is harmless. Men who drink have made the same excuse; they have gone further and affirmed that drinking was beneficial; they point to some man of exceptionally strong constitution, who has been drinking most of his life, and say, "There, you see, his health doesn't suffer in the least." And yet it is safe to say that there is not a town or township in the Dominion in which there is not at least one man who is sorry that he acquired a taste for "harmless" and "beneficial" strong drink. But who ever heard of a man regretting that he was a total abstainer?

Is woman's thirst for admiration as strong, as unprincipled, as disregardful of consequences, as man's thirst for strong drink? We should grieve and shame to admit it; and yet, if there were no men to admire a deformed waist, every prisoner among us would break her bands asunder and be henceforth no more a slave, but a free woman, with as good a right to the breath of life as the average man.

If some men did not admire stove-pipe waists, stove-pipe waists would cease to exist. That is the undeniable fact. Now, let us consider the character of these men. Are they men of brains rather than of fashion, or men of fashion rather than of brains? Do they cherish an exalted ideal of womanhood, or do they speak of the women they admire in the same terms of insulting admiration that they use in reference to their favorite trotting horses? Are they foremost in any reform having the good of their fellow-men as its object, or do they care for nothing but the gratification of their own senses? Do they believe that women are capable of anything else than the gratification of their senses? Do they or do they not regard woman as a pretty plaything, whose little mind is to be despised, whose little attainments are to be ridiculed, whose little waist is to be admired?

The admiration of men is very sweet, but we don't need to kill ourselves in order to get it, because in truth it is not at all a difficult thing to get. If a woman with a plain face and an ordinary figure has not a single quality of mind, or heart, or person, that will win the admiration of superior men, and if her whole personality does not compel the reverence of every man, she has no one to blame but herself. We may set our own price on ourselves, "knowing men cannot choose but pay."

Is an unnaturally small waist really a beautiful object? No artist will answer yes. In every painting or picture of feminine loveliness we find the graceful curving waist in place of the double handful of bruised ribs which some people prefer. The pictures in fashion magazines and those in the lowest class of story papers are an exception to this rule. There is something almost as repulsive in the idea of an artificial waist as there is in an artificial complexion.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

ON BEING TAKEN IN.

Through the first heavy snow of December came old Peter Elderberry to give us the season's greetings. He is an old resident of the neighborhood, known and liked by everyone, and besides is possessed of a fund of experience in the practical affairs of life and of sound common sense, which gives value to his counsel. Consequently I was anxious to get his opinion upon an investment I had recently made. I drew the old man's attention to an advertisement in the latest number of an agricultural journal.

"You see, Uncle Peter," I began, "this advertiser says that on receipt of ten cents he will send you fifteen useful household articles. Do you think he means what he says?"

"Do you think he's as honest as a pane of glass?" inquired Bub, the youngest boy.

Our visitor said nothing for a few moments, but looked profound. He was seldom guilty of cheapening his opinion by delivering it too soon. At last he said:

"Have you mailed your ten cents?"

"Yes."

"Heard from them yet?"

"No."

"Well, according to my judgment, they won't send you nothing but pictures of some useful household articles—just fifteen pictures."

"Chromos?" asked Bub.

"No, not so good as chromos; just little paper cuts of whatever it is he is selling—stoves perhaps. Stoves are needed at this time of year."

"But we don't need any more than we have already, and pictured stoves are of no possible use."

"Just so; that's where a person is liable to be taken in."

These remarks left me vaguely depressed, not so much on account of the ten cents that had gone to encourage an iniquitous firm as from the fact that the last two words of our departing guest continued to repeat themselves with unpleasant iteration in my ears.

But the next time old Peter called I had the satisfaction of exposing the fallacy of his picture theory.

"My fifteen articles arrived safely last night," I announced.

He evinced no surprise. Some people seem to think it a weakness to be surprised at anything.

"Have to send a dray to the express office after them?" he inquired.

"No—not exactly—but the point I wish to make clear is that I got the things themselves; no pictures of them at all. There are exactly fifteen useful household articles, and each of them is perfect of its kind."

"Um," said Mr. Elderberry, "and they are all, I don't doubt, well worth the price you paid for them. Well, where are your precious household articles? Didn't have to store them in the barn, did you, on account of not having enough room in the house?"

Silently I produced my useful articles—a package of needles, containing exactly fifteen.

Uncle Peter is a generous foe. He examined them critically, and said they seemed to be very good needles. Still it was clear that even in the pride of my new and valuable possessions he did not consider me a person to be envied.

"You see how it is, boys," he said, addressing some of the other members of the family; "it don't pay to be running after strange and seductive advertisements. That's where you're liable to be taken in. Now here's Isabel, who's got middling good judgment in some things, no sooner does she set eyes on this advertisement than she thinks she's going to get half a dozen parlor chairs, a blue satin sofa, nice mahogany table, brand new stove, great big rocking-chair, splendid carpet all covered with flowers, and a complete set of bedroom furniture, and all for ten cents. Now you know that ain't reasonable."

The boys laughed, and I did not think it worth while to explain that my expectations were hardly on so magnificent a scale. Still I am not wholly satisfied with that paper of needles. The only moral I can draw from this true tale is that if a woman wishes to launch out upon the uncertain waters of speculation, it will be just as well for her not to say anything about it to her brothers and neighbors.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

HOUSEHOLD FALLACIES. 9

No. 1.—That a cold is the result of exposure to cold. It is oftener the result of exposure to heat, which if excessive and suddenly followed by an ordinary degree of cold, is much more dangerous than a long ride or walk in the severest weather. It is in spring and fall, when the weather is most changeable, that colds are most prevalent. By breathing the air of unventilated and over-heated rooms, the system may be rendered so debilitated that it will be deeply hurt by winter's rough and jovial thrusts, instead of making merry with him over his frosty yet kindly pleasantries. A cold is nearly always the result of an over-heated body, and this feverish and unnatural condition may be caused by over eating as well as by air-tight rooms. Did you ever know a family in which the children were allowed to eat all sorts of things at all sorts of hours in which "Where is your handkerchief?" was not asked by the mother of these children at least forty-eight times in the twelve hours? The poor younglings had been taught to stuff a cold, and they were not old enough to know that a cold likes mightily to be stuffed and that it grows apace and increases in strength by this means. Any reader of this paper who can successfully pass through the crucial tests of a Christmas and New Year's dinner, with the preliminary and ensuing festivities, without suffering from a cold, a neuralgic attack, a bilious headache, or a fit of the blues (and each of these is merely a flag of distress showing that something—or everything—is wrong within) such a person has either a remarkably strong constitution or—rarer still—he has mastered the difficult art of taking very good care of the one he has. For the ills above enumerated the best cure is to omit a meal or two, take a warm bath and go to bed; and for some days thereafter be willing to err on the side of too great plainness of food.

No. 2.—That it is economy to stint the brain. Many of us who spend money willingly for the sake of being well fed, or well clothed, are quite willing not to be well read. I have known a man to refuse to buy books or subscribe for papers for his growing boys, because there were some old books in the house that they hadn't read. As well might he compel them to wear clothing which, though in good condition, does not fit them in the least. Young brains must be fed, and if they cannot get good food they will by some means or other get bad food. Your boy's thoughts are strongly colored if not wholly controlled by what he reads; if his books are bad his thoughts are bad, and as a man thinketh so is he. Books and periodicals are not luxuries, they are simply food, and as we like some of our food to be fresh, it is poor economy not to take a daily paper. I was talking this matter over with old Peter Elderberry the other day, when he said:—"Taint no use, Miss Bel, no matter how ye fix it. I b'lieve if I'd taken a paper all my life 'twould have been a clear waste. I'd be just as empty now as I was when I begun." This reply greatly amused the youngest boy, who was coming in to dinner. "See here, Peter," said he, "I've eaten dinner every day since I can remember, and I'm just as empty now as when I began. Clear waste, wasn't it?" Old Peter's face slightly relaxed. "You're too smart," said he. "Comes from reading the papers," calmly replied the youngest boy.

No. 3.—That it is lawful (moral law understood) to be sad, silent or indifferent at home. Why should the wife, who has been troubled all day with her ailing children, be obliged to make a fresh effort at night to dissipate the gloom that surrounds her husband? Why should the husband, who has had care and trouble enough in his own work, be met with a long-drawn sigh, deep depression and the cheerful announcement, "Everything has gone wrong all day"? When things go wrong it is the more important that people should go right, and though it is a difficult thing to treat a member of the family with the consideration that we would voluntarily offer to a mere guest, still it is a possible feat and a feat well worth performing. When lowness of spirits, instead of being a temporary affliction, is a continuous blight, then, at whatever cost, the sufferer should be entirely removed from the home and the family and the work to which she has devoted herself for years. What she needs is change of air and scene, change of people and diet, change of action and thought. If the new state of things is an improvement on the old, then will she share the improvement. But if she learns on her journey that other people also have troubles, and that some of them, who have reason to be far more miserable than she, are apparently not miserable at all, then will she return home marvelling within herself that she should ever have given way to unhappiness, or, worse still, have made those she most loved unhappy.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Jan 12 T  
WOMAN'S WORLD.

WARMLY CLAD.

This is bracing weather or shivering weather, according as one is robust or feeble. As my words are written for the benefit of the less vigorous sex, it occurs to me that some of them during these winter months may be suffering from the cold for no other reason than that they believe such suffering to be unavoidable. There are many women not at all to be classed among the poor, who look upon the frosty yet kindly face of winter with fear and dread, because they "feel the cold so much." Their talk is of draughts, and chills, and the thermometer, and California, and they live in shawls. They are semi-invalids, their blood is thin, their faces pale, their feet cold.

Lately I invited a young lady of this sort to ride with me to a town five miles distant, but she protested that she couldn't think of such a thing. The last time she went to town she was "half frozen," and she thought she never would get warm again after it. She did nothing but shiver, and shudder, and shake all the way there and all the way back.

I asked her how much clothing she wore, but on this point she was confident that no improvement could be suggested. She wore flannel next to her person throughout; over this the ordinary linen garments, under waist, flannel skirt and a dress so heavily trimmed she was sure it must be warm. Over that she wore a tight-fitting, fur-edged jacket and a shawl. But it was no use. She would never dare to undertake another ten-mile ride this winter, unless someone could tell her how to do so in comfort.

One woman's extremity is another woman's opportunity. In accordance with my wishes and directions my friend arrayed the upper part of her person in two thicknesses of long-sleeved close (not tight) fitting flannel, and her lower limbs in three thicknesses of the same. The linen garments were discarded as being too cumbersome for the amount of warmth contained in them. A well-fitting underwaist, a single close-clinging crocheted skirt, and an untrimmed flannel dress completed a costume which was neither heavy nor cumbersome, but extremely warm. The shoes and stockings were not particularly thick, but the bottom of the cutter abounded in rugs, with a dark colored blanket to wrap about the ankles. While my young lady was buttoning her sacque, I put about her a large blanket, covered on the outside with a shawl, so as to convey the impression to the vulgar gaze that she really was wrapped in a particularly thick shawl. The buffalo robe was tucked well about us, and we set forth on a journey from which we returned as warm as when we started out.

But at the friend's house, where we stopped on the way, we were bidden to come close to the fire, and told that we must be half frozen, and were supposed to be very vigorous people when we said, "Oh, no, thank you; it's quite like spring outside." However, all the women we saw in sleighs and cutters looked cold, for the reason that they were, in view of the severity of the weather, only half clothed. Farmers' wives and daughters, who spend much of their time in the heated atmosphere of the kitchen, may be seen on any cold day in winter attired in the dress they wore in summer, the jacket they wore in the fall, and with only a thin shawl as an extra defence against the weather. In walking it is not a matter of so much importance, as the rapid motion soon increases the circulation and warms the whole person, but those who ride long distances cannot be too well wrapped up.

Shivering girls and weakly women will find two suits of the thin flannel usually worn by their sex not at all too heavy for comfort, and on going out into the cold an extra amount of flannel should be worn on the lower limbs and as close to them as possible. There is very little warmth and a great deal of weight in the old-fashioned quilted petticoat or in any kind of a skirt that does not cling to the body. It is a fact that many women have proved by experience that for producing a general sensation of warmth an extra garment on the lower limbs is preferable to a heavier one on the shoulders. Ladies who "live in shawls" will please take notice.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

1888  
14 CRUELTY TO PARENTS.

Not long ago a quiet community in a part of Ontario which shall be nameless were unwontedly stirred and excited by the doings of a prodigal son, who arrived late and unexpectedly one night from nobody knew where, celebrated his return on the spur of the moment by beating his father, a mild and inoffensive old gentleman, with a rough stick, and departed before daylight with only this strange remark to explain his conduct:—"There, now you see what it's like to be pounded by somebody stronger than yourself. That's the way you used to treat me, and I've always said I'd get even with you some time."

Public opinion, of course, ran high against the son. It was true that as a boy he had been treated harshly and driven away from home by his father, whose character had undergone a marked change of late years, but why should he harbor feelings of revenge on that account? Lots of other boys had been treated harshly and driven from their homes. In fact, the old-fashioned theory was that if the rod was spared the boy would be spoiled. This was said by people who apparently did not know that when the rod is not spared the boy's home life and his recollections of home happiness are infallibly spoiled. Others of a facetious turn objected to the way in which the revenge was taken and said that a better method would have been for the son to bring home to the old man a spiteful daughter-in-law who would have made his remaining days miserable, or a worthless grandson who would have brought his grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave. But the majority, with the majority's usual indifference to the long-continued refinement of cruelty, and its customary indignation at a sudden coarse manifestation of it, decided that the prodigal must be a son of the evil one, not considering that this statement rather reflected upon the character of the old man, whom they were eager to defend and befriend.

We frequently hear of cases of wife-beating and child-beating, but the fact that there is no such word as parent-beating shows that there is no need as yet to inveigh against the atrocious crime.

Nevertheless parents are often cruelly treated, not by their children, but by those who were their children twenty or thirty or forty years ago. If there were not so large an element of brutality in our civilisation there would be more pity and tenderness for childhood—the first childhood and the second childhood—the two extremes of life in which we have less sense and more sensibility than during our adult years.

The aged, like the young, are seldom the objects of direct cruelty—they are simply overlooked, set aside, ignored. Their opinions are not consulted, or if consulted are not held to be of much weight; their suggestions are smiled at, their fears pronounced foolishness, their wishes unheeded. "Grandma is real nice," said a young girl to me lately, "but in some things she is getting to be a regular old nuisance." It is hard to sympathise with a period of life of which we have had no experience. It would be a great blessing to some middle-aged people if they could be really old for a few days or a week—just long enough to find out for themselves what a cheerless thing it is to have outgrown one's importance as well as one's usefulness. Such a person would soon learn that it is pleasanter on the whole to remain in ignorance of the subject of conversation, at the risk of being considered churlish, than by asking for an explanation to bring to his deafened ears a loudly-shouted, snappish or short reply. He would find it preferable to rise in time for breakfast after a sleepless night, rather than incur the charge of being lazy, and he would rather eat what disagrees with him than be denounced as very hard to suit. He has no friends of his own sort, as they long ago passed to the undiscovered country, and he has no home, but lives among his married sons and daughters, considered by them an interloper, or a burden, or a person whose property is likely to be left to those who please him most, or, except in rare cases, one who is served from a sense of duty, not from a sense of pleasure.

The only cure for this deplorable state of things is for the elderly parent to retain possession of his or her home to the last, no matter how devoted the sons may be nor how self-sacrificing the daughters. It is possible that the sons-in-law and daughters-in-law may not be as agreeable. At any rate, as master or mistress in one's own house, it is scarcely possible to be set aside or otherwise ill-treated. It is pitiful to see the father or mother of a prosperous grown-up family reduced to the position of a dependent in the homes of their next of kin.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

7 CONCERNING FUNERALS.

One of the most dispiriting things in life is the dread of death. This has no reference to the fear of supernatural horrors which, so far as has been observed, exerts a profoundly depressing influence only upon those of active imaginations and sympathies. Consider the good, kind-hearted, prosaic people that we meet with every day, who are righteously resigned to the dogma that most of our fellow creatures will ultimately depart to that bourne from which every traveller will be most anxious to return. Does the contemplation of this awful fate stretch them upon a perpetual rack of anguish? By no means. Even you, my dear madam, active, philanthropist and earnest Christian worker that you are, even you, if you were told in one moment that a single human soul since the world began had gone to an eternity of torment, and in the next second were informed that your newest dress had been ruined by an accident, would not your first sharp pang of regret be caused by the light affliction which is but for a moment? Ah, well, it doesn't do to inquire too curiously into these matters. One of the ripest fruits of Christian endeavor is the ability to be perfectly honest with ourselves.

The idea of death from a merely material point of view is sufficiently unpleasant. Do you ever think and shudder at the thought of "the whispering, crowded room," the people who come to pay their "last respects," who would a great deal rather stay away, and those who have no respects to pay, but a good deal of curiosity to indulge; the worldly faces and worldly talk jarring so painfully and so helplessly upon those beautiful words about the silver cord and the golden bowl; the odd feeling that the real grief which afflicts your family might have been prevented had you only been a burden instead of a comfort to them; and that other odd feeling that your own wholesome outward and visible self could ever be that uncanny object, by common consent, called "the remains." Any one who has ever in imagination attended her own funeral will sincerely wish to spare her relatives and friends the unpleasant duty of attending it in person.

There are awful things connected with funerals—things that would make "the remains" turn a shade paler than they are, could they be cognizant of them. There are people who whisper instead of speaking in a low, natural tone, or, what is better, remaining silent in that sympathetic silence that is farthest from indifference. There is the horrible old aunt from the country, who will say, "Well, poor thing, she's out of her pain, and you have not got the bother of waiting on her; good for her and good for you." There are desperate characters who will figure on the cost of coffin and carriages, and other who will desecrate the sanctity of flowers by arranging them in stiff, lifeless masses for ornamental or sentimental purposes. There are idiots who lift up their innocent, tender children that they may look into the fearful face of death. There are forms and ceremonies which do coldly furnish forth the house of mourning and desolation. There are those who sympathise and don't show it, and those who don't care much and do show it. There is that unpreventable commingling of the things of time with those of eternity, which makes the bravest shrink.

I think of adding a few clauses to my will (every woman over twenty-one possessing property to the value of one dollar or more should make a will) which may be called the "last wishes." I notice a person's last wishes are generally treated with respect, and carried out if possible. The first "last wish" will be:—

Wear no mourning garments. Color is a source of consolation not to be despised.

Black skies, black looks and black "mourning goods" are equally depressing. Even if black were a cheerful tint the wearing of it by all the members of a family in affliction is a senseless fashion, and fashion should have nothing to do with real grief.

Second—Bring no flowers—unless a few wild ones, or a bunch of apple blossoms, or a handful of dandelions. The costlier a flower is the less flower-like it seems. When death and lucre meet face to face how horrible their countenances are distorted.

Third—Buy no tombstone. It is such an ugly thing. However worthless a life "the remains" may have led, don't insult them with that marble abomination. Nature does her best to hide her myriad graves. Every spring she teaches the lesson of the resurrection and the life. Those who will not be remembered without the aid of a monument will not be remembered at all.

Fourth—Write no obituary poetry. Any one who violates this rule will (in all probability) be haunted by a ghost of so fiercely denunciatory an appearance that the very ink on the criminal's writing table will dry up with fright, and each particular pen and lead pencil stand on end with horror.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

ST. MUNGO.

## BEAUTIFUL AT SIXTY.

THE PRICE WOMEN PAY FOR A DEFORMED WAIST.

The Discipline of Lacing—Laziness Leans on Whalebones—The Great Possibilities of Physical Culture—Bel Thistlethwaite Talks to her Sisters in Plain English.

Miss Mabel Jenness, a younger sister of Mrs. Jenness-Miller, the famous dress reformer, is credited with saying that no woman is at fault who is not beautiful at sixteen, but any woman not beautiful at sixty has herself to blame. This young lady is herself a fine illustration of the value of physical education. While the older sister has devoted herself to evolving beautiful garments, the younger one has employed her powers in the even more praiseworthy work of evolving the beautiful woman who is to wear the garments, and she has succeeded admirably. Miss Jenness' figure has been lavishly praised. She is said to bring one back to the freedom and grace of the ancient ideals, and to have a form nearly perfect in outline; and yet she measures 27 inches around the waist. This is clearly a contradiction of terms. A beautiful form, as we have all been taught, is produced, not by expansion, but contraction, and consists primarily in a waist of eighteen or twenty inches.

TO ACHIEVE THIS WAIST the body must be laced in until the shoulders are warped forward, the shoulderblades made protuberant, the hips and abdomen grossly exaggerated, the person and gait rendered stiff and inelastic, the complexion sallow, the health in every case injured, in many cases ruined. This looks like a large price to pay for a deformed waist; but never mind! The deformed waist is beautiful—there is no doubt of that—and if round shoulders and protruding abdomen are not altogether lovely, still, knowing that they are the natural concomitants of a ridiculously small waist, their essential ugliness is nullified by proximity to a nineteen-inch belt.

It is really dispiriting to any woman of refinement to hear that Miss Mabel has a full throat and perfect chest, supple waist, straight, elastic figure, and "a firm, smooth skin that looks as if it belonged to a woman, and not to a bundle of aches and pains." What right has this young person to any excellency of form when she refuses to wear corsets? What does it profit a woman if she have not a bone the outline of which is visible, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, not a flabby muscle, if she has shirked the necessary discipline of being

### LACED HALF TO DEATH?

Miss Jenness puts her faith in light gymnastics, and believes that regular daily practice in them, with special reference to the defects or weak points of the body, will result in physical perfection. She recommends the girl whose throat is a scrawny collection of bones and hollows to spend ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes in the afternoon in various head exercises—bending it backward as far as it will go, then forward, dropping it first on the right shoulder, then on the left, bending it diagonally backwards and forwards, making it describe a circle repeatedly, and lastly drawing a full breath, and holding it just below the throat, where bones and hollows most do congregate. Thin arms should go through Indian club movements above the head, and also stretched out straight in front, should be turned with muscular vigor, palms up, then backs of the hands up, and so again and again. She declares that she once was ugly in shape, awkward in motion and distressingly thin, and that simply by intelligent self-training and strength of will she has become what she is. She ate coarse bread, grains and fruit, and drank new milk before retiring. Then she gave herself poise and suppleness by the practice of such motions as

### STANDING ON ONE FOOT,

while the other leg was swung slowly in a circle, revolving on the hip, without bending the knee and by regular exercise of all the muscles of the body freely and without heavy apparatus. Her remedy for obesity consists of the same exercises recommended for thinness, salt water bathing, with vigorous rubbing of the body, and the development of strength to bring it into manageable and pleasing proportions. If the superfluous flesh were firm and strong, instead of being soft and flabby, it would not be a disadvantage, as it is bad proportions and not mere bigness that constitute ugliness. "But," says Miss Jenness, "I have known a stout woman whose abdomen was thrown out until she looked as if she had a tumor, in a week's time, just by correct standing, make herself as flat as I am." Most women are too indolent to stand correctly. In trying to hold themselves erect they throw the shoulders back and the whole lower part of the body below the waist forward in an ugly curve. The perfect posture demands that the person be poised forward until the weight falls upon the balls of the feet instead of the heels, the chest is lifted high and the head drawn back, the shoulderblades and abdomen are perfectly flat.

In women of thirty-five and forty there is often

### A HEAVINESS AND BAGGINESS

of flesh about the hips, which according to fashion writes is an unassailable reason why they should wear corsets. This unwieldiness is attributed by Miss Jenness to indolence in the sitting position. "Laziness leans on whalebones." Correct sitting, involving as it does the development of the body-muscles, is the best means of preserving the figure. The chest should be held up always, the body bending from the hips, never from the waist line. Leaning from the hips does not injure the figure, but to drop, to "slump," is pernicious. By keeping the line from the bust down straight by the support of one's own muscles, these muscles will in two months' time be educated into taking unconsciously the place of springs and steels.

Miss Jenness is a beautiful example of the truth of her own doctrines. Her waist measures twenty-seven inches, bust thirty-six inches, arm thirteen inches. She believes that hygiene will give any woman a perfectly healthful, graceful body, a bright color and sparkling eyes. In June she goes abroad to lecture on physical culture in England.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## THE CAREER OF A CLOCK.

It is a small affair, not so large as a prize apple but heavier. It came into my possession in boarding-school days, and as it had an alarm attachment then it was in great favor with those girls, the goal of whose ambition was "not attained by sudden flight, but who while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night." My own preference on a bleak winter morning is for "sudden flight," and I often wished that my room-mate, who began to "toil upward" at four o'clock on a February morn, could be induced to fly away and be at rest. It was of no use to remind her that in order to work well before breakfast, one should always eat breakfast first. One evening the alarm was set for two instead of four a.m., and the unconscious victim of the joke put no confidence in the clock thereafter. "The alarm part is certainly out of order," she said. By the middle of June it became painfully clear to even my partial heart that "the alarm part" was getting beyond control. One warm day the doors being open between the parlor on one side of the hall, and a recitation room on the other, it began to alarm just as I was asked a question in history which I could not answer. In the horrible din that ensued, my silence was taken for mortification at the unseemly behaviour of my protegee, and my ignorance was unsuspected. Thus it will be seen that even a mere machine may be a humble instrument for good.

When I went to keep house for two of my brothers in a city less than a thousand miles from here, instead of smothering the clock in a trunk I carried it in a tiny covered basket. The first greetings were no sooner over than it began to alarm, and as the people whom we passed on the street gazed at us in some astonishment, I explained that it was my alarm clock. "Does it often act like this?" asked the boys, and I was obliged to confess that it was getting unmanageable. You couldn't wind it up without winding the alarm part too, and you never could tell when it would "go off." Another peculiarity it had was that of hitching itself forward when it alarmed. This habit came pretty nearly being the death of it, as it was placed on a small bracket, whence oftentimes in the ardor of alarming it plunged wildly forward upon the table below and rolled helplessly about. No sooner was it set back upon the two brass pins, which served it as feet, then it took up the alarm at the point where it was interrupted and finished it with entire equanimity. This should teach us the importance of finishing what we begin, no matter how adverse circumstances may be. If this true narrative cannot boast of a moral here and there it will have nothing to commend it to public notice.

These gyrations when they were confined to private life did not trouble us much, but I couldn't help being annoyed the morning when a friend and I were cosily eating lunch at the side table, and with only a preliminary whir, whir, rattle, rattle, bang, bang! that miserable clock dashed wildly down into the butter dish. My friend said she did not care for a clock that had such pushing ways. She preferred one that knew its place and kept it.

One afternoon I was absent from home an hour or two and did not return till dusk. Missing the usual rapid, insistent tick, tack, tick, tack, I looked on the bracket, and then on the table beneath, but my clock was not to be found. I suspected the boys of putting into execution their oft-repeated threat of throwing it into Lake Ontario, but they solemnly affirmed their innocence, and one of them read aloud for my comfort that sweetly pathetic poem entitled "Passing Away."

But how true it is that what we cannot find in the evening we are apt to bring to light with the dust brush in the morning. My little clock was safe under the table, where it had rolled after falling from the bracket the afternoon previous, and no sooner did it find itself on its feet than it

EUREKA  
HIGGINS  
Can afford to be without  
NO BUTTERMAKER  
MONTREAL  
Corner Nazareth and Brennan streets,  
etc., etc.

HOT WEATHER HINTS.

"I have one rule," observed a stout gentleman recently, "for getting over the hot weather comfortably, and that is contained in two little words—eat less. This rule is neither troublesome nor expensive, and for warding off much of the discomfort of the so-called heated term it is nearly infallible. I usually begin to put it in force during the first warm days of spring, and it takes the place of the patent medicines so popular at that season. Later on I enforce it more rigidly, and in the almost unendurable heats of summer I find my comfort increases in inverse ratio to the amount of food eaten."

The authority of a weighty person upon a subject which affects him and his like more than any other class in the community is not to be despised and his dictum has the best of reasons for its existence. The chief office of food is to create heat, and at a time of year in which a superfluity of this commodity is already created it is the part of wisdom to avoid willfully adding to the amount. For any one to eat the same quantity at a dinner table in June that he would during the same meal in January is equivalent to wearing a heavy overcoat in summer because it was customary to do so in winter. The heated faces, vibrating fans and the frequent demands for cooling drinks which meet us on every hand testify not so much to the warmth of the weather without as to the degree of internal combustion, proportioned to the daily amount of food. Experience is, of course, the best guide in the matter, but when any meal is followed by a sense of heaviness, dulness, drowsiness or increased heat it is an indication that the hints of experience have not been heeded.

Another pair of words which, if obeyed, may be relied upon to reduce the temperature on even the hottest day are "keep cool." They refer to mental conditions, but the beneficial influence of the mind over the body is nowhere more marked than when the former is kept in its natural cool, untroubled and breezy state. There are people who say, "I couldn't help being annoyed"; "It was impossible not to be angry"; "It worried me continually, and I couldn't put it out of my mind"; but unless these people are from five to eight years of age we can hardly accept their sayings for literal statements of fact. By the aid of a disciplined will one can always help being annoyed and angry, and there are fanatics who affirm that a troublesome thought can be thrust from the mind as quickly and completely as a piece of furniture can be taken from a room. There are unfortunate recollections, suggestions, anticipations, which, if they are not thus summarily dealt with, are apt to gain complete control over a domain which should be governed by the intellect, not the instincts.

Two more little words which readily come to mind as another relief for summer sufferers are, "bathe often." One would think that people in sultry weather would take to water as naturally and gratefully as thirsty fields welcome a shower, but a great many of them don't. Some of those whose eyes rest upon these lines take their morning bath as regularly as their breakfast, and others indulge in it about as often as they take a trip in a balloon. There are not a few men who, after working all day in the hay or harvest field, are capable of retiring to rest at night in the same drenched and reeking shirt in which their labors were performed, though every parched and aching pore cries for mercy. No one else could be cruel enough to deny them what they unthinkingly and habitually deny themselves—a pail of water and a few yards of unbleached cotton, dry and clean. Every farmer's wife who does not possess a bathroom should see to it that a bath-house is built—it may be, of only a few rough boards, at a convenient distance from the cistern. It may be open at the top, fastened on the inside, and cheaply furnished, with a bench supporting a common tin wash-basin, sponge, soap and plenty of coarse towels. On the opposite side several nails should be driven for the clothing of the chance occupant. If the tired women and grimy men of the family seldom use it we may be sure that every play-worn little child in the place will let no evening pass without washing off the dust and fatigue of the day.

But the two small words which have the most alluring and inspiring effect upon the feminine mind at this season of the year are—need I conceal it?—ice cream. On this subject I would gladly dilate, but the recollections it calls up would probably be too painful for most readers. Men, alas! do not feel as we do on this matter. They will spend, dear knows how many dollars for self-binders or reapers or something of that sort, but not a cent for the sweet saucer that cools the blood and not impoverishes the pocket. I have heard it said that one man actually told the lady of his affection that ice cream was bad for her, but this is not believable.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

GOVERNING CHILDREN BY FEAR.

It would be well for the race if parents, like poets, were dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love; to which should certainly be added the fear of fear. Children suffer in many ways, unknown to or uncomprehended by their elders, but in no way more than through fright. The only antidote for fear is knowledge, and this the small people who began to make investigations in this mysterious world only a few years ago cannot be expected to possess. They are sometimes frightened in joke, and for the sake of making them objects of amusement to their seniors—one of the most senseless and cruel things imaginable—but the way in which they are most often terrified is by threats of punishment. "Come here," says the young mother to her baby daughter. The child pays no attention. "Come to mamma," she says again. No response. "Do you hear me? Come this instant!" Another pause. "Shall mamma whip?" The little girl seemed as if coolly measuring the probabilities, and inclining to the opinion that it was very unlikely mamma would do anything of the kind. The mother after repeated threats slapped the little hands till they were red. The child sobbed and trembled but refused to move. More physical torture, and still more, till the little one was ignominiously forced to yield through the basest of all motives, fear. Her self-respect was seriously injured, and she was disgraced and humiliated at the hands of her own mother.

But children must be taught to obey. Yes; a loving obedience, not a fearing and hating one. There is nothing more brutal than brute strength, and when it is exercised by one person upon another, and when that other is incomparably the weaker of the two, and the one whom of all the world should be nearest and dearest to his tormentor, the thing is most monstrous. This opinion is in no degree modified by the conduct of a two-year-old girl recently left in my care. I had taken her by the hand, led her to a table on which reposed a number of books, and repeated the words "mustn't touch" with great solemnity and earnestness. A few minutes later, discovering in her possession a small red volume, whose color had commended itself to her taste, I asked her to bring it to me. She understood me perfectly, but refused to move. I repeated the request at intervals of a moment or two, trying to speak in a tone of voice as dispassionate and yet as earnest as possible. She looked uneasy and troubled, and at last brought me another book with a most winning little smile. I womanfully overcame the temptation to kiss her, and sent her back with the book, repeating my request for the little red book. She tried to divert her mind with her playthings, to go into another room, to relapse into abstraction, but still there sounded the request for the little red book. She then seized the little red book and flung it at my feet. I asked her to come and pick it up. If she had been older I could have explained to her why it was necessary for every one—large people as well as small ones—to learn to obey. But she was too young for that, and so the poor little soul had the battle all to herself. She yielded at last, not from fear, but simply from the pressure of a stronger will. The book was accepted with thanks as a matter of course, and nothing more was said about the affair, but there has been no difficulty with her since to induce a ready and cheerful obedience.

This plan is spoken of here on account of its rarity, for it is by no means a novelty. More than once I have heard middle-aged people say, "I never dreamed of disobeying my mother, and yet she never lifted a finger against me. One look was sufficient." In this look there would be neither threatening—which degrades the child—nor appeal—which degrades the mother—but it is safe to say that there would be a resistless influence. Moral coercion is the best substitute for physical force, and if the process is lengthy and exhausting it is the more surely efficacious. The great point is that the child shall not for one moment be allowed to think that it is unloved, humiliated or triumphed over, or allowed to disobey. It should not be hurried, scolded or expostulated with, but it should be strongly and continuously impressed with the fact that there is something it must do at its very earliest convenience, and until that moment arrives it will not be comfortable. The request must be repeated in a serious, quiet and earnest tone of voice, and the attention as much as possible kept upon the child. The impression made by one mind upon another as in this method, is a thousand times stronger than the impression made by one hand upon another as in slapping, and any child is benefited by being psychologized instead of spanked. A parent is hated in proportion as he is feared, and the children governed by fear are simply being taught to be hateful, cunning and deceitful.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

A LOST RACE.

There used to be a most interesting race of creatures inhabiting this earth, which are now unhappily almost extinct. They became unfashionable and so they "went out." They were the sweetest and most lovable things imaginable, and I for one have often regretted that fashion did not approve of them. Perhaps, who knows, they may "come in" again. Seven years I believe is the allotted time for any article which has become wholly outlandish to be once more just the thing, but this lost race is an exception to the rule, as it has kept on steadily "going out" for at least the last dozen years. There used to be a specimen, sometimes more than one, in very many of the homes in our land, but they are uncommonly rare nowadays.

I refer to the race of little girls. There are plenty of girl babies, and, according to all accounts, an alarming overplus of young ladies, but where are the little girls? And why have the brief years between infancy and young ladyhood been narrowed down to the alleged size of our Canadian literature? It is superfluous to tell us that boys will be boys. We realise the fact every time we hear one of the member stamp the snow off his boots, and yell back at his comrades through the open door, "Bully for you, Jonesy!" Why does not some equally good authority assure us that girls will be girls? Clearly because they will not be girls. The blame should not rest on them, but on their mothers. It is wicked to immerse children under twelve years of age in the conventionalities of artificial life; yet very soon after a little girl is able to walk alone she is taught that to be beautifully dressed is one of the two chief aims of life, and to receive attention is the other.

It may be a pretty sight, as some mothers assert, to see a little thing of four or five swathed in silks and laces, and almost staggering under the weight of a huge sash, but to thinking people it is a depressing sight. It will be bad enough twenty years hence for the tiny brain to be added by the vanities of society, but to deliberately dwarf the powers of mind and body by a senseless style of dressing, is a criminal act, that can be excused only on the hypothesis that the mother is as ignorant as the child.

Whatever may be the advantages of being a young lady for twenty years at a stretch, it is a sad deprivation to lose an entire childhood out of one's life. Think of it, ye mothers who bend wearily over the unnecessarily intricate work connected with your little girls' wardrobe. Think what it must be never to have known a time when you wore flannel frocks in winter and long-sleeved linen pinafores in summer; when you romped under the trees in the back yard, or swung in the barn, or played that you were a missionary among the heathen, your younger brothers and sisters being the heathen and mightily in need of regeneration, too; when you teased the cook to let you "help" her with her work until, goaded to desperation and unable to devise surer means of getting rid of you, she exclaimed, "Yer ma said you was to do as I told you and I forbid you to leave this kitchen!" And then how quickly you vanished! Do you suppose that the confections so daintily served to your little ones at the children's parties they attend are half as delicious to them as was to you the "ice cream" you used to make by stirring new-fallen snow into well-sweetened milk till it was thick and flavoring it with grated orange peel?

The little girls of to-day imitate not only the dress and deportment of their frivolous elders, but their language also. The simplest statements are prefaced with "Don't you think" and "Would you believe," and the subjects upon which their conversation turns are described as lovely or ghastly, simply disgusting or perfectly exquisite. The conspiracy against girlhood is widespread and formidable, and it is only by the resolute example of intelligent parents that the evil can be overthrown. If hearts must be poisoned and minds dwarfed let it not be the hearts and minds of little girls, whose lives should be kept ideally sweet and simple and pure.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.



A STORY OF A MORNING.

One day a short time ago the presiding genius of the kitchen having departed and her mistress scarcely able to rise from a sick bed, it devolved upon me to "run the domestic machine," as my brothers, the Thistlethwaite boys, are wont to word it. I never could see the appropriateness of the phrase, as nearly all the housework has to be done, not by machinery, but with one's own red right hand. On this particular morning, though I arose three hours before the usual time, one of the boys was already making the porridge, so nothing remained for me to do but set the table, make the coffee, cut some thin slices of cold boiled ham and place heaping dishes of raspberries and cream at both ends of the table. However, the breakfast was a failure, for the sun was as the sun of noonday, a withering breeze stole in, and the lady from Ohio, who with her four children is visiting us, said she was disappointed; she had expected that my contributions to the household department of my home would have been original at least, and this breakfast had nothing characteristic about it. Stung by this reproach I determined to invent a new way of washing the dishes. The old laborious method is to make one operation of gathering up the dishes, another operation of washing them. My method combines both so happily that by the time the table is cleared the dishes are done. Instead of piling plates and cups in regular order with the smallest on top, I first carried the spoons, forks and glasses to the kitchen, washed, wiped and put them away; then came back for the cups and saucers, which immediately received a similar treatment, and made a last journey for the knives and plates. This plan was greatly admired by the household cats, who took advantage of one of the five-minute absences from the dining-room to mount the table and dispose of the rest of the sliced ham.

After the sweeping, dusting and upstairs work was done I asked the five younger boys if they would go with me to pick peas for dinner. They said that would be "elegant sport," and so with a great deal of noise we all went down the lane to the far gate, and branched off to the garden patch. These boys range in ages from fourteen next January to five next June, but in some things they are curiously alike. One of them burnt his hand a few years ago, and since then he has never been able to pick peas. Another fell out of the waggon the other day and stood on his head "nearly five minutes," which makes it very painful for him to pick peas. Another had a splinter in his foot, which made it necessary for him to assume a sitting posture at once, and pick only such peas as grew within his reach. A Yorkville boy, who is a cousin of the Thistlethwaites, said there was nothing the matter with him, but he didn't want to pick. The Toronto boy, who lives on Spadina avenue and goes to Upper Canada College, began to pick with energy, and said he wouldn't disgrace the governor by making such silly excuses.

"Who's that?" inquired one of the children.

"Why, my pa, of course. All the Upper Canada College boys call their fathers the governor."

"I call my pa Jimmy," said the Yorkville boy, with the air of one who is not to be put down by apparent superiorities.

"Well, you see 'twould be no use for me, because my o'd est br'ther has the same name as papa, and people wouldn't think I meant him."

This profound conversation was broken in upon by the rattle of passing wheels, and the old farmer who was driving past stopped his horse a moment to say:—

"Now, when my wife picks peas she always picks them in the cool of the evening."

This sort of a remark always irritates me, but I answered respectfully that if they had any cool of the evening down their way and would send it up we would be glad to pick in it. This set a bad example to the children, for the Toronto boy immediately asked him what it was like to be cool in the evening; the Yorkville boy said, "Boys, here's a man who pretends to be cool in the evening;" and the Ohio youths shrieked, "Good-bye Mr. Cool-in-the-Evening!" This perhaps will teach him that people working under a hot sun are not to be trifled with.

After shelling the peas and making a pudding the ardor of achievement abated, and I was fain to retire from the scene of action, but there were beets and potatoes to be made ready for boiling. The beet is the sensitive plant of the garden. It will never submit to being skinned alive. The potato manifests its resentment by staining the fingers of its persecutor a dull brown. All of these things had to be kept sizzling, or steaming, or bubbling or baking and were apt to boil over or burn, according to the amount of water on them. Frequent journeyings had to be made to the woodpile and the far well—the near well having succumbed to the weather. Then the table had to be set, and the Yorkville boy, who had been throwing clods of clay at the berry-pickers and calling it elegant sport was given an opportunity to see how well fitted I was "to warn, to comfort, to command." As the lecture was concluded the chief of the berry-pickers came in, fanning himself with his hat, and addressed the erring one thus:—"See here, young fellow, I wish you had attended my school in the days when I taught school. We'd have had some elegant sport, I assure you." At this the other pickers all laugh, and then groan and berate the weather. They ask the Yorkville boy what he's going to do now that clay clods are forbidden, and are told that green apples will do first rate. I haven't time to explain to him that they won't do at all, for the bad quarter of an hour before dinner is at its worst. Everything on the stove has reached the culminating point, and must be drained, and salted, and kept hot, or set to cool. There is bread to cut and gravy to make, the butter and cream left in the cellar till the last moment must be brought up, and oh, I can't send any one of those tired, heated people for a pail of fresh water. In spite of myself I am getting nervous, and the Thistlethwaite boys as they dry their faces on the rolling towel take pleasure in quoting some admirable sentiments recently published in these columns against the folly of fussing and flurry in domestic matters. As though it was ever as easy to practise as it is to preach! At last they are all at the table, and I am about to make a flying visit to the far well, when I encounter the Toronto boy coming in, unsought, unsent, with a brimming pail of water. "Oh," I exclaim, "that is too heavy for you!" "No, indeed," he responds with a laugh; "it is elegant sport." There is something rather nice about that Upper Canada College boy.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

PECULIARITIES OF SPEECH.

It used to be said that the natives of New England could be easily recognised by the simple expedient of inducing them to pronounce the name of that part of the country. They seldom fail to pronounce New England, Noo England; and dew, doo; and stew, stoo. But the inhabitants of other States are not free from the fault. One of them in speaking of it lately referred to "your pretty Canadian fashion of pronouncing 'new'" so that it forms a perfect rhyme to "cue." This lady calls stupid, stoopid, not from inability to pronounce it correctly, for she never calls Cupid, Coopid, but simply because she thinks it strange, or perhaps a little affected, to say stew-pid. It is difficult to make grew and blew rhyme perfectly with few; yet this is the pronunciation adopted by the best elocutionists. I heard one lately, in describing the flight of a bird, use the simple words, "And he flew, and flew, and flew"; and knew not whether to admire most, the look and gesture and intonation which in one magical moment carried one's mind as far as the bird had flown, or the delicately correct pronunciation of the word flew.

The Yankee girl, who is so tired "going raound about daown taown," provokes a smile, but it was a young lady from the sunny South who, in the course of a dramatic reading, changed the words, "Howl, howl, howl!" to "Haowl, haowl, haowl!" thereby producing a howling burst of applause from her audience. Even some undoubted English people, who pride themselves on never speaking the American language, show a marked reluctance to cope with the broad sound of ow. They don't exactly say caow and graound, but they certainly introduce the sound of a before that of o in such words.

The total neglect of the letter r by numbers of our people is frequently commented on. It is equally common in Noo Yawk, Vuhmont and various other States, and in most cases seems to be an unconscious habit wholly unaffected. Still, when a good housewife talks of her constant "wahfah with out," one has to go through the mental act of translation to understand that she is referring to her warfare with dirt; and such direful words as harm and storm, not to speak of dagger and murder seem robbed of half their terrors by the substitution of ah or aw for the objectionable r.

It is to be hoped that we Canadian women have retained much of the reverence shown by our English foremothers for the proprieties of language. Not all can have a sweet voice, but a soft voice is attainable by every one. Even bad grammar, and mispronounced words, and queer provincialisms are turned to music by a gently-speaking and softly-modulated voice. Were you ever wakened from an afternoon nap by the conversation carried on in the next room, and did you notice the effect on your newly-roused mind? The words are indistinguishable but if the sounds are those of gabbling, cackling and giggling, what a gloom it casts over the occasion. You wish you had kept on sleeping. If, on the other hand, there are minor cadences of speech, whether grave or gay, and rippling interludes of laughter, you are glad to wake in a world of pleasant sounds, and make haste to rise and join the group, whose company is evidently so well worth the seeking.

What shall be said about grammar? A very common violation of one of its rules is shown in such sentences as "All this was done for you and I." "Let Jennie and I help you." "He gave the apples to Fred and I." These statements are quite as correct as if they were written, "All this was done for I," "Let I help you," "He gave the apples to I." The first personal pronoun is sufficiently overworked already without imposing any of the duties of the objective case upon it.

The proper use of I and me, of he and him, who and whom, shall and will, can be thoroughly taught only in childhood and youth. The mature mind is eminently unteachable. Either it is not "enamored of perfection," or else it chafes at the inferiority implied in a willingness to be taught. The desire to set other people right is strong, but generally the objection of other people to be set right is equally strong. This is unfortunate but true. To prove it select an article on common errors in speech, and read it aloud to the acquaintance most in need of its hints. The result will be sleepy indifference or open disdain.

In conclusion let me quote that pathetic adjuration from Dr. Holmes, which surely is less needed in this country than in his own:—"Don't, let me beg you, don't say how for what!"

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

MON JUNE 12

GOOD LOOKS AND GOOD HEALTH.

It is possible for a woman to be a tower of strength and have a complexion like a nutmeg grater, and, on the other hand, we have all known feminine frames reduced to the last degree of thinness and weakness made beautiful by the light of the beautiful soul within; but as a rule a woman looks best when she feels best. Nature is the greatest tell-tale alive, and if you have a sentimental affection of the heart, or a no less unmanageable affection of the stomach, she will compel you to proclaim it to an unsympathetic world, by means of your eyes and the tones of your voice. It is only the incomparably tough and lovely heroines of romance, who can continue to smile and be the gayest of the gay, when the fair structure of their lives is falling in ruins about them. The ordinary woman cannot pass a single sleepless night without showing that she feels like a loaf of bread from which the yeast has been omitted.

Seeing, then, that we are continually though unconsciously telling everyone around us the latest news about ourselves, does it not behoove us to have good news to tell? Sometimes your nearest neighbor in a street car will tell you, not verbally, but in a way far more convincing, that she had pancakes for breakfast, or that her baths are limited to fifty-two a year, perhaps even less, or that her clothes closet is never aired, or that she believes the use of soap to be injurious to the complexion. It is the little bit of white space—or rather of space that ought to be white—just behind her ears, which enlightens you as to her peculiar views on the subject of soap. There are a few women who are able to confront a frowning world with unwashed faces, upon which are periodically dabbed moistened oatmeal, or almond meal, or cold cream, but one can't help wondering what they do with the openings of their ears, and eyes, and noses. These are trifles, no doubt, but a lady is known by her attention to trifles, and by the exquisite cleanliness that characterises every detail of her person and dress.

Aside from the improvement in looks and comfort that arises from a thorough daily bath with soap and water, it has the very best influence on the health, and this in turn shows itself in the appearance. The good looks which are the result of perfect health are as easy and as difficult to secure as a good education. Neither physical culture nor mental culture is a thing of brief achievement, but both are abundantly worth while. It is as possible to walk five or six miles every day as it is to learn how to spell, and if incapacity for outdoor exercise were held to be as disgraceful as inability to read, we would be healthier women than we are.

The wives and daughters of our acquaintance who are perfectly sound in health—who never have anything the matter with them—may be counted on the thumbs of both hands. How I hope that this assertion may bring forth a letter of indignant denial from some fair unknown, who will protest that she is acquainted with at least twenty or thirty women in superlatively good physical condition. When one makes a melancholy statement with regard to one's own beloved sex one likes to be contradicted and put in the wrong. It is to be feared that most of us are not yet sufficiently enlightened to realise that disease is for the most part preventible, and that the science of health is as easily mastered as the science of botany or astronomy. We take an intellectual pleasure in tracing effects from causes, yet we fail to see the connection between strong coffee and headache, indoor life and general debility, sunless rooms and leaden complexions.

The secret of good health and its accompanying good looks, if it could be compressed into a single word, would, I think, be purity. It is pure air for the lungs, pure water for the skin, pure food for the stomach, pure thoughts in the head, pure love in the heart.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

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COUNTRY PARLORS.

A "bran-new" housekeeper, signing herself "Anxious Nellie," who has adopted some hints recently dropped in these columns on halls and their furnishing, would like some further suggestions as to the rest of the house, and in particular the parlor. "How shall we furnish our parlors this spring?" is the question asked by this correspondent, who, though living in the country, would like to know all about "the styles," and confesses to a true feminine fondness for pretty things.

So many vials of wrath have been poured upon the old-fashioned way of furnishing country parlors, that by this time it has penetrated to the remotest inaccessibility of "Way Back" that the one thing more deplorable than a horsehair sofa is a marble-topped table; that a staring wall paper and a glaring carpet are companions in crime; that a slippery chair, or a chair that affords no support to the small of your back, and has no mercy on the large of your back, ought to be turned into kindling wood; and that one had better have no ornaments at all than to have them matching each other—one meaningless little grimerack at the end or in the middle of one-half the mantel, exactly resembling another meaningless little grimerack at the other end or in the middle of the other half of the same.

But there are other crimes against good taste which should be guarded against. One is the practice of covering parlor walls with family portraits. The proper place for these is in a less public room, where their peculiarities of feature may not subject them to the indifferent or cynical scrutiny of the newly arrived caller. Pictures should not be profuse, nor should they be so small as not to be easily and clearly seen from the centre of the room. Costly thy pictures as thy purse can buy, and let them be hung, not as in old-fashioned houses, within a foot or two of the ceiling, but opposite the eye of the observer when he is in a standing position.

Is it necessary to say anything against hair flowers, wax fruit, or any of the other manifold devices for torturing inoffensive materials into unseemly shapes? In some houses one member of the family has a scroll saw, and the works of his hand appear in endless and wearisome abundance; in others one of the sisters learns spatter-work, and forthwith everything under the roof is bespattered with the evidences of her skill. Worse than all, a mother or daughter develops a talent for "home decoration," and the unhappy home is decorated to death. Everything is gilded, or painted, or ebonised, or adorned with plush, or tied with ribbon; and amid the bewildering array of things that are pretty, there is not one thing really beautiful.

This is a chapter of negotiations, but after saying so much upon what ought not to be seen in a parlor, I shall give with pleasure in an early paper a few hints as to the things one would like to see there, with suggestions upon wall paper, and the best treatment of walls.

With regard to the question of "Anxious Nellie" as to whether it was wise of her to set out upon the sea of matrimony with her "dearest George" in so frail a barque as a \$900 salary, I can only say that the success of the marital voyage depends far more on the captain than it does on the size of the craft. One of the happiest pairs of married people that I know have weathered a good many gales in as frail a barque as a \$500 income, and their prosperity is due, partly to the skill of the captain, partly to the good management of the captain's mate. It does not require a great deal of money to make home attractive; it does require good taste, good judgment and a great deal of love. It is possible to furnish a house at an enormous outlay, and make it a picture of ugliness.

The best advice I can give to Nellie on the furnishing of her home is to make her purchases very deliberately—buying if need be only one thing at a time—and being certain that each thing is just what she wants. It is an expensive way, but it is the way that pays best in the end. Of course I am not advocating the purchase of any article for no other reason than that it is costly, for poor workmanship and flimsy fabrics and fragile furniture are always dear, no matter what the price paid for them. But where a chair, for instance, or a table is a thoroughly good piece of work, and a cheaper article of the same sort can scarcely be distinguished from it, then it is extravagant to buy the latter, for cheap things are sure to reveal their cheapness sooner or later—generally sooner—and will have to be renewed again and again, while age will only develop the inherent good qualities of the former.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

1888 March WOMAN'S TONGUE. 10

"Talk of the evil a woman can do with her tongue," said old Peter Elderberry, as he opened the oven door and narrowly escaped putting his feet into a pan of baked apples, "it ain't nothin' compared to the harm a woman can do when she's got no tongue."

"Never knew of a woman like that," said the youngest boy, as he paused with an armful of wood held high above the wood-box, and let it fall all at once with a crash delightful to his ears.

"Well, I guess you'd have known of her if you'd had to live with her as me and Becky have had to do for the last six months. The hired girl we had before her was pretty sassy, and Becky said she didn't want no more of that sort. Well, Ann don't talk back; she don't talk in any direction, and we can't stand this silence much longer. Becky says it drives her fairly wild; and though I'm not easily upset, it rasped me more than anything I've had to put up with for a good spell back."

"I thought there was something soothing about silence," I remarked.

"P'raps there is, but I know my wife wasn't much soothed the last time we had company in to tea. After she had poured out two or three cups of clear hot water, she wondered what had got into the teapot. Nothing's got into the teapot, my dear, says I, and that's what's the trouble. Becky was pretty mad, and she went out into the kitchen and asked Ann what she meant by it. Ann simply pointed to the empty tea caddy without a word. She never would mention it when anything was out, and the only way we were told of it was by an empty butter-dish on the table or by sitting down to dinner without any potatoes."

"No, she isn't really dumb. She learned how to talk when she was a child, but she's practised it so little since that the months she spent in getting a grip of the language was just time thrown away. Becky has to keep a strict look-out when there's a goose or turkey to be stuffed, for if the right seasoning wasn't by, that girl wouldn't hesitate a minute to load it up with whatever came handy. I do believe if the broom wore out she'd sweep with the other end rather than ask for a new one, but I wouldn't care so much for that if she hadn't blacked the family's shoes with the stove brush one Saturday night, when the shoe brush was missing, and the way them shoes caught the gleams of the sun and the attention of the worshippers just outside the church door next morning was a sight to behold. One of the children had borrowed the shoebrush to add polish to the appearance of an India rubber doll; but, of course, Ann couldn't make inquiries after it. That was out of the question."

"Well, then, it was my turn, and I thought that a girl who wouldn't ask for her wages could go without them. So one morning at the breakfast table I found a bill for the amount due her, got up in good business shape, lying on my plate, and that was all the breakfast we had until Becky fished out some cold provisions. Wasn't no use getting mad. No pay no work was the motto of this hired girl, and you couldn't kick against anything so reasonable. In every other respect she was a first-rate girl, had things looking slick, cooked well and kept a big kettle of hot water at the back of the stove all the time. Quick as any one took some water out she filled it up again. I liked that about her, but I did hate her quiet, aggravating ways. Once the wood gave out, and she set the dinner table just as neat as wax, put the meat into a cold oven and placed the potatoes and turnips over an empty stove. Well, I s'pose it's tormenting enough to be told fifty times over what to get, and to be sure not to forget to get it, but what's that compared to living with a dumb woman, who'll never tell you to buy a thing, and then laugh at you most likely when she sees you go around on an empty stomach to order wood to cook the dinner with."

"It was a glad time for us when Ann commenced to go to revival meetings, for if any girl needed to have her sinful nature changed she was the one. But when the minister said he would like to have a word of testimony from the lambs of the fold, and afterwards asked her personally to speak, thinks I, old boy, if you knowed how hard it was to get her to speak in private, you wouldn't be so fresh about expecting it in public. Why, he might better tackle a real lamb in a barnyard for a word of testimony than her. But one night I was fairly staggered to see her rise to her feet. She just said, 'My state of mind is best expressed by'—and then followed a string of references to Bible verses. Of course, no one dared to say amen or hallelujah till they had studied out the nature of the texts referred to. But one old lady, who got the references muddled in her mind, pretty nearly destroyed the solemnity of the occasion by inquiring in a loud whisper, 'Be your state of mind Romans five, three? Or Romans three, fifteen?'"

"Well, Bub," concluded Uncle Peter, as he rose to go, "never you believe anything that's said against women's tongues. It's the woman that's got no tongue that gets ahead of you every time."

"I'll not forget it," said Bub.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

WALLS AND THEIR COVERINGS.

Next to the carpet, the most conspicuous article in a room is the paper upon its walls, and these two things should be of all others the least noticeable. A young wife of my acquaintance, rendered desperate by the stiff geometric patterns alternating with the intricate mixtures of many-colored flowers and leaves which were spread over nearly every sample of wall paper examined in the shops, suddenly asked the much-enduring clerk in the last store visited if there was such a thing as a patternless wall paper. He believed not—he had never heard of such a thing. She relapsed into wretchedness; then with a flash of inspiration she selected a paper which appeared in no wise superior to its fellows, had it sent home and pasted on the wall wrong side out. It was of a light brown color, and although it was an odd fancy, it certainly looked well with the doors, window-sills and sashes and the base-board, which were all left the natural color of the wood (common pine), and oiled and varnished, and with the unobtrusive yellows and browns of the carpet. Some of the neighbors who "sniffed" a little at first, and inquired the price of wrapping paper, were agreeably surprised by the effect of a bright-colored bunch of autumn leaves and a feathery group of ferns pinned against this unpretending background. Indeed, every picture and ornament upon the walls seemed to have gained new distinction and beauty, simply because they did not have to divide their honors with a senseless tangle of forms and colors. Bed-ridden invalids who spend most of their days in the soul-wearing process of tracing the course of straggling vines, counting and sorting unnaturally shaped and highly-colored flowers and leaves, should be glad to hear of so simple a device by which their old enemies may be effectually put to rout.

The same may be said of a plain, white, hard finished wall with this difference, that next to pure black there is nothing quite so cheerless to the eye as pure white. I am far from recommending that paper should be pasted wrong side out on the wall, though in many cases this would be preferable to the usual way. It is surprising that the universal beauty-loving instinct of women has not long ago protested against the tyranny of wall paper. The fact is we all see it, and hate it, but we would rather be surrounded on all sides—literally on all sides—with ugliness, than be a little courageous and individual and different from the rest.

Why cannot the old days of wainscots be revived again? It was a very pretty fashion, that of having any room that was ambitious of elegance banded with light or dark wood to a height of three or four feet from the base. If above this, in place of the usual mass of bewildering vegetation, there could be a delicate tracery in simple and beautiful lines, and with little variety of tint, the principal purpose of wall paper—that of being a background for pictures—would be well served. Another good plan is to have a wooden moulding, sometimes called a "chairing," running around the room at about the height of the old-fashioned wainscot. Below this moulding the wall should be painted or papered in one solid color; above it the lower plain tint should be repeated in subdued pattern, while just above the moulding and just below the ceiling, there should be a narrow band of contrasting color.

Kalsomine gives very pretty effects, but it is not durable, especially when it is exposed to frequent knocks and rubs. The handsomest private walls I know of were painted twenty years ago, and have not been renewed since. Painting on walls is not so "young ladyish" an art as painting on velvet, and it is more laborious and expensive, but the results are permanent and often very beautiful.

We see prettier papers, in our mind's eye, Horatio, than are to be found in the shops. Grey leaves, for instance, welded together on a lighter grey ground, showing a faint pink flower here and there, and breaking into tiny branches of peach blossoms at the ceiling, or carelessly dropped apple twigs, with two or three leaves each, on a deeper apple-green ground, with "cute" bunches of rosy red crab apples not only above the chair-moulding and below the ceiling, but along the outer side of door and window frames; or a dark, woody-looking paper in different shades of brown, pierced by golden darts, like gleams of sunshine in a shady place. These designs of my own have never been submitted to any great artist, so there may be something fatally wrong with them.

But on this point at least one may speak with full assurance, that simplicity of design and harmony of color are the two things most desirable in wall-paper, and where these are not to be found it is better to paper or paint the walls in a single plain tint, that shall agreeably contrast or unite with the predominant color of the room.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

ONE WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

From a life-long habit of leaving unread every printed account that meets my eye of unusual and terrible suffering, whether it be death by hanging, stabbing, drowning, freezing or starving, or whether it belong to that class of evils, the consequences of which are worse than death, I have kept myself free from the knowledge of most of the horrors of this present evil world. But, however easy it is to close one's eyes, it is impossible to shut one's ears, and they have lately been treated to a piece of news upon which I would like to express a decided opinion.

It is the old story of a man who is a villain taking advantage of a girl who is a fool; but in this case instead of deserting his victim after robbing her of her purity, the man "very nobly"—such was the curious phrase used by my informer—consented to marry her. When we consider that the bridegroom is as nearly worthless by nature as a human being can be—incurably lazy and habitually drunk—and that the bride, who has not a particle of real affection for him, already supports both by taking in washing, and that they lead a most miserable life together, the nobility of his action in conferring the benefits of matrimony upon her is not specially apparent.

But of course it will be said and reiterated on every side that this man should be applauded for being willing to rescue a fallen woman from the consequences of her sin and for bestowing the mantle of respectability upon one who must otherwise, during the remainder of her life, have suffered very severely from the lack of it; and the wife of course should be profoundly grateful for the undeserved good fortune that has befallen her. But if we looked at the question from the other side, and pointed out how noble this woman was for marrying a fallen man, and how self-sacrificing it was of her to make him respectable at her own expense, and how profoundly thankful he ought to be to her during the rest of his life, the absurdity of such ideas is apparent upon the face of them. Are they not equally absurd when the obligation is thrown upon the other side?

The difficulty arises from the old notion, as false as it is old, that a bad man is better than a bad woman. No amount of tears and protestations, it is said, will prevent two and three from making five, whether the calculation is made by a man or a woman. It

is equally true that a sin in the weaker sex can never be a weakness in the stronger one. I am not condoning the offence, but whatever the degree or kind of stone-throwing indulged in by society let those who have equally sinned receive an equal share.

The unhappy woman whose case I have mentioned paid a fearful price for her lost respectability. How could a loveless marriage redeem her character? It would forever injure and degrade it. It requires something more than love—it requires a feeling closely akin to worship—between the sexes to make the idea of marriage endurable, and this poor girl fancied that it would make her a pure woman to marry the man she despised. As though the touch of such a man could be less polluting after the marriage ceremony was pronounced than it was before. As though a life of sin voluntarily entered upon could purify her from the effects of a single act of sin. As though a brave bearing of her own burden, real repentance, and resolute right living would not bring her at once the sympathy of the best part of her sex, and in time the respect of all of it.

Women are hard upon erring women, for the simple reason that if they were not they might be supposed capable of erring in the same way themselves, but it is a truism to say that women are enthusiastic workers in every sort of social reform, and willing helpers of those who realise that there are no depths from which with God's help they may not rise, with natures made keeper, purer and more sympathetic from the bitter experience through which they have passed.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

MARCH 17 A LOST RACE.

There used to be a most interesting race of creatures inhabiting this earth, which are now unhappily almost extinct. They became unfashionable and so they "went out." They were the sweetest and most lovable things imaginable, and I for one have often regretted that fashion did not approve of them. Perhaps, who knows, they may "come in" again. Seven years I believe is the allotted time for any article which has become wholly outlandish to be once more just the thing, but this lost race is an exception to the rule, as it has kept on steadily "going out" for at least the last dozen years. There used to be a specimen, sometimes more than one, in very many of the homes in our land, but they are uncommonly rare nowadays.

I refer to the race of little girls. There are plenty of girl babies, and, according to all accounts, an alarming overplus of young ladies, but where are the little girls? And why have the brief years between infancy and young ladyhood been narrowed down to the alleged size of our Canadian literature? It is superfluous to tell us that boys will be boys. We realise the fact every time we hear one of the member stamp the snow off his boots, and yell back at his comrades through the open door, "Bully for you, Jonesy!" Why does not some equally good authority assure us that girls will be girls? Clearly because they will not be girls. The blame should not rest on them, but on their mothers. It is wicked to immerse children under twelve years of age in the conventionalities of artificial life; yet very soon after a little girl is able to walk alone she is taught that to be beautifully dressed is one of the two chief aims of life, and to receive attention is the other.

It may be a pretty sight, as some mothers assert, to see a little thing of four or five swathed in silks and laces, and almost staggering under the weight of a huge sash, but to thinking people it is a depressing sight. It will be bad enough twenty years hence for the tiny brain to be addled by the vanities of society, but to deliberately dwarf the powers of mind and body by a senseless style of dressing, is a criminal act, that can be excused only on the hypothesis that the mother is as ignorant as the child.

Whatever may be the advantages of being a young lady for twenty years at a stretch, it is a sad deprivation to lose an entire childhood out of one's life. Think of it, ye mothers who bend wearily over the unnecessarily intricate work connected with your little girls' wardrobe. Think what it must be never to have known a time when you wore flannel frocks in winter and long-sleeved linen pinafores in summer; when you romped under the trees in the back yard, or swung in the barn, or played that you were a missionary among the heathen, your younger brothers and sisters being the heathen and mightily in need of regeneration, too; when you teased the cook to let you "help" her with her work until, goaded to desperation and unable to devise surer means of getting rid of you, she exclaimed, "Yer ma said you was to do as I told you and I forbid you to leave this kitchen!" And then how quickly you vanished! Do you suppose that the confections so daintily served to your little ones at the children's parties they attend are half as delicious to them as was to you the "ice cream" you used to make by stirring new-fallen snow into well-sweetened milk till it was thick and flavoring it with grated orange peel?

The little girls of to-day imitate not only the dress and deportment of their frivolous elders, but their language also. The simplest statements are prefaced with "Don't you think" and "Would you believe," and the subjects upon which their conversation turns are described as lovely or ghastly, simply disgusting or perfectly exquisite. The conspiracy against girlhood is widespread and formidable, and it is only by the resolute example of intelligent parents that the evil can be overthrown. If hearts must be poisoned and minds dwarfed let it not be the hearts and minds of little girls, whose lives should be kept ideally sweet and simple and pure.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

PARLOR FURNITURE.

Clarence Cook, who is one of the chief among the apostles of beauty in the art of house-furnishing, points out that to the eye of an artist an old piece of furniture is more attractive than a new one. A new table is too smart-looking and shiny, too suggestive of varnish and the furniture shop, to please the educated eye; but the old table that formed part of your grandmother's wedding outfit stands on its own merits. It is simple, unpretending cherry wood, unadorned, and therefore adorned the most, innocent of polish, or varnish, or veneer, but mellowed and subdued by the touch of time, which has failed to reveal a single flaw in its thorough workmanship. How solidly and sensibly and artistically it has been put together. Plenty of curiosity-seekers would be glad to buy it of you, but you wisely refuse to part with one of the very few things in your possession which is not a gilded sham or a glittering cheat. A great deal of fun has been made of "honest" cupboards and "sincere" chairs, but the true test of worth in the writing-desk, as in the poem that is written upon it, is the feeling with which it will be regarded a hundred years from now. Time is merciless in his treatment of shoddy material; he delights to deface and destroy it. But what is excellent, as Emerson says, is permanent.

Our aesthetic pastors and masters do not scruple to assert that the carpet which fades from the effects of sunshine upon it is a poor carpet, and that a blue satin sofa embroidered with butterflies is not a thing of beauty. In the truly artistic abode everything must be perfectly adapted to its use; the gravy dish must not be encrusted with jewels, nor (what is equally objectionable) must the foot-stool be too fine to set the foot upon. Pretence, affectation and deceit must not be permitted in our furnishings. The author of "The House Beautiful" advises house-keepers who are dissatisfied with the work of cabinetmakers (and it is clear from his teachings that he expects us all to be dissatisfied with such work) to cultivate individuality first, and then to choose what qualities they desire in a chair, or bookcase, or washstand, describe their idea to an architect and get him to give them a working drawing of the thing. This drawing they should take to a good house carpenter, who will be much more likely to turn out a substantial and satisfactory piece of work than a cabinetmaker. It is no doubt troublesome and expensive, but it is almost the only way in which people who have ideals in furniture can get just what they want.

Those of us who are untroubled by ideals will of course furnish our parlors simply or elaborately according to the dictates of fancy, and the resources of the pocket-book. It is a safe rule to distrust over-cheap goods. Silk plush furniture is dear at any price, as it soon loses its lustre and color. Chairs and sofas covered with a good tapestry of a rather expensive sort will bear the sunshine and wear for years, growing more beautiful with use. Rattan furniture cushioned with chintz is economical and pretty. A thoroughly honest chintz will retain its freshness after washing, but it is difficult to get. Many parlor chairs are so unnecessarily large and heavy that though you may wish your guest to be seated in a comfortable chair, it will be a physical impossibility to hand him one. You may either bowl it at him, or majestically indicate it to him, or stand behind it and beckon him on with the air of a young mother teaching the young idea how to walk. If the chin is low, as it probably is, and the visitor is tall and modest, he will not like to fling himself into it with a lordly air, and so he will not know what to do with his knees, which will persist in approaching the level of his chair. There are also parlors in which the chairs are so uncomfortable that arriving visitors at once "make a dive" for the sofa, like shipwrecked mariners swimming for the nearest strip of land. It is a very sensible fashion not to get sets or pairs of anything. There is no reason why a vase or picture frame should match another vase or frame, and six chairs exactly alike are out of place except in a dining-room. Bookcases, to those who are not lovers of books, are often considered obtrusive and cumbersome. The least objectionable one that I have seen is the one of the

Special Stamped Borders. All o

6 CASES GER  
White and Blue, Blue and Gold  
8 CASES LIN  
Turkey Loom and Bl  
3 CASES BARBERS HUO

ABOUT CATS.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE HAS NO LOVE FOR THE TRIBE.

Things About Cats She Doesn't Like—Cats Are Deceitful, Ungrateful, and Cruel—She Says Hens are Independent and Dogs are Toadies—The Cat's Love of Home.

On one occasion Mahomet cut off the skirt of his robe so that he might rise without disturbing the repose of his cat, who was sleeping upon it. So Bub told me yesterday morning, apropos of the rude haste with which I turned an easy chair upside down the moment I discovered our cat asleep upon it. Mahomet and I never had much in common, and now the last link that bound us is broken. How can one respect a man who wore a robe and whose influence over the cats of his acquaintance was enervating rather than bracing? Nevertheless, as Bub says, it is mean to inflict unnecessary pain, so perhaps I had better prove that the pain I inflicted was necessary. Nothing is easier. I had told our cat that it might sleep on every other chair in the house except this, and on this chair it should not sleep. It was for

THE SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE

that it was hustled out of Eden. Perfectly just, you see. But I own that a little extra flourish was given to its punishment on account of a sight that I had beheld at early dawn—the sight of an evergreen hedge, with gay little birds skipping from branch to branch, while stealthily stealing along underneath was a deceitful, contemptible, carnivorous brute, that some ladies like to pet. In the abstract no doubt a bird's life is no more sacred than a cat's, but when the latter are tortured to death for millinery purposes it will be time enough to say a good word for them.

It is difficult to be indifferent to a cat. One must either hate it or love it, and I have no hesitation in enrolling myself among its haters. It seems incapable of conducting itself in a straightforward manner. Instead of being simple and natural it is made up of affectation and sham. Invite it into the house on the coldest night in winter, and instead of coming gladly and gratefully forward, it will

PRETEND TO HAVE DOUBTS

as to the advantages of an indoor life in such a climate. Leave the door slightly ajar and it will try to slink in unperceived. You may say that this is innate modesty; it looks to me like being deceitful above all things. Give a hungry cat a saucer of milk, and it will betray no eagerness, no enthusiasm, very little interest. After a few condescending sips it will glance off at vacancy with a discontented air, as though it were meditating, "Ah, how much sweeter this milk would taste could I but steal it from a pan on the shelf, with nobody by to see. That is the only way to get the true flavor of milk." As independence is the chief characteristic of the hen, and a dog is nothing if not a toady, so untrustworthiness is what gains for the cat one's instinctive dislike. It is her nature to be insinuating, ingratiating, stealthy and cruel. She lacks the sterling qualities of mind and heart that compel respect.

If you want a friend of sweet and caressing manners, who cultivates your acquaintance not because she likes you, but (a very different thing) because she

LIKES YOU TO LIKE HER.

rest assured that she is a cat. No doubt she would be quite indignant at the comparison, but nevertheless she has the soul of a cat. It is seldom that pussy has a fondness for persons. She would fawn upon a red-handed murderer if he stroked her fur in the right direction.

...ness for places is proverbial. Nothing disturbs a cat's tranquillity quite so much as the presence of carpenters in the house; their propensity for tearing down and rebuilding is the cause of her aversion. It is not the old, familiar faces so much as the old, familiar places that appeal to the feline heart. Once I tried to get rid of a cat by the laborious process of taking it fifteen miles from home, and there leaving it to its own resources. Returning a few hours later I was surprised to find it standing on the doorstep with the air of one who has been waiting an unconscionable time for the family to come back. It welcomed me without resentment, but my own greeting was marred by that evil quality. Since cats have so much

AFFECTION FOR HOUSES,

it is easy to understand why they should mourn the destruction of one. I never felt so keen a sympathy for any cat as for one that I saw a few months ago near the remains of a house lately burned. The ruins of the old house were melancholy enough; so were the badly scorched or wholly charred trees that stood near it, but most pitiful of all was the faithful cat that, refusing to follow the family to their new abode, remained at the risk of starvation to mourn over its great loss. Its skeleton frame and piteous mew were a sad commentary on the disaster. It was the impersonation of homelessness.

Nevertheless I hate cats. They are so—so catlike; and that of itself is sufficient to brand them. Any animal that will catch a poor, innocent little mouse, and maim it, and let it nearly escape, and then catch it again and half kill it, and watch its pitiful efforts to get away and catch it again and again, and

ADD A NEW TORTURE,

and witness new struggles each time, deserves to be brought to a conviction of sin worse than any other unconverted animal. The idea of lavishing love and caresses on that cold-blooded tormentor, when there are multitudes of little children in the world actually suffering for a kind look—ugh, seat!

Let us give the chief of the fallen angels his due (how circumlocution does weaken a sentence!), and admit that there is some good in cats. They don't get offended easily, and they adapt themselves readily to circumstances. Give your dog to understand that you don't want him with you, and what a crest-fallen, incredulous, wounded, humiliated, reproachful, miserable look he will give you. Cats don't care so much. I have known a cat to keep right on purring after it had received a direct insult. It may be that the cat's self-love is of that tough sort which cannot suffer under a snub, yet I could not but admire the philosophic spirit of our cat yesterday morning, when, after submitting to the law of gravitation, so suddenly brought to bear upon him through the medium of a reversed chair, he quietly went forth to pursue his profession of bird-catching, with the air of one to whom nothing particular has happened.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

SUMMER DANGERS.

There is a familiar rule of action that one should beware a little of what one likes too well, and, at this season particularly, dangers lurk in one's favorite tastes and predilections when indulged to excess. What at first sight appears to be as harmless as water may not seem so innocuous when we remember that water itself, when imbibed in too large quantities, is far from harmless. Though it has been proved that strong drinks are not strengthening, it is by no means certain that weak drinks are not weakening. It is lovers of water, not of wine, who at this season of the year are most apt to be immoderate drinkers, and to suffer from the indulgence of this enticing habit. The feverish lives we lead, added to the feverish life which just at present nature is leading, and in which we are forced to participate, creates a thirst which we are apt to gratify at almost every hour of the day. The effects on the system are akin to what they would be on a plant which is watered a dozen times daily. The times in which ice-water is most frequently drunk, and in which it is most harmful, are during meals and immediately before and after them. As the temperature of the stomach at which digestion takes place is from 93° to 100° (Fahrenheit) it must be seen that a liquid which reduces that temperature at least 30° cannot fail to be injurious, and if regularly indulged in to give rise to distressing disorders. Temporary indigestion is of itself no trivial affliction, and this if habitually induced and encouraged may easily become chronic. Those who form the habit—and it is not a difficult one—of drinking as much cool, not ice cold water, on retiring to rest and rising in the morning as can comfortably be borne will escape the dangers which threaten those who daily do violence to the already sorely persecuted digestive process.

Another way in which the use of water is injurious is in bathing, not too often, but too long at a time. When the bath is followed by a sense of lassitude, it is an indication that it has been used not so much for cleanliness' as for coolness' sake, and it is in sudden and protracted lowering of the temperature that the danger lies. The same evil should be guarded against in midsummer evenings. After the heat of the day the cool air is very pleasant, but like all pleasant things it must be used with discretion. Nature abhors cold, or, if the scientists object to the wording of this phrase, we will change it to read nature abhors the absence of heat. By means of fire and food, of clothing and climate, she guards us against it, and increases the warmth of the body by every movement it makes. With her heat and cold are not a matter of comfort and discomfort—they are a matter of life and death.

Any remarks to be made on the dangers of eating unripe or over-ripe fruit ought to be addressed to the children's world. It is wonderful what our ungrown juniors will eat, not from sad necessity, but from glad choice. Grape skins, cherry stones and raw turnips are apt to form part of their diet unless vigilant watch is kept. A boy of my acquaintance keeps his pockets supplied with young cucumbers rifled from the garden and eats them from the hand as he would apples. Another one finds the green rind of a watermelon the most palatable part. By a wise provision of nature these things do not instantly kill, but they are sometimes a cause of anxiety to the family. A young man of very attractive appearance, greatly beloved by all who knew him, recently discovered a fine, fat beetle and instantly devoured it with every appearance of great satisfaction. He was only a year old, but even at that tender age one would think he'd know better. This event took place while he was left in my care, and I feel a delicacy about mentioning the fact to his mother until after he has told her all about it.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

After the usual swashing and drenching of spring cleaning is sure to come up the question of carpets. Shall the old carpet be turned? or shall we fall back upon the example of some of the costliest houses in our cities and be content to let our best room appear with a bare floor? This latter question is not so startling as it used to be. Some of us can remember the time when to be reduced to bare floors was little less pitiable than to be dependent upon a bare cupboard or a bare cellar. Doubtless the log cabins inhabited by our loyalist foremothers had the shame of their nakedness taken away just as quickly as the aforesaid mothers could get to work and make rag carpets for them. If we had not inherited some of this feeling, it would not take us so long to see the beauty of bare floors and of bare spaces on our walls unfretted by "ornaments," and of bare lengths of dress goods untormented by trimmings. A floor that is finished with well-seasoned chestnut, ash, walnut or yellow pine will, after its nail heads and cracks have been filled with putty and it is oiled and varnished, present a surface of exquisite graining and color, which may be covered in the centre of the room with a large Oriental or home-made rug, according to one's means. It is better to have one large rug in the middle of the room than a number of little mats, which are apt to be displaced or form stumbling blocks in the footsteps of the unwary. A large square of carpet with a handsome border is sometimes used for this purpose.

Notwithstanding the fact that carpets are breeding places of dust, impurity of air and disease, and the other important fact that they usually require two-thirds of the money allotted to furnishing, most housekeepers will continue to buy them. A really good carpet is thick, closely woven, soft and pliable, with an unobtrusive pattern in rich colors. A staring or sprawling pattern will spoil the beauty of any room, no matter how well furnished in other respects. Wilton and Axminster are the most beautiful carpets in ordinary use, and Wilton is the most durable of all carpet materials. Next to it in point of durability is Brussels. Ingrain is capable of long service, and has the advantage of being almost as pretty on the wrong side as on the right, so that it may be turned whenever the surface is worn. A good body Brussels always gives satisfaction, but tapestry Brussels does not wear well. In buying a cheap Brussels carpet there is a risk of getting a mixture of jute and wool, and some are made of pure jute, but these last cannot be exposed for sale in shop windows, as a day's sunshine would bleach them. It is always wiser and cheaper in the end to pay a good price for honest goods. In many respects the woman with a rag carpet on her parlor floor is more to be envied than she who can boast a velvet one. The rag carpet never presumes to dictate to the mistress of the house as to the amount of sunlight she may admit while enjoying its company, nor does it resent the touch of children's feet. A velvet carpet is the fabric to which dirt is most quickly attracted, and to which it pertinaciously adheres. It requires a good deal of muscle to sweep a velvet carpet.

Country parlors may be prettily curtained with plain or dotted Swiss muslin, or of serim, edged with antique lace. Nottingham lace, fine in texture, and beautiful in finish and design, is the most airy and graceful of all curtain materials. The chief object of window hangings is to break up the stiff uniformity of the straight lines of walls and shades, and for this purpose even the coarser varieties of Nottingham lace are better than no window drapery at all. The higher grades of woollen hangings are very handsome and costly, but they are inappropriate in the warm season, or in small or dark rooms, and in bedrooms they are unhealthy. Lambrequins and cornices are derided by high art housefurnishers. Certainly nothing can be in better taste than the rod and rings of our grandparents, which are coming into general use at the present day.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## MAN WORSHIP.

DEAR EDITOR,—I read "Bel Thistlethwaite" with interest and recognise in her words the true ring. That many may profit by her lofty sentiments is my hearty wish. What she says in a late paper on "One Woman's Mistake" is good, and I agree with all except her idea that a woman should "worship" the man she marries. As a rule girls should form such high ideals of men—especially the one they intend to marry—that their love is their life. If from purely selfish motives, sometimes giving no reason whatever, a man severs his engagement or asks for "a release" from a woman who is unfortunate enough to "worship" him, her whole after life is one long, empty blank, unless she has Christian fortitude sufficiently strong to throw her energies into fresh channels and derive consolation from a higher source. A woman that can "worship" a man only loves once, and the wretch who disappoints her could never understand the depth of the agony of her suffering. Her very pride helps her carry her head erect, not making a confidant of her own mother, who with keen intuition generally suspects and is aching to comfort.

Men are essentially selfish. They imagine women were made for their own special convenience, that they can, like butterflies, flit from flower to flower, and sip what is often heart's-blood from girls' pure lips, leaving them almost dead from broken hearts.

If fortunate (?) enough to marry the man she "worships," a woman generally discovers him to be full of faults, but still she goes on loving unselfishly a man who absorbs all she can give, while he makes her subservient to his pleasure, ambition and frequently his money-getting.

A wife, a home-mother, requires a lover in her husband, and if by any manner of means a girl can before marriage prove the love a man proffered to be not abiding, so much the better for her—though it may be hard to think so in the first pangs of bitter disappointment.

No, girls! Keep your "worship" for your "Creator," and when you give your love to a man be sure you get all you give.

Hamilton, March 23, 1833. EXPERIENCE.

## OPINIONS OF MEN.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE IN A REBEL-  
LIOUS MOOD

Wants to Use the Deadly Parallel,  
Things That Only Men Do—The Only  
Animal That Makes a Pun—  
Knows Nothing About  
Housekeeping—Man  
Never is But Al-  
ways to be  
Blest.

The most casual reader of a daily or weekly paper must occasionally have noticed in the page or column pre-empted by the other sex, a collection of choice paragraphs, culled from various authors, labelled, "Eminent Opinions of Women," their object being to satirise more or less severely the weaknesses of that half of humanity whose name, according to high authority—masculine authority, is frailty. It is matter for surprise that the slandered sex, after learning that in the opinion of various celebrated writers they are affected, childish, vain and contemptible, do not retaliate man-fashion. Why are they so meek and long-suffering? Why do they not avail themselves of the deadly parallel and put opposite to noted opinions of women a number of equally celebrated opinions of men? And why don't they begin the list with that old quotation from a venerable but level-headed author, who declared that

ALL MEN ARE LIARS?

The reason is not deep nor difficult to seek. The fact is that any lady who meditated such a daring step would have to consult her husband at home, and he would kindly explain to her that it would never do for women to fight, because then there would no longer be any excuse for their not voting; and think how dreadful that would be! The indulgent husband (indulgent husband is a phrase that used to be popular, and ought to be revived by non-believers in woman's rights) would then proceed to say in words of one syllable, so as to be comprehended by the infantile understanding of his wife, that the meaning of the word man varied according to the nature of the remark made about him. If it were a complimentary remark, then unquestionably man was a big, muscular, masculine noun; if otherwise, it was synonymous with humanity, which meant an aggregation of units of no practical value, seldom referred to save for purposes of eloquence. The grateful wife would then express her thanks and reverently withdraw.

Very well, but to widows and spinsters, and to that depraved class of married women who are not really and truly afraid of their husbands, we offer a few (pointers is not a ladylike word) suggestions regarding the

WEAKNESSES OF A SEX

whose name is not frailty by any means, but whose nature—well, we will not dwell on that. Ladies may confidently accept the following opinions as making up in truth what they lack in eminence:—

(1) Man is the only animal who makes a pun. This alone is sufficient to brand him as the intellectual inferior of his sister. Even a good man will perpetrate a bad pun, of a sort that one shudders to recall, and without a single pang of remorse, but women don't do so. It may be because they can't, but the probability is that they have irresistible longings to do violence to the language and their listeners' feelings in the same breath, and only the real nobility of their natures prevents them.

(2) Man knows nothing about house-keeping. Absolutely nothing. Of course he understands "housekeeping on the half-shell," which is a perfectly disgraceful thing, ladies, we do assure you, consisting of having everything so "handy" that a man can eat his dinner, and shave himself, and change his clothes, and black his boots, and milk the cow, and wind the clock, and go to bed,

ALL WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE CHAIR in which he was sitting when he began. Any woman would tire of that sort of life in less than a week. It is no pleasure to us to expose the pitiful secrets of our sex in this ruthless manner, but truth will prevail.

(3) "Man never is but always to be blest." This, though an eminent opinion, has a grain of truth in it. Every observing woman must have noticed that men are seldom content to rest in the present, no matter how satisfactory it may be. They are generally laboring under the mistake that the future holds something better.

(4) A man can't have so much as a bilious attack without fearing that the world has come to an end. A woman knows that by an unwise provision of nature (or training or education) she must suffer a good deal in life. Consequently she makes nearly as much fuss—though of a pleasanter sort—when she is thoroughly well as he does under the unbearable stress of a minor ailment.

(5) It was a man, we believe, who wrote of walking in the garden at twilight's hour, when the borders were dripping with dew, and who saw the pink with its yellow flower, and the rose with its bud of blue. These remarks lead up by gentle gradations to the statement that men have

A POOR EYE FOR COLORS.

Even the greatest and wisest of mankind are prone to think that any bright hue must be red, and a dark one "sort of a dull brown." In Mr. Howells' delightful account of "Their Wedding Journey," this masculine trait is portrayed in a life-like manner. Basil and Isabel, having arrived at the Falls of Niagara, the young husband's eye is struck by a large magenta fan exposed for sale in a shop window. He buys it with a beating heart, under the illusion that it will be a peculiarly appropriate gift for a young bride, and presents it to her. She glances at it curiously, and inquires if he got it for the cook. "For the cook," he echoes, "I bought it for you." She looks at it again, the fountains of her pity are moved, and she gives way to inextinguishable laughter. "Oh, you poor—man!" she cries. The interval between the last two words of her exclamation plainly showed that she was searching for the most fitting epithet. And she found it.

Much more might be said on the subject, but this is sufficient to prove that if women be not faultless it is because "God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

April 18 Monday  
SPRING MEDICINE.

Before beginning this article the attention of the gentle reader is directed to its final paragraph. Not that I expect to reach a thrilling climax in the discussion of this subject, but the gentleness of readers has too often been turned to wrath by the discovery that they have been lured into a consideration of the fabulous merits (wholly fabulous) of some patent medicine. The approach of the medical almanac is far more insidious and dangerous than that of the diseases for which its advertised preparation is proclaimed to be a specific. These medical almanacs have been of great service to me. In the spring of the year, when it is still too chilly to let the fire go out entirely, and when perchance the kindling wood is soaked by recent rains, a good thick almanac, copiously interleaved with hundreds of letters from grateful sufferers, has been known to start the fire when all other preparations have failed. This testimonial is cheerfully given, and the proprietors of the literary works referred to are welcome to use it in any way they please.

Every one, I suppose, has some remedy for the ills of humanity. The remedy which I have adopted is that each person should do his own thinking, and not allow others to think for him. For instance, a good test of the physical condition is a short walk. After walking briskly fifteen minutes the skin should be moist, the breathing deep and regular, the face freshly-colored, the mind exhilarated. If the reverse of this is the case—if this amount of exercise makes the face pale, the breathing labored, the limbs weary, the spirits depressed, the condition of things is one that is generally known by the name of biliousness. Now, at this crisis, if the patient would listen to the voice of his own consciousness, he would understand at once that when a person has no appetite he should not eat, when he is weak and weary he should rest and sleep, when he has been living too much indoors he should begin to live as much as possible out of doors, when he is surfeited with pork, and coffee, and pie, he should live for a time on brown bread and lemonade.

But slave-like we are content to do as we are told, and this is what we are told:—"What, no appetite? Oh, you must eat. Better take a tonic." "Feel miserable and heavy? What you need is a stimulant." "All used up, are you? Then you should take herb-tea, or pills, or bitters." But what they do not tell you is that these things restore and invigorate you, just as the lash restores and invigorates a worn-out horse. The only cure for the ill effects of wrong living is right living.

Let me recommend Dr. Dio Lewis' cure for biliousness, which, I believe, has never failed yet. There are some objections to it. One is that it is not nauseous, another that it costs nothing, another that it involves a little self-denial. But here it is:—First, drink as much cold water on rising and retiring as you can bear to take; second, eat nothing for breakfast but a saucer of oatmeal or cracked wheat, the same for dinner, and go without supper; third, exercise twice a day in the open air, each time until the body is in a gentle perspiration. Three days of this process will effect a cure.

I am in no favor of starvation as a remedy for disease, except when the disease results from overeating. People who have no appetite for meat or no power to digest it and eliminate its impurities from the system will miserably reduce their strength by a diet of white bread, tea, watery vegetables and various made dishes. But it is scarcely possible for any one to fail of health and strength on a diet of oatmeal and milk, cracked wheat and cream, corn meal mush, and pin-head hominy, brown bread and baked sweet apples, with an occasional lightly boiled (never fried) egg. The happiest families that I know live in this way. They never take so-called blood purifiers because their blood is always purified and enriched by pure and nutritious food. They do not crave pickles in April and bitters in May. They are so well that the first instinctive movement of their minds on waking in the morning is to thank God that they are alive.

Occasionally one hears of medicinal preparations which are said to contain all the nutritious properties of wheat. It is much better to eschew medicines entirely, and make this best of grains a part of every meal. Do not be imposed on by a mixture of bran and fine flour, which is called Graham flour by dis-

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Saturdays: From Baltimore, From Halifax  
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Tuesdays: From Baltimore, From Halifax  
Wednesdays: From Baltimore, From Halifax  
Thursdays: From Baltimore, From Halifax  
Fridays: From Baltimore, From Halifax

## The Hollowness of Friendship.

Our best friends are those who (do not) tell us of our faults. Usually we find that this time-honored sentiment can readily be expressed by less than a dozen words, but when our best friends try to justify their claim to this title by acting on the suggestion, then we begin to realize that a revised version, containing at least a baker's dozen of words, is what is needed for this old saying. I would like to have made the personal acquaintance of the woman who invented this remark. It must have been a woman, because no man ever is stricken with enduring admiration of the person who mentions his defects to him. Also, it must have been a shallow and frivolous woman, because a thoughtful one would be perfectly acquainted with her own faults, so that her best friends would not need to perform their disagreeable duty. But, setting speculation aside, let us consider whether because it is painful to us to listen to the enumeration of our own faults, it must therefore be a decided and lasting benefit to us. In my own experience the amount of real, solid improvement wrought in my character by the unpleasant comments of my friends would not be sufficient to make a letter over weight. Let me give the sympathizing reader a few recently received testimonials, which are valued not so much for their intrinsic worth as for the strong light they throw upon the characters of those who uttered or wrote them. I have nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice, and, though I have not expressed the idea in each case exactly as my best friends did, the array of statements is drawn from memory, not imagination:

"I would as soon think of arguing with Vesuvius in full blast as with you."  
"I wonder you should jest on serious matters. I believe you would make a joke while ascending a scaffold on which you were to be executed."  
"Be anything else you like, only don't be ponderous and leaden. The paper containing some of your remarks on woman's rights was taken to line the bread box, and it fairly made the last loaf heavy."  
"What you need is to cultivate your reason, not your imagination."  
"In all the articles of yours that I have read I fail to find a single appeal to sinners. Do you mean to wear a starless crown? When are you going to serve the Lord with your pen?"  
"I used to think you had literary taste, and some regard for form and finish—that was before Bel Thistlethwaite was heard

of. As for B. T. she says a good many things that I don't believe; which, in a way, I don't care for."

"Now Bel has common sense, but as for what you wrote under another name, you know as well as I do that there isn't a word of sense in it."

From these statements we learn that it is a good plan to choose our friends not with a view to harmony, but with an eye to contrast of colors. Perhaps the old saying might be altered to read:—Our most entertaining friends are those who tell us of our faults. It is certain that fault-finding is wholesomer and pleasanter to bear than the humiliation of over-praise. No one who has thoroughly made the acquaintance of himself or herself has an exalted opinion of that individual, and, when others not very well informed on the subject profess to have that sort of opinion, it makes the possessor of self knowledge wonder how he is going to "live up to the blue china." Why should I like to be told that I have magnificent estates and a princely income, when the facts of the case are a smallish house set among lilacs and apple blossoms? Not that the facts are unpleasant, but they are commonplace, and a willingness to believe that one is other than commonplace shows a lack of perception. It must be painful even for an angel to be told he is an angel—but then he has a pair of wings to hide his blushes.

The tendency to over-praise is, however, not so marked a characteristic of domestic and social life as an inclination to belittle or ignore the good in our friends, and put the evil in a wrong perspective. One is haunted by the fear that there is more truth than bile in the unkind remark that comes to one's ears, and the reflection is not a cheering one. The fact is that many well-befriended people are miserably aware of their own faults—it is a work of supererogation to point them out to them. We are shut in the prison house of our own limitations, and we like the people who make us forget these limitations, not those who remind us of them. When you have been sick, and confined for months or years to a single room, of which no one can possibly be so weary as you yourself, is it pleasant or profitable for your best friend to call your attention to some peculiarly diabolical twist in the wallpaper, which it is to be feared had heretofore escaped your notice? The parable is not hard to read. Our faults are our wallpaper, and our best friends are those who win us away from the contemplation of that depressing monotony by fresh thoughts, tender sympathies or a handful of spring flowers.

One can hardly be too careful of another's feelings, and too indifferent to his own—too slow to take offence and too incapable of giving it. But even after one has approached perfection in these respects it must fill the mind with gloomy foreboding to hear another make use of that fearsome phrase, "Let me speak to you as a friend." This dread of having any one speak to us as a friend is instinctive and universal. If the would-be destroyer of our peace would only speak to us as a foe, it wouldn't matter so much, or, if he would ask permission to speak to us as a cannibal, we would know more definitely what sort of torture to expect. It is really at times a most painful operation to be spoken to as a friend. Why should it be so? Why not say to your nearest and dearest, "If you will permit me to speak to you as a friend I should like to tell you that I admire the way you keep at the discouraging task you have begun"; or, "I never talk to you without feeling better and brighter for it"; or, "No one would suppose you had any troubles by the cheerful face you put upon them." This course of action would go far to rob the word friend of many of its terrors. But until it becomes customary, let it be the fondly cherished hope of every pair of strangers who have only heard of each other, that they may never become friends, and if they should happen to meet, let them, in view of the perils ahead, swear an eternal bowing acquaintance.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Brantford, June, 1889.

## Our Best Friends.

Some time ago there appeared in THE GLOBE an article on "The Hollowness of Friendship," by Bel Thistlethwaite. I do not agree with what she says in that article. I do not believe our best friends are those who do not tell us our faults. I believe our true friends will kindly and gently show us our defects, and then help us to overcome them before an enemy shall hunt them out and hold us up, shrinking and quivering with the pain of wounded pride for the mark at which the world will aim its arrows of scorn. We need such friends. If we could see our mistakes, as others see them, we would not require to be told of them.

Burns says:—  
Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.

It is my opinion that only a true friend could come to me frankly and reveal to me the truth. I need not say that a loving friend would never expose my defects to any one but me. And I believe that it is much harder to tell me, than for me to hear—my faults. When such a person comes to you, she puts her interest in you, before her thoughts for herself; she bears your probable wrath and you may be sure her friendship for you is not hollow, and that she acts for your improvement.

Then the article goes on to say that we should make our friends forget their faults, rather than point them out to them. That would be well, if we could make them forget so completely, that they never would remember their faults again, but we cannot do that. Imagine a mother trying to make her young son forget his fault of smoking or drinking, to prove the fulness of her friendship; the idea is absurd. We must be told of our faults that we may leave them behind us.

I think the parable of the wallpaper will hardly do in this case; make an invalid forget the twist in the paper, and it will not grow more crooked while the thoughts are busy elsewhere; but we can't say that in regard to faults. When a young man begins some bad habit we cannot make him forget it by telling him of all the virtue he possesses, for while he is contemplating his own goodness, habit will grow rapidly strong and will crowd him off the pedestal upon which you have placed him, and great will be the fall.

Then if you tell a person, who is ill about the twist in the wall paper, it will do no good, because she cannot straighten it; but tell that young girl her faults, show that young man the harm in those bad habits, and then help them to overcome them. Then you will be a true friend to those young people. If we love our friends, we cannot help speaking kindly and showing our love in different ways, and it is so much easier to speak pleasantly, that kindness is no test of our friendship.

Bel Thistlethwaite says, it must have been a woman who invented the remark, "Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults," and that it must have been a shallow and frivolous woman, because a thoughtful one would be perfectly acquainted with her own faults. Then further on she says, "Why not say to your nearest and dearest, 'I never talk to you without feeling better and brighter for it,' or, 'No one would suppose you had any troubles by the cheerful face you put upon them.' If you were talking to a thoughtful person she would know her own virtues, as well as her own faults, so no need to tell them to her. If she were not thoughtful, then her faults as well as her virtues should be made known to her. If it were a woman who invented that remark, she proved that there were some thoughtless people in the world. And I think she was neither shallow nor frivolous." HARMONY.

We are all acquainted with the old-fashioned type of an unselfish woman. She was brought up on the obsolete idea of the relative value of the sexes expressed in Milton's line:—

He for God only, she for God in him.

And as the poor child really believed that she could not be for God direct, but must, according to the poet's dictum, worship Him through the medium of some man, she humbly tried to make herself in some small degree worthy of the notice of the superior sex. When one of its members condescended to take her to his home and allowed her to superintend its affairs and care for his comforts, her vocation was fulfilled. She at once became a sort of combination of celestial saint and household drudge. "She made her hands hard with labor and her heart soft with pity." She devoted herself, body, mind and soul, to her family, and her children rise up and call her blessed. That is to say, some of them do—some of them don't. Children, who have grown to manhood and womanhood, and who know by experience of the laborious days lived by their parents, are not likely to break the fifth commandment. The sons may be all loyalty and goodness, the daughters all love and tenderness, but that does not prevent them from wishing that their mother was a little more refined in her language, correct in her grammar or better informed on a few subjects which have nothing to do with the prices of dry-goods and groceries. It is easy for us to make generous allowance for those we love who are in the habit of confounding all the parts of speech in their conversation, but the world makes no allowances, and it is very hard not to be proud of those most dear to us. Lack of love is the greatest barrier between kindred, but next to that, and almost as sore as that, is the lack of intellectual sympathy. What can be said to a woman who "looks blank at the suggestion of a subject any more subtle than baby clothes?"

The modern woman is more selfish than her grandmother, but it is a righteous selfishness. She is not going to let her little sprig of a ten-year-old son correct her for saying "That's him," and "They was." She wears old kid gloves in her sweeping, and keeps a bottle of vaseline near her dishpan, and takes time to give her hair a daily thorough brushing, and does not turn her housekeeping into a false god, that demands perpetual sacrifice. She knows what is going on in the world, would as soon think of passing a day without reading—if only for ten minutes—as she would think of passing it without eating, and when her little daughter, or older one, asks her a knotty question on a subject of which she is

ignorant, they go to dictionary, or cyclopædia, or dusty corner of the library to study it out together, like the loving friends and companions that they are.

Will this be construed into a plea for selfishness? Very likely. And yet it is intended as a protest against the spirit that sighs, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing." Looked at from a scientific point of view, it is not possible for us to be nothing, no matter how much we may wish it, so the question resolves itself into whether we will merely be something, or something really worth while. Life is given us to make the most and best of, and while it is true that we cannot confer the smallest benefit upon any one else without benefiting ourselves, it is also true that we cannot truly benefit ourselves without increasing by so much the world's store of happiness.

Is it not strange that our perception of justice is so warped that we denounce the woman who humiliates or imposes upon a neighbor and applaud her who humiliates or imposes upon herself? Such an one needs to be reminded that it is equally as important to love oneself as one's neighbor, as it is to love one's neighbor as oneself. Why should any woman think it a virtue to overwork or neglect herself, when she would scorn to treat a dependent in such a vile way?

No, it is not selfishness; it is self-respect, it is self-reverence, it is the knowledge that there is nothing in the world so precious as human life, and nothing in humanity so precious as the life of a mother.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

"Come in, Uncle Peter," said Bub to the old man, who had been paying the boys a short visit in the barn; "we're going to have mock turtle soup for supper, and we'd be glad to have you stay."

"Haven't got company at the house, have you?" asked the visitor, irresolutely pausing on the doorstep.

"No; what made you think so?"

"I thought p'raps you were having a reg'lar set out, and a lot of folks in, when you spoke of the soup."

"Well, not exactly," said Bub, with a laugh, in which the other boys joined him. "You just come in and see. Tea's all ready. Buz is away—visiting her friends near Guelph—but Bel's sitting up at the head of the table just as big as anybody. The turtle soup is her idea."

As Uncle Peter Elderberry entered the diningroom he observed the table set forth with brown bread, white butter and canned peaches. This was all, except that on each plate stood a good-sized steaming bowl, which sent forth steam. (For the word "steam" the romantic reader will substitute the words "an appetising odor," the realistic reader will confine himself to "steam." In point of fact there was no odor at all.)

"You see," explained Bub, as the old man looked rather dubiously at the contents of his bowl, "ever since Buz went away Isabel has been trying to put into force some new theories of hers about breadmaking."

"Bub!" I exclaimed warningly.

"She set the sponge all right enough," continued the youth, "and pounded it up in great shape in the morning, but when it was fairly in the oven she came in here and sat down, and wrote an ode to Niagara, and forgot all about it."

"Oh, Bub, Niagara!"

"Well, then, the moon; something of that sort. When the sun went down, and it was too dark to write any more, she suddenly thought of the bread. Sure enough, it was baked as hard as the everlasting rocks. A pan of buns looked like a collection of mud-turtles, and were just about the same consistency. Bel put most of them to soak for the chickens and the rest she turned into mock turtle soup—broke them into hot milk, you know."

"Well, I like bread and milk," said Mr. Elderberry, as he laid a piece of crust from his bowl—what the boys would call turtle shell—upon his plate.

"So do I, Uncle Peter," I responded sympathetically. "The more cooking I do, the simpler my tastes become."

No one could have been more polite than our considerate visitor. He praised the cream, which was the redeeming feature of the soup, and was careful to say when the bread was passed to him that he couldn't abide slack bread—he always liked it well baked.

When the meal was concluded, I asked the youngest boy, who seemed to be trembling on the verge of further uncalculated recitals of my culinary experiments, to pile up his school books, which lay in wild disorder on the table where they had been dropped. This table stood just behind the chair which our visitor had taken.

"That reminds me," said Peter Elderberry, "that I'm just out of reading matter now, and I came over almost on purpose to borrow a book."

The eyes of the bad boy behind him twinkled. By a sudden impulse of generosity and mischief, Bub piled all his school books on the old man's head and shoulders, whence they tumbled confusedly to the floor.

"Herbert Thistlethwaite!" I exclaimed in consternation, but it was impossible to repress a smile at this unexpected showerbath of books on the head of a man who had come over to borrow one.

"You want to borrow a book, do you?" said Bub. "Well, I'll lend you all of those, and welcome. You needn't be in a hurry to return them either. You'll find them very improving to the mind."

"Seems to me you're pretty coltish to-night, Bub," said Peter mildly.

"Those are the most liberal terms you'll get anywhere," returned the boy, picking up the scattered volumes and replacing them on the table, "but if you don't see what you want ask for it."

"I see what I want," said Peter, taking down from a book shelf a bound magazine for children. The two friends sat down side by side, and looked at the pictures together—one

Our Best Friends.

EDITOR GLOBE:—"Harmony," in her criticism of Bel Thistlethwaite's "Best Friend" articles, quotes Burns to uphold the adage that "it is our best friends who tell us of our faults." But what ground is there for supposing that "others see us" more as we absolutely are, than we see ourselves?—if, indeed, we be not blinded with conceit, as I am sure a majority, at least, of women, are not. "Others" do not give anything like the study to our characters which we do ourselves, neither have they so sufficient a quantity of data upon which to base their opinions—they see only the outside, while we look upon "the very pulse of the machine."

"What's done they partly may compute."

"But not what's been attempted."

It might be useful as a means of philosophical study that the "gifter" should grant the poet's prayer; or (for I am not ignorant that the best of us may be biased in our opinion by self-love) it might be useful to dwell alternately upon our own estimate and that of "others," on the principle that deflecting a set of muscles, first one way and then the other, has the ultimate result of straightening them. But should we dwell exclusively upon other people's opinions of us, we should but free our minds of one set of blunders and foolish notions to give place to another set.

The illustration of the mother and son is not apposite; for when Bel Thistlethwaite says "friends," I judge from her usual nice and discriminating use of language that she means friends, and does not refer to those closer family ties which in duties and privileges are so much beyond mere friendship.

I do not say that none should ever tell a friend of her faults. We are all familiar with the story of the painter who spoiled his companion's work to save his life; and should a corresponding moral emergency arise requiring a similar degree of heroic treatment, we should not withhold from the person playing the role of the painter the approval which has been universally bestowed upon the original.

But if any critic should feel in a less grievous strait, a leading to point out to another her faults, I should recommend that she first give the matter a month's consideration in prayerfulness and fasting, and if at the end of that time she still feels the call, let her obey it and take the consequences.

I don't think out-and-out praising of our friends advisable as an ordinary ingredient of conversation. Yet praise, used with discrimination, may sometimes, with a thoughtful person desirous of amending, serve the purpose of pointing out faults.

In a drawing, if we sketch a hill, the valley is inevitably suggested. So to bestow a word of merited praise upon a trait of a friend's character, or a point in her conduct, may easily carry with it an unspoken reference to the things wherein you praise her not; and she will very likely "do a heap of thinking 'bout the things you didn't say," quite free from that feeling of outrage, which having our faults pointed out to us in plain language, evokes in the human heart.

KATHERINE B. COURTS.

Chatham July 10.

jovial, gentle and fifteen, the other bent, whimsical and fifty-five. Between the pictures they discussed a project of their own in which they were much interested, but the nature of which I have no authority to reveal. When Uncle Peter finally concluded that he "must be getting home," he told us all to be sure and come over, and we said we would.

"You understand what I was driving at awhile ago, don't you, Bub?" he asked.

"I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!" returned the youngest boy in a loud and cheerful voice, and Mr. Elderberry departed.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

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### TWO WORDS TO THE TIMID.

I was about to head this article "A word to the timid," but on consideration I find there are exactly double that number. The two words referred to are, "Don't care."

That is the solution of the whole difficulty. When you are very much afraid of any thing you generally do care a great deal. Now, if by an effort of the will, you can pretend that you don't care, the mouth of the canon, or of the setting hen, or of the slanderer—three of the awfullest mouths with which I am acquainted—is at once robbed of two-thirds of its terrors. Imagination is at the root of all our fears. The big June bug, which goes booming and buzzing and bumping about the ceiling, with the self-importance so characteristic of insignificance, would not frighten you at all if you did not fancy that he was going to tangle in the meshes of your hair, or try to go in at one ear and out at another. Take the advice of a person who used to be just as scared of those things as you are, and who, by resolutely pretending that she doesn't care, has escaped a great deal of nervous suffering. Don't let yourself begin to care.

Then there are mice. It would be a sad blow to most men and all smart newspaper paragraphs if it could be proved that women are not afraid of mice. I am not afraid of a mouse—not when he is quiet; but I could wish that the tranquility which is inseparable from great minds could be firmly attached, by means of a logging-chain if necessary, to the mind of every visible or audible mouse. Pending the fulfillment of this desire it is well to leave the top shelves of the book-case to be occupied by the men of the family in house-cleaning time (men's dread of house cleaning is far greater than that of women for mice), and to pretend very strongly that one doesn't care.

It is the same with fishing. You can put the loathsome worm on the horrid hook without a shudder if you exert yourself to make believe that you don't care. Of course your brother will assure you that worms can't feel pain, so their wriggings probably arise from a sense of pleasure, or a contemptible desire to make things unpleasant for you. I have caught one fish in my life and I have never wanted to catch another. I was rowing alone, with the end of the trolling-line tied to my wrist, when I felt a portentous jerk. My heart sank, but rose again when I reflected that perhaps it might be nothing but weeds. But it was no such good luck. It was a good-sized fish, possessed with wonderful tenacity of life, who was no sooner dropped into the bottom of the boat than he sprang up in the air and dropped again, repeating the performance at intervals of a few minutes. I don't know the piscatory name of this wild animal, but if it was as long as his leap, it must have been appalling. Previously I had always supposed that fish were always calm in death, or at least that they kept quiet about it, and the fear that its next leap would land it in the lap of its destroyer (semi-destructor, to be accurate) prevented me from simulating the indifference which I did not feel. With the end of an oar I pushed it back into the lake, for in a case of this kind it is impossible to keep up the pretence of not caring.

Imagination can create no evil which determination can not prevent or cure. When your particular John or Thomas is absent of an evening, do not allow yourself to be expectant at ten, apprehensive at eleven, hysterical at twelve, and a nervous wreck by one. The chances are that he will return before two with a clear and satisfactory account of the way he spent the evening, and the reasons for his delay. It is all very reasonable and sensible, and he is naturally impatient and displeased with you for allowing visions of horrible accidents and midnight murders to dance

through your head, but you possibly needed one experience of this sort to prove to you that not all the imaginary evils in the world are worth the price of a good night's untroubled sleep.

Don't be afraid. It is hard to be courageous, but we can at least assume a virtue if we have it not; and let us hope that the appearance of courage may, like some of the diseases spoken of by our ancestors, eventually "strike in."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

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Thursday May 3

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### THE MORAL QUALITY OF CLOTHES.

It is all very well to follow unquestioningly in the wake of fashion, providing we do so with a clear comprehension of the moral consequences of the act, bearing in mind that every article of attire has a distinct character of its own, which, when added to our already complex characteristics, exerts a decided influence over the whole. For instance, let a simple, unpretending gentleman take a cane in his hand before starting off down town, and he at once becomes a trifle supercilious. The quality may be wholly foreign to his nature, but as it is the essence of the cane's nature it follows that he is at the mercy of his cane. Such people are to be pitied rather than blamed. Again, how impossible it is for the best-intentioned girl in the world to be entirely straightforward and sincere with a fan in her hand. Its slightest movement distils the very odor of coquetry. A man may be buoyant to the verge of recklessness in what is termed a slouch hat, but once let him assume a smooth silken tile and he is the soul of prudence. One's heart melts to compassion at sight of the man who, without a particle of dignity in his composition, is compelled by a high and stiffly-starched collar to look as if he were an imposing being, capable of aweing one with a glance. It is strange but true, that once let an individual of the other sex be deprived of his collar, and he does not appear to be of any more importance than a woman. Has no "woman's righter" ever reflected upon the immense importance of this fact? It is in the collar that the strength of the modern Samson resides. Let but a wilted rag be substituted for it, and the downtrodden sex may at once go forth conquering and to conquer, with *sic semper*, etc., engraved upon its banners.

It is only by experience and observation that we become acquainted with the diabolical qualities of some of the things which the dread of looking peculiar makes us wear. Josh Billings has left us his opinion concerning "tite butes," and we have had some opportunities of learning that tight corsets are not extensively approved of, either as a means of improving the physical frame or the moral perceptions. It is difficult for a woman to look womanly, and impossible for her to look motherly, in a grand toilette. So powerful is the influence of a beautiful dress that a woman who has quarreled with her dearest friend will never, while under its influence, dream of effecting a reconciliation; for what fellowship can there be between tears and silks, fine laces and embraces? A long train awakens vanity and hate, and a jaunty hat is enough to make the shyest girl saucy. A man of weight and personal influence may look what he is in winter with an overcoat on and slip into insignificance in summer. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings," and sometimes the fault is in our clothes.

It is a regrettable truth that the moral quality of some of the nicest articles of attire is bad. What lofty indifference to the rights of others is manifested by the tall hat which intervenes in a crowded assemblage between one's eyes and the speaker. How deceitful are all varieties of the veil, from the mist-like to the impenetrable. And what a mask of selfishness is that "kind of pad, or cushion," which, according to Webster, "is worn by ladies for the purpose of expanding their skirts behind. Parenologists may affirm that there is no such thing as a bump of selfishness, but practical people know better. The sweetest and most generous girl in the world, who in the morning will gladly offer half her armchair to a candy-chewing and sticky little brother, will in the afternoon occupy two seats in the street car and look with bland serenity upon the conductor, who anxiously inspects the voluminous folds of her drapery to find a seat for a newcomer. Wherever she goes, place must be found not only for her, but for that unnecessarily protuberant part of her dress; its appearance must be considered as well as her own. But it is not surprising that a thing so ugly in itself and so destructive of beauty in the outward form should exert its withering influence upon the beauty of the soul.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

### THE ELOCUTIONIST AT HOME.

We have an elocutionist in our family—not an amateur, but a professional elocutionist—who intersperses public readings and private teaching of her beloved art with occasional visits to the Thistlethwaite homestead. Of course she indulges in frequent quotation. To the dog who springs to greet her she exclaims, "Down, you pup! Are you so glad you would eat me up?" A favor from one of her brothers is received with the assurance that he is the only man she ever loved, and if her only sister is not visible she inquires, "Where is my own and only, greatest girl on earth?" There is a suspicion of flattery in this which rankles in the mind of the aforesaid sister, not to speak of her conviction that the whole is a base perversion from one of P. T. Barnum's most rhetorical flights. However, they sit down in glad accord, and devote three or four consecutive hours to that part of the dramatic art known as voice culture, not, it may be said, for the immediate benefit of the voice, so much as for the exchange of information and opinion.

Then the writer returns to her pen and the elocutionist goes out to the barn to practise. A barn is a good place to practise in, although fine gesture, which is the very soul of elocution, is completely lost on the plebeian minds of the cattle in the stable below, on account of the barn floor intervening. The audience is very exclusive, consisting of several swallows, a setting hen and the faithful dog. The feelings of the latter animal, however, being grossly outraged by information received in the most sepulchral tones of the elocutionist, that she is his father's spirit, doomed for a certain time to walk the earth, he flies incontinently, uttering discordant yelps. When she related "How Ruby Played," the cows and horses below stamped their approval, and the plaudits of the swallows from their reserved seats were most flattering; but when she drew on her stores of the pathetic, when unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster, then it was that the setting hen became completely unnerved; with the air of one who has ceased to care for eggs except as a merely secondary consideration, she stole away to weep in solitude, while the barn cat, who is a pretty good mouser when not disturbed by outside influences, turned pale with intense emotion and semi-starvation.

The elocutionist has always been noted for her voice. Many centuries ago when we were both young (it is really not quite so long as that, but we live in deeds, not years, and we have each committed several hundred deeds) it was impossible for her to stub her toe, or cut her finger, without crying out, as Carlyle says, "expansively, not appealingly," and the neighbors half a mile away used to shut their windows with a bang, and predict a great future for that child. In justice to her I must say that the qualities of her heart were fully as remarkable as those of her lungs. Once when I was running all over the house in a desperate attempt to escape from Buz, who followed with a spoonful of castor oil, which she wished me to engulf, the subject of this sketch, with tears of pity in her eyes, took the spoon from Buz, and before we could guess her intention, she deposited the horrible contents into her own department of the interior. In the rapture and relief of the moment, as I bedewed my sister's neck with grateful tears, it made no difference to me that I was called a naughty girl, and that she was held up to me as a shining example. I only knew then, as I know now, that though I will do anything in reason for my friends, I draw the line at castor oil. I'll never take anybody's castor oil.

This imperishable act of kindness has never led me to imagine that I could impose on the elocutionist. A young lady, whose muscular system strongly testifies to the daily use of dumb-bells and Indian clubs, is apt to revenge herself for a slightly sarcastic remark by shouldering the maker of it bodily, "landing" her in the shrubbery, and leaving her with the tragic words, "Be thankful, slave, my grace accords thee life on any terms!"

There are good points about the elocutionist. One is that she never recites "Curfew must not," etc. Oh, if she ever had cull-imb'd that ladder, the results would probably have been fatal, for her weight is no slight affair, and those venerable rounds have been worn weak by the ascending feet of many multitudes of public readers.

Another good thing about her is that she is not a "realistic reciter." She went to hear one of this sort of elocutionist lately, and this is the way she said the gifted creature disported herself. It was out in the front yard, and the imitator had a handkerchief tied about her head and a long hay-rake in her hand. The latter instrument she kept constantly moving while she delivered herself of the following:—

"M-a-u-d Muller (long, far-away look into the intense inane—look was intense and inane) on a summer's day (quick and jerky utterance—increased pulse), Hur-raked the meadows

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Monday May 14

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### SOME ASPECTS OF BRANTFORD.

Among many other desirable things for which Brantford is celebrated may be mentioned that it is the abode of no less than three young lady graduates of Toronto University. One of them came down to the depot to meet me on arriving in the city last week, and her fair, rose-colored face formed an agreeable contrast to the dank and dreary day. Where be now those carping critics who aforesaid declared that a woman who cultivated her brains must of necessity become fleshless and bloodless in the process, and that she could reach the farthest shore of her ambition only by being stranded a melancholy wreck upon it. Probably he would meet the embodied contradiction of his theories with the melancholy inward comment, "To this complexion has it come at last," and mourn that the complexion was so good an one.

Brantford is a delightful city—a fact of which its inhabitants are not unaware. Of course they assume a deprecatory tone and say, "You should see us later when we are in full leaf," or they point with regret to the way in which the manufacturing interests of the place are obtruding upon the picturesque ones, or they meet your admiration of the Brant monument with the indifferent comment that it is not a bad bit of work; or they say that, however pretty may be the idea of a city nestling among encircling hills, it is rather too warm a position for midsummer. On the other hand, they do not fail to remind you of the beauty of Brant avenue, the large attendance of bright, fresh-looking girls at the ladies' college situated on it, the commanding position of the Institute for the Blind and the Stratford Hospital, the various churches grouped about the park, with its growing buds and blades; and, of course, they say that Brantford is a rapidly-growing city. On this point, however, I must dissent respectfully but firmly. In a growing city, as every woman knows, only a part of the sidewalk is encumbered with building materials, forcing the pedestrian to take to the street; in a rapidly growing one you are continually being met or overtaken and nearly overrun by all sorts of vehicles, in the most sociable way imaginable, until an unexpected strip of free sidewalk appears as a glad surprise. Judged by the feminine standard Brantford is not rapid in its growth; it is simply a growing city.

During part of my visit the weather behaved like a fretful child, tearful and dejected, suddenly brightening up and then as suddenly being overcome by a keen recollection of its wrongs and woes, and bursting anew into tears. But Shelley and Browning, and an open fire, and countless experiences to relate and listen to, are more than sufficient to make one forget the weather. When we were allowed to look on the bright side of things once more—in a literal sense—we went for a drive about the city, and out into the country as far as the Mohawk church. This building, I learned with joy, is the oldest church in Canada (nothing pleases a newspaper writer so much as the opportunity of making a definite and striking statement), and that its silver service was presented to it by Queen Anne. Afterwards I discovered with regret that it is the oldest Protestant church in Canada, and later I heard with deep depression that it is the oldest Protestant church in Ontario. Anyone with any further information to communicate to me on this subject will please just keep it to themselves. I don't want to know anything more about it. I only wish we had broken into that church, if it is a church, and inspected the silver, if there is any silver, with our own eyes. Probably it is some poor, miserable plated stuff that Queen Anne, if there ever was such a woman, sent over here because it was a disgrace to the palace.

One of the pleasantest places to visit in Brantford is the Young Ladies' College, decorously withdrawn and walled in from the street, beautified by well-kept grounds, and haunted by no sounds more discordant than bird-notes and girl-voices. To step from a public thoroughfare through a hugh doorway, mis-called a gateway, into a sylvan spot, brightened by girlish forms crossing the sward, and young faces relieved against the tall evergreens, is certainly a transformation scene. As the superintendent was not visible, there was not a sign of a man about the establishment, with the exception of a large and remarkably fine picture of Henry George, hanging in the room of another lady graduate of University College. My friend was the first to be graduated, and this one is celebrated for having successfully undertaken "the Blake work." What the Blake work may be I have not even the mistiest conception, but I learned that "it has nothing whatever to do with patching up a disorganised party." The beautiful eyes of this learned young lady lit up with pleasure when I questioned her about the abolition of poverty. I have discovered what a great many people know already, that the only way to inform oneself on any subject is to go to those who have made a study of it, not to those who sneer at it. Not that one need be credulous or visionary, easily persuaded, or lacking in judgment, but it is cheap and easy to deride, it is difficult and expensive to investigate, but the expenditure of time or money, thought and attention, is small compared to the gain in mental breadth.

It is a pretty sight to see the college girls on the street going churchward. There are fifty-five in all, and a goodly proportion of them attend the place of worship which I have heard spoken of as Garth Grafton's church. Every reader of *Woman's World* must remember the always bright and interesting products of Garth Grafton's pen in these columns. One of the best among her contributions to *THE GLOBE* was a graceful and tenderly written description of the ceremony of baptism, as witnessed in the church where, between my two B.A.'s, I was a listener last Sunday evening. For twenty-six years the minister of this congregation has retained his place in the pulpit and his hold upon the affections of his people, a fact that ceased to surprise me after I had heard his sermon.

Just before leaving Brantford we paid a hurried visit to the Institute for the Blind. Our sightless guide led us with unerring footsteps from classroom to classroom. We lingered longest perhaps in the room where an object lesson was being taught, and watched the slim fingers moving, with that delicacy and grace peculiar to the blind, over a stuffed bird, which the childish voice described with painstaking accuracy. In the geography class, pieces of wood, shaped like the various counties of Canada, were placed one at a time into tiny hands, whose owners unhesitatingly pronounced the name of the county, and the position and names of its three or four leading towns. Of course we were shown exquisite specimens of needlework, that one with the use of her eyes might well have been proud of, but we looked at them through a mist of tears. It is easy to string pathetic words together, but an insistent heartache makes any words seem weak. Next to one's soul, what personal possession can be dearer than one's eyesight? It is a dreadful thing to see patience and resignation on the face of a child, and the sympathetic visitor to this institution will be likely to greet the light of many successive mornings with the sad reflection, Poor, stricken little souls! For them on this earth there can never be any morning.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### DICK AND I.

"Why not take Dick?"

The speaker was one of the Thistlethwaite boys, the listener, wearing a riding dress and cap, and a rather dissatisfied expression of countenance, was the undersigned. It was very disappointing. The boys had just driven past with the two horses, Fanny and Bill, and I had wanted to go for a ride on Fanny. To be sure there was another horse—there was Mort—but the infirmities of age are beginning to tell on Mort, and besides that he is a free thinker. He never acknowledges any authority outside of himself—at least not when I am driving him. So it will clearly be seen that Mort was out of the question. The other horses were orthodox Quaker, with a strong leaning toward the Hicksite place of worship when the roads are bad, as this meeting-house is much nearer than the other.

Dick is a two-year-old colt, not yet "broken in," but with the sweetest disposition in the world. We have always been on the friendliest terms. When you cast your arms about his neck, instead of merely submitting to your embrace, as is the frigid way of ill-bred horses, he presses his head against your arm, or leans it over your shoulder with an air of utter content. Still this is a very different thing from riding him. He evidently did not approve of the bit and saddle, and when after our customary embrace I adjured him by all the heaven deities to behave himself, he tossed back his frivolous long bang with the air of one who thinks it a mistake to take life too seriously.

We started off in a sort of go-as-you-please way, with a good deal of superfluous twisting and turning, and occasionally stopping short in the road when my companion was struck with some sudden beauty in the landscape which he had never noticed before. "You want to whip him when he acts like that," were the last words I heard as we rode away, but I found I didn't want to do anything of the sort. Any woman would be ashamed to show that she was less gentle than the brute she is riding. At the same time I wished my young friend to understand that while my amiability was equal to his, my determination was even greater. An opportunity of proving this proposition was afforded me at the first turn in the road, when Dick wanted to take the upper road and his rider preferred the lower one. The whole tendency of his nature seemed to incline him in the direction he had chosen, but he submitted at last with a nonchalant air, as of one who should say, "Well, since you insist—though it looks to me like an error in judgment."

Like most of his sex, Dick is susceptible to flattery. In melancholy moments, when he was almost persuaded that he should never see home and native pasture-field again, his pace is perceptibly quickened by hearing, "good Dick," encouragingly pronounced; and the first time "my own dear Dick" fell upon his ears he was stimulated into a gallop, which was not unpleasant until I discovered that he had never learned the meaning of the word "whoa." It seemed wiser not to delay but to begin at once and instruct him as to the proper definition of the word, particularly as fences were flying past and hairpins falling out at an unusual rate. It didn't take much time to give him his first lesson, but we certainly went over a good deal of ground.

The next thing that attracted Dick's attention was the fact that a good view of his birthplace can be obtained from the sideroad, along which we were then travelling. There was the old barn with the budding orchards west and south of it, and there stood Mort, looking at the antics of the ducks in the pond and seeming to say, "This also is vanity." Sixty long minutes had flown since last we gazed on these familiar scenes, and old associations thronged back on Dick's mind, but I begged him not to think of rushing home across lots, and he yielded a reluctant ascent to my persuasion. When we reached the house I was chagrined to see that Dick had forgotten the meaning of the word whoa, and we went on to the barn in fine style.

"That won't do," said the boys, "you must teach him to stop and let you off at the horse block."

"But he's been so good," I urged, "and he doesn't want to go back a bit."

"Doesn't make any difference what he wants," said they, and so with a great many tossings of the head, and twistings of the body and short, stubborn little steps, we returned to the doorstep, where we partook of a light colation of American pippins—a sort of apple that is rock-like in fall and winter, but softens a little under the influence of spring. Dick is not the best sort of horse for the saddle, but his good nature makes amends for all deficiencies. He is Percheron, so Bub says—"part Percheron and the other part colt."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

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# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## ADVICE TO AN ENGAGED GIRL.

As it is a difficult matter for any girl to escape receiving a good deal of advice in these days, when every noteworthy person and periodical is deeply interested in her welfare, you can scarcely expect to be exempt from the infliction. Pretty soon you will be a married woman, when advice will be completely thrown away upon you, so I hasten to offer you a word of counsel ere it be too late.

Don't give yourself airs because you are engaged, while your older sister isn't. Old maids are fashionable at present, particularly when they have ideas of their own, with careers to match. After you have patiently folded your brown wings within the portal of home, while she is "careering" without, it will not be so certain that all the advantages are on your side. To succeed as a wife you must be as unselfish as an angel; to succeed in a man's work you must be as selfish as a man. This implies no reproach to the despised sex. It is amusing to hear women denounce the selfishness of men, when that very selfishness, cultivated, of course, in moderation, is a wise provision of nature, directly designed for the benefit of wives and families. Whatever you do, don't marry a conspicuously unselfish man. He will be very frank and gay, open-hearted and open-handed, a delightful companion, popular with everybody. You will begin life in comfort, be reduced to poverty, descend into debt, and people will wonder why your husband ever married such a sour-faced wife. But these hail-fellow-well-met young men generally do marry sweet-faced girls, who degenerate into sour-faced wives. Some one must bear the burden of support, some one must plan ways and means, and feel anxious and care-worn at times, and where the husband shirks these obligations as being inconsistent with his gay and amiable disposition, it is the wife who has to assume them.

It is better to marry some one whom you thoroughly liked before you loved. When the fragile superstructure of love trembles and threatens to fall beneath the storms of life, a foundation of genuine friendship—real liking—is the best thing to rebuild it upon.

If there are any reforms that you wish to inaugurate, any changes that you desire to effect in the character or habits of the man of your choice, now is the time for prompt and decisive action. Make up your mind whether you will allow smoking in the parlor, or have a private smoking-car built for the purpose, or whether you will discountenance it altogether. If the latter, be sure to come out fairly and squarely on the subject. The woman who hesitates is lost; and it is useless to try and break him of the habit by offering him a cigar of a brand bad enough to have been invented by Trask, the great anti-tobacco reformer. This will not disgust him with tobacco. It will only create a morbid craving for a box of the best cigars. But you say why not defer the discussion of such disagreeable subjects until after marriage. Because the fewer subjects of that sort you discuss after marriage the better it will be for you. Where, then, is the influence of a wife over her husband in breaking up the bad habits of a lifetime? Where are the snows of yesterday?

Don't write love-letters every day. It is too hard on the postage, and you will never get enough money ahead to keep house on at that rate. Twice a week is often enough except at times when it is absolutely necessary to write twice a day. Occasionally it is well to keep silence for an entire week, as that will be sure to bring you a letter full of apprehensions, and hope deferred, and anxious solicitude. He is not sure whether you are at death's door or just beyond it. You will not often be accorded the opportunity of relieving the fears of a suffering fellow-creature at so slight an expense to your own convenience.

Don't let any one hurry you into marriage. You are an independent young woman now—something you can never be again after you are merged—or submerged—in husband and home. The novelists write "finis" at the wedding-day because it is then that the reign of prose begins.

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife He would have written sonnets all his life?"

Certainly not; and the modern Laura, who is perhaps as fond of writing sonnets as her Petrarch, and who makes her pin-money by thriftily disposing of them at a good price, will find this source of income cut off by the words which make her a bride. Poetry that is worth printing is generally paid for, and the chances that it will be better written before marriage than after are as a hundred to one.

When your lover sends you a book don't say it is a very nice book, but tell him why you like it, or quote from it what made the most impression on you. This will prove to him that you know how to read. Most girls are mistress of this desirable accomplishment, but they so seldom practise it on books that are really worth while that one is always a little in doubt as to their attainments.

Don't hesitate to ask questions on subjects that puzzle you. Few things please men better than to be asked to enlighten our poor, darkened understandings. It is beneficial to them also, because the quickest way for a person to become acquainted with his own ignorance of a subject is for him to attempt to explain it to some one else.

You will expect me to say something about the necessity of being able to make a shirt, and bake a loaf of bread, but I am just as tired of the shirt and bread style of talk as you are. One thing, however, I will say. Any girl of fair average intelligence, who will give her mind to the subject, can master the science of cooking, root and branch, in a period of time not exceeding three months. It is nonsense to think that only a life-long acquaintance with broom and frying pan can make one adept in their use.

This is all, except that where other people look at you with knowing eyes, or with a sickly smile, or with an expression of bottomless idiocy, you needn't appear to take any notice of it.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

plc 1888  
Monday May 30  
WOMAN'S WORLD.

## GOSSIP AS RELATED TO FRIENDSHIP.

How to escape the venom of slanderous tongues is a serious question with the undignified mortals who are continually hearing the silly stories told about them, and being fretted by them. Worthy and deserving as many of us in our secret hearts know ourselves to be, it does seem a shame that other people, unimpressed by our real nobility of character, should smile at our weaknesses, ridicule our defects, and exaggerate our faults. True, we treat them in much the same way, but that is a very different matter. Every one knows that it is nothing but innocent by-play for us to make fun of others, but it is an intolerable outrage for others to make fun of us. I cannot explain this fact, but it is one that we have all noticed. Some of those who have seen the sad effects of slandering propose to discountenance gossip of every kind. They quote for our benefit that delectable stanza:—

If you your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care—  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

But five things are too many. Nobody could object to observing one thing with care, or, in rare cases, two things, but there might be a serious risk of becoming cross-eyed if one should recklessly attempt in the same moment to observe five things with care. And what a delightful exercise conversation would become under these rules and regulations. A better preventive of the ill effects of slander would be to remember that no one but oneself can really injure oneself. To be guilty of a sin is infinitely worse than to be supposed guilty of it. Human hatred is a powerful poison, but it makes its possessor far more uncomfortable than it can possibly render its object. Besides, as it depends for existence upon a much greater amount of energetic depravity than most of us can boast, it is not so common as we suppose. The remark that irks and hurts us is generally caused, not by pure vindictiveness, but by dyspepsia or nervousness, by a tendency to look on the dark side of characters as well as of things, or by a desire to be entertaining to the person who happened to be present at the time. Let us be charitable to those who are unjust or unkind to us. Consider how few things they have in life to occupy and interest their minds.

Your true friend never repeats the ill-natured things said about you, for the reason that he never hears them. Would any one dare to approach you with an evil report concerning your husband, or sister, or mother? Certainly not. They know you would not listen for a moment to anything that had even the appearance of lowering those most dear to you in your eyes. So when Ella Maria, in whom heretofore your heart has trusted, tells you with real regret that she thinks it her duty to let you know that Amelia Ann says that you are as vain as a peacock, does not this prove that A. A. spoke in this manner because she found in E. M. a ready listener? Do people take their wares to the best market, or to where they will be thrust back in their teeth? If it was the rule of Ella Maria's life to love you tenderly and generously, and to appeal in her intercourse with you, as a true friend should, only to your noblest feelings, she would be simply incapable of carrying slanderous reports to you.

But ought not one's best friend to be the first to tell one of one's faults? Oh, dear, no, not at all; not on any account.

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Saturday  
June 2

WOMEN AND MONEY.

If there is one thing more than another that every girl of to-day needs to become it is a good business woman. Whether she has received a higher education or a lower education or no education at all, whether she inherit a princely property in her own right or be the poor "scrub lady" in the alley, whether she be fair and young or old and withered, she must have something to do with receiving and paying out money. Much of her well-being in life depends upon her proper management of money, and this depends upon the business training she has received.

On this subject she frequently learns nothing except that those who have can spend, and those who have not must wheedle it out of father or husband. Those who are compelled to earn their own bread learn from experience a discipline denied to the vast number, who step from their mother's homes into homes of their own, having no knowledge in either of the value of money and the way to make the best use of it for themselves and others.

It is not true that women are by nature incapable of spending money wisely. On the contrary the feminine willingness to take trouble, and to pay attention to details, and the feminine horror of wastefulness, are the qualities that have enabled many a man to say that all he has he owes to his wife. In connection with this subject the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has pointed out the curious fact that, while many a woman makes the best of a not too estimable husband, no power on earth can save a man who has got an unworthy or even a foolish wife. If it is true that a man rises or sinks to the level of his wife, the responsibilities of married women are far greater than those of single ones. A foolish virgin may come to grief herself, but she can hardly bring ruin to a family.

And it is foolishness rather than depravity on the part, not of the wage-earner, but of the one who should know how to take care of the wages when they are earned, which keeps so many families at the struggling point most of their lives. If the mother has "no faculty," if she is "a poor manager," her husband and children must suffer with herself. People speak of her scornfully as though it were her own fault, when it is largely her misfortune. If as a little girl she had been treated as a reasonable and responsible human being, if she had been given so many cents a week and expected to render a strict account of them, if, through the years of girlhood, she had been not merely permitted but obliged to take complete charge of her own financial affairs, who can doubt that she would have learned valuable lessons in the art of spending money to the best advantage that would be of incalculable service to her now? The habits of accuracy, order, punctuality and thoroughness, if not acquired in youth are nearly impossible to gain at all.

The ignorance of common business principles which women display is a result of the wretched old belief in women's inherent helplessness and brainlessness and general worthlessness. Have not women two feet each as well as men? Then why does not the individual woman learn to stand on them, and why could she not in time learn to walk alone? Are not our hands given us to earn money with, and our heads to show us the best way to invest it? The root of all evil may be made the root of a great deal of good to those who practice the homely virtues of prudence, forethought, and discrimination.

This is not written to advocate meanness or any ignoble economy. I have no sympathy with the rich man who in the ardor of a speech made at a missionary meeting, decided to give a thousand dollars to the cause, afterwards repented and thought he'd give five hundred, afterwards repented and thought he'd give fifty, and when the box came round deposited ten cents in it, and when he reached home "wished to goodness he had that ten cents back again." Frequently what is wise expenditure for one would be reckless extravagance for another with the same income, on account of the difference in the business ability of the two. A carefulness that degenerates into "worrying," or into undisguised stinginess, is the most contemptible trait of character that one could possess.

But on the other hand it is well to remember that a dollar represents at the present moment only a dollar's worth of good. The same dollar wisely invested and looked at five, or ten, or twenty years from now, will represent very much more. Our present income should be made to supply not only present needs and pleasures, but to furnish something toward the needs and pleasures of the future—that inexorable shape which hovers very darkly over the path of him and especially of her who is not "fore-handed." BEL TRISTLETHWAITE.

1888  
Musely June 5

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A WORD ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

I have a great deal of sympathy with Frances Burton Clare in her appeal for womanliness as against woman suffrage—an appeal that has been already adversely commented on by more than one writer in these columns. Gail Hamilton, who among all the strong-minded sisterhood would be least likely to be charged with effeminacy, has affirmed that the first duty of a woman is to be a lady. It sounds like a self-evident proposition, and yet who does not know individuals of the discontented sex who would vigorously declare, if their opinion was asked, that a woman's first duty was to get her rights, lady or no lady. It is because so many aggressive, clamorous, unwomanly women are, so to speak, snaking their fists in the eyes of their brothers and fathers, that not a few of the thoughtful and liberal-minded of our sex have concluded that it is wiser to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Refinement, gentleness, grace, tact—all the attributes of ladyhood—are so dear to every true woman that it seems as if we ought to thank F. B. C. for her defence of them, instead of assailing her for it.

And yet, is there anything more unsexing in the casting of a vote than there is in the utterance of an opinion? Isn't it rather a masculine thing to be able to think at all? You remember Milton's description of Adam and Eve:—

For contemplation he, and valor formed,  
For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace.

Tastes differ, of course. I myself am a great admirer of softness and sweet, attractive grace—in a baby; in a woman, who is limited to the exercise of these qualities alone, it does seem as though the field was rather circumscribed. No wonder that Eve indulged an unworthy appetite for fruit, if her moral backbone was composed of nothing more solid than softness and sweet, attractive grace. Fortunately her daughters have inherited something from the paternal side of the house. Ask any woman of your acquaintance if every day does not bring her opportunities for contemplation and valor.

The fact is, there is no faculty of the mind which is monopolised by either sex. All are necessary to both, and the weaker any one of them is in either man or woman the more reason exists for its cultivation. The ability to perceive accurately, to think clearly, to decide wisely, has of late years been largely developed in woman; as a consequence, she desires the right to vote. Not, be it understood, as a privilege, but as a right. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. For an indefinite number of years He has allowed His human family to have the use of it. Now, in the days when might was right, the stronger half of this family took upon itself to make the laws which should govern all; the weaker half was taught to practise the feminine virtues of docility, submission, resignation and contentment. It was a labor-saving arrangement, and might have continued forever had not some members of the submissive sex in an evil hour chanced to come across a spelling book. That was the beginning of trouble. Once let a woman learn the alphabet and she refuses to be contented or to resign herself to anything short of the inevitable. From the discovery that she is a thinking, reasoning being, it is but a step to the knowledge of her rights and duties as a citizen and to her perception of the fact that those who are equally bound to submit to laws should have an equal voice in the construction of those laws.

Why should not women instead of men be the sole makers of the laws which control both sexes? Is it because woman's place is in the home and family? It may be affirmed quite as emphatically that man's place is in the shop or on the farm. The duties we owe to the State are only second in importance to those we owe to our households. Every family has or should have the benefit of maternal as well as paternal wisdom. But how is it with our country? It is pretty thoroughly fathered; some of its fathers could easily be dispensed with—at least there are rumors to that effect. But it has never yet been mothered. The mothers are not perfection; but they have a conscience—one each, and generally a full-grown one at that; they are distinguished for their love of social purity and social reforms; for their devotion to the cause of Temperance, for their righteous indignation and earnest efforts on behalf of the wronged and oppressed (they have been wronged and oppressed themselves), and for their economical habits and horror of debt. Would not the affairs of the Dominion of Canada be improved by the introduction of these rare foreign elements?

But, admitting that this is too sanguine a view, admitting that the mental and moral littleness which is the bane of many of our sex—the sex which for centuries has been belittled—will effectually counterbalance all the good qualities we possess, what then? Suppose we say that the country will not be benefited by our admission to the franchise, or that it will be decidedly injured by such an admission, then "the cure for freedom's ills is freedom still." There is no need for clamorous vociferation. I am so anxious to avoid the appearance of anything of the sort that, if it were not imposing on the hard-worked printer, I could wish that a particularly modest and lady-like, and unassuming sort of type might be chosen in which to convey the statement that men have no more right to be sole legislators for women and men, than women would have to be sole legislators for men and women.

BEL TRISTLETHWAITE.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

1888  
Saturday June 7

CONCERNING FUNERALS.

One of the most dispiriting things in life is the dread of death. This has no reference to the fear of supernatural horrors which, so far as has been observed, exerts a profoundly depressing influence only upon those of active imaginations and sympathies. Consider the good, kind-hearted, prosaic people that we meet with every day, who are righteously resigned to the dogma that most of our fellow creatures will ultimately depart to that bourne from which every traveller will be most anxious to return. Does the contemplation of this awful fate stretch them upon a perpetual rack of anguish? By no means. Even you, my dear madam, active, philanthropist and earnest Christian worker that you are, even you, if you were told in one moment that a single human soul since the world began had gone to an eternity of torment, and in the next second were informed that your newest dress had been ruined by an accident, would not your first sharp pang of regret be caused by the light affliction which is but for a moment? Ah, well, it doesn't do to inquire too curiously into these matters. One of the ripest fruits of Christian endeavor is the ability to be perfectly honest with ourselves.

The idea of death from a merely material point of view is sufficiently unpleasant. Do you ever think and shudder at the thought of "the whispering, crowded room," the people who come to pay their "last respects," who would a great deal rather stay away, and those who have no respects to pay, but a good deal of curiosity to indulge; the worldly faces and worldly talk jarring so painfully and so helplessly upon those beautiful words about the silver cord and the golden bowl; the odd feeling that the real grief which afflicts your family might have been prevented had you only been a burden instead of a comfort to them; and that other odd feeling that your own wholesome outward and visible self could ever be that uncanny object, by common consent, called "the remains." Any one who has ever in imagination attended her own funeral will sincerely wish to spare her relatives and friends the unpleasant duty of attending it in person.

There are awful things connected with funerals—things that would make "the remains" turn a shade paler than they are, could they be cognizant of them. There are people who whisper instead of speaking in a low, natural tone, or, what is better, remaining silent in that sympathetic silence that is farthest from indifference. There is the horrible old aunt from the country, who will say, "Well, poor thing, she's out of her pain, and you have not got the bother of waiting on her; good for her and good for you." There are desperate characters who will figure on the cost of coffin and caskets, and other who will desecrate the sanctity of flowers by arranging them in stiff, lifeless masses for ornamental or sentimental purposes. There are idiots who lift up their innocent, tender children that they may look into the fearful face of death. There are forms and ceremonies which do coldly furnish forth the house of mourning and desolation. There are those who sympathise and don't show it, and those who don't care much and do show it. There is that unpreventable commingling of the things of time with those of eternity, which makes the bravest shrink.

I think of adding a few clauses to my will (every woman over twenty-one possessing property to the value of one dollar or more should make a will) which may be called the "last wishes." I notice a person's last wishes are generally treated with respect, and carried out if possible. The first "last wish" will be:—

Wear no mourning garments. Color is a source of consolation not to be despised.

Black skies, black looks and black "mourning goods" are equally depressing. Even if black were a cheerful tint the wearing of it by all the members of a family in affliction is a senseless fashion, and fashion should have nothing to do with real grief.

Second—Bring no flowers—unless a few wild ones, or a bunch of apple blossoms, or a handful of dandelions. The costlier a flower is the less flower-like it seems. When death

to Soc. medium line. 40 vds. for  
China, fresh-straw matting, 20  
Wool  
sun-kissed Moresque at 65c; al  
Broad Kiddleminsters; notice th  
Bed and diningrooms. Bright

Monday  
June 18

### THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

This phrase is frequently heard from the lips of those who thoughtfully and conscientiously oppose woman suffrage. We are the angels of home, so they tell us, and for us to drag our white wings through the mud of political life would be bad for the wings and would not purify the mud. Our influence in the family circle and in society is immeasurable greater than it could be on the world's broad field of battle. The idea of a woman on a battle field, except in the capacity of a healer and comforter, is absurd in the extreme. Let us be content. Things are bad enough as they are with men at the head of affairs; with a lot of hysterical women to assist them there could be nothing but disaster. Woman's smile is man's inspiration; her tenderness is his chiefest treasure; her sphere his earthly paradise. Why will she persist in flinging down her choicest pearls to be trampled upon by the swine of her political aspirations?

This is rhetorical and plausible, but if the anti-suffragists were dispoiled of their rhetoric and plausibility there would be nothing left to sustain them. The theory that man should be the head of the nation, and woman its heart, would be a more satisfactory one were not so many evils of the present day directly attributable to man's heartlessness and woman's brainlessness. There is no ground for the inference that our sensibility is large in proportion to our lack of sense. Tenderness, the crowning grace of womanhood and manhood, is not endangered by the exercise of power.

But the feminine quality that is endangered—that in most cases is totally destroyed—by the duties of an enlarged sphere of action is that extreme excitability of the feelings, due to an overwrought condition of the nerves, which used to be considered a great charm in the old-fashioned young ladies of romance. Is it not the heroine of "Queechy" who "bursts into tears" on nearly every other page of the book? If my memory does not mislead me, that novel is believed with tears from cover to cover. At that time, it is to be supposed, any woman capable of controlling her feelings was considered dreadfully masculine. In one of the latest works of fiction the heroine is praised for her honest eyes, sincere manner, and the fact that she shakes hands just like a man. Not a doubt is cast upon her womanliness, Yes, the world moves. After a while—who knows—it may be lady-like to speak the truth.

It is always easier to leave things as they are than to make changes in them. That is what slave-owners said before the American civil war; and no doubt many of the slaves were more comfortable than they were after they had gained their freedom. Granting that most of the colored population were satisfied with their old social status, and that most women are contented with their present restricted liberties, that does not affect the righteousness of the emancipation movement.

But it is said that women should not interfere in man's sphere. Very well, then let man see to it that he does not interfere in woman's sphere. One of the most powerful unintentional arguments in behalf of woman suffrage that I ever read was contained in a

poem called "Divorced," under which ran the lines, "Custody of the child given to the father." To the father! But the law will never be just to women until women have a share in the making of it.

It is the traditional woman's rights woman, the ogre of the past, that affrights us. We picture a creature made up of brass and vinegar in equal parts, with a voice, bearing and aspect that are calculated to make the bravest shrink. But our representative women are of an entirely opposite type. They are earnest, enlightened, forgetful of self, devoted to a cause so great that it leaves no room for the petty foibles which are the reproach of our sex. The new responsibilities involved in the extension of the franchise to women will strengthen their womanliness instead of destroying it. For what are the things that blight the fairest fruits of womanhood? Are they not shallowness, vacuity, effeminacy, lack of knowledge, of broad thoughts and high purpose?

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

p6 1888

Friday June 15

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

It is with much pleasure that we make the announcement that there is going to be a summer this year after all. For several weeks the indications pointed the other way. Gentle spring, instead of coming over the mountains with light and song—one of her favorite poetical methods of approach—continued to remain on the other side of the mountains, or the other side of Jordan, or in places equally remote and inaccessible. After mature reflection she concluded that it was better to be late than never, but now her sulky reluctance is forgotten in the fact that June is here—"crimson-hearted, flower-producing June." She also has been spoiled by excessive adulation; the chilly finger-tips she extended to us in the first days of her arrival did not affect the warmth of our welcome. Old people say that there are always three rainy days in the first week of June, but we can't be grumbling all the year round, and this is a good time of year to give the habit a holiday. If one has a sunny south door, with green grass and green leaves in abundance just outside, it is very hard to be discontented. This is one of the cheap and simple joys that make country life seem a paradise to poor city people, who feel that so far as they are concerned the world might as well be made of bricks and mortar. Green is a restful color, not only to the eye but to the heart of man. Nature constantly reproves and comforts us by her methods of work. Without haste, or delay, or fretfulness, or other waste of power, she finishes each day the day's appointed amount of growth and development, and gives no care to the future.

Branches overrun with blossoms, or burdened with fruit, have been greatly praised, but branches full of fluttering leaves are only second in point of beauty to them. To have the keenest appreciation of this fact it is necessary to be born and bred in the city. Country people are so accustomed to every-day miracles that they have ceased to wonder at them. Their boys have gone barefooted to school for so many summers that they fail to grasp the emotions of the little city cousin who, allowed to uncover his feet for the first time in the open air, feels the soft grass curl about his toes and the warm sunlight falling upon them with exclamations of irreplaceable delight. Everything at "Uncle William's" is a joy to him and stimulates his curiosity. "Are you a farmer?" he asks of the aged agriculturist who lives on what he calls the same "street" as his uncle, and who, except for his regular journeys to market, has lived all his life within fence rails. The aged agriculturist scratches his head and says nothing. The typical country person never wastes words, and has a great contempt for the fluent talker. "She can talk like a cuttin' box," he will say derisively of the woman with a ready tongue. A cuttin' box is a machine for chopping up corn-stalks and hay for horses and cattle. It makes a good deal of clatter. On her part, the garrulous woman will confide to you that the typical countryman is "slower 'n molasses in winter." The amenities of social life in rural neighborhoods bear a certain resemblance to the lighter satirical speeches current in the walks of a so-called higher civilization.

Some of the most striking objects to be observed in a day's travel through the country are erected in corn-fields, for the purpose of scaring away crows. The upright stick, with a cross piece attached to the upper portion, upon which a venerable coat is suspended, and which formed the scarecrow of our forefathers, is gone. His period of usefulness, if he ever had any, is over. From his denuded wooden arms now hang strings supporting shingles, which blow to and fro in the wind. Other devices are newspapers scattered broadcast about the field, or the dead bodies of chipmunks or crows held up as a solemn warning to intending depredators. But the best scarecrow yet invented is something so closely resembling a man that it cannot be distinguished from one, holding a loaded gun in its hands, and having the ability to aim that gun at the first crow that appears and kill it on the spot.

You will, of course observe the herd boy and the cattle in his charge. He may be a "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," or a nearly decrepit old creature relaxing his stiffened joints on a wayside log and gazing sadly at vacancy. You feel a vague pity for him, and wonder if his thoughts are worth more or less than the penny you are tempted to offer for them, when he rises irately to his feet exclaiming "Durn that cow!" The cow in question has an intractable and defiant demeanor, and he explains to you that she acts like a wild buffalo on the prairie, and he believes she is mor'n half buffalo. You gaze at her in some alarm and venture to inquire "Which half?" Being deaf he answers Hey? and you dare not repeat the question. It is unsafe to joke with a deaf herd boy of uncertain age. The other cattle are quieter in disposition, and remind you of John Hay's immortal "Ode to a Cow," in which the poet pathetically inquires of the object of his muse why she persists in being

"So meek, so gentle, and so awful slow."

It is worth while to spend a day in the country, if only for the pleasure of seeing green things growing. If you live in a rented house, with a desert of sand for a front yard, a good plan would be to get a Please-Keep-off-the-Grass sign and plant it in the middle of the desert. Then, if your landlord happens to have a sense of humor he will take measures to put a strip of the country between your house and the street.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

Monday June 18

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### PECULIARITIES OF SPEECH.

It used to be said that the natives of New England could be easily recognised by the simple expedient of inducing them to pronounce the name of that part of the country. They seldom fail to pronounce New England, Noo England; and dew, doo; and stew, stoo. But the inhabitants of other States are not free from the fault. One of them in speaking of it lately referred to "your pretty Canadian fashion of pronouncing 'new' so that it forms a perfect rhyme to 'cue.'" This lady calls stupid, stoopid, not from inability to pronounce it correctly, for she never calls Cupid, Coopid, but simply because she thinks it strange, or perhaps a little affected, to say stow-pid. It is difficult to make grow and blew rhyme perfectly with few; yet this is the pronunciation adopted by the best elocutionists. I heard one lately, in describing the flight of a bird, use the simple words, "And he flew, and flew, and flew"; and knew not whether to admire most, the look and gesture and intonation which in one magical moment carried one's mind as far as the bird had flown, or the delicately correct pronunciation of the word flew.

The Yankee girl, who is so tired "going raound abaout daown taown," provokes a smile, but it was a young lady from the sunny South who, in the course of a dramatic reading, changed the words, "Howl, howl, howl!" to "Haowl, haowl, haowl!" thereby producing a howling burst of applause from her audience. Even some undoubted English people, who pride themselves on never speaking the American language, show a marked reluctance to cope with the broad sound of ow. They don't exactly say caow and graound, but they certainly introduce the sound of a before that of o in such words.

The total neglect of the letter r by numbers of our people is frequently commented on. It is equally common in Noo Yawk, Vuhmont and various other States, and in most cases seems to be an unconscious habit wholly unaffected. Still, when a good housewife talks of her constant "wahfah with out," one has to go through the mental act of translation to understand that she is referring to her warfare with dirt; and such direful words as harm and storm, not to speak of dagger and murder seem robbed of half their terrors by the substitution of ah or aw for the objectionable r.

It is to be hoped that we Canadian women have retained much of the reverence shown by our English foremothers for the proprieties of language. Not all can have a sweet voice, but a soft voice is attainable by every one. Even bad grammar, and mispronounced words, and queer provincialisms are turned to music by a gently-speaking and softly-modulated voice. Were you ever awakened from an afternoon nap by the conversation carried on in the next room, and did you notice the effect on your newly-roused mind? The words are indistinguishable but if the sounds are those of gabbling, cackling and giggling, what a gloom it casts over the occasion. You wish you had kept on sleeping. If, on the other hand, there are minor cadences of speech, whether grave or gay, and ripping interludes of laughter, you are glad to wake in a world of pleasant sounds, and make haste to rise and join the group, whose company is evidently so well worth the seeking.

What shall be said about grammar? A very common violation of one of its rules is shown in such sentences as "All this was done for you and I." "Let Jennie and I help you." "He gave the apples to Fred and I." These statements are quite as correct as if they were written, "All this was done for I," "Let I help you," "He gave the apples to I." The first personal pronoun is sufficiently overworked already without imposing any of the duties of the objective case upon it.

The proper use of I and me, of he and him, who and whom, shall and will, can be thoroughly taught only in childhood and youth. The mature mind is eminently unteachable. Either it is not "enamored of perfection," or else it chafes at the inferiority implied in a willingness to be taught. The desire to set other people right is strong, but generally the objection of other people to be set right is equally strong. This is unfortunate but true. To prove it select an article on common errors in speech, and read it aloud to the acquaintance most in need of its hints. The result will be sleepy indifference or open disdain.

In conclusion let me quote that pathetic adjuration from Dr. Holmes, which surely is less needed in this country than in his own:—"Don't, let me beg you, don't say how for what!"

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

June 23  
Saturday

At this season of the year it is impossible to pick up a newspaper without being saddened by the daily records of deaths by drowning. In a few curt lines is written the tragedy of many a household. The casual reader notices the name of the unfortunate individual, his age and place of residence; and if the circumstances connected with the death are of a peculiarly harrowing nature they remain in the memory for a day or two. But those most interested never wholly recover from the shock. A lifetime is not long enough to soften the effect of the terrible tidings that for years and years have robbed one partizan summer month of all its sunshine. An old man, showing me the photographs of his deceased children, said:— "That is Thomas, who died of scarlet fever; there is Mary, she always was sickly; this one" (and here the tones of his voice changed from cheerful resignation to acute grief) "this one was drowned." He held the dingy card tightly in his hand, and relinquished it with a long sigh. "It happened twenty-six years ago this month, and it seems like as though it was this very morning. The last I saw of him he was going round the corner of the barn, and he says, 'Father, I'm going to quit work for a while.' 'Oh, you lazy dog!' says I, and grinned, and he laughed back, for I knew, and he knew I knew, that there wasn't a lazy bone in him. That was the last I saw of him. Yes, they recovered the body, but that wasn't my boy. He was nearly nineteen, and he looked back and laughed so gay when he said he was going to quit—going to quit work—" The old man's voice quivered over the grief of twenty-six years. He gathered up the pictures and put them away, keeping the dingy card tightly clenched in his hand till the last moment.

It is a sad story, and there are multitudes of cases equally sad, but it is doubtful if the recital of them would deter a single pleasure-loving party of young people from the boating and bathing so agreeable to all of us in the hot weather. But it cannot be repeated too often or too emphatically that a little knowledge of water is a dangerous thing. Either learn to swim or else keep entirely away from lake and river. Even when the lake is perfectly placid the swell produced by a passing steamer will imperil the safety of a row boat. It is an old, old truth, but it needs to be repeated year after year. There is danger, in some degree, for everyone who, not knowing how to swim, ventures out in a small boat upon deep water.

According to the capacity of the lungs, and the amount of air contained in them at the moment of submersion, is the length of human life under water. After twenty minutes it is supposed that life must be extinct, but this remains to be proven. On an ocean voyage the body of a man who had fallen overboard was pronounced lifeless, and left upon deck in the full, hot glare of the sun. Under this treatment or neglect, whichever it may be called, the seeming dead was restored to life again. Equally remarkable stories have been told of the power of heat in resuscitation, in cases where, owing to the length of time that elapsed before the body could be rescued, it was deemed absolutely impossible to bring it to life. The method pursued is to roll the body in hot blankets, apply bags of hot sand to hands, feet and abdomen, and keep the temperature of the room as high as possible.

Another class of accidents in which the life of the patient depends upon the prompt action of those about him is where poison has been taken. In a moment of such intense excitement any elaborate-printed directions could never be remembered. Even the appropriations of such common articles as white of egg and mustard and warm water may fade from recollection at the necessary instant. The one thing that poison, like fire, imperatively calls for is water. Whether warm or cold, the patient cannot drink it in too large quantities. The more dilution the less danger. Water is the first thing to be thought of, then the whites of eggs and the mustard, then the physician.

Coolness and presence of mind are admirable qualities, but not many of us have a superfluity of them. The latest exhibition of them I have seen was in the case of a woman riding with her husband behind unmanageable horses.

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.

**S OINTMENT**  
DR. ALLIEN

Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

p6 1888  
Friday July 6

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE AND THE SUMMER BOARDER.

Who does not remember the old-fashioned country house, with its great chimney in the middle that was like the warm heart of the building in winter, and in milder-mannered seasons offered to the grateful gaze of the summer boarder a green expanse of feathery asparagus in its last voluminous estate? The roof was low and sloped almost to the ground like the wing of a bird over the younglings, who care more for comfort than for style in the home nest; and the old, grey clapboarding, undebled by the touch of paint, was mellowed by a lifetime of exposure to sun and rain into an object in complete harmony with the landscape, instead of being what the average house is, an affront upon it. In bygone times every respectable man's house was not an architectural little Jack Horner, complacently and perpetually exclaiming, "What a smart boy am I!" It was a place of shelter, of refuge, of repose. The light of other days fell through tiny window panes, six of them in a sash, but you cared nothing for that when by its aid you could discern tall clumps of lilacs and hollyhocks in the backyard, and on the old red brick walk to the front gate the moss of age encroaching, and the grass pushing its way between the cracks.

This is the vision that appears to the would-be summer boarder as she meditates an escape from the prison house of the city. When its breath is close and oppressive she dreams of a low-ceiled farm house with its back door wide open in the late afternoon, and the wind blowing toward it across the fields. "Dear me," she says, "I believe I know where there is just such an earthly paradise. I will pack up to-night and start on the first train in the morning. Farewell, ye grim, un-homelike walls, with all your so-called modern improvements. I flee to a house on which nature and time have wrought with living hands their perfect work."

Such is the vision; then comes the reality. The old house, the goal of all her hopes and desires, is gone. No, on second look, it is still there, but ah, how changed! Its well-loved, weather-beaten sides are painted white with cheap, thin paint; there are only four panes of glass where there used to be twelve, and the moss-grown bricks have given place to a pert board walk.

A wide granite pavement on two sides of the walk leads to the front door. The public animals for the delectation of the general other comparatively rare aquatic birds and stock it as far as practicable with swans and grounds for an aquarium, and in addition not utilize the pond in the Exhibition. The question is now being asked, "Why have these have recently been taken. The vicinity of Mead's, where some very fine better at the Island, and especially in the from this neighborhood and the funnier be "played out," and widders of the roof years ago afforded so much sport, is said to Fishing at the Hamlet, which but a few ed for street car passengers is thus easily accounted unshed and hatless homeward-bound city weakness, and the presence of so many stockings, etc., appear to be their especial steal the garments of bathers. Shoes, these, who systematically watch for and Park is at present the resort of sneak The lake shore in the vicinity of High Queen street and Downing Avenue. the residence of Mr. John Beatty, corner Baptist church was held last evening a A garden party in connection with the bank thives on the lake shore, etc.

PARKDALE

## WOMANS WORLD

### A COUNTRY CHURCH.

In your annual visit to the country this summer you will, of course, attend the rural church in the vicinity of your temporary abiding place. Regular church-goers and early-risers are not only far better than their delinquent brothers and sisters, but they are much more likely to enjoy the customary afternoon nap, an advantage not to be despised on a hot day. While pacing the verandah awaiting the appearance of other members of your family, you suddenly come upon your host, whom, as you are a recent arrival, you have previously seen only in the easy informality of shirt sleeves and overalls. These have been exchanged for a clumsy suit of clothes, whose unseasonable warmth, added to the difficulty of getting into them, have flushed their owner's face and hands to an uncomfortable degree of redness. The usually genial man is further subjugated by a pair of Sunday boots, which afflict him like an accusing conscience, and give a queer wobbly movement to his gait. You do not wish to look at him, but, ah, how strong is the influence of the masculine personality over our frail feminine hearts! Who can fathom it? You cannot choose but look at him.

If the sacred edifice towards which your footsteps tend is of the old-fashioned evangelical sort it is sure to be noted for a superabundance of stovepipe and whitewash. This preponderance of black and white suggests "half mourning," and makes you wholly a mourner. After the preliminary rustlings, whisperings and stirrings a hush falls over the assembly—that deep, sweet silence to be tasted in its fulness only on the Sabbath day in the heart of the country. But now something exciting occurs. You have no idea what it is, but from the amount of commotion you have reason to fear that the messenger about to enter will inform the people either that her most gracious Majesty the Queen has departed this life, or else that a bull fight is in progress in the graveyard. Nothing of the sort. The supposed messenger turns out to be a hapless fellow creature who has come in late, and the congregation, after spraining its neck, and straining its eyes, and dodging about in its seat, in order to get a good view of him, manages to "size him up" in a period of time not exceeding fifty-five seconds, and resumes its normal position until the next arrival. Occasionally there is a succession of these arrivals with their accompanying inexplicable phenomena.

With regard to the singing you are not inclined to be critical. You yourself often like to sing, and, although in the opinion of an unprejudiced family the songs you have never sung are by far your best, that does not prevent you from indulging your taste in that direction. But the preacher is fair game. Preachers and editors always are. The spirit of discontent so often raised by these two classes is caused by their "uncomeatability." You can't talk back to a minister in his pulpit, nor to an editor in his paper—at least not with much satisfaction. This particular preacher may be perfunctory or earnest; he may "tell you undisputed things in such a solemn way"; or he may not; but in any case he is pretty sure to give you plenty of theology and to attribute to his Maker personal characteristics that would be a disgrace to the meaneast mortal alive. This sort of thing makes you tired—very tired—but it doesn't make you sleepy. That, however, strange to say, is the effect produced upon several in the congregation. A conspicuous example is the stout lady sitting toward the front, with that air of self-sufficiency generally inseparable from those who are truly stout. Her majestic eyelids are closed. "She sleeps, my lady sleeps." The minister used to have and still retains a good voice, deep and mellow, not loud and penetrating, but in an evil moment the deaf man in the congregation assured him that he (the deaf man) had never known what it was to hear a syllable of a sermon until he (the minister) came. Since then the minister has nearly ruined a very fine voice in the determination to save the deaf man the price of an ear trumpet. But though he can make the deaf to hear he cannot cause the sleepy to awake. The stout lady still slumbers. Naught can shake her sure repose.

But now a rival voice is heard. It proceeds from a fractious child. The parents view its proceedings with regret, but not with shame. The idea never occurs to them that the child ought to be taken out noiselessly, and kept out until it has arrived at years of discretion. It continues to whimper, fret or roar until it has gained the fresh air, which will be in the course of ten minutes or so. What a tax upon the patience and long-suffering of the congregation, not to speak of the minister, are these ten intolerable minutes!

At some future time you intend to patent a few little things of your own invention, which ought to be in great demand by churches resembling the one described. They are as follows:—  
Perpetual Slumber Disturber.—This simple yet beautiful and ingenious device works on the same principle as the common garden hose. By inserting one end in a reservoir of ice water just outside the church and applying the other inside the back of the patient's collar, a perpetual stream of cooling fluid plays down the spinal column and tends to subdue any inclination to sleep.

Patent Invincible Infant Persuader.—Harmless and effectual. Highly recommended by the entire medical fraternity. Consists of a simple powder, which, when administered to the mother just before the service begins, so affects her nerves that she cannot endure the slightest sound from her offspring and prompts her to whisk it out at the first pucker of its face.

Grand Anti-Rotary Head Mover.—Will supply a long-felt want. This triumph of science when attached to the back of a seat will extend two iron clamps, between which the patient's head is firmly held, while the eyes are constrained to look always in the same direction. Sent secure from observation on receipt of price.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

## HOW TO WALK.

### The Subject Considered by Bel Thistlethwaite.

### HUMANITY AND HENS.

The Only Creatures that Take Pleasure in Sitting.

EFFECTS OF OVER-EXERCISE.

If You Cannot Walk You Ought to Bobble—A Form of Physical Cowardice Common Among Women.

"MAN is the only animal that sits down," is a definition that may be supplemented by the phrase, "and the only animal that spends most of his life in sitting down."

The so-called inferior animals are for the most part physically self-supporting.

When a horse leans up against a fence or a cow presses heavily against a tree, it is generally supposed that there is something the matter with it, but men and women in good health are usually expected to need the support of a chair or couch.

Long disuse has enervated the muscles which make an upright position pleasant or even tolerable for any length of time, and so it has befallen that humanity and hens are the only creatures that take real pleasure in sitting.

With hens it arises from a natural delight in doing what, as a rule, they are not wanted to do, and its evil results are shown in their anxious, lean, hollow-eyed and careworn appearance.

With humanity the consequences are as bad, but the motive is not the same. People spend most of their days in a sitting position from force of circumstances, or long habit, or from imagined or real inability to stand or walk.

Nevertheless it is a serious evil to be

continued for long hours to one's office chair or rocking chair. It is not so bad as being confined to one's bed, but it leads to that.

Death is the cessation of motion, and the sedentary position makes every motion languid. The circulation is slow, the muscles inert, the heart beats feebly; all the works in that curious machine shop, the human body, move rustily; they need oiling. The mistaken notions that people were intended to pass most of their lives in a torpid condition, under a roof, is responsible for most of the ill-health from which we suffer.

"Why don't you walk more?" I said to a sickly girl the other day. "If you could give up only one hour a day to the purpose, I am sure you would soon feel the good effects of it."

"Because I have tested it," she replied, "and proved it to be injurious. Some fine afternoon I go out for an hour's walk at the brisk pace always recommended. I return home miserable and exhausted, and unfit for everything. I am too tired to read or sew or speak. I feel empty and spiritless and desolate, and I wish to goodness that I had had common sense enough to stay at home and take care of the little strength I had, instead of squandering it in an hour's foolish walking. It takes twelve good hours of sleep to set me right again, and, as nine hours' sleep is usually enough for me, there is a clear waste of a whole afternoon, plus three hours spent in sleep."

There is sense and reason in this unhappy statement, and it amounts to simply this, that over-exercise is as demoralising to the system as over-eating or over-work. Probably a quarter of an hour's walking at a

time is all a weak woman is equal to, and possibly a five minutes' walk would be enough for her to begin on. The fact is, if a person is so "run down" that he is only able to hobble down to the gate and back, he ought to make a point of doing that amount of hobbling as often as his strength will permit. There is nothing more sure than that reasonable and regular use of the muscles will wonderfully increase their power, and that protracted disuse of them will weaken, if not disable, every other part of the system. The invalid woman wonders how her little child can "keep on the run" from morning till night, and even then have no desire to go to bed. A few years ago that child was far more weak and helpless than its sickly mother, and it would assuredly have remained so had it not during every waking moment of its existence insisted on giving every muscle its full exercise.

Autumnal days tempt to long outdoor tramps, and if the habit of spending a certain portion of each day in the open air is not formed now, it is not likely it will be fixed when the days are dark and dreary. To be afraid of wind, or rain, or mud, or sleet is a form of physical cowardice very common among women, and women are the chief sufferers from the pernicious theory that people need generally to be sheltered by roofs and supported by chairs. Against the largeness of nature we are better able to see the littleness of our own lives; against her infinite calm, our own paltry excitements; against her strength and beauty, our habitual feverishness and foolishness. This is why a walk in the woods or fields on the greyest or gustiest of afternoons is immeasurably better worth while than the same number of miles covered in an attempt to get through with several hours' shopping. The mind as well as the body needs to be refreshed and invigorated by absence from the ordinary cares of life.

"This is all very well," says my neighbor from over the way, "but when a woman has plenty to do in the house she has no time to go mooning around out of doors."

I hope the time will come when this remark will sound as absurd as if she had said, "When a woman has plenty to do she has no time to sleep and eat."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

p 6 1898  
Monday July 16

# WOMANS WORLD

## HOT WEATHER HINTS.

"It is not in our stars," runs the old quotation, "but in ourselves that we are underlings," which may be parodied, it is not in the sun, but in ourselves that we are overheated. A dead body laid in the sun may gain a little superficial warmth, but it is the circulation of the blood that imparts vital heat. Accordingly, whatever increases the circulation should be avoided in hot weather. Don't hurry at this time of year. Don't worry at any time of year. Don't fuss over trifles. Your own peace of mind, though you may not believe it, is of more value than many trifles. Don't get into a fever of apprehension, or distress, or suspense about anything. Feverishness is abnormal and very uncomfortable. A cool mind makes a cool body. Don't dispute with any one. People's opinions, like their children, are always better than any one else's. Don't get angry. The flames of hell are made up of wrath, lust, malice, envy, covetousness and all uncharitableness; and if you keep out of hell in this world you have no cause to fear it in the next.

While avoiding everything that tends to quicken the circulation of the blood, it is well to see that the blood itself is not overloaded with heat-producing material. Animal food is heating, as also is every form of pastry and cake, cornmeal and oatmeal. Sugar and butter are purely carbonaceous, and their use can be lessened with benefit during the hot months. The cooling foods are fruit and vegetables, light puddings, and any preparation of wheat meal, rice and tapioca. Vegetables served with a good deal of melted butter, and fruits preserved in sugar, are quite the reverse of cooling. However carefully food may be selected, it is certain that he who eats rather more than he needs will suffer from the heat, and he who eats rather less than he wants will be comparatively free from such suffering.

Too frequent bathing or too long continuance in the water at a time will depress the vitality and enervate the system, but the bath, both internal and external, should not be neglected. By the internal bath is meant the habit of drinking as much water as one can bear at the times when it will not interfere with food taken. A large glass taken just before retiring, and the same amount on rising, will be sufficient to cool and purify the blood, and obviate excessive thirst. A lemon squeezed into this amount of water and taken without sugar at the times stated will increase its efficiency. A sponge bath taken at morning or night, or both, is as necessary to the health and comfort of the skin as the dew is to the grass.

But the best hint for hot weather is, "Don't think of it"; and the best way not to think of it is to have something else to think of. The men who work in stifling business offices, the women who bend over hot stoves, go steadily on with their work without regard to the weather. But those who sit in cool garments, behind closed shutters with fans and iced drinks and nothing particular to do, are the real sufferers from the heat. Let us thank Heaven that we always have enough to do, and that we have sense enough to do it steadily and not hurriedly.

But occasionally in the mirk midnight, when, except for the absence of the sun, one might suppose it to be blazing noon, and when a single sheet weighs heavier than seven blankets in the polar remoteness of last winter, then it is hard not to be reminded of the weather. In this hour of

lives which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Bpps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which many of the judicious use of such articles of diet that have saved us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle malarial are floating round us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. — "Civil Service Gazette."

BREAKFAST

p 6 1898  
Wednesday July 18

# WOMANS WORLD

## HISTORICAL V. GETABLES.

"Oh, mummy peas! mummy peas! Good, good!" shouted a small boy belonging to a family with whom I had the pleasure of dining the other day.

"What does he mean?" I inquired of his mother, who ignored the query and said, "Bobby!" in a tone that seemed to indicate a disinclination to pursue the subject.

"Why, I'll tell you," said Bobby, holding his plate up until a bountiful quantity of big marrowfat peas had been deposited thereon, "these peas were dug out of a man!"

"Robert!" exclaimed his father with electric force.

"Out of a mummy, I mean," explained the aggrieved youth, who could not consent to be mute and inglorious at the same moment; "out of a dried up thing that used to be a man."

"Or a woman," suggested his sister, who had a love of scientific accuracy.

"Children! for pity's sake!" said their mother. The preternatural gravity with which we had listened to their interesting hypothesis melted into silent laughter. Under the influence of this involuntary encouragement our informers were induced to dilate further upon the marvellous vitality of this sort of pea, and though the subject was rapidly changed a certain repugnance since entertained for this vegetable can be explained only on the theory that the scent of the mummy clings round it still.

Without vouching for the truth of Bobby's statements, the facts collected regarding the antiquity of most of the green-grocer's wares are, I believe, well authenticated. The word pea comes from the Greek city Pisa, in Elis, where they were grown in large quantities. The mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright was a dish of peas. They were called lentils then, and it is said that in Middlesex and Oxfordshire, England, the common people still call them "tills," dropping the "len." In the reign of Mary they were called "peason," and in the reign of Charles I. "pease."

The uses of beans were anciently rather more sacred than culinary. Among the Egyptians it was held to be in some sort a crime to look at them, and Pythagoras forbade them to be eaten. In Athens a judicial as well as a sacred character is attached to them, and they were used in gathering the votes of the people in electing magistrates and in drawing lots. In England they were unknown until 1509.

Asparagus, brought to England in Elizabeth's reign, was cultivated so assiduously by the Romans that Pliny says in his time three heads weighed one pound. It was cooked by rapid boiling, and Augustus in requiring haste on any business is reported as saying, "Let that be done quicker than you would boil asparagus."

Judea was famous not only for its "gardens of cucumbers," but for the great size of its radishes. The Talmud speaks of a fox hollowing out a radish of Judea for its lair, but this is rather more than a skeptical age is willing to accept. The Greeks offered radishes of gold, beads of silver and turnips of lead to Apollo at Delphos. They usually boiled their radishes, and the French peasants at the present day roast them under ashes.

Radishes suggest lettuce, which has an equal antiquity. The Hebrews ate it with their paschal lamb, and it was a favorite vegetable with the Greeks and Romans. Aristoxenus, the philosopher and gastronomist, watered his lettuces with the rarest wine. Cabbage used to be endowed with marvellous medicinal and nutritive virtues. Cato considered the red kind to be a cure for drunkenness, and said that, "By the use of cabbage alone Rome had done without physicians for 600 years." Cauliflower was also abundantly cultivated. Both it and cabbage were plentiful in England in Mary's reign.

The onion was once the deity by whom the Egyptians swore. The mother of Apollo was particularly fond of this esculent, and preferred it raw. Leeks are probably indigenous to England. Garlic is dear to the Spanish heart. Parsley, a few leaves of which eaten raw will effectually neutralise the odor of the onion, is well known in history. By Anacreon it was made the emblem of joy and festivity. Hercules was crowned with it in preference to laurels, and a wreath of parsley was one of the prizes at the Nemean and Isthmian games.

While the ancients were so well supplied with vegetables it seems a great pity that they did not know how to cook them. Fancy seasoning a boiled turnip with honey, vinegar, gravy, boiled grapes and a little oil! This was the custom among the Romans. Carrots they ate raw with salt and vinegar. A receipt for cooking onions left by Apicius reads as follows:—"Cover the onions with young cabbage leaves, cook under hot embers and season with gravy, oil and wine." And here are the same writer's directions among many others for preparing lettuce:—"Boil the young leaves with onions in water wherein a little nitre has been scattered, drain dry and cut them small, mixing with them pepper, parsley seed, dried mint and onions, adding gravy, oil and wine. Such a conglomeration as this could leave nothing further to be desired."

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

1858

Friday July 20

# WOMAN'S WORLD

## GETTING A NEW DRESS.

In a former treatise a few of the demoralising effects of going shopping were pointed out; it remains to expose the process by which confiding women are led away by the wiles of milliners and dressmakers.

In the spring the young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dress. In early summer, if her fancy has not yet hardened into fact, she will be reminded by her mother and sisters and other interested feminine friends that she will have to get a new gown, and she must get a new hat. Notice how strong is the language employed on these trivial themes. The young woman, who is by general consent autocrat of the household, seldom hears such words as "have to" and "must" addressed to her on any subject other than her own attire. She recognises the force, not of the reasoning (reason has very little to do with it), but of the words, and concludes to submit. It is not a pleasant duty, look at it any way you will.

After the dress has been selected, and the number of yards decided on, and the buttons picked out, and the sort and amount of trimming disposed of, and the right shade of waist-lining to match the waist discovered, and the skirt-lining bought, and the braid and thread and silk and sleeve-protectors, and other little trifles attended to, and the flexors and extensors (these are not the names but these are their natures) for the skirt procured, and the question, "Now, is there anything else?" finally answered in the negative, then you have the pleasure of knowing that the first step in a wearisome journey has been taken.

The dressmaker is busy—the second week in January is the only time when she is not busy—and while waiting for January to come you turn the pages of a fashion periodical and inspect the raiment of a number of pictured damsels, each of whom has a countenance as expressive as blanc mange, and a waist of the size and elasticity of a fence rail. You do not admire these costumes and you have the temerity to declare that you would like your own to be made as plain as possible. But woman proposes and her dressmaker disposes. "A figure like yours can't be dressed too much," says the autocrat with distinctness. Again that unpleasant word "can't." You resent it a little, but not much. Resentment is incompatible with that spirit of meekness and long suffering with which the true dressmaker invariably inspires her victim. What a pity that you haven't the perfection of figure which alone "makes simplicity a grace." For this sin of omission on nature's part you will be compelled to carry about several superfluous pounds of drapery. You hate drapery. Now you are being measured in a great many different directions, the result of each measurement being set down as in a sum in addition. You would like to add them up and see what you come to, but that is a work of time and you have no time to spare. Even so simple a matter as your arm has five movements—one on the inside, one on the outside, one round the upper arm, one round the lower arm, one round the wrist. How the dressmaker manages to get along without an accurate knowledge of the intermediate sections I don't know. Probably she has to "chance it."

This is all that has to be endured on the first day. But you have a sad prevision of a future visit when the waist will be ready to try on. It will be a trying time. The long breath you would like to take to fortify you during the operation is strangled in its birth by the meeting of buttons and buttonholes; the rebellious words you would fain utter are choked off by the tight band beneath your ears; the strong right arm with which one brief moment since you could easily have laid your captor low, now hangs limp and nerveless in its sleeve; even the ignominious consolation of flight is denied you—there is no fleeing under a dead load of drapery. Alas, poor slave! what will you do now? Better put a good face on it. Flaunt your fetters in the free air of heaven and pity the poor heathen who are not too civilised to dress as they please.

BEL THISTLETHWAITE.

# THE MAN'S SIDE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

"You don't look at the man's side of the question," said my friend. "You write of woman's needs and desires and aspirations, and ignore the effect which their gratification would entail upon the men of her household—her father, husband, brothers, sons. Admitting that women have a right to vote (and nearly every man in his secret heart does admit that, no matter what he may think of its expediency), it seems to me that the highest interests of the race would be conserved if women, when they obtain that right, would be willing to forfeit it."

"You think that man should be just, and give woman the suffrage, and woman should be generous enough to leave it unused?"

"Exactly."  
"But why?"

"Because what man values chiefly in woman is her feminine nature, and it is precisely this femininity which active participation in public life would injure and probably destroy. Try to put yourself in my place and look at the question from a man's point of view. How would you like if you were a man to have the women of your household appear like men in nearly every respect, except that their hair was longer, and their clothing more voluminous?"

Certainly I should not like it at all.

It is very easy to detect the women from whom the element of femininity has been eliminated. I once heard an unfeminine woman lecture. She did not stalk about, nor shriek, nor shake her fist. On the contrary, she exhibited an almost inhuman absence of passion. Her tone and manner were well bred; she was dressed in good taste; her reasoning was close, often profound, her words admirably chosen, her argument unanswerable, her emotions apparently non-existent. She did not appeal to the imagination, she created no atmosphere about her. She was suffering not from over-development of the intellect, but from a one-sided development, which cultivated her mind and starved her sensibilities.

Another unfeminine acquaintance of mine spends nearly all her waking hours in "slumming." When her friends wish to find her they are obliged to look for her in the haunts of vice and dens of depravity. She comes home at night too tired to smile, and deeply depressed because she cannot construct a world in which there would be no sin nor sorrow. She answers her husband mechanically and he does not expect companionship from her. As for her children, they would as soon think of gathering figs from thistles as of obtaining a story from her worn and pre-occupied mind. Few philanthropists live as much in other people's families and as little in their own as she, but who has not heard intelligent women reproach themselves for allowing the demands of their aid societies, and missionary meetings, and lend-a-hand gatherings, and temperance work, to interfere with the claims of their own small people at home. One woman (a tirelessly active Christian worker) told me that on coming home after one of her exhausting days she was so unstrung that the prattle of her little boy made her want to scream. What could be more destructive of feminine charm than this?

Perhaps the force that best succeeds in stripping femininity from women is fashion. Imagine that the colored figures in a dressmaker's fashion plate have stepped down from the wall. Imagine what they would say. Imagine their power of thought, their depth of feeling, their intense soulfulness, the magnetism of their womanhood, the expressiveness of their faces, their eager unselfishness, their admirable clear-headedness, their scorn of petty aims, their womanly tenderness. Even such is every woman, the sole burden of whose thought is wherewithal shall she be clothed.

Over-work is another devastator of feminine attractiveness. In many a farmhouse, where the not very muscular housekeeper does all her own work, you will find her a fagged, dragged creature—the family drudge—with no more femininity than her broom and churn-dasher. An unending round of monotonous hard labor takes the manliness out of manhood. It even more effectively destroys all the womanliness of womanhood. Look into any crowded store the week before Christmas, and observe the young women clerks. What strain, what tension, what a metallic ring in the voice, what brusqueness in the manner. Their nerves are whipped up to the last gasp of endurance, but, even if they were not, the poor creatures have no time to be ladylike. It requires some leisure to succeed in that finest of fine arts. Every woman who is a slave of bitter necessity, in her home or out of it, is, in a large measure, robbed of her womanliness.

It is possible, though not very common, for women to injure their feminine quality by too great a devotion to athletic pastimes. When girls prance into a room like a party of young colts, and extol the hardness of their muscle in voices that bear terrific witness to the strength of their lungs, one begins to wonder whether a portion of this superabundant animality might not profitably be exchanged for a little of the grace, ease and sweetness of femininity.

What is the meaning of these illustrations?

Solely this: That the feminine nature refuses to bloom except in the divinely tempered atmosphere of moderation. The woman of over-developed intellect is void of charm, but not more so than her ignorant sister whose mental fingers are all thumbs. The active worker, whose excessive philanthropies drain all her brightness and sweetness into public channels, is nearly valueless in the home circle, but so is the selfish woman who never lifted a philanthropic finger to help anyone. The moving fashion plate is a moral monstrosity, but the woman who never gives a thought to her appearance is not a pleasing object to contemplate. The drudge is utterly unfeminine, but the name of the man who would rather marry her than be the husband of an indolent woman is legion. The athletic girl may be as unfeminine as an army with banners, but she can hardly be called more deficient in the qualities which make the successful wife and mother than the delicate damsel with a paste-board back. The woman who reads nothing but newspapers, cares for nothing but politics, and aspires to nothing but political place and power, is unfeminine, it is true, but not more so than she who thinks it simply horrid for any woman to want to vote.

The man's side of the woman question is that woman must at all hazards preserve her femininity. She must not be warped or one-sided, she must not be over-developed in one direction and under-developed in another. She must not go to rash excesses in philanthropic, political or domestic work, but neither must she be incompetent or uninterested in these important branches. Her development should present balance, symmetry, harmony.



A very odd idea used to exist regarding the meaning of the word feminine. It was supposed to mean not the sum of the aspirations and capacities revealed in the unfolding of a woman's nature, but merely the preservation of those womanly characteristics which best ministered to the immediate comfort and convenience of her proprietor. If he had a large family, his idea of the truly feminine was the hen-minded woman, with no thought beyond her coop and her chickens. If he were a painter, or a poet, his model of feminine charm

was an ideal creature with the soul of a lily and the body of a willow wand. The average citizen was satisfied with a combination of saint, slave and simpleton. Even yet there are men who, when they declare that a certain course of action is contrary to a woman's nature, really mean that it is contrary to the nature of men's wishes concerning her. Custom also has an enormous weight in this matter. Many a man sees a vague impropriety in the idea of his mother setting off alone on a railroad journey who would have no objection to his daughter undertaking that feat. Not that a woman of sixty is not as capable of taking care of herself as a girl of sixteen, but the former carries with her the atmosphere of the time when it was feminine for a woman to be helpless, the latter belongs to an age when self-reliance is regarded as one of the indispensable feminine qualities.

We are all acquainted with the typical heroines of old-fashioned novels—Amelia Sedley and Lady Jane Sheepshanks, Dora and Agnes Copperfield. Sometimes dignified, though occasionally kittenish—always sweet, patient and forbearing, they formed the ideal of a past generation of men. The representative man of to-day is not so likely to consider a monotonous mind an essential part of feminine charm. He desires a comrade in his wife, and he would feel astonished and injured if his intelligent remarks concerning private or public affairs should meet at his own fireside with nothing more stimulating than "a mere mush of concession." If, as is natural, the fruit of her interest in outside matters is a desire to have a vote in them, he is not alarmed for her femininity. If he can trust her moderation in other directions he surely can in this, and the golden mean in all things is the preservation of womanliness. Certainly he would not know whether to be more amazed or amused at the suggestion that the woman whose childish prattle keeps her husband yawning is more feminine than she whose interests are one with the living interests of humanity.

### Voice Culture for Women.

If any patient and careful observer should take the trouble to jot down in a note-book her impressions of the various voices heard from women on street and railway train, at home or abroad, she would in a few days gain a clearer insight into the meaning of the poet who referred to earth as "full of dreary noises." The voice which is entirely charming is a very rare possession. It is not enough that it should be soft and low. Some tones having the unctuous softness of cod liver oil, rouse a like feeling of nausea in the listener, and a low voice in a platform speaker is an insult to the audience, who have a right to expect that their patience will be rewarded with ideas which can be heard. On the other hand, we have known two ladies accustomed to public speaking address each other across an otherwise quiet little dinner-table in tones of thunder, calculated to make the soup shudder, and the cranberry sauce turn pale: while for one voice which displeases with its hypocritical softness there are scores which repel by their unsympathetic hardness. A slovenly or gabbling method of speech is not more painful than the exasperatingly slow enunciation of words which, when uttered, are likely to strike the impartial auditor as conveying an idea scarcely worth all the labor and pains expended upon it.

To cultivate the voice it is chiefly necessary to cultivate the mind and the heart, for the voice is the expressive instrument of both. The high-pitched, dictatorial tone betrays no more strength of character than a petulant wail. The degree or absence of self-control is instantly shown by the laugh. The richly-endowed emotional nature can hardly fail of every degree of musical sweetness in vocal expression. The same person in talking over a mathematical problem and a poem will unconsciously manifest a varied range of inflections. The intellect and will express themselves in strong deep tones; imagination and affection make the voice vibrant and melodious. A thoroughly cultivated voice is one that shows in its quality and flexibility, its variation of emphasis and accent, every delicate change in thought and feeling. If the mind is not trained to perceive these exquisitely subtle gradations, it is impossible that the voice should reveal them. A woman may be in appearance, dress and manner a cultivated lady, but her speech is the touchstone.

Listen to her voice in the dark, and you will know more of her traditions, associations, training and character than a month's study of her behavior will tell you. A gentleman inspecting the photograph of a beautiful girl, said, "Yes, she is very pretty, but I'm afraid if she could speak she would say 'You bet.'"

Correct speaking is so almost inevitably the accompaniment of correct thinking that every girl and boy should be made familiar with the best models of thought in the language. The mere learning of dry facts clogs the active mind, and makes the voice nearly incurably dry and hard. It has been said that "the one essential characteristic of every educated person is the ability to use his language with ease and correctness." All the scientific knowledge the world contains will not give this ease and correctness, but it may be gained by a thorough acquaintance with the best authors. Ideas, not statistics, enrich and vitalize the mind and voice. The cultivated tone, accent, modulation and use of words, comes not from successfully passing examinations, but from associating through the medium of the best books always, and through social conditions if possible, with cultivated minds.

Voice culture is of increasing importance to woman, since her usefulness in public work is seriously affected by her inability to make herself heard from a platform. Nervousness, lack of self-control and a high voice raised to a shriek in the effort to make itself heard would neutralize the effect of the best speech ever uttered. A little physical training is all that is needed to impart strength, depth and resonance to the tone, and to give the speaker control of herself and of her audience. Accurate enunciation and a voice at once soft, deep and strong may certainly be attained by proper culture, and for every-day utterance there is nothing better than that musical quality which indicates perfect harmony of nature.—*Wives and Daughters*.

**The Danger of a Little Reform.**—Let no woman be deceived. There is no computing the lengths to which an idle indulgence of the progressive dress subject may lead her. Beginning merely by the mildest interest in garments which appeal to her artistic sense, she may go on from good to better until she finds herself actually healthful or even rational, a conclusion simply appalling to every fashionably dressed woman. Once let a woman break the bonds of her corset (usually advertised as unbreakable) and there is no calculating how far she will go. Intoxicated with the delicious breath of freedom, and the unheard of privilege of getting all she wants of it, she may even read without a tremor the assertions of Lady Harberton, who recently declared in print that "our efforts are, and will be, quite useless until an obviously two-legged dress of some sort is recognized to be—what it is in fact—the only suitable dress for a two-legged creature." Such a reckless expression of rationality is sufficient to make every stylish woman's "two shy knees in a single trouser" tremble and knock together.

What a scorching bit of unconscious satire is the remark of the heathen woman who referred to her conversion in these words: "I have never had good health since I became a Christian and wore corsets." Poor simple savage! The combination of Christianity and corsets, which brought relief to her soul and torture to her body, must have filled her with vague regrets for the happy time when she bowed down to wood and stone, instead of to steel and buckram. Perhaps in her primitive breast, sorely indented with unaccustomed corset bones, may have risen the wild notion that she might accept the Christianity and reject the corset; but a short acquaintance with professing Christians of her own sex would soon rid her of the folly of supposing them separable. Every intelligent heathen of the bandaged sex will be pleased to hear that the spread of Christianity does not necessarily involve the reduction of the human waist. This piece of information ought to be incorporated in some way with the Gospel's joyful sound, so as to make it even more joyful than it was before.

"If you expand your chest so fully when I am trying to fit you," observed a despairing dressmaker to me lately, "I can never get this waist around you." "Then it will be necessary to let it out until it *does* go round me," was the benignant rejoinder, "as I shall need to breathe when it is on." Dressmakers, as a class, seems to regard the habit of breathing as reprehensible and to be rigidly discouraged and put down. But is it not outrageous that a few inches of silk or cashmere more or less should presume to limit one to one-half or one-quarter of one's rightful share of oxygen—the one substance that gives purity to the blood, clearness to the brain, and vigor to the entire person.—  
[Ethelwyn Wetherald, in *Wives and Daughters*.]

July 1892 p 609-606

Selected.

[From New England Magazine.]

A MODERN LEAR.

IF there is anything upon which a vast amount of fine language has been needlessly expended that thing is personal influence. In my opinion—an opinion based on thirty years of most convincing experience—personal influence, though talked of as much as the late Mrs. Harris, is as unsubstantial a myth. The philanthropist, who has begun by trying to reform the world and ended by seriously asking his conscience whether he has altered the views of any soul in it beside himself, will understand me.

My benevolent efforts were expended wholly in behalf of my father. My mother was a New England housekeeper of the old-fashioned sort—a woman who blushed with mortification if unexpected company found her with less than five kinds of cake, with tarts, pies, and doughnuts galore. Her preserves were always made "pound for pound," and her hams, pickles and jellies were the admiration of the neighborhood. Under this regimen my sister Rhoda and I grew up to be a pair of sickly dyspeptics, and at about the age of twenty married two brothers similarly afflicted. My youngest sister, Cordelia, incurred the lasting displeasure of our parents by eloping at the age of seventeen with a blacksmith's son. She was a self-willed little tomboy, and though we did not exactly feel that her loss was our gain, still people of a delicate nature, like my sister Rhoda and myself, could hardly be expected to grieve too much for any one of such tendencies as Cordelia's. My mother dying a few years ago, my father divided his property between Rhoda and myself. He had no son to work his farm, he was too old to work it himself, and he did not wish to be bothered with overseeing hired labor. Joseph and I begged him to make our house his permanent home, but Jacob and Rhoda were equally urgent, and it ended by his dividing his time about equally between us. But he had not been at our house more than three days before he began to find fault with his food.

"Seems to me, Jane," he said, "this bread ain't just like what your mother used to make."

"I'm thankful to say it ain't," said I. "This is unleavened bread. Yeast is rank poison."

"It's pretty hefty," said he, lifting a piece in his hand, as if trying to guess its weight. "Don't let that slice fall on your toes, Joe. I've known less than that to lame a man for life."

"The merit of this whole wheat bread," said I, "is that it contains all the elements necessary for the nutrition of the system."

Another time he said: "Jane, why don't you cook some meat? I'm perishin' for want of it."

"Meat!" I exclaimed. "Are we carnivorous beasts that we should prey on other animals and make our bodies a burying-ground for their remains?"

"Burying-ground!" he said, dismally. "The fact is, I ain't half such a cheerful object as a burying-ground—there ain't any bumps or fullness about me."

"This sort of talk is distasteful to me," said I.

Breakfast was, perhaps, my father's

worst meal. The many wholesome preparations of grain, such as cracked wheat, oatmeal, cornmeal, and hominy, appealed to him in vain.

"We consider this excellent brain food," my husband said, cheerfully, one morning, as he took a second help of graham mush.

"Tain't brain food I want," said father, "it's stomach food. If I was a horse I would not mind livin' on bran and chopped stuff. Don't you ever have any milk?"

"No," said Joe, smartly. "We don't if I was a calf I wouldn't mind livin' on milk."

"You shall have some milk, father," said I, rising to get it. "It's a bilious food, but it contains all the elements that make up the human frame."

"How are tea and coffee in the way of elements?" he asked in a miserable way.

"They are nothing but stimulants," I exclaimed, glad to find he took even this slight interest in the subject; "there is nothing in them to build up the body."

"Well," he said, dolefully, "I don't know as I'm looking for anything to build my body up. I've got past that. If I can only find something to prop it up, something to keep it from cavin' in, I'll be satisfied."

If it were not that people who live hygienically were good natured, my father's querulous discontent would have been a sore trial to us. One day at dinner, after Joseph had said our usual form of grace, my father exclaimed rudely, "Ye may well say the Lord make us thankful, Joe, for if he didn't make us thankful, no power on earth could." That same day he asked for pie.

"Do you know what pie is?" asked Joe; and I explained: "Pie is a deadly compound of fruit, fat, flour and fire."

"All them things is good, Jane," said my father, "taken in moderation."

"We don't want them in this house," said Joe. "I ain't goin' to be bothered with dyspepsia in moderation."

Not long after that I was horrified to behold my two delicate children munching candy. "Grandpa gave it to us," they said, smiling stickily at me.

"Father," I exclaimed, "this is too bad! Candy is made up wholly of carbonaceous materials—none of the nitrogenous or phosphatic elements enter into it, and it is a severe tax upon the excretory organs."

He said nothing, but turned away and took out his pipe, indifferent also to the fact that tobacco is a poisonous narcotic. I was out of patience with him. I felt relieved when he expressed his intention of going over to stay with Rhoda and Jake for a month.

Rhoda and I are back and forth a good deal, and I soon heard how things were going there. She and Jake are far more advanced than Joe and I are. They consider the use of cooked food a sinful pandering to animal appetite. For breakfast they usually have a little ground wheat moistened with berry juice, or canned pears, or something of that sort. Dinner consists of a little uncooked oatmeal, with figs or dates, and occasionally nuts. They have no supper. My father soon observed that this was a fortunate thing, as three such meals a day would have finished them off long ago. Rhoda quoted father as saying that if he had to live on two meals a day of raw provisions he meant to have enough of those. When, therefore, my sister went into the dining-room one day to set the table with apples, raisins and

rye meal, she was astonished to find it already spread with covered dishes, containing uncooked potatoes, carrots, turnips and onions. She and Jake ate some of the cabbage. The other vegetables they held not fit to eat because they had grown and ripened under ground.

"Underground," said father, who was eating everything before him with savage rapacity, "underground ain't such a bad place. I've often thought I'd better go there myself and settle down." That afternoon Rhoda said she really believed he would die. The turnips and carrots seemed to disagree with him. She made him drink cup after cup of hot water, just as near the boiling point as he could bear it. I ran over with ginger and mustard, which I use only in case of sickness and heard his feeble voice refusing the seventh cup of hot water. "No, thank ye, Rhody," he said, "my stomach can stand a good deal; it can stand to be flattened out with chicken feed and greens, but it hain't no mind to be drowned out nor scalded out."

"I knew those underground vegetables were bad for you," said my sister. "It's a solemn example."

"Is it?" said father. "Well, I'll tell you what it is, girls, I want some beef-steak for my supper to-night, tender and juicy, and plenty of it. That's what I want."

Rhoda uttered a shriek and sat down and shuddered. "Never in this house," she exclaimed.

"I'm afraid to, father," I said. "You might overeat again and you would surely die. Meat of any sort fires the blood."

The old man looked first at Rhoda then at me, saying things which I will not repeat. It distressed us to be spoken to in this way, but allowance must always be made for the fretfulness of old age. The poor man never seemed fully to recover from the raw potatoes and turnips. He grew weaker and weaker till he took to his bed altogether. During his illness he maintained a curious aversion for anything in the shape of gruel or fruit, and astounded one good lady who brought him a basket of delicious grapes by stripping bunch after bunch, and throwing them, three or four at a time, hard at her, now at my sister or myself, now at the walls and windows. He called it grape shot, I remember, and laughed in demoniac glee at our protests. After this he sank into unnatural calm, and thinking that his end was approaching we sent for the minister. A portion of scripture was read and prayer offered. Then the good man approached his bedside and asked him what would satisfy the deepest desire of his nature.

"Pork and beans!" exclaimed father, with sudden force.

"I was not alluding to creature comforts," said the minister, confused.

"But I am," was the tart response, "and I intend to allude to 'em till I get 'em." The glitter of delirium reappeared in his eye, and the house re-echoed with shrieking demands for pork and beans.

Our nearest neighbor, whose sleep was disturbed by this strange outcry, came in next day with a dish containing the loathsome viands.

"Oh, you'll kill him," said Rhoda.

"He'll kill himself," said she, "with this awful shrieking. If he's going to die anyway, he'd better die in peace." She went into the sick-room with her pork and beans and a slice of home-made bread and butter, and came back presently with an empty plate. A great stillness brooded over the house. I looked in at the invalid half an hour later and found him peacefully sleeping, with a sweet smile on his face.

From this moment, incredible as it may seem, father steadily improved. Of course the mind has a great influence over the body, but I did not suppose that a masculine love of having his own way could triumph over the pernicious effects of the most abhorred of culinary products.

As soon as he was able to walk, father came back to our house, making some unpleasant remark, as he came, about jumping from the fire back into the frying-pan. But convalescents are proverbially irritable, and I took no notice. "What you need now in your present weak condition," I said, "is a liberal supply of all the elements necessary to renovate the system." And for supper that night I provided him with a generous slice of brown bread, made of the whole grain, and a large sauce dish of dried apples. He began to eat in silence. I could see he was weak from his sickness, for presently a tear trickled down his cheek and moistened the bread. "You are thinking of mother," I said, "but you should not grieve for her. Death is common to all. It is a wise provision of nature."

"Don't talk to me about provisions, Jane," said he.

At that moment the door was softly pushed open, and a rosy-cheeked young woman looked in and made a rush across the room at father. "Dear old dad," she cried, throwing her arms around him; "dear, blessed old dad, you will forgive me, won't you? Oh, you must forgive me. I'll not let go of you till you do."

"Why, Cordelia," said father, "is that you?" He was so weak he could only sit still and look at her, while his lip quivered. "Of course, if you're happy," he added, "I hain't a word to say agin' the match."

"Do I look very miserable?" she asked, a smile playing among the dimples in her red cheeks. Then she crossed and shook hands with me and kissed me, looking a little shy and frightened. Suddenly her face grew grave and sad. She took a chair by her father's side. "I didn't hear of mother's death till after it was all over," she said, "and then my baby wasn't expected to live and I couldn't leave the little fellow. But when I heard you were sick I told Ed I couldn't stand it to be estranged from you any longer. And so we've come back here to live, father, and I'm going to try and make amends for all the pain I've caused you." She took his wrinkled old hand between both of hers and kissed it and cried over it. Then she jumped up. "Why!" she exclaimed, "I've brought you over a little chicken broth, piping

hot, and I nearly forgot all about it." She brought in a small covered tin pail, whisked the dried apples and brown bread off the table without so much as by your leave, and the next moment that poor sick man, who had no more craving for food than a canary, was stimulating an artificial appetite on a stew made of the most gross of animal substances (a chicken will eat what a pig will not) with bits of toasted white bread floating in it!

But this was nothing to what followed. Two days later was Thanksgiving, and Cordelia invited father, Rhoda, Jake, Joe and myself over to her place for dinner. Of course we did not wish to disoblige her by not going. Jake and Joe promised to be very careful what they ate. Rhoda said if it would not offend Cordelia she'd like to take a little ground wheat over, which she could eat with cranberry or apple sauce; but I persuaded her that it would be best to conform a little more than that, and we decided to

eat a very little of one vegetable, choosing one with no pepper or butter in it, and afterwards some nuts and raisins. Father seemed a good deal excited over the affair, but he didn't say anything till he got there. The air in the dining-room was simply nauseating with odors of sage and onions, nutmeg, allspice and lemon, roast goose and mince pies.

"Now, Ed," said Cordelia to her big blacksmith husband, "be sure and give father the upper part of the leg, a wing, and a part of the breast, with plenty of dressing. I'll help the gravy and vegetables."

"Father," said Rhoda, "it may be well to remember that none of these things contain the elements of"—

"I don't want no elements," roared father. "Curse the elements! What I want is a square meal."

"And that's just what we calculate to give you," said the blacksmith, with a loud laugh. The wild excess and wanton extravagance of the meal were talked over by Rhoda and me for many a day. As for father, he continues to live with Cordelia and her husband. We expected he would go into a decline, but he appears marvelously well and cheerful. It's wonderful what a man of naturally strong constitution will survive."

## SOMETHING OF QUAKERISM.

The Crusade of George Fox Two Hundred Years Ago.

AN EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.

The Practical Character of His Preaching.

How Quaker Doctrines were Viewed Long Ago—  
Barclay's Definition of Inward Light—  
Heroic Age of Quakerism.

"Probably there is not one Englishman in a thousand who could give an account of Quaker tenets, and not one Englishman in a thousand who is ignorant that from William Penn to John Bright Quakers have been the friends and benefactors of the human race." So says Frederick Storrs Turner, a returned missionary from China, who, finding the historic evidences of Christianity insufficient to satisfy the doubts of his own mind, and to overcome the subtle arguments of Buddhism, was saved from infidelity by the inward light. By this central truth of Quakerism Turner was led to make a historical and critical study, which has been lately published under the name of *The Quakers*. It will scarcely be believed that this sect, so small and so little known today, was in the seventeenth century an aggressive and powerful force, having for its mission nothing less than the revival of primitive Christianity, and constantly asserting, "We are the one true church and all others are in the apostacy." At the present time the Quakers are known merely by their peculiarities, their refusal to take an oath, their testimony against war, the disuse of the ordinances or sacraments, silent worship, recognition of women as ministers, and a strong objection to a paid ministry. There are minor peculiarities as the use of "thee" and "thou" in common speech, the numerical names of the days and months, and the absence of outward signs and of "mourning."

But in the history of Quakerism there is nothing of vital importance except the doctrine of the Inward Light, as preached by George Fox more than 200 years ago. The crusade of this young enthusiast against the Protestant churches began, according to his journal, "on a First-day (Sunday) in the morning," at Nottingham in a steeple-house, where "all the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above. And he took for his text these words of Peter:—'We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.' And he told the people that this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try

### All Doctrines, Religions and Opinions.

"Now, the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out and say:—'Oh, no, it is not the Scriptures'; but I told them what it was, namely, the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions and judgments were to be tried, for it led unto all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. For the Jews had the Scriptures, and yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning star, and persecuted Christ and His apostles, and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures; but erred in judgment and did not try them aright, because they tried without the Holy Ghost. Now as I spake thus amongst them, the officers came and took me away and put me into a nasty, stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me."

This lengthy extract from George Fox's journal is given because it contains the very secret and essence of early Quakerism. Here was an unknown young man of 24, tall, gaunt, with piercing eyes, long hair, a face pale as with frequent fasting, hurling

back in the preacher's teeth the very foundation doctrine of the Protestant faith. "No. It is not the Scriptures. It is the spirit of God." During the next quarter of a century Protestantism was challenged in its stronghold, the reformed churches were denounced as unsparingly as they denounced the Papacy. Of those 25 years, at least six were spent by Fox in noisome prisons—his only vacations from mob violence. He and his followers frankly disobeyed the injunction of the Divine Master, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye unto another." The Quakers preferred death to flight. Those who did not receive their doctrine raged against it. Imprisonment having no deterrent effect, "the people," says Fox, "fell upon me in great rage and struck me down, and almost stifled and smothered me, and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, bibles and sticks. \* \* \* \* And the rude people stoned me out of the town for preaching the word of life to them. And I was scarce able to go, or well to stand, by reason of the ill-usage I had received. \* \* \* \* And that day some people were convinced of the Lord's truth, at which I rejoiced." Death had no terrors for him. To a man who ran at him with a rapier Fox said, "Alack for thee, poor creature! What wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw."

As for the preaching of Fox, it was as much concerned about right conduct as about true theology.

#### It was Pre-eminently Practical.

It was not "a theological system which could be popularly construed as a method whereby the absence of morality can be condoned." To him there was no distinction between things secular and things religious. His religion, propagated by purely spiritual means, was, in point of numbers, a great success. Soon after the Restoration, by a careful enumeration of Quakers in prison throughout all England, it was found that the number exceeded four thousand two hundred. In 1700 the whole number in England and Wales is computed as at least sixty thousand. There were also at that time prosperous Quaker churches in Ireland and Scotland, on the Continent and in the plantations of America. They were known as a daring, aggressive, stubborn folk, followers of the light within, scornful of consequences, grotesquely honest, outlandishly just, irreproachable in every walk of life except as their doctrines made them the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things in the eyes of the orthodox. The history of early Quakerism is the history of unquenchable zeal triumphant over unnumbered "beatings, bruising, shakings, halings," and the consternation and pious horror of clergymen and dissenting preachers, whose sympathy was too evidently with the fury of the mob. These "Children of the Light" as they were called were universal disturbers of the churches, walking in and boldly contradicting the preacher in the name of the Lord. No doubt they were too absolute in their identification of their own conceptions with the perfect truth of God, an error into which all are prone to fall. The most tolerant remark made of them by their opponents is that jotted down in Pepy's Diary, August, 7, 1664:—"I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables for being at conventicles. They go like lambs without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform or be more wise and not be caught!" The aged Puritan Roger Williams declared that "the Papists and Quakers' tongues are both

spitting and belching out fire from one fire of hell"—rather an emphatic way of expressing difference of opinion on theological topics, but in an age when orthodoxy was deemed an essential condition of salvation, Quakerism was necessarily

#### Regarded as Soul-Destroying.

For many years the Quakers labored under the grievous imputation of denying the Word of God, and their vehement protestations against the charge were in vain. Robert Barclay, a clear-headed, logical and scholarly Friend, set forth their position by careful definitions. "The Scriptures," he says, "are only a Declaration of the Fountain, and not the Fountain itself. They are and may be esteemed a secondary rule, subordinate to the spirit, from which they have all their excellency and certainty." The operation of the Spirit of God upon the human heart is taught throughout the Old Testament, and is the special promise in the New. "As to the Papists," says Barclay, "they place their foundation

in the judgment of the church and tradition. If we press them to say why they believe as the church doth, their answer is, 'because the church is always led by the infallible spirit.' So here the leading of the spirit is the utmost foundation. Ask the Protestants why they trust in the Scriptures, and take them to be their rule. Their answer is, 'because we have in them the mind of God, delivered unto us by those to whom these things were inwardly, immediately and objectively revealed by the Spirit of God,' and not because this or that man wrote them, but because the spirit dictated them." As all Christendom unites in making the revelations of the spirit the foundation of the foundations upon which their own faith is built, therefore the spirit is the ultimate foundation and supreme authority.

If we would know more of this inward light we must turn again to Barclay, whose definition is lucidity itself:—"This divine revelation and inward illumination is that which is evident and clear of itself, forcing, by its own evidence and clearness, the well disposed understanding to assent, irresistibly moving the same thereunto, even as the common principles of natural truths do move and incline the mind to a natural assent: as, that the whole is greater than its part; that two contradictories can neither be both true, nor both false." It is defined again as "that secret light which shines in the heart and reproves unrighteousness." This is indeed the

#### Foundation of Morality and Religion.

This is the beginning of that practical holiness of life and heart which is the essential thing. In the teeth of popular prejudice William Penn was not afraid to say that "it is not opinion, or speculations, or notions of what is true, or assent to articles or propositions, though never so soundly worded, that makes a man a true believer or a true Christian, but it is the conformity of the mind and practice to the will of God." Though the Quakers believed in historic Christianity, they believed just as strongly that this historic belief was not necessary to salvation.

With the death of its founder the heroic age of Quakerism closed, and then began the century of quietism. There were no persecutions, no dissensions, no aggressive effort. It was a century of stagnation. And yet, to its credit, it produced John Woolman, whose journal Channing pronounced "the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language." Whittier calls him "the serene and beautiful spirit redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness." Charles Lamb said: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." It was said that he loved the negro slave, the Indian savage, the poverty-stricken miners, the factory workers and agricultural laborers of England, not as a professional philanthropist, but because he could not help it; loving them as a mother loves her child.

"Up to the end of the seventeenth century," says F. S. Turner, "the society confidently foretold the conversion of the world to Quakerism. In the eighteenth they were paralysed, almost fossilised. In the nineteenth they sadly calculate the probable date of their extinction." Recent stirrings of new life among them are the result of the influence of modern evangelism. The "Orthodox Friends," sometimes called "Progressive Friends," or "Gurneyites," would be as horrified by the public announcement that it is not the Scriptures but the Spirit of God that is the supreme authority as were the congregation in the "steeple house" in Nottingham in 1649. The Hicksite Quakers still maintain the beliefs of George Fox.

#### The Dying Testimony

of Elias Hicks was that "the inward manifestation of divine light, which reveals itself in the heart of man against sin and uncleanness, is essential and sufficient to salvation."

If this doctrine be not of God then most assuredly will it come to naught; but there is reason to believe that it holds a satisfying answer to doubters and unbelievers. Christianity is not a creed only, it is a revelation from God to save us from our sins, to bring us into the true life. It is the life of Christ quickening us into the Christ-like life. Whatever else is doubtful, this we know to be true. Agnosticism confounds ignorance of the nature of God with ignorance of His relation to us and our relation to Him. God's will concerning us is not incomprehensible, and it is revealed by the inward light. "That faith," says Professor Huxley, "is not blind but reasonable which is invariably confirmed by ex-

perience, and we have the testimony of believers that the fundamental faith of religion is invariably confirmed by experience. "Christianity," says Turner, "is a life; the true life of man; the life of the spirit reigning over all the lusts of the flesh. God and duty are certainties; purity, love, self-sacrifice are certainties. Conscience is consciousness, is spiritual vision. Not to know the truth about Christ, but to be ourselves in one measure reproductions of Christ, is true Christianity. The children of the Light began with conduct, they began with faith. But it was not faith in a wide scheme of doctrine, embracing the universe and eternity; it was faith in a present experience of a very limited range, but of the certainty of which they had full assurance. The secret light shining in the heart to reprove unrighteousness was to them a revelation of God, that is, of His will concerning them. This was in them the faint streak of dawn, beginning of a heavenly day." ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

#### AMONG THE MILLET.

Since the publication of Archibald Lampman's poems last year, there has been no truth in the assertion so frequently made that Canada has never produced a great poet. Minor poets we have with us always. Their thin volumes, appearing with the regularity and frequency of the seasons, are almost invariably marked with poetic fancy and feeling, expressed with refined taste. Occasionally, by happy accident, there is a note of pure inspiration, that faints and falls to earth in the next page or in the next stanza. There are much be-praised books of Canadian verse that fall short even of this—that are merely models of mechanical excellence in thought and feeling, as in print and binding. The ordinary emotions, fears, loves, griefs, desires and regrets of humanity are correctly, even beautifully, expressed, but the hard heart of the reviewer is touched not by what is done well—that is common enough—but by what is done superlatively, unapproachably, miraculously well. The poem that most men would wish to have written, that only one man could have written, that is the truly great poem; and not all the trumpeting of the press, nor the fervors of admiring friends, nor acceptance by leading periodicals, nor the praise of the great and gifted has ever purchased immortality for a bit of verse, or a book of verses, that had not in itself the spiritual seeds of eternal life. "I will show you," says Holmes, "that rhyming's as easy as lying," and the proof of this is shown in the repetition, in almost every review of mediocre poetry, of such phrases as "remarkable facility," "very gracefully written," "master of a charmingly easy and fluent style." The aspiring poet, having, in common with the rest of humanity, some capacity for describing beautiful objects, for expressing his feelings, and particularly for setting forth that he is having a harder time of it in this world than the dull clods about him, has but to manifest these capacities in verse when he is spoken of in print as displaying deep poetic feeling, great susceptibility to the beauties of nature, and the soul-sadness that inevitably marks the artistic temperament. Indeed it is a difficult matter for any one who knows how to read and write and rhyme to produce a volume of verses bad enough to escape praise. Critics have thrust their rough fingers among the heartstrings of true poets and wrought them incalculable injury in times gone past, but not since the invention of a number of pleasantly-worded, non-committal phrases, which are intended to deceive the innocent rhymers, and which make no impression on a public too long familiar with their meaninglessness.

It is because readers have grown right.

fully incredulous of the value of adjectival admiration that reviewers, who have faith in the author under consideration, are compelled to turn their backs on the crowd of high-pitched and hard-worked superlatives, for such cases made and provided, and set forth their impressions in the plain language of truth and soberness.

The qualities which make Mr. Lampman not only greatest among Canadian poets, but one whom any nation might be proud to own, are, first of all, sincerity; next, the ability to see infinitude in common things, and then a noble ability to convey his impressions melodiously, clearly and accurately.

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ly. Of his sincerity, his utter freedom from affectations, it is only necessary to open his book at any page to find proof. Here, for instance, where "through the long sweetness of an April day," he

Wandered with happy feet, and quite forgot  
The shallow toil, the strife against the grain,  
Near souls that hear us call and answer not,  
The loneliness, perplexity and pain,  
And high thoughts cankered with an earthly strain,  
And then, the long draught emptied to the lees,  
I turn me homeward in slow-pacing ease.

Cleaving the cedar shadows and the thin  
Mist of grey goats that cloud the river shore,  
Sweet, even choruses, that dance and spin  
Soft tangles in the sunset; and once more  
The city smites me with its dissonant roar,  
To its hot heart I pass, untroubled, yet  
Fed with calm hope, without desire or fret.

So to the year's first altar-step I bring  
Gifts of meek song, and make my spirit free  
With the blind working of unanxious spring,  
Careless with her, whether the days that flee  
Pale drouth or golden-fruited plenty see;  
So that we toil, brothers, without distress,  
In calm-eyed peace and god-like blamelessness.

In another and darker mood of the poet's mind there is the same entire absence of strain, and fever, and exaggeration. Mark the absolute honesty of the second line:—

Here I will wait a little; I am weary,  
Not torn with pain of any lurid hue,  
But only still, and very grey and dreary,  
Sweet, sombre lands, like you.

The fruits of sincerity are quietness, steadiness, a deliberate choice of ordinary every-day words, as deliberate an avoidance of quaint fancies and far-fetched conceits all expressed as much as possible in compound adjectives and stilted phrases. Here are lines that wear the unconscious beauty and nobility of a Greek statue:—

### OUTLOOK.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,  
But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood  
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude  
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;  
At every thought and deed to clear the haze  
Out of our eyes, considering only this,  
What man, what life, what love, what beauty  
is,  
This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human  
need  
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and  
dumb  
With agony; yet, patience—there shall come  
Many great voices from life's outer sea,  
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men  
heed,  
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

The same thought is pursued in part of "An Athenian Reverie":—

To most men life is but a common thing,  
The hours a sort of coin to barter with,  
Whose worth is reckoned by the sum they  
buy  
In gold or power or pleasure; each short day  
That brings not these deemed fruitless as dry  
sand.

Their lives are but a blind activity,  
And death to them is but the end of motion—  
Grey children who have madly eat and drunk,  
Won the high seats or filled their chests with  
gold;  
And yet, for all their years, have never seen  
The picture of their lives or how life looks  
To him who hath the deep, unexagger eye—  
How sweet and large and beautiful it was,  
How strange the part they played.

This is not preaching. It is a simple and noble expression of the grandest spiritual truth that underlies our sordid lives. Mr. Lampman puts a sensitive conscience into every line of his work. He is absolutely faithful to what he has seen and felt. The utmost precision of scientific statement could not make so definite an impression on the mind as the poetic accuracy of these lines:—

The grasshoppers spin into mine ear  
A small, innumerable sound.

Or of these:—

Not far to fieldward in the central heat,  
Shadowing the clover, a pale poplar stands,  
With glimmering leaves that, when the wind  
comes, beat  
Together like innumerable small hands.

Always with this miracle-working touch  
of the imagination there is a clean grasp of  
the facts. Sometimes there is a succession  
of clear-cut statements, each one giving in-  
dispensable aid to the completion of  
a picture that receives its finishing touch  
in the last line. How admirable is the  
picture of November thus presented:—

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield  
To the thick, driving snow. A little while  
And night shall, darken down. In shouting  
file  
The woodmen's carts go by me homeward  
wheeled,  
Past the thin, fading stubbles, half concealed,  
Now golden-grey, sowed softly through with  
snow,  
Where the last ploughman follows still his  
row,  
Turning black furrows through the whitening  
field.

Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,  
Fast drives the snow, and no man comes this  
way;  
The hills grow wintry white, and bleak winds  
moan  
About the naked uplands. I alone  
Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor grey,  
Wrapped round with thought, content to  
watch and dream.

With this must be given a spring picture,  
very beautiful by sheer force of its ideal  
truthfulness to fact:—

The old year's cloaking of brown leaves, that  
bind  
The forest floor-ways, plaited close and true—  
The last love's labor of the autumn wind—  
Is broken with curled flower buds white and  
blue,  
In all the matted hollows, and speared  
through  
With thousand serpent-spotted blades up-  
sprung,  
Yet bloomless, of the slender adder tongue.

In the warm noon the south wind creeps and  
cools,  
Where the red-budded stems of maples throw  
Still tangled etchings on the amber pools,  
Quite silent now, forgetful of the slow  
Drip of the taps, the troughs and trampled  
snow,  
The keen March mornings, and the silvering  
rime  
And mirthful labor of the sugar prime.

There is real substance and satisfaction  
in such poems as these. They are wholly  
free from pretence and artificiality. The  
thought is invariably finer than the words  
that clothe it. The book is charged with  
reality, and it fails not to teach the poet's  
indestructible lesson to mankind:—  
That change and pain are shadows faint and  
fleet,

And dreams are real, and life is only sweet.  
Not that "Among the Millet" is entirely  
free from sadness. That is the disease of  
the age, and the sensitive mind of the  
poet must reflect the environment in  
which he lives. Any one who is able to  
"recapture the first fine careless rapture"  
of life may cast the first stone. The rest of  
us will find between the dull-red covers of  
this most important volume of Canadian  
verse food for thought and inspiration in  
a generation that is distinctly not  
given to thoughtfulness, and that  
is not inspiring. The common sweet  
realities of life as it is every day, of nature  
as it is almost everywhere, will be made  
dearer to us by reason of the services of  
this most observant, most exact and most  
sympathetic of interpreters, Mr. Lamp-  
man shall not suffer at our hands the in-  
justice of over-praise. It was on the tip of  
the critical pen to say that the uplifting  
sound caused by the rushing wings of the  
imagination was not always audible "Among  
the Millet." But the fancy is immediately  
contradicted by the far-reaching sugges-  
tiveness of "An Impression":—

I heard the city time-bells call  
Far off in hollow towers,  
And one by one with measured fall  
Count out the old, dead hours.

I felt the march, the silent press  
Of time, and held my breath;  
I saw the haggard dreadfulness  
Of dim old age and death.

And as if this were not enough, the very  
spirit of the storm is caught and chained in  
the poem of that name, and the human

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spirit leaps to meet it in the concluding  
stanzas:—

You, in your cave of snows, we in our narrow  
girth  
Of need and sense, forever chafe and pine;  
Only in moods of some demonic birth  
Our souls take fire, our flashing wings un-  
twine,  
Even like you, mad wind, above our broken  
prison,  
With streaming hair and maddened eyes up-  
risen,  
We dream ourselves divine;

Mad moods that come and go in some mys-  
terious way,  
That flash and fall, none knoweth how or  
why,  
Oh wind, our brother, they are yours to-day,  
The stormy joy, the sweeping mastery;  
Deep in our narrow cells we hear you, we  
awaken,  
With hands afret and bosoms strongly shaken,  
We answer to your cry.

I most that love you, wind, when you are  
fierce and free,  
In these dull fetters cannot long remain;  
Lo, I will rise and break my thongs and flee  
Forth to your drift and beating, till my  
brain  
Even for an hour grow wild in your divine  
embraces,  
And then creep back into mine earthly traces,  
And bind me with my chain.

Nay, wind, I hear you, desperate brother in  
your might  
Whistle and howl; I shall not tarry long,  
And though the day be blind and fierce, the  
night  
Be dense and wild, I still am glad and strong  
To meet you face to face, through all your  
gust and drifting,  
With brow held high, my joyous hands up-  
lifting,  
I cry you song for song.

"Among the Millet," by Archibald Lamp-  
man. (J. Durie & Sons, Ottawa.)

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THAT a poet has no honour in his own country is a hard saying; that he has little recognition in his own country is a harder one. Honour is a cheap sentiment, bestowed alike on the just and unjust, evolved as often by a great name as by a great nature. But recognition—the ability to rightly gauge and appreciate the capacity of individual power—is as rare as those who having eyes are willing to see.

Nevertheless recognition is what genius has a right to expect of its country. It is the only atmosphere favourable to development; it is as essential as June winds to a June flower. Perhaps it is the prevailing impression that there is no such thing as Canadian literature that has so easily persuaded us that in Canada there is no genuine poetic power or creative imagination. The phlegmatic calm of this conclusion has been faintly stirred by the frequent appearance in the best American magazines of Mr. Campbell's incomparable poems, by the enthusiastic praise which they have elicited, not only in the States but in England, by the inclusion in Mr. Lighthall's anthology of no less than twelve of them among the representative "Songs of the Great Dominion," and by the publication of "Lake Lyrics," the most poetic interpretation of Canadian lakes and rivers and winters ever given to the public.

Mr. Campbell's melodious and lucid descriptions of nature are unfailingly quotable. The "Lyrics" are marked by an evenness of excellence that makes choice difficult, but the poems in it which have commanded the highest admiration are undoubtedly "The Winter Lakes" and "Lazarus." Surely no Canadian needs to be reminded of how true-sighted are the poet's eyes in the former poem, and how masterly his imagination in the latter. One or two stanzas from "The Winter Lakes" must be quoted by way of reminder:—

Craggs that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,  
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid faint glimmer of dawn;  
Shadowy ghost-like shores where midnight surfs are booming  
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter,  
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;  
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,  
Lost to summer and life go to return no more.

Here is trueness of sight and something more—something that makes a vivid and definite impression of what to the average beholder would be a merely monotonous winter scene. In surroundings apparently the most lifeless in nature this poet has the happiness to discover a hidden heart of life. His "ceaseless waters ebb and lift,"

And under ever-changing skies,  
Swell throb and break on kindling beach;  
When fires of dawn responsive rise,  
In answer to their mystic speech.

In Autumn this great lake

Beats and moans, a prisoned thing,  
Rock-manacled beneath the night.

And in summer it has

A glad harmonious motion,  
Like happiness caught at rest.

At dawn—

This mighty swayed bough of the lake  
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled.

Or the "lone stretches of water" are "flame-bathed by the incoming light." Always in the poet's treatment

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of these waste, desolate places there is an intense feeling for the colours and movements of life. These lyrics are not ornamental designs—decorative verse-making. They throb upon the printed page with rich and unmistakable vitality. Not an unintelligible phrase mars the volume. Open it at random and you are confronted with boldness of conception, with a picturesque and vigorous breadth of treatment. It is proof of Mr. Campbell's high poetic power that it renders so effective a class of subjects which, apart from its transfiguring touch, would not immediately win the reader.

The author of "Lake Lyrics" is not a phrase-maker, yet some of his lines have found a place in memory as abiding as any beautiful utterance of the older poets. Who that has once made its acquaintance can forget "The Blackberry"—

Dark gypsy of the glowing year,  
Child of the sun and rain—

and the exquisite pictures of "Indian Summer," "Before the Dawn," and "The Phantoms of the Boughs at the

Window"? Among the sonnets "The Tides of Dawn" and "August Night on Georgian Bay" are especially beautiful, yet scarcely more so than

MEDWAYOSH.

A world of dawn, where sky and water merge  
In far, dim vapours, mingling blue in blue,  
Where low-rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through  
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams I urge  
With languid oar my skiff through sunny surge  
That rings its music round the rocks and sands,  
Passing to silence, where far lying lands  
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

I linger in dreams, and through my dreaming comes,  
Like sound of suffering heard through battle drums,  
An anguished call of sad heart-broken speech;  
As if some wild lake spirit, long ago  
Soul wronged, through hundred years its wounded woe  
Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

I would like to give in their completeness "Lazarus," "The Legend of Dead Man's Lake," and "Ballade of Two Riders." Fragmentary quotations would afford a very mutilated impression of their fine quality. The poem of "Lazarus" alone would be sufficient to win renown for an unknown writer. With what fervour of imagination the poet has dared to express what so many of us have silently thought, let the reader judge for himself:—

LAZARUS.

O, Father Abram, I can never rest,  
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,  
Where love blooms on in days without an even;  
For up through all the paradises seven  
There comes a cry from some fierce anguished breast.

A cry that comes from out of hell's dark night,  
A piercing cry of one in agony,  
That reaches me in heaven white and high;  
A call of anguish that doth never die;  
Like dream-waked infant wailing for the light.

O, Father Abram, heaven is love and peace,  
And God is good; eternity is rest.  
Sweet would it be to lie upon thy breast  
And know no thought but living to be blest  
Save for that cry that never more will cease.

It comes to me above the angel-lyres,  
The chanting praises of the cherubim;  
It comes between my upward gaze and Him,  
All-blessed Christ. A voice from the vague dim,  
"O, Lazarus, come and ease me of these fires."

"O, Lazarus, I have called thee all these years,  
It is so long for me to reach to thee,  
Across the ages of this mighty sea,  
That loometh dark, dense, like eternity;  
Which I have bridged by anguished prayers and tears,

"Which I have bridged by knowledge of God's love,  
That even penetrates this anguished glare;  
A gleaming ray, a tremulous star-built stair,  
A road by which love-hungered souls may fare.  
Past hate and doubt, to heaven and God above."

So calleth it ever upward unto me.  
It creepeth in through heaven's golden doors,  
It echoes all along the sapphire floors  
Like smoke of sacrifice it soars and soars,  
It fills the vastness of eternity.

Until my sense of love is waned and dimmed  
The music-rounded spheres do clash and jar  
No more those spirit-calls from star to star,  
The harmonies that float and melt afar,  
The belts of light by which all heaven is rimmed.

No more I hear the beat of heavenly wings,  
The seraph chanting in my rest-tuned ear;  
I only know a cry, a prayer, a tear,  
That rises from the depths up to me here;  
A soul that to me suppliant leans and clings.

O, Father Abram, thou must bid me go  
Into the spaces of the deep abyss;  
Where far from us and our God-given bliss,  
Do dwell those souls that have done Christ amiss;  
For through my rest I hear that upward woe.

I hear it crying through the heavenly night,  
When curv'd hung in space the million moons  
Lean planet-ward, and infinite space attunes  
Itself to silence, as from drear gray dunes,  
A cry is heard along the shuddering light,

Of wild duck-bird, a sad heart-curd'ling cry,  
So comes to me that call from out hell's coasts;  
I see an infinite shore with gaping ghosts;  
This is no heaven with all its shining hosts;  
This is no heaven until that hell doth die.

So spake the soul of Lazarus, and from thence,  
Like new fledged bird from its sun-jewelled nest,  
Drunk with the music of the young year's quest;  
He sank out into heaven's gloried breast,  
Spaceward turned, towards darkness dim immense.

Hellward he moved like radiant star shot out  
From heaven's blue with rain of gold at even,  
When Orion's train and that mysterious seven  
Move on in mystic range from heaven to heaven.  
Hellward he sank, followed by radiant rout.

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The liquid floor of heaven bore him up,  
 With unseen arms, as in his feathery flight  
 He floated down toward the infinite night;  
 But each way downward, on the left and right,  
 He saw each moon of heaven like a cup

Of liquid misty fire that shone afar  
 From sentinel towers of heaven's battlements;  
 But onward, winged by love's desire intense,  
 And sank space-swallowed, into the immense;  
 While with him ever widened heaven's bar.

'Tis ages now long-gone since he went out,  
 Christ-urged love-driven across the Jasper walls;  
 But hellward still he ever floats and falls,  
 And ever nearer come those anguished calls  
 While far behind he hears a glorious shout.

Mr. Campbell's name and work are so well known and highly spoken of by American readers that it would seem almost an absurdly superfluous task to call the attention of the Canadian public to them; and yet the warm praise bestowed by Mr. Howells in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* on "Lake Lyrics" must have roused in the hearts of many of the poet's countrymen feelings not so much of acquiescence and pride as of bewilderment and wonder. Possibly our country will never have a literature, but the only enduring poets of literature are its classics, and Canada cannot escape the distinction of having enriched English literature with poems of unfading loveliness, which, because they are not for an age, have rightly earned the title of classic.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

LITERARY NOTES.

It has been said that Mr. W. D. Lighthall in his volume, "Songs of Great Dominion" (Williamson & Co., Toronto), has not given the best selections from Canadian poetry that might have been included within the space of the book, some 450 pages of fair, large print. The answer is that Mr. Lighthall did not propose to give the world the best possible selection from Canadian poetry. Had that been his intent, we should quarrel with him for having omitted, perhaps, the best verses of some of the writers represented in his book, and for having given no space at all to some of our worthiest poets. For instance, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, who has within the last few years published in *The Week* and elsewhere a number of sonnets and other verses of singular beauty, originality and power, is not represented in the "Songs of the Great Dominion." But why? Not because Mr. Lighthall himself has failed to recognize Miss Wetherald's unquestionable genius—we happen to know the contrary—but because the plan of his work excluded verses not illustrating in some way the peculiarities of things Canadian. The interest of Miss Wetherald's poems is psychological, and while they would necessarily be included in a selection of the best English poems of Canadian authors, they are almost as necessarily excluded by the plan that the editor has followed. The same applies to excluded verses of other worthy writers. Mr. Lighthall is entitled to be praised for having performed his editorial duties faithfully according to the plan he had arranged. His purpose was to set forth in one volume a number of verses having Canadian color. The titles of the sections under which he has grouped his selections are "The Imperial Spirit," "The New Nationality," "The Indian," "The Voyageur and Habitant," "Settlement Life," "Sports and Free Life," "The Spirit of Canadian History," "Places and Seasons." The pursuance of such a plan involved the exclusion of a good deal of Canadian verse as meritorious, or more so, than any to be found in the volume. On the other hand, the plan involved the inclusion of some verse having little or no poetic merit, but proper for inclusion in a volume meant to be typical of the life and environment of Canadians. It cannot be said that

there is much absolute rubbish in the volume, and on the whole we think Mr. Lighthall has discharged the difficult task that he assumed. He explains in his preface that the English publisher (Walter Scott, London) found it impossible to include within the volume all the verses sent for publication. The book had to

be sent forth within a specific time; the publisher had not the advantage of being able to consult the Canadian editor, and it may be reasonably assumed that such defects as may be found in the work are due in some degree to this unfortunate circumstance.

We are not going to call the roll of the writers and the writings included in this very handsome book. With most of the names and verses the readers of Canadian literature are tolerably familiar. Let us look then at the unfamiliar good poems within Mr. Lighthall's covers. With excellent judgment he gives large space to Archibald Lampman, William Wilfrid Campbell, Wm. McLennan, the admirable translator of the beautiful songs of French Canada, and Isabella Valancey Crawford, who lived long in Toronto, little praised by her countrymen, while performing work of good originality and high quality. Mr. Lampman, whose poems were published last year in a thin volume by Dune & Son, of Ottawa, is, in our judgment, the foremost of the young poets of America. Perfectly sincere, a singularly accurate and sympathetic observer of nature, a master of the forms of verse that he uses, never obscure, very free from the affectation of employing archaic or unusual words, totally without the "Bunthorne squirm" that mars the work of certain clever American and Canadian poets, sufficiently imaginative, possessing remarkably the power to select and set forth the things in a scene which complete its effect and distinguish it, serious but not without humor, having a wide range of interest, always conveying his impression, certainly affected deeply by Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold but not imitative, sometimes afflicted with youthful melancholy, but on the whole cheerful, Mr. Lampman is a true poet of a rare and intellectual order, and is sure to be ranked as such in English literature if he continues to produce such work as he has already done. Canada may well boast him, and we hail his advent with the more joy because his work sets the standard of Canadian verse forward by an immense distance and alongside of the standard of first-rate, latter-day English verse. We mean to celebrate Mr. Lampman at greater length hereafter, and will now turn to Wm. Wilfrid Campbell, of Stephens, N.E. He published last year a volume of poems that we have not seen, but we have often marked his charming verses in American magazines, *The July Century*, by the way, contains a short poem by Mr. Campbell. One of his favorite subjects is lake scenery, his varied impressions of which are conveyed by his verse with great skill. Lake scenery is not familiar even to all Canadians, but "Indian Summer" is, and all who have felt the sweet influences of that season are more or less competent to judge of this admirable rendering of its spirit:—

Along the line of smoky hills  
 The crimson forest stands,  
 And all the day the blue-jay calls  
 Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,  
 With all his glory spread;  
 And all the sumachs on the hills  
 Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes, wrapped in mist,  
 Or past some river's mouth,  
 Throughout the long, still autumn day  
 Wild birds are flying south.

This is not in the elaborate truthfulness of Lampman, but 'twill serve—it is poetry—the touch is sure; the broad landscape is there, and the birds verily wing through the haze. Mr. Campbell is a poet not to be sneezed at.

We did mean to quote Isabella Crawford and Wm. McLennan, but the powers of space are inexorably against the book-noticing man of a modern newspaper. Enough to say that the poems of these writers contained in Mr. Lighthall's volume are "alone worth the price of admission." Mr. Logan's poem, "A Blood-red Ring Hung Round the Moon," is as unique as beautiful—we should like to know whether it is all his own or a translation or paraphrase of an Indian original. In conclusion we have to tell Mr. Lighthall that he has somehow missed Mr. Kernighan (the Khan) from his list. Now the Khan, having written several dozen verses a day for months and years together, has, of course, written a vast quantity of very poor stuff. But scattered through the rubbish appeared many gems, often uncut, but commonly of genuine worth and beauty. Not only so, but many of the Khan's little snatches of song are very distinctively Canadian, and therefore peculiarly suitable for inclusion in Mr. Lighthall's volume. For instance, about eight years ago, a Toronto paper published a poem of Mr. Kernighan's, entitled "The Flight of Wild Geese"—and the wings of those geese fairly whistled in the air and their honk-honk came clearly down while they fled north in wedge array. Mr. Kernighan has real force. He would, we dare say, have polished some of his more striking verses for this volume, and we hope that, when the second edition appears, it will include something from that irrepressible, fiery, born bard, our too-little-raised poet of the farm, *The Khan*.

What We Are Reading.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."—I don't know how it may be with you, gentle fellow-browser, but to me it is an intellectual undertaking to read a novel by George Meredith. He takes such prodigious strides that for the unaccustomed mind to endeavor to keep pace with him leaves it rather wind-blown and wobbly. The average novel is so perfectly adapted to encourage skipping propensities that, when one sits down to relax the brain, say over "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," it is rather surprising to find it grow tense with prolonged, deep, excited attention. One cannot escape the hard work of reading this novel by dismissing it as dry. It is one of the most profoundly sensational novels ever written. Other works of fiction may abound in battle, danger, and sudden death, but they do not whip the sympathy up to a point where it begs in anguish for release and rest, nor do they pour out more gray matter of the brain to a single page than the mind can readily assimilate, nor do they bewitch the imagination by such a passage as this: "Know you those wand-like touches of I know not what, before which our grosser being melts, and we stand etherealized, trembling with new joy? They come but rarely; rarely even in love, when we fondly think them revelations. Mere sensations they are, doubtless; and we rank them no higher in the spiritual scale, yet it is something for the animal to have had such experiences to look back upon, and they give him an horizon—pale seas of luring splendor."

It is for Richard that the heart bleeds all through the latter half of the book. As a boy, whipped for poaching by Farmer Blaize, he feels "the horrible sense of shame, self-loathing, universal hatred, impotent vengeance, as if the spirit were steeped in abysmal blackness, which comes upon a courageous and sensitive youth condemned for the first time to taste this piece of fleshly bitterness." As a youth he sees the earth "through rosy mists of a thousand fresh awakened nameless and aimless desires, panting for bliss and taking it as it comes, making of any sight or sound a key to infinite because innocent pleasure." His whole sweet system moved to music. Later, as a lover, he is the most ideal creature that could be imagined. The chapter entitled "Ferdinand and Miranda" would almost make gray hairs turn gold again. He meets his first love on an enchanted island, a sweet bird shivering out his song above them, the gracious glory of heaven falling upon their souls. Nature turned artist when she produced her. "The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing." Her brows were thick and brownish, her hair a sunny red veined torrent almost to her waist. He

leans toward her, drinking her in with all his eyes, and young love has a thousand.

This writer's thought crystallizes into aphorisms at the turn of every leaf. "Let us remember," he says, "that nature, though heathenish, reaches at her best to the footstool of the Highest." And in another place; "Poetry, love, and such-like, are the drugs earth has to offer to high natures as she offers to low ones debauchery." And again: "There is for the mind but one grasp of happiness; from that uppermost pinnacle of wisdom, whence we see that this world is well designed." But such thoughts lie as thickly on these pages as dead leaves on an autumn avenue. Even when one's sympathies are stretched upon the rack, as they frequently are in the course of this narration, there is a continuous consciousness of admiration at the sight of so many large truths packed into such exceptionally small shells.—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in *Wives and Daughters*.

# THE PAYMASTER'S ROMANCE

## In Love With the Girl With Lilacs.

### A MUTE ACQUAINTANCE.

#### Slow Progress of a Singular Courtship.

A False Report—Not Sophronia, But Sylvia—  
An Interesting Short Story by  
Ethelwyn Wetherald.

"And now for a turn in the open air," said the paymaster of a Western railway to himself, as he locked his office door, stepped into the hollow-sounding corridor, and thence into the street. "It's not exactly open," he continued, glancing at the blackened buildings that walled him in, "and a mixture of smoke and sewer gas has no rightful claim to be considered air, still one must cling to the phrase for old sake's sake." He thought of what it represented to him. He thought of his old Canadian home, a grey farm house set among blossoming orchards and deep-grassed meadows, fronted and backed by a hundred acres of woodland, and approached by a winding lane, at the head of which stood a mammoth lilac bush. "We had jugs of lilac standing in every open window," he thought, "and when the wind swept through—"

He drew a long, deep breath. He was out of the domain of the sewer gas, so he was no longer afraid to breathe. The air was really growing quite tolerable, and the trees wedged in between the sidewalk and the street had as cheerful an air of celebrating the arrival of spring as though their lot had been cast between a stake and a rider fence and a clover field. The breeze was in his face, and it bore to him the unmistakable odor of lilac blossoms. He quickened his pace, and looked eagerly about him. Down the quiet, leafy street came a young girl with light, loitering step, her heavy hair lying loosely on her shoulders, her cheeks reddened and her lips crimsoned by a long day's exposure to the sun, and her arms enfolding a gigantic bouquet of lilacs, mingled with their heart-shaped leaves. They approached nearer and nearer to each other. The paymaster's pale face lighted up, and his dark eyes were fixed on the sweet flowers thronging at the girl's breast. At first she looked at him with wondering pleasure, and then with a shyness that soon merged into embarrassment. Their steps faltered as they met, and then they passed rapidly on. "If she were only a boy," thought the paymaster, "I would have asked for a little branch of lilac."

"If he were only a lady," thought the young girl, "I would so gladly have offered one."

"Or if she were only a few years younger," thought the paymaster.

"Or, if he were only several years older," thought the girl.

These complete strangers were greatly dissatisfied with each other. It went to the girl's heart that any lover of her favorite flower should have been allowed to go away empty. "It shall not happen again," she said to herself, resolutely, and, in pursuance of her newly formed plan, she no sooner placed her lilacs in water after reaching home than she took a pair of shears and attacked the advertising columns of several newspapers.

The paymaster described the incident to his sister over their evening meal of brown bread and strawberries. Here eyes and hair were dark like his own, but she differed from him in her irregular features and in a complexion inclining to summer freckles.

"Did you say that she looked to be about seventeen, John, and that her hair was flung to the breeze, so to speak? It seems to me that's rather an untidy way to go about the streets—for a big girl of seventeen."

"She wasn't very big," replied John, "and her hair wasn't flung at all. It seemed to cling to her shoulders. She looked just like the sort of girl who, if her hair pins annoyed her, would pull them out and slip them in her pocket, and if she wished to go about with her arms full of lilacs, why, she'd do so."

"Ah! I'm afraid she's a bold piece," said her sister. In her heart Isabel Forder was afraid of nothing of the sort, but she had learned in talks with her brother that a certain amount of well regulated perversity is far more efficacious as a means of extracting information than an army of interrogation points. In this case it proved there was very little to tell.

The next afternoon being Sunday the paymaster and his sister went for a long walk into the country, returning earlier than usual because Isabel had "one of her headaches." "But I'll not keep you away from the fresh air and sunshine," she said, as she lay in a darkened room with an odor of camphor about her. "I know you're as uncomfortable when you haven't taken your regular number of miles as a child that hasn't had its sleep out." And so with a free conscience he strolled forth again.

The late May twilight was beginning to settle over the city when he found himself without definite intention on the street when he had met the girl with the lilacs. His glance roved quickly on both sides of it, and he then smiled at himself for feeling a momentary disappointment because she was not in sight. "It's quite likely," he said to himself, "that she spends all her time pacing this street with her arms full of lilacs, so that I may be gratified by the spectacle when I appear." Nevertheless he walked lingeringly, and looked at every passing wayfarer in feminine garb. He told himself that it was a perfume, not a girl, that he was in search of, and suddenly it struck across his delighted senses. He stood perfectly still, and drew a long breath. Then on top of the square gate post nearest him he saw a huge brown jar filled with plumes of lilac. On the outside of the jar large letters, evidently cut from display advertisements, were fastened to form the inscription:

TAKE ONE.

Placing a liberal interpretation on the quest the paymaster took two, and put them in his inside coat pocket. "No need to say anything to Bel about it," he thought. "She would set her down as a bold piece than ever. Now to my mind this invitation is an instance of the finest and most destest philanthropy. Queer that women never seem to understand each other." He glanced as he passed on at the grey house, and the well-kept lawn with a hammock in the corner of it. "So that is where she lives," he thought.

He returned to his tiny parlor and seated himself by his sister's couch. "My headache is nearly well," said she. "Did you see your lilac girl?"

"No, certainly not," he replied, a little surprised at the sudden change of subject.

"Oh, certainly not!" she mocked, and that is the reason, I suppose, why you smell like an animated lilac bush. She pulled him toward her, and, opening his coat,

drew from its pocket the tell-tale flowers, which she held high in the air, as she fell back upon her pillow with immoderate laughter.

"Well," said the paymaster, turning red, "can't a fellow go out in the country and get some lilacs?"

"Yes, a fellow can, but a fellow hasn't. Oh, what an unsatisfactory web we weave, when first we practise to deceive. I wouldn't have thought that of you, John."

He told her of the brown jar and the invitation upon it, and she declared that the situation was becoming romantic. She procured a pasteboard box, and was about to place the lilacs in it for preservation.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed her brother, almost angrily, as he snatched the flowers from her lap and tossed them out of the open window. She perceived then that the subject was beginning to be a sore one, so she made no further reference to it. She arranged the pillows comfortably and he read aloud to her. He was a sympathetic reader and it was one of her chief pleasures to listen to him.

A fortnight later he reproached her for no longer taking any interest in his lilac girl.

"Oh, have you seen your girl again?" exclaimed Isabel with brightening eyes. "Do tell me about her!" "I've seen her I suppose nearly a dozen times within the past two weeks," he declared, with a laugh. Her family have only lately moved into their present home, which is why I've never seen her until recently. I meet her going to the High School nearly every morning. I generally go down that street on the way to the office. Sometimes the front door is open, and I catch a glimpse of her in the hall ramming her

hat down hard on her head, so as to save the trouble, or rather the time, of pinning it, giving a jerk apiece to each of her gloves, seizing an awful pile of books and coming down the steps, along the walk and through the gate at three skips and a run. By that time of course I've got past the gate, but I always have a feeling in the back of my coat as though she was looking at me, and saying to herself 'There he goes again—the same old two-and-sixpence.'

"Oh, but, John, American girls don't talk that way. They don't know what a two and sixpence is."

"Well, neither do we for that matter. But how easy it is for Canadians to use phrases—meaningless to them—picked up from their English parents. What makes me think she comes from some part of the Dominion is her shyness?"

"Oh, she's shy, is she?" asked Isabel, with an air of excessive surprise. "I certainly had not received that impression from your description of her."

"Then I'm the poorest hand in the world for describing things. Why she's as shy as a woodpecker. As I said we meet by chance, the usual way, nearly every morning. Yet she can't bring herself to recognise my approaching presence or to affect ignorance of it, or complete indifference to it. I suspect she's incapable of affection. So she has a different way of treating me each time. Occasionally she determines not to look at me at all. But as I always look at her it ends in her giving me the very briefest of fleeting glances. Sometimes she gives me a frank, simple, human gaze, such as you might receive from a child, and perhaps the next morning she will lift her head very high and look straight past me, as though she were saying, 'No, sir, I may see you every day in the year, but I will never forget that I am a lady and that you have not been properly introduced to me.' Yesterday she pretended to be very busy tightening the strap that held her books, but in the critical moment, when there wasn't a yard between us, the much enduring strap gave way at the weakest part, and precipitated all the books in a confused pile on the sidewalk. Woman's extremity is man's opportunity. If we had been two characters in a novel, of course I would have sprung to her assistance, but my springing days are over. I merely bent and picked up the books, and somehow couldn't think of a word to say. Perhaps bashfulness is contagious, for she stood by in an agony of embarrassment, her hands partially extended towards me, her rusty-brown head drooping a little aside. Such a pretty attitude! I wish I could make you see it as I do. When I handed them to her she gave me a low, breathless 'Thank you,' and turned and fled. Not quite so sharply decisive a movement as that, you understand, but that was the impression it left on me. This morning I wondered if she would give me a look, and she did—a look that said with perfect distinctness, 'Please don't expect me to bow to you, because, really, it is quite out of the question.'

"John," said Isabel, "I'm afraid you're annoying that timid little girl."

"I don't believe it."

"I believe you are."

"Well, then, I believe she likes to be annoyed."

"Couldn't you go another way to the office?"

"Not till after she goes another way to the High School. Why, gracious! Isabel, are pretty girls so plentiful that a man must go out of his way to avoid them?"

"Is she pretty?"

The young man laughed. "I think I'll go down to the library," he said, "and get a fresh book. If you were a teacher, Bel, you'd come out strong on review lessons."

"If I were a teacher," retorted the girl, "I wouldn't permit any of my pupils to live on streets frequented by railway men." But her brother was out of hearing. He had almost reached the corner of the street when she called him back, and hastened to meet him. "You never told me," she exclaimed, "how she fixed her hair?"

"How who fixed her hair?"

"Oh, don't be so aggravating!"

"That's no more aggravating than for you to ask if she is pretty. Couldn't you wait till I get back from the library?"

"Why, John! Wait a whole hour with that unfortunate child, and see the wind blowing the hair in her eyes all the time? How strangely you talk!"

"Well, she plait it in a long, big, thick plat, and ties the end to the beginning."

"To the beginning?"

"To the hind part of the beginning."



"Oh," exclaimed Isabel, clasping her hands, "this is indeed romance!"

Later in the evening she was told that the name of the lilac girl was S. Jarvis. At least that was the name on the flyleaf of one of the books that had fallen open from her hand the day before.

"Jarvis is a good Canadian name," said Miss Folder.

"She's no more attractive on that account," replied her brother. "When I was in the treasurer's office the other day he introduced me to his new assistant on the ground that we were both Canadians. Well, fudge! When the assistant heard that I was from Ontario he looked perfectly blank, and when I discovered that he was a Bluenose and a Tory I was pretty sure that I knew too much about his politics, and too little about his Province to be an agreeable companion. Do you suppose the S. stands for Sarah or Susan?"

"Oh, it's shortened and sweetened into Sadie or Sue."

"Well, I'm glad she hasn't any flyaway middle name."

"Yes," returned Isabel, "as you and I have only one name apiece, it makes her

## TORONTO, SATURDAY

seem more like one of the family." But the paymaster was reading his library book.

Few very were the June evenings after that in which John Folder was not greeted on his return from the office with the inquiry:—

"Did you see your girl to-day?" Occasionally he had not seen her, and, as once or twice when this was the case he looked unusually weary, his sister pleased herself with the fancy that the morning's chance encounter was in his prosaic life an influence slight, yet enduring. "My girl is beginning to understand me," he said a week after he had discovered her name. "She no longer denies me the benefaction of a frank, innocent, trusting look, straight in the eyes. Compared with that look, the bows and smiles of polite society are mere vain flummery. It turns the dusty, smoky city into a leafy opening in the woods, and I am back in the bare feet and stone-bruised period of my existence, bending down for a drink of spring water."

"Ah," softly chanted Isabel;

"I know a maiden fair to see—  
Take care."

"I forgot to tell you," continued her brother, "that the Jarvis' have visitors. One of them, a roly-poly girl baby three years old, followed Miss Jarvis down to the corner of the street this morning, saying in that entreating way children have, 'Take me wiz you; take me wiz you.' The girl left her books at the corner, and, seizing the child, hurried back with her, smothering her cries with kisses, and saying, 'Oh, no, Dolly darling, I can't take you wiz me. I can't! I can't!' At the gate she handed her over to her mother, and when she turned and saw me her look had a good deal in it of the pity and tenderness she felt for the disappointed child."

"She can both false and friendly be;  
Beware! Beware!"

But what do you suppose I found out about her on my way home to-night? My lilac girl really has a sense of humor. You know poor old Mrs. Hoggarty who lives in a small desert of sand on the next street? She's been urging her landlord to have grass seed sown, but not a blade of grass is visible in her front yard. To-night I noticed a number of signs standing about in front of the house with 'Please keep off the grass' painted on them in very black paint. 'It all the doin's of Miss Jarvis in the next sthreet,' exclaimed Mrs. Hoggarty 'She's that comical! She struck 'em in herself wid her own hands, and laughed, and said, 'I guess that I'll fetch him.' An' sure it did fetch him, for he come round an hour ago an' sez he 'Mrs. Hoggarty throw them shingles in the stove and I'll have your yard sowed to-morrow.' Fancy, Bel, how he must have felt, seeing those sarcastic little signs among the sand. Oh! the lilac girl has a thoroughly good heart."

"Trust her not," sang his sister.

"Trust her not!  
She is fooling, fooling, fooling,  
Fooling, fooling, fooling, fooling—"

"Isabel, your conduct is outrageous. Don't you know it is rude to sing when remarks are being addressed to you?"

"Very like, very like," quoth Isabel; "and yet methinks the wording of my song maketh ruder sounding in your ears than its music."

When midsummer holidays came the grey house was shuttered and closed. Evidently the family were in the country. The Folders also fled from heated stone and brick into as much of country green and quietness as could be afforded by a residence near enough to the station to admit of John's going into the city every day. The long summer evenings they spent in the woods, or in a boat on the sheet of water in sight of the railway. Here they became personally acquainted with every tree in the vicinity, and made a study of weeds and bugs and stones. There were a thousand things to talk about. They seldom mentioned the lilac girl; she had faded into a half-forgotten dream of spring.

But when autumn days were glowing with color and her nights were wan with frost they returned to the city with fewer regrets than they had anticipated. It had been growing more and more difficult to catch that early morning train, and the old rooms, freshly cleaned and rearranged, seemed in a dull, inarticulate fashion to welcome them home again. And it seemed to Isabel to lend grace and poetry to their first "picked-up" meal together after their return, to learn that John had seen his girl again, that she had tripped out of the gate as book-burdened and as blithely as of yore, and had actually given him a smile as well as a look.

"And did you smile back again?"

"Well, what should you suppose?"

"It's the most disgraceful proceeding I ever heard of! To think that a brother of mine should fall as low as to exchange smiles with an unknown young—female."

"Oh, come, Bel, don't call her by a name you wouldn't like applied to yourself! I felt exactly as you do about it, and so I passed her by with a severe and haughty scowl. I'm sure she felt properly rebuked for her forwardness."

"Yes, I can see you," said Bell, with a laugh. "I'll tell you what I believe, John, I believe you've been smiling at her every day right straight along. 'Twould be just like you. I often notice you smiling in a grandfatherly way, without knowing it, at children playing in the street."

"Well, if it's a grandfatherly way, you oughtn't to object to it."

"That's true; and yet I shouldn't think she'd care for a look that was equivalent to a kindly pat on the head."

"Well, it seems that she does. That's the beauty of her, Bel. That's just what she does care for."

"I suppose that's not her only beauty."

"Oh, dear, no! She has the prettiest little white teeth in the world."

A few weeks later the paymaster had an incident of almost dramatic quality to relate. "I was a little distance from the house," he said, "when a drunken Irishman with a very heavy load of brick came along, beating his horse horribly at every step. Before I could interfere, the girl came flying down the walk, and without saying a word to the man, put her arms right round the neck of that ugly, bony, sweaty beast. I don't suppose the brute—the drunken brute not the other one—had the idea what he was about, but he gave the horse another cut and struck the poor child across the ear. She made a moan of pain, but still clung to the abused animal's neck. Instead of behaving like a hero of romance, and bearing the fainting, fair one to her friends, I rushed to the house and brought her mother and brother to her assistance. Then there was a scene—the mother overflowing with tender reproaches, the brother with inquiries and denunciation, and the Irishman, of course, making the biggest fuss of all. He wept and lamented, and begged me to have him arrested. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" he howled. "Only promise that you'll be kind to your horse," said our plucky little girl, looking very pale and leaning against her brother, so as to prevent any violent demonstration on his part. "Are you able to walk to the house, dearest?" asked her mother. "Oh, yes, mamma," said she, "'tism't as though I had to walk on my ear." And then we all laughed—all but the Irishman, who was rent in twain by this allusion to her

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wounded member—and I went on to the office."

"Rather a quixotic young person," remarked Miss Folder. "I suppose her voice is the very sweetest music you ever heard in the world."

"It really is," said John, with a smile.

There was some complaint on the part of Isabel through the winter that her brother's descriptions were growing monotonous. "Is she never doing anything but sweeping off the snow or rushing off to school?" she inquired.

"And lifting me above the things of money," he added.

The girl gave a dissatisfied sigh. "Yes, that's a good deal. Don't you wish you could get out of money-making, John, and go in for real living?"

"Ah, don't I? Well, I will one of these days. I made a living by farming before I ever saw the inside of a railway office. By the time I'm thirty-five we will be well enough off to get a little place in the country, and grow our own grapes and sweet corn and strawberries."

"Yes, but I'm afraid that's a very young way to talk. By the time you're thirty-five you'll say, 'How idiotic to throw up a good position that many a man would be glad to step into. Wait till I'm 40. Then as no one retires from business at 40, we'll wait till you're 50. By that time you will have grown to love your dark little office. You'll slip off to it in the evenings, and on Sunday afternoons you'll slink down to it and pretend that you've gone to the woods. At 60 the passionate fervor of money-making will be full upon you. A hundred lilac girls walking in procession will be no more to you than so much picket fence. When you are 70 and I am 64 you'll be steeped in business from morning till night, and from dark till dawn. If I venture to interrupt you you'll turn upon me like a dog deprived of its bone. At 80—"

"I'm glad a business life is so favorable to longevity," observed John.

"Longevity," cried Bel, "what do we care for longevity when it's a perpetual grind? A short life and a merry one I say."

The young man laughed.

"Honestly, John, tell me from your inmost heart, wouldn't you like to have \$500 a month?"

"Yes. About as much as I'd like to have 500 grandmothers a month. Pleasant to have, no doubt, but what the dickens could I do with them? No, enough is as good as a feast—is better than a feast—even in such delightful things as families and fortunes."

"Then we're saved. I see now there isn't a sordid streak in you."

"Sordid? My dear girl, if you only knew how I detest the sight of money! The vile stuff makes my hands blacker a thousand times over than they ever were in the days when I weeded onion beds and ~~but then I can see that my business is making me hard and hateful. When some poor devil of a Swede or Italian working on the railroad comes to the pay window and tells me that he didn't get his money for 'March month,' or that there's something wrong with what he did get for 'April month,' I am sharp and impatient with him. If he fails to understand my instructions and comes back in an hour or two with the same old complaint I lose my temper, shake my fist at him and talk very loud. At least that's the way I used to act before the lilac girl came to my aid."~~

"Ah!" said Isabel, "I knew you had a clerk, but I didn't know it was the ~~lilac~~ girl. Is she pretty good at figures?"

"She's not my clerk—she's my assistant. Whenever I'm tempted into any act of simple unreasonableness I seem to see her grey eyes before me, not expostulating, not entreating, but with the look of innocent goodness and absolute confidence, with which they greet me every morning. She believes in my better nature so entirely that I can't lose faith in it myself."

One Saturday morning in March, when, though the wind was blowing, the sun was shining with equal vigor, the paymaster beheld a pretty picture of a young girl running back and forth between the gate and the corner of the street, in nimble race with a tame chipmunk on the fence beside her. Flushed and breathless she reached the gate just as he approached it. The chipmunk alarmed at the stranger sprang for refuge into her arms,

and she, holding her pet close to her panting heart, with her loosened hair blowing all about her, turned and gave him a radiant smile. The young man smiled in return. His pulses were strangely thrilled.

A few days afterwards he said to his sister, "I can't think what has happened to my girl. I haven't seen her since the chipmunk morning." A few weeks afterwards he said, "I'm very much afraid my girl is seriously ill. I never see her going to school any more and there was a doctor's buggy at her gate to-day." It was the end of April before they had any definite news of her. Isabel was cutting bread and butter in a fashion learned of her English mother, which she had never seen practised by an American woman. Removing the crust from a homemade loaf, she spread it with butter, and then cut from it the thinnest possible slice. Isabel could remember a Church of England minister, of great natural capacity, who had been wont by a series of foldings and re-foldings to reduce one of her mother's filmy slices into the shape and size of a mouthful so moderate as not to obstruct the flow of conversation. She was buttering the loaf for the third round when her brother came in looking unusually pale, and, sitting down on the nearest chair, said:—

"Isabel, my girl is dead."

"Oh!" said Isabel, coming forward with a shocked face, "she can't be dead. Why, you've only seen the doctor's buggy at the door once. What makes you think she's dead?"

"One of the clerks in the land department told me. He asked if I'd noticed the crape on the Jarvis' door when I came down this morning. I said I had, and then he said Miss Jarvis died very suddenly. I asked if it was Miss S. Jarvis, and he said it was. He said the family were simply grief-stricken over it—that every one who knew her loved her."

"Oh," said Isabel, "you didn't need to know her in order to love her."

A tinge of red crept into the man's face. "Oh, wonder how much he cares," she thought. "I can't even tell just how much I care." She cut off the third slice and buttered the loaf for the fourth. Into her mind against her will crept a part of an old rhyme:—

Charlotte having seen his body  
Born before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

"Oh, horrible! horrible!" she thought. She set the loaf aside impatiently.

"Why, Bel," said her brother, "you haven't cut half enough bread and butter. I'm frightfully hungry to-night."

In spite of his alleged hunger he ate little and talked a great deal. He told her bits of personal gossip about the comptroller and one of the division superintendents, and laughed as he quoted the president's last bit of witty repartee in conversation with the general manager. He said there were a certain class of people who, no matter what salary they received, would always want to be paid before pay day came. One of these persons had asked him that very morning if

it wasn't most time to tap the sugar barrel. Trying to keep exact account of all the thousands of dollars that flowed from that sugar barrel was enough to make a man old before his time. And then he sighed and said wistfully, as though he were trying to realise it, "Bel, my girl is dead; my girl is dead."

Bel's heart ached with sympathy. They had been talking in the twilight, and now it was grown so dark that his face was not clearly visible. She felt an inclination to cry, and lay her head on his shoulder and say, "Oh, John, I'm so sorry your girl is dead." But if she did that he would only laugh at her, and comfort her, and how absurd it would be to force him into a position where he would feel compelled to give her sympathy when what she wished was to give it to him. The position of the constitutional sympathiser frequently involves a large amount of self-control. All that Isabel said was, "If you're going out to pay the men at the shops to-morrow you'll want an early start. Don't try to wake yourself up. I can easily call you."

On a Sunday afternoon in the time of lilacs the paymaster and his sister drove out to the cemetery. It was at Isabel's suggestion. Her lap was full of the delicate purple plumes with their heart-shaped

leaves. They had a long search for the grave they wished to find. At last the girl was startled by hearing her brother exclaim,—

"Great heavens! Isabel, just look here." She came and read from the stone that riveted his gaze:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
SOPHRONIA JARVIS.

Simultaneously they broke into wild laughter, and then as suddenly stopped and looked into each other's shamed and sorrow-stricken faces. "Oh!" mourned Isabel, as she placed her lilacs on the mound, "to think that we should have come to her grave and laughed there."

"But Sophronia!" ejaculated John. "Think what a paralysing—what an impossible—why, what kind of heathen could her parents have been?"

"Oh, I wish we hadn't come," said Isabel.

No further reference was made to the abhorred cognomen, and in course of time its owner resumed her old place in their memory as S. Jarvis.

Their summer wanderings that year were as naturalistic as ever, but they paid more frequent evening visits to a summer hotel in the vicinity. Sitting in a corner of the long veranda they talked in the intervals of band-playing, and criticised the promenaders who swept past them in much the same style that they studied the peculiarities of birds and caterpillars. Isabel did not object to John's appreciation of most of the women, but she was secretly displeased with his frank admiration of a certain tall and grandly proportioned beauty who regularly appeared among the promenaders. "Did you notice, Bel, how finely she carries her head, and what a superb movement she has generally?"

They were on the way home through the ragged strip of woods that separated their house from the hotel. "So," said Isabel, sharply, "you have forgotten your lilac girl already."

"What do you mean?" demanded her brother. "Oh, Bel, Bel, are you going to make the mistake made by every other woman? Are you going to fancy that what pleases a man's eye must necessarily please his heart? Why, I could admire a thousand women and marry one of them—the one that offered the least resistance probably—and not a soul of them would ever guess what my lilac girl is to me. A man doesn't talk of such things."

"I've had a lovely evening," said Bel. "For a person of quiet tastes I seem to be developing quite a passion for social festivities." Inwardly she was saying, "Oh, blind, blind, blind bat that I am!"

The paymaster's thoughts had gone back to the dead girl whom he had been unjustly accused of forgetting. In the darkness before he slept he saw her again as he had seen her the last time on that wild March morning—a flying figure in a cloud of hair blown by the wind, led by the personification of animal swiftness. To what unknown country had that light spirit flown since then? Did she look back with regret at the time when her cheek could flush and her pulses quicken, and the beating heart of a chipmunk pressed close to her own beating heart could thrill her with the ecstasy of earthly living?

It was on an evening in September, shortly after their return to the city, when Isabel, who was bathing her face and brushing her hair after some dusty hours of shopping, was disturbed by a rapping at her bedroom door. The sound was produced, first by a tapping of the finger tips, then by the knuckles, then by a soft pounding of the fists. "In a minute; in a minute!" she exclaimed, "How impatient you are." She slipped into a cool, clean dress, and shortly afterwards appeared.

"Isabel!" said John, "Isabel! Isabel! My girl is alive."

She sat down in profound astonishment. There was a sound of ringing on the street. "There's your ice cream man," said John. "It's your treat, Bel, run!"

She seized dish and purse, and rushed like a freebooter at the ice cream man. "I was obliged to do it," said her brother, in response to her look when she returned. "You looked so pale and overcome that I knew that nothing but the mention of ice cream could rouse you from your unnatural apathy. There's nothing like being self-possessed."

They laughed like two silly children.

"Quick!" cried Bel, "tell me all about it."

"Well, I saw her myself with my own eyes. I often go down the lilac

street for the sake of old times, and this morning I actually stood on the street when I saw her coming out of the gate. She was all in black, and gave me a sweet quivering smile as she passed. I went on to the office in a dream, and went straight for that land department clerk. He said it was Miss Sophronia Jarvis who died, and that, though her family addressed her as Sophy, she detested her name so that she never signed it otherwise than S. Jarvis. The younger girl, Sylvia, who has been going to the High School, was so distressed over her sister's death that she was sent out to visit an aunt in the country, and has only just returned. She's not going to school any more, so he said."

"Sylvia is a lovely name," remarked Isabel.

"Yes; it reminds one of woods and streams. 'Tisn't likely I'll see much of her now, as her school days are over."

Nevertheless he did see her for much more than a passing moment on board of the steamer, on which he and his sister took the last trip of the season. Unwittingly they had seated themselves within a few yards of her. Isabel, who was listening to extracts from Thoreau, read by her brother, was suddenly struck by the fact that the book lying in the lap of the sweet-faced stranger was an exact copy of the one held in John's hand. So this was the lilac girl! She gave a swift glance at the meditative eyes fixed on the wooded shore, and turned away with a feeling of increasing pleasure. "I should think John might have known that her name was Sylvia," she thought, "just from

the look of her. Poor fellow! he's conscious of her presence down to his very finger tips, else he wouldn't look so persistently either at his book or on the water. As for her—he's thinking of his broad white brow, and the kindness in his eyes, and envying me my easy, confidential relationship. It's evident she's a perfect lady, else she would have devised some means for getting acquainted with me. Did anybody ever hear," she continued inwardly, "of one simpleton reading Thoreau and glancing off at the east shore, and another simpleton reading Thoreau and glancing off at the west shore? A novelist would make something happen, if we had to drown the girl, but in real life—Ah! she's rising now, and going to the other end of the boat. She can't stand the strain of the situation." Isabel concealed a yawn.

"Sleepy, Bel?" asked her brother.

"Yes; sleepy and tired. It seems to me it's about time for the play to end. And I'd like to know whether it's a comedy or a tragedy, or merely a collection of fragmentary incidents."

"What do you think of her?" asked the paymaster, smiling.

"It doesn't matter what I think of her—I think she's like her name—but it'll be a shame if she never finds out what you think of her."

"Oh! I know you," exclaimed her brother in a low voice. "You always read the last chapter in a book immediately after the first, and skip from soup to sweets without a glance at intermediate courses, and want it to be moonlight at 10 o'clock in the morning."

"I'm not half as bad as you," retorted Bel. "You'd like it to be moonlight forever."

When the days grew shorter, and the nights were sharp with cold, the clerk in the land department informed the paymaster that the Jarvisses had gone South for the winter. "I overtook him on the street," said the young man to his sister, "and he told me a great string about them."

"What did he tell you?" asked Bel, who, having listened to a good deal of romance on the subject, was in the humor for hard facts.

"He said the family came from Montreal two years ago; that Miss Sylvia used to spend most of her time there on Mount Royal, and that she knew more about ~~veterinary~~ <sup>natural</sup> and bugology than I could shake a stick at. She's too shy to be very sociable it seems, but once start her on her favorite subjects and she's full of talk. He isn't troubled much with shyness himself, and that's a fact."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he had the nerve to tell me that the family teased Sylvia about me, and accused her of grasping her school things, and rushing out the moment I turned the corner."

He said he's seen the poor child look miserable enough to cry when her brother called out, "Here comes your railway folder. Be quick, or you'll miss the train!" He said when he had exhausted his knowledge of grubs and dandelions he could always make himself entertaining to her by talking about me. I didn't like his telling me that.

"John," said his sister, after some consideration, "I wish you'd ask that land department youth up here to tea some night. I'd like to get acquainted with him."

"Now, Bel! Now, Bel!"

"Very well; if that's the way you feel about it I wish you wouldn't."

Spring came, but the grey house remained yet unopened. In April the weather turned suddenly hot and there was more than a suspicion of sewer gas near the paymaster's office. He came home looking whiter and wearier every day, and at last broke down under a light attack of typhoid fever. "But I'll be better again," he said, with a smile, "when the lilacs come." He was indeed in the last stage of convalescence, when, one afternoon, Isabel, who had stolen out to the gate for a breath of fresh air, beheld the lilacs coming. Apparently they came by the armful for in no less profuse abundance were they borne along the street by a young girl who walked as though she loved the flowers she carried. "Oh!" exclaimed Isabel, when they were face to face, "what lovely lilacs!"

"Would you like some?" asked the girl, shyly.

"Yes, very much, thank you. You are Miss Jarvis, are you not? I think I've heard my brother speak of you. He has been very ill lately, and has been longing for lilacs. May I take him two or three?"

"Has he been ill?" she asked, with low-voiced intensity of expression. "Then," with sudden fervor, "you must take them all to him."

Isabel's heart beat fast. "He would like that better still," she said, "but what he would like best of all would be for you to take them to him. He is an invalid, you know, and invalids don't fancy flowers that have changed hands too often."

She led the way, her visitor mutely following. But half way up the stairs it seemed to Bel that she had invited some wild, winged thing into the house, so manifest was the younger girl's restlessness and desire to escape. "Oh, dear!" thought the wily schemer, "I musn't let her slip through my hands now. I could put my arm round her waist and go up school girl fashion, but in that case she might feel the beating of my heart and I might feel the beating of hers! And we would never forgive each other." At last the top was gained, and a door opened into an airy, bright apartment. Sylvia, trembling on the threshold, saw nothing but a low couch, a rumpled dark head and a pale face among the pillows. All her shyness forsook her. She uttered a little cry, and going swiftly to his side knelt down with her lilacs in her arms. The unspeakable tenderness in his dark eyes brought her face lower and lower till it was hidden in the end of one of his pillows. Then the paymaster spoke to his girl for the first time. Across the blossoming barrier he dared to lay his hand upon her shoulder and say, "Darling, I love you. Do you love me?" For answer she lifted her hidden face, and hid it again—this time on his breast. The room was full of the odor of crushed lilacs. Isabel came softly out—and softly closed the door.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, of *Wives and Daughters*, whose book-views are always refreshing, has been reading "David Grieve," and gives us this bit of criticism: "David's sister, Louie, is another impossible character. No girl can be a fiend every consecutive moment of her life, any more than she can be an angel for the same length of time. She must have intervals of being simply human. But no such interval occurs to Louie. Dora has, we are told, the soul of a dove, but then she has the brain of a dove, too, and that is a little tiresome. Lucy Purcell, with her fashionable frocks, which she was so conscious, her horror of things and people that were not nice, her contended ignorance and silly chatter, has not a single quality to recommend her."

## THE "HAVES" AND THE "HAVE NOTS."

There are two streams of tendency relating to the labor question, which flow in opposite directions. On the one side it is held that the survival of the fittest is the law of nature; that the weakest must be pushed to the wall, and that on the whole, "the wall" is an excellent thing for the weakest to brace themselves against, when they are ready to push back. On the other side it is held that in a right system of living there would be no self-complacent pushing, and no humiliating sense of being pushed; that people would live, not on each other, but for each other.

On the one side it is believed that the qualities which go to the making of manhood, courage, determination, ambition, industry and energy—are created by the struggle for existence. On the other side it is admitted that this is frequently true in those cases where the struggle meets with satisfactory returns, but that as the great majority of struggles are not succeeding, and as their prevailing characteristics are discouragement, depression, discontent and bitterness of spirit, it is not true to say that the finest qualities of mind and character are produced by the coercive force of a struggle for survival.

On the one side it is held that anyone who is industrious and economical will make a comfortable living. On the other it is shown that great numbers of hard-working and carefully saving people succeed in making only an uncomfortable living—that discomfort is assured to them, and the living is not.

On the one side it is said that the minds of the poor should be lifted above merely material conditions; that they should think less about food and fire **and more about their spiritual condi-**

of these, with the multitudes in other parts of Asia, and in Africa, who are relatively worse off still, each man would have simply enough to starve on, and as there would be no capital to furnish employment the distress would be greater than it is now. The "have nots" declare that labor does not depend on capital for its existence, but on land, and that there is enough land on earth to support all the children of the earth in comfort if each is willing to do his share of the work.

On the side of the "have nots" is genius—the poets, seers, artists and visionaries. On the side of the "haves" are many so-called practical minds. It is undeniable that all co-operative schemes so far have failed. It is equally undeniable that labor unions are socialistic in essence. That the President of the United States will not listen to the labor unions signifies only that in all probability the labor unions will

elect a President of the United States who will listen to them.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.



## MAGNETISM

A MOOD

SWEET is your presence, love, but sweeter far Is your imagined presence unto me;

Dream-colored is it, sure yet shadowy, Enchanting and mysterious as a star; Absent you come to me just as you are, The bodiless wind from earth-stain is less free; But in your presence, love, how helplessly Our eager souls beat 'gainst their fleshly bar! When you are with me, all life's ills appear In stronger light, as weeds and brambles thrown Against the large and cruel light of noon; But in the mind's soft twilight, pale and clear, The rough world takes a dreamy, tender tone, And I—I feel you as the stream the moon.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

tion. On the other hand it is asserted that it is hard to have faith on an empty stomach.

On the one side it is claimed that nature revolts against equality, and monotony; that mountain and valley, stream and sea shows the pleasure she takes in contrast; and that therefore the conditions of men should manifest corresponding differences. On the other side it is believed that a monotony of wretchedness is on the whole less to be desired than a monotony of comfort, and that as the natural soils which produce wheat are better than those which bring forth weeds and poison ivy, so there are human conditions preferable to those which produce millionaires and tramps.

On the other side it is thought that if everyone were made equally well off there would be no room for the exercise of generosity, and that other noble qualities would perish in degrading desuetude. On the other side it is pointed out that although the condition of the ungrown members of a family is the same, there is ample room for the exercise of generosity, self-denial, unselfishness, and all the other virtues.

The "haves" assert that "dividing up" would increase poverty; that is to say if the capitalists were to divide up with the labor unions, and the labor unions with the millions of men in Japan and China, each of whom earns only three or four cents a day, and all

## THE WIND OF DEATH



THE wind of death, that softly blows The last warm petal from the rose, The last dry leaf from off the tree, To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate, As weaker mortals learn to love; The passion held me fixed as fate, Burned in my bones early and late,

But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently Enshrouded friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled By keen ambition's whip and spur; My master forced me where he willed, And with his power my life was filled, But now the old-time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death, That bloweth lightly as a breath!

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet, I yielded strength, and life, and heart; His look turned bitter into sweet, His smile made all the world complete:

The wind blows loves like leaves apart

The wind of death, that tenderly Is blowing 'twixt my love and me. O wind of death, that darkly blows Each separate ship of human woes Far out on a mysterious sea, I turn, I turn my face to thee.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.



### UNSPOKEN

My lover comes down the leafy street  
Through drearily falling rain;  
His footsteps near our portal veer,  
Go past—then turn again.

Oh, can it be he is knocking below,  
Or here at my door above!  
So gentle and small it sounds in the hall,  
So loud in the ear of love.

But never a word of love has he said,  
And never a word crave I,  
For why should one long for the daylight  
strong

When the dawn is in the sky?

Oh, a dewy rose garden is the house,  
A garden shut from the sun;  
The breath of it sweet floats up, as my feet  
Float down to my waiting one.

But if ever a word of love thinks he,  
It falls from his heart still-born;  
Who bends to the rose does not haste to close  
His hand around bud and thorn.

The beautiful soul that is in him turns  
His beautiful face a gleam;  
My own soul flies to feast in his eyes,  
Where the silent love-words teem.

Our talk is of books and of thoughts and moods,  
Of the wild flowers in the rain,  
And he leans his cheek when we do not speak  
On his chair where my hand had lain.

Yet never a word of love does he say,  
And never a word crave I;  
For the faint green May would wither away  
At the quick touch of July.

And at last—at last, we look our last,  
And the dim day grows more dim;  
But his eyes still shine in these eyes of mine,  
And my soul goes forth with him.

For though not a word of love does he say,  
Still never a word crave I;  
For the words of earth are little worth  
When a song drops out of the sky.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.



### THE LITTLE NOON.

My life that goes from dark to dark,  
From leaping light to lowering light,  
Must have its little noonday spark  
Of heat and flame before the night.

My little noon—how strong it seems!  
How dazzling fair and deep its tide;  
And yet a million million beams  
Of day have burned before and died.

Long, long ago—a thousand years—  
Was Fear all white and Rage all red?  
Did love meet love with shining tears,  
That eased the stress of words unsaid?

Two thousand years ago did Hope  
Fly outward with tumultuous breast?  
Youth wake at night to sing? Age grope  
Through gathering darkness to his rest?

Back in the ages past was sweet  
As sweet as now? Did bitterness  
Flavor the very drink and meat?  
Did Rapture wear her April dress?

Did strong men give their hands to men,  
Their hearts to women? Did the wife  
Joy in her budding secret then?  
Did children throng the doors of life?

Ah, these had all their little noons,  
Yet cradled in the earth they lie;  
And still beside them Ocean  
croons

Her immemorial lullaby.

My little noon—how pale it  
seems!

Weak as a wave, faint as  
a sigh,

It looks the very stuff of  
dreams

Seen in the light of noons  
gone by.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.



### TWO GIFTS

ONCE you gave me your soul,  
But feared to give me a kiss;  
And then our two spirits stole  
To a paradise of bliss.

Now you give me no soul,  
You give me only a kiss;  
And I know what the opposite pole  
Of blissful paradise is.

E. W.

### PITY ME NOT.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

PITY me not; it makes me pitiable.  
Grieve not for me; 'twill set me grieving, too.  
Come not forebodingly, but courage-full,  
And speak the shining word that's strong and true.

If you would have me fearless, have no fears,  
If you would have me light and sorrow-free,  
Then give your steps the music of the spheres,  
Make your eye steadfast as eternity.

ONTARIO, CANADA.

