

well and fashionably dressed during these summer months at a comparatively small cost. The "Snowflake Flannelette"—its name very well describes its style—has given excellent opportunities for introducing lovely shades on delicate "grounds"; but their "Daydawn" and "Cosy Cotton Flannel" could be converted into almost any article with advantage, say from a dainty tennis costume to a sleeping or dressing jacket, the variety of patterns and shades in both making these equally appropriate. The self-colours in the latter, and their cotton "Molleton," at sevenpence three-farthings and sixpence three-farthings respectively, would make up beautifully for dressing gowns, the quality being quite exceptional at the price. But you had better go and see for yourselves; or if that should be impossible, I know from experience that a request by post for patterns to be forwarded would have special attention.

S. G.

INVENTIONS, NOTICES OF PREPARATIONS, &c.

INVIGORATOR CORSETS.—No matter how much the objection to round shoulders, and the resolution never to give way to stooping, when weariness of body comes, the objections and resolutions vanish. There is a corset specially constructed to keep one erect, having bands attached on each side the back, which pass round the arms, and thus keep the shoulders well in position, besides expanding the chest, and which necessarily is of material benefit to the health. We have given them a very practical test before saying that in every way they are most comfortable, leaving the natural movements of the body perfectly free in action, yet gently reminding the wearer that "stooping is not allowed." The thanks due to Messrs. Reast and Co., 15, Claremont, Hastings, for the invention of this valuable "Invigorator Corset" ought to be unanimous on the part of Nurses and others who use corsets.

THE POWER OF INSPIRATION.—No man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of Nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAP. XIX.—MISS CLARE'S HOME (CONTINUED).

"I BEG your pardon," said my father; "but you see I didn't know your name."

"An' ye don't know it yet. You've no call to know my name. I'll ha' nothin' to do wi' the likes o' you as goes about takin' poor folk's childer from 'em. There's my poor Glory's been an' took atwixt you an' grannie, and shet up in a formatory as you calls it; an' I should like to know what right you've got to go about that way arter poor girls as has mothers to help."

"I assure you I had nothing to do with it," said my father. "I'm a country clergyman myself, and have no duty in London."

"Well, that's where they've took her—down in the country I make no doubt, but you've had your finger in that pie. You don't come here to call upon us for the pleasure o' makin' our acquaintance—ha! ha! ha! You're allus arter somethin' troublesome. I'd advise you, sir, and miss, to let well alone. Sleepin' dogs won't bite, but you'd better let 'em lie—and that I tell you."

"Believe me," said my father quite quietly, "I haven't the least knowledge of your daughter. The country's a bigger place than you seem to think—far bigger than London itself. All I wanted to trouble you about was to tell us whether Miss Clare was at home or not."

"I don't know no one o' that name. If it's grannie you mean, she's at home, I know—though it's not much reason I've got to care whether she's at home or not."

"It's a young—woman, I mean," said my father.

"Tain't a young lady, then? Well, I don't care what you call her. I daresay it'll be all one, come the Judgment. You'd better go up till you can't go no farther, an' knocks yer head agin the tiles, and then you may feel about for a door and knock at that, and see if the party as opens it is the party you wants."

So saying, she turned in at a door behind her and shut it. But we could hear her still growling and grumbling.

"It's very odd," said my father, with a bewildered smile. "I think we'd better do as

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