

### The Land of Regret.

There is a city whose gates are wide,  
Its pavements pure and clean,  
Where shadow forests fit side by side  
On the road called "Might Have Been."  
But folks walk there with their heads bowed  
And heavy eyelids wet,  
For every corner is haunted so  
In this, "The Land of Regret."

They meet the ghosts of other years  
In dreams of memory sweet,  
And wet with passionate, frenzied tears  
The graves which lie at their feet;  
But never, long as their lives shall last,  
Can they again forget  
Who once have walked with ghosts of the  
Past  
In this, "The Land of Regret."

They feel the touch of a hand grown  
still,  
Its fingers softly press,  
The tender passion of kisses thrill  
Their own in a fond caress.  
Ah, next—but pity the folks who stray  
Where long the sun had set,  
And walk with the ghosts who're laid  
away  
In this, "The Land of Regret."

"Pall Mall Gazette."

### Making of Machinery Mastered by a woman.

As an instance of what woman can do in business the success of Miss Ella F. Jones is remarkable. Miss Jones is but 24 years old, and only the last four years of her life have been spent in business, yet she is now the head and active manager of a machinery manufacturing establishment employing eighty-five men and is about to erect and operate a new plant with almost double the capacity of the old. Besides being the sole manager of her business, Miss Jones fills the position of secretary and treasurer of the company.

Her success and ability in directing the fortunes of the enterprise are the more remarkable because of the fact that the business she is engaged in is that of machinery manufacturing, a line of work which would seem out of the natural scope of a woman. But the fact that she is one of the first women to become engaged in an enterprise of this nature is no obstacle to this remarkable young woman. She seems perfectly at home amid the surroundings of a machinery shop, and from her office in the plant manages the affairs of the business with the judgment and care of a mature man of business.

The fact that the new plant is to have double the capacity of the old would seem to indicate that her management has been productive of permanent and encouraging results.

Miss Jones came into the position she now occupies two years ago through the death of her father. At that time she was employed in the office of the firm, and her father held the position of manager and treasurer. So completely had she mastered the details of the business that upon the demise of her father, there being no one else available for the position held by him, she took up the reins of management.

Since that time Miss Jones has been the head of the firm, and has acquired and retained the respect of business men. She attends to all the details of the business. If a man wishes to sell anything he must see Miss Jones; if there is a question in the wages to be decided the same authority is the final arbitrator. All of the many questions that arise in the course of business are decided by her. As one of the men employed in the plant put it: "She is the boss."

Apparently there is nothing about the plant with which she is not familiar. The construction of a machine, the cost of the raw material, and the labour that is used in it are all known to her to the smallest item. She knows the machines in the shop, and their method of operation, as well as any of the men, and what is more important she knows the men also. She is to all practical purposes a competent machinist. If one of the machines should get out of order and there was no one else about to repair it there is little doubt that Miss Jones could come out of the office and remedy the matter with the skill and expedition of an old machinist.

In appearance Miss Jones is anything but masculine. She is a small, dark, vivacious person, entirely gentle and refined in manner. There is about her no suggestion of the cares and troubles that are an inevitable part of business

life. Rather she recalls the happy, smiling teacher of a kindergarten, with a group of rollicking little ones playing around her, than the business woman with the responsibilities incident to her position upon her mind. Aloudly she perhaps her most striking characteristic. She shrinks from publicity. She maintains that there is nothing noteworthy in what she has done.

"There are plenty of young women who could have done as well as I had they had the opportunity," she says. "Women have just as much ability for business as men if it is only developed; the reason why so few women are engaged in a business to this extent is because they have had neither the opportunity nor the training necessary to such a career. Still mine is by no means an isolated case. There are over 1000 women in this country who are actively interested in the operation of various business enterprises of fully as great scope as this."

The office from which Miss Jones manages her business is situated in one corner of the square brick building of the plant at South Chicago. On the desk of the manager in one corner of the room is a small vase of freshly picked flowers, but aside from this the atmosphere is strictly one of business. Here business callers are received, their business listened to, and the questions that arise settled firmly and with expedition.

The readiness to meet every exigency that appears, the apparently complete grasp of the details of the business on the part of the young woman in the manager's chair, are what create the strongest impression upon the visitor. And always, no matter how complex the question or how annoying and trying

the affairs of the day, they are met with a cheerful smile—a smile that does not cover completely the solid firmness of the mouth and chin.

### On Loving.

By LUCY ROBERTSON.

It may seem unnecessary to repeat to the readers what has many times been said before—that children need loving; that what rain is to the thirsty soul, or sunshine to the flower, love is to the child. But I am convinced that many mothers little know how deeply their children feel about this very subject. I knew a family, the children of parents who were in every way exemplary, who always believed that their father and mother did not love them. I recall the pathetic figure of a little girl of four, who was found crying on the stairs outside her mother's room, because "mother did not love her." A mother once told me she had overheard one of her children telling the other that he had a cruel, wicked mother. In all these cases there could be no doubt of the real affection of the parents for their children, and yet the children themselves were so little conscious of it.

History repeats itself, and probably the foregoing are not solitary instances. How, then, shall we remedy this grave defect in our perhaps otherwise exemplary training? I think we can hardly be aware how children pine for love, or rather for the consciousness of being loved, and we ought to surround them from the first with that

sunny atmosphere in which their little minds will expand and their whole being thrive. I quite agree with what Mrs Ballin and other writers in "Baby" have often said, that indiscriminate petting and fondling are an unmitigated evil; but, in our desire to avoid the nameless ill to which these may give rise do we not go to the other extreme of being too cold and dignified in our manner?

In these days of hurry and bustle the art of loving is apt to be crowded out—an incalculable loss! The claims of society, of friendship, of philanthropy leave us too little time to devote to our children's highest good. True, we clothe them, feed them, educate them, often at vast expense; but the child does not regard these things as any proof of our love for him. Very early in life he has a vague idea that, somehow, he is not responsible for being where he finds himself; he certainly did not ask to come, and he reflects that, though he does not quite know why, it is nevertheless clearly his parents' duty to care for him. Anyone who doubts this can never have had an opportunity

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