

## MAY-BLOOM.

When the rocky flush of the almond shows,  
And the young buds break, and the rose's bloom;  
When the golden light of a sun that glows  
Is sweeping the purple skies from gloom;  
When the young day laughs in a glad noon,  
And the jasmine stars at the enameled shrine—  
Then welcome the merry May tide bloom,  
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

When the breath of the evening breeze is low,  
And the waters darkle beneath the fern;  
When the young feet pass to and fro,  
And soft lips smile and soft hearts yearn;  
When love is a lesson that's sweet to learn,  
And the cue of the dove is a song divine—  
Then welcome the glow of the May tide bloom,  
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

When the leaflets wake from a trance dream,  
And the bloom and blush of the spring is here;  
When a laughing face is a fairy's queen,  
And the vow of a life is the vow of a year;  
When never a thought is dull and drear,  
And the young month laughs in her wanton prime—  
Then welcome the glow of the May tide bloom,  
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

LITTON.

Though the beat of pulse may be dull and slow,  
And the little young limbs grow frail and old;  
Though the aged blood has a measured flow,  
And the sky looks dim and the sunlight cold,  
Yet still is the bloom of the May tide dear,  
With its dream of hope that were once divine,  
And the breath and blush of the glad young year  
Is the sweet refrain of a vanished rhyme.

RITA.

## THAT VOICE

A day in June, 1863, and one of the loveliest early summer days the world ever beheld—a cloudless sky, golden-bright sunshine, soft fragrant air, joyously sweet songs of birds, faint musical murmurs of brooks and plashings of fountains, delicately green grass, lingering violets, and budding roses.

On the lawn in front of the elegant mansion of Leon Fishback, Esq., a party of young people are playing "Follow-follow-me"—a game somewhat resembling (so their mothers and grandmothers tell them) an old game called "puss in the corner," played a quarter of a century or more ago, only in "Follow-follow" the players, instead of beckoning to each other, beckon to a group of metallic balls, around which they stand in a circle, and he or she who proves to have most magnetic force the balls follow with a rush, while the remainder of the players rush as wildly in their efforts to secure the place left vacant by the flying one.

At this moment the balls are rolling pell-mell, helter-skelter, knocking against each other with a pleasant ringing sound, after a pretty, fair-haired maiden, whose little feet, clad in slippers all glancing with silver and gold, flash in the sunshine beneath her blue satin Turkish trousers, as she springs lightly over the greenward amid the exquisitely modulated laughter—no one shouts loudly in this refined twentieth century of her merry companions.

In the back garden, on a green clover-sweet grass-plot, stands a broad, deep basket of newly washed, snowy white linen, and a hanging-out machine, planted firmly in the middle of the plot, is industriously raising and lowering its wooden arm, grasping the various pieces in its wonderfully constructed hands, and hanging them upon the stout no-need-to-wash line, which is slowly revolving around it, and to which they adhere without farther trouble.

In the dairy the rosy-cheeked dairy-maid is reading a love poem while the automatic milker is milking the beautiful white cow that stands just outside the door; in the kitchen the cook is indolently rocking to and fro in a low rocking-chair, watching the "magic rolling-pin" roll out the paste for her pies, ready to stop its pendulum-like movement the moment the crust is smooth and thin enough; and a small servant-boy, with his hands in his pockets, lounges against the wall in one corner near a tall stool, whistling softly to himself as he waits until the pair of shoes the electric blacking-brush is polishing thereon attain the proper degree of brilliancy and mirror-likeness.

This is a prosperous place, this domain of Leon Fishback, Esq., and Leon Fishback himself is a tall, handsome, energetic, positive man of one-and-thirty—a bachelor, who gives a home to his widowed sister and her four half-orphaned children, and in return is taken care of by her, with the assistance of the old housekeeper—to tell the truth, with a great deal of assistance from the old housekeeper—as well as any brother was ever taken care of by any sister.

Still, people, as people will—especially people with grown-up single daughters—wondered that he had never married. It was not for want of opportunity he had not done so—oh, no indeed!—for a dozen lovely girls, half a dozen more or less charming widows, and several ladies of neither class, had, since his coming into the property of his uncle and godfather Leon Fishback, sen., (whose ashes in a solid gold casket stood in a sort of shrine, made of a hundred rare woods, in the south drawing-room), intimated to him, in every way that the shrinking sensitiveness of womanhood would allow, their perfect willingness—nay, anxiety—to assume the rôle of mistress of the Fishback mansion.

But Leon had walked calmly among them, dispensing hospitality, kind words, and gracious smiles with the strictest impartiality, distinguishing none by the slightest preference, until a few weeks before this beautiful June day when his young guests merrily called, "Follow-follow-follow-me," to their highly polished admirers on the closely shaven lawn.

Then came to visit his sister an old school friend, Laura Beardsley by name, who had been

residing in a far distant State, but with whom the sister had kept up a warm correspondence ever since they parted at the college door the day on which each was hailed with loud exclamations as "Mistress of Arts."

Miss Beardsley is a lovely woman of eight-and-twenty summers, looking at least five summers less, with an exceptionally sweet voice, an exceptionally bright smile, an exceptionally graceful figure, and exceptionally winning ways. And to this bewitching woman has Leon Fishback, the hitherto apparently unimpressible bachelor, devoted himself since the moment he took her slender little hand in his and bade her welcome to his home. And it is by her side he lingers, unmolested by the merriment without, in the deep, pleasant, vine-enwreathed bay-window of the library as the fair-haired girl comes flying across the garden, pursued by the tinkling balls.

Laura starts from her seat with a blush, and, leaning from the window, entreats, "Coax them away, Bella dear. They are dancing on the flower bed." And as the girl obediently turns and speeds in the opposite direction, she draws back her pretty head, and looking at her companion, says, "How much Bella is like her sister Teresa—that is, when Teresa was only sixteen!"

"Is she?" asked Mr. Fishback.

"Why, don't you remember?" said the lady. "I do not," replies Mr. Fishback with emphasis.

Miss Laura makes two interrogation points of her silken eyebrows, opens her mouth to speak, thinks better of it, closes her red lips firmly, and turns to the window again as the Follow-follow-follow-meers stop playing and gather in a group, with their eyes fixed upon a small aerial car, gayly decorated with flags, which is gently swaying between heaven and earth, as it slowly descends toward the lawn. In a few moments it touches the ground, and a handsome young fellow leaps out, and is greeted with many exclamations of pleasure and surprise.

"Your brother Reginald," says Miss Beardsley. "So soon returned from London? Why, he only started a few days ago."

"Yes; flying ship *American Eagle*—fastest of the Air Line. I heard of her arrival just after breakfast this morning, when it was shouted by the telephone at the station below."

"Thirty miles away?"

"Oh! that is nothing. We expect to be able to hear news from a hundred miles away before many years are past."

"May I not be in the immediate vicinity when that news is shouted?" says the lady, with an involuntary movement of her pretty white hands toward her pretty rose-tipped ears, "for I should expect to be deaf for evermore."

"Never fear, my dear—I mean Miss Beardsley. Such a misfortune as that shall never occur, even though you should change to be at the side of the shouter. Edison is at this moment perfecting an instrument that begins to deliver its messages in a moderately loud voice, which increases in volume as it is carried forward, until it reaches the most distant point it is intended to reach, thus maintaining an even tone all along the route. How glorious all these Edisonian inventions are!" he continues, with a glow of enthusiasm, "and what humdrum times our ancestors must have had without them! Why, they are the very life of the age. There's the phonograph, for instance—but I beg pardon: you are looking bored. I can not expect you to take as much interest in these scientific subjects as I do. Is not Reginald coming this way?"

"He is not," answers Laura, demurely; "he is still holding Bella's hand, and totally ignoring all the other welcoming hands extended to him."

"Ah! the old, old story that is ever new!" quotes Mr. Fishback, as he peeps over the shoulder of his fair guest at the new arrival; and then suddenly rising and confronting her, he exclaims: "You must have heard that story very, very often, Laura—forgive my calling you so, but you used to permit it in the days we went blackberrying together some ten years ago; and forgive me again, but, upon my word, I cannot help asking you, impelled as I am by some mysterious power, why have you never married?"

A blush rises to her cheek, but she looks up in his face calmly, and replies: "I don't remember the blackberry episodes, and I have remained unmarried because I vowed when a young girl never to marry unless convinced that I was the first and only love of the man whose wife I became."

"Laura, I have never loved another."

"Mr. Fishback, you forget my old friend Teresa, the sister of the girl to whom your brother Reginald is now making love on the lawn."

"Good heavens! Laura, how mistaken you are!"

"'Twas with her you looked for blackberries. I never knew you to find any—not with me, sir."

"Laura, how blind you were! I sought her society only to be near you. I declare, upon my word and honour, I lingered by her side for hours and hours in the hope that you would join us for a moment or two during the time, and when you did, in that moment or two was concentrated the joy of the whole day. You were so proud, so cold, so reserved, I did not dare to approach you save through your friend; and—"

"And you did not bury yourself in seclusion for two years after she jilted you and married Frank Huntington?" she asks, as he pauses.

"Great heavens! how preposterous! Laura, I swear—"

But, as he is about to swear, enter a procession of small nephews and nieces and attendant friends, the leader of which carries an odd-looking box.

"See, uncle!" the bright-eyed little fellow calls out as he approaches. "I found this old phonograph on the top shelf of your closet, where I was looking for your fish line to play horse with, and it talks like every thing."

With this he begins to turn the metal crank, and a voice—a somewhat shrill young voice, the voice of Teresa, sister of Bella—whilom friend of Laura Beardsley—begins to speak:

"Yes, Leon, my own, I will grant you impassioned prayer, and breathe the words you long to hear into this magical casket, and then, when you are lonely or inclined to doubt me, jealous one, you can call them forth to bring back the smiles to your dear face, and joy to your dear heart. I do return the love you so ardently avow, and I will marry you when mamma gives her consent. Until then no lips shall touch the lips made sacred by your kiss, no hand shall clasp the hand that wears your lovely diamond ring. But, oh, Leon dear, try to like Laura a little for my sake. I know she is all that you say she is—affected, cold-hearted, haughty, and disagreeable (I am just naughty enough to be pleased when you tell me her beauty, so much admired by others, particularly Frank Huntington, fades into utter insignificance beside that of your own little Teresa)—but, my Leon, try, oh! try, to tolerate her, for, strange as it may appear to you, disliking her as you do, I am quite fond of her. Good-night, beloved. Dream of your Tessa."

"That"—something or other—"phonograph!" said Mr. Fishback; "I thought I destroyed it long ago," as he angrily snatched it from the hands of the small discoverer.

"What did our humdrum ancestors do without these glorious inventions?" murmured Miss Laura, as she quietly faded away for the first and only time in her life.

"If ever you go prowling around my room again," continued Mr. Fishback—addressing his nephew, and supporting Miss Beardsley with one hand, while he flung the tell-tale out of the window, where it broke into a dozen pieces as it touched the ground with a shrill ear-splitting shriek—"I'll apply the double back-action self-acting spanking machine until you roar for mercy."

The procession, considerably demoralized, started on the double-quick for the door, and Mr. Fishback, looking upon the inanimate form he held in his arms, cried out, as he struck his forehead with his clinched hand, "She will never, never look at me again!"

But she did, and, what's more, she married him a month after. And—oh, the marvellous progress toward perfect womanhood in this wonderful twentieth century!—although they have been man and wife for some twenty years, she has never once said to him, "That voice!"

## HEARTH AND HOME.

ACTIVITY AND DECISION.—A man, now-a-days, must have something of the steam-engine in him. A lazy, snail-paced fellow might have got on in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men speak quick, think quick, and slow coaches ain't tolerated. "Be up and dressed" always—not gaping and rubbing your eyes, as if you were half asleep, but wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you may be somebody before you die. Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely.

MUTUAL TOLERATION.—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on all the fuel, draw in another of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by others, and there will soon be a blaze that will envelop them all.

ABOUT "GETTING ON" IN BUSINESS.—How often do we hear the remark, "Oh, so-and-so rose because he had a friend who could push him ahead!" As a rule, however, the disposition to advance another does not arise from friendship, but rather from a full confidence in his ability; men possessing the elements which raise them in business are usually too just, too keen-sighted, and too careful of their own reputations to risk the same by recommending others out of pure friendship. Indeed such a course would be anything but an act of friendship, because, as compared to getting a good appointment, keeping it is ten times more difficult.

BLENDEES.—Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his

own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is, like the light, as the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to heaven, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appeals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

## FASHION NOTES.

BONNETS are smaller.

VERY few hats are worn.

RUSSIAN lace is in high favour.

THE reign of the dolman is over.

PEACOCK blue is revived for silk dresses.

LOW shoes are again worn in the street.

MANILLA hats are the novelty for little girls.

WHALEBONE fringe is used in half mourning.

SMALL boys are no longer given waistcoats.

CHILDREN'S skirts are worn longer this season.

SMALL satchels are taking the place of pockets.

KNEE breeches are still *à la rigueur* for small boys.

CORONET and cottage brims are equally fashionable.

NECKTIES are *à la rigueur* with wide linen or lace collars.

CHILDREN wear coloured dresses more than white ones.

THE short kilt suit grows in favour for younger women.

LINSE thread gloves have open clocks around the wrist.

THE scarf fichu, tying on the bosom, is very fashionable.

YOUNG girls from 12 to 15 years of age wear Derby hats.

BYRON collars and square cuffs are the thing for little boys.

THE "Richelieu" sets have double collars and double cuffs.

HATS are worn only by little girls and misses in their teens.

THE side satchel à la Marguerite is the fancy of the moment.

DOUBLE fringes are used in trimming mantles and mantelets.

THE "Mercedes" continues to be the leading style of coiffure.

PLEATED basques with square yokes are worn by girls in their teens.

THE "Richelieu" is the favourite set of deep linen collars and cuffs.

COSTUMES de fatigue is the correct name for the short walking suit.

POINT d'Alençon is the only French lace made entirely with the needle.

TRAIN supporters are necessary when long skirts are worn out of doors.

MANY handsome silk costumes are made with yokes and shirred waists.

CARRICK capes and cardinal collars are the features in this spring's Ulster.

For full toilet the princess form of dress takes precedence of all others.

BLOUSE waists for small boys are pleated in front but gathered in the back.

CUTAWAY jackets for misses and small girls are not made with waistcoats.

KILT skirts and cutaway jackets should not be worn by stout or elderly ladies.

AMBER and rainbow beads are mingled with the richest fringes and passementeries.

SPANISH lace scarfs, black, white, and beige coloured, are having a run of popular favour.

WHEN low shoes are worn out of doors, the stockings must be dark or to match the dress.

ROMAN pearl beads and mother-of-pearl ornaments are taking the lead for bonnet ornaments.

THE Ulster of the *élégante* this summer is of India Pongee, with Carrick capes or cardinal collars.

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