



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

HISTORY IN POTTERY AND CHINA.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—Ode on a Grecian urn (Keats).

THE history of England, from the commencement of the seventeenth century, might, to a great extent, be illustrated from the pictures and portraits with which the contemporary potter has adorned the dishes, plates, jugs and mugs which he so ingeniously fashioned and then baked.

Nearly every woman is, we might say without romancing, a collector born at heart (not a rake, as somebody has been unkind enough to say), though she does not always know it. One need not be ashamed of collecting beautiful works of art, although a collector is sometimes looked upon as an amiable maniac. Collectors at the present time include our leading business men, public men, men of great scholarship and culture. And in the past such men as Horace Walpole, the greatest collector that ever lived, and Goethe, the greatest name in German literature, found relaxation in collecting casts, majolica, drawings by old masters. Gladstone collected books, porcelain and wedgewood. There is a tradition that Mrs. Gladstone used to contrive that he should never have more than fifteen dollars in his pocket at a time, lest he might "ruin himself" in old china.

The accompanying illustration is that of a plate of the beautiful "Old Blue" Staffordshire ware. This ware is comparatively inexpensive, and is often of great historic and local interest, as is the case with our illustration. The plate itself (which is a rich bright blue in two shades) is now possessed by Mr. Phil Ives of Toronto. It most probably at one time belonged to Mr. Molson's *Accommodation*, the first steamboat on the St. Lawrence River. Although an important event in those days, the centenary was passed by us last November very nearly unnoticed, unhonoured and unsung. We believe this is the only picture of the *Accommodation* in existence. It is hardly likely that it is only a type, for what is more probable than that Mr. Molson, wishing to commemorate his exploit, had a real picture taken for this purpose and not an imaginary one?

The dinner set to which this *Accommodation* plate belonged was made by Davenport of Longport and is impressed with an anchor at the back—an early mark. The Longport works were visited in 1806 by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, who ordered a magnificent dinner service for the Coronation banquet of William IV. This very probably induced Mr. Molson to place his order with Davenport, who was then turning out good work. Our illustration is an excellent example of the skill attained in this art more than a century ago.

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TRAVEL CLUBS.

PROF. WRONG, of Toronto University, addressed the Rosedale Travel Club the other evening in the commodious schoolroom in Rosedale, on the subject of "Village Life in Quebec." These Travel Clubs, of which there are several successful ones in Toronto, are, I imagine, indigenous to this continent, and usually prove very popular. Some of the earnest women identified with this movement here are already well known in social and educational circles, as Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mrs. Murch, Miss Hill and many others. Several of these energetic hostesses and workers are travelled persons themselves and can be relied on to talk pleasantly for an hour or so upon phases of

European life and character. Others join the club in order to benefit by the experience of their associates. It is a new sensation—to sit and listen while papers are read about and pictures exhibited of Genoa, Pisa, Venice, Dresden or Munich. Appropriate music is usually provided—not, let us hope, after Mark Twain's celebrated recipe—and occasionally a brilliant outsider is present to give necessary fillip stone. But was it not a happy idea to take "Village Life in the Province of Quebec" for one evening? How many people in other parts of Canada are aware of the absolute novelty and sense of refreshment that greets one as—to take the nearest example—the St. Lawrence steamer glides into Montreal docks at sunset in July, with the French voices of the hotel touts, the clashing bells of Notre Dame, the unusual look of the *voitures*, the narrow streets, the foreign signs and advertisements? Therefore, the Travel Clubs, by including distant Canadian and particularly French-Canadian districts in their itinerary, are doing a very great work in this province. Prof. Wrong closed with a note of warning: not to criticise Quebec too severely, remembering the weak points of other provinces; not to hamper, by unnecessary and uncalled for meddling, the inevitable if gradual progress of events in the older province towards more modern conditions. Now for reciprocity. If there is a Travel Club in Montreal (there are probably several) perhaps a talk on Toronto or Niagara may prove equally beneficial in the near future. The old family homesteads,

such as Beverley House or Heydon Villa, the stately and unspoilt pile of Osgoode Hall, the Niagara peach orchards, the scenery on the Credit—these would work up well in an hour's "Talk on Toronto." Mrs. Jameson, the famous art critic and authoress of a bygone age, recalled, in after wanderings, the colour and contour of Hamilton Bay, as seen from the adjacent heights, as one of the most beautiful sights of her life, rivalling Naples in exquisite tinting and aerial suggestion. The house occupied by Mrs. Jameson while in Toronto was in the vicinity of Portland Street, probably the then much sought after and aristocratic portion of the town, close by the lake and open to all panorama of sky and water.

Indeed, the Rosedale and Parkdale Travel Clubs might do worse than arrange an evening's "Travel" along these old streets; Peter, John, Wellington, Front, Strachan Avenue, and north to Dundas. For such a purpose, Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old" should constitute a good starting-point. Having never encountered a "Baedeker" of Toronto, I am, of course, just hinting at these things and people and places from memory. Probably a good guide-book to such colonial haunts exists somewhere.

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YOUNG LOVE AND THE ROSE.

By Margaret O'Grady.

The lark's sweet note is wild and glad,
The lilting breeze a love song sings,
A gay red rose with saucy pose,
On a dancing sunbeam lightly swings.
Madly, madly swings the rose,
Young love has come. She knows, she knows.

The nightingale is hushed and still,
The wind-whipped leaves a requiem croon,
And a rose, pure white in the pale starlight,
Hides her face from the tender moon.
Sadly, sadly droops the rose,
Young Love is dead. She knows, she knows.

—Canadian Magazine.

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