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Toronto, Jandivy $8 . x_{1}$ ioñ.
JAMES OARLYLE, B. $\mathrm{D}_{4}$ \} Auaitors.



Fin. MRESDITE, IVND. $\}$ Avditiar Cocamitios of tho Board. IFITISM YTCOABE. Higaning Director an 3 hok yy. -
it comes to pasting rociss, and srives cut from out a magazine, in the foreground of a water-color it is apt to be too realistic. Turner, it is true, pasted 2 waler on a picture for a sun, but then we are not all Turners.

The Fine Art Socicty of Ontario have leased the new store in Leader Lane, and have fitted it up as a picture gallery, and intends hanging only the rorks of first class art ists. The room is tastefully arranged and well lighted. The first picture that catches the eye upon entering is an interior, by the young artist Kerr Lawson, who is considered one of the most promising of the young men in Canada. It represents the interior of a cottage, the family assembled for a meal, the children listening with down-cast eyes to the father's prayer of thanks. The painting ce the sister's dress is excelleat, in fact one of the best bits of the picture, which is the best exhibited this year by a local artist. A study of a man's head, by Henry Ba. conandan oill by Hy. Sandham hang on the east wall. There are some very pleasing bits at the end of the rooms some sheep by Thompson painted in Rome, and a large picture of a court yand by Poingdestre are particularly noticeable. The winter scene, by Smith Haid, whose last years picture the Freach Goxcroment bought for the Lurembarg, will appeal to all Canadi ans ior the zealistic manner of treat.
ment, and the suggestions of our own climate just at present. Worls of merit by well-known men will bo constantly appearing on the walls, and the name of the Society is sufficient giuarantee that they will be original. There is no need of going abroad for really good pictures with such a collection always open to the public of Toronto.

## SOLIT:IRE.

> Earper's Bacar.

Patience? Yes, that's tine woman's game The dull delight of solitude,
Where rank oa rank she strives to frame. And speech or laughter ne'er intrude.

Night after night, beside the fire, When evening's lonely lamp is lit,
Oppressed with thoughts that vex and ure, Among the cards her fingers ait.

The roman's game! On some poor king The sequence of her play is built ; The queen comes after, hapless thing! And next the knave with grinning guilt.

Then all her treasures, one by one, Are thrown away to swell the pile, The last and least: when that is jone, Begin again ; the night beguile.

A weman's game : to sit and wait; Build and rebuild, thoagh fate destroy, Shuffe the cards; for soon or late There comes an end to grief and joy.

A man may fight, or sow, or reap,
Divide the seas, or traverse earth :
She cau but drudge, or pray or weep,
What are her life and loving worih?
She sits there when the day is dead,
Lonely and listless. Do you dare Deny, when all is done and said,
That woman's life is solitaire?
-Rose Terry Cooke

Ah, yes I indeed, woman's game issolitaire! But few men realize what the dollar here and the dollar there, in many cases worse than thrown away, gratifying some selfish whim, means to the fond wife at home, but women know. It means washing and ironing and scrubbing; it means baking and mending and sweeping, with many a bodily and many a heart ache; it means an accursed monotony-no excitement, no passion, no poetry, no anticipation, no rest. If a radiant star from heaven were put in a commonbull's eye lantern it would shatter it: by the very intensity of its rays. It is a struag horse fialtered fast in a stable, a mind fitted for competition meeting none to compete with, a laris made for the sky lying in a ditch with broket wing Is it not pitable? And the Forld, the casy-going, thoughtless, shallow world, dime its sinnilders, and passes by. Sut the day will come when the great leveller will smooth wown the- umeven ridges. In the mean tims, the heart. broken cry goes up, hori long?

Madeline Douglas.

Samuel Miller says that "When a young vine is wanted to bear for the first time, it will be well to cut it off two buds above the first tendril, as the buds below the first tendril don't bear fruit. This was told me many years ago, and has always been adopted since by me." Can any of our readers corroborate the statement? - Vrek's 3lagusing for January:

Mr. Rockafeller, of the Standard Oil Company, recently offered ont handred thousand dollars for Millets's celebrated oil painting knorm as the "Angelus," and mbich was originally sold by that artist for fire hundred dollare. This is an adrance in oil, which mast strike even Mr. Rockafeller as remarksble, though that gentlewan cant recall the time, not more than a dozen years back, when he mas a poor bookkeeper in Cleveland, at a salary of fire hundred a sear. Great is the porer of monopolybut unfortunately, in the caso of Miilet, the mionopoly of brains and money does not go together.

