

she buys another. And only a couple of days ago she was heard to say, "Oh, I do long so to be able to have a volume of Shakespeare for my very own." Here is a housekeeper who needs many, many little articles in her house, to furnish it and to help her in her work. She is put to shame every time she has company by the lack of table linen or the coarseness of her sheets and pillow-cases. One day she has an unexpected addition to her finances. She goes down town with the true womanly delight in shopping, meanders about from counter to counter, purchasing little bits of *lingerie*, a few yards of towelling, and, perhaps, a handkerchief, and finishes up by throwing the rest of her money away on a new drugget, or a piece of plush and arascene embroidery for her already over-stocked parlor, or on an elegant cake stand or Greek amphora for her table, things very nice when the necessities of housekeeping life are not wanting, but very foolish articles in any other case. People going into her drawing-room will carry away a complimentary estimate of her good taste, but if they remain for dinner or tea, the frugality of her appliances for proper table service will upset the luxury of her best room. Girls, married or engaged, do resolve at once that you will study carefully the best way to make every department of your home agree in convenience and comfort, and that you will not be renowned for your decorations and pitied for the incompleteness of your management of what lies under the surface.

* *

How do you like these beauty-spot veils? And if you like them, and wear them, where do you aim to have the most prominent dot appear on your visage? I saw one girl with the spot at the tip of the nose. I didn't care for that. But it is certainly striking if you can get it just the right distance from your mouth on the left cheek, or on the chin, and I have seen a pretty effect gained by placing the "spot" just at the corner of one eye. It requires some ingenious manipulation of the veil to get one spot only in an attractive place. And when I see a girl's face behind one that is perfectly arranged, I know she has not got ready in a hurry.

* * *

The day for "bangs" is well and happily past. It is as much of a novelty now to see a frizzle of curls over the forehead as it was in their palmy reign to see a girl with hair uncut and uncurled. And the old habit of following fashion whether her decrees make the devotees lovelier or less lovely is evidenced by the unbecomingness of some of the bangless styles of wearing the hair. Some faces cannot stand the backward turn of the front hair at all. It really makes them hideous. Such might cling then to the over-hanging bangs without fear of derogatory comment, but in moderation, let it be remembered. A sort of happy medium between "bangs or no bangs; that is the question." Half the girls who mourn over their unattractiveness might let fashion go overboard in some particulars with advantage. Yes, truly the great question of the day is temperance—in pleasure, in dress, in everything else as well as in the indulgence of liquor.

HILDEGARDE.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

LIGHT.

What is light? A thing intangible
As life; or mind; or soul of man:
An influence rather,—who can tell
Where in its force, nor other than
We feel—yet know not how—its power
To eyes from birth in darkness veiled,
A myth; a mystery darkly sealed:
To we,—who have its glories hailed,
Mysterious, too; altho' revealed,
We see its magic in each flower.

The faint dim glimmer of a star;
The orb'd night Queen's soft silver gleam,
Or sun's more piercing ray; all are
Impalpable: Tho' be the beam
However bright, however broad.
We see, and mark their varied ray;
We name it light, and they its source;
Yet who can grasp, or span, or weigh,
Its silent, boundless, mystic force:
Mysterious as its author—God.

J. W. JAMESON.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE WOMEN OF DANTE.

Custom and fashion have decreed that ladies of culture should become more or less acquainted with the writings of Dante. A difficult and laborious study. In those writings are many things that are gloomy, and only interesting to the female mind in the same way that anything else that is horrid is interesting. Besides, it would require a blue-stocking to possess the historical knowledge required to appreciate the personages and scenes. Yet in the passage of the dusky panorama bright figures spring into light, framed in a setting of all that is soft and poetic. It is an error to assert that all the poetry of Dante is stern and forbidding. No poet has a greater power of portraying by a few happy touches the female personality. His heroines are placed, each by the magic of a few words, in sharp relief, whether amid the glooms of his Hell, the twilight of Purgatory or the effulgence of Paradise.

The era when Dante lived was a time of great depravity. Cruelty, sensuality and treachery were its leading characteristics. All moral sense was blunted. Superstition was rampant, but of reverence there was none. Hence the weird fancy of the poet pictured the land of shades and peopled it with persons who had been most typical of some quality when in life. Dante had his views formed partly on the feelings prevalent in his day, and partly on the classics that were the only condition of his time, hence the comparative degrees of turpitude which he assigns to certain offences would be judged differently by a modern standard. The scheme of his great work "The Divine Comedy," comprising Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, is that he, Dante Alighieri, the Italian poet, accompanied by the Latin poet Virgil as guide, was privileged, in the year A. D. 1300 to visit the after world and on returning to earth to describe what he had seen. He found the place of final