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WOMAN'S WORLD.

HEART o' ME.

By Celia Myrover Robinson.

Heart o' me, the world is sweet, the
violets blooming,
All the tender, greening things are
laughing in the sun;
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart!
Summertime is coming!
Bird and brook are singing for the
joy-days now begun.

Oh, the weary, weary days, and nights
that followed after,
Oh, the bitter tears we shed, and
oh, the mist of pain!
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart!
Listen to the laughter!
How the sunshine glimmers on the
blossoms wet with rain!

Heart o' me, the world is sweet! Remember not thy sorrow,
Follow after running brook, and
bloom, and bird, and bee!
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart!
Greet the good to-morrow!
Wist ye not the golden world was
made for thee and me?

IN SOCIETY.

A pretty house wedding took place on Thursday evening, April 4, at 103 Gladstone-avenue, the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. R. Craine, when Miss Ella May Prentice was united in marriage to Mr. W. A. Newman of Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Thomas Smyth of Penetang, was gowned in cream silk eolienne, over taffeta, trimmed with bebe Irish lace. She wore a bridal veil, with wreath of violets and lilies of the valley, and carried a shower bouquet of the same flowers. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Hincks of Parkdale Methodist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Newman left on the 11.20 train for Detroit, their future home.

Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Flo Gallagher and Mr. Stuart Gallagher have left for a trip to Washington and New York.

Mrs. C. A. Davies of Classic-avenue will receive on Tuesday, April 9, and not again this season.

At Peterboro, on Wednesday, the marriage was solemnized of Miss Sophia Goodfellow, only daughter of the late James Goodfellow, to Thomas Somerville of Hartney, Man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. G. Potter in the presence of a few immediate friends. The bride and groom were unattended, and after partaking of a dainty wedding luncheon, left for the west, where they will reside in the future.

A pretty Easter wedding was solemnized, when Alfred Lindsay Russell, M. D., of Baileboro, Durham County, was married at the residence of the bride's parents, Napanee, to Miss Florence Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Preston. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. J. R. Conn, M. A. Miss Templeton played the wedding march. The bride wore white chiffon over taffeta, with trimmings of lace, bridal veil, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel A. Preston, gowned in white organdie, with wreath of pink roses, and carrying pink roses. Dr. Lindsay Webb of Brighton assisted the groom. Misses Hazel Leonard and Alice Preston, in white organdie, with wreaths of white roses, acted as ribbon girls. The happy couple left later for Montreal and other eastern points on their honeymoon, the bride traveling in a smartly tailored suit of brown broadcloth, with hat to match.

Miss Florence Crawford and Miss Violet Maulson have gone to Preston for a few days.

Mrs. John N. Lake of 410 Jarvis-street will receive on the fourth Monday of this month, and not again this season.

Mrs. Aubrey O. Hurst of 126 Spadina-road will receive on Thursday and Friday of this week.

Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson of Castle Frank-crescent will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Albert E. Humphrey will receive on Thursday, April 11, at 20 Soho-street, for the last time before moving to her new home, Palmerston-boulevard. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Wilkinson, will receive with her.

Owing to absence from town, Mrs. Keele will not receive again until after she returns to Glenside, Toronto Junction, on May 1.

The Parkdale Travel Club will meet to-day at the home of Mrs. Edward Currie, 24 Tyndall-avenue.

The regular meeting of the Alumnae of Toronto General Hospital will take place at the nurses' residence on Tuesday, April 9, at 3 o'clock.

The monthly meeting of the Round Table Club will take place to-day at Evangelia Home at 3.30 p.m.

The regular monthly meeting of the Canadian Household Economic Association will be held in the public hall of the Normal School on Tuesday, April 9, at 3 o'clock. Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D., will lecture on "Why We Should Love Beautiful Things." All interested are welcome.

Senator and Mrs. Kerr are in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Challoner and Mr. Curtis Williamson have returned from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilber G. Jones, Castle Frank-crescent, have returned from Florida.

Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum are removing from Spadina-avenue to 39 Howard-street at the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned from Quebec, where they spent a few days after the opening of the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition in Montreal.

Mrs. Corcoran gave a most delightful luncheon at her pretty home in Gore Vale-avenue in honor of Mrs. Beattie of Kincardine, a much-feted guest in Toronto at present. The table was decorated beautifully with carnations and lilies of the valley, with lovely pink shaded lights. Mrs. Beattie, the guest of honor; Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Hoar, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. MacCausland, Mrs. Boneger, and Mrs. Boland were among those who shared the delightful afternoon.

The Western Congregational Church, Spadina-avenue, was the scene of a pretty wedding last week, when Mr. Wallace Moreland of Montreal, son of Mr. A. J. Moreland, was married to Miss Minnie R. Kennedy, daughter of Mrs. A. Kennedy, 212 Wellesley-street. The bride wore her going-away gown of navy broadcloth, with white hat, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie Lapp, wore a tailored suit of blue ladies' cloth, with tuscan hat, and carried pink carnations.

Mr. and Mrs. Moreland left immediately for their home in Montreal, where they will reside in Westmount.

Mrs. G. Herbert Burnham, 134 East Bloor-street, will not receive again this season, owing to the death of her grandmother, Mrs. John D. Smith of Port Hope.

MUSIC OF SPOKEN VOICE.

Miss Florence Farr Demonstrates New Method.

A pleasing departure from the regular Saturday afternoon lecture in the varsity chemical building was given by Miss Florence Farr of London, England, on Saturday.

With the aid of a light accompaniment on a psaltery, she demonstrated a new method of rendering emotional poetry.

Neither singing, chanting nor declaiming in the ordinary sense of the words, she rendered, in an exquisitely modulated form of recitative a number of examples from William Morris' translation of the "Odyssey," Robert Gilbert's translation from "Euripides," Lady Gregory's translations from the Irish, and poems by Ernest D'Leys and W. B. Yeat.

Miss Farr prefaced her recital by an account of her adopted method of rendering poetry, which she characterized as simply finding and expressing the melody of the words.

Altho Miss Farr has specialized upon the method, it is said by local critics to be not wholly new, but, after all, the method which all good readers of poetry have always adopted. It is likely that the Irish and Welsh bards and the Saxon skop recited their long narrative poems in a like manner.

Miss Farr has studied and written down the melody of the selections which she uses.

The instrument used was especially invented for her by Arnold Dolmetsch.

The entertainment was thoroly enjoyed by the large gathering of auditors, and Miss Farr was accorded a generous ovation at the close of her demonstrations.

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ONE DOLLAR A QUART BOTTLE
—OR—
FOUR DOLLARS FOR GALLON TIN

"KIDNAPPED" BOY TURNS UP

Is With His Father, Who Will Defend Possession.

Berlin, April 7.—Dr. Geo. Kreiger, formerly of Chicago, and his son, Eddy, who was reported to have been kidnapped in Hamburg some time ago, are in Berlin. Dr. Kreiger intends to practise medicine here. The boy says he desires to stay with his father. Dr. Kreiger declares the boy came with him willingly, and that he intends to defend possession of him by every legal means.

The boy's mother, who now is the wife of Dr. Henry E. MacDonald, a dentist, of Chicago, responding to an enquiry some days ago, said she intended to return to Chicago immediately.

BIGAMIST JUMPS BAIL.

Belleville, April 7.—James Hawley of Bancroft, who was arrested, charged with bigamy and perjury, was allowed out on bail and has fled the country.

Duchess of Marlborough.

Paris, April 6.—The Duchess of Marlborough at present is stopping at Sunderland House, London, and returns to Paris Tuesday for a fortnight.

Honorary Visitors to Hospital.

The honorary visitors to the Toronto General Hospital for the week beginning April 7 are Messrs. Michael McLaughlin and James Lumbers.

Buchanan's Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Dared to Wrest to Herself the Love and Happiness That Were Denied Her by Cruel Circumstances.

By Dustus Miles Forman and Published by Permission of Harper & Bros., New York and London.

She wrote a letter to Harry Faring, who was still in the Adirondacks. And this is what she wrote:

"I am sailing for Europe, Harry, on Sept. 8, and I am taking Alianor Trevor with me. We shall be gone a long time, I think—a year it may be, or even more. I feel that I cannot bear it here any longer. The place maddens me. I want a complete change of scene, and, as far as is possible, of thought, too. That sounds as if I were still in the nervous, rebellious frame of mind in which you left me here two months ago, doesn't it? I'm not, tho. I've been thinking a great deal, Harry, and, I believe, changing a great deal, too. I'm not rebellious any more. I think I'm—as I said to Alianor the other day—a better woman. Don't laugh. I mean it. I look forward now with no rage or resentment or dismay to the life I must live—and that is a change, you know.

"All this is, I fancy, by way of leading up to something which is difficult to say. However, tout court, it's this: I want to set you quite free. You said something long ago, while you were here, about 'never deserting the colors you'd enlisted under.' The colors are lowered, Harry; the army's disbanded, and you're free. Look; the thing is like this: I will not dodge or evade the truth. We two people love each other very dearly. I admit that, and I am proud of it. But here am I, a woman bound—as I said to you that day in the Japanese pavilion—by a chain, and the other end of my chain is lost in the dark. So our love is hopeless—oh, entirely hopeless! But because it still exists we mustn't, for both our sakes, see each other or be near each other. It would be too hard for us. That is, in fact, why I am going away, and it is also why I do not want you to go on giving up your life to me and to my service. What I do want is that you go back to your own chosen work—your exploring and all such—that you begin again to live your own life quite irrespective of me, and that my concerns cease altogether to occupy you. You understand, don't you, Harry? You see how miserable I should be to feel that I had wrecked you, bound you to my chariot wheels, tho you and I could never be anything more to each other. You understand, don't you, how glad and proud I shall be to know that you are doing fine things, important things such as you have already done?

"So I beg you, with all my strength, and by the great love I bear you, put me and my troubles and cares aside. Go out and do your own man's work in the world, and let me drag upon you no more. Love me if you must—and I think you will, thank God!—but be free of me.

"So, good-bye, Harry. I shall not see you for a long time, for I don't want you to come to New York when I sail, and I forbid you to follow me. Good-bye. If I thought God would listen I should pray for you daily. Perhaps He will. Anyhow, He'll guard you, I think, because you're strong and good.

"Beatrix."

They slipped away very quietly. "I don't want a chattering crowd of people with roses and baskets of fruit," Beatrix said. "Let us tell no one that we're going." And so only Arabella Crowley and the elderly lawyer man, who fidgeted with his eye-glasses and seemed to wonder why he was there, and Alianor Trevor's aunt, a fretful lady in uncomfortable black, were at the pier to see them off. Miss Trevor's aunt brought a large parcel with her in her brougham. It proved to be a new and amazingly ingenious sort of life-preserver, which, when you had strapped it on, not only kept you triumphantly afloat in the worst of weather, but, from unsuspected recesses within its bowels, provided you with meat and drink. The donor apologized to Beatrix Buchanan for not having provided two of these machines. It seemed thoughtless, she said, especially as Mrs. Buchanan was doing so much for dear Ellen, but the thing was so very expensive and one had so many calls upon one's means.

Old Arabella kissed Beatrix very affectionately, and her usually copious flow of nonsense seemed to desert her.

"I think you are very wise, dear child, to go away," she said. "I think it is far the best thing you could do, tho I shall miss you. Stay a long time and try to amuse yourself. You've had no amusement for years. If anything turns up here—if you're needed, we shall let you know at once. Now go on board. This waiting about is so silly. And don't expect me to stand on the pier-head and wave a handkerchief, because I shall not do it. I'm going to take Mr. Althorpe home with me and give him some tea."

And two hours later, when the steamship slowed down outside Sandy Hook to drop the pilot, and gathered way again, Mrs. Buchanan sank into her deck-chair with a great sigh of relief that was almost a sob.

"There's the last of America, thank Heaven!" she said. "It's shockingly unpatriotic in me, isn't it? But I'm glad, oh, I'm glad to be off! Baby, dear, maybe the sun shines brighter where we're going. It's chill here."

They went first to Naples, meaning to spend some weeks at Sorrento and Capri, but it was very hot in Naples, and so they turned north to Venice. There, by one of those extraordinary chances which bring friends together from opposite ends of the earth, they fell upon Stambolof and, with him, that rather famous cosmopolitan, the old Earl of Strope, Isabeau de Monsigny's grandfather.

The old earl took one of his rare and violent fancies to Mrs. Buchanan, and, after a fortnight, insisted upon bearing the whole party off to Chateau Monsigny, which is near Versailles.

(To be Continued.)

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PICTURE OF LANGUOR AND WEAKNESS

Tired in mind and body—Worn out by the monotonous and debilitating indoor life of winter.

To a great many people spring is anything but a season of joy and gladness. True, there is relief to think that the cold and storm of winter have passed, but on the other hand, there are weeks of weariness and languor which are almost more than the run-down system can stand.

Just at the time when the buds are bursting forth, when the birds are chirping merrily on the trees, and all Nature is sending out the notes of joy and gladness, are felt most strongly the debilitating and enervating effects of indoor winter life.

But Nature has provided certain restoratives to be used at this season of the year, and they are probably nowhere combined in such happy proportions as in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Thousands of women, and men, too, have learned to escape this time of weakness, depression and discouragement by the use of this great food cure.

Loss of appetite, indigestion, headaches, lack of energy and ambition, weakness and dizziness, shortness of breath, depressed spirits and irritability of temper are some of the accompaniments of spring ailments which arise from the weak, watery condition of the blood.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food naturally, gradually and certainly overcomes these symptoms by the actual formation of rich, red blood.

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