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NEW MUSIC.

Canadian Guards Waltzes. By J. C. Bennett.
La Brunette, Polka Brillante. By J. Bennett.
At the Ball, Ripple. By H. C. Shaw.
Dance on forever, Waltz. By M. Hahn.
Aspirations, Meditation. By M. Hahn.
There's a Star in the Sky, Christmas Song. By C. E. Lay.
Daisies, Song. By C. E. Lay.

The above music is all from the enterprising music publishing house of I. Suckling & Son. No. 1 is an attractive and melodious waltz, almost sure to become popular. It is handsomely got up, with an effective title page. No. 2 is a pretty and well-written polka, by a well-known and popular composer. No. 3 is an arrangement of the popular "Ripple" dance, unpretentious, and without any great merit, yet well fitted for the dance for which it is written.

No. 4 is an extremely common place waltz, possessing neither originality, nor any other attractive quality, and to dance on forever to its strains would be decidedly monotonous. Nor is the composer any happier in his "Aspirations," (No. 5.) which are not of very high order, and scarcely worth "meditation" for any length of time. Nos. 6 and 7 are two songs by C. E. Lay. We regret that we cannot speak favorably of either. The melody in No. 6 is well enough in its way, although by no means equal to the subject; but the accompaniment spoils any effectiveness it possesses. Possibly some enthusiastic Scotchman may find merit in "Daisies," we confess to not being Scotch; and therefore frankly admit that we find no merit in the song. Indeed, on a close and careful consideration of the two songs in question, we have come to the conclusion that C. E. Lay's forte does not lie in song writing, and we will only be doing a good turn in advising him or her to quit writing, and take up the study of harmony, etc., for a while.

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given."

DEAR TRUTH, Kehan's Company, in Daly's amusing comedy "7-20-8" did a good business last week. The comedy is a bright little piece of absurdity, sparkling with fun and full of laughable situations. The company was, with one or two exceptions, the same as presented it last season. Unfortunately, however, one of the exceptions was in the very important part of *Moss*. Miss Virginia Brooks, who assumed the part this season, was by no means equal to the portrayal of that lively piece of innocence and ingenuity. With this exception, however, the different characters were admirably portrayed; the performance throughout being very enjoyable, notwithstanding Miss Brooks' inability to grasp the true conception of *Moss*' character.

This week's attraction is one already made familiar to Toronto theatre goers. Mr. Edwin Thorne has made the "Black Flag" popular by his impersonations of the hero of the play; and doubtless good audiences will rule, although, following the holiday weeks as it does, the engagement may not prove as successful as it might otherwise be.

At the People's Theatre another change has taken place. Mr. Montford, who had its management in its earlier history as a place of amusement, has resumed possession, and, under the old name of "Montford's Museum," promises to produce popular attractions at popular prices. He has made a bad beginning, however. That highly sensational, strikingly realistic, and blood-curdling melodrama of the far west,yclept "Jesse James," is no proper piece to place before a Canadian, or, indeed, any audience. A play which dignifies with heroism a blood-thirsty, cold-blooded murdering outlaw and holds him up as an example to be admired and imitated by the rising generations, is unfit for production. It is neither elevating, ennobling or moral in its tone; and its tendency cannot but be bad. The influence of the dime novel literature is but too well known; but when the dime novel is dramatized and placed vividly before the gaze of callow youth, its influence becomes still stronger, and it should, therefore, be at once put down by the strong arm of the law. Hitherto the performances at the theatre under question, if not very refined, have at least been in a measure harmless, and it is to be hoped Mr. Montford, if he cannot secure better "attractions" than plays of the "Jesse James" calibre will give up catering to the public on these lines.

And now a word in conclusion. I am not generally personal in my remarks, but your readers will pardon me if I say a few words to-day. This is SEMINUS' last letter to the readers of TRUTH. Ere another issue sees the light he will have sought fresh fields and pastures new. He will not, however, forget those with whom he has held such long and pleasant intercourse, and I trust those who have been among his readers will not altogether forget him. He has endeavored at all times to give an honest and independent opinion on all matters coming under his consideration. He has not always pleased every one—that was not to be expected—but at any rate he has always endeavored to be just, and to allow no personal feelings to sway him one way or the other. He has only to return his thanks to those kindly friends, professional and otherwise, who, by supplying him with the necessary information, materially lightened his labors, and cheered him by their kindly criticism and valuable hints. To one and all, the readers of TRUTH included, he wishes a very happy and prosperous new year, in the highest and best sense of the words.

And so, with the chiming of the Christmas bells still echoing in his ears, and standing upon the threshold of another year, which holds within its unseen hands—what?—he writes that saddest of all words—Farewell!

SEMINUS.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.—Honestly we say with Sir Walter Scott: Literature is a very good staff but a very bad crutch.

S. S. Mr. Gladstone completed his 75th year last December, though some insist he only commenced it, though they acknowledge he was born in 1809. Disraeli was four years his senior, having been born in 1805.

We have received from Mr. Angus McPherson a scriptural clock which came to hand too late for publication last issue. The construction is perfect and had it come to hand in time would have been published in the last issue.

J. Brown.—Don't profess to be great authority in pronunciation. Most of the dictionaries give only squallor with long a, though some prefer, and we frankly say, we agree with them, short o as squallor. The broad short sound of a is on all hands, repudiated.

M.—Don't be foolish. What the mischief can it matter whether there be TEN or THIRTEEN at table? or whether you got married on a Friday in the month of May, or on a Monday in December? If you are a man you ought to be ashamed of such old wife idiocy. If a woman, I know you are without your saying so. The next thing will be spilling salt, or meeting a hare, or a bruddled cat. Pahaw! Take some medicine and go to bed.

A READER. Most certainly. It is your only chance, and a very blessed one it is. Never hesitate. Go on with it at once, and as quickly as you can. Things will all come well if you are determined to do what is right and proper. Never say anything to any one, but go forward in the way you say you wish. If you do this, and use *moderately* what you will be legitimately and properly entitled to, you will, before a couple of years pass by, acknowledge that we have given you good advice.

X. Y. Z.—We thought that everybody knew the age of Queen Victoria. It seems, however, that we have been mistaken, and we consequently, with great pleasure, inform all who may be in that condition that she is in her 60th year, having been born on the 24th of May, 1819. Her younger daughter, Beatrice, who is about to be married and to become a life pensioner on the British nation, is 27 past. A good many who are pretty loyal, think it queer that the queen, who is enormously rich, cannot provide for her girls at any rate, like other people.

G.—At this time of day it is too absurd to speak of any body being loyal to any man, woman or system, against his or her special and peculiar interests. Does any one out of bedlam believe that any Canadian could be found who would stick to British connection, &c., while quite convinced that it would be better for the country in general, and for himself in particular, to take a new departure? We don't. We hold by British connection because we think that everything considered it is best for Canada to remain as she is. But if we did not, does any one suppose we would still stand by such connection? Not unless softening of the brain and idiocy had intervened.

Vanity and Gloves.

"But to return to our first love, gloves," continued the volatile young lady, who spoke with a cultivated Boston accent, and viewed the reporter through glasses. "Give me at any time the vainest of females to serve rather than a vain man. Of all created things they are the worst," said she, turning up her keen brown eyes with an assumption of horror. "Actually they will want their gloves so tight that they have to rub their hands with soapstone to get them on. It is a fact, many a time I have shortened the fingers of them. It takes a man of this type about seven times as long to decide upon and to be fitted to a pair of gloves as any woman."

The stockings for evening wear must match the color of the dress or its trimmings, and be plain, of silk or fine lisle thread, with embroidered clocks.

Professor Proctor says the earth is still in youth. This explains why she goes round so much and is out so late at nights.