

The Domain of Woman

.....TALKS BY "TERESA"

Everyone is rejoicing at the near advent of spring, and the gradual disappearance of the snow and all the discomfort it brings in its train.

What a peculiar effect upon one's spirits is produced by the weather!

A bright blue sky, soft, golden sunshine, and a gentle breeze send our spirits several degrees above zero; while a lowering sky, and a miserable, persistent, drizzling rain produces an effect upon the mental atmosphere pretty much the same as that existing in the elements.

When Our Lady of the Snows does smile—and she does it pretty often, too, in spite of pessimists—she performs the gracious act right royally. Her summers are not like those of the Old Lady of the Fog: "Two fine days and a thunderstorm," they are a long succession of bright, breathless golden days, when the warm sun pours his life-giving heat and light on rich and poor; when the meadows and fields wave high with rich and succulent grasses and grain, when the vast prairies bloom with hundreds of stately flowers, and the great forests are aglow with every tint of green and gold and red. Beautiful birds of almost tropical plumage make their homes in the far country where the belligerent and cheeky sparrow hath not penetrated; squirrels, and chipmunks and possums sport in the leafy glades where the stone-throwing small boy is unknown; and soft-eyed deer trample the undergrowth, or pause to drink in the crystal waters of the lakes, lifting their heads every now and then to listen, and perhaps to bound away, startled by the report of the hunter's rifle.

Even in the cities Our Lady of the Snows and the Sun is gracious to her children. Are there not woods and parks and lakes where the toilers may congregate, where the little children may run about barefooted, and dance and laugh to their heart's content, forgetful of the bare home in the tiny city cottage? What child in the old country has a lake like Ontario wherein to paddle; or a sun like the one whose warm rays kiss the little round arms and legs until they are as brown as the skin of Canada's best loved children, on whom her smiles have shone for centuries—the once great Six Nations. But Canada loves her foster children as well as those who have always been Canadian; she makes no distinction; her smiles and her treasures are for all. The life-giving beams of her royal sun are shed alike upon the sturdy little Canadians, red and white, and upon the little pale imitators who have come to her as to a new home, and who open wide with wonder at the glowing gardens, the rich fields, and the great inland seas of this beautiful country about which there is so much misunderstanding and misapprehension in the old land. What if the snow is sometimes deep, and the cold occasionally intense during some three months or so? What is it to our glorious farmers, with their excursions and picnics, the abundance of delicious fruit (that's rather tantalizing in Lent) so late in the year? Bohemian, open air life. Those frolicking people in the old land, who shiver at the mention of our lovely country, even though while they are talking about us their thermometer may be hovering somewhere around the freezing point, they know the truth, gladly give up their dull, grey skies, their choking fogs, their two fine days and a thunderstorm, for our truly royal climate, wherein summer is indeed summer, and winter merely the winter of their (not our) discontent.

The stores are waking up and preparing themselves for the advent of spring, when the woman of fashion and the woman of business alike begin to find that they have nothing to wear.

A busy scene is Yonge street, between King and Queen, about the house of 11 and 12, when Toronto's upper ten come out for an airing, clad in neat walking costume, daintily gloved and booted and picking its way gingerly through the fast-melting snow on the crossings. Stamp and Eaton's, Murray's and Cutts's are waiting like big spiders with their nets, in the shape of splendidly dressed windows, all spun golden and glittering and silky, to catch the swarm of fashionable and unfashionable flies who are always buzzing around them. Up and down does the never ending stream of life; cars whiz past, north, south, east and west; here a stout, comfortable looking farmer, driving a fat nag as round as a barrel, pauses sometimes nervously at the crossing, till the autocar of traffic, the blue-coated bobby waves a majestic hand, and the clatter and clang ceases for an instant, and the fat nag ambles across Queen street in safety, followed by a waiting crowd of people surging in front of waiting Queen street cars, whose impatient motorman "aps his bell and watches for the signal to start, while keeping a wary eye on the erratic crowd.

Next a splendid carriage, all of with rags and gorgeous with shining veneer and silver-plated harness, is constrained to pause a moment, while a clanging, rattling car sweeps around the curve, followed nervously by the big, wondering eyes of the two fine boys who have not, even yet, become accustomed to the loud voiced, rushing motor, and who halt with relief the signal to resume their stately trot down the street.

Singlet's blue windows are gorgeous with silks and dress-stuffs, with fine delaines and mullins, and the latest styles in

the over now blouse waist, suggestive of garments to come, and comfortable loose garments.

Here, my lady a carriage is signalled to stop, and with a frou-frou of silken skirts, and a whiff of violet, she, who is of the favored ones of the earth, disappears behind the swinging doors. Two bright girls, laughing and chattering like magpies, pause before the cutting "blouses," and look, and lounge, and linger, and think ruefully of the scarcity of pennies. But youth is hungry, and summer is coming, and "bargains" are sometimes obtainable, so the smiles and the chatter begin once more, as they, too, disappear into the spider's big parlor. A pale, worn girl in a threadbare dress, pauses wistfully before a dress of good material. They are all new goods, and so lovely! but they are out of reach. There are cheaper goods inside, however, and once more the swinging doors open and the vortex swallows her. A tidy woman with a big market basket on the gentleman's furnishings, and says something to a sturdy boy beside her. The boy pushes open the door and stands aside respectfully. Out comes the frou-frou of silk and the perfume of wood violet, and the power of money, and she goes into the carriage, while the tidy woman and the boy drop into the spider's net. Down the street surges the hurrying stream, pausing here and there till King street is reached when it changes its course and flows into the city. The windows of the exchanges are filled with a dazzling array of dollar bills and specie. Perhaps the shabby looking man who is glancing into one such window out of the corner of his eye, is meditating thusly: "I wish I was a brick and a half, and a run, to get enough to take a feller to the Klondike." But Canadians are proverbially honest and the poor fellow's meditations are exceedingly unlikely to take practical shape.

Clang, clang! the big Indian clock over the Bon Marche is striking twelve in its usual stolid, impassive manner of its race.

Scarcely has the last stroke fallen upon the bell, before a mad transformation takes place in the stream of people. Salesladies, and clerks, business men and women, factory girls and boys, pour out of the business houses in endless succession, and hurry to lunch rooms, cafes, and restaurants to snatch a lunch and their brief hour of recreation.

The remark of the Daily Telegraph recently, upon the increase of the habit of smoking among Englishwomen is a sad comment upon the tendency of the day.

That a lady of title may be seen any day driving a motor, and stopping at a public road with a briarwood pipe in her mouth is, perhaps, less surprising than the fact that the much abused title of "lady" should still continue to be conferred upon a woman so lost to all sense of decency and propriety. A gentleman "is seldom or never seen in public with a pipe in his mouth; indeed on some occasions for him to smoke at all in public, would lead to little short of social ostracism. It need not be common while walking or driving with a woman; probably all that is altered, "ladies," and "gentlemen" may do what men and women could not.

What is the matter with the old fashioned term "woman" anyway? We are constantly meeting with advertisements for "salesladies" and "salesmen," (why not "salesgentlemen")? I saw an advertisement for a "forelady" the other day. I wonder what the "fore-gentleman" at the office of the paper in which the advertisement appeared thought of it.

Several of my respected contemporaries, who are always describing themselves as "newspaper women;" I use the term occasionally, myself. This will never do, ladies of the press! We are dreadfully behind the times. We have washerwomen, and charlades and house-keepers, and I must improve our diction with improving manners; our grandmothers were very ceremonious and stately, but they were only women; we are "ladies!" TERESA.

FAIRY'S OWN.—None but those who have become so used to what is called a miserable feeling is it. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parolee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parolee's Pills.

YUKON "DEAL" BILL Read a Second Time.

OTTAWA, March 11.—It was a quarter to 6 o'clock this morning when the tired members emerged from the Parliament buildings and wended their way homewards. The talk on the Yukon railway bill continued until 5 o'clock. Mr. McInnes, the young Liberal member from British Columbia had his say, and it was emphatically against the Government's proposition. Mr. Casey also spoke, and went on record as opposed to the deal with Mann and McKinnon. This railway deal is a bitter pill for many Liberals to swallow, and there were four who would not take the dose. These were Messrs. McInnes, Oliver, Erb and Rogers (Patron). Two Conservatives only, Col. Hughes and Dr. Bethune, supported the bill. The majority for the Government was 89, not a very large figure under all circumstances. Before the House adjourned, Sir Charles Tupper secured from the

Premier an emphatic contradiction to the statement emanating from Ottawa respecting the alleged concession to the United States in the matter of the Alaska boundary dispute.

President McKinley's Family Tree.

A young woman arrived from Ireland a few days ago, and called on President McKinley last Monday to present to him the genealogical tree of the McKinleys, of Conagher, from which family the President is descended. She took the New York Journal of March 3. She also gave to him an old horse shoe and a piece of peat from the old McKinley homestead.

The young woman is Miss Martha Craig. She comes to America to tell Americans the picturesque of Ireland and the habits of the Irish people.

It was by mere chance that she ran across the history of President McKinley's ancestors. Always interested in America, she had learned the name of McKinley when he was elected President. About eighteen months ago Miss Craig took a trip through Ireland. While passing through Conagher she was attracted to an old graveyard. While examining the gravestones she saw the name McKinley.

Miss Craig discovered that a large family of McKinleys had once lived on a farm near the graveyard. So interested did she become in her genealogical research that she went into it very deeply, and when she arrived in America a few days ago she had a family tree of the President.

Miss Craig knew no one in this country, but she had been near Conagher, and so had the President's forefathers. This at least gave her the license to speak with him, and on Monday she managed to get an audience with the President. Mr. McKinley became most interested in Miss Craig, and told her he was much pleased to have his family tree so thoroughly established.

The McKinleys of Conagher appear to have been respectable farmers, Presbyterians in religion. In the ancient but neglected burying-ground of Derrykeighan, their history is found. How long they were on the Conagher farm prior to the rebellion in 1798 cannot be determined. In that year one of the foremost revolutionists was Francis McKinley. Becoming suspected of complicity in the proceedings of the United Irishmen, he was arrested on the information of an intimate acquaintance named Smith, taken to Coleraine, tried and hanged.

Before his execution he repeated portions of Psalm cix., which contains such impressions on the "lying tongue" that accuses falsely. Francis McKinley's wife obtained his body the night after his execution, and it is now buried at Derrykeighan.

The McKinleys put a stone over the grave. Exact copies of the inscriptions on the McKinley headstones have been obtained by Miss Craig. One, which was erected by the wife of Francis McKinley, bears the following:

Here lie the remains of Francis McKinley, who departed this life on the 7th of July, 1798, aged forty-two years.

The inscription of the other stone reads: Here lieth the body of Francis McKinley, late of Conagher, who departed this life June 24, 1798, aged forty-two years; also the body of his daughter, Elizabeth, who departed this life March 21, 1800, aged six years; also his wife, Anna McKinley, who departed this life April, 1810.

What seems strange on reading the above is that the stones assign different dates for McKinley's death. A reference to an old Coleraine directory does not help out of this difficulty. Francis McKinley married Anna Hill, of Atherman, near Dallycastle. Two sons and five daughters were born to him. John lived on the farm until grown, and then came to America to join an uncle who had come to this country several years before. The name of their uncle is not given, but he was the father of William McKinley, the President's father. Francis, the second son, then came into possession of the farm and held it until 1838, when he sold it and followed his brother to this country. He was the last of the McKinleys in Conagher. After the farm was sold by him it passed through many hands, but recently came into possession of Captain R. J. Montgomery, of the British Army.

It has generally been thought that President McKinley is the grandson of Francis McKinley, who was hanged. Miss Craig's investigation proves that this could not have been the case, and that the uncle of Francis McKinley, who came to America before any of the other McKinleys had left Ireland, was the grandfather of the President. This will be seen to be correct when it is borne in mind that Francis McKinley had but two sons, John and Francis, whereas the father of the President was named William.

While at the old McKinley farm Miss Craig took many photographs of the first ever taken of the historic old place. These she is now having developed and will present the President with a set of them.

Jinks: "A girl who can sing as soon as she gets up in the morning must have a sweet disposition." Binks: "Not necessarily. She may have a grudge against someone in the neighborhood."

Domestic Reading

The chief philanthropies of civilized nations, the State books of government, the constitution of society, are the outcome of Jesus' spirit. It is impossible to explain human life or human history without Jesus, Who is woven into the consciousness of the race, Who will yet find in the race His everlasting memorial.

For one to be a Christian it is only necessary that he be loyal; but to be a Christian of the first order he must be mystical. Jesus still comes to us in our outer life, and blessed is the man who rises and follows Him whithersoever He goes. Jesus still comes to the door of the soul, and that man is most blessed who receives the Lord into his guest-chamber.

The circumstances of our life are not unmeaning, but infinitely other-wise; but this we very often do not see for want of vision. High as Heaven and wide as the earth is the atmosphere of holy opportunity in which our souls have their being. Is it not felt? Then it is only because it is not wished. Not every hour, nor every day, perhaps, can generous wishes ripen into kind actions; but there is not a moment that cannot be freighted with prayer.

We should hold ourselves ready to be something or nothing to society, as may seem possible, but, at all events, to be something and much to ourselves. For him who thus preserves his independence society reserves her choicest treasures. She gives him what in solitude he could never obtain—the power of expressing his true self clearly. Alone he may gain knowledge and self-discipline; but it is only in society that he learns the art of self-expression.

A good conscience is the profoundest source of this delightful calm. We shall attempt in vain to veil our faults from ourselves without it, or to listen only to the voice of adulation. An interior witness must testify that we have endeavored to lead useful lives, and that we have always welcomed those who offered opportunities to do good. But, unfortunately, this feeling of calm content, which is the effect of duty performed, does not take possession of us until many years of our lives have been thrown away in a vain search for the beautiful and the good.

There are few men who do not want to do some good. Maybe there is often more of selfishness in their desire than love of good; for must we not be civil and respectable? It is very necessary to seem so, anyway. To go the length of Christ's requirement in this, and "do good always unto all men," requires the grace of God. It is not, "Do good sometimes unto some." There is honour even among thieves. It is not, "Do good to all men sometimes." No man of any timber but has been ready to do it often. The measure is "as ye have opportunity."

Thank Heaven that a little illusion is left to us to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glasses to show us just the figure we are making and what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear, friendly illusion we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—we do little.

Land Grabbing in the Far East.

Pekin, March 11.—The British Minister Sir Claude MacDonald visited the Chinese Foreign Office on Tuesday and lodged a strong protest against the cession of Port Arthur to Russia, saying it would destroy the balance of power in China. The Chinese officials, however, declared their inability to withhold the Russian demands. M. Parloff, the Russian Charge d'Affaires, wished the cession to take place within five days in order to forestall the arrival of his successor, but China required a longer time to consider the matter, and therefore the negotiations were transferred to St. Petersburg. Russia is still exerting pressure to bring about the dismissal of the British engineers. The Tsung Li Yamen referred the matter to the Director of Railways, who declared their services were indispensable, regardless of their nationality.

London, March 11.—The Morning says it learns that Japan has warned Russia that if the latter retains Port Arthur, Japan will retain Wei Hai Wei and the islands adjacent.

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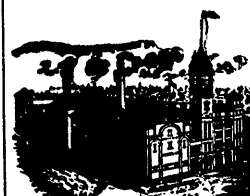
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