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## In the Glow.

By Meriani.

**S**TANDING in my lofty room, looking through the partly frosted glass down upon the alluring shining ice covering the harbor below the hill, everything without cried to me, "Come away, come away for a skate in the keen bright air," and my brother, uniting his voice with the many voices of the wind, called me also away from my reverie.

What an enticing surface the glossy ice presented, and how we wheeled and whirled and curved upon it while the laughing blood made merry in our veins.

With one backward glance at the dear home upon the hill, we vanished out of the harbor and clung along the northern shore of the bay, that we might add to the pleasures of the glistening ice, the sight of overhanging trees and rocks, and view closely the pretty little falls here and there making their way over the high banks, gurgling beneath frozen coverings and sometime bursting through the icy shell which tried vainly to bind them.

In and out of pretty coves we went, and on rounding one point we saw two youthful figures skating towards us.

Hand in hand these two were gliding. She a slight girl with crisp sun-lit hair waving about fur-covered shoulders, and caught here and there with frost crystals, — a pure face bright with health, and sweet eyes lifted to the face above her. And the way the youth looked down from his greater height into her fair face, told the pretty love tale, without a word.

We gave them a nod of a greeting and passed on unwilling to disturb so pretty a winter idyl. We carelessly followed their tracks upon the ice, easily discernible along the unfrequented shore; and they led us unto a beautiful frozen fall among cedars, before which the lovers had passed, and here their tracks came close together. The cedar leaves on either side were coated thickly with frozen foam. I went ashore and gathered several sprays, but they proved ephemeral, for the morning following I had nothing left of the waxen things but the green cedar leaves; the mild air in my study being death to their white beauty.

In the next cove, from over the height came

prancing, two merry falls, sparkling and glaring at the top where the sun caught them. After gazing I know not how long, I was recalled to the present by my brother's voice suggesting tea time so we turned reluctantly from the beauty and skated homeward.

And now everything was transformed in the red glow. The eastern slope, scarcely touched with snow, looked like bronze velvet, and excepting that here and there was a patch of white, the scene might have been mistaken for an October one. As the sun sank lower the glow grew richer,

the rocks our youth and maiden were again to be seen. They had loitered about the coves and were late returning.

### Victoria Club Carnival.

The carnival given by the Victoria Skating Club in February was the most brilliant ice function that has taken place for many seasons.

Toronto is not a city of winter carnivals; these gayeties belong rather to Montreal and Quebec, where the weather is more reliable.

Who, of those fortunate enough to attend, will forget Quebec's carnival of three winters ago? It stands out among memory's pictures, as vividly as does that wonderful summer carnival — the beautiful White City of Chicago. The snow-piled fortress hill, the grey old houses, the tin roofs ashine with ice, the hilly roadways down which pedestrians slipped and rolled as best they might; the wild east wind and gusty blinding snow storm; the ice statues, gay toboggans, and glittering ice palace — the rollicking glistening picturesque wintriness of it all is something long to be remembered.

And then the skating carnival — how vividly it was recalled by the pretty scene at the Victoria rink, — the crowded galleries, the gay music, the mass of color, and kaleidoscope of graceful swinging movement.

First came the march — a delightful marshalling, and then the seductive waltzes, — the Victoria Club can certainly boast of finished skaters, — and afterwards came the gay motley that makes time and

place truly carnival and realistic.

The costumes were most effective. "Two Little Girls in Blue" — as bonnie as Canada's little maidens may be — chattered with a shroud but amiable Uncle Sam. A "Christmas Tree" — a dark eyed beauty, all in soft white, with a wee shapely evergreen for coiffure; swept by under the care of *le militaires*, a sardonic Mephisto took care of a little "Red Witch" all wound with serpents; an unusually energetic Policeman arrested every one in turn, and Folly danced delightfully.

The glitter and gayety, color and soft sound wove themselves in to the sweet meshes of the music, — and the night was an epitome of fairest winter mirth.



until the limbs of the already golden willows, bordering pretty points, seemed to have been dipped in a sea of red, and frozen a magical glistening color, while upon one height a picturesque grey old castle with out-lying dusky pines, gave added touch of artistic grace.

We were not yet done with pictures for on entering the harbor we saw an iceboat, its white sails reddened, and boys chasing each other, their steel skates gleaming, while overhead sailing in its haughty height, a great grey eagle caught the sun upon his wings.

We loosened our skates and climbed our own dear hill, and looking from a lofty south-western window saw the crossed wires above the village hanging from building to pole and from pole to building again, like a giant spider web frosted with reddened dew; while beneath climbing up

