

EASTERTIDE.

N^{OT} even the fact that it has been made a "fashionable" season can destroy the influence and fragrance of Easter. Whatever of pagan custom has been associated with its observance has gradually become regarded as an Easter essential. It is strange how a certain verse may be held in memory by a scene or a story. The great Resurrection truth, surely the mightiest words which have ever been uttered, are linked for many of us with the scene of sacrifice which closes Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." As poor, debauched Sidney Carton, who nobly redeemed his life at the last, went to the guillotine to save another, the sublime words of hope echoed in his ears: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." The tendency to make Easter an excuse for holiday festivities and trivial gifts is not one of the most pleasing features of our modern social life. Fashion has done its the Fashion has done its best to spoil Christmas and to vulgarise also the commemoration of the most solemn event in sacred history. * *

THE MATTER OF MOURNING.

TT is remarkable how the custom of wearing black in sign of mourning has been modified in recent years. The heavy veils, the lavish crape trimmings have almost disappeared and the awful black roses and sable poppies are no longer among popular millinery adornments. To some, no doubt, the wearing of what is called "mourning" may be a kind of relief, a mode of expression which brings a certain sad satisfaction; but to many it means depression and intensified gloom and such natures should never adopt it. Convention has changed much in this regard and the period for wearing black is now rare-ly discussed. The very phrase, "wear-ing mourning," has a mechanical insincerity about it which jars upon the sensitive ear. It is a comfort to many that the growing common-sense of the community now regards such a matter as of individual choice rather than conventional rule. Ruskin, who loved bright colours so passionately, said in his later days: "Let there be no black in your memory of me". It was becoming, then, that when he died, the pall covering the bier was of soft, rich crimson, worked in lilies by the Kensington pupils who loved him, with his own motto, "Unto This Last." * * * no black in your memory of me.' Tt

A BIT OF WISDOM.

DISCUSSIONS involving the femi-D nine temperament are eternal. One of the most interesting of these is introduced in Mr. Jerome Hart's new serial in the Argonaut. Yarrow and Mrs. Lyndon, who is chaperoning a pretty girl whom the former ad-mires, are philosophising—as a young man and an elderly woman may. The latter says:

"To use your gambling phrase, you may always bet on a woman who is a favourite with other women. But the woman who is avoided by her own sex and is a favourite only with men-well, she may be all right, but have not always found her so.

"Your theories tally with those en-tertained by men," replied Yarrow. "The social standing of a man in men's circles is not affected by his standing in what is called 'society'

which women control. When two men become acquainted through the introduction of a woman, they rarely become friends—sometimes they regard it so lightly that they forget to bow. A popular 'society man' may be ruth-lessly blackballed at the clubs." . . . "We women have our own conduct

code, and you men have yours. Your code sometimes seems absurd to us, but ours must often seem absurd to you. Still I think it is wisest to take the judgment of each sex on the qualities of its own members. But dear me! How very serious we have become. And how long I am lingering at table!"

* THE SPANISH FASHIONS.

JUST at present there is said to be J a fashion for Spanish costumes and fancies in Paris, London and New York. The fashion started with the Spanish doll given by Queen Victoria of Spain to the Novelists' Bazaar in London last December. Dolls in Spanish dress at once became the "rage" and the fashion spread to human attire. Spanish lace, with all its graceful designs and uses is freely displayed, while the castanets are re-vived in the theatres. Touches of coquettish carnation in the hair and trimmings of velvet ribbon lattice-work on the skirts are also suggestive of the lazy land of Spain. But, above all characteristics of Spanish femi-ninity, is the fan and be it remarked that the fan of Spain is an entirely different weapon from the fan of flowery Japan. The latter is airy, light and diaphanous, as frail as the petals of the chrysanthemum or the cherryblossom which bestrew the Island-Empire of the Mikado. But the fan of Spain is a more stately affair, whether of ivory or ebony tints. Its slow, subtle movement belongs to a historic race with old-world gardens and crumbling palaces. Other fashions may come and go in the land where Queen Isabella once ruled; but the fan is the Senora's inalienable property. * *

THE APRON AGAIN.

NOW that aprons are "in" again, it looks as if we might hope for pockets to bloom once more. The apron of 1908, in its daintiest form, is a marvel of "fluffy ruffles." Of course there is the common or garden variety of apron which is of black-and-white checks and of great useful-But woman is never content ness. with the merely useful. She revels in the superfine apron of magnified handkerchief size with frills, lace and pink ribbons. It is even rumoured that the old-fashioned silk apron with the fringe of many years ago is to return to adorn if not to protect to return to adorn, if not to protect our gowns. CANADIENNE.

EASTER DAWN.

Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn Flames softly over Olivet,

The night of pain and death has gone, The air is full of fragrance drawn From blossoms of the thorn, dew-

wet. Awake, O earth! awake and greet The day and all it brings to thee—

Love's crowning triumph, full, complete;

Awake and sing with rapture sweet Thy song of Immortality! Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn

Flames softly over Olivet.

Jean Blewett, in The Canadian Magazine.



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