

centre of attraction; when we consider this fact, I fear there is very little chance of any man taking kindly to the idea. I hope you are not a believer in the genuine old-fashioned theory that a cobweb is the best thing to stop the bleeding of a cut. We have had a terrible proof of this popular fallacy just lately. A woman has actually died from blood-poisoning brought on by the cobweb practice, and now doctors say it is really the worst remedy, for cobwebs collect dirt and dust and, alas, microbes! In these days of spring cleaning it certainly behoves us to make short work of cobwebs; by the way, I wonder how it was our grandmothers, who were so great on house-cleaning, ever tolerated the presence of such a sign of dirt. Now, according to my promise, I must tell you a little about York. It is a most interesting old city, but like a good many other old places the general aspect is not pleasing, it is smoky, the streets are narrow and dirty and there are few good buildings. Of course the glory of the city is its cathedral. I hope my little sketch will give you some idea of the splendid edifice. It is one of the largest of our cathedrals and certainly one of the finest. I especially admired the east and west windows, the glass is very old, indeed so old that it is impossible to distinguish the subjects, but the tracery is wonderful. The minster as it now stands was completed in 1472 the erection of the building having lasted nearly two centuries and a half. The first church which was erected on the spot in 627 was a wooden one, but it was soon replaced by one of stone. York minster seems to have been particularly unfortunate in one respect, it was wholly or partially destroyed by fire. Of course it was as often rebuilt or restored and this will account for the several different styles of architecture in the building. Whenever I see these noble evidences of the skill, perseverance and marvellous art of our ancestors, I cannot help wondering how it is that notwithstanding the gigantic strides which art and science have made since the middle ages, the art of architecture seems not only to have stood still, but one might almost say to have gone backwards. I do not deny that domestic architecture has improved, for who could draw any comparison between the houses of now and those of two hundred years ago. It is not so with our public buildings, what has become of the grandeur, the sublimity of conception and the marvellous workmanship of olden times as seen in our churches, etc., of the middle ages? Another relic of which the inhabitants of York are justly proud, is the city wall with its old gates or bars. These walls entirely surround the city and are thought to have been built in the first instance by the Romans, Micklegate Bar is the oldest gate, built in 1300, is also the most interesting for here the heads of many "traitors" have been exhibited. When a town boasts the possession of a castle, one somehow expects to find a genuine old time-worn building, so I must confess I was somewhat disappointed in York castle. It is not half so old as I expected, with the exception of that portion known as Clifford's Tower. This is a grey crumbling ruin built by William the Conqueror as a keep with dungeons and surrounded by a deep moat. It is said that in the reign of Richard I. 2,000 Jews were massacred here, where they had taken refuge from a furious populace. The Jews were not any more popular in York than they are in Russia in our own time. Whilst wandering round the city I came across some delightfully artistic old streets and houses. One street especially took my fancy, it was called "The Shambles" and certainly was not a very aristocratic part of the town. It seemed to be the region of butchers' shops for I counted no less than twenty in this short street. They were all small with very low ceilings, the houses consisted mostly of three stories and gabled roofs, each story projected considerably beyond the one beneath, so that one at the top windows could easily shake hands with a neighbor across the street. Many of the houses seem to be tumbling down and unoccupied, so I presume this little bit of old York will soon be cleared away to make room for more modern, but certainly not such picturesque buildings. I have a decided weakness for anything old in architecture, and I think the absence of ancient buildings is one of the features I notice most in the colonies. I could quite understand the feeling which prompted a young American, who was viewing that charming old Derbyshire show-place, Haddon Hall, at the same time I was, to exclaim, "Now this is what I call real nice!" then turning to a friend, "Don't you wish this could just be set down in New York?"

I wonder if you have wicker tea-baskets in your part of the world. These little travelling tea equipages have become very popular of late years, and a great comfort they are. What can be more delightful or refreshing than a cup of tea on a long railway journey, and then there is the amusement and diversion of preparing it. These baskets provide tea-pot, kettle, boxes, etc., everything necessary to furnish a charming little tea-tray.

This week I send you a recipe for a delicious sweet: Soak half a packet of isinglass in three-quarters of a pint of water, dissolve it over the fire with a few pieces of thinly-pared lemon rind, four ounces of loaf sugar and the juice of two lemons, let it simmer for five minutes and strain into a basin. When it is just beginning to set, whisk the jelly until it is white and frothy, add half a pint of whipped cream slightly sweetened, beat altogether until well-mixed, and when properly set, fill custard glasses with the mixture and put a strawberry and cherry on the top of each. This makes a very nice addition to a supper-table.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 11--Miss Maud Ogilvy.

The subject of this sketch, Miss Maud Ogilvy, is a native of Montreal. On her mother's side she descended from a well known family of Ontario, the Powells, members of which have held promi-

nent positions in Toronto, while their descendants are still to be found in the front ranks of the public service and of science. Hon. Wm. Dunster Powell, Miss Ogilvy's great-grandfather, was Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and her grandfather, Mr. John Powell, in the rebellion of '37 was taken prisoner by the rebels. Escaping he reached Toronto, then "Little York" in time to give the alarm and put the garrison on their guard. Later he was made mayor of Toronto. Miss Ogilvy's father, Mr. John Ogilvy, is a Scotchman by birth, a native of the little town of Brechin in Forfarshire, where his family have lived for generations. He has been a familiar figure in Montreal society and business circles for many years.

Miss Maud Ogilvy was educated at the school of the Misses Gairdner in Montreal until the age of sixteen, when she was sent for two years to a finishing school in London, England. Here she was remarkable for her excellent French accent and her thorough acquaintance with English literature, thorough, that is for a girl of her age. Like most Canadians she found the English climate very trying, and for her first year her health suffered somewhat, but this soon wore off. It is said that people who live in northern climes are peculiarly subject to "Heimuch" and my experience goes strongly to prove the theory. No Swiss exiled from his native mountains could suffer more than Canadians I have known in voluntary banishment for educational or other purposes.

The presence of circumstances making independence advisable and a strong wish for congenial employment, brought Miss Ogilvy face to face with the question, "What shall my life work be?" While her training qualified her to be a teacher, the more congenial and varied pursuit of literature attracted her, and those friends who knew her best, convinced that her natural gifts and industry were such as to promise success, urged her in the direction to which her tastes inclined. Thus encouraged, her first little ventures went



Yours sincerely
Maud Ogilvy

forth and were successful in a modest degree. They consisted of letters to the daily papers on such subjects as might be before the public and were written in pure English, in a style by turns thoughtful and witty and were eagerly looked for by appreciative readers. Short stories came next and in 1890 were followed by her first important venture, "Marie Gourdon, A Romance of the Lower St. Lawrence." It was well received by the Canadian public and attracted much attention in French and Catholic circles to whom her writings had not previously appealed. By the appreciation shown in it of the influence of the Church on society in that primitive district, and by the delicate truth of the atmosphere through whose medium her *dramatis personae* are seen, Miss Ogilvy proves herself equally at home in the amenities of society and civilized life as among the primitive surroundings of the French of the lower St. Lawrence and the changes from one phase of life to the other give variety of interest to her story. One of its strangest characteristics is the sympathy with everything Canadian—climate, people, traditions—which makes her at once to be a true daughter of her country.

Her next important venture, "The Keeper of the Bic Lighthouse," a neat little volume embellished with a sketch, by a Montreal artist on the cover, has also proved a success, and was passed through two editions. There are now in press, biographies of two of our most prominent men, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott and Sir Donald Smith.

In addition to these works, Miss Ogilvy has written many interesting articles shewing painstaking research, and full of reliable information, and has contributed to the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Brooklyn *Musical Magazine*, the New York *World*, in addition to numerous Canadian newspapers and magazines. It will be seen that her writings touch upon many themes, and yet there is one more line in which she excels, that of

a writer of society sketches for the papers. We all know how difficult it is in this branch of newspaper writing to draw the line between privacy and publication, between the incidents and people we may write about and those cases in which publicity would be a breach of good taste. In this regard Miss Ogilvy never fails and with all due reticence, her notes all most piquant, interesting and appreciative. Alike in municipal events, topics of the day, society items, the churches and the fashions. She culls her facts and fancies with a taste and judgment rarely combined in so high a degree. Consequently her services are called into requisition by people who would hesitate before placing themselves and their entertainments at the mercy of the ordinary newspaper reporter.

In person Miss Ogilvy is of middle height with a dainty figure, small hands and feet, and lovely golden brown hair. While her features are not strictly regular, her forehead and eyes all fine and her expression animated and pleasing. Combined with these a pure accent, a sweet voice in speaking and conversation full of wit and repartee, make up a personality attractive in a high degree. [Ed.]

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs. Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox, Toronto.

Outdoor Sports for Women.

TENNIS.

So far, in our consideration of outdoor sports, we have selected those in which the gentle reader can "go it alone,"—as the saying is. On her wheel, or her horse she can be quite independent of company, but in the more sociable tennis-court she is obliged to summon aid to perfect her amusement—someone to serve, that she may return; someone to meet her airy defiance with firm unerring stroke—and call to the *qui vive* all her "neatness and dispatch" in response. Tennis is above all healthful, but hard work. Many women find the stretching, the running and the stooping too trying to back and muscle, but if a youthful, limber, active young creature finds no pleasure in the buoyant pastime, then, surely, there is something radically wrong in her tastes. The first question which suggests itself is, no doubt, that of costume to the mind of the average girl. From head to heel tennis demands, ease, room and brightness of garb, the soft light hat or cap which fits down round the head, the blouse waist with turn-down collar the wide and neatly pleated skirts, the broad-soled low shoe, all cut and shaped to give perfect freedom of motion and stretching space. Any idiosyncrasy of taste and divergence in model is allowed in the selection of the color and cut of the tennis suit, so long as the two above requisites are considered. The tennis girl, flying about the trimly kept lawn, with quickened breath and dancing eyes, light, alert and determined, may be as brilliant as a bird of paradise, without overstepping good taste, the cool, deep background of hill or hedge, the emerald turf under her dainty tread form fitting foils for her most *bizarre* costume.

As to raquets. Ah! that is as difficult a question to preach upon as I know. Who dare advise the tennis girl, as she makes her selection, poising this racquet, balancing the other, twirling the third with limber and practised wrist, and then shaking her head and turning unsatisfied to number four, to poise and twirl and finger the taut thongs, and finally to make friends with one particular tool, why, she and she only knows. A very good and serviceable racquet can be bought for \$3.00, the prices range from \$1.50 up to \$7.50. For the complete outfit of net, poles, four racquets and balls, prices run from \$10.00 to \$50.00. No more delightful summer afternoon can be spent than is enjoyed by four expert and enthusiastic tennis players, on a well-rolled court, with room for long shots out of bounds, and every appointment of the game in first class order. It is a wholesome, ladylike and body sport, and a whole volume of praise should be expressed in the remark one sometimes hears made of some bright and bonnie belle "She's a first class tennis player." Toronto boasts many such, and everyone who knows Toronto girls knows but to admire. Is not that so?

Grace E. Driscoll

Would You Have Peace at Home and a Good Name Abroad?

When you don't know what to say, say so.
Nurse good habits, and wet-nurse bad ones.
Open doors quietly and shut them without a bang.
Use the door-mat, instead of the floor carpet, for a foot scraper.
Live sociably with your family, and peaceably with your neighbors.
Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.
Be agreeable to your wife as you would be with "other men's wives."

Speak as pleasantly to your husband as you would to "other women's husbands."

When the "last word" is likely to be an unkind one, let someone else say it.

Look out for the claws of the family cat when its paws are fairly let out of the bag.

If it must be a kiss or a blow, let the kiss come first—the blow will take care of itself.