

solute starvation, for both parents were well aware that dry bread and tea was no nourishment for the human system, whether young or old.

Christmas morning came snowy and pleasant, and the children awoke with something of the expectation that always accompanies the happy season of Christmas wherever Christianity has unfurled its munificent flag. And though there was absolutely nothing else to cheer them, children as they were, they found a Christmas pleasure in the snow. There would be snowballing and they would make a big snow man. O rare fun! So the miserable fire was lighted and the miserable breakfast got, and the children went out to play, while the elders looked upon each other mournfully.

In came the children running: "Mother, there's heaps of wood in the shed. Where did father get it, and why don't we have a big fire? An' here's a big ba'ket; I tumbled over it an' hurt my leg. And there's a letter tied on it." All in a breath.

Out went both father and mother to see, and sure enough it was as the children said: Wood enough to last for a month; a big basket with a label attached, "For the little folks at No. 43," and above and beyond all it stood on a child's little sleigh—worth about forty cents only in cash, but its weight in gold in happiness to the little folks for whom it was intended.

With a great cry of gratitude to God and the unknown donor the father lifted in the precious basket and began to unpack it, for the wife trembled so violently with surprise and weakness that she had to sit down.

Treasure upon treasure! A five dollar bill in an envelope marked "For Rent," a ten-pounder of Christmas beef, a three-pounder plum-pudding, a five-pounder cake, home-made at that, a half-dozen oranges, three pairs of little mittens, three little wool hoods, a lot of little half-worn boots and rubbers, a large Christmas card wrapped in paper and bearing the message "Ask the Father in My Name." At the bottom of the basket lay tea, coffee, sugar, and another envelope containing a one dollar bill marked "For milk and other odds and ends," and on the other side "A Christmas present from a friend."

Who could have sent it? That was the mystery, and a mystery it remained; but no doubt that sweet Angel of Mercy, whose errand it is to do good, carried to the right heart the benison of the happy recipients of his gift, "God bless the warm Canadian heart that has remembered the friendless strangers at Christmas time!"

S. A. CURZON.

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

O, Love that makes the foolish wise;  
O, Love that turns the wise to folly;  
That lifts men now unto the skies,  
And sinks them now in melancholy.

O, Love that doth anoint our sight,  
And make our blinded eyes see clearly;  
O, Love that chases truth and light,  
Till knowledge cometh bought so dearly.

King, priest, sage, saint, thy power confess,  
Stronger than sceptre, crook or science;  
None liveth that thou canst not bless,  
None that can bid thy spell defiance.

Thy bitterest bitter yet is sweet,  
The savour of thy sweet is bitter,  
Mixed is the joy on thy crowned seat,  
And mixed the pain on thy soft litter.

Now thou'rt a demon in man's breast,  
And now a christ, an inspiration;  
Now a wild storm, now a sweet rest;  
Man's ruin now, now his salvation.

Men bless and curse thee in one breath,  
For oft thou seem'st both God and devil,  
Lightly bestowing life or death,  
Dealing with one hand good and evil.

As falls thy cruel, withering spell,  
As thy great gift of joy is given,  
Were 't not for thee life would be hell,  
Were 't not for thee life would be heaven.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.



The "Old Reliable," Professor Reynolds, has been giving an interesting exhibition of his wonderful mesmeric powers at Victoria Rifles Armory. He will continue for two weeks.

"Pat Rooney" and his charming daughter Kate are daily crowding the Royal with their new Irish musical comedy, "Pat's Wardrobe." It is an absurdity without plot, but very amusing and well played. A. D.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—The Kendals are playing all this week to crowded houses in "A Scrap of Paper," "The Queen's Shilling," and the "Ironmaster." These famous actors have been already criticized in this journal. Next week the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels will appear.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Roger la Honte, or Thou Art the Man"—a very strong drama, by Jules May, the author of the celebrated novel of the same name, is being presented to large houses. The company has been specially engaged for this play, and is a strong one. Actors of such merit as Mr. G. M. Wood, and the child, Mowat Campbell, play the leading male parts, while the heroine is played by Miss M. St. John, who is an actress of exceptional merit. This play has had a run in Paris of 500 nights, and is still being played in London to large houses. The piece is full of strong scenes, and effective rendering is required to bring them out. We prophecy a most successful engagement.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Austin's Australians are playing to good houses. The gymnastics of the Austin sisters are specially good.

Sarasate and D'Albert gave lovers of music a great treat at the Pavillion last Saturday. Artists of such merit are ever welcome to Toronto. G. E. M.

### HERE AND THERE.

Stone is coming largely into use in Toronto of late, and the demand is certain to increase very rapidly. Many valuable stone quarries which have hitherto lain idle and unprofitable on the owners' hands, should in the near future prove sources of much profit. The quarries of the lower provinces are beginning to find a Canadian market for stone which formerly was sold almost exclusively in the United States.—*Canadian Architect.*

The Canadian Institute Sociological Committee have issued a circular calling the attention of Canadian scientists to the fact that sociology has not hitherto received in Canada that measure of attention to which it is entitled, and requesting the co-operation of all interested so that "light may be cast upon the genesis and growth of government as well as upon legal, sociological and economic thought by an accurate study of our Indian tribes in their existing conditions and organizations." Specimens for the museum of the Institute are also requested.

Canadian cheese has splendid reputation in the English markets, and in this line Canada is more than holding her own with the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that the United States has a population about twelve times that of the Dominion she only exported last year about four million pounds more than Canada, the total exports from both countries being: United States 88,008,458 pounds, and Canada, 84,173,267 pounds. In the matter of price, however, the superiority of Canadian cheese was clearly shown, Canada receiving for her smaller quantity \$8,928,000 while the United States only received \$8,736,000. This record is one which every manufacturer in Canada should exert himself to maintain.

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop that was once a smithy. The limb belonged to Gen. Daumesnil, and replaced the leg he lost in the big wars of the first Napoleon. This rugged old warrior defended the Fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having said to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place, "Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my keys!" The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vincennes smith in order to be "shod," as the General himself expressed it. Before the article was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and his sham limb remained in the ancient smithy until the present day. It will now be placed in the Artillery Museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other historic relics.

EMIN BEY AND HIS WORK.—In person Emin is a slender man, of medium height, and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy, with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses which he always wears. His attitudes and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained as a soldier. He was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the provinces of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Mohammedan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is a German, of University education; but

there were many at that time who thought that he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great ability in many ways and of strong character. Just why such a man should have gone where he has and stayed there is hard to see. Probably it was largely force of circumstances and a spirit of adventure. Certainly when he went there there was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he was actuated by no great philanthropic ardour. Responsibilities gradually came upon him and he rose to them. It is easy to see how, in a character like Emin's—sympathetic, reflective and enthusiastic—noble purposes were with a noble example before him and great opportunities around him. Emin's uncertain power in a savage land is all that remains of the late Khedive's central African empire. One day in Khartoum, Gordon asked me what I thought would be the future of the Equatorial Provinces. I said the power will gradually return to the Arabs; the negroes will kill their friends and tormentors together, and the good old times of war and famine will come back. I am still of that opinion. Unless the enlightenment of Europe can control the upper Nile country, either through the Soudan or from the south, barbarism will control it.—*Scribner.*

### FASHION NOTES.

Ladies are wearing the daintiest and prettiest little "fobs" imaginable, made of fine gold chains united by small circlers of engraved crystal. They look very well indoors, or with a dress that is not covered with a mantle or jacket, but it is simply a pity that they should be altogether hidden. Sapphires are quite the gems of the year, especially when set in brilliants and it is difficult to say whether the diamonds set off the sapphires or the sapphires the diamonds.

The Louis Quinze coat of three-quarter length, with a vest almost as long, is shown by tailors, but garments of such length are not usually thought becoming. A very elaborate vest, rich with embroidery, or braiding or fur, is a feature of the Louis Quinze coat. Braiding is very effectively done in corner pieces, points, yokes, and vests on single-breasted cuirass coats, like the double-breasted jacket described above, with cross seams on the hips. Seal-skin and other fur jackets are cut in this long slender shape, being made extra long this year, with either single or double fronts, or with close or full sleeves, as the wearer chooses, and a turned-over collar.

The garnitures this season designed either for mantle or gown decoration were never more elegant, varied, or effectively applied. The new black trimmings are marvels of modern richness and artistic taste, these in Vandyked bands, fringes, scroll, and arabesque passementeries, gothic panels and deep points to match for corsage and sleeves, and special devices in silk and metal work, with often glittering pendeloques and splinters depending therefrom. Soutache braids are still highly popular on certain styles of dress, these put on in rows or crossing each other in quaint fashion. Galloons of every width are made great use of, and are to be found in all the dark and neutral colours, matching plain dress fabrics, or showing rich autumn mixtures and combinations in keeping with the beautiful colour melanges of the season.

Tailor jackets for autumn and winter are much longer than they have been for several years, fitting smoothly down over the hips, and of even length all around. Plain models, that are also very stylish when made of scouring cloth or serge, are fitted like a cuirass with darts and side forms, and have also the old-fashioned cross-basque seam passing around the front and hips to the middle forms of the back. The fronts are double-breasted and turned over, with small revers at the top, yet are closed there with a high collar. The sleeves are coat shaped, and square pocket flaps are set in the cross seams on the hips. Two rows of stitching are the only trimming; two rows of buttons on the front are flat wooden moulds the size of a quarter of a dollar, covered with the serge. Such coats are made of red or navy blue serge for young ladies, or of gray or brown cloth for wearing with various dresses, and are also excellent in black serge for ladies dressing in mourning.

There is to be no startling departure during the season in the dressing of the hair. Any way and every way will be equally popular. The Psyche knot has fallen—and great was the fall thereof—into a broader knot further down, which can be worn becomingly with turbans and walking hats. The severe Alsatian braids pinned in a flat circle, with every hair geometrically correct, also prevail for the street. On a wet, windy day this is the most sensible coiffure, as the closely braided strands defy all attacks of the freaky weather to loosen them. For the evening there is a softly coiled Greek knot, a few short, wavy locks escaping on the neck, or the coil which is always graceful, exactly on the crown, leaving the hair above and below it to wave in natural lines. Last but not least comes the "Potter roll." This is particularly becoming to women with narrow faces, as it extends in a soft framework just below the ears. The hair is rolled closely upward from the extreme end till it lies horizontally above the nape of the neck. When pinned securely, the ends of the coil gathered in at the sides and lying close to the head, it reaches from ear to ear, something of a crescent in shape. It is easiest arranged with hair reaching only to the shoulders, as the roll becomes bulky with hair too long and thick. Only a large hat looks well with it.