

RAMBLES.

Here is one, — a Cobweb Party. They were quite fashionable at Christmas gatherings in Montreal.

You choose a prominent piece of furniture in your best room, and attach to it a string for each guest you have invited. The more strings the better the cobweb. You then twine them in every conceivable manner around chairs; twist them about the legs of the table; pass them through the key-hole; run them up stairs and down again; into every room and out of it; up and down again; round the table legs once more; and away in a corner each string ends in a pretty little present. The guests are each allotted a string, and the fun begins. They must follow their string. They wander about. They lose themselves and find themselves. They cross and re-cross and entangle with each other almost inextricably; they roam up and down, down and up, and come out all right at the end. The interwindings and funny experiences in the unthreading of the maze — are just the thing for a Christmas or Birthday Party.

PERFUME BY THE QUART.

In circles of extreme fashion in London, ladies are buying their perfume by the gallon. It is enjoyed, not only for the trifling indulgencies of the toilet and the wardrobe, but also for the bath. A devotee chooses her specialty in perfume with as much individuality as she bestows upon her household arrangements, and her face powders, soaps, vinegars, breath pastils, etc., are all perfumed "to match." The rage is for violet.

ABOUT LAMPS

and candleshades, they are still smothered in flowers. Orchids, roses, chrysanthemums are the favourites. An ingenious lamp that turns itself into a flower-stand by day is likely to take the fancy of novelty seekers.

OF SHOES,

the trousseau of the Princess Victoria of Prussia contained an extraordinary supply. As many as twenty pairs were provided by one fashionable firm. Shoes of gold kid, shoes of silver kid, shoes of plush with trimmings of fur, shoes in tartan, shoes in bronze, as well as shoes in black, vied with each other in their coaxing inducements to her royal feet. *On dit* that the said royal foot takes sevens. But I score that out.

Fashions in notepapers are very pretty. The Pompadour has a light blue ground with white stripes across. The Iris is of shot pink and blue brocade. Another beauty has a gold ground strewn with yellow roses and forget-me-nots. I must have a prize for a Canadian notepaper, as beautiful as it will be characteristic.

THE FASHION

in wrinkles is to have them *massaged* away.

RAMBLER.

GOLDEN WORDS OF CANADIAN POETS.

SKATING.

Come to the moonlit lake,  
Where rays of silver bright  
Their slender arrows break  
On the glassy pavement bright!  
For hearts are gay, and joy is rife:  
And youth and beauty, love and life,  
Are out on the ice to-night.

JOHN LOWRY STUART.



In few things more than in reading are the advantages of small beginnings felt. Half an hour, yes, even a few minutes a day, if persistently and conscientiously maintained, will work wonders. It is a simple task. It falls lightly upon the time and attention. The result is incredible. The less-than-nothings-of-time are the greatest things we have at our disposal.

In Our Reading Club our aim is to catch these: to tell them we must have them: to convince them that we cannot do without them: that perhaps they are the most important part of our days. If we are busy all day long and have but half an hour to ourselves it seems scarcely worth while planning out something specially for it. That however is the half hour we want: be it in the morning, in the noon time, or in the evening, we want it to make a bargain with us that when we ask it it will promptly respond and be at our service. I wish I had time to tell you all that a less than nothing of time has done. How in every corner of the globe, among every nation in the world, it has always been the living power in the hands of the men and women that have made the world what it is. The odd five minutes, the stray moments, we have so many of them at our call when we have not an hour or half a day.

Let this be our understanding then, our starting point. We need not interfere with school, or with work, or with play. We need leave no duty undone or half done. We need give up no taste in exercise, in profession, or in pursuit. We have but to consecrate the little moments that sandwich themselves in between our other demands, with persistence and determination and our club will thrive.

Our aim is to give you a taste for reading: to show you what you may do with little time: to urge you on to good reading: and to help you to the habit of regular and conscientious study. In this way our field is divided into three distinct parts. We have our little tots, the sweet little darlings of the family that are all the time asking why and how, to attend to. They shall have our tenderest and most loving care. Then come the boys and girls that go to school: who must romp and play as much as they can, even though we want them in clubs too, for to be a good Young Canadian you must all be first very good animals: boys and girls that can eat well, sleep well, run well, and laugh well. Still you too have your less than nothings to give us. Then we have our young men and women who have more pressure on their time, and who perhaps need us more than all. And last we have our Canadian mothers; those whose work is never done: whose rest is in change of work: and who must have very few indeed of less than nothings to give us, in their long and busy day, or in their long and busy night. But even to them as a softener of toil, as a lightener of burdens, as a gleam of something to take them out of themselves and out of their endless routine of urgent duties, we come with our club to them. It is perhaps the tenderest but truest of ironies that we come to them.

Now be ready. I had intended to tell you this week all about the clubs and their names, badges, etc., etc. But the Editor won't let me. And the Editor's word is law.

PATER.