BOVRIL

IS RICH IN FIBRINE AND ALBUMEN

Fibrine and albumen are the nutritive elements of beef. BOVRIL is rich in these elements and they are so prepared that they are easily digested and quickly assimilated, making rich red blood. BOVRIL guards against disease by building up bodily vigor.

Miss Stella Bowlby, First-avenue, left for New York on Thursday night and will be away about two weeks.

Miss Marjorie Haskins is in Barrie visiting her cousin, Mrs. Alexander Maclaren.

Mrs. Charles Kimpton, 143 Dunn-avenue, will receive Tuesday for the last time this season.

Mrs. W. J. McWhinney, 16 Crescent-road, and Miss Gwendolyn McWhinney have gone to Atlantic City and New York for a few weeks.

Mrs. Percy Barrett, Lambton Mills, will receive on Thursday for the last time this season.

Mrs. Andrew G. Ingram and Miss Ingram, 322 Palmerston-boulevard, will receive on Thursday and not again this season.

Mrs. W. Walker and the Misses Walker, 20 1-2 Langley-avenue, Riverdale, will be at home on Thursday from 4 to 6 and 8 to 10. Miss Edna Walker leaves on Friday to take a course in the Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia.

Mrs. W. S. Hodgens, 206 Russell Hill-drive, will not receive during March.

Mrs. W. J. J. Butler, formerly Miss Elma Smith, will hold her post nuptial reception on Thursday, March 16, at her home, 499 Euclid-avenue, from 4 to 6 and 8 to 10 o'clock.

BEACH CANOE CLUB DANCE.

The Beach Canoe Club held one of their monthly dances in their cosy club house at Balmy Beach on Monday evening. The patronesses were: Mrs. E. C. Berkinshaw and Mrs. M. H. Van Valkenburg. The club house was decorated with club colors and flags and refreshments were served from a buffet decorated with Richmond roses and smilax.

Some of those present were: Mrs. R. A. Gledhill, Miss Stewart, Miss Millward Burns, Miss Mae McKenzie, Miss Mildred Wilson, Miss Irene Burns, Miss Eleanor Whitlam, Miss Lillian Whitlam, Miss Lena Dale, Miss Emily Verrall, Miss Isabel Reid, Miss Ada Bach, Miss E. White, Miss Ethel Macrae, Miss Ruby Sinclair, Miss Z. Beatton, Miss L. Henry, Miss G. Quigley, Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Mae Petrie, Miss L. Kirby, Mrs. E. C. Bee, Miss Levy, Miss Jean Winters, Mrs. J. H. W. Mackie, Miss N. Barber, Miss Edna Sinclair, Miss Jean Reid, Miss Laura Aiken, Miss A. O'Leary, Miss Irene Hamble, Miss Myrtle Walker, Miss Gardiner, Miss Ida M. Hunter, Miss M. Vale, Miss H. Saunders, Miss Urith Kerr, Miss G. Elliott, Miss O. Bonner, Miss Myrtle Hill, Miss Alice Duggan, Miss Mae Leslie, Miss E. Sharp, Miss Wickett, East Liverpool, Ohio; Miss Moyney, Miss Powers, Miss K. Hicks, Miss Stella Moss, Miss Reina Kent, Miss Reid, Miss E. Reed, Miss E. Manson, Miss Eula Gray, Miss Ethel Nelson, Miss Cora Marshall, Miss E. McComb, Miss Warnica, Miss E. Taylor, Mr. Harry Wickett, Mr. Jim Dolan, Mr. Harold Bennett, Mr. Hugh Stamper, Mr. H. G. Rose, Mr. R. L. Smith, Mr. Bruce Thompson, Mr. G. B. Rose, Mr. S. G. Lugsdin, Mr. R. G. Orr, Mr. Stan. Reid, Mr. R. A. Barber, Mr. F. C. King, Mr. Frank Selway, Mr. A. Brickenden, Mr. J. A. Young, Mr. D. J. Lauder, Mr. H. B. Lorimer, Mr. Bill Harris, Mr. Harry Morgan, Mr. F. J. Foote, Mr. Jack McGregor, Mr. G. A. Wilcox, Mr. L. L. Matchett, Mr. H. D. Bonner, Mr. H. T. Ballagh, Mr. J. F. Plaunt, Mr. Nancekivell, Mr. H. A. Kerr, Mr. Jack Vale, Mr. Gordon Hunter, Mr. Will Gardiner, Mr. W. B. Tennant, Mr. A. W. Fahrweather, Mr. Roy Tuck, Mr. J. C. Legrett, Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, Mr. George Edmonds, Mr. W. Coleman, Mr. J. R. Scott, Mr. J. H. W. Mackie, Mr. E. J. Laing, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. N. E. Russell, Mr. Jack Whitlam, Mr. Frank Gerry, Mr. W. W. Whitney, Mr. Paul Lange, Mr. W. Clare Merrick, Mr. R. H. Nesbitt, Mr. H. England, Mr. Colin Patton, Mr. A. K. Johnston, Mr. Fred Hills, Mr. A. Bushell, Mr. W. R. Back, Mr. S. Bramham, Mr. T. C. James, Mr. J. H. Bonter, Mr. H. A. Scott, Mr. W. Reid, Mr. Curry, Mr. C. Sloan, Mr. Stan. Coleman and Dr. M. L. Laidlaw.

The committe in charge: Mr. C. T. M. Brocklebank, Mr. Wm. Rankin, Mr. E. C. Berkinshaw and Mr. Stan. Reid.

SIGMA THELA DANCE.

The annual dance of the Sigma Thela Fraternity of Jarvis Collegiate, was held in Simpson Hall on Friday evening last and was a brilliant success. The patronesses were Mrs. Jack Lye, Mrs. P. J. Pilkey and Mrs. G. A. Allan. Among those present were: Misses E. Patterson, I. Johnson, M. Carlyle, A. Gairdner, F. Buckner, H. Leith, L. Baker, D. McRae, G. Cochrane, M. Clewlor, L. Foy, P. Baker, M. McLash, H. Locke, L. Blogg, P. Lindsay, L. Stuart, P. Munholland, H. Nurse, H. Symons, M. Bryden, M. Shipp, M. Pilkey, I. Salter, Phylis Ross, Dorthea Ross, E. Mackenzie, I. Harrison, G. Fitzsimmons, M. Gilbert, E. Beattie, V. Davidson, M. Wright, A. Campbell, L. Forgie and Mrs. P. F. Munro and Messrs. C. Rice, H. Johnson, H. Knox, C. Harcourt, C. MacDonald, W. Buckner, R. Stalker, A. Payne, A. Lye, M. Wallace, P. Small, B. Walker, N. C. Cenlor, G. Armstrong, C. Mitchell, W. Smith, H. Goss, A. Blackburn, A. Nurse, W. Brydon, P. J. Pilkey, P. F. Munro, E. Goss, W. Artindale, W. Davidson, F. L. Davis, N. Wallace, O. Wright, A. C. Gregory, R. Allen, C. R. Klingensmith, E. J. Shipp, J. Gairdner, O. G. Lye, K. G. Burness, J. Pilkey, R. Hargraves, L. Addard, F. Mills, G. Murray, W. Hewlett.

Mrs. Smily's Euchres.

Mrs. Owen A. Smiley of Roxborough-street was the hostess of twin military cuchre partiess last week, when tea tables were played each evening, the prizes being cut glass, gold baskets, military brushes and crown derby cups and saucers. On the first evening the hostess was wearing a gold colored satin gown with cream ninon and embroidery and silver bandeau in her hair. The guests included: Dr. and Mrs. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Melville White, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beemer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Westwood, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Irving, Miss May Perry, Miss Pearl Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. George Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Van Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. George Fensome, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Fullerton, Miss Fullerton (Nova Scotia), Mr. and Mrs. W. Hodgins, Dr. Clarkson, Mr. Edwin Smiley. At the second party Mrs. Smiley wore a pale blue charmeuse gown with real lace and pearls and the guests included: Mr. and Mrs. R. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Tomenson, Mr. and Mrs. Towell, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher.

A Kansas Proclamation.

An Anthony man has issued the following proclamation: "Neighbors, I am a man of peace. I want no trouble. I want to make no trouble for others. I have a wife and children, and they need me. I also have a house, a lawn and a garden. I am about to put some seed in my garden beds. I have bought a gun and some shells, and while I am not a crack shot, I think I can hit chickens. It is my purpose to try if any come around where my blue grass is struggling and my onions are showing their bald heads."—Anthony Bulletin.

Enemies of Matrimony.

Wedlock seems to be in a bad way in the mountains of the Dauphine. The confirmed bachelors of the country have decided to meet every month and toast celibacy. Invitations are sent out with the information, "Good feeding, good drinking, much laughter, much dancing."

An added insult to matrimony is that the invitations have been sent to all spinsters who have "put on St. Katherine's cap"; that is to say, who are over 25 and are therefore presumed to be on the high road to old maidenhood. The confirmed bachelors announce their intention of eating, drinking, laughing and dancing with the old maids every month. But their very hardihood may be their undoing.—London Telegraph.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will send, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about it, for cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, dizzie to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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The Wonderful City

An Appreciation

There be many cities on earth. Each country has her own, of which she is justly proud—cities great and fair and wonderful; yet, tho there be many cities, there is but one London.

Paris is as ancient—but Paris is a gay coquet and has none of her sister's grim steadfastness: Dublin is, perhaps, more fair, shut in by her half-moon of hills facing seaward—but Dublin is dead. She lies along the banks of the Liffey with eyes closed and folded hands, beautiful in decay. New York is almost as large, her movements swifter, her life more full of bustle, but New York holds not the mysterious charm of London. Oxford and Winchester have grown old amid their sunny meadows—a beautiful and gracious old age untouched by the heart-searchings and vanities of modern days, but they are content to sit dreaming of the past. London's life is in the present—a strong, full tide of life that never ebbs nor decreases. Thru her streets pass the hurrying throngs of all nations and kindreds and she lays her spell upon them all—a spell not to be broken or cast off.

If you wish to realize to the utmost the power of her magic and the might with which she draws all people unto her, take boat down her busy river to the great docks at its mouth. Here, crowded together, lies the shipping of all the world. Jews, Turks and Arabians jostle each other on the decks; a forest of masts ascends to heaven; fussy little tugs go darting to and fro; strange, spicy odors haunt the air and a babel of tongues can be heard. From thence, a stream of mingled nationalities pours into London and she absorbs them all and makes them one with her.

The first thing which a stranger notes, is the ceaselessness of that tide of life and the orderliness with which it flows. The rule of the road is strictly enforced and the result is a sense of safety and comfort foreign to our newer cities and marvelous to one who watches the great company of people passing and repassing in her narrow, tortuous streets, for in the heart of the City proper, the ancient LONDINIUM that has endured since the days of the Romans, the ways are of necessity somewhat straight ones. Outside those limits, however, she can boast of broad avenues and magnificent boulevards, while the Thames Embanrment, in particular, can be surpassed by no city in the world and equalled in loveliness by but few.

After this, that which strikes you most, I think, is the suddenness with which the roar of sound dies away as you pass into some quiet court where pigeons strut and bow and preen themselves about the old grey pavement, or into some tiny, half-forgotten grave-yard, where the ivy clings to the crumbling headstones and quaint inscriptions tell the resting-place of the unknown dead—such a graveyard as that of Chiswick Old Church, approached by winding malls and with a legend upon the grey wall surrounding it to the effect that "This wall was erected" (in the time of Charles II) "to protect the WARDROBE OF GOD'S SAINTS from prophanation by swine and other animals" passing along what were then country roads to the great City of London which had not yet reached the quiet nooks about which it now stretches its encircling arms.

But it is not only in such retired corners as these, that quiet lingers. The great public parks and gardens that bejewel her stately streets or spring oasis-like among her squalid alleys are heavens of stillness and beauty. Here the noise of traffic is hushed and the music of birds, the splash of fountains, or the gay laughter of children at their play takes its place. Here the ragged urchin from the slums comes for a breath of country freshness, a sight of country greenery; here the children of the rich sail their toy boats upon the streams and pools that break the monotony of the turf-spaces and older people find a resting-place from the turmoil and heat of the day. London's parks are worthy of her greatness.

She can be very beautiful at times, this grim old city, under her blue May skies—not the hard sapphire dome that hangs about our own land, but a soft blueness, melting into immeasureable distances, thru which the sunlight shimmers in a golden mist—with her river flashing and sparkling in the mellow light and the terra cotta sails of the barges catching the glow; or when the long summer twilight lingers in her busy thorofares; when the street lamps wink across the shadows and the torches on the stalls by the roadway send forth a red, smoky gleam and groups of children dance gaily to the sound of some passing hurdy-gurdy. Beautiful too in her thick yellow mantle of fog, when the pavements drip with moisture and the air is heavy with the scent of smoke; when the gas lamps are but dull specks of light walled round with mist; when giant forms loom upon you thru the darkness; when your own voice in speaking sounds far away and muffled and the roar of the streets is dulled to a murmur—a dark and dreadful beauty it may be but it is there.

She has other beauties also that do not depend upon the whims of her fickle lover, the sun. Her many buildings, while not possessing the lightness and grace of those of more southern climes, know a certain sturdy majesty that is all their own. The dome of St. Paul's, dominating the whole city, the imposing masses of the Parliament Buildings, the grave cloisters of Westminster Abbey, the frowning gateways of the Tower, upon whose stones the hand of the passing centuries has lain so lightly, the old red-brickwork and noble hall of Hampton Court—all these and hundreds more make her walks a delight and give to the visitor an even stronger sense of her glory and dignity.

She can be squalid, too, with the unutterable squalor of rows of tumble-down houses, broken windows stuffed with rags, streets deep in mud and starving cats and starving babies fighting in the gutters over some mouldering crust.

She can be terrible—when every festering alley spews out its load of wretchedness, when the hot sun beats down upon her stifling courts and the faint breeze wafts foul odors to your nostrils, when stunted children catch at you as you pass and mingle their petitions with the filthiest blasphemy; when evil faces leer at you thru the shadows and stinking footsteps follow you round dark turnings; when the river creeps thru banks of slime and mumbles against battered piers—a stony-hearted mother to her children, striking the weak down pitilessly into her slums, forcing the strong to battle with all their strength—terrible as only London can be.

Cruel she is and merciless, yet divinely kind—a very Lamia among cities, a woman's soul set in a serpent's body—

"A gordian shape of dazzling hue * *
Some demon's mistress or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wears a wanish fire
Sprinkled with stars * * * * * *
Her head is serpent, but, ah, bitter sweet!
She has a woman's mouth."

A horror she is, and a wonder at once, like the serpent-woman of the poem, a mass of contradictions, yet inevitable as the laws of nature; grasping all the treasures of the earth with one hand, to scatter them abroad among the nations with the other.

Hundreds of her best she has slain—and has builded her mighty fanes to their memory, and the hurrying feet of her multitudes pass on above their dust unheeding. She sits among her sister cities, a goddess who is half a brute, for "the true gods sigh for the cost and the pain, for the reed that shall grow never more again," but she knows no regret for her dead. She has thrust their bones away into dusty nooks and corners, or in little, dark, mouldy churches, where but few now linger to worship, or has thrown her roaring streets across them and a new generation has taken their place and carries on their work.

She is a dreamer of great dreams, a builder of mighty empires—and deep down in the great sorrowful heart of her she knows that she is after all but a monster, beautiful and terrible, and is full of loathing and triumph. For she has her moods of rejoicing also, when she exults as a giant in her strength and her beauty that is high above all others, and the love that her strong sons bear her, who gives them in return of her laughter and her pain, of her pride and of the steadfastness that is like unto the hills, until they "thank their God their birth fell not in isles aside * * but that she lent them worth and gave them right to pride"—she, the stern mother of a conquering race.

In this is London alone among cities. Her beauty, her terror, her squalor may be surpassed, but in no other city do you feel the same sense of being in the presence of some mighty living creature, inarticulate, hardly realizing its own existence perhaps, but there nevertheless and ceaselessly reminding you of its presence. Her streets are never quite empty, but what, I wonder, do those remnants of humanity see who linger there thru that hour that comes between the darkness and the dawn—that hour when, if ever, the soul of London takes shape and walks abroad? Or does she hide herself from them also and linger only in the deserted byways where no man may tell of her passing? This I know, that by dark and daylight there remains always with you the sense of her living presence, her silent overmastering influence—as when some times in the darkness you feel instinctively that another person is in the room.

The grey fronts of her houses lock their lips and refuse to reveal her mystery—her river chuckles grimly over the secret it may not utter, but she is there, watching with incurious eyes the little atoms of humanity that go their way and return again to their dust. Century after century has she watched them. The tread of the Roman legions has sounded in her streets; Saxon and Dane and Norman have battled about her walls, yet still she is waiting—for what? Will the day ever come when she shall pass away and be forgotten as are the myriads that have walked her ways, when her glory will be but a tale that is told, as it has fared with many a mighty city—Babylon the great, and windy Ilium and all the cities of Greece? Will the woman's soul ever be set free from the monster body? Who shall say? Only I know that she has vouchsafed to me some small glimpse of her magic; upon me, the stranger, the outlander, she has cast her spell, and I, who want to curse (being an alien and a scoffer at her power), bless her even above all the cities of mine own people.

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Music Notes

Prof. Michael Hambourg, Toronto, has been invited to become head of the pianoforte department of the McGill Conservatorium. He has accepted on condition that he will not have to be in Montreal more than two days each week.

It is stated that the McGill board of governors regard the appointment as doing away with the necessity some graduates of the pianoforte department have felt of going to Europe to finish their musical education.

Prof. Hambourg's many friends in Toronto will be delighted to hear that he is still to live here the greater part of the time.

A very interesting song recital will be given by Mr. Franklin Riker of New York on March 14 at 8.30 p.m. in the Toronto Conservatory Hall. Mr. Riker has a tenor voice, which has received the highest praise from New York's most competent musical critics. He is a singer of experience, and no doubt many of Toronto's most fashionable people will take this opportunity of hearing him sing. His program is as follows: Romance, Mandoline, Debussy; La Serenite, St. Saens; L'ultima Canzone, Tosti; Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, The Jolly Young Waterman, Old English; Songs of Araby, Clay; Love Me or Not, A. L.; Love in All Seasons, German; Von ewiger liebe, Brahms; Widmung, Schumann; Verborgenheit, Wolf; Heimliche Aufforderung, Strauss; To You, Dear Heart, Morris Class; Before Sunrise, H. Holden Huss; Merry Maiden Spring, Edward MacDowel; Deep in My Heart, The Song of the Night, Franklin Riker.

The patrons of the concert are as follows: Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. E. E. Baker, Mr. Richard Cowan, Mrs. J. C. Eaton, Mr. J. C. Eaton, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. E. Hay; Mr. E. Hay; Mr. Jan Hambourg, Professor Michael Hambourg, Miss Katherine E. Hillary, Miss Estelle Kerr, Mrs. F. McGillvray Knowles, Mr. F. McGillvray Knowles, Mr. George A. Loughridge, Mrs. Margaret A. V. Moore, Mrs. Frank T. Proctor, Mr. Frank T. Proctor, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mr. Robert Smith, Mrs. W. G. L. Spaulding, Dr. W. G. L. Spaulding, Mr. Ralph R. Scheibe, Mrs. R. A. Stapells, Mr. R. A. Stapells, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mr. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. John A. Walker, Mr. John A. Walker.

A varied recital program, and from an artistic standpoint, one of the musical events of the season, will be given in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening, March 21, by Master F. A. Ray McFadden, the distinguished child pianist and entertainer. Assisting Master Ray will be his sister, Miss Muriel K. McFadden, who, tho only 10 years old, can play the mandolin with all the grace of an experienced virtuoso. Last but not least on the program will be Mr. A. A. Farland, the world's famous banjo player, from Plainfield, N.J., who has made a reputation for himself on two continents as "The wizard of the banjo." Music lovers from all over the city should keep this date open, and enjoy one of the highest class recitals of the year.

A Pard of Mine.

By Robert V. Carr.

He used to wake up in the night
To see if I was sleepin' right,
An', ofttimes, sly an' cunnin', he
Would throw his blanket over me;
An', like enough, next mornin' say,
"You boggin', cover-stealin' jay,
You gits none of my sympathy,
I hope you froze," but then, you see,
He always grinned when he was rough,
Or opened up a vein of guff;
'Sides, 'way down deep I has the feel
He likes me hard an' true as steel,
Tho' of the same he makes no sign—
The blamed cuss was a pard o' mine.

We ate our grub an' made our camps
Where now you hears the poundin' stamps,
Where now the janglin' trolleys run,
We flipped our flapjacks an' we done
Our work together, share an' share,
Good times or bad, we did not care.
In fight or frolic, bright or sad,
Whate'er he had I always had;
Whate'er I had he always took,
But still he'd never, never look
As if he give a rap fer me.
An' yet no softer heart there be
Than his, an' never soul so fine—
The blamed cuss was a pard o' mine.

Thro' desert thirst an' hunger, too,
An' all the big, red days we knew,
He always growled, he always swore,
An' made believe that he was sore
On breakin' rocks an' diggin' holes;
"Prospecters be jes' human moles,"
He'd say. "Some day I'll quit you, Bill,
An' settle down; I has my fill
Of this here tough, uncertain life;
I'll ltave it all an' git a wife,
A painted home, a house a garden, too,
An', maybe, kids—that's what I'll do."
Yet still he stuck thro' rain or shine—
The blamed cuss was a pard o' mine.

Cave-in—he's workin' in a drift—
I tears my hands to bone to life
The rocks from off his body there,
An' then I packs him out to where
Our lean-to was—he looks at me,
An' whispers faint: "Aw, let me be,
I hain't hurt—much—git candle—light—
It seems—it seems—a-comin' night."
Then close I leans an' listens till
The words I hear: "I liked you—Bill."
An' then he looked up, smiled, an' died,
An' I broke down—oh, hell, I cried;
Fer on my heart he'd put his sign—
The blamed cuss was a pard o' mine.

The Standing Stones of Orkney Island.

If one could see just the Stones, they would be awe-inspiring enough—these great memorials of some forgotten Celtic race, writes Maude R. Warren in Harper's Magazine. They extend in two circles, the larger, the circle of Brogar, once numbering sixty stones, some of them eighteen feet high. No one knows whence the stones came, nor when, nor what stupendous labor it cost to erect them. Here sounded the fierce prayers of Celtic, and afterward of Norse worshippers, and the cries of sacrifical victims.

The high stone of Odin, to which, doubtless, the victim was tied, had a round hole cut in its centre. But all those old heathen cries of hate and pain changed with the softening years, and for centuries lovers, Christian, but pagan, too, called this hole the magic ring, and, joining their hands thru it, plighted their troth, a pledge of love as sacred as a marriage vow. And sometimes, finding vows fallible and one strange custom to be negatived by another, they cut their vows by going to the old church of Stenness, and, passing thru it, one departing the north door and the other by the south. That old stone saw many a change in two thousand years, and now, broken up by a Ferry-louper or stranger from the south, it shelters the side of some stable.

The other standing stones have likewise their relations to man and animals. At their feet the fishermen and boatmen eat their lunches, and on their tops, from which grow flowing beard-like lichens, the gulls rest, weary from diving in the blue lochs.

The green mound of Maeshowe, in a green grazing-field, seems at first only a soft, natural hill, with a little stone square at the bottom. But the little stone square is a low entrance into a stone chamber, with three small cells branching from it. Perhaps it was used by the ancient folk who built it as a chapel first, and then as a tomb.

Later the sacrilegious Norsemen broke into it and used it for their own dead. It is a house of mystery. The very walls, covered with runes inscribed during the ninth to the twelfth century, are given widely different meanings by learned men. But one inscription may well illustrate the lot alike of the Celts and the Norse and the Scotch, and of all of us: "Forlorn."

"Forlorn, the fair widow! Many a woman has wandered stooping in here, tho ever so haughty!"

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Graduating Courses under eminent teachers in Piano, Singing, Organ, Violin, Theory and all other branches of Music.

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Conservatory School of Expression

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Special Calendar. Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

First Church of Christ, Scientist

Corner Queen's Park Ave. and Caer-Howell St. Services 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Subject for March 12th: "SUBSTANCE." Testimony meeting Wednesday, 8 p.m.

High Class Recital

—AT—

MASSEY HALL

Master F. A. Kay MacFadden, the distinguished piano-vocal artist, assisted by Miss Muriel K. MacFadden and A. A. Farland, the wizard of the banjo.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21

Subscription list at Nordheimer's and Heintzman & Co.

Plan open at Massey Hall and Bell Piano on March 17.

SONG RECITAL

To be given by

MR. FRANKLIN RIKER
Of New York, Tenor.

Mrs. Franklin Riker
At the Piano.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY HALL

Tuesday, March 14th, 1911
At 8.30 p.m.

Tickets at $1.00 each may be had of the patrons or patronesses, or at Nordheimer's.

Canadian Art Club Exhibition

57373

OPEN MARCH 3rd to 25th.

Art Museum Gallery, Reference Library Bldg., College & St. George Sts.

"ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"

These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily, and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhœa, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 35c., sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.