

appropriate music, but occasionally some pretty, slow figures are introduced and the effect is very good and pleasing.

No, I do not go in for roller skating, it is very popular with a certain class of people, but you know skating is not in my line at all. I was present at one of the fancy dress balls at the skating-rink last season and was much pleased with the dresses but being accustomed to the ice carnivals in Canada, I could not rid my mind of the unreality of this one.

Our Parisian friends are having rather a lively time of it of late; every day one hears of fresh dynamite explosions. Of course it is the public officials which are the special objects of attack with the Anarchists, but it is sometimes a little awkward for those who may be living in the same block of flats. I hear the landlords are now asking many of the well-known public men to quit their premises as they fear for the safety of their property; but great hopes are entertained that the arrest of the dynamiter Ravachol may put an end to the atrocities. Of what extraordinary paradoxes is human nature capable! This man's late landlady asserts that he was a most amiable person, very fond of children and all kinds of animals. This reminds me of that monster, I cannot call him a man, who is now awaiting his trial in Melbourne for no one knows how many murders. The amount of public curiosity aroused by the case is something astonishing; why is it people have such a love of the horrible? Our newspapers are full of the subject, I suppose they must pander to the public taste, but however the sale of their papers may be increased by the publication of the latest details as to how the wretched creature looked, what he said, what he eat and drank &c., the extra profit must be much more than swallowed up in the cost of the enormously long telegrams sent from so far. I am sure you will be glad to hear that that unnatural woman Mrs. Montagu has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor for causing the death of her little baby daughter. The general opinion is that the punishment is much too light, for one must not forget that Mrs. Montagu had systematically ill treated all her children for years, and this was not an isolated act of cruelty. I cannot help thinking the governess was very much to blame in the first instance; to shut an infant of three years into a dark room even for a few minutes is barbarity, and yet what a favorite punishment this is with nurses and servants. I wonder if mothers realized more how their children are treated by the servants when "mother" is out or engaged, whether they would not devote a little more of their time and care to their offspring, and look more carefully into the characters of domestics and nurses, ay and even their governesses. Do you ever call up a mental picture of people you read about, but do not know? This is quite a habit of mine, and whenever I read anything of this Mrs. Montagu I pictured her to myself as a tall and rather forbidding looking woman with dark eyes and hair, and hard features. Now, I actually felt a little disappointed to see her portrait in the "Gentlewoman" and to find she is rather pretty, small and fair-haired. She has a cruel face, I think with very thin tightly compressed lips. The interest in the Osborne case is fast dying out, and well it should. Poor miserable Mrs. Osborne! I never will believe that she was responsible for her actions, and some of our most eminent physicians are now of opinion that she was suffering from fits of mental derangement long before her engagement to Captain Osborne; for years she has been treated at intervals for hysteria, and we all know this frequently assumes the form of madness in severe cases. I hear Captain Osborne has rejoined the regiment in Edinburgh, and has been warmly welcomed back by his brother officers. Did I tell you that Mrs. Hargreave's pearls have been sold by public auction? I rather question the good taste of such a course. It looks very much as if the Hargreaves wished to take advantage of the public interest in the late exciting case to make money. Naturally Mrs. Hargreaves must have wished to see no more of the jewels which had such painful associations, but why did she not sell them privately? The pearls were on view at Christie's, and naturally attracted crowds, but at the time of the sale there was very little competition, and were knocked down only at their ordinary value to two jewellers. Of course you have automatic machines in your part of the world. Here is a novel idea for the use of the principle as applied to barrel-organs. Rather neat, I call it. The organ grinder places his instrument in front of a house and winds up, it will then go on by itself for an hour. By and by the inmates of the house begin to grow tired of the charming music, and a servant is sent out to interview the man. Of course he is not to be seen, but the following inscription is written on the organ, "If you wish this organ to stop put a penny in the slot." I have just been spending some of my leisure moments in reading a very charming tale, as it hails from America you very probably know it. It is "Ramona" by "H. H.," Helen Jackson. I think it very romantic and interesting, and wonderfully well written; it makes one realize very fully the treatment which the poor Indians, the original inhabitants of the country received at the hands of the American settlers. It seems particularly cruel that the aborigines of a country should thus be deprived of their lands and homes, but of course it is a constantly recurring fact of history, and you know some one has predicted that far in the dim future the Chinese will be kind enough to exterminate us English and all other European nations. I can hear you saying, "No court news this week." No, there is nothing new, all the royalties are still in the Riviera and are likely to stop there some weeks longer. The Prince of Wales is reported to be looking far from well, and certainly ten years older since his sad loss. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been in great anxiety about their only son, who has been seriously ill for some time. I am glad to hear however, that he is slightly better to day. The Queen still continues to keep her children's birthday albeit they are men and women. Princess Beatrice's birthday falls on Maunday Thursday, and will be kept on Easter Monday and the birthday cake is being made in England.

It is now definitely settled that the Queen will hold two Draw-

ing-rooms, one on May 16th, and the second on May 18th, and she will be assisted by Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian. I expect we shall have some new styles in court dresses on those occasions. By the way, if you or any of your friends are contemplating matrimony, please remember, my dear Elsie, that your wedding dress must have the new court train, this can be arranged in a variety of different ways, but it must fall from the shoulders, or, if you prefer it, from the left shoulder. I wonder what other amusement William II. to none intends trying this next summer. He already proposes to go whale hunting off the Norwegian coast, and is making all necessary preparations, and later on in the season he intends entering his yacht for some of the races in the Solent, when the court is at Osborne in July. It is beginning to be whispered about that the Emperor's brain is at times affected by the incurable ear complaint from which he suffers so much; at any rate, this is the way some people would account for his vagaries, his vanity, his selfassertion and his firm belief in himself and his "mission." He certainly deserves general sympathy from all, when we remember the intense pain he suffers from time to time. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is the excitement of the moment, and I sincerely hope to-morrow will prove an auspicious day, so far as wind and weather are concerned. I believe Cambridge is the favorite this year. Of course, I am in despair, for my sympathies are, and always have been, with Oxford; I suppose the reason for my preference is that nearly all of my friends have belonged to the older University. I hear Oxford will have some advantage to-morrow if the wind is "fresh," which at present there seems no chance of its being, for their style is much more suited to rough water than that of Cambridge. Kate and Nellie have this afternoon gone down to the East End, to Toynbee Hall, you have heard of it, of course. Well, you know there is a loan collection of pictures exhibited there for some weeks every spring entirely for the east end poor, and it is quite astonishing how they like looking at the works of art, last year many thousands were admitted. Of course the ex-



Madame d'Auria

hibition is free, the people behave wonderfully well on the whole, but the promoters of the scheme undertake to find a certain number of "watchers" for every day among their friends. The exhibition is only open in the afternoon and evening, and the different "watches" are about three hours each, it seems to be necessary to have a considerable number of "watchers" on duty at once, for Kate and Nellie have gone with quite a large party. At last the long expected fac-simile letter of the Queen to the nation after the death of the Duke of Clarence has made its appearance, and I suppose there are very few of her Majesty's subjects who will not procure a copy. It is very nicely got up I believe, I have not seen it yet. I must not forget to send you one. Last Sunday was Show Sunday for the Royal Academicians and Associates, and how much more fortunate they were than their less well-known brethren with regard to weather, for it was a most brilliant day. Of course the studios were crowded, and to tell the truth I was more occupied in noting the new spring fashions than in looking at the pictures. The weather being so exceptionally fine and warm the church parade in Hyde Park last Sunday was well attended. I daresay you are wondering what I mean. You remember it is the correct thing for the "elite" to betake themselves to Rotten Row after church on Sunday morning, they walk down the left hand side while the mob congregate on the right hand side to see what is to be seen in the way of celebrities and spring fashions. Many of the women were clothed well but not wisely and I am sure by this time are paying the penalty of venturing out of doors in the beginning of April in such light attire. Many appeared "in their figures" which certainly gave one an opportunity of noting the make of the bodices, but must have been somewhat chilly for the wearers, one requires rather more protection than that against an easterly wind, however hot the sun may be. You ask for some hints as to the management of your palms and palm-ferns. I have been consulting an experienced gardener on the subject of my own, so will give you the benefit of his advice. Palms must on no account be watered too often, three times a week is quite sufficient and then

the quantity must not be sufficient for much to remain in the saucer, they should be sponged once a week and never allowed to stand in a draught or very much sunlight. Mine are already beginning to improve under the treatment, and I trust yours will likewise.

My recipe this week is for "A delicious Omelette." Beat separately the yolks and whites of four fresh eggs, to the yolks add as much powdered sugar as will sweeten it, and a small desert-spoonful of corn flour very smoothly mixed in a spoonful of milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add the flour to the yolks stir in the whites, taking care to break the froth as little as possible; pour the whole into a frying pan from which the butter has been drained; two or three minutes over a quick fire will cook the under side; hold the pan to the fire until the upper side looks firm, spread raspberry or strawberry jam over one half, turn the other half over it and serve immediately—this last lies nearly the whole success of your omelette.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 8. Madame d'Auria.

A bright-faced little woman is Madame d'Auria, living in a bright little home where the sweetest music is a baby's voice. As I roved about through her pretty drawing-room laying profane—because unmusical—fingers upon photographs of Del Puente, now as Othello, now as Romeo, now as himself, of Tamagno, of Patti, I felt a longing to start afresh with the five finger exercises of my childhood. And when I listened to Madame d'Auria's enthusiastic praise of the great musicians she had known I almost made a new-year resolve to go back to scales. I can re-assure my friends, however, that I have not yet taken up music. They are quite safe in calling upon me, still.

Susia Canfield was born in Brooklyn, but her family moved to New York at such an early age that she counts New York her home. There it was that she was educated musically and otherwise. In 1873 Miss Canfield started singing lessons with Signor d'Auria. The lessons were continued for two years in the usual way, and then ended, in the usual way. As the world knows Signor d'Auria married his charming and talented young pupil, and what the world lost he gained. Then followed a very delightful time for the young bride. Although she had known musical people from her childhood, she was now thrown into familiar intercourse with all the noted musicians of the day. The Italian friends of Signor d'Auria became her friends, and a precious album, the relic of those days, contains a galaxy of well-known men and women. The inscriptions on the photographs in the soft flowing Italian, show the esteem in which Madame d'Auria was held. Madame d'Auria speaks warmly of the New York musical world. There is no petty jealousy, no small back-biting. The place is too large, the people too large. The girls in New York, Madame d'Auria says, all adore Campanini, his good nature is proverbial, and he lost his voice through sheer hard work. There is a photograph of his wife in Madame d'Auria's album. She was a chorus girl but has a refined figure and manner. Madame Scalchi, now the countess Lolli, was a dear and honored friend, but the dearest friend of Madame d'Auria's was, and is still, Louise Paulin, whose sprightly acting in comic opera is well-known. Madame d'Auria's debut was made at a concert given by Carrano the amous flutist. At this concert Marie Aimee sang for the last time. But soon after the debutante became a permanent pupil of Signor d'Auria, and her career was, in a measure given up for the dearer duties of wife and home. Her real ambition was to go into opera, but as she modestly says "I had none of the things necessary, money, backing, genius. And then—I married."

After the New York days the d'Aurias went to Mexico, where, among the Spanish and native Mexicans, strangers find much that is picturesque. In Madame d'Auria's article an interesting account of her Mexican life is given. After leaving Mexico the d'Auria's came to Toronto, and we are fortunate enough to have them still with us.

Madame d'Auria does little singing in public now. A small audience in a cradle requires so many lullabies that the mother's voice cannot give music to others. She teaches a little in the Conservatory and sings occasionally at concerts. In common with the rest of civilized Toronto, Madame d'Auria comments on the fact that "the gods" express the critical faculty of the audience, and that performers have to regulate their numbers accordingly.

She hints that there are people living to-day with better voices than Patti—and how softly and prettily she brought out the Italian double consonant, Pat-ti—but there never lived anyone with such a wonderful power over an audience. To make adverse critics her devoted admirers before she has sung a note, to make her hearers be as she wills them—that is genius, that is Patti. Madame d'Auria does not see how anyone could ever pick a flaw in Emma Juch, who is a great favorite of hers.

Madame d'Auria is, as you can see from her portrait, dark and slenderly built. Her eyes lighten up as she talks and her usually restful features become animated. She has a bright face with a sweet expression and converses entertainingly on most topics. Of quiet manners and somewhat retiring aspect she would pass unnoticed in some very gay assemblies, but one who stopped to talk would be well repaid.

I liked Madame d'Auria because she gave me a chance to talk. Most people do not. But then most people know me better than she does. At all events she is a sympathetic listener and that is more than one can say of most talkers.—[THE EDITOR.]

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—Mrs. Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.