

were scarcely friends, however. Merely acquaintances. A clever woman though a mob. Do take Miss Price out for this waltz, to oblige me."

Mrs. Smalley stood smiling, as she watched the waltzers; the music rang out gay and sweet. Mrs. Loper lay dead. Her ambition was gratified. She was one of the fashionable set in Pottstown.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE fascination of widows, especially if they are young, is proverbial. Every observant person has noticed the numerous attractive points, in manner and conversation, of a widow who desires to change her condition. We all must be aware how strong are the fascinations of her who has once had a husband, over the girl who never has been wooed and won. From the days when Sam Weller was pathetically implored by his fond papa to "beware of the widows," it has been generally understood that there is a power of charm about them that it is hard for the mind of poor, weak man to resist. No wonder! They have learned to understand the other sex in a school that is sometimes hard, but is always salutary. They know the needs and the capabilities and the weaknesses of men; and they are endowed with a power over them and a charm to attract that can never be acquired in any other possible way. Yet, in the minds of certain people, there is a strong prejudice against a widow re-marrying. Is there any real reason why this should be so? Generally, the only reason is in her own morbid scruples. She thinks it a disloyalty to the memory of the man who has gone, to put another in his place. It is odd how seldom this consideration even enters into the mind of the widower who again contemplates matrimony—that second matrimony which Dr. Johnson calls "a triumph of hope over experience." She thinks she is wronging him by the very thought of loving some one else. But should this scruple be allowed to weigh? There is not the least doubt that if her first husband had loved her with a really generous and self-sacrificing love, he would wish her happiness secured after he had to leave her; and he would grudge her no step which would secure that happiness. Probably, could he look back upon this life, with the enlightenment which comes from a higher education, he would wish nothing more earnestly for her than a second marriage, which would give her a protector, and the well-being he had tried to provide for her in his own life-time.

A Toronto lady writes THE HOME JOURNAL as follows: "The Woman's Art Association of Canada has just closed its sixth exhibition in Toronto, after opening its door for a fortnight to all in any way interested in its work. No doubt the workers have received kindly and valuable criticism from those capable of offering it. Some of the uncritical among us have felt rather envious perhaps of our more gifted sisters, whose hardest work must be in some sense a pleasure. It is difficult for an ignoramus to choose among pictures crowded into a small space, but it must be confessed a little covetousness mingles with the recollection of a girl's head in black and white, a very dainty bit of work; a little common basket, with some half arranged violets; and a heap

of softly hued chrysanthemums thrown carelessly on a table. On more than one picture the little card marked sold showed that some one was fortunate enough to carry away more than a recollection. The W. A. A. has its members in many places in Canada and the United States, one bunch of roses coming from California even. Will not some art loving woman in Victoria link herself with her Eastern sisters before another exhibition opens, giving us a glimpse perhaps of hitherto unknown flowers on scenery?"

The blazing iron log sent a shower of natural gas sparks whirling up the chimney.

The idol of her heart, the man whose praises was music to her ears, sat opposite.

"Do you think—"

She dropped her eyes shyly as she spoke.

"—my complexion will last?"

"Certainly—"

He was very positive in his manner.

"Just look at the old masters."

There seemed to be no room for discussion.

Until women stand by women and show their support in all the womanliness of their nature, no lasting result for equality and suffrage can be obtained. Let women uphold each other for the right as men do each other for either right or wrong, and in the end the steadfastness of their purpose must accomplish the noble aim in view.

A fresh story of a princess comes from Vienna. Crown Princess Stephanie and her little daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, were on a country excursion and stopped to buy some milk and fruit at a country inn. Suddenly they remembered that they had no money in their pockets, and on learning this the prudent landlady refused to trust them, although the Princess Elizabeth assured her, with flashing eyes, that they were "honest people."

Little Dorothy Drew, the much talked of small granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, is, it seems, another subject or victim of the barefoot theory. The child wears shoes and stockings only when the roads about Hawarden are miry or frozen, or when she goes abroad in town with her grandfather.

There is a small society in Ottawa, comprised chiefly of young ladies, who call themselves by the simple title "Friends of the Poor." The society has been in existence four or five years, and has done any amount of good. The members find out deserving cases amongst the poor, visit them, try if possible to get them work of some kind—which is generally not possible—give them clothes and boots and rubbers. Boots and rubbers are a specialty with the "Friends of the Poor." They have to buy them, of course, as no one's cast off boots are much use. So for this they want money, and about once a year they give an entertainment of some kind, which is always well patronized. Most people are very good to these young ladies and help them generously in their good work. Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, is one who has given them very valuable assistance, and in Ottawa

Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. Costigan are among their benefactors. One evening last week, the "Friends of the Poor" gave a charming promenade concert in the music hall of the Rideau street convent, which the Good Sisters had lent to them for the evening. The hall was prettily decorated with bunting and plants. The stage was artistically arranged with fur robes, pretty curtains, tall palms and ferns. At the lower end of the room, there were two or three tables where tea, cake, ices, sweets and flowers were sold. The young ladies in charge were dressed in white, with wide straw hats trimmed with flowers.

At a dance in Dublin, a young briefless barrister met a lady of exalted position, with whom he was so much smitten that before the week was out he called upon her father to ask for her hand.

The old man began proceedings by asking what prospects he had, to which the barrister replied:

"Well, none at present; but when my uncle dies—"

"Ah, when your uncle dies," replied the father as he rang the bell. "Here, John, show this gentleman out till his uncle dies."

FASHION NOTES.

Seamless French waists are the correct thing for those who are slim enough to wear them.

Some of the latest bonnets have immensely wide strings edged with lace, which form a scarf under the chin.

With the revival of checks comes the old fashioned louisine silks, so durable and soft for summer dresses.

New batistes come in tinted and white grounds spotted with small flowers and striped in open patterns like drawn work.

One of Worth's fancies is the use of foulard silk, with a white ground and colored figures, in combination with black crepon.

The most fashionable ribbons are moire antique, with a satin stripe down the centre, and plain moire ribbons spangled with jet sequins in wavy lines.

Velvets are to continue in favor through the season, especially for trimmings, and dozens of yards of velvet ribbons are used on challie, foulard and China silk dresses.

A new and beautiful material for trimming dresses in satin muslin. The surface is glossy like satin, and the texture is light and almost as transparent as India muslin.

Wide ribbed pique is one of the fabrics for cotton gowns. They come in pale colors as well as white and are made up by Paris dressmakers in very fanciful styles, trimmed very elaborately with lace and ribbon.

The "complexion veil" is a novelty of pale pink Russian net sprinkled with black spots and delicately perfumed. It is very becoming to pale blonds, yet there is nothing so pretty as the regulation black dotted net.

One of the whims of fashion is to wear a black moire ribbon an inch wide and a yard and a quarter long around the neck and fastened with a gold slide. To this is attached a tiny watch or a fancy little gold bottle filled with a favorite perfume.