

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 20th, 1892.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

I think I never really took much notice of these arrangements for the public safety until after my return from Paris. During my visit to that charming city, I seemed to live in a sort of nervous fear of being run over whenever I went outside the doors. You will laugh at me, of course, but I don't mind, I never pretended to be strong minded like you, my friend. Moreover, it is quite a common occurrence for people to be run over in the streets of Paris, one can hardly take up a paper without reading of some accident of the kind. You know there is not the slightest effort made on the part of the police to regulate the traffic, and one great source of danger there lies in the fact that the streets all run at acute angles, so at the cross roads the vehicles seem to be coming from all points of the compass. In my opinion, the Parisian "cabby" is invited to run over people, for I was told that any one who allows himself to get run over is liable to a fine for getting in the way of the vehicle. What do you think of that? I forgot to enquire who pays the fine if the offending party should get killed. You want to know something about new styles for the hair. My dear, I don't think there are any very new ones; the Greek style still holds its own, but of course there are any amount of variations to even that. In hairdressing, as well as dress, women will blindly follow the fashion, and quite grotesque some really pretty woman look with the Greek coiffure. For instance, I saw a very handsome girl with prominent features, whose hair was arranged in such pronounced Grecian style that her head had the exact appearance of a teapot. It requires a very well shaped head for the simple knot, so many faces require a longer style; but whatever style you adopt you must have the hair very much waved, and, if you do not wear a fringe, you could crimp it, and arrange it rolled back over a small pad. Little or no ornamentation, except jeweled pins, is worn now for evening dress. I see by the *Queen* that we are likely to have some changes in the fashions for gentlemen this spring, one of the leading tailors is showing some marvelous checks and stripes, and others are advertising suits in all the new art shades. Judging from this we may expect to see some of our ultra-fashionable young gentlemen promenading in the park attired in wondrous shades of green, blue, heliotrope, etc., etc. It will be a change certainly, although somewhat startling at first. I have come across such a charming little anecdote about a sweet boy of five, that I feel constrained to repeat it for you, knowing as I do, that you love children and their ways. This little fellow had been particularly tiresome all day and at night when saying his prayers his thoughts found expression in the following: "Please make Jack a good boy—he's been awful naughty—and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." Do not think me irreverent for writing this, certainly there is no conscious irreverence about such thoughts or expressions in a child's mind. The fact of Lady Randolph Churchill having had her purse snatched from her hand at Monte Carlo the other day, has once more raised the vexed question of ladies' pockets. Would it might lead to some practical result. It is all very fine for men to laugh and sneer at women for the way they take care of their purses. What is a woman to do with her purse? We are told it is the height of folly to carry it in one's hand, or to put it in a reticule which must also be carried in the hand, and as for putting it in one's pocket especially placed as they are at present quite behind one's back, I quite agree that it is only putting temptation in the thief's way. I am sure we women will be forever beholden to the man who will suggest a safe, practical and convenient way for a woman to carry her purse. I am afraid they will first have to invent a pocket which shall be at the same time pretty, safe, convenient and above all *fashionable*. I find it quite a trial that one must no longer have a watch pocket and I have a great affection for the old-fashioned chains with their bunches of "charms," as we used to call their numbers of little trinkets when we were children. These new little fob chains fastened to the waist with a brooch at one end and with the watch hanging at the other, will, I hope, only prove "fad." This week I will give you a recipe for "Extraordinary Eggs." It is taken from quite a recent weekly publication although the title might lead you to think it was from my old book. "Divide the yolks from the whites of six eggs, strain them both separately through a sieve, sweeten the whites with sugar and add a tablespoonful of rose water. Tie the yolks up in a bladder in the form of a ball, and boil them until firm; then put the ball of yolks into another bladder and pour the whites around it, tie it up in oval shape and boil until the whites are set. Boil half a dozen eggs in their shells for ten minutes; throw them into cold water, remove the shells, and lay them round the larger one. When cold pour over them this sauce. Mix carefully a gill of cream into the same quantity of Maderia wine, add the juice of a Seville orange and sweeten to taste."

Annie Vaughan

Comparatively Speaking.

FATHER McCoy, P.P.—Michael, I am pained to see this black eye. It looks very bad indeed. I am afraid you have been—
MICHAEL (*interrupting*).—Sure, yer riverence, if ye cud on'y see the eye Patsy Doolin has, ye'd think there was nothin' at all the matther wid moine!

Prominent Canadian Women.

No 6—Mrs. Nelson of Government House, Victoria, B. C.

The youngest daughter of the late Isaac Brock Stanton, Esq., was born in Quebec and spent her childhood there. She afterwards lived in Ottawa where her father was in the civil service. She was married in 1885 to the honorable Hugh Nelson, at that time a member of the Senate, but who has since 1887 been Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.—[Ed.]

The Art of Packing.

The most careless of the scramblers, who begin by thrusting everything in pell-mell, without regard to probable breakage and certain crushing, will end by being skillful arrangers of a compact and solid mosaic, where things are made to fit so closely one into another that a glass ink-bottle is as safe from harm as the boots and shoes which flank it and the flannel that enwraps it. Such packers as these can put into the same box the most incongruous substances, and take them out unspoilt at the end. They will pack up a long-necked Florentine vase, so tender that it breaks at the least rough pressure, with some Venetian glass, all spikes and points and as fragile as the spines of the sea-egg, and in close proximity they will put in a few books, some boots and shoes (fine wardens these are, by the way!), a brush or two, a Sorrento olive-wood box, and all their daintiest dresses. And, when they unpack, their Florentine vase will be intact; intact, too, their Venetian glass, with all its spikes and points; their carved ivory, very nearly as fragile; their burly bottle full of ink; their tender laces; their fine gowns; their fairy caps and bonnets.



Emily Nelson

It all depends on the foundation. Many other things depend on that first foundation, from the contents of a travelling-trunk to a one-shafted tower. And whether your property is to come out made into "hay" from the one, and the other is to be as straight as a Greek column, or as far out of the perpendicular as those Bolognese architectural abortions, is mainly determined by that first layer on which all the rest is laid.

Where each cubic inch is of value the packer had better learn how to dovetail, to make all so tight and solid that the uppermost layer may lie loose—as the lighter parts of the wardrobe, say—and yet never move nor be crushed, nor come to grief, anyhow, though the trunk be turned upside down. It can be done. It is all a matter of practice, observation, and the capacity for taking pains and doing things thoroughly when you are about it. Your scientific packing keeps your property intact, takes up less space than others find necessary for about three-fourths the amount, and is a standing witness to your deftness and accomplishments. And the secret of it all is, protecting by careful enwrapping in soft materials all the fragile articles until you could almost play ball with them, and wedging in the heavy goods, like boxes and books, so that they would not stir if an earthquake shook the trunk.

So with dresses, coats, and light materials. You pack your dresses as tightly as you like. If you have but plenty of tissue paper among the folds, and taken care to have them smooth and straight, they will be none the worse for the tightness of the fit. Even velvet will not be harmed if you do not cram it in in creases, and do not put heavy weights on the top. It is here all a matter of smooth folding and plenty of tissue paper. The light things follow the same law, with a difference. If you crush a bow flat, well, then surely it will not stand up when you take it out of duress. But you can pull it out and put it into shape again if you have not creased it; and so with laces in caps and frills.

TEACHER—We cut grass now with a mowing machine; before that men used the scythe; what went before that?

DICK HICKS—Nebuchadnezzar used his teeth.

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

Book Reviews.

RHYMES AFLOAT AND AFIELD, by William T. James. Price \$1. Toronto: William T. James, publisher.

"Rhymes Afloat and Afield," is the title of a fresh volume of verse, which will surely be regarded as a not insignificant part of Canadian song. The book is full of incident and stirring scenes of life afloat and ashore. Mr. Wm. T. James, the author, shows by his writings that he has travelled considerably and turned to good account his knowledge of nautical matters. "A drifting Iceberg," "Land Ho!" "A Yachting Song," "Homeward Bound," "Heave the Anchor O!" and the following are good examples of this:

"ALL HANDS ON DECK."

When clouds brood on the sullen main,
Black with the portents of a storm;
When growls the furious hurricane,
Hoarse cries the watch below alarm,
And flights of slumber rudely check:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

Inured to aught at duty's call,
In haste they man the tilting yards,
To furl the canvas ere the squall
That oft disastrous task retards.
When hailed, they comfort little reck:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

From dreams of dear domestic joys,
These words have roused reluctant men
To dreadful scenes, whence they, like toys,
Were swept away,—and then—ah! then,
Weep, orphans, on your mother's neck!
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

The hulks submerged in every deep,
Whose timbers sailors' bones bestrew,
From centuries of halcyon sleep
Shall muster each its gruesome crew,
When summoned from the foundered wreck:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

All who have experienced a gale at sea in a sailing vessel will recognize the fidelity of the description in the above poem. "Waiting," "The Squire's Rookery," "The Woods," "Wild Flowers," "Boots and Saddles!" "Sanctified Solitude," "Sorrow" and "Shifting Shadows," are among the principal poems which bear out the second half of the title of the book. We have chosen the latter for quotation, as being an idyllic picture of the lovers' tryst:

Zenith past, the sun is stooping
In the Occidental sky;
Parched with drought, field-flowers are drooping,
Earth and grass are bleached and dry.
Down the lane and through the meadows,
Quaintly limned of shrub and tree,
Stretch across my path the shadows,
Shifting, lengthening changefully.

Just without the straggling village,
Where the brooklet's drone is heard,
There our tryst, whence robins pillage
Vineyard harvests undeterred.
Close beside me, longer growing,
Till it interweaves with mine,
Looms a stately shadow, showing
Whose the semblance?—Dearest, thine!

An appropriate design in black and gold adorns the cover, the author's portrait serves as a frontispiece, and the book is neatly printed and bound.

With the Magazines.

THE NORTH AMERICAN for May continues Mr. Gladstone's article on "The Olympian Religion." Neither it nor the "Behring Sea Controversy" by General Butler and the Marquis of Lorne need any recommendation. The titles and authors speak. Every woman ought to keep up with the times and read "London Society" by Lady Jenne. John Burroughs whose charming bird stories, are so well known has a finished and poetic article on "The Poet of Democracy."

With such a capital story as "The Wrecker" going on, and such an extremely clever series as "The Reflections of a Married Man" no current number of *Scribner's Magazine* can be devoid of keen interest. The May number is no exception to the rule. One picks it up with joy and lays it down with reluctance. The beautiful soft-toned illustrations of Scribner's are always a feature. Ida R. Tarbell has a pathetic story called "France Adoree" very cleverly worked out. "Paris Theatres and Concerts" is still continued, and a novel article on "Sea and Land" by N. S. Shales, divulges some interesting facts and is prettily illustrated. "The children of the poor" by Jacob A. Rus makes the heart at once glad and sore, glad that there are unselfish people in the world to look after the sad-faced little ones, sore that there should be such utter misery among the helpless children. One naturally turns to the advertising pages of Scribner's for where else are the humorous sketches of A. B. Frost? "Unter den Linden" is a most fascinating reminiscent sketch of Berlin, and royalty, and war, and the great ones of the German world. One little poem by Charles Henry Luder called "Mirrored Music" is so dainty and tender that it stays in the heart long after the Magazine is closed and shelved.

A LITTLE uptown girl, on hearing of a certain man who was 90 years old, remarked: "When a man lives as long as that I guess it gets to be a matter of habit with him."