...PPING POST BILL.

...est Legislative Freak—Flog-... for Petty Larceny.

...Va., Dec. 25.—A whipping ... introduced in the State Sen-...e measure provides "that all ...cted of petit larceny shall ...ng punished as now provided ...unished with not less than ...han 30 stripes, but in cases ... of females or male infants ... of 15 years it shall be option-... infant whether they shall be ... stripes or according to sta-... at this time; and if there be ... guardian competent, in the ...e trial Justice or Court, to ...d infant, and in every case ...rson convicted is ordered to ...d with stripes the court may, ...on, order any portion of the ... given at the time and re-...rict, on his own recognizance, ...ore the court at some future ... the remaining stripes; pro-...is act shall not apply to per-...rears of age." ...e is likely to give rise to a ... discussion.

...HANGED IN STYLE.

...y Request of a Convicted ...rer at Springfield, Ill.

...Ill., Dec. 25.—James Mingle, ...icted of having murdered the ...Briscoe, and her mother, Mary ...rs to die in full dress. Mingle ... Baxter into his cell and told ...but one request to make. "I ...anged in style," said Mingle, ... you to procure a full dress ...te trousers and tie, and high ... patent leather shoes. I want ...d up once in my life, even if ...is my own death, and I want ...e things for me." ...f replied that the county was ...abit of decorating its murder-...an elaborate manner, and was ...he belief that he would be ex-...the clothes he now wears, un-...self made arrangements for ...

...ce Albert Lampooned.

...Crimean War of 1854-5, Prince ...nated and detested by the Eng-...and everywhere the report was ...he was secretly helping Russia. ...Highness was caricatured and ...through the length and breadth ...The most insulting doggrel ...bout him in the streets, the vil-...res of him appeared in the so-... journals. It was even rumor-...me that he had been secretly ...in the Tower for treacherously ...tate secrets to the Emperor of ...

...s one particularly abominable ...d which had a large sale at ...It was called "Lovely Al," and ...extract from it. The Queen is ...have become so indignant with ...rt that she personally chastises ...

...a horse whip round the room ...him fearful lashes. ...ed his face and broke his nose, ...d out his moustaches. ...n dog, you shall be flogged!" ...d like a Prussian; ... you dare to interfere ... a cursed Russian!"

...d him home, and make him ...ou've played the deuce then. ...u had has acted sad ...ed tail with the Russian."

...e ballad was vulgar and scurril-...gree, but it was sung to admir-...all over the metropolis. Prince ...s fully alive to the scandalous ...treachery made against him, and ...ore Martin refers to the matter ...of the Prince Consort," Vol. ...

It Don't Pay

...drinks for the boys—it don't pay ...inks for yourself. It will pay to ... the trouble has been to do this. ...able cure will absolutely remove ... for liquor in a couple of days, ...y quit without any self-denial, ...y need know you are taking the ... which is perfectly harmless, ... to the taste, and from the start ...good appetite, refreshing sleep, ...rves, and does not interfere with ...duties. Full particulars in plain ... Mr. A. Hutton Dixon, No. 40 ...ue, Montreal.

...n Fourteen Different Counties.

...rt, Ky., Dec. 25.—Alexander Whit-...s to be a prosperous quantity in ... this State. He has been select-... Justice of the Peace in fourteen ...counties. This anomalous feature ...te election was discovered by As-...secretary of State Guffy, who, in ...t commissions for more than 1000 ...elected in November, found that in ...nt counties each selected a justice ...ame.

To Sell American Horses.

...Col., Dec. 25.—Charles E. Stubbs ...o-night for Europe as a special on-...Government, appointed by Se-...Wilson of the Agricultural Depart-...encourage the use of the American ...the cavalry of Europe.

...After. **Wood's Phosphodine,**

The Great English Remedy.

Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. *Six packages guaranteed* to cure all Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse ... Mental Worry. Excessive use of To-...pium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt ...one package $1, six, $5. *One will please,* ...rs. Pamphlets free to any address. ...The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont. ...n Toronto by all wholesale and re-...gists.

...Y OF 1837.

...Happy New Year to Our Patrons,

...or the balance of the old year 50 ...ent. discount on all goods.

...storical Hair dressing to represent ...period from 1837 to 1897. Ladies' ...have not made their appointments ...respectfully requested to do so at ... Curls and Puffs in great variety, ... Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, ...es, Switches, Bangs, Head Coverings ...convenience and style. Our naturally ...y switches have been in great de-...

TEL— 2775 and 3553. BRANCH— 778 Yonge.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

The unlearned who declare that all shopping is alike an unvarying burden and bore merely show their ignorance by the contention. The practice of ordinary shopping so nearly resembles an art that most women are, as is well known, infatuated with it, and delight in more or less serenely triumphing over its difficulties. Christmas shopping, on the other hand, is a tumult and a conundrum, a mystery and a torment, a problem and a snare. All this to the buyer and giver of gifts. To the recipient it is much the same thing.

Any woman who has been through the agony of a day's Christmas shopping, with its ten hour strain on nerve and muscle, hand and brain, its wear to one's winter suit, and its exhaustion of one's physical being, will have a sign of sympathy when the holiday is over!

The Christmas shopper usually forgets all the unpleasant experiences of a year ago, and starts out at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning with the same glad expectation that she had cherished many times before of making $10 buy a hundred gifts. So she is reasonably cheerful at first, and remains so until after luncheon, the sort of luncheon that women eat standing counters, and where the confusion between their own bundles and their neighbors' elbows is so great as to counteract any possible benefit which they might receive from the indifferently prepared food.

An afternoon at the bargain counter banishes all remnant of cheer, and when the tired shopper rides home at night, her arms full of things, she does not want, and really could not afford to buy, her hat battered, her gown ruined, her temper upset, and a large, comfortable looking man, disporting himself in the seat she ¼ is aching for it as then that she realizes to her sorrow what Christmas shopping really means.

Flowers everywhere—roses in profusion, and the waning chrysanthemum, music with its "voluptuous swell," a ball-room, its ceiling starred with electric lights, wide staircases, spacious halls, thronged with "beauty's daughters," and their attendant cavaliers—such was the order of things at Their Excellencies' dance on Tuesday evening. Like the last "kiss" of the last farewell, its memory will live for many a day in the minds of those who were present. Their Excellencies were, of course, charming. Showing that impartiality to one and all which has so characterized their pleasant visit, Lady Aberdeen, in a gown of grey satin brocade, with diamond tiara, topaz and diamond necklace, looked very well, and was exceedingly gracious to her guests. Lady Marjorie Gordon, transformed from the school girl into a regular "grown-up" young lady, was in a white satin frock, with hair prettily coiffe. Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Governor-General, who arrived from England on Monday to spend his Christmas holidays, and the guest who accompanied him, Mr. Matthew White Ridley, son of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Home Secretary, entered with much zest into the pleasures of the evening and the jollity of the dance. The conservatory opening with the salon de danse was arranged with many tete-a-tetes, and here little groups gathered and animatedly discussed the pros and cons of this or that costume, for the coming Victorian Era Ball; in fact, nothing else was talked of. Many pretty and new gowns were worn for the first time. Miss Munzinger of New York certainly deserved all the admiration showered upon her—her gown was of white brocade, a design in pink velvet leaves embroidered with palletteS of steel, adorning one side of the white satin corsage, which was in the prevailing mode, an blouse—a choux of pink velvet giving a smart finish; a beautiful dress of buttercup satin, with wide chiffon streamers and ruched chiffon sleeves, was worn by Mrs. Colin McCrady of Woodstock, who was undoubtedly one of the belles. Her sister, Mrs. Philip Strathy, also wore yellow in a paler shade; Mrs. Morrow wore heliotrope satin, with violets on corsage and in coiffure, and a handsome diamond necklace; her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ward, looked bewitching, and many admiring glances followed the lovely matron in her yellow satin gown, which had the rich sheen of gold about it, and so well set off the snowy neck and shoulders; Miss Covington wore pale green brocade with sleeves of white tulle; Mrs. Gurney, in a blue brocaded gown, chaperoned her charming daughter, Miss Irene, who wore white with crimson roses; two sisters who came in for no end of attention were the Misses Langmuir in very pretty blue satin frocks; Miss Hodgins, also in blue satin; Miss Constance Boulton in pink; her sister, Miss Daisy, in black satin, the smart corsage waist trimmed with narrow plaitings of black and white chiffon; the Misses Mortimer Clark in pure white, Miss Larratt-Smith, in rose pink brocade; Miss Edyth Jarvis, in black with touches of rose color; Miss Fannie Small, Miss Beardmore, Miss Yda Milligan and Miss Jean Smith, the latter quartet in daintiest of white satin gowns, were all vastly popular; Mrs. Duncan Coulson wore violet brocade, with corsage of real lace; Mrs. James Henderson, a handsome gown of fawn brocaded satin, with berthe of point lace, and cut jet trimmings; Mrs. Edgar, white satin with petticoat of lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Kennedy, a rich Empire gown of white brocaded satin, with violets on the shoulder; Mrs. Melvin-Jones was in pink and white brocade; her daughter also wore pink, with garniture of roses on the corsage. Most of the new gowns had long chiffon sleeves, and the tulle or chiffon sashes, which give such a wonderfully pretty effect to the shimmering satin gowns. One or two of last year's frocks were in evidence with the large sleeve puffs, which, needless to say, are decidedly demode, and the wearers looked positive frights. And, by the way, I would advise the dainty belles who wear chiffon streamers to fasten them securely, instead of dropping them about the ball-room for gay young officers to get their feet hopelessly entangled in, and oh! the naughty expressions that floated away on the air, modesty forbids a repetition, when the flimsy material refused to part company with the "officer's spurs!"

Much sympathy is felt on all sides for our good bishop of St. James' Cathedral and his wife, owing to the illness of their daughter, Miss Kathleen Sullivan, who is one of the latest typhoid fever victims.

Mrs. Tait's short stay in town was the raison d' etre of a few friends being invited to the handsome Cockburn residence on Sherbourne-street for afternoon tea on Monday.

Mrs. Chamberlain of Lakefield, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel Chamberlain, has been spending a few days with her daughter, Miss Fitzgibbon of Spadina-avenue.

Mrs. Bright of Ross-street gave a very enjoyable tea on the afternoon of the 18th, in honor of her step-daughter, Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland, who is her guest for the holiday season.

Mrs. Davidson Braide of North-street and party, leave early in January to spend the next three or four months in Aiken, South Carolina.

Loretto Abbey, its walls brightened by hundreds of flags, its corridors carpeted with scarlet, presented a gay and festive appearance for the visit of the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen on Monday afternoon. Two class-rooms and the studio were converted into a concert hall, scarcely large enough, however, to comfortably seat the large audience. Anything more trim or neat than the pupils in black with smart white collars and cuffs, and Gordon sashes, showing across the sombre gowns, can scarcely be imagined. And, dear me! the wonderful gifts stowed away in the heads of those innocent-looking convent girls! One sweeps her fingers across the harp, and heavenly strains fill the air. Another sings like a nightingale, in fact, they all sing, and Mr. Scouch has done such marvels with some of the fresh young voices that the convent walls shut in two or three of the finest singers in town. Miss Ruby Shea, a little Irish maid, with a face brimful of mirth, may be included among the latter. On Monday she sang the valse song, "L'Ardita," like a bird. Her voice is exquisite. Nothing could have been more artistic than the "Miserere" chorus from "Trovatore," with the solo beautifully sung by Miss T. Flanagan, and the "Ah Che la Morte," by Sister Alberta; what a voice the latter has! Surpassingly sweet! Heads were turned and twisted to catch a glimpse of the gentle sister, all to no avail, however—the rich contralto notes floated from a mysterious background. And the dear children, in their white frocks, with arms quite full of lovely blossoms to bestow upon Their Excellencies. Little "Patsy" Watkins gave a great bunch of valley lilies and violets to His Excellency; Miss Gertrude Foy's offering was a bouquet of meteor and bridal roses. The Countess received choice posies from Miss Winnifred Evans and Miss Norma Fraser. Nor was His Grace the Archbishop, in purple robes, with mitre and cross, forgotten, for Miss Gertrude Sullivan presented him with roses in plenty. Little Miss Phyllis Smith, Miss Marie Smith, Miss Mamie Meek, Miss Aileen Burns, Miss Cary Rice, Miss Frances McKenna and Miss Adelaide Hughes, with garlands of smilax, completed the charming flower group. One of the shining lights of the afternoon was Miss Sarah Plumb, daughter of a well-known Chicago railway magnate, and certainly a girl—though very young—endowed with unusual talents. In the "Excelsior" duet her voice gave much promise for a future, while her elocutionary talents are of no small order. Two tables covered with the finest embroidery on linen, and no end of pretty frames and fancy articles, bore the name of this clever and bright American. Under the conclusion of the program the pupils were introduced to Their Excellencies, and one winsom tot, whose name is familiar to us all as a "household word," Master "Patsy" Watkins, received a kiss from His Excellency, which she avows will be treasured until she is quite "grown up," but, bless the child, when that time comes, unless I am mistaken, she will be interested in a wonderful, brilliant future of her own, but may the Governor-General's salutation ever bring this convent child peace and good luck.

Captain Nelles of Brantford is an acquisition to society, and to Stanley Barracks. This popular officer has recently been appointed to the smart cavalry corps, the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Toronto ball-rooms are usually thronged with comely young matrons. A handsome quartet that graced the salons at Government House on Tuesday night were Mrs. Downey and Mrs. George Evans, both in white satin; Mrs. Bolte, quite a picture in a pink frock, and Mrs. George Denison in one of the most admired toilettes of the evening of white satin, with silver embroidery on the bodice and chiffon streamers, giving a smart finish.

Mrs. Lynn, who has been for some months past the guest of her sister, Mrs. Macdonell of Parkdale, left last week to spend the remainder of the winter among friends in Ottawa, Pembroke and Kenfrew.

What frights some of the women are in their "Russian" jackets! A creature got on a car the other day in a bright green ... her skirt was the color known as sapphire blue, and she had red—bright red ...—hair; imagine the effect! Her russian jacket pouched out at the back, instead of the front—up on the shoulders, too, and gave much the effect of a camel's hump. I saw the garbmer in question, and I ... cautiously, no doubt he was wondering if she had a husband insane enough to let her go out looking so grotesque, or if she was a little bit "touched." However, if the latter, then countless women that we see upon the streets are in the same condition. The Russian jacket has stolen away their senses and made positive caricatures of some of them! Do women dress to please the opposite sex? If so, what ghastly mistakes nine-tenths of them make! Because a certain fashion becomes the vogue, they must adopt it. Mrs. Smith, who is fat and with a complexion like a carrot, lies awake o' nights stifling for a pea green bonnet, just because it's the newest caper and her "dear" little friend next door has one that suits her pink and white prettiness to a T, and at last when Mrs. S.'s heartaches are appeased by the ownership of the aforesaid bonnet, her friends declare she looks like a green poll parrot in it! Though the tall svelte figures are style itself in Russian coats—what right have the pudgy women, whose waists measure forty, if an inch—to don them? Why, it's a travesty on fashion! Then there are the women—the old and middle-aged lean to this vulgarity, as much as the young, who choose the brightest conglomeration of colors for street gowns. No wonder husbands, some of them, plead working after office hours, etc., rather than parade the city with those peacocks in their gay attire! Ask any man, and he will avow a preference for dark, quiet colors, and wellfitting garments, rather than an ostentatious display of fuss and feathers—black is always lovely. Why the fair sex don't don it more frequently is a mystery. "Oh," they say, "time enough to wear that when we're sixty." Foolish sisters! Don't you know it enhances the beauty of the pretty woman and adds a subtile charm to the good points of the homely ones! It's the fashion to wear decollete gowns in the evening; smart women don them, and society blindly follows, and oh! the ghastly sights we see. Unmarried gentlewomen of well-nigh onto fifty, their bones almost ready to rattle, appear in the lowest of frocks, when, if they'd only wear their "chiffon sashes," not down the back of their skirts, but about their shoulders, in the form of fichus which doubtless the society writers would eolarge upon as "pretty, quaint affairs," they really might pass muster. At a ball not long ago one of these painfully thin fifty-year-old spinsters outrageously decollete passed. "Well," said the son of a wellknown and honored knight, "I'd rather dance with a woman that has a past than with one of those relics of a bygone age in her kittenish attire."

Miss Bessie Wyly, a clever graduate of the New York Hospital, N.Y., is in town spending the Christmas vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Brown of St. Patrick-street entertained a few friends at cards and music on Monday night. During the evening Mr. Le Berge gave a number of delightful selections on the mandolin and Miss Shippe one or two clever piano solos.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sandemann, who have been such popular visitors in town during the last few weeks, returned to Montreal the beginning of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Grace Adeline, to Mr. Clarence Alexander Caldwell, on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 7.30 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, 81 St. George-street.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa are the guests of Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon for the holidays.

We read of the fashionable New York women, each and everone carrying or leading poodles in the prominent thoroughfares. The dog fad has evidently struck Toronto. Last week one of the sights in a downtown jeweler's shop was a little woman tending a pure bulldog by a chain—a vicious-looking creature with a spiked collar, an ideal guardian of the back yard he would have been.

A PARIS HAT WITH THREE BIRDS.

A costly hat has just come in from the gay capital that will intensify the agitation against the slaughter of birds at the whim of fashion. The hat is of green felt, trimmed with bands of dark material, and ornamented with the remarkable flight of birds shown in the illustration.

General and Mrs. Sandham arrived from England in time to spend Christmas with Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski at the Hall.

It has been a dull week in society, practically nothing of note happening, with the exception of Their Excellencies' dance and dinner parties. Everyone has been shopping. "From rosy morn till dewy eve," during the last few days since Jack Frost has been king—pretty women have resignedly tramped the streets, their bright cheeks peeping out from the protecting folds of clouching storm collars, or from a mass of dainty encircling furs. Mrs. Lachlan McFarlane, who, though in the garb of woe, looks so charmingly these days, after her long trip abroad, received many bright greetings one morning of last week in town. Miss Beatty, in the smartest of black outfits, with trim Persian lamb Russian coat, dropped into the shops, her mind intent, no doubt, on costly holiday offerings. A most winning face smiled under a jaunty little chapeau, with sapphire blue velvet trimmings, and many admiring glances were given to Miss Grace Drynan as she passed along King-street. Mrs. Delasco looked more than pretty in her winter garb, with blue velvet Russian coat, its wide white revers edged with chinchilla fur. Mrs. Colin McCraig of Woodstock, in dark green cloth suit, trimmed with otter and smart scarlet toque, was besieged by friends, anxious to say a word of farewell before the dainty little lady's departure for Quebec—her future home. Miss Edna McNaught, stylishly attired in well-fitting Russian coat, with just enough of nature's kiss in her fair cheeks to make them rosy, has been among the busy shoppers. Mrs. McKinnon dropped into the fashionable restaurant one afternoon, and her costume of purple cloth, worn with a chinchilla cape and violet toque, was voted among the prettiest seen this season. Mrs. J. Stanton King, in neatest of tailor-made garbs, and chapeau, its brim lined with white velvet and wreaths of rose pink about it, shopped with her fair visitor from California, who is to spend the winter at the handsome menage on St. George-street. Then I saw, too, one of the nicest entertainers in our city—but I shall not mention her name—office it to say that she is noted for her graciousness of manner and savoir faire. She was holding a little court of her own in a crowded shop, so modestly garbed in black, with a tiny thing in a bonnet, a mink tail or two, with a touch of bright velvet, that few might have noticed her—but everyone who has ever been bidden to her home knows well the charm of her smile and speech. And I thought, if some of our grande dames would take a leaf out of this brilliant society woman's book, and have an encouraging word, a cheery look, for even the most unpretentious ones about them—they would be to some extent fulfilling their mission in life.

Mrs. Wilkes of Thistledale, Bloor-street, gave a small musicale on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Drummond of Glasgow whose fine baritone voice has been such an acquisition to musical circles during his visit to town. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Allan Fairweather, Mrs. Arthur Harrison, Professor and Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. J. E. W. Harrison, Rev. Mr. Wood, Miss Hughes, the Misses McDermott, Mr. Wright and Dr. Murray McFarlane.

Mrs. Stammers (nee Givens) of Chatham has been spending a few days with friends in the city.

Mrs. Dunnett of Huntley-street gave a very enjoyable young people's tea last week for her adopted daughter and niece, Miss Daisy Ashleigh Dunnett.

The progressive euchre party given recently by Miss Susanne Mara was one of the brightest affairs of the week, and the young hostess, gowned in a pretty organdie frock, worn over pink, was the recipient of many compliments in regard to the success of her card party, which wound up with an after-supper dance. A few present were the Misses Matthews, Mr Ernie Wright, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Eva Goodeham, Mr Matthews, Miss Edith Jones, Mr King, Miss Agnes Drynan, Miss Hamilton, Mr Eby and Miss Bessie Thomson.

And so Mr. Maitland Kersey, friend of the titled owner of Valkyrie, and a lion of New York society, who has rubbed shoulders with the Astors and Vanderbilts, since Mr. Ismay appointed him representative at Gotham of the White Star Line, is retiring from that office to seek his fortune in British Columbia. Straws show which way the wind blows, and it is going to be a pretty large contingent that wings its way in the spring towards the setting sun. Gold is the magnet, and no superior attraction is as yet known to philosophers and scientists.

Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong entertained a few friends at 5 o'clock tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Bromley Davenport, whose visit to town, will I have no doubt, be later on the occasion of many bright social events. The decorations in the tea-room evoked much admiration, and were in keeping with the festive season, the scarlet and green of the holly giving a pretty effect to the tempting buffet. Among those present were Mrs Cattanach, Mrs Joseph Beatty, Mrs David Henderson, Mrs Fleming, Mrs Julius Mills, Mrs Johnstone and Mrs Acton Burrows.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable D. H. McMillan, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba, and Mrs. McMillan came to town last week in order to spend the Christmas holidays with their daughter, who is a pupil at Miss Veale's school, and are the guests of Mrs. C. E. Holmes of D'Arcy-street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Standish left on Friday for Picton, where they spent Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson.

Miss Lillian Hughes returned home last week after a delightful visit in Montreal, where she was the guest of Madam Sweny for one month. Miss Le Claire, Miss Hughes was considered one of the brightest little belles at the Charity Ball, which took place during her visit in Montreal.

The "Windmill" dance, arranged by Mrs. Cattanach for the coming Victorian Era Ball, is extremely pretty and promises to be very effective. The movements are similar to those of the Windmill and the dresses of the ladies will be of white cheese cloth, accordion plaited, and tiny windmills are to adorn the coiffure. The set includes Miss Helen Cattanach, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Marion Temple, Miss Jennings, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Miss Florrie Patterson, Miss Winifred Rose, Miss Agnes Vicars and Messrs. Creelman, Beardmore, Ross, Jennings, Wood, Owen, Francis and Bell, with Mr. Macdonald as Herald.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne left town on Wednesday for Ashville to join Mrs. Osborne and spend Christmas there.

Miss Amy McGill of Kingston, who has been spending the last two or three months with Mrs. Harley Roberts, returned home on Friday. Miss McGill's sister is expected to visit in town after the holiday season.

Miss Ethel Murdoff gave a very jolly little dance on Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Mallory, daughter of Dr. Mallory of Campbellford.

Miss Ethel Linton leaves for England on Monday afternoon, to spend two or three months with relatives there.

If there are six figures in your bank account you may attempt a black velvet and ermine skating gown and look like a queen. But if you belong to the cash-account-keeping contingent put the thought from your mind as you would murder. Don't entertain it for a moment, all the eloquence of fashion writers to the contrary. It can't be gotten up for a mere song and made to look as well as the real article. The mere song will turn into a dirge and the look-as-well gown into sack-cloth and ashes. But if you are one of the fortunate ones to whom expense does not count, then by all means invest in a velvet and ermine skating gown; nothing in the sartorial world can be half as pretty. The velvet skirt should be lined with your favorite color, and it will flash about your flitting feet in a manner most bewitching.

The big black hat with its dancing plumes helps on the situation tremendously, and ermine trimming completes any lingering doubt in the mind of the beholders that the velvet and ermine skating dress is the most fascinating in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gilmour of Brockville and Mr. Clifford Gilmour, are in town for the holidays, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Graham Chambers.

Sir Charles Tupper crossed from the good old land on the Majestic and spent Wednesday in Toronto, receiving the cordial greetings of hosts of friends prior to leaving for Winnipeg to spend Christmas with Lady Tupper.

Miss Mary Keegan, who will be remembered as the popular visitor of Miss Law, is now the guest of Mrs. Henry Sherwood in Ottawa.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, with Lord Haddo, and Mr. Matthew White Ridley, and attended by Captain Wilberforce, A.D.C., were present on Thursday afternoon at the first meeting of the Skating Club at Victoria Rink. To the strains of the national anthem, played by the band in attendance, Their Excellencies entered the rink, being welcomed by Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Justice Street, Mr. Percy Hodgins and several others. The ice was in capital condition, and the intricate figures of lancers and waltz gone through by many of the more expert skaters, and the first meet of the season may be said to have successfully ushered in the skating season of '97 and '98. Five o'clock tea brought the afternoon's reunion to a close and before departing shortly after 6 o'clock, Their Excellencies expressed the kindest wishes for the future of the Victoria Skating Club. Among those present were Miss Hodgins, Mrs McKinnon, Mrs B B Cronyn, Mrs Longley, Davenport, Mr and Miss Maude Yarker, Miss Antoinette Plumb, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr Bridgman Simpson, the Misses Cromble, Mr. Ernest Vankoughnet, the Misses Cattanach, Mrs Taylor, the Misses Temple, Miss Campbell, Major Lessard, Major Denison, Miss Entid Wornum, Mr Edfa Heward, Mr Harold Montz, Mr Beardmore, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Wilkie, Miss Josie Rowand, Mrs George Broughall, Mr Harold Montizambert, Mrs Douglas Armour, Miss Thorburn and a number of others.

Mrs. J. Fred Walker of Montreal, who has been visiting Mrs. C. L. Denison at 649 Dufferin-street, and her charming daughter, Miss Gertrude Walker, have returned home.

Hon. J. D. Cameron, Attorney-General of Manitoba, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Lehmann of Spadina-avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra returned from their wedding trip on Friday at noon, and on their arrival at Yeadon Hall were greeted by a little family party, including Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Sydney Greene and dear little Miss Doris Greene. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra expected to spend Christmas in New York, and to dine with Mme. Nordica at the Waldorf, but at the last moment changed their plans. On her arrival in dark blue traveling gown and lovely furs, Mrs. Cawthra looked if anything, handsomer as a matron than as the stately and dashing belle, Miss Ada Arthurs.

Miss Boyd, who for some time has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Stanger has returned to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair of Wellesley-street were present at the Bull-Brennen wedding in Hamilton last week.

Miss Grace Williams returned to town on Friday, accompanied by the Misses Eckert of New York, whom she has been visiting for the last two months.

The Misses Niven have issued invitations for a 5 o'clock tea on Tuesday, Dec. 28.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra arrived in town on Friday at noon, looking exceedingly well, after their three months' trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansley of Simcoe and little Miss Joan Ansley are the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Granthan, over Christmas.

The gentlemen and ladies taking part in the dance organized by Lady Kirkpatrick for the Victorian Era Ball, met at McConkey's on Thursday afternoon, and had a rehearsal, and were afterwards entertained at 5 o'clock tea by Miss George Stimson.

Apropos of this dance it represents the earliest period of the Victorian era from 1818 to 1830, and the costumes of both sexes will be taken from old pictures of that date, and will be exceedingly rich and beautiful, as building each historical character represented. Lady Kirkpatrick is to be congratulated on her choice of so many pretty women, the number including Mrs Fitzgibbon, Mrs Wank, Mrs W. W. MacCullough, Miss Hodgins, Miss Gzowski, Mrs Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Seymour, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick. The gentlemen taking part are Percival Ridout, Mr R W Matthews, Mr Reily Evans, Mr Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr Scott Griffin, Mr Chauncey Depew, Mr W Bunting, Mr Stimson and Mr Bickford as Herald. Mrs Ward will certainly make a lovely Duchess of Clarence. Mrs. Fitzgibbon is copying an old picture by a Canadian artist of the Duchess of Kent—in which character I am sure she will be irresistible. Mr. Ridout's costume is taken from a very old picture of the Duke of Kent; Mr. Matthews will personate the Duke of Clarence. The other costumes are to be copied from pictures of the period.

In the yachting dance, under the direction of Mrs. Ross, some of those taking part are Mr and Mrs Charles Beatty, Miss Allen Gooderham, Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr Colin Harbottle, Mr George Higinbotham, Miss Phillips, Miss Lottie Taylor, Miss Wright, Mr Percy Gooderham and Mr Jared Gilmour. For the ladies the costumes are of white in yachting style, with wide blue collar, and to be worn with jaunty caps, while those of the men to be after the Gelsha type.

In the same group, representing "Sports and Amusements," the Harvesters' dance, organized by Mrs. Arthers, promises to be one of the features of the Victorian Era Ball. In the dance are Miss Rossin MacDonald, Mortimer Clark, Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, Miss Leila McKay, Miss Buck, Miss Plummer, Miss Chadwick, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mr Grayson Smith, Mr Ashton Smith, Mr Hood, Mr Reginald Brock, Mr Frank Coulson, Mr D T Symons, Mr Willie Burritt, Mr Boyd, Mr Plummer as Herald, and Mr Mortimer Clark Standard Bearer for the whole group.

The ladies in blue under skirts, yellow over-dress, dotted with black and laced with black over the stomachers, adorned at one side with sickle, wheat and poppies, and large Leghorn hats, trimmed to correspond, are to represent the old-fashioned Harvest. The gentlemen, in blue and breeches, red stockings, white smock and buff jerkins, will represent the Modern Harvest, and are to draw in a car with the the celebrated Massey-Harris rake, and seated in triumph beside it, Miss Inez Mitchell, representing Manitoba, in German gown of white silk, her arms full of golden apples, the car decorated with golden wheat sheaves and sunflowers. They will be met at the foot of the grand staircase by the Queen of the Harvest, who is to be none other than the handsome bride, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, in beautiful robes, and attended by two pretty pages, Miss Stevens and Miss Olive Walker, in white satin and gold, bearing imperial crowns, which will be used in the figures of the dance. Miss Arthurs and Mrs. Sydney Greene are among the Village ers. This set being last will be brought to a conclusion by the singing of the Maple Leaf.

Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne and their niece, Miss Martin-Smith, are expected to arrive in town by Monday for the Victorian Era Ball, and will be the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange.

Mr. Fred O'Grady, the popular ledger keeper of the Merchants' Bank, leaves next Monday for Prescott, having been promoted to the position of teller of the bank there.

Mr. Arthur Nasmith of the Imperial Bank spent Christmas with his family at Gananoque.

Mr. J. E. Dingman of Winnipeg and western representative of Charles Boeckh & Sons, was in the city for a few days. He says there is a noticeable improvement in trade, and merchants are placing orders much earlier than last year.

Mr. A. Lyons of New York, who is well-known here, is on a visit to his parents for a few days.

On Wednesday evening last at the regular meeting of the Toronto Jewish Literary and Social Club, held in St. George's Hall, Elm-street, they were entertained by Prof. VanderSmissen of the University, with stereopticon views, and an illustrated lecture of Life in Germany in the olden times. Judging from the views, it must have been very ancient indeed, as glass for windows and matches and stoves, newspapers and letter-writing, bedsteads were stretched with rope as a substitute for a mattress, also the seats of chairs and many other things used in modern household were even unheard of. The lecture and views were very interesting, and a vote of thanks was tendered the professor for his kindness, after which dancing proceeded for the remainder of the evening.

Mr. J. Miller, formerly of Toronto, who is now a resident of Chicago, was married in New York Thursday last to Miss Alice Jacobs. A reception was held on Saturday at the residence of his mother on Wellesley-street to his many Toronto friends.

Mr. A. E. Yeomans of Buffalo, a former resident of Toronto, is visiting his sister on Sherbourne-street for a few days.

Mr. Fred Morgan of Montreal, an old Toronto boy, is visiting his parents for the holidays, and says Montreal and C.P.R. are booming.

The Charity Ball to be held on Thursday evening next, Dec. 30, in Confederation Hall, promises to be a very successful affair, and the committee are doing their best to eclipse any former event of this kind. As the proceeds are devoted for charitable purposes there is no doubt it will be a success. It is under the management of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Societies. Invitations may be had from Secretary S. B. Miers, 109 Winchester-street.

A Daughter of Toronto.

It is an odd thing that a city so thoroughly musical as Hamilton should have produced, not a great singer, but a histrionic star like Julia Arthur, who has already won laurels in the two great cities of the world, while Toronto, which is rapidly acquiring a reputation for being non-musical, should have given to the world a songstress of such promise as Miss Florence Brimson. Recent reports from Philadelphia and Washington give very flattering accounts of the success of Mdlle. Toronta, the young Canadian, who is just now with Damrosch's operatic company; and it is gratifying to notice that our young townswoman is by no means least in a constellation which comprises such stars as Melba, Nordica, Mdlle. Sigard, Salignac, M. Campanari.

I found a pleasant little group in the reception-room at the Arlington the other evening, Mrs. Brimson, Miss Florence Brimson, and a tiny black and white dog which I would have called a King Charles Spaniel, but for Miss Brimson's solemn assurance that "Tiny" has a Greek nose, which no King Charles ever had—a remark which made us all merry at the little creature's expense. "Tiny" is the gift of a foreign prince, and as he only understands French, and had to be presented in that charming tongue, this ceremony brought us naturally to Miss Brimson's life abroad, and her recent successes in the United States. Miss Brimson has been here during the week, trying to dispel a bad cold in her native air, and I, with the privilege of the interviewer, asked her question after question, al lof which were good-naturedly responded to and are given below:

"Yes, I spend my days just now rehearsing and singing; already I have sung five times, and people have been kind enough to receive me very warmly. Last Thursday we sang "Carmen" in Washington; we had a very brilliant house, with all the foreign ambassadors and society present. Of course, owing to his mother's recent death, the President was absent, but otherwise it was a great success. Mdlle. Sigard sang "Carmen," while I sang Michaele; not a very big part, but the audience liked it, and gave a triple encore."

"Well done," I said, "but how do you find Mcille? As a woman, I mean; is she pleased with your success?"

"She is adorable; nothing could exceed her cordially and kindness to me. When she actually waits in the wings to hear me sing, and when I am through they all congratulate me and make a kindly fuss over me; Melba will even come and put the finishing touches to my make-up—she makes me rehearse with her; indeed, her friendliness to me has been so marked that people have made the mistake of thinking me her Mcille. There are all kind, Mdlle. Sigard, Nordica, Campanari, Salignac, all show the same nice spirit, and now they call me the 'spoiled child of the company.' I suppose it is because I am the youngest that they all pet me," she added with her pretty smile.

Miss Brimson is really very young to have reached these heights; I took a mental note of the soft lines of the mobile face, the exquisite complexion, the lovely artist eyes and hair, the decidedly charmly tout ensemble; I imagined the perfectly trained voice, and it seemed to me the most unfair thing in the world that the youthful possessor of all these desirable things should be a favorite child of the company.

"How long were you a student in Paris?"

"Three years and a half, thanks to my best of friends, Mrs. Morrow, who spared no expense that I might have the best musical and dramatic training. Her generosity has been simply royal; words are poor things when one wants to express whamt moves one deeply. Certainly they would never express what I feel about Mrs. Morrow; there is no one like her for goodness."

I do not know whether Miss Brimson will care to see this in print, but I think it ought to stand as a sort of public testimonial to a woman who has ever held her wealth, not as a thing to be hoarded up for exclusive family or personal use, but as something to be used generously and wisely, in helping deserving talent or genius, which, without financial assistance, has no power of developing itself, and to bring culture into the lives of those who thirst for it. It is one of the noblest uses to which wealth can be put, and Mrs. Morrow, not once, but many times, by private generosity, has become a public benefactor.