

anguish when *Octave*, her brother, accidentally betrays to her *Philippe's* generous concealment of her dowerless condition, and she thinks she has forever lost the love for which she now yearns. *Athenias* (Miss Colwell) showed power and nerve in an unpopular character; *Suzanne*, *Philippe's* young sister, was too mincing I thought. The dresses were not very noticeable. *Suzanne* wore a pretty little dove-coloured Directoire coat, double-breasted and cut in two narrow tails; the buttons were small and plain gold, the underskirt of cream crêpe de Chine and an immense jabot to match, a hat of grey crêpe and gold flowers finished what was really a very dainty little costume. I notice all the actresses and society women wear shoes to match their gowns.

Last week we went to Tiffany's and saw the great Tiffany diamond, valued at \$100,000. It is a yellow stone almost the colour of a topaz, but gives out a thousand prismatic rays; but, to tell the real truth, though very beautiful, I should not care to possess it. In the rear of the establishment there is a case filled with Russian silver and gold work. One of the most beautiful pieces was a large gold salver draped with what looked like a linen damask scarf, but which in reality was pure silver wrought in a wonderful imitation of damask, a most lovely and curious piece of workmanship. The manager told us the newest sort of work they had was enamelling on silver, and for this they obtained a prize at the Paris Exposition. As enamel had never before been laid on silver, the effect is delicate but quite peculiar. It resembled East Indian work I thought. On the second floor are the bronzes and statuary, some of which are exquisite and of which I shall speak next week. In passing the glass department I observed that all the newest finger bowls were very shallow and quite small, an absolute necessity with the present crowded table setting. The prettiest wine glasses were engraved glass, inlaid with gold, the bowl supported by entwined serpents.

Mother and I went to see pretty Cora Tanner in "Fascination" on Monday, and I must tell you about some of the lovely dresses. In the last act Miss Tanner wore a pretty cream crêpe de Chine tea-gown, made Empire style, Josephine, you know, with a short train and no sleeves but a little puff, about four inches deep, like a little ruff round the armhole; the skirt was bordered about ten inches deep with mauve Persian embroidery. But what gave grace and originality to this gown was a long scarf of cream crêpe, twelve inches wide, tied in a bow at the bosom and reaching to the hem of the dress and finished with a deep fringe of cream silk; the effect was very graceful and pretty. Fringe is worn on everything here—all the scarfs and sashes are finished with a crocheted fringe ten or eleven inches deep. Mrs. Waldron, as the *Duchess*, also wore a lovely carriage costume. A bronze plush Directoire coat, cut with four tails held together by stripes of the plush about two inches wide and four long. This prevented their flying about. The front of the coat was trimmed with bronze iridescent passementerie and the tails were lined with leather-coloured satin; the skirt was leather-coloured satin, fan pleated, the pleats turning opposite directions in the front showing a narrow strip of the bronze plush; the sleeves were slashed at the shoulders and leather-coloured satin let in as a sort of puff, broad at the top and tapering downward, the lower end laid in little fan pleats turned both ways. With this, the gloves, bonnet and shoes matched, and a little bronze iridescent bead V-shaped cape was worn. You can hardly imagine, dear Kate, the charming and ladylike effect of this elegant costume. Just think how pretty Aunt Mary would look in it, and really, dear, it is so difficult to get pretty and suitable costumes for ladies of middle age. And now I must tell you a little "wrinkle." I remarked the soft fall of Mrs. Waldron's dresses, which, though never displaced, were not stiff, and she very kindly told me the secret. All the tails of the coat were *upholstered*. This is, of course, only for winter dresses, and it is done by laying a sheet of cotton batting between the plush and the satin lining all the way up to the hips. Do get the mater to try it. You have no idea what an improvement it is. I was also told that this prevented crushing when the dress was packed. "Fascination" is a good society play and well performed. Miss Tanner herself is an excellent and charming actress, utterly free from disagreeable stage trick, and Mr. Russell, the heroine's brother, played the part both easily and naturally. I am afraid you will begin to think I am like the brook—

"Men may come and men may go, but I (could) go on forever."

However, I must close now or I shall miss the mail.

Believe me, dear Kate, your loving coz,

HELEN E. GREGORY.

**THE FAINTING STONE.**—The Toltec statue of the goddess of water that has rested for ages near the pyramid of the moon at San Juan de Teotihuacan, twenty-seven miles north-east of the City of Mexico, has been raised from its bed and is now being worked toward the Vera Cruz railroad for transportation to the national museum. In this monolith, American archaeologists recognize the almost forgotten stones spoken of by Brantzmayer in his works in 1866. Maximilian sent a commission of Pachica scientists over the pyramids to make some explorations. Their report contains a full account of the discovery of the celebrated goddess of water, which they found lying on its face and placed on its feet. They refer in their report to the fainting stone and say they could not find it. Moreover, from that day to this the archaeologists of Mexico have universally agreed that the fainting stone, on account of its supposed malevolent qualities, had been broken up and destroyed by the Indians, but an American has, by the aid of drawings, shown that

the goddess of water and the fainting stone are one and the same. Mr. Leopold Batres, the inspector and conservator of monuments, is organizing an excursion of newspaper men to go out to the pyramids. Two hundred soldiers of the First Artillery are busily engaged in transporting the monolith by easy stages to the railroad station, three miles distant. It is reported that in excavating the same statue several important discoveries were made.

### TIDINGS.

[The following poem and "Signal," published in this paper on Nov. 2nd, 1889, are taken from a lyric series eventually to be called "The Battle of Sombre Field."]

Companionless,  
Thou pilgrim frail,  
Where none survive  
Whom death can kill,  
In the wide roaring  
Battle front  
What dost thou here  
Rose Messenger?  
Canst thou prevail  
To follow up  
The lonely trail?

I watch thee brave  
The hills of frost,  
To bear me word  
Across the rills,  
From the dear valley  
By the sea,  
There yet remains  
One way to turn  
The battle lost,  
And save the glory  
Of a host.

Thou art too spent  
To cry me cheer,  
Yet far a-hill  
Where winds go by  
I catch the signal  
Of thy hand;  
And the last beat  
Of joy within  
My heart makes here  
A revel grim  
With fate and fear.

I know thy lips  
Are set to ring  
The call my sail  
Shall not forget:  
How they who tarry  
By the hearth  
Reck not of triumph  
Nor defeat,  
So thou but bring  
The stainless honour  
Back with spring.

Return thy ways  
To Hameworth Lea,  
Rose Messenger!  
With this for fame's  
Report of her:  
"There is a nor' land,  
Hameworth Scaur,  
Where hearts are high  
And folk are free  
In many a dale  
Beside the sea."

Yea now all those  
For whom are done  
These warrior deeds  
Of strife and gloom,  
Shall utter not  
A thought of blame,  
Only regret,  
When the soft rain  
Shall hide the sun  
And Sombre Field  
Is lost and won.

And their homekeeping  
Tender hands  
Shall not disdain  
The service then  
Of burial  
To one who held  
Their post a day  
Against the horde  
Of leagued outlands,  
In the hot pass  
Of shifting sands.

Then bear me home  
Among the dead  
When all is lost.  
So strong, so young,  
Spring shall re-cheer  
Her cohorts on,  
And earth rejoice  
In the glad rally  
Of their tread,  
With the long sea-wind  
Overhead.

Fredericton, N.B.

BLISS CARMAN.



The past week has been decidedly a musical one. Otto Hegner, the young wizard of the piano, has been drawing two crowded houses at Queen's Hall and charmed every lover of music that attended his recital. His execution and talent are really wonderful, and the ease and grace with which he played the most difficult pieces of the most celebrated masters were something wonderful. If he lives long enough (and, with the necessary care and no overwork, there is no reason why he should not), and if his talent and love for the art increases with his years, he will be one of the really few great pianists the musical world will be able to boast of ten years hence.

The Balmoral Choir also gave two concerts, well attended by leading Scotch citizens and their descendants. They (the concerts) were fairly enjoyable, but from a musical point of view on a par, if as good as those given by local organizations. They evidently have a good advertising manager, but self-made fame does not last in this country.

There is considerable talk about the new theatre on Mr. Carslake's property, but the question of undesirable proximity to a railway station has been mooted as yet very little.

There is a treat in store for lovers of dramatic readings. Miss Lule Warrenton, the celebrated Shakesperian reader, will appear at Victoria Rifles Armory, on Thursday, December 12th, under the auspices of, and assisted by, the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, for the benefit of St. Margaret's Nursery. She is said to far surpass Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and appears in a number of beautiful dresses. She belongs to the class known as society actresses, and combines with much talent a rich voice and handsome presence. This is her first visit to Montreal.

The Carleton Opera Company will hold the boards at the Academy next week.

A rather sensational military drama, the "Blue and the Gray," began a week's engagement at the Royal on Monday. It is a piece full of action and not lagging in interest. Crowded houses will doubtless greet it all week.

The M. A. A. A. Dramatic Club will give their first entertainment of the season on Thursday, December 12. The Wednesday previous a full dress rehearsal will be given for members and the press. Full dress will be the desired thing according to the management. A. D.

Miss Helen Barry, at the Toronto Academy of Music, won all hearts. In the sparkling comedy, "A Woman's Stratagem," she was seen to most advantage, and during its presentation she was recalled after each act. Miss Barry's style possesses the great virtue of being original, and in the impersonation of an elderly countess, who would fain be young, she gave me the impression, and that a conclusive one, that either she was made for the part or the part was made for her. Her support was good, Mr. Handyside especially so, in the combination of a man, brave in theory, but cowardly in practice. Miss Barry also played "The Cape Mail" and "London Assurance," and in both pieces was well received.

For the last three days of the present week, Miss Marie Wainwright appears in "Twelfth Night," supported by an unusually strong company. Miss Wainwright's portrayal of *Viola* is said to be about as perfect as anything not the real thing can be, and the universal opinion of the production in all the large American cities that have witnessed it, is that it is the most perfect presentation of a Shakesperian comedy ever yet seen on this continent. The stage settings and equipments have all been expressly arranged and furnished for this production by such well known artists, in their respective lines, as E. Hamilton Bell, Chas. Graham and Philip Goatcher. The costumes also are by Mr. Bell, and everything—actors, costumes, stage scenes, etc.—contributes to the end in view, that of giving a correct interpretation of that great play.

The greatest of all Madison Square successes, "Captain Swift," direct from recent triumphs in New York City, and headed by that general favourite, Mr. Arthur Forest, accompanied by Miss Rose Eytynge and a most efficient company of artists, whose names alone are sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the production, will appear at the Academy of Music in Toronto for five nights and special Wednesday and Friday matinees, commencing Monday, December 9. "Captain Swift" is one of the best dramas being produced on the American stage, and has had a run of three hundred nights in London, and three hundred nights in New York. The company includes such names as W. J. Constantine, Fitzhugh Ousley, Fred. Backus, and the Misses Beverley Fitzgreaves, Grace Kimball and Nellie Taylor. The scenery is of late execution and appropriate. All theatre-goers must see this fine production and encourage the push and enterprise of Mr. Greene, the manager of the Academy, who has gone to great trouble to bring this grand company to Toronto. When this piece appeared in Montreal, some six weeks ago, their press spoke in terms of the highest praise both of "Captain Swift" and those who rendered the piece. We have no doubt that crowded houses will greet this play and overflow the Academy all week. First performance, Monday, December 9; matinees, Wednesday and Friday, but no Saturday matinee. G. E. M.