

✿ Mainly About People. ✿

MR. TURNER, the wife of the Consul-General of the United States, is one of the most striking women in Ottawa society. She is called a beauty by some—others see nothing in her. She has lovely soft brown eyes, and hair that is really brown—a nut-brown that is almost golden. Her hair and eyes, in fact, are unlike those of any other woman. Her grandmother was French. This gives her qualities which, combined with the American woman's proverbial stylishness, make her one of the best-dressed women in Ottawa. Her great point in this respect seems to be not that she dresses up on occasions in striking costumes, but that she is never seen with anything on that is unbecoming.

ALTHOUGH Her Majesty's charities are literally as numerous as the sand on the seashore, the Sovereign seldom finds herself justified in sending so large a donation as £1,000 to any one fund. This, however, is the amount which the Queen has had forwarded to the Transvaal War fund, and Her Majesty has signified her desire that of her gift £400 should be allotted for the benefit of the widows and children of those serving in South Africa, and £200 to each of the other three objects enumerated in the Lord Mayor's appeal. The Prince of Wales, who sent a donation of 250 guineas, has asked that his gift may be credited to the "Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association Fund."

LORD CURZON has just rewarded the translator of the sacred Indian epic—the Mahabharata—with a pension. The amount is small, but the Indian sages can live on very little, so that at least the industrious Pundit Kesari Mohan, having accomplished the whole of this stupendous task and found himself oppressed by poverty and age, has a never failing stipend. The Mahabharata is the longest poem in the world, being seven times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey together. It is as crowded with stories and legends as the Indian temples are with images.

CAPT. GRAHAM, A.D.C., has launched on the "Christmas-tide" of presents, a book of verse called "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Col. D. Streamer. As Capt. Graham says, "these are not intended to inculcate heartlessness among the young," but were suggested to him by an old nursery rhyme, which runs as follows:

Mary poisoned mother's tea
Mother died in agony—
Father was extremely vexed—
Mary child! he said—what next?

The verses are of the subtle kind of humor found in "Alice in Wonderland," and appeal to those who can see under the surface. Capt. Graham has written articles for The Windsor and other English magazines. But this is his first published book. The illustrations are by Mr. G. Gathorne-Hardy, a name well known in English political life. This will also be Mr. Hardy's first published work as an artist.

HR. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK is not one of those ladies who content themselves with merely directing the good works in which they are interested. As president of the London Needlework Guild, she is absolutely the working head of the whole organization, having been accustomed from her childhood to the practical business of the society. For five

consecutive days preceding the recent annual exhibition of the society at the Imperial Institute, Her Royal Highness was busily employed in unpacking, sorting, and counting the garments contributed by the members of the guild, the number of which amounted to something over 9,000, and, aided by her Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Katharine Coke and Lady Mary Lygon, worked hard from 11 o'clock till 5, with only a short interval for luncheon, in tying the things up into neat bundles for distribution. And it is not only on such occasions as the one in question that the Royal president's energy and interest are engaged. The whole year around she busies herself about the guild, and always knows which vice-presidents are forward, or the contrary, with their work, and personally decides upon the disposal of the finer linen to indigent ladies and wives of the poorer clergy.

LADY ABERDEEN, it is rumored, will write a book giving her reminiscences of Canada during her husband's Governor-Generalship.

THE list of Royal litterateurs is to-day a somewhat lengthy one, and in this list Royal princesses shine conspicuously. Not to mention Queen Victoria's well-known contributions to literature, the number of princesses who are authors include Carmen Sylva (Queen of Roumania), the Queen of Italy, the Countess of Paris and her daughter, the talented young Queen of Portugal, and the Crown Princess of Italy (Princess Helena of Montenegro). To make the list of Royal authors complete, must be added the names of the Prince de Joinville, last surviving son of King Louis-Philippe, Prince Henri d'Orleans, the well-known explorer, King Oscar, of Sweden, and Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro.

MR. KEEGAN PAUL says that one of the last books read by Cardinal Manning was "The Pickwick Papers." A few weeks before his death, he asked for a complete set of Dickens' works. "I have never read 'Pickwick,'" he said, "and I don't think I should like to die without having done so."

LADY BALFOUR of Burleigh, wife of the Chief Secretary for Scotland, is a sister of Lord Aberdeen, and is universally popular. She is an exceedingly able woman, a good talker, and enters heart and soul into all her husband's social and political aspirations—and they are many, for Lord Balfour of Burleigh is one of the best types of politicians and philanthropists; everything that he does he does well, and he finds an able seconder in his accomplished and delightful wife.



SYLVIA IN THE SNOW STORM.

WATCHING the snowflakes whisked and whirled
All ceaseless to and fro,
About the boundaries of the world
She lets her white thoughts go.

And one of those white thoughts of hers
To me comes drifting down
As I sit brooding 'mong the firs
Above this gray old town.

Into my heart that waif of grace
Sinks, nestling like a dove;
Ah, what are all the bounds of space
If thought be winged by love!