

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Rescue Home.

Opening my mail this morning I see something bright. Among the blues and greys and browns of the magazines and the death white of the papers and letters, there is a glint of something gaily colored. Just a minute or two first for a letter that "belongs" that has been too eagerly watched for to be kept waiting, and I am ready for the pretty visitor. Looking closely I see it is only the lettering on the cover that has attracted me, the background is dark enough. The crimson and gold letters read "Fair Canada's dark side." In one corner under a gas jet a woman is talking earnestly with hand extended in warning to a group of gaily attired young girls. In another a fast looking young fellow with a cigar in his mouth is chatting to some rakish looking companions. At the bottom of the page a policeman is bending over what seems to be the dead body of a poor wretched woman. The central picture is a rum bottle, a foaming mug of beer, some glasses of wine, tobacco pipes and a Jack of cards. So prepared, I am not surprised to find it is a report of the Rescue Home for women and children, by the Salvation Army in Toronto. The writing on the title page, To Mrs. — from Blanch Reed, Rescue secretary, is not needed to recall the gentle, earnest, sensible-looking woman who walked quietly into the drawing room of my country home some weeks ago to tell me something of the life she was leading, of the work she and others like her were doing. She told me many stories of those whom they had helped to a better life. Of some, alas—many, weakly dropping back to the old evil life. She spoke of scenes of misery, suffering, poverty, filth and degradation, daily witnessed. The little book gives but a glimpse of it. Of the many sad histories of poor foolish young girls tempted to sin, allured by a longing to escape the often hard lot of domestic service. Sometimes sheer loneliness driving them into company where there is only evil. The downward road is so easy. The sad ending all too sure. Thrown on the streets, no home, no friends, starving for bread, awfully alone. What is there but drink to forget it all? Then the police cell, then—Oh thank God for it, then, a woman's out-stretched hand, a welcoming smile, a loving, pitying word, and the poor wretched outcast is fed, and cleansed, and comforted, and cared for. This is the work of the Rescue Home. It is however but one part of the undertaking. The Home is a training institute as well, the inmates have to go through a course of house-keeping, become proficient in cooking, laundry work, sewing and nursing. Thus qualified, they are ready for another duty, visiting when they are needed. Strange visitors these, cheerful, helpful, undismayed, in scenes of misery and vice too degraded for description. Generally one or both parents slaves to the deadly soul and body destroyer. Unwholesome looking starved, ragged children, the mother sometimes raving in the delirium of drink, often stretched, hopelessly intoxicated, dirty, loathsome, in an atmosphere redolent of disease and impurities—a spectacle too revolting for aught but the tender, ministering care of these sisters of mercy. They are great believers in the doctrine of cleanliness, and the first step is generally a bath all around. Then water, soap and scrubbing brush in these capable hands and for the first time the wretched place has the semblance of a home. Nursed and cared for, no hard words for her, only pitying tenderness, the vilest outcast must surely believe in the love which can still hold out the hope of a turning from evil, of a better, happier life even for her.

And then the children!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces
And their look is dread to see
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long" they say, "How long, oh cruel nation
Will you stand to move the world in a child's heart,
Stuffed down with a mailed heel with palpitation
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?"

"Our blood splashes upward, oh gold-heaper!
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence
Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

"After all" Mrs. Reed said, "It is with the children our great successes are hoped for. If we could only take the children. We have room for a dozen or so and we could fill Eaton's. It breaks our hearts," she went on, "to turn away poor, pinched, famished little waifs, homeless or worse, no company but the vilest, no teaching but to do evil. Profanity, impurities of thought and action always before their eyes and in their hearing, many of them suffering from painful diseases and wounds, all of them neglected and totally uncared for."

"What hinders?"

"Just the want of means, if we only had the money to take a big house, we could fill it in a week. There is scarcely a day passes we have not to turn away one or more of these little ones, we could give them a good chance of becoming useful, happy citizens, we send them away only to swell the great criminal class, the curse of our christianity."

They once had a drunkard's home too.

"It is very necessary," my visitor said, "to be able to separate unfortunates into different classes. We are so hampered when they are all together, we did do good work when we had this department we were the means of restoring more than one woman and their homes and in cases where the habit is not of long standing, we succeeded fairly well. But we had to give it up and it has never been resumed for want of means."

These women are giving themselves to this life of service. It means for them the sacrifice of home enjoyments, family ties and the pleasures of social intercourse. They get but the barest living. Their house is only plainly furnished. No luxuries or refinements. Their toil unremitting, daily forced to witness scenes of vice and misery, little that is pleasant, much that is discouraging, but with all a consci-

ousness that they are obeying the command: "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick and in prison." Willing to spend and be spent for others, only seeking the reward of seeing poor wanderers straying along the dark paths that lead to death, turned into the safe path leading to a better life here, and on to the presence of Him who said to such, "Go and sin no more, neither do I condemn thee." To us as well as them was given the solemn charge. We cannot perhaps just in this way care for the needy, but we can give of our means, giving more scope to existing enterprises. There are many philanthropic plans in successful operation. This is but one field. There are faithful laborers many busy with plans for the elevation of fallen humanity. I wish them all God-speed, but oh, mothers as you gather your own precious little band around you to-night, when you look at the bright happy faces, so secure in your home, with sweet boundless confidence in "mother's power" to soothe all griefs and set right all troubles, when thanking the Good Giver for the crowning joy of motherhood, think of these unhappy neglected little waifs, shrinking from the blow and the curse that means mother to them. There are loving hearts ready to care for, feed, clothe and teach them. Go and see the rosy, happy little group and see for yourselves what might be a blessed fate in store for every outcast, homeless and hungry little waif to-night.

Now tell the poor young children, oh, my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray
For the blessed One who blesseth all the others
Will bless them another day.

The little report is most tastefully presented in a neat and attractive form. It is issued by the War Cry Publishing Co. Buy it.

BEATA.

Society Doings.

Dresses at the Horse Show.

We have reproduced a page of sketches by our artist of some of the more striking dresses worn at Grand's Horse Show last week. Most of the costume makers and ladies' tailors have been busy for the past few weeks in preparing, shall we say building, dresses to be worn at this long looked forward-to event, and the sudden change in the weather must have caused many a sigh of disappointment from fair lips as the owners donned the dainty dresses, only to be covered by macintoshes and wraps of all descriptions. The weather was cold, too, and wraps could not be left off, even when inside the huge canvas tent in which the show was held; though here and there glimpses of the half hidden toilettes could be seen. In the way of hats, several of the latest Parisian style, the "jampot" were to be seen and a very pretty and effective summer hat this shape makes; and though they were trimmed in many different styles, they looked equally effective in all. Numbering the dresses in the order in which they appear on the page, the first is in striped bedford cord profusely trimmed with passementerie, and the collar, part of the sleeve and edging round the skirt is of velvet. The sleeve to this dress is very pretty and is a noticeable feature of the dress. Altogether it was a very pretty costume and was made by W. M. Stitt & Co., as were three of the other dresses shown, No's 4-5 and 8. The jacket, No. 2 is very quiet, but with plenty of style, and is named by the makers (Stovel & Co.) the Grenadier Guards jacket, the braiding being an exact copy of that forming the uniform of this regiment. The back of this jacket is also braided to match the proper uniform but this braiding, of course is not shown in the sketch. The jacket No. 3 is a change from the popular build of boxcloth jackets being double breasted, but with only one row of large pearl buttons, the centre being formed by a strap seam, which takes the place of the 2nd row. The seams are strapped all over, and we can congratulate the wearer on having chosen a style most in keeping with the show. This was also made by Stovels as were the costumes No's. 6 and 7. We saw several of the new loose straight backed box coats worn, but our artist did not sketch one. He says it is impossible to make one look well in a sketch, and we are inclined to agree with him and go further and say that we never saw one that looked well out of a sketch.

The costume No. 4 was made in grey, with grey blue velvet to match for the upper part of the bodice and sleeves. The trimming was gold passementerie, and the cords to the bodice were of gold as also the lacings to the sleeves. No. 5 is a whole backed coat of white beaver cloth, the noticeable feature in which are the large velvet lapels and collar falling right over the shoulders. The cuffs and pockets are also of velvet and only one row of buttons is used, although it is a double breasted coat. No. 6 is the most quiet and yet stylish and effective costume we saw worn. It is made throughout with the exception of the waist coat in dark blue serge of a very stylish cut. This would have rather a dull effect but for the relief afforded by the waistcoat which is of scarlet with military trimmings and forms a very pretty set off to the whole dress. The hat worn with this was black and had a profusion of tips as trimming, what number had been used we should be almost afraid to hazard at a guess. No. 7 was worn by a well known lady from Chatham, and though perfectly plain had an effect than can only be given by a well made tailor built gown. The material was a fawn colored cheviot and the hat worn with it, in dark brown velvet and ribbon matching the color of the dress, gave a charming finish to the whole costume. No. 8 was a dress of quite another character, made in brocaded India silk, sleeves full down to the elbows and the draping of the material, especially round the hips being new and effective. A handsome fringe was attached both in front and at the back.

We have several other costumes sketched but want of space prevents their insertion this week. They will appear, with descriptions in our next number.

MRS. CHARLES SHEARD, wife of one of Toronto's most successful physicians, gave a lovely "At Home" at her residence, Jarvis street, last Saturday. Mrs. Sheard, her clever husband, and her charming little family are pleasant to know and good to look at.

THE Arlington Hotel, at the corner of King and John streets, has housed some very stylish people this season, and they have had a great deal of quiet fun. I am told that Mrs. T. J. McIntyre has left there lately, and takes up housekeeping at 23 Cecil street next month. What a nice house that will be to visit at those, who have the *entree* can best understand.

MISS AGNES KNOX, our lady professor at the University, has come back to us after a tour in Scotland. Numbers of the students have expressed to me their delight in Miss Knox's method of imparting knowledge, and this is only another verification of the fact when women *can* teach they are worshipped by their scholars as men professors never are. Miss Knox, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," is in her perfect element discoursing of what and how to read.

KING and Yonge streets were crowded on Sunday afternoon, the occasion being to see the "Kilties" on their march to service at St. Andrew's Church. They made a very fine show, and although nearly all of them are recruits Col. Davidson has cause to congratulate himself on the smartness of their turnout. They were accompanied by the bands of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own, and already boast a company of twelve pipers of their own. Although the music of the pipes may not be readily appreciated by many ears it has a very martial and inspiring effect when leading as fine a regiment as that of the Highlanders.

IN spite of the unfavorable weather last Thursday there was a large and fashionable assembly to see the Horse Show, which was held on the deserted play-ground of the dear old Upper Canada College. Where the boys played cricket and ran the annual races last summer were reared long, narrow canvas stables, with innumerable stalls, in each of which, with his name on a card over his little chamber, stood a lovely horse. Brown faces and black, grey and chestnut, faces with a pretty white parting of silky hair down the centre, with sometimes a star only of white on the forehead, with gentle or tempersome or proud brown eyes looked fiercely or lovingly down on many a timid admirer as she passed by on her way to the mammoth canvas-covered ring, round which clustered most of the youth, beauty and wealth of the Queen City. There were old ladies and young, parsons, doctors, lawyers and all the rest of it. Here sat a stately blonde beauty with a long-handled eye-glass and a queenly carriage of the head—Mrs. Dickson, of Niagara. There a petite and dainty dame, with an aureole of golden brown hair and a bright smile for her many friends—Mrs. James Crowther, of Bloor street west. Near by a winsome little lady, with merry black eyes, and a great admiration for the pretty horses—Mrs. A. W. Croil, of Simcoe street. A little further away, a trim, slight *demoiselle*, whose *fiance*, handsome and dignified, manipulated the ribbons over a pair of handsome bays—Miss Frances Smith, of Rosemount, Bloor street. There a Frenchman and his pretty foreign wife, who must have thought of her own vast Parisian hippodrome, where 10,000 "Bravos" rend the air at once on gala nights.

Not one half of that number, of course, were under the canvas on Thursday night, but even four thousand can make a respectable appearance on occasion. The extreme dampness of the atmosphere made it necessary that many a *chic* costume should lie *perdu* under a cosy wrap, but occasional glimpses of beauty caught my eye. The Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park looked stylish and charming; Mrs. E. King Dodds and the Misses Dodds are still in mourning for their late bereavement. A very swell party from Hamilton occupied a conspicuous box, and thoroughly entered into the sport. These were Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, and Miss Gartshore, who are all born horse-lovers. Mr. Allan McLean Howard had a bevy of fair ladies under his care. They were quite jubilant when Mr. Ballard gained second prize for black Kate, Mr. Howard's neat mare, in the jumping contest. Mrs. James Carruthers took a knowing survey of the horses as they circled round the oval. What Mrs. Carruthers misses, when criticising a horse is very hard to discover. She is a graceful and fearless rider, and looks her best when managing a tricksey or troublesome steed. When the driving of pairs began, we had a lot of our favorite society men to bet on—Colonel Otter, in the well known yellow Gladstone was a prime favorite, everyone that knows him likes him, Major Harrison, with his lovely silvering hair, and black moustache, carried lots of good wishes, but we know we mustn't fall in love with *him*. Mr. Dean was perfect, his ease and imperturbability were positively delightful. Colonel Stanley captured the second prize, with great eclat. And then we had great fun over the judges' uncertainty between our own Colonel Otter, and young Lally McCarthy who sat so erect and drove fast and deftly around the pillars, turning marvellous corners with consummate skill. Colonel Otter bested him though "Lally" made several conquests and more than one rosebud mouth pouted and called the judges "mean old things" which was a naughty libel on Messrs Patteson, and Torrance, and Dr. McLean, of Meaford, who did their very prettiest to be just and generous together. Beside the stylish folk mentioned, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Mr. W. E. Burrill, Mr. A. P. Burrill, Mrs. and Miss Hugh McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. Bendelari, the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mr. and Mrs. Josh Beard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Jones. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Hon. Frank Smith and Miss Smith, Judge Morson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Northcote, Colonel Gzowski, and so many others that space fails to enumerate them.