You may say what you please about Schopenhauer and Descartes and Anaxagoras and all those fogies who strive to convince us by illusory logic that whatever is, is and always has been, since the world began. I have no faith in them—I am not one of those who discredit the evidence of their optics—I believe there is food for the hungry controversialist, wherever he turns his head. Does not Providence ordain this and that in a marvellous manner? Is not everything regulated in our daily life with consummate discretion? Do you mean to say this is a crystallized policy that dates its birth at the beginning of all things? That every little occurrence to-day was drawn up in black and white when earth was evolved out of chaos?—Pooh! The point is not worth arguing—As the days roll by an eternal adjustment is continually taking place—that's my belief—Look at Good Friday. Doesn't it nearly always rain? And isn't Easter Sunday nearly always fine?—Look at that tipsy laborer—does he ever get in the way of a trolley? No, my friend—it is you and I who are cold, sober, who get sparring with the headlight—and to come down to an up-to-date instance of the awful fitness of things—did you ever in your life see a finer day than Wednesday last? It was the opening day of the Horse Show. There is no apparent connection between the two facts—not to an unthinking mind. The Horse Show is all right—I hope I shall be the first to offer to pay for the buttons that flew from the secretary's waistcoat, as he puffed out his chest with pardonable pride on Wednesday afternoon, when the fanfare echoed from the trumpets' brazen throats and His Excellency declared the Horse Show open—I overheard a remark made by one of our American visitors to another: "This beats the opening day at Madison-square." No callow hypocrisy about that. I declare I felt as elated as though I were personally responsible for every earthly detail of Canada's great Panhippic festival. And as I leant on the rails of the promenade and watched the horses enter—their shining coats, their aristocratic bearing, the trim traps and the smart grooms, and then turned round and gazed in an admiring ecstasy at the soaring splendor of that grand stand, with its countless beauties of face, form and apparel, a grim smile of satisfaction curvetted over my features. I thought of "Muddy York," "Hogtown," "Overgrown Village," and other epithets applied by envious underlings to good old Toronto, and upon my word the smile that I was describing a while ago very nearly expanded into a mighty roar of laughter. That would have been a shock to the solemn "Bobby," who was standing in marble meditation at my elbow.

To my mind a great charm about the whole function has been the excellent taste displayed by the men in town in dressing properly for the affair. I heard it said, now and then, "It's not worth while"—"What's the use"? If a gentleman expects to meet ladies there—if he means to strole about the promenade, or sit in a box with them, he should at least pay them the compliment of being as well turned out as lies in his power. Of course if he means to knock about with the hoi polloi on the north side, he can dress as he pleases. Fashion is a tyrant, but we secretly adore her. We abuse her vigorously and clinch our fists and vow we will shake loose from bondage, but when she unfurls her standard to the breeze we flock to it just the same and sky our hats in the air and caper about like schoolboys at 4 o'clock.

And, after all, the Horse Show, to a large number of the spectators, is but a pretext for donning their best attire and then criticizing one another. Very few of those stately beauties that adorn the boxes know or care which end of the horse goes into the shafts. Appointments, not the horses, count the most. I heard of one well-known belle, who said when she was asked which horse she liked best in the single harness competition: "Ah, I couldn't tell you that, but I know I like that man best!" and she pointed to the worthy representative of the Howland Stable, who was skilfully guiding his mettlesome steed over the tan bark and looking every inch a king among Jehus.

And not only the fair sex, but hte men themselves display a lamentable ignorance on the subject. They stare and stare (taking the cue from a horsey neighbor), applaud loudly, but, left to themselves, they could ont tell ear sockets from hock joints. Their knowledge in this line covers ponies (usher and "special"), nightmares and towel horses. These they have "pat." But His Excellency was none of this cut. His interest from first to last was of the keenest and never flaggged. A worthy scion of a noble race. No one in the Armouries was better up to the good points of the horses than he, as was evidenced by the shrewd and knowing criticisms that fell from his lips from time to time. Occasionally he would ask to be taken into the judges' box in the ring centre to congratulate some prize-winner or inspect more closely some red ribbon-bedecked aristocrat. I was rather amused at a popular authority on horses here, who in the hunter class forecasted on a piece of paper the winners one, two and three. "It's a moral impossibility, my boy, for them to award it any other way." If the secretary had grafted a colony of bookmakers in the place I think I should have gone off quietly and taken this call at decent odds, for my prophetic friend was such a devil of a knowing card. As it turned out, however, neither one of the pick got a color, and that's where I claim Providence steps in. I really could not have afforded to lose my money.

I wish to the Lord I were able to commit to paper as fast and as elaborately as I think them my thoughts on the bewildering loveliness of some of those social exotics in the stand. I spoke of this once before, but I come back like a moth to candle. I suppose I shall be shriveled up some day like that spider that thought he would take a short cut across a red hot shovel. There was one loge in front that I specially noticed. Its occupants must have been selected by a special committee.

The one I feel sure that chose that much-abused poster, for I am not one of those ophthalmic creatures, you know, who point scornfully at this work of art. On the contrary, I think it is a remarkably good poster, and, commercially, artistically and ornamentally, exactly fills the bill—as I say, these visions must have been selected specially. My crusty bachelor spirit relaxed like a punctured tire, to conform to the prevailing style of metaphor, as I gazed at them and at others, too, for wherever my eye rested it was refreshed. I was chatting with Mrs. Kirkpatrick for a few moments. How popular she and His Honor are. One has to mingle with the unwashed, as I did, and hear the voces populi to know this. The mob is never euphemistic. Their plain speech is from the heart. I listened for a few moments to a discussion as to the propriety of maintaining the position of Governor-General. The disputants were rough and ready, with a distinct bouquet of bricks and mortar. Evidently the tendency of the arguments were atrociously radical, for I heard one bluff old chap bring his mighty fist down on the frail railing and say, "No, sir, I ain't that kind. Give me a good boss and I works all the better. My vote goes for a governor every time, and George Kirkpatrick for the next one."

If the Horse Show accomplishes nothing more it has caused a vast improvement in the driving of our local horse owners. A month's practice is not one-half as beneficial as an hour's trial in the Armouries before that vast concourse of spectators. To be at concert pitch, to have every nerve strained, to be guarded in every detail, to be watchful of yourself, is always a lesson never forgotten. I thought the tandem driving, though, was hardly equal to last year, although practically the same gentlemen competed. I think the horses were more difficult. It requires a deal of manipulation to soothe the nerves of those highly-strung, nervous thoroughbreds, with a band crashing about their ears, the dazzling electric light, and the plaudits of thousands echoing through the dome. I wonder how many picked out as a winner that magnificent hackney that was led round the ring by an attendant, mounted on the quaintest little hackney colt. That was a picture, if you like. The gallant little beast seemed to feel that he was responsible for his big friend's appearance and threw on all the style he could raise, as he trotted past. By the way, while I think of it, did you all notice the magnificent decorations in some of our shop windows? I flattened my nose against Michie's, Dunlop's and Bain's until my dog didn't recognize me. Most artistic I called it, and strikingly evident of the universal popularity of the Horse Show. As a matter of fact, the whole town seems yellow and blue mad, Daffodils and jonquils, violets and cinerraries, "condolent" one another on bonnets, button holes and street corners, in shop windows and drawing rooms. Why, I was playing whist on Saturday evening, and, would you believe it, one of our packs had a blue back and the other a yellow one! I congratulated the host on the public spirited way in which he pushed a good thing along.

To come back to our mutton, or, to be more correct, to our "spring lambs," wasn't "Mikado" a beauty? 'Pon my word, my soul went out to that incomparable animal. I love a horse like that. He is less than human, but more than a brute. His liquid, lustrous eye fascinates like the glance of a houri, and that proud neck, curved and glossy. He arches it as though conscious of the admiration it will evoke. When I am in first-rate society, whether it be men or horses, I care not a jot for the outside world. I am content to exist peacefully. Just let me potter about. It is gratifying to even feel one is among the elect. One may not be hob-a-nob with them, or get even as far as that individual who boasted he had had a conversation once with the Duke of Wellington. His friends asked him what the Duke had said—the man replied: He said "Confound you, get out of my way!"

An English lady present at the opening of the Horse Show, said to her neighbor, "Look at those three people standing at the Governor-General's box. They furnish an excellent commentary on the smallness of the world, and the representative character of the people who leave the Old Country to make up the sum total of colonial life. The elder lady is a grand-daughter of C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of London, who once shared with Bishop Sumner the right to call themselves the two best-known bishops in England. Captain Wilberforce, talking to her, is a grandson of "Scapy Sam," a little later on, one of England's principal prelates; and the young girl listening to them is a daughter of a well-known Torontonian, whose initials, T.C.P., are well known, first cousins of the murdered Bishop of Melanesia. They have met by accident, but two generations ago their families were united by the strongest bonds of intimacy and friendship."

Weddings! weddings! Their name is legion this month. April has to do double duty, as May, for some unknown reason, has long since been put under the ban of a curious but tenacious superstition. The bachelor—there are a few left—finds his mantelpiece covered with engraved missives in the letter form (why not cards I always wonder?), and at the end of the month he can contemplate his bank book spotted with cheques. There was a time when everyone asked to a wedding felt bound to send a present, but this has, I think, been exploded in the present day. Many people, however, refrain from sending out wedding invitations too promiscuously from the very fear that the recipient may feel bound to spread himself quite out of proportion to his intimacy with the happy couple or either of them, not to mention his scanty means. Since then the spring, from reasons political or otherwise.

I drain a glass to all the brides and to all the bridegrooms, and in the words of Mr. Thackeray, a little altered:

I wish you health and love and mirth
As fits the merry marriage tied.

May the good offices of the most sympathetic of best men support the faltering bridgroom in that trying hour. May he not forget his lines, or drop the ring, or be kept waiting too long, or fall to be less than perfect in his difficult part. May his bliss and his letter of credit be inexhaustible.

Intolerance is not dead, and whenever I see a particularly flagrant example of it in print, I would venture odds that it comes from a church paper. With all due respect be it said to the presumed object of these publications, charity to all men seems lost in the narrowmindedness and bigotry of their contributions. The following example from an English paper is interesting from its subject, especially during this week of horsiness, and striking as a specimen of the intolerance to which I refer. "There are very few hunting parsons left. It must give a shock to those people who have any sense of the fitness of things to hear of a clergyman's daughter in the hunting field. That any Christian lady, or, indeed, any woman of refined and human feeling, should follow the hounds in a cruel and repulsive pursuit called 'sport,' is revolting. Last week a daughter of an English dean was thrown from her horse while so engaged. The young lady broke her arm. While extending to her every sympathy, with congratulations that the disaster was not fatal, all Christian people will wish that she should become an advocate of kindness, not cruelty, to the poor animals that are hunted to an agonizing death. The Christian Church should long ago have reprobated such shocking fashionable sports." And all this spleen was evoked because Miss Alice Leigh, daughter of the Dean of Hereford, met with a bad accident some days ago while following the Herefordshire hounds. She fell with her horse into a ditch when taking a jump, and one arm was unfortunately broken. Query: would this charitable organ consider the competitions at the Horse Show "shocking fashionable sport?"

SANS GENE.

Those fortunate enough to be present at the musicale given by Signor Delasco in his studio on Tuesday afternoon were rewarded by a rare feast of selections, instrumental and vocal. Names as well-known to the musical world of Toronto as Miss Gurney, Miss Huston, Mr. Fox, Mr. Alfred Beardmore would of themselves ensure a treat. To these were added among others Miss King, whose aria was delightfully rendered, and Mons. Mercier, who, with Signor Delasco, entranced everyone by their "Faust and Mephisto," from Gounod (an encore to this was demanded and given). Mr. Fox's violin solo was most artistic, and showed elaboration and extreme care in execution. There is a fluency about Mr. Fox, too, that always pleases—while completely at home with his instrument, his concentration never relaxes, and until the last note is sounded one feels that his whole mind is bent upon the task before him. I think this may be said also of Miss Gurney. I have heard the latter often, and each time I feel more satisfied than before. Brilliancy without study is nothing, while study without brilliancy accomplishes much—when both are united as in the case of these two young artists the result is delightful indeed. A word in praise of Miss Huston's "Sands o' Dee" is inevitable. We in Toronto are educated to a high pitch as regards this enchanting old melody. Mr. Plunkett Greene, and then Mrs. Vanderveer Greene, who came with Madame Albani, both sang it, and, needless to say, did it justice. Miss Huston's interpretation was charming, and left nothing to be desired even under so strong a contrast. A magnificent sextette composed of Signor Delasco, Mons. Mercier, Messrs. Alfred Beardmore, Miss Huston and Miss King, closed the afternoon's program. Tea was served in the studio.

The fashionable world was present in large numbers, a great many "happening in," and then passing on to other functions. I saw Mrs. G. Allan Arthurs, Mrs. W. H. Beatty and the Misses Beatty (just returned from Bermuda), Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mrs. Macculloch, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. H. Vincent Greene, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. J. S. King, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. McCualg (Woodstock), Miss Parsons, Miss Gzowski, Messrs. Frank Darling, Sidney Small, Edward Cronyn, Scott Griffin, Percival Ridout, Dr. Scadding and dozens of others.

Messrs. R. Horne Payne and Mitchell Innes, the well-known English bankers, have been in Toronto for the last few days. They are among those fortunate individuals who have emerged from the South African gold fever with colors flying. They travel in a special train, and are on their way to the Pacific Slope in search of fields of labor equally profitable with the realm of the Kaffir and the Hottentot. It is a matter of regret that these gentlemen, much as they would have liked to do so, were unable to remain over for the Horse Show.

The first run of the season of the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club, that ultra-fashionable organization, to the country club at Scarboro, was billed for yesterday afternoon. The Knickerbockers, it will be remembered, went over in a body last autumn to the Country and Hunt Club. They will have magnificent quarters out at the picturesque clubhouse, and a cinder path, I hear, will be laid from the Kingston-road through the woods to the stable. The popular secretary, Mr. Stanley Clarke, will still continue in his position, and some sensational runs may be looked for during the summer.

Mr. Kelly Evans was in town again during the early part of the week, the guest of "Tintagel." Messrs. Peuchen and Evans have moved their warehouses to Buffalo to meet the increasing demands of their business. Mr. Evans is looking remarkably well, and states that he finds it extremely difficult to withstand the temptation of joining in the whirl of Bisonic gaiety. "Buffalo gals" are historically beautiful and winsome, as our late fellow-townsman has found out.

Mrs. Stanley Clarke leaves for England next week. The genial secretary of the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club will be en garcon at his cosy residence in Admiral-road, where, now that absorbing domestic cares are removed, the best interests of the club will be judiciously attended to.

Mrs. McCualg of Woodstock was in town for the Horse Show. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. P. J. Strathy, in Beverley-street.

Another Woodstock married belle is Mrs. Welford, who is the guest of Mrs. Henri Suydam in Bedford-road.

And talking of Woodstock, I saw Judge Finkle driving about town the other day with Mr. Robert Davies, but have not since seen him. Can it be possible that the Judge deserted us during Horse Show week? A function of that sort would be small potatoes indeed without his familiar presence.

The McCarthy-Robinson wedding will be solemnized on Tuesday next. I hear the trousseau is magnificent. If good wishes accomplish anything these young people ought to slip along the cinder path of life without many contretemps, for on all sides I hear these evidences of their extreme popularity. The cathedral will be beautifully decorated with flowers, and the service, I believe, is to be full choral, under the direct supervision of Mr. E. W. Schuch. The choice of a house is still uncertain. Major Foster's residence in Beverley-street was spoken of.

Those who juggle with the haughty and self-willed bicycle and imagine they are going to escape an accident, had better be locked up at once—we have no use for them. As sure as that pavement in College-street, between Spadina-avenue and Bathurst-street, will remain in grisly ruin the whole summer through, so sure will a fall more or less serious, descend on the head of every votary of the speechless wheel. Even the judiciary is not exempt from the dire effects of this awful luxury of modern times. I am glad to say, though, that the judge in question is merely a little the worse for wear, and, barring a slight lameness, boards a car in McCaul-street in the mornings now as jauntily as ever.

Miss Leverich of New York is staying with Mrs. E. S. Cox of Wellesley-place for the Horse Show.

There were a few Hamilton people present on the opening day of the Horse Show. Miss Annie Hendrie was with Mrs. Hay in a box, and Mr. Wm. Hendrie, jr., was busy in the ring for a time.

Mrs. Willie Baines has been in town for a week or so, staying with Mrs. Walter Barwick and Mrs. Hammond.

Miss Schroder of New York is staying with Mrs. Downey, at 150 Beverley-street.

Dr. G. S. Ryerson left on Wednesday afternoon for an extended tour in Europe. He will be away for several months. The interminable cares of business and politics necessitated a change and complete rest, and the Dr. hopes to find both in the sunny climes of France and Italy, and the invigorating breezes of the Mediterranean.

A formidable competitor to the Knickerbockers will be the Victoria Bicycle Club, recently organized. An enthusiasm is being infused into this organization that augurs an overwhelming success. The genial Major Cosby is of course its president. He seems fitted by nature to preside over clubs and gatherings of the sort. Ladies are to be admitted to the membership rolls, and weekly runs will be held throughout the season.

Miss Gzowski returned from a three-weeks' visit to Montreal in time for the Horse Show.

Mr. Fred Beardmore came up from Montreal for the Horse Show looking remarkably well despite the severe illness he had during the winter and the close attention he has been paying of late to business matters in the Canadian Metropolis. Mr. Beardmore guided "Laddie" and "Lassie" through the labyrinthine mazes of those chairs on Wednesday evening with rare skill.

A small dinner was given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Downey at 150 Beverley-street.

Thursday was a busy day for the energetic M. F. H. The entry of the hounds and hunting party into the ring during the evening was a pretty scene, and applauded by everyone.

By the first of next month the Country Club will be ready for occupation. The building itself is completed, but the furnishing is not, and the annex, where the members' rooms are to be, is in of course of construction. This will be the most frequented club in Toronto this summer. To any one who is at all in doubt as to this, I say, go out and stand on the spacious verandahs, where a hundred people may dine and gaze over the mighty cliff into the sparkling waters of Lake Ontario, and then come and talk to me. With the approach of seasonable weather steps will be at once taken to

DID YOU SEE HER THERE?

form the several committees to look after the various interests connected with the club—lawn tennis, golf, billiards, etc. These will all be put into good hands.

General delight was felt at the artistic driving of Miss Edna Lee in the competition on Wednesday evening at the Horse Show, not that Mrs. Davidson was unskilful. That could hardly be said by anyone. Both ladies managed their horses splendidly, and looked workmanlike in the box. Still, I think, there was a finish about Miss Lee's whole performance that tickled the fancy—even the careful way she gathered the reins in her hands before mounting into the seat was an involuntary proceeding that marked the artiste.

As the Horse Show could hardly be complete without the presence and active participation of Mr. Fred Beardmore, and as he has rendered himself conspicuous by carrying off red ribbons for his prowess in riding, and otherwise, it is hardly necessary to chronicle his arrival in town from Montreal.

Mrs. Street gave a small luncheon party on Wednesday.

In spite of its alleged disappearance, the Knickerbocker Club still flourishes. Its members all, or nearly all, joined the Hunt and Country Club, but the Knickerbockers are still standing on their own legs, and Mr. Stanley Clarke is still the secretary. The first meet of the year took place on Saturday afternoon, when, despite the counter attractions of the Horse Show, a goodly number turned out, and a capital run was the result.

It is at last settled where the much-coveted Kilties will display the glory of their bare knees on the Queen's birthday. Hamilton has captured the prize this year, and St. George's Society hope to reap a harvest of shekels out of their brother Scots. It has not yet been decided where the Grenadiers or Queen's Own will spend the holiday.

The society wedding of next week will be that of Mr. Lally McCarthy and Miss Mary Robinson at St. James' Cathedral. Mr. Clive Pringle will support Mr. McCarthy as best man, and the groomsmen will be Messrs. Leighton McCarthy, E. Scott Griffin, M. S. McCarthy, J. McMurray and Capt. S. A. Heward, while the bridesmaids will be Miss F. Kemp, Miss McWilliams, Miss McDonnell and Miss McMurray. As I have already mentioned, the reception will be held afterwards at the house of Mrs. McWilliams, the aunt of the bride, at 29 Madison-avenue.

The popularity of Mr. Sothern was certainly heightened by the production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," last week. The play was stirring with almost as much action as the novel itself, and it was capitally put on. Some said it was naughty, truly "to the pure all things are impure," as some wit has said. The houses were good, and on Tuesday there was a very fashionable turnout, while there were several theatre parties on Wednesday, though the majority of society were drawn in a more equine direction on that evening.

A German play is certainly unique in Toronto, and though "Mein Leopold" was well executed at the Princess on Monday evening it did not prove a drawing card from a society point of view, though several girls' schools were there en masse, and I trust were duly edified and improved in their knowledge der schonen deutschen sprache.

The entertainment of the Canadian Society passed off with great success in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening.

The Hon. G. W. Allan has now almost recovered from his recent protracted illness, and was able to leave the house, for the first time after nearly two months, at the beginning of this week.

I hear that Mr. C. Edwin Heward will probably sail for Canada with his daughter at the beginning of May.

The death of Mr. John Schultz while seeking to recuperate his health in Mexico, has removed a landmark in Canadian history, in the making of which he had no small share as a Western pioneer. Those who visited Winnipeg during his long term of office as Lieutenant-Governor will remember the kind hospitality of himself and Lady Schultz.

Double weddings are almost a thing of the past, but a brilliant example of the double-barrelled hymeneal (as the country editor might say) took place on Tuesday morning at Our Lady of Lourdes. The two brides were Miss Mary Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Long of Woodlawn, and Miss Hughes, daughter of Mr. Patrick Hughes, and their respective grooms were Mr. Hugh McSloy and Mr. Chas. O'Connor of Ottawa. Mr. Larkin carried the golden bond for the former, while Mr. John Thompson, the late Premier's eldest son, did the like service for the latter, the attendant bridesmaids being the Misses Hughes and the Misses Long. The invited guests included a number of those best known in Toronto society.

Death has dealt a heavy blow to Toronto and to all Canada in the untimely end of that distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Fred C. Denison, M.P., C.M.G. The end, however, came as a relief to an illness of terrible suffering.

Mr. Duncan MacInnes, R.E., is reported to be recovering from the serious attack of fever contracted on the Ashanti expedition. He is now recuperating in the Riviera, and intends spending a portion of his leave in Canada this summer.

As last week was pre-eminently Horse Show week, I feel that I ought to say something about it, but on the other hand, I am half-inclined to say nothing about it. The obvious reason is that there is nothing left to say. The daily papers have not only discussed, but have illustrated, everything to such an extent that the subject is almost threadbare and Sunday is a day of rest. How can I venture to compete with an evening paper which not only narrates—and very cleverly—all about the horses and what it still more important, of course, those present, and their outward and visible garb, but which actually tells us who is par excellence, the well-dressed looking girl of Toronto and what ladies would win the red ribbon in St. Paul's judgment. I am reduced to jottings. How proud the woman must have felt who obtained a royal handshake by forcible entry.

Blest is the condition of man that he needeth only one frock coat and top hat and need not feel that everything turns to dust and ashes to his mouth unless he has different raiment for each performance.

Man dresses for neither, woman for both sexes.

What a tribute to good organizing powers it is when everything goes off without a hitch or any apparent fuss.

Why were not more strangers here? They would not easily forget Toronto if they had seen the display in the boxes.

How charming Toronto men look when well dressed. Why is it the exception and not the rule? Would we lose our colonial independence if we were always smart?

Let us hope that the receipts will be as high as the temperature occasionally was.

Wednesday evening was the royal night, but Thursday was the night par excellence; lots of snap and everybody there.

Everybody missed Mrs. Kerr, Miss Cawthra, Miss Janes and Miss Beardmore, who were so charmingly to the fore last year.

The humour of Thursday afternoon was the jumping of Hartington and the comicality of his rider.

The Toronto regiments bore the deprivation of their Armouries with very good grace, and the presence of their officers, and the excellent playing of their respective bands on successive evenings was of no small feature of the evening.

The Horse Show has come to stay.

Au revoir till next spring.

A large supper was given by Mr. George Beardmore Friday evening after the Horse Show. In Mrs. Beardmore's absence Mrs. Montagu-Allan of Montreal was at the head of the table.

The Grange once more opens its shutters, as Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have returned from their annual visit to the Southern States.

Mrs. Frank Pepler of Barrie is stopping with Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy. Her two small boys will act as pages in attendance on the bride at the wedding of Mr. Lally McCarthy next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Renton are returning once more to their home in Scotland and sailed last week in the Germanic after a pleasant tour in the Southern States.

The usual annual exodus across the herring pond has already begun. Among those who have left are Mr. Percival Ridout, who will join Mrs. Ridout in the South of France, also Mrs. James Plummer and Miss Plummer and General and Mrs. Sandham. Among the contingent from Hamilton bound Europewards are Miss Turner Miss Erie Turner, Miss Briggs and Miss Bruce.

Mr. Bertie Cawthra has returned to town looking bronzed and well after his foreign travels. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra are still in Washington, as Mr. Cawthra has not yet shaken off la grippe. Mr. Victor Cawthra arrived home in time for the last two days of the show.

Miss Gladys White of Quebec is paying a visit to Mrs. Julius Myles of 8 Russell-street.

The engagement of Miss Swabey of Beverley-street to Mr. A. J. Arnold of Windsor, has just been announced.

A BOBTAIL.

Alas! that I must call a spade
A spade. Ay, there's the rub,
I'd have a flush could I but call
The plaguey thing a club.

The energy of vice-royalty is truly unsurpassed. Before leaving for Ottawa on Thursday night Lord and Lady Aberdeen and the Lieutenant-Governor were present at the performance of "Macbeth," given by the students of St. Michael's College, and though their Excellencies had to leave early, Mrs. Kirkpatrick remained throughout the whole performance.

The Rev Frank DuMoulin, who is now working in Chicago, is in town for a few days, and will preach to-night at his old church, Holy Trinity.

Miss Alice May of Niagara-street is visiting in Hamilton, the guest of Mrs. Clark, Victoria-avenue.

The Misses Thompson entertained a number of friends at the house of their friend, Mrs. Chisholm, Gerrard-street, in honor of their young dental friends, Messrs. Gerry, MacNaughton, Kinsman and Kennedy, on Friday evening last. The young ladies present looked very attractive in their pretty evening costumes. Mr. Gerry's melodious baritone voice was heard to great advantage. At the close of the evening's enjoyment the students received many a warm handclasp. On Saturday they left the city for their respective homes, carrying with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Mr. R. Dennis Roe of Watsontown, Pa., who holds a high position on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is prominent in athletic and social circles, is spending a few days in town. Mr. R. Cassels of the Dominion Bank, Whitby, came to Toronto to meet him.

The Rev. Mr. Moore, rector of St. Margaret's, leaves to-morrow for England. His health has not been good of late and it is hoped the life-giving Atlantic breezes will restore him to his wonted vigor. His parishioners have presented him with a very tangible mark of the affectionate regard in which he is held by them.

Messrs. R. W. P. Matthews, Scott, Griffin, Clarence Bogert, Edward Cronyn and other of our well-known fashionable young men (not by any means forgetting the "six feet two of attenuated suavity," as the general business secretary was described the other day) looked extremely recherche as they strolled about the promenade in frock coats and silk hats, chatting with the box people and picking winners.

Before the summer advances very much farther, it promises to become the correct thing to do St. George-street on bicycles, between 5 and 7 o'clock on Sunday afternoon; as it is now one meets dozens of well-known people there, chatting in groups and watching the countless wheels. I prophesy open air five o'clock teas ere long. It will boom St. George-street building lots at a great rate.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Allan of Montreal and Miss Stearns were in town for the Horse Show.

IN SEASON AND OUT.

Chronic Comments on Things Social, Personal and General.

So Parliament is really to be prorogued on Thursday and end its life by dissolution on Friday next. Members of Parliament and senators will now come trooping back and their wives will not be sorry to get back to their homes after having been cramped up in stuffy lodgings at Ottawa. One consolation at least is that the session lasted more than the thirty days necessary to award them their well-earned stipend of a thousand dollars each. The Commons have indulged in so much froth and accomplished so little, "mons parturit ridiculus mus," that the Senate have not been overworked, though I do not know that they have ever been accused of that. However, a safety valve only has to work when their is too much steam; though it is indispensable when that occurs.

Whether members and senators really earn their salt or not, though it is my opinion that they do, there can be no question that the present representatives of vice-royalty do their best to earn their apparently large salary. To say the least of it, the position is not all beer and skittles, and unless one has a phenomenal love of such things, even the swellest of social functions must pall after a time, while as for meetings, it must be hard work to endure three or four per diem, not to mention innumerable addresses on every possible occasion, and innumerable interviews with people all of whom have a grievance or a request. Of a truth, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, even though it be the head of a deputy monarch.

While on this subject there is one thing that has always puzzled me, and that is how people in public places manage to remember the names and faces of all the people that are presented to them. Is it all a myth or is it really an instance of the development of a faculty that may be obtained by cultivation? The truth probably lies betwixt and between, and to my thinking there is a good deal of humbug, or rather, of prompting, about it. Every school boy knows that in classical days public men in Rome were always accompanied by a man called a nomenclator, to jog their failing memories, and doubtless aides fulfil this duty in modern life. Perhaps, in fact, this is the raison d'etre of these functionaries, for otherwise I fail to conceive what can be the use of having half a dozen dapper elegants trailing round at one's heels. On the other hand, there is no question that this well-called royal gift does actually exist in some cases. Sir John Macdonald had it in a preeminent degree and it is not the least marked of the many striking qualities of the present representatives of the Queen in Ontario.

A Cretan mark, a red letter, a large asterisk, a yellow label and a blue blaze must be set in the society calendar against last week. In many ways it has been the gayest, gladdest week of all the year, with the Horse Show as the motif. The visit of their Excellencies after a considerable period of absence, and the gathering together of visitors from all parts of Canada, has added to the bright and happy meetings at the Armouries, and the pleasant little festivities before and after the show. It is little wonder that the Horse Show is popular with society, and next to the fair array at the Armouries the little luncheons, the jolly brief dinners or the late suppers have been delightful. The thoughtful hospitality so gracefully dispensed at Government House to visitors for the Horse Show has added a great charm to the pleasant recollections and memories which those who have come to town during the week have carried away with them. As a society event the Horse Show has sprung into first place, just as at Dublin or New York, and even the races from a fashionable view point must take a secondary place.

The Horse Show has had a great influence as a dress improver. Of course the thoughts of women in Canada, as elsewhere, run largely to dress in any case, but it is to be hoped some of them obatined new ideas, for pretty as our Canadian women are, only a few know really how to make the most of themselves. But it is to the other sex that the show has offered more instruction, and it is pleasant to see the Canadian youth appreciating the propriety of silk hats and frock coats and the getting away from the grindstone of the daily round of toil which they imply. It is the Horse Show which is entirely responsible for the boom in top hats this spring, and the tailors and haberdashers also know its value as a quickener of trade.

Absentmindedness is always presumed to be the prerogative of genius or of old age, though sometimes the memory of a friend who has neither is strangely weak as to that little interchange of cheque and thanks which took place only so short a time ago. The following story, which is new to me, is not a bad instance of this quality. An absentminded clergyman was once walking along a road, and coming to a turnpike, he tendered the toll. "What for?" asked the keeper. "For my horse to be sure." "But there is no horse, sir." "Bless me!" exclaimed the absentminded man, "I thought I was riding." But one of the best stories on this subject, though not so new, I will take the risk of repeating. Mr. Justice Byles, a well-known English judge, was one day trying a man for stealing, when a medical witness was called, who stated that in his opinion, the prisoner was suffering from kleptomania. "And Your Lordship, of course, knows what that is." "Yes," said Byles, quietly, "it is a disease which I am sent here to cure."

The recent cause celebre in England, known as the Playfair case, in which the interest was as great as the damages awarded by the jury were heavy, has produced a great deal of discussion, learned and otherwise, on the subject of professional confidence. The professions referred to are, of course, medicine, the bar, the church, the code which governs the secrets entrusted to members of the other professions, the Army and the Navy, being not in the same hazy condition, but a written law of just sternness and exactitude. But what about the secrets entrusted to other than professional men, or to the latter in a non-professional way? What, in fact, about the ordinary society confidences? The Playfair case would not be without its good result if it drew increased attention to these, and to the law which governs them. Is there such a law? We fear that at present it is more honored in the breach than the observance. When one comes to think of it, how many friends has one got who spell a confidence even in the most ordinary matters with a capital? The saying, "Tell one woman, tell the whole world," is, to use expressive slang, all buncombe, and from my experience, a confidante is worth a dozen of those of the male order. The rule, which is as old as Thomas Kemp is, "Never tell anybody everything," is a sound one, despite the advice of the authoress of the "Yellow Aster," in which book the hero, when proposing to the lady of the strange creation, regales her with the story of his past doings, and to put it mildly, he could hardly have worn the white flower of a blameless life. On the other hand, we all want to blow off steam sometimes, and there is no satisfaction unless there is someone to whom we feel we can do so safely, and things have such a very different complexion when they are repeated—a friend with an oysterlike capacity is a luxury, almost a necessity.

Apropos of our old friend, the Horse Show poster, a poster exhibition is now being held at the Royal Aquarium in London. The present display, it is said, equals, and, indeed, surpasses, the the first one, which took place some eighteen months ago. It is worthy of note that its predecessor produced results and modifications now clearly apparent, as we have all doubtless noticed from the improved appearance of our hoardings. A new species of collector has sprung up with mushroom-like rapidity, and poster collectors are now numerous. Aubrey Beardsley's signature is not attached to a single exhibit, but the influence of his strange uncanny genius is everywhere apparent. He has been abused as a decadent, but his style and the modern poster, his creation, is merely illustrative of this age of

ERYX.

IN MEMORIAM.

Frederick Charles Denison Nat. 1846, Obit. 1896.

It falls to the lot of few men to be more respected in life and more honored in death than was the subject of these lines. Men of every shade of political and religious belief were present at his funeral on Friday, and none were there who did not speak affectionately and regretfully of the man who was gone. Though he had been a pronounced Anglican and a decided Protestant, yet men who are the most uncompromising opponents of the Anglican system and those who are steadfast adherents of the Roman Catholic faith alike gathered at the funeral to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory.

From his earliest boyhood to the hour of his death Frederick C. Denison was always imbued with the strongest sense of duty, and whatever he undertook he did to the very best of his ability. When little more than a boy he earned the approbation, by his conduct on the Red River expedition, of such a soldier as Field Marshal Wolseley, the present commander-in-chief. Later, on the Nile expedition, he spared neither himself nor his men in his ardent endeavor to faithfully perform the duties of the hour. In all things, at all times, he was manly and straightforward, the model of a soldier and a gentleman. He was "true and just in all his dealings, he bore no malice or hatred in his heart," but he "labored truly to do his duty in whatever sphere it pleased God to place him."

Of Frederick Denison's domestic life this is not the time or the place to say much, but this may be said, that as a son he was all that a parent could wish; as a husband and a father, the most considerate, and the most affectionate; as a brother and a friend, as faithful as he was true hearted.

Smugglers of Chinese at Work.

Spokane, Wash., April 18.—Knowledge has come into possession of Collector of Customs Saunders at Port Townsend, that smugglers are running contraband Chinese across the Canadian border into the United States. The point at which they are being smuggled in is between Fourth of July Creek and Osayoo's Lake, in the Colville Indian reservation. A party of Government officials has left for the scene to arrest the smugglers, if possible. The latter have threatened that any officer who comes into the reservation after them will not return alive.

The Jarvis-street Baptist and the West End Presbyterian Church choirs gave their concerts during the past week, the latter producing under Mr. McNally, a cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus." Mr. McNally is coming to the front as a successful conductor.

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