



THE SPIRIT OF EASTER-TIDE.

Cross of Santa Teresa: A Lenten Love Story.

BY OWEN WALLACE.

It was Ash Wednesday, and the bells in the great tower of Santa Teresa were calling the inhabitants of the charming mission de la ceniza...

day since his saluted wife—may she rest in glory!—died of pneumonia; and now his excellency has done us the honor to ask the hand of our Teresita in marriage...

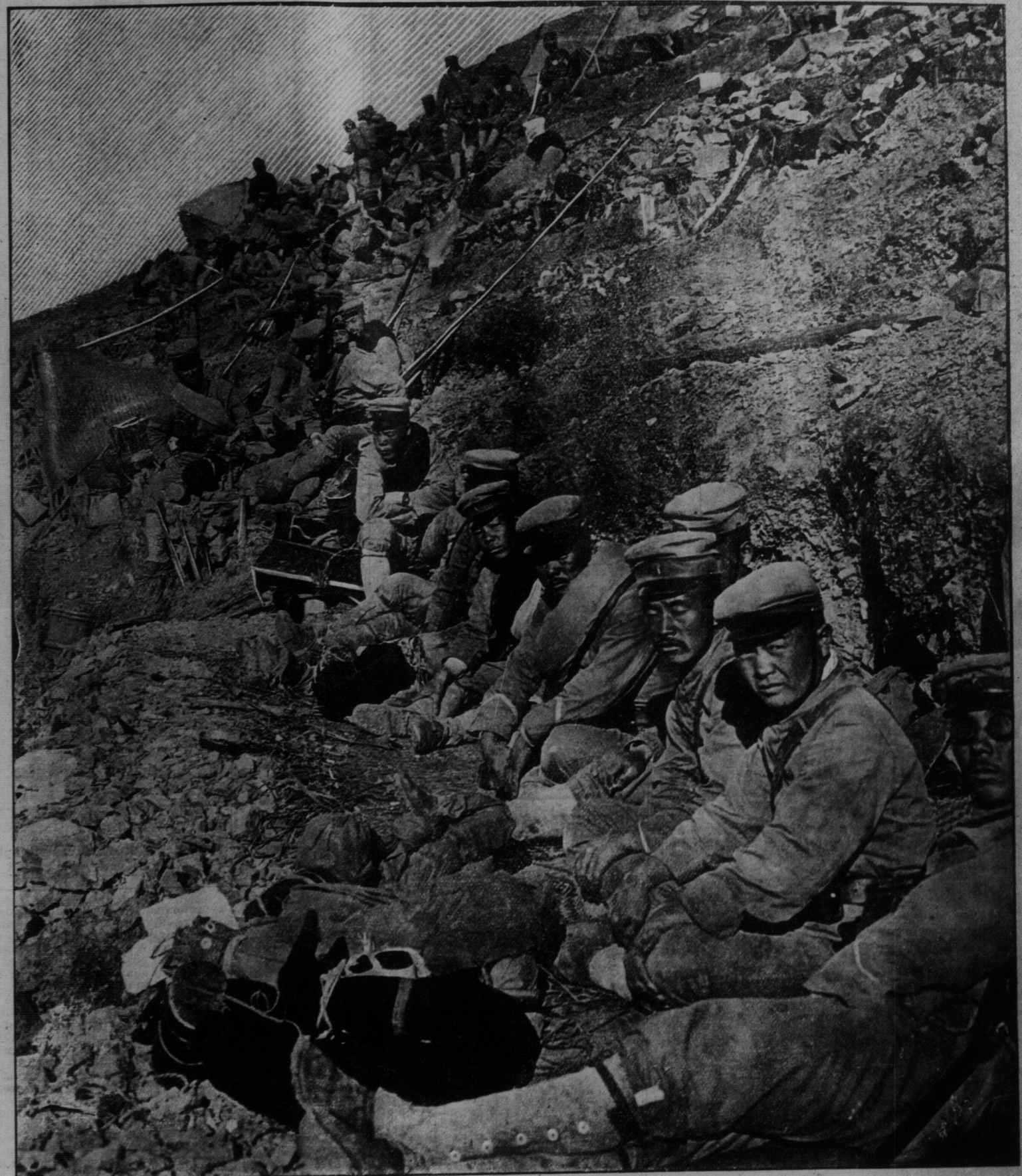
During the dissertation, Dona Refugia's voice, which at first had been gentle, had gradually assumed its accustomed ringing tone of command...

"So I am to be sacrificed for the benefit of the family," said Dona Refugia, ignoring her as completely as she no longer existed...

Teresita stood looking straight before her into the patio. The fountain was leaping in the sunlight, birds were singing, bare-footed Pancho was watering the heliotrope with a huge sprinkling pot...

"I must be asleep," thought Teresita, "or my mother has gone suddenly insane; or, perhaps, I am insane!"

For years there had been slight intercourse between the two, owing to the wealth and high position of one, and the poverty and corresponding obscurity of the other...



JAPANESE TROOPS RESTING BEFORE PORT ARTHUR. JUST OVER THE HILL THEIR COMRADES ARE BEARING THE BRUNT OF THE FIGHTING UNTIL RELIEVED BY THE SOBER-FACED MEN IN THE PICTURE. (See Page 5).

From Lenten Grey To Royal Purple.

Horse Show Week is hailed with delight by Toronto Society—Some of the Attractions of the Week—The Presence of Vice-Royalty and the Yacht Club Ball.

HE sudden transition from Lenten grey to the royal purple of the Horse Show is peculiarly fitting to Toronto...



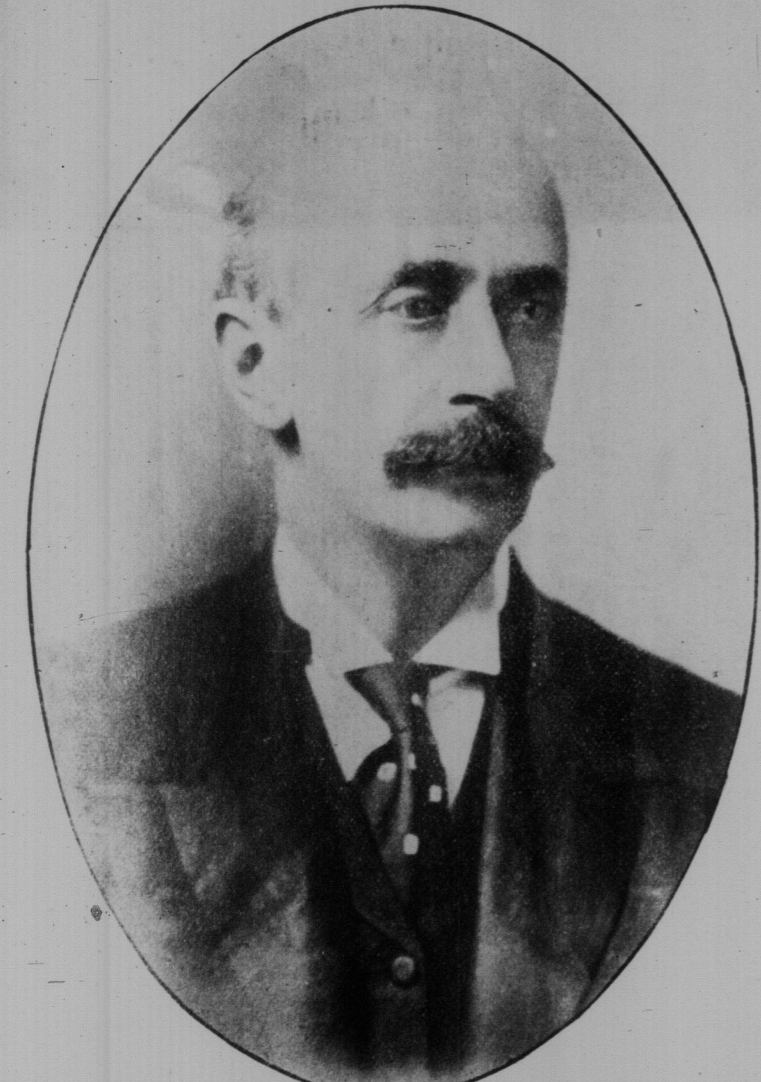
MISS LONG WILL DRIVE DR. YOUNG'S "GOVERNOR-GENERAL" IN THE LADY'S SINGLE HARNESS CLASS AT THE HORSE SHOW ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

"We came home by the ocean drive, mamma. The water was so blue and the wind so cool—and there is a strange ship in the harbor—and we all—"

"The still child—that will do," said Dona Refugia. "I have something to tell you!"

under her window at night was delightful, of course; and there was a certain excitement in seeing a dark form in the shadow—in knowing some youthful gallant was thus proving his devotion; but she had been too young to think seriously of love...

"I will tell him to-night," she said resolutely. Then there was young Don Manuel, who rode the white horse. Only the night before he had stopped on the



RIGHT HON. EARL GREY, G. G. GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.



ALICE, COUNTESS GREY, WHO WILL BE TORONTO'S GUEST THIS WEEK.

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