he pedestal is a frag-
om the grotto in which
ry was born. This sta-
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ardinal Taschereau in
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of the shrine is cov-
ctacles, crutches, canes,
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es of grotesque and piti-
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of skates, which prob-
interesting history.
and other valuable arti-
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The pedestal is often
th letters addressed to
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utches, canes and truss-
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of a vow made when in
ishing by shipwreck, a
by Lebrun was given to
the Marquis de Tracy,
colony, in 1666. It repre-
e with the Blessed Vir-
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the basilica.
e presented by Anne of
work of her own hands,
ed on special occasions.
ed in vandykes with red,
k silks, and is richly or-
bands of gold and sil-

has also a reliquary
aval, and a crucifix pre-
erville in 1706. Both are
The late Count of Paris
a souvenir of his visit
vy silver plate, rectan-
and engraved with a re-
St. Louis offering his
Anne.
cently erected chapel
Sancta, a fac-simile in
enty-eight steps brought
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the empress saint. The
osed to have formed the
h led to the Praetorium
and which were sprinkl-
blood of the Redeemer
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crucifixion.
of the holy staircase at
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rld the scene is no less
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in their upward jour-
gaze at the relics, and
on the passion of their
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ontains eight groups of
d and painted with such
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bdued tints with scenes
from holy writ. These,
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ptionally fine. The al-
ated with plants and
ught from Palestine.
in the rear of the old
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treet just opposite the
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unters in the basement

eginning of the year
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4 pilgrims. The annual
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he Franciscan convent
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der known as the Fran-
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ranches throughout the
her-general being now
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ing and hospital work.
een of these sisters at
d they are domiciled in
lding occupied for a
tury by the gray nuns.
stentious structure of
stone, built on an emi-
feet above the village.
y a wooden stairway
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is the favorite sojourn
ting Ste. Anne's. The
lish of the sisters and
French of the writer
ble to both parties, and
anger from the capital
States was regarded
deference and curiosity
had come from another

the order is cream-
of picturesque design,
probation is five years.
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e an active part in the
household, through all
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being the chapel, in
s intone the office with
tive voices after mass
y one of the priests of

an claim no more de-
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rue to the instincts of
y have been won to
re by a superstitious
nysteries of the shrine
than by the heroism
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ries. During every
ears, their canoes have
own the St. Lawrence,
s of the children of
whose dark faces re-
ization are gradually
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nine miles from Que-
perous village of the
. In its chapel, which
years old, the prayers
sung by the Indians
tuage.
of Anne, the devout
l. does indeed dwell
grant the prayers of
could have chosen no
for her ministrations
barren nook at the
s which stretch north-
200 miles, and which,
beautiful and rich in
until a few years ago,
d.
what it may the vil-
has witnessed scenes
ight both reason and
the divine wisdom
emonstrate its omni-
he faith that "moves
n brings these things

LE MARIE JACOBS.

merican Railways.

Manufacturer.
lable statistics which
son of American and
show that the latter
al more money than
es. In 1894, American
was nearly nine times
ritain, but the gross
t twice as great. Am-
have more than twice
ved by the British
earnings per mile in
e more than double
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operating expenses on
that year were over
inst 56 per cent. on
1894 the British roads
cent. on their much
capitalization, while
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4 per cent. And while
American railroads
d $6085 per mile, Bri-
ed $19,100 per mile.

Akin to the canker gossip from which society greatly suffers is curiosity. The evil effects of prying into other people's business have been most unfortunately illustrated during the past week in a country city where a young clergyman has placed himself in a most unpleasant position by too keen a desire to meddle in somebody else's affairs. Inquisitiveness is a baleful sort of thing and the naturally inquisitive person cannot prevent him or herself from doing things which are dishonorable. If you know people who have this vice of curiosity, you always take care not to throw temptation in their way by leaving open letters around or by giving them the opportunity to infringe upon the strict code of honor.

Women are generally supposed to possess this fault to a greater degree than men, but it is always members of the gander sex whom we hear of getting into trouble over it. Many of us will remember the picture in Punch of the old maiden lady looking at the opposite house through her drawing room window with a pair of opera glasses and her indignant exclamation when the blinds were drawn. Peeping Toms never do much good for themselves.

I wonder if these lines which are running in my head, (there is ample room there), have any present application:

The ladies of St. James',
They put their sackcloth on;
For each brief Lenten season,
And sin again anon.

—or—

A gentleman quite well known in Canada, especially the Northwest, is Lord Bennet. After leading a tolerably wild career, especially as he describes it himself, and draining life to its lees, he was converted, and has become an earnest mission worker. He married out in the Western States, and the other day among the presentations at the British court at the drawing-room held by the Princess of Wales was that of Lady Bennet, a Tacoma girl, who now makes her first debut in English society. The daughter of a Mr. Van Marter, she distinguished herself in her native city by her work as an evangelist, and it was while engaged in labors of this kind that she first met Lord Bennet, who since his regeneration has been devoting himself to this kind of work with great earnestness and enthusiasm. Lady Bennet possesses a superb voice, which goes well with the tenor of her husband, and the couple are in great demand at revival meetings on both sides of the Atlantic.

Lord Bennet is generally regarded by his friends in England as being somewhat eccentric, and it is worthy of note that his elder brother, the late Lord Ossulton, enjoyed a similar reputation. For toward the end of the '70's he suddenly exiled himself to India without the slightest apparent reason, and avoiding the haunts of his countrymen, withdrew to mountain recesses up in the Himalayas, where he died as a fakir famed far and wide among the natives for his piety.

Lord Bennet, by the bye, is a grandson of that lovely Corisande de Grammont, sister of the Duke of that name, and who shares with the Italian Comtesse de Castiglionne the reputation of having been the most beautiful woman of the present century. His father, Lord Tankerville, is very old and infirm, and in the natural course of events it cannot be long before Lord Bennet succeeds to the earldom as well as to the Chillingham castle and estate of 30,000 acres, with its world-famed herd of white cattle.

A form of society entertainment not yet introduced into Canadian homes is the living picture evening. In country house parties in the States, theatricals have given way entirely to the living pictures and I heard recently of some excellent paintings being reproduced at a charming mansion in the Genesee Valley.

If the representation were faithful at all, how some of the pictures were managed I really don't venture to say. The vulgar humorist who has been pegging away at decollete gowns will have another mark and will have to improve his saying to the effect that between the bathing dress in the summer, and the ball gown in the winter there was deuced little of the feminine form left for the imagination.

Blue and yellow are said to be among the most fashionable shades this spring, and curiosly enough the Horse Show colors are of this blend in its pleasantest variations, navy blue and primrose yellow. These hues have become familiar through Miss Harriet Ford's now notorious poster, though the yellow in the placard is just a shade too deep for the primrose shade. However, we may expect to see the combination very much in evidence at the coming Panhippic festival, to be commenced in the Armouries two weeks from next Wednesday. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen have definitely decided to be present at the opening on Wednesday afternoon. There is likely to be a considerable demand for boxes and seats, and the secretary tells me he has already received a large number of requests for seating accommodation from people living outside the city. The boxes are likely to sell well and there will be no little excitement over the auction sale at Hyslop's palatial bicycle warerooms on King-street east on Tuesday, April 7th, at 11 a.m. The reserved seat plan opens at Nordheimer's on the following day at the same hour.

In South Africa they seem to be experiencing, from a social point of view, all the ills which newly acquired riches bring upon a young society.

In Johannesburg the educated and refined people are few and far between. Among them are the clergymen, the physicians and the professional men and their families. But the "swells" are the mine-owners, most of them millionaries. Their women are vulgar creatures, with dyed hair and cosmetic complexions. They wear loud costumes, and are covered with diamonds in the day time. Many of them are ex-actresses, ex-barmaids, and ex-shop-girls, and they are to be seen driving all day long about the streets of Johannesburg in their gorgeous carriages. The men also are loud, many of them of the aggressively Hebraic type, and are in the habit of drinking champagne at twenty shillings a bottle at any hour of the day. The balls and parties given by these "swells" are sumptuous and vulgar. Flowers are sent many hundreds of miles from Cape Colony. For the suppers, game, fish and every other delicacy are brought out in the refrigerators of the English mail steamers. A ball recently given in Johannesburg cost over three thousand pounds. From sixty to one hundred pounds—say, from three to five hundred dollars—a month is paid for a poorly furnished house. Servants get high wages—that is, all except the ignorant Kaffirs. A half-colored girl from Cape Town, who can bake bread and fry eggs, will ask from seven to eight pounds per month—say, thirty-five or forty dollars—while a white servant girl can ask about any price. There is little comfort in Johannesburg. The houses are badly built and badly ventilated, the service is bad, and everything is dear.

The coming bicycling tournament at the Armouries, under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers, is arousing much interest. It takes place in Easter week, April 9, I believe, being fixed for the date, although it is the same night as the Paderewski concert at Massey Hall. It was previously fixed for Tuesday, April 7, but the great Bernhardt is here for Monday and Tuesday, April 6 and 7, and the cyclists preferred to clash with Paderewski rather than the divine Sarah. Cycling still continues on the first tide of popularity in the Old World.

In Paris, for example, wheeling has been going on during the winter. There has not been a flake of snow this winter in Paris, and, although there has been much overcast weather, there has been little rain. Hence there has been much wheeling on the smooth streets of Paris, and through the Champs-Elysees, and in the Bois. But for those who did not like even this approximation to winter, there were plenty of places where one could wheel in-doors, notably, the Palais-Sport, with its spiral track, which we have before described. Paris is now the last refuge of the bifurcated bicycle garment—that is, in Europe. In England, the struggle between the skirt and the bloomer has resulted as The Argonaut predicted—women of fashion affect the skirt. The bloomer, or the bifurcated garment, is relegated in England to the new woman, the strong-minded woman, the shop-girl, and the feminine companion of 'Arry. In Paris, there are still fashionable women who wear what they call "culottes," which are very similar to men's riding-breeches, and some wear knickerbockers, which are simply close-fitting knee-breeches. But even in Paris the line is being drawn. Nearly all the women of the American colony wear skirts, all the English colony wear skirts, and all the Parisians of indisputably good position wear skirts. The giddy ladies, the actresses, the cocottes, the shop-girls from the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera—in short, all the ladies of the half-world and the petites gens affect the bifurcated garment, and this will seal its fate. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and all the larger cities in the east, the same rule prevails. Women of fashion wear the skirt. But on Sundays, when the shop-girls are out for their holiday, you will see hundreds of bloomers upon the boulevard. In the west, it is even more marked. In Chicago, young women of position wear the bloomer who would not think of wearing it in New York. However, as nearly all the women in the world take their fashions from Paris, it is evident that the Parisian reversion to the skirt will affect the wheeling world. All of the costume-makers in Paris are advising their customers to adopt the skirt. Among the titled wheel women in Europe who wear it may be mentioned Lady Dufferin, the Comtesse d'Hausonville, Marquise de Bonneval, the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse d'Albufera, the Comtesse de Chevigne, the Princess Maud of Wales, the Princess Victoria of Wales, the Countess de Castellane, the Infanta Eulalia, the Duchesse de Doudeauville, the Princesse de Chimay, the Comtesse de Paris, the Comtesse de Pourtales, Mme. Casimir-Perier, Lady Terence Blackwood, Princesse de Broglie, and others.

A friend of mine who had recently been watching the squad of performers who are to be one of the leading attractions at the concert given by the Royal Granadiers going through the intricacies of the mazy musical bicycle ride was discoursing on the various styles of ladies' bicycle costumes, which she had thus had an opportunity of leisurely criticising. Of the costumes which she saw there was not, it is true, a very large variety, almost reducible, in fact, to the long skirt and the short skirt. No bloomers were en evidence, nor yet any of the various ingenious devices or styles which have been introduced or invented in England or across the border, such as the front flap dodge, which renders what is actually a divided skirt when riding to have the appearance of an ordinary skirt when walking, etc. Of those which she saw she was strongly in favor of the short skirt, which looks not only the most trim but the most modest! The long skirt gets drawn down in large masses round the gear chain, looking most clumsy and sometimes winding itself round the sprocket wheel in such a way as to need ten minutes and numerous friends to extricate the dismounted rider; at the same time there is more exposure of rotund outlines or angles than is possible with its rival, the short skirt. One enterprising ladies' tailoring establishment in London has a large room adapted for bicycling, and several female assistants, each in a different style of costume so that intending customers may choose for themselves with better knowledge after criticising the garb of the various assistants who spin past them. Perhaps this excellent idea will be taken up in go-ahead Toronto, and doubting husbands will appreciate the opportunity of seeing in advance the future costume of their cycling spouses. My friend intends visiting the riding academies in search of other varieties; and in the meantme I append the remarks of an English correspondent who writes from London, after paying a visit to fashionable Brighton.

During the whole month that a friend recently spent at "London-by-the-Sea," he never once caught sight of the unbecoming bloomers or baggy knickers, which make skinny girls look all the more skinny, and fat girls all the more fat—and indecent into the bargain. All the lady cyclists he saw skimming about Brighton wore just the smartest tailor-made coats and skirts imaginable, and their hats were pretty as well as neat. He wishes some of the London ladies of the wheel would wake up to the conclusion that cycling does not involve the necessity of making a guy of oneself. Another notable fact in connection with the Brighton "wheelieresses"—they are nearly all conspicuously good-looking. You don't find that pleasing state of things at Tooting or Hampstead, or even in Battersea Park. And these remarks about the dress of lady cyclists remind me to observe that it is now only the "girl" who has celebrated her jubilee who prefers exhibiting her legs in breeches to hiding them in well cut skirts. (That is the worst of it!) *

Length of limb in women produces a wonderful decorativeness of effect, and is well suited to the coming styles of raiment for the season. The most awful figure to dress is the woman who is all trunk; even if she is tall her legs are so deplorably short that she seems to be standing on her knees. A woman of this make of figure will look best in an Empire dress, but she will probably endeavor to make herself hideous in a Princess one. Is there anything more exquisite, yet more trying, than the sinuousity of a Princess skirt? It accentuates every good point in a woman's lines, and shows up every defect. It is a deshabillage of the human form, and none but perfect figures can withstand its revelations. So rare are the women who possess a good line of back that they should never wear any other style of dress. The Francois I. dresses run so much on the same lines, with the exception that the pointed bodice conceals many things—among others a flat waist. The fluted collar or ruffle frames oval contours in the most finished way. Louis XVI. extends his greatest charity to us, for the dress of that period transforms the plainest woman into a pastel. We should choose our own epochs for dressing, according to what suits us best; the tall and elegant can patronise the styles of "La Belle Gabrielle," Henri II. sacques and toques, and the cream of good figures adopt the Princess, whilst the plumper beauties patronise the Empire dresses. Some twentieth-century women require no style but their own original incongruity to robe them in indescribable shot-pigeon's throat effects, snake-like shimmer of scaly pailletes, and vaporous chiffon. Many of us are more or less in advance of even our own century with ideas and opinions that project into a freer future where another code of laws will prevail (as well it may for poor femininity. SANS GENE.

Mr. Walter Beardmore left on Thursday for the Old Country. He will remain abroad several months and will join Mrs. Beardmore and his family.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald and Mr. John Gordon Macdonald sailed from New York on Saturday for an extended visit in Europe.

Mr. C. A. Pipon is spending a few days in New York.

There was a bumper house at Massey Music Hall to hear Albani in oratorio. It was notable as musical occasion, being the first time that one of the greatest divas of the world has sung in oratorio in Toronto. Of course it was a great musical treat, although Albani was a little short in breath and at times gave a little gasp which at her first concert here a few weeks ago many of her audience mistook for a break in her voice. Needless to say that outside of this defect her rendition was flawless. In the auditorium only a few of the two dollar seats were vacant, and all the rest of the house was filled to repletion. A large audience of this kind shows that society people have not the money or else the inclination to hear the best music, for it was the comfortable middle-class which preponderated largely. Among the fashionable set noticed were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain Kirkpatrick, Lady Gzowski, General and Mrs. Sandham, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, the Misses Patteson, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Miss Beverley Robinson, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Ernest Schelling (the pianist of the Albani company), Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Wilkie, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Hon. Lyman Jones, Mr. John Martland, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin; Mrs. Anger occupied a box.

Mr. J. Geale Dickson, is on one of his periodical visits to Canada and has been staying at Niagara during the past week. He goes as far west as British Columbia in a few days.

Senator and Mrs. Maclaren of Perth will be among the many outside visitors in town for the Horse Show.

"How's business?" called the chrysanthemum across the conservatory to the palm.

"Dull, dull," replied the palm; "I haven't heard more than seventy-five proposals to-night."

"Seventy-five! Great Japs, how many men are here?" exclaimed the chrysanthemum.

"About twenty-five," answered the palm, and the inexperienced chrysanthemum whistled softly through its leaves.

Miss Beverley Robinson and her fair assistants, Miss Evelyn Street and Miss Ada E. S. Hart, met with most fashionable and enthusiastic receptions at their concerts in Kingston on Wednesday, in Ottawa on Thursday and in Peterboro on Friday. Mr. Walter H. Robinson was the tenor soloist on this successful tour. Miss Robinson returned from Peterboro to Ottawa, where she is staying with Lady Carling.

The Monday evening Euchre Club met at Mrs. Arthur's last week. The hostess of Ravenswood, in addition to the club members entertained a number of other friends. Miss Ada Arthurs, who has been visiting for the past two months in New York, has returned home.

There seems to be a doubt about the notable wedding announcement in these columns last Saturday, although my information was, I thought, most reliable.

Miss Stanton has returned to Coburg after her stay in Toronto.

Miss Walton of Annapolis, Md., daughter of Captain Walton of the U.S. navy, who has been staying with Mrs. A. R. Creelman and other friends, left for home last week.

Among the smart teas of the week were Mrs. Cosby's, on Wednesday and Mrs. Buchan's on Friday.

Miss Kate Stevenson and Miss Mary DuMoulin will be among the Toronto people who are going to Europe next month.

A double wedding that is creating much interest is that in which Mrs. Mary Long and Mr. McSorley, on the one side, and Miss May Hughes and Mr. O'Connor on the other, are the principals. It will take place at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Wednesday morning, April 15th, and the reception will be at the Woodlawn, the beautiful home of Mr. Thomas Long in Jarvis-street.

The pleasant quarters of Mr. Speaker Balfour and Mrs. Balfour in the Parliament Buildings were thronged on Thursday afternoon on the occasion of the Speaker's at home. Mrs. Balfour was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Miss Brodhead, Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. G. W. Ross and Mrs. E. H. Bronson. A few of those present were: Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir Wm. P. and Lady Howland, Major-General and Mrs. Sandham, His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Denison, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Mason, Lieut.-Col. Davidson, Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Rev. Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Rand, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mayor and Mrs. Fleming, Dr. and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. Frederick Mowat, Judge and Mrs. Maclennan, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. Sydere, Mrs. A. R. Green, Bedford, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ryan, Miss Slater, Mr. Wm. F. McMaster, Capt. J. A. Currie, Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. A. Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Christie, Miss Scott, Miss E. M. Lyle, Mr. and Miss Patterson, Mr. and Miss D. Arthur McCarthy, Mr. and Miss Alexander Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robertson, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Noxon, Mrs. Cattanach and the Misses Cattanach.

The old mother-in-law joke revamped:

"Yes," said the solemn man in black, "mine has been a life of sorrow, sadness and worry. For ten long years I had never known a happy hour till yesterday. It was then I tasted happiness full and complete."

"Ah," remarked the young man with his hair parted in the middle, "it was one of those days, Du Maurier says, we mark with a white stone?"

"Yes! yes!" said the solemn man, excitedly, "that's it! It was the day I buried my mother-in-law," and at the memory of the shaft of polished marble that cost him twenty pounds, he broke down and wept for joy.

Miss Kingsmill, who has been staying at Mr. Bronson Rumsey's in Buffalo, and Archdeacon Houston's, Niagara Falls, is now on a visit to London with Miss Macbeth.

Mr. W. H. Cawthra when last heard from was in the South of Europe making his way homeward, but Mrs. and Miss Cawthra will remain abroad some time longer.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's reception was well attended last Wednesday, and these mid-week afternoons at Government House have been pleasant meeting places during the dull days of Lent. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a crepon blouse of the most charming shade of pale pink, which contrasted admirably with the black velvet of her skirt.

The Hon. George W. Allan's condition is somewhat improved, but complete recovery is still far off.

Rheumatism is the most popular complaint of the day. Many English doctors ascribe the ailment to "nerves" and advise methods of treatment which make the patient nervous. Chinese native doctors assert that rheumatism is caused by a "darting snake." Their treatment is to kill the snake, and, strange to relate, in one case at least they have been successful. First the Chinese doctor let off a number of crackers, and afterwards burning incense sticks were placed within and without the room. Next the physician wrote certain characters with a vermillion pencil upon a thick piece of paper. This was lighted, and the ash broken into a cup of water which the patient drank. After that a needle poisoned with peppermint was driven into his body at nine points, each puncture being covered with a brown paste. With that the treatment was finished, and the patient fell asleep, which was quite natural. Upon waking the man proclaimed himself much better, laughed, talked, smoked cigarettes, also a pipe of opium, and announced in a loud voice that he was quite well. In a few days he was about again quite cured, and informed his friends with a glad smile that the "darting snake" was dead.

IN SEASON AND OUT.

Chronic Comments on Things Personal and General.

Mr. Warburton Pyke, the famous North Canada explorer, who was in town a short time ago, will publish snortly through an American firm, another volume entitled, "Through the Southern Arctic Forest." It records a canoe journey of 4000 miles from Fort Wrangel to the Pelly Lakes, and down the Yukon River to Behring Sea. Mr. Pyke was cut off for some months from outside supplies and supported himself by hunting and fishing.

The controversy over the Horse Show poster has been interesting and at times decidedly diverting. At the hands of the Philistines the committee of selection have come in for much chaff and condemnation, but even the worst enemies of the sad young woman in the blue riding habit with the yellow background admit the poster has been a capital advertisement of the Horse Show. A Daniel has, however, come to judgment from of all places—Hamilton. The Herald, in an excellent editorial, speaking of the comment the poster has aroused, says: "Why it should do so is not quite clear. There is nothing in it to offend the canons of the new poster art which has sprung up within the last year or two. The walls and bill boards of Paris, London and American cities generally are covered with thousands of just such posters. The ablest illustrators of the age are engaged in designing them and people everywhere are engaged in collecting them, just as they collect old china and postage stamps. To such an extent has the craze flourishing that several hundreds of dollars have been paid for a single poster. The craze began with the absurdities of Aubrey Beardsley and has grown far and wide."

And again: "The whole thing is vivid and effective and answers admirably for the purpose for which it was intended. The sole reason for the discussion which has sprung up is that the people in Toronto and Hamilton are not yet educated regarding the new craze."

The appointment of Sir John Millais to the presidency of the Royal Academy has recalled the story of how he married the wife of John Ruskin. It is a little lesson on the evanescence of Platonic love, when something more of flesh and blood nature comes in and though the episode is not new I shall repeat it, especially as I have not seen it related anywhere in recent years.

One woman, fair as a poet's dream, has so commingled these men's lives that it is impossible to think of one without recalling the other also.

She was the wife of John Ruskin when he was still a young man, filled with hope and high ambition, and already the chief art critic of England, when he gave his promising friend, John Millais, a commission to paint her portrait.

Millais was a handsome fellow, with a good, big vein of materialism and a wholesome love of everyday life in his composition, whereas Ruskin was several degrees removed from an Adonis, and so given over to study and dreaming that the woman who bore his name suffered for companionship.

Nathless, Ruskin loved his wife tenderly, and treated her with so much consideration and good nature that he left her alone with his friend, Millais, for hours at a time, while Millais painted and chatted, and laughed, and sighed, and finally fell to loving her with a love that could have but one consummation.

About this time the woman also made a discovery. She found that her regard for her husband was only a vast respect for his manliness and his scholarship, and that her woman's heart had gone out with all its strength to the handsome young friend of her husband, who had so long been engaged in painting her likeness. Then came remorse and agony of soul for the guilty love that possessed them. Conscience smote lover and mistress like a two-edged sword—for they were both honorable people, despite their wayward affections—and they decided to awaken the husband from his dreams and confess everything, abiding, for their future, by his judgment.

So one day they went into the dreamer's study hand in hand, and on their knees, all contritely, told the story of their passion dolorous.

John Ruskin, deserted husband and outraged friend, heard them through in patient agony, and then—great-hearted man that he was—he gave them his blessing and put peace into their hearts.

They passed out into the world, leaving the husband to hide his pain as best he might, and in due time a divorce was secured, and John Millais and the woman of his heart were made man and wife.

At the altar it was Ruskin who gave his former wife into his friend's keeping. And then he threw his whole soul into his work, and to-day ranks first of all art lovers of all lands; while Millais has since arisen to be the foremost painter of Victoria's realm.

To-day Ruskin is almost a recluse. The irony of life has smitten him heavily. Millais is a petted child of fortune, who confesses that he makes pictures only for the money they bring him.

Such is the heart story of two of Britain's foremost men.

The question of exercise—how much, how little, when and where, is one that agitates the minds of English men and English women, and of most Canadians to an almost similar extent more than the most vital questions of politics, not excepting the Manitoba school question, or the possibility of female suffrage. To some, it is true, exercise seems a mere waste of time, but to others it is the joy of the day. This keenness and greed for exercise is carried so far by some in their younger days at college, and exercise where opportunities of all kinds are ready at hand, and proficiency brings glory and renown, that it becomes a perfect mania and bugbear in their later days. Whether life is worth living depends, as we all know, on the liver, and when our system, and more particularly the latter organ, becomes accustomed to daily invigoration, it comes to demand persistent continuance or else goes on strike for a rise in the wages of exercise. The victims of such youthful excess you may see occasionally careering over the country on long runs clad in sweaters and knees a l'ecossaise. In the other extreme we find some men who thrive and grow fat well without any exercise at all, and amongst this class may be numbered, we are told, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Labouchere, both of whom never take the air except in a vehicle. The old maxim applies "medio tutissimus ibis," and most of us find ourselves much better and in keener working form after exercise. To such the long winter months are a weariness to the flesh, when, with the exception of occasional skating or snow-shoeing, no form of outdoor exercise is possible, and the energetic ones have to work off their spleen in punching bags or each other's heads. Spring, however, will soon be with us and then we shall have once more the industrious cyclist, whose cyclometer records innumerable miles of pedal activity, and the ardent golfer, who will walk after his ball for miles and, disgusted with his efforts, tell stories of his former skill.

Personally I could never see the extraordinary charm about golf. Though I have often played the game, it is true, without any success. To be able to drive well and with certainty of always coming off or rather of going on would certainly be a pleasant sensation but, even so, I fail to see how any one could care to play golf when there was any other more energetic or attractive form of exercise to be taken—such as lawn tennis or cricket. It is useless, however, to discuss the question, for the enthusiast scoffs at criticism, though he cannot or is too proud to explain the charm of his mistress, as for the rest the game is now fashionable—all powerful word—and they follow slavishly in the wake expressing fulsome admiration and relish of what they cannot do and do not understand. "Correct thing, don't you know?" Golfing, however, suits Mr. Balfour admirably and has been his salvation, it is said, so that he is now in better physical condition than he has been at any time during his life. I have not heard whether Sir Mackenzie Bowell is a golfer or whether Mr. Laurier is a disciple of the Chamberlain school, but it is well known that the leader of the Third Party is a keen lover of sport and attributes his perennial vigor largely to his devotion to equestrian exercise, believing with the poet Dryden,

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than for the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for cure on exercise depend.
God never made his work for man to mend.

Though the Dominion is very wide and the population scant in a commercial way, there are more centralization and concentration than in any other part of America. One is impressed with this fact when he observes the immense business done by a large departmental shop in Toronto. There is no shop in any city of thrice Toronto's size in the United States which can compare in the extent of business done. As far west as British Columbia people are doing their shopping in Toronto on the mail order season, and so in many other directions. Take the Toronto newspapers, for example. Outside of New York and Chicago there is no city in the United States where the local press covers such an extended or widespread territory. No wonder the country towns and villages of Ontario do not progress rapidly when there are so many facilities and temptations to do business in Toronto.

ERYX.

J. Knowles has a placer claim at Trout Lake, B.C., and a few days ago turned over a couple of boulders in shallow water and got three nuggets worth $100 for his day's work.

scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

MUSIC'S REALM

The first performance of "The Messiah" was in Dublin on the 13th of April, 1742, and was thus announced in Faulkner's Journal of that date: "This day will be performed Mr. Handel's new grand sacred oratorio called 'The Messiah.' The doors will be open at eleven and the performance begin at twelve.

"The stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the favor of the ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Music Hall in Fishamble-street. The gentlemen are desired to come without their swords."

Handel presided at the organ at his annual performances of "The Messiah" for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, as well as at his regular subscription concerts up to the period of his death, playing the accompaniment, and filling in the chorus, even after his total blindness. The last time "The Messiah" was given during Handel's life time was on the 6th April, 1759.

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From Grove's dictionary the following extract wil apply just now: "Tempo (Ital. also movimento; Fr. movement). This word is used in both English and German to express the rate of speed at which a musical composition is executed. The relative length of notes depends upon their species, as shown in the notation, and the arrangement of longer and shorter notes in bars must be in accordance with the laws of time, but the actual length of any given species of notes depends upon whether the tempo of the whole movement is rapid or the reverse." The question of tempo is a very important one, since no composition could suffer more than a very slight alteration of speed without injury, while any considerable change would entirely destroy its character and render it unrecognizable. The power of rightly judging the tempo required in a piece of music, and preserving an accurate recollection of it under the excitement caused by a public performance, is, therefore, not the least among the qualifications of a conductor or soloist.

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Macfarren, in his analysis of "The Messiah," makes this remark in reference to the chorus, "He Trusted in God:" "The Stern chorus is conspicuous for the wide difference of character between it and every other movement in the oratorio. Here is the only situation in which mortals are introduced dramatically, that is, speaking their own sentiments in their own persons; and thus its individuality of character is eminently appropriate. It is the scornful reviling and the insulting tirade of wilful unbelief. I know of no passage in the whole range of choral music in which words and music are more emphatically enunciated, in which they are more truthfully declaimed than in this strict fugue subject. It is a rare instance of the successful application of this form of composition to the purposes of dramatic effect.

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Owing to the enterprise of Mr. Suckling we have heard "The Messiah" with Madame Albani as principal soloist, supported by three other soloists of lesser note, together with a chorus made up of those who have sung "The Messiah" for years here, members of the Mendelssohn, church choirs, and other organizations, and a local orchestra with two musicians from outside Toronto, and some local amateur element included, under the direction of Mr. Anger, at Massey Hall last Monday. Madame Albani of course sings as only a great artiste can sing, and her rendering of the solos of "The Messiah" may be accepted as a criterion as to how oratorio should be sung. We, however, venture to express our dislike to the substitution of two high notes instead of those written by Handel at the end of "Rejoice Greatly," introduced, we presume, for the sake of effect, but which does not, however, justify the alteration from the original. Apart from this, and the fact that the charming passages in this same seemed to tax the sustaining power of the singer, Madame Albani sustained her reputation as an ideal oratorio singer. In one respect, especially for vocal students, her singing of "recitative" is particularly valuable, and should serve to settle the question here as to the correct method of singing recitatives. Whilst singers of classical music should be very chary of making changes in the original setting of the composers, this rule does not apply to the same extent in recitative, and one of the other soloists of the quartet would do well to take Madame Albani's rendering of the same as an example to copy. Singing recitatives—even as Madame Albani gave them—has been sometimes called in question here, in all sincerity one may say, however, that vocal students of oratorio would do well to note for their own education what is accepted as the true traditional rendering of this important branch of vocal art, and as sung by Madame Albani on this particular occasion. To illustrate, take No. 14, "There Were Shepherds." The first four notes are G.G. C.C., the last note but one being changed according to accepted traditional rendering, making the four notes G.G. D.C. Again, in No. 15, on the word "tidings" the written notes are E. E., sung F. E., and in the following bar to the word "people," the written notes are B. B., but sung E. B. These examples will serve to show the general rule, and singers of oratorio music should accept Madame Albani as an authority on this point, but are not as free in the matter of introducing high notes at the end of an aria by Handel which is evidently foreign to the composer's intention or they would have been in the original. In "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" Madame Albani sang with the religious feeling the words naturally inspire in a great artist, and one could not help wishing that the human voice could not fade away, as we listened to the chaste singing of our gifted countrywoman. Madame Van der veer Green was, on the whole, an acceptable, if not a great singer, and gave a good rendition of her numbers. Her voice might be thought by some hardly powerful enough for "O, Thou That Tellest," but in the Recit. "Then Shall the Eyes of the Blind," "He Shall Feed His Flock," and "He was Despised," she sang with much of the requisite expression, and was evidently liked by the audience. Mr. Harold Jarvis, who essayed the solo tenor music of the oratorio, labored under the disadvantage of not possessing the kind of voice we have been accustomed to hear in this work. Nevertheless he evinced an earnest desire to do the best possible, and in "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart," and several other instances he showed tender expression and taste. In "Every Valley" and "Thou Shalt Dash Them," it was evident that neither were suitable to his character of voice. We were glad to hear Mr. Jarvis on the oratorio platform. He has a sympathetic voice and style and in music suitable to him gives much pleasure and satisfaction to his many friends here and elsewhere.

Coming to the last soloist, Mr. Salmond, we would like to be able to say that he was a success in every respect. It was evident that he had so studied his numbers as to be able to sing them with but little reference to his book, but his unfortunate habit of singing flat and with considerable tremolo at that, makes it impossible truthfully to say he was entirely satisfactory, and it was a relief to find "The Trumpet Shall Sound" cut out. Notwithstanding these features he seemed to make a favorable impression upon the general public, particularly in "Why do the Nations."

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The chorus, composed of the elements above alluded to, looked well, as our Toronto chorus portion of the various societies always does. The male voices on this occasion, however, were so placed as virtually to separate the basses into two distinct bodies, with the organ and the tenors between, an arrangement which could not fail to materially weaken the effect of the basses, as a whole, and cause the two sections in this department, spread out as they are on the hall platform, to be at variance sometimes in regard to keeping together. There were many good points in the chorus work, notwithstanding the fact that only a comparatively short time had been possible for rehearsal of the new material which joined for the Albani concert. The old Philharmonic section worked with a will, and altogether did bravely. The volume of tone was good at times, showing the possibilities of the chorus. The most palpable faults were caused by the either too fast or too slow tempos adopted, in the former case sometimes making it impossible to effectually vocalise the