



ALONE IN THE DESERT.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.—From a painting by Liska.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Our Governor-General and suite have been travelling from ocean to ocean, visiting the different provinces. Everywhere they have been received with the greatest enthusiasm. The addresses have been most loyal, breathing naught but what was patriotic and dear to every true Canadian. Receptions, balls and dinners have been given in their honour. At Halifax the Governor-General and party witnessed a polo match. Halifax is the only city in Canada where this fascinating and scientific game can be seen. The match was even, each side winning four goals. The sides were H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, R.N.; Capt. Bruce, 76th Regiment; Capt. Jenkins, A.D.C.; and Col. Clerk, private secretary, vs. Major Mansel, A.M.S.; Major McDonnell, R.A.; Mr. MacGowan, R.A.; and Mr. Stuart, R.A.

While Their Excellencies were away Rideau Hall was thoroughly gone over, and the main hall leading to the conservatory beautifully decorated.

The young ladies' water-colour class under the tuition of Mr. Barnsley held their annual exhibition last week at the Art Gallery. On the whole, the pictures were very creditable; among the best were those of Miss Angus, Miss Johnston and Miss Macdonald.

Anton Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra from New York, gave a grand concert on Friday evening in the Queen's Hall. The hall was filled by a large, fashionable and appreciative audience. The music was from six composers—a polonaise from Liszt, four numbers from Beethoven's "Symphonia Eroica," an air from Haendel's "Xerxes," "In the Mills and Near the Ball," by Gillet, "Prelude and Isolde's Death," by Wagner, and four dances from the best French composers of ballet music. One of the best pieces of the evening was that of the parts from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The solo playing by Mr. Clifford Schmidt, with orchestral accompaniment, of the harp was also highly appreciated. Mrs. Page-Thrower, to whom the Montreal musical world is indebted for this treat, must have felt repaid for her trouble as she looked on the crowded house and the rapt attention of the audience.

The sources from which some of our fashions have sprung are rather strange. For instance, it was when Marie Antoinette lost her hair that large bonnets and caps were introduced, taking the place of the head-dress. The French revolution brought absurdities into vogue. The poke bonnet, the scanty dress and the puffed sleeves are only revived models.

One of the fashions that has gone out with the advent of the cold, is the low-cut neck for street gowns, which let us hope will not be revived again. Few could wear it to advantage, to the average woman it was decidedly unbecoming, besides it savoured too much of evening dress to be within the bounds of good taste and decorum, to say nothing of spoiling the beauty of the fairest throat with dust and unburn. The low-cut neck is for evening dress strictly, and it is very low, indeed, despite the would-be reformers. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written very strongly upon the subject and has been answered just as strongly by other lady writers.

Plaids occupy a conspicuous place in this season's patterns. Many of them come in quiet colours and in dark clan tartans. They are made up in a simple way without trimmings, though they can be combined with advantage with plain cloth; for instance, a pretty plaid cloth, such as the El Dorado, would be used in conjunction with the Rosslyn plaid. Velvet is also used for trimming, as it seems to combine particularly well with such goods. The skirts are generally cut on the bias and the basque made of plain material in the prevailing tint of the plaid, with plaid sleeves. If the basque is of plaid, be sure to have as few seams in it as possible, a stretched bodice is the correct thing if you are sure of a fit and can depend on your dress-maker. Such a bodice is fastened under the arms and on the left shoulder with invisible hooks and eyes.

Corduroy and cloth combined make a very charming costume. The former has been greatly improved of late years, and now is beautifully finished off and of a soft velvet-like texture. A gown of this material is of unripe blackberry colour and deep purple black velvet—the shade the fruit is when fit to pick. The bodice is in corselet form, having the appearance of being cut in one with the gored skirt. It opens in front, showing an under bodice of velvet; the skirt gores are corded thickly with velvet, a revival of a bygone style, and the sleeves (also of velvet) are full at the shoulder, but very slightly raised, tapering down to the wrist.

Drapery is as yet but little seen on either evening or day dresses, but there are very decided indications that skirts will shortly be not only much fuller, and draped both at sides and back, but be flounced also, the graceful lines of plain skirts, which are so artistic when carefully cut and well-hung, giving place to distended, puffed-out garments, hiding the beauties of the figure, if not absolutely distorting it.

If you have any treasured short lengths of old brocade, you can produce them now and make the fronts of one of the long Louis Seize waistcoats of them. And if you are happy enough to possess old laces you can make them up *en jabot* to wear with the same. It is easy to mount the lace on bands of muslin, keeping the folds quite soft and using as few stitches as possible. In this way the tender susceptibilities of the fabric are spared, and when the *jabot* fashion is over and done with the lace remains to be used in some other way.

One of the leading dry goods merchants of Montreal has on exhibition in a West End store some of the latest novelties in ball dresses. Some of the fabrics might have been woven by fairy hands for fairy forms, so light and gossamer-like are they, while others of heavy brocaded silk suggest a stately dame in a minuet. Among the most striking was a black gauze material with a deep border of acacia flowers in appliqué; another was of blue gauze, dotted with large blue chenille tufts. The brocades were in light shades of pink and blue. Long silk gloves and ruffles for the neck went with each costume.

The fashion is at present altogether for round breastpins, the knife-edge setting, which was so long prominent, having gone out of style. The heart-shaped breast-pin is very fashionable. Those in double hearts are also worn and are

very beautiful. Almost every breast-pin has a pendant, so that it can be used as an ornament on the neck. And where the breastpin is round, as it is at present, this is very convenient. Where velvets are worn around the neck, as is now fashionable, it is considered good style to slip the breastpin on this and fasten the dress band with a small pin of gold.

Moonstones from Ceylon and this country are now at the height of fashion. These are set with turquois, diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. Semi-precious stones of this character are very much worn at present, and are set in breastpins with fine diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. An exceedingly pretty breastpin is that of a moonstone heart, set about with diamonds, and then a row of pearls, and then turquois. A crescent of conk pearls, which are of a pinkish cast, finished with an outside row of pearls, is an exceedingly pretty pin.

A New England Drive.

By mountain road and lonely mere,
With gleam of sandy edges,
Where white-starred water-lilies rear
Their heads among the sedges.

The golden-rod swayed to and fro;
The plaining August grasses
To whisper to the ferns stooped low,
That grew in mazy masses.

The oaks stood firm on breezy hills
In long unbroken reaches;
The maples rustled o'er the rills
Beside the spreading beaches.

The brown bees filled the elder bush
With smell of wax and murmur.
The berried sumach wore a blush,
The first good-bye to summer.

The balmy sunshine led us on,
By hill and sleepy hollow,
Through emeralds set in cleaves of wan
Grey reeds and bright marsh wallow.

And so we drove until the sun
Dropt down the mountain's shoulder,
And this short life of ours was one
Day shorter, one day older.

One brief span nearer setting night
That scarfs the eye of sorrow,
A step more up the dizzy height,
Where breaks the endless morrow.

K. L. JONES.

Poland Springs.

An empty pocketbook is a man's most constant friend. Others may grow cold, but he will find no change in the purse.—*Great Barrington News.*