

Kit's Column

A Weekly Letter of Comment and Opinion.

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No more can any enterprising journalist on the lookout for an odd bit of copy, join the beggars' brigade on the Thames Embankment. The benches have been cleaned of the homeless folk, and the niches in which men and women who were leaning up against the wall slept standing, their heads bowed on their breasts. I shall never forget the autumn night I sat there sheltering a shivering old match woman under the shabby cloak I had borrowed for the occasion. It was the longest night in the world. We were regularly "moved on" by the policeman just as we were nodding. So, from one bench to the other the terrible procession moved through the night. The sleeping standers in the bridge niches were never moved; only the benches, and, as soon as you departed from your habitat, a dozen homeless wanderers were jumping for your place. Two unfortunates in yellow rags drifted up and down thru the weary hours, their boots in tatters, their whole appearance suggestive of the dawn and out for good. Big Ben, from the tower in Westminster, growled out the hours; the police boats on the Thames stole by quietly, as did the barges and other small, urbane boats which reminded one of Rogue Rider and his trade. Once, to get a glimpse from the river, the writer crossed to the parapet. Instantly there was a clatter of feet upon the pavement, and the amiable policeman, with a heavy hand on my shoulder, said, "None o' that." "Of what?" I enquired. "No throwin' of yourself over," he responded, roughly. Far, far, was such a notion from my mind, I was simply varying the monotony of the hours with a brief watching of the silent boats which move so noiselessly along old Historic Father Thames. But one had to return to one's seat, which was yours no more, since a derelict herringman in a thin jacket, and with a white beard streaming over his breast, not only occupied it, but was snoring and moaning in it. So for the rest of the night we shared the match of the Ragged and Homeless ones up and down the Embankment; up and down until the day broke, and we shadows fled away.

If a Man Knows

I wonder if a man knows that with a look, a tone, a gesture he can hurt or comfort unutterably the woman whose life is in his keeping; that like a violin she is in his hands a highly wrought, finely strung instrument which he may touch to issues most sweet or sorrowful as he will. Men are so often extremely selfish or extremely dull. And their women, wired as to imagination, vibrantly sensitive in soul—in fact, so early all soul that the wretched body holding is of little account, oh, how they suffer! Perhaps some god like Pantheos knows—I do not.

St. Joseph's Hospital

When one is sick, and illness comes to each of us at times, it is well to know a comfortable place to be sick in. It is not always the best place, especially in nervous trouble. Such a comfortable spot is St. Joseph's Hospital of Hamilton, which is now about to be enlarged by a new wing. In no hospital in which I have ever been did I find such sympathetic cheerful attendance, or more good nursing, or food. The nursing sisters are kindness and consideration itself, and it is to be hoped that Hamiltonians will help the new project, for, what I want to stand, subscriptions are being asked. If ever there was a good and worthy object it is this. Only one who has quietly observed them can know how these sisters work from 5 in the morning until very often 11 at night. And the same cheerful smiles meet you at "good-night" that brightens many a heavy morning after a night of insomnia. And, besides all this St. Joseph is such a dear old safe way. I always see him in the mind's eye, with his hand on the bridge of the patient, and his face that took the Virgin and the Child across the everlasting desert.

She Knew All About It

"I think you know, she is a little mad—not mad in the literal lunatic sense, you know, but not quite all here. Eccentric is the word, I believe," said a "taciturn" woman to me the other day. "She writes for the papers, you know, and articles for magazines, and stories, and all that sort of thing. I always thought musicians, artists, authors and journalists were a bit fussy, as the Scotch say."

I was amused. Partly because the same cataput has been hurried more than once at the writer, partly because of the commonplace, bromidic utterance. "Maybe she's gone in the Fairies," said I, thinking of old sayings and the way we talk in Ireland. "And what a happy woman she must be!" Whereat the dear lady wondered. "No doubt her thought was, as she went her way, 'I believe they are all a little touched.'"

Well, the land of dreams for me any day, before the land of teas and bridge and Bromides.

The Shepherd

A man friend who sometimes sends me a jolly letter from London told a yarn which is worth repeating: A

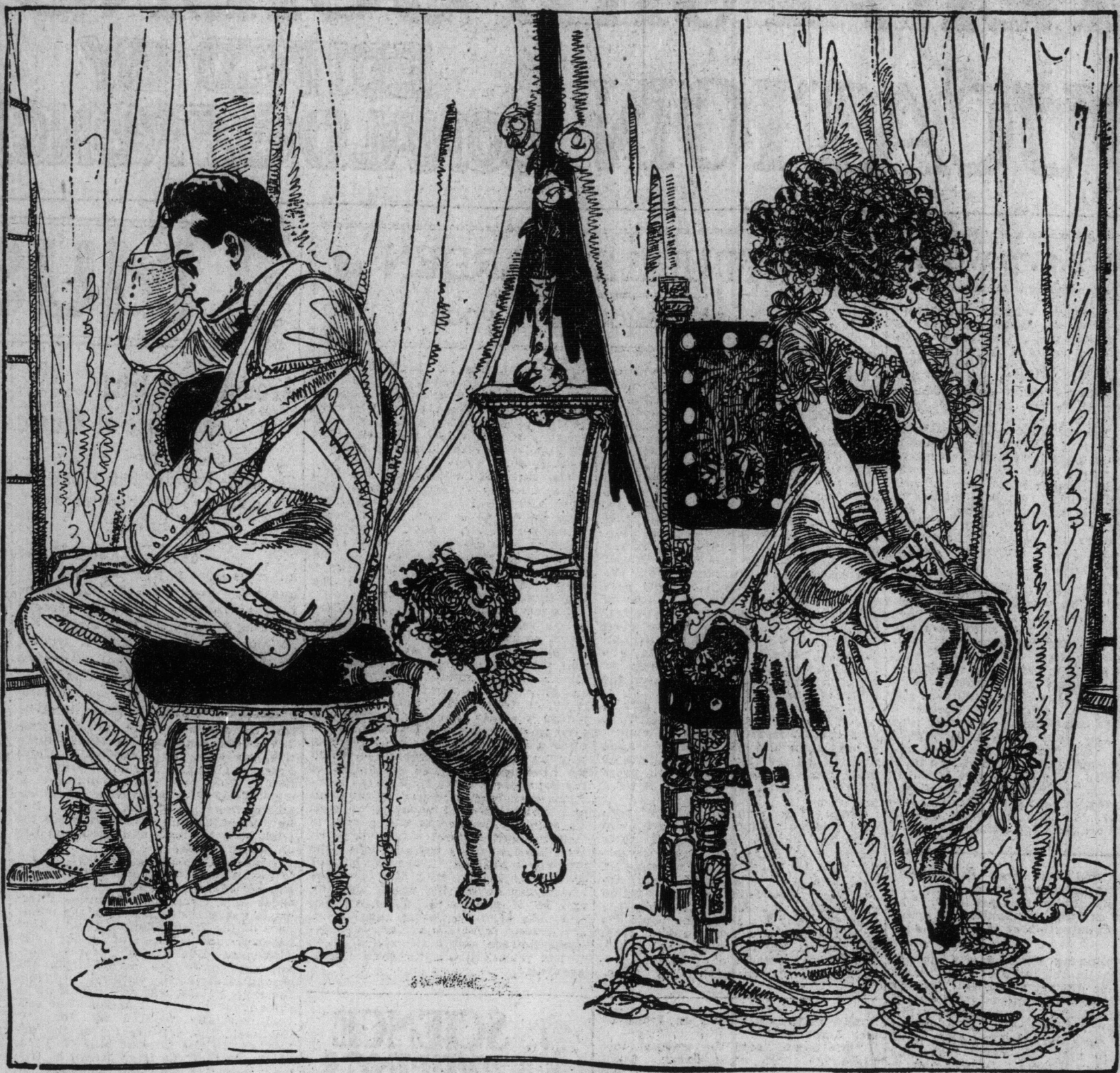
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"So Near and Yet So Far" By Nell Brinkley



"And those who were dear would be all too near with the thick of the earth between them" is the way it sometimes happens with the most loving couples and with the best of friends. The little god of love is a great peacemaker, and here in this instance he is telling the man to be "a good sport and to forget all that happened." And, of course, the man is a true lover, and reconciliation follows—just as it really should.

And surely it is sacrifice above

All other gifts to love and yet to go. But it is hard, my sweet, to see you go To other love and other care than mine. So long we've been as one—I've loved you so, My one true lamb—to me, so dear, so fine.

From Vienna

We were dining—perhaps in your city, perhaps not—in a remarkably well-taken, up-down cafe a week or so ago, and the bird not being to our liking, we motioned the waiter to remove it. He was a model-looking fellow, everything that could be wished for in a waiter of high degree—viewed from the outside. He prodded that tough bird until it squeaked again, then took it last fly, and shot into my lap for protection. It was then that the true inwardness of that waiter came out. "Bad scan to it for a bird," he said, grabbing the desecrated duck from its perch, and threw it into the street. "Arrah, bad luck to it entirely! An' did it destroy yer silk dress, ma'am? Well, now, if that isn't the devil entirely! I said they actually had a notice up in that cafe telling us the waiters were direct importation from Vienna! But, because he came from the greenest, he would ood on the earth, and because his eyes were gray and long-lashed, and the everlasting melancholy of the Celt sounded in his complaining, soft voice—we tipped him royally."

The New Styles

God made woman, but the devil certainly makes the new styles. And the women look like him with feathers either standing up straight for a mile—over their foreheads, or flying out of the back of their heads. Then, we are Bulgars, not to say vulgar—made. Believe me, the cerise-blue-green-yellow trimmings will become so overdone and common before the twenty-fourth of May—our national holiday—that the more refined and individual woman will refuse to wear them.

Said a girl to her dearest friend: "I don't like my new Bulgarian gown very well. The material is awfully pretty, but the bright Bulgur trimmings somehow doesn't seem to suit me; and the skirt needs something to improve the shape of it." Said the dearest friend: "Why don't you let some other girl wear it?"

She is so sweet and tactful, your dearest friend, I can hear Bailey, the boy at Todgers, say of the state fish: "Don't have none of 'em, missus."

Oh, These Women!

Patricia: I've heard some perfectly awful stories about your husband. Charles: Oh, do tell them to me! Perhaps I can make him give me a new gown or two.—Judge.

What He Was

Miss Chatterton: "I hear you've been operating in the stock market. Were you a bull or a bear?" Mr. Smatterson: "Neither. I was the goat.—Kansas City Star."

About Tipping

When I was last in England about three years ago, I was almost paralyzed on leaving my hotel by the line of hotel servants who stood awaiting their tips. To be sure, half a crown was a longer way in the old country than a dollar here; but there were so many of them, and such uniform, respectable looking people, too. Moreover, half-crowns are not plentiful after one has bought at the shops, and potted about the country and skipped to old Ireland for a visit. When you make your return ship your purse is pretty lean, just enough to see you home and tip your steward and stewardess decently.

It is better on this side, but the tipping habit is growing. First, it is one bell boy with iced water, a different one with the evening paper, another with a message that somebody is below to see you. Then, if you want your morning coffee in your room, it is one waiter to come with it, and another to remove the tray. And so it goes. If some of our large hotels would pay their employees a decent wage and charge for attendance on the bill, we would go to a hotel much oftener. They have, I believe, one tipless house in London, and if ever I go there again, believe me, I shall fly to it for shelter.

Parting

Dead are the hours of this our last dear day, Faint grows the crimson in the western sky; And we must part. There is no more to say. But this, the saddest of all words—"Good-bye!"

No more that we can do to show our love, Thou goest, and yet thou art my girl, I know;

Lady de Clifford To Marry Again

The Original Gibson Girl to Wed Wealthy Scottish Land Owner.

LONDON, April 18.—One of the most interesting weddings that is scheduled to take place this month is that of Lady de Clifford and Arthur Stock.

Lady de Clifford was one of Seymour Hicks' prize beauties—several of whom married peers—and she was conspicuous in the "Catch of the Season," not only on account of her great beauty but her unusual height as well. Her real name was Eva Chandler, but she was known on the stage as Eva Carrington. She had no great talent, but as a "show girl" she drew all London's gilded youth to the theatre.

Being modest and attractive in manner, she captivated the late Baron de

When Sciatica Pains Burn Like Fire Rub in 'Nerviline'

It Kills the Pain, Cures the Suffering, Destroys Every Trace of Sciatica.

READ THIS INTERESTING LETTER.

"I think you ought to make your claims stronger about the marvelous power of Nerviline on Sciatica, and Lumbago." This is how Mrs. A. C. Corrigan opens her letter, written from Victoria. "So many people are suffering, and so few get proper treatment, that I am anxious that thousands should know of how Nerviline cured me. Sciatica is just about the most awful pain humans are called upon to bear, and in my case there was at times the additional misery of Lumbago. Nothing attracts attention to particular forms of suffering like personal experience, and that is why I had the luck to use the right remedy (Nerviline) almost at the beginning, and cleared it right out of my system. But most people use the wrong remedy and get Sciatica in chronic form. I am so enthusiastic about Nerviline, Nerviline cures the pain at once, and stops the inflammation before it becomes chronic. I say that a liniment that has power enough to kill the pain of Sciatica is a remedy, everybody should know about, for it would snuff out in a wink little ailments like Neuralgia, Lumbago, Strains, tired muscles and inflammation from cold."

No home should ever be without Nerviline—get the large 50c. family size; trial size 25c., at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Clifford. They were married in February, 1906, and the match proved to be an extremely happy one. Lady de Clifford was received everywhere in society.

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To sit with Wife by the fireside on a winter's night,
With a good pipe and matches, is my great delight,
Because I know the matches, Eddy's Silents, are
alright.
They're Safe, Sure, Silent—each time I strike I
get a light.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL, CANADA

THE
A DAY of HOBBIES
BY
MARGARET BELL

WORKINGS IN SILVER

There are workshops and workshops. Some for work and some for play. And then there is another kind of workshop. It is the go-between of work and play, a sort of "work-be-cause-work-is-play" place of activity. Such a place is the melting pot of one's ideas. And from such a place are evolved innumerable and varied results of those ideas.

Such is a hobby shop. And such is the studio in which Miss Harriet Ford watches and fashions the evolution of a sheet of uninteresting silver to a beautiful pendant or chateleine.

There is a varied assortment of tools used in making the sheet of uninteresting silver form itself into such enviable decorations for the feminine form.

There are curious piercers for making the small cut-out designs in the pendants. And the finest "pinchers" and hammers. For the work is of the greatest delicacy, as one could easily imagine. And the most remarkable thing of all, perhaps, is the fact that there are no models for any of the beautiful things which are made. Miss Ford originates her own designs, which probably accounts for their charm and individuality.

There is nothing standard about her work. Indeed, each piece seems to be the outcome of some particular mood of the designer.

Take the silver-and-pearl pendant and chain. It is a novel thing, with the delicacy of treatment and refinement of construction. The pendant is oval-shaped and might be a fragile leaf, with the faintest bunches of grapes dotted over it at irregular intervals. Tiny, tiny grapes of all-ver, formed by rolling the pliable, white stuff into bits of balls and fastening them together in some mysterious way, known only to the clever designer herself.

Just in the centre of this leaf effect is a large baroque pearl, dropped there, apparently, like a glittering dewdrop in the midst of mistletoe berries, with the sun making them into atoms of silver.

One cannot describe this pearl pendant. It should think that the art of enamelling is so complicated as it really is. One looks at a bit of enamelled work, admires the design, and passes on. That is all. One does not think that the copper must be formed into small grooves, or rather, small grooves must be made in the piece of copper, after the big sheet has been cut in the design which is to be the form of the clasp, buckle or whatever it may happen to be.

Into these grooves, the enamel is fused by means of a heat blower. Red, blue, purple, any color, there may be, which, when completed, makes the artistic thing one uses on one's belt.

The enamel work is very interesting. There is a copper clasp, on which is a decoration of blue enamel. The design is very handsome, and, as in the case of the pearl pendant and earrings, quite different from the ordinary enamelled nothing.

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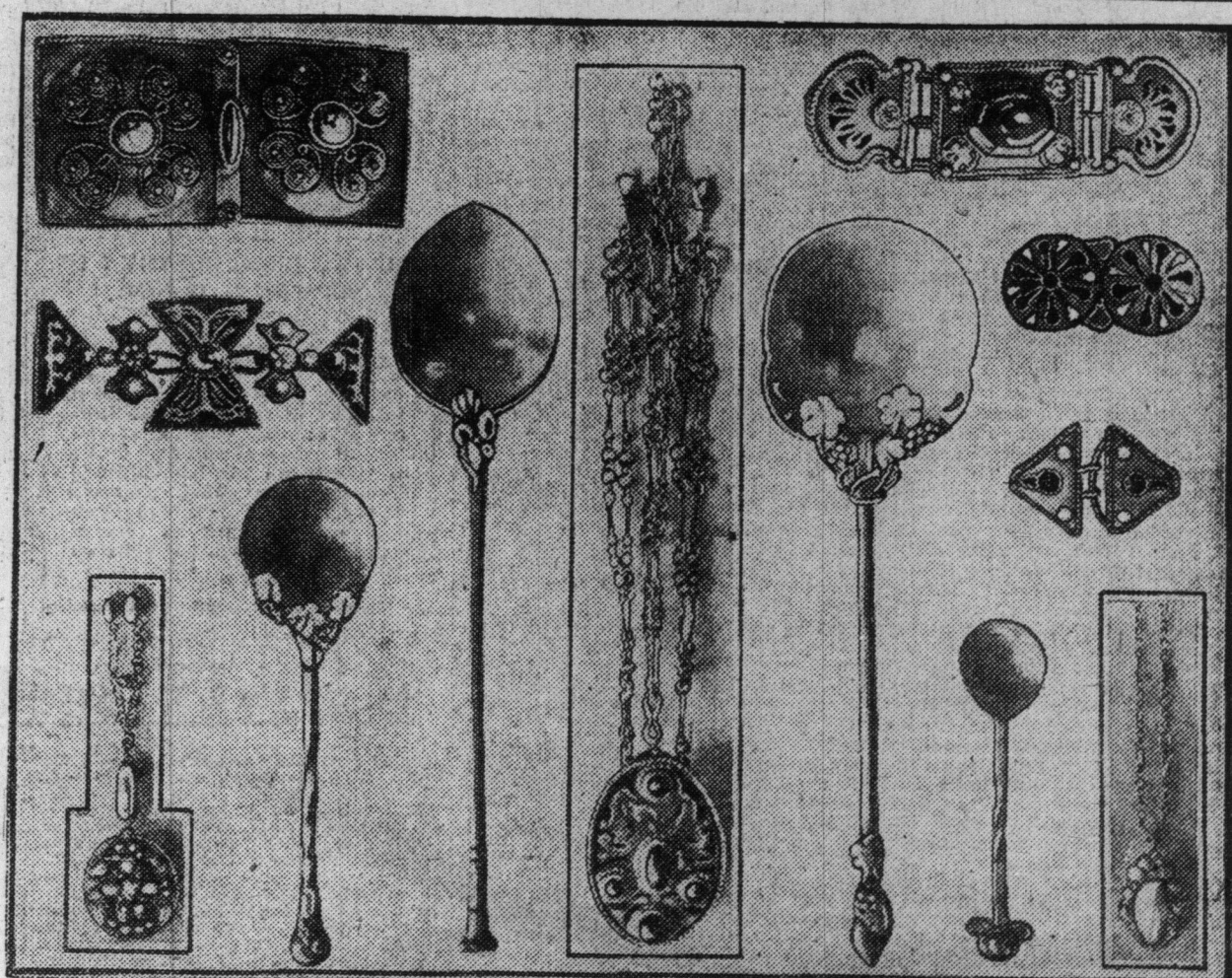
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SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL SILVER PENDANTS AND SPOONS DESIGNED BY MISS FORD.

Lord de Clifford was killed in a motor car accident in September, 1909, near Brighton. He left a little son and daughter. The boy, who was born in 1907, is the youngest peer in Great Britain.

Mr. Stock, who is to marry Lady de Clifford, is very wealthy. He owns Glenart Castle, in Ayrshire, Scotland. His mother was the daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur Kavanagh, that famous member of parliament, who was born without legs or arms, and used to be carried in and out of parliament by a man-servant. His four sons and three daughters have no physical defect whatever.

Tobacco Habit

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.00.

Liquor Habit

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections; no publicity, no loss of time from business; and a cure guaranteed. Address or consult Dr. McTAGGART, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

One must see it. It has the warmth of the Orient and the coldness of a Canadian convention. They, at the same time, it might be worn by a pampered Cleopatra, or snuggled into the meagre cell of a pale-faced nun.

Which at once gives the careful observer a hint as to the width of view of the clever worker in silver and jewels.

The chain, which is attached to it is almost as intricate and equally as hard to describe. It is formed from small silver wire, cleverly moulded and twisted into links, some large, some small.

The experienced worker in silver, when asked how these chains are made, replies quite casually: "Oh, the links are just made from the strong, silver wire and moulded together, the same as any other chain."

Which may be very clear to all who are familiar with the making of chains in general, but not quite so clear to the novice who does not understand.

And let me just remark that I am one of the newest members of the novitiate of chain-making.

Suffice it to say that the chains of Miss Ford are different from any others I have ever seen, on artistic jewelry. They, too, show the

the copper is not made into grooves, but is marked out in the design which is desired. The enamel is painted on, the same as one would paint on china. After completion, the ornament is sent to the kiln, so that the enamel may be secured most firmly on the copper.

It is remarkable how artistically the different colors of enamel may be blended. The design which has the cloisonne enamel, is finished with thin wire, twisted around and around, with great delicacy and care.

Then there is a most beautiful chateleine in Miss Ford's collection. The cutting out of the design is very intricate, and over the silver surface fiery red carbuncles flash ominously. This chateleine has a long chain, attached to it, much the same design as the one mentioned in connection with the pearl pendant.

This is, perhaps, the handsomest piece of work in the whole collection. But I must not forget to mention the spoons. Beautiful ones they are, in sterling silver, plain in design, and of perfect mould.

And there are buttons, of silver and malachite, and a coral ring. All sorts of beautiful things, which make one gaze in wonderment at the delicacy of their formation.