Toronto Saturday Night]

Now, dear friends, I must commence to state to you my last experiences at our kettle drum. Firstly, I observed that on the walls each side of the large bay window were two clusters of foilage—beautifully tinted and finely excuted in wax, and the effect on the white panelling was very attractive. My hostess whi pered they were her work, and copied from nature, being easily and rapidly made, so my readers can imitate. The leaves were of wax, colored and veined, and then mounted on fine wires, which without any difficulty could be interlaced through a light lattice of either straws or chips (pressing the leaves closely down to conceal the framework), which can be suspended and secured with two or three gimp tacks, and the branches of foilage trained on the wall. One spray of my hostess passed over the arched cornice, and really was beautiful, being most artistically made to look like nature in her loveliest form.

I observed among the most distinguished guests that the coatumes were chiefly of one tint, and their sleeves very tight, whilst even those who wore deep "Oliver Cromwell" collars, had also close fitting bahds with a narrow border of lace round their throats plain linen being considered very trying even to blonde complexions. No brooches are worn, and everything fastens at the back, and in Paris, with every costume sent out of doors. Many adopt swan's down for this purpose, whilst one guest had peacock's feathers fastened behind with a peacock'



Listowel Standard.